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Dr. Harvey Cushing and His Editor

From an address "Editor in Search of Biography" which EDWARD WEEKS, the editor of "The Atlantic Monthly" gave at the Annual Meeting of the Cleveland Medical Library Association on February 20, 1959. It will also appear as a chapter in Mr. Weeks' forthcoming book entitled "In Friendly Candor."

James Norman Hall was the most humble author I have ever worked with, and Dr. Harvey Cushing was the most exacting. I made my first bow to him in the spring of 1928 when he was Surgeon-in-Chief of the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston and the greatest brain specialist in the world. He had acquired a reputation for performing miracles, and a fearsome reputation among those who worked under him; young nurses went into his operations trembling, and there were interns who never forgot what he taught them but who hated his guts. Because of the professional demands upon him, he wrote only occasionally, but what he wrote had the fine edge of distinction and the driving force of his personality. His two-volume biography of Sir William Osler, who had been his teacher, was regarded as the definitive study of that great Canadian physician and of the famous associates at Johns Hopkins who had worked with him. Now we had accepted to publish a collection of Dr. Cushing's papers; the book was to be called CONSECRATIO MEDICI, and it was my responsibility to see the manuscript through the press, to check the Doctor's corrections, learn his preferences for the binding and jacket and to make sure that there was nothing to offend him in the blurb. He took the proofreading very seriously, had an eye like a hawk for printer's errors or a loose line, and made meticulous corrections, first in the galley proofs, and then in the pages. Nothing escaped him. I had heard that he was a perfectionist and, in his taut, decisive way, intimidating; now I knew it.

When the last page of his book had been corrected, I went up to his office in the hospital to collect the page proofs and to say goodbye. Dr. Cushing's reception room in the hospital was really a library: here was his famous collection of medical books, bound in vellum and calf, many of age and rarity, locked in behind the Victorian glass-fronted shelves. On top

of the shelves at the height of my eyes were an assortment of his war souvenirs, tin hats of the soldiers whose skulls he had operated on, punctured by shell fragments coming up or going down, photographs of field hospitals in the quaggy mud and of a medical team solemnly seated before a tent, beside the picture a dud which had thudded close but never exploded.

As he escorted me to the door, he paused for a moment before one of the bookcases and lifted down a delicate object on a stiff piece of cardboard. It was a pair of field glasses—or rather it was half a pair of field glasses—which a French officer had been looking through when he had suffered a direct hit from a German sharpshooter. The bullet had smashed the glass and metal into the man's right eye and dangerously close to the brain. This took place during the First Battle of the Marne in the autumn of 1914. The officer lived, but no surgeon dared operate until months later—in April 1915—when Dr. Cushing, in an operation which took hours, and which is still one of the most notable in the record of the Neuilly Hospital, extracted the bits of the metal from the Frenchman's head. The patient survived, and here were the field glasses and the scraps of metal to show what one brain could do to save another. It was a shuddering sight, deeply impressive to one who as an ambulance driver had seen too many wounded and dying men in France. But now it was time for me to depart; Dr. Cushing had replaced the relic, and as we started to shake hands he gave me an impulsive grin. "Weeks," he said, "here's the makings of a good book. But one that can't be published till I'm dead."

"Where?" I asked. He was pointing to a row of eight large leather-bound volumes in the bookcase beside us.

"My war journals," he said. "More than a million words, and full of indiscretion. Well, thanks for your help. Goodbye."

That is not something an editor can forget. Six months later I rang up Dr. Cushing's office and having gotten his secretary, Miss Madeline Stanton, I asked to speak to the Doctor if he wasn't too busy. When I heard his voice at the other end, I said, "Hello, Dr. Cushing. This is Edward Weeks. How are you feeling?"

"Who is it?" he asked. "Weeks? Why, I'm feeling all right. How are you?"

"Fine," I said. "Well, goodbye." And I hung up.

