

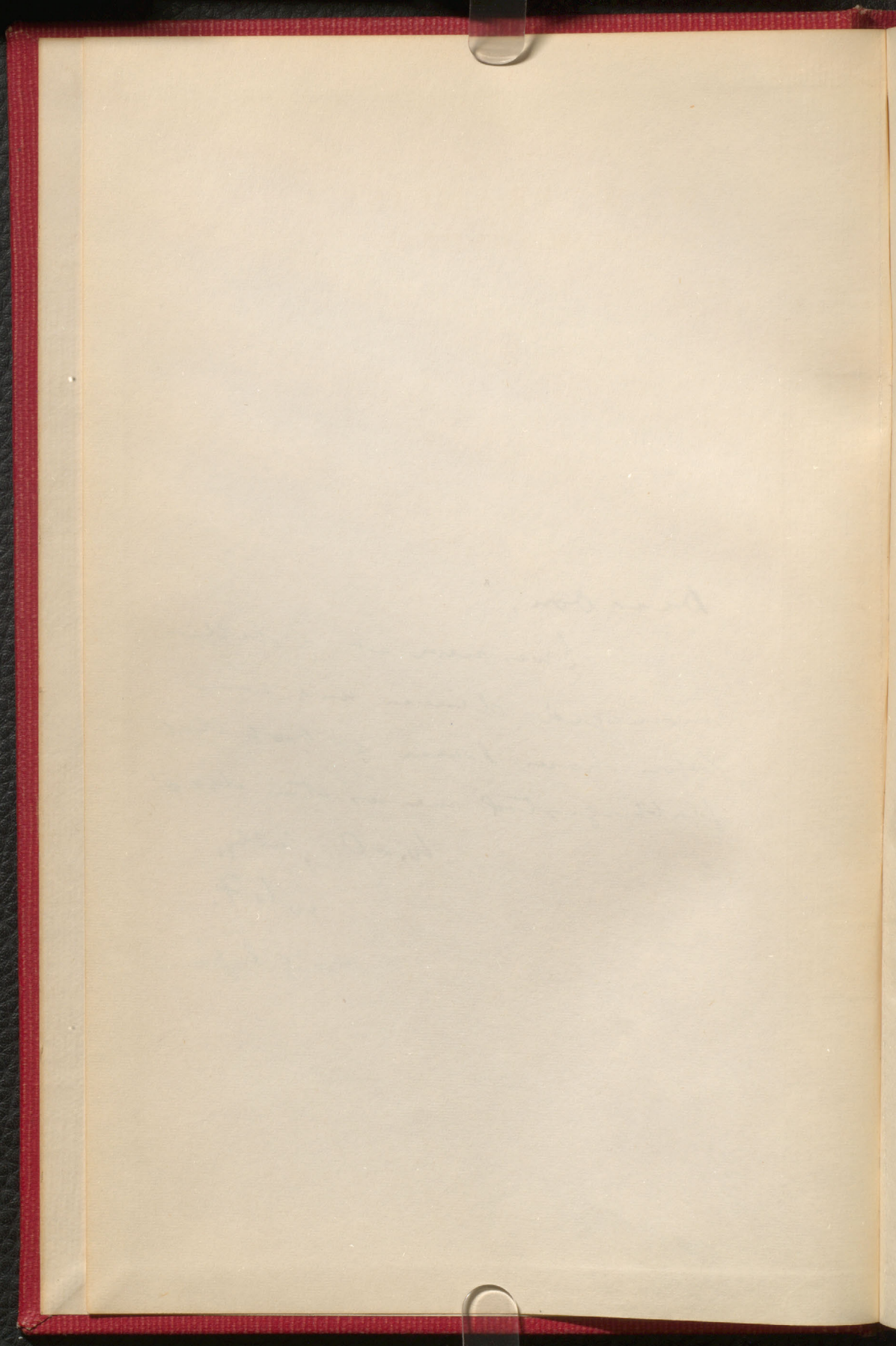
Dear Don,

I was never at a better
managed dinner and never
before have I seen a book that
flabbergasted me as this does!

W. - O. - fully,

↑ W. L. F.

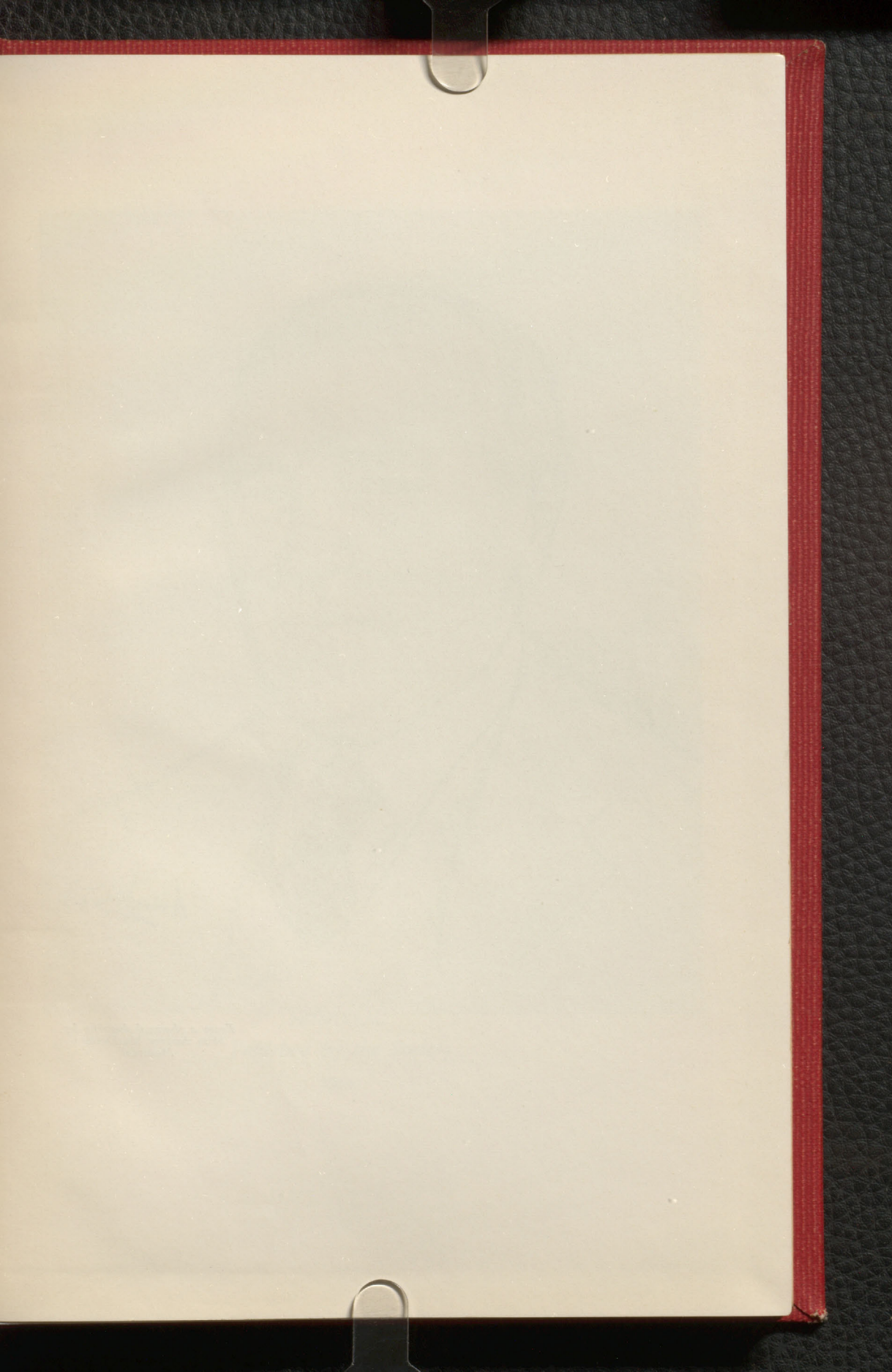
don't omit hyphens!



W. W. FRANCIS

TRIBUTES FROM HIS FRIENDS

W. W. FRANCIS
PRINTED FROM HIS PRESS





*From a charcoal drawing by
Miss Audrey MacDermot
Montreal*

W. W. FRANCIS

TRIBUTES FROM HIS FRIENDS

ON THE OCCASION OF THE
THIRTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE OSLER SOCIETY
OF MCGILL UNIVERSITY

MONTREAL

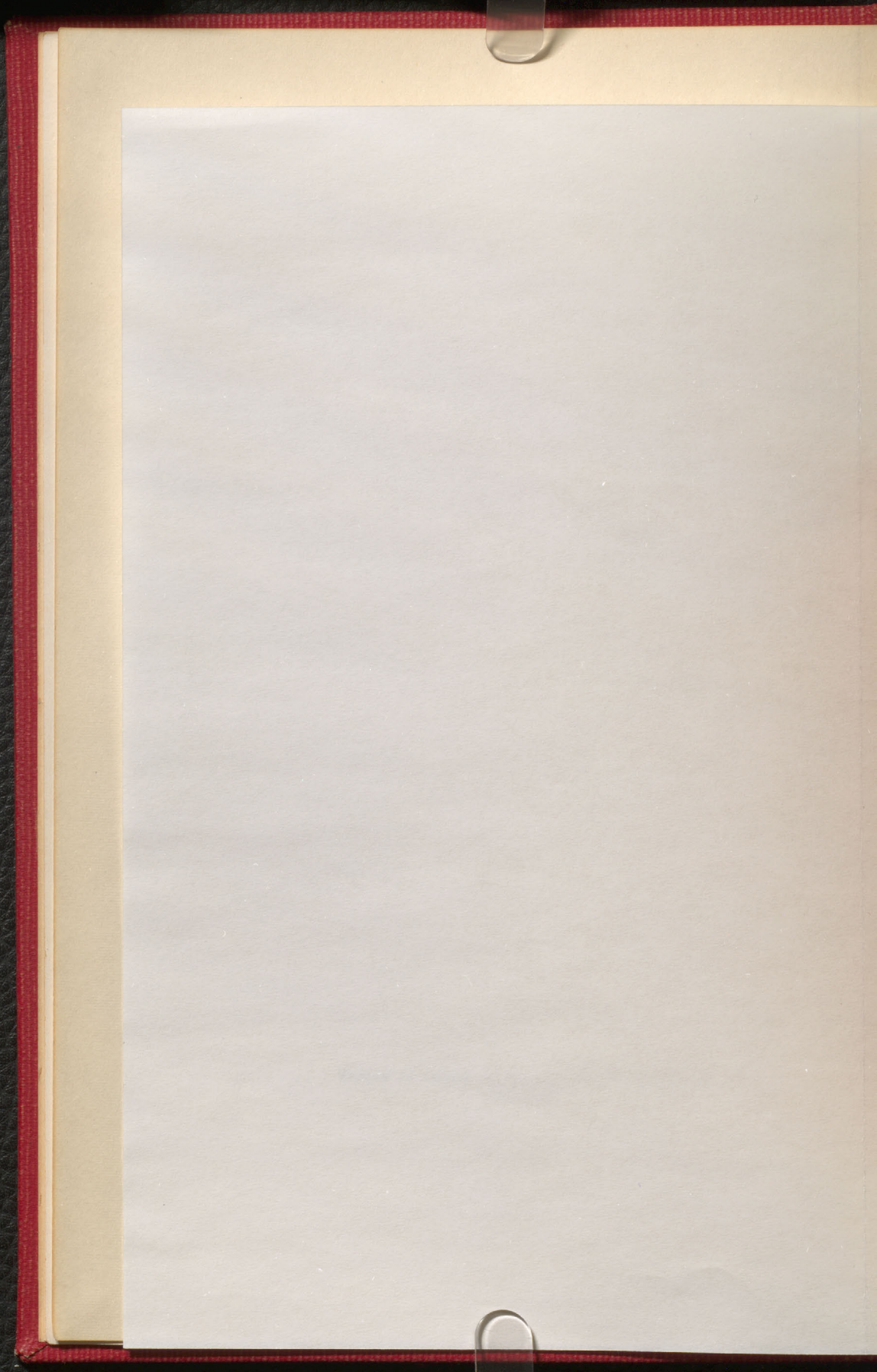
Published by the Society

1956

This is No. **52** of an Edition
limited to 500 copies.

*Printed in Canada by Lepage Printing Company
Montreal*





Joseph H. Jacobs, M.D.

(A Tribute)

Dear Sir, — A few days ago, within the quiet walls of the beacon on a hill, one of the kindest and gentlest of McGill's children went home to his fathers. Joseph Jacobs' span of life was promising in its planting, wholesome in its growth and rich in harvest. A descendant of one of the oldest races on earth, he inherited a natural insight and steadfastness that stood him well in the practice of his profession. He was observant and in his quiet demeanor there shone through a gay humor that was revealed to his family and to the friends who cherished his companionship. He suffered many of life's outrageous fortunes but in his personal conflict and ordeal he bore them all with the courage and stoicism that was part of his precious heritage. Within

a stone's throw from Montreal, he toiled where he was friend, father, healer and confidant; in this place he did much but not in the measure that he wished. In his brief space, he lessened the darkness that surrounded his path.

In one of his essays, Havellock Ellis wrote—"As in the ancient torch-race, which seemed to Lucretius to be the symbol of all life, we press forward torch in hand along the course. Soon from behind comes the runner who will outpace us. All our skill lies in giving into his hands the living torch, bright and unflickering, as we ourselves disappear in the darkness."

During his career Joseph Herbert Jacobs carried his torch high — "bright and unflickering"—and its light will not be darkened or forgotten.

? Dr. Roman? C. L. R.

wired lace bust
back. Black and
and D cup fittings,
\$5.50

Dr. William Willoughby Francis

"Yours has been an ideal life, fulfilling a worthy ideal, with quiet tenacious enthusiasm, breathing a clean air untainted by the dust of the arena."

The late Dr. E. J. Archibald once used these words, in describing Dr. William Willoughby Francis. And it is the true description.

In a world preoccupied with many things, he had a delightful detachment. He dwelt apart in a world of rare books and ripe learning, of apt quotations and the lore of the past. But his was an exacting world—all the more exacting because of the high standards of scholarship and accuracy he had set himself, and which he liked to exact (though with a cheerful if pointed wit) from his friends.

It is not often in this world that the ideal man is placed in the ideal position. But when McGill University received, under the terms of Sir William Osler's will, his priceless library on the history of medicine, a very special kind of librarian was needed: He had to be a man who would not only know and appreciate the volumes in the library but would make the library a shrine—a shrine alike to Osler and to the spirit of learning and

scholarly wit and perception that Osler represented.

Dr. Francis was the choice, and he developed his position to such an extent that the library became a shrine indeed. None who called could leave without feeling a new understanding of Osler's learning, and of the richness of the world of books and of disinterested thought. It was said by a fellow librarian that no doctor ever had a better "book-side manner." The very way he would take an ancient volume into his hands and turn its pages, and interpret its meaning — all without pedantry but with brightness of spirit — became memorable experiences. His learning was always at the service of his friends, and he was one whom his friends delighted to honor. At the meetings of the Osler Society, whose ritual he had done much to determine, he was a revered and lovable figure. He was, as one friend said, "a constant reminder that decent, spiritual, intellectual and civilized things still exist in the world."

Now he is gone. But hundreds of students and doctors today have a deeper sense of life and learning from this librarian of the Osler Library—"the Keeper of the Shrine."

CHEC

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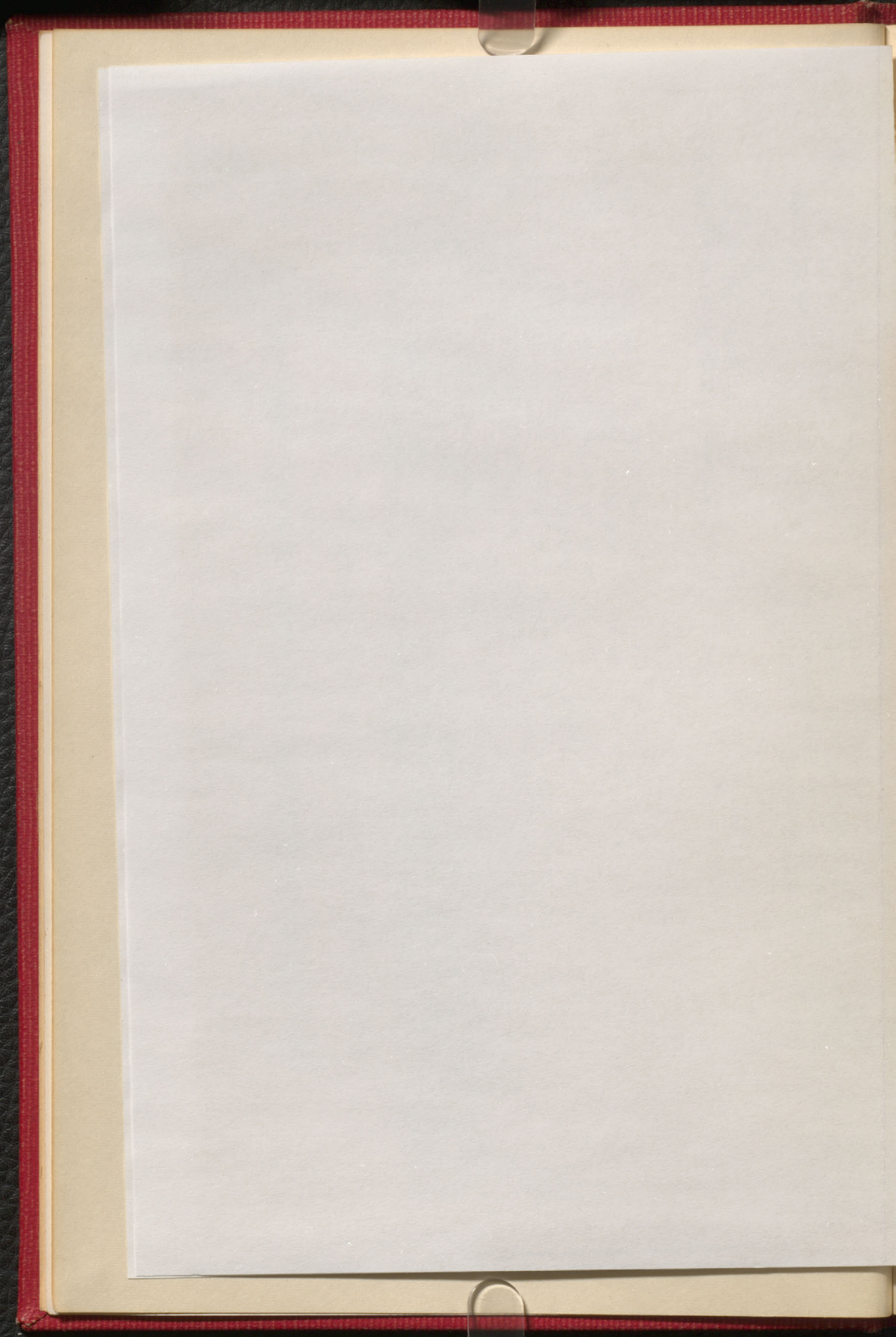
V. G. FRANCIS: THINGS FROM HIS FRIENDS . . .

We have all heard the comparison of a Fortunate to a First-class Award but if this volume can be called a Fortunate then it is to an Irish vote or a capital party that we must look for a simile. And what a wonderful party it is, with the guest of honor taking part (by quotation) in every conversation. Those who had been fortunate enough to know Dr. Francis can't enjoy his friendship will know what to expect; others will pick up this volume and, as they browse through US pages, be enchanted by its wealth of good stories, its freshness and its sincerity. Catholics will enjoy meeting their idol once more in his lighter moments, as when he got his friend both lawyer to give some of her sketches on the high table at Balliol after a dinner with the Mayor, an incident recalled by that great actress in her own tribute to Oelar's nephew.

The chief value of the book for those who discuss this all this as mere anecdote will lie in the story which it tells of the completion of the wonderful catalogue of Oelar's library, the Bibliotheca Oelariana and of the great role played in this work by Dr. Francis and Reginald Hill, now the Librarian of the National Central Library but then a young assistant in the Bodleian Library. It is one of the most personal of all library catalogues, and from the portrait of Dr. Francis which emerges from these tributes we can judge how fairly he left his mark on that edifice.

Library for so long has been the great good fortune of small college
students. Many nature being that it is, all these students may not have
experienced the privilege of knowing such a man, but they will
then be the firm of another generation to go in search of those past and
produce yet another volume of tributes such as these.

F. H. L. SCHEER,
(Librarian of the Wallace Library)



EDITORIAL NOTE

Sir William Osler once wrote, in recommending Dr. Francis for editorial work, "His meticulousness exceeds anything you ever met with." Although we have done our best, we cannot expect to escape altogether the censures of that meticulousness. We have even "planted" a few errors for the delectation of W.W.F. in finding them.

Our design has been twofold: to do honour to the guide and guardian of the Osler Society and the Osler Library, and to picture him for his many friends in the different aspects of his work, both here and elsewhere. For this second purpose particularly we have called upon some who are acquaintances and admirers, rather than intimate friends. Limitation of space has excluded some in both categories who otherwise would have been invited to contribute. Our hope is that we have brought together a representative group.

L. G. Stevenson

H. E. MacDermot

E. H. Bensley

EDITORIAL NOTE

Dr. William O'Brien was invited to recommend Dr. [Name] for the [Title] of the [Institution]. His [Title] was [Name]. Although we have done our best to [Title] in error, [Title] a few errors [Title] of W. W. [Title] [Title].

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ILLUSTRATIONS

W. W. Francis, from a charcoal drawing
by Miss Audrey MacDermot.....*Frontispiece*

FACING
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to the American Museum of Natural History

2. W. H. Murray and H. H. Murray from the photograph
of the American Museum of Natural History

3. W. H. Murray from a photograph of
the American Museum of Natural History

4. W. H. Murray from a photograph of
the American Museum of Natural History

5. W. H. Murray from a photograph of
the American Museum of Natural History

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Dr. William Willoughby Francis (his second Christian name has occasioned many puns, mostly his own) was born in Montreal, 2 April, 1878, in the house on University Street now occupied by Delta Kappa Epsilon. This house was then at the top of the town: the buildings higher on the slope of the mountain did not yet exist. The family later moved to McGill College Avenue, but when little William Willoughby was still of tender years deserted Montreal for Toronto. With his five brothers and three sisters, he grew up in a very happy home in Toronto. Their mother was a first cousin of Dr. William Osler, who looked upon the children as his nieces and nephews.

Educated at Trinity College School, Port Hope, he went on, with the encouragement of his famous kinsman, Dr. Osler, to the Johns Hopkins University, where he studied both arts and medicine. He received the A. B. degree in 1898, the M.D. in 1902. Two years of internship at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, were followed by another year in Baltimore as a Fellow in Pathology. This was, in a sense, the end of a great era, for Osler was spending his last year at Hopkins. Next came Willie's *Wanderjahr*. For one, two or three months at a time he studied paediatrics in London, Berlin, Vienna, Paris, and again London.

He was a clinical clerk at Great Ormond Street under Garrod. In Berlin he sat at the feet of Heubner and Finkelstein. In Vienna, where he basked in the golden light and sang to the lilting melodies of the ancient capital in its fabulous pre-war period, von Pirquet, Hecht and Knöpfelmacher directed his more serious studies. What he did in Paris, beyond attending l'Hôpital des Enfants Malades, is unrecorded.

In November 1906 he began practice in Montreal. Concurrently, from 1907 to 1911, he was a Demonstrator in Pathology at McGill, assisting Dr. Maude Abbott. Soon after his return to Canada he had suffered a pleural effusion. In the fifth edition (1903) of the *Principles and Practice* Osler had written: "Of late years an attempt has been made . . . to show that the majority of acute pleurisies are tuberculous." In the 6th edition (1905) he had altered this to read: "A majority of the cases are tuberculous". Ever anxious to justify an Oslerian aphorism, Bill Francis developed apical pulmonary tuberculosis and was forced, in January 1911, to give up his practice. He remained under treatment at Ste. Agathe for about eighteen months. From 1912 to 1915 he was Assistant Editor of the *Canadian Medical Association Journal* and Secretary-Treasurer of the Canadian Medical Association. In 1915, now enjoying good health, he went overseas with No. 3 Canadian General Hospital (McGill) which he served as Registrar, succeeding Dr. J. C. Meakins. After a brief return to Canada in 1919

for demobilization, he found himself once again in England. This was shortly before Sir William's death, which occurred 29 December, 1919.

An interval of less than two years was spent in Geneva as editor of all four editions of the *International Journal of Public Health*, published by the League of Red Cross Societies and printed in English, French, Italian and Spanish. On 14 January, 1921, he married Miss Hilda Colley. When the journal ceased publication, the Francises went back to England, crossing the Channel only a few days before the birth of their daughter, Marian, who claims Oxford as her native city. From 1922 to 1929, Bill was occupied, with the help of R. H. Hill, Archibald Malloch and Leonard Mackall, in the compilation of the *Bibliotheca Osleriana*. In the latter year he again crossed the Atlantic, with eighty-eight packing cases of Osler's books. The Osler Library at McGill was officially opened 29 May, 1929. From that day he has presided in the Library with genial competence and undiminished zeal.

The Editors

OSLER SOCIETY EXECUTIVE

- Harry C. Ballou *Honorary President*
Spyros C. Gonticas *President*
Jane Chatten *Vice-President*
Brahm Hyams *Secretary-Treasurer*
Jack Fabrikant *Recorder*
W. W. Francis *Osler Librarian*

OSLER BANQUET COMMITTEE

- D. G. Lawrence *Chairman*
Harold N. Segall C. J. Tidmarsh
Barbara Davison Bernard Trossman

PREFACE

Presentation Address delivered by the President of the Osler Society at the Annual Osler Banquet, Ritz-Carlton Hotel, Montreal, 28 February, 1956

We are gathered together this evening to celebrate the thirty-fifth anniversary of the Osler Society of McGill University. Since 1921 this Society has followed paths which were marked out by Sir William Osler, keeping before it the memory of this great physician and his contributions to medicine.

