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Separate from the PROCEEDINGS
of the Massachusetts Historical Society
Volume 81 (1969)

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HARVEY CUSHING died 30 years ago, in 1939. A few older members will remember him, for he was a dynamic individual, not easily forgotten. Many would have known him as a pioneer brain surgeon who so established his special field that there was hardly a cultivated acre of land in the world where his name was not synonymous with neurological surgery. For 20 years, from 1912 to 1932, Cushing activated the Boston scene as professor of surgery at the Harvard Medical School and as chief surgeon at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital. He was also widely known in the field of biography, particularly after the publication in 1925 of his *Life of Sir William Osler*, his chief monument to literary fame.

But I knew him more as a friend and sponsor, extraordinarily adept at stimulating medical students to look beyond their daily scientific tasks into the art of medicine, especially as practiced by his closest friend at The Johns Hopkins Hospital, William Osler. Two episodes, 20 years apart, will serve as a background to illuminate Cushing's main characteristics. One occurred when an obscure third-year medical student first felt the impact of his personality. The other came years later, when their friendship had become so intertwined that summer holidays together in Europe were almost an annual event.

CUSHING AND THE MEDICAL STUDENT

My introduction to Cushing came about in a somewhat unusual manner. One day in 1915, when I was a student in the Harvard Medical School, I received an invitation to take lunch with him in his consulting room at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital. How he discovered the unknown student, without Boston or Harvard medical connections, has never been disclosed, but his keen eye must have spotted a stray and brought him into the fold. For the boy it was a turning point in his life, an opening up of a wholly unknown field of cultural medicine, which proved to be so essential to his development.

The message from the Moseley Professor of Surgery was con-

* This paper was read at the April 1969 meeting.

veyed to the student in a handwritten note, for telephones were not commonly used in 1915, at least by him, for such purposes. In fact, I cannot remember Cushing's ever calling anyone on the telephone or even answering a call; messages, if they came, were always taken by someone else.

At all events, the student went to Cushing's rooms on the ground floor of the hospital one Saturday noon, entering by the private door on Shattuck Street. The surgeon had just finished an operation and was still in his gray-green gown and cap, even retaining his heavy rubber gloves. Sitting on a high stool, he was writing up his long operative note, meticulously recording every detail and illustrating the more important procedures by clever sketches, inserted at frequent intervals. These pen drawings, of considerable beauty, were designed to amplify his written descriptions in pictorial form.¹ The writing of these notes was a mandatory performance with Cushing, always his first task after an operation was finished and never, under any circumstances, interrupted. So intent was he at his work that even my presence only evoked a welcoming nod at the moment.

His lunch consisted of a half-glass of milk and a very small sandwich. For the student, he thoughtfully provided a somewhat more ample fare. In time he came to the reason for his invitation. Had I ever been to the Boston Medical Library? If not, which proved to be the case, he would take me there after lunch. During my student days my modest needs were amply provided for in the Harvard Medical School Library, particularly by the Bowditch Library, where the student did most of his reading and writing. Anything outside his immediate concern, to pass the regular courses, was in another orbit. Although he had occasionally caught an interest in an anatomical eponym, any serious study of the history of medicine was a stupendous improbability.

Cushing's automobile was at the door, and his ever-faithful Gus, his Austrian chauffeur, drove us with great speed to 8 The Fenway. Cushing jumped out, ran swiftly up the front steps, crossed the hall, flew up the winding stairs to an upper floor. His movements, like Nijinsky's, were always quick and graceful, for he had an almost perfect

1. Henry R. Viets, "Notes on the Formative Period of a Neurological Surgeon," in *Harvey Cushing's Seventieth Birthday Party, April 8, 1939. Speeches, Letters, and Tributes* (Springfield, Illinois, 1939), pp. 115-125.

muscular control of his body. Action was the embodiment of an alert shortstop, a position he had played on the Yale baseball team, and his movements reflected the symmetry of a trained gymnast on the parallel bars, a sport he had also excelled in when in college.

Turning to the rear of the building, we entered the room where the special collections of the Harvard and Tiedemann books were kept. As soon as he was inside the door, he stopped short, surveyed the ceiling, the book-filled walls, and the long windows letting in the afternoon sun. "Viets," he said as he looked around, "this is one of the most perfectly proportioned rooms in America." And so it was, fit to grace a McIntire library on Chestnut Street in Salem. Here was a new side to Cushing, a quick glance at his superb artistic sense, even in a field seemingly so foreign to surgery. But Cushing, the perfectionist who once in his college days was disposed to take up architecture, admired all that was well proportioned and symmetrical, a trait that he evoked in his exquisite post-operative surgical dressings and in the charming watercolor sketches in his diary of his travels in France as early as 1900.² Both were as perfect as any McIntire or Bulfinch creation, and his keen perception sensed the same well-balanced uniformity of the room.

