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M E M O I R S

Dictated in his 87th year

MAY, 1990

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EARLY YEARS

I was born in Gallup, New Mexico July 24, 1903. My brother Ken was born two years later. We were both technically Gringos, because New Mexico was then a Territory and was not admitted to statehood until 1905. We were not registered as citizens of the United States, but fortunately, since both Mother and Father had been born in Pennsylvania, and were citizens, we inherited from them our citizenship.

Mother and Father had lived in the Territory for several years before we were born, and both sets of grandparents lived there, too. Grandfather and Grandmother Bowie and Grandfather and Grandmother Mulholland had resided in or near Gallup for several years. Grandfather Bowie was very interested in the coal lands and realized that they had great potential. My Mulholland grandparents ran a dairy farm some 18 miles outside of the village of Gallup.

Mother lived on the Zuni Reservation with Father where he was an Agent part of the time, but sometimes matters got difficult as far as provisions and housekeeping were concerned, so she would move back into our big house in the town of Gallup to take care of us. When my parents lived on the Reservation, we lived with our Mulholland grandparents on their farm. In good days in the Spring and Summer, she sometimes would hitch up the buggy and we would drive across the mesa. At times, she would mimic prairie dogs. She was very good! The horses stood stock still and were not

frightened at the return bark of the prairie dog. Mother found it difficult to manage two young boys and a large house in Gallup. At about that time, the territory became a state and we did not have to worry about citizenship any more!

My paternal grandparents moved to a little mining village called Juanita in Colorado. This proved to be a duplicate name for another town in Colorado, so Grandfather Bowie had to change the name. He changed it to Bowie. In 1908, Grandfather and Grandmother Bowie urged my parents to allow Cousin Elizabeth and me to go to live with them in Bowie to take some of the burden of care from Mother. We were of very little help to my Grandparents although we could run errands, see that the water was directed to the vegetable garden, and other miscellaneous chores. We learned to accomodate ourselves to our grandparent's mode of living.

I had some unusual experiences during that period . I would often try to round up the mules and horses that were driven from the barn up to the mine mouth on the hillside. One day, I was rounding these animals up while riding bareback on a mule. They went between the boarding house and the cellar. A clothes wire strung across caught me under the chin as we were cantering by and lifted me cleanly out of the saddle and dumped me to the ground. Luckily, I did not suffer any injury or damage.

Later on, I was riding horseback and unfortunately the barn manager had not strapped on the saddle properly. When the horse began to canter , the saddle tipped and rotated under his belly . I was still in the saddle holding on with one foot in the stirrup. I finally lost balance and fell to

the ground . Uncle Alex was a little bit abashed at my failure to stay on the horse, but did not scold me. He apparently looked with considerable favor on me and Cousin Elizabeth.

Uncle Morris Ramsey came to live with the Bowie grandparents after he finished medical school at the University of Maryland. Dr. Hazlett, a nearby physician, had invited Dr. Morris to be on alert to calls of help in case of need. At this time, I was approximately six years old. Uncle Morris drove a team of horses, sometimes only one, hitched to a buggy to make calls. He invited me to ride along with him either to Somerset or out into the country. I was fascinated by the prospect of becoming a doctor's helper and I looked forward to his invitations.

On these "house calls" , Uncle Morris very frequently allowed me to hold the reins if I did not disturb the horses' rumps. On rare occasions, he would tie up the horses and invite me to go with him into the house or boarding house where the miner's resided. I was allowed to witness the way he handled patients and to listen to discussions between him and a patient. I was thrilled to be a participant in these discussions, and realized how vital and important this type of work was. Because of this early indoctrination to house calls, and the way doctors investigated difficulties with patients, and because of Uncle Morris' patient explanations, I became very enthusiastic about medicine and decided that I would be a doctor. From this decision I never wavered through the rest of my life. Other relatives (particularly Aunt Agnes) were very pleased I had made a decision to become a doctor. I had

always had this in the back of my mind, and Mother and Uncle Alex would keep reminding me of my committment. Uncle Alex was enthusiastic about my choice, although he really preferred that I stay in mining and go to the School of Mines in Golden, where he and many of my uncles and cousins had gone to College. Even when I had become a young teenager, many of the miners whom I had gotten to know called me "Doc".

My parents by this time had moved to Bowie and had built the first house going into town directly across the street from the school. The new schoolhouse in Bowie ,which was a two-room affair and wooden, was heated by stoves which burned either cord wood or coal and kept us warm and cozy. Although multiple grades were kept in each room, at times some grades were taken into one of the side rooms for recitations. In addition to Dr. Wubbin and Mrs. Jaquess (she was my favorite teacher and one who made a difference in my life), a young teacher named Patsy was hired about the time I reached the fifth grade. I had had Dr. Wubbin and Mrs Jaquess until then, and she was hired to teach the younger children. Our favorite pasttime at school was to play marbles. Several of us became expert at shooting marbles with our thumb and aiming at a group of marbles in the middle of a large ring on the ground, and knocking them outside. We sometimes liked to tease the newest faculty member who did not like us to play "keeps" . We were not doing so, but we liked to tease her into believing that we were.