To study the art of medicine, to spend four years in a completely new world, unknown to the public at large, proved to be for us, the undergraduates, a very unusual experience — an experience full of surprises, some of them pleasant and unforgettable. Many of us limited our academic efforts to the Hippocratic science. Some of us have devoted a part of our time to a combination of medicine and classical studies. We found this combination in the history of medicine.

At McGill we associate the study of medical history with the Osler Library and the Osler Society. Institutions like these survive the test of time only if supported by the enthusiasm of their members and especially if there is one

individual who spurs such enthusiasm among them. We have found this individual in the person of Dr. W. W. Francis. Throughout the years he has shared his unlimited enthusiasm and knowledge with the Society. His charming wit, his vast knowledge of the history of medicine, his ardent admiration for Sir William Osler have nourished and sustained the Osler Society and given to many students a lasting interest in our medical heritage.

There have been many instances when the Osler Society has found itself at the edge of a precipice and has been saved by the prompt and efficient assistance of Dr. Francis. Many a time we have invaded his office with problems to be solved, with plans to be completed and acted upon and with questions to be answered and clarified. Not only the puzzled neophytes of Hippocratic science come to Dr. Francis for help, but also older and experienced followers of the Aesculapian religion visit him for advice and instruction.

Tonight we gather here to present to Dr. Francis a volume of tributes from a few of his many friends. We hope that this volume will ever remind him that his efforts, his work through the years and his stimulating enthusiasm are appreciated and accepted with gratitude by all of us, and have won for him the respect and admiration of a multitude of friends throughout the world. Professor John F. Fulton of Yale kindly accepted our invitation to address the Society and is with us tonight. A long-standing friendship links

him with Dr. Francis and we could think of no better person to be our guest speaker on this happy occasion.

In the genesis and carrying out of this project we found a warm friend in our Honorary President, Dr. Harry Ballon, whose energetic support was indispensable at every stage. Dr. Lloyd Stevenson, Associate Professor of the History of Medicine, has acted as co-ordinator and his efforts have helped to bring our plans to fulfilment. In this he has had the expert and enthusiastic assistance of Dr. H. E. MacDermot and Dr. E. H. Bensley. The details of the organization of "Operation Book" and "Operation Banquet" have been in the capable hands of Miss Cécile Desbarats, secretary of the Osler Library. It is a particular pleasure to acknowledge the help and encouragement of the Society's first President, Dr. C. J. Tidmarsh. The McGill Graduates' Society has given valuable assistance. To all these and to the many others who have contributed to this occasion the Osler Society expresses its gratitude.

I have kept for myself the honour and the privilege of presenting this volume to Dr. Francis on behalf of the Osler Society.

I can assure you, Sir, that every sentence registered in this book comes directly from our hearts, dictated by feelings of respect, love and admiration.

Spyros C. Gontikas

but with Dr. French and we could think of no better
part to be our guest speaker on this subject. I am
In the evening and during one of the projects we looked
a woman friend in our laboratory. I think Dr. French thought
which energetic support was indispensable. It was a case
Dr. Lloyd Stevenson, Assistant Professor of the School of
Medicine, had acted as co-moderator and I think have
pleased in being our guest in addition to this he worked
an expert and enthusiastic assistance of Dr. French
Machobane and Dr. T. H. French. The object of the
organization of "Oncology Club" and "Oncology Society"
has been at the capital level of the Faculty of Medicine
and the University of the Witwatersrand. It is a privilege to
know of the efforts and organization of the Society's
and President Dr. C. J. French. The Medical Faculty
Society has given a valuable assistance. For all these and to the
many others who have contributed to this occasion the
Oncology Society expresses its gratitude.

I have hope for myself the future and the welfare of
presenting the volume to the French on behalf of the
Oncology Society.

I can assure you that every sentence contained in
this book comes directly from our hearts dictated by
feelings of respect, love and admiration.

Yours truly,
Stephen C. Gordon

W. W. FRANCIS
TRIBUTES FROM HIS FRIENDS

I

The Keeper of the Shrine

The memory of Sir William Osler spreads throughout all parts of the world where modern medicine is practised. The stories about him are legion and unnumbered thousands have read Cushing's extraordinary biography.

To deepen so pervasive a memory, to lodge the enriched sense of a great personality in one spot that none can visit without a fuller realization of Osler's many-sided greatness, is a remarkable achievement. Nobody but Dr. Francis could have done it. His long years of close association with Osler enriched the *Bibliotheca Osleriana* to a level that scholarship alone could not have attained; and the marginal notes which have been added to the books of the Osler Library show anyone who is privileged to see them that the process of enrichment has not yet ended. We are all hoping that these marginalia, and the recollections that the late Dr. C. F. Martin persuaded Dr. Francis to dictate,

may be combined into what cannot fail to be a fascinating book.

But it is not for these things alone that Dr. Francis is loved and admired. He is the moving spirit at all the meetings of the Curators of the Osler Library and I (like all his colleagues) have been the target of his arrows when he thought us remiss in our duty to the Library. But these arrows are rare. No student or visitor who comes to the Osler Library in search of help and information ever goes away empty-handed, and most receive more than they could ask. Successive generations of men and women have come to realize the depth (and warmth) of personality in Dr. Francis and each of them will share my hope that for many years to come he may remain the keeper of the shrine he has created and cared for.

Vivat Bibliothecae Oslerianae Curator!

F. Cyril James

Principal, McGill University

II

In 1921 a small group of McGill medical students, with the encouragement of the late Dr. S. E. Whitnall, Professor of Anatomy, founded the Osler Society to promote interest in the history of medicine. The story of the early years of

the Society, now celebrating its thirty-fifth anniversary, has been told by Dr. C. J. Tidmarsh, the first president. Taking its name from Sir William Osler, a McGill graduate who from 1874 to 1884 was Professor of the Institutes of Medicine in this University, it has kept before it the aims and ideals of the most distinguished of modern medical humanists. Since 1929, when the Osler Library was opened, the Society has drawn inspiration not only from that superb collection of books relating to the history of medicine and science but also from the Osler Librarian, Dr. W. W. Francis, who has served as guide and counsellor to its members. Supplementing in this way the lectures on medical history which he has given in our Faculty for many years, Dr. Francis has opened the treasures of the past to a whole generation of the medical students of McGill. Seldom absent from a meeting of the Society, always ready to assist, from his intimate knowledge of the books in his care, the projects of students interested in the history of the profession, he continues his stewardship year by year in the spirit of his great kinsman who formed the Library and bequeathed it to McGill.

As a colleague who combines sound learning and deep devotion to his trust with a gaiety of heart which never varies, Dr. Francis has gained the affection of his fellow members of the Medical Faculty. Faculty and students unite to wish him well. On its thirty-fifth birthday the Osler Society deserves congratulations on a good record and

continuing vigour, remembering, as this volume gives evidence that it does, how much it owes to the genial Osler Librarian.

G. Lyman Duff
Dean, Faculty of Medicine
McGill University

III

W. W. Francis I have always considered to have the best book-side manner of any doctor I have known. It can, on occasion, be brilliant diagnosis: "Obviously a weakness of the spine, with looseness of the joints; and that calf will need treatment; and I suspect the colophon has been removed." Or it can be as leisurely and loving an interest in the patient's life history as that of any country practitioner sympathising with a rheumatic nonagenarian: "Yes; this is a famous volume: you see the burn on the morocco? It was made by Lord Ashburnham's cigar when he discovered that letter from Carlyle to Lady Ashburnham. He may have got the volume from Libri the book-thief (we were nodding in those days), or, as I think more likely, at the sale on March 20th, 1857 when Utterson's books were sold. Utterson had been a bidder at the Roxburghe sale in 1812, one of the most exciting bibliographical moments I can remember."

Did he say "remember"? It is quite possible. The dust of libraries is marvellously preservative. And in any case, no

man could have acquired in one lifetime so much knowledge. Nor could this past century of -ologies, socio- and psycho-, have produced someone who thinks so clearly, states so accurately, and writes so well — and with a humour that does not belong to this functional age. I never receive a scribbled note from him that does not seem an extract from a still unprinted minor classic, it is so lively and so literary. A mellow Burton; a more learned Lamb; a less eccentric Magliabechi? I wonder; and think it may perhaps be not so much a case of prolonged senescency, as Sir Thomas Browne probably did not say, as of a perpetual youth. And with agelessness are allied those virtues characteristic of the Librarian: the sceptical wisdom, the amused tolerance, the unconcern for the meretricious favours of the world. So that we may be pardoned for thinking not of Bibliotheca Osleriana and its Curator, but of the Library as merely one of the two physical manifestations of the transcendental spirit that is W. W. Francis.

Richard Pennington
University Librarian
McGill University

IV

*Magni doctoris umbra, iustus et rei studiosus vir: filius
delectissimus Collegii Trinitatis Scholae.*

"His torch was lighted at the infinite and steadfast will
remain."

Philip Ketchum

Headmaster, Trinity College School

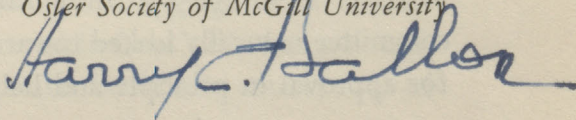
V

Specialization frequently creates artificial, restricted boundaries. Under such circumstances medicine and culture may be set apart. Brought effectively together they further the highest professional ideals. The intellectual appetite thus stimulated in youth, is never satisfied; and with advancing years the gratification increases immeasurably. Influenced by environment and education, the pursuit of history can be a pursuit, and an overtaking, of happiness. It becomes full of meaning for those who can put aside the screen concealing its inner significance. To the untutored listener, great music played in the grand manner means but little. The well adorned library and its priceless contents, stimulating as they may and ought to be, similarly fail to influence the young and uninitiated who enter. No one, however, who visits the Osler Library at McGill University

can fail to perceive that its distinguished and charming Librarian, Dr. W. W. Francis, is a part of the personality of the Library and its ideal interpreter. To listen to Dr. Francis comment on one of Osler's books, first on the text, then on unusual initial letters or illustrations, to observe his sensuous pleasure as he fondles a superb binding or leafs the pages of a mighty folio, is an unforgettable experience. The imagination of a receptive visitor thus "sparked" and ignited, he returns again and again to have Dr. Francis select and reconstruct incidents from the history of medicine, conjuring up its ancient heroes, relighting its long-extinguished beacons.

As a general rule, only the few who make provision for the aftermath of what Limitarians call the "Fixed Period" avail themselves to the fullest extent of this glorious opportunity to prepare themselves for a Way of Life, which, like music, can be richly satisfying in later years. Realizing the strength of the cord which links Medicine and History, we, the beneficiaries of Dr. Francis's leadership and guidance, so effective emotionally, spiritually and intellectually, raise our voices in unison with Browning's Rabbi Ben Ezra and say, "The best is yet to be."

Harry C. Ballou
Honorary President
Osler Society of McGill University



VI

The President, Council and Members of The Osler Club of London are delighted to join in this tribute to their Friend, Dr. W. W. Francis. Through their small span of twenty-seven years he has been a fountain of wisdom, sparkling with quaint conceits. His transatlantic notes and queries and answers to queries have greatly helped to keep green the memory of our Patron Saint, Sir William Osler.

V. B. Green-Armytage
President, Osler Club of London

VII

To The Osler Club of London W. W. Francis has been a friend from the beginning. He it was who showed the Bibliotheca Osleriana in Oxford to two young medical students intent on founding a club for the study of medical history. He so infected them with the virus of Oslerolatry that one of them went straight to Blackwell's to buy Harvey Cushing's *Life* and that ended the discussion on the naming of the Club. When, in 1948, the Club decided to publish *Selected Writings of Sir William Osler*, the editorial committee naturally looked toward the Oslerolator-in-Chief for approval in principle and help in detail, and naturally

they did not look in vain. They found in Dr. Francis an unrivalled compound of learning and fun, and a dead shot for textual errors.

To me personally, over the years between my first visit to the books at the "Open Arms" in 1928 and my latest, at McGill in 1955, the benison of Dr. Francis's friendship has meant much. Out of a world of change in medicine and society, it is a comfort to look with the mind's eye across the Atlantic to the stout-hearted figure who sits secure and in peace, watching over the books and the memory of his kinsman and our hero.

Alfred White Franklin

VIII

A Brief History of the Osler Society of McGill University

Sir William Osler died in 1919. Not long after his death it was announced that he had bequeathed his famous medical library to McGill. Among the senior medical students and graduates Osler's reputation was already known through his text-book of medicine, but now even the lowly freshmen, still far removed from the glamour of clinical studies, began to take an interest in Osler's life and writings. Since money for extra-curricular books was scarce, four of

us, Stewart Henry, Sandy McIntosh, Clyde Ramsay and I, agreed that each should buy one of his books, and later we would pass them around among ourselves. In this way we could read four books for the price of one.

One evening in the fall of 1920, we four, now in the Second Year, were standing at the corner of Prince Arthur and University Streets talking about buying more of Osler's works, when someone suggested the idea of enlarging our group and having regular meetings, with papers about Osler's historical writings and other non-clinical subjects. A few days later we discussed the plan with our Professor of Anatomy, Dr. "Sammy" Whitnall. At first he was not very enthusiastic. He pointed out that at Oxford he had seen many societies and clubs started by undergraduates only to die out and be forgotten when their founders graduated. However, in view of the possibility of continuing interest through the Osler Library, he thought our organization might have a chance of survival. Furthermore, he believed it appropriate that we should learn to use and appreciate this magnificent gift when it arrived. During the succeeding winter months he helped us in drawing up a constitution and a set of by-laws. We had considerable difficulty in wording the "objects" section, but finally decided that "reflecting his (Osler's) ideas of a liberal medical education" expressed our intention. The name "The Osler Society of McGill University" was agreed upon and approved by the Faculty.

The Inaugural Meeting was held on April 26th, 1921, at the house of Professor S. E. Whitnall, 323 Peel Street. The Constitution was adopted and the following officers duly elected:

Honorary President	Dr. S. E. Whitnall
Honorary Members	Dr. W. W. Chipman Dr. A. H. Gordon
President	C. J. Tidmarsh
Vice-President	J. S. Henry
Secretary	C. N. Ramsay

It was decided to have the first regular meeting with presentation of papers the following October. Dr. Whitnall invited the Society to hold its meetings at his residence.

The First Regular Meeting was held October 19th, 1921, and two papers were read — "Osler — His Medical Work" by A. K. Geddes, and "Osler — His Literary Work" by R. V. Ward. It was a memorable and successful beginning, and Dr. Whitnall was unusually complimentary.

Monthly meetings continued to be held in Dr. Whitnall's home and a very agreeable custom developed. Dr. Whitnall would entertain two or three of the Faculty at dinner, we students arrived at the coffee and liqueur stage, and the meeting commenced. This happy association continued through the first two years of the Society's existence and did much for its reputation and prestige. It may be noted in passing that at first we were known to our teachers as "Whitnall's Society". Our First Annual Dinner was held in

the Vice-Regal Suite of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel April 19th, 1923, and was addressed by Dr. A. H. Gordon on "Medical Snobberies".

For a short time meetings took place in the Assembly Hall of the Medical Building. In the succeeding few years while we impatiently awaited the arrival of the Osler Library, the meetings of the Society were held in the Vice-Regal Suite. It was indeed pleasant to meet in such luxurious surroundings. Excellent refreshments were served at the end of the evening. How all this was arranged at a price of fifty cents per person remains a mystery! At the Second Annual Dinner, addressed by Dr. Whitnall, Dr. Horst Oertel was elected Honorary President. At the Fifth Annual Dinner, the guest speaker was Professor Stephen Leacock. Enthusiasm was high and the Society flourished.

Finally the long-awaited Library arrived and was officially opened in May 1929. Thus, after eight years, members of the Society had access to one of the finest collections of medical books in the world. The Curator of the Library, Dr. W. W. Francis, was introduced to the Society on January 29th, 1929, and was elected Honorary President in the same year.

Dr. Whitnall no longer held any fears regarding the future of the Society. It is possible, however, that without the Library and the never-flagging interest of Dr. Francis, the Society might not have survived to celebrate its thirty-fifth anniversary in 1956. Dr. Francis has been a tower of

strength. In addition to helping members of the Society in selecting topics and material for their papers, he has attended almost every meeting, bringing out treasures from the Library appropriate to the subjects under discussion, commenting in his quiet humorous manner and reminiscing about Osler. It is no wonder that succeeding generations of students have wanted to join the Society and take part in this important phase of their medical education.

In addition, Dr. Francis has shown great interest in the Annual Dinner of the Society which has long been considered a "must" for undergraduates and alumni members, as well as those of the Faculty fortunate enough to be invited. He was solely responsible for suggesting the use of Osler's arms on the menu card, the ritual of the famous loving cup, and the passing of the cigar box. These are now traditional proceedings, and they add much to the dignity and pleasure of the occasion. Furthermore, thanks to Dr. Francis's friendships, both here and abroad, many famous men have been pleased to accept an invitation to address the Society and pay tribute to Osler and his great work.

For his kindly interest, his tireless effort and his infectious enthusiasm, the members of the Osler Society, past and present, offer to Dr. Francis this expression of their gratitude.

C. J. Tidmarsh

IX

A little band of intrepid explorers of medical history was meeting regularly in the Assembly Hall of the Medical Building when I was inadvertently admitted to membership in the Osler Society in 1922. Although it was tolerated benignly by the medical student body in those early years, many of the uninformed seemed to suspect that it was a sort of pseudo-intellectual scorpions' club. This impression was quickly dissipated as the names of the charter members of the Society became better known, and indeed it was rarely that any student declined an invitation to membership.

The next year, when I had the good fortune to be elected President, Dr. Horst Oertel who, with Dr. Whitnall, was a faithful faculty mentor to the Society, suggested that his landlord, the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, might be willing to provide a more comfortable meeting place for us. Negotiations were successful and on Tuesday, October 23, 1923, our first meeting was held there in the Prince of Wales Salon. The arrangement was a per capita payment of fifty cents for the use of the room and included sandwiches, ice cream, cakes and coffee. I find a note in my diary that the papers that evening were: *Medicine in Shakespeare* by A. K. Geddes and *The Gold-Headed Cane* by C. J. Tidmarsh.

After more than three decades, there is still pleasure in perusing the pages of that period and noting the titles of some of the papers presented. They included: *Medicine in*

the Renaissance by "Sandy" McIntosh; *Eugenics and Civilization* by "Tid" Tidmarsh; *Body Snatching* by "Nick" Hill; *Influence of Religion on Medicine* by "Bob" Roach; and *A History of Leprosy* by Grant Reid.

I recall that the post-mortem comments of Dr. Horst Oertel were often more informative than the papers themselves. He and Dr. Whitnall were the faculty regulars in those early years but other faculty guests often attended. I remember Professors John Tait, C. F. Wylde and Archibald Malloch among those who reminisced and discussed the papers.

All this was before Dr. W. W. Francis and the Osler Library came to McGill, but I have the most pleasant memory of a visit to 13 Norham Gardens at Oxford in the summer of 1923 when he and Lady Osler were so kind to an itinerant medical student anxious to see the most important medical literary bequest of all time to McGill. I am sorry I could not have stood on the sidelines during the intervening years to see the fledgling Osler Society of my student days develop into its present importance and maturity under the stimulus of Dr. Francis.

Basil C. MacLean

X

Westmount, Quebec
December 11th, 1955

My dear Bill,

It is a very nice idea to honour you in this way — by publishing a book of tributes from your friends. I heartily approve of the plan and am happy to have a part in it.

We have been friends for a long time, Bill, since the early 1900's when you came to Montreal from the Johns Hopkins and we were internes together on the Medical Staff of the Royal Victoria Hospital under Jimmy Stewart and Charlie Martin. Later we both took up private practice in Montreal. When you went up to Ste. Agathe for your health, the Eskimo leggings and moccasins which I had brought back from Labrador in 1895 helped to warm your toes during the winter fresh-air cure.

I know you have not forgotten our motor trip to Metis in the old Cadillac touring car in 1914. With darkness falling we all had to camp in a field and when it started to rain you and I took refuge under the car. Later I decided to drive on rather than run the risk of getting stuck in the mud, but you stayed underneath until I started the engine. I have never seen you move so fast! Those were the good old days!!

There are many happy memories of the old times together, Bill. I am sure you have never fully appreciated how much joy you have given your host of friends in so

many ways. Your extraordinary memory and wonderful literary knowledge, your gifts as a story-teller and as a troubadour, your humour and your insight, your staunch loyalty, your generosity and your great courage are attributes we have all valued through the years. Your love of children and your lively, kindly interest in human nature have endeared you to young and old.

Blessings on you, Bill. Your friendship has given me more delight than any other.

Thine affectionately,

Colin Russel

*d. 4 March 1956 - four days
after the banquet! Dr. Francis,
in his speech, made a very
nice allusion to his old and
dear friend.*

XI

Fifty-three years seem to slip by so quickly! It was in the autumn of 1902 that I first saw this spry young man, Dr. Francis, in a "Double Clinic" at the Royal Victoria Hospital. He was a junior interne at the time, and I was reporting my Medicine at the Montreal General Hospital under Dr. Lafleur. In my final year at the Royal Victoria Hospital the association became closer and was enhanced by the fact that we were fraternity brothers.

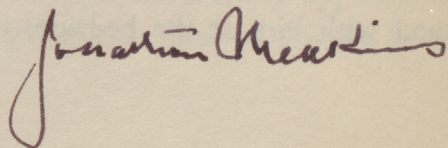
Osler came to Montreal several times that winter, and on one occasion gave a theatre clinic. When Dr. Francis stood with him at the bedside, there was no doubt that

they were of the same breed! Their mannerisms were curiously similar — a hallmark I was to recognize in Tom McCrae, Norman Gwyn, Tom Futcher and many other disciples of the master.

Years passed with only an occasional crossing of our paths until we were together in the McGill General Hospital in 1915, but at first this was only as brother officers in the camaraderie of the mess. One morning early in August 1915, I was summoned to the Commanding Officer's tent and informed that I was to act as Registrar forthwith! I did not know even the cover of an A and D book, but with the advice of the Registrar of No. 20 General Hospital, B.E.F., and the loyal assistance of Captain Francis and Sergeant Bissett, we soon had our organization in shape. We worked together thus until the late autumn, when we were rained out, and just before Christmas were ordered as an advance party to take over an ex-Indian Hospital at Boulogne in what had been a convent of ancient foundation. A dreary Christmas it was, but Billy was always cheerful. Our separation overseas came when I was ordered to England to the Heart Hospital under Sir Thomas Lewis.

Thirteen years passed before we met again after both returned from Britain. But our friendship was as before, and I pray it will continue for many years to come!

Jonathan Meakins



XII

A Letter from Pura

My dear Francis,

We met for the first time at the beautiful and hospitable home of Arnold Klebs. It must have been in the summer of 1920, because I have a letter from Klebs, dated 12 June, 1920, in which he invited me to spend the weekend in Nyon at Les Terrasses and said:

Ich weiss nicht, ob Sie noch andere Leute nächstes weekend hier finden werden. Es ist gut möglich, dass Leute vom Red Cross, die öfters herkommen, hier sein werden.

And in a letter, dated 2 July, 1920, he wrote:

Nächste Woche meeting des Advisory Board des Red Cross, meist alte Freunde, die nun die neue Welt schaffen wollen. Ich glaube, ihre Pläne sind hauptsächlich akademisch, was mich aber nicht hindern wird, mich an ihrer Gesellschaft zu erfreuen und ihnen Unterhaltung zu bieten.

You were at the time Editor of the *International Journal of Public Health*, published by the League of Red Cross Societies. I was nobody, a budding medical historian who was preparing to apply for a lectureship at the University of Zurich. You were introduced to me as the nephew of Sir William Osler and I remember distinctly Klebs pointing out how you resembled your famous uncle in the shape of your skull and in the colour of your hair. How young we both were on that Sunday when we first met!

The years went by. I was called to the University of

Leipzig where I succeeded my teacher Karl Sudhoff and where I met Dr. Welch, who brought me over to America.

You were at that time Librarian of the Osler Library, and when I accepted a very kind invitation from Dr. C. F. Martin to address the McGill medical students, it was primarily because I was anxious to see the Osler Library.

I shall never forget that trip. It was on the 9th of March, 1933 that I boarded the "Montrealer". All the banks were closed and all business life was at a standstill. When I entered the train in Baltimore and got myself comfortably established in the Club Car, the conductor greeted me with the words, "Sir, may I shake hands with you? You are the fourth passenger in the entire train." In Baltimore one felt that spring was in the air. When I woke up I was in Vermont, which was buried in deep snow, and in Canada the weather was piercingly cold, with 0° F. and a terrible wind blowing.

Dr. Martin met me at the station, with a representative of the student body whose Fifty-First Annual Medical Dinner I was to address that night. Dean Martin was a delightful host. He drove me all around town, first to see Maude Abbott, whose conversation I enjoyed a great deal. I knew her as a most devoted student of Osler and was interested in the collections she had assembled. Then you took me to the Osler Library, about which I shall have more to say at the end. After this I went to the Hôtel-Dieu, where Dr. Pariseau showed me his collection of books.

My dinner address, in which I discussed some general problems of medical history, was a complete failure. The students were in high spirits and nobody listened except, of course, the members of the Faculty, who were seated at the head table. The students sang to the tune of Mr. Gallagher:

Oh, Dr. Martin! Oh, Dr. Martin!
Sage advice to us you always are impartin'!
What to do when we get out,
And we musn't play the lout!
It would seem that you know what it's all about!

