

Especially for Kathy, and
The great supporting cast of
Laurie, Patrick, Tom, Dan,
Julie, Peter, Sam, Gretchen, Hannah, Noah, Beck, Mia

All of you have made my life unbelievably rich!

Introduction

"I consider myself the luckiest man on the face of the earth." --
Lou Gerhig, July 4, 1939.

The great New York Yankee first baseman Lou Gerhig has always been my hero. I watch the movie of his life story, "Pride of the Yankees" whenever I get the chance. He held the major league record for consecutive games played at 2130, for over 60 years, earning the nickname "Iron Horse." He had great ability, stamina, courage, and was an all-around good guy. He retired from baseball after being diagnosed with ALS, Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis, an illness which paralyzes and kills within 3 years. Lou died on June 2, 1941, and ALS has come to be known as "Lou Gerhig's Disease. The slugger faced and fought it in the same courageous way he played baseball and lived his life. In spite of his awful illness, he still considered himself very lucky. For various multiple reasons, especially minimal athletic ability, my own career as an athlete never remotely approached that of Gerhig's. But I have been lucky in somewhat different ways, such as getting out of various jams by the skin of my teeth. There have been lots of close calls, narrow escapes, near misses of mine, especially early in life.

Chapter I. Starting out

NEW YEAR'S EVE , December 31, 1935

Dr. Cyril Savage had just finished getting into the tuxedo which he wore, reluctantly, once yearly, to the Delphos Club's New Year's Eve party. The telephone rang, and the operator gave him a call from one his obstetric patients, Vi Mueller. She thought she might be in early labor, and wanted him to be aware of this possibility, hoping to keep his celebrating to a minimum. He reassured her, stating that she was still a good friend, one of his favorite patients, as well as a great public health nurse.

Sure enough, shortly after midnight on New Year's Day 1936, Dr. Savage was called to the Mueller home on West Second Street. Most Delphos babies were born at home in those days, the nearest hospital being 15 miles away, and many families, including ours, had no car. At 4:15 AM, Maurice James Mueller, Jr. entered the world, after an apparently uneventful labor and delivery. Dr. Savage eventually left General Practice to become a proctologist. However, there is no evidence that he decided on this specialty as a result of delivering me.

THE NAME

My parents were going to name me either Walter or Raymond. But what else do you call a kid who is born on his father's birthday, which happened to be New Years Day at that? The pronunciation of my name was always "Mawr-us," not "Mawr-eece." It is my understanding that "Mawr-us" is Irish, which reflects my Irish grandmother's heritage. And "Mawr-eece" just sounded too French for the German side of the family, who most likely never had a great love for that nation or its people. I also have never especially liked the French -- maybe this has been somehow genetically ingrained into my brain. That having been said, when

introducing myself, I sometimes use the French pronunciation - "Mawr-eece", since it appears to be the most common one, and which most people seem to understand.

Not many kids are named after both of their parents. But I was also named after my mother. Her friends called her "Bud," or "Buddy," apparently because her dad wanted a boy. (She was second born). So, when I was a kid, it was a natural to nickname me "Buddy." Maybe the folks thought "Maurie" or "Moe" sounded too Jewish. Although there were no Jews in Delphos at the time, these names probably would have been politically incorrect for our town.

We always pronounced the family name with a hard "U": "Mewler," and not the softened "U" as in "Muller." The hard pronunciation is more Germanic. Our family apparently never felt threatened by their German heritage. Or perhaps they just couldn't afford the 50 bucks needed to officially change the name. Delphos was over 75% German at the time, so that likely wasn't much of a problem. The softer pronunciation was an attempt at Anglicization. During World War II, some German-American families were often ostracized just for having a German name. These Muellers wanted their name to sound more English, and went either with the softer form, or changed it entirely, to "Miller."

FAMILY TREE

My dad's father was John, his father Nicholas, whose father was Peter Mueller. The latter emigrated from Germany. I don't know the exact location, but most people came to Delphos from Northern Germany, many from the Hanover area. Helen Moloney, my dad's mother, was the daughter of Michael Moloney. He was born in County Cork, Ireland, and came to the U.S. during the Great Potato famine of the 1840s. My grandparents had four children: Cyril, the oldest, then my dad, followed by Catherine and then Lucille. Granpa Mueller was a railroader for the Pennsylvania

Railroad; Grandma worked in the Cigar Factory in Delphos, and was said to be a union activist and generally a rabble rouser. They divorced when my dad was a teenager. Although a really good guy, he never had many good things to say about his mother. Unfortunately, his attitude affected me, and I always had a negative attitude toward her.

My mom's parents were Frank and Lauretta Reinemeyer. Frank was a cabinet maker who also sold Oldsmobiles. He died before I was born, of "double pneumonia" during a Flu epidemic in 1930. His parents were Ferd and Pauline (Polly). Ferd was the first white baby boy baptized in Delphos, Ohio. ("White" as opposed to American Indian). Grandma's father was Joseph Lang, who was born in Germany - Alsacs-Lorraine in 1858. Rumor has it that Joseph left for the U.S. to avoid being conscripted into the French army during the Franco-Prussian War. Maybe this provided more reasons for the family to dislike the French. Joseph Lang's wife was Agnes Schmidt. My Grandparents Frank and Lauretta had 7 children in this order: Agnes, then my mom Viola Lauretta, then Mary (Fuzzy), followed by Charles (Punk), Francis (Petey), John (Tom), and Bob.

Chapter II. Preschool Years

West First Street

We lived in several different locations before I started school. Sometime during my first few years of life, we moved one street over, to West First Street. Most of what I know of this house is from photos and family conversations. I recall a picture of my sister Sue sitting in our outhouse with her dog, Tawsey. The faithful dog often accompanied her there for visits during the day, apparently concerned that she might fall in. There is a vague memory of our next door neighbor, Wendell Davis, whom I was told occasionally baby sat for my sister and me. I remember him as being a WW I veteran, having a wooden leg, and a very happy and friendly guy.

North Jefferson Street

When I was 3 years old, we moved down to North Jefferson Street, not far from the city swimming pool. Our next door neighbors were the Paul family: Boots and his wife Audrey, their kids Billy, and JoAnn. During the summer, it was said that Audrey did her ironing in the nude, but I never saw her in action. Billy was a playmate of mine, two years older and usually had a snotty nose or some kind of sinus condition. I recall at age 4 being the first one to report a fire on the roof of the Clossen house down the street. They owned Clossen Electric in Delphos, and were very thankful to me for telling them about the fire.

One of my Christmas presents during this time was an electric train. I was too young to operate it, and my dad and his cronies played with it mostly. One of these was Bill Wilcox, who was also known to eat dog biscuits when provoked.

There was some kind of family party at our house one Sunday. My sister and my cousins, the Meekins girls JoAnn and Nancy conducted some sort of ceremony or ritual. We had cousin Francis ("Beaver" or "Eenie") Ditto get into the chest of drawers, closed the lid, and "offered him up as a sacrifice." Fortunately, we did not lock him in, and there was no permanent brain damage (as far as I know).

The most vivid memory during this time period was of my sister's bout with Scarlet Fever. This was before World War II, and prior to widespread penicillin use. Standard treatment at the time was bed rest and quarantine. I can remember a man coming to the house and nailing a red "quarantine" sign on the front door. This meant that we could not leave the house and could not have visitors for one month. The highly contagious *Streptococcus* was greatly feared as the source of the dangerous rheumatic fever. My dad stayed at his father's house during this time, so he could go to work.

Sue survived Scarlet Fever and the quarantine without complications. But the inactivity left her in less than optimum physical condition, and the doctor recommended an exercise program. Someone suggested tap dancing, and soon both she and I were enrolled in the Lima School of Tap. I was included because no one volunteered to babysit with me while Mom and Sue went to Lima for the tap lessons. Getting there was a grind -- there was no family car, and I began my lifetime battle with motion sickness on the 30 minute Greyhound bus rides. We took lessons for two years, performing in several recitals as a duet and also individually. At one program at Lima Memorial Auditorium, I had a solo routine. But I developed severe stage fright just before making my entrance, and had to be pushed out onto the stage. I did all of my routine, but this was to be one of my last public performances as a tap dancer. However, a special routine would be done

much later in Nashville Tennessee by request of my college roommate Matt Gorham's friends during a visit in early 1955.

Another medical footnote from this house was a bout with severe impetigo. This skin infection affected my face and scalp. The treatment at the time was gentian violet applications at night, followed by removal of the scabs the next morning -- OUCH!! The medication burned like fire, and the torture continued when the scabs were picked off. As I remember, my mom had to do this task. She did a good job, as I have no obvious scars from the ordeal.

Also during this time, I was briefly hospitalized at St.Rita's one Sunday night with possible appendicitis. There is a vivid memory of the painful finger stick for the blood count, especially the glass slide on my finger for the white cell differential test. (I did not know what this was at the time). By the time the test came back normal, my belly pain was almost gone, most likely the result of gorging myself with dried peaches at the West Side Grocery Store where my dad worked.

One other "medical emergency" occurred one morning when I shoved a "Kix" cereal up my nose. Although a skilled nose picker by that time, I couldn't retrieve it. No one suggested that I simply blow my nose real hard, and I was again taken to the doctor's office for a very uncomfortable removal of the foreign body.

Our house was near the city baseball field, and Dad took me to a ball game one Sunday afternoon. The game must have been exciting, because at one point, I stood up and yelled: "Son of a Bitch!" It's often funny to see a little kid swear, but my folks didn't think so -- mom washed my mouth out with soap. I never swore again in front of my parents.

I was apparently not a very nice kid at that time, and did not get along well with my sister. I recall hitting her in the head with my

toy handgun, for some reason. With my bad temper, I probably didn't need much of a reason. Fortunately, she was not seriously injured.

I'm not sure if I was a very happy kid back then or not, but I used to sing my favorite song a lot - You Are My Sunshine :

*You are my sunshine, my only sunshine.
You make me happy, when skies are gray.
You'll never know dear, how much I love you,
Please don't take my sunshine from me."*

North Canal Street

In the early 40's, we moved again. This house was even closer to the pool. My buddy at that time was Donnie Williams, who later died of polio during the awful epidemics of the 50's. My own major medical event of this era was a tonsillectomy. This was done in Dr. Shapiro's office, who was a GP who did just about everything. I remember being in his office, on the operating table, when he came at me with a mask. He said "take a deep breath -- this will smell very sweet." It didn't -- it was the ether mask for my anesthetic, and I fought the awful-smelling stuff. Later, I woke up with an extremely sore throat, and demanded the ice cream that had been promised before surgery.

This house was not far from Main Street in Delphos, which hosted the Allen County Fair each year. For one week, 12 straight blocks were cordoned off for animal exhibits and various rides like the ferris wheel. We used to watch the workers set up all of this stuff on early Monday morning. Every day we would spend most of the day at the Fair. For some reason I would go on many of the rides and almost always got very motion-sick. Especially bad were the "Octopus," and the "Whip," but I could even get

sick on the "Merry-Go Round." I just never seemed to learn not to go on the rides.

Chapter III. Starting School

West State St. 1941-42 .

After one year at North Canal Street, we moved to Grandma Reinemeyer's house at the end of State Street, next to the railroad tracks. For one year, our family shared this tiny house with Grandma Reinemeyer, the four Meekins: My mom's sister Aunt Mary and Uncle Fay Meekins and their three kids: JoAnn, Nancy, and Mike, plus dog Daisy May. Later, there would be two more Meekins -- Mary Alice (Cookie), and Tom. This was plenty of people for this little house, but after my Uncle Pete Reinemeyer left for the army, his wife Donna and their three kids, Frank, Judy, and Donny Kay also moved into the house. We did have some good times, especially with the Meekins, and they would ride us around in their very old jalopy -- "Old Bessy." My closest cousin-pal was JoAnn Meekins. Although she was five years older, for some reason we connected, and would communicate for several years. There was only one bathroom in the house, so all of us required lots of patience - or some other virtue, to survive.

Like my other grandparents, Grandma Reinemeyer was not a very likable person, Maybe the presence 10 kids in the house made it worse. We kids were not allowed to go into her living room or open the refrigerator. She was probably around the same age as I am now, and memories of her hatefulness have probably influenced me to try very hard not to be an old crank in my old age - At least I'm trying!

At age 5, I had the measles. Uncle Tom Reinemeyer, my mom's brother and always my favorite uncle, woke me up one morning early in '42, to say goodbye before he left for the army and World War II. The other Reinemeyer uncles were also army men. Uncle Charles spent most of his time in the South after he broke his leg. Ironically, Uncle Pete, the only married brother at the time, saw

the most combat. He landed in Sicily and fought in the Battle of the Bulge. He also had a hemorrhoidectomy, won the Bronze Star and Purple Heart (Not for the hemorrhoids). Uncle Tom was in the South Pacific, mostly in Hawaii, and Uncle Bob was in the medical corps and spent time in Germany. During this War, most men were away from home for three or four years, without furlough, and my uncles were no exception. They didn't get home until 1945, and I missed them a lot. The big thing for kids back then was to play "army," and we had lots of play guns, toy airplanes, and all the war stuff. For me back then, war was fun.

My career as a lifetime student had begun in 1941. Very few kids went to kindergarten at the time. My parents tried to start me in school in first grade at St. Johns probably earlier than I should have. At the time, a kid was supposed to be age 6 by December 31. My birthday being January 1, I missed the deadline by one day. I don't recall being terribly anxious to start school at the time. But my parents apparently were -- I suspect they just wanted to get me the hell out of the house. I was permitted a trial at first grade, but the first day was a disaster. When I came home after class, mom asked me how it went. I said ok, but I felt sorry for this one kid, who didn't even know his name. Mom asked what his name was, and I said it was something like " Mawreece Mueller." I knew my first name, but only when pronounced " Mawruss ," not the other way. Maybe this was the start of a life-long habit of exactitude, definitional clarity, and compulsiveness. But it may just have indicated that back then, I was just a simple-minded little kid. My Uncle Pete Reinemeyer, among others, never let me forget that story. The name saga continued when I really did start school.

I did not go back to school that year after the first day flunk out. The extra year allowed time to mature somewhat and learn how to read. Mom always encouraged us to read, and we usually received books for Christmas gifts. This was a major advantage

when I successfully started first grade in '42, and I finished the year in a tie with Mickey Wulfhorst for top grades. Our teacher, Sr. Pancratius told me that I would have been "highest boy" if I hadn't hit Roger Wilhelm with a stone during recess in the spring of '43. St. John's school and church were about one mile from our house, and there being no family car, we walked to school every day.

My parents had a 7th birthday party for me on New Year's Day of '43. It was at my Aunt "Duchy's" house (dad's sister Lucille Miller). I was told that the party wasn't at our own house because it was so small. All the boys in my first grade section were there: Micky Wulfhorst, Zeno Post, Roger Wilhelm, Tommy Weger, Tommy Ricker, Jimmy Ridenour, Hubey Warnecke, and Kenny Siefker. One of the poorest kids, George Schabbing, did not attend. I'm not sure if he was invited or not. He was considered to be a not very "nice" boy, and he also usually stunk to high heaven. He either wet his pants, never bathed, or both. We called him "Sweater-Boy," because he wore 3 or 4 sweaters at one time when it was cold. Maybe they couldn't afford to buy him a winter coat. In any event, the future would bring me more than a few conflicts with George.

Some other memorable sensations include those of disagreeable tastes, as well as some very pleasant odors. We did not have a refrigerator at the time, and I can still remember taking milk for lunch in my thermos bottle. After discovering the milk to be sour a few times, I refused to drink any milk at all for many years. But the wonderful aroma of freshly baked bread lingers in my senses. One of our neighbors baked bread, and I enjoyed eating it with hot tea. My heightened sense of smell is probably inherited. Most of the family had it, except for Aunt Aggie - Mom's older sister, Agnes Ditto. As mom described it, "Aggie just didn't smell very good."

West Fourth St. 1943-44 -- 2nd grade

Things were apparently getting out of hand with the crowd at Grandma's house, and during the summer of '43, we moved. This time was to a tiny little house not too far from Grandma's. We were close to the swimming pool, and I spent a lot of time getting sunburned and learning how to swim. There were no swimming lessons available, so everyone just taught themselves. That summer, I came close to drowning when I went out over my head toward the deep area. I was too embarrassed to yell for help, and luckily, my rudimentary dog paddling saved me.

Everyone was gung-ho for The War back then, and "Victory gardens" were popular. We did our share with a huge garden and potato patch in the back yard. My dad quartered the potatoes, and we dug the holes and dropped them in. I tried growing a watermelon for myself, but ended up with only a tiny one.

Summer sensory memories recalled are the taste of my mom's great home-made iced tea, with fruit floating in it. She was not an accomplished cook, but made some first class deserts - bread pudding, rice pudding, tapioca, and pineapple upside down cake were her specialties.

One memory of unpleasant sensations from back then is the odor of raw sewage. During that year, our toilet backed up - it wasn't my fault! The sewer pipes were ancient, cracked, and we were all up s--t creek, with around 4 inches of raw sewage covering the floor of the entire house. What a mess!

Speaking of odors, one of our neighbors on Fourth Street were the Schabbings. My classmate George had failed the first grade and was one year older. He picked on me a lot, and made fun of

my name. He and some of the other not-so-nice boys would call me "Moron" or "Maur-ass." The name was a burden for a little kid. But it may have worked like Johnny Cash's "A Boy Named Sue," a song about a kid who was beaten up all the time because of his strange name. But he compensated for it, and eventually became a very good fighter and was able to survive. Maybe I compensated for being called "Moron" by working extra hard to do well in school.

George also beat me up regularly after school. Mom finally told me to defend myself, and not to come beat up and dirty, and getting my clothes ruined. This was a good idea, if for no other reason that George's stench was so bad, it was terrible to smell him when he had me down and was punching me. Some of my pals also helped me out, and we would often chase him home after school. This exercise may have helped develop his endurance as a sprinter. On the last day of school, he ran all the way home to tell my mom that I was "highest boy" academically in the second grade. Sr. Leonardo apparently liked me.

A highlight of second grade was First Communion. First confession was one week before, and I worried about telling all of my sins. (I was 8 years old). After first communion, I then worried that I might have committed a sacrilege because I had not confessed all of the mortal sins. (Did this experience screw me up psychologically?) The first communion ceremony itself was traumatic enough -- the boys wore short white pants, and long white hose held up by a garter belt. My partner during the mass was Tommy Ricker, another future fighting partner. Before we went into church, he whispered to me, quite seriously and piously, recognizing the enormity of the day ritual: "Here we go -- This is it!" That afternoon, we had a huge party for me at home. There were many drunken people, including both of my parents.

The second grade also brought a new classmate who became a lifelong friend - Bob Holden, who moved to Delphos from Indi-

anapolis in '43. He was quite popular and was considered hot stuff, possibly because he had already made his first confession and communion. He received every day, almost a whole year before any of us. I am not sure how often he went to confession, but I suspect frequently.

In spite of all of our prayers, and even with God on our side, THE WAR was continuing. I really missed my four uncles. I enjoyed climbing trees and up onto rooftops, and one evening climbed up on the roof at home and cried while I was thinking about the war. This was not unusual, since some people accused me of being a "crybaby" at the time.

Canal Street. 1944-49. 3rd Grade -- 7th Grade

(Third-fourth grades, '44, '45, '46):

During the summer of '44, we moved away from the Demon Toilet on West 4th St. This time it was to Canal Street, between 2nd and 3rd streets. It was closer to downtown Delphos than our previous Canal Street house. The street's name was appropriate -- it was a mere 100 yards away from the Miami and Erie Canal, which runs through the center of town.

Ours was an interesting neighborhood, with lots of attractions. It was only a one block walk for my Dad to his job at Schmidt's West Side Grocery Store. He had awful foot problems -- painful bunions and callouses, and flat feet. The feet and hypertension had kept him out of military service. But two Schmidt boys, Jerome and Alfred did go into the Army, leaving Dad and 19 year old Bob Schmidt to run the store for three years.

Across the street from the house was Raabe's Ford. Since no new civilian cars were made between 1941-45 because of The War, they sold only used cars. Two doors down from us was the telephone company, and the nice looking young lady telephone operators would walk past our front door. Adjacent to our back yard was Harder's Funeral Home. Across the street from the telephone office was the town bowling alley, site of my first paying job. Across from it was Dr. Scherger's office, a G.P. who had gone to Xavier University and then St. Louis U. Medical School.

Across the street from him was a veterinarian's office, Dr. Lehman. One day I say him cut open a female pig and remove the baby pigs? a Cesarean Section. He did not sew up the sow, and it obviously died. I never quite figured that one out.

Our next door neighbors were Kahle's on one side, and the Swartz's on the other. Marc Kahle ran a bakery in Delphos. He was a nice enough guy, but did not give us any free cookies, pies, or creme puffs. Carol Kahle was his pretty daughter, and one of my first girl friends, but "pal" Mike Wulfhorst came around to "play" , and was a serious competitor. But the Kahles moved to Toledo, and that ended my budding romance. The Swartz's were an old man and woman who lived together. Story had it that they were not married, but I never quite understood the relationship. They were mean to kids -- we were not allowed to walk on the sidewalk in front of their house! What was wrong with all of these Old Farts!

Next to the Swartzes were the Fetzers, a large family of pretty good people. Orby Fetzer was a classmate and we were big buddies, and his brother Wayne was my sister's age. We all had some great times together, and often went fishing in the canal. My mom's favorite of the family was little Paulie. At age 3, he would entertain with his salty language, like calling someone a "dirty backud" (bastard).

There was an empty lot across the street, big enough for softball and football, and kids from other neighborhoods came over to play. At the end of the lot were tunnels under the sidewalk which made it great for our war games. We played army, air force, and navy. I dreamed of being a navy or air force pilot, and weirdly hoped that the war lasted long enough for us to get into it. Fortunately, it didn't.

The summer of '45 brought a glorious V-J Day and the end to World War II. I was 9 years old, and celebrated by sneaking out two cans of beer and drinking them in the huge cardboard box which served as my play airplane-destroyer-tank-bunker. The beer tasted bitter, but I slugged it down in the spirit of celebration, imitating adults who did the same thing when they were happy about important events.

My four Uncles came home from the army soon after. Favorite Uncle Tom appeared one day in his officer's uniform, and had been doing a lot of celebrating. But it was still good to see him and he brought me his old-style battle helmet, a knapsack, a holster, and a cartage belt.

Uncle Tom was instrumental in my development as a boxer. At the time The War ended, I was still not defending myself too well, maybe even somewhat sissified. In 3rd and 4th grade, the nuns at St. John's made a big deal of the Saints and martyrs. They encouraged vocations to the priesthood, and at one point, I thought a lot about going to the seminary. The martyrs were my heroes, so that when some kid had me down and was beating the hell out of me, I would "offer it up to God" like the martyrs, and take it. Wisely, my parents did not think this was a great idea, and they gave me boxing gloves for a Christmas gift.

Uncle Tom was sparring with me, and gave me a jab in the nose. My nose was always very sensitive, and when I got hit there, I would then usually lose control and really start swinging my fists at whomever was in front of me. At a Knights of Columbus picnic, I was in a boxing match. I was mostly just dancing around until my opponent hit me in the nose. I lost control, and really started swing away. They finally had to pull me off before I really hurt him. ((This would be the first of many other childhood scraps)), but I was very much into boxing at the time. I enjoyed practicing on my punching bag at home. I was finally defending myself.

Maybe too much self defense. For some reason, I got into a lot of fights during 4th and 5th grade, mainly with Orby Fetzer and my first communion partner Tom Ricker. This was mostly wrestling and body punching, as it hurt too much to punch someone in the face without the cushion of boxing gloves. Tom and I would sometimes have continuous fights over several days at a time. One of the last ones was at a basketball game. We fought in pub-

lic right inside the school, before the game, at halftime, and afterwards. This was to be one of my last fights, and it must have terribly embarrassed my Dad who attended the game and watched me perform.