Cousin Elizabeth and Frank "Dutch" Collins and I finished grade school in style and said goodbye to Dr. Wubbin and Mrs. Jaquess, whom we had admired and adored and who had taught us for eight years in the two-room Bowie schoolhouse. I have subsequently thought that those two teachers were two of the best teachers I had had in all of the 30 years I was in school or college.

Uncle Wallace allowed us to use his mare hitched to a buggy to drive back and forth to high school in Paonia. This worked pretty well until cold weather began and snow came. So we went by buggy the first semester of our freshman year until winter when we moved into town and took a room in a rooming house, which was a short distance from the high school, and where we enjoyed ourselves. This was a great help to us and gave us more time for rest and study. Dutch and I integrated into the high school and mixed well with the other students in large part because we had had two splendid teachers in Dr. Wubin and Mrs. Jaquess. Both of us made the basketball team. We looked forward to returning home each Friday night with a great deal of enthusiasm.

During vacation periods, Dutch Collins and I worked hard at our baseball. We were able to convince Uncle Alex to erect a backstop for us near the entrance to Bowie. This was a great help to us, and we became a very popular and effective battery. In the Spring of our freshman year baseball began, and we both made the team. I caught and Dutch either played first base or in the outfield. On some occasions, we played in the outfield for the adult team representing Paonia.

When summer came at the end of the freshman year, Dutch and I returned to work again in the mine. I was very happy at this although we were mostly working on the outside at the tipple. We went through the summer baseball program without any difficulty, and won an astonishing number of baseball games, and fielded the ball against our opponents exceedingly well.

When Fall began we started with enthusiasm to resume our studies. I especially liked Latin. This was a very pleasant surprise to Mother who had also been fond of Latin. Dutch did not seem so enthusiastic. During our sophomore year, we tried to ride horseback back and forth to school. This did not work out too well, and Uncle Alex thought we ought to use the buggy. We were doing well until one day in late October . We were starting off for high school in the morning and our horse , which was in heat, heard an oriole on a telegraph pole start to sing. This excited and disturbed her too much, and she started to gallop. She pulled the buggy off the road, dumped Dutch out onto the underbrush and eventually me in the roadway. The horse was stopped by running into a fence.

In the summer folowing our sophomore year, I was put on the tipple handling loaded trips which had come down the mountain from `the mine mouth and which I was to direct to the unloading apparatus below. Before the railroad cars could be filled with coal, the dumped coal had to be screened to avoid very large lumps or slate from going into the cars. We did not want to contaminate our coal so we picked it off and discarded it.

During the summer between our sophomore and junior years, I was injured loading sand into mine cars from a pit alongside an uphill track. Dutch and I loaded three cars each containing over three tons of sand into the upgoing trip. We were told that we had only a half hour until quitting time so we worked fast, and I did not straighten up. Unfortunately, I could not straighten up when I attempted to do so at the end of the half hour, although we had finished loading the three cars and had just made the last whistle. I was unable to walk home, however and I had to crawl most of the way. Mother was of course quite concerned as was I. Although I knew nothing was broken because I had not bumped anything, I realized I may have developed a muscular strain or cartilagenous injury to my spine. Dr. Hazlett came to see me promptly and examined me and told me to stay in bed for at least two and a half or three weeks. This relieved me, although I made mother's work a great deal harder since she had to bring food from the kitchen to the upstairs, as I was stationed on the sleeping porch. I could not blame anything since I had done nothing wrong nor had Dutch. Uncle Alex was sympathetic. Father was not. I resumed work again at the end of two and a half weeks, but on a lighter job so that I did not have to bend and straighten up. Immediately thereafter, I had no trouble, but I did have recurrent back problems for the rest of my life. I was later operated on for a ruptured disc.

When our junior year in school began, I started to play football as a tackle. Our football team was not of the best, and we were barely able to maintain ourselves against the good teams. I had my nose broken for the second time.

Dr. Hazlett would manipulate it into position without problems. Fortunately, I did not have to wear any support of my nostrils to keep my nose in place, though I did protect it as much as I could with protective headgear. Everything went smoothly except that I developed influenza during the winter, and unfortunately, I had to go with the high school basketball team to Gunnison to play a scheduled game there with a fever of 101 degrees. We fielded a debating team of which I was a member, and elected captain. We debated other teams in the League including Delta, Cederidge, Eckert, and Hotchkiss and did remarkably well. Even so Father was irritated because he did not think we were going to school to learn how to debate, and did not think this was a rewarding way for me to use my time. We did not listen to him, and I persisted on the debating team, and we did credibly well for the rest of the year. It was very rewarding as far as I was concerned!

