

ADRIAN REED DINNER

Speech

Dr. Edgar Hull

November 30, 1977

Tonight we shall pay tribute first to Mary, for Adrian and I belong to a generation in which ladies always come first; although our generation also holds to the maxim that behind every successful man there is a good woman. Presumably, the good woman pushes her man toward his goal, but Mary would never shove anybody; she is too much of a lady for that. Maybe a gentle pull toward the great achievement which is Adrian's (in which case she still deserves first mention), but never a jostle or a tug.

And speaking of pull, this is what Mary has plenty of with the first dean of this still fledgling medical school, and with his wife as well; there is nothing that Mary (or Adrian) could ask of Mallory Page or me that we would not do or fracture a jejenum trying.

What shall I say about this great lady? Let me first paraphrase a line or two of a great sixteenth century poet and playwright whose first name was Bill:

Who is Mary, what is she
That everyone commends her;
Holy, fair and wise is she,
The heavens such grace did lend her
That she might admired be.

And next by contrast, a bit of doggerel from a senile citizen of today whose first name is Edgar:

Ithica Mary, quite bodacious,
Cheerful, charming and loquacious
Most of all, magnanigracious!

(In case you don't know, bodacious is a perfectly good word derived from old English, which means remarkable or noteworthy.)

Magnanigracious is an ersatz word combining magnanimous and gracious).

Mary is all that Shakespeare and Hull wrote of her, and more. She is great not only in what she is, but also in what she has done. Most of you know her crucial role in developing the very fine esprit de corps in our school, among faculty, their wives and children, our students, and their families. Her dynamism, her contagious enthusiasm, her ability to plan and bring plans to fruition are exceeded by no one else whom I have known in my long and chequered career.

Mary, you're magnificent!

(Space for pause)

As regards the male honoree of the evening, I must first tell you that etymologically speaking, he is not a very good anatomist. Anatomy comes from the Greek: ana, up: plus temnien, cut. Who could call Adrian a cut up? Not staid, to be sure, never stuffy; certainly possessed of a very keen, if subtle sense of humor, smiling often, but never guffawing, always dignified, always comme il faut; never "cutting up"!

Let me hasten to add that even in the Greek the combined form anatemnier referred to dissection, and in modern English anatomy means the science of body structure. Dr. Reed's field, as you know, is human anatomy and in this field he is a master, not only in his store of knowledge, but also in his ability to impart this knowledge to others.

I don't know how we invited Dr. Reed to leave Tulane and agree to come to a school only in the talking stage, but let me

tell you why I decided that we had to go after him. In illo tempore (circa 1967) I was a one-day-a week dean, riding the Southern Belle up to Shreveport one night and back to New Orleans the next. George Meneely, without whom we well might not have ever succeeded in getting the "Shreveport show on the road" (Dr. Bill Frye's words, God rest his soul), was the only full-time member of the faculty; he was planning and working with our architects and on the preleminaries of the curriculum and on an application for matching money and a myriad of other things that only George can do so well.

One Wednesday night it happened that Peachy Gilmer, Jr. was also going to New Orleans, and he and I were sitting and chatting while waiting for the late-as-usual Southern Belle to back into the station. We were, of course, talking about the medical-school-tribe, and I told him that we were just about to the stage of recruiting heads of basic science departments.

"You must get Dr. Adrian Reed to head up Anatomy", cried Peachy; "He's the best", then he went on and on, using superlative after superlative to describe Dr. Reed's capabilities and virtues. Now I didn't know Dr. Reed, but learned that he was a professor of Medicine at Tulane and a former professor of Anatomy, that he was running the headache clinic and doing research on brain structure. I have often thought how fortunate I was that the lady from Kansas City was later than usual that night.

Next day, I hied me to Tulane, where I sought out Dr. Harold Cummins, Emeritus first Professor of Anatomy, a former

teacher of mine and an old dear friend in whose wisdom and judgment I had the greatest confidence. Harold was almost as enthusiastic as Peachy had been. "Get him by all means, if you can," was his closing remark; "he will add great strength and stability to your faculty.

Next I went to see Dr. George Burce, chairman of the department of Medicine, also a longtime and trusted friend. George, I might add, is not given to superlatives. "Adrian is a superb anatomist," he told me, "and pretty good internist besides".

So I went after Adrian, and, thank God, we got him, with Mary as a bona fide bonus. You, too, should thank God that this remarkable pair will remain in Shreveport, and that their friendship and wit and wisdom will be available to you for many years to come, God willing.

Physicians are often referred to as sons of Hippocrates, but I shall call Adrian son of Aesculapius, the legendary physician of the Greeks and Romans, in myth the son of Apollo, the god of youth and of healing (among many other things), but in Homer's poetry a great physician. I call Adrian a son of Aesculapius, because he is a living legend at Tulane and the LSU School of Medicine in Shreveport, and a near-god to the hundreds of youths who have been his students. Yet he is a man of flesh and blood and warm heart and helping hand--"a man among men" as was said of his legendary father Aesculapius.

Some of you may have noticed that in all this too-long talk I have not used the word "love" a single time--purposefully,

because in recent years, love has become one of the most over-
worked words in the languages of mankind. Yet, I must use it
now, Mary and Adrian, for no other word can express the deep
abiding affection Mallory Page and I have for you.

Mary and Adrian, we love the both of you! May "the Lord
bless you and keep you and make His face to shine upon you."