Another six months later I did the same thing, rang him up, and this time he was operating so it wasn't until late in the afternoon that he came

to the telephone. I went through the same routine: "Dr. Cushing, this is Edward Weeks. How's your health?"

"Say, what is this?" he asked. "You've done this before. Why are you so concerned about my health?"

"Well," I replied, "you said I couldn't print those war journals until you were dead, and I want to know whether my chances are improving." I could hear the bark of his laugh at the other end of the line.

"Oh, you go to hell!" he said.

That was in 1929. When the stock market crashed that autumn, much of Dr. Cushing's savings was lost in the wiping out of Krueger & Towle. So, although he was now in his sixties, he continued to operate on a full-time schedule and to carry on his teaching at the Harvard Medical School with undiminished vigor. For he had to recoup. In the autumn of 1932 he knew that he was entering on his last year before mandatory retirement, and he had already installed Dr. Elliott Cutler as his successor at the Peter Bent Brigham. He had hoped that the Harvard Corporation might prolong his usefulness at the Medical School, but when no special treatment was forthcoming he accepted the Sterling Chair of Neurology at Yale which President Angell had proffered to him without publicity. In effect this transferred his genius (and his library) to his Alma Mater before President Lowell woke up to what was happening.

If I was ever to have access to those war journals, it would have to be the summer before Dr. Cushing cleared out for good. The books, I understood, had been transported from his office to his home in Brookline, and there in June I went to see him. The Doctor greeted me in his shirt sleeves and relaxed. "We've been uprooting," he said, and the house showed it, for the rooms had already been half dismantled. "The family has gone up to Boar's Head for the summer," he said, "but I think I'll stay on here. I've got twenty years of records to sort out."

"Let me get a man to help you," I said. "Listen, I'll get a Ph.D. from Yale. You can stow him in one of the empty rooms upstairs, and together he and I will go through those journals of yours, marking those passages which we think are of general interest and which ought to be published. We'll pay for him; it won't commit you to a thing if you don't like the final result. Besides, his companionship may compensate a little for your not being at Old Boar's Head."

"Boar's Head," he said, correcting me, and then he saw I was teasing. "Well, if you want to take the risk, it's all right with me."

Yale willingly supplied me with the Ph.D., Ralph E. Collins, a quiet spoken, agreeable individual who could type like the wind, and together we took our way slowly through those eight huge volumes, marking with white slips the passages to be copied. Cushing had served as an operating surgeon with the French in the first winter of the war, and in the spring of 1915 he visited the Royal Medical Corps in Flanders. In 1916, sure that we would be involved, he was intent on organizing a medical unit in America. With Base Hospital No. 5 he went back to the front early in 1917 and was attached to the British Army through the campaigns of Messines Ridge and during the dreadful slaughter on the Somme and at Passchendaele that autumn. In 1918 he was attached to the A.E.F. and with his operating teams he took care of most of the head wounds resulting from the fighting at Château-Thierry, the Argonne and St. Mihiel.

The diary was graphic and sparky, forthright, crackling with anger or humor, full of denunciation of all that was unsanitary and incompetent, charged with compassion for those who bore the brunt of the fighting. He began operating at 8:30 a.m., and on record days he would be called on for as many as 12 *major cases*. No operation was of less than an hour's duration; many took twice that amount of time. There he would stand hour after hour on the little stool which gave him the elevation he needed as he worked over the unconscious soldier. By midnight or after he would be too excited, his nerves too taut for sleep, and so, on old temperature charts, scraps of yellow paper, anything that was handy, he would write down the details, humor and exasperation of that exhausting day, and so the piano wires of his mind were relaxed. Day after day the entries are made at "2:00 a.m." and here's how they read:

"Operating from 8:30 a.m. one day till 2:00 a.m. the next; standing in a pair of rubber boots, and periodically full of tea as a stimulant. . . . It's an awful business, probably the worst possible training in surgery for a young man, and ruinous for the carefully acquired technique of an oldster. Something over 2000 wounded have passed, so far, through this one Casualty Clearing Station."