Grandma Reinemeyer had a debilitating stroke in 1946, and moved in with us so my mom could take care of her. Grandma was confined to bed most of the time, could barely walk with help, had slurred speech, was incontinent, and stayed in my parent's bedroom. She was still not too likable, and I sometimes resented her for being there. I especially did not like it when she was given the last doughnut that would have ordinarily been mine to eat.

1947: 5th Grade

Grandma died in 1947 when I was in the 5th grade. One morning my mom took in breakfast as usual, and found her unresponsive. I knew she had died when my mom screamed "Mom!" Grandma's death marked the time of a drastic change in my attitude and performance in school. I was just learning to serve mass, having memorized most of the Latin responses. It seemed natural for me to be a server at Grandma's funeral. Up to that time, I had never missed a day in 5 years of school. For some reason, my fifth grade nun counted me absent from school for the entire day, even though I had missed only morning class for the funeral mass. This may have been one of the beginnings of my "very long memory," in which I never forget getting the shaft. I not only did not forget this, but it changed my attitude toward school -- I soon became discouraged, and lost a lot of interest.

Although not spending a great deal of time on school work back then, I did compose my first letter to an editor. The "Safety Legion" company made school clothes for boys, such as corduroy pants and coats. They emphasized safety in traffic and other life situations, and published a monthly magazine, "The Pilot." The magazine featured letters and stories about events related to various safety features. I sent in a story about a neighbor women, Emma Metzger, who had become permanently "hunch-backed" from being hit in the back with a snowball containing a large rock. Fortunately, the story was not published, and I discovered later that the entire sequence of events had been fabricated by one of our gossipy neighbors.

Our family summer vacations during 5th-8th grades were spent in Detroit. The four of us would take the base, staying with Aunt Mary, Uncle Fay, and the 5 Meekins kids in their tiny house in River Rouge, Michigan. My dad and I would go to the Tigers' games every day, and we got to see stars like the Yankees' Joe

Dimaggio, Mickey Mantle, and Yogi Berra, and my favorite, Ted Williams of the Red Sox.

6th-7th Grade

In 1948-49, I was busy with the Boy Scouts and sports. During this time, at age 11, several of us started going to boy scout meetings. I loved the scouts, even when we got soaked with rain on our first camp out at Cascade Park, around 30 miles from home. I had several tents, and usually had one set up in our front yard all summer long, where we would sleep out frequently. "We" included Barney Altman and Dan Maloney. Troop 48 had a very progressive scoutmaster, Ted Grewe, who kept saying that the age for becoming scouts was going to be lowered from age 12 to 11. This did not happen while I was 11. But I was very much into the scouts, and at age 11, 1947, received an award. This was Jack London's book "Call of the Wild," given for most rapid advancement in rank. I went from tenderfoot to first class at age 11, too young to be a boy scout at that time.

In the 8th grade, I made Life Scout, with 18 merit badges, 3 short of Eagle rank, needing Camping, Pioneering, and Bird Study. Some of the merit badges I earned were Swimming, Life Saving, Athletics, Personal Health, Public Health, First Aid, Pathfinding, Cooking, Photography, Safety, Pathfinding, Reading, Scholarship. I'm not sure how I got the Pathfinding badge, since my sense of direction was just as bad back then as it is now.

Every summer for four years, our troop went to Shawnee Camp in Defiance, Ohio. Canoeing was especially fun, and the first few years at camp were very wholesome. But the last year, was not too scout-like. By that time, we were smoking a lot, and the Maloney boys even brought a fifth of whiskey and buried it in the ground inside our tent. It was not too unusual to skip swimming and play poker and smoke all afternoon. Unfortunately, we were

caught smoking, and our troop was not allowed to have a candidate for the coveted Order of the Arrow award, which I was hoping to get. My bad feet were keeping me from doing a lot of long-distance hiking at the time, and I even had to bring callous plasters for them.

During this last year, the guys in our troop made friends with some black scouts from Lima who were good guys, and especially knowledgeable about snake lore. There were no black families in Delphos then, but we could not understand why they were not permitted to go to the swimming pool in Defiance -- it did not seem very scout-like.

Our "gang" at the time -- Barney Altman, Dan Maloney, Mike Wulforst, Bill Marquard -- also did some very unscoutmanship stuff. After troop meetings in the fall, we would sometimes go "halloweening." A lot of this was mean and destructive, like throwing tomatoes at front porches, pitching garbage cans onto porches, kicking cabbages out of gardens like footballs, and pushing over an outhouse. I really felt bad about doing all of this, especially the outhouse caper. I worried that the old women who had the outhouse would go out in the middle of the night, not see the hole, and fall into the cesspool and drown in poop. Luckily for her and us, someone was nice enough to put the outhouse back where it belonged. Unluckily for me, this violent behavior would come back to haunt me in future years - what goes around comes around.

Other boy scout activities included skinny dipping at "Bare Butt Beach" and at the abandoned stone quarry near Grandma Reine-meyer's old house. The quarry contained a huge swimming hole, roughly 200 yards across, and around 90 feet deep. A bunch of us even went there at night one time. The trip out to the quarry was often exciting. Our hangout, the "Chew-Chew Inn" was next to the Nickle Plate Railroad. In the springtime we would hop the train when it was moving slowly through town, and then jump off

as it went past the quarry. At that point, the train was starting to pick up steam, and if we did not get off, the next stop was 50 miles away, in Ft. Wayne, Indiana. My parents were never aware of our train-hopping activities.

One of my last overnight scouting trips was to Stallkamp's Woods near Delphos. Our adult leaders had left early, and for some reason, someone was chasing a goofy kid, "Popeye" Warnecke. He climbed up one of the tall pine trees and wouldn't come down. So some other "scouts" chopped the tree down with Popeye in it. This looked like great fun, so the rest of us also chopped down a bunch of trees. We did not get a merit badge for this. In fact, when our troop chaplain, Fr. Ottenweller (Later Bishop of Steubenville) came out to The Woods, he really chewed us out, and things were never quite the same for Troop 48.

During the Scouting Years, we hitch-hiked a lot, most often to Lima, for various reasons. We usually went in 2s or 3s, and generally had no fear of any violence. This activity gave me some "valuable" experience for future travel.

I was a big sports nut. My Dad and I sat up late every night talking about sports of all sorts. During the summer, baseball was the main interest. We followed the Cleveland Indians closely, as well as home run races of Ralph Kiner and Johnny Mize. I was allowed to have 1 or 2 beers, (age 11), depending on whether Mom was still awake. Dad also took me to Jefferson football games, where I learned to appreciate the aroma and taste of coffee.

Football was a big attraction for me, and I thought I was pretty good at it. Even though St. John's did not have football at the time, we played a lot of sandlot ball. We were actually pretty good, our 8th grade St. John's team playing the Jefferson junior high team to a tie in one game. I enjoyed it more than basketball, and dreamed of playing football at Notre Dame, as a running back. At one point, I considered transferring to Delphos Jeffer-

son, just to play football, but this idea was quickly vetoed by my parents. On Saturday afternoons, I listened to Bill Stern broadcast the Notre Dame games, dreaming to go there to play. This was before the TV era, at least in Delphos, Ohio.

I never quite found a niche in track and field events. Although making the elementary track team as a broad jumper, I did not do well in the one meet we went to in the spring of '47. My old nemesis, George Schabbing was easily the fastest kid in the class, and was to go in two events. We were to leave for the event on a Saturday at 7 AM, but George never showed up. He said later that he wasn't sure whether to be there at 7 AM or 7 PM, so he came at 7 PM. We all joked about him being so dumb. Maybe he was just too poor to own an alarm clock.

In 6th grade, I was on the four boy shuttle relay team, but we did not get past the prelims. In 7th grade, Barney Altman and I were to go in the 80 yard low hurdles. But at the last minute, Coach Don Patthoff replaced me with Roger Guise, who won the event. I did go as an alternate, but did not compete. There would be future dealings and setbacks from Coach Patthoff. For my track finale, I went as a high- jumper. Despite training diligently by not smoking the week before the meet, I managed to finish 6th, just one place shy of getting a ribbon. There were no individual trophies in those days.

I enjoyed playing baseball and softball. In the 7th grade, there were organized softball games in the AM, and baseball in the afternoon. I was an awful hitter in baseball, getting only two hits the entire season, including one home run. But softball was completely different. Apparently, I could see the larger softball well enough to get a lot of hits. I finished second in the league in batting with an average of .406, and managed two hits in our All-Star game, including a triple.

Basketball would be my main attraction for the next several years. In 1949-50, our junior high team was predominantly 7th graders -- Barney, Red Elwer, Ronnie Wagner and I started the first game with Delphos Jefferson. I did not last long as a starter, being very nervous during the games. This was evidenced in my tendency to miss easy lay-up shots. Years later, I would blame the nervousness on my life style -- not eating well-balanced meals, drinking coffee, lack of sleep, smoking, and sometimes hangers from booze. But Bill Honingford would wisely dismiss these excuses as simply "a bunch of medical reasons for being no damn good!" Patthoff was also our basketball coach, and could often be heard yelling during practice: "Mueller! Stop that g-- d----- dribbling!"

A few years later, Patthoff became director of the "Delphos Youth Center." As a somewhat smart ass freshman, I made the following remark to him: "Patthoff, that's a nice looking tie -- it goes with your hair." Coach Patthoff was very bald and did not appreciate these remarks. He gave me a very hard slap in the face, saying "That's Coach Patthoff to you, Mueller!" The slap probably helped, and I would be much less of a wise guy in the future.

I have few memories of classroom activities during this time, but I did not do well academically in 7th or 8th grade. One recollection is of Bob Holden coming to school one day with glasses. He showed me how he could read the blackboard from the back of the room. I said "What blackboard?" He let me try the glasses on, and I could actually see writing on the board. I was badly near-sighted, got my own glasses soon after, but did not wear them full time until senior year. I was very self-conscious about it. The discovery of the vision problem also provided a good medical explanation for my inability to hit a baseball -- I just couldn't see it!

The summer of '49 was awful. Because of the polio epidemic, the swimming pool closed early, and the movie theatre, the "Capitol" also closed for one month. Two friends developed bad cases of

this dangerous disease. Donnie Williams, my little preschool pal died. Neil Wilhelm, a great kid athlete one year older than me, also was stricken. He survived after being in an iron lung for several months, but both legs were paralyzed from the waist down. We would carry him and his wheelchair up to our freshman biology class. All of this occurred many years before polio vaccine became available in 1959.

Many of my buddies had paper routes, but I never did get my own. I subbed for some guys, went with them to collect, and helped pass the Sunday papers. We folded them into a huge canvas bag, put the bag on our handle bars, and did the route. One time, the bag was so heavy from the large Sunday edition, that my handlebars turned around and dumped all of the papers into the snow. This was all very frustrating.

While we were living on Canal Street, when I was in the 6th grade, Sue was dating a guy from Middlepoint. She was talking to him and some of his friends in front of the house, and I thought I'd show them what a funny guy I was. At the time, there was a popular song called "Feuding, Fussing, and a Fighting." I sang the first line, but substituted the "F-word" for "Fussing." I did not even know what the "F-word" meant. My sister was terribly embarrassed. The guys thought it was pretty funny, but my parents did not. They thought I had picked up the foul language from my neighborhood pal Wayne Fetzer, and forbade me to associate with him. A few days later, my "mentor" and big brother figure Barney Altman brought me up to date on the meaning of this forbidden word.

During 6th grade at age 11, I was smoking with my cousin Frank Reinemeyer when I was home alone. My parents kept a glass case full of cigs -- Pall Malls, so it was easy to smoke. Did not inhale until 7th or 8th grade -- I was almost always "in training" for some athletic activities.

521 East Jackson Street

Early in 1948, Grandpa Mueller died, apparently from some kind of "kidney disease" which was treated with "Old Mister Boston" gin. Dad bought his house, and we moved to Jackson Street later in the year. I remember some previous overnight stays there, and especially some bouts of really bad bedbug bites (fleabites). This was a very old house, complete with a barn -- not a garage, which was having a hard time not falling over. My "gang" often hung out up in the loft, mainly smoking and telling raunchy stories. We were very hard-up for cigs, so used a cigarette roller, "recycling" old butts for more smoking pleasure. My Mom was to be instrumental in getting me several jobs, the first at the local bowling alley in the Fall of '48 -- 6th grade. She knew Louie Rimer, owner of the local alleys. The work was hard, before automatic pinsetting machines, and I worked several nights each week. It was good exercise, especially when setting two alleys at one time. But I countered this with my smoking on the job a lot. I was still getting into fights, such as with Gene Siefker, a bigger and holder kid. One time, I hit him with an empty wooden coke case -- no serious damage, since he took it with his head. At age 12, I had my Social Security card, but worked only until Christmas time. Two priests from St. John's, Fr. Ottenweller, and Fr. Lemkuhl bowled in the KC League on Wednesday nights, and I tried to keep them from seeing me. But they apparently got to my folks, who realized that the job was interfering with my school work -- I often did not get home until 1 AM. The work usually ended by midnight, but we would usually stop at the Chew Chew Inn for burgers, fries, and milk shakes. We would also blow a lot of our pay on the pin ball machine.

My own first drunken party would be at the Jackson St. house. The occasion was my folks' 25th wedding anniversary, and Barney and I got plastered on beer. My Aunt Katy made Barney drink lots of milk, and he barfed all over the place.

In '49, St. John's won the state championship in basketball; our junior high team "vowed" to do the same, and would almost pull it off in '54.

EIGHTH GRADE - '49-'50. Basketball dominated my life. Our new basketball coach was Frank Sowecke, who had coached all-American and Heisman Trophy winner Vic Janowicz at Elyria high School. Unlike my other coaches, Sowecke liked me, and I started several games for our junior high basketball team. I did fairly well on defense, getting a lot of steals, but often ended the play by missing the lay-up shot.

A new friend, William (Mopey) Gillon arrived from Indiana that year. His parents were very friendly, seemed to be well-off, and they had one of the first TVs in town. Mopey was a very bright guy with a college-level vocabulary, but like most of us, didn't do that well in school. I may have "taught" him to smoke and drink, and this would return to haunt both of us. He would later be the only team manager to ever get kicked off the team for smoking, and would eventually die an alcoholic death.

By the 8th grade, I was smoking regularly, inhaling every puff, and also shaving my mustache twice weekly. I was maturing fairly quickly, but social skills were not keeping pace. At a class dance, cousin Dan Maloney got out of the partners lineup, and I ended up paired with Nancy (Moe) Murray, one of the least attractive and most repulsive girls in the class. Dan ran out of the dance, and I followed him. Nancy left in tears, and I eventually felt very badly for her. I had always been a very shy kid, and this episode may have set my social clock back by at least two years.

High School

When freshman year started, I also began my first regular job, as stock boy and sometimes salesman at The Lion Clothing Store. My boss was Dewey Steinle, the first of a long line of silver-haired father figures. (See my letter to Jim Steinle))

Another mentor entered my life during that year -- Fr. Ed Herr, St. John's principle. He would be a constant stimulus and guidance for many years to come. He gave a lot of good advice, and got me started in good reading habits. He encourage me to take the pre-college course, aiming eventually for pre-med. I really enjoyed biology, but got only B's in it -- never studied. My sister, then a senior, was also in the class, but we did not really speak to each other that much, and never discussed biology class. I was apparently kind of a rebel, once wearing a full uniform of army fatigues to school.

The Korean War was raging. Like a lot of the kids my age who remembered WW II, I was very gun-ho at the time, hoping the conflict would last long enough for me to get into it. Lucky for me, it ended during my junior year, and I would quickly lose my interest in the military with future exposure to ROTC courses at XU. Later, reading David Halberstam's history of the war, "The Coldest Winter", I realized just how awful that war really was, and how lucky I was to miss it.

As a freshman, I played JV basketball, but didn't get in many games. My big supporter Coach Sowecke had been fired, and replaced by Bob Arnzen, who was not especially impressed by my style. I didn't even get into the first freshman tournament game at Lima, and we were beaten out in the first game.

During freshman year, the gang (Barney, Red, Mike, Holden, Butch Granger, Dan Maloney, Mopey) often played "slips" at

night, an elaborate form of hide and seek. The last time we played, the cops caught some of the guys in a freight car, and took us all down to jail for trespassing. They threatened to lock us up. But Chief of Police Sam Link left us off with a warning never to walk in any alleys in Delphos, during our entire lifetimes. Sam was not well educated, as seen in the following story. He arrested a guy for disorderly conduct. The judge asked if the man was drugged. Sam answered: "Hell yes, he wouldn't walk, so I drugged him all the way to the station."

In the summer of 1951, I was in an auto accident with Percy Lemkuhle, grandson of the Delphos mayor, John Lemkuhle. On a rainy Friday the 13th, we got Johnny (Governor) Bricker to buy 2 cases of beer and a fifth of whiskey, and sped off in Percy's souped-up heap. But even before we had anything to drink, Percy missed a curve on the way to Ottoville, hitting a telephone pole and ending up in a ditch. Luckily, injuries were minor -- Bob Holden needed some stitches in the head, and we all had some minor aches. But our main concern was getting rid of the "evidence": 24 broken beer bottles. I was physically uninjured, but two weeks later in a ride with Percy, I shook like a leaf during the entire half mile trip to the pool. He was as reckless as ever, and I never rode with him again.

In sophomore year, basketball continued as my main interest. I again made the JV team, but still wasn't playing much. After the first few games, Barney, Red, Mike, and I were kicked off the team for 3 games for smoking. I had not been caught, but did admit to smoking at our team meeting with Fr. Herr. A few weeks later, Barney, Red, Holden, and Louie Bockey were kicked off for the rest of the season, having been reported by some snitch. Although these guys knew I also was still smoking, they told me to deny it to Fr. Herr. This seemed to be good advice, since I would most likely never play again if I got kicked off for the year. And I figured it would probably give me a chance to show Arnzen my

stuff, which as it turned out, was not that much, So I stayed on the team. But the lie lingered in my conscience, and many years later, I confessed it Fr. Herr, who good-naturedly bugged me about it. I did get the chance to play regularly that year as a starter on the JV team. My high game was 16 points against Fr. Jennings, despite playing the entire second half with a nasal packing, after taking an elbow to the face in the first half. My dad was very concerned about my smoking, and made me promise not to smoke while I was on the team. I tried very hard to quit smoking, but had a severe nicotine addiction. I felt bad about deceiving him about this, but couldn't help it.

Also that year, Sue got married, and I was best man. Surprising everyone, I actually stayed sober at the reception. Maybe I was ill or something.

Junior year, I had my first regular girlfriend - classmate Mary Ann Etgen. We went steady for 6 months, but I broke it off on Valentine's Day, 1953. I had become smitten by Sandy Stallkamp, a very nice babe living in Lima. But dating her was tough since I had no car. That year, I struggled with Chemistry classes getting mostly C's, probably from minimal studying. At one point, Fr. Herr warned me that I would not have to worry about medical school, since with those grades, I would not get even get into college. That year I also took a required typing course. The class was hilarious, since I was sitting between Butch Granger and Ronnie Yoakem, two of the funniest guys in school. I did not do too well, especially after accidentally knocking my typewriter off the desk.

I was on the varsity basketball team as a rarely-playing sub, but got 6 points in the New Knoxville game. In this "finest hour" of my varsity career, I hit a crazy hook shot from the key, and also purposely missed a free throw in the final seconds. This last effort allowed Bob Kill to tip in a field goal, giving us 100 points for the first time. Unfortunately, no one but Bob believes I deliberately missed that foul shot.

July 15, 1953: My Dad Dies

Dad developed a strangulated hernia with a bowel obstruction, needed emergency surgery at Lima St. Ritas, and had a heart attack during the procedure. That night, while sedated, he raised his hands and smiled, like he knew where he was going - maybe a near death experience. Dad died the next day. He was in very bad shape with severe hypertension, an enlarged heart, and was very heavy -- weighed 220 at 5'6", wearing size 44 short stout suits. Like most men in those days, he never saw a doctor. We were crushed by his death, and my life changed forever. I got lots of support at the time from Fr. Herr and my Uncle Charles Reine-meyer, who described Dad as someone with a lot of character. I missed him terribly, and still think of him often. He was a truly a great guy, very friendly, had a wonderful sense of humor, and was religious in a quiet way. He would make daily visits to church on the way home from work. Years later, talking to Bob Holden about Dad, I was wondering what he was praying for. Bob said, without hesitation, "He was praying for you, you jerk!" Without doubt, the way my life was going, I really needed the prayers!

I probably disappointed Dad a lot, with smoking, being a jerk, etc. We did not have many father-son talks, but at one during my freshman year, we sat down for a session on the "facts of life." He started off saying "You probably know more about this than I do." That's all I remember of the chat. I often wonder how things would have turned out if he had lived longer -- would I have worked as hard as to get into medicine? With more funds available, would I have partied and drank more?

Mom bravely went back to work at age 45, as an RN at Lima St. Rita's, on the 3-11 shift. She had not worked since the end of WW II in 1945, and it was tough for her going back. But she liked nursing, and it helped with the finances. She missed Dad terribly, brought in some money, and it kept her busy.

The Korean War ended July 27, 1953. Growing up during World War II, I had been a gung-ho hawk, and was actually hoping the War would last long enough for me to get into and be a hero like the marines at Iwo Jima. I also wanted to get some GI Bill money for college.

Beginning senior year, I went out for the basketball team, knowing Dad would have wanted me to play. I even managed to quit smoking briefly, but after a few practice games, it became obvious that I would not play much, so I quit. The team went to the state finals and lost by 4 points. Bob Holden also quit, and we always claimed that St. John's would have won the state title with us on the team. (An obvious joke)! I concentrated on school work that year, and for the first time in high school, actually took books home. Although studying of any kind was frowned upon by my classmates, I needed to really hit the books if I was going to get into medicine.

Despite the new emphasis on studies, there were a few memorable parties, such as one on New Year's Eve 1953, at Mopey Gillon's. His parents were away for the holiday, and he would be staying at my house. We started the night in a hurry, with Butch Granger and Bill Honingford getting very drunk very quickly. I got a message that my flame Sandy Stallkamp had called from Lima to wish me a Happy New Year. Her call saved me from getting drunk, but some of my buddies were not so lucky. After I went home to return Sandy's call, Holden called from Gillon's to tell me that Honingford had locked himself in the bathroom at Mopey's house, and was vomiting all over the place. I went over, talked him out, we cleaned up the place, and my Mom insisted that everyone go back to my house. She promised not to "squeal" to Gillon's parents about the drunken party. Mom did insist on all of us going to the 7 AM New Years Day mass at St. John's, which was being said in memory of my Dad's birthday. I wonder what Fr. Herr thought when he saw all of us sitting out there, bleary-

eyed but barely being kept awake by the awful hangovers we all had from the night before.. Mopey's parents later discovered a small quantity of Honingford's barf on the bathroom window sill, so they found out anyway. Looking back on OUR BIG PARTY brings out memories of our attitudes and behavior at the time. First: the only drugs we could get were bourbon, beer, and nicotine - no illegal substances available at the time. As far as I know, there were no women present at the party - Fr. Herr always dictated: boys play with boys, girls play with girls. I will always appreciate the loyalty and friendship of my pals in getting up early and going to my Dad's mass.

In the spring of '54, I got a half-tuition scholarship at Xavier University for freshman year, and Red Elwer was being recruited for a full athletic scholarship at XU. I always suspected that Fr. Herr might have made some kind of a deal whereby Red would agree to go to XU if I were also given a scholarship. Or maybe Red went there to help me out. I applied to only 2 colleges - Dayton and XU, but never visited XU before I started there in the fall of '54.

