ALUMNI SECTION

IN MEMORIAM

HARRY GOUDGE GRANT
M.D., C.M., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

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Secretary of the Medical Society of
Nova Scotia.
1889 - 1954

"PAT"

In three years it would have been fifty since we gathered as freshmen in the old building at the north-east corner of Carleton and College that then represented the Medical School. From the beginning we were friends. He taught me—although I proved a poor p u p i l — how to play poker.

Later, it was at his urging that I joined him at 3 Upper Bedford Place, London, in post-graduate study, where he ciceroned me around the hospitals.

In his company I first saw from the top of the dome of St. Paul's the smoke of London's million chimneys flying before the west wind.

In his company I first stood in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey, saw for the first time at the National Gallery the glories of Rembrandt and Michelangelo, heard for the first time at Convent Garden the unforgettable trio of Destinn, Scotti and Caruso, lost at the Derby Day races at Epsom my first pound.

Later still, it was at his urging that I came back to Halifax and with him and Joker Lyons started a somewhat ill-starred clinic on Gottingen Street. At that time Gottingen Street was more or less the centre of the shipyards employees, a fair number of whom became our patients. The three of us went up to see the launching of the last ship built there and as she slid into the Harbour, Joker turned to us and said: "There goes our practice". And so it proved.

Pat left Halifax and, for a few years, our ways parted while he became an expert in public health in the American south, in preparation for the call that eventually brought him back to Dalhousie as Dean. Few Deans can have had a better preparation. He had spent five years in country practice at Rose Bay. He had spent three years studying internal medicine in London, and while with us at Gottingen Street was a specialist in the field and taught it in the Medical School. Then followed the years in preventive medicine. This apprenticeship in the three major fields gave him a splendid background as an educator, and an abiding sympathy for the men working in those areas of medical endeavor.

To me the outstanding quality he showed as Dean was his quick and visionary imagination. In the presence of a new idea his mind readily caught fire, and he was amazingly sympathetic to a new idea. You had only to go to him with a thought, a plan, an experiment, and he leapt at it. As this quality was combined with an invincible optimism, he often promised more than he was able to deliver—but he tried. And if many of the plans and experiments and ideas he backed so enthusiastically came to naught, it was usually because somewhere higher in the hierarchy he ran into an ardor less sanguine than his own.

If sometimes he forgot, and affairs languished, perhaps we also sometimes forgot—forgot the things he did in the last twenty years to build up the Medical School. Only one or two of us known how much the new Library owed to his endeavors; indeed, I am firmly convinced that but for him we would not have it yet. He persuaded us—rather against our will—to adopt the clinical fourth year that has proved such a boom to the medical student. When he became Dean, the annual budget of the school was under a hundred thousand dollars: it is now several hundred

thousand. How was this increase achieved? Mainly as a result of his efforts. He laid the many trains, did the quiet dogwork, conducted the preliminary pourparlers—even though others stepped in at the end to put the final comehither on it. Nor did it seem to bother him who got the credit, so long as the Medical School got the money. What really did bother him was that he was never sure that the school was getting all the money that came in.

While he would carry the torch for any and all of us, he was particularly concerned with the full time men. These, being on salary, and low salary at that, he felt to be vulnerable in a way that we others were not. He did what he could not only to secure their tenure but to increase their pay and make available the lifeblood for their researches. The fact that he failed sometimes also bothered him greatly.

I can never recall his doing a mean or underhanded thing. He had to do many things that were difficult and unpopular; he had to hurt sometimes —but he was never shabby in such dealings. Perhaps this was the result of his generosity, of his modesty, and of those other qualities that made him a gentleman in the genuine meaning of the word.

Sometimes we were impatient with him. Often, he seemed to move more slowly than we thought he should. Perhaps in so thinking, we failed to realize how desperately sometimes he was caught between the upper millstone of our needs and the nether millstone of authority. His could not always have been an enviable position under circumstances where he had to—and did—preserve a loyalty to both sides. But the thing we could always be sure of was that he was an indomitable enthusiast for anything that would better the Medical School.

When you have gone to college with such a man, when you have seen Europe with him in the springtime of your lives, when you have been his partner, when you have had him for a leader in your profession, when you have sat innumerable nights by his or your fireside talking of this and that (but mostly the Dalhousie Medical School) what happened the other day is a terrible wrench. Something has gone that can never be recaptured—something that is tied up with youth and the high tide of manhood—both of which could somehow be renewed in those fireside conversations, but can now no longer be so renewed.

Vale, Pat, it was a great privilege to have known you.

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