Some of the journal was indeed too personal and some of it too technical; but the great passages were a spirited, magnificent chronicle of a doctor at war, and often we read and reread aloud before we could bring ourselves to move on:

Neully, April 29, 1915

"Several unsuccessful trials this morning to extract the shell fragment by the aid of the magnet from the brain of poor Lafourcode.

I was afraid to use the huge probe which they have and so determined to make, or have made, another—of which later. We had tried every possible thing in our own cabinet and in those of the lower floors without success. Finally, while I was at lunch, Boothby hit upon precisely what was needed in the shape of a large wire nail about six inches long, the point of which he had carefully rounded off.

“Well, there was the usual crowd in the X-ray room and approaching corridor, and much excitement when we let the nail slide by gravity into the central mechanism of smiling Lafourcode; for at no time did he have any pressure symptoms, and all of these procedures were of course without an anaesthetic. While the X-ray plate was being developed to see whether the nail and missile were in contact, who should drop in but Albert Kocher with a friend from Berne; and then shortly a card was sent in by Tom Perry’s friend, Salomon Reinach, Membre de l’Institut, author of the *History of Religions*, and much else.

“So all together we finally traipsed into the first-floor operating room, where Cutler mightily brings up the magnet and slowly we extract the nail—and—there was nothing on it! Suppressed sighs and groans. I tried again, very carefully—with the same result. More sighs, and people began to go out. A third time—nothing. By this time I began to grumble: ‘Never saw anything of this kind pulled off with such a crowd. Hoodooed ourselves from the start. Should have had an X-ray made when the man first entered the hospital.’ The usual thing, as when one begins to scold his golf ball.

“I had taken off my gloves and put the nail down; but then—let’s try just once more! So I slipped the brutal thing again down the track, 3½ inches to the base of the brain, and again Cutler gingerly swung the big magnet down and made contact. The current was switched on and as before we slowly drew out the nail—and there it was, the little fragment of rough steel hanging on to its tip! Much emotion on all sides—especially on the part of A. Kocher and Salomon Reinach, both of whom could hardly bear it.”

Or this, written when the battle of the Somme was in progress and the wounded were swamping the Clearing Station:

“This sergeant of the Machine Gunners had almost the whole of his right frontal lobe blown out, with a lodged piece of shell almost an inch square, and extensive radiating fractures, which meant taking off most of his frontal bone, including the frontal sinuses—an enor-

mous operation done under local anaesthesia. We crawled home for some eggs in the mess and to bed at 2:30 a.m.—six hours for two cases.

“This man ‘Chave’—queer name—when roused from his semiconsciousness made it known that he had some precious false teeth. They were removed, somewhat more easily than was his broken frontal bone. They must have been on his mind, for I remember when rongeur-ing out fragments of his skull he kept muttering that I was breaking his teeth. . . . He seems to be all right today, and is wearing his teeth.”

There was a fierce driving dedication in Dr. Cushing which showed in his features, the long dominating nose, the blue eyes that could turn so swiftly cold or angry, the tight lips with the lines of sorrow that deepened in his cheeks after the death of his reckless and beloved son, Bill,—this was the face of a driver. But beneath this exterior was a tenderness which went deep and which shows itself repeatedly in the journals. Harvey could steel himself against death on the operating table, but the death of friends was a different matter, as witness this account of Jack McCrae, the Canadian poet and physician:

January 28th, 1918. Boulogne

“I saw poor Jack McCrae with Elder at No. 14 General last night—the last time. A bright flame rapidly burning out. He died early this morning. Just made Consulting Physician to the 1st Army—the only Canadian so far to be thus honored. Never strong, he gave his all with the Canadian Artillery during the prolonged second battle of Ypres and after, at which time he wrote his imperishable verses. Since those frightful days he has never been his old gay and companionable self, but has rather sought solitude. A soldier from top to toe—how he would have hated to die in a bed. A three days’ illness—an atypical pneumonia with extensive pneumococcus meningitis, as we learned this afternoon—for Rhea came for me and we went out with Sir Bertrand Dawson. They will bury him tomorrow. Some of the older members of the McGill Unit who still remain here were scouring the fields this afternoon to try and find some chance winter poppies to put on his grave—to remind him of Flanders, where he would have preferred to lie. Was anyone ever more respected and loved than he? Someone has said that ‘children and animals followed him as shadows follow other men.’

