

Benjamin Gatch, younger brother of Philip and my ancestor Nicholas, entitled "The Dying Christian."

O Jesus, sweet Jesus, thou balm of my soul,
 Twas thee my dear Jesus that made my heart whole;
 O bring me to view thee thou precious sweet king
 In oceans of glory the praises to sing.

I'm going, I'm going, but what do I see,
 My Jesus in glory appear unto me;
 To heaven, sweet heaven, I am going, I'm gone,
 O glory, O glory, it's done it is done.

BUDGET

April 24, 2000

1 - Doctors in the Family Louis M. Prince
 2 - Mentors Taylor Asbury

1

Doctors in the Family

It is nice to have doctors in the family.

My family had always had a profound trust in the medical profession; we held doctors in very high esteem. For example, Mother advised me that to ask a doctor what the fee would be was in very bad taste; even worse was arguing about the bill after having received it.

"Doctors always set fees appropriate to services rendered and to the patient's financial situation," said mother.

I learned more about medicine later, but this evening I would like to recount just several incidents or experiences concerning doctors in our family.

If you have ever read The Citadel by A-J Cronin, you will remember the young doctor who entered practice in a Welsh mining town. At some medical schools of that era, doctors were trained to treat particular symptoms with specific remedies, sometimes very old fashioned remedies, unproven scientifically and resembling treatments given in the Middle Ages. Those opening scenes of Cronin's novel took place in 1924.

Not many years after 1924, when I was about 9 years old, I was sent to a boy's camp near Harrison, Maine, for the whole summer. I was so terribly homesick that I couldn't even eat my meals. About ten days into the season I developed a headache, sore throat, and slight fever, not over 100. There was no infirmary, so I was put to bed in a room over the kitchen, and the camp doctor was called.

A white-haired kindly old gentleman in a wrinkled black suit came to see me. Selecting instruments from his black bag, he looked at my throat and tongue, my ears, and listened to my chest. He then prescribed a tablespoon of castor oil three times a day until further notice.

Several days of this treatment did not improve my condition. There was still the sore throat, headache, fever, and now also an intestinal disorder, to speak euphemistically. The Camp Director, very disturbed, checked me into a hospital in Portland and called my parents long distance. In those days Infantile Paralysis was a terrible danger apt to provoke panic in the heart of anyone concerned with children. My family, 1000 miles and 24 hours away by train were frightened but level-headed. They telephoned a doctor in the family.

He was a well known Cincinnati physician who was both a cousin and a dear friend, and he happened to be summering in Kennebunkport. Cousin Alfred arrived at Saint Barnabas Hospital the day after I did.

Fear and loneliness vanished when he came into my room; I will never forget the smiles and comforting words. First he moved me to a much larger sunnier room, then he engaged a very beautiful young nurse who stayed with me all day. An ENT specialist painted the inside of my throat every morning with silver nitrate, and told me I would never have to take castor oil again. In a few days I felt fine, but the slight fever persisted. My parents came and went, and Cousin Alfred came less frequently. After awhile the beautiful nurse took me on street-car rides around Portland, and to the movies to see Harold Lloyd and Charlie Chaplin.

After several weeks the fever left and I had to go back to camp, where I was homesick again, but for Saint Barnabas and my pretty nurse, not Cincinnati.

It had not been Infantile Paralysis. What I had probably had was mononucleosis, known by some as the "kissing disease". Rest assured I had not been kissing anyone at camp. But it was great to have a doctor in the family who summered in Maine.

At the age of ten I began paying regular visits to an orthodontist (not a relative) in the Doctors' Building on Garfield Place. My mother did not drive, so I rode downtown, usually with Sylvester, the son of our cook, who was handyman, gardener, and, at times, chauffeur. Sylvester was tall, lanky, very dark complected, and, to me, very mature; he was probably about 20. Sylvester threw baseballs and footballs to me and tried to answer foolish questions that I threw to him.

