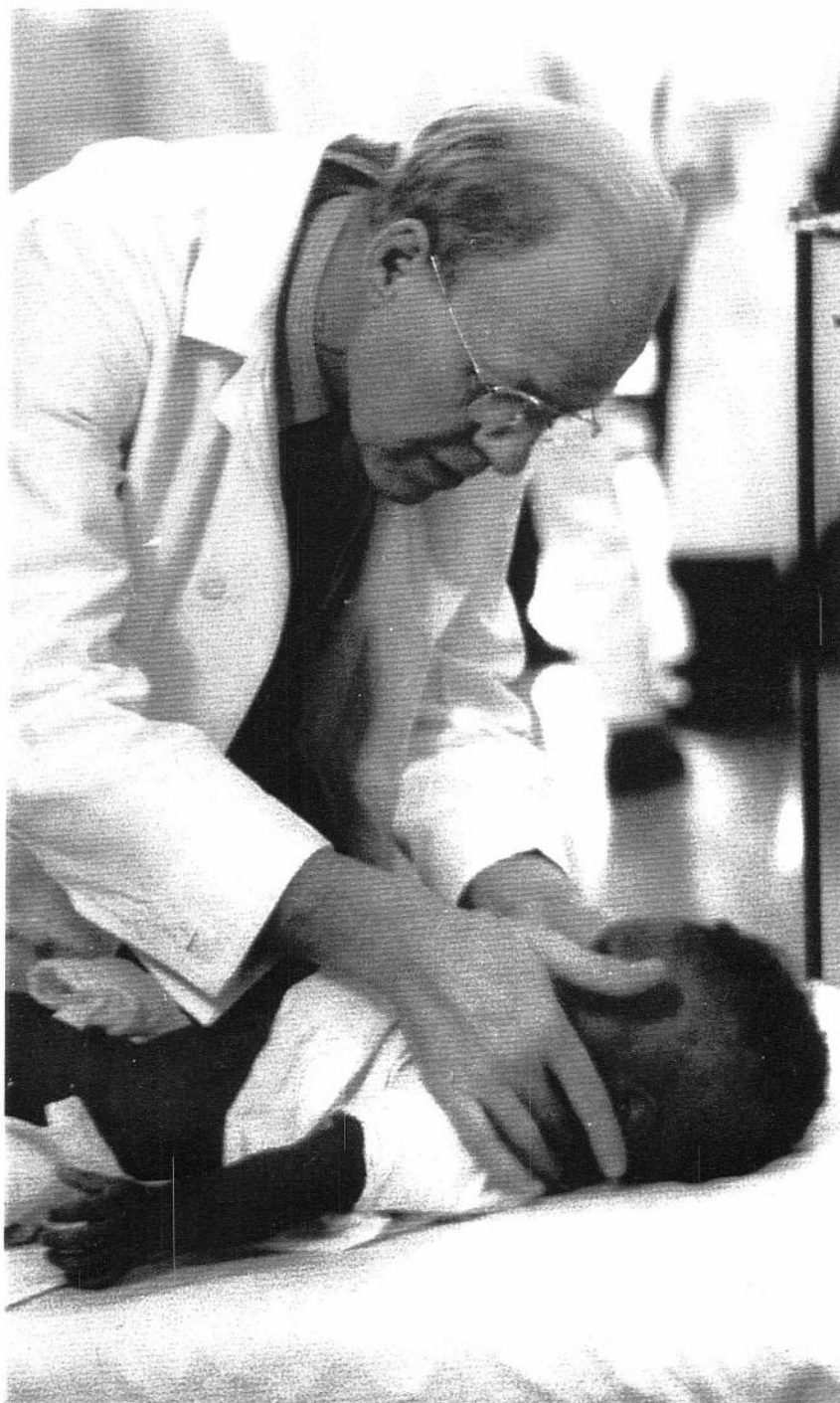
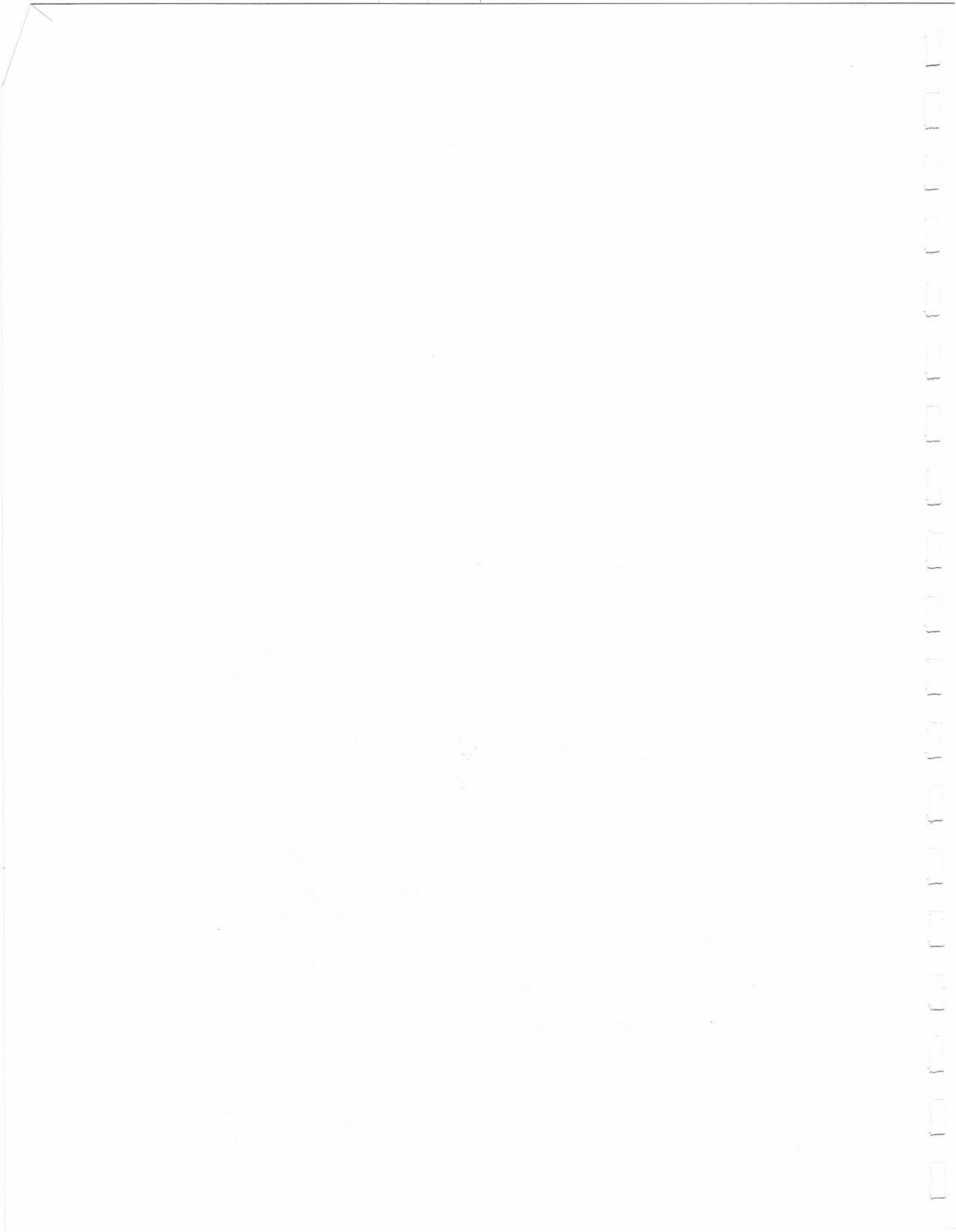


Thomas Frederick McNair Scott

My Century





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What follow are largely the memories of Thomas McNair Scott, MD ,FRCP, retrieved nearly ten decades after his birth at the request of his children. His is the story of a childhood in England in a large, well-to-do family; of abundant guests and outdoor activities; of early schooling with its Old World rigidities; of academic life at Cambridge and medical studies in London; of hiking trips with family and close friends; of a professional life as a pediatric researcher, teacher and clinician in the United States beginning at a time when medical education and practices were changing and pediatrics had just become a separate discipline (having not yet done so in England); of marriage and companionship with a fellow scientist and family life with two children; of an open home that welcomed visitors from all over the world; of summers in New England and many trips abroad; of a new kind of life in a retirement community in downtown Philadelphia; of losing his spouse, his companion for six decades; and, in his ninth and tenth decades, of continued learning.

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THE WRONG SIDE OF THE BLANKET

It was rumored that we were descended on my mother's side from Henry the VII, from the "wrong side of the blanket," but I don't know if there was any truth to the story.

My grandfather, Thomas Scott, first met his future wife, Elizabeth McNair, in 1860 on a voyage home to Britain on leave from Singapore after nine years abroad. He was 30; she was nine. She was traveling first class (posh: port out, starboard home) on the P&O (Pacific & Orient) paddle steamer with her father, Captain John Frederick Adolphus McNair, her mother, and her two younger sisters. A lively black-haired beauty, Elizabeth attached herself to Thomas Scott during the long voyage around the Cape of Good Hope, by turns tormenting and enchanting him with her demands for hide-and-seek and other childish diversions to relieve the tedium of the journey. Their shipboard friendship ripened into intimacy when Elizabeth and Thomas met again in Singapore. It is recorded in the Bishop's record book that, in 1869, Thomas Scott, merchant, age 38, married Elizabeth McNair, spinster, age 17. Elizabeth's father (now a Major), as executive civil engineer of Straits Settlement, built the Government House, the National Museum and St. Andrew's Cathedral in Singapore. Thomas Scott, having come to Singapore at the age of 18, was now a partner in Guthrie's, a major south east Asian trading firm, and was responsible for building the Tanjong Pagar Docks in the 1860s, the first deep water port in the region.

My father, Robert Frederick Scott, was born in Singapore in 1870, an event also noted in the Bishop's record book. Like so many children from the colonies, he was sent home to Britain about the age of 12. There he was brought up by a very rigid aunt, who belonged to the Plymouth Brethren Sect, a fundamentalist branch of the

Presbyterian church. He studied classics at Cambridge and medicine at the University of Edinburgh Medical School from which he graduated in 1898, receiving numerous medals for excellence. While at Edinburgh he blended the family names into McNair Scott to distinguish himself from all the other Robert Scotts attending the University.

My mother, Alice Nystrom, was born in Gothenberg, Sweden, the eldest of ten children. Alice's father, Frederick Nystrom of Gothenburg, was Swedish, including Swedish Jewish blood; her mother, Elizabeth Startin, was English (of a mixed background, including Italian and French). Alice came to Britain as a young woman, where she studied nursing in the West country. It was when she was visiting relatives in Edinburgh that she met Robert at a dinner party. Asked how they managed to get to know each other surrounded by so many chaperones, she revealed they used to walk up to Arthur's Seat, a rocky outcropping surrounded by moorland, just outside Edinburgh. There Robert told her that he had mutton chops for breakfast and read the Bible every day. She realized that here was a man who needed taking care of. Robert soon went to Sweden to meet her family where he found each of Alice's sisters as beautiful as the next and, knowing no Swedish, conversed in Latin with his future brother-in-law, a Lutheran clergyman.

Robert married Alice shortly after he graduated from medical school in 1898. The young couple spent an extended honeymoon on the Continent, a gift from Robert's father. They traveled for two years, during which time he studied at a number of Europe's most famous medical clinics. On their return to Scotland, the couple stayed at Robert's Scottish parents' home, Auchenreoch House, a large, forbidding house in the eastern foothills of the Scottish highlands, in the village of Inchbare (near Brechin and Montrose in Angus). Robert's father was dying, so Alice helped nurse him, as she was

expected to do -- although, as she later told us she found the intimate details of nursing a man difficult to bear.

I, their first child, was born at Auchenreoch on June 18, 1901. Six months after my birth the family moved to London where, Robert set up his medical practice. Despite his academic successes, on the death of his father later that same year, he reluctantly abandoned medical practice at number one Harley Street, taking over his father's partnership at Guthrie's, the merchant trading firm in Singapore. The only patient he treated during the brief period in Harley Street was a young man who slipped on ice outside the front door and broke his leg.

The earliest photo of me has me in a dress with a lace collar. In England, at the time of my childhood in the early 1900s, boys wore dresses until the age of about four. As my parents did not believe in the evil eye, a practical reason might be that it was much easier to put a diaper on under a dress than under a pair of trousers. As an infant, while being pushed in my pram in Hyde Park, I am told that I received a pat on the head from Lord Lister, the great surgeon who introduced antiseptics to surgery.

Within eleven years, I was joined by five younger siblings. Irene was born in 1903 when I was two. Like her mother, she would become a great beauty. Two years later, my brother, Lyall, was born. As an infant Lyall had "fits" that left him badly damaged. If it had happened today, Lyall would have received treatment and might have led a different life. As it was, he needed special care at home and was later put in a nursing home. There he developed a close relationship with a warm and caring nurse, which lasted until her death several years before his in 1974. Ronald, born in 1906, was five years younger than me. He was much less inhibited than me and led a very different life

as a country gentleman and author. Elizabeth, or Betty, as she was called, was born in 1908, when I was seven. Never marrying, Betty lived at home, looking after her parents when they were older. In 1912, when I was eleven, Alice bore her sixth child, my youngest sister, Eleanor -- another beauty and the baby of the family, quickly dubbed "my bonnie Leslie." Leslie wasn't her name but my father called her that so she was always known as Leslie. It's hard even to remember her real name.

EARLY CHILDHOOD

When I was about three, the family moved from Harley Street to Bromley, Kent, a small town just outside of London. There we lived in a large, comfortable house called the Shrubbery, with a big vegetable garden. At the back of the garden was a great forest of Jerusalem artichokes, in which my sister Irene and I would play hide-and-go-seek.

We were not a wealthy family but like many middle class families in the early twentieth century we had servants, and at the Shrubbery I was brought up with nannies -- single women, trained to look after children. I can remember being particularly fond of one, Marjorie. As young children we spent most of our time with our nannies in the nursery and I saw little of our parents -- we saw them mainly when we were allowed to come down for afternoon tea.

It was while we were living at the Shrubbery that I started at Dame school, which now would be called kindergarten. I remember vividly being driven to school in a "coach-of-four," the school bus, complete with coachman wrapped in a great cape, long whip in hand. Later, when I was seven or eight, I went to Amesbury School, a weekly boarding school in Chiselhurst, a neighboring town. Chiselhurst was famous because Princess Eugenie, widow of Napoleon III, lived there in exile. In those days in England, boys

went to boarding schools at an early age. I still have on my bookshelf several book prizes that I was presented at Amesbury.

As a child, I got the usual number of colds and infectious diseases that in those days before vaccines plagued childhood. I remember vividly how my sister Irene, newly with measles, came into the bedroom that had been set aside as an isolation room just as I was ready to leave. Although father was not practicing medicine at all when I was a child, he did look after the family, usually treating us homeopathically when we were sick. But I can remember when I was five or six years old my Father giving me chloroform while a surgeon nipped off the top of my tonsils, as was done in those days. Because of this incomplete removal, my tonsils grew back and I had to have them removed again many years later when I was a medical student.

From the age of seven, I wanted to be a doctor. Father had a human skeleton in the house and from this I learned the names of all the bones in the human body.

In 1912, I went as a full-time boarder to St. Alban's School, a junior and middle school in Lyme Regis, a small town on the south coast of Dorset. Lyme Regis is famous for two reasons. It had a wharf called the Cobb, which forms a little harbor where the Duke of Monmouth landed for his abortive rebellion against King James II; it is also where the first ichthyosaurus was found in the Blue Lias, a layer of limestone by the harbor.

My brother Ronnie joined me there the next year at the age of seven. Education at St. Alban's was tough. You studied very hard and got caned if you didn't. I don't think I was ever caned but I know my brother was. All through school, exercise was a part of

our lives; we played games and we went on long runs. We also used to swim off the Cobb. It was there that I swam my first mile.

Despite being sent away to school, I had a very happy childhood. My mother was a very beautiful woman, and my parents got along very well. We all went on summer vacations together, just the family no staff. Before the first world war we went twice to Dartmoor, in Devonshire, near the notorious prison. This was a wild moorland with scattered rock formations called tors. We stayed on a farm and had wonderful times. While on holiday I went rabbit hunting and finally shot my first and only rabbit. Shooting a running rabbit in the head was an achievement that my father greeted thus, "Shot rabbit, boy grab it, skin it, stuff it, hum, hum snuff it." The family was on vacation in Dartmoor when World War I started in August 1914. It was on the way home as we were passing through Torquay, a resort in the South of England, that we saw headlines in the papers announcing that the war had broken out.

CHELTENHAM

In 1915, early in World War I, my Father took me down to Cheltenham College, a boarding school in Gloucestershire in the west country. When we arrived in the village of Cheltenham, I remember stopping at a tea shop for tea. Father asked me whether I wanted milk or cream in my tea and when I answered "Cream," Father said, "Cream! What a sybarite!"¹

¹ A sybarite was a resident of an ancient city in Southern Italy, noted for its luxury, where residents were supposed to have said, "if I even think of work I'll get a hernia."

Unlike Winchester and Eton, which were founded in the Middle Ages, Cheltenham College was one of the newer public schools², established in the middle of the nineteenth century to train administrators for the colonies. Although it was called a college, Cheltenham was the equivalent of an American high school. I entered in the lower fifth form, approximately equivalent to 9th grade.

Cheltenham has a beautiful campus and provided a true academic setting, with all the students clad in gowns and mortar boards as they walked to classes. We went to chapel -- a beautiful marble Gothic building -- every morning and twice on Sundays. We did Bible homework every Sunday morning so we really got to know the Bible well. We read chapters in the Bible and were quizzed on them. I am happy, looking back on it, that I learned a lot about the Bible, if only because so many references in literature are biblical. When I first went to Cheltenham, our headmaster was an archdeacon, who later became a bishop. However, Cheltenham was not a religious school and the next headmaster was not ecclesiastical.

The academic requirements were strict. I studied the classics, Latin and Greek, and studying was no picnic. We had daily tests on homework, lining up to be quizzed by the form master and ceding our places if we were found wanting. During one evening of homework study I was caught reading a book -- not my assignment. I avoided a caning by proving I knew my stuff.

When I think back on my masters, I remember the master of the lower sixth form was a real tyrant. My mathematics teacher was a brilliant mathematician who later went to

² A public school in England is equivalent to a private boarding school in America.

Cambridge as a professor but he was hopeless as a teacher. I didn't learn any mathematics. I could add, subtract, divide, and multiply, but that's all. I remember my upper sixth English master well perhaps because he was a role model. I liked the way he taught; he was enthusiastic and inspiring. It's interesting that I remember him so vividly, sitting at his desk, teaching about Shakespeare. He was a handsome man, very dapper, one of those people who really impresses you. Like a lot of the masters, he wore an officers' uniform. We were all in the Reserve Officers Training Corps (ROTC) at that time. I was a sergeant.

At Cheltenham, we lived in houses, each with a housemaster. The houses competed with each other in games of football (soccer) and cricket. I lived in Christowe House, which was beyond the far end of the school grounds. Once, while making my way back to the house, I took an illegal shortcut and fell over a fence across the path and broke my right arm. The nurse applied wooden splints and I went around with a sling for several weeks. My parents didn't think it was necessary for me to come home so I struggled to write with my left hand.

Washing facilities at Christowe were quite primitive. All the boys got into one big shower; the smaller boys got pretty much drowned in the middle. There were four or five small enamel basins set in the floor where one could sit and wash before showering.

As most of the men were away at war, we students were often sent to the fields to help with agricultural tasks, such as hoeing turnips and picking raspberries. Food was scarce during World War I; arrangements for the supply and transport of food were

inferior to those used during World War II. At school during the war we were hungry all the time. Very often we ate rabbit for supper. There was a little jingle about them:

Rabbits hot and rabbits cold,
Rabbits young and rabbits old,
Rabbits tender and rabbits tough,
Thank the Lord, we've had enough.

At Cheltenham certain sports were compulsory. In the summer we played cricket; in the fall, field hockey and then football (soccer), and in the winter, rugby. We had classes all morning and games in the afternoon and we were then encouraged to play other games. There were facilities for tennis, squash, and fives, another English court game. In my last year at Cheltenham, I rowed on the Christowe Four; we competed on the River Severn. Two or three times a week we also had to do a run after class, a short shurdington (fifteen minutes) or a long shurdington (half an hour)³. One year I won the annual cross-country run for which I still have the prize cup.

Student prefects (upperclassmen) ran the school. They had a lot of power over the lower classmen, including the power to cane for infractions of the rules. Fortunately they weren't allowed to give more than six strokes; I remember getting 'four of the best,' as they called them, for some unremembered peccadillo. As new pupils, we became 'fags' to the prefects. We had to clean their studies, for example, and often administered such unlovely chores as warming their toilet seats. But when I was at Cheltenham, the system had little of the bullying and bad treatment of young fags that it had had earlier. I had more civilized tasks, such as tidying my prefect's room and making him tea. I was very fond of my first prefect, Coghill. Fags often had an

³ "Shurdington" was a local expression derived from the name of a nearby village; it defined a particular distance.

attachment to their prefects and mine was a very handsome, very nice boy and I was very sad when he was later killed in France during the war.

At Cheltenham we weren't really in danger from the war; the limited bombing that occurred during WWI was far away in London. At times officers on leave returned to visit the school. One Sunday, an old boy came back to Cheltenham in uniform. I remember being shocked at how tired he looked -- so stressed. I was seventeen when the war ended.

I made two very special friends at Cheltenham, Jack Saegert and William Oswald (the son of a clergyman). We three were inseparable. Later, when I got to Cambridge, Oswald dropped out of the picture, but Jack and I kept in touch for many years. He was desperately in love with my sister, Irene. All my school friends were. She had become a beautiful woman. After Cheltenham, Jack went into the army and during World War II was made a prisoner of war in Tripoli by the Italians. He died of tuberculosis in the '40s, maybe just after the war.

BORRANS

At Cheltenham the summer term lasted until the end of June, and thus I returned home for July and August. I had books to read during the summer, and summer studies were required. In 1916, during my second year at Cheltenham, the family moved from the Shrubbery down to Borrans, in Chobham, a village just outside Woking, Surrey, the first railroad stop out of London on the Western line. We lived there until I started my medical training in London in 1924. It was a very nice house, again with a big vegetable garden, a lawn for a grass tennis court, and fields for horseback riding. While we lived at Borrans I did a lot of riding and jumping but I didn't hunt. My mother was a very busy

woman running a large house and raising six children. She did a lot of knitting, at which she was very good. I still wear one sweater she gave me. She often played the piano while the family gathered around for songs or hymns. My father took the train to London every day, where he was a director of several companies, as well as being the London partner of Guthrie's, the trading company in Singapore in which his father had become a partner in 1856. It was while we were at Borrans that Mother told me of Father's difficulty with the Singapore partner in Guthrie's, which eventually led to Father's resignation from the firm.

The house at Borrans was tended by a cook and parlor maid, supervised by my mother. Our family didn't drink very much, so it was somewhat later that we discovered that the cook, an alcoholic and an amazingly cheerful woman, was systematically emptying special bottles of wine that my father had laid down and refilling them with water. Needless to say, she left. We also had a gardener who doubled as the chauffeur for our first car -- a Daimler -- in about 1916. I recall my father got it at a discount price through some Far Eastern contact and it was an open car, with a windshield but no windows. The ladies dressed in cloaks, scarves, and hats because of the dust and the chauffeur boasted of reaching 25 miles an hour.

There was also Nurse Mitchel, a children's nanny who took care of my baby sister, Leslie, born in 1912. Nurse Mitchel was very competent, very nice, very much a favorite. She was my confidante when I was a teenager. I was frightened as I grew older and nearer and nearer to being called up during WWI. I remember talking a lot about it with her. I could talk to her about my fears as I wouldn't talk to my parents.

As children, we had a lot of fun. We were well enough off that there was always a vacation. I don't remember how long we had -- maybe three weeks. We often went on holidays to the Isle of Wight, sometimes to Totland Bay, where there was good swimming. My friend Jack Saegert joined us at Totland Bay one summer. Some of our Swedish cousins were also there; it was the only time I ever met them. I remember walking around the island, twenty miles or so, starting at sunrise.

Another summer Jack Saegert and I walked along Hadrian's Wall, the Roman wall crossing England from Newcastle to Carlisle. It took us about three days to get to Carlisle, walking through wonderful Roman ruins. My sister Irene had made us colored shorts that would later be called Bermuda shorts, but this was years before Bermuda shorts became fashionable and we were very much subject to stares of surprise and astonishment. The people up north were very friendly. We'd stop at a house and ask them for a room and they'd put us up for the night and feed us for very little money.

CAMBRIDGE

In 1920 I left Cheltenham and went up⁴ to Cambridge, where I studied until 1924. I attended Gonville and Caius College, which was founded in 1349 by the Rev. Mr. Gonville and re-established in 1565 by Dr. Caius, who was the physician to Queen Elizabeth I. Cambridge was then, as it is now, a small university town dating from the middle ages. It is located on the Cam River, which runs through many of its college campuses. Caius was the college most of the Cambridge medical students went to and through its Gate of Honor they would march in academic robes to get their diplomas at

⁴Went up or down in England meant entered or left an educational institution, respectively.

the neighboring Senate House. When I went up to Cambridge, knowing that I wanted to be a doctor, I concentrated on the natural sciences and did a natural science history tripos⁵. In England then, the last two years of school were roughly equivalent to the first two years of college in America. The natural history tripos at Cambridge was a three-year course, equivalent to pre-medical studies in the United States. For the clinical years one arranged to attend classes at a hospital, often in London.