We entered senior year with enthusiasm, and I again played football and participated on the debate squad, and in many other activities as a member of the senior class. One problem I had was that I lost the enthusiasm of Phyllis Roberts whom I thought was "my girl". However, she thought I was too preoccupied with other duties, such as sports, managing teams, and running the debate team, so she threw me over and started to go with Marion Crawford. This was a jolt to my esteem, but I tried not to take it too hard. In subsequent years, I learned that she had married Crawford and had remained married for 40 years or more after which he had died. I finished high school without difficulty and got ready for graduation, then College. I received a

scholarship to attend the University of Colorado, and persisted in my intention to go there and then to Medical School.

Dutch and I played baseball the summer following graduation with the town team; I usually played first base, sometimes in the field. We both batted remarkably well, and remained on the first squad for the season. The summer was uneventful except that we had a vigorous time working six days a week in the mine and playing baseball on Sundays! At the end of the summer, both of us went to College, I, to the University of Colorado and he, to the University of Illinois. He and I had been the mainstay of the baseball team and close friends for many years.

I placed most of my earnings in a fund which my father agreed to manage for me, and which he invested for me in the Albuquerque National Bank. Eventually I lost these monies as the bank failed.

UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO

When I matriculated at College, I was befriended by one or two boys who had preceeded me from the Bowie area. I was invited to join Sigma Nu at the suggestion of a business friend of Father's. The pledge class was made up of graduates of East Denver High. The pledgemaster made life miserable for those few of us who did not wear a suit and tie. Apparently my pants did not come down to my shoe tops and this was not acceptable. Several of us, and me in particular, were ridden very hard by the pledgemaster. Eventually, I got so annoyed by his minute supervision that I resigned from that fraternity much to the embarassment of the business friend of Fathers'.

According to the rules, I had to wait for a year before I could accept an invitation to any other fraternity. Consequently, I had to live a solitary life, but I did get to know quite a number of other people including those who were in the Christian Association. In my sophomore year, I was elected president of the Christian Association, but this had to be rescinded a year later when it was discovered I had never been baptised. I had to give up the membership and the presidency. I had strong Christian feelings and was very disappointed. Eventually, I visited the Alhambra Club to which Jim Wallace, a colleague and associate who had come from Pueblo, had invited me. The Club was one of the locals on the national fraternity scene and was beginning to grow and develop strong character and some intercollegiate sports. I joined the Club in my junior year. That year, I first met Helen Childers at an Alhambra Club dance to which she had been taken by one of the Club members. I was introduced to her and we had several dances together that night. I was very impressed and hoped she was, too. I plowed through my work my junior year and started the senior year with gusto. I was elected president of the Club my senior year, shortly before its incorporation into Lambda Chi Alpha, a national fraternity. The chapter won scholastic leadership among all the fraternities and sororities during my senior year, and we also had a winning baseball team! I made every opportunity possible during my spare time to see Helen Childers .

In my senior year of college, I earned letters in wrestling and track . I was a member of the track team and ran the half mile and mile in dual and intercollegiate

meets. I did not make cum laude since I had done poorly in philosophy and mathematics. I had developed a strong aversion, if not an actual hatred to my philosophy professor whose mannerisms and method of instruction were intolerable.

I had to work in the mine after my last year in College so I would have money when I went to medical school. I had already written to both Harvard Medical School and Johns Hopkins Medical School hoping that one of them would accept me. The acceptance from Harvard came through promptly, but I never heard from Hopkins. I later discovered that I had never even sent in the scholarship application!

When the time came to entrain I felt very fit and my pockets were full of money to spend on the trip east and for a short time thereafter. It had been a hard summer's work but my pockets were bulging, and I felt relieved.

HARVARD MEDICAL SCHOOL

When I was ready to start for Boston and enter the first year class of Harvard Medical School, my brother Ken, Cousin Elizabeth, and Helen Childers accompanied me from Denver to Byers, Colorado to the railroad station. I bade each of them a sorry goodbye since I knew I wouldn't see them for at least nine months. The trip was uneventful. Fortunately, Jim Wallace, my friend from Pueblo, met me at the Boston railroad station and took me to his fraternity house, Alpha Kapppa Kappa, the medical school fraternity, and introduced me around. Thereafter, he took me to a rooming house where he had engaged a room for me not far from his fraternity house which would also serve to feed me if I joined. I eventually did.

At a mid-term party at the fraternity house, I was horrified at the number of older members who were drunk. Charles Bradley and I were both astonished, and he and I decided to find out what alcohol would do to us. We bought a bottle of whiskey and used the parlor of the fraternity house which was not in use during one weekend to conduct our investigation. We both started to drink, although we did not like the taste of alcohol very well. Eventually , we drank enough so that we became sleepy and before long we slept for five or six hours. Our experiment was considered by us to be fruitless.