On our way downtown in his dilapidated Model "A" we would speed down Reading Road at over 40 miles per hour, just making the curves, passing other cars on the wrong side and zooming in front of street-cars. We never actually struck any pedestrians. Casually steering with one finger of his left hand, he would

turn to me with a sort of interrogatory grin. But I loved speeding, I was too stupid to be scared.

Just before Garfield Place we would pass the Empress Burlesque House. Having seen Peter Pan, I was quite interested in Theatre. Sylvester had trouble explaining to me what Burlesque was, just as we would nowadays find it hard to explain to a grandchild. The only solution, it seemed, was for me to go there and see what it was for myself. So Sylvester offered to take me, if I would supply the money. Sylvester was always broke because he had so many girl friends. Since my allowance was only ten cents a week, I had to wait until Christmas, when my grandmother always gave me a dollar.

One afternoon, right after Christmas, Sylvester and I were at the Empress box office where we purchased two tickets at 35 cents each for the left side of the balcony, the only place where people of color were allowed to sit. Enthralled by the performance, I took no notice of the seating arrangement which made me a definite minority within a minority. Besides we had 30 cents left over for candy and root beer during the intermission. Years later I realized why Sylvester had not been able to explain clearly what went on at the Empress. The word "ecdysiast" was not in his vocabulary, nor yet in mine.

Excited about having been to the Empress, I let the cat out of the bag by telling our laundress about it. In turn the word got back to my father, who was a very tolerant man. He left Sylvester's reprimand to my mother, and said to me only:

"Well, if that's the kind of show you want to see, I'll take you to a good one!"

A few Saturday afternoons later found Dad and me in the front row center of the Grand Opera House. The Ziegfeld Follies had come to town. To this day I remember the shapely dancers with only flowers glued onto strategic body parts, body parts themselves jiggling deliciously in time with the music, and the statuesque showgirls clad in gauzy garments through which I discerned all sorts of mysteries.

But I have digressed. It is a fact, though, that this same wise and tolerant father, my dear Dad (1), who considered the Follies a part of my education, was for some reason reluctant to give me the lecture about the birds and the bees. Instead, he sent me to another doctor in the family, an uncle, for a scientific explanation. My uncle found that, having been to camp, to school, and having gleaned a bit from Sylvester, I knew as much about the subject in the abstract, as he did. A scientific explanation was therefore superfluous. Instead we discussed "our boys" at Redland Field - they were occupying the cellar.

It was great to have a doctor in the family who was a Reds fan.

Kindness, gentleness and tact were hallmarks of the doctor of the family with whom I had the closest relationship during my lifetime. I honor him last and not the least.

It was his custom to treat the ailments of all the members of his family; sometimes tact and a sense of humor were as important as the prescription or referral. I recall the case of a young daughter-in-law of his, who, one evening, had occasion to visit a martini fountain. Captivated by the device, she filled her glass a bit too often and too full, so that after the party she fell into a frightening state of indisposition, which could be crudely described as "blotto". Along with Pepto-Bismol and other liquids, gentle words and sympathy were not contra-indicated. Our doctor's kindly diagnosis was "a possible allergy to the juniper flavoring found in gin" rather than "acute hangover".

Not unique, but certainly commendable, was our doctor's life-long belief that a physician's knowledge should not be limited to medicine, not even if he be world famous in some complex subspecialty. A doctor should be a "complete" person, meaning that he should be conversant in the Humanities, appreciative of the Arts, and show at least a mild interest in politics and Current Events. He should be competent at a sport or two, or at least be able to talk knowledgeably about them. Certainly he must be able to write.

Accordingly, as you may imagine, our doctor was a long-time very active member of The Literary Club.

When, in his opinion, I was sufficiently mature he decided to propose me for membership. At first I turned him down. What could I possibly write that would be of interest to the dignified, erudite, elderly gentlemen I had met during my visits here as a guest? In short, I was afraid.