The first year at Cambridge, we were housed in a large boarding house for students. Later, for our last year of University, we were given rooms in one of the college courts. My rooms were situated around the court in splendid stone buildings built in the mid-19th century. They were comfortable, arranged by stairways, with a bedroom and sitting room and a common bathroom for each of two floors. My rooms were located in Tree Court, one courtyard away from the Caius College chapel and the refectory. At the refectory, we partook of a formal dinner every evening. There was a high table for professors and honored guests across one end of the room, at right angles to the rest of the tables arranged lengthwise down the room. One evening as I left the refectory I experienced flashing lights in my eyes and then a severe headache. I didn't know what was happening at the time but later realized that it was my first migraine attack.

As at Cheltenham, the sanitary arrangements at Caius were pretty primitive. To get a bath, for example, in both fair and stormy weather, one had to cross the courtyard to a basement, where a set of tubs, each with a cold-water tap, awaited. We drew hot water in a bucket from a separate tap.

⁵At Cambridge final exams were called "tripsos"; the equivalent in the United States would be one's major (one's major area of academic concentration). The name derives from the three-legged stool on which students used to sit.

Also at Cambridge caps and gowns were de rigueur, even when students went out at night. The university police, called bulldogs, chased students who were not properly attired, and miscreants were fined if they were caught off College property. A college property was safe and I must have been lucky to be close by a college when in disarray, as I was never caught by the bulldogs.

The students didn't take everything without protest. They formed the "Pavement Club," which I joined. Wearing the club tie, I participated in sit-down meetings in the middle of the King's Parade, one of the main streets in Cambridge, to block traffic and register an unremembered gripe.

There were other student pranks of course. An organization called the "Roof Climbers" on occasion would plant an inverted chamber pot on one of the spires of King's College Chapel. In Caius Tree Court, where my rooms were, we woke one morning to see a huge cannon, World War I memento, which belonged to Jesus, another college. During the night, the Caians stole it, drove it through the city, bringing it in through the "Master's Gate," the only gate into College that was large enough and was supposed to be opened only for Masters either living or dead.

There was punting on the part of the River Cam known as the 'Backs,' which ran through several colleges. Punts were low broad boats with a rear deck, from which the boat was propelled with a long punting pole. Newcomers often left their poles stuck in the mud, resulting in either loss of the pole or a plunge into the water. Since I enjoyed rowing at school I rowed in one of the Caian boats in the Bumps races on the Cam during my first year, but it was too time consuming. We had to attend breakfast every

morning for meat chops and practice rows. We rowers had a silly song "I've a boil on my bottom and can talk about it." I had one.

One summer, two friends and I went up for the summer term to study anatomy. The study of anatomy was very much emphasized in those days, and I did extensive dissections. We discovered an island in the Cam a good way up the river, and taking a tent and staples, camped on it for three weeks. On the island, we pitched a tent and during the day we all went skinny dipping in the river and absorbed the sun, which was supposed to be beneficial in those days before one thought of skin cancer. We studied anatomy in our books and on each other. Our food was the staples we had bought, but we let out 'night lines' on which we caught eels. I can tell you that roasted eels made a very good breakfast.

I worked hard at Cambridge and earned a first-class tripos degree and a scholarship to stay on at Cambridge for a fourth year to study physiology.

I made many lifelong friends at Cambridge. On the day I arrived at the boarding house where we were housed for the first year, I met another lonely young man who came from New Zealand, James Irving. We got to know each other very well and had rooms together in our last year in the college. Another good friend, also from New Zealand, was Howard Coverdale. Howard and my sister Irene were very close. -- so close that they might have gotten married, but there were problems with him living in New Zealand. Later, after Cambridge, while I was studying medicine at St. George's hospital in London, Howard went on to St. Thomas's Hospital, another hospital in London, where he specialized in ophthalmology, later becoming the leading ophthalmologist in Auckland, New Zealand. Jim became a fellow of Caius, occupied a

number of important positions as a professor of biochemistry including one at the University of Johannesburg in South Africa, and eventually became director of Harvard's Dental School. Jim and Howard were my camping companions on the island in the Cam.

I also knew very well a deeply Christian student named Bullen, who later became archbishop of Sudan, where he was killed in an air accident. He must have influenced me greatly because I became religious, and with a group of fellow religious students I spoke at the public speaking place at Speakers Corner in London of my closeness to Jesus.

Another Cambridge student who became a close friend was Alf Franklin, a delightful person two years younger than I. Alf, who was at Clare College, later became chairman of pediatrics at St. Bartholomew's, the oldest hospital in London, founded in the twelfth century⁶. My son, Robert, did a pediatrics externship there in 1965 with Alf as his preceptor.

Few women studied medicine in those days, and there were only two in my class. By coincidence, I re-met them both many years later. One hailed me when we were on a walk in Dunedin, New Zealand, in 1955; the other I met at a medical meeting in the United States where her husband, a British statistician, was speaking. I did not

⁶ St Bartholomew's Hospital has provided continuous patient care on the same site for longer than any other hospital in England. It was founded, with the Priory of St Bartholomew, in 1123 by Rahere, formerly a courtier of Henry I. A vow made while sick on a pilgrimage to Rome, and a vision of St Bartholomew, inspired Rahere to found a priory and a hospital for the sick poor at Smithfield in London.

recognize her when she came up to me and said, "I think I messed up your experiment on that last exam."

On weekends, a group of us would go hiking, including Jim and Howard and often joined by Ronnie then at Oxford. Sometimes we took a tent, but often we would stop at a farmhouse and see if we could sleep in their barn. Farmers very often let us! One day we stopped at a farmhouse and knocked. A butler opened the door and said, "his lordship is not in, but her Ladyship will see you." It was the country house of Lord and Lady Delaware, whose ancestors had founded the American State of Delaware with land grants from the Crown. We took supper with the steward that evening, slept in the barn, and the next morning breakfasted with Their Lord and Ladyships.

During many summer holidays our family would go camping, frequently in the south of England, which is lovely country. College friends, especially those from overseas, often joined us. On one such holiday, in Lulworth Cove, a pretty bay in Dorset, the family, including my parents (by then in their sixties) lived in tents and did a lot of walking. I still have pictures of that camp drawn by Howard Coverdale, who was staying with us. Another summer, we -- Howard, Irene and some others -- went camping in the Cairngorms, mountains in mid-Scotland. Now the area is a fancy resort for climbing, fishing, and skiing, but then it was open moors and untouched nature. There we set up tents, dug our own latrines, and mostly spent the days hiking and exploring.

When at Cambridge, my sister Irene, my brother Ronnie and I often went to the continent with my parents. We would go by train, crossing the English Channel on a boat, hoping the ride would be smooth. Several years we went to Switzerland, staying at the village of Grindelwald, and I have a vivid memory of one walk with my Father --

the gorgeous spectacle of spring flowers that greeted us going over the Grimsel Pass into Italy. On a later trip, Ronnie and I walked from St. Moritz down Val Bragaglia to join our parents who were staying on Lake Como, in Italy. I recall being awakened in our tent at 6 a.m. by a border guard who wanted to know what we were up to. Presenting our passports we were allowed to proceed. On a third trip, in Venice, Ronnie and I were badly bitten by mosquitoes as we slept on an unscreened balcony, and while traveling back home, by train across Italy, we encountered "blackshirts"-- members of Italy's Fascist Party who, among other things, provided railway security. In Milan, Ronnie got off the train, which started unexpectedly, and he had to be pulled back aboard through the window.

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL

For my clinical work I went to St. George's Hospital in London on an entrance scholarship. St. George's was a beautiful eighteenth-century building at Hyde Park Corner not far from Buckingham Palace. The hospital buildings are now used as a fashionable hotel, St. George's Hospital moved to Tooting. Our work there consisted of lectures and ward-rounds with an attending physician. There were two big wards, one for men and one for women. They had twenty-four beds each, arranged around the walls. The wards were run by ward sisters, who wore blue uniforms and white caps. We students felt we had to behave very well in their presence. They knew all the patients and showed us how to do such things as putting on leeches for pericarditis and pleurisy, and how to get them off by sprinkling salt on them. I remember very well my first operation, done by a famous surgeon, Fergi Ferguson, who wore no gloves. It was the removal of the lower jaw of a man with cancer. I helped by holding retractors and did not faint.

One of the tests we used to give to patients involved a 'test meal' in which a special food was put into the stomach through a tube and withdrawn after a certain length of time. Some of us thought we ought to experience this and I remember the orderly coming to say "Sir, your test meal is ready."

Apart from my medical work, I also enjoyed some social life. Ronnie use to put on parties in London to which I was invited, but at which I felt rather shy, not quite fitting in with the younger people. I did go to plays with my male friends, but avoided female relationships. So the following episodes were outside the usual pattern. The first involved a young woman who had been a patient at St. George's with gonorrhoea. I vividly remember her lying fully exposed before a group of students and residents, without consideration or compassion. In these days before antibiotics, she received the standard treatment with antiseptics, such as potassium permanganate. I have no idea how, but somehow I got to know her after her release from hospital. I tried to be nice to her, as several of the residents had been very unkind, treating her as a tart, as she probably was. One evening I was paying a call at her flat when suddenly she asked me to go to bed with her. I was not really ready for this, and declined, after telling her that she shouldn't sell herself so cheap. Strangely our acquaintance continued on and off until very recently. She became a social worker, married during the war, and her husband was killed by the Japanese. When we were living in London, I introduced her to Dwight. As the years went by, I received occasional letters from her, to which I responded, describing a rather sad, lonely, but complicated life. This continued until 1997, when I received her last letter at Christmas time.

The second episode was even more bizarre. Apparently there was a sort of competition at the hospital, and a colleague who became the leading psychiatrist in

London and I won the prize, an invitation to a "special" dinner party. We went there and joined a group of "ladies" at a long table. We joined them for a while until the conversation got more salacious than we could bear. Finally we realized that this was a whorehouse and left, offering to take two of the ladies home to save them from a fate worse than death. We left them off at their door. The idea of paying for sex never entered our heads, we were so naïve.

While I was at St. George's, three of us went over to Ireland to do our obstetrics in Dublin. The Dublin Obstetrical Hospital was famous for its work. The instructors were individualists, well known in Dublin. Some of them wore big hats, some of them had big dogs. We were given three beds in a large room and my two companions were badly bitten by fleas the first night, some how I escaped. When we complained the next morning the maid said, "Don't worry. You'll get used to them in time."

Delivering babies in the poor parts of Dublin was quite an experience. You went into the room, drove out the chickens, and delivered the baby. Very often the new father would ply you with whiskey. I managed to escape the whiskey. On the first delivery I made, instead of a baby, I found a rare condition called a hydaitiform mole, a cancer of the placenta. I was very proud that I recognized it and called the hospital for help.

Culturally, we had an interesting two or three weeks in Dublin, because in addition to delivering babies, we often went to the famous Abbey Theatre, where they produced Irish plays.

NORTH AMERICA

At Cambridge in 1920, my good friend Jim Irving and I, together with an unusual man, an unfrocked priest called Fellows Farrow, founded the Society for Medical Students at Cambridge. We three thought a society for medical students was a good idea because at that time there was no cohesion among them. We arranged to have papers and lectures given and social gatherings. Our aim was to provide medical students with fellowship and sources of information.

In 1926, the officers of the Society arranged for a group of students to visit medical schools on the East coast of North America during the summertime, when the school dormitories were empty. Seventy of us embarked for America on Friday, August 13th (my lucky day). We sailed from Liverpool on the *Aurania* and, reached North America, sailing up the St. Lawrence River to dock at Quebec. We saw the Plains of Abraham where General Wolf was killed.⁷ We heard lectures at medical schools in Montreal and Toronto. Then, after stopping at Niagara Falls, we traveled overnight by train to Washington, where I remember vividly coming out of Union Station and seeing the capitol building looming in the distance. There were fewer trees in Washington then. From Walter Reed, a U.S. Army hospital in Washington, we went to Johns Hopkins in Baltimore, to the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia (whose dormitories reminded me of Cambridge), to Cornell University Medical School in New York City, and then to Yale and Harvard.

I was much impressed. In my opinion, American medicine was more sophisticated than English medicine, and I much appreciated the scientific approach.

⁷ General Wolf was the British general who defeated the French in the French and Indian Wars and was killed in the successful siege of Quebec.

Two fellow travelers, Hugh Woodman, who became a life long friend and, Hunter, another medical student, and I stayed on after the others had gone home to England, returning to New York to see more medicine. The three of us sailed from New York a week after the others. On board ship, we struck up an acquaintance with three young women: a lawyer, a social worker, and I forget what the third was. I was shocked when one of them started calling me Tom, my first name, not realizing that this was the usual pattern in America. Hunter fell desperately in love with the social worker, who got off at Calais and wouldn't have anything to do with him. He also got off at Calais and followed her; eventually she married him.⁸ I struck up a lifelong friendship with the lawyer, Kelsy, a military brat who later married a military man, General Mott, and kept in touch her until her death in Washington several years ago. She once stayed with Dwight and me for a couple of days and Robert met her several times years later when he lived in Washington.

As a result of the trip to America, my friend Alf Franklin founded the Osler Society in London. Dr. William Osler -- his was a name to conjure with. He was a Canadian educated at Magill Medical School in Montreal, who wrote the standard textbook on medicine. Subsequently he became a pathologist at the University of Pennsylvania, Physician-in-Chief at Johns Hopkins, ending up as Sir William Osler, Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, England. The Flexner Report, issued in 1910, had challenged the medical curriculum as it was then taught. Early in the 1900s, doctors could get their medical diploma through the mail and medical students were taught by practicing physicians, who made their living chiefly through their medical practice. Flexner suggested making medical teachers salaried full-time professors at medical schools.

⁸ Hunter became the doctor at Marlborough School, an old English public school in the south of England.

Johns Hopkins was the first medical school where Flexner's proposal was put into practice. Four outstanding people were appointed to the teaching staff initially: William Osler for medicine, William Halstead for surgery, Howard Kelly for obstetrics, and William Welsh for pathology.

The idea of the Osler Society was to give papers, mainly on the history of medicine. There weren't many of us so we met in private homes, as often as not that of Alf Franklin's brother, a dentist. Professors we had met on our American trip would often attend when they came to London at the time of our meetings, sometimes to give a paper, sometimes just to visit when one of us would speak.

In 1927, after my final exams, I qualified as a physician, with an MRCS LRCP (Member of the Royal College of Surgeons and Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians). With this degree I was qualified to practice as a general practitioner. I didn't get an M.D. upon graduation, as I would have in the United States; in England, that was a higher degree for which you had to write a thesis or take a stiff exam. After I graduated from St. George's, I remained there for another year during which I did a rotating internship, with a three-month residency in each department. I also spent a six-months residency in Child Health at Queen Elizabeth's Children's Hospital in East London.

In order to practice as a consulting physician, one had to become a Member of the Royal College of Physicians, for which one had to pass a difficult exam. I took the exam in 1928 and was lucky, being among the 20 percent who passed on the first try. Following membership, later on, one could be nominated and selected as a Fellow. I think I was elected a Fellow in 1940. So now my title is FRCP.

TRAVELS

In 1927, I made my first airplane trip to Paris with a friend from St. George's. We flew about 100 feet above the channel, taking three hours for the flight. I was so sick. In Paris, I was looking forward to tasting French coffee that I had heard so much about, but of course it was full of chicory and I found it unpalatable. On trips with the family we went to the South of France. We visited one of the old fortified towns, Aigue Mort, and traveled to Avignon and along the Côte d'Azur. I remember particularly a long walk up into the hills above Grasse, the French city in the South Alps, where many of the world's finest perfumes are still made.

Also in 1927, I crossed from Munich into Austria with Irene, her best friend, Bertha Livingstone Learmont (now Balfour), and Irene's fiancé, Rudolf Camerer⁹. After the train ride from Munich, the women stayed in a peasant's hut in the Mittenwald while Rudolf and I, communicating in broken French, climbed 4,000 feet from the valley to the plateau at the foot of the Drei Tor Spitze mountain. The next morning, Rudolf took me rock climbing with all the equipment, ropes, etc. Following the climb we rejoined the women and all moved east, by foot and by train, across Austria to an area known as Steinernes Meer, resplendent with flowers. We returned to Munich through Berchtesgaden (which later became well known as Hitler's retreat) and the Chiemsee, where we rented a sailboat and, becoming becalmed, sustained ourselves on chocolate bars.

⁹ After finishing school, Irene, who had a fine voice, went to Munich to study singing. There, she fell in love and became engaged to Rudolf, one of the sons of the family with whom she lived.

In the winter of 1927, my friend Hugh Woodman organized a skiing trip to Lenzerheide, in Switzerland. A lively group of young medical students from Cambridge enjoyed the company of Irene and her friends, including two sisters, my Frechville cousins. I fell in love at first sight with Honor, the beautiful elder cousin. Those of us who were beginners took ski lessons on the practice slopes; after learning the turns, we ventured onto steeper slopes. There, aside from the breezy slides down the mountains and the arduous climbs back up with sealskins on the bottom of our skis (there were no ski lifts then) the most outstanding memory was the hot chocolate with whipped cream at the end of the day.

When I was at Cambridge, we often went sailing on the Broads in Norfolk, where there were rivers, lakes, and wetlands, and one could rent a sailboat. We would spend maybe a week sailing. In London, there were six or seven different medical school hospitals under the University of London that competed with each other in sports. Each hospital had a rugby team; for example, I was secretary of mine. We also had dinghy races on the Crouch, the river north of the Thames, in Essex. For my first race, I teamed up with another student named Pym¹⁰ who knew a lot about sailing. We won the race for George's that year. Another student and I bought an old cutter, the June, which was built in 1897 as registered in the Lloyd book of yachts. The June had a low stern and was equipped with a mainsail, topsail, jib, foresail, and a spinnaker. It was a practical boat that could sleep four people. We used to sail on the Crouch and then up the coast of East Anglia to Norfolk and back, often running into sandbars when the tide was low. We didn't know about them, but I did learn. I can remember recuperating from

¹⁰ Later, Pym gave up medical school and spent his life sailing his own boat around the world and writing about it.

my second tonsillectomy in a hospital bed, doing some studying, and knitting a washcloth with the name of my boat, the June, into it.

THE THORNDIKE LABORATORY

Toward the end of my residency at St. George's, Dr. John Fulton, a Yale professor of physiology whom I had met on the trip to North America, was present at one of the meetings of the Osler Society. He asked what I was going to do now and I said I didn't know, that I might go into general practice with my uncle, Charles Milligan, who had a good general practice in Brook Street, in Central London. Fulton told me that Dr. George Minot -- professor in charge of the Thorndike Laboratory at Harvard and noted for introducing liver as a specific treatment for pernicious anemia -- always had an English fellow and that the current one was returning to Britain. He suggested I apply for a fellowship with Minot. So that's what I did and I was accepted. Therefore, in June 1930, after I'd completed all my commitments in England, I sailed for Boston. I was the first and only person in my family to go to America.

The Thorndike Laboratory was run by Dr. Minot, who was a diabetic; fortunately, insulin had been discovered just in time to save his life. At the Thorndike, I did research on leukemia with Dr. Claude Forkner. We were trying to cure it with arsenic, which reduced the white count all right, but was not a permanent cure. I was working on a special way of counting white blood cells, a technique that had just been invented. I used this technique for a study with Max Finland, of the evolution of cell types in pleural fluid during the course of pneumonia. While at the Thorndike, I remember discussions among the liver researchers about a discovery and the consensus that "We should get our work into print quickly, before somebody else publishes it." Science was as competitive then as now.

One day, soon after I got to Boston, I was working at my bench in the laboratory when a tall young woman named Dwight Baker, a technician in the lab, came looking for me and introduced herself. "I just wanted to come and see this new Englishman," she said. She worked with Dr. Weiss, a cardiologist, studying the circulation time of blood in diseases of the heart. She seemed interesting. I was shy and very bashful with women, but Dwight approached me. I lived in the hospital with the young doctors working in the lab. It was a wonderful group of young people -- technicians, doctors, and secretaries. I joined this group, and became more and more attracted to Dwight. There were a lot of nice-looking young women. I would never have approached them alone but when we were in a group, that was different. On a Columbus Day outing, in the group car, Dwight and I shared a ride in the "rumble seat," where the trunk in a modern car would be located. That was the first chance we really had to talk.

Dwight's full name was Mary Dwight Baker. She was a posthumous child: her father, Clarence Dwight Baker, died five months before she was born. Her mother, disappointed that she couldn't go to Vassar College herself, registered her daughter as Mary Baker at the college as soon as she was born. When Dwight arrived at Vassar years later, they told her they already had one Mary Baker, so she became Dwight in the East and in the West she remained Mary, or sometimes Mary Dwight.

A descendant of John Alden and Myles Standish, two of the colonists who had come over on the *Mayflower*, Dwight was born May 5, 1907, in Coldwater, Michigan. However, she grew up on the west coast and was both a tomboy and an adventurer. While she was a student at Vassar, she and her friends would drive across the country

on unpaved roads. Between 1925 and '29, when she graduated, she drove across country four or five times. At other times she went by train. She knew the country well.

Shortly after I got to Boston I heard that Honor Frechville, my beautiful cousin with whom I had been in love, was visiting not far away. She was going to marry a young officer who was stationed at an agricultural institution known as Mass Aggie, which later became Massachusetts University, and I thought it would be nice to go and say goodbye to her. Mass Aggie was in Amherst, so Dwight took me up to stay with her uncle, Ray Stannard Baker. When I came back from saying goodbye to Honor, and was walking with Dwight and Uncle Ray, I discovered that Uncle Ray was David Grayson, a writer whom I had admired greatly at Cambridge. Writing under the pseudonym David Grayson, Uncle Ray had written a number of books, *Adventures of Friendship*, *Adventures of Solitude*, *A Country Man's Year*, lovely stories about the country and a philosophy of living, *Under My Elm*. Some of these have recently been reissued. Under his own name, Uncle Ray had been a reporter, one of the muckrakers of the early 1900s. He had written *The Color Line*, for instance, a seminal book examining black and white relationships in America in the early 1900s. He also authored the official biography of Woodrow Wilson. It was thrilling for me to get to know this great writer whom I had already known through his work, and to learn that he was Dwight's uncle!

That year, as a group, we had a really wonderful time. On Sundays in the summertime we all went horseback riding. We went swimming on the Massachusetts coast and canoeing on the Charles River. I began to get know Dwight better. On one canoeing trip, she went with someone else going out but I had her in my canoe on the trip back. In the winter, the Appalachian Club had organized Sunday train trips to

wherever there was snow. We'd all come back from skiing and dance for the rest of the night in somebody's apartment.

The fact that this all happened during prohibition gave me an insight into an aspect of American culture. People made wine out of everything. At the riding stable, we'd have a stirrup cup of primrose wine, dandelion wine, or raspberry wine. I used to be asked out by Boston ladies for tea or lunch or dinner and we'd always have fruit wine of some sort. One of my colleagues, Sutliff -- Suttee to his friends -- invited me to dinner and, at the restaurant, the waiter produced two cups and a teapot, out of which to my surprise came martinis. The only non-American among a group of physicians-in-training, I was quite shocked when the "dry" medical residents stole alcohol from the hospital laboratory for their parties. To try and prevent this pilfering the technicians would add phenolphthalein, a powerful laxative, to the alcohol and label it "poison," but it would still disappear and those who imbibed it were invariably sick the next day. The culture of drinking in America was to get drunk. This was quite a different attitude toward alcohol from what I was used to, as in England we were introduced to drinking wine as a social event as teenagers. In the States, getting drunk as a goal seemed to be the result of youth combined with Prohibition. I was in Boston when the Volstead act was repealed, essentially ending Prohibition. The Boston police celebrated by getting drunk.

JOHNS HOPKINS

My fellowship at the Thorndike was to end in June of 1931, but in the spring of that year the recently founded American Pediatric Society held its annual meeting in Atlantic City. Child care as a separate discipline was introduced to America in the mid-19th century by Abraham Jacoby, a German doctor practicing in New York. Noting the poor

care that children were receiving, Jacoby had made the care of children the basis of his practice, initiating such things as pasteurization of milk and immunizations. He must have taught other doctors to follow his example for he was appointed professor of child health at the New York College of Medicine in 1861. From this beginning arose the group of doctors who became pediatricians, but the first pediatric organization in the United States, the American Pediatric Society, wasn't founded until 1928. I had enjoyed my six months' training in child health at the Queen Elizabeth Hospital in London very much so I decided to go to Atlantic City to attend the pediatric meeting. I traveled down from Boston by train, more than an eight hour journey. While at the meeting, I fell in with some students from Johns Hopkins and, seizing the opportunity, I asked them if I could hitch a ride with them to Baltimore. Thus it was that I took part in the discussion of cases at the weekly "Grand Rounds" with Dr. Edwards A. Park, one of the country's leading pediatricians.

Shortly after I returned to Boston, I received a letter from Dr. Park, asking if I would be interested in a job as the resident in the Pediatric Outpatient Department. It seems that the resident he'd chosen for Outpatient Care had come down with tuberculosis and had been sent to a sanitarium. I quickly replied to him that I was very interested but that I had had only six months' experience in pediatrics. He took me anyway.

Back in Boston, Dwight, having resigned her job as a technician, had been offered a place at the Johns Hopkins Medical School, the leading medical school in the country at the time. But she turned down this offer to become a biochemist rather than a physician. She started working for her PhD. at Harvard, under Dr. Otto Folin, the founder of clinical biochemistry who was chairman of the chemistry department at Harvard Medical School and the father of her lab partner at Vassar. Dwight was

surprised when Folin suggested that she work for a PhD. at Radcliffe/Harvard, because she thought Harvard didn't want girls and she was right. As she wrote later, "In the year that I was to take a course in physical chemistry at Harvard, the professor scheduled to teach the course told me that he was not teaching it that year because there were girls enrolled in the class. So instead I had to take chemistry at MIT. When I returned to Harvard I learned that the Harvard board of overseers had found that there were four girls registered for the physiology course and that they wanted to get rid of us. But Professor Cannon, head of the physiology department, pointed out that we had paid our fees, so the board allowed us to remain but insisted that we sit in the back row for lectures and have a separate laboratory. This was wonderful because we had one instructor for four of us."