The toast to me as the Guest of Honour was proposed by Sir Andrew Macphail, litterateur and historian, who was introduced to me as the Canadian Bernard Shaw.

The following day was devoted to visiting the Royal Victoria Hospital, the Library of the Medical School, where Dr. C. F. Wylde was our guide, and the very interesting Gest Collection of Chinese books in the Redpath Library. I was reminded of my early days when in 1911 I studied Chinese at King's College in London.

In the letter in which Dean Martin invited me, he wrote:

The fact that we have the Osler Library here, and that we are undertaking the building up of a Medical Historical Museum, are other reasons why we thought, perhaps, you might be induced to accept such an invitation.

And, indeed, I was not disappointed in the Osler Library. As a matter of fact, it surpassed all my expectations — the room, dignified, with a church-like atmosphere, and the books! Here they were, the great books that contributed to the progress of medicine, the stepping-stones in a devel-

opment of 5000 years, a monument to Sir William Osler, erected with his own hands in years of collecting. What impressed me most was the spirit of veneration that you disclosed toward your famous uncle. When I asked what your policy was in buying new books, you said that of course you bought all recent medical historical publications if they were of any value. And then you added that those books that Sir William intended to buy but never found on the market were also purchased. "As a matter of fact", you said, "we just acquired such a book that Sir William was most anxious to add to his collection." And you led me to the panelled shrine where Sir William's ashes are preserved, and next to it was the book — the Dutch edition of the complete works of Sir Thomas Browne, published in Amsterdam in 1688.

This was my first trip to Canada. It was to be followed by many others. I loved the country, loved its cities, loved its dark forests and wide prairies, where a real pioneering spirit is still to be found.

And now, my dear Francis, we are no longer the young men we were when we first met at Les Terrasses. We are getting on in age and we have both had some trouble with our health. But we must not be discouraged and I wish you many more years of relative health and perfectaequanimitas.

In great devotion I am,

Yours cordially,

Henry E. Sigerist

Pura, 1 December, 1955

XIII

It is doubtless well known, where it should be, that though his corporeal identity is subject to change annually, the Chairman of the Library Committee of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia is a permanent Curator (i.e., trustee) of the Osler Library. It cannot be supposed that this circumstance has ever materially affected the destinies of the Osler Library, but it has brought great satisfaction to a number of Philadelphia physicians, and to a ternary of librarians of the College, the writer embodying the medial digit of the latter.

There are two reasons for the mildly smug satisfaction exhibited in Philadelphia over this state of affairs. One of them issues from the fact that Osler's personality, and his writings, still retain their unique hold on our affections, and this leads naturally to a warm appreciation of the tenuous but enduring link between the two great collections that he took care to provide. The other (and quite as animating) reason, of course, is that the circumstance draws us into the orbit of the planet Saturn — that paragon of meticulousity wedded to noble purpose, that ever generous friend to the aspiring, William Willoughby Francis.

Well, in June 1933 the College of Physicians of Philadelphia opted a new librarian fearfully and wonderfully dight in a professional innocence that approached sublimation. A few months later he received a letter from a fellow

in Montreal who referred to the legalistic tie between the Osler Library and the Library of the College, and asked for the name of the Chairman of the College's Library Committee. Replying, the librarian had the (as it turned out) rare good fortune to direct his letter to the Osler Memorial (sic) Library.

The letter from Bill Francis that set me straight on that score aged me ten years in five minutes. It did even better than that. It initiated a series of letters — numerically on the slim side, alas, in view of the number of years involved — that have provided one of the most enriching courses in lifemanship that one could hope to fall heir to. Unfortunately, I cannot very well document this without running the risk of no longer receiving from him any "SE/LF"-typed letters engagingly headed, "Pussonal and unfileable", or ". . . offtherecordicam". On the other hand, the risk is one that no Franciscan would for a moment expect another to take while *compos mentis et halitus*. All of us know that the important thing is to keep these wise and witty missives coming your way — if you can.

Hail, then William Willoughby Francis, on a fête day that could not possibly gratify you more than it does this faithful link in the chain of your friends stretching from sea to shining sea.

W. B. McDaniel, 2d.

XIV

W. W. Francis: Colleague of Librarians

The Medical Library Association was founded by physicians and librarians to further their common enterprise, the fostering of medical libraries. For more than a quarter century W. W. Francis has been an exponent of a happy blending of the two professions, lighting up the pedestrian library routines with his uncompromising scholarliness and elfin humor. He has carried his share of the Association's work too, with profit to the Association and grace to himself. Serving two terms as Vice-President, 1929/30-30/31, and two as President, 1935/36-36/37, he gave much consideration and effort to solving the Association's problems, trying to improve its Exchange, studying the working of its various newly fledged committees, and encouraging the idea of regional meetings. Even more vital than this, however, was the direct bibliophilic warmth he communicated to his library colleagues from his long and close association with Sir William Osler, really his cousin but regarded as his uncle. It has been suspected, not without reason, that Sir William was the spirit moving behind the founders of the Medical Library Association, though he himself was unable to attend the organizational meeting: his long, constant and generous concern for libraries and their contents points eloquently in that direction. His spirit

was made alive for us of a later generation by Dr. Francis, who had lived in Osler's family and "seen him plain," who had acted as his literary aide, and who carried in himself the same love for books and libraries. This could not help but win the attachment of our librarians, and "Willie's" own charm did the rest. He captivated our hearts as did his scholarship our respect. The Association is richer and happier for his partnership with it.

The same can be said of his relations with the New York Academy of Medicine Library. As the intimate friend from early days of Dr. Archibald Malloch, Librarian of the Academy from 1926 to 1949, he had many grounds for close association: their common medical training and experience, membership in the inner circle of Osler's family life, a keen interest in the history and literature of medicine, and a predilection for bibliographic detail. They worked together on the editing of the great *Bibliotheca Osleriana*, bringing into reality one of the long cherished dreams of Sir William, a *catalogue raisonné* of the landmarks of medical history. Settling each into the headship of an outstanding medical library, they pursued, in parallel, similar endeavors as their life-work. An especially appropriate bond of union was Dr. Malloch's service through the years as one of the Curators of the Osler Library.

Such a communion of interests and aims could not help but prove fruitful to the two librarians and to their libraries. Their correspondence over the years is a continuous

and graphic record of help given and received on both sides. Questionable editions were identified by one library for the other; unknown authors of a quotation tracked down; Latin spellings determined; difficult bits of Latin elucidated; collations of incunabula verified; prices of old books sought; confused references completed. In fact hardly a month passed during those twenty-three years of librarianship without some bibliographic query being asked and answered by one side or the other, to the great pleasure and profit of both. Many questions concerned Osler, of course, his books, his sayings, his writings. Dr. Malloch's FitzPatrick Lectures elicited inquiries about Canadian doctors in colonial times. Comments were asked on an additional Latin inscription for the Academy's building. A scholar was located who was interested in editing a Middle English manuscript by Guy de Chauliac.

Nor was information the only commodity exchanged. A number of the Academy's laity lectures and the Salmon lectures went to the Osler Library. In the opposite direction travelled valuable duplicates. Two of these were presented on the occasion of the opening of the Academy's Rare Book Room, now The Malloch Room: Mesmer's *Lettres*, 1784, and Belin's *La poudre de sympathie iustificée*, 1658. A third, particularly treasured by the recipient, was Petrus de Abano's *Tractatus de venenis*, 1473, an incunabulum there had never been funds to purchase. Presented by Dr. Francis shortly after the beginning of Dr. Malloch's illness

in 1948, it carries this inscription: "To the New York Academy of Medicine in honour of its Librarian, Dr. Archibald Malloch, my good friend and fellow worker, this duplicate given to me in 1927 by Lady Osler."

One could well say that these two sister institutions, the Osler Library of McGill and the Library of the New York Academy of Medicine, were inseparable twins united by bonds of affection and common interest. In this union we behold a bright example of the benefits which can come to a man, and to the institution he serves, through genuine interest in another.

Janet Doe

XV

The Story of the Osler Catalogue, 1922-1929

By A Somewhat Prejudiced Observer

I first met Dr. Francis in January 1922. At the time he had just finished editing in four languages, for the League of Red Cross Societies, the two important volumes known as the *International Journal of Public Health*, issued at Geneva in 1920 and 1921.

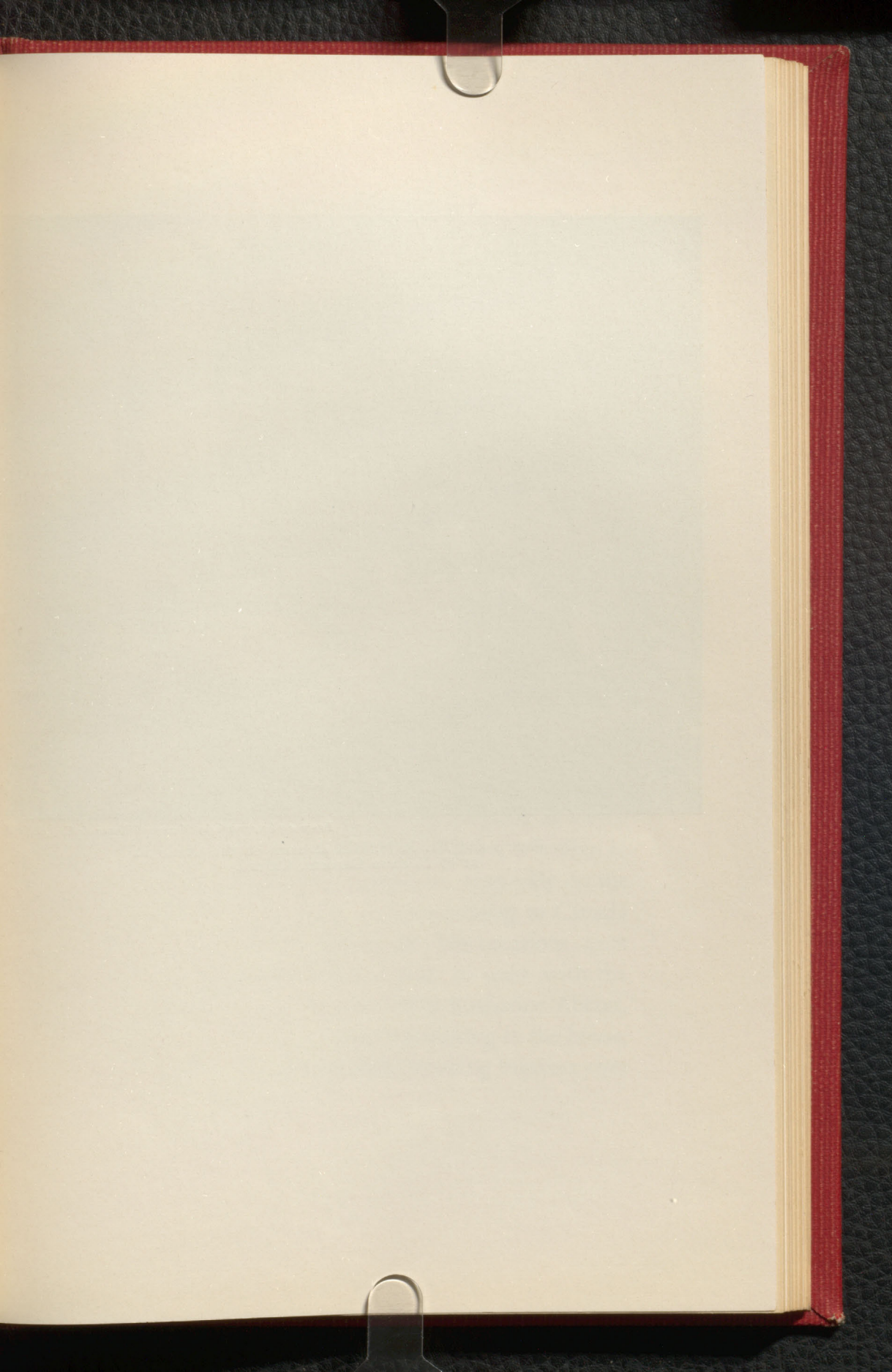
Sir William Osler, who had died in 1919, had often discussed with Francis his plans for a catalogue of his books, and in his will Sir William had appointed him Librarian of the Collection. He had mentioned to W.W.F. that he had

envisaged a novel arrangement of his books in which the great contributions to medicine would be placed in the first section, to be known as "Bibliotheca Prima," and the lesser works in "Secunda," etc.; but because of preoccupations during the war, most of the annotations and technical descriptions of individual entries were still unwritten. When he died, the arduous task of completing the unfinished notes and compiling the many new ones fell to Dr. Bill and to those who assisted him. Between 1922 and the time of publication of the Catalogue in 1929 I had watched him at work on the great undertaking. The following paragraphs are extracted from notes written at Oxford during this interval.

The various references to Osler's library which occur in Cushing's *Life* make it evident that he had planned as early as June 1912 (Osler biography, II, 318) to have his collection go to McGill after his death. Again in July 1912 the library is referred to as "now being catalogued" (II, 323). The idea of publishing an extended catalogue, however, apparently did not occur to Sir William until two years later. Early in July 1914 the Bibliographical Society met at Magdalene College, Cambridge, and Osler was there as President of the Society to welcome the members. "It would appear," says Dr. Cushing, "that the idea of the *Bibliotheca Osleriana* must have taken form while he was browsing in the Pepys Library during this Cambridge visit. Mr. Charles Sayle of the Cambridge University Library, of whom he

talked much at this time, became interested in the project, and they had many a subsequent exchange of visits at Oxford and Cambridge, during the course of which the plan of a 'Bibliotheca prima,' 'Bibliotheca secunda,' and so on came to be crystallized and innumerable letters on the subject during the coming months passed between the two" (II, 417). Dr. Cushing goes on to tell how during the trying years of the war the cataloguing of the library on these new lines became his refuge and salvation. Then again, "As the work progressed the difficulties and complexities which they had foreseen merely added to the fascination of the task which was leading Osler on by the nose. He intended that the Catalogue should be something more than a mere impersonal list of books, and should have some of the features his great fore-runner, Conrad Gesner, the father of bibliography, had put into his 'Bibliotheca universalis'. He was possibly influenced too by Haller's 'Bibliotheca medicinae practicae', but far more by the 'Bibliotheca chemica' of John Ferguson, the Professor of Chemistry at Glasgow, which had been published a few years before" (II, 417).

From about 1912 on into the period of the war Sir William was assisted by a well-educated maiden lady, Miss Willcock. She copied titles on cards and was fond of abstracting notes from the *D.N.B.* which were to serve as annotations to the titles. Sir William always referred to her rather light-heartedly as "the old girl" or "the ancient vestal."





From a photograph by Messrs. Gillman & Co., Oxford

Dr. Francis and Mr. R. H. Hill at work on the Catalogue
at 13 Norham Gardens, Oxford.

Reginald H. Hill, who began his distinguished bibliographical career as a junior helper in the Bodleian, started work on the Catalogue some time in 1915. Though at times hampered by unfamiliar medical terms, he carried out this labor of love with fidelity, patience, and resourcefulness that place all medical bibliographers in his debt. According to Dr. Francis, he was associated with the Catalogue for a greater number of years than any other person. I think it is not too much to say that without Hill's services the Catalogue would probably not have been issued for another eight or ten years. Hill has told his own story elsewhere in the present volume. Others also helped, especially Dr. Archibald Malloch, who later became the Librarian of the New York Academy of Medicine. Between spells of working on the Catalogue Dr. Malloch arranged and had bound, with annotations in his own hand concerning provenance, all of Sir William's manuscripts found after his death. He also made a collection of Sir William's more ephemeral writings by obtaining back numbers of the various journals in which they appeared; both of these undertakings are a tribute to his industry. His work on the Catalogue, especially on the index, was also of great value. After returning to Canada in 1922 he came back to Oxford on two occasions, each time after an interval of about a year, to assist with the Catalogue. On the second occasion Miss Katharine Abbott, a daughter of Sir William's niece, was staying in the house, and they promptly fell in love while working together over

the slips of the index. It is still pleasant to think of them on either side of the library table, but there were a few errors in the index slips which evidently dated from that period!

Dr. William Willoughby Francis was unable to leave his editorial duties in Geneva until January 1922, when he came to Oxford and assumed the responsibility of editing the *B.O.* and seeing it through the press. For the next seven years he worked from fourteen to sixteen hours a day on the Catalogue, taking only one vacation during the entire period — in June 1926 when Dr. Cushing absconded with him for a meeting of the International Congress of the History of Medicine held at Leiden.

In compiling the Catalogue Francis took infinite pains to insure absolute accuracy. His best work was done between 11 P.M. and 2 A.M. when the telephone didn't ring and there was no one to bother him. His besetting sin was reading ahead in every book he took down. Having found what he wanted bibliographically, the lure of the printed page led him always onwards. He had no idea of time, and if the text of some old medical work interested him, he would be likely to retire at 3 or 4 in the morning; indeed, the only thing that seemed to make him go to bed was the attack of migraine which usually came after a long sequence of short nights.

The Oxford Press received the first cards of "Prima" and began to print some time in 1923. When I left Oxford in September 1925, "Prima" had been completely printed,

and part of "Secunda" was in galley proof, but after that things went extremely slowly, for Dr. Francis was averse to having anything go to the Press until he himself had verified every comma on every card. His corrections in proof were numerous and disturbing to the printers; they, however, were equally exasperating to him, and each correction strengthened his own conviction that nothing must pass for the press without his personal verification. Months passed, the Press meanwhile clamoring for cards, but Dr. F. refused to send them until he saw fit. Some felt insulted that their work was not allowed to stand, but Hill took a broader view. Malloch's letters imploring dispatch rested on the consulting room table unanswered. Lady Osler was beside herself and at times could seem to talk about little else — this despite letters from Dr. Cushing urging her to let the careful scholar set his own pace. Still Dr. Bill refused to be moved or hurried and he would often remark casually to a few who were sympathetic that he had never done anything with his life, his opportunity to accomplish something worth while had now come, and he intended to make the best of it. Hurry meant inaccuracy, and everything must be sacrificed to his ideal. For two years things went on in this way, cards being occasionally sent to the printers, until early in 1927 when Lady Osler and her sister, Mrs. Henry B. Chapin of Boston, with Hill's support, made the Press bring pressure to bear. By June 1928 when we arrived back in Oxford, the Manuscript sections had just gone to the

Press and there remained only the addenda, index, introduction and preface. The entire summer until just before Lady Osler's death at the end of August was spent on the last verification of the index. Finally, early in October, at Bill's request, I took all the index cards to the Press in my car. At this dictation [i.e., November 1928] the introduction is being corrected and the preface has not yet been written. Mr. E. H. R. Revere [an executor and Lady Osler's brother from Canton, Massachusetts] showed me the bill from the University Press for all expenses connected with the production of the Catalogue (750 copies) which proved to be £1938.

The completion of the Catalogue of course meant that the books would go at once to McGill, and packing boxes were already all over the house when Lady Osler died. One cannot but wonder whether Dr. Cushing in his wisdom, knowing what effect the empty shelves might have on Lady O., had not purposely favoured the slow progress of the Catalogue for more than scholarly reasons.

The *Bibliotheca Osleriana* will ever stand as an enduring tribute not only to the genius of a great collector but more particularly to the learning, perseverance and patience of a great scholar and a great librarian.

John F. Fulton

XVI

New York, November 8, 1955

Dear Bill,

I am honored and happy to share in this tribute of your friends, celebrating the 35th anniversary of the Osler Society and your faithful guardianship of the precious books and the precious associations that the Osler Library contains. I am fortunate, indeed, to have seen many of the books handled lovingly and shown to me by Sir William in his house in Oxford, and I always feel his spirit close when I come to the Library at McGill.

I value deeply the memories of my visits to Norham Gardens — I know you remember them too — and occasions when I gave my sketches for Sir William and dear Lady Osler, and Mrs. Chapin, and an assortment of visitors and friends. I recall a wonderful evening at Balliol, organized by Sir William, when A. L. Smith was Master, and I performed on the High Table in Hall.

How I remember walking with Sir William to Evensong at New College, his gown flying — he moved so quickly — hailing undergraduates as he went along — the gaiety and warmth that he radiated so obviously returned by young and old!

Apart from the memories we share of those years, I always feel a great debt of gratitude to you for your kindness to a young friend of mine, whom you welcomed in the Osler

tradition and whose life in Montreal was made so much happier by your own and Hilda's and Marian's kind friendliness.

So I send you most affectionate greetings on this happy occasion, with which I am so glad to be associated because of our old friendship and my love for Sir William and for Canada.

Your devoted,
Ruth Draper

XVII

W. W. Francis and Oxford, 1919-1929

I can best explain my intimate association with W. W. Francis, and a friendship which years and distance have never dimmed, by printing — if space permits — the greater part of an address delivered to the Osler Club in London over a quarter of a century ago. The details — never wholly forgotten — of long and treasured collaboration with him and Archibald Malloch over the *Bibliotheca Osleriana* were then vivid in memory for I had just seen the Library opened in Montreal and in four hectic days beforehand helped W.W.F. to put out his special exhibits. Much has happened since, in Oxford and in "Bodley", in London, and in the whole wide world; but W.W.F. still presides in the Osler Library and, I know, has endeared

himself no less warmly to many other young men and has equally enriched their careers and interests.

The preparation of this sketch has evoked many recollections of our ten years or more intensive work. There can be few of Osler's "latch-keyers" left, but I am proud to have been one, and in spite of the years a recurrent dream still takes me back to 13 Norham Gardens just to finish off the job before the books go to Canada. The psychologist would doubtless explain this by my reactions to W.W.F.'s occasional fits of super-carefulness or by the fact that, when the job was completed and Osler's collection packed, I was, perhaps mercifully, laid low by influenza and never saw the books depart. One (apocryphal) story depicts W.W.F. sitting on the quay-side surrounded by his boxes and waiting for the boat!

The extracts from my London address which follow are prosaic enough, but they serve to indicate what was before Francis, Malloch, L. L. Mackall and myself, to whom Osler had left the task. It was a considerable time after 1919 that we were able to get down to it together, and W.W.F. settled down at 13 Norham Gardens to work full time. Apart from holiday periods I worked only in the evenings — until eventually the welcome proofs poured in and weekend leisure and Sabbaths had to be broken into.

It was a happy experience, not without its social accompaniments. No one working in Lady Osler's house was ever allowed to feel a stranger and few can have been surrounded

with such benignant influences or formed such happy contacts for the subsequent years — Harvey Cushing dashing in upon our labours, scanning the library for biographical material and encouraging me in making the index for his great biography; Arnold Klebs and Victor Scholderer with eagle eyes for 15th-century types; Ramsay Wright helping in endless ways; Geoffrey Keynes; John Fulton; and several others. There were other equally enjoyable but less bibliothecarial interludes — the Francis baby, fed and ready for bed — and she had to be kissed and tossed in the air by a fond father! Later, when the Francis family moved to their own house, the telephone, reminding W.W.F. that his dinner was awaiting him a mile away, with the invariable excuse to his patient wife — “It’s that devil Hill again!” For we *did* linger and we *did* argue, over practical points of bibliography, commas, capitals, layout, and Osler’s indispensable Index! One of the major parts of W.W.F.’s work was to check up on Osler’s own medical and biographical notes — many jotted down hurriedly and tentatively. One could arrive any time to find Francis pondering over some abstruse point, oblivious of all earthly considerations. His care, caution and thoroughness were endless, and sometimes exasperating even to one who had been trained in Bodley under E. W. B. Nicholson! The *Bibliotheca Osleriana* can have yielded few mistakes, even after twenty-six years, and W.W.F. will anyway have

found them out. Its shortcomings, one can modestly say, are only due to the absence of the Chief's master hand.

When it was suggested that I should address the Osler Club this evening, the subject which naturally came to my mind as the most suitable one was that of the actual preparation of the Catalogue of Sir William Osler's library, the *Bibliotheca Osleriana* You will bear with me, I hope, if I preface what I have to say by one or two personal remarks which to a large extent explain my connexion with it. I have for many years had the privilege of being on the staff of the Bodleian, of which Osler, as Regius Professor of Medicine, became an ex officio Curator in 1905. I entered the Library in 1908. Strangely enough, in my earlier years, apart from the mere recognition of Osler as the Regius Professor and therefore a Curator and consequently one of those important persons whose smallest desires had to be, if possible, anticipated or at any rate carried out with special alacrity, I have no very definite recollection of him. To me he was, in those days, a figure more than a personality. I saw and learned enough to know that he took keen interest in all that concerned the Library, and that he was a tower of strength to my Chief, Mr. E. W. B. Nicholson One day, as I ascended the Bodley stairs, I heard a light step behind me, a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and I heard Osler's voice — "Well, how go the examinations?" We talked for a moment as we ascended the Jacobean staircase. From that time there was a friendship between us; and there are others in "Bodley" for whom Osler's sympathy and encouragement forged bonds of a similar nature and a connexion equally unforgettable. Later, at the beginning of the War period, Osler was in need of a temporary helper to replace his secretary — to do small things in the evening, to pay book bills, to catalogue his new books; and for the first time I entered 13 Norham Gardens. The first evening I entered his home, Osler gave me a latchkey; this must have been in 1915; and it was only at the beginning of this year, when Lady Osler's executors handed

over the house, that that key was returned. So began my connexion with Osler and his Library.