He then ran down two flights of the winding staircase to the second floor, seeking out Mrs. Elizabeth Collins, the cataloguer, at her desk in the corner of the small catalogue room. She had devoted the best of her life, since 1880, to the Boston Medical Library, from its earliest days under James Chadwick, the first librarian. Trained by Justin Winsor in the Boston Public Library, she had become a pioneer classifier of medical literature, consulted frequently by Billings when he was establishing the *Index Catalogue of the Surgeon-General's Library* in Washington. Mrs. Collins was as much of an expert in her field as Cushing was in his, a fact that Cushing quickly recognized.

Tall, pale, and rather reserved, she stood up as Cushing approached, her face lighting up with a glow like a Turner sunset. Cushing's kindness and intense interest in people seldom failed to charm, and he was never better than when talking to another perfectionist like Mrs. Collins. They were at once *en rapport*, and Cushing became fascinated by her Hammond typewriter, apparently a new experience for this

2. Harvey Cushing, *A Visit to Le Puy-en-Velay: An Illustrated Diary* (Cleveland, 1944).

keenly observant and sensible man. He was engrossed by this precision instrument, like a boy with a new top. Being gadget-minded, like all great surgeons, he urged Mrs. Collins to demonstrate, which she was only too pleased to do.

The Hammond, a multiple language typewriter, was invented by James Bartlett Hammond. Born in Boston in 1839, he first went to Phillips Academy in Andover, then to the University of Vermont, where he was graduated in 1861 with Phi Beta Kappa honors. While in Burlington he became an expert stenographer, and, returning to Boston while still in college, he reported in full for the *New York World* the early Lowell Institute Lectures, particularly those of George Perkins March, the diplomat, on the "Origin and History of the English Language" (1860-1861). During the American Civil War he served as a war correspondent for Horace Greeley on the *New York Herald Tribune*. He had many thrilling escapades and narrowly escaped hanging as a spy when caught by Mosby's guerrillas.³

Even in college, Hammond had conceived the idea of a writing machine based on the principle of the pianoforte of that time, the precursor of today's piano. But it was not until 1867 that Hammond developed his "literary piano." The first models came out in 1881, being produced in quantity after 1885. At first it had a curved keyboard, like the console of an organ, and hence its popular name.⁴

The chief characteristic of the Hammond was the even pressure of the hammer on the revolving type-shuttle, so that a clean impression always resulted, no matter how lightly the key was pressed. This feature naturally had great appeal to a cataloguer. The alignment was also perfect. But even more important was the removable and interchangeable type core, so arranged that various languages could be typed by setting a new font on the wheel. Hammond provided more than 80 settings of letters in 26 languages, including German, Russian, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, and various dialects. Mrs. Collins had several of them, which she typed out for Cushing to his complete astonishment and fascination. He could hardly pull himself away from her expert demonstration.

Quickly as he had come in, however, he disappeared out the door, not forgetting to express his profound thanks to the astonished woman

3. *Boston Evening Transcript*, Jan. 28, 1913.

4. *Scientific American Supplement*, Jan. 15, 1887, p. 9200.

who had felt the charm of such a sound-hearted man. Cushing then burst into the periodical room, where he found James Ballard, the assistant librarian. But it was not Ballard he wanted to see. What he asked for was a book, the copy of the *Fabrica* of Vesalius, the anatomist, that William Osler, his mentor in all things historical, had brought down from Montreal and given to the Library to commemorate its opening on The Fenway. When Ballard brought it to him, Cushing handled it as gently as an obstetrician with a newborn babe. This book was obviously close to his heart, for the fiery Vesalius had long intrigued him, and Vesalian studies were his prime medical history interest from his student days to the very end of his life. Indeed he had not quite finished his *Bio-bibliography of Vesalius* at the time of his death in 1939. And of course Osler was his guide in all things historical from The Johns Hopkins period in the last years of the 19th century.

Cushing opened the volume to the magnificent title page and the portrait of Vesalius and held it up for me to see. This was my first introduction to both Vesalius and Osler. As a third-year medical student, one could hardly have had a more inspiring teacher than Harvey Cushing. He turned and—with a sense of quiet reverence, so characteristic of him—read Osler's inscription on the flyleaf. This done, he turned and fled down the stairs and out the front door of the Library, James Ballard and I following as quickly as we could.