It was the Depression. In 1933 President Roosevelt closed the banks and Dwight's Uncle Harry told her she couldn't get access to her inheritance. So, to finance her education and because she was a student at Radcliffe, she applied for a fellowship there, but Radcliffe was completely unhelpful. She then turned to her old biochemistry professor at Vassar and through her, she was able to arrange a fellowship to help pay for the tuition. She financed her personal expenses by a part time job at the Huntington Hospital, and in addition later on, Dr. Folin offered her a position as a teaching assistant at Harvard. That position made Dwight the first woman to hold a post on the Harvard Medical School faculty.

Meanwhile, I left for Baltimore where I was to spend the next three years. Inside the Johns Hopkins medical complex was a small building called the Harriet Lane home. It housed the Department of Pediatrics of which Dr. Park was the chairman. The first year I was there, I served as the outpatient resident for the pediatric department, seeing

outpatients and reviewing charts every day, which was a lot of work. Apparently I was successful at this, as the next year I was asked to be Dr. Park's chief resident, a job that I held for two years.

Because of my rapid advancement, I was apparently disliked by others who had been residents longer than I, although I didn't know that at the time. Years later, when Dwight and I were in Tokyo for a pediatric meeting, we ran into one of them who told Dwight that when he was a resident, "I hated your husband's guts." Subsequently, we became the best of friends and often visited him in Wilmington, where he practiced. Another time, at a dinner meeting, a number of people were talking about Hopkins and one of them said, "We had this awful Englishman as our chief resident," I reintroduced myself.

As a resident at Hopkins in the early 1930s I was paid \$1000 for the year. I lived in a boarding house just up Wolf Street from the hospital, where breakfast and laundry were provided. Wolf Street was then renowned for its rows of brick houses, each with a set of marble steps coming down from a central front door. Thus, every morning, I walked up to the hospital past elderly women busily polishing their marble steps.

In those days, we had less responsibility than a resident has today, but there was still plenty to do. We got pretty good at slipping intravenous lines into infants' veins. As there were no disposable needles, we had to sharpen the needles ourselves, using a smooth sharpening stone. In the basement of the hospital there was a clinical laboratory where we did our own blood counts and cross matched blood groups for transfusions. In fact I was so busy, I didn't even have time to put my salary in the bank,

a situation that turned out to be lucky when the depression came and the banks closed. I did not get back the salary I had deposited until the 1950s.

At Hopkins, there were no scheduled times off, so if we wanted an evening away from the hospital, we had to arrange with one of our fellow residents to take our calls; a process that was not always easy. In what little spare time we did have, we went swimming in the Chesapeake Bay in an area fenced off to keep out the stinging jellyfish. Once we brewed our own whiskey, getting it dark brown with charred wood. I remember the party when we took our drinks out of nursing bottles. Because there was so little to do outside of the hospital, I was able to save enough out of my small pay check to make a boat trip back to England to see my family one summer.

The first salaried pediatrician at Hopkins, John Howland, was appointed pediatrician-in-chief in about 1914. Howland died of hepatitis and was succeeded briefly by Dr. Davidson and then by Dr. Park in about 1928, shortly before I got there. Dr. Park was one of the giants in pediatrics. While I was at Hopkins, on an exchange of chief residents, I also got to know two other giants in pediatrics: Dr. Kenneth Blackfan in Boston (where I got to see more of Dwight) and Dr. Marriot in St. Louis. I was learning a great deal from people knowledgeable in pediatrics.

Dr. Park had decided that we needed to study diseases, so he had a cardiac clinic, a tuberculosis clinic, and a research group. The way he organized pediatrics was reminiscent of what had been done in France. After the French Revolution, there had been much discussion among French physicians about whether medicine should be organized to provide medical facilities for everybody or to provide facilities for the study of disease. They decided to study disease and set up hospitals specializing in such

things as skin problems, obstetrics, and children's medicine. As a result, France became an exciting place to study medicine in the nineteenth century, replacing Edinburgh, which had been the center for medical studies since 1663.¹¹

Medical knowledge and treatments have changed since the days I was a resident at Hopkins. When I entered pediatrics, for example, the standard of medical care called for treating cases of infants with pneumonia by bundling them up and sending them with devoted nurses to sleep in the fresh air on the roof. Also, at that time many children had mastoiditis from middle-ear disease, which then required emergency surgical intervention, mastoidectomy. Now both of these diseases are treated and indeed prevented with antibiotics, but in those days there were no antibiotics.

There was a real resistance to change when I was in training. Medicine had a conservative mind set. While Fleming had discovered penicillin in 1927 and had shown that it killed bacteria in the petri dish, nobody in clinical medicine had taken notice of it. Although Salvarsan, an arsenical, had been shown to cure syphilis in 1903, no other advances were made in the control of infectious diseases until 1935 when Domack discovered Sulfanilimide with its powerful therapeutic antimicrobial action. Then, with the WWII coming on, clinical medicine rediscovered penicillin and Flory initiated full scale production of the antibiotic, which became available for U.S. Army use only, in the early 1940s. The Army used it to cure syphilis, which was prevalent during the war. After the war, penicillin became widely used and the mindset changed.

¹¹ In 1983, to celebrate Edinburgh Medical School's tricentennial, a group of us from the Philadelphia College of Physicians went to Edinburgh. We presented the University of Edinburgh Medical School with a copy of a portrait of Dr. John Morgan, who had come to America from Edinburgh in 1740 and founded a medical school in Philadelphia. This school was to become the University of Pennsylvania, which has the oldest medical school in the United States.

Attitudes toward pediatric patients have also changed. In the 1930s when I was a resident, children were kept in the hospital for a very long time to get over whatever illness they had. Their parents were rarely allowed to visit (only once a month) for fear they would introduce infection into the hospital. In a study of hospitalized infants who were cared for in every way except that they weren't held, most of those babies failed to thrive and many of them died. That study called attention to the importance of touching and love in the care of infants. In the 1950s, a knowledgeable psychiatrist at Children's Hospital in Philadelphia, John Rose, realized that strict visiting rules were a mistake. Thinking that the nurses might object to any change in their routines, he persuaded them to try parental visiting three days a week. The nurses, soon realizing how much more quickly the children recovered and how much burden having the parents there took off of them, came to Dr. Rose and asked, "Can't we have it every day?" This major change was not recognized as a real therapeutic advance at the time, and Rose died of complications from diabetes shortly after daily visits became routine at the Children's Hospital. But in my mind, this was a major advance in child care, which subsequently has become standard practice throughout most of the world.

We often discovered things as we worked. Cardiologist Helen Taussig, for example, ran the cardiac clinic for Dr. Park. She saw numerous babies with Tetralogy of Fallot who were blue at birth for lack of oxygen because their veins and arteries were transposed. She suggested that if one could surgically switch the vein and artery, these "blue babies" could be saved. Dr. Blalock, a surgeon at Hopkins, was persuaded to try this operation. It was successful, and the baby being operated on turned from blue to

pink. This procedure, the Blalock-Taussig operation, introduced cardiac surgery for babies, and Dr. Taussig became known as the blue-baby doctor¹².

Residents were sometimes invited to Dr. Park's house for Sunday dinner so we became acquainted with Dr. Park's family. We got to know his very active teenage children, Sally and Rollo, who teased us residents, once putting soap in our soup. One summer, Dr. Park presented me and a fellow resident, John Washington, with fly fishing equipment and sent us off to his summer cottage in Nova Scotia to study fly fishing in Canadian streams.

During my residency, I corresponded with Dwight and we saw each other occasionally. She came to Baltimore at least once, and I recall we went off to Gettysburg by bus one weekend and had crab cakes later at Miller's Restaurant. Then I spent Christmas with her in Brooklyn at the home of her college friend, Adelaide Buist, whom Dwight called Beastie.

ROCKEFELLER INSTITUTE

In 1934 when I finished my residency at Hopkins, Dr. Park arranged a position for me as a resident with Dr. Thomas Rivers in infectious diseases at the Rockefeller Institute Hospital in New York City. Rivers was a leading virologist and had written one of the major textbooks on virology. Virology was by then a well-established discipline, separate from bacteriology, both of them sub-specialties of microbiology.

¹² Many years later, after receiving the Howland award from the American Pediatric Society, Helen Taussig privately attributed her remarkable suggestion to a conversation she had with me, when he was a resident in the cardiac clinic at Hopkins. We remained close friends throughout our lives.

Together Dr. Rivers and I discovered a virus that caused an aseptic meningitis (meningitis in which no bacteria are found). A staff member at the Rockefeller came down with meningitis, and I performed a lumbar puncture. Among other tests, I injected mice intracerebrally with some of the spinal fluid and several days later the mice became sick and died. This virus, which became known as lymphocytic choriomeningitis, or LCM, had been reported as a cause of aseptic meningitis in France but not in the United States. Later, one of the hospital carpenters also developed aseptic meningitis and his spinal fluid also caused the disease in mice, so I had two patients with LCM. After studying various aspects of the virus, we wrote a paper, which I was to present to the hospital staff. On the day of the presentation, I developed the mumps, so Rivers had to give the paper.

While I was still at the Rockefeller Institute my Cambridge friend, Alf Franklin, who was then studying at Johns Hopkins, took a six-week vacation with me, traveling in an early-model Ford from New York to New Orleans and as far west as the Mesa Verde cliff dwellings in Colorado. We rode on mules down the Grand Canyon and later stopped to skinny dip in a small river, getting quickly out when a water snake swam toward us. On the way home we visited the pediatrician-in-chief at the Mayo Clinic, in Rochester, Minnesota, and revisited Niagara Falls, which we had first seen with fellow medical students in 1926.

I saw Dwight again at Christmas in 1935, when Dwight and Otto Folin's secretary and some of their friends organized a skiing party somewhere in New York State and invited me to join them. I had a girlfriend at the Rockefeller at the time, the head nurse, but when I saw Dwight again, I realized that she was the person I wanted to marry if she would take me. Dwight received her doctorate in 1936 and that spring I invited her down

to the Rockefeller. We went walking in Central Park -- we both liked to walk -- and I asked, "Will you come to England with me?" In those days, of course, "coming with somebody" meant you were going to get married. She said she would! I remember that I took her to lunch at the Rockefeller with my group and announced our engagement. (Dwight must have been thinking along the same lines, because I later saw a letter she wrote to her sister, Helen, saying, "I think I've fallen in love with Tom," but at the time I didn't know this.) Dwight's half-sister Helen Sutton was engaged to marry Luther Gulick, and they decided to postpone their wedding date so we could be married in a double ceremony.

The paper on LCM was sent and accepted for presentation at a meeting of the American Pediatric Society to be held at Lake George, in upstate New York. Dr. Rivers was due to give the paper this time, but he developed a bleeding gastric ulcer in the middle of the night before the presentation, so I stepped in and presented the paper. This was a boost for my reputation -- giving a paper means you've done something worthwhile -- and this was shortly before our wedding, so Dwight and her mother were there!

MARRIAGE

On July 18, 1936, shortly after I gave my talk, Dwight and I were married in a double wedding ceremony with Dwight's half-sister, Helen, and Luther, in Ray Stannard Baker's lovely garden in Amherst, Massachusetts. It started to rain so Dr. Horace Greeley, a Unitarian minister and a friend of Luther's, hurriedly said the last prayers and we fled up the hill to the house. Dwight was given away by her uncle Ray and Helen by her stepfather, John Todd. None of my family was able to come to the wedding. My brother

Ronnie had planned to, but could not as he had developed acute appendicitis, which required surgery. I don't think either of us had a best man.

After the wedding, we spent a few days in New York before sailing for England. Dwight automatically became a British citizen when she married me so we went to the British consulate in New York to get Dwight a British passport. At the consulate they wanted to confiscate her American passport as dual citizenship in those days was frowned upon. She replied, "I paid ten dollars for that passport and I want it back. If you give me the ten dollars, I'll give it to you." They let her keep it. Later, when Dwight went to the Continent in 1937, just before the war, she found her American passport a very useful document to possess.

LONDON, REVISITED

We sailed to Southampton on the White Star liner *Beringaria*. In England, we made our way to London, where my parents were living in an apartment. There they met Dwight for the first time. Fortunately, my Father loved her and Mother and Dwight also had a great time together. My mother thought, "This American girl has got to be dressed properly for London," so she took Dwight to her tailor and had a blue suit made for her for the city and a tweed one for the country. We found a reasonably priced flat in a newly erected block called the White House, at the north end of Great Portland Street, with shops and squash courts and a swimming pool in the basement. It was a wonderful place. Our flat was tiny, with a two-burner kitchen stove, and we had to have our furniture constructed to fit. Dwight got a job at the University College Hospital working with Dr. Harry Himsworth, who was doing research on diabetes. While in London, Dwight gave several papers and joined the Cambridge University Biochemical Society. Her membership in this society resulted in our later attending the meetings of the Federation of European Biochemical Societies.

I had a very busy life. I had been asked to return to my old hospital, St. George's, as the first pediatrician to run the Children's Service. In England, pediatrics was just emerging as a separate discipline. At St. George's, I had clinical and teaching duties. I also found a job on the faculty of Queen Elizabeth's Hospital for Children, where I had had my first training in children's diseases. Luckily, the White House, where we lived, was a few minutes' walk from an underground station with trains that went to St. George's at Marble Arch, and to Queen Elizabeth's in East London. I spent my evenings and weekends doing research. With grant money from the Medical Research Council, I was continuing the investigation of my virus, LCM (lymphocytic choriomeningitis) at the Wellcome Laboratory on Euston Road, which was headed by Dr. G. M. Findley.

I also had a consulting practice with office hours one afternoon a week in a space Alf Franklin and I shared in a doctor's house a five-minute walk across the park from the White House. In England, a specialist, which I was, couldn't see patients on his own. A pediatrician was a consultant and had to have patients referred by a general practitioner. Several of my erstwhile fellow students in London were general practitioners and they referred private patients to me. Thus, I was able to make enough money to cover the rent.

There was also the Oxford Pediatric Clinic. When Dwight and I first went to England, Helen Taussig, my teacher at Johns Hopkins, had suggested that we get in touch with her sister, Catherine Opie, who was married to an Oxford don. Catherine invited Alf Franklin and me down to Oxford to do a "well-baby" clinic for the dons' children, for which we would be paid. I went down one weekend a month, and Alf went another; we

stayed with the dons, doing clinics in the back of their houses. It was an interesting experience working with fascinating people. As consultants, we checked the dons' babies and children. If we identified a problem, we referred the patients to their regular doctors for treatment. In the 1930s, the dons did not have pediatricians of their own. After all, I had just returned to London as the first pediatrician, in charge of children's services at George's Hospital.

Among those I treated in Oxford was a child named Thomas Pakenham, who would later marry my niece, Valerie, Ronnie's daughter. In her autobiography, *The Pebble Beach*, Thomas's mother, Lady Longford, reports that I saved Thomas's life. In fact, what I did was diagnose poliomyelitis, perhaps suggesting a different sort of treatment than someone else might have prescribed. At the time, polio was widespread throughout the world. Only the clinical form of polio, which was less common, produced signs and symptoms of paralysis; far more people had subclinical polio, meaning they didn't develop symptoms at all, or developed only the mildest symptoms, such as a sore throat or the "flu", which were rarely diagnosed as polio. Now, thanks to vaccines, the Western hemisphere, and much of the rest of the world is free of the disease.

I received money from a grant from the Medical Research Council for my laboratory work, fees from my consulting practice, and a hundred pounds a year for my work at St. George's. I can't remember if I got anything from Queen Elizabeth's Hospital. Dwight also earned some money, and my father gave all of his children five hundred pounds a year until he died. A hundred pounds was quite a lot of money in those days; we used to live well on it. Not extravagantly, but we had money to go to plays and that sort of thing.

My brother Ronnie had a business importing cigarettes from Cyprus and was also an author, writing poetry and books. In 1930, he married Mary Berry, a daughter of Lord Camrose, the newspaper baron. Ronnie & Mary had a country house in Kent to which we were frequently invited for weekends. While we were staying at their house, the servants took our overnight bag and unpacked it, put studs in my evening shirt, and brought morning tea to us in bed. When we went to dinner at Lord Camrose's estate, Hackwood, we dressed in white tie and tails and had a waiter behind each chair. Dwight had trouble getting a full meal because the English eat in the continental way, with two hands, the fork in the left hand, the knife in the right, both pointed down. One placed one's knife and fork diagonally across the plate to signal that one's plate could be removed. Dwight would do this inadvertently -- because Americans very often put the fork and knife down while pausing to talk to their neighbors or take a drink of wine -- so her plate would be whisked away. On the other hand, her champagne glass was continually full, as in the States she had been taught that it is impolite not to finish one's glass. In England, the waiter took an empty glass as a request for a refill and she didn't say no -- so, as she reported later, she often left the table a little tottery. She had a wonderful time comparing American and English culture with the family. She enjoyed it and they loved her. She got on especially well with my father, who used to read to us in the evenings.

My youngest sister, Leslie, and Dwight got to know each other very well. An archaeologist, Leslie had been working in Palestine but when her boss was murdered by the Arabs, she came home to England. When we were there, she was investigating a Roman house down at Angmering, in Sussex, on the English Channel. We used to go down for weekends and help wash the shards that were retrieved from the dig. Leslie would often ask Dwight to take care of her boyfriends, saying, "Dwight, I'm supposed to

go to a meeting. Would you have lunch with so-and-so?" So Dwight would take off with one of Leslie's boyfriends. One fellow archaeologist was desperately in love with Leslie; when he wasn't accepted he retreated to dig in Afghanistan. Later, when Leslie was doing archaeology in Brittany she met and decided to marry Peter Murray-Threipland also an archaeologist. As he was divorced, the two of them decided to marry in a registry office. Leslie's admirer in Afghanistan heard about it, flew back to London, and put his name down to marry her at the same registry office. This bizarre situation was picked up by the press and I can remember the newspaper story with pictures of Leslie. She married Peter in 1938.

I was working in Dr. Findley's laboratory in which he was studying yellow fever. As I worked there, Dr. Findley thought I should be protected by the new yellow fever vaccine. In those days, one was given the attenuated virus vaccine in one arm and human immune serum in the other. In addition to his laboratory staff, Findley also provided vaccine to young administrators going to West Africa where yellow fever was endemic. Three months after receiving the vaccine I woke up one morning feeling awful, but didn't notice anything in the mirror as I shaved by artificial light. On rounds at Queen Elizabeth's that morning I felt worse, and the resident on service told me many years later that she thought I was jaundiced, but didn't want to mention it. Nonetheless, Dwight & I went for the weekend to my parents' cottage, Crofts in the Ashdown Forest¹³, near Nutley in Sussex. When the next morning I shaved in daylight I saw my yellow eyes in the mirror; I was jaundiced! Returning to London, I went to bed, where, as was the treatment for jaundice in those days, I stayed for six weeks. Dwight, at first, fed me baby food and bananas, the only things I managed to keep down.

¹³ Ashdown Forest, southeast of London, was cut down in the 16th century to provide timber for ships to defend England against the expected Spanish Armada. It was never replanted and in the 1930s it was an open heath covered with bracken, broom, and gorse.

Dr. Findley noticed that many of the young administrators also came down with jaundice about three months after they were vaccinated and published a paper on these cases, including mine. These cases were the first reported incidence of what is now known as Hepatitis B or serum hepatitis. As Findley's paper was published in 1939, I have often wondered why, during the World War II, the U.S. Army immunized troops with yellow fever vaccine in the same manner, an action that resulted in a major outbreak of jaundice with thousands of cases in the military.

We were in London from 1936 to 1938. Robert was when we were on holiday in 1937. We went to the New Forest¹⁴, a wild and isolated wood and at an appropriate time, Dwight told me she was pregnant.

STARTING A FAMILY IN PHILADELPHIA

In 1937, when I was 36, I received an offer from Temple University in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, USA, to be their first full-time professor of pediatrics. As mentioned before, the Flexner Report had recommended in 1910 that medical teachers be salaried, full-time professors and now, 27 years later, Temple decided to follow that recommendation. Dwight and I enjoyed London and had never thought about returning to America but I seriously considered the offer as I didn't think that medicine in London would support us as a family. Also, in England there appeared to be very little money or interest in research. So just before Christmas in 1937, I again crossed the Atlantic to discuss Temple's offer with its dean and faculty. While I was in America, Dwight, although pregnant with Robert, went skiing near San Moritz, Switzerland, with our

¹⁴ The New Forest was established by William the Conqueror as a royal hunting preserve in the south of England; William II was shot there while hunting, either accidentally or on purpose, by one of his knights. In the 1930s it was still a lonely wooded area.

Oxford friends the Opies. I found myself impressed with the situation at Temple and decided to apply for the position. My appointment was confirmed in the spring of 1938, but as World War II was clearly in the offing and I had to complete my M.D. thesis for Cambridge, Dwight, pregnant, preceded me to the United States on a freighter that carried twenty passengers. She had a wonderful time on the trip and landed in Norfolk, Virginia, where her college friend Beastie now lived. Dwight's mother, Carolyn Todd, came east from her home in Oakland, California, to help Dwight move, and my future Philadelphia colleagues helped them find a house to rent. The house was at 315 Pelham Road in Mt. Airy, a large, three story dwelling surrounded by a garden that descended behind to a wood and a small stream. It was in an older subdivision of spacious dwellings built of gray Pennsylvania fieldstone at the turn of the century on the grounds of the erstwhile Harvey mansion.

I stayed behind in England a couple of months to finish my thesis on lymphocytic choriomeningitis virus. With this thesis, I earned my Cambridge M.D., which I was told was recorded as *proxime accessit* (next to the top), following that of a man who later became president of the Royal College of Physicians.

I arrived in New York on Memorial Day 1938 aboard the liner Normandy (later sunk by the United States Navy in error) and was surprised and delighted to be met at the dock by Dwight. We traveled down to Philadelphia by train, and I remember being amazed at the profusion of green that greeted us when we emerged into the hot sun from the North Philadelphia station. As the Pelham Road house was not yet ready, we stayed for a short time at Alden Park apartments, close by, but by the time our son Robert was born on June 24, the furniture had arrived from England and we were

settling in to our new home. Unfortunately, the day before Robert was born at the Temple University Hospital, Dwight's mother fell, broke her leg, and was housebound.

Robert was named after my father in the tradition of our family. I was named after my grandfather and my father after his. We did leave the Frederick out, however, because for my father, my mother often would contract the Frederick and use the Norse name, Eric. As I remembered a book, published in my childhood, called "Eric, or little by little", a story of the degradation of a wanton boy, so at this time I would rather that our Robert should not acquire that nickname.

At the Temple Hospital, as a staff physician, I was allowed to attend Robert's birth and was able to stop the resident as he was taking Robert off to be circumcised. We followed the German tradition, as was the custom at the time, of scheduled feeding. Robert was breast-fed every four hours. My routine was to get up at 4 a.m. to prepare my daily lectures. Robert slept in a crib in my study so I would get him up in time to carry him to his mother for his first meal of the day.

When Robert was sixteen months old, our daughter, Carolyn was born on 24 October 1939. Again, I helped the obstetrician at the delivery. Carolyn was definitely planned for and was named Carolyn Dwight after Dwight's mother and father.

Major changes had taken place in baby and child care between the time Robert and Carolyn came into the world. First, doctors had begun to realize that lying in bed was not necessarily healthy, and hospitals had begun to discharge mothers soon after delivering their babies. Dwight had been in bed at least two weeks after Robert was born; after Carolyn was born, only a year and a half later, she was up in two days. Also,

the tradition of scheduled feedings for infants was being replaced with a new approach: demand feeding. As an infant, Robert had been fed on schedule; but Carolyn was to start life on the new system of feeding on demand. Bottle-feeding was becoming popular at that time, but I felt that, for many reasons, breast-feeding was better.

When we first came to Philadelphia, we had a maid, Rose, who did the cooking and helped take care of the children, but our children were not raised by nannies as I had been.

I started working at Temple on July 1, 1938, and remained there until 1940. My salary was \$7,000 per year, but I was allowed to have a private practice as well. My daily routine was composed of ward rounds, teaching, and occasional private patients. There was no time for research, but I truly enjoyed the teaching. I still occasionally see some of my students from Temple. One of them, a retired psychiatrist, celebrated his eightieth birthday and we were invited; he was my student in 1938. Another, who reintroduced himself many years later on a city bus, was still teaching at Temple.

When I was doing research at the Rockefeller Institute, I made several trips to Philadelphia, to collect specimens of spinal fluid for my study of LCM. There, I got to know Dr. Joseph Stokes, head of the Children's Hospital of Philadelphia and professor of pediatrics at the University of Pennsylvania. In 1940, Dr. Stokes asked me to leave Temple and to come to the Children's Hospital to be the first director of the newly founded research department there. I accepted the new and exciting position and resigned from Temple. Dr. Bill Nelson, who took my place, became a doyen of pediatrics. He made St. Christopher's, then a local hospital in Philadelphia, into a

pediatric center and wrote the major textbook on pediatrics to which I contributed several chapters on infectious diseases.

The move to Children's was good for me because I had an opportunity to do research. I was able to take with me one of my residents at Temple, a brilliant young man named Alex Steigman. Not that research conditions were ideal at Children's in those years before the war. Dr. Stokes was the professor but Miss Frances, the administrator, was the boss. She ran the hospital and didn't have much use for research. I, as director of research, had to plead for things like towels and soap. Much of the Research Department was located in several renovated row houses at the back of the hospital grounds in south Philadelphia. Alex & I had our little laboratory at the top of the stairs and Drs. Harris and Henle, other members of the department, had their laboratories in the basement. The only centrifuge at the time was in the basement, so we had to run down five flights of stairs to the centrifuge when they weren't using it. There was no air-conditioning in those days, and sometimes it was so hot that the agar, on which the clinical lab grew bacteria, melted.

