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Looking Back.

That all of us in control of departments at the opening, should have been spared to see this 25th anniversary of the Hospital, is a piece of singular good fortune. It is a small matter that I am not with you--

Where the greater malady is fixed  
The lesser is scarce felt---

expresses my feeling in the present crisis. You all know how I should have enjoyed the reunion with so many so dear to me by the strongest ties that bind man to man--the same ideals in life, the same pride in a splendid heritage, and that sense of close comradeship enjoyed by men who have initiated a great work and have survived to see it successful beyond their wildest dreams.

The Johns Hopkins Foundations were only grafts on the educational tree, grafts that would have withered had they not partaken of the root and fatness--to use a Biblical phrase--of its natural branches. Great biologists before Martin, great physicians before Rowland, great chemists before Remsen, great Grecians before Gildersleeve had had their day in America. It was not the men, though success could not have come without them, so much as the method, the organization, and a collective new outlook on old problems. They were gathered here from all parts to do one thing, to show that the primary function of a University was to contribute to the general sum of human knowledge. On the way they could teach, and they had to teach what the fathers had taught, but this was only as a means to a definite end--viz., in science, and in arts to widen man's outlook so as to strengthen his dominion over the forces of nature. Individuals here and there for generations had had in this country th



these ideals, but never before a studium generale a whole body of men gathered in one place to form a University. That part of the University, which, with the Hospital, forms the medical school has only had twenty-five years of existence, not a generation, a mere fraction of time in the long history of the growth of science, so that it seems presumptuous to claim any powerful influence on the profession at large. The feeling, however, is strong, too strong to be passed over, that the year 1889 did mean something in the history of medicine in this country. One thing certainly it meant, as originally designed by that great leader Daniel C. Gilman, that the ideals of the men on this side of Jones Falls were to be the same as those of the men in the laboratories of North Howard Street, that a type of medical school was to be created new to this country, in which teacher and student alike should be in the fighting line. That is lesson number one of our first quarter-century, judged by which we stand or fall. And lesson number two was the demonstration that the student of medicine has his place in the hospital as part of its machinery just as much as he has in the anatomical laboratory, and that to combine successfully in his education practice with science, the academic freedom of the University must be transplanted to the Hospital. Again it was not men, but a method, initiated in Holland, developed in Edinburgh, matured in London, and long struggled for here, but never attained until the Johns Hopkins Medical School was started.

And binding us all together there came as a sweet influence the spirit of the place; whence we knew not, but teacher and taught alike felt the presence and subtle domination. Comradeship, sympathy one with another, devotion to work, were its fruits, and its guidance drove from each heart hatred and malice and all uncharitableness.

Looking back, these are my impressions of the work of the Johns Hopkins Hospital.

But I must touch a personal note, and pay a tribute of affection to the men who helped to make my special clinic. In those early days of happy memories Booker and Harry Thomas in the Dispensary sowed the good seed which has thriven so wonderfully in great new departments. Lafleur, Reese, Toulmin, Scott, Thayer, Hewetson, Simon, Hoch, Frank Smith and Barker helped to organize in those plastic first years our method of work. No one feature contributed more to the development of the Hospital than the presence in each department of a group of senior assistants. I look with a justifiable pride at the work of these men. In succession during my term, Lafleur, Thayer, Fitcher, McCrae, Emerson controlled the work, and my indebtedness to them cannot be expressed in words. Always loyal and considerate, no chief ever had more devoted helpers. And we were singularly fortunate in our assistants, senior and junior. The list is too long to tell over. Many came from outside schools, but the spirit of the place soon came upon them. Scattered far and wide now in important posts they know how my heart follows them in their work, and how proud I am of their success. To have more than thirty of one's "boys" actively engaged in teaching is to draw a big prize in the lottery of life with which for solid satisfaction there is nothing to compare with it.



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But shadows flit across the picture--dark memories of the men whose leaves perished in the green. Jack we all loved, I as a son, Thayer, Barker and Frank Smith as a brother. There was a light in his blue-grey eyes that kindled affection in all who knew him. Meredith Reese, the first to go stricken also with tuberculosis, left us with scarred hearts. Livingood, whose mental outfit promised a career of special brilliancy, met a tragic death in the Bourgogne. Lazear, who went from the clinical laboratory to join Walter Read, died a martyr's death in Cuba. Oppenheimer and Oshsner, men of great merit, died on duty in the Hospital. John Bruce MacCallum, in intellect, "the bright particular" among our students, lived long enough to snatch something from dull oblivion. Al. Scott, whom we all loved dearly had a successful career in Philadelphia before the call came. And only recently we have to mourn two of our best--Rupert Norton was one of the finer spirits, only touched to fine issues in a suitable environment, and that he found here in the latter years of his all too brief life. Otto Ramsay who came to our clinic first, became one of the most successful teachers and practitioners in New England.

The Johns Hopkins Hospital illustrates the growth of an idea, represented by the founder, and the intelligent cooperation of different units. The foundation stones were laid by the adviser, John S. Billings, by Francis T. King, the President, and by the Board of Trustees. Under the wise guidance, at first of President Gilman, then for long years of Dr. Hurd, the organization grew apace, and the hospital was made a fit habitation for patients by the work of Miss Isabel Hampton, Miss Rachael Bonner, and Mr. Emery. The medical staff has used the facilities thus afforded for the benefit of the public in curing the sick, in studying the nature of disease, and in training men to do the same, with what measure of success we must leave to the judgment of posterity. To me at any rate there remains a precious memory of the years I spent at Baltimore, and an enduring pride that I should have been associated with the work of this Hospital.

(Signed) William Osler.