But that was not quite all. The most important episode came at the end, as in all great plays just before the final curtain. At the foot of the four steps leading up to the front door, Cushing stopped, turned, and read over the lintel, "Boston Medical Library." James Ballard was standing framed in the doorway. "Jim," said Cushing, "if it had not been for the Boston Medical Library I would never have come to Boston." Then he jumped into his car, and we drove off.

Thus I was introduced into what my medical classmate, Alan Gregg, used to call "a new and gusty atmosphere of pleased delight in the wealth that history and tradition" hold for medical men. In an hour of planned flight, as was Cushing's habit, he had opened up for me a new world of cultural medicine. And the plan went well beyond the hour, for he had already visualized a year with Osler in Oxford and a continuity of historical thinking that has lasted up to the present time. Indeed, this paper may be considered as an essential part of its development.

A EUROPEAN SOJOURN IN 1932

By the mid-1930's it had become a custom for Cushing and myself to spend a summer holiday in Europe together. We usually had a fixed date of August 15 for starting, and we always met in Nyon, Switzerland, on the shore of Lake Geneva. The year 1932 was no exception, and as this proved to be one of our most interesting trips I will use it as a basis for the further delineation of Cushing's characteristics.

At Nyon, Dr. Arnold C. Klebs, a retired American physician, occupied an Italian villa from which a series of terraces ran down to the lakeside. The house was appropriately named Les Terrasses. By the side of the main building Klebs had built a two-story book-house, and here he had assembled all the literature needed for a study of 15th-century scientific and medical books. Klebs had not collected many incunabula for his own library, but his book-house contained an extensive apparatus for their study, including books on printing, type, paper, authors, location of presses, and other numerous details. He was recognized as a leading authority in this field. A few years later, in 1938, he published his short-title list, which at once became a fundamental text for everyone interested in the subject.⁵ Cushing, of course, had known him for years, and it was Klebs who was responsible for choosing many of the incunabula that Cushing required for his own library. For years Klebs' house had become a mecca for historically minded students.

The year had been a memorable one for Cushing. It marked the completion of 20 years as the Moseley Professor at Harvard Medical School. He did his last operation at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital on August 17. Thus ended two decades of surgery in Boston, putting him at the top of his career, with the field of neurological surgery developed almost entirely by himself. He had done over 2,000 brain tumor operations, and so skillful had he become that he had reduced the operative mortality from over 70% to less than 10%. In addition, he had trained a group of younger men to carry on the work that he had started, so that neurological surgery today stems almost entirely from the pioneer efforts of Cushing between 1912 and 1932.

The day after his last scheduled operation he was on the way to Europe. Cushing had a most disconcerting habit of waiting until the

5. Arnold C. Klebs, *Incunabula Scientifica et Medica: Short Title List* (Bruges, 1938).

last minute to catch trains and boats. On the night that he boarded the *Majestic* he allowed himself but 15 minutes to get across New York from the East Side, where he had dined with a former house physician. The boat was about to pull away from the wharf, and the main gangplank had been pulled up. Fortunately, there was another gangplank attached to the stern for luggage, and he was pushed through an opening just as the boat was pulling away from the pier. This was hardly a good experience for a man with a gastric ulcer, but, as he wrote in his diary, "a crate of boiled milk for infants saved me on the voyage." He landed on the 26th and caught a plane to Geneva, where Dr. Klebs and I met him. That night we dined at Klebs' house. Cushing was in top form, telling amusing stories and keeping the company in constant laughter. Here he was at 63, the greatest neurosurgeon in the world, acting like a schoolboy on his first trip to Europe and completely relaxed. He had cast aside the more than 20 years of drastic, meticulous surgery and suddenly become an eager tourist, anxious to go to Rome for the first time in his life.

