

## IMPRESSIONS OF THE CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS OF ANAESTHESIA IN GREAT BRITAIN

WESLEY BOURNE, M.D.

*Montreal, Canada*

Received for publication June 27, 1947

(Continued from May issue)

While at Cambridge, there came to mind that splendid little book, written by James Frank Dobie—*A Texan in England*, which all English-speaking people should read. This author was attached to Emmanuel College as a Visiting Lecturer in American History during the war. An Honourary M.A. was conferred upon him in 1944. He tells his impressions of England in a most delightful manner.

My time was up and I had to say goodbye to Cambridge and to St. John's, one of the most picturesque colleges in the University with the arms of Lady Margaret, supported by the Beaufort antelopes, "on a ground in which the daisy, the foundress' punning emblem, occurs very lavishly"; with her Hall of fine wainscoting, which is of the linen-pattern; with her six courts; and with her Bridge of Sighs, which is not so comfortless as that of Venice:

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;

A palace and a prison on each hand:

Byron, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*,

c. lv. st. 1.

Lord Byron explained to Mr. Murray in 1817 that "The Bridge of Sighs" (i.e. Ponte de'i Sospiri) is that which divides, or rather joins, the palace of the Doge to the prison of the state. It has two passages: "the criminal went by the one to judgment, and returned by the other to death, being strangled in a chamber adjoining, where there was a mechanical process for the purpose." And so Charles saw me off at the station on the afternoon of Monday, November 4th, 1946.

A few hours later, Henry Featherstone met me at Lichfield and took me to his home, The Knoll, Barton-under-Needwood, near Burton-on-Trent. I was able to tell him that I had seen his son, Pat (W. P. D. Featherstone), who is at Trinity in Cambridge: A fine young man who was with Montgomery and received a decoration at his hands. Pat is studying agriculture with a view to developing his father's estate. "The Knoll" is more than a knoll. It is a beautiful residence, about

\* From the Department of Anesthesia, McGill University, Montreal, Canada.

seventy-five years old, surrounded with gardens and trees, and looking down and out upon some forty acres of cultivated land. (The bulk of Featherstone's estate is located not many miles away and is between five and six hundred acres.) Among the trees are many a great holly—much more than a simple evergreen shrub; several monkey-puzzle trees (*Araucaria imbricata*)—more than twice the size of the one my wife and I first saw in the yard of *The Old England* hotel at Lake Windermere in 1926. (It is a mystery to me that whereas this species of coniferae grows very slowly and, as it is said that the one at Windermere is several hundred years old, how can the Featherstone trees be so great seeing that the natural habitat is South America? It may be that the soil of *The Knoll* possesses infinitesimal traces of some unusually rare chemical furthering growth!); and the oaks many of them enormous gnarled things belonging to the original Needwood Forest which covered this district and gave shelter to bold Robin Hood as did the Sherwood Forest. A large bough of one huge oak had, in splitting away from the trunk, fallen on a sturdy holly, which, although becoming decapitated, still supports the oak's limb and still continues to grow around it by virtue of its own side-branching. These oaks must be more mighty and older far than *The Byron Oak*, of which Thomas Moore tells the noble Poet planted at Newstead. When Henry Featherstone showed me these sublimely majestic living things, I was filled with awe and reminded of some lines from Pushkin:

### СТАНСЫ.

Брожу ли я вдоль улиць шумныхъ  
Вхожу ль во многолюдный храмъ,  
Сижу ль межъ юношей безумныхъ,  
Я предаюсь моимъ мечтамъ.

Я говорю: промчатся годы,  
И сколько здѣсь не видно насъ,  
Мы всё сойдемъ подъ вѣчныя своды—  
И чей-нибудь ужъ близокъ часъ.

Гляжу ль на дубъ уединенный,  
Я мыслю: патриархъ лѣсовъ  
Переживетъ мой вѣкъ забвенный,  
Какъ пережилъ онъ вѣкъ отцовъ.

Младенца ль милаго ласкаю,  
Уже я думаю: прости!  
Тебѣ я мѣсто уступаю:  
Мнѣ время тлѣть, тебѣ цвѣсти.  
День каждый,

## Stanzas

Along the noisy streets I wander,  
 A church invites me, it may be,  
 Or with mad youths my time I squander,  
 And still these thoughts are haunting me:

This year will fly, the next will follow  
 As fast, and all whom you see here  
 Eternity will swiftly swallow;  
 For some the hour is drawing near.

