teacher, and not the least of his contributions was the training he gave to his many gifted pupils and assistants, among whom were Adolf Kussmaul, Fr. Schultze, and especially, Wilhelm Erb.

The rest of his busy life was occupied by much attention to the administration of his clinic, to university affairs, and to one of the largest consulting practices in Europe. There was not time for other interests: for him, medicine was everything. His only diversion came from the joys of his family life. Though loyal to his friends, of whom he had many, he was inclined to be sensitive and even distrustful of others, and was bitterly vindictive to his open enemies. His drive for work was tremendous. The whole direction of that work is best expressed in his own words, written in a prefatory dedication to Virchow: “To me as a clinician the principles of cellular pathology have become the cynosure in the labyrinth of pathological processes.”

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References


WILLIAM GOWERS (1845–1915)

William Richard Gowers, to become “Sir William” in 1897, was one of a brilliant group who, in the latter part of the past century, were the glory of British neurology and indeed of British medicine. Hughlings Jackson, David Ferrier, Victor Horsley, and William Gowers led knowledge and the meth-
the fact of discontinuity of structure and continuity of function,"—this in *The dynamics of life* in 1894 (Philadelphia; Blakiston) when most of us elders were small boys, or as unborn as were then wireless transmission and radar! He added here the warning that "words have a strong tendency to cause opacity if they be numerous," and made a half-apology for his speculative thoughts: "Who is there that does not feel that an earnest effort to perceive that which is unseen leaves him on a higher level,—and that if he be still at his old standpoint he has a better view?"

He was a passionate man in his beliefs and zest. He thought obsessively about shorthand and to the last day would tuck up the skirts of his frock coat, and sit on the edge of the bed taking shorthand notes of the case,—it was a life habit. He was once seen,—and it probably happened often,—to stop his coachman in crowded Southampton Row, having fastened his eye on a likely-looking young man hurrying on his lawful occasions along the pavement. Gowers climbed out of his carriage, white beard waving, stumbled up to him,—his gait was unsteady,—clutched him by the arm, and glaring at him with his frightening flashing fierce blue eyes said, "Young man, do you write shorthand?" To which the shocked man answered, "No, I don't." Whereupon Gowers dropped his arm, saying bitterly, "You're a fool, and will fail in life." He then clambered abruptly back into his carriage.

However, no picture of Gowers can be appreciated without at the same time having in the mind's eye his look of being a combination of one of the Wise Men of the East and the Ancient Mariner, and hearing too his harsh loud staccato voice speaking in sardonic humorous invective against the errors of the world.

Such were the "Original" spirits who led our Profession half a century ago. The Gods have departed. "Leadership" now lies with the "Deans' Executive Committees" compounded of medical mediocrities or with the lay bureaucrats of Socialized Medicine! Having lost Men to lead us, we shall surely dwindle into a necessity "City Service,"—like the Department of Sanitation. We shall cease to be a learned profession and shall become instead a Union of Slick Gadgeteers,—of proletarian proclivities and level!

Foster Kennedy