Let us now turn to the Catalogue. "There is no better float through posterity than to be the author of a good bibliography." So wrote Osler of John Shaw Billings; so of Albrecht Haller and of Conrad Gesner. Perhaps we need no such reminder of Osler himself. His memory will, I think, always abide among those who practise medicine; among the smaller number of those who study its history or wander along its literary by-paths; among the members of this and similar clubs; and in a wider circle. *The Principles and Practice of Medicine* is not likely to be entirely superseded with the years or ever forgotten; *Aequanimitas* will remain. This Club will grow and keep Osler's personal memory green. It will fulfil the wish of the Editors if this Catalogue, the largest piece of bibliographical work connected with Osler's name, may go down to posterity side by side with them.

In the days when I first knew it, Osler's catalogue, which he kept on large typed cards, with different colours for the different centuries, was, except for one or two particular classes, in one long alphabetical series; certain books on the heart, destined for Johns Hopkins, were also kept apart; and, I believe, the cards for the bibliographical works as well. On his cards, as opportunity offered, Osler was in the habit of adding his notes and appraisals; sometimes he added the notes in the books themselves. A typical catalogue card, which incidentally bears traces of revision by all of the Editors, is illustrated by Dr. Cushing in his *Life of Osler*. Books and cards were being added frequently, and when I first began working I made many cards for volumes which I found in the collection uncatalogued. There were, in addition, more than one card (under editors, commentators &c.) for a large number of the works, in the style of the catalogue of a larger library. This was how I found the catalogue before I left for military service. I returned in 1919 to more serious work on the books. To Miss J. F. Willcock, a practised bibliographer who had helped over Osler's *Incunabula Medica*, the "aged vestal" of one of his letters, Osler had explained his

scheme in outline; she had been busy during the latter part of the war in sorting the alphabetical series into sections and in recataloguing. While this division into eight sections had been roughly done, there were waiting numerous individual points for Osler to find time to decide. He was busy at this time, as ever, and I personally had little or no talk with him about the details of his scheme; but the groundwork of the present Catalogue was there, with the notes which Miss Willcock had made; and it is obvious that during those sad days of the latter part of the War the work had occupied Sir William's thought very largely — it had, let us hope, given his sad heart some solace.

After Osler's death, it became the earnest wish of Lady Osler that the work should be continued at Oxford, with the collaboration of Dr. W. W. Francis, Dr. Archibald Malloch, Mr. Leonard L. Mackall and myself, all of whom had been named by Osler. In these days, and for some time afterwards, Dr. Francis was working in Geneva in an official post, and Dr. Malloch at hospital work in London. I worked steadily at the technical side of things, and Dr. Malloch helped at weekends, but for some considerable time he was mainly occupied with his duties as one of Osler's literary executors. It was not until after a year that we were able to settle to the work in any sense together or to develop a definite *modus operandi*.

Our task was to try to interpret Osler's wishes, a task which we realized was not one to be lightly undertaken or quickly carried out. My colleagues had knowledge of medicine and medical history; I only of library matters and bibliography. My colleagues had often talked to Osler of the scheme; and we all knew of the one or two catalogues which he especially admired — the great catalogue of the Hunterian Library at Glasgow had always appealed to him as a fine and dignified piece of work; while Ferguson's *Bibliotheca Chemica* was daily, almost hourly, in his hands, and was a model of bio-bibliographical information of which he never tired of talking.

The chief feature of Osler's Catalogue is, of course, his *Bibliotheca Prima*, and this is, so far as we know, unique. It was

his own personal idea. If it had an origin elsewhere than in his own conception, it was probably inspired by the motto from Sir Thomas Browne which has been printed at the beginning of the first section of the Catalogue. "'Tis not a melancholy *Utinam* of my own, but the desires of better heads, that there were a general Synod . . . for the benefit of learning, to reduce it as it lay at first, in a few and solid Authors." (*Religio Medici*.) This note was found among the material which Osler left for the introduction to the Catalogue. We had no hand in its choice, and I personally never saw it until it was sent to the printer. Yet how apt it is!

When the Classical Association visited Oxford in 1919, Osler invited them to the house. He had put out for them to inspect 20 representative treasures from his *Bibliotheca Prima* and presented them with a little printed flysheet explaining his scheme He had discussed the details with his bibliographical friends and there were not wanting persons to point out the difficulties inherent in such a project of division — the difficulty, for example, of deciding logically into which section a book should go, science, literature or history, when it might belong to all or none. In spite of this Osler persisted in the idea; and it was for us to go ahead. There was *always* the index by the aid of which these troublesome matters were to be got over. This was Osler's sheet-anchor — it has been even more than that to his Editors. In one respect we have had to enlarge considerably on his original plan — with regard to subject headings in the index One point on which Osler insisted was that in the body of the Catalogue cross-references should be eliminated; the numerical sequence of the entries was not to be broken nor the eye disturbed by occasional reference from one heading to another. All such cross-references were to be relegated to the index, which — in view of the splitting up into sections — was from the beginning an integral part of his plan. . . .

The Sections are outlined in the Catalogue itself, and they need only be briefly referred to here: *Bibliotheca Prima*; *Bibliotheca Secunda*; *Bibliotheca Litteraria*; *Bibliotheca Historica*; *Bibliotheca*

Biographica; Bibliotheca Bibliographica; Incunabula; Manuscripts; Addenda. It had been Osler's intention to write separate introductions to all of these sections, to explain and illustrate their particular significance; and it remains our lasting regret that this was not possible. The material which he left for a general introduction has been included and forms incidentally an interesting bio-bibliographical record of himself; that to *Bibliotheca Litteraria*, the only other introduction which he even began, has been used as notes under certain entries in that section.

The work which we found to do may be summarized as follows: the revision of the cards, some 8,000, in accordance with the Bodleian rules; the cards had been typed at various times by unskilled persons; some entries had no details or bibliographical accuracy; certain composite works . . . had been placed under all the headings involved, and much elimination was necessary. For such composite works Dr. Francis cleverly invented the appropriate term of "shotguns".

All the cards had to be compared with the books, and duplicate cards cancelled and replaced by index-headings. Osler's notes had to be copied from the books, and his quotations checked and verified — not always an easy task. Uniform sizing had to be adopted. Shelfmarks had to be added in the books and on the cards. Slips for all headings had to be written for the Index. The final numbers also had to be decided and placed in the books and on the cards. The *Incunabula* and *Manuscripts* had to be specially catalogued. Loose leaves and insertions had to be fastened in the books. Occasionally a book had to be thrown out — included in the catalogue by mistake; but more often it was a question of scrutinizing particular volumes to see on what grounds Osler had included them at all. Last, but not least, there was the thorny problem of splitting up an author's works. Then later there had to be decided forms of type, page, numbers and so on. In the latter stages of the work, the main responsibility fell upon Dr. Francis and myself, Dr. Malloch having accepted a post in New York. The proofs, however, were read by all the Editors, and our notes and suggestions compared and considered.

The work was long drawn out; but the Catalogue at length became an accomplished fact. A copy lies before us. The Editors cannot help being conscious of a feeling of satisfaction — not indeed that they have achieved perfection or the ideal which Osler himself would have reached; they are only conscious that they have done their best. It is easy (and it will always be a pleasant temptation) to look at the *Bibliotheca Osleriana* as it *might* have been. Osler once said that he would take 10 years over his Catalogue; we, working most of us part time, have taken little less. From the medical, the historical and the biographical point of view we have been in a most fortunate position. Being in close touch with "Bodley" we could make ready use of the larger sources of reference; to embark on extensive bibliographical research was in fact a temptation which had at times to be resisted. I had hoped that this book would have been in the hands of the reviewers before my paper was read; for criticisms are bound to be expressed. . . . It has been remarked by a bibliographer that the Catalogue gives no indication of the physical extent of the work described, the number of pages and so on. This is a fair criticism; but it is to be remembered that the book is intended primarily as a guide to an accessible collection rather than as a general bibliographical instrument. Perhaps I may be allowed to anticipate the criticism that, in a large number of entries in the index, covering more than one section of the Catalogue, it is impossible to say without some trouble which entry is that of a particular book or if a particular work of a given writer exists in the library at all. The critic should bear in mind that the division into sections had been done with a definite educational purpose, and that it has been assumed that the student will not grudge the time spent in looking over a number of entries. May he not find treasures new as well as old?

I would add a few words with regard to the books themselves. As the sections reflect the main purpose which Osler had in the formation of his library, so some of his special tastes are shewn in the special parts of the collection. An instance of this is the loving care which he bestowed on the collecting, the completing

and the special binding of his magnificent collection of Sir Thomas Browne; and even a superficial glance at the Catalogue will not fail to tell of several others.

With regard to one class of books we were governed by conflicting feelings. No thorough cataloguing had ever been done of the innumerable books and articles written by Osler himself; and we were convinced that no wish had ever existed that any special attention should be drawn to the important place which Osler himself should hold in *Bibliotheca Secunda* and *Bibliotheca Litteraria*. We did what seemed merely just . . . without putting Osler's own work in any sense into the foreground. *Osleriana*, at the end of the MS. section, is only a very brief record of the papers left at his death, some already published, some unpublished and not intended by him for posthumous publication. His reprints, over 300 in number, are set out at no. 3576; and one may well reiterate here, before a body of young medical students, the advice which he gives at one point about the preservation of complete sets of one's own reprints.

As to the source of the books — as he says, at the end of his unfinished introduction — they have come from three sources — sales, catalogues and second-hand bookshops. He would have added also, as the gifts of his dear friends. They were mostly purchased, however, and the purchases cover almost the period of his life. He bought Brownes from 1868 until the time of his death. One of his greatest desiderata in Anaesthesia, the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, was opened by him on his deathbed and has a pathetic note inscribed within its cover. Several valuable books in more recent years were acquired from a gift made by his brother, the late Sir Edmund Osler. A great many were presents from his friends, and have been duly acknowledged in the Catalogue. No doubt they stand for many kindnesses bestowed on the donors by Osler himself. Mention must be made of the numerous gifts by L. L. Mackall. With a knowledge of books which in my belief is unrivalled, and with a rare skill in unearthing copies of *rariora*, Mackall was able to acquire, and with great liberality presented from time to time, such treasures as the

original edition of the *De Triniatis Erroribus* of Servetus, and, after Sir William's death and just in time to get into the Catalogue, the rare Dutch edition of the works of Sir Thomas Browne. The history of many of the books before they reached the Osler Library may be judged from the long list in the index under the heading Bookplates . . .

The list entitled "Distribution of special books to other Libraries" will shew that in his collecting Osler was governed by no selfish aims. Throughout his life he was generous with books, as in all else; and he presented copies of books to other libraries where he thought they were more needed or more properly belonged. The gift of these valuable manuscripts to important libraries was the culmination of the policy of his lifetime — for he made the list upon his deathbed . . .

I would add a word about the collaborators. That our task could be carried on at Osler's own home at Norham Gardens, with difficulties smoothed out by the constant care and foresight of Lady Osler, was indeed a happy thing. From 1922 Dr. Francis worked daily on the task; Dr. Malloch fairly constantly for a considerable time . . . I myself consistently in the evenings. All the proofs were seen in addition by Mackall, who wrote long letters, themselves marvels of bibliography, about them. Mr. R. R. Trotman, my Bodley colleague . . . worked for several years; and the more technical part of the Catalogue owes very much to his patient skill and accuracy. It is difficult to express our indebtedness to him. Like the members of this Club, he never actually worked side by side with Sir William; but it was not long before Osler meant to him much more than a memory. The Clarendon Press, who bore with us in our long delay, have a very definite share in the Catalogue . . . and it is sufficient to say that the book does them credit.

I refer to the greatest collaborator last of all; for, in her noble resolve to carry out Sir William's plans, Lady Osler put the work and the workers always before herself. It would have been our supreme satisfaction if she, who dedicated to it the last years of life, had been here to see the culmination of a task which was

essentially hers. The few words which we have written in our dedication are a feeble attempt at expressing our feelings and our unbounded gratitude.

Looking back over ten years' work with the chief editor of the Catalogue, Dr. Francis, I recall a period on his part of real self-dedication to his task and of good-humoured fellowship in spite of our occasional proddings. He was then and now is a learned, witty, tolerant and lovable soul. Like Osler, he loved Oxford and the Bodleian, to which I belonged, and where there are still happy memories of W. W. F.

R. H. Hill

XVIII

Such Worth A. Meredith Extols

As long as I live, the familiar initials W.W.F. will bring to mind the image of a jovial man who works ceaselessly, it seems, in that very room where dwell the spirits of Sir William Osler and Sir Thomas Browne.

The Bibliotheca Osleriana is a delightful world of digression and wonder. You mount the five marble steps, pass through the beautiful oak portals, and the ever-present Francis smile welcomes and transports you through this

land of lore and hallowed wisdom. In the twinkle of an eye he introduces you to dynamic Vesalius, stormy Sydenham, or dignified Heberden, for they are all part of his most intimate circle of friends.

We knew him during the time it took to become physicians; years all too short, throughout which he fed us with the delightful tales of Clio, and tempered the sterner disciplines of Aesculapius and Minerva Medica with the soft lyrics of Euterpe.

Through Dr. Francis the master words of Osler came to us, and as we stood and fingered the pages of Albertus, or lingered over the marginal notations in a copy of the *Religio*, it seemed that Sir William was there too, smiling over our shoulders.

There could never be a more charming introduction to Servetus, Linacre, or to the Great Physician's very own *Religio* than those ever-youthful sparkling blue eyes. For he is possessed, it is said, by the same genie, frolicsome and ageless, that haunted Osler throughout his life.

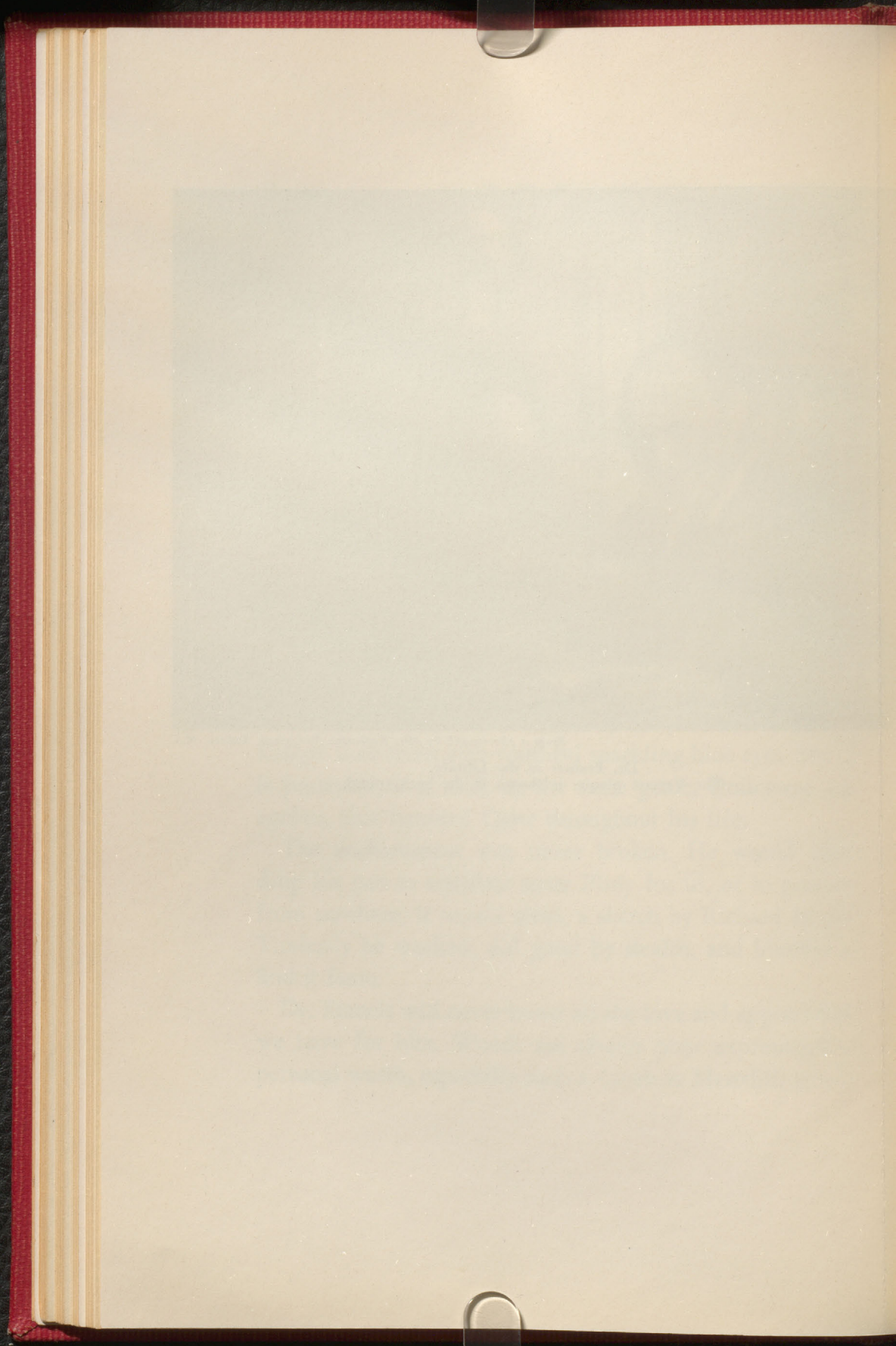
The enchantment was never broken. He would often drop his pen to translate some Pliny for us, or to produce from nowhere, it would seem, a sketch by Richard Bright. Tirelessly he worked, did good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame.

Dr. Francis will never know all the love and appreciation we have for him. Words are always poor expressions of personal worth, especially such a worth as Meredith extols:



From a photograph by Miss Katharine McLennan, Sydney, N.S.

Dr. Francis in the Library.
The Vernon plaque is shown in the background.



That man is good and he alone
Who serves a greatness not his own
For neither praise nor pelf:
Content to know and be unknown,
Whole in himself.

Thomas J. Sullivan

XIX

The Bibliotheca Osleriana After 26 Years

Bibliotheca Osleriana, if by its Latin title we may distinguish the Catalogue from the Library, is a liberal education in itself. For it is, as it declares itself, "A Catalogue of Books, collected, arranged, and annotated by Sir William Osler, Bt." The notes by the master on his own arranged collection make this great book a monumental contribution to medical bibliography. These notes by "Wm. Osler" or editorially assigned to [W.O.] are always stimulating, and from the skilful scholarship of the other notes the reader sees that the three editors, despite their modest reticence, clearly accepted the challenge which Osler's forthright judgments and, still more, his comprehensively correlating memory presented to them. We may point at random to the notes on Harvey (692) or Descartes (722) in the "Bibliotheca Prima", or to the appraisal of a manuscript by John Houghton near the end of the Catalogue (7570) for

examples of Osler's manner and message. His editors diligently followed up the search for biographical identifications, provenance of individual books, relation of connected texts within the collection, over and above the meticulous librarianship of their descriptive cataloguing.

Sir D'Arcy Power once said that a post-card from Sir William Osler put the recipient to a fortnight's work at the least. A quick multiplying of fortnights by the nearly eight thousand entries in the Catalogue, even when the product be divided among the three editors, will give an estimate of the mere labour for which we are in debt; the scholarship is not computable. A thorough grounding in the *Bibliotheca*, concluded by an examination after the fashion of the famous St. Thomas's paper on the fourth edition of *The Principles and Practice of Medicine*, would be the best education in the historical bibliography of the medical sciences. Nor need we wonder, knowing their Catalogue, that the three editors achieved the highest distinction as librarians. Mr. R. H. Hill has become Librarian of the National Central Library, London; the late Dr. Archibald Malloch was for many years Librarian of the New York Academy of Medicine; and Dr. W. W. Francis, who bore the greatest editorial burden in the compilation of the Catalogue, has been Librarian of the Osler Library itself from the day of its opening at McGill University, Montreal, to the present.

Neither these editors nor Sir William himself can have intended the *Bibliotheca* to be a complete reference book

of medical bibliography: it is less and yet more than that. The librarian and the collector do not turn to it for elaboration of bibliographic detail, nor for evidence of rarity, nor for a survey (except in the "Bibliotheca Prima") of a given writer's *oeuvre*. These things it may often provide, for its riches of content and comment dazzle. They get from it what no other catalogue gives, not even the *Bibliotheca Chemica* (7040), which Osler's "tribute inserted" calls "the picture of a man sketched by a sympathetic hand." In the *Osleriana* they can draw on the daily thoughts of a master mind, appraising as it went along, and recording itself on the fly-leaves and the "inserts" of a life-time's aggregation of books.

The Catalogue has its personal idiosyncrasies — Osler was not made in everyman's little mould. Much that a rigorous bibliographer might have omitted, though how welcome are these obiter dicta! An arrangement that is often arbitrary, though how admirable is the concept of the "Bibliotheca Prima"! A cataloguing style that does not answer all our questions, but the whole book is enlivened by the unflinching attraction of the "personal touch"! You cannot ask the *Bibliotheca Osleriana* a merely factual question — and how readily it answers when you CONSULT THE INDEX FIRST — without being led on to drink more and more deeply from the inexhaustible spring of Osler's enthusiasm and wisdom.

W. R. LeFanu

XX

A Cock to Asclepius

Of William Francis, a beloved friend, it is difficult for me to write. If I defame him, I depart from the truth. If I praise him, he will cry, "Nonsense". Fulsome praise was no less distasteful to the palate of his kinsman, Sir William Osler. I shall therefore say no more of friendship and refer to achievements only by carefully contrived understatements.

Our acquaintance began at 13 Norham Gardens, the home of the Oslers, during his occasional visits to Oxford while I was an undergraduate there. When Mrs. Penfield and I moved to Montreal some years later, Osler was dead. But Francis was serving McGill as Librarian of the Osler Library, and serving the world as custodian of his character and memory.

It is thanks in no small measure to William Francis that the heroic legend of William Osler has grown in strength and, as I believe, will never die. Tradition and remembrance, which survive for a time, may well grow in force with the passing of the years. It was so with the man who became the God of Medicine. More than 300 years passed after his death before the Greeks enshrined Asclepius, the good physician of Thrace, as their God of Medicine.

Francis has made varied contacts with many men at McGill. When plans for the building of the Montreal

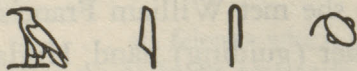
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Neurological Institute were well under way, those of us who were to compose its staff, thinking we could best prepare ourselves by studying the lives of the founders of Neurology, consulted Dr. Francis. Fourteen names were selected and for each a short biography was written. So it was that each month a new "life" was read before the assembled staff, including Dr. Francis.* He criticized quietly, and guided the research of each author between meetings. Indeed, he should have been elected a member of the staff then — Chief Consultant in Letters to the Montreal Neurological Institute. We appoint him now, C.C.L. — M.N.I.

That was only the beginning of his consulting service. When the Institute building was opened, it fell to me to describe the symbolism of architectural details, among other things the ceiling of the entrance hall. Let me quote from that description, since Dr. Francis not only helped with the whole plan but supervised personally the work of the decorators:

"In the centre of the ceiling is seen the head of Aries the Ram, which in astrological symbolism presides over the brain, and about the ram's head are four hieroglyphic figures. In the Edwin Smith papyrus, which dates from 3000 B.C., these four symbols in combination represent the brain.



*These biographies were published in the *Neurological Biographies and Addresses* —The M.N.I. Foundation Volume, Oxford University Press, 1936.

"In regard to this word, I quote from Dr. William Francis, whose erudition in the history of medicine in my opinion exceeds even that of his uncle and patron Sir William Osler:

"The word meaning brain is of extraordinary interest, being the earliest reference to the brain anywhere in human records. In the known documents of ancient Egypt it occurs only eight times, seven of which are in the Smith papyrus. The eighth case is in the Ebers papyrus which commends the brain of many black fish as a recipe for preventing gray hair when rubbed upon the head.'" (Franciscan humour never sleeps, even during historical research!)

"There can be no doubt about the meaning of brain,' he continued. 'The papyrus states that when the surgeon probes with the finger he feels "a throbbing and a fluttering . . . like the weak place of an infant's crown before it becomes whole.'" "

When he saw in manuscript the foregoing reference to his "erudition in the history of medicine" he wrote, "You make me blush . . . but my wife thinks your exaggerated estimate ought to stand."

That short sentence suggests, at once, how sadly inadequate this volume of felicitations would be if it should fail to record the important contributions that Mrs. Francis has made. When she met William Francis in Geneva and finally gave him her (guiding) hand, Hilda Colley was not a newcomer to the field of medicine. She had been secretary

to the editor of the Oxford Medical Publications, and later to that great physician, Sir James Mackenzie. She was a driver for the W.A.A.C. in war-torn France, and worked for the American Red Cross in London. After William Francis discovered her and led her into a life of literary medicine with him, she helped him in more ways than even he himself may suspect.

Through the years, many members of the McGill School of Medicine, graduate and undergraduate alike, have turned for guidance to the Osler Librarian, whenever they felt the urge to particularly thoughtful writing.

How often a hurried telephone call brings me help on historical and bibliographical problems! The call is usually followed by a written sequel, illuminating, brief, often amusing. Such notes may represent days of research upon the problem presented. He invariably discourages neologisms unless clearly needed, but the words *discoidectomy*, *epileptogenic* and *centrencephalic* are among the children of his brain that I have myself adopted.

Sometimes his response is unexpected, puckish. When I turned to him for a quotation to place at the head of a menu for a formal dinner, he sent the following quotation from a letter written by Sir Thomas Browne to his son Edward in 1678:

Remember mee to . . . all friends which you shall see at the feast. Bee temperate at eat of feasts especially this hott wether if you haue any care of your health and a comfortable life to yourself

and others; and indeed there is no such pittifull thing as a Guttling.