We set out the next day in Klebs' car, with a chauffeur and himself in the front seat and the two pop-eyed tourists in the rear. The mountains were at their best, the Dent du Midi stood up like a sentinel. Crossing the Rhone, we stopped for lunch at Brig and then climbed up over the Simplon Pass, a gorgeous trip that fascinated us all. In the afternoon we crossed the Swiss border into Italy. Klebs, fluent in four languages, had no difficulty in passing us through customs. After stopping at Stresa, we ran down to Milan over the famous autostrada. Later in the afternoon we passed through Lodi, Piacenza, Modena, and finally to Bologna, where we dined in the courtyard of the hotel about 9:00 P.M. We were all a little tired from the long trip, but Cushing kept up his buoyant spirits and, as Klebs had arranged for every detail, including all the hotels and the meals, Cushing and I traveled as passengers with an expert courier. Indeed Klebs' knowledge of all the small towns in northern Italy and their significance in the making of incunabula was astounding. He knew every book that had been printed in any one of the towns, where the paper mill was situated, who ran it, and hundreds of details which only he could provide to his eager listeners. Cushing, although a little tired at the end of the day, had been remarkably quiet all during the trip, listening to every word spoken by Klebs.

Even at the age of 63, Cushing had the great ability of being a pupil in the presence of a man as learned as Klebs. It was the same attitude he had taken with Mrs. Collins and her Hammond typewriter back in 1915. He quickly recognized that Klebs was a perfectionist, too, with his descriptions of a printing press in a small Italian town, put there because there was a good stream of water to make paper.

The next day we left Bologna and drove over the steep Futa Pass. The motor boiled over once or twice, and we had to stop for it to cool off. During those intervals Cushing would lie down on the ground beside the road to rest. We drove south from Florence that afternoon, where we had stopped at the Restaurant Doney for lunch, visited the cathedral, and done a little sight-seeing. Klebs was anxious to get to Rome that night, so we drove rather quickly to Siena, with its lovely cathedral, where we stopped long enough to take a quick look before we proceeded on to the road to Rome. Klebs took us to Aquapendente along the shore of Lake Bolsena and over the Rodolofani Pass through Montefiascone to Viterbo. Here we picked up the Via Cassia, a direct road to Rome built on the original foundation. Rome was filled because of the International Congress of Physiologists which was to open the next day.

News that Cushing had arrived got around quickly, and Dr. Raffaele Bastianelli, the surgeon, called early the next morning. He was the personal physician to Mussolini and told us one or two interesting stories about the Duce. He found Mussolini a very intellectual man, well read in history and expert at languages, speaking fluently in English, Italian, French, and German. At the Munich Conference, I believe, he was the only participant who could speak the language of each delegate directly to the man in question.

Mussolini presided at the opening of the Congress, listened with understanding to the discourse of the English president, and made a few appropriate remarks himself in the same language and also in Italian. When the ceremony was over he stood up, threw back his head, and raised his arm in the Fascist salute. Cushing and I were sitting in the front row alongside of Pavlov, and at Mussolini's gesture Pavlov leaned over and whispered in Cushing's ear, "That was a conditioned reflex."

In the afternoon we did a little sight-seeing, as neither Cushing nor I had ever been to Rome. Klebs drove us part way to Naples on the

Via Appia. The next day we visited the Ospedale di S. Spirito, one of the oldest hospitals in Rome, with ancient frescoes on the walls. Then to the Lancisiana Library, where we found the signature book and left our cards and found Osler's signature written in April 1912. Then to St. Peter's Church to see the Pietà. In the afternoon we drove to Ostia and then to the new Ostia which had been built by Mussolini, where there were fine bathing beaches. Dr. Bastianelli gave us a splendid dinner on the end of the pier, far out over the water. It was a beautiful warm night with a moon, and we dined about 8:30, all very gay, with the band playing, and Cushing enjoying every minute of it. Every one knew Dr. Bastianelli as Mussolini's physician, and the other diners and the band gave him special attention.

The next day came more of the general sessions of the Congress and the big official dinner in the evening. Klebs and I sat together, but Cushing had to take the seat of honor.

It was on September 1 that we went to the Vatican Library, where we were welcomed by the librarian, Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli, an old friend of Klebs. He took us through the building, and being very tall and long of leg, he walked very fast. Cushing was feeling the pace and tended to drop behind. He conveniently lost his hat and took a long time to find it. In the meantime the librarian, even without turning his head to look behind, had sensed that Cushing was in a little difficulty. He instantly stopped, opened one of the book cases along the wall of the corridor, which turned out to be a door. We entered a lovely room with an open courtyard. Here we all found comfortable chairs and quickly relaxed. In the meantime Pacelli brought out some of the real treasures of the Vatican Library, including the Ptolemy maps and many illuminated manuscripts. He was a most kindly and considerate man, quick to notice Cushing's difficulty and solving the problem instantly. He later became Pope Pius XII.

On September 2 came Cushing's paper on his career as a neurosurgeon. He ran a little over his time, but every one in the audience wanted to hear more, and he got applause greater than anyone else at the Congress. Even Pavlov was not received with so much honor.

