



# The Oslerian

## THE MEDIEVAL HYSTERICAL SOCIETY OF NEW JERSEY and the FURTHER ADVENTURES OF THE LUNAR SOCIETY

Sandra Moss, MA, MD

**President's Message**  
(Continued)  
(Continued)

**2013 Meeting at  
a Glance**

**Lella Book Review  
Support the Library!**

**Oslerians in the news  
W.O. Worthy Wisdom**

**Lella Review (Cont.)  
Quote of the Issue**

**Call for Oslerian Art!**

2 For the last decade or so, I have  
3 been the program chair of the Medical  
4 History Society of New Jersey. We meet  
twice a year for four short talks by our  
members and an after-dinner talk by an  
invited luminary in the history of medicine.  
At least eight Oslerians (including five  
AOS past presidents) have been among  
our distinguished guest lecturers. We  
meet in Princeton at the historic Nassau  
Club and have been gaining strength for  
three decades. Three successive archi-  
vists from Special Collections at the Uni-  
versity of Medicine and Dentistry of New  
Jersey have served as anchors for our  
Society. Oslerians Allen Weisse and Ken  
Swan are both past presidents, as am I.  
AOS charter member Fred B. Rogers was  
also among the founders of the Medical  
History Society of New Jersey. Among our  
members is Oslerian Steven Peitzman  
from Philadelphia; Oslerian editor Joe  
VanderVeer also travels up from Pennsylv-  
ania to enjoy a meeting when he can —  
so I guess these out-of-staters make us  
sort of a regional society. We also have  
our very own philatelist, pathologist Fred  
Skvara, probably the leading medical phi-  
latelist in the world and the editor of *Scal-  
pel and Tongs: American Journal of Medi-  
cal Philately* (\$15 per year for four beau-  
tiful and informative issues, [fcskva-  
ra@optonline.net](mailto:fcskva-<br/>ra@optonline.net)). Fred does a tour-de-  
force philatelic presentation at each meet-  
ing based on the papers presented.



So how did we  
become — unofficially  
— the Medieval Hyster-  
ical Society of New Jer-  
sey? Aequanimitas has  
never been my strong  
point and nothing  
brings out the demons  
like “T-minus-2 hours-  
and-counting” before  
our biannual meeting.

The staff at the Nassau Club, once a rather  
staid institution, has become accustomed  
to my pre-meeting hyperactivity. Some  
years ago, I found out a few days before a  
heavily subscribed meeting that I had ne-  
glected to reserve the room; frantic last-  
minute efforts on the part of the Nassau  
Club got the situation — and me — under  
control (I sent the staff a big fruit basket in  
gratitude). The banquet manager, a man  
with graduate work in history and a sterling  
sense of humor, accordingly dubbed us  
(well, mainly me) the Medical HYSTERI-  
CAL Society of New Jersey. Further refine-  
ment in our “persona” followed. For some  
years, we hired a Princeton graduate Eng-  
lish student to help at the sign-in desk (\$50  
for two hours is excellent bait). One bud-  
ding English scholar replied by e-mail that  
he would be happy to work for the MEDIE-  
VAL Historical Society of New Jersey.  
When advised that “m-e-d-i-c-a-l” did not  
spell “medieval,” he replied that he had  
been reading too much Chaucer.



**President Sandra Moss**  
**43rd AOS President**  
**installed at the 2012**  
**meeting in Chapel Hill**

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## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE: (Continued from Page 1)

And so we became, informally, the MEDIEVAL HYSTERICAL SOCIETY OF NEW JERSEY.

In 2004, a few of the members of the MHSNJ decided to pay monthly lunchtime visits to our prolific and much respected nonagenarian founding member, David Cowen, professor emeritus at the Rutgers School of Pharmacy and a nationally recognized historian of pharmacy, as well as the author of a seminal history of medicine in New Jersey. His national stature was recognized by the American Association for the History of Medicine, which bestowed upon him their prestigious Lifetime Achievement Award in 1999 (along with a 90th birthday cake and a nice round of "Happy Birthday"). In 1989, the school of pharmacy at Rutgers University established the nation's first lecture series in the history of pharmacy and named it in David's honor. Beginning in 2001, the annual Cowen Award of the MHSNJ has been presented to a member in recognition of a body of work in the history of medicine. David Cowen was the first recipient; all three New Jersey Oslerians (Ken Swan, Allen Weisse, and I) have received the award in recent years. The awardee receives a stunning pair of gold-engraved bookends — you can pack a lot of book weight between these solid blocks of beautiful green marble.