His reply: "You have written, you like to write, and you can write well when you work at it. You love to read and you have a degree in Liberal Arts. Don't be falsely modest. When you come with a paper, an inspiration will have struck, you will have worked at it with a passion, and it will be good. Trust me. Besides, I want you to carry on for me."

I was convinced; that was over 35 years ago, and I remember in my prayers to thank him for the opportunity.

Incidentally, my first paper, which was much too long, received mild but polite applause. I was enchanted, none the less. Now, having reached a certain age, there is nothing that thrills me more than coming to this lecture with a paper.

I'm so glad I had that doctor in my family (2).

- (1) A. Senior Prince
- (2) Stanley E. Dorst M.D.

Louis M. Prince

Mentors

The dictionary defines the word "mentor" as a trusted counselor, guide, tutor or coach. The philosophy of mentors may be directed to an individual or to a group which has a common purpose. In a sense anyone with whom we spend a significant amount of time is a potential mentor. When the influence is unfavorable or destructive, such a person certainly does not qualify. Most parents are prime candidates to be mentors, but this paper is not particularly concerned with parenting. Tonight we will visit some of the other people who have influenced my life.

Many early memories go back to kindergarten and first grade at the Lotspeich School. It had just moved to its Red Bank Road location when I first attended in 1930. Mrs. Elizabeth Lotspeich, wife of a venerated member of this club, Claude Lotspeich, Professor of English at the University of Cincinnati, started a school for her own children. She did not feel that the Clifton Public School offered quality education and so she took on the task herself despite having a minimal teaching background. Neighbors were soon requesting that their children be allowed to attend her classes which were held in a small unheated wooden structure in her Clifton backyard. Her dynamic personality and effectiveness as a teacher caused the enrollment to increase rapidly and the need for larger quarters became apparent. Her son, Bill Lotspeich, also an outstanding member of this club, wrote a wonderfully moving paper in 1958, about his mother and her remarkable career.

I remember her as a towering, intimidating person over six feet tall and weighing at least 250 lbs. She was a disciplinarian, but a very fair one. She certainly got the students' attention and their respect. I remember her as the first disciplinary influence outside of my own family and I am sure she fostered a good scholastic start for many students.

Her demise is a story in itself. She had finally retired in 1947 after 33 years at the school. She kept

in close touch with both Lotspeich (grades 1-6) and its sister school Hillsdale (grades 7-12), now both a part of Seven Hills School. At assembly she often spoke to the student body of both schools. Such an occasion occurred in the fall of 1957 at Hillsdale. Before going on stage, she requested that an easy chair be placed on the stage as her arthritis made standing difficult. She settled into the chair and was about halfway through her 20 minute talk when suddenly she stopped, closed her eyes, and was gone. Bill Lotspeich later said that her exit was so appropriate that it was as if she had planned it, just as she had carefully planned so much of her life.

As the first born of our family I suffered a fate that is not uncommon, namely being moved from school to school for nebulous reasons. As third grade approached the family moved to Grandin Road and for whatever reason, I was transferred to the Hyde Park Public School, as Dad said, "to rub shoulders with the public school boys." I suppose I did a little shoulder rubbing, but I certainly did not apply myself very hard to the rather perfunctory curriculum that was offered. Transferring from a private school to a public school meant that one was considerably ahead, making it too easy to coast. I found out the hard way that the reverse is also true. After two years of Hyde Park, I was enrolled in the fifth grade of Cincinnati Country Day School. One of the factors in this move was my father's friendship with Virginus Hall, former member of the Literary Club and father of our current Virginus. Mr. Hall was a French teacher at Country Day and over lunch at the University Club convinced Dad that Country Day was where I belonged. So it was on to the fifth in another school where I spent a tough year trying to catch up with the class.