When I behold a lone oak thriving,  
 I think: when I age and decay,  
 This patriarch will be surviving,  
 As it survived my fathers' day.

If I caress a babe, I'm thinking  
 Thus soon: Farewell I must make room  
 For you, and out of sight be sinking—  
 My time to fade is yours to bloom.

. . . . .  
 . . . . .

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN  
 (Translation by Babette Deutsch)

Besides the trees there are many other out-door beauties, which must be all the more beautiful when the days are longer. In their midst are the well-appointed stables and the capacious glass-houses. In one of these were thriving immense grape vines with bunches of luscious fruit. In another, chrysanthemums bloomed abundantly. During the war, Margaret (Mrs. F.), with very little help, worked hard to keep things going. Her husband, again in the Army, was C. O. of a Hospital-ship, sunk on D-day. He was decorated with the O.B.E. for the heroic work done on the occasion. Her eldest daughter, Diana, was working in an aeroplane factory; her second, Ann, was a Wren and the youngest was at school. The women of Britain have taken their troubles magnificently.

The Featherstones took me about to many places of interest while pointing out some of the glories of Staffordshire. Thus we came to the beautiful valley of the river Dove and getting out of the car, walked along the banks where Isaak Walton used to fish in the middle of the seventeenth century. Although early winter, the Dove's water was most limpid and, looking into it, one remembers *The Compleat Angler* with its "discourse of fish and fishing" and its philosophical dialogue between *Piscator* and *Viator*. One remembers Sir Humphrey Davy's defence of Walton in his *Salmonia: or Days of Fly Fishing*. One character quotes Byron as calling Walton "A quaint old cruel coxcomb." (Don Juan, C. XII, st. 106.) Another character vindicates the memory of Walton by replying that his moral and religious habits, "his sim-

plicity of manners, and his well-spent life, exonerate him from the charge of cruelty; and the book of a coxcomb would not have been so great a favourite with most persons of refined taste." High up on the mountain overlooking Dovedale is the Isaak Walton Inn. Here we were refreshed with tea. On the way home we stopped to look at the quaint little Derbyshire village, called Ilam, of which it has been said that its "prettinesses have run wild."

The next day we went to Lichfield with her famous old Cathedral of red sandstone and possessing three graceful spires, called "The Ladies of the Vale." This little city of Lichfield is charming and is further renowned as being the birthplace of Doctor Johnson. In the park, there is a large statue of Johnson and a smaller one of Boswell. In J. W. Krutch's *Samuel Johnson* (1944), the following is recounted: "It is true that on one of his last visits to the town of his birth he disappeared from company at breakfast, did not return until the supper hour, and then, after an uneasy silence, explained his absence: 'Fifty years ago, Madam, on this day, I committed a breach of filial piety, which has ever since lain heavy on my mind, and has not till this day been expiated. My father, you recollect, was a bookseller, and had long been in the habit of attending Uttoxeter market, and opening a stall for the sale of his books during that day. Confined to his bed by indisposition, he requested me, this time fifty years ago, to visit the market, and attend the stall in his place. But, Madam, my pride prevented me from doing my duty, and I gave my father a refusal. To do away the sin of this disobedience, I this day went in a postchaise to Uttoxeter, and going into the market at the time of high business, uncovered my head, and stood with it bare an hour before the stall which my father had formerly used, exposed to the sneers of the standers-by and the inclemency of the weather; a penance by which I trust I have propitiated heaven for this only instance, I believe, of contumacy toward my father!'" Later on we paid a visit to Uttoxeter and had an excellent dinner at The White Hart Inn. The linen-fold panelling of the lounge of this inn is superb.

Shropshire produced not only Henry Hill Hickman but also William Withering, 1741-1799, known to fame for the introduction of digitalis as a therapeutic agent. He was a botanist, mineralogist and chemist; linguist, particularly in latin; an artist in music, poetry and painting; and as well, a physician, practising first in Stafford and then in Birmingham. It was here that Henry Featherstone lead me around one day. He drew attention to the places desolated by bombing and to those of interest in this highly industrial city. He showed me through the Queen Elizabeth Hospital, which is elaborate and very modern. Featherstone is Chief Anaesthetist of this hospital and the anaesthesia is thoroughly up-to-date. He also took me about the University of Birmingham, whose Royal Charter was granted in 1900. Here, The Right. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain was Chancellor from the beginning until he