January 29th

"We saw him buried this afternoon at the cemetery on the hillside at Wimereux with military honors—a tribute to Canada as well as to him. A large gathering of friends—all who could get there, even from a distance: the Canadian Corps Commander with his divisional generals; General Dodds, Jack's former Artillery Commander; General Sloggett and the D.D.M.S. of our district; the Base Commandant; we Americans, with some Portuguese M.Q.'s from No. 3 Canadian; all the C.O.'s and Consultants of the neighborhood.

"We met at No. 14 General—a brilliant sunny afternoon—and walked the mile or so to the cemetery. A company of North Staffords and many R.A.M.C. orderlies and Canadian sisters headed the procession—then 'Bonfire,' led by two grooms and carrying the regulation white ribbon, with his master's boots reversed over the saddle—then the rest of us. Six sergeants bore the coffin from the gates, and as he was being lowered into his grave there was a distant sound of guns—as though called into voice by the occasion. An admirable prayer by one of the three Padres who officiated. The Staffords, from their reversed arms, fix bayonets, and instead of firing over the grave, as in time of peace, stand at salute during the Last Post with its final wailing note which brings a lump to our throats—and so we leave him."

At the summer's end, and before the family had returned from Boar's Head, Collins had typed up approximately 45,000 words, enough for four full-length articles in the *Atlantic*. The master copy was given to the Doctor, I kept the carbon; and we shook hands all around and then went our separate ways. But I had left a number of slips in the big books just in case someday I might be asked back.

That autumn Dr. Cushing was intensely busy settling the library and himself into the new quarters at New Haven and adapting himself to the fresh regime; he must have pushed himself hard, for he was ill for a considerable period of the mid-winter and early spring of 1934. I wrote to say that there was to be a German edition of *CONSECRATIO MEDICI* and added: "There are times when I would give a good deal to be able to dip into those war journals of yours. They have the fervor and intensity which bring back the old days and make one feel twenty years younger." Perhaps this gave him the nudge he needed in his convalescence, for in July back came the manuscripts we had prepared in Brookline, carefully revised and ready for the *Atlantic*. He was still uneasy lest he be violating medical confidence, and he sought the reassurance of Boston medicos to

whom he showed the proofs. They had no misgivings, and he got his final answer when the first of the four articles appeared in October.

Letters poured in on him from all over the world, one of the first a moving note from a veteran in Texas whose life he had saved. Friends in Baltimore, friends in England urged him to continue. Meantime, we had grown apprehensive on another score for we knew that rival publishing houses were interested and in the emergency Mr. Sedgwick pressed our claims:

2 January, 1935

"Dear Harvey:—

I really hope very much you will see Weeks. His confidence in the proposed book is complete, and he is not by profession a chaser of rainbows. To me, there is interest in the fact that during a period of five weeks, while your articles have been running, a count was made of the new subscriptions received from physicians and surgeons. They amounted to almost 1900. But even if I had no statistics at my disposal, I should be sure in a realistic meaning of the word that your war diaries would not only sell widely, but that they would take a permanent place.

"Please don't let this chance go, but whatever is your final decision this letter is simply to ask you to give an hour to Weeks."