We started working on herpetic stomatitis, an inflammatory disease of the mouth, common in babies. The fact that herpes simplex virus was the cause of this disease had just been reported by Kathleen Dock, and Alex and I followed up on these findings, publishing a paper.

THE RED CROSS

Soon after Joe Stokes wooed me away from Temple University to Children's Hospital, I took a long leave of absence. When I started work at the Children's Hospital in July 1940, World War II had already begun. At the time of the "phony" war in 1939, when

Germany took Poland, Harvard University, which had established a field hospital in France during the first world war, contacted the British medical establishment to ask if they wanted medical assistance; at that time they said no. But in 1940, when the real war started, they said yes. This resulted in Harvard's American Red Cross unit. The idea was to provide a hospital in England to study and deal with communicable diseases developing under siege conditions, as there had been many problems with this during the World War I. There was great resistance in the United States to providing any support to Britain, because of the prevailing policy of isolation and neutrality during the early days of the war in Europe. This caused difficulty in fund raising for the project. Harvard, unable to launch a hospital on its own, approached the American Red Cross, which readily agreed to provide a hospital in conjunction with the British Ministry of Health. Then Harvard began to recruit physicians. Dr. Paul Beeson,¹⁵ who asked me to participate, called me at Christmas time in 1940.

After three years of marriage to an American citizen, I was eligible to be naturalized, so in February 1941 I became a U.S. citizen. I liked American medicine because it offered more opportunity for research and I felt that if I was going to work in America, I should become a citizen. Dwight was fond of London and so was I, but there wasn't the same future there.

After considerable reflection, pondering the impact of my decision on my family and career, and that of the war on the England that I remembered, I decided to join Harvard's Red Cross unit. After receiving a leave of absence from Children's Hospital, time went by, but finally, in May 1941, I was told to report to New York and be ready to

¹⁵ Paul Beeson was associate director of the project under Dr. John Gordon. He later became Neufelt Professor of Medicine at Oxford University, where he was knighted. He also edited a major medical textbook.

depart for England. My technician, Tommy Schimerhorn, drove me to New York where I stayed in the designated hotel. The next morning I met Bill Hawley, a young doctor from Birmingham, Alabama, with whom I would travel to England aboard the *Princess*. On board with us were a young German, who had been studying in America, an English shoe salesman, and several others. The captain was Norwegian. On the voyage, Hawley and I got to be good friends.

The *Princess* was a Norwegian whale mother ship whose great tanks built for whale oil were at the time filled with gasoline. There were airplane parts stored on the poop deck, but there was enough space to play deck tennis, which we did. We sailed north along the coast to Halifax, where we joined a convoy of about thirty ships. This convoy was led by a soft skin Atlantic liner with a few guns on it -- not a war ship but a civilian liner! We were escorted for the first day and a half by the destroyers Roosevelt had lent to the United Kingdom under Lend Lease, but then they left us on our own. Dwight had no idea where I was until I got to England. This was all very secret.

For twenty days, the convoy was on its own with only the armed passenger liner for protection. We became frightened because at one point our ship was separated from the rest of the convoy, which made it an easy target for torpedoes. Fortunately, our boat was the fastest of the convoy and we soon caught up.¹⁶

¹⁶ Among later unit personnel who crossed the Atlantic, six nurses lost their lives when their ship was torpedoed. In other incidents, two nurses who joined the unit were rescued after two weeks adrift in a lifeboat and a group of nurses who were rescued off Greenland by a British merchant ship returned to the U.S. The latter rescue resulted in the captain of the ship losing his license for picking them up. Under wartime regulations, British ships were under orders not to stop for anything, as any ship that stopped could be torpedoed and nothing was to interfere with the flow of goods and personnel to and from England.

We were so grateful when we arrived off the coast of Ireland to see British Hurricanes fly over us, and to see British destroyers come out to meet us. One of my most vivid memories is sailing up the River Clyde to Glasgow in the evening and seeing a flotilla of the British Navy -- an aircraft carrier, a battleship, a cruiser, and a destroyer - sailing down the Clyde. We did not know what they were doing, but later found out that they were on their way to destroy the German battleship *Bismarck*, which was causing great damage among the convoys carrying supplies across the South Atlantic to Britain.

When we arrived, Glasgow had just been bombed and was dark, blacked out, with bullet holes, shrapnel, and broken glass everywhere. We disembarked and took the night train down to London. Halfway, we stopped at Crewe, where trains coming in from different places stopped in one line along a tremendously long station platform. At the NAAFI (British canteen) I joined the long line to get a cup of tea. I had just got to the counter when the London train whistle blew to get back on the train. Seeing my disappointment, the man next to me said, "ere, mate, is tea all saucered and blowed off." I accepted it gratefully and ran for the train. On arrival in London, we were met by Dr. John Gordan, a well-known epidemiologist from Harvard who was in charge of the Unit. We were put up in a hotel at Hyde Park Corner, near my medical school, St. George's. That night there was a bombing raid over London, and we had to go down in the air raid shelter in the basement of the hotel. That was my reintroduction to London.

Salisbury is a medieval city located in the South West of England. To save Salisbury and its magnificent cathedral, a "false Salisbury," had been constructed some distance away, out on the Salisbury Plain. This was all lit up, used as a decoy for the German bombers. False Salisbury was bombed several times; the real Salisbury was not. In

Salisbury, at Harnum Hill, the Red Cross was constructing a "temporary" cantonment hospital, with 125 beds in 22 fully-equipped small buildings shipped over from the United States as prefabricated units. Some of these buildings were used for wards, some for staff quarters, one for a laboratory. These structures were Quonset huts, connected by covered outside walkways but open along the sides. There were isolation units built to be air raid proof, with walls of five-ply building board sandwiched between fire-resistant sheets, all bolted to a steel framework. Windows of heavy-duty plate glass were reinforced with wire mesh and covered by screens and blackout shutters. At the time of our arrival in May, the hospital was still under construction. Its completion had been delayed, we were told, because all the nails for the building had been sent over in one ship, which was sunk.

Our headquarters were in Salisbury, but it took until September before our first patient would arrive. Thus, we were assigned to various other duties in the meantime. Our epidemiologist, Dr. Fleming, and the public health nurses were assigned to investigate various problems in British health. With a physician from the British ministry of health, Henderson, I investigated an outbreak of diarrhea in a public school, which turned out to be paratyphoid and, on another occasion, investigated a polio epidemic.

A Philadelphia newspaper account at the time described me as "a Philadelphia bacteriologist" and Professor of Pediatrics at the University of Pennsylvania. My bacteriology was weak, but I ran the lab with a very good bacteriological technician (William Goode). I also did clinical work. At first, we admitted British soldiers. I remember an epidemic of rubella among a British women's regiment. These women were very sick and we were very busy. We were not there for the people. However, there was an epidemic of diarrhea at a nursery in Salisbury, not far away, where babies

were dying from dehydration. There were no doctors at the nursery; nuns tried to take care of the babies as best they could. We took some of the babies to our hospital -- where there was room -- gave them intravenous fluids, and saved them. We also admitted children with tuberculosis. I recall one case of a child who died of TB meningitis, on whom I did the autopsy. On another occasion, the hospital was called to investigate an outbreak of meningitis at an ATS (women's) regiment in which Churchill's elder daughter was serving. There had been a case of meningococcal meningitis, but our investigation revealed no evidence of an epidemic.

We lived in the hospital buildings. Some huts were set up as residential houses and some as patient wards, with beds and showers. Part of each hut could be cut off if patients needed to be isolated. We were a group of young people, so we had a recreation hut where we ate, socialized, and held dances. In our leisure time, we did a lot of bicycling around the Salisbury plain.

Most British doctors were in the Armed Forces, but it was arranged that civilian doctors would fall under the Emergency Medical Service (EMS) organization, which assigned doctors to various places for this purpose. One of the people I got to know well was the civilian doctor at Salisbury, who was also named Scott. He was known as Downtown Scott, and I was known as Uptown Scott, as I was on Harnum Hill. After the establishment of the National Health Service, he later became a private gynecologist in London and we kept in touch long after the war.

I don't really remember how we got our food. We did have a cook but we had trouble getting enough to eat at first, because we were on British rations. I ate so many Hershey bars that I came to intensely dislike chocolate. Later, we must have gotten on

American rations. Food for the U.S. troops came from the United States. The British milk was unsafe because it often came from tubercular cows. The dried eggs sent over from the States were later found to have salmonella.

We stayed in touch with our families through letters. In November of 1941, we all gathered to talk about what we were doing so our families in America could hear. I don't know how that was done; but Dwight heard it.

America entered the war in December 1941. We heard the news of it on the radio.

THE ARMY

In June 1942, our Red Cross venture came to an end, the U.S. Army took over the installation as the laboratory for the European Theater of Operation, and a number of people decided to go home. So after almost a year doing very little in the laboratory, I was transferred to a couple of "station" hospitals. Under the U.S. system of triage,¹⁷ the first hospital was the station hospital; a second, more specialized hospital was used for more difficult cases; and patients whose cases couldn't be managed locally were sent home to the United States. When I was working in a hospital in Bath, I went over one evening to Bristol, where songwriter Irving Berlin -- who had been in the Army during the World War I-- entertained the troops in a WW I uniform, singing, "Who wakes the bugler up? Who's the bugler who wakes everyone else up?"

Early in 1944, I got a call from Charles May, a friend assigned to the Great Ormond Street Hospital, the main children's hospital in London and the first children's hospital in

¹⁷ The sorting and first aid treatment of battle casualties in collecting stations at the front before those who might live are evacuated to hospitals in the rear.

the English-speaking world. Charles, who had been selected as a possible physician to Eisenhower, had suggested my name to take his place at Great Ormond Street. Thus, I was seconded (temporarily transferred) to London. In the end, Charles wasn't selected so we both were there. Most of the doctors were away at war, so the hospital needed help.¹⁸ I made rounds, treated the children, and had an interesting time. On occasional weekends, I visited my parents at Crofts, their cottage in Ashdown Forest, in Nutley, Sussex.

Air raids -- notably the blitz in 1940 before I arrived -- had caused much hardship and tragedy in London. During my stay at the Great Ormond Street, I experienced several minor raids -- two or three detonations of V1 missiles. And it was while in London, that I got my only war wound. I walked into a wall during a blackout, injuring my nose. It bled profusely but was not serious enough to warrant a "Purple Heart".

After four months at Great Ormond Street Hospital, and just before D-Day, I was recalled to the Army and was assigned to a station hospital near Swindon, a large railroad junction in the south of England. This station hospital specialized in caring for wounded German prisoners of war. An arrogant group of Germans, not too badly injured, would march down the gangway to meals, singing the Horst Wassail song (a German battle song). There, I became associate head of medicine under Dr. Jack Graham, who was my tent mate. I did the autopsies and was in charge of the laboratory for bacteriological diagnoses. The work was medically interesting. I learned the word for "pain" in several languages because we were treating Frenchmen, Dutchmen, and Mongols who had been swept into the German army in the final months of the war. We

¹⁸ In 1970, 26 years later, Dwight and I were eating lunch in Nairobi, Kenya, when the woman seated next to me asked if I was Dr. Scott. She'd been chief resident at Great Ormond Street when I was there during the war and was now in practice in Nairobi. She invited us to tea at her house, where we met her husband and saw where she was practicing.

saw a lot of tetanus among the prisoners because, although the Germans immunized their Air Force, they didn't immunize their infantry. In Allied Forces, there was no tetanus because all soldiers were immunized against it. Tetanus is a horrible disease. You don't just get lockjaw; all of the muscles are affected, going into painful spasms that lead to death in a large number of cases. We had no treatment for it, and were only able to give morphine to ease the pain. Now, fortunately, most people are immunized against tetanus, so it has become uncommon. Another interesting finding was that some of the German prisoners' wounds were culture positive for diphtheria. Wounds infected with diphtheria bacillus were unusual, so we wrote three papers on the subject.

WARTIME FOR DWIGHT AND THE CHILDREN

Dwight's experience during the war was not only different from mine but possibly more difficult. For one thing, she had to deal with my absence. During the war years, this involved a great deal of house-sharing with the extended family. Early in the war, my brother Ronnie sent his wife Mary and their children -- Gillian, Thomas, Linda, and Valerie, with their nanny, Nursie -- to stay with us, and with Dwight and the children after I left. The English Scotts had come to the States partly for safety and partly so the children could continue to study the Alexander Technique¹⁹ in a new school in Boston, which taught that body attitude and movement affected psychological well-being. The plan was for the children to go to this school, but construction wasn't yet finished when they arrived, so the family first came to us at 315 Pelham Road in Philadelphia. Later,

¹⁹ The Alexander Technique was developed by Frederick Matthias Alexander (1869-1955), a Shakespearean actor who developed chronic laryngitis while performing. Determined to restore the full use of his voice, he watched himself while speaking, and observed that undue muscular tension accounted for his vocal problem. He sought a way to eliminate that restriction. Over time, he discovered and articulated a principle that profoundly influences health and well-being: when neck tension is reduced, the head no longer compresses the spine and the spine is free to lengthen. From this work on himself and others, he evolved a hands-on teaching method that encourages all the body's processes to work more efficiently - as an integrated, dynamic whole. (From the 1996 *North American Society of Teachers of the Alexander Technique Directory*)

when the school was completed, the English Scotts moved to Boston. Ultimately, Mary and her family returned to England.

During the WW II, Ronnie served as a Major with the British Army, at first with the British Expeditionary Force on the Continent. As a British officer he had a batman, a personal servant assigned to him. After the war, the batman told Ronnie's children that at the time of Dunkirk,²⁰ Ronnie's company was trapped by the Germans somewhere in Belgium. Ronnie, on horseback, explored and found a way to get his company out; they were in one of the last boats evacuated from Dunkirk. I gather that he was mentioned in dispatches for what he did. After he escaped back to England, he was assigned to the intelligence service in Egypt, Palestine, and Beirut.²¹

Shortly after Mary and her family moved to Boston, Dwight found a nurse, Charlotte Stott, for the children and then took a job working with a biochemist at the Pennsylvania Psychiatric Institute²². She liked the biochemist very much and they got on well until he was transferred to Montreal at the end of the academic year.²³ Then Dr. Park, the professor of pediatrics at Johns Hopkins under whom I had been a resident, offered Dwight a job working on a special biochemical problem at the Harriet Lane Home. Dwight had to close the lease on the house in Philadelphia, pack up, and move the children to Baltimore, where the three of them stayed with Dr. and Mrs. Park (or "Punk and Moo" as the children called them) at their home in Birdwood, living over their garage from 1942 through 1943. "How I do enjoy Moo and Punk," wrote Dwight in a

²⁰ Early in the war, more than 300,000 troops were evacuated from Dunkirk and the surrounding beaches in May and June 1940, after they were surrounded by an overwhelming German force.

²¹ After the war, Ronnie bought and farmed Huish House and Farm, near Basingstoke, and his batman lived on the estate.

²² The Pennsylvania Psychiatric Institute was the first psychiatric hospital in the United States, founded by Benjamin Rush in the late 1700s.

²³ We visited him there when we attended the Pediatric Congress in 1969.

letter to me, "Moo for her flavor and her spice and her great heart and Punk in humble adoration at such goodness and wisdom."

While at Birdwood, four-year-old Carolyn came down with what was diagnosed as mononucleosis. Whatever it was, it left her in poor health for a year. Carolyn needed a lot of rest, so Robert drove to work with Dwight and spent the days at a school for university children, across the street from the Hopkins' hospital. During the summer, when the family was in Baltimore, Dwight took the children across the country by train to visit her mother and stepfather, "Grandpa Todd," in California.

Dwight and the children eagerly awaited letters my letters, both long but censored letters in tiny script, or the tiny "V-mails" that came more quickly but provided little room for details. Dwight in turn wrote long accounts of family life " Carolyn has won all hearts and is now a bit spoiled, but not too badly. Her hair is quite curly. I just scrubbed the spots off Robert, put on a clean shirt and sent him squealing and shrieking down -- not cries, but just excess energy. He is an imp but a nice one -- even Mother admits he can be most charming and is seldom malicious."

On one occasion Dwight wrote "Dearest, I do hate to have you missing the children now...they are such fun...we'll have to have two more whenever you get back so you can enjoy the whole course." About Carolyn she wrote, "that child is too, too like me in too many ways. It certainly is queer to see yourself duplicated. Do you feel so about Robert? He is like you . . . Robert thrives, has a wonderful time running free out here and playing with his cronies. His face is bright red cheeked and his eyes dance and he chants like Bemelman's daughter (he hasn't heard of her): 'I love you, I love you! I love you!' in an ecstasy of well being. He is very intense but so far as I can see, none of it

has turned inwards and it just bursts forth as love of all around. I hope he can stay that way. He does not always feel so around Carolyn -- but sometimes does and they are so much more companionable than I thought possible in children not twins. Well, they are both damned sweet and charm all who see them."

Before the war we had bought a sixteen millimeter movie camera to document the children. When Dwight could find film -- such supplies were hard to find during the war - - she would make sequential films of the family and send them to me. My English friend Phyllis Fraser, a radiologist assigned to the Harvard Unit in Salisbury, then a British Air Force officer, brought equipment from her home for viewing them; we went to the family cottage, Crofts, to show them to my parents.

Dwight's work at Johns Hopkins identified a compound, N-methyl nicotinamide, in urine, which contributed to the discovery of the B-complex vitamin, niacin.

In 1943, Dwight was asked to teach biochemistry in the chemistry department at Wellesley College. She again moved the family, this time to Massachusetts, where she taught at Wellesley until 1945. During her first year at Wellesley, she and the children shared a house at 24 Birch Road with Dwight's sister Helen, Helen's husband Luther Gulick, and their sons, Walter and Edward. Across the street lived four older women: Miss Balsh lived in the basement apartment and Miss Cummings, Miss Hern, and Miss Perkins lived on the two floors above her. Every day, the children stopped to see the ladies, especially Miss Cummings, and often stayed for tea. One day, Robert told Dwight that he had invited them all to tea along with a few other people in the neighborhood. She reported that at the tea -- which of course took place -- Robert and Carolyn had conducted themselves with perfect manners.

"Both Robert and Carolyn are affectionate with me," wrote Dwight, "but Carolyn is not as outgoing with strangers, although occasionally she puts on the charm....Edward and Carolyn play dolls and have a wonderful time together." Robert was energetic, full of curiosity, and magnetically attracted to trouble. One day, when he was six and in first grade at Wellesley's Experimental School, Dwight parked on a hill overlooking a pond on the Wellesley campus, leaving him in the car while she ran a short errand. Robert released the emergency brake and steered toward the pond as the car gathered speed. Horrified, Dwight ran after the car screaming, "Put on the brake, put on the brake!" Robert coasted until he had almost reached the pond, then, putting on the brake, he came to a stop just before going over an embankment into the pond.

I often sent Dwight and the children illustrated letters, rhymes, and books, including one about a boy and a cow and one about Dick Whittington, "thrice Lord Mayor of London Town." Dwight would tell the children about what I was doing, whom I had seen, and what I had written.

Life with three adults and four children was not easy for the adults. Wartime budgets were tight and certain foods and other supplies were rationed. Like everyone else, Dwight and Helen canned everything they could, in season: applesauce, tomatoes, beans, peaches, and various jellies and jams. They also shared child care responsibilities. Years later, Walter said of Dwight, "During the time we all lived together during WW II, she was virtually my mother." Living together as an extended family was twice the fun, but also twice the headaches. Household stress reached a peak when the children brought the mumps home and Dwight got such a severe case of them that

she had to go into Wellesley's infirmary. She was miserable and Helen bore the brunt of childcare.

In 1944, Luther went into the Navy and, as the lease on the house on Birch Road was up, Helen, with Walter & Edward, moved to Needham, outside of Boston. Dwight had trouble finding a new place because almost nobody would take tenants with children. Finally Genie Arbuthnot, the wife of Army chaplain Charles Arbuthnot, bought a semi-detached house at 12 Roenoak Road. The Arbuthnots lived with their children, Lusie and David, in one side and they rented the other half of the house to Dwight. The two families became close friends and remained so for many years.

FAMILY REUNION

During my final overseas post, I lived with Jack Graham, a fellow physician, at an American Army station hospital designed for prisoners of war in Lydard Tregose, near Swindon. We occupied a cold, uncomfortable tent, only partially winterized. Jack was a good companion and we became close friends. Jack painted in water colors when he had time and gave me a picture of the church in the village where we used to visit the minister, the Rev. Willet. Jack returned home to Boston, Massachusetts in March 1945. A few weeks later I also returned to the United States, coming on the *Queen Mary*, temporarily redesigned as a troop carrier, zigging and zagging across the Atlantic to avoid any lingering German u-boats. I called the family from Ellis Island where we landed. Then I spent half the night in a room with a colonel who snored so loudly that I couldn't sleep. I had to find another room for the second half. The next day, I went down by train to Washington, D.C. where, after I was debriefed, I was allowed to go on leave to Wellesley, Massachusetts and the family.

Dwight and the children were still sharing the house with the Arbuthnots, in which the stairs descended to the front door. When Jack Graham returned to Boston, he went to visit Dwight and the children. Carolyn threw herself down the stairs into his arms with a feeling of absolute joy and excitement, thinking that Jack was her father. Then Jack disappeared, and three weeks later, I returned. Realizing that her father had finally arrived, she followed me closely everywhere I went to be sure that I remained. Robert remembered the arrival of two men in uniform, one possibly a driver. He said that he lingered on the stairs as they entered, trying to determine which of the soldiers was his father. He finally identified me, he told me later, because he thought I looked so nice!

It was a sweet reunion. I was greatly relieved and happy to be home again. I remember, on my first night, Dwight put on a beautiful new nightgown, saying that with their husbands coming home, all the women had gone out to buy beautiful new nightgowns. I said I didn't really need the nightgown! We went off for a week to a friend's cottage in New Hampshire for a second honeymoon. We enjoyed each other. It was lovely to be there alone after being apart for so long; we had been separated for almost five years. Very shortly after we returned home from New Hampshire, I was assigned to Camp Detrick, the Biological Warfare Research Unit in Frederick, Maryland, outside of Washington, D.C. So after only three weeks leave at home, I was away again.

Dwight had to finish the school year teaching at Wellesley, so she couldn't bring the children to Maryland until June.

When I first got to Camp Detrick, which is now Fort Detrick, I stayed in barracks on the grounds of the institution. For my first night, I was assigned a Navy room, but when

they found out I was Army, I was reassigned into something much less attractive. Finally, through a fellow who was being assigned elsewhere, I found a nice semi-detached house for us to live in. This was in Lewiston, a small farming community north of Camp Detrick, near Roosevelt's presidential retreat Shangri-la, what is now Camp David. We lived next door to a couple, also assigned to Camp Detrick, so we formed a carpool for drives into town each morning until December of that year when the war ended.

On V-E Day -- May 8, 1945, when the Germans admitted defeat and the Allies declared victory in Europe -- Robert had his tonsils removed. Dwight had brought him down from Boston to have it done at Johns Hopkins Hospital. She was tied up with Robert, although wanting to join me in Washington to witness the festive victory celebration with dancing in the streets.

I served as liaison officer between Camp Detrick, a secret biological-warfare laboratory, and the Surgeon General's Office in Washington. Five days a week I was driven to Washington to write a history of the Surgeon General's relationship to bacterial warfare. When I was in Washington, I stayed with an old friend from Hopkins, John Washington²⁴. I can't tell you the contents of the report. Twenty-five years later, my son Robert, then at the Walter Reed Army Institute of Research, was given a copy of the often classified and declassified report by the Director. At that time it had been reclassified and had to be returned. There was much paperwork and correspondence between the people at Detrick and the Surgeon General as to what they should and shouldn't do -- the United States was preparing to use biological warfare, if necessary.

²⁴ John Washington was a direct descendent of George Washington's brother. The family seat was a plantation located beside the Potomac in West Virginia, which was written up in the 1990's in the Smithsonian.

The work I was doing was top secret. I recall that one day I was called into the commander's office, where I was interrogated about leakage of information. I denied that I was the source and figured out that Joe Stokes, my colleague at Children's Hospital, always curious, had figured out what I was doing and mentioned it to somebody. This must have got back to the Army and I nearly got into very hot water.

The house in Lewistown was located beside a stream, across from which there was a beech and oak forest. There was a large garden, in which we grew vegetables and there was a small patch assigned to the children. This was in Appalachia. Carolyn and Robert attended the local Lewistown Consolidated School about two miles from the house, where many of their classmates went barefoot. Down the road was another house, occupied by a boy and his mother, who had no electricity. Across the road, on the hill above the stream, there was a farmhouse with many children, a big barn, and cows. Our family used to swim in the local swimming hole in the stream, just below where it passed under the road bridge.

I remember the Camp Detrick period as a very happy one. I'd come home on weekends and we'd have a good time with my colleagues at Detrick. We'd meet at each other's houses and play games and that sort of thing. However, there were two things that we were forbidden to: one was where we had come from and the second was what our job was with the Army. Dwight cooked on a huge black iron woodstove that also heated the house through a gap in the ceiling connecting to the upper rooms. In November, she ordered a turkey from the local general store and when Thanksgiving came, she went to get it. "There's your turkey," said the proprietor, and there it was, running around. She persuaded someone to chop off its head, but she still had a fully feathered turkey to take back home. Fortunately, a farmer's daughter who helped in the

house knew something about de-feathering a turkey. Anyway, we had a delicious fresh-killed turkey for Thanksgiving and turkey feather stuffed cushions for the house.

BACK TO PHILADELPHIA

The Allies finally declared victory over Japan on V.J. day, August 8 1945, and a few months later I was demobilized from the Army. I had been a Major but on discharge I was promoted to Lt. Colonel.