I lived at the rooming house my first year of Medical School and at the fraternity house my second and third years.

The first meeting of the freshman class of that year was in the Anatomy Building amphitheatre and almost every seat was occupied with the 125 members of the entering class. The President and the Dean spoke to us, and we were given instructions about various faculty members. We then hustled off to our assignment as first year students. We were divided up into groups or teams of four to begin Gross Anatomy. Fortunately, my anatomy partners were people I had just recently met who had come from Princeton. We each decided on sections of the anatomy to explore and to demonstrate to others and then to the faculty members. In other courses, we were not divided into teams but had to take notes and describe portions of the anatomy as we saw things, and to make deductions which had been shown to us. We each worked hard and spent many an hour laboring over Cunningham's " Textbook of Anatomy" . At the end of the

first term, the class was given an examination on the subject matter we had covered. At the end of the course, we had a big evening out and I, like the other members of the group, invited a girl to accompany me. At the end of the second course of dinner, she asked me for cigarettes of which I had none. I did not smoke at the time, but I bought a package for her, and let her choose her own number and time of smoking. I tried one eventually but gave it up after a short time because it made me dizzy. Since I had to buy a package of cigarettes and being careful about throwing money away, I kept the package instead of discarding it when we were saying goodbye. I began to smoke a little from then on. This was the beginning of my smoking habit which persisted for a great number of years.

Paristology and human anatomy were the subjects of the second semester, and were not nearly so difficult as Gross Anatomy.

On weekends, which were pleasant atmospherically, I sometimes would take a trolley or walk out to Wellesley, ten miles distant. Walking ten miles proved to be an arduous task, but was good for us and many of us took part.

In the middle of the spring term of my first year in medical school, I wrote to Father to ask him whether he would send on enough money to let me buy a fare to Europe. I had not been promised by him for such a fare, but on the other hand, I had placed my earnings in his care and he had invested these earnings in an Albuquerque bank. The reply was not very prompt ,and I did not receive any of the monies before I left. Harry Vars and Lloyd Morris from the University of Colorado had contacted me and proposed that we

three make a journey on bicycle through parts of Europe. I did not like to delay our departure since I was going with two old friends and fraternity brothers, so I used the money leftover from my savings. Fortunately Harry and Lloyd lent me money when I ran out. Father did not send my money until the trip was over; apparently he did not approve of my going.

We took off right after our school closed and introduced ourselves to the owner of the cattle boat on which we had been engaged to work before departure from Montreal to Liverpool. The work on the cattle boat was tedious, laborious and seemingly never-ending. We fed cattle, cleaned their stalls and ate with the workers on the boat. In Liverpool, we disgorged our cattle and felt very much relieved. After that we made our way across England to Dover and took a Dover boat to Ostend, Belgium where we bought bicycles. I had left a forwarding address in Ostend, but there was no money at the address when we landed in Belgium. We bicycled part of the way up the Rhine Valley which was relatively easy-going and beautifully paved, stopping at Heidelberg and Freiburg to visit the universities and the surrounding territory. These were fabulous university towns full of antiques and glorious atmosphere. At Basel, Switzerland, we continued to ride the bicycles until we reached the base of the Alps. At this juncture, we parked our bicycles for the time being and took the cog railroad up to the top of the Einhorn which was a very interesting ride and not too expensive.

When we descended from the top of the Alps, we stayed for a full day in order to rest up and recuperate, We

shipped our bicycles to West Germany and took a train through the tortuous mountain passes. We landed in Munich about the time of the annual celebration which they hold to honor Bacchus. This was a gallant time for Bavaria and they celebrated for over a week. We were able to sample all varieties of German beer and some soft drinks, but decided we could not afford most of them on a regular basis and persuaded ourselves that we would not need any. We mixed with the German crowds, and had a lovely time although we could not communicate easily. Since we did not have very much money to spend, we could not enjoy all the festivities of Munich. From there we proceeded into Germany to Stuttgart, then finally to Berlin and Bremen. This was all after World War I when we were still enjoying the wonders of Germany and central Europe before it began to tumble again in World War II. I struck up a conversation with a young German man who was travelling to Eastern China to act as a government representative and to instruct them in the niceties of how to become revolutionary. We talked; I in German, he in broken English, from Hamburg to Edinboro during our entire boat trip. We landed in Edinboro for rest and recuperation and found it a lovely city. I found a burial place nearby which had graves of Bowies. By that time, our money had been almost completely exhausted and we had to high tail it down the coast to Liverpool from which we took a returning empty cattle boat back to Montreal. The trip back was delightful!

We had taken our bicycles along and had ridden them onto the boat. After landing, we rode them from Montreal to Boston. There I left Harry and Lloyd and proceeded to the

fraternity house from which I had obtained room and gave up the rooming house where I had lived the first year.