There were some great teachers at Country Day in those early years when the school had less than 100 students in all twelve grades combined. I particularly remember Virginus Hall, Herbert Snyder, Art Blackburn, Mr. Ash, Herbert Davison, and others. Headmaster Snyder was a graduate of Cornell 1914 and on frequent occasions reminded us that he was on a great undefeated football team there. He served as football coach and was determined to make strong young men out of what he

considered to be overly protected boys. He was a tough coach who believed in blocking and tackling and was not a great one for x's and o's. As I recall we had about six plays; end run, right and left, off tackle right and left, short pass and long pass. In those days varsity teams of Country Day generally took a drubbing, especially at football where we were nearly always outmanned. Another great teacher was Herb Davison who taught English and Latin and served as our intramural coach in football, soccer and basketball. He succeeded Snyder as headmaster, orchestrating major growth of the student body while maintaining high academic standards.

Our Mr. Chips was Mr. Ash, a math teacher. I doubt if any student knew his first name, but he was beloved. He also coached lower school baseball and I can still picture him, a rather portly gentleman of about 65, with his vest and tie always in place, hitting grounders to the infield. One day at the lunch table he mentioned that he had never been to Keeneland. Later in a discussion with two close friends and classmates, Eric Yeiser and Clifford Wright, Jr. it was decided to ask Mr. Ash to be our guest at the race track, but of course he would have to drive us to Lexington. Somewhat to our surprise he accepted and the four of us spent a delightful spring Saturday afternoon at Keeneland. One cannot help but feel that the influence of such outstanding teachers in the formative years make a significant impact on the young mind.

One of the reasons that Country Day School had a smaller enrollment in the early years was the custom of parents sending their ninth and tenth graders to Eastern preparatory schools. The practice was so prevalent that by the tenth grade there were often only two or three students left in most classes. This was hardly the best environment for developing well rounded high school students although the academics were well maintained virtually on a tutorial basis. Our class for example peaked at 25 students in the eighth grade in 1940, which was the largest class up to that time in the school's history. By the tenth grade there were only three remaining, of which two graduated. I was no exception to the prep school rule, being sent away to Phillips Academy Andover. While many students

matriculating at Andover drop back a year, those from Country Day had no trouble keeping up.

Prep School provided a new set of mentors. I encountered what was to be my first and most important one on the very first day of school. I was assigned to a tenth grade dormitory for five students presided over by Winfield Michael Sides. He was a math teacher who had been voted by the student body several times as the most popular teacher. Mike Sides was married to a native German who retained much of her accent and continental mannerisms. World War II was coming on and in a very unfair and prejudiced way, the German wife adversely affected the popularity of her husband, even though she had no homeland or Nazi connections. Although housed in his dormitory only during the first year, I remained in close contact with him throughout my three years as a student and his friendship proved crucial during an unfortunate episode in my senior year. Generally a conformist, I strayed from the school rules one Saturday evening to participate in a poker game. As a result I was out of my room when our dormitory master made an infrequent trip to our quarters. Fortunately, my roommate Clifford Wright was properly at home and informed Dr. Karl Pfatiger of my whereabouts. The game was in a nearby dormitory where Dr. Pfatiger sought us out. He burst into the room to find eight senior students sitting on a floor in a circle playing cards. He pointed his finger directly at me and he said, "Asbury, you are the ringleader here and you are misleading these young fellows. I'm going to see that you are expelled from the school." With that he turned and retreated to his quarters so that no immediate rebuttal was possible. Expulsion in one's senior year seemed a very harsh penalty for the offense. It was time to call my old friend and mentor Mike Sides which I promptly did early the next morning. Fortunately he was a good friend of Dr. Pfatiger, who shared a common German heritage with Mike's wife. Ultimately my punishment was two demerits, a mild sentence thanks to the intervention of my mentor. There were many excellent teachers at Andover and it is tempting to relate other episodes of prep school life but we move on.