**DAVID COWEN  
EMERITUS PROFESSOR  
RUTGERS SCHOOL  
OF PHARMACY**

David was 94 or 95 when our small group began its monthly visits (I brought the pastrami on rye that David loved, others brought desserts or chipped in for the "deli," and David provided his dining room and his favorite beverage — tomato juice — and insisted on paying his share of the deli bill). David's library was a bulging, sagging floor-to-ceiling affair familiar to many Oslerians — watching him trying to reach something on an upper shelf was — well, scary — I wasn't so much afraid that he would fall as I was that he would be beamed by a vintage phonebook-sized pharmacopoeia and that I might become an "accessory." Sharp as a tack, David steered the lunchtime gossip and chatter toward more serious discussions of the history of medicine and encouraged us to write capsule histories of New Jersey medical luminaries for our society newsletter.

(Please continue in next column ↑)

He wrote one or two of these himself and they stand as the last of his scores of publications in the history of medicine and pharmacy. Our monthly meetings went on for about a year and a half, with attendees ranging from three to eight as schedules permitted. We celebrated David's last birthday with decorations and a cake. A month or so before his brief final illness in 2006, David gave me a 19th-century pharmacopoeia from his library and a long run of *Medical History* journals — wonderful additions to my library.

## THE LUNAR SOCIETY

Which brings us to the Lunar Society, the name that our little group of monthly visitors adopted — a tip of the hat to the glorious Lunar Society of Birmingham, England. Originally an informal Lunar Circle of provincial industrialists and artisans with a passion for "natural philosophy," the Lunar Society of Birmingham was formally launched in 1775, meeting monthly in the estates of its members until 1813, when it disbanded. The Lunar men, some fourteen over the years, came from Birmingham and nearby towns of the British Midlands on the Sunday (later Monday to accommodate preacher Joseph Priestley) nearest the full moon (to ease their journeys home).

I cannot do better than to quote Jenny Uglow, author of *The Lunar Men: Five Friends Whose Curiosity Changed the World* (2002), a recent scholarly study of the Lunar Society (though a little light on William Withering of digitalis fame). The Lunar men, wrote Uglow, were a "kaleidoscope of invention and ideas." The passions of each fired the minds of the others. Whatever their professional callings, they were addicted to natural philosophy — they mineralized, fossilized, botanized, "astronomized," collected, experimented, and classified. They grabbed the evolving science of their age by the throat and shook it hard to release its secrets. Of course, they did not call themselves scientists, for until the 1830s, there were only "natural philosophers." The Royal Society liberally sprinkled fellowships on the "Lunatics," as they cheerfully called themselves. Not surprisingly, the members were enchanted by Ben Franklin, whom some of them knew personally.

These were practical men with day jobs: "Amid fields and hills the Lunar men build factories, plan canals, make steam-engines thunder. They discover new gases, new minerals, and new medicines and propose unsettling new ideas. They create objects of beauty and poetry of bizarre allure. They sail on the crest of the new."

The names of some of Lunar members are well known and included at least three physicians. Membership evolved as men died or moved away: **Erasmus Darwin**, physician (Edinburgh), was an inventor, poet, translator, naturalist, proto-evolutionist, physiologist, slave trade abolitionist, dabbler in linguistics and phonetics, and a champion of education for women.

(President's Message Continued on Pg. 3)

## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE: (Continued from Page 2)