We left Rome in the afternoon twilight of a lovely day, passing Todi and Assisi in the distance and finally reaching Perugia, which stood out like a jewel high on a hill. We climbed up slowly to the front of the hotel, the Brufani Palace, one of the finest that I have ever seen,

all the rooms with a balcony at each window. The view was superb, and even at seven o'clock in the evening it was light enough to see the hills in the distance. Cushing was impressed by the big square in front of the hotel, with the beautiful fountain in the middle. Many people were walking about, taking in the splendid view in every direction. Both Cushing and I felt it was the pleasantest place we had seen in Italy, and the next day we could hardly tear ourselves away from the old Counting House, with the Perugino pictures, and the Town Hall library, with its many fine books and manuscripts which we had only a few minutes to view. Nevertheless we got the feel of the place, and Cushing acted like a happy and satisfied traveler.

We then passed through the hill towns of Gubbio and Urbino, all very splendid with their wealth of buildings and the Etruscan bronze tablets which attracted Cushing almost more than anything else he had seen. The day ended at Rimini, at the end of the Via Flaminia, the old Roman road north from the city.

From Rimini we drove north over the flat country, having left the hill towns behind us. Klebs noticed that this was the beautiful country of groves described in Dante's works. We crossed the Rubicon, a little stream, but a very important one in the history of Rome. This flat country has extensive dikes, reminding one of Flanders and parts of Holland.

At Ravenna we saw the splendid church of St. Apollinare, and Cushing was much taken by the superb mosaics on the walls, all showing an eastern influence, quite different from the Gothic. With his architectural background, he was enthusiastic, particularly noting the marble columns which held up the roof. They were perfect examples of the art of carving this stone, for they had been cut out by hand.

At Ferrara we saw the early frescoes, primitive in type, at the Museum. The Castello, the residence of the d'Este family, was a splendid, moated brick structure. Here, according to Klebs, Leoniceno, Michele Savanorola, and Paracelsus had all come to study.

In Padua, as it was Sunday, everything was closed, but we woke up the old curator and went inside to see the amphitheater, new since the time of Vesalius. We also found Harvey's stemma in the courtyard, up on the ceiling.⁶

We now headed for Venice and drove to San Giuliano, which is the

6. Geoffrey Keynes, *The Life of William Harvey* (Oxford, 1966).

entrance for motor cars, where we left our automobile. We went through the Grand Canal by motor boat to the Hotel Royal Danieli, where we occupied four big front rooms overlooking the Canal. After dinner Cushing and I took a gondola up and down the canals. Venice was having a carnival, and the canals were so crowded that it was difficult to get through the city, but everything was very gay and Cushing enjoyed it, and by going around through the smaller canals we saw a good deal.

The next afternoon we picked up our automobile again at San Giuliano and drove to Treviso on a very attractive road with plane trees planted on each side. As we approached the war area, however, we noted that many of the trees had been cut down by shellfire, leaving gaps in an otherwise perfect row. Crossing the Piave, we entered Fadalto Pass, stopping to pay our respects to Titian at Pieve di Cadore. Finally, after driving through the Dolomites, we arrived at Cortina, where we were met by Dr. Vittorio Putti, of Bologna, an orthopedic surgeon and a historian of note. At Cortina he had established a famous hospital where he cared for cases of chronic tuberculosis of the bones and joints. His patients spent most of their time outdoors in the sun and air and seemed in excellent condition. Putti put us up at the Grand Hotel Savoy, where we dined that night, with Cushing, Putti, and Klebs indulging their favorite historical reminiscences. It would be difficult to find at one table three men more learned, not only in the field of medical history, but also erudite in the entire world of knowledge. Only Osler would have been at ease on this high level.

The next day we left Cortina and entered Austria, passing through Innsbruck. In the afternoon we left for Munich, going west for a few miles to Zirl, and then turning sharply north, up a very stiff climb over East Zirl Berg, arriving in Munich at the Grand Hotel Continental in time for dinner. Here took place a scene which stands out clearly in my mind.