My next scholastic encounter was at Yale where I was enrolled in the Navy V12 program. This allowed students while in service to acquire a college education in a number of fields. In my case it was pre-med. This was a farsighted educational program by our government that would have been particularly important if the war had lasted longer than it did. Prior to the atomic bomb the projections for the length of the war ranged up to eight years or more. While a semi-military environmental in college life was not very conducive to developing mentors, several people do stand out. Dean Norman Buck is one of them. My roommate had gotten into a minor scholastic situation which was blown out of all proportion by a young instructor. He reported the infraction to the Naval officer in charge who in turn recommended to the commanding officer that my roommate be expelled. This would mean he would lose his student status and be sent to Great Lakes Naval Station for basic training as an apprentice seaman. This was a harsh and unfair penalty, but my roommate seemed to be defenseless. Dean Buck came to mind as a person who had a reputation for fairness and a willingness to take on the military when necessary. I pleaded my roommate's case to him. He did intercede with the Commanding Officer and was able to obtain a much reduced penalty that allowed my roommate to stay at Yale, and obtain his degree and become a naval officer.

Another college mentor was baseball coach Robert "Red" Rolfe. He had recently completed a very distinguished career as a New York Yankee where he played on several world championship teams as well as in All Star games. Teammates during his career included Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig and Joe Dimaggio. The Yankees were dominant then, just as they have been in the last several years. Red Rolfe had gone to prep school at Exeter and graduated from Dartmouth which was an unusual background for a professional baseball player then or now. Familiarity with the Ivy League is probably what brought him to New Haven after retiring from the Yankees. It was certainly a wonderful opportunity to be able to play under his guidance. I remember his opening day talk to the squad as he outlined his modus operandi, "I will treat you the same way that Joe McCarthy (manager of the New York Yankees)

treated us. At times you will not be able to perform with the skill required, but with this approach you will learn more about the game." He followed through with this policy as the team found out during the next two seasons. It was inspiring to play for him and to be treated in a big league manner. Yale did not have the best talent, but he certainly got the best out of us while making the experience meaningful and enjoyable.

After the war I was a student at the University of Cincinnati College of Medicine. Again there were many outstanding teachers. Dean Stanley Dorst stood out as a great academic leader. In those days the Dean's office was not very complicated. In addition to the Dean there were only two part-time associate deans. This certainly made his job much more hands-on, whereas now much of the school's governance is by committee. Dean Dorst knew most of the students by name and took a sincere personal interest in their problems and ambitions.

One episode that remains vivid in my mind involved Dean Dorst and my brother Arthur. This happened several years after my graduation from medical school. Art had a difficult time in "finding himself." He had matriculated at Stanford as a pre-medical student but only lasted about a year before dropping out. He then attended the University of Kentucky and graduated with a degree in agriculture. Soon thereafter he went into the service as we became involved in the Korean War. Given time to reflect upon career prospects he decided that he did want to study medicine after all. Upon returning home he asked our father what might be done to get him into medical school in view of his spotty academic record. Dad said he would speak to Stanley Dorst, incidentally a devoted member of this Club. Soon Art was summoned into his office and without much preamble Dr. Dorst said, "of course we have to accept you in medical school in Cincinnati, but I ask you just one favor of you, please don't embarrass us." Art assured him that his philandering days were over and that he would apply himself. He did so during the next four years in such an effective way that he graduated first in his class. He has gone on to a brilliant career in neurology during which he served as Professor

and Chairman of the Department of Neurology at the University of Pennsylvania where he is still very active as professor emeritus. Some have referred to him as the "smart Asbury."

This brings us to internship days which were spent at Passavant Hospital in Chicago where there was another mentor, Dr. Derrick Vail, Jr. As a child I had known Dr. Vail because his second son was in my class at Country Day School, but I had not seen Dr. Vail for many years. While ophthalmology was in the back of my mind as a possible career choice, I had not made a definite decision. I elected to spend one month on Dr. Vail's service, during which his enthusiasm for ophthalmology was such that I decided upon that specialty. He was truly dynamic in action, always being very positive, at times almost overwhelming to patients, colleagues and underlings. I remember spending Thanksgiving Day in 1949 in his fashionable lake Shore Drive apartment. It was a very pleasant occasion and after dinner he gave me a present of an autographed textbook which I still cherish. I sought his advice on where I should train. I expected him to recommend his own residency program, at Northwestern but he said, "no, you apply to study under Dr. Frederick Cordes at the University of California, and I will personally see that you are accepted in his program." He was a man of his word and later in talking to Dr. Cordes, he told me that Dr. Vail would only take yes for an answer and that as a result I was the only resident he had ever accepted without an interview. Dr. Vail's advice proved excellent and I enjoyed three fine years of training in San Francisco. Dr. Vail was another devoted Literary Club member, continuing as an active member even after moving to Chicago from which he returned to give regular papers for a number of years.