The sophomore year began with a tightening of belts as we were introduced to the intricacies of pharmacology, pathology and numerous smaller divisions of our courses. We still worked in teams, although not in groups of four, usually in groups of two or three. This was a good division of labor, since one person would manipulate the apparatus and the others could do the recording. The sophomore year seemed to go by uneventfully.

Eventually, I was picked by Dr. William P. Murphy, Dr. William Castle and Dr. George Minot who were working on the problems of pernicious anemia. Dr. Murphy used me as a blood donor from blood group O as I was without anemia or other evidence of blood disease. I would be taken to a patient's room or house and laid on a table next to his bed. After his vein had been punctured with a needle, and attached to a long cord, the opposite end of the needle would be introduced into my vein and the blood would be transferred to him until I had given approximately a pint. There was no good estimate of the exact amount, but the time of transfusion was recorded and this was a fairly good record of how much was substituted. I had a strong meal and a rest period and then I was allowed to go about my business. At the end of the transfusion, I did not feel unusually weak. The whole procedure did not cost me very much, did not tire me excessively, and I came away with \$25 in my pocket.

I was extremely gratified to become known to Dr. Murphy who had been working with Dr. Minot in the Boston City

Hospital on the general problem of pernicious anemia. Because of this I probably elected to take many of my minor clinical subjects at the City Hospital rather than at the Brigham or Mass General. However, in the next year, I was considered a likely candidate for a rural doctor as part of Dr. Castle's group where I was taken around and introduced to investigative medicine. He was closely allied with Dr. William P. Murphy who had engineered the investigations into pernicious anemia. I felt very honored though I realized I was missing some of the fine instruction that some of the other students doing more prosaic work were shown. By the end of mid-year, I was spending some of my free time in the laboratory in the Boston City Hospital which was under the general direction of Dr. Minot, but from which Dr. Murphy and Castle worked. I thrived under this tutelage and worked very hard establishing a good scholastic record. Dr. Murphy used me a number of times this sophomore year, and kept in touch with me all the rest of the time. I did more research work for both Dr. Murphy and Dr. Castle and occasionally other members of the medical school staff than I was supposed to, but I thoroughly enjoyed it, and I relished their enthusiasm, supervision and patience.

Eventually the second year came to an end, and we had to choose what we wanted to do with our third and fourth years - either take the electoral course or continue on in the usual term courses. I chose the first and was considered a candidate for Dr. Murphy's special tutelage. Dr. Castle, whom I grew to like very much, became my general tutor in my third and fourth years in Medical School.

Spring appeared and since I was short on money, I decided to look for a job instead of going home to work in the mine. I found one in the Department of Pathology . Another chap and I were sent to a hospital on an island in Boston Harbor where we did post mortems for two and a half months. We did careful post mortem examinations on derelicts and others who had no antecedents who had died there. We conducted as many as two or three a day on this island refuge. I was able to pocket a little bit of money in preparation for getting married eventually, but not for the immediate future. I banked it independently remembering the Albuquerque bank. Fortunately, I was able to keep this sum of money intact. The post mortem work ended for me about the end of July, and I still had approximately six weeks to enjoy, so I took off for home by train and arrived there in good shape.

I worked in the mine part time that summer until I was able to get Helen's consent to marry me. I picked up an automobile in Bowie and went back to find her in Boulder to bring her over to the western slope in order to meet the family. She remained for two and a half weeks . Mother enjoyed her and Uncle Alex was also enthusiastic. For that I was most grateful. Father was noncommittal but he wasn't unhappy. When I was ready to leave, we took off for the eastern slope via car and enjoyed ourselves very thoroughly. We did not slide off the road into the Muddy as we had on the way over. When I made a final exit to go East, Helen, brother Ken (who had entered the Colorado School of Mines in Golden) , Cousin Elizabeth, Cousin Alex and another friend took me as far as Byers, Colorado where I boarded the

eastbound train for Harvard. Helen returned to Boulder to the University wearing the diamond engagement ring I had bought for her in Boston.

Medical School through the third year was a great delight because we were entering new fields ; we learned a great deal and thoroughly enjoyed it. Ted Klumpff and I were assigned to work in clinical gynecology at the Peter Bent Brigham . We each were engaged and felt obliged to investigate the sexual habits of all the women patients we examined. Most of them were very cooperative as we tried to ferret out habits that women whom we saw on the wards used in their married life. We learned a great deal from this technique and didn't annoy any of them. We actually gave some advice to them even though we had had no practical experience.

Other clinical subjects began to pile up on us after finishing gynecology and we were transferred back and forth among the four hospitals which comprised the teaching units of Harvard Medical School, namely the Peter Bent Brigham, the Massachusetts General, Beth Israel and the Boston City Hospital.