died in 1914. The University's Buildings at Edgbaston were opened by Edward VII in 1909. In the great hall are portraits of many leaders, among which is that of Sir Oliver Lodge, who was Principal from 1900 to 1919. The Medical School Building was opened in 1938. Withering was buried at Edgbaston Church in which is a tablet to his memory, "enriched with emblems of the AEsculapian art, and representations of the digitalis purpurea and the Witheringia solanacea." On our way back from Birmingham, we went into the magnificent church at Hoar Cross. This is most beautiful in every detail. It was designed by G. F. Bodley and financed by Lady Meynell Inghram, sister of Lord Halifax of the time (1871). Everything in this church seems to be complete. The stained-glass windows are adorable, the woodwork is of the best and the Stations of the Cross are carved and overlaid with pure gold. It is High-Church there and the only difference that I could see from a Roman Catholic church was that the inscriptions were in English and not in Latin. I was completely at home with the Featherstones, theirs is the quintessence of domestic English hospitality.

Saying au revoir to these kind people on the morning of November 7th—the birthday of du Bois Reymond and of Madame Curie—I went to Liverpool via Stafford and took off by aeroplane from Speke for Dublin. In the summer of 1926 the late Mr. Robert Southern, merchant of Manchester, had with his daughter, taken my wife and myself through Cheshire and Chester; through the north mountains of Wales and over the bridge across the Straits of Menai; through Anglesey, the den of old Druids, to Rhos Neigr to spend the week-end at his cottage there on the beach. Now looking down from above, as we flew, because it was a bright sunny afternoon, we could see several beaches, girth round by rocks and with waves rolling in. None of these was that of Rhos Neigr, but they lent light to memory's lamp:

O flower of all wind-flowers and sea-flowers,  
 Made lovelier by love of the sea  
 Than thy golden own field-flowers, or tree-flowers  
 Like foam of the sea-facing tree!  
 No foot but the seamew's there settles  
 On the spikes of thine anthers like horns,  
 With snow-coloured spray for thy petals,  
 Black rocks for thy thorns.

Swinburne, *The Garden of Cymodoce*, Str. 3.

In Dublin I stayed at the Four Courts Hotel, overlooking the Liffey, on the waters of which Lieutenant Arthur Wesley, later, The Duke of Wellington, had stared from his windows on Lower Ormond Quay. Here, at breakfast next morning, sitting at the same table was Mr. William O'Donnell, a Member of The Dail. When he learned that I was from Canada, he said: "We shall do something for you," and at

once he introduced me to Mr. Maurice F. Davin, a farmer of Carrick-on-Suir, County Tipperary. This charming Irish gentleman is a fine-looking man of age sixty with elegant demeanour and stands more than six feet. He is famous for his prowess in youth at running, at sculling and at swimming. He plays golf, is a lover of dogs and horses, and is a Judge of Coursing. He said to me, in words like these: "If you do not mind walking, come along with me. I go up to Dublin often and do what little business I have to do on foot. I know my Dublin well and shall be pleased to show you around." He gave me the whole day. Never before has such kindness been shown to me so spontaneously and so selflessly. Among the many places we saw, a few may be mentioned. In Leinster House we attended a meeting of the Dail and listened to a heated debate on the question of improving educational opportunities for young people who have to work. We saw Christ Church Cathedral, St. Patrick's Cathedral, the Pro-Cathedral and Dublin Castle. In this the chapel in its interior is a veritable gem and its windows are beautiful. Then Trinity College was visited and found most inspiring. This institution has shared the fortunes of the country since its foundation more than three hundred years ago. Her success is ascribed to the virtues and vigour of the Anglo-Irish breed. W. MacNeile Dixon, Professor of English Language and Literature in the University of Birmingham, in his book—*Trinity College, Dublin*, says—"That vigour and those virtues were early displayed within the College walls, for to the world of scholarship the University of Dublin gave in her infant years Ussher, *judicio singulari, usque ad miraculum doctus*; Dudley Loftus, the brilliant antiquarian and Orientalist; Ware, the historian; Dodwell, Camden Professor at Oxford and 'the greatest scholar in Europe.' The seventeenth-century drama owes to her Southerne, the author of *Oronooko* and *The Fatal Marriage*, while through Congreve and Farquhar she reaped the laurels of Restoration comedy. For literature—apart from her greater names, like that of Goldsmith—she educated such men as Henry Brooke, the author of *The Fool of Quality*; Wolfe, who wrote the famous lyric on The Burial of *Sir John Moore*; Toplady, the hymn-writer; Malone, the editor of Shakespeare; and Parnell, the poet of *The Hermit*." Of course there are many other distinguished graduates of Trinity despite the exodus of great numbers from Ireland during troublous times. It is interesting that Nahum Tate, Poet Laureate, wrote "While shepherds watched their flocks by night," and Augustus Toplady was the author of "Rock of Ages." George Berkeley, the metaphysician, gave to the University of Dublin its great philosophical triumph. It is said that "no writer since Plato has discussed the deepest things of the mind in so lucid, so luminous, and so sweet a style." Jonathan Swift, he of satire, he the publicist, he who wrote *Gulliver's Travels*, was educated in Trinity College. Edmund Burke like his classmate, Oliver Goldsmith, was a great master to whom the world of letters turns as eagerly as does Trinity. The