Many men are grateful to William Francis because he has helped them to keep alive, each in his own heart, the memory of greatness. Many are different because they carry with them the image of Osler, the good physician. The last words of Socrates were: "*Crito, we ought to offer a cock to Asclepius. See to it and don't forget.*"

Today the Greek temples of Aesculapius have been torn down. But on the fourth floor of the McGill Medical Building there is a shrine and, in it, the spirit of William Osler lives on. We who have found the path that leads to this shrine must surely offer a "cock to Asclepius", make some sacrifice of gratitude upon the altar served so faithfully, and so well, by William Francis.

Wilder Penfield

XXI

Osler, Maude Abbott and Billy Francis

In my youth "Osler" at first meant for me only the name of a book. So it was, when as a medical student at McGill University I bought the 1917 edition of the *Principles and Practice*. I noted with some pride that of the three men to whom the book was dedicated one was Robert Palmer Howard, a former Dean of the McGill Medical Faculty.

As I read the descriptions of observations made by Osler when he was at the Montreal General Hospital, this sense of pride increased still more.

But Osler remained for me little more than a name until Christmas of 1920, when Maude Abbott presented me with a copy of *Aequanimitas*. I read and enjoyed all the essays. Two in particular left an indelible impression and have affected my thinking and my habits to this day. They were "Aequanimitas" itself and "The Master Word in Medicine." Through these essays Osler became to me a great teacher and a wise man. These impressions were further strengthened and embellished during the year when I was associated with Dr. Abbott as an assistant curator of the Medical Museum. At this time Dr. Abbott was devoting herself chiefly to assembling Oslerian biographical data, appreciations and reminiscences, some of which appeared in a 1920 issue of the *Canadian Medical Association Journal*. The whole collection was subsequently published as *Bulletin No. IX of the International Association of Medical Museums*.

Quite naturally I was influenced by Dr. Abbott's worship of Osler. My impression then was that he was one of the greatest men who had ever lived. I did not begin to think of him as a human being until about ten years later when, in search of biographical data about Laennec, I went to the Osler Library to consult Dr. Francis. This most profitable visit led to many more, in the course of which I learned about Osler's daily life in Baltimore and Oxford. Perhaps

the moment at which Osler really became a human being to me was when Billy Francis told me that in Baltimore he used to sit beside the bathtub and read to Osler during his morning ablutions. This changed attitude in appraising Osler did not diminish in my eyes his stature as a physician, investigator and teacher. Billy Francis showed me Osler the man — an inspiring, alert, amusing person, who devoted his life to learning and to teaching.

What Dr. Francis has done for me, he has done also for countless others. Through his personal friendships with succeeding generations of medical students, especially those active in the Osler Society, he has spread the inspiring influence of his own profound scholarship and has kept alive the spirit of Osler, the learned man and the great teacher.

Harold N. Segall

XXII

There was a man . . . I will tell it softly

When Mamilus in Shakespeare's play began his tale with these words he was rudely interrupted. I am going to risk a similar fate — and so, with some slight change due to the tricks of memory, here it is:

There was a man —
Dwelt in a library. I will tell it softly;
Yond bookworms shall not hear it.

But — there you are — I am interrupted by a very audible chuckle from a very real man, a chuckle that seems to be echoed by another spirit that hovers about the man and the library in which he is sitting. And then the world comes in at the door and I am told that Dr. Francis will shortly be called upon to witness the agonies of books in process of transplantation. In the meantime, and on the occasion of the thirty-fifth anniversary of the Osler Society, it is desired that some of us join in a salute to him. An extra-mural affair of course — for it occurs to me that every book in its respective shelf will come to attention and salute, before marching off to the ground floor to a new, but unchanged Osler Library.

And so, gladly I join in the greeting. But what in the name of Hippocrates and all the medical gods is one to say of a man like "Billy" Francis with his gorgeous septem-septuagenarian memory (W.W.F.'s own phrase) and his youthful spirit? If one followed custom, it would be to turn out a treatise on some subject like the bleeding-bowls of the Middle Ages and present this with the dry tears of scholastic pedantry. But anything in this sort dedicated to W.W.F. could be nothing as stiff and sober as a treatise, but rather a gallimaufry, a glorious assembly of trivia, sacred and profane verse, sly vignettes, quips, nonsense, reflected flashes of wit and relics of reading — a transcript of life itself. It would be a scroll to be read aloud not only to W.W.F. in his librarian's chair but to the company of the spirits of poets

and doctors and philosophers and bearded Fellows which crowds about his desk.

I have known "Billy" Francis these many years. I have watched him trying to look serious during sessions of a medical convention. I have relished his bibliophilic hospitality. I always think of him affectionately. But chiefly I have come to know him through his letters, invariably short, cheery and witty. They have forged our friendship. And to those conventional souls who may murmur that such friendship has only paper bonds, I would say with G.B.S. (in the preface to the Shaw - Terry Letters) that only on paper has humanity yet achieved glory, beauty, truth, knowledge, virtue and abiding love. I wish that I could lay my hands on those letters, for an anthology of them would make just about the best tribute I can think of. But alas! they are buried in the files of the poor wretch here speaking who has never mastered the art of filing treasures where they can be readily located. My only consolation is that on the day of judgment when the trumpets sound and the Book with the seven seals is opened and all that was hidden is revealed, those letters will once more be within reach to rejoice me.

One such letter I do have. It is framed and hangs on my study wall. It was written with Osler's pen which W. W. F. had taken from its case in the Library. Something or other had happened to me, and he wrote to say how much pleasure the news had given him. He actually termed me "an iatristorical man of letters and practice", and the compliment

when recalled still causes my pia mater to swell and produces an extra-systole or two.

Like Beatrice, W.W.F. seems to have been born under a dancing star. Personality has been his great achievement, happily down to the present. Here he is today, in the academic sense sixty-five years old for the past twelve years, and in another dimension eighteen years old for nearly an average lifespan. As the eternal schoolboy he is a Romantic. Humorous and penetrating, he has the gaiety and sanity of his illustrious uncle, W.O. Like Plato he obviously believes that an unmitigated serious attitude is out of place in human affairs, and his example has been a salutary reminder to all of us who incline to be solemn and heavy-handed. Those brittle attributes so much in evidence today — cynicism, sophistication and blindness of heart — are for him, in old "Anatomy" Burton's words, "pestiferous perturbations". His mind has the sensitive antennae of a poet. And like all good poets he is very much the non-conformist, the eternal don in academic matters, following the injunction:

Thou shalt not worship projects nor
Shalt thou on thine bow down before
Administration.

Thou shalt not answer questionnaires
Or quizzes upon World-Affairs,
Nor with compliance
Take any tests. Thou shalt not sit
With statisticians nor commit
A social science.

To appreciate the real and essential Francis, he must be

visited in the Osler Library, one of the shrines of Canada. Here he watches with a certain affectionate detachment the procession of life. One soon discovers that he is a master of the folklore of librarianship, a great bookman and an intimate of the international fraternity of scholars, particularly those in the medical world who busy themselves with history, that "velvet study" as Thomas Fuller called it. He has provided a rich leaven for Montreal medicine and Canadian medicine in general.

But best of all he has been the worthy custodian and beneficiary of the Osler tradition, one of the moving forces in modern medicine, and he has continued to make it a living and human power. In a real sense he is the extension in time of William Osler — the postcards and notes and letters which were so characteristic of Osler have continued to go forward, carrying the spirit and blessing of W.O. to the far corners of the earth. It is a noble achievement. Personally I know nothing quite like it. With such a perfect demeanour to life, Francis in our time has been one of the great exemplars of the Roman virtue of *pietas*, that quality of mind which respects the past, celebrates the past, and in so doing creates a centre about which the aspirations and ideals of man can rally and stand fast.

His spiritual home is surely not so much McGill as that place mentioned in *Pilgrim's Progress* — the Interpreter's House, where travellers come and go continually and get good counsel and cheer and knowledge of the journey

ahead. Bunyan does not mention that the Interpreter's House had a library, but I am quite sure that there is a spacious one. Here W.W.F. will be in his element, one of a noble company with endless tea and talk and tobacco, a deep fireplace, the good smell of leather volumes and endless speculation about a multitude of things — what songs the sirens sang, what medicines "winne women", the actual symmetry of Cleopatra's nose, what Galen said of Aristotle, and so on infinitely.

W.W.F.'s friends — and they are legion — are the better for having known him down through the years. From him they have acquired some tincture of his philosophy of life, his mirthful creed, his delight in a world of fidelities and self-respect, his fund of antibodies to the various strains of *bacterium bibliophilum*. All his life he has happily provided lenitives to those of us who grumble under the common miseries of this life. We rejoice that he will still be with us — a constant reminder that decent, spiritual, intellectual and civilized things still exist in the world.

So a salute to W.W.F. — *multum amans, multum amatus*.

L'Envoi

Prince, you are made of immortal stuff,
Tarry a little and quaff a glass —
And tell us again, in smooth and rough
How *does* one practise aequanimitas?

E. P. Scarlett

XXIII

The Johns Hopkins University
Institute of the History of Medicine
Baltimore, Md.

Dear Dr. Francis,

It is many years since you were so kind as to show me something of the treasures of the Osler collections. But the 35th anniversary of the Osler Society reminds me of your courtesy on that occasion, and of the unique atmosphere of the Library.

Of course one also thinks of the Library whenever he consults the *Bibliotheca Osleriana*, which will long serve as an inspiration and guide to the discriminating collector in the whole range of medical history. It has, of course, many specific values, not the least of which is the pleasure to be derived from browsing in Osler's own notes.

The *Bibliotheca* must also have many personal associations for those who knew Osler or the editors. In my own case it recalls my old friend Leonard Mackall, whom I first came to know in a quite different connection — our common interest in the history of "the Old South." Regardless of personal associations, we all continue to be indebted to you and to the others who finally made possible the publication of this classic. It is with a warm sense of this indebtedness that I convey my best wishes to you and to the Osler Society

on this occasion — greetings in which I am sure all the medical historians in this country will join.

Richard H. Shryock

XXIV

My Introduction to the Osler Library

Reminiscor et somnio, ergo sum

One midmorning, early in 1933, when I was a first-year medical student at McGill, I left the dissecting room and strolled westward down the corridor, pondering over my choice of subject for an essay required of me by the Department of Anatomy. I was somewhat stiff in neck and shoulder from leaning over a cadaver to trace the course of the aorta and its branches, and in my ears was ringing the voice of the old prosector, whose eyes were forever fixed on a stopwatch, bleating his "Ch-a-nge!" at the herd of students. Momentarily I envied the students of Hippocrates, wondering whether they had to study human anatomy at all. Did Vesalius drive the students in his theatre as we were being driven? It occurred to me, I remember, that the privilege of learning the structure of the human body, the great beauty of its symmetry, the wisdom of its function and the mystery of its creation should in themselves be sufficient inducements to industry.

What might I choose to write about? The circle of Willis? The os naviculare pedis? The foramen of Vesalius? Willis did a very good job of describing his circle himself. The navicular bone is so very small. Where *is* that foramen? It was at this moment that my eye encountered an elevated marble portico with an inscription over it: BIBLIOTHECA OSLERIANA. Dimmed by bays of lofty bookcases, the thin sunshine of a dull winter morning glimmered at the windows and seeped down from the skylight in the barrel-vault ceiling. Milton's "dim religious light" pervaded all. At the opposite end of the room I saw a bas-relief in bronze, which I later learned to be Vernon's magnificent portrait of Osler. Three pictures (I afterwards found them to represent Linacre, Harvey and Sydenham) looked down from above the door I had just entered. Archaic volumes lined the walls. There was an awe-inspiring hush. A desk occupied each of the first two bays near the entry, but at the moment, so it seemed, nobody was about.

I coughed. Someone said "Ha!" then "Ha! ha! ha! Come in! Come in! Can I help you?" The voice was warm and friendly, its owner an engaging, fiftyish man of average stature, who had suddenly appeared from the next bay on the right. Somewhat abashed, I posed my problem. He led me to a bookcase and produced a large tome, clad in vellum, a first edition of the great work of Andreas Vesalius, *De Humani Corporis Fabrica Libri Septem*, Basel, 1543. The day was lit by our gleams, his triumphant, mine as of

"one that findeth great spoil." And as the spoil increased, so increased our glee. A 1555 edition of the *Fabrica*! Yet another Vesalius — the *Tabulae Anatomicae Sex*, 1538! (I hoped to receive my doctor's degree in 1938, just 400 years after the publication of the *Tabulae Sex*.) I turned the pages and discovered to my surprise some Hebrew script. But what was this? Not all seemed perfectly right. There was some transliteration; there was also some transposition of letters.

Eagerly I asked, "Is this part known in medical history?"

"Oh yes," said Dr. Francis, "but I don't think it was ever gone into critically."

"Well, how about a paper on the Hebrew-Aramaic elements in the *Tabulae Sex*?"

"A good idea."

So it began. With the assent of the Anatomy Department, I made my choice of subject and set to work. The completed essay won an undergraduate prize. Something happened to me then — my interest in the history of medicine broadened and deepened. The Osler Library became for me a much loved retreat, nay, a sanctum. The lively, enthusiastic, understanding Librarian became my dear friend and counsellor, my literary guide, my intermediary with the editors of journals for the history of medicine.

Encouraged by Dr. Francis, and by the serene and hospitable atmosphere of the Osler Library, my daily life and practice continue to be enriched by my interest in medicine's

past. Further reading, further writing have turned a hobby into love's labour and labour's love. My first encounter with Dr. Francis has thus led me to a serious pursuit of the history of medicine, to a keen interest in the Osler Library and the Osler Society. This pursuit I have found rewarding, spiritually and intellectually. Indeed, it has benefited my daily medical chores.

May the Osler Society continue to grow, not only in numbers but in depth of interest. May its increased activity produce greater creative effort and achievement. For who knows that this may not help McGill produce another Osler? No other thought, so it seems to me, can reward Bill Francis more.

Mordecai B. Etziony

XXV

A Bouquet for Bill

Dear Bill:

I have been given the privilege of offering you a nosegay on this festive occasion. I was proud to receive the invitation, but having enjoyed for many years your picturesque and colourful prose, full of lively and unpedantic erudition, I have felt some hesitation at committing my thoughts to paper lest they appear quite wilted beside your jaunty

epistles. One obvious way to overcome this difficulty is to fashion my offering from your own garden, and this I propose in part to do.

It was suggested that the principal motif of this floral arrangement be your contributions to the preparation of Dr. Cushing's Biography of Sir William Osler. That would be such a sturdy and many-branched stalk that inevitably the nosegay must become a bouquet. But there will be many other motifs clamouring for proper recognition — the Cushing Short-Title Catalogue, the Bio-Bibliography of Vesalius, the workaday problems of an infant library, and above all the gifts of friendship bestowed in numberless ways. All must come into this bouquet, though even the most dedicated member of the Garden Club of America would doubtless quail at the thought of undertaking an "arrangement" with such an abundance of material. And in this utilitarian twentieth century it may be dangerous to turn back to the language of flowers of a more leisurely era; but see that there is no misinterpretation and that you may ever be regarded as a worthy candidate for the Order of the Garter!

First into the bouquet must of course go a few stalks of Sweet William. The books say this represents gallantry, finesse, and dexterity; some are unkind enough to substitute craftiness for dexterity, but that we disregard. Then come asters, signifying "that the sources of happiness are widely diffused" (we'll add no evening primroses nor yet wild

honeysuckle here, despite *two* large photographs impartially inscribed "*Your Valentine*"), and a spray of apple-blossom (*not* an apple!) — "Fame speaks him great and good." And now (in case you may be squirming a bit) I shall skip back over the past for a while and indulge in the luxury of recollection.

The five years that Dr. Cushing spent in preparing the Osler Biography are rich in associations with you — far more than the thirty-one references in the index would indicate. From that note in March 1920 announcing that Lady Osler had asked him to undertake the biography and adjuring you "to think about this as though you were going to do the story yourself", and later, "to get a notebook to carry around in your pocket and jot down any reminiscences that you think will be helpful to me" which culminated in that touching account of the last evening in December 1919, H.C.'s debt to you was an ever-increasing one. So here we tuck into the bouquet buttercups and primroses for the many memories of childhood and youth which you supplied (the most amusing perhaps being your chaperonage of "Uncle Willie" and the "Widow Gross"), white periwinkle for pleasant recollections, and jasmine for your never-failing amiability. Nor did your services end with publication of the two volumes, for well I know how many subsequent queries were tossed into your lap, such as "Who in thunder was the daughter of Hippocrates?" — occasioned by a reader's curiosity over W.O.'s phrase, "the brave kiss of

the daughter of Hippocrates." Do you remember tracing this to Sir John Mandeville's Travels wherein the daughter of "Hypocras" was turned into a hideous dragon living in a cave on the Island of Cos and could be restored only by the kiss of a knight? In the tale only two had ventured, and you wondered, "Could this mean that there is still an opening for a really good osculator? Did the right man never turn up? Surely, if he ever read this version, and couldn't go himself, the Chief would have sent one of you young Hopkins 'specialists' to redeem the honour of the profession and rescue the daughter of its Father."

All through the years when the Biography was being written, you were hard at work on the Catalogue, and here the queries went from East to West — but with many a protective cluck Eastward directed to the Chatelaine of 13 Norham Gardens to let you go your own gait. Finally there was H.C.'s note of commendation in February 1929: "I have read your charming introduction which I think you ought to have been privileged to sign alone; or what I would have preferred would have been for you to write something less formal and more out of your own heart which you could sign alone . . ." This indicates that violets should be added to the bouquet. Two years later there went forth from the same source another letter: "Thanks much for your perfectly delightful note about the Canon of Avicenna which will find a place in one of my copies. It's written in your inimitable style of which you are probably

unconscious. You simply must get down to business and put on paper some of the knowledge you have stored up and which the rest of us want to share in." We had to wait almost twenty years before this happened. Then came your cry of distress: "Help! They've made me come to it. Here I am, talking not to you but to a tape-worm. I mean tape-riter, a ghastly contraption of levers, telephones, wheels, tapes, &c." Although this may necessitate the addition at this point of a bit of chamomile (energy in adversity), we all offer hearty and grateful thanks to the memory of that crafty old gentleman, Dr. C. F. Martin, who brought about this state of affairs.

The creation of the Historical Library at Yale and the immediate initiation of work on a short-title listing of Dr. Cushing's bequest for publication happily gave additional reasons for frequent exchanges. One of the earliest problems brought forth: "My only idea on classification, apart from the Osler *sui generis* one, is DAMN 'DEWEY'!" Perhaps a small branch of barberry should be tucked in here? But the hundreds of typewritten pages of the catalogue that went periodically to the Royal Mount and were promptly returned greatly enriched with annotations and comments, not to say corrections which saved us all much future embarrassment, lead us to add a generous donation of Canterbury Bells in gratitude. And the fact that you sidestepped all blandishments offered to ensnare you into finishing the Bio-Bibliography of Vesalius is in no way held against you;

one carbon copy of that MS. testifies how much you did do in the end. And though there was some indignation at constant ineptitudes at 333 ("Your education as far as the letter 'u' is concerned leaves much to be desired"), I've always liked thistles, and the addition of one or two here will in no way detract from the Bells.

Through all the subsequent years we've kept an eye out for those epistles that never fail to brighten our days, often bearing the mark SE/LF when the faithful Cécile is away. In times of stress there have even been the "Daily Billytins" to keep us up to date and as unworried as possible. And occasionally there would be one to the "Dynamo" with the adjuration: "GALS — Keep off this Sheet!" Once when we peeked we found a dissertation on "unastronomical meteorism, vulgarly Imprisoned Wind" — but we did heed in part the order. (A little more chamomile for the bouquet here.)

A stalk of purple verbena represents "Thanks for the delightful Streeter menu . . . It fills my mouth with saliva, my stomach with free HCl, my brain with envy, and my heart with vain regrets." A small sprig of balsam may be tucked in unobtrusively on "1 May 1947 (& snowing hard!) . . . P.S. Those beastly British socialists are even exporting their climate. In the opening words of the Chester Nativity play, 'Gawd, but the wedder is cauld / The fellest freeze that ever I feelèd.' " And one may perhaps add prickly pear (satire), white violet (candour), and yellow carnation

(disdain) to cover the emotions aroused by the poetry of a friend:

TO CADENCER FROM PROSER

Short lines do not a cadence make
 Nor chopped-up prose good sense,
 Minds disciplined and reverent take
 That for a *decadence*;
 If you have freedom in your verse
 And from restraint are free,
 Moderns alone (could taste be worse?)
Enjoy such liberty.

And to another friend anent the above, "It's time somebody kicked when your generation puts into verse the 'Acute abdomen'."

The wide diversity of blossoms already gathered together does not deter me from adding at the end a few more very special blooms: a bough of *Arbor vitae* for unchanging friendship, forget-me-nots to indicate true love, agrimony (*campanula*) for thankfulness in our good fortune at having our paths cross yours so often, and finally rosemary for remembrance — such happiness you have bestowed upon us all! As almost all the flowers in your bouquet turn out to be either of the Spring or are timeless, I take this as a sign of your continued youth and indestructibility.

Floreat Guilielmus!

Devotedly,

New Haven, Conn.
 1 December, 1955

Madeline Stanton

XXVI

University of Saskatchewan
Saskatoon, Canada
November 29, 1955

Dear Dr. Francis:

It warms the heart to join your admirers in rendering homage on this happy occasion. Debts will be acknowledged from many quarters but seldom can your debtors pay you back in full. You will just have to be satisfied with the interest!

My own gratitude goes back to the first year of the Osler Library at McGill — my last one as a student. You were the new Honorary President of the Osler Society and I was its brash student chairman. You may not have learned what you did for us at that time, so now I am going to tell you. In the later 1920's the Osler Society may be said to have reached a period of stability bordering on sterility; you added fertility!

When you came to Montreal we were meeting each month in the Vice-Regal Suite of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel. Straddling the intermission refreshments of coffee and French pastry, the two papers on historical medicine were delivered in solemn, metrical tones in keeping with the dignity of our surroundings and the nobility of our subjects. Although some of us had been seared by the writings of Joyce and Mencken and Cabell, our Osler Society papers

were delivered in the tradition of the eminent Victorians. There was seldom a clue to our being campus contemporaries of that remarkable but short-lived student literary organ, *The Fortnightly Review*, whose contributors included A. M. Klein, F. R. Scott and A. J. M. Smith. Now ranking Canadian poets, then they were restless, adventurous seekers of the idiom that would express that remarkable intellectual ferment of the first decade between the Great Wars. Somehow, until you came, our approach to medical history was insulated from the dominant spirit of our times.

Certainly the holding of meetings in the Osler Library, instead of in the hotel, had a liberating influence. But most of all, I believe, were we released from our chains by the new Librarian himself. You helped us with your spicy anecdote and robust humour, your contagious enthusiasm and your love of the books themselves. The caressing of a volume as you related some whimsicality of the author or of a previous owner gave us our first close contact with a real bibliophile. I know little of the subsequent atmosphere of Osler Society meetings but I can vouch well for the influence of your golden touch on a considerable number of students who were at McGill in that halcyon year of '29-30.

This tribute would be incomplete without mention of the warm welcome extended to Old Boys when they re-visit the Osler Library. Conversation is resumed as though only a few days had elapsed and within a minute or two at least one good story is told. Almost always there will be some bit

of recent correspondence on the desk which bears reading aloud. On one occasion this was an exchange of poetry between the Librarian and his daughter in a distant city who was again about to make him a grandfather. Another time it was the warm acknowledgement of the librarian's praise in witty verse of a lady's volume of reminiscences written after a twenty-one year sojourn in a sanatorium. This included a splendid pun and a play on words indicating familiarity with the most recent of the new drugs used in the treatment of tuberculosis.

Again may I thank you for the advice given three years ago when we were setting up the John R. Brodie Collection of Medical History and Humanities in our Medical Library. Thanks to your guidance, and generous help also from Drs. Ackerknecht, Fulton, Major and our own Bill Gibson, we have spent nearly all of our two thousand dollars on a most satisfactory assembly of books and journals bearing on our heritage. We have avoided the collectors' items and for the time being are confining ourselves to material of more or less immediate interest to our students and teachers. In a very real sense you may regard this collection as one of your "colonies."

J. Christian Bay, writing about the mighty Conrad Gesner, referred to the "sacred fire of the art" of the great bibliographers. This you possess to a rare degree and your sparks have brightened the day for many of us. Were I to attend the festive gathering on February 28, I would call for a

toast to the preservation of that good flame for a long time to come.

J. Wendell Macleod

XXVII

American Heart Association Inc.
New York, November 29, 1955

Dear Dr. Francis,

This message is being written in titillating anticipation of the joy you must surely feel now that the happy secret has been disclosed to you. I am proud to have been asked to write. I am pleased to address myself to so welcome a task.

It has been a privilege to know you and to visit you in your hallowed retreat, the Osler Library. I shall always regret that I could not have known Sir William, but there is consolation in the thought that by knowing you, and through you knowing the Library, something of the Great Man has been transmitted to me, if only by passive transfer. But do not think that we visit the Library only to pay homage to Osler's memory; we come also to be with you. Just so long as you preside over that sanctuary, we will be asking you periodically to take us on your own Grand Tour.

We are indebted to you in yet another way. It was you who first urged that the American Heart Association reprint

Maude Abbott's *Atlas* and you may be sure that no further prompting was necessary. But there were objections. Who would buy a book twenty years old and limited to a field which had been revolutionized within that span? Well, you know most of the story. We printed fifteen hundred copies and sold them within a year, printed one thousand more and have already sold more than two hundred of these — seventeen hundred and more copies sold to date and the flow of orders continues day by day! And best of all, those who buy are so truly grateful to receive a copy.

And so, Dr. Francis, we have more than one reason to be grateful to you: for bringing us a little closer to Sir William, for having suggested reprinting Maude Abbott's classic, but most of all for being your own dear self. I am proud and happy to be your friend and warm admirer. May God bless you and give you many more tranquil days in the beloved Library over which you preside so graciously.