A pockmarked, corpulent gourmand with a stammer, Darwin was possessed of endless curiosity and a rather unforgivable penchant for stealing Withering's work and calling it his own. **Matthew Boulton**, industrialist, and the "flamboyant chief of the first great 'manufactory,'" was a designer and producer of clever gizmos and useful and decorative metalware, minter of coins and medals, enthusiastic experimenter and observer of nature, and partner with James Watt in promoting the steam engine. **James Watt**, a Scot by birth who was trained as a precision scientific instrument maker, was the mechanical engineer who invented the practical steam engine that would drive British industry. **Josiah Wedgwood** was the famed potter of Staffordshire, tireless experimenter in the chemistry of glazes and clays, master of jasper, marketing innovator, and abolitionist. Oslerians (especially the archivists and incurable bibliophiles) will be tickled by a note in Wedgwood's diary to the effect that Mrs. Wedgwood said "I must buy no more books 'till I build another house and [she] advises me to first read some of those I already have." **Joseph Priestley**, dissenting clergyman who strongly influenced British Unitarianism, was an educator, experimenter in electricity and magnetism, chemist of gases who isolated "dephlogistened air" (oxygen) and invented carbonated water, political theorist and visionary leader of Rational Dissent — and, in the end, a political refugee in Pennsylvania. **James Keir**, graduate in medicine (Edinburgh) and soldier in the West Indies, was a chemist and owner of a chemical works, glassworks manufacturer, mineralogist, metallurgist, and a defender (with Priestley) of the French Revolution. **John Whitehurst**, clockmaker and inventor of scientific instruments and industrial machines, was a geologist and author of an influential theory on geological strata. In Uglow's words, Whitehurst "worked with minutes but dreamt of millennia, the age of the earth itself." **William Small**, physician (Aberdeen) who practiced in Birmingham from 1765, was for a time professor of natural philosophy and mathematics at the College of William and Mary in Williamsburg (among his students was Thomas Jefferson). Small dabbled in mathematics, chemistry, and clockworks. He died in 1775 at age forty. **William Withering**, physician (Edinburgh) invited to Birmingham by Darwin to assume Small's practice in 1775, was an early Linnaean and influential botanical classifier and author, gifted mineralogist (witheringite is named for him), and most importantly, clinical researcher and meticulous observer who introduced digitalis into medical practice. Darwin, a man of diverse great appetites, moved to claim credit for digitalis and exaggerated his own role in the introduction of the drug.

On top of all that, Darwin called Withering (recognized by Continental naturalists as the English

Linnaeus) a "pseudo-botanist" who invented "uncouth" British botanical names. The bitter feud between Darwin and Withering was never resolved.

These Lunar men "formed a constellation of extraordinary individuals, a tangle of friendships and dependencies, arguments and loyalties. . . . They felt the greatness of the cosmos and its limitless possibilities, the beauty of the infinitely small . . . and the grandeur of the vast, the thundering force of steam, the rolling clouds, the relentless flow of lava over aeons. They knew that knowledge was provisional, but they also understood that it brought power, and believed that this power should belong to us all. The legacy of the Lunar men is with us still, in the making of the modern world, and in the inspiring confidence with which all these friends, in their different ways, reached so eagerly for the moon." So writes Jenny Uglow.

### THE LESSER LUNARS OF NEW JERSEY

So, back to the Medical History Society of New Jersey. The lighthearted suggestion that we call our little group of ambassadors to David Cowen the Lunar Society was eagerly adopted. If we had known more about the real Lunar men, we probably would not have been so presumptuous; at best we were the slimmest of crescent lunas. We could have called ourselves the Solar Society, meeting as we did at noon, but how could we (or any other small cluster of friends and colleagues for that matter) outshine the magnificent Lunar men?

With David's death, our Lunar Society went into a long eclipse. But this year, a new president has set about restoring the moonlight. The new MHSNJ Lunar Society will encompass a series of activities for interested members — a small winter luncheon program to be held between the fall and spring banquets, a series of museum trips (actually, so far it is a series of one trip to view the Abram Belskie medical art and sculpture in the Belskie Museum in Closter, Bergen County, New Jersey), and a works-in-progress seminar group. The latter, currently in the planning stage, will meet in members' homes, with a serious effort to seek out members who find it difficult or impossible to drive to our usual meetings, thus keeping them involved in medical history. For those of us who are actively writing or researching out in the provinces, feedback is often a scarce resource.