So, after only six months in Lewistown, the family moved back to Philadelphia, where I returned to my position as Director of the Research Department at Children's Hospital and Research Professor of Pediatrics at the University of Pennsylvania. Dwight went ahead to find a house to rent and through her cousin, Elizabeth Parker, she learned of a house for sale in the suburbs to the north of the city. She persuaded the real estate agent to drive her there and at 421 Station Avenue, North Hills, Pennsylvania, she found a two-story house, half timber and half fieldstone, beside a golf course on the edge of what was then an "unimproved" rural area. It was a good house, practical, and with very good neighbors, so we decided we'd buy it, paying \$21,000 for it.

The move from rural Maryland was mildly traumatic. We had carefully packed the trunk of the car, a 1938 Plymouth bought when we had first settled in Philadelphia. When we arose at dawn to set off on our journey, we found a very flat tire. The spare was of course behind the packed trunk. After removing all the bags, spices and kitchen utensils, changing the tire and then re-packing them, we got under way several hours late.

Carolyn was seven and Robert was eight when we returned to Philadelphia. It was there that Carolyn and Robert really got reacquainted with me. Like my Father before me, I used to read to the family after dinner. We'd sit around the round Scotch Chippendale table in the dining room reading many books, including Kipling's *Rewards and Fairies*, Dickens' *Great Expectations* and Austin's *Sense and Sensibility*. There were also excursions to the zoo, to the Rappahannock River in New Jersey (where we spent a sunny fall day canoeing and picnicking), and one father-and-son trip on board a British freighter down the Delaware River and through the Delaware-Chesapeake Canal. The latter trip, with a river pilot, the father of a former patient of mine, began at 4 o'clock in the morning and ended up in the evening at the pilot's house, where he showed us a row boat that he was building in his basement.

But family life was not perfect; Dwight and I had readjustments to make. Dwight told me years later that it was such a difficult time that she really thought of divorcing me, but we continued. The first two years after the war, Dwight stayed at home, to be with the children, so her outside life was involved with charity work, bridge parties, and that sort of thing. She got absolutely fed up with this and told the children, "If it doesn't make a difference if I'm going to work or going to bridge parties, I'm going to work." In 1947, she got a job with Seymour Cohen, a brilliant biochemist on the research staff at Children's Hospital and the University of Pennsylvania. This was the beginning of her nearly twenty-year association with the University of Pennsylvania. In 1951, Dwight and Cohen published a paper on the origin and metabolism of ribose.

A big part of our family was Cousin Elizabeth, a distant but beloved relative of Dwight's who at seventy had moved into Priestly House, a retirement home in Germantown, where she lived for thirty-two years. Cousin Elizabeth spent a good deal

of time with the children, acting as their surrogate grandmother. They would go to her room after school and play games with her, waiting for Dwight to pick them up and take them home. For many years she spent Sundays with the family in North Hills and at the later-acquired "river" house by the Schuylkill river just outside the city.

In addition to Cousin Elizabeth, the family was often joined by company. The house was always welcoming, the table was often enlarged, and the guest room was almost always full. Shortly after our return to Philadelphia, there was an International Pediatric Meeting and many pediatricians, including many friends from England, came to stay. Over the years, friends, family, and professional associates of both myself and Dwight, and family, both young and old, filled the house with bustle and talk. In 1948, Mead Johnson (a firm that made infant formulas) established a foundation bringing young postgraduate doctors from overseas for a period of study in the United States. I was asked to be secretary of the foundation, which involved reviewing applications and placing those accepted in appropriate institutions. One young Chinese woman, Katherine Hsu, whose uncle had developed a patent medicine that seemed to benefit tuberculosis of the skin, was placed in the Phipps Institute for Tuberculosis Research in Philadelphia. She often came and stayed, teaching the children fundamental Cantonese. This was in 1948, at the time of the Chinese Revolution. Even though her husband and family were in China, Katherine chose to remain in the United States, working with tuberculosis. She was asked to run a tuberculosis sanatorium outside Philadelphia and then I recommended her for a job in Houston, Texas, where there was concern at the high incidence of tuberculosis among children. She has remained in

Houston for more than 20 years, during which time she was recognized internationally for her work in eliminating childhood tuberculosis in that area by appropriate diagnosis and treatment.

Another family that has remained close was that of Ron and Catherine Caughey, she born in Kenya and he in New Zealand. Ron was a fellow at the Children's Hospital. They had come to Philadelphia as newlyweds, and we learned that when Ron had proposed to Catherine in England, she had sought advice from Rev. Willet, the very clergyman I had known at the church near Swindon during World War II. Catherine worked during the war on decoding Enigma messages with the Colossus machine at Bletchley Park. She has written an autobiography, *World Wanderer*, about her fascinating life.

The Caugheys stayed at our house for several months and then moved to lodgings nearby before returning to Auckland, New Zealand. In my herpes research laboratory, I hosted over the years, "Jimmy" Yoshino and Tad Takamaru from Japan, and Ian Jack and Vernon Brightman from Australia. With each of them we became good friends and were invited to visit their families when traveling in Asia and Australia.

CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

Early in 1946, I returned to direct the Research Department at Children's Hospital of Philadelphia (or CHOP as it was locally known).²⁵ I tried to balance my clinical practice

²⁵ CHOP was a nickname introduced in the 1950s by Dr. Charles Chapple, who invented the first baby incubator.

with my research interests. One of my duties was to make daily ward rounds.²⁶ But I was also working in the lab again, continuing the study of the herpes viruses that I had started before the war. In 1941 we grew *Herpes simplex* virus on rabbit corneas, but after the war a human cell line called HELA became available on which we found it possible to grow this virus. By growing the virus in cell culture we revealed that herpes simplex viruses had two different growth patterns, forming large and small colonies; these differences were associated with the later differentiated *Herpes labialis* and *Herpes genitalis*, and the concept was used as a diagnostic test to differentiate these two strains of herpes.

Another aspect of the work was to grow *Herpes zoster* (chicken pox virus) on prepuces (human foreskins), which we got through the neonatal unit at Pennsylvania Hospital. While we were doing these studies, John Enders visited us in the laboratory. Upon returning to his laboratory at the Children's Hospital in Boston, John applied our techniques to his own work on polio virus, and was able to culture it for the first time using prepuces. Subsequently, he and his graduate students shared a Nobel Prize for the work on polio that allowed polio vaccines to be developed.

²⁶ Tom was a superb diagnostician, an erstwhile resident recalled, reciting an incident typical of many involving Tom: "One day an extremely ill patient with a barely discernible rash and a high fever was admitted. We were puzzled by the rash, so we phoned Tom and he dutifully appeared. In his gentle, thorough way he spoke with the patient and carefully examined the rash. He then stepped back, politely telling us that he thought that this was a petechial rash and because of an accompanying heart murmur the man most likely had subacute bacterial endocarditis. He advised us to get a blood culture and start on antibiotics. The blood culture came back positive and the patient recovered. I remember this incident as it was not only an example of Tom's acute diagnostic skills but also of the sensitive way he handled residents who had completely missed a diagnosis."

In the 1950s, Children's Hospital was located in South Philadelphia, occupying a whole city block bounded by 17th, Bainbridge, 18th, and Fitzwater Streets. The main building was built on Bainbridge Street, in the latter part of the 18th century. It was a six-story gray stone and brick building, that housed the hospital with its patient space, operating theaters, doctors' offices, and administrative space. In front of the building were four high gate posts on which were displayed statues of boys and girls in the costumes of the time. One entered the hospital via a short set of steps to a grand front door. In the first floor corridor, mounted in the wall, were carved stones plaques of various colors, commemorating free beds that had been donated to the hospital by individuals and organizations over the years. There were two elevators in the front corridor, that were notoriously slow. To get to where one needed to go with alacrity, one had to use the stairs, a method of travel for which I apparently became locally quite famous, running up the steps two steps at a time in answer to a page on the PA system. I was always paged as "Dr.Scott, Dr.McNair Scott," to distinguish me from John Porter Scott, who was also on the staff.

The hospital block was completed with Philadelphia red brick row houses, three to five stories tall with white marble steps, most of them were owned by the hospital. The center of the block was a large courtyard where the heating plant, a small park, and a tennis court were located. The hospital used several of the row houses to provide research space, a priority in Joe Stokes' planning. For much of my time at Children's, my office was located on the second floor of a house on Fitzwater Street. It overlooked

the street lined with buttonwood trees and across from it was a playground dedicated to the opera singer, Marion Anderson, who was born in a house close by.

As director of Pediatric Research, I continued my own research but at the same time tried to facilitate the work of other scientists who came to make their careers at CHOP and who became my very good friends. I tried to play a role in helping CHOP become, not just a provider of clinical and community service, but also a research center and a teaching wing of the University of Pennsylvania's Department of Pediatrics. The research department encompassed Werner and Gertrude Henle, Lew Coriell and myself in virology, Tsevee and Susan Harris in immunology, Seymour Cohen and Dwight in biochemistry and later Charles Kennedy in neurology. Shortly after I returned, I also appointed a recently-discharged Staff Sergeant, Bill Reed, who did a wonderful job of supervising the equipment and maintenance of the Research Department. The job proved to be one demanding great administrative skill, especially as it required accommodating the interests of colleagues who needed more space, more personnel, and renovations for special equipment. These needs were met in 1954 by the construction of a new research building in the hospital complex. The new building gave much more laboratory space for expansion of research facilities and for new people who were appointed, among whom was Klaus Hummler who ran the virus diagnostic laboratory and would later succeed me as director of the research department.

In addition to my salaried work at Children's Hospital, I had a consulting practice with an office in the hospital. Pediatrics is not a field people enter to make money; it's one of the least lucrative of the medical specialties but it is very time- and patience-intensive.

Although I immensely enjoyed this aspect of pediatrics, it didn't make me wealthy. I might have made perhaps \$50,000 in my best year of practice.

In 1959, the National Institutes of Health launched the National Collaborative Study of Child Development and Cerebral Palsy, a longitudinal study of roughly 50,000 children, to learn what happens to children from birth to age eight. Philadelphia was one of a number of cities chosen to work on this; I was put in charge of the project's Philadelphia section, which lasted from 1959 to 1974.

We performed physical exams of the children and administered I.Q. tests at specified ages, for which I had doctors and a psychiatrist. I also supervised a group of specially trained women who visited the children's homes and took interim histories. We administered hearing and IQ tests at age three and again at age seven, at which time our part of the study ended (some of the groups went on to age eight).

When I look back at it, that was a time when NIH was funding lots of projects and it was quite easy to get funding. Now it is hard. So I was fortunate in that way. If one is beyond one's peers, as Dwight was -- she was a woman ahead of her time -- it's more difficult to get funded. People who are ahead of their time do not receive the support they need. That's also part of the politics of science.

PARENTING

In North Hills, Robert had a disastrous start in second grade at the public school in nearby Wyndmoor, Pennsylvania. His teacher, Miss Evans, was frustrated by Robert's problems with reading and spelling. Among other measures, she used to lock Robert in the cloakroom for mistakes, such as misreading "Lewis" as "Lois." We were so upset

with this treatment that the next year we moved Robert out of the public school to Germantown Friends School (GFS), a Quaker school not far away in Germantown. At GFS Robert received very fine teaching but continued to have problems with reading, writing, and mainly spelling. However, his enlightened teachers realized that these difficulties were far more profound than mere carelessness and fortunately did not relegate him as a failure. We now know that the spelling problem was a symptom of mild dyslexia, a condition not recognized at that time.

Carolyn in first grade, although not as badly treated as Robert at the Wyndmoor School, shew was reprimanded for asking questions and made to stand in front of the class as a punishment. So we moved her to the Greene Street Friends School, a Quaker School for girls up to 8th grade, also in Germantown. The girls at Greene Street Friends took care of each other and I was very impressed at how well they managed. It's amazing how close their relationships became and have remained ever since. When Carolyn finished Greene Street Friends School in 1952 she joined Robert at GFS, where she was accepted only because Robert was a male student there. If he had been a girl, this would not have been possible.

Robert and Carolyn were both reasonably good students but they were very different and, being only sixteen months apart, their quarreling became rather trying at times.

Carolyn and her friends were more studious than Robert. They would often spend the weekends at each other's houses, studying, talking, and laughing together. Carolyn loved words. She would sometimes tell long, disjointed stories at the dinner table until, in frustration, we said, "It's not a subject of general interest." She was an artist, liked to

draw horses, and had a collection of porcelain horses, that she arrayed in a book shelf in her room. Perhaps her collection resulted from our horseback riding together.

Robert was more mischievous, and there were his pet rats, of course. The rats would travel with Robert, riding around in his shirt with their heads poking out under his chin. Rats, being very smart, always managed to get loose from their cage, and finding their way into Robert's bed, they gnawed holes in the blankets. They would also wander around the house. Many years later, when Alf Franklin became president of the British Pediatric Association, he invited me to join them for their annual meeting. At that meeting, the chairman of the Children's Hospital at Oxford, who had stayed with us in Philadelphia, gave a speech welcoming visitors. He said, "When you visit the Scotts, they will ask you in the morning if you slept well. You should always answer 'Yes,' although you might have found a pet rat on your pillow during the night."

On another occasion, Robert asked his mother for chemicals for his chemistry set. Dwight provided a certain number of them, avoiding those that were poisonous or could be made to explode. Nonetheless, Robert managed to find the right combination for gunpowder, and, welcoming Dwight home from a trip, he set off a small explosion, resulting in a burn on the floor of the front hall.

The differences in the children were reflected in their theatrical roles at Germantown Friends. Carolyn was an extrovert, an excellent actress, playing dramatic roles, such as the daughter in Tennessee Williams' play, *The Glass Menagerie*. Robert, on the other hand, stayed hidden back stage with the stage crew, running the lights and props for the school's extensive theater productions. I remember him tape-recording a thunderstorm for the witches' scene in *Macbeth*. He and his colleagues also rebuilt the

stage switchboard, for which work he received a prize book on the technical aspects of the theater.

Once back in Philadelphia, we had to make choices about religion. Formal religion was no longer important to Dwight or myself, but we appreciated the benefits of religious training. I was baptized a Presbyterian, was confirmed at school as an Episcopalian, and was very religious at Cambridge. My family had been church-going and so had Dwight's. After the war, when we settled down in North Hills, we attended several churches, but finding established sects unsatisfying, we were lured to the Unitarian Church of Germantown by Cousin Elizabeth, who had long been proselytizing for this. Unitarians are very secular and ecumenical. We attended Sunday services at the church, a classically beautiful building with a very good organ and rotating ministers from many different religious and political viewpoints. We enjoyed this church and found it religiously and intellectually satisfying. The children went to Sunday School and they were also exposed to religious teaching at their schools, where the Quaker atmosphere of good (God) in every person prevailed.

In those days, the children frequently traveled from school to their dentist appointments with Dr. Raymond Werther at the Medical Tower on 17th Street in downtown Philadelphia. After their appointments they would often come to visit me and Dwight at the CHOP. I would show them around my laboratory where I introduced Carolyn and Robert to viruses, informing them all about herpes and polio at a time when the first Salk vaccine was in testing. They would also go to Dwight's laboratory and spend the afternoon blowing glass or making colors with indicators.

Summers after the war were a good outlet for the children. In 1947 and again in 1948, we vacationed on Georgetown Island by Heal's Eddy, near Bath, Maine. We had learned of the place from the Arbuthnots, with whom Dwight and the children shared the house during the war. During those summers, we lived in a large white clapboard house that stood quite alone at the head of a long, narrow inlet from the sea. When the tide went out, the mud flats were exposed and we could walk around the whole inlet. We swam immediately after the tide came in, as the water was a little warmed after flowing over the sunbaked mud flats. Another activity we enjoyed was rowing across the inlet to a lovely hidden cove with a white sandy beach where, always completely alone, we often went skinny dipping or sunbathing. Carolyn learned to swim and dive off the rowboat.

The family would go out on the mud flats when the tide was out, dig buckets full of soft-shell clams, add cornmeal, and hang the buckets in the water. Overnight, the clams replaced sand with the cornmeal. We almost lived on clams, so when we ate them -- raw, steamed, or baked -- they were not sandy.

In 1949 when Carolyn was nine and Robert was eleven, the family traveled to Great Britain to celebrate my parents' fiftieth wedding anniversary. We crossed the Atlantic Ocean on a Cunard White Star steamer, a one class boat, the Parthia. It was an eight-day journey from New York to Liverpool. After the departure from the Manhattan docks, the children had the run of the ship. Dwight and I, relieved from our busy lives, enjoyed the leisure, deck tennis, and the food, that was delicious and beautifully served. We arrived in Liverpool and traveled by train to London. On arrival at Paddington station we were faced with how to get the family of four, including two tired children, from London to my parents' cottage, Crofts, in Sussex's Ashdown Forest. Dwight and I decided to do

the unheard of, to take a taxi all the way from London to Sussex. The trip was enchanting, the wayward taxi traveling along narrow two-lane roads, past hedged pastures and copses of forest until it reached Crofts, secluded in the great moor of the long-cleared Ashdown Forest. Moreover, the cost in the end was only twenty pounds!

The anniversary celebration was held in amazingly warm and sunny weather for October in England. My family was all there, assembled from England, Scotland, Wales, and Germany, as well as the four of us from America. We were startled to find that much of the food came from care parcels that we had sent to my parents during and after the war, kept carefully by my mother especially for this occasion. I remember tea in the garden, with scones and wasps, and lawn tennis with my brother Ronnie and Father, then 79.

After the general celebration at Crofts, our family made the rounds of my family and several friends. We visited my brother Ronnie, and Mary, his wife, at Huish House in Hampshire. Huish, built in the 1920's, was a long brick house, with high chimney pots at each end. It is situated on a hill in the rolling Hampshire countryside at the end of a long drive, that winds past a pond planted with watercress, several small cottages, and a pen occupied at that time by a fearsome Dexter bull. The family -- Gillian, Thomas, Linda, and Valerie -- had all stayed with us in Philadelphia during the war with the exception of Nigel (a post-war baby). After a week at Huish, we went to Newcastle, where we stayed with several old friends and explored Hadrian's Wall and fortifications. Following this we traveled north to see my sister, Leslie Murrey Thriepland, her husband, Peter, their children David, Andrew, and Windom, known as Tertius (Patrick was to come along later, in 1951), and Leslie's stepson, Mark at their summer house, Dale, in Thurso, Caithness, in the far north of Scotland. Dale was a large, high white

house, situated on the banks of the Thurso River, surrounded by lonesome barren heath country full of peat bogs and dew lochs. The weather was cold and wet, with a blustery wind off the North Sea. After High Tea, the big meal in Scotland, the evenings were spent before a blazing peat fire hearing scary stories and drinking hot lemonade. I once went out with the snipe hunters in deep Wellington boots, several scarves, and a huge thick khaki jacket. Returning to Dale, I found frightened children. The stories they had heard at High Tea spoke of people disappearing forever into the dew lochs, quicksand of the peat bogs.

At that time my sister Leslie, an archeologist, was excavating the remains of a Pict house or broch that was located about a mile down the river from Dale. Pict houses were cylindrical tower structures built for refuge, with a winding inside stairway and an entrance, high up, approachable only by a ladder that was let down from within. All the children spent much of their time in an ancient tunnel under the broch, finding bones (mostly those of birds deposited by foxes who had made the passage their home over the years). While at Dale we went fishing for mackerel, not eaten by the natives because of the superstition that they ate drowned fishermen, and went swimming in the Pentland Furth. This channel between the north coast of Scotland and the Shetlands was extremely cold, so none of us stayed in the water long. Afterwards, to warm up, we played a soccer game in bare feet on the white sand beach.

It was a memorable visit for everyone. Peter and Dwight were both night people, so I would go to bed and they would talk to all hours. They discovered that they had met more than twenty years earlier, in Yellowstone Park. Dwight, while driving home to California with some Vassar friends, had met a group of Princeton students there, of whom Peter was one.

We returned to America on the Queen Mary, in the lap of luxury, but we were all terribly sea sick, passing through the tail end of a hurricane in the North Atlantic. On arrival in New York, Robert was ill with what must have been polio. Fortunately, it was a mild case without sequelae.

Robert's reading problems persisted, so in 1951, when he was 13 years old, Dwight and I tried an experiment. Our old friend, Catherine Opie (of Oxford days) told us about Paul Lewis, an optometrist in Silver Spring, Maryland, who had developed eye exercises thought to be helpful for people with reading and spelling problems. Thus, in the spring Robert was released from eighth grade at GFS and went to live on Catherine's farm near Sandy Spring, Maryland. Three times a week he went to the optometrist to do eye exercises. These three months gave Robert a broad experience. He was mostly on his own, under Catherine's gentle supervision. With Catherine's somewhat older son he learned to drive a jeep and shoot a rifle, but, alas, his reading did not improve much.

The children spent that summer at camp Carolyn at Camp Quanset, a sailing camp on Cape Cod, and Robert at Flying Moose Lodge, a trip camp near Ellsworth, Maine. While the children were away, Dwight and I spent some time at the Marine Biological Laboratory in Woods Hole, Massachusetts. We drove up to Maine, picking up Robert at the end of the summer, and brought both Carolyn and Robert to Woods Hole on the way home. The children seemed to like it in Woods Hole, so the family returned to Woods Hole in the summers 1952 through 1954. During these summers, Dwight was in seventh heaven working in the laboratory on the reproduction of the seaworm, *Chaetopterus* (parchment worm).

I used to join the family for about a month, coming up from Philadelphia to work in the library in the mornings. I spent the afternoons playing tennis, swimming from Stony Beach, and gossiping and discussing science in rattan chairs on the porch of the Mess Hall looking out over the bay.

Woods Hole was an exciting place. It was populated by scientists associated with three major laboratories, the Marine Biological Laboratory, the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, and the Fish and Wildlife Laboratory. There were several Nobel Prize winners among the population. I can well remember sitting on the Mess Hall porch immersed in conversation with Otto Loewi and his wife. Loewi won the Nobel Prize for discovering acetylcholine, one of the major neurotransmitters. Spellbound, the children held court at Loewi's feet, listening to his wonderful Viennese accent -- "I was neither awake nor was I asleep" -- repeating the oft-told tale of his dream of a frog heart that had led to his discovery. At Woods Hole, we formed friendships with scientists from all over the world. Several of the friendships we formed at Woods Hole have lasted a lifetime. One of these was with a Finnish couple, Saku and Leah Timonen. When we met him, Saku had only recently reported that humans had 46 chromosomes, not 48.

Woods Hole was a very real part of our lives to the extent that we actually bought land and planned to build a house there. Carolyn and Robert studied biology in a remarkable summer school, the Children's School of Science. I remember one year the teacher of entomology had a nervous breakdown toward the end of the term and Robert, her teaching assistant who was sixteen, took over her classes.

TRAVELS ABROAD

In 1954, Dwight left CHOP and joined the University of Pennsylvania's Department of Physiology as an assistant professor. She did some teaching but her major area of interest was in the laboratory. This was located in the basement of the Chemistry Building on 33rd Street, where she screened various cancer chemotherapeutic drugs using bacteria.

That year we thought that Carolyn might enjoy and benefit from a year in England and she agreed. So after consultation with my brother Ronnie, it was agreed that she should spend her 10th grade at school in England with her cousin Valerie and spend the holidays with Ronnie and Mary.

That summer, I gave a paper in St. Andrews, Scotland, so while Dwight and Robert spent the summer at Woods Hole, I took Carolyn to England. Getting there was a delight. On the Queen Elizabeth going over I met one of the many doctors I had known during the war, so we had a nice time together. And of course as a fourteen-year-old, Carolyn "had a ball." She was carried away by a young man on the ship and I hardly ever saw her. She had a very good time.

My visit with my parents in 1954 was to be one of my last. In their eighties, they were living in a residential hotel near Crowbough, Sussex, where they received partial care. My father had developed adult diabetes and my mother had heart problems. Both were under a doctor's care and had to have help for daily living. My sister Betty, who never married, had stayed at home to care for our parents. While there I arranged for Betty to have some time off and for a number of Father's and Mother's neighbors to come in to be with them several days a week.

Southover Manor was Valerie and Carolyn's school, a girls' boarding school located in Lewes, Sussex. For the spring semester,, the school went to Switzerland, in the Valais. Carolyn later told me that she had been excited about going to England but when she got there she found it a very difficult adjustment. English boarding schools were tough. She recalled that in the winter the students had to play lacrosse wearing very thin clothes. The school was not heated, they were always cold and she suffered from chilblains. The food consisted mostly of boiled potatoes, boiled haddock, and boiled cabbage, colorless and tasteless. She was very homesick. In the spring term she went with the school to the Valais in Switzerland. During the whole of that term, the headmistress suffered from mountain sickness. Therefore, the students were sent out on long hikes in the Alps, filled with blossoms. Despite the homesickness, she did very well, passing her O levels, a standard exam that all English students take.

At the end of her English school year in 1955, Carolyn was invited to join her best friend from Greene Street Friends School Frankie Foley and Frankie's mother, Catherine on a European tour. It was arranged that they should travel together that summer through England and Scotland and then cruise on the coastal steamer up the Norwegian coast to the land of the midnight sun.

Our New Zealand friend, Ron Caughey, now the leading pediatrician in Auckland, was holding a pediatric symposium and invited Dwight and me to take part. We were delighted. Dwight and I went to New Zealand by way of California and Hawaii where we stayed a couple of nights with Dwight's cousins, Fred and May Edgecome. They lived in a small house on the edge of the Punch Bowl, a World War II cemetery in the middle of Honolulu. They showed us the beautiful tropical island of Oahu. At this time Robert was 17. After his school year came to an end, he enthusiastically followed us on his own to

Auckland and accompanied us on what turned out to be an around-the-world journey from July through October.

In those days, of course, one flew on propeller planes, which took a very long time. From Hawaii, we flew to Canton islands, an airplane refueling stop in the middle of the Pacific jointly owned by the British and the Americans, then to Fiji, where we had breakfast, and finally, on a DC-4 to Auckland, where the Caugheys met us.