first Professor of Music in the University was Garrett Wesley, later, Earl of Mornington (father of the Duke of Wellington). Then there was that group of brilliant orators, headed by Henry Grattan, who gathered in the Irish House of Commons and who were of Trinity. Trinity College, Dublin, is justly proud of her poets, and Thomas Moore would seem to be on the top of the list. She can boast, too, of famous scientists and indeed of renowned physicians and surgeons. The following lines are from the *Ode for the Tercentenary Festival of Trinity College, Dublin*, by George Francis Savage-Armstrong, M.A., Litt.D., July 1892.

ii. 2

Behold, the men are with us still  
 Who here have reaped immortal fame;  
 Their words, their varying fancies, thrill  
 Our hearts, their deeds our zeal inflame.

So much, at this time may be said for the fame of the sons of Trinity College, but in the manner outward and visible she is embellished in appointment and appurtenance. She is now prepossessingly picturesque. No portion of the original buildings of Queen Elizabeth (1591) now remains. The statues of Goldsmith and Burke stand in front of the College. In the Long Room of the extensive Library may be seen among the many busts that of Dean Swift by Roubillac. In the Examination Hall one sees the portraits of Queen Elizabeth and Archbishop Ussher. In the Chapel, of the three stained-glass windows, one is in memory of Bishop Berkeley. The Laboratory of Experimental Physics and the Medical Buildings seem to be all that could be desired. I had the privilege of meeting Doctor W. R. Fearon, Professor of Biochemistry. The Dixon Hall, opened in 1939, serves as a lecture and examination hall and commemorates Professor Andrew Dixon who was in charge of Anatomy and Surgery for thirty-three years.

On the same day of seeing so much, Friday, November 8th, the evening was spent with Dr. and Mrs. Denis K. O'Donovan, and Dr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Gilmartin at the home of the former, both of whom had studied Biochemistry with Professor Collip at McGill University. Denis practices Medicine and is particularly good in the biochemical way. Gilmartin is the good and beloved anaesthetist of Dublin. It was a delightfully jolly evening and conversation lagged not at all.

Through these good people, the next day I went to the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, St. Stephen's Green. Here, Doctor J. D. H. Widdess, the Honorary Librarian, gave graciously of his valuable time in pointing out the things of interest. This College received its charter in 1784, ninety-two years after the Royal College of Physicians of Ireland had been chartered. There many portraits of past presidents and other distinguished individuals adorn the walls. That of Abraham

Colles is there. He had a broad and lofty forehead and his eyes were grey. He was president of the College in 1802 and again in 1830. In 1814 he described the fracture which bears his name. Because it was anaesthesia's centenary, Doctor Widdess had brought together in one room the splendid collection which the College has of the things pertaining to anaesthesia. Quite naturally I feasted my eyes while he seemed pleased. Doctor Widdess has been bringing to light some valuable old books from the library shelves of the College. In the summer of 1943 he found an early 15th Century Manuscript copy of *Practica Magistri Johannis Arderne*. This had been given to the library by Sir John Lentaigne, of Dublin, in 1851. John Arderne, the author of the text, was an English surgeon at the time of The Hundred Year's War. It is interesting to read about the extensive surgery done in those days while the sensibility to the pain inflicted was dulled by the "soporific sponge." *The Irish Journal of Medical Science*, March, 1943, pp. 65-81, contains two articles which are well worth reading. They are entitled: "A Mediaeval Surgeon and his Book," by William Doolin; and "Practica Magistri Johannis Arderne," by J. D. H. Widdess. Doctor Widdess showed me also very good accounts of the earlier uses of ether as an anaesthetic. They occur in *The British and Foreign Medical Review*, Volume XXIII, January-April, 1847. Nothing could be more elevating, nothing makes a more lasting impression, than the quietly easy manner of Doctor Widdess with his enthusiasm, with his learning.