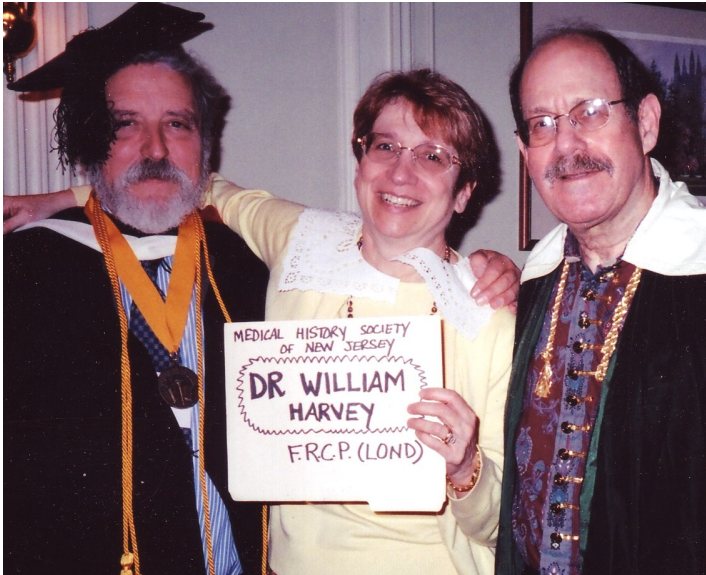
### THE MOON BELONGS TO EVERYONE. . . .

Should you contemplate a Lunar Society of your own to sustain you between AOS meetings (remember, the Birmingham Lunar Society began with just five members) — just do it! Visit an elderly medical historian or humanist who is no longer able to drive; share your abstracts and other publications with one another over pastrami sandwiches. Who knows. . . .? And if time permits, read *The Lunar Men* by Jenny Uglow — it is rather non-linear in its presentation, but then so were the Lunar men themselves, as the president of our MHSNJ recently pointed out to me.

## (President's Message — continued)

**AND THAT'S IT FOR ME. . . .**

And that, as Garrison Keillor says on "A Prairie Home Companion," is the news from Lake Wobegon — or, this being New Jersey — the news from Lake Hopatcong. I now turn this column over to our incoming president, Pamela Miller, who will take you on some trips of her own — as only an archivist can do!



Invited to give the 2005 guest lecture to the MHSNJ, our much-missed late president, Mark Silverman, sent along his fellow cardiologist William Harvey (who, amazingly, knew how to use PowerPoint). The sign was used to guide Dr. Harvey through the Newark Airport (an adventure in any century). The worthy at left is the ersatz president of the College of Physicians in London (aka forensic psychiatrist Dan Greenfield, president of the MHSNJ), who is wearing David Cowen's Rutgers robes and a valedictorian medallion from Metuchen High School. The ladylike "ruff" around program chair Sandra Moss' neck was cut out from a paper doily.

— Sandra Moss, M.A., M.D.  
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**ANSWER to CHALLENGE QUOTE (in last Issue):**

The quote was from Marcia Angel (former editor of the *NEJM*), in an interview for PBS, 10 September 2006.

## American Osler Society 43rd Annual Meeting Loews Ventana Canyon Tucson, AZ April 7-10, 2013 Meeting at a Glance

**Sunday, April 7**

2:00-6:00 p.m.	Registration
3:00-5:00 p.m.	Readings
5:00-6:00 p.m.	Art Exhibit Setup
5:30-7:00 p.m.	Past President's Dinner
7:00-9:00 p.m.	Board of Governors Meeting

**Monday, April 8**

7:00 a.m.-4:45 p.m.	Registration
7:00-8:00 a.m.	Continental Breakfast
8:00 am-5:00 p.m.	Art Exhibit
8:00 a.m.-Noon	General Session
12:00-1:00 p.m.	Luncheon
1:00-5:00 p.m.	General Session
6:30 p.m.	Reception with Flamenco Guitarist Music & Stargazing with Experienced Astronomer

**Tuesday, April 9**

7:00 a.m.-noon	Registration
7:00-8:00 a.m.	Continental Breakfast
8:00 a.m.-noon	Art Exhibit
8:00 a.m.-noon	General Session
12:00-1:00 p.m.	Luncheon
1:00-5:00 p.m.	General Session
6:00-7:00 p.m.	Social Hour
7:00-9:00 p.m.	Banquet

**Wednesday, April 10**

7:00-8:00 a.m.	Continental Breakfast
7:30-8:30 a.m.	Ann. Business Meeting
8:30-12 noon	General Session
12:00 noon	Adjourn

**PLEASE DON'T BE BASHFUL** regarding your own accomplishments or those of your AOS colleagues! **SEND** such items to the editor at [joebvv2@live.com](mailto:joebvv2@live.com)





## BOOK REVIEW by Joseph Lella

***The Heart Specialist***

by

Claire Holden Rothman

Montreal: Cormorant Books, 2009

New York: Soho Press, 2011

London: World Publications, 2011



Maude Abbott ~ age 24

Oslerians know Maude Abbott (1869-1940), among other achievements, for her lovingly assembled and massive volume, *Sir William Osler: Appreciations and Reminiscences*, 1926. One of Canada's first woman physicians, she was a pioneer in the study of congenital heart disease. Her outstanding teaching and publications, work in Montreal as curator of the McGill Medical Museum, and organizer of the International Association of Medical Museums earned high praise from Osler. She never received appropriate recognition from her beloved McGill University. There is no doubt that this was a result of the era's gender bias.