We stayed with the Caugheys in their house in Auckland, but as Howard Coverdale, my friend from Cambridge -- now an ophthalmologist -- was also in Auckland, we spent time with the Coverdales as well. We were impressed with the test tube socialism that was New Zealand in those days. The medical scheme strongly favored the general practitioners, to the disadvantage of the specialists. The Plunket society,²⁷ a rigid and highly centralized organization, oversaw Maternal and Child Health. Also, when Howard Coverdale wanted to add a wing to his house, he had to go to the national Parliament to get permission to build!

We had a wonderful time during our three weeks in Auckland, although getting lunch was sometimes hazardous as the restaurants closed at three o'clock in the afternoon.

²⁷ The Plunket Society was founded by Frederic Truby King. The Edinburgh-trained physician was 49 when he founded the Society (named for its patrons) in 1908. As superintendent of New Zealand's largest mental hospital, he had emphasized the importance of nutrition for his patients; after he and his wife adopted a baby in 1905 he began promoting infant care. "Apart from dairy calves," he said, "there is no young creature in the world so ignorantly and cruelly nurtured as the average infant." Over the next 30 years, King's revolutionary system of home visits and clinics to teach mothers proper feeding and hygiene methods helped cut New Zealand's high infant mortality rate by almost two-thirds. Today more than 90 percent of the nation's new parents use Plunket services.

Auckland is the main city on the north island of New Zealand; Dunedin is on the south island. The two islands are very different. From Auckland, we were taken to the Wytomo caves, which were lit by the lights of many luminous worms, and to the Rotorua, with its geysers and hot springs, where I swam in a hot pool. After Auckland, we traveled south to Dunedin, a very Scottish city like Edinburgh -- and like Edinburgh it gets quite cold. Dunedin is surrounded by a green belt of tree-lined walks, and while we were walking along one of them, a woman stopped me and asked, "Remember me, I was a medical student at Cambridge with you?" Can you imagine that? There were only two women in my class at Cambridge.

From New Zealand, we flew to Melbourne, Australia, where we had supper in the home of McFarlane Burnette, the Nobel Prize winning immunologist. I remember sitting in a room before a large fireplace; we were warmed in front and frozen behind. Melbourne, in those days, was a city where when one wanted to make a right turn in the car, one had to pull over to the extreme left hand side of the road and wait until all traffic behind had passed. From Melbourne we went to Sydney to join a British medical meeting, where I made rounds at one of the hospitals. Then to the Philippines for another medical meeting. In Manila, we stayed with the Halarios, cousins of Dr. Fe del Mundo who was in charge of the pediatric meeting. Fe del Mundo had returned to the Philippines after studying at CHOP and had put Philippine pediatrics on the map. At that time her Pediatric Hospital, the first in the Philippines, was newly built. She had stayed with us in Philadelphia and we recalled together her standing on the bed in our guest room, screaming as one of Robert's pet rats came through the door. The Halarios were an interesting couple, as Mrs Halario was from Finland and had been voted Miss Universe the year before. Manila was a city of contrasts, the exceptionally wealthy, living behind high, glass studded walls, surrounded by abject poverty. As in New

Zealand and Australia, there was lots to see and do. After the conference in Manila, we had hoped to visit the Igorot rice terraces in the north of Luzon Island. We traveled by road and marveled at all of the modes of transportation that we saw in use. Upon arrival in the hill resort city of Bagio, we found that insurgency would not allow us to proceed further north, but Bagio itself was an interesting town, located in the cool of the mountains.

From Manila we had arranged to visit Jack Liddle, my first cousin, who was working in Singapore as a banker. On the way, to our consternation, one of the engines on the airplane stopped working over the South China Sea and we were diverted to Hong Kong. Thus, we spent a fascinating day exploring that city during the unexpected stopover. Finally arriving in Singapore, Robert had a good time with Jack Liddle, exploring the city while Dwight and I met Dr. Elain Fields, who was Professor of Pediatrics at the University of Singapore.

We then began the long, slow flight by propeller plane to South Africa, where my sister Irene was living. As the BOAC plane we had planned to take from Singapore direct to Johannesburg via the Cocos Islands was discontinued, to get there we had to take a sea plane to Jakarta, changing planes in Java to fly to Perth. From Perth we flew to Mauritius, where we ate breakfast, and then on to Johannesburg where, to our surprise we arrived exactly on time. There we were met by James Irving, my college friend and by then a biochemistry professor at the University of Johannesburg.

From Johannesburg we flew to Cape Town where Irene and Rudolph were living. They had lived in Germany during the war, where Rudolf had been obliged to join the Nazi Brown Shirts. As an ex-Nazi after the war, he was unable to practice his profession

as a lawyer in Germany. The years immediately post war were very difficult, and Irene's family had nearly starved to death. We sent a Red Cross package of food to them on V-E Day that did not arrive until one year later. In 1952, the family emigrated to South Africa, where Rudolf worked as a financial consultant.

In 1955, Irene and Rudolf were moving from Constantia, in the wine country near Cape Town, to Johannesburg. Our arrival overlapped with the move, so we were able to spend several days in their old Dutch house in Constantia and then we accompanied Irene with Alexander and Rudolf Jr. on their journey. We drove the beautiful garden route along the south coast of Africa to Pietermaritzburg, while senior Rudolf went by the shorter northern route through Kimberly, carrying the rest of the family and many of their household goods.

After a few days in Johannesburg, Luisa, Irene's daughter, drove Robert and me to Kruger National Park. Kruger is a large wild game park that lies east of Johannesburg on the Mozambique border. We slept in round thatched-roofed huts, hearing the sounds of the veldt outside, the roaring of lions and the squeal of cicadas. During the day, we drove along sandy roads through thick underbrush, often finding prides of lions and following herds of impalas and giraffes. One day when Robert was driving, I looked out to the left into the bushes and saw a huge African elephant bearing down upon us. Robert quickly reversed, just in time, and the elephant thundered across in front of the car.

After our trip with Irene, we started the final lap of our journey home. The plane circled over Victoria Falls in Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe) on the way north. In Cairo the plane had a flat tire and as there were no parts in Cairo a tire had to be flown out from

Italy. While we waited the airlines people put us on busses and showed us around the Pyramids. Then we flew to Britain, where I saw my parents for the last time, and finally back to the United States.

THE RIVER HOUSE

After her year abroad, Carolyn returned to the United States and completed eleventh and twelfth grades at Germantown Friends, graduating in 1957. That was the year my father died, followed the next year by mother, Alice. Betty went to live with good friends from then until her death in 1964. Carolyn looked at some of the sister colleges with Dwight and decided on Vassar (Dwight's alma mater) after experiencing an uninteresting interview but an exciting academic atmosphere. Robert was studying at Reed College, in Portland, Oregon. However, his studies were put on hold in December 1959, during his junior year, when he came down with infectious mononucleosis. He came home to us in Philadelphia to recuperate. Feeling much better after resting for a month or so, Robert began taking courses at Penn, which entailed traveling from North Hills to the university every day.

This was before the Schuylkill expressway was built, and Dwight and Robert, being great explorers, never came into town the same way twice. One day in February while driving along the east bank of the Schuylkill River, they noticed some small houses on the opposite bank. That very afternoon, Robert discovered a little-known road running between the railroad and the river on the west side of the river and noticed two riverside cottages for sale. Dwight was interested, so we got in touch with a real estate agent who told us that most of the summer houses by the river sold person to person. We were drawn to a cottage with a small sign that indicated that it was for sale by its owner, Mr. Lionel Walker. We met Mr. Walker a day or two later and made an offer of \$3000,

which he accepted at once, but wouldn't let us have the cottage until April when he'd "got it thoroughly ready." For the \$3000, he not only painted the house inside and out, he also included a rowboat and all the furniture. All we had to do was walk in.

Mr. Walker and his son had built this summer cottage with their own hands in 1922; later he had installed indoor plumbing and a well for his wife. Inside plumbing was unusual along the River Road when he put it in; ours was one of the first places to have it. Nonetheless, we also had a two-hole outhouse between the house and the road. In the beginning, we came out only for weekends because, although we had inside plumbing, there was no hot water and we had to use the cold shower out front. It was primitive, but we were younger then and it didn't matter too much.

The area along the Schuylkill River had originally been populated by squatters, but when we bought the house in 1959, we were given title to the house but not the land. The railroad owned all the land between the road and the river and the house was built on land rented from the railroad. It was about a year after we bought the River House that the railroad offered to sell the land to those whose buildings were on it, so we bought the land, too!

River Road, on which River House sits, was viewed by some as "on the wrong side of the tracks." On the other side of the Reading Railroad tracks runs a stretch of some of the wealthiest real estate in the country, Philadelphia's Main Line. Lower Merion Township, where the river house was located, received a federal grant to build a park along the river. But the township decided the park should serve only citizens of Lower Merion, which meant it obviously wouldn't qualify for federal funds. The township decided that the area along River Road was a slum and that the River Road people

should be turned out of their houses and the area made into a park. The River Road residents were incensed and formed a committee to put our case to the township commissioners who govern the area. Dwight went to the meeting the night the subject was debated and told me later that until someone in the audience complained, the chairman would recognize only the people from the "good" side of the tracks. Then we got a chance to make our case. A clergyman from the Presbyterian church made an impassioned speech on our behalf, saying that the people on the river were a neighborhood, living there and not causing any trouble. After the meeting, the motion was tabled and eventually dropped. But during "the trouble" -- the couple of years when the subject was hanging fire before the motion was dropped -- the neighborhood ran down. Nobody did anything to their houses. They didn't paint them or provide any upkeep or maintenance because they didn't know what was going to happen.

At that point, the county insisted, quite rightly, that every house must have a cesspool as, at the time, most of the sewage flowed into the river unchecked. Our cesspool was placed between the house and the road, where the outhouse had once stood. Additionally, all of the houses had to have water laid on. The water company wanted to charge \$300 a house for installation, but our neighborhood lawyer pointed out to them that they had installed water to Tinicum Township, near the airport, for no fee. Finally, the water lines were installed at a rate of \$30 a house.

We always had lots of visitors at the River House. About the first was a Korean doctor who had come to work at Children's Hospital. He stayed at the River House a few weeks with his wife and newborn baby while they looked for a home. The house was a refuge, despite its still-primitive state. They were the first of many visitors over the years. We often brought Cousin Elizabeth for the day on Sundays.

The Schuylkill River provides residents along its banks with constant drama. Schuylkill is a Dutch name, meaning something like "river of the lost." The story goes that in the old days when sailors came into Philadelphia, they would often jump ship, marry Indian women and leave town, settling somewhere up the Schuylkill. Many local townships have Welsh names, including Bryn Mawr, Bala Cynwyd, and Gladwyne, the small town where we shop for groceries.

In 1959, the year we bought the cottage, Carolyn (who that summer was helping a social worker at the University of Pennsylvania Rehabilitation Center) spent the summer in the cottage with a friend. One day the river was suddenly full of dead fish. The cause appeared to be overheating of the water. Two big factories on the river, one of them a paper factory, were each allowed to discharge a certain amount of hot water into the river, but on that day, both had released their hot water at the same time. The fish were deprived of oxygen and so drowned. Dwight and I had gone to the World's Fair in Canada that year but returned on that day, in time to see the fish kill.

To our city-dwelling friends, the idea of swimming in the Schuylkill was horrifying, although we have always swum in it without harm. In the early days we did see quite a lot of trash float by but recently the river has been protected by the Wild and Scenic River Act of Pennsylvania, which prevented discharge of factory or human waste. This made a real difference in the quality of the water.

In the early 1990s a newspaper article described the River Road community, and the river bank began to attract real estate people, property prices then went way up, and so did our property taxes.

CAROLYN MEETS DIETRICH

In the summer of 1960, Carolyn, Robert, and Carolyn's college friend, Lucy Thyssen, spent the summer in Europe. They flew to England, spent a few days in London, then, after crossing the channel by ferry to Calais, rented a car and drove across France, Italy, Austria and Switzerland to Heidelberg in Germany. There they spent the month of August, taking an Auslander's course in German at the University. They ate at the Mensa, the student cafeteria. It was there that Carolyn met and fell in love with a handsome law student, Dietrich Höhn, and he with her.

On returning home, Carolyn informed us that she would finish her degree in microbiology from Vassar, but after that she would return to Germany to be near Dietrich. I was able to help her find a job as a lab assistant in the Department of Neurology in Cologne.

It was some time in early 1962 that Carolyn called to say that she was pregnant. Carolyn and Dietrich were married in February 1962. I went over for the wedding. Unfortunately, Dwight was teaching at that time and could not get away. As I recall, the civil wedding was held in a government building in central Heidelberg. Upon leaving the building, we found that the car was tightly blocked in, and Dietrich had to use all his skill to extract us. After the church ceremony the couple left the church passing under a dozen or more crossed swords held aloft by Dietrich's fraternity brothers. The ceremony was followed by a reception, that was attended by one of Carolyn's favorite cousins, Rudolf Camerer, one of my sister Irene's sons, who was training as a banker in Frankfurt, and other friends. I had the feeling that Dietrich's mother opposed the

marriage. I remember going to see her, speaking with her in my broken German, trying to change her mind.

Carolyn and Dietrich lived briefly in a small village in the Odenwald above Heidelberg called Wilhemsfeld. But things were difficult, and so that summer they separated, Carolyn returning home to Philadelphia.

Peter Karl Dietrich Höhn was born at the University of Pennsylvania Hospital on September 29, 1962. I attended Peter's birth because Dietrich was in Germany. Carolyn used natural childbirth. Her obstetrician had become interested in natural childbirth, just before the Lamaze method became popular, and gave her pre-birth training, including self-hypnosis and exercises. She was in labor only seven hours. In the spring of 1963, Carolyn and Dietrich were divorced.

Carolyn, who majored in microbiology at Vassar, received her master's degree in Secondary Education at Temple University in 1963. With this teaching license worked as a biology teacher for five years in Philadelphia. Dr. Ruth Hayre, who was probably one of the best teachers in Philadelphia at the time, ran the teaching seminar Carolyn attended at Temple. When she began her teaching career she was appointed to William Penn High School in North Philadelphia where Dr. Hayre was the beloved school principal. The fall Carolyn started teaching, Dr. Hayre was promoted to the Philadelphia Board of Education. This was a disappointment for Carolyn, but she felt she had found her profession and truly enjoyed teaching. It was particularly challenging teaching at a school predominantly attended by black girls from very poor backgrounds. She was thrilled when one of her students went onto college and then to medical school. In 1966 she accepted a teaching position at Cheyney College, a black

college west of the city, beyond Westchester. In the summer of 1966, Carolyn received a grant from the National Science Foundation to study ecology at the University of Rhode Island. This was the beginning of her passionate involvement in that field.

At first, Carolyn and Peter lived in a small house on Pine Street with a cousin, Barbara Baker. This overlooked Fittler Square and was just around the corner from us where we then lived across the river from the University of Pennsylvania on Taney Street. Later, Carolyn and Peter moved into a larger place on 22nd Street, again, not far away. They used to come regularly for breakfast on Sundays.

When Peter was six months old, Carolyn took him to Germany to meet his father. She visited Germany with Peter, or Dietrich visited them in the U.S. most summers. Peter flew to Germany by himself twice before the age of four; there was a special arrangement with the airlines where a child could travel alone. Carolyn would put Peter in the hands of the stewardess who took care of him and passed him over to Dietrich at the airport upon arrival in Germany. Peter came back from that summer talking German. I vividly remember that little boy marching across the tarmac, coming home.

Carolyn had many friends, but was not interested in remarrying. Sometime in 1967, Dietrich's mother died in an automobile accident. After her death, Dietrich came to America to visit and the following summer Carolyn and Peter spent in Germany. Carolyn did some traveling in France. It was shortly after Martin Luther King was assassinated when mother and child bounded in the door for Sunday breakfast and Peter burst out, "We're going back to Germany!" It seems that Dietrich had called to ask, "Will you marry me?" and Carolyn had said "Yes." They were remarried in 1968 by our Unitarian minister in the garden of our house at Taney Street. Robert and his recent

bride, Miriam, were there, down from Buffalo where Robert was doing his pediatric residency. Carolyn and Peter returned to Heidelberg and the Höhns have been together ever since. Carolyn was working on a masters degree in biology at Bryn Mawr when Dietrich asked her to marry him. She was able to transfer her credits and continue her studies at the University of Heidelberg.

WORLD TRAVELERS

We were quick to welcome people into our home and life, and acquaintances often became friends. One of our closest friends came into our lives in 1960. I was looking to fill a research position in virology at CHOP and interviewed Vernon Brightman, a young Australian dentist who had a dental degree from Australia and a recent Ph.D. from the University of Chicago. I gave him the job but wondered why he had chosen to come to Philadelphia. It wasn't long after that I learned that Vernon, while in Chicago, had fallen in love with Signe, who was now a medical student at Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania. Vernon's work in my lab was very productive but he was a dentist, so I introduced him to the University of Pennsylvania Dental School.

In 1962, Vernon's student visa expired, forcing him to return to Australia. Before he left, he asked Signe to marry him and come to Australia. They asked me, in the absence of her parents, to give her away at the wedding, so I became her surrogate father. Vernon returned to Australia and Signe stayed with us until she finished her residency, when she joined him there. We were very sad to see them leave. Two years later, much to our delight, the University of Pennsylvania Dental School invited Vernon to join their staff and they returned to Philadelphia, with a son named Thomas (whom they told us was named after me!). The Brightmans stayed at our house until they found

a house of their own and have been part of our family in Philadelphia ever since. Vernon's untimely death in 1997 saddened me greatly.

After the war, Dwight and I developed a taste for travel. The family visited Dwight's parents in California in 1950. That same year I went to Jamaica with Joe Stokes and Paul Györgi²⁸ to study Jamaican Vomiting Sickness, a strange jaundice in children that was ultimately found to result from eating the fruit of the akee plant, which is toxic at a certain point in its development.

We developed a pattern that would hold for many years: using medical meetings (for me, international pediatric meetings and for Dwight the meetings of the Federation of European Biochemical Societies, that she had joined when we were in London) as areas of personal interest, and our far-flung friends and family as bases. We combined business and pleasure. We often made as many as two trips a year. When you're young you go to national and international meetings because you want to present or to learn things, but as you get older, you also go to see colleagues you've known over the years and to make new friends. Dwight would come to my meetings because she was interested and could understand a lot. I usually didn't attend her biochemical sessions, but instead went on the spouse trips, although most of the spouses were women.

In 1951, we attended a pediatric congress in Zurich, Switzerland, and in 1955, we built our round-the-world trip with Robert around a Pediatric Symposium in New Zealand. In 1958, we visited the World's Fair in Montreal, and in 1959, when we bought

²⁸ György, who had previously been at Western Reserve University, was noted for having discovered biotin and co-discovered riboflavin and pyrodoxine.

the River House, we traveled from a cancer meeting in London (Dwight's) to a bacteriology meeting in Stockholm (mine). On our way, we joined with Dwight's mother, Carolyn Todd, and her cousin, Carol Falk, and drove across Europe to Paris, Luxembourg, Germany, Denmark, and Sweden. We left our companions in Sweden, and after the meeting we took a ferry to Finland, where we stayed with our friends from Woods Hole days, the Timonens.

In the winter of 1963, as we prepared to leave on a trip to Merida (near the ruins of Chichin Itza, in southeastern Mexico), Dwight got a call asking if she might be interested in teaching biochemistry at the medical school in Shiraz, Iran, a school with which the University of Pennsylvania had a relationship. An American professor was leaving Shiraz, moving to the American University in Beirut, and suggested that Dwight take his place. He was interested in zinc deficiency, which he had recently described in western Iran.

The nest was empty. Carolyn and Peter were independent, and Robert was attending medical school at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia. We were free, and, thinking that I could find a pediatric interest in Shiraz, we decided Dwight should accept the position. We took forms along on our trip, filling them out in Mexico.

In the spring of 1964, we attended many meetings on zinc, which was to become a major interest of Dwight's, took Farsi lessons, and put the house in North Hills up for sale. Sometime in the late spring, we had an inkling that all was not well with the negotiations, but we were assured that we would be going. One Monday in April, we were told that we would fly to Iran in a few days, so we accepted an offer for our house. Two days later the university telephoned to tell us the whole thing was off.

We had a good offer for the house, so we went ahead with the sale. It was time for smaller quarters, to move into town. As house hunter, Dwight began looking for a place near the university. One day, she saw an agent showing people through a house at 401 South Taney Street, at the corner of Pine. She asked to have a look at the house and knew right away that the house, although small, would suit us. I could walk to Children's Hospital, she could walk to the University. We bought it and moved in.

The Taney Street house was in an Irish enclave, Devil's Pocket. In the past, with the influx of the Irish, the men worked in the coal business and the women made lace. On the street behind us (26th Street) lived a group of Irish families, one of which had eleven children. One of the teenagers did odd jobs for Dwight, and then her younger sister, Betty, who was about seven at the time, adopted us. Betty was a twin, the youngest of the family's children. Dwight took her under her wing and taught her how to cook and sew. She would tell Dwight about her Catholic school, her grades, and her friends and really opened our eyes to the problems of Devil's Pocket. Eventually, as the neighborhood gentrified, the Irish enclave moved up to North Philadelphia. Betty's family moved with them, but she often came back to see us.

Betty began having problems, involving drugs and a bad marriage. She attempted suicide several times and once came out to the River House to recover after slitting her wrists. It was a tragic situation; she was trapped. She had two boys and a girl, an unfaithful husband who was often in jail and lived in a very rough, slum neighborhood. Luckily, a friend moved to a city near Harrisburg, several miles west of Philadelphia, and after helping the friend move, Betty decided to settle down there herself. She divorced her husband and her whole life changed. She got a job, married a young

worker named Kurt, and settled down. We were much relieved and through all her ups and downs, including problems with her family, she had become a part of our family. She feels almost like a daughter.

I was so disappointed when the jobs in Iran fell through that I asked a colleague at CHOP, a hematologist from Israel, if he could help us find a similar appointment in Israel. An arrangement was made at the Children's Hospital in Tel Aviv for a three-month visiting professorship and since both of us were due a six-month sabbatical, we decided to go²⁹.

Working with students, residents and postgraduate fellows makes travel all the more interesting. When former residents moved back to other parts of the world they would always make us welcome in their homes. Their hospitality made the places we visited come alive, not just by seeing things, but by providing a very personal introduction to new cultures and histories and getting to know the people. There were residents from Children's Hospital all over the world. Working with Lew Coriell and me on herpes in the late 1950s, for example, was a young Japanese associate, Kamzigura Yoshina, whom we called Jimmy. Jimmy, was also a violinist who, having left his instrument in Japan, used to practice the violin without a violin. After Jimmy returned to Japan he ultimately became head of the Japanese National Institutes of Health. We started our sabbatical in Japan. I gave a paper at an International Pediatric Conference in Tokyo in October 1965. In Tokyo, we visited Jimmy and his family. His parents ran a little sushi shop, so we went there for dinner. That was the first time I'd eaten sushi. We were really made to feel at home. Jimmy's life took an interesting turn. In Japan one must retire at sixty.

²⁹ For Tom and Dwight, a trip was a learning experience. "I was in medical school with Robert at the time they were going to Israel," recalls Paul Schipior. "They had a tutor, a little old woman, come to their house to teach them Hebrew -- a language that is not easy to pick up. Dwight and Tom were going to Israel for six months and they sat down and learned a different language with a different alphabet."

About that time Jimmy saw an advertisement announcing a contest for a mystery story, with a prize of 5 million yen. He complied, writing a mystery story called something like "Murder After the Fifth Symphony," and won the contest. Thereafter, he retired from science and spent his time writing mysteries. On a later trip to Tokyo we stayed at Jimmy's house, part of which was Japanese and part of which was Western (for Jimmy's daughter, a stewardess on one of the Japanese lines). We ate dinner in the Japanese part, seated on the floor, but Jimmy put us up in his daughter's side of the house in a Western bedroom.

While in Japan, we took side trips from Tokyo to see, among other things, Japanese castles. On returning home to Taney Street, Dwight designed bookshelves based on the unique and characteristic architecture of these castles. We also took the bullet train to Kyoto and traveled by boat to Matsuyama City on the Inland Sea to visit the parents of Tadasu Tokumura, another former associate who had worked in my laboratory. Tad's mother taught English and his father was a pediatrician. Tad's parents put us up in a quaint little Japanese inn, where we slept on tatami mats on the floor. Following Jimmy's return to Japan, Tad came to CHOP in the late 1950s from the Max Planck Institute in Germany, where he had met and married a fraulein, the professor's daughter. When he left CHOP, he went to practice pediatrics in New Jersey, where I have kept in touch with him over the years.

From Tad's parents, we went to see Hiroshima, with its sobering atomic park and museum. En route to Israel, we also visited colleagues and friends in Bangkok and Chengmai, Thailand, little knowing that we would return to Thailand several times to visit Robert's family, stationed there at Walter Reed's Bangkok laboratory in the mid-1970s.

We stopped in India to see Roger Feldman, a former resident then working in Vellore³⁰ at the Christian Medical Center and Thimme Gauda, an Indian former resident who had just been married in Bangalore . In New Delhi, we stayed with Alex Steigman, who had been with me at the Harvard Red Cross Unit in England and now was working with the Rockefeller Foundation. He drove us west to visit a famous palace in Jaipur. We also made a side trip to Agra to see the Taj Majal.

From India we traveled to Teheran to visit yet another former resident, Tabir, and to Beirut to visit Dr. Reinhold, the University of Pennsylvania colleague who had formerly been in Shiraz and was now teaching at the American University in Beriut. Then we made our way to East Jerusalem via Damascus and Amman. On the bus trip to Damascus we were struck by at how much better the Armenian refugees were treated than the Arab, Palestinian refugees. The Arabs themselves ignored the Palestinian refugees who were fed and cared for not by their fellow Arabs but by Quakers from the American Friends Service Committee.