I continued my work on the island, but this did not pay much and was insufficient to allow me to travel to Colorado to be married on the date we had planned and announced in the Fall of my senior year. I was unable to convince Father I needed money then rather than at sometime in the future. He did not appreciate my quandry and I did not receive any money for a long time and consequently our marriage was delayed about ten days from the date it had been planned. My mother was mortified. I felt very

uncomfortable and embarrassed before the new relatives, but could not help it. Nevertheless the Childers family accepted my difficulties and did not scold me too much although they looked at me rather sideways to find out if I was going to mature. Helen understood and forgave me.

We were married September 8, 1928, in Boulder in the Fall of my final year at Harvard Medical School. We spent our honeymoon at Meeker Park and took off shortly after that via transcontinental train for Boston.

There were only four or five seniors in my class who were married, but I begged Dr. Sosman , my faculty advisor, to forgive me for not obeying his injunction to remain single until I was through Medical School. When Helen came as my bride, I introduced her around at various parties, and Dr. Sosman got to know her and thought extremely well of her.

Helen was able to get a job doing psychometrics at the Boston Psychiatric Hospital because of Dr. Castle's influence and fortunately this was a well-paid job. She rolled up her sleeves and got to work right away and became very efficient in performing duties she had learned to accomplish when she was still in undergraduate school. I was still working part time in the Department of Medicine at Boston City Hospital and had transferred some of my experimental work to the laboratory in the same area. My old friend, Jim Wallace, helped Helen find an apartment two blocks away from the Medical School. It was on the fourth floor which made it cheap enough for us to afford . We had to climb four flights of steps to reach it, but this did not seem to bother us very much, and it was good exercise for

us. We enjoyed parties at the fraternity house and got to know newer people in our group.

When the end of school was approaching, we were all very happy and hopeful that we had done well. Fortunately, when graduation day came, I noticed in the published lists of graduates I was cum laude as a medical graduate. The degree might have been higher if I had done better in medical physics and in pharmacology. For graduation June 5, 1929, my Aunt Agnes Bowie, sister Agnes and Cousin Elizabeth came East to attend the graduation ceremonies. This was very thrilling to them and to us because I was high on the list of the graduates and they were very proud as was I.

Meanwhile I was up for a hospital appointment and before I realized it I was appointed to the intern staff of the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital directly across the street from the Medical School, a position which was to last 16 and one half months. I was overjoyed at this and Helen was given a job at the Boston Psychopathic Hospital which provided room and board. I lived at the Peter Bent Brigham, and worked diligently and oftentimes into the night at the Hospital and was on duty every other night during the week. There was of course no compensation, but we got our board free. Helen was paid a salary, so we were able to accumulate a little money. My duties as intern at the Brigham took most of my time and I had very little time left to devote to her or to anything else during the period from June of 1929 to November of 1930.

One day I passed Dr. Henry Christian on the walk between wards. He stopped to talk to me for awhile and asked what I was going to do the following year. I said I had nothing in prospect, and he replied that he had a job down in Philadelphia which he would be glad to recommend me for if I wanted it. I said thank you and told him I would let him know the following day. I talked the matter over with Helen and since I had no other offers she advised me to take it. I was then nominated and received a fellowship with Dr. Stengel at the University of Pennsylvania Hospital.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA FELLOWSHIP AND BEGINNING THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE

In September of 1930, when she was sure of my appointment, Helen took our Tin Lizzie Ford and made a beeline for Philadelphia, interviewing a number of people. Before I knew it, she had a job as Superintendent of the Gladwyne Colony, Dr. DeWitt Ludlum's clinic and psychiatric hospital, in the Philadelphia suburbs. We were happy in comfortable quarters in a little house at the Gladwyne Colony and made multiple friends. Helen learned the roadways easily and was able to travel all over in our little car which functioned extremely well. It had been owned by Jim Wallace, our friend, who had developed an overwhelming siege of meningitis and had died.

After my duties were over at the Brigham at the end of November, 1930, I moved on down to Philadelphia. I travelled to my work at the University of Pennsylvania and back by train. I was engaged in making ward rounds in the morning at the University of Pennsylvania, and working at the laboratory in the afternoons. I was technically the

physician to the Outpatient Clinic at the University of Pennsylvania and was on the teaching staff and making ward rounds, as well. In my laboratory work, I tried to produce arthritis by injection of staphylococci cultures intravenously into the leg joints of dogs. We lived a very happy existence for the next two years, although I received only \$1500 a year for my work at the University! We were unaware of the depression.

When Helen was pregnant with Margot we moved to Rosemont and lived in several different houses in Rosemont subsequently. I secured a more permanent role at the University of Pennsylvania, and although my income was low we got along alright and I do not remember any financial crises.

Helen became pregnant and daughter Margot was born in 1932, and two years later, Alexandra. In 1937, son Stuart was born. These were three active children! In 1939, Mother and Dad came East, partly to see the World's Fair, and partly to see the children. We took them to New York, and left Father in the section devoted to railroad trains, while Mother, Helen and I took in the remainder. We had asked a neighbor, Collie Gibson, to take care of the children, while we escorted Mother and Father around our area.

