

30 ELMGROVE AVENUE
PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

CUS417/57.45

Saturday
June 12th

My dear Dr. Cushing:

As I was sitting in the ^{waiting} ^{for Dr. Barrett} ~~reception~~ ^{parlor} room the other day I could not help overhearing some people discussing your, your skill, your kindness and your untiring efforts to relieve sufferings. It brought to my mind another side of your nature to be admired — that of a biographer who puts forth his best efforts but never himself. I came across your book quite by accident and lost no time in purchasing it. I read it until 3 A.M. the first night and, I am afraid, have skinned many of my lesser duties to make time to read it. I had always admired Dr. Siler as a big man but your book had brought him so much nearer to me, made him so much more human, living, understandable. Also by accident I stumbled on the "Physicians Anthology" composed for him and found there a foot-note that you were ^{written} collecting poems composed by doctors. This is the reason for my writing to you. I have a Russian poem composed by a Russian doctor in 1887. I was then in my

early teens and do not remember all
the details except that the man's
name was Ivan Grebenochinoff, that
he was a young army-surgeon, very
gifted, with a big future before him
but very peculiar. (Neurotic I suppose.)
At the height of his success he resigned his position,
refused to perform any ^{more} operations and,
when pressed for explanation, let the author
read the following poem. My cousin, an
officer of the same brigade, brought it
to us and let me have a copy as at
the time I was collecting unpublished
poems. I have no original but remember
every word of it (except one line of which
I was not sure. I am inclosing both
the Russian text and the English
translation.

Trusting that the poem might
interest you

sincerely

Jonas Lustig
(Mrs. Alfred Lustig)

Minor neuralgia case
who comes in from time to
time for injections. Has
just been here.

A Hangman.

Well, once upon a time there lived in one
Considerate judicious country
A hangman who was famous for his
unerring aim and skill
With which, by striking once,
He severed heads from bodies
For many years he laboured in this field of Duty

With pride and joy in his success,
Then, of a sudden, rudely, irrevocably,
Without a word of explanation,
He laid aside his art and would not take it
up again.

When pressed for reasons he would only
mumble;
"Fair and judicious are our courts and judges,
"And even after many years, in case of doubt,
A second trial can be granted
And prisoners acquitted if proven innocent

But not the fairest courts, the fairest judges
Have power to ~~not~~ give orders
That the severed head should join
The neck,
The corpse should live again.

The Hangman lost his head

Joan Grebenschioff

1887 (or about that
year)

Псалтырь

И ватр, въ страну извѣстную правосудия
Или покуда псалтырь
Который тѣмъ ^{прославленъ} извѣстенъ былъ,
Что безъ вины, безъ пристрастия,
Волѣи ударомъ голову сложилъ ^{онъ со} ^{мерз}

И много имъ работавъ онъ ^{надъ} ^{этимъ} ^{руководя}
Торговъ заслуживши чинъ ^{заведенъ} ^и
И слава радуетъ своей. Но вдругъ
Безъ объясненія, дерзкомъ безъ поворота
Онъ въ сторону свою амлохнулъ моно
И отхаживая въ руки взялъ его.

И если кто его хотѣлъ заставить обидѣться
Для такого торжества:
"Намъ судъ великъ и судъ справедливъ
И даже поемъ много имъ, ^{свое} ^о
невиноватъ доказавъ,
Онъ оправданъ будетъ ^{подсудимый}

Но самымъ лучшимъ судъ и лучшимъ судъ
не ^{скажетъ}

Приказъ издать ^{отъ} ^{отверженъ} ^{словъ}

Вновь въ тѣмъ ^{прироетъ}

И трупъ — вновь ^{вновь}

Псалтырь ^{главу} ^{свое} ^{самъ} ^{повернулъ}

Иванъ Предмищановъ
1887г.