On January 20 I made my initial visit to the big house on Whitney Avenue where I was installed with the journal in a little sunporch off the livingroom. Fourteen months later, after eleven visits and the exchange of 113 letters, FROM A SURGEON'S JOURNAL came off the press. The manuscript had grown from 45,000 to 190,000 words. Not a sentence was rewritten; my editorial touch was needed only in the preparation of an Introduction and Afterword—and here Harvey edited me. Caring for Cushing as an author was a fulltime occupation: the enormous correspondence, the give and take which engrossed us and our secretaries were concerned, fastidiously and impatiently, with questions of propriety, typography, punctuation ("In the manuscript, Miss Stanton was apt to put a line of dashes whereas I think they had better be two or three inches of dots"), illustrations, capitalization ("In the matter of *Cap*, *Capt.*, *Captain* and so forth it does not seem to me that consistency is necessary."), maps and libel. As the book grew the royalty terms which he demanded rose; the contract was renegotiated three times; he never would accept the libel clause, and, midway in the manufacture he obliged us to discard 500 galley proofs

in the original type face and reset the entire text in a format more closely resembling a diary—which we did at a cost of \$2,100.

The record of this intercourse is probably of interest only to other publishers, but I wish to set down a few of the hot points to record an aspect of editing not generally appreciated.

The Type Page. We had twice shown him sample pages and we thought we had won his approval when in came this blast:

23 September 1935.

"Dear Ted:

After your telephone message yesterday, I looked over the galley proofs and found so many things to criticize that I wired you last night suggesting that you hold up the printing of any further galleys until you heard from me about them. Herewith my criticisms for your information and discussion.

The book which we counted on as being 350 pages I understand has expanded to 450 pages, which is a little larger book than we had banked on. You will recall my criticism about the earlier sample sheets, that they were too open; and I think that that is even more pronounced than before on these galleys. I believe it is possible to make a far better looking page and save a great deal of space. I have an idea that we have rushed into this without sufficient consideration of trial samples; and even though it may cost something to set the thing up differently, I believe that we should do so. . . ."

27 September 1935.

"Dear Ted:

My grouse about the business is that we flew into this galley before actually coming to any agreement as to the format. I disliked intensely the original page in the dummy first provided and didn't think that the second that was sent on was much of an improvement. After that, you got busy with a tennis tournament, [I was in it for exactly two days, E.W.] or something of that sort and that's the last I heard of it until we saw the galley which I think is worse than second-class.

This grouse is not going to be cured by taking soda. . . ."

Telegrams were exchanged and on October 1st, I wrote to say that I should come down the following day and that we should then "go to the

mat." Who came out on top will be seen from the following memorandum from Alfred McIntyre to the head of the manufacturing department.

October 4, 1935.

"Mr. Scaife:

I have seen Mr. Weeks this morning with regard to Cushing's book. He had a very satisfactory interview with Dr. Cushing except that it is obvious that the book must be entirely reset. The type used for the diary date lines is unsatisfactory and these date lines must be on the right-hand side of the page. The insertion of leads in abbreviations of names, such as A. E. F., is unsatisfactory. These have to be closed up. Cushing's manuscript has so many em dashes that it becomes necessary, in order to have the book look right from his standpoint, to use en dashes instead. One or two other difficulties have presented themselves.

I have therefore agreed that we shall set new sample pages which must take care of all these difficulties, and that when we receive the O.K.'d page in writing from Dr. Cushing, we will reset the book completely and the expense of typesetting already done will be divided equally between the Atlantic Monthly Press and ourselves. We shall set from corrected galley proofs carefully marked for style in respect to the points mentioned above, thus putting the entire responsibility of having things right on the printer. The price of the book will have to be \$5.00, and we shall have to make new estimates in the hope that we can afford to include 32 pages of half-tones, at least 12 maps and an end-paper map in one or two colors, since this is what Cushing wants.

When this is all settled, he will sign the contract on the basis of a 15% royalty.

Mr. Weeks learned yesterday that his *Life of Osler* had to be entirely reset.