Through the good offices of Dr. L. P. Nelligan of Montreal, The Honourable John J. Hearne, High Commissioner for Ireland at Ottawa, had sent me a letter of introduction to his friend, Mr. Harry Meade, "most distinguished Dublin surgeon." This occasioned my having a delightful mid-day repast at the home of this gentleman on Sautrday. Mrs. Meade and another lady graced the table. Saturday is mentioned because ordinarily Mr. Meade does not work Saturday afternoons. He is a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, is a grand host and is a great linguist—even to the extent of being versed in Russian. So interestingly did the time pass that it was five o'clock before I realized it.

The rest of the time in Dublin was spent waywardly. While dining at the Dolphin Hotel, I met Father Samuel Park of the Isle of Man. He had just lately been demobilized from the British Army and was on his way home. He is a very lively conversationalist and was most informative without being the least eschatological. It engages the attention to see St. Michan's Church, A.D. 1096, with its Vaults in which "Bodies may be seen in a wonderful state of preservation, though not embalmed." The Botanic Gardens were very enjoyable. Phoenix Park with its Wellington Obelisk is beautiful and is just the place through which to roam on Sunday morning. Saying farewell to O'Connell Street with its Monument of the same name and its graceful Nelson



Pillar, to the river Liffey, to Dublin, I took off early Monday morning for England. From Liverpool, Oxford was reached by train.

Without delay the anaesthetist of the Radcliffe Infirmary was met. It was good to see again Dr. R. R. Macintosh, Nuffield Professor of Anaesthetics. Immediately after introducing me to the others of his Staff, he presented me with an autographed copy of *Physics for the Anaesthetist* by himself and the First Assistant, William W. Mushin. This book was just from the Press, it is written with easy clarity, is lavishly illustrated and ought to be in the hands of everybody interested in anaesthesia. Following this preliminary acquaintance with the offices of this department, which are conducted so ably by the Secretary, Miss M. R. Gibson, Macintosh took me to his rooms at Pembroke College. Here was the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Macintosh at cocktail time when we enjoyed some nuts which Macintosh had brought from Spain. Thence he and I proceeded to the Hall where we sat at the Head Table presided over by the Vicegerent, Mr. H. L. Drake. Here, as at St. John's Cambridge, Grace was said in Latin and the occasion was very dignified. After dinner Mr. Drake took Dr. Walter Ramsden, Senior Fellow, Macintosh and myself to this quarters for port. This exquisite stuff had been "put down" in 1920 and was enjoyed as was the ineffable with and pleasantries which passed between these three Fellows of Pembroke. Dr. Ramsden is Emeritus Johnston Professor of Biochemistry, University of Liverpool. As he and the Vicegerent had appointments, Macintosh and I went back to his rooms where we were joined by Dr. R. P. W. Shackleton, a nephew of the Explorer, who had just returned from giving instruction in anaesthesia in Yugoslavia. We three discussed topics of mutual concern.

The next mornign Macintosh was using the "Oxford vaporizer" which provided oxygen and ether vapor. Fluid was being given through a needle into the sternal marrow. By puncturing the tube connected to this needle, drugs may be administered into the blood stream. Curare was given in this instance. Macintosh and Mushin recommend the sternal route for giving anaesthetics. A drip-feed of anaesthetic solution is attached and any anaesthetic which can be given into a vein can be given through the sternum. They advise the use of weak solutions, such as 0.5 per cent pentothal or 1 per cent averin in physiological saline. In another room, Mushin was doing "Block" anaesthesia. He is very attentive to the various forms of "Block" anaesthesia and has used the Bilateral Vagus Block many times for major operations on the larynx and oesophagus, and for endoscopy. There were present a number of visiting anaesthetists from very various places and we all met for a light luncheon in one of the rooms of the department while the Professor conducted an informal conference. Several questions were asked concerning the state of anaesthesia in Canada and the United States, and Dr. Shackleton gave an account of his experiences on the Continent. In the afternoon my respects were