One can learn about "Maudie" through a short autobiography and several articles and books but to my mind none of these makes its subject as humanly accessible as Claire Rothman's wonderful novel set in the Montreal, and Quebec of Abbott's years from the age of 5 in 1874 to 1919. After a close reading of the record, including the Osler Library's archived correspondence between Abbott and Osler, Rothman's imagination fills in the blanks to create Dr. Agnes White, a woman who had "Abbott's career," in time, place and social context. *The Heart Specialist* tells the story of Agnes's heart and work on hearts, and she works on ours.

(Please continue in next column ↑)

Having read much about Maude's life and work, I found Agnes a believable stand-in. Can one ever know the heart, the emotional life, of an historical figure? A biographer can try to discover it in the data, and convince the readers that he or she has grasped it, but can one ever really *know* it? I would answer "Yes" – at least as much as one can about any complex corner of history. Claire's Agnes is like Maude, but because of Claire's imaginative identification and writer's creativity, she is more like a real woman than one might create by staying as close to the facts as possible.

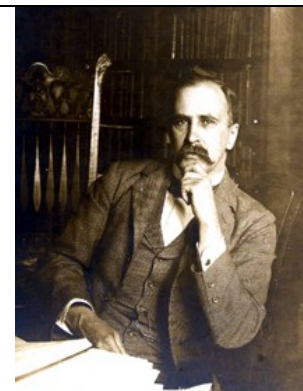
Agnes is a woman with whom we too can identify, empathize, and even love. She seems a fictional, fraternal twin, a jumping off point for imagining or even creating our own Maude from the data.

The facts in Maude's life and its real people are lightly disguised and recreated. William Osler (Willie) has become William Howlett (also Willie). Grace Revere Osler has become Kitty Revere Howlett. His son Revere is a Howlett. Agnes (like Maude) adores the charming and influential Dr Howlett as a substitute father who, after opposing women as doctors, comes to praise her work in cardiology and then, with her, to co-author a prize winning work. (Osler called Abbott's contribution to his *Principles and Practices of Medicine* the best piece of work ever written on the topic. His praise helped her achieve international recognition.) All of this

(Please continue on page six)

**SUPPORT THE OSLER LIBRARY!**

The Osler Library of the History of Medicine is launching a drive to ensure that it continues to flourish the way Sir William Osler dreamed it would. The Library values your support. Be sure to read the brochure about the Osler Library Endowment fund that accompanies the mailing of this issue of the Oslerian.



### Joe Lella's Book Review of *The Heart Specialist* (Continued)

is crafted to fit into a life that, though it is similar to Maude's, is not the same.

Agnes enters the book with evocative memories of her absent father, Dr. Honoré Bourret. We then see her, as a young girl secretly dissecting the fresh carcass of a squirrel. Her lab is an outbuilding on the family's property in St. Andrew's East along the Ottawa River, east of Montreal. Her mother is deceased and her father has abandoned the family and disappeared. He was a disgraced McGill pathologist, plausibly charged but not convicted of murdering his crippled and deaf sister. Agnes (who has been given her mother's last name because of the disgrace) has his microscope and uses it to observe insect carcasses. She has collected butterflies, and saved their remains in jars. She keeps these activities hidden from her and her sister's guardian, their grandmother, who sees them as unbecoming a well-bred young lady. Agnes is consumed by a desire to continue, feeling that her curiosity and work keeps faith with her father's memory. She loyally regards him as innocent of the murder.

The squirrel scene drew this reader instantly and eagerly into Agnes's life. We follow her steely determination – despite family disapproval to get an education – to enter McGill as an undergraduate, and to pursue medicine and as a clinician and academic.