Every year, St. Johns seniors presented a class play, produced and directed by Fr. Herr, who bragged about his M.A. in English from Columbia U. Our production was "Rose Marie," and Barney Altman and I "competed" for the role of Royal Canadian Mounty Sgt. Malone. Even though Rose Fast, the Musical Director kept raving about my "great voice," Barney got the part. I did play Sgt. Mulroney, and for awhile was going to sing a solo of "Here Comes the Mounties." But Fr. Herr kept cutting the piece, getting down to me solo singing only one sentence -- He said I was shouting instead of singing. It seemed ridiculous, so I finally begged off singing any solo parts. I did do a somewhat out of place waltz with Lois Richey, the female lead, and we were given a nice write-up in the Delphos Herald. Some people had recognized my dancing skills.

In the summer of '54, I worked at Davidson Enamel Co. commuting to Lima with Dan Maloney. I made the mistake of working too fast, apparently giving the appearance of loafing, so I was fired after only 2 weeks. I desperately needed money for college, and fortunately Dewey Steinle took me back at The Lion for the summer. Both Dewey and Mayme were extremely supportive, and it would not be until later that I would fully appreciate how much they had really helped. They were very kind, wise, fun, and wonderful role models, as well as extremely patient—they put up with me for 6 years. Without their continuing support, I may not have made it through college. During high school, Dewey gave me a raise, from \$0.50, to \$1.25 per hour, matching a job offer I had from neighbor Tom Bendele as a carpenter's helper. I suspected that Mayme influenced Dewey on this, perhaps concerned that I might ruin my future-doctor's fingers with a hammer or saw. He also made a few "adjustments" on my income tax returns, allowing me to save some much-needed money for school. Mayme was always very encouraging, and was worried about my psychological and social needs. Once she gave me \$25 for a dinner date, to get out and relax. Later, she said "You didn't use it for a date, did you?" I admitted that I really wanted to, but needed the cash for food for myself.

In July, I received an appointment to the Naval Academy from our congressman William McCulloch. I had always dreamed of going to Annapolis, and thought I could get a "free" college education, do my time in the Navy, then go to medical school. I had several physical exams, but could not get a waiver for my vision, and so never made it as a midshipman. But I had acquired some pretty good political pull -- I would later use McCulloch's name as a reference for medical school and Ob/Gyn residency applications, as well as helping me get out of an assignment to Yokosuka Japan after finishing my residency in '68. I had also written to him in 1955, complaining about nuclear proliferation.

Toward the end of the summer, word came out that my two best friends, Bob Holden and Mike Wulfhorst, were going to the seminary. This was a surprise, and for awhile, I toyed with the idea of going myself - being a Trappist monk looked somewhat appealing. When I talked to Mom about this, she wisely told me it didn't seem like a very good idea, especially with my scholarship. Fr. Herr agreed, but suggested that I take some Latin courses at XU while I was still considering it. Fortunately, by the time school started, I had pretty much eliminated the priesthood as a viable career alternative.

An Introduction To "Higher" Education

--PREMED AT XAVIER UNIVERSITY

In September 1954, I was off to XU, with \$950 in the bank. Our neighbor Tom Bendele transported me and my stuff to Cincy in their old Kaiser sedan, together with Mom and his wife and two kids. Mom did not return until graduation. Although we all stayed in Elet Hall dorm, Red, Mopey and I pretty much went our separate ways. Freshman year roommates were John Alwine, from Greensburg PA, and Conrad Donakowski from Detroit. John was a psych. major and big drinker, spending a great deal of time mourning about his girl friend who had dumped him to enter the convent. Conrad was a fruity Honors AB student, and didn't really fit in with us. He was replaced in the second semester by Dave McDevitt, a business major from Louisville, a funny guy and similar to John in habits. I was able to study fairly well most of the time, since the roommates were either visiting other partners and/or out drinking.

Fr. Herr had warned me that the St.X boys would be academically far ahead at the start, and I would need to really hit the books right off the bat -- they were, and I did. Didn't go home until Thanksgiving vacation.

I worked at the Lazurus Store in downtown Cincy for one month before Christmas vacation, and was assigned in the outerwear department. An embarrassing moment occurred when a customer asked me to model a jacket. I had a huge hole in the back of my shirt, and had to wiggle around to face her, so she wouldn't see it. The job wasn't very convenient, since I had to hitchhike downtown to the store and take the bus back to school at night.

After returning to school after Christmas, I was considering the possibility of dropping out to go into the army, to be eligible for GI Bill money for education. Since I was getting very low on funds after just one semester, if I couldn't pay my way through freshman year, how could I ever afford the next 3 years of pre-med and then 4 years of medical school? Fr. Peters talked me out of going into the service, assuring me I was doing fine, and that things would work out. He would be my second silver-haired father-figure. I got XU Loans, but these were due within one year. Fortunately, there wasn't much money left over for booze, and often months would go by between beers. But my freshman year at XU ended with a drinking spree with Red and Mopey at Skippers Bar, getting free beer, courtesy of the visiting Carling's Black Label salesman. I would develop a lifetime weakness for free booze, including future Navy wetting-down parties. Several of my XU classmates would become life-long friends--Matt Gorham, from Nashville, Pete Carroll, Toledo, Neil Mooney, Bristol TN, John King, a Gary IN native.

In the summer of '55, jobs remained scarce, and Dewey took me back again at The Lion. I was concerned that there might not be enough funds to start Sophomore year, and Fr. Herr chewed me out for being moody and unfriendly. But on his tip, I got a job with Collier Construction, which was putting up high-tension towers, at \$1.30 per hour. Also worked Saturdays at Lion. This provided enough money at least for the first semester of sophomore year at XU.

My second year "dorm" was old Elet Annex across from Elet Hall, with seven other pre-med/dents. The house had dorm status, but no live-in prefect, since the occupants were generally serious students. My assigned roommate was Chuck Menk, an affluent physics major from Cleveland. He was weird, but did apply his science background to rewire The Annex pay phone so that we

could make free long-distance calls. But this lasted until the phone company discovered the deception.

During this year, I had courses in physics, quantitative analysis, logic, metaphysics, and a second year of required ROTC. I enjoyed logic, but metaphysics, taught by Dr. Gendreau, was a total mystery. Three St. X High School grads dominated the metaphysics class -- none of us liked these guys, since they seemed to actually understand the material. Knowing the exams would be taken entirely from hand-outs, most of us just memorized the stuff, and regurgitated it for tests. If nothing else, this sharpened my memorization skills needed for medical school. Most of us hated ROTC, since it encroached on the other subjects, and pretty much shot all day Friday, when we had outside marching and inspections. This was to be the beginning of my lifetime disgust for military inspections, which would be even worse during future Navy years. I Worked in Fr. Peters' lab, that year and the next, feeding salamanders and cleaning the cages. This was for half tuition, and fortunately, my scholarship had been renewed, thanks to Fr. Herr.

A great memory of that year was XU upsetting UC in the annual crosstown football game. In our enthusiasm, we celebrated by tearing down the permanent goal posts at UC, dragged them down Victory Parkway, and then hiding them in the Annex yard. That night, we drank beer out of one of the goal post cups at the Tally Ho bar.

Campissed! The Shoe And The Beer Bottle

One beautiful springtime Friday the 13th, we felt the need for some R&R at the Annex. Booze of any kind was forbidden in all dorms, but we proceeded with our mini-Mardi Gras. When this fizzled, we checked out The Armory dance next door. Meanwhile, Fr. Bob Liska, Elet Hall prefect, paid a surprise visit and discovered one empty beer bottle and a lady's shoe. It seems that two females had been given a perfectly innocent -- but prohibited -- "tour" of The Annex. We were all campussed indefinitely, being allowed out only for classes. I required special permission from Fr. Liska to go across campus to my job in Fr. Peter's lab. It would be a long semester, or even worse, possibly a very short one, since offenses like ours were reviewed by the unsympathetic "Student Welfare Board." This tribunal was better known to us as the "Farewell Board," because most offenders were expelled. We were all very anxious, as expulsion could nix any possibility of medical school. Fortunately, Fr. Joe Scharf, a dynamic young Jesuit, pleaded our case, and finally won. Just before Easter, after 40 days and nights in confinement, we were pardoned. It may have taught us some kind of lesson, but it without doubt soured me on dorm life.

In the Summer of '56, jobs were still scarce. But Mom came through for me once again by talking to Oscar Kolkmeier, leading to work as a mortician's assistant in the funeral home, and driving hearses and ambulances. There was an extra \$20 for me taking an ambulance to the Landeck stock-car races on Friday nights. Red Elwer went along for company -- he had dropped out of XU and planned to go into the army in the fall. At that time, I had only my Boy Scout first aid background, and fortunately, there were no major accidents at the racetrack. Apparently, I became smitten by the racing, and dumbly got the 1936 Cadillac

hearse up to 100 mph for a first (and last) time at that speed, while bringing flowers back from an Ottoville funeral. Thought it would be neat to take the hearse to XU to bring my stuff back, but Oscar thought better of it, and insisted on my taking his new Pontiac sedan instead. Oscar was a good guy, and he qualified as another of my silver-haired father figures.

Rebelling from the campusing incident at the Annex, Matt Gorham and I found an off campus apartment at Mrs. Jacob Better's basement apartment, 1325 Victory Parkway. The location was ideal, being just across from campus and a short walk to classes. Junior year I had Organic Chemistry, Comparative Anatomy, Embryology, philosophy of man, and phil. of nature. It wasn't that I had a great love of philosophy, but we were required to take 18 hours of philosophy.

One social highlight of junior year was a trip with the gang to Oxford for a great football Saturday at Miami U. We went through lots of beer, and Bernie Swaykus and Pete Carroll stole the large Toledo pennant from top of Miami stadium, and took it back for display at the Annex. Oxford was on to the rowdy XU boys, and all the bars in town were closed after the game.

In October, I received the bad news that my old buddy Red Elwer had been killed in an auto accident and went home to be pall bearer at his funeral. He was a great friend, but was kind of mixed-up and never could decide exactly what he might want to do with his life.

First semester of junior year was my best ever academically, surprising myself with a 3.75 average, placing me in the top 10 of our class of 500. Figuring that I could save an entire year's expenses by getting into medical school after three years, I applied to Ohio State. At my interview there, the two interviewers spent most of the time asking me how I was going to finance my medical school education. They appeared to accept my assurance that

my rich Aunt Minnie Reinemeyer would back me up financially, if necessary. I had never approached her on this, and have no idea whether she would have helped me out. I did receive an alternate acceptance at OSU that year.

However, I had heard nothing from OSU when senior year at XU was beginning, so decided to stay on for my degree, save some money, but also have some fun. I rounded out my philosophy requirements with two ethics courses. The prof for both courses was Fr. Tom Curran, who prophetically wrote on one of my essays: "Look for ways to get more involved in medical ethics." Also took several science courses, including histology, physiology, and genetics, which would help me in medical school. One funny incident in histology class - after an exam, Jim Wiggs, a very bright guy from Indianapolis who would become a neurologist, was also a great wit. We were complaining about a test slide of cartilage tissue, which the instructor, Dr. Tafuri had insisted also contained bony tissue. Wiggs remarked: "Tafuri turned that cartilage into an os penis and screwed us with it."

That last year turned out pretty well in many respects - the extra time helped me mature both socially and academically, as well as saving a fair amount of money. It was back to Mrs. Better's basement apartment, rooming with brainy Bernie Swaykus from Steubenville. Matt Gorham was starting dental school at St. Louis U. My new job at St. Francis Hospital lab would help me in future medical school courses and jobs. Also learned how to hit veins and draw blood. Bought my first car, actually our first family car -- a very beat-up '46 Chevy, purchased at Sheeter's Motors in Delphos, for \$150, in January of 1958. After hitchhiking home and everywhere else for 3 years, I no longer had to thumb downtown, and then take a bus to St. Francis on the other side of town. I sometimes had to drive to the hospital early in the AM to draw all the morning blood for the lab. One icy cold morning in Febru-

ary, the brakes went out on the way to work, and I stupidly continued the trip to the hospital with no brakes.

Foolishly, I applied to only two medical schools -- OSU and Loyola Chicago. I figured that since I had an alternate acceptance at Ohio State the previous year, I would most likely be accepted there. I brashly declined a Loyola interview because of a big XU football weekend in Cincy. There was no further word from Loyola, but fortunately, I did get accepted at OSU.

Graduation from XU was in May, 1958, and I drove the heap to Delphos, returning with Mom and Sue for the ceremonies. Good friend Neil Mooney invited me to his party at a swank motel. Mom and Sue took a bus back to Delphos the next day. That summer after graduation, I stayed in Cincy in a second floor apartment across from St. Francis -- saved \$\$ on gas and housing. I shared the place with Bob Howell, an effeminate Canadian RN. The subject of homosexuality was not widely discussed back then, but in retrospect, Bob was probably gay. Also, the apartment was just down the street from 3 girls who provided cheap dates for the summer. At the end of the summer, I was working double shifts in the lab, and was able to put away almost enough cash for the first two quarters of medical school. This included the \$150 I got from selling my Chevy.

Medical School -- Ohio State 1958 -- 1962

The Alpha Kappa Kappa medical fraternity house would be my home for the first three years, as it was only one block from school and because I had a job in the kitchen there for my meals. Bob Dean, a classmate of my sister's got me the job. I had known him as an Eagle Scout in old Troop 48. He was a very bright and witty guy, an artist, and a musician, but also kind of a dealer, selling me some shares in his side business of "Canned Ice." And toward the end of the year, he borrowed \$100 from me for graduation fees -- I was "loaded" with extra cash from my government loans. Bob became a very successful plastic surgeon, but never did repay the \$100.

My first roommate was Don Roman, an army vet and memorizer from Dayton, who studied day and night, finally dropping out after freshman year. The last time I saw him, he was pumping gas in Columbus. That first year was one of the hardest of my life. Gross anatomy was especially tough, and I studied extremely hard, barely getting by with C's, like most of the class. I used a variety of study methods, including trying to sleep from 6 PM to midnight, then studying all night. One week of this was enough, mainly because I couldn't sleep during those hours. Spring Quarter was the worst academically, especially Head and Neck Anatomy, which I barely passed with a D. (my only one in Medical School). Forty-seven guys flunked it, and they had to repeat the course in summer school at U Of Michigan. I'm not sure if I could have done that, since I needed the summer to make enough money to at least start Sophomore year.

?The Last Fight

One warm Friday spring night, Ed Casper and I needed a break from the books and went to the Old Heidelberg for some liquid refreshment. On the way home, some guy looked at me and shouted "F--- you!" Ed advised me to ignore him, which I did, but a few minutes later out on the street, the jerk jumped me from behind, hit me in the face and broke my glasses. We punched each other around for awhile, and the cops finally came by and broke it up. After we got back to the house, Ed told me I needed stitches, that the laceration had just missed my eye. We went to the OSU ER, and I boisterously insisted on being sutured by the plastic surgery resident. I was an attraction at our next morning's class, having a big black eye with a huge bandage on my face. Was I finally a kind of a war hero? Probably not.

Toward the end of the year, I had a blind date with a Sophomore nursing student, Kathy Reddy. My friend, Chuck Kayser fixed us up, with the enticement that she was a big beer drinker from Cleveland. Chuck and I had several drinks before picking up the girls and heading for another buddy's house, Ernie Mazzaferri. It turned out that Kathy was not a beer drinker, and did not suspect that I was already at least two sheets to the wind. But I really liked her, and fortunately we did hit it off from the beginning, and planned to meet again.

A few weeks later, I went to Matt Gorham's wedding in Nashville. He asked me to serve at the wedding mass when one acolyte didn't show up. But at the reception, I had one of my most notorious drinking performances, getting drunk on champagne and passing out in Matt's bedroom. Unfortunately, the bedroom was going to be used as the gift room, and guests had to step over me to deposit their wedding presents. I'm sure that Matt's mother got tired of saying "And this is Matt's good friend from Xavier -- he's a medical student at Ohio State." I finally woke up early in the evening, and proceeded to get drunk for the second time in one day -- a first and last for me. I obviously needed some kind

of guidance and direction, at least some different sort of companionship!

My luck would improve. The very next week, I saw Kathy again, and we started dating steadily. She turned out to be the girl I had been looking for -- beautiful, bright, built, bubbly, and with great social skills -- many things which I lacked. She was very friendly, had a great smile, and laughed at my jokes. I had a feeling that she would be a great wife and mother. By the end of a great summer, we were "pinned" - a state of pre-engagement. These proved to be the happiest times of my life, whether "studying" down by the Scioto, going to OSU football, or just being together. We had great times, and she made the drudgeries of medical school bearable.

My full time summer job was at Grant Hospital lab, where I saved enough for the first quarter of sophomore year. The year was also a tremendous grind, with physiology, pathology, and pharmacology being the make or break courses. I liked path and did well in it. But after getting a "D" in a tough physiology exam, we were given the chance to take a make-up test to improve our grades. At that time, the older fraternity brothers had a supply of amphetamines, and these helped me pull an all-night cram session the night before the exam. I was so hopped me up, I could see my heart beating through four layers of clothing. Afterwards, I met up with Kathy. After babbling nonstop for 30 minutes, she finally told me to shut up. I was obviously caffeine and amphetamine-intoxicated.

Clinical Years At OSU

Junior year started in June of '60, with a rotation on general surgery. One of my clinic patients had thrombophlebitis, and I saw her for daily rounds for two weeks, doing leg exams and measurements. Before she went home, she gave me a gift of a bandage scissors, which I continue to use. At the time, there were no questions about the ethical aspects of accepting gifts from patients. In fact, there was minimal discussion of any ethical aspects of anything. But I would later use this case as an effective discussion topic in ethics sessions on professionalism, for first year medical students at UC. I also did my first bit of minor surgery, excising a cyst from the scalp of a woman with multiple cysts who came in every few months especially to have a medical student do the surgery.

Also during junior surgery was a rotation on the world-famous Dr. Robert Zollinger's service. He was a brilliant but wild and eccentric man. There were lots of stories of his abuse of surgical residents, but he treated students much better -- actually more like pet dogs than anything else. One day on his student rounds I presented an ulcer patient, the case of which I had memorized cold. Half way through the presentation, he came up to me, unhooked my clip-on bow tie, and said "You cheap son of a bitch!" We all laughed, but I continued with the rest of the presentation. Zollinger then clipped the tie back on, and took off.

That summer, Kathy's dad Gil Reddy died of a heart attack. He was a really good guy and I wish I could have known him better. My grandmother Helen Mueller also died at the same time. The funerals were on the same day, and I had to decide which funeral to attend. Using overwork as an excuse, I opted out of either, and still feel bad about the decision. I probably should have tried to go to both.

Also that summer, I was introduced to some of the nitty gritty of medical practice with a job as extern at Alum Crest Nursing Home in Columbus. My 3 months on junior surgery qualified me for the job. Working one night weekly, I fortunately did not get many emergency calls. Mom had given me a "Merck Manuel," and had written up a short list of medications which I might be ordering, such as Seconal for sleep, and MOM and cascara for constipation. One night I was called to see an epileptic patient having a seizure. The book advised IV Phenobarbital, which I gave, and it worked. A few weeks later, the same guy cut his hand, and I proudly put in my first stitches.

I also continued my job at Grant Hospital Lab. Since I lived only one block from school, I got by the first two years without a car, taking busses and sometimes borrowing friend's cars. But Alum Crest was way across town, and wheels were required. I was turned down for a car loan by my Delphos bank, because I had no collateral. Years later I discovered that the bank loan officer, Elmer Scherger, hated my Uncle Tom, and had also turned him down for a loan in 1945 after he returned from WW II. Seems that Uncle Tom had rubbed Elmer the wrong way on several occasions. I suspect that Elmer got even with Tom through me. My old undertaker boss Oscar Kolkmeyer loaned me \$700 for a '54 Ford coup. When asked about loan payments, Oscar told me not to worry about it. This would return to haunt me after he died, when his widow demanded immediate total repayment, with interest. To pay off this loan, I had to get another loan from Navy Federal Credit Union, which I finally repaid years later. As it turned out, the car was no great bargain. It handled pretty well under ordinary conditions, but less than ideal at weather extremes. The inefficient heating system required adding cardboard for floorboard insulation in the winter. And I managed to burn up the engine on a trip back from Cleveland, neglecting to check the oil levels on a very hot day in July. It took a week to get a rebuilt engine, and required several hitch-hiking trips to the garage up in

Marion, Ohio. This was during my junior year rotation on surgery, and was extremely frustrating.

Fall quarter of 1960, I was free from school, and was employed full time at Alum Crest. There were around 100 patients in the Nursing Home hospital, and three of us took turns "running" the hospital. It was depressing working with the very old people, especially those who never had visitors. It was hard to get rounds made, since many wanted to just chat. One memorable patient was a man with a leg full of malignant melanoma. He was in a lot of pain, and the lesions caused a very foul odor. We had to apply acetone to his leg, which helped the odor, but hurt him a great deal. The epileptic patient whom I had sutured also had MS, and he talked me into giving him an unconventional treatment -- orinase. The medication was approved for diabetes, but he showed me a JAMA article on using it for MS. It seemed to work for awhile, but, eventually his blood sugars got too low, so we had to take him off of the Orinase.

The Alum Crest job presented a rich variety of cases, one being a woman with severe ALS (Lou Gehrig's Disease). One time the night RN supervisor complained about the patient's husband staying nights with this patient. The nurse opined that it was terrible that he might actually be having sex with his own wife. On another occasion, I attempted to catheterize the bladder of a very old man with prostate disease. It was my toughest catheter job ever, and was unable to get urine. After a few tries I realized that the catheter was draining fecal-looking material. After several attempts, I called in a urologist. He reassured me that I had not perforated the bladder, but instead, the patient's diverticulitis had eroded into it, and the bladder was already full of feces. Needless to say, the patient stayed much calmer than me throughout our ordeal.

Christmas, 1960 was a notable one -- Kathy and I got engaged! We spent Christmas Eve in Delphos with my mom, and then

drove up to Berea to spend the day with Kathy's mom, a trip we would often repeat many times.

Junior year resumed in January with my rotation on the medicine service. It started on gastroenterology, doing sigmoidoscopies on each new patient. After the first few, most of these were unsupervised. The dictum at the time was "See one, do one, teach one" -- First, observe a procedure; next do one yourself; a person was then "qualified to teach someone else the technique. Also memorable was the rotation on cardiology, consisting mostly of patients with severe rheumatic heart disease. They all died. This was before surgical valve replacements, and way before heart transplants.

The final stint of third year was pediatrics, which I greatly enjoyed. The teaching proved especially good. My mentor, Dr. Ambuel noticed that I was reluctant to hurt kids when I examined them. I seriously thought about peds as a specialty, for the next few years, even considering pediatric surgery at one point. But I really didn't want to take care of sick kids.

Senior year in surgery amounted to very brief stays in surgical subspecialties: ophthalmology, ENT, orthopedics, thoracic surgery, urology, anesthesiology, and urology. Orthopedics was interesting, and I got to reduce a dislocated thumb. But none of the other areas held my attention. While on anesthesiology, I saw my first baby born, and this interested me more than the anesthetic techniques.

September 9, 1961: WEDDING BELLS RING in Berea, OH. Ernie Mazaferri stayed sober as best man, but not my old buddy Mopey Gillon didn't. At the reception, Mopey was seated across from Kathy's Aunt Helen Neihieser, and he impressed her by barfing into his plate while the newlyweds were being toasted. We had a great honeymoon in The Poconos -- a very staid place by itself. But met another independent-thinking couple -- former

XU guy and wife, and we spent a lot of time with them. Our wedding took place with Uncle Sam's help via the Navy Senior Medical Student Program. This involved getting Navy ensign's pay during my senior year in medical school, in return for agreeing to serve 3 years on active duty. I knew that one of these years would be spent at sea, but believed it was worth it. Unlike later programs where the entire four years of medical school could be underwritten by serving several years in the military, this was the only available program at the time -- 1961. And it was a relatively peaceful world, before the Cold War really heated up.