paid to Professor J. H. Burn, of Balliol College, in his department of Pharmacology. He had been to Montreal twice during the War as part of an official tour of some of the Universities of this continent. Then in the department of Biochemistry a chat was had with Dr. Grant Lathe who is a graduate of McGill University and is now taking his Ph.D. at Oxford, and in roaming around something was seen of the Colleges. In the evening, the time was spent very delightfully at The Mitre for dinner with Dr. and Mrs. Mushin and Dr. and Mrs. Miller MacKay. These two are Canadians from Nova Scotia. Dr. MacKay is taking anaesthesia in the department of Anaesthesia at Oxford. The next morning was spent at more vagrant wandering around. But this did not deter me from calling up Mrs. J. S. Haldane. The best we could do was to have a chat over the telephone as one of her grandchildren was ill and she was just about to go to see the little one. In 1926 the Late Professor and Mrs. Haldane had entertained my wife and myself at their lovely home on the Cherwell. At that time we had quite an argument over the mechanism of the acidosis of anaesthesia. Neither of us won because we were both partly right and partly wrong. Time was so short that the little else done was quite cursory. New College, or more correctly St. Mary College of Winchester in Oxford, was founded by William of Wykeham in 1379. He used for his motto: "Manners makyth Man"—"Mores componunt hominem." This is a good maxim but in the light of Newtonian and Darwinian ideas, we may not think of ourselves too exaltedly. S. J. Woolf, in the *American Scientist*, writes of Harlow Shapley: "Having spent most of adult life in pondering regions 40,000 light years away and having computed that, in terms of the cosmic year, man is distinguished from apes by less than a cosmic week, he considers the immensity of the cosmos as 'good medicine for wobbly philosophers that make too much of man and his manners.'" New College is superb with its Tower, its garden, and its chapel having a wonderful reredos and a west window embodying Sir Joshua Reynolds' remarkable design. Christopher Hobhouse, in his *Oxford as it was And as it is to-day*, says: "The personality of the founder has made itself felt from generation to generation. A man who has been to Winchester is almost always recognizable by his modest and serious deportment; a man who has been to Winchester and New College in succession is frequently so modest and so serious that he may be overlooked entirely." Nevertheless, she can boast of many of her sons, particularly J. B. S. Haldane and J. S. Huxley.

Another College founded by a Bishop of Winchester is Magdalen. He, William of Waynflete, like William of Wykeham, was also sometime Lord High Chancellor of England. Magdalen was founded in 1458. Waynflete had gone on from Winchester school to New College and had been in turn head master of Winchester, Fellow of Eton and Provost of Eton. Magdalen's Tower is a marvellous structure in stone which James I called "the most absolute building in Oxford." Despite his

lameness, Professor Haldane took us up to the top of this Tower in 1926 on the double so that we might look around, not as did Charles I for the enemy, but at the distant scene. This is the College of Sir Charles Sherrington, O.M., G.B.E.; F.R.S. He holds many, many degrees, most of them Honorary, and is the recipient of several prizes and other marks of recognition, notably the Nobel Prize in 1932. He it is who wrote *Man on his Nature*, being the compilation of the Gifford Lectures of 1936-38. Many are the beauties of Magdalen. She is famous for her choral services, and she greets the sunrise every May Day with a concert on the roof of the tower. Many are the distinguished graduates of this College, among whom may be mentioned John Colet, John Lyly, Cardinal Wolsey, Charles Reade, Hobbes, Addison, Gibbon and Oscar Wilde.

Wolsey's magnificent establishment, Christ Church, was attempted but it was too late for visitors. However, the beautifully fan-vaulted Staircase of the Hall was seen and the great Tom Tower could be admired from the outside. This was erected in 1682 by Wren during the Deanship of Dr. John Fell, who although most capable was very much disliked. Christ Church has to her credit Robert Boyle, the father of Chemistry; Sir Philip Sidney, "whose life was a poem even more perfect than his works"; John Wesley, who later went to Lincoln College as a Fellow; Charles Wesley, greatest of English hymn writers—who may not be elevated by his "Love Divine, All Love Excelling"?; John Locke, part founder of Carolina; William Penn, founder of Pennsylvania; Gladstone; the statesman; and John Ruskin, who migrated later to Corpus Christi saying that he had gone from the "house of Christ" to the "body of Christ." Christ Church has ever-so-very many more sons seemingly especially trained for the practical walks of life, lawyers and statesmen chiefly. They say that veritable galaxies of portraits adorn the walls.