I hope that the sales of the book will justify all this expense and effort."

A.R.M."

The Afterword, on the writing of which, incidentally, I had taken pains.

H. C. to E. W., 7 February 1936.

". . . Now for your epilogue. I can't truthfully say that it makes me want to sit up and cheer and sing Fair Harvard. It possibly was just a flier and that you wanted us to work it up."

E. W. to H. C., February 12, 1936.

". . . I hold no brief for the Epilogue. In the words of John Keats, 'I am always awkward in making a bow.' It was simply my wish to indicate that after the Armistice you began to show the effects of the steady pressure under which you had been working. You were dead tired; you were fretful with red tape (as was everyone else) and very eager to get home. Having made a calculation of the expense of the war in terms of flesh, and having seen at Rheims a rather typical flash of French militarism, home you went. Correct the script any way you see fit, or omit it entirely. It's all one to Hippocrates."

H. C. to E. W., February 20, 1936.

"Dear Ted:

I am sending on the *Afterword* for your perusal; and also a suggestion which might help balance the book since I have left in the *Afterword* some quotations from Walt Whitman's "Memoranda" of the Civil War which he jotted down when he was a Red Cross worker visiting hospitals in Washington. If you have never seen the book, I recommend it to you. If you approve of leaving in these two quotations, to which Osler called my attention else I should never have heard of the book, I suggest that we put in somewhere in one of the preliminary leaves, possibly, for example, on the verse of the dedication to K. C., what I have put on the following sheet.

"You may not think it is necessary to put in the 'Afterword' all those entries from the 'Canopic', but I rather want to get in somewhere the idea of the accumulating demoralization of the Breakdown that followed the Armistice and the absolutely unnecessary humiliation in the way of physical examinations and things of that kind to which most of us, officers as well as men, were put before they were allowed to land. The Base Hospital No. 5 people had a most awful time at Camp Devens, which I shall tell you about some day. If they hadn't been so effectively cowed, they certainly would have had a mutiny. . . ."

Libel. H. C. to E. W., November 5, 1935.

". . . I am leary about all this business in article three about matters 'libellous or otherwise injurious.' He had his way and in the end we

assumed the risk for libel for which the author is usually held responsible. All went well on this side, but on the day when Constable published the English edition, there was an instant explosion in London. In his journal Harvey had remarked inadvertently that it had been raining pitchforks and his Burberry had leaked like a sieve. We had spelled it with a lower case "b" but even so the manufacturers of the famous British waterproof were not to be mollified. A "burberry" was a Burberry and no Burberry ever leaked. They sued for damages, demanded an apology and that the offending page be corrected and recast—all of which was done at our expense.

Our work together was not as fractious as it must sound. The visits to New Haven were often gay. Barbara, the Doctor's daughter, was a debutante and a perfectly lovely one, and girl friends of hers from Brookline and Dedham were usually in attendance, with Yale undergraduates swarming in and out; doctors from England dropped by occasionally to take tea and to tell Harvey what it was like to practice socialized medicine, and when the weather was fair Thornton Wilder and Dr. John F. Fulton might spend the afternoon with us, taking part in the croquet game which was now the Doctor's way of exercising. The circulation in his legs was beginning to give him serious trouble (the price of having operated so long standing on that little stool). I saved up stories about Boston and Harvard and the Tavern to tell him, and I never ceased to tease him. Generally he enjoyed it, although once I over-stepped the mark. He had been the shortstop on the Yale varsity, and if I remember rightly, captain of the team. In the final game with Harvard which was played at Cambridge he went back under a towering fly, caught his cleats on the little wooden rim of the cinder track which encircled Soldiers Field and fell flat on his back, missing the ball to his eternal mortification. I kidded him about it one day, and suddenly realized that even after all these years, I should never have brought it up. The Harvard-Yale football game, as it happened, was only ten days away and to change the subject and because I was feeling cocky about Harvard's chances, I bet him a hat on the outcome. Thanks to the Frank-Kelley combination, he won it.