During quarter off at Mercy Hospital I had a huge amount of surgical and ER experience. One day I was first assistant for a craniotomy (brain operation) for a brain tumor. This would have been unique by itself, but it was also the very first brain surgery I had ever seen. Mercy's ER was also exciting. One Saturday morning a woman known to have severe heart disease was brought in. She was actually dead on arrival. But a neurosurgeon was passing through the ER at the time, and told my fellow senior medical student Clarence Cotterman to do an open heart massage. This involved opening the chest, exposing the heart, and manually massaging the heart. The doctor assured us that this would be good "practice" for us. Years later in the 90's, the idea of students "practicing" on the newly dead would be a major ethical dilemma. But no one talked much about ethics back then.

I had not yet had an OB rotation, and there were very few deliveries at Mercy. But the first vaginal delivery I ever saw, I did myself. I was lucky enough to have three very good RNs talk me through it. One gave the patient open drop ether, one scrubbed in with me, and the other looked over my shoulder and told me exactly what to do. The patient had several prior deliveries, so my primary job was to just catch the baby before it hit the floor. Fortunately, mother and baby did just fine, and this was to be the

first of many episodes, where my luck prevailed, and I "came out smelling like a rose."

My night job at Mercy continued for the rest of the senior year. This was mainly working the ER. During winter quarter while on the medical service at OSU, a patient arrived in the early hours with severe congestive heart failure. I applied the customary treatment, and the patient pulled through. After this, I called Dr. Metzger, the attending internist, and then left for school for my final oral exams in Medicine. I walked into the exam room to find the same Dr. Metzger as my examiner. His comment: "Well, you certainly know how to treat heart failure -- you get an "A" for this exam."

The final rotation at OSU was on OB/GYN. I had only 7 deliveries, but I enjoyed it and started thinking about a career in OB/Gyn. Also, Kathy was pregnant with Laurie, and this gave a lot of incentive to learn as much OB as possible.

Internship: Mt. Carmel Hospital, Columbus, Ohio. 1962-63

In those days, most of us took a rotating internship, splitting the year into 4 months on medicine, 4 on surgery, and 2 each on Pediatrics and OB/Gyn. My first stint was Medicine. The very first week, one of the patients on my floor was a doctor on the Ohio State Medical Board. One day, he asked me to grade some of the recently taken medical license exams. He had to know that I had just taken the exams myself, and could possibly have graded my own paper. So I declined.

There was much valuable experience on the medical service, and it was mostly non-stressful. But there were also lots of opportunities to do CPR. My most memorable CPR adventure began on a quiet Sunday evening. There was an emergency call about a man with cardiac problem who became confused and had passed out on the landing between floors. When fellow intern Bob Caporal and I reached him, he was ok, but we carried him back to his room. Returning to the nurses station, Bob noticed that I had feces smeared all over my brand new white buck shoes -- the patient had lost control and defecated all over the place. The student nurse ran up and said "Oh Dr. Mueller, let me clean your shoes." I said, that's ok, my wife will do that. But that's another story. Exactly one week later, there was another emergency call on the same patient -- this time he had a cardiac arrest. I tried to resuscitate him with external cardiac massage and several shocks with the defibrillator. After an hour, the chief resident finally pulled me away -- he had without question died. I talked with the family at length, and then was greeted by my buddy Caporal. I was totally exhausted and down, and expected some words

of encouragement. What I got from Bob was "Mueller, I always knew you were a butthead. But anyone who electrocutes a person just for shitting on your shoes, man that's just too much."

The next rotation was OB, which started on November 1, 1962. Luckily, I was off on Saturday, Nov. 3, when Kathy started having labor pains. She had irregular contractions all day. At supper-time, they were still very irregular. I did a rectal exam (standard practice for medical students at the time), and there was no cervical dilatation (as far as I could tell). So we went ahead and had a big steak dinner. This could have proved disastrous, but we lucked out. Finally, we called her obstetrician, Dr. John Boutselis, who prescribed 2 Seconal. Kathy slept for several hours, and then woke up with strong regular labor pains, so we went to the hospital. She was 9cm dilated on admission, and we thought we barely made it on time. But the position was occiput posterior, and Kathy needed to push for several hours. Finally, Laurie was entered the world at around 5 AM on Nov 4. She had a very vigorous cry, which continued more or less indefinitely, and which we would become very used to hearing.

I really liked OB -- I had 65 deliveries, and being able to do the actual work was energizing. The most memorable experience was a breech delivery. I had seen the lady in our clinic several times, so she was sort of "my" patient. Breech deliveries are always complicated -- first the butt and legs are delivered, then the shoulders, and then the head. Each stage needs to be managed correctly, otherwise there can be disaster. The resident told me to read up on breech delivery technique, and then I could do the entire delivery myself. Things went beautifully, and mother and baby did just fine. The whole experience proved to be great, and was a definite impetus for my future in Ob/Gyn. Early on, I had the definite feeling that whatever specialty I chose, the work needed to be more or less fun. I found Ob/Gyn to be challenging,

and provided an opportunity to do some really good things with my life.

But there were a few drawbacks. One of my deliveries involved a patient of the notorious Dr. Pavey. It was said that he hated interns, and was rumored that he never wanted an intern to deliver his patients -- he would rather have a nurse do it - actually not a bad idea. At night, a labor patient of his arrived, and the RN called me to see her. Knowing that Pavey would kill me regardless of the circumstances, I reluctantly saw her. As it turned out, the baby had 6 tight loops of cord around its neck. The condition was without doubt preventing her from delivering, so I clamped and cut all 6 loops, and did the delivery. The nurse told me this saved the baby's life. Fortunately, I showed the cord to show Pavey, and sheepishly more or less apologized for doing the delivery. He did not chew me out.

Pediatrics at Children's Hospital Columbus was my next service. It was lots of work, but great exposure. We were on call every other night, made somewhat bearable with the humor of Ernie Mazzaferri and Bob Caporal, who shared my call nights. Bob did things like addressing me as "Dr. Fink" in front of a patient's parents. At another time, he said "You're not really going to let this intern (me) take care of your child, are you?" That was before the malpractice onslaught begin -- we could be pretty casual and careless when talking to patients and families. I did have malpractice insurance, but the premium was only \$100 per year.

One of the most grueling rotations at Children's was the Infectious ward, mostly babies with croup or diarrhea. I would come home after my 36 hour stint, stripping off my white coat, pants, and shirt for fumigation as soon as I walked in the door, and jump in the shower. Laurie was only 2-3 months old, and we didn't want her coming down with one of these dreadful illnesses. As it was, she already was afflicted with the COLIC . The poor little thing would cry all day and all night. I would generally get no

sleep at Children's, and then we tried to find some way to make Laurie comfortable so Kathy and I could get a few hours sleep on the alternate nights I was home in our tiny three room apartment (counting the kitchen). After trying every possible treatment, one very wise doctor advised us to put Laurie in the portacrib in our little bathroom and close the door so we wouldn't hear the screaming. We felt bad about doing this, but it worked -- at least we didn't hear the crying). The colic experience may also have influenced my decision not to go into pediatrics. I not only didn't want to take care of sick kids, I didn't want to take care of screaming ones.

In December, I took my first plane ride, going to Washington DC to see the Navy detailer to discuss my first assignment. My wish list went between west and east coasts, wanting to be as far away from Cuba as possible. This was the time of the Cuban missile crisis -- everyone was afraid of nuclear war with the Soviet Union (Russia). As it turned out, my assignment would be Kingsville, Texas, a place that very few enemies would want to capture.

My last internship rotation was Surgery, beginning with ER. This was also every other night work, but I enjoyed it. There is something special about seeing an acute problem, making the diagnosis, and applying the appropriate treatment. I diagnosed a ruptured spleen, a ruptured abdominal aorta, a perforated duodenal ulcer, and an appendicitis in a pregnant woman. The latter diagnosis is tough, as I would later discover as a first year resident when I missed one. The patient turned out to have a ruptured appendix, and then miscarried. Those were very humble years.

And I almost missed diagnosing a heart attack in a 42 year old woman -- the condition was considered very rare in women at the time. Overconfidently and aggressively, I set a fractured femur by myself. It seemed like it took forever, and I probably should have called the orthopedic resident, but it turned out ok. I did have one bad scene on a busy Saturday night with a black diabetic man

with foot infection. I basically chewed him out for not coming in earlier for care, and got into a noisy argument with him. In retrospect, it was likely a racist incident on my part, since I probably would have approached the case differently if he were a white person. Again, I could have called in the surgical resident for help, but I have always had an independent streak, often reluctant to ask for help. Unfortunately this trait persisted. I would have considered going into Emergency Medicine if it had been a specialty at the time -- it was fun, challenging, exciting, and with lots of opportunities to do a lot of good including saving lives.

I finish my internship on the general surgical service, and got to do several procedures, including an above knee amputation, and two tracheotomies. Mt. Carmel had given me fairly good preparation for my next assignment as a general medical officer in the Navy.

US Navy: 1963-71

KINGSVILLE, TEXAS

This was really a Godforsaken place. It was unbearably hot and with not much going on except the King Ranch, Texas A&I, and the Naval Auxiliary Air Station. The saying went that if the Earth ever needed an enema, the nozzle would be inserted in Kingsville. In July, 1963, I drove down to Kingsville alone. Kathy was pregnant with Patrick at the time, and would be flying in with 8 month-old Laurie as soon as I found housing. I found a house to rent and bought all new furniture. We had very special neighbors -- Jim and Nancy Hamrick. Unlike most military recruits, I never received had any basic training -- just read a book for intro into Navy. Jim had to show me how to put my uniforms together the first time.

Jim was a jet fighter instructor, and somehow talked me into going out with him for an aircraft carrier landing. This would be far and away one the most exciting events of my life - being in the back seat of a Navy jet, landing on the carrier three times, and getting catapulted off the ship. We flew out to the ship in the Gulf of Mexico, near Corpus Christy. Thirty minutes after takeoff, Jim told me to look down - the carrier USS Lexington was our target. It looked like a matchbox, and Jim told me that we were going in. We landed on the ship going 110 mph, and were brought to an instant stop by the arresting cable. It felt like my guts were coming out. After a 15 minute wait, we were then shot off the ship by a catapult. For a split second, I could see water straight ahead, but we pulled up quickly and climbed - it beat any roller coaster! We made three landings and got shot off three times. The catapult takes you from 0 to 150 mph in two seconds. I naturally barfed, like everyone else, but not until after the final landing. They had issued us special knives to carry for the flight. Jim explained that the knife was to be used to cut your way out of the plane if it

missed the deck, hit the water, and sunk. He said that the two options would be to either cut your way out of the thick plexiglass cockpit, or to eject from under water and then attempt to cut the parachute lines. He admitted that he had not decided which option he would choose, since neither would likely be successful.

Jim introduced me to many wild and crazy Navy and Marine pilots, and took me to "Marine Corps Mess Night. This involved drinking multiple toasts of wine to everyone on up the chain of command, all the way to the president. I never made it that far, needing to adjourn to Jim's car for a several hour nap. On the way home at 5 AM, I noticed that we going down Santa Gertrudes Avenue at 100 mph in his station wagon. I casually pointed this out, and his reply was "this is very unusual for me." But we continued the trip home at the same speed. He had the day off, but I had to go in for my job as Chief of Dependents Clinic., my primary duty being a general practitioner for wives and kids of active duty servicemen. This included the wife of the Base Commander, who really liked her pain medications.

I was quite naïve at the time. Once in the clinic I answered a telephone call once from a woman whose husband was away for sea duty. She told me that Her Nature was out of control, and she didn't know what to do about it. A navy corpsman had to explain to me that the woman really meant by "nature," that she was "horny," and didn't know what do about it. I had trouble living that one down.

I also saw active duty men and did a fair amount of minor surgery. One of these procedures was excising a 2X5 inch tattoo from a sailor's chest. The tattoo was "Mary." This was a definite problem, since his current wife's name was Elizabeth.

One of my co-workers was Bob Montgomery, the other general medical officer, who had been drafted and hated the Navy with a passion. This peaked one night after office hours, when he was

called in from home to see an officer with a sore index finger. Bob was quite upset for having to come in for a mild condition which had been present for several days. After a negative Xray, he told the man that he had in an inflamed finger. Bob recommended the classic treatment for inflammation -- heat, rest, and elevation. He told the man that the best way to do this was to take his finger and put it where the sun don't shine.(not Bob's actual words)

Bob and I had to take night and weekend call with the other two MDs, both flight surgeons. One Saturday, I rode a helicopter out to pick up the body of a student pilot who had crashed his jet. When told that he was Vietnamese, I asked, what is that? This was 1963, and I had no idea what or where Vietnam was. But we would all find out soon enough.

The middle of September, 1963 arrived, but there was no sign of our expected baby. Kathy had not had a period since Laurie was born. This was before the time of easily done accurate pregnancy tests, and ultrasound was years ahead, so we had no idea of the due date. Civilian Obstetrician Ben Martin briefly attempted an induction, but was unsuccessful. Kathy was very discouraged, and her mother needed to get back to Cleveland after being with us for a week. So on September 22, on a Sunday night, I took Kathy for the bumpiest possible road trip -- we went over very rough railroad tracks many times. Crude, but it something worked.

The next morning, real labor started, and we headed for Kleberg County Hospital in Kingsville. Labor was fairly rapid, and Ben gave the saddle block. Shortly after, when I noticed the nurse whispering to him, I knew that Kathy's blood pressure was dropping. Ben knew that I was aware of this, and instructed the nurse to have me inject medication IV to get the pressure back up. This was smart, as I knew where her good veins were, and also kept me busy. It worked, and shortly after, Patrick James Mueller, Ap-

gar 10, arrived on the scene. He was a hungry baby from the beginning, the pediatrician advising us to pick up a box of cereal for him on the way home from the hospital. He quickly earned the nicknames "Oinkwick," and "Paddy Pig".

While she was there, Kathy's mom talked me into removing a small facial mole. Unwisely, I agreed to operate, feeling it was a good chance to demonstrate my plastic surgical "skills." The final result looked fairly good, but required what seemed like a gallon of local anesthetic. Although not a big deal at the time, it would be considered ethically questionable for a doctor to operate on family members.

In November of '63, on my way back to the base from lunch, I heard the news that President John F. Kennedy had been shot and killed in Dallas. Everyone was shocked and even the doctors were crying. Our clinic closed for the day.

The duty in Kingsville was bad news in a lot of ways -- terribly hot, boring, lazy coworkers, texan. Since I had a year of sea duty ahead of me at some point, I decided to get it out of the way and exit Godawfultexas. So we left The Lone Star state after only one year, heading out at one minute past midnight, driving until we were out of Texas. Luckily, we were getting a great location - San Diego.

San Diego, California

USS Seminole (AKA-104), 1964-65

Probably from homesickness, we drove back to Ohio before going out west to California. Ernie and Florence Mazzaferri were heading to the Air Force base in San Bernadino, CA, so we drove out with them. It was a fairly nice trip till we blew a tire in the 100 degree desert outside of Las Vegas. I changed the tire myself in the heat, on a hill off the interstate and we spent the night in Vegas. The next day we reached San Diego, and could not believe the perfect weather. Taking in the cool breezes in the hills overlooking the city, Kathy proclaimed at the ripe old age of 24, "I could retire here."

We spent the next several days in temporary Navy housing, then rented a house in north San Diego. We moved out after one week, as it was too far from the ship, and Patrick had fallen through a floor-level window, fortunately unharmed. Marlo and Kathy Holland, friends from Kingsville, helped us move to 65 East Whitney in Chula Vista. I drove a U-Haul trailer, and Marlo and I moved all of our appliances in one day. Since I was repaying my medical school loans, we never had enough cash to buy a house, and so it turned out that we rented the Chula Vista house for the next four years.

While waiting for the Seminole to return from a six month western Pacific cruise, I worked at the Amphibian base in Coronado. The Ship finally arrived, and I reported on or about August 1, and was given a one hour orientation to the ship by Ezra Sokol, the departing medical officer. This intro was mainly learning the combination of the sick bay safe which held morphine, "medicinal" brandy, and a fifth of "Old Methuselah" whiskey. The Semihole, as we called her, was an attack cargo class, with a crew of 300, including 25 officers. We had room for a few hundred com-

bat troops, but carried mostly guns, artillery, jeeps, etc. It looked like a very quiet year, to be spent mostly in port at San Diego, since the ship had just completed its 6 month tour in the western Pacific. We did have some fun in port. On one occasion, the ship's navigator asked for some special medical effects at the bachelor's party for Ed Donahue, soon to be married. He wanted to slip Ed a Mickey Finn (a knock-out concoction), then paint his privates with purple dye. I obliged, using chloral hydrate for the Mickey, and mixed up some dilute gentian violet for the pubic painting. All went according to plan, with Donahue getting his special "treatment." I woke up at 5 AM on the patio, and suspected I had also had

some of the chloral-hydrate-laced beer. Fortunately, the guys did not take any additional advantage of their medical officer.

In early January 1965, we set sail for the western Pacific (WESTPAC) and Marine Corps war games in Hawaii, expecting to return home in 6 weeks. Shortly after leaving port, I was able to talk to Kathy via ham radio hookup. At the first, she almost disconnected, thinking it was a telephone salesman attempting to sell hams. It was unbelievably great talking to her, but then she asked what I thought of the bombing. Ship's personnel had not been told that the US had started bombing North Vietnam, in a huge escalation of the war. Shortly after this conversation, the ham radio connection was discontinued - we were now definitely IN A REAL WAR IN VIETNAM.

It took two weeks to reach Hawaii, and the ship was anchored in Pearl Harbor, for a month, waiting for orders. I visited Kauai, Honolulu, and some other sites, but was mostly bored. Finally, some marines came on board, and we left The Islands for Okinawa. My marine roommate MD was Pete Killinger from Houston, and he later moved to Chula Vista as a resident in pediatrics. After dropping off the marines in Okinawa, we left for a week of R&R in Yokosuka Japan. I bought a 12 dozen set of glassware

and a set of Noritake china for Kathy, and also purchased a tailor-made formal dress uniform at a Japanese shop. The clerk who took my measurements reminded me of a Japanese interrogator out of an old war movie. I half expected him to slit my throat while yelling Yankee pig! This was only 20 years since the end of WW II, so I was expecting almost anything. Apparently, I had seen too many war movies, and the only thing that got cut was my hair.

On April 7, when I called home from Japan, someone at the house answered, with the message that Kathy was in the hospital, but everything was fine. I finally got a call through to the Naval Hospital San Diego, and talked to Kathy. She was a little groggy, but gave me the news that Thomas Gilbert had entered the world on that day. Dr. Bob Brown, whom I knew, had delivered Tom, and everything was fine. While talking to Kathy, she mentioned that something was wrong with her arm. I realized that her IV was infiltrated, and advised her to call the nurse. Also, I told her that I had previously asked Florence Mazzaferri to come down from San Bernardino to help out with Laurie and Patrick. Back then, the average hospital stay after delivery was 3-4 days, and Florence stayed a week or so, helping Kathy a lot.

The Seminole left Japan the next day, for the one week trip back to Hawaii. We ran into a near-typhoon, and I was told later that the ship had almost capsized. Strangely enough, I never got seasick during the entire cruise, probably because I hit the sack as soon as the weather turned bad. It's hard to imagine, but once I spent 24 straight hours in bed. My corpsman would bring sick sailors up to my quarters, with stethoscope, tongue blades, flashlight etc. I could conduct any exam necessary by just managing to wake up and sit on the side of my bunk. There was one bit of excitement when I saw a sailor with possible appendicitis. Capt. Dixon did not want to lose time with this - it was very tricky - if I decided that he required surgery, we would need to hook up with

a larger ship, transfer him and me over, have their doctor give a spinal anesthetic, while I did the appendectomy. had seen only 3 or 4 appys in my young career. Fortunately, the patient either a virus or was malingering. quickly recovered, and did not require surgery.

I did have time for a lot of reading during the trip. I read all 1400 pages of Eastman's Obstetrics , plus Heller's ""Catch 22," and several of Ian Fleming's "new" series of James Bond's thrillers. I tried to quit smoking during this time, but with cigarettes selling for 10 cents a pack, it was not an ideal time to quit. I did grow a mustache, which was not permitted at the time in a very conservative Navy. The XO repeatedly threatened to shave it by force, but never did. I kept the 'stache, probably just to be ornery.

We were away from home 4 months, and when we sailed in, San Diego Bay never looked better. Kathy met me at the pier, reintroduced me to Laurie and Pat, and I got to meet young Tom for the first time. Then two weeks later, I was given a one week assignment with the Navy Seals. This involved being flown out to Santa Catalina Island, driving a cracker box ambulance around and going out in an LST (landing craft) with my tiny first aid kit. The Seals were the wildest and craziest bunch I had ever been with, and most refused any medical care - they were too macho for it. Most of them would go to Vietnam, mining harbors, and I learned later that some would even be swimming in the Hanoi sewers, doing as much damage as possible. They were nuts, but I was glad they were on my side. Regretfully, a high percentage of the Seals would never return.

After I returned to the ship, we had to prepare for a major inspection, and the ships commanding officer, Captain William Dixon became a Captain Queeg - as in Caine Mutiny. He compulsively pushed everyone to the limit. This lead to two of our senior officers being placed in the psychiatric ward, and who both eventually received medical discharges. Kevin Hanlon, the ship's execu-

tive officer (second in command) also had some kind of a nervous breakdown, and was replaced. His dad had been an admiral, but Kevin had a less than sensational career. He had been a submariner, and rumor had it that he once gave an order to dive while there were still some sailors on deck. If true, this would taken him off the admiral track.

Baby Thomas Gilbert turned out to be a genuine navy kid - conceived in Navy housing, born in Naval Hospital, and baptized on the U.S Navy Seminole bridge, using the ship's bell as the baptismal font. Ernie and Florence were godparents, and we had a big party back at the house.

In my spare time while in port, I worked in the Ob Department at Naval Hospital San Diego. They had a huge volume and an excellent program. In addition to an additional 3 years in a great city, these were good reasons for applying there for a residency.

My Seminole replacement arrived in mid July 1965, but the Captain insisted that I stay on board for at least one week to orient the new MD. He was Leroy Bloomburg, a somewhat drab and annoying OSU graduate, but who had a very nice wife Sally. Sounds like an apt description of a navy M.D.

I was finally permitted to depart from the Seminole (nicknamed "Semi-Hole" by some of us) in late July, 1965. The ship was at first anchored in San Diego Bay, and was due to arrive in port. As I was very anxious to leave ASAP, when I heard of a landing barge going ashore to Coronado I got my gear together, got on the barge, became seasick while the boat circled for 2 hours, and finally met Kathy and the kids on the shore. My very long one year tour of sea duty was finally over.

Ob-Gyn Residency, Naval Hospital San Diego, 1965-68

Residency at Naval Hospital San Diego ("Balboa") started August 4, 1965. Co-residents were Garv McClain, Ernie Wood, and Dale Passick. Garv and Ernie were great guys and remain good friends. Dale turned out to be a jerk, and would be bounced from the program after 2 years for moonlighting. Almost no one was moonlighting back then, since most people were usually just too tired to do anything else after slaving away at Balboa.

Our patient volume was huge. In obstetrics, there were far too many wives to take care of, so many of them were sent to civilian MDs. But we kept all complicated cases, first pregnancies, and previous cesarean sections. The Chief of Ob/Gyn was another one of my silver-haired father figures, Dr. Tom Lebherz. He was bright, stimulating, challenging, funny, and intellectually stimulating. He was no-nonsense, and drove us pretty hard. We were always over-worked, and got very little sleep with the every third night call schedule. When one resident complained about lack of sleep, Lebherz told him to take an amphetamine. (He probably wasn't kidding). One day, I had been up all night and worked in the clinic the next day. I was trying to do a biopsy, but all of the instruments I tried were jammed. After the fourth one failed, I threw it against the wall and screamed "g-d d--n it!" The patient reported me, and I received a talking to by the Chief. He seemed sympathetic to my plight, but our hectic hours continued.