Each of the thirty-two colleges of Oxford has cause to be proud of its talented graduates. Queen's may boast of Walter Pater (he later went to Brasenose), devotedly Hellenic and writer of *Marius the Epicurean*; and Francis Jeffery, editor of the *Edinburgh Review* at the time of Byron. On the books of Brasenose are Sir Arthur Evans, whose "Minoans" has revolutionized our knowledge of the Ancients; Burton, author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*; and Lord Haig of the war of 1914-18. To Trinity went James Bryce, England's well-loved ambassador; Walter Savage Landor, who, although "sent down," became the noted stylist and poet; and Sir Arthur Quiller Couch, who was Professor of English Literature at Cambridge. To University College is the glory of Oxford's greatest poet, Percy Bysshe Shelley, who was "sent down" in 1811 but since his death honoured by his Alma Mater in the erection of a piece of statuary by Onslow Ford. Corpus Christi's pride is in Robert Bridges, Poet Laureate, with his *Testament of Beauty*. Exeter can speak of William Morris, of Edward Burne-Jones and Sir

Charles Lyell. From All Souls came Thomas Linacre, founder and first President of the Royal College of Physicians, 1518; Christopher Wren and Christopher Codrington, who resided in Barbados (where there is a college by his name) and who left a large collection of books to All Souls. Merton fostered Andrew Lang, who came on from Balliol; George Saintsbury; Richard Steele; Sir Thomas Bodley, lecturer in Greek, Elizabeth's ambassador and founder of the greatest university library in the world—the great new Bodleian Extension was finished in 1941. Oriël's distinctive list has Sir Walter Raleigh, English colony founder; Thomas Arnold, Head Master of Rugby; John Keble; John Henry Newman, whose "Lead Kindly Light" everybody loves; J. A. Froude, the historian; Cecil Rhodes; and Sir Thomas More, of whom, with others, Erasmus said, "When I listen to my friend Colet, I seem to be listening to Plato himself. Who does not admire in Groeyne the perfection of his training? What can be more acute, more profound, or more refined, than the judgment of Linaere? What has nature ever fashioned softer, or sweeter, or pleasanter, than the disposition of Thomas More"? Balliol may well vaunt the excellence of her famous Master, Benjamin Jowett; of Algernon Charles Swinburne; of Robert Southey; or Matthew Arnold; and of Adam Smith, the Snell exhibitioner. The Oxonian of Pembroke will tell you of the poet, Beaumont; Dr. Johnson; of George Whitfield, who was associated with John Wesley; and of Sir Thomas Browne. At Worcester, O.deC. Emtage was a scholar. He became Head Master of the Lodge School, Barbados and in my time, being a great preceptor, helped to make "men" of some of us.

The Oxford of Duns Scotus, of William of Ockham and of Roger Bacon; this Oxford of Robert Hooke and of John Mayow still pullulates with those who pursue profound erudition. Of such is the spirit of those who direct the activities of the department of Anaesthetics. They learn more and more while at work, as they teach, and through investigation. It would seem that they intend altruistically to bring it about that the anaesthetist of the next generation will be better and better. They appear to be imbued with something like the feeling that "the reward of a thing well done is to have done it; the fruit of a good service is the service itself."

Recte facti, fecisse merces est: officii frustus,  
ipsum officium est.

Seneca, *Ep.*, 8.

A little before noon of Wednesday, November 13th, 1946, Macintosh took me in his car to London. On passing by the enormous Morris Motor Factory which still carries the paint of camouflage against air-raids, we encountered hundreds of employees on bicycles, the first of three shifts going to lunch. They occupied the road so compactly that we had to stop until they had gone by. The drive was very pleasing as

Macintosh pointed out the important places, particularly those which had been so active during the war. Going by the Chiltern Hills, we were reminded of Rupert Brooke's poem, *The Chilterns*. We stopped at the Golf Club, drove by Viscount Nuffield's Residence and, on the way, had a good lunch at an Inn called "The Dumbell." At its entrance a bell without a tongue was hung. After dinner with the officers of the Lister Society of King's College Hospital, at a meeting of this society, presided over by Mr. Peel (Surgeon), Macintosh showed a moving picture on experiments carried out on S/Ldr. A. E. Pask who had volunteered to be anaesthetized deeply and rendered apnoeic. Various methods of artificial respiration were studied and compared. By applying different life-jackets to the individual anaesthetized through a cuffed-endotracheal tube, self-righting properties were investigated while the subject was placed in various positions in a swimming bath. Macintosh spoke on several phases of anaesthesia, and the appreciation of the large audience was evidenced by the number of pertinent questions asked. I said a few words eulogizing Dr. Pask for his courage and his devotion to science, and Professor Macintosh and his co-workers for adhering to the principle of suiting the drugs, as well as the methods of their administration, to the requirements of the patient.