She succeeds brilliantly as an undergraduate but is rejected by McGill medical school despite organizing local society figures to donate large sums to the faculty to overcome its objections. She gets a medical degree at Bishop's, studies abroad in

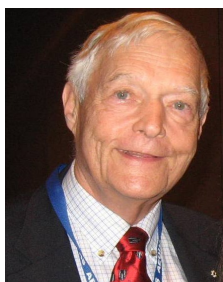
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Vienna, and returns to pry open first, acceptance into a McGill residency, then a low status job as Medical Museum supervisor. Thence Agnes moves through difficulties to the triumphs noted above. She does this with Howlett's help. He now recognizes her motivation and merit after opposing her acceptance to medical school at McGill.

Throughout all this, we see her determination to "become like her father" and ultimately to find and become reconciled to him. Her adoration of Howlett is fueled by his link to her father, who had been his mentor in pathology at McGill. He had worked with Howlett in the Montreal Death House especially identifying and classifying conditions in diseased hearts that had occasioned patients' deaths—one of these most prominently, that of a patient who had died of a strange cardiac anomaly. Howlett deposited the heart in the medical museum. Its dissection and analysis were wrongly attributed to him and not Agnes's father. It came to be called the Howlett heart. "Willie" occasionally acknowledged this as his mistake, but the attribution continued, even in publication. Why this mistake was made by the always-meticulous Howlett was never clarified. Agnes was mystified by it.

As her career advances, Agnes becomes responsible for her mentally ill and ailing sister, whose marriage fails because of her problems. While doing her medical work, Agnes ferries from her Montreal apartment to St. Andrew's to care for her. Women's work is never far from her, nor are a woman's emotions.

(Please continue on page seven)



## OSLERIANS IN THE NEWS

Oslerians who heard the AOS Presidential address given by Michael Bliss at the AOS 2011 Meeting in Philadelphia will be pleased to know it has been published as "Medical Exceptionalism" in *Perspectives in Biology and Medicine*, vol. 55, number 3 (summer 2012), 402-08.

### Worthy Wisdom From William Osler

"Man has an inborn craving for medicine... the desire to take medicine is one feature which distinguishes man, the animal, from his fellow creatures,"

"The young physician starts life with twenty drugs for each disease, and the old physician ends life with one drug for twenty diseases."



A handsome and talented museum assistant, Jakob Hertzlich, becomes attracted to her and they have a subliminally pursued relationship. Jakob reveals his family's immigrant Jewish story. Agnes tells about her family and they achieve physical intimacy which comes close but fails to be consummated emotionally and physically because of Agnes's inability to recognize the depths of her own heart. A particularly moving section of the novel describes Agnes's personal devastation when she faces a fire's destruction of the museum to which she had dedicated much time and energy. Jakob worked tirelessly to save much of the museum and their relationship, slightly rekindled, is quickly re-stifled.

One can only guess Maude's feelings upon encountering damages from the real fire in 1907. Then, Osler wrote to her from Oxford, "Sad news this morning about the burning of the school. I am afraid the loss in the museum is serious...In any case a few years will put the museum in a much better shape than we could have hoped to see it in the old quarters, so please take courage." (Harvey Cushing, *The Life of Sir William Osler*, v. II, p. 87.) Of course, the tone of Howlett's relationship with Agnes is based on Osler's of Maude.

The novel's climax is reached during and after the Great War. Howlett has been living in England, now as Regius Professor of Medicine, Oxford, in a home called, as Osler's, the Open Arms. He is now Sir William. Jakob encounters him in England having left Montreal despairing of a relationship with Agnes who has thrust him from her. He has continually denigrated her feelings for Howlett whom he regards as a self-seeking stuffed shirt using Agnes to glorify himself. Jakob is unaware of Agnes' feelings for Howlett as a link to her father. She has kept up her desire to see him, hoping that somehow he has read her publications and will find her.

Jakob has served with Revere Howlett in France. He sketched him and war scenes and has given the sketches to Sir William after Revere is killed by shrapnel. Howlett visits the front with Jakob to retrace his beloved Revere's steps. Jakob discovers that Howlett has known the whereabouts of Honoré Bourret in France all along! Disillusioned with Howlett who has kept this information from her, Agnes journeys to England, then France to find her father. It is here, dear reader, that I must end this sketchy distillation of *The Heart Specialist*. Why spoil the ending for you?