We were theoretically supposed to have one afternoon off each week. One day, I had too much work to do to take off... My second year resident, Bob Brown was a very tough guy, but ordered me to go home and get some rest. I finally did, but the next morning he royally chewed me out for not getting my work done. This nonsense continued for 2 years until Bob left. He was an excel-

lent physician, always placing the patient first, but everyone else could just go to hell.

We worked hard, but also played hard when we could. There was a "Resident's Night Out" each month, where the Ob/Gyn staff covered for us, and all the residents got together for a social evening together. Many overindulged, but paid for it the next morning when we returned to work. Rumors had it that two residents were drunk when they made rounds one morning after one of these party nights.

We also enjoyed the great San Diego weather and beaches as much as possible. One Sunday we joined the Woods for a picnic at Mission Bay Park. We were goofing around and didn't notice 4 year-year-olds Patrick and David Wood playing in a tiny boat out on the water. When we finally heard David crying, we saw them out on the lake, around 100 yards from shore. Fortunately, the water was calm, and Ernie and I swam out and got them back safely.

Bob Brown and I had an interesting problem one night. We didn't call it an ethical dilemma, but it sure was that. A pregnant patient with severe heart disease had been admitted in her 30th week. She suddenly became unresponsive, and by the time we got to her, it was too late for CPR. I asked Bob about possibly doing a post-mortem C section to attempt to save the baby, but he overruled me. I don't remember how his reasoning went, but there was no way he would allow me to operate on this patient. These were the days before ultrasound, fetal monitoring, bioethics, and living wills.

During Kathy's pregnancy with Danny, her blood pressure was staying up, so we hired a woman to come up from Tijuana once a week to clean the house. We still get Felice Navidad cards from Condy at Christmas time. Kathy did fine with the extra rest, but everyone agreed on an induction at 39 weeks. I was on my 2

month rotation in pathology at the time, so things were more convenient for me. The induction started early in the morning, and Dr. Lebherz ruptured membranes in the afternoon. I knew the baby's position was fairly high at the time, but everything seemed ok. An intern was sitting with Kathy, and came out to tell me he was having trouble hearing the fetal heart tones. I was the nearest resident, so I went in and listened myself. All I could hear at the time was my own blood pounding through my ears. So we got another intern in who finally heard Danny's heartbeat. This was before electronic monitoring. Everything stayed ok until Kathy announced that she had to push. Lebherz paternalistically told her she wasn't ready. But she really was, and we high-tailed it to the delivery room. We all made it, and son #3 - Daniel Robert, made the scene late in the day on September 14, 1966. His namesakes were Kathy's brother Uncle Dan Reddy and her Dad Gil.

Having four kids close together was challenging in many respects, including religious ones. I was having many second thoughts about Catholicism at the time, including family planning issues. I could rationalize doing tubal ligations, but some of the staff gave me a hard time. Once I was assisting Dr. John Hillis on a repeat C-Section. When it came time to do the tubal, Hillis said that since I was Catholic, I should go stand in the corner, facing away from the patient, while he tied her tubes. But before long, I was doing tubal ligations myself. We didn't do many, as they had to be approved by the hospital "Ethics Committee." More often than not, requests for tubals were often turned down. I recall one Committee sterilization refusal which stated that "the patient could take birth control pills for another couple of years." As a general rule, to be approved for sterilization, a woman had to be age 35 with 3 kids, 30 with 4, 25 with 5, or have a life-threatening medical condition. I had also begun to prescribe birth control pills. All of this seemed to make little sense to me, so I thought it was a good time for an official conference.

I had a pleasant meeting with the chief Catholic chaplain, a monsignor as I recall. After a 2 hour discussion, he finally said: "Well Dr. Mueller, I have certainly learned a lot from you today. But I still can't approve of you doing tubal ligations or prescribing oral contraceptives, or having your own wife use any family planning method other than "rhythm." He said that if I did any of these things, I could not receive the sacraments. So much for Catholic ethics in 1967!

In May 1968, Pope Paul VI. issued the infamous "Humane Vitae" encyclical. In essence, this stated that the Church condemned the use of artificial contraception. The Pope ignored his own advisors who recommended a revision of the previous ban on all contraceptives, including birth control pills. Most Catholics ignored the encyclical at that time, and continued to ignore it.

Fortunately, we finally found a realistic spiritual advisor. He turned out to be Fr. Al Norcavage, whom we had known in Kingsville. Al had been Catholic chaplain on the carrier Oriskany, which saw a lot of action in Vietnam, and was known as a bad luck ship, losing a lot of pilots and planes. On one of the cruises, he had a "nervous breakdown" of some sort. After Danny was born, we ran into him at a San Diego restaurant. He appeared to be in fairly good shape at the time, and agreed to do the baptism. With Ernie and Jeannie Wood as godparents, Fr. Al began the ceremony. After a few minutes, he stopped the ceremony and shakily admitted that he just couldn't continue, and asked me to finish the baptism. I did it, being very careful to say all of the right words and not to miss anything. But later, as Dan was growing up, there was sometimes a question of whether the exorcism part had been done correctly.

The last year of residency went fairly well. Unfortunately, Tom Lebherz retired as department chief, and was replaced by Bill Lucas. Lucas arrived toward the end of Leberz' tour, and he and Tom had constant battles. One involved a 3-months pregnant pa-

tient with severe diabetes. She was rapidly losing her vision, and Lucas recommended a "therapeutic" abortion. This was years before the Roe v. Wade Supreme Court decision liberalizing abortions. Lebherz was a staunch Catholic, and talked the patient out of having the abortion. This highly incensed Lucas, but as it turned out, the patient had a fairly uneventful pregnancy, with no additional visual loss. I had mixed feelings about the ethical issues involved, but it appeared that Lebherz had given some good obstetric advice. Lucas had at first seemed like a breath of fresh air - he was very bright and an excellent surgeon. But he turned out to be a lousy chief, a poor educator, and gave the residents very little help.

We enjoyed the social life in San Diego, and took trips to conferences in San Francisco and Las Vegas. I presented my thrombophlebitis paper in Vegas, and it would later be published. Writing a paper took a lot of extra time. I didn't realize how much time I was giving it until one of the better staff men, Marco Labudovitch, pulled me aside one day for a man-to-man talk. He pointed out that I was not spending enough time with the family, and that if I wanted to save my marriage, I would need to prioritize my life. It turned out to be excellent advice. Kathy and I even got into a bowling league, and rolled with the department team, the "Gynobs." It was fun, and there was even more excitement one night when we had an earthquake -- the pins on one alley were all standing at first, but fell over when the quake hit.

The kids stayed fairly healthy in the great San Diego climate. Laurie had eye muscle surgery, and Tom had the same procedures on. The otherwise robust Patrick gave us a scare when he developed a rash and fever - there was some meningitis in the area, but it turned out to be a simple virus. A few days after the extensive blood tests, he was limping, and his MDs worried about a severe bone infection secondary to femoral artery punctures. Everything eventually turned out ok, but it was scary.

All of this kept Kathy very busy juggling car time, since we had only the '63 Chevy for the first 3 years in San Diego - I don't know how she did it. We would finally become a 2-car family when Bob Brown sold me his '52 Chevy junker for \$100 in 1967. In spite of running me ragged for 2 years, Bob and I turned out to be fairly good friends at least we respected each other. He volunteered for a year in Vietnam as a surgeon. We corresponded a few times, and as I was overly gung-ho at the time, I was considering requesting duty in Vietnam myself. Thankfully, Bob advised against it. The war seemed close enough. Early in '68, I delivered a patient whose husband had just been shot down and killed in Vietnam. And on a weekend trip to San Francisco with Kathy, I was in uniform, and was heckled and spit upon by some anti-war hippies.

Toward the end of residency in 1968, we submitted our requests for future locations. My first choice was that I did not want overseas duty, asking specifically that I did not want Yokosuka, Japan. My one week visit there while on the Seminole had soured me on the Orient. One of our staff men, Bythel Dutton had just completed a 3 year tour there, which he really enjoyed. But he admitted that during the wintertime, "your kids might not be quite as warm as you'd like." The thought of the kids shivering for three winters did not appeal to us. Despite all of this, I was hearing rumors that my next assignment would indeed be YOKOSUKA! True to form, Bill Lucas never said anything to me about this. Frustrated, I asked for help from my friendly Ohio congressman William McCulloch. More rumors were floating around -- one had it that Admiral Warden, the hospital Chief, said that if I didn't want to go to Japan, maybe I could go to Vietnam. Interestingly, I wanted to have foot surgery so that if I did have to go there, I wanted to be able to run to the nearest foxhole as quickly as possible!

Residency ended officially on August 4, 1968, and I had foot surgery a few days later. Everything went ok until one week post op, my left leg became painful. The orthopedist saw me, removed the cast, and it felt better immediately. When I later described the situation to Ernie Mazzaferri, he gave me an interesting opinion. He had seen similar cases, in which patients died suddenly, immediately after the cast was removed. Their leg pain had been due to a blood clot, and when the cast was removed, the clot broke loose, went to the lungs, and caused instant death. But I had survived, more or less intact. Unfortunately, the benefits of surgery lasted only three months until I began having foot pain again.

Six weeks after surgery, both of my casts were removed, and I was free to travel. I called the Navy detailer who told me that a position had opened in Charleston, SC, and wondered if I would be interested. A Navy Japanese-American ob/gyn stationed in Charleston had never been to Japan, and wanted to be reassigned to Yokosuka. So after much ado, I would take his place.

We left San Diego the end of summer, driving our brand new 1968 Ford Torino Squire station wagon, for the cross-country trip east. It was necessarily a quick but not scenic trip, with 5year old Laurie, Patrick 4, Tom 3, and Baby Dan, almost 2. As we approached Flagstaff, Arizona, Tom barfed, and the decision was easily made not to visit the Grand Canyon. After a quick visit to Delphos and Cleveland, we then headed south to historic Charleston, SC.

Charleston, South Carolina -- 1968-71

Arriving in Charleston, we moved into Navy housing at Hunley Park, just across the street from the huge air force base, and 20 minutes to Naval Hospital. After checking in, I discovered that I had replaced 3 doctors who were leaving. Unfortunately, the obstetric work load was not proportionately decreased, meaning that the "slavery" and long hours would continue. We were on call every fourth night, and usually got little sleep. Every night was busy, and we gave our own saddle blocks (spinal anesthetics) for delivery, since there was no in-house anesthesia coverage. One night, I had 3 patients ready to deliver at the same time, so, in assembly line fashion, I gave each their saddle, and managed to deliver each without major problems. We rarely called in the back-up Ob/Gyn, since he would be on call the following night and needed the sleep.

One of most exciting deliveries I ever did involved our new next door neighbor, Susan Spage, whose husband was at sea. She called one morning thinking labor might be starting, so I got dressed and had Kathy go over to time her contractions. Just as I met them in Susan's driveway, her membranes ruptured. I had planned to take my VW bug, but Kathy wisely suggested using the station wagon. Being at rush hour, it was slow going to the hospital. In fact we didn't make it! Half way there, Susan started pushing, and I had to pull into a driveway. She then rapidly delivered in the front seat. I wrapped baby and placenta in my shirt and dispatched them in a navy ambulance to complete the trip to the hospital. A few minutes later, a sailor arrived with a bucket of hot water. I told him to use the water to clean the blood and amniotic fluid off of my car's front seat. I had discovered that one of the reasons for having lots of hot water for home deliveries is to clean up the mess afterward. I thought later that if we had taken

the VW, we might have made it to the hospital - it's hard to imagine a woman delivering in the front seat of a VW!

Socially, we met many open-minded Catholics, including Fr. Tom Donaher, a Toledo native, previously married and widowed Navy chaplain. He was a great guy and agreed with my own liberal ideas of modern family planning. Through him, we met Fr. Bob Lauer, another chaplain, who became a very good friend. Kathy was elected president of the Catholic Women's Club at the Air Force Base, where we met Fr. Jack Benedetto, who would also be a long-time friend. Kathy and I were members of Jack's parish counsel, and I was a lecturer at Sunday mass. We had many home masses at the house, some of which I organized and scripted.

I had fun as a coach for the boys T-Ball "Jotter" team, with Pat, Tom, and Dan all playing on the same team at one point. The primary function of the coach was to tend to the player's personal needs, such as tying their shoes and taking them into the woods for potty calls. Laurie also played ball on a Hunley Park team, as well as activities with the Girl Scouts.

The Charleston summers were very hot, and we cooled off with beer and breezes at Bob Lauer's beach house on "Sticker Beach" (Isle of Palms). One weekend, Kathy flew up to Cleveland with the four kids to her cousin Cheryl Neiheiser's wedding. I was on call, so couldn't go. Coincidentally, old Delphos buddy Mike Wulfhorst blew into town, and we spent a crazy night partying at Lauer's, along with Bob and Schizi (short for schizophrenic) Wagner, a fellow priest who had just returned from missionary work in South America. (Details)

Our Ob/Gyn staff shortage continued until the third year in Charleston. We finally got some extra doctors, had more time off, and could finally enjoy some extra curricular activities. Patrick and I took guitar lessons together, with an instructor who also did marriage counseling. She was a born-again Southern Baptist, and

I once overheard her tell a couple that their main problem was spiritual, and they would just have to get down on their knees and pray to the Lord for wisdom. She also asked my advice on several occasions, and for this service, gave me a discount on the guitar lessons. I took lessons until one day, I looked out the window and thought "What in the world was I doing here? I never practiced, and hated to play, but did perform at one wild party. There was more than the usual heavy alcohol consumption, and some of us did a few renditions - Manley Hutchinson on Jew's Harp, Dick Coleman on piano, and me singing and playing a broken 6 string guitar. The feature of the night was my version of "Raindrops Keep Falling On My Head," from the hit movie Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." I was not aware that our jamming had been secretly taped, but at a baptism party the next day at Ed and Barb Vogel's, they played the "song." When I heard the awful recording, I quickly destroyed it, because of possible future challenges to my sanity. But Barb also composed a personalized limerick to mark my musical swan song:

*There once was an old buckeye stud,
Whose ears always filled up with crud.
His feet were a mess,
But his voice was the best.
No one could sing 'Rain Drops' like Bud."*

My feet really were a mess, despite the surgery in San Diego. I consulted the navy orthopedists, who prescribed special tailor-made shoes. After I had worn them for 3 months, one of the nurses asked me why I was still limping around. If anything, my feet hurt more than ever. I figured that the orthopods had more or less given up on me when they said the condition could warrant a medical discharge, with disability, from the Navy. But I wasn't emotionally ready for that step, and found a podiatrist (foot doctor) who trimmed off my calluses and advised me about more comfortable shoes. What would help the most was not to spend

such long hours working, with the prolonged standing and walking.

On July 20, 1969, we had a moon party at the house to watch the first lunar landing of Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin. After the party, we noticed that Danny, age 4, was acting strangely. He was yelling that there were bugs in his room, but a thorough search revealed no insects of any kind. But by 3AM, as he continued yelling about "buggies," we took a closer look at him. We found an empty baby aspirin bottle, and because of a possible aspirin overdose, I ran him up to the ER at Naval Hospital. We drew a salicylate level and watched him for two hours. He was somewhat more hyperactive than usual, but otherwise normal, and had no further hallucinations. We left the ER, but as soon as we hit arrived home, he started yelling about "buggies." He still looked more or less normal, so I just stayed with him the rest of the night. The salicylate level indicated a definite aspirin overdose, but he eventually stopped hallucinating.

We had another party the night before my written Ob/Gyn board exams. Nothing unusual happened that night, but the next morning, Kathy was having severe leg pains. We were concerned about possible thrombophlebitis, and she had an appointment with the internist, which turned out to be at the same time as my exams. Kathy turned out to be okay, and I also passed.

In the spring 1970, I attended the annual American College of OB/GYN meeting in New York City. Air Force Chaplain Jack Benedetto arranged for me to stay a few nights in the East Village, with his brother Bob, a Paulist "street priest." The first night, Bob gave me an eye-opening tour of the back alleys of his very rough neighborhood. I went into the city for my meeting the next morning, and got back very late that night. The bad neighborhood required extra security measures, which for Bob's third floor apartment meant using three keys to open the door. That night, the first 2 keys worked ok, but I couldn't get the door open

with the third key. I worked on this for awhile, when I heard a husky male voice say "What the hell do you think you're doing?" I turned around to see this drunken guy with a very long knife coming after me - apparently thinking I was trying to break in. I did the fastest talking of my life and was thinking about kicking him downstairs just to get out of there. Fortunately, he was a little too drunk to stab me, so just scooted past him, ran downstairs, and luckily caught a cab, went back downtown, and stayed the night with my buddy Garv McClain who was in from Spain for the meeting. I couldn't reach Bob for 2 days, and did not tell Kathy about the episode until she arrived in New York later that week. She asked if we were going down the The Village to visit Bob, so I had to tell her about my adventure.

With more time off than before, I was able to moonlight at the local public health family planning clinic. The preferred contraceptive method was the IUD, particularly the "Dalkon Shield" type. One night, a mother brought in her 14 year old daughter to have an IUD inserted while she was having her very first period. I managed to get an IUD in - whether it worked or not I never found out. At the time, in 1970, the Dalkon Shield was promoted as being a highly effective device. Unfortunately, a few years later, it was found to be a very poor one, with a high pregnancy rate. Worse yet, it also had a high infection rate, and caused several maternal deaths. This came about because of deceitful, unethical research practices, some of which were done at John's Hopkins.

My boss at Charleston Public Health was big on elective abortions. Back then, my somewhat liberal leanings were leading me to reconsider my stance on abortion which had been the traditional Catholic one - no abortions. But it seemed a natural progression to accept contraceptives, then sterilization, then why not abortion for the contraceptive failures, and especially in cases of mother's life, rape, or incest. The area of "mother's health"

seemed broad enough to include many cases. A major stumbling block here was who will make this decision? Wouldn't the most fair way be to have the (potential) mother make the choice? This was happening before the US Supreme Court *Roe v. Wade* decision liberalizing abortion.

In September, 1990, I spent a week job hunting in California. I interviewed at a Kaiser Permanente hospital in San Jose which was affiliated with Stanford's ObGyn department. The Kaiser approach interested me. This was a very early version of an HMO, where I could concentrate on just being a doctor, without worrying about the business part of it, similar to what I had been doing in the Navy. But they had a tyrannical chief of OB, and the doctors I met there weren't too happy with their situation. I also had an interview at the prestigious Palo Alto Medical Clinic. California had just liberalized its abortion laws, and during the interview, it became obvious that they were looking for an Ob/Gyn to do their elective abortions. I realized that I really did not want to work for this outfit, and spent most of the interview defending my anti-abortion stance. A few days later at an OB-GYN meeting in Newport Beach, I overheard an MD talking about doing abortions. He said that when he did the first one, he felt "squeamish" about it, but after that, it became much easier. It got me thinking -- why did he feel squeamish, and why should they become easier to do? What were my instincts trying to tell me? At that time, we had really wanted to go back to California to live. But in addition to the abortion situation turning me off, the hippy kids of one of the doctors got us wondering - is this the ideal place to raise a family?

On the way back to Charleston from California, I stopped off in the Cincinnati area to check out a job advertised in a prominent medical journal. As the plane for Kentucky was taking off over southern California, I noticed how brown everything looked from the air - they were having a lot of fires out there. I also remem-

bered how irritated my eyes had been while I was sitting in a back yard of a home in Los Angeles. On that occasion, I had also noticed that my white shirt had become dirty just from being worn in the LA smog. With all of this in mind, the first thing I noticed about Northern KY was how GREEN everything looked from the air. I then spent two days with my future partners, Larry Hiltz and Vic Magary. They seemed to be nice enough guys, but I wasn't absolutely convinced that I wanted to go into practice with them. Kathy and I did get to meet their kids, who seemed to be well-rounded. One advantage would be that we would be only three hours from my family in Delphos.

My Mom Dies

In early December 1970, I got a call from my sister saying that she was worried about Mom. I called and she had an obvious facial paralysis. I told her to call her doctor right away, and he sent her straight to the hospital. I flew up to Delphos the next day. An arteriogram showed a cerebral aneurism, but I had to talk her into having brain surgery. She did ok right after the operation, but one week later, we were called to the hospital. She had a major stroke, never regained consciousness. She died on December 8. Mom was a great gal, with the Reinemeyer sense of humor, always backed me up and was the primary motivator for me to go into medicine. After Dad died in '53, she went back to work as an RN at St. Rita's. I probably never told her how much that meant for me. I was too busy thinking about my own future and where the money would come from for my 8 years of school. If she hadn't gone back to work, I would have had to get some kind of a job to support us and may not have gone to college. Mom never wanted to bother anyone with her problems. She had chronic headaches and was lonely, but rarely complained. Mom was well-known and well-liked, and the funeral was unforgettable. At the entrance to the funeral at St. John's Church, there was an honor guard of nurses in full uniform, in their whites and wearing blue and red capes. Mom was very proud of being a nurse. I still get choked up just thinking about that scene - one of the rare occasions where I can remember actually crying as an adult. I still miss her, and regret that she didn't get down to Charleston more often.

At Naval Hospital, I had some interesting cases, and one involved ethical issues. This was a 15 week pregnant woman with a massive uterine infection. To save her life, we did a hysterectomy with fetus-in situ, but the baby was too immature to survive, during the last year in Charleston, I worked one afternoon weekly in the prenatal clinic at the Medical College of Charleston. The ex-

perience was broadening, as many southern medical routines contrasted sharply with those I had learned in San Diego. Also realized that I was not quite the "World's Greatest Obstetrician," after I missed a thyroid cancer in a pregnant patient. There was also time to work on my first published article, "Antepartum Thrombophlebitis: A Proposed Regimen of Therapy," which was appeared in the journal *Obstetrics and Gynecology* in 1971.

In February of '71, I got a call inviting me to visit Chelsea Naval Hospital in Boston. I was tempted, as it was an academic situation and affiliated with Harvard. Some MDs at Chelsea told me that if I came to Boston, I would need to buy a house, and to pay for it would need to moonlight. After much soul-searching, I turned it down. The hospital closed the following year, and I would have had to move once more. So it was a good decision. There was a lot of encouragement at the time for me to consider a career in the Navy, but I declined. It was my opinion that the military really should not be in the business of providing health care for the dependent wives and children of servicemen.

The Navy was also bugging me in other ways. We were having formal full dress inspections every Saturday morning. Invariably, my uniform would be not quite right - unshined shoes, unbuttoned coat, collar devices on the wrong side. The Commanding Officer told us once that we were the worst-looking officers he had ever seen. Most of us were more interested in being good doctors, but he never mentioned our medical work. At our last Saturday inspection, I was running late, and couldn't find my hat. I talked to the guy on call at the hospital, who said: "I found your hat. It is so dirty you could use it for either a khaki or dress white inspection." I didn't bother to go to the inspection, luckily, they didn't take attendance.

I was also disillusioned with our involvement in Vietnam, and wanted to disassociate myself from that situation. I was influenced by a 23 year old Naval war hero named John Kerry who

was a member of the "Vietnam Veterans Against the War." In April, he testified before a Senate hearing on Vietnam, finishing with: "How do you ask a man to be the last man to die in a war, to die for a mistake?" I reversed my previous hawkish attitude, and became active in anti-war activities. There was a lot of anti-war sentiment in the nation at the time, but not much inside the military itself. Having just been promoted to Commander (army equivalent, Lt. Colonel), I was the highest ranking member of an antiwar military officer's group, the "Concerned Officer's Movement." In June we published a letter in the Navy Times detailing our opposition to the Vietnam War. On the day it was published, I spent 2 hours being grilled by the hospital Commanding Officer, defending my position. I have no regrets about my antiwar actions, and felt vindicated years later when defense secretary Robert MacNamara in 1998 indicated that at the time he also wanted the US out of the War, but did not push for it. My intentions were to in some way help to stop the killing and end the war. I could only hope that what I was doing did not prolong the war in any way.