The rest of my time in London was spent in getting around without much design through the incessant rain to see something of the bombed areas. The rubble had been taken away, but of course restoration has not yet been instituted. As Sidney R. Jones writes in *London Triumphant*, "Round about Dick Whittington's home is a scene of desolation, Bow Bells stand in strange company, the Dutch Church in Austin Friars has gone, and old Chelsea Church is flat. St. Paul's Cathedral, the Houses of Parliament, and Westminster Abbey have been hit, and some of the streets and other places we once knew so well will be difficult to recognize again. Still, much will be left, to give us plenty of scope and material for new subjects." Truly, London is dominantly the site of British event and vicissitude. Let us not forget that even William the Conqueror failed to subdue the people of London, and said: "I will that every child be his father's heir after his father's day and I will not suffer that any man offer you any wrong." Let us not forget that King John, in setting his seal to Magna Charta, recognized that "The City of London shall have all her ancient liberties and free customs, both by land and water." Then Mr. Newman of the Royal Bank of Canada took me to lunch, and George Cowie took me with his wife to the St. James Theatre to see *But for the Grace of God* by Frederick Lonsdale. This was very well done and was most entertaining. The next evening *The First Gentleman* by Norman Ginsbury was seen at the Savoy Theatre. This play is historically sound and utterly amusing.

The following morning, I left by plane for Canada from the city which had made the Thames, this river which had made London. Stop-

ping at Prestwick for a short time, we soon found ourselves with perfectly clear sunny weather over the islands off the west coast of Scotland. These could be seen occasionally through the clouds and were, from the distance, quite brown and wintry looking. Most of the time we were well above the clouds which were whiter than white could be and they seemed more substantial far than ever did clouds before. They mimicked hill, mountain and valley as their huge rolling fleecy masses were suspended beneath us. Did poets like Keats live today, such scenes would have their song.

So that we feel uplifted from the world,  
Walking upon the white clouds wreath'd and curl'd  
So felt he, who first told, how Psyche went  
On the smooth wind to realms of wonderment;  
John Keats, *I Stood Tip-Toe Upon a Little Hill*.

On account of weather reports, we had gone north and landed at Meek Airport in Iceland where we stayed long enough for a good meal of ham and eggs at the camp of the American Overseas Airlines, several of the "boys" being very kind to us. Off we went again for Goose Bay, where we came down about midnight. Owing to some engine trouble, we were delayed at this dull spot for eighteen hours. However, we roamed around, watched some of the American lads in action on skis and saw some Eskimos fishing in the Hamilton river through holes in the ice. Our plane arrived at Dorval airport at about nine o'clock Sunday evening November 17th. It was good to be back in Montreal.

Not many days after, the following letter arrived. It explains itself.

Dr. Georges Cousineau  
Bywater 1042  
3600 Blvd. Gouin ouest  
Montreal.

Docteur Wesley Bourne  
Montreal

Cher Docteur

A notre dernière réunion de la section Québécoise de la Société Canadienne d'Anesthésie, il est proposé et adopté à l'unanimité qu'un vote de remerciement soit adressé au Docteur Wesley Bourne qu'a bien voulu aller nous représenter à Londres, à l'occasion de la célébration du Centenaire de la découverte de l'éther. A cette occasion, spontanément tous les membres présent délient les cordons de leur bourse et vous offre, mon cher Docteur, l'expression tangible de leur reconnaissance et me charge de vous remettre le chèque ci-inclus.

Veillez, cher confrère aîné, accepter ce modeste cadeau de vos amis sincères, les Anesthésistes de Québec. Nous sommes fiers, nous sommes reconnaissants et nous voulons suivre toujours (c'est à vous maintenant que nous appliquons cette

expression que vous appliquiez autrefois au Docteur Laroque) notre "panache blanc."

Sincèrement,

Georges Cousineau.

29 Novembre 1946.

I am not ashamed to say that my eyes filled. Has not Weir Mitchell said in his *Hugh Wynne*: "Why are we reluctant to confess a not ignoble weakness, such as is, after all, only the heart's confession of what is best in life? What becomes of the tears of age?"

#### ERRATA

Page 243 in the 11th line from the bottom of the page, the word "Aanaesthetists" should be without the second "a" and be as "Anaesthetists."

Page 244 in the 15th line from the top, the third word, "or" should be "of."

Page 250 at the 8th line, the period after the name "Antoninus" should not be there.