After making a day trip to the "Golden City" of Petra, Jordan, early in December, we crossed through the Mandelbaum Gate into west Jerusalem. Jordanian porters dropped our baggage in the middle of no man's land and Israeli porters carried them the rest of the way. I was to make rounds and give lectures on virus diseases, for which I had a big box of slides showing nude children with rashes. I ran into a hitch when the customs inspectors began looking through my slides. They called me down to the customs office

³⁰ At Vellore, in southern India, west of Madras, a Vassar student named Scudder, the daughter of a medical missionary, had returned to see her parents during school holidays. While she was there, she experienced two traumatic problems surrounding death in childbirth. Her father, who was a physician, was not allowed to care for women dying in childbirth, either Hindu or Muslim, because he was a man. She was so shocked by the lack of medical care that she became an obstetrician herself and founded a hospital in Vellore, which is now a major Christian Medical Center.

to explain that these were not pornography! Fortunately, the pictures were not confiscated.

At the Tel Aviv Children's Hospital I made rounds and gave lectures. The residents all spoke English and when there was a lecture in Hebrew, one of the residents would sit at the back of the room with me and translate *sotto voce*. Dwight worked in a Genetic Research Laboratory in Tel Hashomer, outside Tel Aviv. Weekends, we went sightseeing with Dr. Nahum Bogair (chief at the Children's Hospital) and his friends. We visited a kibbutz, went up to Tiberius on Lake Galilee, and visited Masada, where Herod had built a castle and where the Jewish Zealots had held out against the Romans. Before returning to the United States, we visited friends in Haifa and Jerusalem. Although we once heard shots from the Golan Heights, everything was pretty quiet at that time. This was just before the Six-Day War.

After a wonderful three months between Hanukkah and Purim in March 1966, our sabbatical was over and we returned to Philadelphia.

ROBERT AND MIRIAM

We wondered what the future held for Robert. Having completed medical school at the University of Pennsylvania in the summer of 1966, Robert had just started his residency in pediatrics at the Children's Hospital in Buffalo, New York, when he was invited to a weekend gathering at a farm outside of Buffalo. He told us that down by the pond he met Miriam Tannhauser, an art historian, working at the Albright Knox Gallery in Buffalo. The relationship that developed between art and medicine felt so comfortable that one night in April 1967 Robert asked Miriam if she would consider becoming his wife, and she said yes. They were married at the Old Orchard Inn, in the country outside

Buffalo at what was to have been a garden wedding. As the ceremony began, the skies opened and the rains fell. Dwight and I, with the wedding party, stood sheltered under one roof and the ceremony was held under another roof several yards away across an open porch. We witnessed the happy event through a veil of raindrops. "Happy is the bride on whom the rain doth fall."

Despite an arrangement to join the Public Health Service and go to the NIH, Robert was drafted into the Army on 1 July 1969. However, he was allowed to complete his pediatric residency and was fortunate in that he was able to "land a berth" at the Walter Reed Army Institute of Research in Washington. There he began working in the Department of Virus Diseases in August 1969. On October 8, 1969, Miriam and Robert reported the birth of their first son, Thomas Frederick (Eric) McNair Scott. Named in the family tradition for me, but the nick name had surfaced again.

THE SILVER YEARS

We had reached a distinctly new stage of life. I was due to retire from Children's Hospital in 1966, when I turned 65, but I was already involved in NIH's longitudinal study on children, so I remained at CHOP working on the NIH study for a few years more. After we returned from our sabbatical, the nature of Dwight's work also changed. From 1954, she had worked in the Physiology Department of the Medical School, but in 1966 she moved to work with Professor Robert Davis at the School of Veterinary Medicine. In 1969, three years before her retirement, Dwight became one of the few tenured women faculty members (a full professor) at the University of Pennsylvania. She also became a very active committeewoman when, after numerous government warnings, the University belatedly sought the counsel of women in its deliberations.

We had much to celebrate in 1969, including Cousin Elizabeth's 100th birthday. Carolyn and Dietrich were back together, and they and six-year-old Peter traveled to Spain with us. At the heart of the trip was a poster exhibit Dwight had prepared for a scientific meeting in Madrid. You could give a paper at such meetings or you could put up a poster exhibit with biochemical formulas, the outline of a theory, and the like; Dwight had chosen to do the poster. While she was at her meeting, I would go through the Prado with Peter, trying to answer his questions about the pictures. I managed to come up with a story about most of them. I'm glad I had a classical education. I'm glad that I had to do Bible studies. I was able to tell Peter a lot about the pictures in the Prado.

In 1967, when the children were out of college and we had some money we bought the cottage next door to the River House from the owner, who also owned the best fish restaurant in Manayunk, then a blue collar town on the other side of the river. We tore the cottage down and built a wing onto our cottage, closed in the porch, and had the whole house stuccoed. Our contractor had worked in Philadelphia's harbor during World War II and knew something about water, so when we asked him to make a flat yard where the ground sloped down to the river, he built a stone and cement retaining wall and then a cement dock.

The next year, 1970, Carolyn and Dietrich had a second son (our third grandson), Marcus Robert Winfried Höhn ("a beautiful, strong, busy baby now called Winnie" reported Dwight in our second annual Valentine letter).

But 1970 also brought tragedy. My sister, Leslie, committed suicide following the death of her eighteen-year-old son, Patrick, from aplastic anemia, a rare complication of

hepatitis B. Leslie had apparently threatened suicide if Patrick died, and after his death she disappeared and was found dead in a hotel in Brighton.

That July, we went to Nairobi for a pediatric seminar and from there on a photographic safari to national parks in Tanzania and the Serengeti and to see Manyara and the Ngorongoro Crater. We then flew to Johannesburg to visit Irene, Rudolf, their children and grandchildren. In October, after a pediatrics meeting in San Francisco, we stayed with Dwight's still-active mother, Carolyn Todd, in St. Paul's Towers in Oakland. Despite her poor vision, Carolyn soundly beat the two of us at Scrabble.

In 1972, the River House felt the impact of Hurricane Agnes. We heard that the hurricane was coming, saw the torrential rain and the river rising, packed up and returned to town. The water continued to rise, but we were extremely lucky. The flood rose only to the top of the River House's foundation just below the floorboards. If it had risen any higher, the house would have been lost, floating down the river and over the dam. Our neighbors, who are not quite as high as we, had to flee their cottage in the middle of the night when the water rose into their living room. They were able to cross the flooded River Road to safety on the hill on the other side. They were put up by church people in Gladwyne for several weeks. Fortunately, neither their damage nor our's was great but cleaning up the mess was a lot of hard work. Friends and neighbors helped, and a student of Dwight's at the veterinary school brought out a group from his fraternity and did the heavy work cleaning out the basement.

We spent the night of Hurricane Agnes in our house downtown on Taney Street. Next morning I went to get breakfast in our basement kitchen and found that two feet of

water had risen to flood the kitchen. For a couple of days, the water rose and fell in the kitchen, with the tide. During that time the Red Cross stood by in case we had to evacuate, but at last it cleared.

During the 1970s, a cottage just north of the River House was occupied by a young cocktail waitress at a local nightclub who was the daughter of a Bucks County pig farmer. She had persuaded her boyfriend to paint the house pink and decorate inside. Then she jilted him. One November night he set the house on fire. The fire was spotted and reported by travelers on River Road and the fire engines were able to put the fire out, but not before the house was gutted. With our neighbor, Mr. Lister, who lived with his mother on the other side of the pink house we decided to buy the burnt-out house, tear it down, and share the land. On our half, along the river, we put in a garden and a compost area. Dwight had a green thumb and soon the garden was full of flowers and vegetables that we shared with neighbors and a visiting skunk.

Several years later Lister took down his cottage and built a more substantial house, so the halves of the lot we bought together had to be rearranged. Our half now ran from the road to the river, perpendicular to instead of parallel with the river. Along the edge of the garden, along the fence facing the new house, we planted Jerusalem artichokes -- a gift from a friend and a reminder of the Shrubbery, my childhood home. They made a beautiful hedge, but the next year they were all over the garden. We spent the next few years digging them up.

Most years, Dwight and I spent July and August at the river, and many years our grandson Winnie came for the summer. The River House invited both relaxation and physical activity. We toiled in the garden, which produced strawberries, beans, lettuce,

and herbs. We also made jelly from grapes, peaches, and crabapples from down the road.

FAMILY ABROAD

The 1970s were years of international travel, still often organized around medical meetings, but now the family was scattered all over the globe, giving us more reason than ever to travel.

This included a trip to visit my niece Valerie, her husband, Thomas Pakenham (the one whose life I had reportedly saved in the 1930s), and their children at Tally Nally Castle, the family seat in County Meath, Ireland, northwest of Dublin. Tally Nally was a fortified 14th century manor house, rebuilt and castlelated in the 17th century by the architect Inigo Jones. The castle was in a bucolic setting with a splendid view also designed by Jones, surrounded by farms and walled gardens. It spanned a quarter of a mile and contained 126 rooms. When Thomas had inherited it in 1956 from his uncle there was a staff of 35 servants to run the estate. The staff was now reduced to a housekeeper twice a week. Some sections of the building were rented out as apartments. I remember the main hall, two to three stories high with a pipe organ, the scrumptious breakfast around the large dining room table, and ,particularly, the compulsory raspberry picking that Valerie organized daily at three o'clock.

Carolyn and Dietrich (who practiced law) had bought a house at auction in Wilhelmsfeld, a small village in the mountains of the Odenwald, outside of Heidelberg, and had fixed it up. In 1975, Carolyn had taken the Staatsexam in Biology, writing her thesis on the recovery of a stream near their new home. Sewer pipes had been installed and the stream, which had earlier been damaged by sewage, had gradually

recovered. Carolyn followed the recovery by tracing the number of plants and animals that grew in the stream. To be able to write a thesis and teach biology in German is quite an accomplishment, and the thesis was fascinating. However, she was not allowed to teach in the state schools because she was not a German citizen; she had kept her American citizenship. She taught biology for 25 years at all levels from 5th to 13th grade at a private school, St. Raphael Gymnasium.

In February 1972, Robert and Miriam had moved to Thailand, where Robert was stationed at the Walter Reed subsidiary, the SEATO Medical Research Laboratory. In November 1973, we flew out to visit him, Miriam, Eric, and their newest son, Daniel Dwight Kosit McNair Scott ("a vigorous eighteen-month old explorer"). Born on May 15, 1972 (2515 in the Buddhist calendar), at 5:15 in the evening, he weighed 5 pounds 15 ounces. Daniel's second name was from his great-grandfather's and grandmother's. For his third name, Miriam & Robert took his particulars to a well known monk, who said that Kosit, meaning to proclaim, was his name. As he did, this suited him well. Carolyn and her family joined us there and the whole family happily celebrated its first Christmas with all four grandchildren.

At the airport on what we thought was our way home, we were detained; we had overstayed our visa by a day and a warrant was issued for our arrest. A week later -- because the Thai administrative officer at the SEATO laboratory knew the inner workings of the Immigration Office -- we were allowed to leave, but not without the agony of explaining the situation over and over again to a Thai immigration official, who took down what we said in longhand, and laboriously hand copied it three times.

In 1973, my sister Irene and her husband, Rudolf, made their first visit to the United States from South Africa. Rudolph, who played the cello in chamber music groups in South Africa, was searching for a new cello in New York City, only to be advised that Philadelphia was the best place to look. In Philadelphia he found and bought a Guarneri. This was to be Rudolf's only visit to us, for while in Philadelphia, he developed symptoms of heart problems from which he died a year later. Irene would visit us again in 1980.

We visited Thailand several times during the seven years Robert and his family were in Bangkok -- often with side trips to nearby countries. In Burma in 1975, for example, while on a National Museum Group³¹ trip led by Semore and Cameron Smith, we saw the ashes of U Thant displayed at a university in Rangoon. The ashes of the late Secretary General of the United Nations had been seized by the students, who displayed them from behind barricades at the university. I recall talking with them about their concerns about Burma's oppressive government and its plans for the ashes of this beloved international leader. The act of defiance by the students resulted in the imposition of martial law and the closing of the universities. Exit flights from Burma were suspended and we were lucky to get the last plane out.

On our way home from one trip to Bangkok, we stopped at Taipei, the fascinating capital of Taiwan. It was a modern Chinese city, somewhat run down, with its crowded streets and markets, but with quiet temples and the splendid National Museum, built back under a mountain and full of art taken from China by Chiang Kai Shek when he withdrew to Taiwan in 1948. There was also the Grand Hotel, an enormous bright red

³¹ The Thai National Museum Group was established by Beth Wray and two other American wives, in 1970, to support and provide international docents to the National Museum. This group established an impressive museum library, held seminars on many aspects of Thai art, and ran trips to sites relating to Thai art. It celebrated its thirtieth year in February 2000.

structure built in the style of a Chinese nobleman's palace, but much larger, with many stories and huge supporting pillars. While in Taipei, I gave a paper and we visited a former CHOP resident. From Taipei, we flew to Tokyo to spend the New Years holiday with my former CHOP associate Jimmy Yoshino.

Dwight and I were now presenting fewer papers at medical conferences but Robert had begun making presentations. I remember one particular occasion in 1976 when the three of us gathered at a Pediatric Congress in New Delhi where Robert was presenting a paper on hepatitis B. After the conference, Miriam led a sightseeing expedition to Buddhist, Hindu, and Jain monuments in the north of India. Sanchi, an aniconic Buddhist stupa not far from Delhi, is one of the masterpieces of Buddhist architecture. It dates from the 3rd century BC to the 12th century AD, with a central mamaform stupa built of honey colored stone and surrounded by an enclosing stone fence with exquisitely carved toranas (gateways) in the four cardinal directions. From Sanchi, we planned to travel to Ajanta and Ellora, the renowned Buddhist and Jain cave temples carved in the living rock cliffs along the Vahora river near Arungabad. After considerable negotiation with the stationmaster we were able to find a coach on the Bombay train. This was a first-class coach, but first class in India is perhaps a slight misnomer. We were given bunks with blankets for it was cold, but no sheets and no pillows. We alighted from the train in Bopal at four o'clock in the morning. The station was a huge, cavernous, colonial edifice, unlit and spooky. We managed to find our way through the building into the freezing darkness outside. There in front of the shadowy station was an assortment of people, young and old, huddled to keep warm around small fires that punctuated the darkness. We were immediately surrounded by a huge mob of people, each aspiring to provide us with one service or another and, after

considerable bargaining, were able to hire a taxi to carry us the 150 or so miles across the desert to Arungabad.

So, as the dawn broke over the parched country of Maharashtra, the four of us traveled in a black Ambassador taxi south to the fabled cave temples. Arriving shortly after daybreak, we were faced with a climb up a steep path clinging to the cliff face. Dwight allowed that she didn't think that she could make the climb and would stay behind. Just as the words were uttered, an obliging gentleman came forward and asked if he could carry her up the path in a palanquin. Dwight gratefully accepted and traveled recumbent, like a queen, carried by four stout men, while the rest of us mere mortals labored along behind. The climb was very worthwhile. About 30 caves at Ajanta and an equal number at Elora were hollowed into the cliffs, each more beautiful and interesting than the last; with incredible stone work and wall paintings. The trip went on to Bodghia, where the Buddha received enlightenment, and to Sarnac, where he preached his sermon in the Deer Park. Finally, we came to Benaris (Varanasi) on the Ganges, one of the holiest cities in Hinduism. Our plane was delayed in leaving Varanasi. It finally arrived, a Fokkner with only one engine functioning and a very frightened cabin of Linquist personages, traveling from Butan on an excursion.

It was a far-ranging trip with fascinating things to see. Miriam was at that time writing a book about Thai art, *The Art of Sukothai*, the first volume of which was planned to be the first fascicle of a larger work on the Art of Thailand, written with co-author Carol Stratton and supported by a joint grant from the Rockefeller Foundation and the National Endowment for the Humanities. She provided scholarly commentaries about all that we saw. As we left Varanasi, I was stopped by the customs officer with the

comment, "At your age?" He had found several small erotic bronze figures from Khuraho that Robert had slipped into to my pocket.

After the tour around India, Dwight and I flew up to Nepal, Kathmandu, at that time a small quiet town of about 200,000 people. We spent several days exploring the temples, visiting Kumari, the living goddess, and her house, and learning about the art and culture of the Newars. We also bundled into a car and were driven west through some of the world's most beautiful scenery, along a sometimes almost impassable road to Pokhra -- then a small town nestled under the mountains beside a pristine lake. The view of Machapucha (the fish tail mountain) and the Annapurnas was breathtaking.

REUNIONS AND HEARTBREAK

The River House was noisy the summer of 1978, as three grandsons splashed in the river. Carolyn's son, Peter, was spending his junior year at Germantown Friends School and Eric and Daniel, back from Thailand, were about to start school in Washington, D.C. Robert had been transferred back to the Walter Reed Army Institute of Research and Robert and Miriam had bought a house on Northampton Street, in Washington D.C.'s upper northwest across the street from Lafayette Elementary School.

During this time we went to Heidelberg quite frequently to visit Carolyn and her family. One year, we went from Heidelberg to Italy to stay with Alf and Ann Franklin (old friends from our time in London in the late '30s) in Sestri Levanti (the Bay of Fairy Tales, south of Genoa). With them, we explored Rome, Florence, and Venice. Dwight bought a beautiful gold medallion on the Ponte Vecchio in Florence.

After my retirement from teaching, Dwight and I attended many reunions. The Harvard Red Cross Unit frequently assembled. In 1990, the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation, we reunited at our original hospital site in Salisbury, England. Immediately after the war, the hospital was handed over to the British Department of Health, when Sir Charles Andrews used it as a center for his research on the common cold. This was the last chance to visit the cantonment hospital as it was torn down the next year, more than fifty years after it was constructed as a temporary building.

There were other reunions organized by the ever-enlarging Baker family. As Dwight was a posthumous child -- her father, Clarence, having died before she was born -- she and her mother, Carolyn, were fortunate to have been embraced by Clarence's family. Dwight's grandfather on her father's side, Joseph Stannard Baker, had been a major in the Civil War and a member of President Lincoln's Secret Service. He was wounded, captured, and held as a prisoner of war in the infamous Libby Prison in Richmond. As the story goes, he and a fellow officer escaped from prison. Richmond at the time was surrounded by the Union army. Finding no way to get through the lines and without food or shelter, they returned to the comparative comforts of prison. After the war was over and he was demobilized, he built a large Victorian house with a cupola overlooking the St. Croix River in St. Croix Falls, Wisconsin. There he set up a land management business and settled down to raise a family of eight boys and two girls. As he got older he became increasingly deaf and took up an ear trumpet. Dwight remembered sitting at the dining table with her authoritarian grandfather at its head, trumpet to his ear, and the family, each with a pad of paper and a pen, arrayed along both sides. The family, being very close, continued to get together frequently, and as their offspring multiplied, so did the attendance at their reunions. There were more and more of them. Our wedding in Amherst was in fact a Baker Family Reunion. We attended two reunions in

Chatham, Cape Cod, in the 1960s, and one at the family home in St. Croix Falls, Wisconsin, in 1979. This gathering was attended by about 150 branches and twigs, including Robert's family and Peter, who had just finished a year as an exchange student at his mother's *alma mater*, Germantown Friends School, in Philadelphia.

On August 1, 1982, a day that changed all of our lives, Carolyn's son Peter, who was 19, suffered a traumatic brain injury as the result of an appalling biking accident in Bavaria. Peter, a student of mathematics and philosophy at the University of Heidelberg, was a member of the elite "Deutsche Studien Stiftung" a society for highly intelligent university students. He was bicycling from Heidelberg to a "Deutsche Studien Stiftung" symposium in the Dolomites when the accident occurred. He had apparently risen early on the morning of August 1 and started cycling south, followed by a lad whom he had befriended along the way. A drunken driver, a nineteen year old working as a waiter in a nearby town, struck both boys, killing Peter's companion and severely injuring Peter. Peter was medivaced by helicopter to a hospital in Munich, where he remained unconscious for over six months. Finally emerging from his coma, he began his rehabilitation. From that time on, Carolyn's and Dietrich's lives have revolved around Peter's recovery. A year and a half after the accident he had recovered sufficiently to write a book of poems in German, French, and English. He also wrote a play about Palamedes, a Greek warrior in the Trojan War who was fascinated by numbers, which was performed for us at Christmas in 1982.

THE YEARS EMERITUS, NEW CAREERS

The time passed quietly, with Dwight and I absorbed in our new routines. I was in the final stages of the Collaborative Perinatal Study at CHOP and Dwight was a professor and a guidance counselor for minority students at the Veterinary School. In 1973, she

was elected a Fellow of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia and to the prestigious (and for most of its history exclusively male) John Morgan Research Society of the University of Pennsylvania, to which I already belonged.

In 1974 I finished my final report on the Collaborative Study for the NIH. My part of this investigation had now come to an end and so did my career at Children's Hospital. The year I retired was the year CHOP moved from its old site at 17th and Bainbridge to its current site, a magnificent building at 34th Street on the grounds of what had been the Philadelphia General Hospital³², adjacent to the University of Pennsylvania Medical School. The Research Department at Children's had become an entity in its own right by that time. A pediatric research center, directed by my successor Dr. Klaus Hummler, was constructed adjacent to the new hospital.

Meanwhile, Bob Kaye, a friend and former colleague from Children's, had assumed the duties as head of pediatrics at Hahnemann Medical School, which later became Hahnemann University. The school was named after Samuel Hahnemann, a 19th century German physician who founded homeopathy. Homeopathy is a system of medical practice that involves administering minute doses of a remedy, usually herbal, that in substantially larger doses would produce in a healthy person the same symptoms as the disease being treated. Its opposite, allopathy or heteropathy, which has become the current standard, took a different approach. It advocated producing a condition incompatible with the condition to be cured. At one point bleeding and purging were standard allopathic treatment, an approach captured humorously in a rhyme about Doctor I. Letsem:

³² The Philadelphia General Hospital, or the Blockley, as it was locally known, was a public hospital over a century old, with a worldwide reputation. It was dismantled in the early 1970s.

When people's sick they comes to I
I bleed and purge and sweats 'em.
Some of them live and some of them die
What's that to I. -- I. Letsem.

Homeopathy treated a patient with less than a molecule of the specific herbal agent. In my opinion homeopathy's chief recommendation was that it allowed nature to take its course. Homeopaths would have other explanations. Homeopathy was taught at Hahnemann Medical School until about 1930.

Bob asked me if I would be interested in teaching pediatrics in Hahnemann's Pediatric Outpatient Department. This was a wonderful opportunity, which I thoroughly enjoyed. I had little administrative paperwork and no private practice. Working with Bob Kaye was a delight and I couldn't have asked for a better finale for my career. At this point, I really enjoyed (and was apparently successful at) teaching and was glad to leave research and administration behind. Bob Kaye liked to tell people that with me he had a teacher who could give perspective to pediatrics, through long experience. I lectured and worked with patients in the Outpatient Department. There were a couple of special lectures I gave -- one on skin diseases in children (for which I used lots of slides) and the other on temperament. During this period I got to know Dr. Barry Brazelton, pediatrics' new Dr. Spock, who held that babies were born with a certain temperament and your job as a doctor was to begin to figure out the baby's temperament and help the mother understand the fit of the baby's temperament with hers. In 1981, when I was 80, I was honored that the student and faculty members of Hahnemann's chapter elected me to honorary membership in Alpha Omega Alpha³³.

³³ Alpha Omega Alpha, the honor medical society, has chapters in most medical schools. Each year several students from the third-year and senior medical classes are selected to membership based on

Meanwhile, Dwight, whose academic duties had ended in 1976, had retired from teaching at the University of Pennsylvania, after receiving a diploma declaring her emeritus. She kept her office at the Veterinary School where she could see colleagues and students, advise students, and do a bit of writing.

Philadelphia in 1976, the year of the U.S. bicentennial, attracted many visitors, including Ronnie and Mary from England. The house was full of guests and we had begun to feel cramped for space in the little house on Taney Street. Walking home from the university one day, Dwight noticed a group of townhouses being built between 26th and Taney, along Lombard Street. It seemed these townhouses would be slightly larger, more comfortable, and more nicely arranged than those on Taney Street. So, in 1977, we moved around the corner to 426 South 26th Street.

Our routine in semi-retirement was quite active. I spent three days a week at Hahnemann's pediatric clinic and Dwight spent two days a week volunteering as a Charlie's Angel, or ushabti,³⁴ at the University of Pennsylvania's Archaeological Museum (in Egyptian storage). She completed a syllabus for teaching organic chemistry (using vegetables as atoms), that she taught to twelve- and thirteen-year-olds for two years at the Philadelphia School, a private school just around the corner. She also volunteered to help the elderly with their taxes, taking a city-sponsored training course on how to prepare taxes. Each year, she took a special course to learn about

scholarship-an honor analogous to Phi Beta Kappa in college. After graduation, members meet and sponsor special programs and lectures and contribute to the publication "Pharos."

³⁴ Ushabtis were servants of the Pharaoh after death. They are usually represented as small faience statues of mummies. The Ushabtis were organized by Charlie Detwiler, an ex-navy officer with a charismatic personality.

new tax laws and tax forms. Despite all of these activities, retirement gave her more time to work in the garden at River House, so we had a full freezer and plenty of homemade bread, jam, and marmalade. Dwight had begun losing her vision in the 1970s. Like her mother, she suffered from central macular degeneration and it gradually got worse. But she remained busy, knitting prodigiously, listening to talking books, and getting about the city with the aid of a white cane.

Honors continued to accumulate. One day in 1977, a group of friends gave a testimonial dinner in honor of Dwight's emeritus status. By coincidence, the next day, the Children's Hospital gave me the Distinguished Service Award. And in 1978, I was awarded one of two corporation medals at Hahnemann's graduation ceremony.