One day in early '71, I was having trouble hearing on the phone, and went to the ENT clinic to have the corpsman clean the wax out of my ear, only to learn there was no wax. I had a major hearing loss on the left side, thought to be possibly from exposure to extremely loud hard rock music the week before, and was treated for one week with steroids and nicotinic acid. The medication didn't help, and the deafness was permanent. This turned out to be my first major disability.

I was honorably discharged from the Navy on July 29, 1971, and headed straight for civilian life and private practice in Northern Kentucky. We were returning to our roots, and what looked like a good place to raise a family.

August, 1971 -- Civilian Life in Northern Kentucky

Our first home in Kentucky was a nice duplex rental on Locust Hollow Lane in Edgewood, KY. Then, after 10 years of paying rent, we bought our very first house for \$39,000, at 140 Williamsburg Dr. in Fort Mitchell. It was right next to the Beechwood Swimming Pool, and only a few blocks from the kids' local school at Beechwood. We were reluctant to send them to the local Catholic school, Blessed Sacrament - its quality was unknown, and seemed very conservative. We had some bad experiences with the Catholic schools in Charleston, and Beechwood had a reputation as an excellent school. I was also having lots of doubts about Catholicism in general.

The private practice of medicine was a whole new adventure for me. It took a long time to get used to billing patients for office visits and surgery, things which I didn't have to be concerned about in the Navy. Also new to me was telephoning prescriptions for patients. A pregnant woman would call in for medicine for a cold, and we would either call her back or simply call a prescription into the pharmacy. My partners were big on medicating pregnant patients -- the year I got there, they were prescribing diet pills, diuretics, during pregnancy. They were also using a lot of DepoProvera (long-acting progesterone) to treat threatened miscarriage. I had always been very reluctant to give any drug during pregnancy, and this was a bone of contention between the three of us for several years. I also learned later that Larry had used DES to treat threatened miscarriage. This drug was eventually shown to cause genital defects in female fetuses.

A few days before Easter of '72, Mike Wulforst and I paid a visit to old buddy Mopey Gillon in Slippery Rock, PA. It was a nice get-together, but we found out later that Mopey had a major

drinking problem, requiring hospitalization for beriberi - a vitamin deficiency usually found only in third world countries. Gil-
lon never did get a real job and never stopped drinking, and
would later die an alcoholic death.

My concerns relating to conservative Catholicism continued for many years. In September of 1972, The Cincinnati Enquirer published a letter from a Catholic which was favorable to vasectomy. A brief editorial comment following this letter stated: "The Enquirer is informed by Catholic sources that a Catholic man who undergoes a vasectomy for birth-control purposes is guilty of serious sin each time he engages in sexual relations thereafter." I considered this statement ridiculous, and responded by sending my own letter, which appeared in the Enquirer on September 19, 1972, under the title "Confused Catholics." The letter:

"I noted with interest your editor's note to the letter entitled "Vasectomy and the Church." You somehow neglected to mention the names of your "Catholic sources." Anyone making such a statement has turned a deaf ear to those conscientious Catholics who are trying to work out their family planning difficulties. This type of thinking only compounds the problems of myriad Catholics and others who are victims of sexual dysfunction related to their strict religious backgrounds. Following through on this statement, your "Catholic Sources" would leave the sterilized man with only two choices: (1) Have the vasectomy reversed (not a very successful procedure, and not very practical, since he has already made the definitive decision in good conscience); or (2) practice complete sexual abstinence (no comment needed on this one).

"Furthermore, 'guilty of serious sin each time he engages in sexual relations' assumes that the Church maintains that the only objective of marriage is the procreation of children. But hasn't this attitude been modified by Vatican II to include and emphasize the mutual help and benefit of husband and wife? And even the idea of what constitutes "serious sin" has been open to much heated

debate by respected theologians over the past several years. In short, you have assumed the role of an unnamed confessor who has given inhumane, indifferent, and illogical information to an already badly confused Catholic public. At the very least, I believe you owe your readers a list of the names and credentials Of your "Catholic Sources." Let them choose their own confessor-advisor. Maurice J. Mueller, M. D."

Later, I received a two page letter from our local bishop, which was highly critical of my letter. His own letter ended: "To conclude, I can only add that your letter to the Enquirer reflected something of the "badly confused Catholic public mind" which you mistakenly charge the Editor with confusing still further. This letter is written out of a sense of duty which I must fulfill as Bishop of the Diocese. I know that you will accept it as such, in the spirit of fraternal charity which motivates it. With cordial good wishes for happiness in the Christmastide, believe me, Sincerely yours in Christ, Richard H. Ackerman, Bishop of Covington.

Not long after this, a neighbor called me a "hippy liberal." I probably did have some liberal tendencies - I was interested in equality, tolerance, access to health care, and eliminating poverty. I was a member of the ACLU for a year or so, then dropped out because of their extremist and often nonsensical views. I did have somewhat long hair and wore flared pants, but that was not unusual in the early 70s.

Several months after my Enquirer letter, senior partner Larry Hiltz opined that the letter might have caused some of our patients to transfer to another more traditional Ob/Gyn practice. But I thought it could also have attracted some other more open-minded women.

I did try to more or "keep the faith" by giving free family planning lectures as part of "Precana" premarital programs. These

talks detailed all of the birth control methods. I tried very hard to be objective, but probably emphasized The Pill more than natural family planning. At one session, after I had listed the advantages of oral contraceptives, one woman asked "Didn't the Pope come out against birth control pills?" I answered without thinking too much about it: "I think the Pope is wrong on that." This was to be my last Precana conference -- I was not asked back.

During this time, I became interested in sexual dysfunction, and began treating some patients in the office. Probably the primary reason for my interest was that it seemed like a fairly common problem, and no one else in the area was providing this service. I used "Masters and Johnsons" techniques, with less than spectacular results. It was not a big money maker for the practice, since it is very time-consuming. One of my most challenging patients was a man with impotence I gave him several testosterone injections, without success. I did diagnose his diabetes, which was probably causing his erectile dysfunction. But the couple did not get along, and eventually divorced.

An even greater challenge was a married patient who was unable to consummate her marriage of two years, because of vaginismus (painful, intercourse). It was nearly impossible to do a vaginal exam, and I attempted several office vaginal dilatations. I eventually referred her to a psychiatrist, and she turned out to be a paranoid schizophrenic. She later became pregnant, but was still almost impossible to examine -- was this another immaculate conception? There was no rational explanation for the conception.

In 1973 I had a major ethical challenge, receiving a call from a respected local family physician telling me that the husband of one of my patients had gonorrhea, contracted on a business trip. The man claimed that if his wife found out, she would divorce him. The doctor asked me if I could figure out some way to also treat her with antibiotics, without raising suspicion. It happened that I had done a pap smear on her the week before, and it was

mildly abnormal. I called her and told her about the Pap smear and prescribed ampicillin. This was over-treatment for her condition, but it prevented her from getting GC. I felt conflicted about it at the time, but did not believe it to be a major ethical problem. Many years later, I would use this case for small group sessions with first year medical students, emphasizing that this would not be appropriate modern management. Because of the AIDS situation later on, this couple would have had to face the truth and go from there.

An important historical Note: On March 29, 1973, the last U.S. troops left South Vietnam, after more than 56, 000 were killed in the war. I always wondered if anti-war activities like mine made any difference, and only hope that they didn't prolong the war.

Also in '73, I found out about a new smoking cessation program in late -- SmokeEnders, which used practical behavior modification techniques. A heavy smoker since age 12, I had tried every possible way to stop. These included Eskatrol, a combination of amphetamine and compazine, which did not work, and left me pretty much on the ceiling most of the time. Kathy and I signed up for SmokeEnders, and luckily, we had a great instructor. We completed the program in 6 weeks, and since then, have been "smoke sober" A short time later, we moved into our new house at 78 Superior Avenue.

My longtime interest in ethics continued, and in 1975 I attended an ethics conference at Mt. St Joseph's College in Cincinnati. I remember no details of the meeting, except that Dr. Christian Barnard gave a very interesting talk on the ethics involved in doing the world's very first human heart transplant. Another participant was Dr. Andre Hellegers, an OB/Gyn from Georgetown. He was involved in beginning their Bioethics program, and he became an inspiration for me.

Basketball was my preferred sport into the 70s, and I played in the annual SEMC Staff-Resident's games until 1975. During my last game that year, I managed to make one field goal, a running jumper from the side, and fouled out after playing only 7 minutes. But I really did need some regular exercise, as fellow doctor Lou Nutini told me I was getting fat - the scales showed 190 at one point that year. So at age 39, I took up tennis. In the past, this was considered to be a non-sport in Delphos, even a sissy-sport. I took lots of lessons, but just wasn't cutting it. I was not playing as well as I thought I should be. I tried it for a few years, but seemed to get worse instead of better. The crowning point was during a mixed doubles match, when I served and hit Kathy in the back with the ball. I reluctantly finished the match, but never played again. I was wondering then if something bad was going on in my body, besides middle age.

Patrick joined the Boy Scouts, as did Tom later on, and I went on a few camping trips with them. One of the last ones was in the winter, and I recall sleeping indoors while the boys roughed it out in the cold. I was also a member of one Eagle Scout review meeting. At the time, the Heimlich maneuver was initially being publicized, and I asked the Eagle candidate how he would manage a choking victim. He had never heard of the Heimlich Maneuver, but he made Eagle rank anyway. I had also been an examiner for scouts going for first class, but the kids knew very little about first aid, so I did not pass any of them. They probably complained to their parents -- I was not asked back to help with any further activities, and my brief second career in scouting came to an end.

In the 70's, my good friend and Board of Health Officer Dr. Bill Banks appointed me to the District Board of Health. I enjoyed the monthly meetings, which for the most part gave me an opportunity to socialize, drink lots of martinis and wine, have a nice free meal, and help solve the many public health quandaries of Northern Kentucky. Bill generally told us what to do, but the Fiscal

Court judge members of the Board were often difficult. The after meeting activities were also fun and distracting. After 3 years on the Board, its politics were becoming very old, and Bill Banks had left for a pediatric residency. Since I was next in line for board chairmanship, it was a good time to bid the Board of Heath farewell.

I had an interest in fertility problems, and gave lectures in the subject for SEMC Family Practice residents, in addition to talks on family planning. Kathy and I had some great trips to American Fertility Society meetings, going to Acapulco, Toronto, and Niagara Falls. No one in Greater Cincy was doing infertility, and this was before reproductive endocrinology was a subspecialty. Since there were no experts in the area, I even did a case of tubal surgery a woman infertile with blocked fallopian tubes. Afterward, she was still unable to conceive (the surgery didn't work). I later took a microsurgery course in New Jersey, but decided this would not be the ideal subspecialty for me. The course was good in its emphasis on meticulous technique, and during the course, we were advised not to drink alcohol, smoke, or drink coffee, since these substances could all give us the "shakes." This became very apparent as I watched my own hands shaking while using the operating microscope the morning after "moderate" wine and coffee use.

The tubal surgery failure was not my worst surgical outcome. During this time, a 60 year old patient had a stroke and died 4 days after an elective hysterectomy for benign uterine fibroids. I was devastated, and did a lot of my usual second guessing, namely, did she really need a hysterectomy? I was generally a conservative surgeon, with patients more often than not asking for an operation before I made the suggestion. But I became even more conservative after this death. Also a 50 year old patient of mine committed suicide 6 months after hysterectomy. I felt very badly about her also, but at the time, did not see any special con-

nection between the surgery and her death. Still, I would later lose a lot of sleep over both of these cases.

Great summertime fun for me was canoeing with the 3 boys on the Whitewater River in Indiana. I'm not sure if they enjoyed it as much as their dad, but we went many times. Kathy finally consented to go on one of them. And par to the course, I had my first turnover on the river with her in the boat. No injuries, but it was her. After a good rain, this river was really wild and fast, but we had a great time.

An important historical Note: On March 29, 1973, the last U.S. troops left South Vietnam, after more than 56, 000 killed in the war.

In 1977, I became interested in colposcopy as a way to screen and treat abnormal pap smears, and took basic courses at the University of Chicago and in Los Angeles. One of the best parts of the LA conference was getting together with old friend Fr. Al Norcavage (Danny's baptizer by proxy). We had a good visit with him, going to see Bette Midler at the Roxie, and throwing matches back and forth with actor Jack Nicholson before the show. I did my first 50 office colposcopes on normal patients, at no charge, before I began doing the real thing. During this time, I was also doing laparoscopies. This procedure had just started to get popular in the late '60s after I had finished residency, so I had to learn the procedure on my own at various graduate courses out of town. I never really felt comfortable with it, using it mostly for chronic pelvic pain and infertility workups, but, regrettably, never used it for tubal ligations.

((Still using IV EtOH to stop prenat. Labor))

((Jan 17: Temp -25 F))

Slowly but surely, my weight was creeping up, approaching 190 by March of '77. Good friend Dr. Lou Nutini looked at me one day and said "Bud, you're getting fat". So I started on the high-protein Adkins diet, with pretty good results. The weight dropped to 175, and in May, we took a trip o NY for a visit with old friends Jack and Eileen Bennedetto. I had at least 2 double martinis. I liked them very dry - almost gin on the rocks. One of my drinking problems was that I had been "raised" on beer, and when drinking alcohol of any kind, would gulp the drink as it were a beer, whether it was gin, wine, or Jack Daniels. So after the 2 martinis, I continued my gulping with the wine. The next day, I had an acute gastritis, unable to keep anything down. They considered taking me to the ER, but I slowly recovered, and was able to fly home Sunday afternoon. I had indeed almost OD'd on martinis, so I heeded my stomach's message and never had another one.

A monumental tragedy occurred in May, 1977, the Beverly Hills fire. We had been there many times to see various entertainers, like Peggy Lee, John Davidson, Ray Charles, and had been there one week before the fire. The Club burned to the ground, killing 165 people. We knew several of the dead. One of them was Jim Phelps who was Tom and Dan's little league baseball coach. He went back into the burning building several times, rescuing many people, but did not come out the last time. Others lost were Monica and Jim Lyons, who left five children as orphans. The kids were split up among several families. The club was never rebuilt, and law suits continued for years. One problem with the club was that it was like a maze to go through. Apparently when there was illegal gambling there until the 60's, the maze made it hard for raiding cops to get to the gambling action, allowing time for the proprietors to stash incriminating evidence. ((Did I describe my 1957 or 58 visit with Tito Carinci?))

In December, Vic Magary, Charlie Stephens, Garv McClain and I took the very first ACOG recertification exam. In fact, we were the only ones in greater Cincinnati to take it. Vic was the first to finish, and told me later that he had studied only the practice exam which had been sent out to us 3 months previously. Fortunately for Vic, the actual re-cert exam was an exact duplicate of the practice one. Having only looked at the practice test briefly, it took me the entire allotted 3 hours, and I barely finished on time. It was to be my very last ob/gyn exam.

In 1978, I took a Cardiopulmonary Resuscitation (CPR) course at Christ Hospital, which I found useful on one occasion. Larry, Vic and I often went out to lunch between office hours, and one day Vic and I went to the Town and Country Restaurant in Ft. Wright. While waiting for our lunch, Vic mentioned that someone in the place might be having a heart attack. I ran over, and found a guy lying on the floor, unresponsive. This was before 911, so I asked that the "Life Squad" be called, and started CPR on my own. No one else was familiar with the technique, so I gave both mouth to mouth and chest compression by myself. The squad finally arrived, and we got the patient into the very outdated ambulance - it was actually a converted hearse. Neither ambulance attendant helped with the CPR, so I continued to do both while en route to SEMC North in Covington, around 10 minutes away. John Sherman, the ER doc and I worked on the guy, got him breathing and he had a heartbeat. John told me I saved his life, but he died a week later. There was a nice note of appreciation from the family in the local paper, but with a little luck, he might have made it. For some reason, Kathy and I went to the same restaurant for dinner 2 weeks later, and we noticed that a woman had passed out and wasn't responding - I couldn't believe it. I casually walked over, and she was breathing ok and had a normal pulse. She woke up a few minutes later, apparently having fainted. Trying to find out what was going on, she finally admitted that she had donated blood that morning, and had eaten nothing since. The owner rec-

ognized me from the earlier episode, and gave me a half bottle of wine in appreciation.

The big news in '79 was Larry Hiltz stopping OB and doing office "work" only. Vic and I then went port and starboard (on call every other night). We then recruited Pam Hodges fresh from residency at UK. Having a female partner was a big boon to our practice, and Pam seemed to fit in. She did tubal ligations at St. Lukes and Bethesda, a service we needed. I also started doing tubals at St. Lukes, on patients having repeat Cesarean sections. Pam and I had similar styles of management, so it made our practice more coherent than it had been.

The 80's were busy times for all of us. Laurie graduated from Beechwood HS and started at UK. Lots of kids from NKY there, looks like she feels at home. With Dan in high School at St. X, Kathy decided to get out of the house and pursue some further education. She started in the MBA program at XU, focusing on Health Care, and got her MBA in May 18, 1981. She landed a great job at Bethesda, as Manager of Government Relations.

We lucked out with free summer vacations, the family driving down to surgeon Ed Humpert's great beach house in Myrtle Beach. We did this for several years, until on day Ed complained that I was not referring him many patients. Although I had taken care of his wife for several years, apparently the payback was not being met. His attitude bugged me, He sold his beach house, and our free beach vacations came to a halt.

Kathy and I took some horseback lessons in Winton Woods but I never got the hang of achingly being bumping up and down in the saddle, and getting almost motion sick during the ride.

The premed/dent XU graduates held the first annual Fr. Joe Peters dinner in 1980. (actually 1979 was the first one) I loved these get togethers with old buddies Matt Gorham, Pete Carroll, Chuck

Schindler, Ron Borer. We did these for 4-5 years, and stopped when Fr. Peters developed Alzheimer's. What irony - the guy worked on nervous systems of salamanders and chicks for decades, and then developed the worst possible neurological degenerative disease himself. We tried to continue the meetings, using continuing education for a draw, but it didn't work out. I continually suggested that we have sessions on medical ethics to such a point that Borer accused me of being hung-up on ethics - what me hung-up on ethics?

I was asked to work in the UC Colposcopy clinic by the UC OB/Gyn chair, Dr. Sam Seeds. I did two sessions. But I was going on my afternoons off, and Vic Magary became sore about it for some reason. Also, the sessions weren't that exciting, so my brief return to academia was placed on hold.

1981

On May 18, Kathy got her MBA from XU and landed a great job at Bethesda Hospital as Manager of Government Relations.

In early 1982 I delivered Pam Hodges in January. Afterwards, she paid me the ultimate obstetrician's complement, saying "I don't know what your suturing technique is, but I didn't feel anything." This comment notwithstanding, she left our group in April, claiming that she was bringing in more money than I was. My conservative approach to gyn surgery meant that I was trying all nonsurgical measures for gynecologic problems, and operating more or less as a last resort and/or when the patient demanded surgery. Maybe I was just becoming lazier? Was I just too tired to spend many hours in the operating room. Was I just getting older or was something else going on in my brain? So Vic and I went back to every other night call, until Jeff Gochoel joined us in July. Jeff trained at Bethesda in Cincinnati, and he worked right in. He did have an interesting family history of colon polyps and cancer, and he had a prophylactic colectomy at an early age. He was a good guy with a great sense of humor.

On April 28, Fr.Dan Berrigan was in town, speaking at the cathedral. He mockingly referred to the St. Xavier sports nickname as "Bombers." I presented him with the birthday card which had been returned to us when he was in prison in 1970 for major antiwar activity, like pouring cow's blood bombs or something. He seemed a little brusque at the time, but he remains one of my heroes, and is certainly one of the few authentic modern prophets.

((Patrick graduated from St. X in May)).

On May 20 I presented a paper to the Cincinnati Obstetrical and Gynecologic Society: "Cryosurgery in Private Practice." Despite this, they allowed me to become a member.

When Larry Hiltz retired, our relationship with him was quite strained so we got some new legal and legal and financial people for the practice. Bill Robinson and Dick Rankin begin as attorney and auditor for practice, and both became good friends.

1983: the highlight of the year was an all day April tour of the Napa Valley wine country with Mike and Kathy Wulfhorst. This included stops at Mondavi and Sterling wineries.

Tom graduated from St. X, receiving a special band award.

Lasers were becoming popular for treatment of just about everything, and I took a basic laser course at the University of Chicago. This included some material on colposcopy. During one of these sessions, I asked about the need for a certain procedure - endocervical curettage, during pregnancy. I described a case of a pregnant woman in our practice who had an abnormal pap smear evaluation by one of my partners (Hodges). She did this technique on a 16 weeks pregnant patient, who bled and then miscarried. It was my contention that this technique should not be done during pregnancy. On the way out of this session, who should be waiting but Dr. Hodges herself, appearing very flustered. I had not known that she was attending the conference. Needless to say, we did meet her for dinner that evening.

In 1984, I went to the city of London, Ontario Canada, for a teaching session on cervical laser in Canada with Dr. Cecil Wright, whom I had met in Chicago. After practicing on cow uteri, I started doing cervical laser at Bethesda and at St. Luke. The procedure was for cases of premalignant cervical lesions. In the past, most of these patients would have required a cervical conization, not a very good operation, since 20% of patients had severe bleeding post op. I would later been doing these at SEMC, the first ob/gyn to do them at that hospital.

Dan graduates from St. X. White water raft trip to New River.

May 6 of 84: Laurie graduated from UK. The summer before, she had an internship at local TV Channel, earning some credits for a special (in What?)

1985

I had always wanted to Scuba dive, and early in 1985 I started taking scuba lessons. But I was apparently not in good enough shape, and almost drowned during my sixth lesson. I had never been able to float, so I assumed that my legs were just not strong enough for scuba-ing. Or was I just getting to old for it? Were all those years of night call taking their toll? Was something else going on?

In June, I took an "open" laparoscopy course in Chicago, and did a few of these each year. Later, took a Microsurgery course in New Jersey. It seemed to improve my surgical technique doing gyn, but I realized that I would probably not be using it for tubal surgery. On the first day of the course, we were instructed not to drink alcohol or coffee. Unfortunately, I did both, and could my obvious shaking under the operating microscope.

Early in the year, Joyce Magary met with Kathy and me to tell us about husband Vic's heavy drinking. Joyce and their 6 kids had a meeting with a psychologist, and everyone agreed that Vic had a major drinking problem. This was surprising to me, since I had never seen him drunk. The therapist thought that we needed some definite evidence of his drinking before having an intervention. Finally, we had solid evidence, one with him missing a delivery after he couldn't wake up, and in the same, a doctor telling me that he saw Vic drunk at a party, while he was on call. So, on Friday, July 11, 1985, we had an intervention for him. This was one of the most grueling, wrenching 4 hours I had ever gone through. It almost failed - at one point, he and I got into an argument, but the psychologist got us settled down. Vic agreed to 6 weeks hospitalization in Cincinnati. So I was on call every other night again, and had to cancel his surgical cases, etc. This seemed to work, and he appeared to be in good shape.

I was active professionally. In October, I attended my first Central Association meeting in New Orleans, where I was a discussant for a presentation on colposcopy. And in December, I spent a week with Dr. Lou Saldana at Bethesda, trying to develop my skills in ultrasonography. Although ultrasound was becoming very popular in obstetrics, I never really felt comfortable with the technique.

1986

In January of '86, our Carribean exploration continued, with a trip to the Cayman Islands. As usual, it was a tax-deductible meeting, this time one on investment strategies. Had a great time, which included renting a scooter for several open-air trips around the island. The rules of the road included driving on the left side, which was no big deal, but there were some challenges at intersections where I was turning.