We dined in the main dining room of the Continental that night. It was filled with a rather gay crowd, completely at ease. Next to us sat Winston Churchill and a small party. They too were gay, and Churchill as usual had his large cigar. Suddenly it became unusually quiet in the dining room. A door at one side of the room had been opened, unnoticed by the guests, and in walked a small military-looking man, with a dull pasty complexion, a small moustache, and a pair of piercing

eyes. He wore a plain uniform, decorated only with an Iron Cross. Apparently heading for another part of the hotel, he crossed the dining room, walking straight to a further door without turning his head to right or left or paying the slightest attention to anyone in the room. There was an aura about him, however, that struck a chill through our hearts, for he was almost sinister in appearance, and the silence in the room as he passed through was oppressive. It was, of course, Adolf Hitler, a year before he became Chancellor. With him was a tall, lanky man, smiling, bowing to everyone, and obviously trying to offset the severity of Hitler's bearing. It was Ernst ("Putzi") Hanfstaengl, Hitler's buffoon, who had graduated from Harvard in 1909 and was well-known in the early days of the Hitler regime. In spite of his smiling appearance, he did little to dispel the gloomy atmosphere surrounding Hitler. As soon as Hitler had passed through the dining room everyone called for their accounts and began to disappear as quickly as possible. Klebs, Cushing, and I were glad to get out of that atmosphere and breathe the fresh air again, for we too had been affected by the arrogance of Hitler's personality.

It was still light enough at 9:30, and we went to the famous book store of Tauber and Weil, where these two friendly scholars had set out some books for Cushing. The books selected were once owned by Ulrich Ellenbog, a physician. Many of them had been annotated by this scholar. I too bought a book for the Boston Medical Library. This volume had a rather strange career during World War II and was lost for years. It was found again only when we moved to the Countway Library in 1965.⁷

On September 8 we headed for Switzerland again, passing through Bavaria. Turning off the main road, we went to Ottobeuren, where we found the old Benedictine monastery where Ellenbog and his group were active in the 15th century and whose books we had just bought the day before in Munich. We stopped and paid our respects and to celebrate had lunch at Memmingen, where the hotel produced some wonderful rainbow trout. Cushing smoked a cigar after lunch, as he was in a very gay mood, and once again acted like a boyish traveler just out of college and anticipating his first grand tour of Europe.

I thought at lunch what a strange friendship existed between Cush-

7. Viets, "An Errant Incunable," *New England Journal of Medicine*, CCLXXIII (1965), 224.

ing and Klebs. Two men of such different personalities, yet they developed a strong bond of friendship which lasted over many years. Arnold Klebs was a man with a Teutonic background and upbringing, with an imperious nature and little restraint. He was entirely different from Cushing, who was a Puritan at heart, and while he too had a somewhat imperious nature he ruled himself with constant determination. He cared little for food and drink, while Klebs loved both. It was Klebs, however, who greatly admired the freshness and vigor of life in the United States, and Cushing to him seemed to exemplify everything that he liked best in America and Americans. He found Cushing gay, witty, and with a deep sense of literary values.

We reached Zurich late in the afternoon and found rooms in a delightful private villa attached to the Hotel Baur au Lac. Here we had a little house to ourselves and dined in the glassed-in pavilion near a little brook running through the grounds. Next day we passed through some of the most delightful Swiss country, stopping for a moment at Lenzburg, then to Berne, and finally along the old Roman road to Lausanne.

Getting back to Klebs' home in Nyon in the late afternoon, we spent a few days with him reminiscing about our trip. On September 12 Cushing and I went by plane to Paris, where we spent a few days before flying to London.

On September 17 Cushing left Southampton on the *Berengaria* and I left Liverpool on the *Laconia*. It was a pleasant trip and the boats were in sight of each other for two or three days. Cushing and I exchanged wireless messages. He would wire, "What did Pavlov say when Mussolini stood up at the conference?" And I wired back, "'That was a conditioned reflex.'"

This was my last trip to Europe with Cushing. When I went abroad again in 1939 he was unable to travel and was busy writing his great life of Vesalius. Klebs and I made the usual tour but it was rather a dull routine without the effervescent Cushing at our side. When I returned home I stopped in New Haven to see him and tell him about my trip. He was alone in the house, and every table, chair, and settee was piled with books about Vesalius, for he was hard at work writing his great bio-bibliography.⁸ He pushed a few of the books from one corner and made a seat. For once Cushing was absolutely silent, and I

8. Harvey Cushing, *A Bio-bibliography of Andreas Vesalius* (New York, 1943).

had to do all the talking. He wanted to know everything about the trip, about Klebs, where we went and what we saw and whom we met. Late in the afternoon he walked out to the front door, taking my arm and escorting me as if something important were in view. We shook hands but said not a word. He must have felt that this was our last meeting, and so it proved to be, for Cushing died a few weeks later, and I was left with a great host of memories, some of which I have tried to convey to you in this paper.