During this period, I got to know Dr. Frederick Sharpless who was in need of help, and I was given the position of Junior Associate to him. He realized my potential, and although this did not pay an appreciable amount of money, I helped him make rounds at the Bryn Mawr Hospital and often made house calls and did some laboratory

work of which I was very capable. He allowed me to do a lot of "scut" work, although I could not make calls on a certain number of patients who would not understand how a junior in medicine should be given this privilege of calling on very important people. This arrangement with Dr. Sharpless went very well. I also continued to work at least one day a week, sometimes twice a week in Dr. Ralph Pemberton's clinic in Abington. I helped Dr. Sharpless make rounds in the Bryn Mawr area, as well, and eventually he nominated me for a position on the staff of the Bryn Mawr Hospital, and although I was a junior fellow, this gave me some status.

The children did very well under Collie's guidance and care when we took a trip or went on vacation. Eventually, we hired a Negro lady and her daughter to live with us and take care of the children and minister to our needs in the house. I enjoyed making wine, and one day we arrived home to find the Negro woman in the basement very drunk. Helen had to fire her.

In Rosemont, we met Dr. John McGavic who was an ophthalmologist and who had become interested in me as a person who perhaps would have macular degeneration at some future time. Although he never explained his theory to me, I subsequently learned that I had developed macular degeneration. Our families remained close friends and patients for most of our lives until his retirement.

We moved from Rosemont to 910 Old Lancaster Road in Bryn Mawr, a few blocks from Bryn Mawr Hospital. I had hoped to have more referrals to my office in my home, but this did not come quickly nor easily; it developed slowly.

Toward the end of the 1930's, there was more confusion and uncertainty in most affairs of life since it became apparent war was approaching. I heeded an appeal for medical personnel who had had some experience, to enlist. When I took myself to the enlistment station, and was interviewed and examined, I was refused because of my eyesight, which I knew was poor and had been since I had been a boy of 12. This relieved Helen somewhat but two years later, there was an urgent call for all non-attached medical people to communicate with the government and be ready to volunteer should an emergency arise. When this came about, again I went to the recruiting station and put my name in the docket. This time, I was accepted , since I had no physical limitations and they did not test my eyes. Helen was discouraged and resentful I had volunteered to join the Army. I was inducted and sent to Carlisle Barracks for training in early 1943. I did exceptionally well in the training period at Carlisle, even passing a lot of the hard physical procedures without difficulty. From Carlisle, I was transferred to a hospital in Illinois where I was given charge of a large ward. From there I was transferred to McGuire General in Virginia and subsequently to Camp Lee nearby. McGuire was supposed to receive casualties from overseas, but this never materialized and we officers who were assigned there had very little to do. At Camp Lee we had routine duties and served the recruits who were trained there. In Virginia, I was stationed nearer to home so I could get back and see Helen and the family every two weeks. Military life was not very hard although I had to work consistently.

As the war progressed, it became evident that some of us were going to be sent overseas and I was to be one of them. I passed muster and was sent to the Orient. We first landed in Hawaii for reassessment and then shipped via escort to Australia where we landed for a short time. From there we took part in a huge convoy up to Manila, which was then being delivered into the hands of the United States from the Japanese.

The Japanese were still entrenched in parts of Manila and in the northern part of Luzon, but there were very few of them in Mindanao. Fighting was intense but the Japanese were slowly being driven back and off the entire peninsula. The process of cleaning the Japs out of the Phillipines was tedious and it took us until the end of 1945 to do the job thoroughly. A husband and wife team, the Marcos', became head of the Phillipine government as we left. I was sent home as commanding officer of a group of about 3,000 soldiers. We proceeded across the Pacific via convoy to San Francisco and then to the distribution center in Salt Lake City to be discharged. I had to remain longer as commander before I could be discharged. I was asked at discharge, whether I would like to stay in the Army and I replied forcefully, "No".

Helen met me in Salt Lake, and we were very happy to see each other. We motored over to Grand Junction, Delta and Paonia and finally to Bowie to see my parents and relatives. They were very glad to see me. We then went over to Meeker Park to see our children and Helen's family. We all took off for home, driving an old Ford we had inherited from a relative, with the three children in the backseat. We made

remarkably good time, and were overjoyed to get home and re-establish ourselves.

PRIVATE MEDICAL PRACTICE AND DIRECTOR OF THE STUDENT HEALTH SERVICE AT SWARTHMORE COLLEGE

Janet was born in 1947, and since I had agreed that year to take charge of the Student Health Service at Swarthmore College, we decided to move to the Borough of Swarthmore. Helen and I were both interested in living in Swarthmore and fortunately we knew quite a number of people there.