Affectionately yours,

Charles D. Marple

XXVIII

I was delighted to learn that Dr. W. W. Francis is to be honored on the 35th anniversary of the founding of the

Osler Society of McGill University, and I am glad to add my tribute to those of his many other admirers.

I first had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Francis during World War I when I was a medical student at Oxford and he was spending part of his leave at the "Open Arms", as the Osler home was known.

Dr. Francis's personality and his love for books soon endeared him to his students and colleagues, and I am very happy to have continued the friendship which was started in 1915. When the Duke Hospital was opened in 1930, the wards were named for distinguished physicians and surgeons. There was, of course, an Osler Ward, and Dr. Francis dedicated it in 1931. I have had the pleasure and honor of speaking at the Osler Society of McGill on two occasions. Not the least of my pleasure on those visits was the renewal of my acquaintance with Dr. Francis.

Because of his long association with and love for Osler, he has kept alive, in his capacity as Librarian of the Osler Library, the Oslerian spirit which has done so much for medicine. The Osler Society of McGill also has been a great factor in keeping this ideal before students and physicians. I am delighted to add a word of personal greeting on this happy occasion when the Society honors Dr. Francis.

Wilburt C. Davison

XXIX

Circular letters, soliciting subscriptions to the Friends of the Osler Society, brought many enthusiastic replies. Two of these are reproduced below.

Montreal, Canada
November 16, 1955

Dear Dr. Stevenson,

I am glad something is being done to pay tribute to Dr. W. W. Francis. "Billy" and I have known each other since 1902; we were internes at the Royal Victoria Hospital 1902-1903, and since then have managed to see each other from time to time and talk about old times, books and people.

It is a great pleasure for me to enroll as a Friend of the Osler Society.

Sincerely,

Emmet J. Mullally

Valleyfield, Quebec
November 17th, 1955

Dear Dr. Stevenson,

This morning's mail included a very pleasing and happy note that realized the dreams and hopes of many years — to be invited to become a member of "The Friends of the Osler Society." I am that *rara avis in terris* — perhaps the only one in Quebec apart from Dr. Francis — who is one

of the last links with the Osler family. About six score years ago my grandparents were united in marriage by Sir William's father during his ministry in and around Dundas, Ontario. Then I came to know Dr. Francis, and in our McGill unit in France (1915-1917) I was in daily touch with the ill-fated Revere Osler and John McCrae, whose tragic passing left unfulfilled the plans that would have brought him within the orbit of that distinguished family relationship. I am hoping that my destiny will permit me enough time to put on paper the rich memories, reminiscences and anecdotes of members of the Osler Clan. I think that there is a holograph letter from Sir William to Dr. Casey Wood that I presented to the Osler Library.

I am very happy to become a small part of this splendid and most precious enterprise.

Very cordially yours,

C. L. Roman

XXX

Lammas House
Brinkley
Newmarket
Suffolk
20 November, 1955

My dear Bill Francis,

It was Sir Thomas Browne of blessed memory who brought me the friendship of Sir William Osler, and so to

him I also owe another friendship of nearly 50 years' standing with Nephew Bill. The Uncle naturally at first overshadowed the Nephew in the eyes of the callow undergraduate from Cambridge, but gradually it became clearer who was the bibliographical Power behind the Throne. It was your consummate scholarship and perfectionism that complemented and completed the work of the humanist and impresario, and your kindly regard for the work of a budding bio-bibliographer that impelled you to verify every detail in my bibliographical attempts. You supplied lists of corrections for second editions which you hopefully foresaw, but even if there were to be no second editions your passion for the truth and nothing but the truth would not allow you to rest while any error remained to be detected. I do not remember that you contributed anything to the bibliographies of Blake or Donne, but the second edition of Sir Thomas Browne will owe much to you if it ever appears, and the second edition of Harvey has already done so — though I remember to my lasting shame that your investing of *Dr. Zacharie Wood* (in the *Anatomical Exercises* of 1653) with his real personality of *Bosch* was overlooked until your good-humoured reminder arrived after publication. Nothing can ever escape your scholar's eye, and praise from you is praise indeed.

As I write this, using the *Bibliotheca Osleriana* as a desk, I think of those happy days in 1927, when the Harvey Bibliography was taking shape in Sir BillyO's library with

your friendly aid at hand. Outside that room in the "Open Arms" Lady Osler would sometimes exhibit a little impatience at the apparently interminable "progress" of the great *Bibliotheca*, seeming to echo King Henry's feelings about Becket — "would no one ever rid her of this meticulous bibliographer?" — but she really knew the quality of your work as well as any of us and would have endured another five years of it had it been necessary.

Since the dedication of the Osler Library in 1929 I have not had the happiness of seeing you, but messages have often reached me from across the Atlantic — jocular, humane, bibliographical — and I think of you now with affection and admiration on the 35th anniversary of the Osler Society of McGill University, you, the presiding genius in the safeguarding of a great tradition.

Your old friend,

Geoffrey Keynes

XXXI

It was nine years after Sir Arthur Currie became Principal and I was appointed Librarian of McGill University, that the Osler Library and Dr. W. W. Francis arrived, bringing with him that magnum opus, its Catalogue — a tome that continues to inspire wonder and bibliophilic

admiration and envy in students, physicians, and librarians.

But my acquaintance with W. W. F. (as he inevitably has come to be designated, though there is some secrecy as to the significance of the second "W") antedates our first official meeting in the Library, for we were tenuously bound by what might be called avuncular ties. His uncle, William Osler, and my uncle, Henri Lafleur, were at Johns Hopkins together, and it was there that I had the privilege, as a callow high-school boy on vacation, of meeting the future founder and donor of the Osler Library.

A photograph taken in the summer of 1891 shows Dr. Osler, W. W. Francis, W. S. Thayer, and H. A. Lafleur, together with the latter's cat and a disreputable top-hat with which Osler and W. W. F. played football to prevent its returning to Montreal. At that date, W. W. F. was an attractive youth of thirteen years. But just as no one (not even the most rabid ornithologist) can tell, by looking at a hen's egg, what sort of rooster will come out of it, so no one at that time suspected that the boy at Port Hope School was to become an outstanding Canadian bibliographer and a seer in the domain of the history of medicine.

Perhaps a librarian better than a physician can understand and appreciate the minutiae that go to make up so inclusive a bibliography as the Osler Catalogue, with its descriptive details and illuminating notes. It is a temptation, of course, as one turns over the 785 double-column pages of this monumental volume, to linger over such intriguing titles as these,

which catch the eye: *Frauds and Villanies of the Common Practice of Physick* (6088), *A Counter-Blaste to Tobacco* (5000), *Stanzas on the Turkish Bath* (5145), *Gout Raptures* (5589), *The Man-Mouse taken in a Trap* (5543), *Corpulency i.e. Fat, or Embonpoint in Excess* (3448), *The Virgin Unmask'd: or Female Dialogues betwixt an Elderly Maiden Lady and her Niece* (5118), or *A Hue and Cry after a Man-Midwife* (5568).

Some of W. W. F.'s best and most intriguing bibliography has always been his *viva voce* notes, which seem to spring from him spontaneously (so crafty is his humour) when one looks up a treasure inadequately identified by some number from 1 to 7785. Thus one learns strange things about the skull of Sir Thomas Browne and the Arabic manuscript on simples by Al-Ghafiki.

He also delights in occasionally shocking female visitors by referring casually to what he, full innocent of countenance, calls his "wild women", known to the initiated as two transvestites, Catalina de Erauso, the 17th-century Spanish nun who fought for fifteen years in South America, and the famous female Dr. Barry, who became Inspector-General of Army Hospitals and once lived in Montreal. W. W. F. has the delightful habit, when guiding visitors around the Osler Library, of providing a diverting spiel about his famous uncle's watch, his stethoscope, card of admission to McGill as a student, the first edition of Sir Thomas Browne, and a copy of Voltaire's *Henriade* with

an autograph inscription by the author. No one who has had the good fortune to be thus instructed will ever forget the charm of this gentle monologue and how it is accompanied by a gentle tapping of the finger-tips upon the tummy. The late good friend of the Library, Dr. Charles F. Martin, felt that this characteristic and illuminating address ("Hmm's" and all) should be preserved for posterity and thoughtfully provided a recording machine.

No one but a congenital bibliophile could show so much enthusiasm as W. W. F. over a missing page, a repeat, a surreptitiously substituted earlier title-page, and the puff in Zwingli's copy of the Pliny which annoyed Erasmus, for Froben egotistically stated that his "former edition, which was accurate enough, when compared to this seems to be sound asleep", and went on to say with smug self-satisfaction, "that in this edition he had even surpassed himself by a long shot."

Another characteristic form of expression that one associates with W. W. F. is extempore verse. Though he can quote from others by the canto almost, he himself has an enviable facility in improvising verse, and prosaic notes from the University Librarian frequently used to receive pseudopoetic replies which might well have aroused the envy of *vers de société* poets for their verbal felicity and quaint conceits.

This oft-used quotation takes on new meaning and personal reality when one applies it to W. W. F.:

And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

One wonders, too, at the untiring patience with which he bears questions, often foolish, and at his instantaneous and sympathetic understanding of the needs of those who seek his specialized guidance, never in vain.

For assuredly no one better than W. W. F. could have carried out the intentions of the founder of the Osler Library who himself, I have no doubt, had read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested those noble words of old Bishop Richard de Bury which are to be found in his *Philobiblon* (1473):

We have for a long time held a rooted purpose in the inmost recesses of our mind, looking forward to a favourable time and divine aid, to found, in perpetual alms, and enrich with the necessary gifts, a certain Hall in the revered University . . . and further to enrich the same, when occupied by numerous scholars, with deposits of our books, so that the books themselves and every one of them may be made common as to use and study, not only to the scholars of the said Hall, but through them to all the students of the aforesaid University for ever.

G. Lomer

XXXII

"They tell me I must take it easy", Dr. Francis informed me in his jolliest manner at the time of my last visit to Montreal in 1954, "not run up and down the three flights

of stairs to the library and all that, but I always took it easy anyway and as long as the old elevator holds out, following my doctor's orders comes natural." This sort of philosophy seemed entirely characteristic of the man. At any rate, here he was in one of the most charming of all libraries, the Osler Library, thoroughly enjoying life.

When I was asked for a few lines for a volume of tributes to Dr. Francis, fond memories of him and of McGill returned. Many times since leaving McGill I have wondered what makes it such a great medical school. Is it the physical plant? No; other medical schools have bigger, more modern, more luxurious buildings than McGill. Is the teaching in physiology or medicine or paediatrics so superior? Not necessarily; the teaching in some of the other schools is just as good and occasionally maybe better. Well then, what is it?

My memories of McGill are not primarily of the wards or the laboratories or the hospitals; they are of the men and women who taught there. This, then, must be why McGill has always been so outstanding. Osler, Adami and Meakins, just to mention a few, have brought international recognition to McGill, but to the students of fifteen years ago it was the Francises, the Maude Abbotts, the Burgesses, the Oertels, the Whitnalls, the Sir Andrew Macphails, the David Thomsons, the Bazins, and a host of others who made McGill great. A medical school may have the most modern wards, the finest laboratory facilities, plenty of

clinical material, and no financial problems; but its character and greatness will depend on the character and greatness of the men and women who make up its faculty.

Dr. Francis is remembered by graduates and counted among McGill's really illustrious, mainly because he has been the guiding light of the Osler Library and the Osler Society, where some of the happiest memories of McGill center. Dr. Francis it was who gave warmth and life to this Society during my own undergraduate years. It takes more than great scientists, clinicians, and teachers to make a great medical school; it also takes men who can stimulate critical thought about current concepts in the light of the history of medicine, and who can instill in students a reverence for the great men of the past. This is what Dr. Francis has done and for this he will be remembered fondly by his former students, some of them now teachers who are passing on his concepts to medical students in many parts of the world.

Robert W. Quinn

XXXIII

The opportunity of paying homage to Dr. W. W. Francis will be welcomed by all in Canada who know of his contributions to serious scholarship in the history of medicine as well as his less serious contributions, mostly in fine verse, to lightening the day's load by his sparkling correspondence.

As a medical student I was introduced to "Sir William" soon after I entered McGill. I was in pursuit of Osler's note-books which Dr. Cushing had mentioned briefly in his *Life* of Osler. I had scarcely made the acquaintance of Dr. Francis or the note-books when I was "shanghaied" by Dr. Maude Abbott, who saw in an unwary student a potential assistant in the preparation of her revised bibliography of Sir William Osler's writings. Against her forceful blandishments I had no adequate defence and Dr. Francis wished me well with an Oslerian glint in his eye.

Many years were to pass before I was able to resume any concentrated work on the note-books, but wherever I was stationed the W. W. Francis Ready Reference Service was available.

Latterly, in working on a book on discoveries made by medical undergraduates, I have come to value this consultant service very highly. Scarcely a week passes that I do not consult the encyclopaedic W.W.F., usually receiving a reply, thus: "Further to your esteemed order we beg to advise that . . .".

The mixture of knowledge and E.Y.D. humour dispensed by Dr. Francis has endeared him to generations of graduates, most of whom took the Osler Library for granted during their undergraduate years at McGill, but who recognize its unique position and contents, in terms of the great libraries of the world, only after they have left James McGill's campus.

It is when one travels to far corners of the earth that one realizes that the Osler Library is Mecca to a vast number of medical writers and scholars, and that Dr. Francis has made its great intrinsic worth of actual realizable value in their lives.

William C. Gibson

XXXIV

Turbo-jetting westward three miles above the earth provides a welcome respite from earthbound activities which have defeated over the past few weeks any attempt to recall, certainly in any literary way, such pleasant memories as those involving Dr. Francis. But up here in the firmament, with only the peaceful prospect of a sea of clouds framed by the cool silent brilliance of the aurora, there is a delightful opportunity to cast back in one's mind to some of those fond memories, although they are all too few and often all too brief.

His is a polished scholarship which is becoming rare in these automaton days. He has himself shown by example that latter-day scholarliness can be of wide value. He has always provided quite freely, for example, a sort of special consultant service in the history of medicine, which might range from digging out a remarkably appropriate item of source material or an apt quotation for some specific occasion, to serving as an authoritative critic to the authors of

some of the outstanding works in medical history today. The real extent of his influence in these directions is cloaked by his modesty.

I remember an example of the former type of "consultation" when my turn came to prepare an essay for the Osler Society, for which I had chosen the topic of Osler's contribution to neurology and neurosurgery. One day, on going into the Osler library, after his familiar "Hello, old man!", Dr. Francis produced a priceless sketch made by Osler from his autopsy studies, indicating the sites of ten intracranial berry aneurysms on the circle of Willis. With this as a starter, it became quite a pleasant task to work out the rest of the essay.

A more personal example is represented by a cherished copy of the *Religio Medici* handsomely bound by Ramage in tooled green morocco and initialled by W.O. when it was given by him originally to Dr. Francis's sister. Dr. Francis passed it on to Faith and me as a wedding present with the irresistible pun — "To the 'Faith' of a physician."

The annual Osler banquet at McGill seems always to have been one of his special delights, and he has earned the everlasting gratitude of a long line of Osler Society presidents for his help in sorting them out from among pieces of silverplate and various distinguished guests and for steering them through the delicate formalities of the dinner. When some of us suggested to him that we hold a special dinner on July 12th, 1949 — a signal occasion — he was, as we

had fondly predicted, full of his usual youthful enthusiasm for the idea and, at rather short notice, laid out a collection of some of his best Osleriana for post cibum perusal.

Felicitations to Dr. Francis and to the Osler Society of McGill University on this great occasion, with the sincere hope that Dr. Stevenson will direct successful treatment toward a cure for the Francis agraphia or, at the very least, toward an occasional remission, so that some of his precious and scholarly knowledge is preserved for all time as it so deserves to be.

William Feindel

XXXV

Librarians are comparatively few in number. This makes it easier to recognize distinction among them, though it may not be so easy to say just how it was earned. That is my difficulty in paying Dr. Francis my tribute. He has never seemed to be trying to earn his distinction, but equally I have never been in any doubt about his possessing it.

We have to admit at once that he is not a "regular" librarian. As he himself says he came into library work by the backstairs. But what a pleasant stairway, and how unusual a guide to show him up! There have been other instances of this type of irregularity in the medical library world, but it has always seemed to enhance the distinction gained rather than otherwise.

My own first demands on Dr. Francis were as one editor appealing to another, rarely as that situation might seem likely to arise. He is a born editor, and had been annealed in the furnace of the "mordant Macphail" (to borrow Earle Scarlett's term). I was fortunate to have my editorial office in the same building with Dr. Francis, but I had known long before how easy it was to approach him. It didn't matter whether it was a question of style, or of obscurity in a reference, or a problem in accuracy. I never brought him a sentence which he did not improve, or a problem for which he did not have some kind of an answer.

But unlike his quasi-mentor Macphail he never gave the impression of being one in authority. Indeed, one learnt more from his mild indifference to a given piece of writing than from a strong condemnation. "Purple passages" of florid or sententious writing never had a chance with him. He might not say anything about them, but he wouldn't bother to change them, which was his way of saying that they should be abolished altogether. But if he chuckled over anything the chances were that it would not need to be touched. His own writing is always of that apparently simple lucidity which cannot be held up as a pattern, because it is so much of himself. Without ever being vague, he is able to wander without losing his way (or his reader) in his sentences.

It was some time before he could train people not to call it "The Osler Memorial Library". He would say patiently,

"It is Osler's own library, not a memorial library". Then he would take his visitor round the room, and after that the mistake was not likely to be repeated — so much is he able to make one feel how unmistakably Osler lives in the books. This service he continues to perform daily.

Something of the history of the Library is to be found in the *Bibliotheca Osleriana*, but more, much more, is in Bill's own memory. This became so obvious that after a time he was persuaded by Dr. Charles F. Martin — the best of friends to the Library — to dictate into a tape recorder, a gift from Dr. Martin, most of the running commentary with which he entertains visitors; characteristically he calls it his "patter". In it are many of the incidents associated with the books themselves — those details so dear not only to librarians and bibliophiles but to the many who, like myself, are the merest amateurs in bibliography. Scattered through it, too, are reminiscences and comments which taken as a whole are not only unique in their kind but are of that type of history which is as rare as it is precious.

If Bill Francis had been asked to sit down and write something about each book the result might not have been as happy as it is, if, indeed, he would ever have written it at all — a most unlikely supposition! But the (not always so) admirable dictaphone has more than justified itself. Particularly in the first part of the "patter" his comments flow like talk, which of course they are. No one else now, or perhaps even before, could reflect with such sensitive-

ness Osler's affection for his books, and use them with such delightful skill in presenting the innumerable facets of character, of sincerity and falsity, of humour and tragedy, of kindness and malice which lie, if not in the books themselves, then in their associations.

I shall quote only two of these comments.

No. 6280 is the record of an Oxford convocation, 1907, at which General Booth, Mark Twain (Samuel Clemens), and Rudyard Kipling were granted honorary degrees. Kipling and his wife were staying with the Oslers, and I think Mark Twain and his wife also. Kipling was a delight, bubbling over with good humour; Mark Twain was an insufferable bear. He was an old man of 72, older than his age and broken by the loss of his daughter and his money.

The Oslers had a large luncheon for them all, to which Mrs. O. had asked an old friend of hers, a lady originally from the Southern States, who had been a lifelong friend — she thought — of Mark Twain. When Mark saw her he left the room and refused to sit at the same table with her, which was extremely awkward. He lay on the couch in Osler's consulting room, had all the dishes brought in to him, ate them with gusto, and insisted on all the other guests, except Mrs. X, being sent in one by one to talk to him. Naturally, Mrs. Osler was furious. She told me that she never tried to find out the cause of the quarrel.

Kipling made up for everything. He was the life of the party, and coming from the encaenia, as it is called, he spotted in the crowd one of his old teachers, stopped the carriage, rushed out and embraced him and made room for him in the carriage. The undergraduates thereupon unhitched the horses and took their place.

Kipling must have been used to this sort of conveyance. The same kind of thing happened at McGill, also in 1907. When he came out of the Royal Victoria College, where he

had given an address, the students took the horses from his carriage and pulled it along Sherbrooke Street themselves, with Kipling looking vastly pleased, and, as I was told, asking innumerable questions.

In the second extract Dr. Francis is speaking of a history of Transylvania University's medical school at Lexington, Kentucky, which had a rapid rise and fall in the first half of the 19th century:

Opening it at random I find this advice given by the famous Daniel Drake to D. W. Yandell: "I have never seen a great and permanent practice the foundations of which were not laid in the hearts of the poor. Therefore cultivate the poor. If you need another though sordid reason, the poor of to-day are the rich of to-morrow in this country. The poor will be the most grateful of all your patients. Lend a willing ear to all their calls."

This reminds me of a panegyric I heard in a Wellington street-car about 1908, a dialogue between two Griffintown charwomen which nobody could help hearing and which lauded our present (now alas, late!) Dr. Alvah Gordon to the skies. Neither Hippocrates nor Osler ever got such a buttering. The women were prophetesses and Dr. Gordon well deserved their praise and the practice it probably helped to bring him. *Femina medici tuba* — women (not only the poor ones) are the doctor's trumpet.

Many medical men, and others too, will find themselves appearing in this "patter". One does not realize at first why it seems so familiar; and then one remembers the *Principles and Practice* in which no chapter was without allusions to one or more of Osler's colleagues. When the book appeared, many, or some anyway, might pardonably have looked to see if their names were gathered in in this new style of

approach to clinical medicine. A name is news without doubt. But of course it was not this that was in Osler's mind, or later in that of his illustrious nephew. What they thought of was the life that books reflect, and of the absorbing interest inherent in them; of the various ways in which they are acquired, and of what men have been willing to pay for them; by what devious ways they move about the world; into what danger they may lead.

I suppose that to librarians these are all familiar aspects of books. But how many librarians tell us about their books with such wealth of allusion; how many can? Who other than Bill Francis would, for example, speak of a frontispiece (to a book on incantations) as "showing a perfect Blitz of witches riding the skies on devils, goats and broomsticks", or would deal so gently as he with names of men whom even his kindness cannot disguise as other than unpleasant characters; or would pick out this note by Sir Thomas Browne on the pericardium?

Few uses it surely hath out of the body. Only it may be observed that as men's hearts are commonly in their purses, so many of the country people, taking advantage of the figure and toughness of this part make little purses thereof and carry their money in them.

The Library is contained in one room, which is rather cleverly broken up into recesses, though always remaining a single space. There is certainly no attempt to keep the Librarian withdrawn, for Dr. Francis's desk is just inside the entrance. Behind and in front of it stand the shelves with the reference books which form the spinal column of

the medical librarian. Students should be shown that little bay, to understand something of the tools of the librarian: the *Dictionary of National Biography*; *Janus*; the *Biographisches Lexikon*; Bayle's *Biographie Médicale*; the Surgeon-General's *Catalogue*; and so on.

The copy of Bayle has pasted into it a letter from J. F. Payne of Cambridge to Osler, in which, after talking about inaccuracy in historical accounts, he adds, "Put not thy trust in authorities nor in any child of man."

I suppose any good librarian would do the same, but one of the fascinating things about the Osler Library is the way in which letters and memorabilia have been put into the various books, as this letter from Payne has been slipped in. Naturally in a private library there is likely to be more of this kind of thing, and in the case of Osler's "more and yet more". The volumes of the various editions of the textbook have many such letters, and of course Osler's notes for each new edition. It is interesting to see how sometimes he listened to suggestions and sometimes not.

Osler himself preserved a great many of these memorabilia and included them in the books, but the habit is strong in Dr. Francis also: many of the books contain his insertions and bear his own notes (always with the distinguishing "W. W. F."). A friend of mine has told me what a thrill of pleasure it gave him to find lately that a trifling note he had scribbled to Dr. Francis many years ago had been carefully pasted inside the pamphlet he had presented to the Library

at the time. There was no special significance to the note. Almost anyone except Bill would have thrown it away. Now, in its setting, it has become precious to my friend, as so many "unconsidered trifles" have a way of becoming in time.

Not the least of the associations with Osler are his own personal belongings in the Library. Bill sits at Osler's old desk. On it, amongst the flow of books and papers which Miss Desbarats, his right and left hand, somehow manages to keep in order, there is always to be seen the large hand magnifying glass in its graceful silver mounting, with "W.O." on the handle. One often finds Bill peering through it at some manuscript or very small print, and it bears all the marks of a thoroughly well used implement. Facing him on the desk is a bronze figure of a young lad playing the flute, set on a marble base. It was a presentation to Osler on his marriage, and bears the inscription "Dr. Wm. Osler from medical friends in Toronto, May 16th, 1892". It had been a familiar sight on Osler's desk in Baltimore, and Bill asked for it after his death. Lady Osler gave him permission to take it, but he had some trouble in persuading the custodian at the office of the Regius Professor to let him have it. So it has stood on the desk ever since, flanked by Osler's silver-mounted paper knife. Dr. Francis has arranged for the figure to be sent eventually to the Toronto Academy of Medicine. It has watched much history in these sixty-four

years. Some day perhaps it will inspire a budding Keats to an ode.

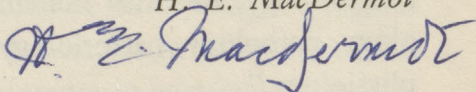
The room does not have the photographs or pictures which one sees in many libraries, but over the doorway there hangs the trinity of Linacre, Harvey and Sydenham, taken from its place above the mantelpiece in Osler's library in Oxford. One might almost have expected a picture of Sir Thomas Browne to be somewhere in the room, but better still is the impressive collection of editions of *Religio Medici* and Browne's other books which occupies the case on the west wall near the recess in which Sir William's ashes rest. Some people have thought that a copy of the *Religio* was included in the cremation, as it was the only decoration on his coffin; it was the copy which was his second purchase (the first was a Globe Shakespeare which Osler said was stolen from him by "some son of Belial") and used to go with him on all his travels. But the book is still in the Library and is kept in the show case.