((This is in June, 1988)) the Tom and Dan brotherly love competition continued, when both graduated from college on the same day. After attending Dan's Miami ceremonies in Oxford, we barely had time for the drive down to Richmond for Tom's at Eastern Kentucky. We got there just in time to see KY Governor Wallace Wilkinson arrive by helicopter.

Feb: Fr.Herr visit in Lima (?When did he die). I had several visits with him after he was diagnosed with leukemia. At the last one, we had a nice meal and he said a private mass for me at house. He also gave me a "general confession," which was to be the last one of these for several years ((the last one, through the year 2000)). His funeral was at Lima St. Rose church in Lima, OH, ironic because of the former fierce basketball rivalry. He was a popular guy, and the church was packed. As I sat up in the choir waiting for the mass, especially world class author Fr. Andrew Greely's homily, I reminisced about the old days at Delphos St. John's High School. While thinking about Fr. Herr's methods of encouragement and stimulation, a pesky bee landed on my arm, paused, and just as quickly flew away. Did the bee actually look at me? Had Msgr. Herr been briefly reincarnated? The guy was without doubt a pest, but in my case, the nagging paid off. Fortunately, the bee, did not sting me. After the mass, I said hello to Bishop Albert Ottenweller, a former parish priest and boy scout advisor at St. John's, whom I hadn't seen in 20 years. I reintro-

duced myself, and his first words were: "Weren't you one of the scouts who cut down all those trees in Stallkamp's Woods?" ("The evil that men do lives after them, The good is oft interred with their bones." (Mark Anthony, in Julius Caesar , Shakespeare, III, ii, 79)

In April I went to a colposcopy conference in Boston. Went one day early to watch the Boston Celtics, mainly Larry Bird. This was one of their greatest teams, with Danny Ange, Robert Parish, Dennis Johnson, Kevin McHale. I really enjoyed being in the Boston Gardens.

Patrick graduated from Purdue on May 18, with double majors in math and computer science. He signed on with IBM, with whom he had co-opted the previous year, and went to work in Lexington, KY.

Also in May I was having more motion sickness and my hearing seemed worse at times. The possibility of an acoustic neuroma (a brain tumor involving the eighth cranial nerve) crossed my mind, so I saw Dr. Lazinski in Cincy. He recommended a brain imaging test, but first asked what kind of insurance I had. He said the MRI was much more expensive than a CT scan, so I got the CT. The MRI is more sensitive, but the CT would pick up a brain tumor. As the old joke goes, CT scan of my brain showed nothing. I was somewhat reassured, but wondered what, if anything might be going on inside my head.

In June, the labor and delivery units of SEMC were transferred from the North Unit (Covington) to the South (Edgewood). This was much closer to home - I could get there in 8 minutes. Also, we now had individual sleeping rooms, compared to the old "dormitory style" quarters at the North. Joe Daugherty would no longer keep 3 other guys awake all night with his snoring. The worst part of the old arrangement was that whenever one person was called, we would all wake up, so that being there meant you

would most likely get no sleep. Our practice arrangement of having the day off after being on call was essential, just to try to catch up on missing sleep.

((1986))The highlight of the year was on September 9, our Silver Wedding Anniversary. We had a great party, and had lots of local and out of town friends and family. Sue and Len, Uncle Tom and Aunt Pat, and Ernie and Flo Mazzaferri were there, with Ernie giving a Best-Man's tribute. The party was in our back yard, and a good time was had by all.

1987 was jam-packed with excitement, not all of it good.. I had a case of a pregnant woman with an abnormal pap smear who required cervical conization, a procedure we liked to avoid even with non-pregnant patients, because of the potential for heavy bleeding. The "cone" was needed to rule out invasive cervical cancer. My friendly gyn oncologist Helmut Schellhas did the procedure. At the time, I had not thought too much about the potential ethical ramifications involved if there was invasive disease. If indicated, would it appropriate to do a hysterectomy, at a Catholic hospital, and thus lose the pregnancy? I had done one of these in Charleston, but that was a naval hospital. I uses the case as my presentation for the July trip to the then Soviet Union (USSR). I was a member of a group of OB/GYNs who represented the People to People organization. This was when the Soviet Union was just starting to open up. But the Cold War was still officially going on, as we found out on our first day in that Communist state.

Our 2 week trip started in Helsinki, Finland. This was a friendly, quiet and pleasant country which featured a lot of reindeer meat. After a few days, we left for Leningrad (later to be re-named St. Petersburg). Immediately upon arrival, we watched as our American interpreter was led away to be questioned by uniformed personnel. We did not see him again until 12 hours later. As part of his luggage, he had brought in several large packages, which he told everyone that this was stereo equipment for some soviet

friends. The military confiscated this stuff, and this put a damper on the rest of the trip. I was convinced that he really was some kind of a CIA operative, and I mentioned this fact in my evaluation to the trip sponsors. We did not visit any Russian homes, and were not permitted to give our presentations until the last day. Before that, we went to several circuses in Leningrad and Moscow, as well as the Hermitage, an awesome museum. Things were worse in Moscow, and we were not able to enter any of the night spots there until the night before we left. Our lodgings in Moscow were at the huge one block square Russia Hotel, where I asked about laundry facilities. I was told to leave my dirty shirts in the hotel room, and someone would take care of them. When I returned to my room later on, there was a maid washing my shirts in our bathtub - they didn't have any laundry facilities. We did tour their largest women's hospital, which appeared to be on a par with a 1940's American hospital. They had open air delivery and surgical suites, and I noticed lots of flies coming in the open window. Their blood bank was pitiful, having only one unit of each blood type for the entire institution. They hastened to explain that needed blood could sometimes be obtained from other hospitals, within a matter of hours. I did taste caviar for the first time, washing it down with warm beer. The last leg of the trip was 3 days in Stockholm Sweden, a very pleasant place. When we landed in New York, everyone stood up and applauded - we felt very fortunate and proud to be American citizens.

Later in the year, I agreed to be an "expert witness" for Charlie Stephen's malpractice suit. Tohis was my first appearance in a court room and it was awful. The case involved a surgical case, in which the ureter was mistakenly tied off during a hysterectomy. This is a potential complication with any hysterectomy, and I had one in a case of my own one year previously. I was on the witness stand for several grueling hours, and we were all surprised when Charlie lost the case.

After he was diagnosed with metastatic stomach cancer, I reconciled my relationship with former partner Larry Hiltz. We had been on bad terms since before his retirement, when there was too much discussion about his worth to the practice and financial matters. I did visit him several times, the last in the hospice unit. He was losing touch, and talked about his being a pro football player. He died on December 8. We all knew Vic Magary was taking Larry's death very hard, but no one could have predicted how hard that would be.

The week before the Christmas of '87, Vic met with Jeff and me, and admitted that he had fallen off the wagon - he had taken "a few" drinks. His psychologist would be meeting with Vic the day after Christmas. As it turned out, that would not be soon enough. Just after our Christmas dinner, Jeff called to say that Vic had stabbed his oldest son, John. When I got to Vic's house, he was being led away in handcuffs by the police, while the life squad was taking a shocky John Magary to SEMC South. Jeff had followed the ambulance, and I joined him and surgeon George Renaker in the OR with John for a 3 hour exploratory operation. John had bowel lacerations and lost one kidney, but he survived. Before going into the OR, I had called our attorney Bill Robinson. Vic spent a few hours in jail, then was transferred to the psychiatric unit at St. E North. Vic was finally correctly diagnosed with manic depression (bipolar), and would spend 3 months in Harding Psychiatric Institute. in Columbus, Ohio. He would never practice medicine again.

After Vic's "retirement," Jeff and I were back to being on call other night. Mike Lavender and Garry Kanter helped by cross-covering with us, so it could have been worse. I did not especially like either one of these guys, but it sure beat port and starboard night call - I was getting too old for that.

((?Delete this paragraph((?88))In March, the NCAA regional basketball tournament came to Cincy. I had previously entered a

ticket lottery, and luckily, I won tickets for the 2 days of non-stop college basketball. Kathy was not interested, so Jeff and I went one day, and old XU buddy Neil Mooney came up from Bristol Tennessee for the second day. We watched something like 12 games in two days, even going to practice day to see Indiana's coach Bobby Knight perform. I loved all of it)).

The next month, I had my toughest delivery ever. The patient had 3 previous deliveries, her last one being a 10 pounder. But this one was bigger - 11.5 lbs, requiring a difficult mid forceps procedure. The baby had a 0 Apgar at birth, but was finally resuscitated. It was transferred to Children's Hospital immediately, where it stayed for several weeks. At her postpartum six weeks checkup, the mother told me that the baby was slowly improving. But I would hear much more about this case in the future.

In May, 1988, our college bills ceased, as Tom and Dan graduated. Dan's was early AM. We heard the editor of National Geographic give an acceptable commencement address, and hung around in Oxford long enough to be sociable. We then raced down to Richmond KY just in time to get to Tom's ceremony at EKU, with KY Governor Wallace Wilkenson arriving in a helicopter to do the talk.

In May, Dr. Frank Chervenak gave the OB/GYN Grand Rounds Lecture at UC, on obstetric ethics. I was fascinated by the topic, and asked him after the lecture how I could get more info on the topic. His advice was to read the "Hastings Center Report," the only ethics journal available at the time. I had previously subscribed to the magazine in the late 70's, but canceled it because I rarely read any of the articles. Since I was resuming my interest in ethics, I also resumed my subscription.

On July 12, Cincinnati was host for the Major League All-Star game. I got two \$30.00 tickets, and Tom and I went to see a

somewhat boring pitcher's dual, ending in a 1-0 score. We had a good time anyway, but I don't remember who won the game.

Kathy and I went to the Central Association of Obstetricians and Gynecologists meeting in September, held in Salt Lake City. After the meeting, I went on a 3 day white water raft trip down the Utah portion of the Colorado River. On the second day, we spotted a guy walking along the river bank with a shotgun. He looked and talked like a hill-person and I uncomfortably remembered the movie "Deliverance," where the canoeists were assaulted by some Georgia hill people. The guy just asked for some tobacco, and raft master just went close enough to shore to throw him some, and then got the hell out of there ASAP. We were told later that it was illegal to carry firearms in the area, but we heard nothing further from the guy or any of his companions. My luck was holding. As it turned out, the weather also held, and the trip was great. But being out in the sun on warm days was very tiring, and I was exhausted when I got home. And I still watch "Deliverance" every time it's on TV.

In December I was having some numbness and decreased sensation in my left hand, and called primary care doc Roy Moser, who opined that it was likely either cervical arthritis or multiple sclerosis, and advised me to see neurologist, Scott Heath. The sensation was diminished to a point that I had to do pelvic exams with my right hand, which was very disconcerting, almost like being a med student again. An MRI of my neck showed severe cervical arthritis, and I started home cervical traction, or as Heath described it, we'll make you taller. After 6 weeks there was no improvement, so I saw Lowell Ford, a neurosurgeon, who scheduled a myelogram, looking for a surgical condition. The day before the myelogram, things seemed "miraculously" better, so I was spared the procedure. Ford's diagnosis was carpal tunnel syndrome. I doubted this diagnosis, but since things had improved, I did nothing else at the time.

1989 - An Extremely Big Year

In February, I attended an SEMC Workshop in ethics. The conference was aimed at MDs, RNs, and other professional people. There were no terribly earth-shattering presentations, but it did whet my appetite somewhat, and I was wondering if there might be something in it for me. Coincidentally (?), I soon learned of another ethics conference at Christ Hospital, scheduled for April. Although scheduled to work, I persuaded a reluctant Gary Kant4er to cover for me so I could attend at least part of the session. The featured speaker was Stuart Youngner, a psychiatrist at Case Western, who was a dynamic speaker. Ethics was becoming more interesting, and I spoke with him briefly after his talk. He was very friendly, and promised to send me info on the the Society for Bioethics Consultation, which would be meeting in the fall.

((INTERCONNECTEDNESS)) Jim Regan - BENO - Bob Baumliller - Also at SBC: met Bob Orr, Jim Drane, Chris McHenry, Mark Siegler. Siegler suggested meeting Terry Perlin - Bob McLauren - Cris McHenry - Mary Mahowald. Jim Drane - later Drane introduced me to Stephen Post as a potential Union adjunct. McHenry - UC first year course in Health Care Ethics - intro to Interactive Method)).

Shortly after the Christ Hospital conference, Kathy showed me an article in the Kentucky Post which featured a guy who had just received a masters degree in bioethics from Georgetown University, and was doing ethics consultations for hospitals. Kathy remarked: "You could do that." - Why not? The very next week I was paging through the ads in the JAMA, and something jumped out at me: a notice of Georgetown's annual Intensive Bioethics Course, scheduled for the summer of '89. I sent in my application for the course, was accepted, and soon received 3 ethics books in the mail which were to be read in advance of the course.

In the meantime, my left foot was becoming even more painful, and I consulted my Podiatrist Gary Neltner, who told me I was essentially walking on a spur, like a thorn in my foot, and would need major foot surgery, requiring being off work for 4-6 weeks. I got a second opinion from orthopedic foot specialist Jim Sammarco. He also advised a "big" operation, essentially rebuilding my foot. He said I would need to be off work for 8 weeks, and might have pain and swelling for up to one year after surgery. Since we still had a two-man practice, I told him that this was totally unacceptable. He finally decided on a more conservative procedure, in which only the end of the affected bone would be excised, and I could be back to work in 2 weeks. This seemed more rational, and I had the surgery on April 27. I used the time off to read one of the Georgetown books - "Principles of Bio-medical Ethics," by two Georgetown ethicists. The course was June 18-24, and I was hooked! It really was intense, but I enjoyed it, and got so involved that I met with the course director, LeRoy Walters, to discuss my enrolling in the Masters degree program in bioethics. The week was also a good family one, since Pat and Sandy and Dan were all living in the D.C. area, and we got together for a nice cruise on the Potomac. I had definitely decided that my second career was going to be in bioethics, but I was not sure how I was going to get there.

The Ethics Scene was now evolving fast and furious. In September, I went to a Society for Bioethics Consultation conference in St. Louis. I met some good people from the University of Chicago Center for Clinical Ethics, including the head, Dr. Mark Siegler, an internist world class ethicist. I talked to several of the Chicago Fellows, and at that point, I was trying to decide between the Georgetown Masters Bioethics program and the University of Chicago fellowship in clinical ethics. In the meantime, I asked the SEMC Ethics Committee Chair Rose Hook about being a member. It happened that one member, Dr. Ralph Huller, was leaving the committee, and I was appointed to take his place.

My first meeting was in September. One of my first committee projects was to work on a position paper on fetal anencephaly. In this condition, the fetus has an undeveloped, almost absent brain. It can be diagnosed very early in pregnancy, and is always fatal. At the time, it was believed that there was great risk for severe maternal emotional problems. And since the deformity is always lethal, our committee's position was that early induction of labor, even before fetal viability, could be appropriate.

Kathy and I had the "winning" bid in a trip to Spain, which we took in September. It was our first trip to Europe, and we rented a car and visited Ronda with its Roman bridges, Granada with its Islamic culture, and the rock of Gibraltar. On the way back, we spent one night in London and had a brief midnight tour of the city's sites. We found the British to be more friendly than the Spanish. ((EMBELLISH this - Bullfight, food, etc))

1990 was to be a benchmark year, in many ways. ((Professionally, I had my only Triplet delivery - used IV alcohol ((Later in year, after Vince starts)) The practice was becoming hi-tech - because of the multiple health plans and HMO's, we computerized the office, just to keep track of all of the paperwork. And Jeff and I purchased a cell phone, which we shared when on call. It was neat, but did not work inside of buildings, such as the hospital.

((Marco: you need to get another degree))I recognized a need to expand my ethics knowledge base. After looking at XU's minimal offerings in philosophy courses, I took old buddy Matt Gorham's suggestion and inquired into the University of Cincinnati's programs. In January, I met with the UC philosophy department chairman who suggested that I take a graduate level ethics course which featured John Rawls' "A Theory of Justice." I started the class 2 weeks late, and it took the rest of the quarter to catch up. I felt a little out of place with the young philosophy majors, and fortunately, there were no exams. I did a 25 page final essay which considered whether health care should be considered a ba-

sic right for Americans: "Some Ethical Considerations of Health Care Allocation. This was my first essay in over 30 years, it was lot of work, with 51 references, and thought it deserved an A. But the professor, David Anderson, a visiting fellow from University of Michigan, thought otherwise, and gave me a B for the essay and the course. His main criticism of the paper was that the discussion was not sufficiently analytical. I had no idea what that meant. Fortunately, he probably realized that, and explained it in his page-long critique of the essay: "Analysis means breaking down the components of the problem in order to illuminate the question at issue." That made some sense, and would prove to be helpful for future work in philosophy.

In February, Kathy and I took a break from the awful weather for a week long trip to the wonderful Caribbean island of St. Martens. We loved these islands, which were fairly low-key, with friendly natives, great restaurants, and perfect weather. Our beachside cabin was great, but to my surprise, I got sunburned in the shade, from reflection off the water.

Later on at home, I was watching a pro basketball game on TV, when Mark Kemen, Laurie's boyfriend came in to the family room to talk. He was speaking very softly, and I told him to hold on, and I would turn down the volume of the game. But when I caught the word "married," I turned off the game completely. In an old-fashioned way, he was asking for Laurie's hand in marriage. Our only daughter was getting engaged!

In May, we went to another medical meeting, this time the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists, in San Francisco, one of our favorite cities, hooking up with old friends from residency, Ernie and Jean Wood. I took a postgraduate course in OB ethic, but I didn't learn much of anything new. I guess that was a good sign, maybe I had already learned a few things. I had some conversations with the courser director, Tom Elkins, from Michigan, who would later face great problems after

he became department chair at LSU in New Orleans. The night before I left San Francisco, I was exhausted, and had to cancel a dinner date with the Woods.

Dr. Mark Siegler had suggested that I meet with Dr. Terry Perlin, an ethicist at Miami University in Oxford, and we met on May 24. The same day, Perlin introduced me to Dr. Bob McLauren, a Cincinnati neurosurgeon and attorney. Bob invited me to a Children's Hospital ethics conference later in the year, where I met Dr. Chris McHenry, a pediatrician in charge of the UC ethics course for first year medical students. Chris asked me to be a facilitator for the course. This involved having small group student sessions, which used the interactive method, where the students were supposed to do most of the work. Was all this serendipitous or not?

The next week I flew up to Chicago to meet with Mark Siegler at the U Chicago Center for Clinical Ethics, to discuss their one year fellowship program. It sounded great to me, and it paid a stipend of \$20,000 for the year. I also talked with Dr. Arthur Herbst, chair of OB/GYN at UChi, who was the leader for our trip to the Soviet Union in 19--. He was very helpful, but did ask me what would become of my private practice. Good question - I had not thought too much about that, but it would depend on the prospects for a clinical ethicist/obstetrician/gynecologist, of whom there were possibly 2 or 3 in the USA. In Chicago, I also met up with old buddy and cousin Bob Kill, who had become a very successful businessman. We toured the Art Museum and had a good visit, but I was exhausted when I got home.

In early June, I developed severe low back pain during a C-Section. I was able to finish the case, but was walking bent over. I talked to orthopedist Gordon Air who advised me to take 2 hot baths and call him in the morning. He examined me the next day, found nothing, and since I was feeling better, we did not pursue it. The next day, Jeff Gochoel left for a well-deserved 2 week va-

cation in California. We had some emergency backup from Mike Lavender and Gary Kanter, but I was to be virtually in solo practice for the next 14 days. In addition to being on call every night for the next 14 days, there were busy office hours. I had an eerie feeling that the sky might fall in when Jeff took off, and it did!

On the very first day, June 6, I was swamped right off the bat, having 6 deliveries in 8 hours, including 2 C sections. Several of the deliveries were bunched together, which I hated. I really did not like to be forced to work too fast, but there was no one available whom I could call to help. The next day was less busy, but I got caught in a traffic jam and was late for office hours. Another labor call brought me to the hospital at midnight. Fortunately, the delivery at 5 AM was fairly easy. But I was having a recurrence of the numbness and decreased sensation in my left hand, and called the office of neurologist Scott Heath and left a message. Scott was on vacation, but his partner Jim Farrell called me and advised coming to the office later that day. My own office hours started at 9, and I was surprised to find Farrell there waiting for me. He was concerned that I might be having a stroke or a heart attack, so he made a "house call" to check me out. He elicited some hyperactive reflexes, but everything else was ok. I felt comfortable with Jim in all respects - technically, intellectually, and emotionally. He ordered a neck MRI later that day, but it was unchanged from the prior one of 1988. The business continued over the weekend, and at one point I was nauseated from exhaustion. By Monday morning I had survived after doing my 10th delivery in 7 days. I was hanging in there, but had some disturbing new symptoms: a lot of weakness in my legs, and Kathy noticed one side of my face was drooping, a sign of facial muscle problems. I went to Farrell's office and he confirmed the new findings. His impression was some kind of major neuromuscular problem, such as multiple sclerosis (MS) or myasthenia gravis. MRI the next day confirmed the diagnosis: MS. I was not too surprised. I struggled through the next few days. I felt insecure, and felt the

need to share the news with friends John Darpel and Charlie Stephens, who agreed to back me up at the hospital, at any time. Fortunately, deliveries were mercifully slow, but my left hand was weak and clumsy during laser cervical surgery, I was having trouble tying knots and putting in my hearing aid and with word processor typing. I felt generally weak and shaky, and cancelled some office patients, for the first time in my career. Kathy was giving me great support during this hectic time. I was wondering what would happen to me, the family, the practice, life. She assured me that things would somehow work out for the best.

I had a lumbar puncture (spinal tap) to confirm the diagnosis, and was then given IV SoluMedrol (corticosteroids), trying to stop the acute process. It worked. I felt great almost immediately, with more energy, strength, and improved symptoms. But I was having trouble sleeping, and had developed a severe headache. The brain MRI had also shown acute sinusitis, so I treated myself, as usual, with antibiotics. Farrell thought I might have a spinal headache and might need an epidural patch. (?how many spinal headaches had my own OB patients had).

Jeff finally got back to work on Monday, and I broke him the news. We had a business meeting with Gradison in the afternoon, which I had to leave because of the awful headache. I went to the ER for the epidural patch, and at one point had 3 different needles sticking in me: the epidural, the venipuncture to get my blood for the patch, and the IV needle, for my last SoluMedrol treatment. Jeff visited me, and I joked that with all of the needles, maybe this would be a good time for acupuncture.

Our new partner Vince Lubrano came on board in July, and he was a sight for sore eyes (as well as sore backs, necks, heads, and brains. Vince was a hybrid or mongrel in many ways - a red-head with an Irish mother and Italian father, who grew up in Brooklyn, moved to Texas, going to Texas A&M for college and med school, and took his ObGyn residency at Medical College of

Ohio in Toledo. So we welcomed this transmigrated tough-talking but gentle Italian/Irish Brooklynite/Aggy/Ohioan to the Northern Kentucky. I had told him up-front when the MS was diagnosed, and he seemed comfortable with that. He was also aware of Jeff's family history of colon cancer, but none of our rotten medical situations seemed to bother him. Seemed like a cool guy, with a ?gift for gab. When he first visited us looking at the practice, he remarked that one thing he liked about Jeff and me was that we didn't wear wristwatches at our first dinner together. Did we not want to feel that our pleasantries would be constrained by the time factor? Or maybe we had just lost too many watches, left in our scrub clothes at the hospital? For some reason, he was impressed, and accepted our overly generous financial offer. My own salary and work schedule was renegotiated to accommodate my need to avoid fatigue. I would take one week off each month, and my paycheck would reflect the decreased work load.