The next years were also taken over by my trying to develop an arthritic practice in Bryn Mawr and at the Bryn Mawr Hospital. The Board of the Hospital elected me a member of the active staff. There was no pay attached to this, but I began to get a spattering of patients, some of whom had remembered me from before the War, and some who were referred to me. This plus my leftover Army salary helped defray expenses for our growing family.

Dr. Joseph Hollander of the University of Pennsylvania approached me at this time to ask me to write up the sections on rheumatology which dealt with physical therapy and joint management for the "Textbook on Arthritis". He was then revising this textbook, which had originally been written by a man who had died, and I was being asked to write some sections and review others. Eventually, the 4th Edition of this textbook was published and I was listed among the authors. Almost immediately plans were underfoot to begin work on the 5th Edition. Subsequently, Editions 5, 6, 7 and 8 went to press in the years following. I was very happy to be a member of the team who was revising this

textbook. "The Textbook on Arthritis" flourished, and has been used worldwide.

In the meantime, I was actively engaged in trying to build up a much more substantial practice in Bryn Mawr in arthritis. My practice increased considerably, both with patients and referrals. I was doing a lot of the work searching out new details in the treatment of arthritis and especially in the use of new drugs and new techniques.

At Swarthmore College, I argued long and hard for a single, new student infirmary, because we had to house boys who were ill in the Boys' Infirmary, and girls in the Girls' Infirmary. I had established a pattern of seeing men patients in the Men's Infirmary about 4PM each afternoon after having seen my private patients in Bryn Mawr during that day. I would then have dinner at the College and see women patients after dinner. This was an exhausting schedule and it became clear that two sets of infirmaries were very time consuming and divided the staff both for medical and nursing supervision. Ultimately, a wealthy alumna from Wilmington died and generously left money to build a student infirmary. I helped lay down some specifications for the new infirmary, and I was pleased and happy when it was built and furnished. I respected the building, and although some rooms were very tall and noisy, it proved to be a very handsome building and won several architectural awards. Because of this one central facility where we could house students who were ill or confined because of an accident, I was able to save a lot of time and some duplicity from the outside. The students were very grateful for our excellent care.

In the early 1960's things were all astir at the College; black students were resentful about injustices they felt had been done to them, and there was an open revolt on campus, culminating in a sit-in in the President's office. The college was at a standstill for several days. Courtney Smith, then President, struggled with this problem and tried to resolve it peacefully and to everyone's satisfaction. Neither he nor any faculty member could make a dent in the student demands; they were adamant and would not give in. One morning I was called in emergency to Courtney's office and found him looking very pale and with a rapid pulse. I barely had time to take his coat off and take his blood pressure when he expired. This was a great tragedy for me because I did not even have time to draw adrenalin out of a bottle and give him an injection. He died very promptly and resuscitation measures did not do any good.

The student revolt which was simmering and noisy outside his office windows was still going strong at the time he died. When word spread throughout the campus that he had died, the turmoil stopped. A post mortem was done and he was cremated. Everyone on campus was saddened. Many people tried to put the campus back together and a new president was installed.

I felt very flattered to have been selected to be the Swarthmore College physician and enjoyed my College colleagues and the students very much. It was an important part of my life.

Helen and I had several wonderful trips during these days - one with the St. Andrews Society where we took Janet to Finland, Sweden, Switzerland and then to Scotland. Helen

and I were infatuated with the beauty of Scotland. I was proud to have been of Scottish descent when I saw it. Subsequently, we both went to Japan and were able to visualize the gross destruction which the atomic bomb had made. We could see the attempts being made by the US to restore some of the coastal communities which had been damaged during the War.

I retired from Swarthmore College in 1972 at the age of 69, and from the private practice of medicine and from the staff of the Bryn Mawr Hospital in 1983. I had had a long and happy medical practice for 54 years.

As I live in my retirement years, it is gratifying to realize that my contribution to medical literature, especially arthritis, has been significant, and I am very proud of this fact. I have enjoyed my work, most particularly the effort spent digging out facts and working out problems, and caring for people and guiding them through critical periods in their recovery.

Morris A. Bowie, MD

Swarthmore, PA

May, 1990

NOTE: In 1985, Morris Bowie was presented with the Distinguished Service Award by his colleagues in the Department of Medicine at the Bryn Mawr Hospital in honor of his many years of dedicated service. In 1979, he was honored at a Pennsylvania Medical Society testimonial dinner in recognition of 50 years of medical service "faithfully performed in the traditional ideals of the medical profession". In 1969, he was honored for 40 years

of service on the staff of Bryn Mawr Hospital; and in the same year, the Arthritis Foundation, Eastern Pennsylvania Chapter presented him with their Distinguished Service Award. In 1960, the Arthritis Foundation honored him with their Distinguished Service Award "in grateful recognition of outstanding service and support in the fight against America's # 1 crippling disease".

Margot Bowie Hunt, typist, May 6, 1990