

Memorial for Stanley B. Troup

Stan Troup was, in the Yiddish vernacular, a real *mensch*. A noteworthy hemotologist and a compassionate physician known for his bedside manner, he was a member of the Literary Club for 37 years. He died after a long and debilitating illness on December 30, 2011, and he is survived by his wife Paula, his sons David and Daniel, and their families.

Stan was born on Feb 9, 1925 in Minneapolis, Minnesota. He attended the University of Minnesota, where he received his undergraduate and Master of Science degrees, before attending its College of Medicine. Even before medical training, he met Paula Liebenberg, who became his wife for the next 62 years. She came South Minneapolis, he from North Minneapolis, two areas culturally and economically worlds apart, but their lives were intertwined and their marriage flourished. Stan served in the military in Germany during the 1950s, and there developed a life-long love of classical music. He served as Chair of Internal Medicine at the University of Rochester, before being named Senior Vice President for Health Affairs at the University of Cincinnati in 1974.

Stan was a life-long student. As Paula once recalled, “He just loved to learn new things” both in his professional and personal life. He learned to ski as an adult, while on sabbatical in Europe. And he took joy in learning to play the piano at the age of 75.

He was a born educator. Sometimes, again in Paula’s recollection, “when speaking to a medical student, he’d say, ‘Pull up a chair, sit down, and listen to the patient. He has a story to tell you.’” There was a decency and an empathy in the way he approached not just his students but us all. As his son David remarked, “He had a strong sense that everybody has value.” His dry wit and easy smile disarmed friends and colleagues, and made us all the more eager to hear what he had to say.

Stan was willing to reach out to people everywhere. Once, on a Sister City Tour to Kharkov, Russia, shortly after the Chernobyl disaster, the Russian tour guide learned of his expertise in hematology and asked him to speak with patients who had suffered severe radiation poisoning. Dan Hurley, currently Director of Leadership Cincinnati, accompanied Stan to the hospitals. Dan relates his heart rending experience watching Stan speak to these poor, dying victims, knowing full well there was no hope. He marveled at Stan's ability to bring end-of-life comfort to their last hours. The situation may have been hopeless, but Stan still did what he could to ease the pain. Allan Winkler recalls a time when his father was in the hospital for an invasive medical procedure. Stan came by the room to see how things were going, then insisted on taking Allan and his son David out to the ballpark to watch the Reds that afternoon, as a way taking their minds off the medical difficulties the family was experiencing.

He also had a way of making things happen. Allan Winkler remembers a time when the Chinese husband of one of his graduate students suffered a terrible stroke. He had no medical insurance, but without a fuss, Stan was able to find a place for him at Drake Hospital, where he received excellent treatment until he could go home to China for continuing care.

Stan had a real sense of history. When the old Medical Heritage Center at the University faced the threat of being discontinued, Stan was one of the key figures who got together with a group of supporters to ensure its survival. Henry Winkler notes that what is today called the Winkler Center for the History of the Health Professions might more appropriately be named the Troup-Winkler Center.

Stan was, at the same time, a superb administrator. On a sabbatical before coming to Cincinnati, he earned a Master's degree in management at the MIT Sloane School of Management, where Kofi Annan, later the Nobel Peace Prize-winning Secretary-General of the United Nations, was one of his classmates. In 1975, Polk Laffoon, our current Secretary, published a book, *General Hospital: A Documentary*, in which he noted Stan's influence. Stan had arrived in Cincinnati the year before with

the task of pulling the Cincinnati General Hospital away from a yawning financial and cultural abyss and moving it into the modern era. Polk described the enormous effort this took in the words of the physicians closest to Stan: “Troup’s impact has been attitudinal. ‘It is a pursuit of excellence,’ says one, ‘a sense that less than excellence, on any level, is unacceptable.’” Though he tangled with an intransigent Board, he pushed on with dignity and grace, and a notable lack of rancor, even when his own tenure came to an end.

As a member of the Literary Club, Stan had a wonderful ability to bring complicated topics to life. He delivered fourteen well-crafted papers during the years of his membership on a wide variety of subjects. Some were deft descriptions of fascinating natural scientific issues such as the tail lights of fire flies serving as beacons *d’amour*, or butterflies as a symbol of rebirth or resurrection. Each of these, such as one on magnetism, tied the natural history to the human condition. Another paper explored the issue of what it meant to be an athletic fan that drew both on his own experience and the larger social context. Several papers took us back to Stan’s childhood in Minneapolis and the colorful ethnic characters who helped shape his life. The descriptions of his friends and relatives were classics of interpersonal relationships, as he reflected on foibles, quirks, and the joys of life in both good times and bad. Who can forget the inimitable Uncle Shy, his brother, who figured into many of Stan’s delightful stories.

Stan valued the Literary Club, which he served as President for a year, and relished his membership in it. He participated in it with the same enthusiasm he gave to everything he did. Jack McDonough recalls a long discussion with Stan about what constitutes a true member of the Literary Club – not only literary talent but ethical understanding as well, and remembers how much he enjoyed, even in his last years, being kept abreast of changes at the Medical Center and up-to-date about the antics of his beloved Club.

Stan had time for everybody. When asked, he was always willing to make a suggestion or provide a referral, or simply listen to a problem that had to be endured. The decency was everywhere – in his relationships, in his connections to his students, in his contacts with us all. We will miss him.

Respectfully Submitted,

John J. McDonough

Allan M. Winkler