RETIREMENT AND LOGAN SQUARE EAST

We were getting older. We decided the sensible thing to do was to move into a retirement home. We had put our names down for a Quaker retirement home in Gwynned Valley, thirty miles outside of Philadelphia, where many of our friends had found refuge. Then our friend Eithne Ross asked if we'd seen Logan Square East, a retirement home that had just opened in Central Philadelphia. We saw it and liked it, especially its center-city location. We chose apartment 1605 and put our deposit down. We bought the apartment in January but didn't want to move in until I retired from Hahnemann at the end of the academic year in 1985. So at 84, after eleven years at Hahnemann I decided that it was time to stop working. We made the financial arrangements necessary to hold the apartment and, to escape the gloom of February, spent eight days in Mexico with a small group from the Mexican Society of Philadelphia.

We sold the townhouse on 26th Street and, to our surprise, doubled our investment. This unexpected windfall allowed us to move into Logan Square East and to take a trip around the world, planned to be our last. But first, the move. We had to get our furniture sorted, packed and shifted. I remember getting up at four in the morning to go through my study. Moving took a lot of doing, but fortunately we were able to do it in a leisurely way while living that summer at the River House.

We drew a floor plan of the new apartment, made cutouts of our furniture to indicate where it should go, and divided the stuff we didn't have room for between Carolyn and Robert. In July we had the carpenter take apart our big wall cabinet -- built originally for Taney Street to Dwight's design based upon Japanese castles -- and rebuild it at Logan Square East. In August 1985, we moved in. The Brightman boys, Thomas, Julian and David, helped us put things where we'd indicated, then Eithne came and suggested moving several pieces into more appropriate positions. She was as usual, quite correct. It was remarkable how well everything fitted in.

ONE LAST BIG TRIP

My retirement and the sale of the 26th Street house provided us with the time and money to visit far-flung friends and relatives placed strategically around the world. But first we met our new neighbors at Logan Square East. We were welcomed with flowers and a bowl of fruit and were invited to a lunch for all the people on the sixteenth floor. Then we set off on one "last" around-the-world trip. We visited my brother Ronnie and his wife Mary in Basingstoke (the first of many farewell trips that I have taken over the past 15 years to visit family in England), then on to Heidelberg to spend Christmas with Carolyn, Dietrich and their family. Robert's family, visiting from Cairo, and Miriam's mother, Trudy, joined us for the holiday. Miriam was beginning to have troublesome

dizziness and symptoms of illness; we didn't know yet how serious her condition was. After Christmas, we spent some time with Trudy looking around the beautiful medieval city of Berne, then flew to Tel Aviv for a reunion with the friends we'd worked with twenty years earlier and a week of sightseeing in Jerusalem. In Israel, I gave a paper I had prepared on the history of herpes.

Our next stop was Cairo, where I gave a lecture at an international dermatology meeting in Zagazig, on the same subject. It was our second visit to Robert and Miriam in Egypt, and we spent two weeks visiting the family and sightseeing. All four of us drove across the Sinai to the isolated Monastery of St. Catherine's. There Miriam began to have severe headaches and we were very concerned. She was later diagnosed as having agloblastoma, a highly malignant brain tumor.

To get to Johannesburg, where we were visiting my sister Irene, we first had to fly from Cairo to Italy because Egypt and South Africa had no political relationship at that time. Irene and her black driver met us at the Johannesburg airport, and we spent a delightful week meeting Irene's friends and catching up with our nieces and nephews and their families. Irene and Rudolf had built a lovely house outside of Johannesburg, in beautiful countryside, with a swimming pool in the garden. The house was arranged with a big central room where Rudolf -- who died in 1974 -- had played chamber music with friends.

Irene's relationship with her chauffeur was very cordial, like the one in the movie, *Driving Miss Daisy*. This was our third visit with Irene in South Africa. We had come in 1955, returning home with Robert on our first round-the-world trip, in 1970, when we went to South Africa from Nairobi; and now again, in 1985. Previously, we had never

discussed politics, but this time, at lunch with a group of Irene's friends, an Africander professor opined, "These blacks, they are no good for anything." A Polish princess, also a luncheon guest, replied indignantly, "That's not right; I teach blacks reading and know of their capabilities." This exchange resulted in a bitter disagreement.

Dwight had arranged that a California organization called "Islands in the Sun" would get us from Johannesburg to Perth, Australia, where we arrived at four in the morning. We were relieved and surprised to find a welcomer waiting for us and were sped off to our hotel in the city. We spent three days in Perth, which is on the sea. I remember watching the spectacular sailing boats with spinnakers practicing for the America's Cup race, which was to take place shortly thereafter. From Perth, we flew across Australia to Alice Springs, where we saw Ayers Rock. This huge rock, rising out of the central Australian desert, is holy to the aborigines, and the Australian Government had recently returned it to them. Next we went to Cairns, in the north of Queensland, from which we climbed by rail to the Atherton Tablelands. We also took a boat to the Great Barrier Reef, and from a submersible vessel, we viewed coral and tropical fish. Then we went to Brisbane, where we stayed with Vernon Brightman's brother Max, and his wife Dorothea, and drove to their home in Toowoomba, a small town where Max practiced surgery. Our next port of call was Auckland, New Zealand, where we stayed with our dear friend Catherine Caughey, sadly now alone as her husband Ron, had died a number of years before. The day before we arrived, Catherine was awarded an OBE (Order of the British Empire) by Queen Elizabeth, for founding the Multicultural Society of New Zealand. The story went that as Catherine curtsied to the Queen aboard the Royal Yacht, Britannia, the boat gave a sudden lurch and the Queen grabbed her to prevent her from falling.

During our three weeks in New Zealand, we were entertained by Catherine, her daughter Christine, her son Martin, and other friends, including the widow of my old friend Howard Coverdale. We spent several days at Catherine's cottage on Lake Okeraka, near Rotorua, where Catherine's son Martin and his family have a house in the middle of a peninsula going out into the lake. We swam in the lake and at four in the morning, on our last night there, we watched Halley's Comet through binoculars. From New Zealand, we returned to the United States, clearing customs in Honolulu and arriving in Los Angeles, where Dwight's cousins, Marjory and Alden Randall, for whose wedding I had been best man, nursed us through jet lag. It was our last long trip and it was truly wonderful. We traveled easily and well together.

FAMILY CRISES

We spent the Christmas of 1985 with Robert's and Carolyn's families in Heidelberg. In February, Robert and Miriam flew from Cairo to Germany on Lufthansa. The airline was reluctant to take Miriam because she was so ill. Carolyn met them at the airport in Frankfurt and they were just able to get Miriam into the back of Carolyn's station wagon for the drive down to the U.S. Army hospital at Landstuhl, where the brain tumor was diagnosed. There Miriam improved immensely on steroids. They flew from Germany by C141 medical evacuation plane to Andrews Air Force Base near Washington, arriving in a snowstorm on Valentine's Day, February 14, 1986.

In June 1986, Dwight and I, with Helen and Luther Gulick, jointly celebrated our golden wedding anniversaries at Asilomar, a rustic conference center at Pacific Grove, as arranged for by our children -- especially Walter Gulick. Roughly a hundred people came to California, ranging in age from five weeks to 89 years. Following this ceremony, we spent a few days with all of our family and the Gulicks at a lodge in Big

Sur. Miriam came too, ill as she was. Dwight wrote in our Valentine letter, "The picture remains in our minds of all those beautiful grandsons carrying Miriam in her wheelchair through the tidal pools and along the beach to the picnic on the sands, facing the waves and great rocks."

After the anniversary, we drove with Robert and Miriam up the coast to Portland to visit Dwight's cousins, the Bullards, stopping with Robert's erstwhile college roommate Mark Shaffer and his wife Margaret in Eureka, California. Robert's family left us in Portland and we continued to Vancouver, then across Canada by the Trans Canadian Railroad to Montreal, and finally visiting Dwight's college friend, Polly Bouck, in Nova Scotia before returning home.

On their return to Washington D.C., Robert's family had to camp out in the home of a neighbor until the tenants in their house left and renovations were completed. Robert, with the architectural help of Terry Vaughn, a classmate of Miriam's both in Buffalo and at Vassar, redesigned the downstairs of the house to accommodate Miriam and a hospital bed. From that bed Miriam held court, cheering up the many friends and family members who came to visit her, assuring them that her dying was not tragic, as she had led such a happy life. She died quietly, surrounded by friends and family, on January 18, 1987, the first official Martin Luther King Day. Dwight was in Washington at the time; it rained all day.

At the time of Miriam's passing, Carolyn and I were in Nairobi on a three-week animal- and bird-watching safari in Kenya and Tanzania. I remember it particularly well because as we were observing animals in the Ngorongoro Crater our Land Rover was

charged by a mother rhinoceros, damaging the front of the car. On our last night in Nairobi, Robert called to tell us that Miriam had died.

That was a difficult year for our family. The April after Miriam's death, Carolyn's son Peter, who was in a rehabilitation center in the Black Forest, was nearly drowned and suffered additional anoxic shock to his already seriously damaged brain. He had been sitting in a wheelchair near a swimming pool when the wheelchair, with Peter in it, rolled into the pool. He was unattended at the time.

In early December, Dwight had a cataract removed from her left eye and an artificial lens implanted. This made things less foggy for her, improved her peripheral vision, and to her immense pleasure, allowed her to see colors again. A black spot remained in the center of her vision, the result of central macular degeneration, so reading remained impossible, but it was easier for her to get around.

Despite Dwight's failing vision, with me as guide we traveled even more in retirement than we had before. In June and July of 1987, we made another of my many farewell visits to England, where we visited Ronnie and Mary and our nieces and nephews. From England we went to Norway, where we traveled with Irene to visit her son Rudolf and his wife Kirsti and family in Telimark, to Sweden, where we visited an old friend, Vera Oldfelt, and to Finland, where we stayed with Lea and Saku Timonen. In Finland we experienced a true sauna in the Timonen's cottage on an island in the sea.

Finally, we arrived in Heidelberg. Peter had made some progress, but Carolyn and Dietrich continued to experience a great deal of frustration with the limited services available for traumatic brain injury patients in Germany. In 1990 they started a support

group and out of this grew Treffpunkt, a daycare and rehabilitation center for traumatically brain-injured adults in Heidelberg. The Treffpunkt welcomed its first patients in 1993, and has continued to offer badly needed adult daycare services ever since.

MAKING LOGAN SQUARE EAST HOME

In retirement, we continued to lead full and active lives. The summers we spent at the River House, and during the rest of the year Dwight and I tried to make ourselves part of life at Logan Square East. Dwight gave the first book review in the library, now a standing monthly event, and from the start I served on the library committee, putting books away at the end of the day.

Logan Square East is near the Free Library and is a convenient walking distance from the Art Museum, the Franklin Institute, the Natural History Museum and the Logan Square Fountain. We were happy to be retired in the city where it is easy to attend plays, the ballet, and concerts. Dwight would take the bus to the concerts at the Academy of Music on Friday afternoons with her friend Christy McDonald, who also lived at Logan Square East. They sat way at the top of the concert hall. One day, Christy fell asleep at the matinee and woke up suddenly thinking she was in heaven because of all the gray clouds (the senior citizens) around her. Dwight was an immensely generous person. When her friend Christy's rent was raised, forcing her to move out of her apartment, Dwight bought another apartment at Logan Square East and allowed Christy to live there until she died several years later.

One of the first Logan Square East activities I got involved in was line dancing. As a youth, I had gone to dancing school, I suppose in Bromley, and I remember learning

and enjoying the polka. When Dwight's Polish technician got married, we went to their wedding and I danced the polka with her! In those days, I could do it. So in 1986 or 1987, I hauled out the dancing shoes that I had had made in Tehran in 1955, and on Monday evenings Dwight and I began to learn line dancing. At first it was very much teaching, but we were all in the same boat, and gradually we got to know more and more dances well. Dwight was an especially good dancer but she had problems seeing what the teacher was demonstrating. She persuaded the teacher to wear white pants so she could see what her legs were doing. On New Year's Eve, 1988, the group danced past midnight, doing the Electric Slide and the Box Car Blues. Halloween and New Year's Eve at Logan Square East became annual traditions.

Many of our new friends at Logan Square East could still drive, so during our first full summer in residence at Logan Square East, we invited our all our neighbors on the sixteenth floor to the River House for lunch. Dwight cooked a wonderful Persian lunch and everyone came and had a nice time. One of the boys who lived on the river had a big covered barge. He took some of the guests for a ride up and down the river, but some didn't dare go. The second year, we repeated the invitation. Many came, and a motorboat trip on the river was scheduled. However, it began to rain and people quickly got into their cars and went home. The next year the invitation was issued, but people said, "We just can't do it anymore." Everyone was getting older and such outings were too difficult.

However, increasing age did not keep us at home. As the 1980s became the 1990s, our travels expanded to accommodate the many anniversaries and reunions we had to celebrate -- among them, Dwight's sixtieth reunion at Vassar College, an alumni reunion

at Children's Hospital, and the sixtieth wedding anniversary of Dwight's cousins Roger and Eleanor Baker in North Carolina.

Carolyn's fiftieth birthday celebration in Heidelberg on 24 October 1989 became all the more festive because Dietrich's brother and his two adult children were allowed to visit from East Germany for the first time. A week later the Berlin Wall fell. Midsummer that year, 130 descendants of Dwight's grandfather, Joseph Stannard Baker, gathered for a family reunion in Burlington, Vermont. This was organized by Dwight's cousins, Beal and Peggy Hyde, in an area where the Baker family had lived during the Revolutionary War. Later, a few of us went to visit a memorial to Dwight's ancestor, Remember Baker, one of the Green Mountain Boys and one of the first casualties of the Revolutionary War killed as he was investigating British troop movements in Canada.

When we weren't traveling, we encouraged visitors. One morning in 1993, when Robert was visiting, Dwight observed over breakfast that apartment 1606 across the hall had been empty for five years and suggested we buy it to accommodate visitors. We bought it partly to give Dwight a study where she could think and write. She equipped it with a magnified reader and a typewriter, and the new apartment also gave me new walls to display my growing collection of plates.

Buying 1606 was a good step. It has been very well used by both friends and family. Perhaps its fullest use was when my grandson Eric was working with an organization that sent young people abroad to developing countries. One time they were raising funds in Philadelphia and he called to ask if a group of thirteen young people could stay here. We told him he and a colleague could stay here but not all the others. On the last

day there was a snowstorm. Eric persuaded a couple of restaurants on South Street to provide a free dinner for all thirteen and they came to us at Logan Square East and ate dinner sitting on the floor, but they didn't spend the night.

Occasionally, people in the building tell us they can't find a hotel room for someone who is visiting and ask if they can use the apartment, but they don't take advantage, and invariably the guests are interesting. One man stayed with us quite some time while his wife was in the Pennsylvania Hospital with severe back problems. We wouldn't let him pay us, so he gave a check for \$500 to Logan Square East's Assistance Fund, in our name.

Dwight and I have never had trouble about money. We were fortunate: we were able to live within our means, living comfortably but never expensively. Dwight's opinion of these things might be different from mine. I am, after all, a Scotsman -- but we generally agreed about money.

In about 1990, the Pre-Columbian Society was formed at the University Museum and we became very interested in Central America and the Maya. We joined the Society and went on several trips, to Mexico, Belize, and Guatemala. We also joined an organization called Medical Symposia, which organized trips with lectures so that you could take the expenses off on your income tax. The trips I remember best were those to Nairobi, Peru, and the Galapagos Islands. Peru was the most memorable. There we had a standard meal of guinea pigs. They're very good, like rabbit. Everybody in Peru has guinea pigs; if you don't have guinea pigs, you're very poor. Guinea pigs live in the house and are part of the family.

In 1990, Robert retired from Walter Reed Army Institute of Research and the U.S. Army, and moved to Geneva, Switzerland to work for the Expanded Programme on Immunization at the World Health Organization. He had a wonderful apartment on the tenth floor of a very modern building on the banks of the Rhone River, with the old town and the Saleve (Geneva's mountain, unfortunately across the border in France) rising in the background. We visited him several times there, and in the autumn of 1994 he called us to say that he had asked for the hand of Giannina Kappler-Torriani in marriage. Giannina, a nurse at the University Hospital in Bern, had been widowed about the same time as Robert had lost his Miriam. Trudy, Miriam's mother, and her sister Heidi had seen that Robert and Giannina were introduced and time and love did the rest. They were married on the 31st of December 1994 (Silvester) in the small alpine town of Adelboden. Dwight and I went to the wedding. Taking advantage of the event, we spent Christmas with the whole family, including Giannina, in Heidelberg. Two days before the wedding, Dwight and I with all of the grandchildren, including Peter, Carolyn and Dietrich drove up to Adelboden to stay in a small hotel, the Beau View. What a wonderful time we had, roasting in front of the fireplace, eating breakfast and catching up on all of their lives. The wedding was on a splendid sunny day, in a 14th century church, before beautiful stained glass windows by Giannina's favorite, Augusto Giacometti.

LIFE WITHOUT DWIGHT

In February 1995, Dwight died unexpectedly of a massive heart attack. It was a great shock to me, as there were no preliminary symptoms. We did our routine "tai chi" before dinner, dined, and then I said, "I want to go to the library to put books away." Dwight said, "No, I think I need you," so instead, we went up to the sixteenth floor on the

elevator. As we stepped out of the elevator, she collapsed in a chair. I felt her pulse, which was very irregular, and went to call for help, thinking it was an arrhythmia. When I came back, the nurse told me, Dwight was dying. I just couldn't believe it. We called 911 and an ambulance came and took her to Hahnemann Hospital.

Carolyn, and Robert with his new bride, Giannina, came from Europe within a day. Despite everything, Dwight's blood pressure started to drop, and we were called to her bedside early in the morning. We asked that the life support be discontinued. She died that morning, while we were all with her -- February 9, 1995.

I felt miserable. We had been together for almost 60 years. I couldn't sleep at first, and took sleeping pills. Fortunately, Robert, Giannina, and Carolyn were all here with me.

Dwight died on a Tuesday. Five days later, on Sunday, we organized a memorial at Logan Square East. Things sort of fell into place. More than a hundred people filled the auditorium. The service was introduced by a friend and pastoral counselor, Burt Fromm. Then Signe and Vernon Brightman, who were family to us, presented the highlights of Dwight's life. Robert, Carolyn, and Eric each spoke briefly, then many, many people got up and shared their memories of Dwight with us. It was a very moving experience for me.

Dwight was gone and we now had to make a decision about a party that Dwight had arranged on Valentine's Day. This was for friends -- the whole of Logan Square East, in fact -- to introduce Robert and his new wife, Giannina Torriani. Should we go on? We

decided yes, and we did the right thing. She had organized it; she would have wanted it to go on.

After the party, after the children had left, I was here all alone in the house, although I knew I wasn't alone. I rejoined the line dancing probably a couple of weeks later, and went about doing routine things, trying to set up a pattern in the absence of Dwight.

I remember when my long relationship with Dwight started -- in 1930, the year we had so much fun. We were very much a compassionate marriage. It wasn't a romantic marriage, although we were very much in love with each other. We were good friends before we were lovers. We were companions. Except for the loss of Dwight, I feel I have lived a charmed life. I've been so lucky; I have had no major disappointments and I never had a time in my life that I was really unhappy.

Life went on. Daniel graduated from Vassar in May of 1995, and I drove up to Poughkeepsie with Robert, Giannina, Carolyn and Trudy for the ceremony. Carolyn then drove me to see my friend Jim Irving's widow, Janet, in Manchester, just north of Boston and on to spend a week with family and friends at Round Pond, Cape Cod. That summer, I spent at the River House, a stay that I have been very fortunate to be able to repeat every summer since. Up until 2000, during the school year, a graduate student, Jon McGinnis with his wife Celina, lived at the River House. Celina is the daughter of Robert's Bangkok friends, Linda and Lee Bigalow, and when Jon came to the University of Pennsylvania to study medieval philosophy in 1992, Dwight (who was alive then) & I welcomed the thought of their staying there. We did not want to be landlords in the true sense of the word, but we did want to have the house lived in. This was a very satisfactory arrangement, it worked very well, and Celina and John joined my family.

One of these years, Jon received a Fulbright Fellowship to go to Egypt. During that year the house was occupied by Ricardo Wray, also the offspring of another of Robert's Bangkok friends, Beth and Joe Wray.

I thought long and hard about traveling without Dwight. We had gone so many places together, seen so many things, met and visited so many people, and I knew that I would miss her companionship, which I depended upon over the years. But Robert and Giannina were now in Nepal where he was again working with the Walter Reed, researching and testing a vaccine for hepatitis E. They had invited me to join them in Kathmandu for Christmas in 1995. It would mean a very long flight, but it would also allow me to stop in Heidelberg for New Years and make another farewell trip to see family in England. With the promise of company on the flight over, I decided to do it. Kathmandu was fascinating, and had changed so much since Dwight and I had visited it in 1976. Giannina was a superb travel guide; we visited many of the sites I had seen before and many new ones. Giannina, Robert, and I flew down to Tiger Tops in the Terai for two days, where we saw many wild animals from the back of Raj Badaur, the bull elephant we rode two times a day while we were there. Christmas was celebrated in the garden at Robert and Giannina's unique Nepali house in Kathmandu, "Peach Silvester," before a blazing bonfire. I flew back to Frankfurt on Lufthansa, alone, and spent New Years with Carolyn, crossing the Atlantic with Carolyn and spending a few days in England on the way home.

We planned to inter Dwight's ashes in the summer of 1996 in the Baker plot in the graveyard in Amherst, Massachusetts. The plot held the remains of Dwight's uncle Ray Stannard and aunt Jessie Baker. Robert and Giannina drove me up. This was a farewell to Dwight and to her cousins, Roger Baker and Stannard Baker, who were also

interred that day beside their wives. It was a Baker family affair, attended by about 150 people; a large number of our friends also attended. Helen and Luther were there, and we celebrated our 60th wedding anniversaries in Dwight's absence. After that Giannina, Robert, and I drove up to have breakfast with Carol and Bob Stratton (Miriam's colleague) and then joined the Gulick family and Carolyn at Hyannisport on Cape Cod, for a few days at the seaside.

In the winter of 1996, when I was 95, I again traveled to Nepal with Robert, arriving to find Dietrich there. That year, we again went down to the Terai, driving this time in Robert's red jeep. As Giannina had returned to Switzerland to celebrate the birthday of a good friend, Dietrich and I spent two weeks with Robert. I then flew back to Heidelberg, with Dietrich, for Christmas.

I spent much of the summer of 1997 at River House, with my grandsons Eric and then Winnie. We had a wonderful time with the "river rats," John and Celina, as well as Hilarie (the river queen) and Alleyn, a couple who had bought the place two houses downstream from us. That summer, I also flew out to Oregon to visit my grandsons, Eric and Daniel. I stayed with Eric and Lily in their apartment, arriving just in time to celebrate Daniel's birthday. I was gently shepherded around Portland, visiting the Japanese Gardens, the Pacific coast, and the Multnomah Falls just outside of Portland.

In the fall of 1997, I suffered a slight stroke, as a result of which I experienced muscle weakness on the right side, spent much of my time in a wheelchair, and required the assistance of health aides. With the help of vigorous physiotherapy, I was soon able to walk using only a cane. However, later in the winter I felt my lungs filling up. Suspecting congestive heart failure, I went to the doctor and was admitted to the

hospital with atrial fibrillation. In April 1998, after a second admission for congestive heart failure again due to atrial fibrillation, I acquired a pacemaker.

I still kept the door open, liking to have visitors in 1606. Vicky Cooley, Dwight's first cousin once removed, comes regularly to Philadelphia as a member of the American Friends Service Committee. Roy Lisker, an old friend of Robert's, from the days when he went to the University of Pennsylvania, often visits. My niece Gillian stops almost every summer on her way to or from her daughter's in Houston. I am also visited by my godson, Tom Franklin (Alf's son), who is with UNICEF in New York. My grandsons come when they are in town. Recently, Winnie, with his new wife Sandra and their new baby, Marie, were in the states and I saw them often. So you see, life is not dull, even in one's hundredth year,

In June of 2000, I was unable to attend a McNair Scott gathering at Huish House, celebrating my parents' wedding anniversary, but, at 99 I did go to Eric's wedding in Portland Oregon. Eric married Lily Tannhauser, Michael Tannhauser, Miriam's brother's stepdaughter, in a beautiful grove overlooking the Columbia River Gorge. After the wedding a group of us went up to see Mt. St. Helens, the mountain that blew its top in 1982. What a dismal place it was, like a desert, not a single tree left standing for many miles around.

Reaching a century has its problems. As one ages, one's senses fade and one's mobility gets more and more limited. As each year goes by I feel weaker and weaker. Now at 100, I can no longer see well enough to read, I use a walker, and I have to have increasing help in taking care of daily chores. Young women on the health care staff come to help me shower and get dressed in the morning and help me to bed at night.

But as much as possible, I insist on taking care of myself, although even the simplest step, such as brushing my teeth, takes much longer than it used to. Nonetheless, I look forward to each day, to visitors, and to happenings in the house.

Life in a retirement home makes one aware of frailty and mortality. You make friends here and they die. But some of your friends go to hospitals, are operated on, recover, and come back to the care center until they're well. You visit them there. However, often one sees a vase on the fourth floor with a tulip or flowers in it, indicating a death. I don't think about death. I'm not making conscious preparations, having put my life in more or less order several years ago.

With Dwight being blind, I'm glad she went before I did. She would have been so dependent, so frustrated. She would have needed a companion. I recently read in *Necessary Losses* by Judith Viorst that the living spouse often tries to emulate the dead spouse. I was talking about this the other day with my grandson Winnie. I think I've tried to emulate Dwight's lesson of having a more outgoing, more laid-back approach to life. They tell me that I talk much more than I did. Because Dwight was a great talker, I didn't have to talk much, I suppose, as I look back on it. In May 2001 I moved from my long time home on the 16th floor to an apartment in the assisted living area. On 18 June, 2001, I celebrated my hundredth birthday, surrounded by friends and family, many of whom traveled long distances to join us at River House.