There were times when, as his health worsened, he reached out in an affectionate way to cuff and tease me. In September of 1936, he had been invited to Harvard for the Tercentenary and I had been urging him to come. He wrote:

" . . . In a moment of feeling, for me, moderately lively, I wrote Fitz [Dr. Reginald Fitz] to ask if I might motor from here direct to Memorial Hall and get a seat with the Faculty as an Emeritus Prof. for

the exercise on the afternoon of the 16th at which I proposed to wear a red gown and a John Knox bonnet. But the very next day I was back more or less on crutches and have now abandoned the idea.

"Glad to learn that the Journal still sells though it is steadily falling off, I note, in the N.Y. Herald-Tribune's list of non-fiction. Expecting some day to have a windfall from you, I find to my horror that I spent \$7000 last month on old books. So when you have a royalty check ready for me, you'd better send it, attention of Mr. Hobart W. Spring, direct to the Merchants National Bank for deposit on my Investment Account where I shall have less temptation to blow it in.

"I am working on another book—fiction list this time—entitled 'Experiences with the Meningiomas.' Is that what you want to see me about?

Always yours,

Harvey Cushing"

And when Warner Brothers wrote him to ask if they could consider the film rights of *A Surgeon's Journal*, Harvey was vastly amused:

". . . In the same mail comes the enclosed from Warner Brothers. So far as I can see, they missed their only chance for a good talking picture and that was one afternoon on our screened porch when we were persuading you to do another galley proof and the score was about 40-30 in the last game of the set. I shall write Mr. Deakin of the Story Department that I have forwarded his letter for you to answer.

Always yours,

Harvey Cushing"

On one of our last meetings Harvey had been sorting through the records of some of his more difficult cases, and I remember in particular the humbleness with which he spoke of his operations on Leonard Wood. The Colonel had come to him straight from the Philippines in the early 1900's, lop-sided, unable to disengage his left hand from his trouser pocket, the victim of a brain tumor and a big one which Harvey removed. He had not been too sure of the operation at the time, Harvey told me. "If I'd known then what I know now, I could have gone deeper," he said, "and there would have been no need for the second operation at the height of

his career in 1922." He spoke in an accusing way, and I sought to divert him. The second volume of his *Osler* was in hand, and I turned to the passage in the summary which seems to me one of the finest pieces of Cushing prose. "Osler had the God-given quality of being a friend with all, children or grownup, professor or pupil, and what is more of holding such friendships with an unforgettable tenacity—a scribbled line of remembrance with a playful twist to it, a note of congratulation to some delighted youngster on his first publication, a telegram to bring cheer or consolation, an unsolicited donation for a worthy cause, an article to help a struggling journal get a footing. He was sought far and wide not only because of his wide knowledge of medicine and great wisdom, but because of his generosity, his sympathy, and great personal charm.

"'Never believe what a patient may tell you to the detriment of another physician,' was one of Osler's sayings to his students, and then he would add with a characteristic twist, 'even though you may fear it is true.'"

I read it aloud and added, "The guy who wrote that knew his business."

Harvey looked at me quizzically and then picked up a book by Stephen Paget, *CONFESSIO MEDICI*, which I knew to be his favorite, "Listen to this," he said and he began to read:

"Every year, young men enter the medical profession who neither are born doctors, nor have any great love of science, nor are helped by name or influence. Without a welcome, without money, without prospects, they fight their way into practice, they find it hard work, ill-thanked, ill-paid. But they stick to it, and Heaven, sooner or later, lets them know what it thinks of them. They hesitate to give the name of divine vocation to work paid by the job, and shamefully underpaid at that. Surely a diploma, obtained by hard examination and hard cash, and signed and sealed by earthly examiners, cannot be a summons from Heaven. But it may be. For, if a doctor's life may not be a divine vocation, then no life is a vocation, and nothing is divine."