The most important aspect of one's medical training is undoubtedly the residency especially for the specialist. As just related, I was very fortunate to obtain a position at the University of California-San Francisco. This program was under the direction of Frederick Cordes who was certainly an important mentor for my three years of training. He remained an advisor the rest of his life by encouraging me in my academic

career and by being influential in affecting my appointment as Professor and Director of the Department at UC.

I first met another mentor and lifelong friend when he was a young instructor at California, Dan Vaughan, a few years older than I, has been like an older brother; encouraging me in the field of ophthalmology, writing scientific papers, coauthoring a successful textbook now in its fifteenth edition, and incidentally serving as an effective golf instructor. He lived in San Jose, California and for 40 years we have had phone communication at least twice a month as well as many personal visits. Unfortunately he suffered a debilitating stroke about a year ago, and died of complications just two weeks ago. No professional person meant more to me or influenced my career as much as Dan. He is sorely missed.

To digress somewhat, Dan introduced me to the famous cartoonist Charles Schultz, author of the comic strip Peanuts. This led to several golf games and a particularly memorable visit to his estate near Santa Rosa, California. In a club paper presented in 1967 entitled, "You're a good man Charlie Brown," I covered the high spots of his career. Because of Schultz's recent death much has been written about this real pioneer. It is well known that shy retiring Charlie Brown is indeed Charles Schultz himself, and that means surly Lucy symbolizes Schultz's first wife. Snoopy evolves from a dog that Schultz had as a boy. Most of us are familiar with a recurring episode in which Lucy is holding the football for a place kick. As Charlie approaches to kick it, she pulls it away at the last second, never once allowing him to make contact in the fifty year history of the comic strip. It is also well known that Charlie Brown is in love with the little red headed girl, but was never able to make any headway. This is known to reflect an actual early unrequited love affair of Charles Schultz.

One thing that has been commonly missed by those writing about Schultz is his very competitive nature. I witnessed this on the golf course where he was not only competitive but good, frequently shooting in the mid 70's in his earlier years. Even in a pick-up

softball game, a very competitive side of Schultz showed up. The bases were positioned on a sandy infield which Schultz explained would prevent skin abrasions while sliding. I thought he was kidding until his first time at bat when he hit a sharp line drive which resulted in his sliding into second base on a close play, jarring his 10 year old son who was trying to make the tag. Several other episodes in the afternoon only built on this competitive theme. His motto concerning any sport was, "grit your teeth and go all out," although this message did not often come through from Charlie Brown. It has been noted before that a favorite hobby of club members is to revisit their own old papers and I have just proven to be no exception.

Time does not permit including many other professional mentors, except to mention Edward Maumenee, for many years Professor of Ophthalmology at The Wilmer Institute, John's Hopkins. He was a close friend and great catalyst to my professional career. It has been fun to reminisce about many persons who influenced my thinking and my life, without alluding specifically to the very strong influence of my mother, Dr. Mary Knight Asbury and father, Dr. Eslie.

Taylor Asbury

LUTHER TUCKER: A SAINT IN CONTEXT

May 1, 2000

Paul R. Long, Jr.

"I sing a song of the saints of God,
Patient and brave and true.
Who toiled and fought and lived and died
For the Lord they loved and knew.
And one was a doctor, and one was a queen.
And one was a shepherdess on the green:
They were all of them saints of God - and I mean,
God helping to be one too.