Of course one cannot become a librarian, or at any rate one who really matters, merely by growing up with a good library, pleasant as such a process may be. One must have the deep absorption in books which amounts to a religion. (I don't know of a *Religio Bibliothecarii*, but Dr. Francis might well write one.) One must also have the scholar's deep solicitude for accuracy. Above all, one must have the desire to share the delights of books with others, and to take

the unending pains in looking things up expected of one in charge of such a library.

And if one adds an Austin Dobson-Ogden Nash capacity for light verse and impossible rhyming, which he has exercised so often and so pleasantly for his correspondents and his many friends, then one may understand something of the mixture of qualities which has given Bill Francis such a high place in our affectionate regard.

H. E. MacDermot



XXXVI

A Spring of Joy

"These proceedings will give to the cause of higher medical education in Canada a stimulus the results of which are likely to be far-reaching." So wrote the Editor of *The Canadian Practitioner* in 1890. He was referring to the formal opening on December 19, 1889, of the new building of the Biological Department of the University of Toronto. The event did indeed mark an important milestone in the progress of Canadian medicine and I present this account of it as an item of historical interest.

Two years before the opening of the new Biology Building, the University of Toronto Faculty of Medicine had been re-established. The original faculty, formed in

1843, had existed as a teaching body for only ten years. With the revival of the Faculty in 1887, improved and enlarged facilities for pre-clinical training were urgently needed. One of the important functions of the new building would be to provide these facilities. It must be remembered that at this time there were no Medical and Anatomy Buildings on the campus. In the new Biology Building the staff would teach not only the broad aspects of botany and zoology, but also human anatomy, histology, embryology, pathology, bacteriology and "physical and chemical physiology."

The ceremony of the opening of the new building was well attended. Recognition of its importance to medicine was attested by the presence of "a large number of representative practitioners from various parts of the Province." In fact it was reported that medical practitioners made up the largest part of the audience. The President of the University, Sir Daniel Wilson, occupied the chair. Also on the platform was the Honorable G. W. Ross, Minister of Education for the Province of Ontario. The central figure was Ramsay Wright, the distinguished Professor of Biology, who in later years was to become Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Vice-President of the University. From the United States had come four guest speakers — William Osler, Professor of Medicine, Johns Hopkins University; William H. Welch, Professor of Pathology, Johns Hopkins University; Charles S. Minot, Professor of Embryology, Harvard

Medical School; and Victor C. Vaughan, Professor of Bacteriology, University of Michigan.

After introductory remarks by Sir Daniel Wilson and the Honorable G. W. Ross, scientific papers were the order of the day. Ramsay Wright discussed the pathogenic sporozoa. He was followed by Osler who presented a paper on the etiology of malaria. Welch spoke on pathology in its relations to general biology. Minot dealt with the use of the microscope and the value of embryology. Vaughan concluded with advice on the necessity of encouraging scientific work with special reference to bacteriology. It was recorded that the "addresses commanded the closest attention of the large audiences" and "the students were delighted far beyond their expectations, and showed their appreciation by a series of resolutions, flattering alike to their Faculty and to the visiting scientists."

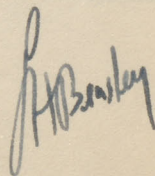
This event has received little attention from medical historians and I welcome this opportunity to recall it. However I have other, more personal, reasons for referring to it in this volume. When Ramsay Wright retired from the Chair of Biology at Toronto, he was succeeded by my father.* After my father's death in 1934, the University sent me a collection of personal papers which had been found in his office. Amongst them was a reprint from *The Canadian Practitioner* of 1890, containing a detailed account of the proceedings which I have described. I noted that there had

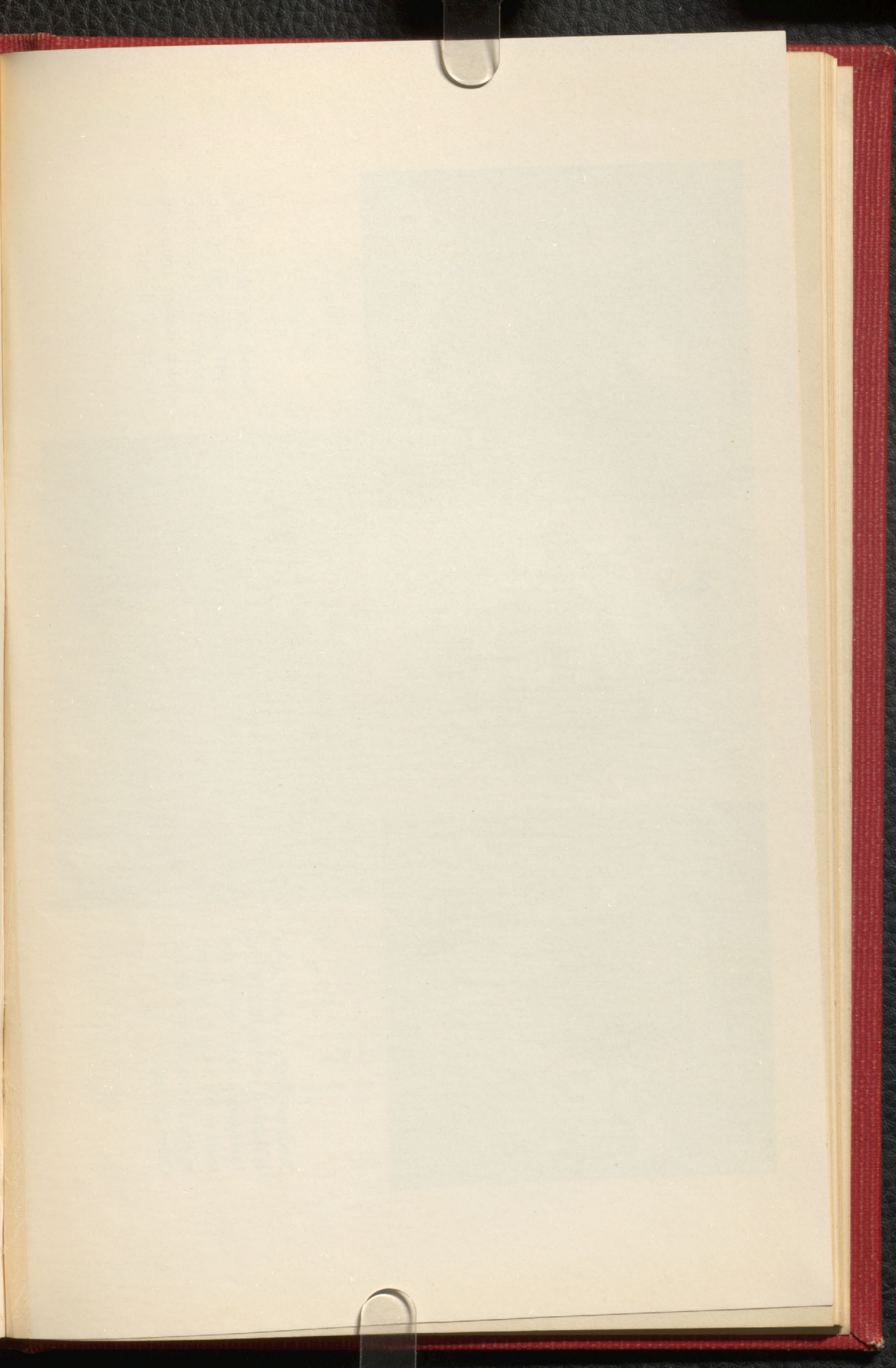
*B. A. Bensley

been an address by Osler and it occurred to me that Dr. Francis might like to see it. I had not met Dr. Francis but I had heard that he was readily approachable. So, reprint in hand, I went to the Osler Library. Dr. Francis greeted me with enthusiasm. When he saw the reprint, his enthusiasm mounted. Apparently Osler's address on this occasion had been missed by compilers of his bibliography. The reasons were not far to seek. There was no author index to the volume of *The Canadian Practitioner* in which the address was published. The reprint, specially bound and bearing the University of Toronto crest, probably had a limited distribution. In any event Osler did not include it in his Collected Reprints. My copy was duly indexed and filed in the Osler Library and a reference to it appeared subsequently in the Addenda to the second edition of Maude Abbott's *Classified and Annotated Bibliography of Sir William Osler's Publications*.

During that visit to the Osler Library, more than twenty years ago, Dr. Francis spoke to me of many things. Some of the details I have forgotten but one strong impression remains. He made me feel the joy of discovering an item of historical interest and the still greater joy of sharing the discovery with others. It is true that my interest sometimes flags. All of us have our days of melancholy. Then I pay a call on Dr. Francis. He shows me his treasures, we talk, and the joy returns.

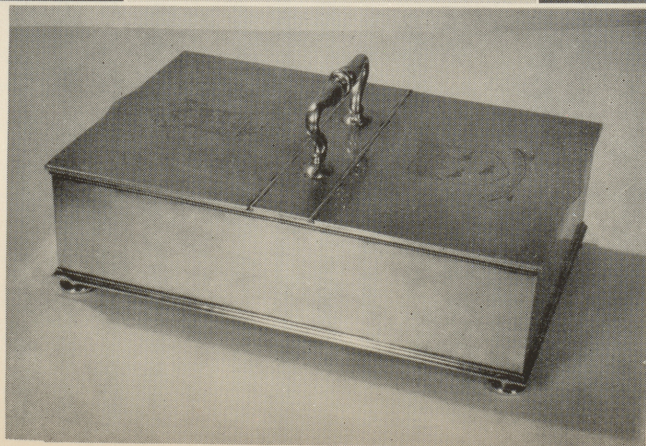
E. H. Bensley







Above, Osler's coat of arms is flanked on the left by the loving cup from which the toast to his memory is drunk at the annual dinner of the Osler Society.



Above is the silver water jug, and on the left the silver cigar box which is sent round at the annual dinner.

At the Osler Banquet it is customary to preface the toast to Osler with some account of the Society's plate and the ritual devised by Dr. Francis. The comments below have been abstracted from a file copy of Dr. Francis's "Hints for the President." They describe not only the three pieces of silver pictured on the opposite page but also Osler's arms, which appear in a line cut on the cover of the menu; the illustration shown here, however, is that of the original Grant of Arms.

"The handsome loving cup from which we drink the toast to Osler, was a favourite piece with Lady Osler, who bequeathed it specially to McGill. As the inscription tells, it was given to Osler by the staff of the Troy Hospital, N.Y., 28 Nov., 1900. The occasion was the 50th anniversary of the Hospital, when Osler gave the address, an excellent bit of propaganda, 'On the Influence of a Hospital upon the Medical Profession of a Community.' The ritual of the loving cup is rigid and ancient, antedating asepis: the President takes the first drink, with the guest on either side of him also standing but the rest of the company remaining seated, and then he passes the cup to the man on his left, and so on. As each man drinks the toast, his two neighbours stand facing him. There are two traditional reasons for this precaution: if the drinker has already had too much, his supporters may save him — or, more important, the cup — from falling; and they also prevent his being stabbed in the back while his hands are busy and his nose is in the cup. The President then gets his two neighbours to rise, and says, 'To Osler'.

"A word about Osler's coat of arms.* He had to take new arms when made a baronet at the time of King George the Fifth's coronation in 1911. He chose the beaver and fleur-de-lis for Canada and his own motto, 'Aequanimitas'. The little 'bloody hand of Ulster', above the central fish, is the sign of a baronet. The fish are Cornish pilchards — his ancestors were seafaring folk from Falmouth — but when asked about these pilchards, he gave a characteristic answer. His son, then 15 years old, was horrified when he found that his father's title was hereditary. His only passion was fishing, and Osler explained that he specified the fish so that the boy might feel at home with his new honours when they came to him!

"This water jug was given to Osler by his colleagues in the Montreal Veterinary College, formerly connected with McGill, when he left Montreal in 1884. It was in constant use for ice-water in Baltimore, but not in Oxford, where all the unadulterated moisture needed is absorbed from the atmosphere.

"The cigar box was sent by Osler to the McGill unit, No. 3 Canadian General Hospital, in France after his visit there in 1915. His arms and those of McGill are engraved on the outside of the covers and the names of the officers on the inside. Among the officers is the name of his son, Revere, who began his service with the McGill Hospital at the age of 18 before transferring to the Artillery. On the bottom is an inscription making it the property of the McGill Medical Faculty after the War. Before the fire of 1907 the Faculty had a fairly respectable collection of silver for use at their dinners which Osler remembered with gusto. He hoped that this piece might be the nucleus for a new collection."

*Cf. W. W. Francis, *Osler, Arms and the Man. Journal of The History of Medicine and Allied Sciences*, X (1955) pp. 432-33.

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And so we come to the end. What has been left out? Has anyone mentioned that Bill is Honorary Consultant to the Armed Forces Medical Library and a member of the Bibliographical Societies of London and Oxford? No matter. If these or other details have dropped by the way, they may be found in *Who's Important in Medicine* or *Who's Who in Canada*. What is hard to catch is the quicksilver quality of his presence, the lightness of step and gaiety of manner. These things and many others, including solid attributes of character and scholarship, are well pictured in a number of the sketches above. But many lights are needed at a feast and several candles remain unlit.

Lights ho! And here he comes, laughing at a new hat or an old joke, bursting with anecdotes, scattering largess from the bottomless stores of a memory that is rich and retentive.

Bill Francis goes through life singing. A chorister in boyhood, he still has a clear, true note. Confined to hospital some time ago, he entertained a dear old lady, his neighbour, by carolling her favourite hymns. I shall not soon forget the expression on the face of a rather proper medical student when the dignified Librarian cut a little caper on one of the Osler Library's oriental rugs and sang a chorus or two of an old Hopkins song. Some of the songs Bill knows and loves are mildly scandalous — like May Irwin's "frog song."

Some are loaded with puns — like the lyrics of *Wang*, a musical comedy brought to Toronto in the 'nineties by DeWolf Hopper.

This recalls the fact that Bill's interest in the lighter aspects of the theatre has not abated since the days, or nights, in Baltimore when he trod the boards with the divine Sarah Bernhardt, he in a union suit and a very long beard, playing an Egyptian slave. Behind the scenes on one of these occasions he amused himself by pulling the leg of an elegantly turned-out stage-door johnny who failed to recognize him — Dr. W. S. Thayer. To this day, incidentally, he loves to mimic Thayer's French, because it was almost incredibly good, and Barker's Latin, so precisely right that the names of anatomical structures, familiar *more Anglico*, became rich and strange.

Matching or surpassing his repertoire of songs is his fund of English, and even French, verse. Many of the favourites are mementoes of Baltimore days when Dr. Osler used to read to Revere Osler and Bill Francis from *The Fireside Encyclopaedia of Poetry*, compiled by Henry T. Coates and published in Philadelphia in 1878. Regularly at breakfast, sometimes at lunch, and occasionally at dinner, poetry was a part of the fare. Bill still has the book, with Osler's favourite selections ticked in pencil in the index of authors. His range extends, however, far beyond these, and it is not difficult to persuade him to recite a yard or two of Chaucer. Given the first word of any stanza of the

Rubaiyât he can complete the quatrain. Altogether he is nearly as handy as a copy of *Bartlett*, and more fun.

Another expression of his quenchless *joie de vivre* is his delight in sport — not the so-called spectator sport, thank you, but the active game for the “game” individual. Although barred of recent years from participation in tennis, he has never given up swimming. Last summer, when he showed fewer signs than most of us of Montreal’s appalling heat, he took a daily dip in the McGill pool, bobbing in the water like a sportive seal. Advancing years? Piff-paff-perumsky-doodle!

The Visitors’ Register of the Osler Library glitters with famous signatures. These pages are not without their signs of the loving custody of W.W.F. In 1932 Laura Bassett Boynton Rawlings, of El Paso, Texas, put her name in the book, and below it, in pencil, appears this note: “Great granddaughter of the Ala. Student!!” If you inquire, you will learn that Laura Bassett was the Student’s daughter, from whom Osler obtained the letters on which he founded his well-known essay. Also in the section for 1932 may be found the signatures of Maud Willard Bartlett and Agnes Willard Bartlett, of Brooklyn, N.Y., identified in Bill’s hand as great-nieces of Elisha Bartlett. It is noted that the mother of another visitor was a goddaughter of James Bovell. H. V. S. Ogden and John V. Ogden, of Ann Arbor, Mich., who visited the Library in 1951, are pointed out as the “son and grandson of W.O.’s pet student H.V.O.,

McGill '82." Bill's personality is thus stamped upon the book. He speaks from its pages.

A cat called Michael Foster (named for the physiologist's son) once held sway at the "Open Arms", the Osler home in Oxford. Despite this familial connection with the Fosters, Lady Osler seems to have been unaware of Sir Michael's dictum, in the preface to his *Lectures on the History of Physiology*, that "historical research, perhaps above all other kinds of research, demands leisure." Her impatience for the completion of the Catalogue, which she sponsored and financed, afterwards endowing the Library itself, was allayed by Dr. Harvey Cushing, Osler's biographer. On 22 July, 1924, Cushing wrote to Mrs. Francis: "No other living person could do what Bill is doing, or dead person for that matter, not excepting W.O. The whole business is simply amazing to me. If I have given him a little fillip I am glad . . . I may add I am hugely beholden to Bill for giving me so much of his time. But after all the *Biog.* as well as the *Bibliog.* needs the touches and painstaking care which he alone seems able to give."

The general worth of the incomparable Catalogue itself I leave others in this volume to affirm, but I should like to draw attention to a single foot-note, a delightful example of Franciscan humour which deserves wider notice. It had proven difficult to decide, among conflicting authorities, the date of the death of Francesco Redi. Hence the following comment: "Death is almost a habit with Redi — in the

books of reference. He died, perhaps for the first time, in 1676 . . . again in 1694 . . . and then more frequently. Autopsied in 1696, he was found dead in March 1697 and made his will the following December . . . His final dissolution occurred in 1698 . . . and the Crusca Academy held a memorial meeting in 1699." What other work of reference discovers such gems as this?

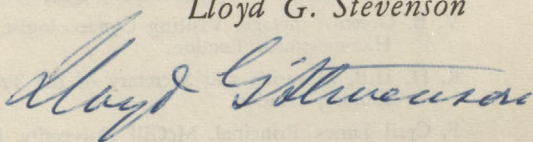
I have one more quotation with which to make an end. At this point I must confess that with the connivance of Miss Cécile Desbarats, Secretary-Librarian in the Osler Library, I have shamelessly rifled Dr. Francis's correspondence files. Among my stolen trophies, one of the best and rarest is taken from a letter written 21 June, 1940, by the late Dr. Archibald. "Yours has been an ideal life," he wrote to Bill, "fulfilling a worthy ideal, with quiet tenacious enthusiasm, breathing a clean air untainted by the dust of the arena. Our own Archibald crest bears the legend *Palma non sine pulvere*. But you disprove that general truth, or you prove the rule of the exception, by gaining the palm without raising a dust."

I think this is very good indeed or I should not have stolen it; but it overshoots the mark. Generally speaking, the palm has been awarded with a niggardly hand. Year after year, Bill Francis has sat at his desk, tracing references, deciphering manuscripts, pouncing on errors in proofs, and working out historical problems with endless patience — all for the benefit of the writings of others, of the phy-

sicians and historians of two continents. His name appears in a thousand prefaces and notes of acknowledgement. Of this he is justifiably proud. But such acknowledgement has seemed to many of his friends, and to mere acquaintances who have benefited from his selfless efforts, to be far too meagre. The students of the Osler Society of McGill have shared in the outpouring of his skill and wisdom. The sense of indebtedness which animates all of us, students, graduates and faculty members, intimate friends and distant correspondents, is the occasion of the present volume.

May his joyous labours long continue, providing for the rest of us a model of precision, patience, gaiety and changeless *aequanimitas!*

Lloyd G. Stevenson



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Guest Speakers at the Osler Banquet

1923	Dr. A. H. Gordon	1941	Dr. A. H. Gordon
1924	Dr. S. E. Whitnall	1942	Dr. E. W. Archibald (March)
1927	Prof. Stephen Leacock	1942	Dr. Norman B. Gwyn (Nov.)
1929	Dr. Léo E. Pariseau	1944	Dr. John F. Fulton
1930	Prof. W. T. Waugh	1945	Dr. Wilder Penfield
1931	Dr. H. A. Lafleur	1946	Dr. J. H. Means
1932	Dr. John F. Fulton	1947	Dr. Wilburt C. Davison
1933	Dr. George W. Corner	1948	Dr. H. B. Van Wyck
1934	Dr. Walter C. Alvarez	1949	Dr. Alan M. Chesney
1935	Dr. John Homans	1950	Dr. E. H. Richardson
1936	Dr. F. R. Packard	1951	Dr. I. M. Rabinowitch
1937	Dr. Reginald Fitz	1952	Dr. Felix Cunha
1938	Dr. Hans Zinsser	1953	Dr. Macdonald Critchley
1939	Dr. Alfred Stengel	1954	Sir Russell Brain
1940	Dr. C. F. Martin	1955	Dr. Andrew Claye
		1956	Dr. W. W. F. and Jr. John Fulton
		1957	Dr. C. P. Martin
		1958	Dr. W. C. Gibson

Honorary Presidents of the Osler Society

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1922-23	Dr. S. E. Whitnall	1940-41	Dr. W. G. Turner
1923-24	Dr. S. E. Whitnall	1941-42	Dr. J. C. Simpson
1924-25	Dr. Horst Oertel	1942-43	Dr. H. B. Cushing
1925-26	Dr. Horst Oertel	1943-44	Dr. H. F. Moseley
1926-27	Dr. W. W. Chipman	1944-45	Dr. Hebbel Hoff
1927-28	Dr. C. P. Howard	1945-46	Dr. C. J. Tidmarsh
1928-29	Dr. A. T. Bazin	1946-47	Dr. Hebbel Hoff
1929-30	Dr. W. W. Francis	1947-48	Dr. J. S. L. Browne
1930-31	Dr. H. M. Little	1948-49	Dr. G. Lyman Duff
1931-32	Dr. D. Sclater Lewis	1949-50	Dr. C. P. Martin
1932-33	Dr. John Beattie	1950-51	Dr. E. G. D. Murray
1933-34	Sir Andrew Macphail	1951-52	Dr. Karl Stern
1934-35	Dr. W. W. Francis	1952-53	Dr. Harold N. Segall
1935-36	Dr. H. E. MacDermot	1953-54	Dr. Campbell Gardner
1936-37	Dr. Charles F. Martin	1954-55	Dr. H. E. MacDermot
1937-38	Dr. H. S. Birkett	1955-56	Dr. Harry C. Ballon
1938-39	Dr. A. T. Bazin	1956-57	Dr. E. H. Bensley
		1957-58	Dr. F. MacNaughton

Members of the Osler Society

This list has been compiled from the Minute Books of the Society and the names have been checked against the records of the Faculty of Medicine. Errors or omissions should be drawn to the attention of the Secretary of the Society. The names of former presidents are indicated by an asterisk and those of deceased members by a dagger†. The names of honorary members are printed in italics.*

- | | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|------------------------|
| †Abbott, M. E. | †Birchard, C. C. | *Cooper, E. A., '41 |
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| Ball, J. C., '49 | Brown, I. A., '44 | <i>Duff, G. L.</i> |
| <i>Ballou, H. C.</i> | Brown, P. H. V., '55 | *Duncan, J. A., '33 |
| Banfill, S. M., '33 | Browne, J. S. L., '29 | Duncan, W. R., '38 |
| Barbour, C. M., '38 | *Brunton, L., '42 | |
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| †Bates, J. I., '44 | Burke, E. N., '42 | |
| Bauer, D. de F., '42 | | †Eberts, E. M. |
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| <i>Bazin, A. T.</i> | <i>Campbell, A. D.</i> | Emmons, W. F., '24 |
| <i>Beattie, J.</i> | <i>Campbell, D. G.</i> | Entin, M. A., '45 |
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| *Belo-Osagie, T., '53 | Chesney, L. P., '40 | Fabrikant, J., '56 |
| Benton, C., '59 | Chevalier, P. M., '41 | Farmer, H. F., '45 |
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| Binks, R. S., '42 | Cleary, F. W., '43 | Fitzgerald, R. R., '22 |
| | Colpitts, R. V., '44 | Fleming, A. J., '32 |
| | | Fluhman, C. F., '22 |