Read the book. It contains rich descriptions of Montreal, and McGill, medical figures and their social life—fictionalized but realistic pictures of much more than I've been able to suggest.

For me, as a long-time but now ex-Montrealer, reading it was to step back in time into streets, and buildings, streetscapes and vistas long changed but somehow familiar. Portraits of Maude Abbot, Sir William Osler, long ago Deans and faculty seen on the walls of McGill faculty, classrooms, and hospitals came alive: fictive, but alive nonetheless. I urge you to enter into what for me was an exercise in historical imaging. Think of your own 'medical history' and if you wish, try re-imagining it.

It was somewhat distracting for me as I read *The Heart Specialist* to be constantly wondering what was and what wasn't fiction. Finally, I gave up and surrendered (almost) to Agnes. Perhaps, to put these distractions to rest, I should have re-visited a short but authoritative biography of Maude Abbott—*Maudie of McGill: Dr. Maude Abbott and the Foundations of Heart Surgery*, by Douglas Waugh, MD in the Series, Canadian Medical Lives, Toronto, 1992.

*The Heart Specialist* is Claire Holden Rothman's first novel. It was short-listed for the prestigious Scotiabank Giller Prize. The author has previously published two collections of short stories: *Salad Days*, and *Black Tulip*. She has been a lawyer, teacher, newspaper columnist and translator in Montreal, where she lives and was born.

— Joseph W. Lella  
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## QUOTE OF THE ISSUE

When a doctor is really ill, so ill that the world seems to hold nothing but his pain or nausea, and he lies there weltering in his own private misery, he learns quickly enough the supreme importance of the patient. A young surgeon, an assistant in my department years ago, began to feel a little feverish and chronically tired, In a routine sort of way, because he had ordered so many patients to do the same, he had his chest X-rayed. Next day he dropped into the X-ray department and chanced to see a chest film on the viewing box. "**Whew!**" said he, "**That's a hot looking chest! Who in the world's walking around with lungs like that?**"

The radiologist left his desk, put his arm on the young surgeon's shoulder and said "**Old man, that's yours.**" His own lungs, not just X-ray number 3006, not just another patient in a sanatorium; his own lungs, his own career at stake, his own family threatened with disaster.

-- George W. Corner. *Anatomist at Large*.  
(NY: Basic Books, © 1958) pg. 161.

**AMERICAN OSLER SOCIETY**

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**Aequanimitas**

*The AMERICAN OSLER SOCIETY exists to bring together members of the medical and allied professions, who by common inspiration are dedicated to memorialize and perpetuate the just and charitable life, the intellectual resourcefulness, and the ethical example of Sir William Osler, who lived from 1849 to 1919. Its OSLERIAN is published quarterly.*

**We're on the Web!**  
✓ us out at:  
[www.americanosler.org](http://www.americanosler.org)

**A CALL FOR ART WORKS BY OSLERIANS & FRIENDS**

*William Osler once said that "no man is really happy or safe without a hobby." He also counseled doctors to "have a hobby and ride it hard." May Oslerians do indeed have artistic hobbies, and in Tucson will have a chance to show their stuff. Again this year at the Annual Meeting, Herbert Swick has organized an Art Exhibit where we can share our creations. Please use the form below to contact him to arrange to show your work when we meet in Loews Ventana Canyon, April 7-10, 2013.*

**2013 AOS Art Exhibit Application Form**

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

Email: \_\_\_\_\_

Type of work: (please check)

☐ painting/drawing (medium: \_\_\_\_\_)

☐ photography

☐ sculpture (material: \_\_\_\_\_)

☐ other art form (please specify): \_\_\_\_\_

Title of work: \_\_\_\_\_

Size: \_\_\_\_\_ (Dimensions in cm)

Brief description of work (optional): \_\_\_\_\_

Special exhibition needs, if any \*\*  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

**Deadline for applications is March 1, 2013.**

**Please submit applications to:**

Herbert Swick, 4 Brookside Way, Missoula, MT 59802 or by e-mail to [hmlswick@msn.com](mailto:hmlswick@msn.com). Please direct any questions to him at that address, or call him at 406-542-6560.

\*\* It may be possible to accommodate special needs, depending upon the nature of the request and the exhibit space.

**AOS Members** — Please forward to the editor information worth sharing with one another for MEMBERS IN THE NEWS column, including awards and publications for yourself or other Oslerians. - JBV