- Foote, W. R., '34
 †Foster, J. G., '23
Francis, W. W.
 Fraser, D. C. E., '51
Fraser, J. R.
 *Freeman, R. G., '36
 Fullerton, C. W., '26
- Gale, J. S., '47
 Galpin, R. R., '43
 Gardner, C. M., '31
 Garol, H. W., '38
 Garside, R. D., '47
 Geddes, A. K., '24
 Geggie, N. S., '51
 Gelety, J. E., '58
 Gibson, W. C., '41
 *Glasgow, D. St. C., '43
Goldbloom, A.
 Goldbloom, R. B., '49
 Golding, T. A., '43
 Gonticas, S. C., '56
 Goodrich, F. W., '41
 †Gordon, A. H.
 Gordon, A. L., '39
 Gragg, D. M., '58
 Graves, H. B., '42
 Grimmer, R. D., '40
 Gross, G. E., '53
 Guest, D. B., '49
- Hall, N. B., '27
 Halpenny, G. W., '34
 Hanson, A. G., '35
 Harris, D. G., '55
 *Harrison, W. F., '27
 Hart, G. G., '41
 Hartsough, C. W., '35
 Hatfield, A. R., '31
 Henry, J. S., '24
 *Henry, J. S., '49
 Hill, J. G., '56
 Hill, N. P., '25
 Hill, T. R., '56
 Hill, W. H. P., '34
 †Hinds, E. G., '43
 Hoefle, H. H., '55
Hoff, H.
 Hogle, J. R., '33
 Holdredge, B. L., '43
 Horsfall, F. L., '32
 †Howard, C. P.
 *Howard, R. P., '37
 †Hubbard, E. R., '31
- Hyams, B., '56
- Imbleau, Y. H., '53
- Jackson, R., '50
 Jacques, K. B., '37
 Jaques, W. E., '42
 Jewell, J. B., '43
 Johnson, L. J., '39
 Johnston, A. J. M., '52
 Johnston, C. H., '47
 Jones, E. A., '43
 Jones, J. R., '43
 Jones, O. N., '37
 †Joslyn, J. C., '45
- Kapp, R. W., '43
 Karefa-Smart, J. A. M., '44
 Kelley, J. F., '58
 Kelly, J. J., '53
 Kemble, E. E., '38
 Kerr, A. L., '40
 Kidd, H. M., '47
 Kimball, A. S., '39
 King, R. H., '29
 Kirk, C. M., '26
 †Knox, A. W., '43
 Koch, E. A., '57
 Kozinn, H. A., '55
 Krakower, C., '32
 Krepela, M. C., '30
 Kroeker, E. J., '47
- †Lafleur, H. A.
 Lapin, A. W., '35
 Lapin, L., '41
 Lawrence, D. G., '57
 Lehman, G. W., '53
Lewis, D. S.
 †Little, H. M.
 Little, S. W., '58
 Littlefield, L. A., '31
 †Lloyd, F. E.
 Logan, L., '50
 Logan, P. E., '22
 Longley, J. D., '52
 Lundgren, L. E., '44
 Lynch, J. G., '32
- McConnell, F. L., '42
 *McCorkle, J. K., '40
MacDermot, H. E.
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 MacDonald, M. H., '51
- *MacDonald, P. R., '34
 McGarry, E. E., '47
 McGillis, T. J., '54
 McGregor, F. R., '30
 McGregor, J. K., '55
 McHugh, H. E., '36
 McIntosh, C. A., '24
 Mack, E. W., '39
 †Mackay, F. H.
 McKee, D. I., '55
 MacKenzie, D. W., '36
 MacKenzie, J. C., '28
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 *McKinnon, D. D., '27
 *MacLean, B. C., '27
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 *McLean, L. F., '27
 *MacLeod, J. W., '30
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 †Macphail, A.
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 Mearns, R. B., '40
 Menetrez, J. H., '50
 Mercer, J. L., '34
 Mercier, J. H. C., '58
 †Messinger, H. B., '31
 *Michael, P. P. E., '28
 Milliken, J. H., '32
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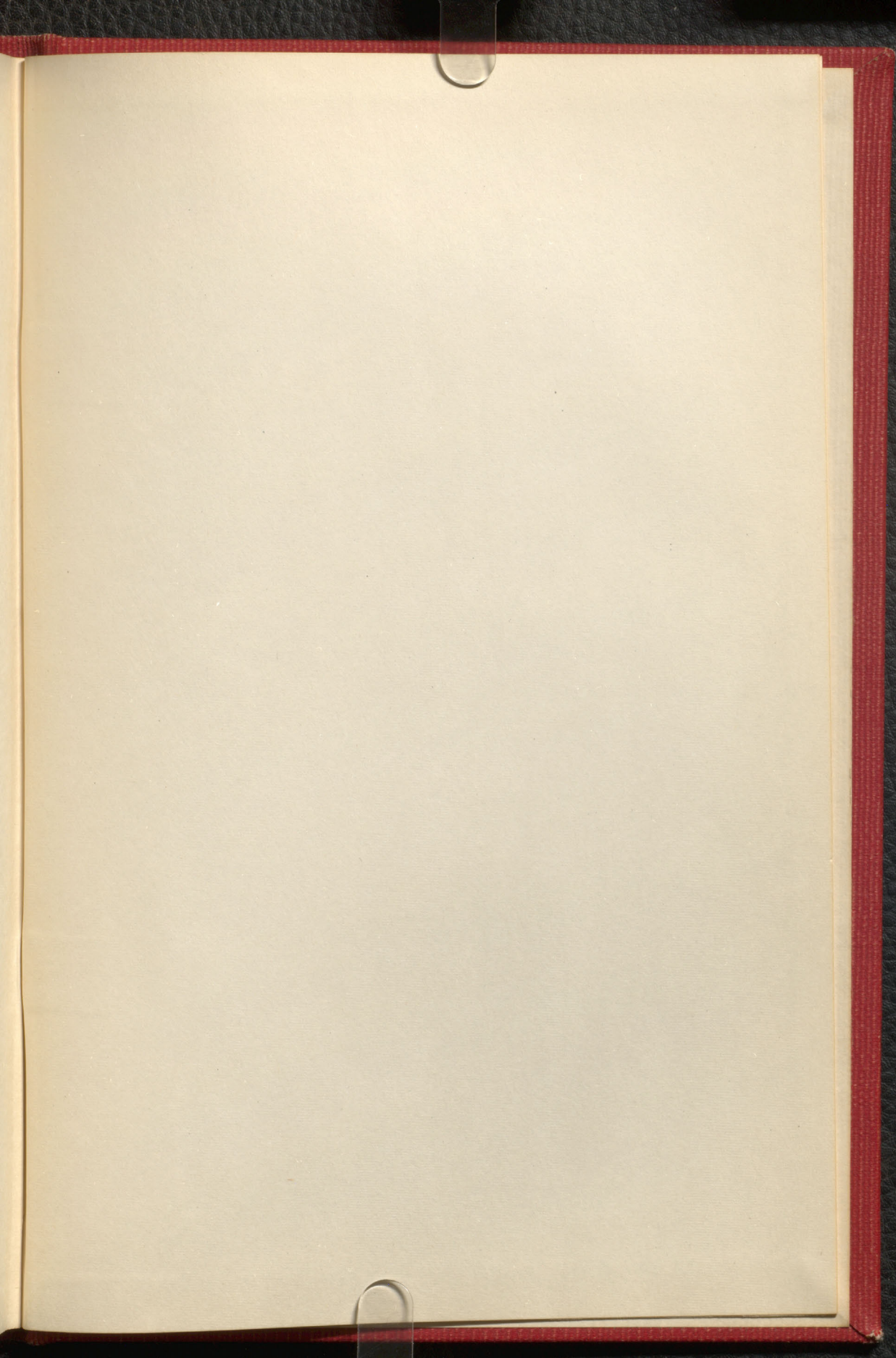
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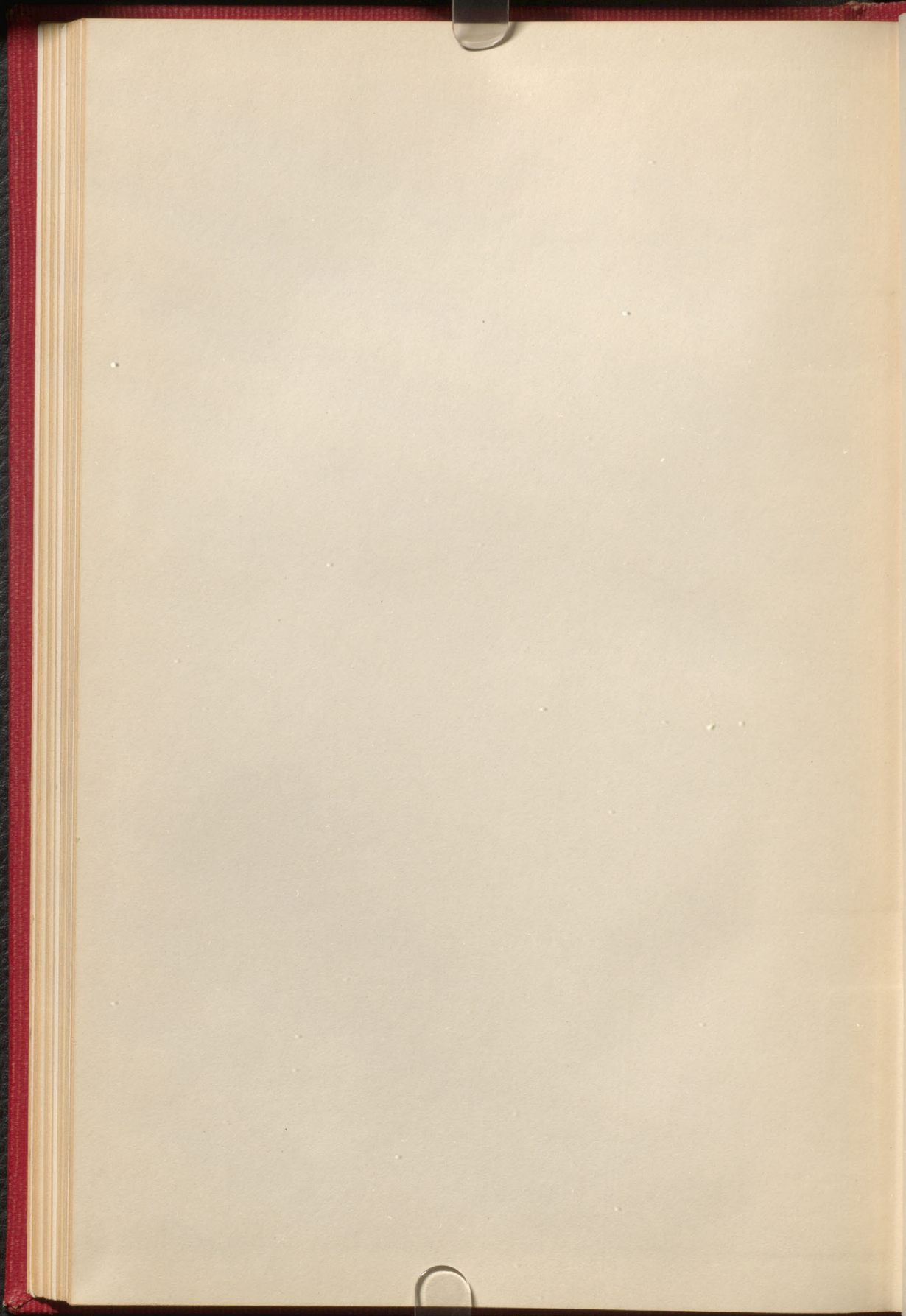
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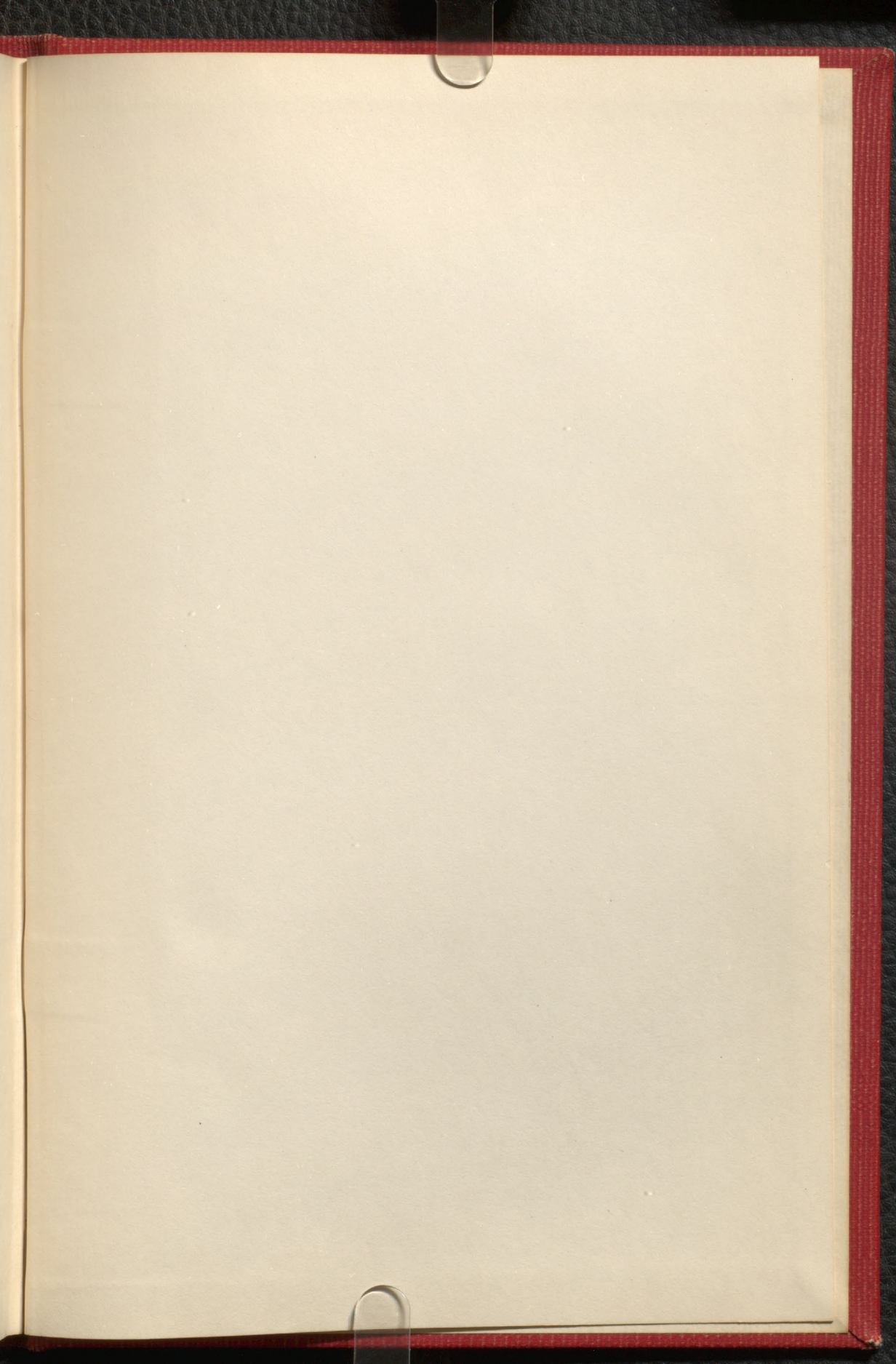
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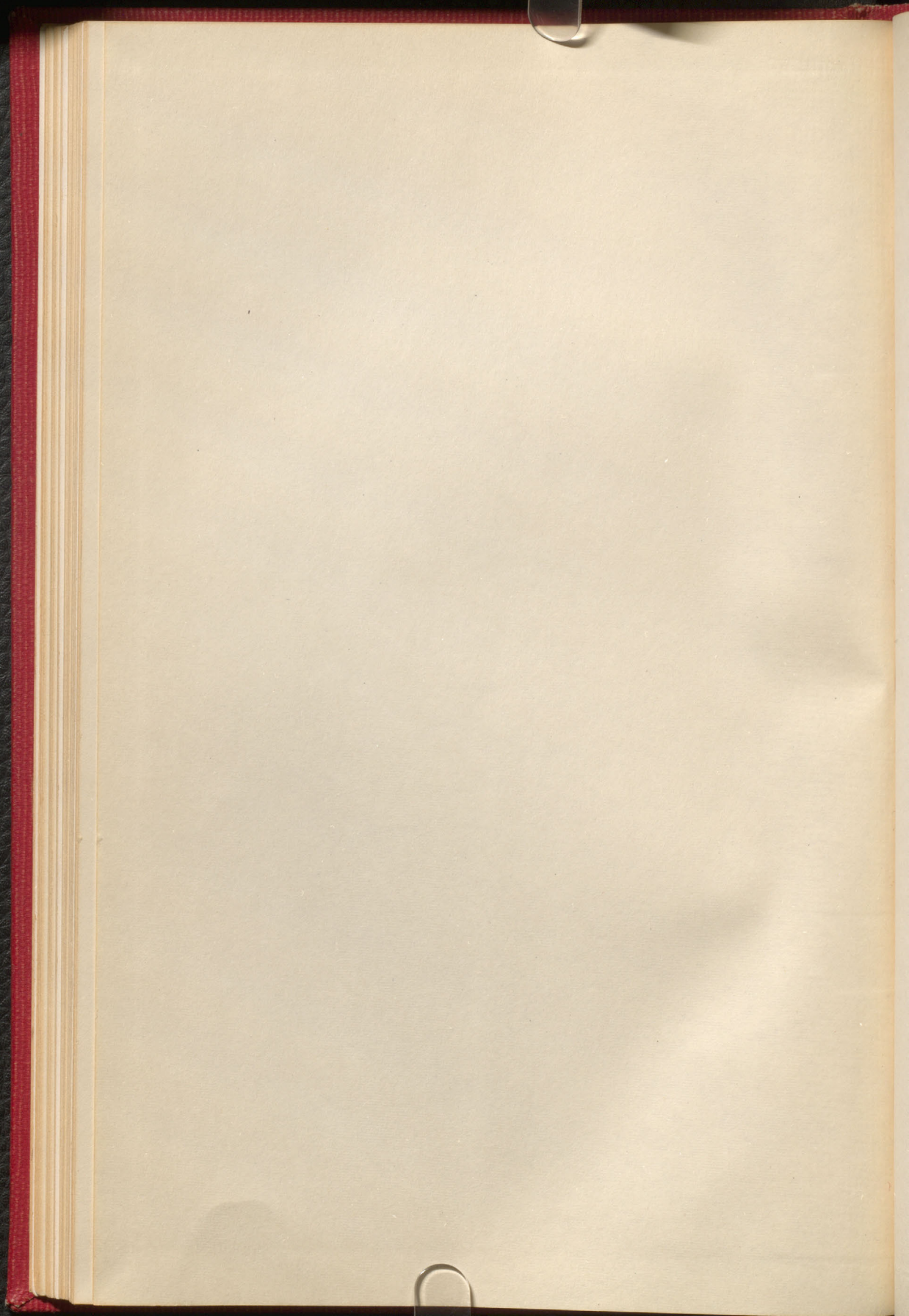
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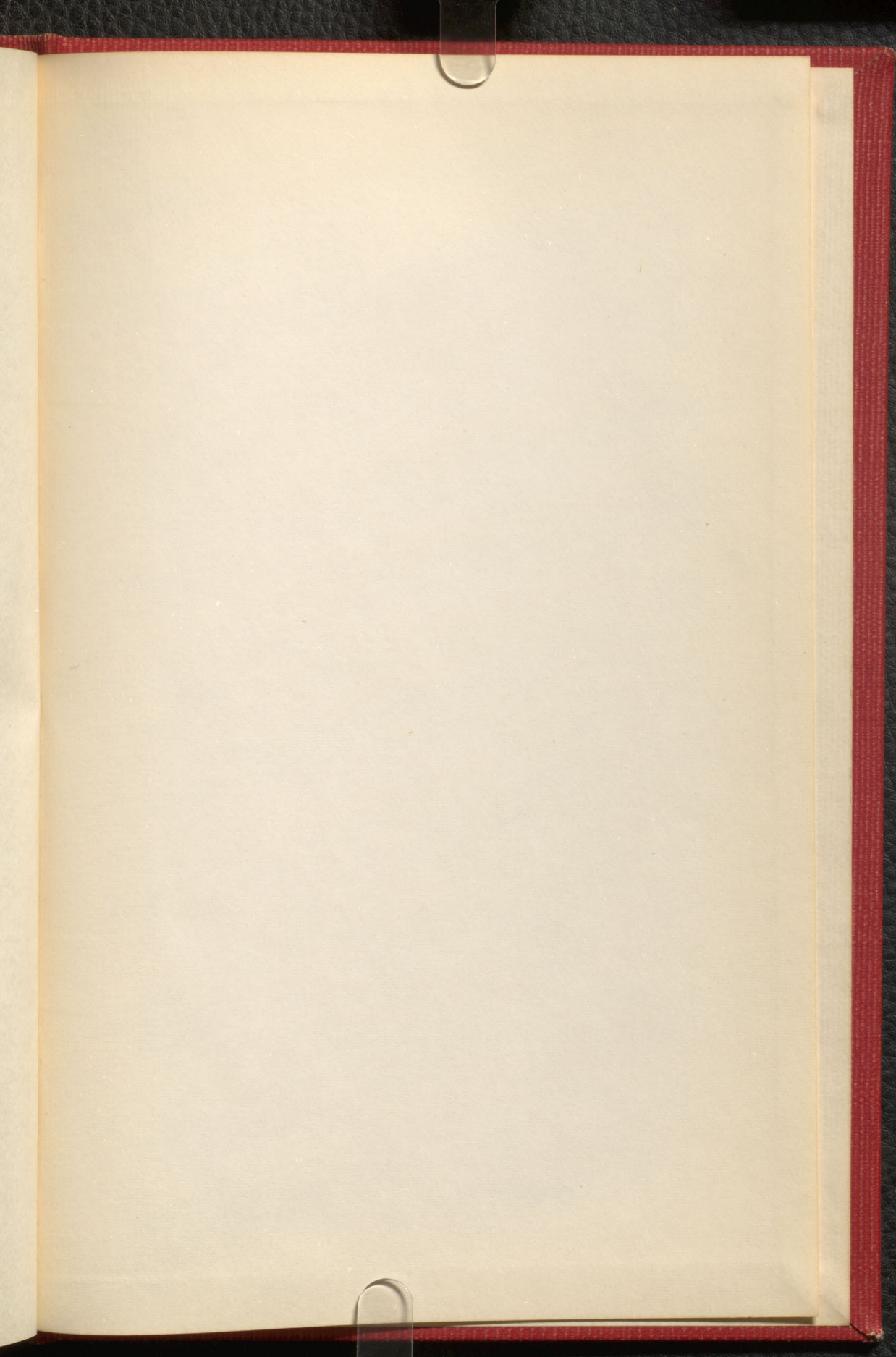
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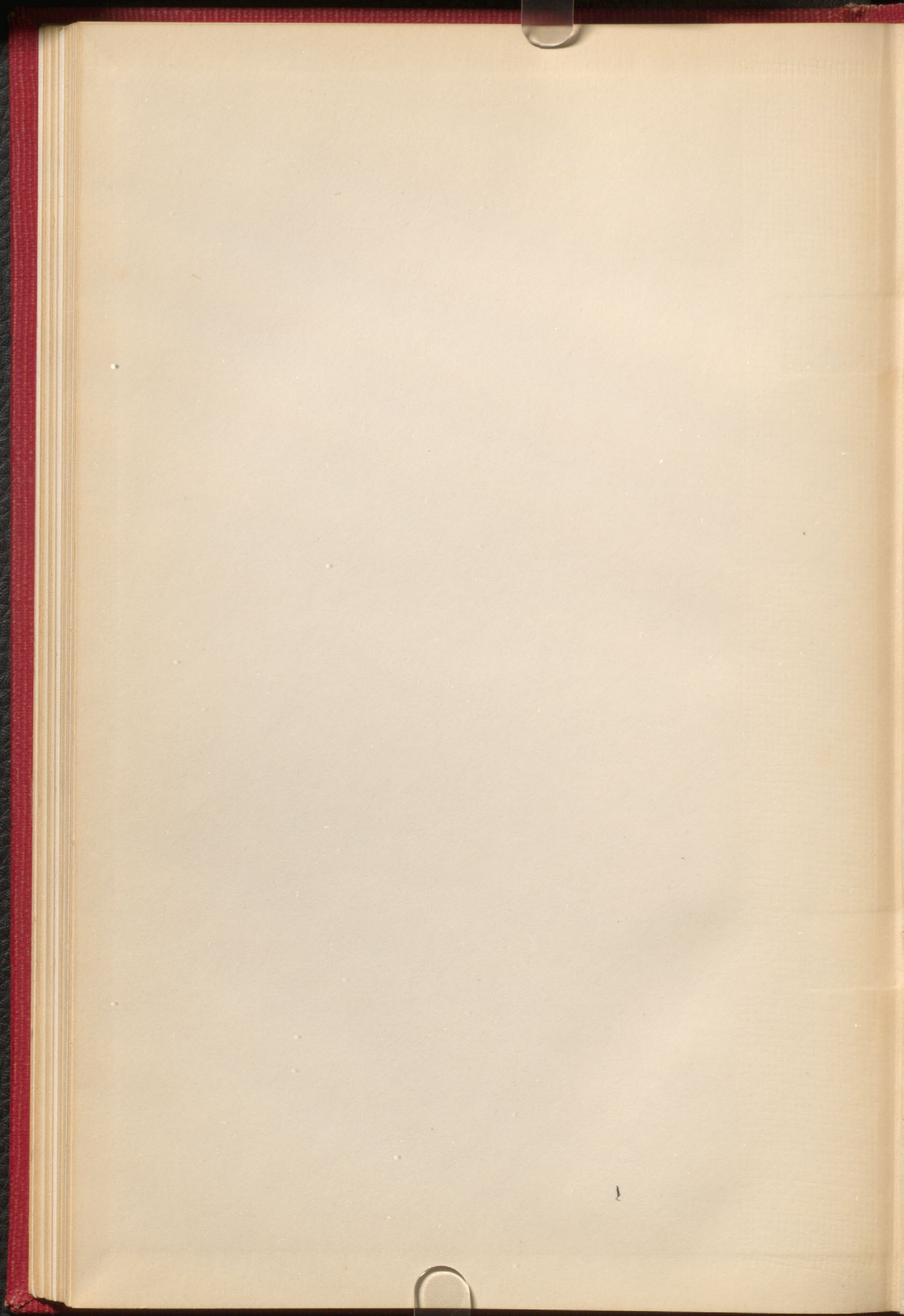












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