Earnie Mazzaferri was still Chairman of Internal Medicine at OSU, and he suggested I see Dr. Romahan, their MS specialist for another opinion. He agreed with the diagnosis, but had nothing to offer regarding management. There was no specific treatment for MS back in 1990. Of special concern was my fluctuating energy levels, which made long days in the office and night call frustrating. Jim Farrell had prescribed amandtadine for the fatigue, which did not help. So I had to adjust the office schedule, and would call for help at night when needed.

It was becoming obvious that my days as a practicing Ob/Gyn were probably numbered, and some hard decisions would need to be made about a possible second career in ethics. Old mentor Marco Labudovitch from residency days in San Diego had said that I would need "an advanced degree" of some kind. My preference was either the masters program in bioethics at Georgetown, or Mark Siegler's fellowship in clinical ethics at U Chicago. I

really did not want to go out of town for an entire year, so I talked to Dr. Dick Gruber at XU, about their MA Humanities program. At that point, it was becoming obvious to me that modern bioethics was too complicated for just a philosophical or theological approach, and required an integrated, more holistic background. A solid foundation in humanities looked like a good place to start, and being in the program would allow me the time to make a decision whether further education was indicated. I could also get some exposure to some subjects which I didn't have much time for during my undergrad years. School commenced on September 5, 1990. (?list some courses)

I resumed my XU career with 3 courses: one in English literature which included some poetry. The prof was my age who had also had Fr. Joe Peters, my old mentor at XU, for Biology. The other course was a history seminar which focused on English and American heroes. These included Achilles in the Iliad, the Aeneid, Bodachea Henry V, George Washington, Florence Nightingale, Charles Lindbergh, and some Irish guys, members of the original IRA. Mercifully, there were no written or oral exams, but the several essays required were a real grind. I thought most of them were well done, but earned only one A out of 6 for the course. Dr. Gruber did spend some extra time with me, trying to sharpen my writing skills, but I did not give him what he wanted on his specialty, Irish history. I thought his Irish "heroes" were pretty pathetic, and to a large extent responsible for the ongoing modern violence in Northern Ireland. I would get only Bs from his 3 history courses. It probably didn't help my cause to present him with a non-derogatory personalized limerick at final class, although he seemed to enjoy it.

Other courses at XU: Theory of Knowledge - first day of class, Prof asked if anyone had taken a metaphysics course. One sweet young thing admitted she had, but it had been almost 3 years since the course. I was too embarrassed to admit that it had been

35 years since my own metaphysics course with good old bad Dr. Bernard Gendreau. My final essay was "Conscience as Consciousness," in which I tried to show how conscience and its development was an example of how the conscious state might function. Also took some individualized bioethics courses with Christine Godorf. One of the more enjoyable courses was Modern Drama, where we read GB Shaw, Chekov, Ibssen. My final essay looked at "Death of a Salesman" and its ethical overtones. I also tried to get credit for the acting classes I took at the Playhouse in the Park, but Gruber turned me down.

My master's dissertation was "Religious Reasons for Refusal of Medical Treatment." An example was Jehova's Witnesses (JW) refusal of life-saving blood transfusions. Coincidentally, the local paper ran an article about a JW woman who bled heavily after delivery, was transferred to UC, received all kinds of treatments including hyperbaric chamber, but died of profound anemia. She essentially bled to death, having refused blood transfusions which would have saved her life. The family was so suspicious that they posted someone in her room at all times, just to prevent someone sneaking in a pint of blood. I knew the obstetrician, and called him after learning of the case. He was devastated about the death. I tried to be conciliatory, but also offered my own approach to the JW problem. When JW patients come in for their first prenatal visit, I tell them that I respect their decision to refuse blood. But I would like them to also respect my own decision, that I would have a moral obligation to save their life, even if it would involve a blood transfusion. If they do not accept this proposal, they are free to transfer to another obstetrician. Fortunately, in there is no shortage of Ob/Gyns in the Greater Cincy area.

I had formulated this approach a few years previously, after an experience with one of my own JW patients. She had a normal delivery, but bled heavily the following day. Kathy and I were in Covington furniture shopping, when I got a call on my newly-

acquired beeper. Fortunately, we were still doing OB at St. E's North in Covington, so Kathy dropped me off at the hospital. The patient was hemorrhaging, and it was obvious that she needed an emergency hysterectomy. Before starting the surgery, I ordered the patient to be given 2 units of non-crossmatched blood. The anesthesiologist questioned this, asking: "Is this a wise thing to do? She is a Jehovah's Witness, and also has an increased chance of having a reaction to this kind of blood." I said: "This patient is in shock. If you don't give the blood and she dies, it's your fault." The doctor gave the blood, the hysterectomy was done rapidly, the patient had no further problems, and never questioned receiving blood. The uterus showed that the placenta had invaded into the uterus, (placenta accreta), and hysterectomy is the only treatment. I had gone over all of this before surgery, and repeated it post-op, and the patient and her husband did not question the transfusion. But I decided I needed to better inform these patients, and so decided on the above pro-active approach.

I was making some helpful local connections with ethics people. Nationally known ethicist Terry Perlin at Miami U. had introduced me to Bob neurosurgeon/ lawyer Bob McLauren, who invited me to a Children's Hospital ethics conference on Sept. 14. Pediatrician and ethicist Chris McHenry saw me in the parking lot and asked me to be a facilitator for the UC ethics course for first year medical students. This involves tutoring small groups of students, and proved to be a great educational tool, mainly for me in the first few years of my introduction to this teaching method.

On September 10, I gave my very first ethics lecture, for the Family Practice Residents at SEMC. The title was "Perinatal Ethics," but what material I actually covered, I have no idea. (?See old notes from outline in Q&A)

In October I attended an ethics course at Mt. Carmel Hospital in Columbus, site of my old intern stomping grounds. When I walked through the hospital doors, I wondered whether how

much of my intern work was ethically appropriate. Other than doing a lot of the usual practicing on patients, I could not put my finger on any profound ethical dilemma from this part of my life. The draw for me at this conference was the great Jesuit Fr. Richard McCormick, world class ethicist from Notre Dame, and whom I had talked with previously about the anencephaly issue. I had written to him regarding the situation, and he later telephoned me with some excellent advice. After his presentation, I introduced myself, and we had a friendly and informative chat. As I was leaving, we shook hands, and he thanked me for saying hello! Is that super-friendly or what?

Christmas 1990, I volunteered to work the day, feeling that this would probably be my last Christmas on call, and that my partners might not get many of the holidays off in the foreseeable future. There is no memory of any catastrophic cases.

1991

In February, Kathy and I had a great trip to the Caribbean island of Aruba for the Christ Hospital Annual Continuing Education Seminar, and I was on the program, giving my first non-obstetric ethics lecture - "Everyday Ethics in Medical Practice." (Check program in closet or Q&A Notes for content) As far as I could tell, it appeared to be well-received. An old classmate from XU, Al Huesman, a nerdy Cincy family doctor, did pay me what I considered the ultimate complement: "Fr. Peters would have been very proud of you, Bud!" The vacation also gave me time to consider my situation, whether I should retire from practice sooner rather than later. My comfort level doing OB and surgery was not too great. From an ethical view, might I cause undo harm to a patient? I did enjoy office work, but the "magic touch" of my fingers was just not there anymore. I felt that my tactile pelvic exam skills were at about the level of a first year resident. I wanted to pursue a career in ethics, but the 1991 Cincinnati offerings in this area were not very obvious. Kathy was very supportive in all this, assuring me that she was certain that things would work out. Attorney and friend Bill Robinson advised me on my disability claims, which were eventually approved. I officially retired from OB/Gyn practice on March 1, 1991.

The following letter was sent to our patients:

To Our Patients:

On March 1, 1991, I will begin an indefinite leave of absence from the active practice of OB/Gyn. After 25 fulfilling years of obstetrics and delivering over 7000 babies, I have made this decision with great reluctance. Unfortunately, recent medical problems are causing me to "slow down" and to consider developing new skills in areas other than obstetrics. Dr. Jeff Gochoel and Dr. Vince Lubrano will

continue to provide you with the excellent medical care to which you are accustomed. As you have come to realize, you will be in extremely capable hands with these highly talented physicians, who are dedicated to your well-being. As I approach the challenges of the future with determination, I will always appreciate the opportunity to have served you these many years here in Northern Kentucky - it has been my privilege and you have my lasting appreciation. Warmest regards,

Maurice J. Mueller, M.D.

This letter might sound a little more flowery and flashy than my usual fare, and it was not all my doing. Bill Robinson helped me with it. He also advised me to not make the diagnosis of MS public - the sentiment was that if word got out, it could work against me in any future lawsuits. It also may have provided me a practical reason for denial of my illness. I could not have known it at the time, but I would later be busier than I ever thought possible.

((this was mentioned previously with XU courses)) At around the same time, I did something which I had always wanted to do. It seemed totally without redeeming social or economic value of any kind - I took some acting classes at the Playhouse in the Park in Cincinnati. The instructor was Sue Banks, the sister of good friend Bill Banks who had been killed in an accident in Alaska the previous year. Sue praised my progress, noting that my voice projected well, and believed I might have a future in acting. In retrospect, the voice training which I had in these classes probably helped me become a more effective teacher.

Laurie was married at Blessed Sacrament Church in Frt. Mitchell on April 27. Old buddy Fr. Bob Holden did the honors, and stayed at our house as usual. We had offered to put him up at the local Drawbridge Motel, but he declined. He did not want to miss all the excitement going on in the house before, during, and after

the wedding. His sermon was as usual great. The reception was at Four Seasons country club, and turned out well, after some initial glitches. Club management had underestimated the seating capacity, and some guests would be seated at a distance from the festivities. Fortunately, the Neiheisers volunteered to take these seats, and things then calmed down.

((In May, I was on a panel at the SEMC Ethics Conference on "Rationing in Health Care." I used the Oregon experience which had been implemented the previous year.))

Dr. Andy Baker at St. Elizabeth's asked me to do some medical student teaching. I had been instrumental in getting the third year medical students on OB/GYN at UC to do their OB rotation at SEMC. The hospital agreed to a reimbursement arrangement of compensation, where I would receive \$44 per hour, which would be applied to ethics meetings I would attend on behalf of the hospital. ((When did I start on the Ethics Committee? 1990?)) Eventually, Dr. Clarence McLain at UC told me that the student sessions were well-received, and I was asked to develop a teaching module for interactive group learning sessions for the students on OB. I

((My first session was in 1994. See my article on this for some detail; ?Describe these here))

I had a gut feeling about being exposed to a maximum number of Great Minds in Bioethics, so I applied for and was accepted to a 5 week stint as a Visiting Scholar At the Hastings Center, an Ethics think tank outside of New York City. I took a quarter off from the Humanities Program at XU in September. The main focus of my "research" was Extreme Prematurity, which includes pregnancies at 23-25 weeks gestation. Most (85-90%) of these infants will not survive, and a high percentage of those that live will be permanently damaged. They are at risk for severe mental retardation, paralysis, cerebral palsy, blindness, and chronic lung disease. I

presented my work at The Center and seemed to be well received. But the Chief Honcho, world famous ethicist Daniel Callahan didn't believe I had unearthed any new material on the subject. It was true that there were rafts of articles concerning the situation after birth, but very little for the obstetrician confronted with the problem during pregnancy. Anyway, I did not fight the prevailing wisdom, and was content with a tiny publication in the Hastings Center tiny "CenterPiece" newsletter, of December 1991: "Extreme Prematurity: Whose Benefits, Whose Burdens?" I ended my brief essay with the following: "We anxiously await better knowledge about these tiny creatures. Until we have it, however, their care should be regarded as an experimental process. Aggressive, unproved, innovative research should be presented as an option for parents. They are the ones who will live with the burdens and benefits of their decision.

(?possible future malpractice fallout ((at 1998 ASBH meeting in Houston)) During this time, I got together with old friends and New York natives Jack and Eileen Benedetto a few times during my stay in New York. On Oct. 14-Hyde Park, NY -- Einstein's letter to FDR

((LIMERICKS))

In early 1992 I was staying busy with XU classes and working on my master's thesis, "Religious Reasons for Refusal of Medical Interventions." Before class one night I ran into a guy who had been in some of my Humanities classes, and we talked about plans after graduation. He was considering getting into the PhD program at The Union Institute in Cincinnati. The Union was one of the best kept secrets in town, and I, like most, had never heard of it. The idea started as the "University Without Walls," and featured a nontraditional program. You could actually get your doctorate without ever attending a "real" class. I was skeptical, but intrigued with the idea, and met with Union people. Although psychology was the most popular area, at least two persons had

received PhDs in Bioethics. At least the project would keep me more or less busy. Besides that, my interest in ethics was continuing, and a doctorate might give me some credibility. An alternative was the graduate program in philosophy at UC. I did feel the need for more philosophy courses, but not exclusively. Modern bioethics is much more than just philosophy or theology, and I recognized the need for a broad-based multidisciplinary background. I mentioned my plans to old friend Bob Lauer, who wanted to know just what bioethics was. I told him it's basically the same as the old medical ethics, that is, concerned with how the actions of health care providers effect patients. Strictly speaking, bioethics also includes animals and plants, so I prefer to use the term biomedical ethics, which is more or less a dressed up version of the old medical ethics. All of this time, I was staying busy with XU classes and work on my masters thesis, "Religious Reasons for Refusal of Medical Interventions."

In April, Kathy and I took time out for some fun, and attended accountant - friend Dick Rankin's surprise 50th birthday party at Walt's Hitching Post restaurant. For some reason, I decided to compose a limerick for the occasion. It was fun doing, exercised the brain, and marked the beginning of a new hobby. Limerick # 1:

Dick Rankin's 50th birthday - April 3, 1992

*A silver-haired CPA named Dick
Was fast, fair, and slick.
And as he reached fifty,
He was still just as nifty.
For slick Dick was still quick with his Bic.*

(Note: a "Bic" is the trademark for a ballpoint pen, especially popular with accountants).

Unrelatedly, the following week, I gave a lecture on "Sexually Transmitted Diseases," for Christine Gudorf's Christian Sexual Ethics course at XU. She had been a great mentor for my early times in bioethics, and I wanted to return the favor. The students did not receive any basic material on this, and I believed they needed some exposure. The talk included graphic slides of GC, chlamydia, syphilis, wart virus, and AIDS. I had the impression that the students did not grasp the significance of the material, and likely believed that this stuff only happens to other people. I barely finished the slide show, pausing to answer any and all questions as they arose. I later suspected that the wise guy students were in the habit of asking sufficient questions to cut down on the material for which they would be responsible for in future exams. It would be my last XU lecture for quite awhile.

In May, I graduated from XU, getting a MA in Humanities, 34 years after my BS. I enjoyed the program, especially the humanities and literature courses. Being not one for standing on ceremony, I did not attend graduation, since the date also happened to be the first day of my week-long Union Institute orientation, held at the Vernon Manor Hotel in Cincinnati. My preference would have been to get a PhD in Bioethics from Georgetown, which was the only doctorate in Bioethics program available. But I did not want to leave town or pay their huge fees, so, I did the next best thing and modeled my Union program after Georgetown's. This would include several philosophy courses, mainly to sharpen my thinking processes. I also planned segments in ethics consultation and ethics committee work, ethics education, end of life ethics, research ethics, narrative bioethics, and health law. Even at that time, Bioethics was a relatively new field, and many people did not know exactly what it was. Broadly defined, bioethics looks at the various moral aspects involved in biology. Strictly speaking, my interest is in biomedical ethics, which is interested in the moral features of health care, and is kind of a jazzed up version of what was formerly called medical ethics,

which involves ethical issues in medical care, mainly by MDs. Bioethics is multidisciplinary, and includes everyone involved in health care - physicians, nurses, social service people, ministers, lawyers, and medically-oriented philosophers. ((Someplace, add my stuff on becoming an "ethics expert" and the Union person's response to that idea.))

My academic introduction to the PhD program was by way of the "Great Minds" audio tape lecture series.

August 10, 1992: Julie born - CS, etc. ((details re Laurie pregnancy See under "Grandpawternalism" under Julie in original Q&A))

Dr. Chris McHenry, pediatrician/ethicist at Children's asked me to be a facilitator for the first year medical student course in Health Care Ethics at UC. This involved being a group leader for small group student sessions, in which the students present cases and discuss various ethical subjects. Topics included assisted death, confidentiality, research ethics, reproductive ethics. I was also involved in the first year death and dying course, which was given early in the first year of medical school.

Other learning by lecturing: In October, a Northern Kentucky attorney asked me to give a talk on advance directives to local lawyers. A group of 15 or 20 of them met at the Magic Wok, where I got a free lunch. I thought the session went very well, but the attendees obviously had little knowledge in this area, and asked very few questions. I did not make any vicious lawyer jokes, but the group did not ask me back for a return engagement.

((?What year was Nick W born - check my records.(?Put this stuff in that year))

By the fall of '92, Vic Magary was dying of colon cancer, and when he started in the hospice program, the final handwriting

was on the wall - he likely had less than six months to live. There were still some old fences to be mended. We had some breakfasts together, but really did not communicate greatly. Our old conflicts were hard to overcome. When I asked if he was doing any writing on his situation, he showed me some poems he did while being treated for manic depression at Harding Psychiatric Hospital in Columbus. I enrolled in the SEMC Hospice volunteer program, trying to broaden my background in death and dying issues, and also hoping it would give me some hints bringing finally bringing us together.

In November, Vic was going rapidly downhill, and was confined to bed at home. He called me one day with an interesting request - he wanted to know the lethal dose of oral morphine. Naively, I assumed that he just wanted to make sure he didn't take too many pills and accidentally overdose. Lacking a pharmacology text, I bought a copy of Derek Humphrey's "Final Exit," a how-to book on suicide, which gives lethal doses for commonly used sedatives and opiates. Before I could get him this information, that same day, he was admitted in what seemed a terminal condition, to the inpatient hospice unit at SEMC. He was unresponsive at first, and nurses believed that he would soon die. But, true to character, he once more fooled us, waking up and able to have some minimal conversations. We also learned later that a nurse in the hospital had found an empty morphine pill bottle in his robe. We never knew for sure if he had taken an accidental or otherwise overdose, but the whole scene was eerie. Vic died on December 8, five years to the day after the death of our partner Larry Hiltz - more eeriness. I gave a eulogy for Vic at his funeral, recalling some of the pleasant memories and sharing two of his poems at the funeral mass, so our closure was probably as good as could be expected.

On New Years' Eve, Kathy and I traveled to San Francisco, spent the evening with the Wulfhorsts, and then headed to Maui for a

medical meeting in health law. Some of my fondest memories are from a previous trip to this Hawaiiin paradise. Several years before, we went there for a medical meeting, and had a truly wonderful time. I can still visualize floating on a raft in the Pacific, feeling the relaxing warm water, smell the salt water, without a care in the world, and just being totally relaxed. I would later use that experience for various meditation exercises, in which pleasurable, good events would be visualized as examples of having a good heart and disposition which can be shared with other people. But the 1993 Maui visit was not quite the same - the island was much more commercialized, the natives more rude, the food not quite as good. It was not nearly as much fun as the first trip. Truly unforgettable times are never quite as good as the first time.

In 1993 I was in high academic gear. Dr. Ed Pellegrino, a world famous physician and ethicist at Georgetown had advised me to take lots of basic philosophy courses. Despite my 18 hours of undergrad philosophy at XU in the 50's, I really did not "get" it. The dictionary defines philosophy as the study, by argument and reason, of wisdom, truth, or knowledge. My rusty argumentation and reasoning skills needed some sharpening. So early in the year, I started at UC with "Metaethics," a very academic course, the focus being on ethical theories, not on practical applications. There were three required texts, and I wrote three essays. One of the essays was titled "Why Bother With Ethical Theory." I tried to explain my position that ethical theories should give some kind of practical guidance for making moral decisions in everyday life. I used Piers Paul Reed's book *Alive*, the 1972 story of cannibalism after the Andes Mountain air crash, to show how the development of an ethical theory might be useful in these situations. When their food supplies ran out, and it become apparent that they would not be rescued anytime soon, the survivors knew that a decision would soon need to be made regarding the possible use of their dead companions for food. They used the ethical theory of utilitarianism - means/ends - to justify cannibalism in their

situation. The means - cannibalism was justified to gain the means, survival. The professor wondered whether I could justify anything with this theory.

My next course at UC was "Metaphysics." The course "discusses the nature of existence, reality and the external world, universals, relations and properties, and causation. These are the kinds of things that college guys might discuss when they are out drinking, when all of the late-night televised games are finished. These courses were probably good mind exercises for me - if nothing else, they might have taught be to think a little better. I also took "Philosophy and Medicine," which was a basic ethical ethics course, looking at the history of medicine and ethics." Later in the year, I took "Philosophy of Mind." This looked at things like What does it really mean to have a mind? and other ideas of consciousness. The required text was "Mind and Cognition." I was dangerously close to thinking and writing from an analytic or philosophic point of view.

Pat and Sandy presented us with our first grandson on May 15, 1993. To mark the occasion, I composed the following customized limerick:

For Peter Mueller, after his birth

*There was a small child named Pete,
For a kid, he really was neat.
A lot like his dad,
This hungry young lad
Really did love to eat.*

?Here, add some stuff about Laurie and Mark and grandpawternalism (see under Q&A, limerick) August 10, 1993: Julie is one year old. When she was born, I was not doing limericks for the

family. I tried to capture some of her personality and funny stuff, as well as my own feelings about her.

Julie's First Birthday

*There once was a babe named Jule,
For a kid, she really was cool.
She seemed really smart,
And had a good heart,
If only she learned not to drool!*

In my capacity of med student teaching at SEMC, I finally became a professor, albeit the non-reimbursed or voluntary type, being officially given the title of "Volunteer Assistant Professor of Obstetrics and Gynecology" at the University of Cincinnati College of Medicine. ((See end of 1994 for details - pp 61, 62,63))

1994

The year continued the intensity, with more academia. Early in the year, I took an "Epistemology" course at UC. This looked at the theory of knowledge, which looks at the nature of belief, truth, and justification. Knowledge is defined as "a justified, true, belief in something." Of the three required essays the significant one was "Searching for Truth in Moral Knowledge." ((?add some quotes))

My last graduate level philosophy course at UC was "Kierkegaard and Nietzsche," study of variations in philosophies of religion, and included existentialism, the primacy of the will and being as opposed to rationalism, and the problems of good and evil. My essays were "Kierkegaard's Existentialist Ethics," and "Nietzsche's Perspectivism: A Method for Modern Ethics." The professor did not appreciate my own interpretation (perspectivism) of Nietzsche, and I got a B in the course, after getting A's in the other five courses at UC. They were well worth the effort, but I was happy not to be in the UC doctorate philosophy program.

During the year, I began a 3 year stint on the Covington Diocese ProLife Commission. This group was a more moderate reply to the local radical Right to Life. ((Embellish))

All work and no play, etc. is not good, so in January Aunt Pat Reinemeyer joined us at a Luciano Pavarotti concert at Riverfront Colosseum in Cincy.

After five years of grief, my malpractice suit wound down. There were "Expert" witnesses claiming truth on both sides. On Jan 13 there was a mock trial, but the case was settled on Feb 8, the night before the real trial date. The settlement was for ?\$700,000, but the memory of the case and the severely retarded child would linger.

((Has the following already been done?)) I am still amazed at the way my program in ethics developed. Dr. Mark Siegler at U of Chicago suggested that I have a cup of coffee with Terry Perlin, a PhD. ethicist at Miami U, Oxford. Perlin reviewed my work on Extreme Prematurity, and on the way out of his office, introduced me to Dr. Bob Mc--, a Cincinnati neurosurgeon/lawyer who invited me to a Children's Hospital ethics conference. At this conference, I was re-introduced to Chris McHenry, pediatrician/ethicist whom I had met previously in Chicago. She asked me to teach in the UC Health Care Ethics course for first year med students, which I had started in '92.

((Starting CHE in Cincy))

My required Union "internship" was spent at the Center for Clinical Ethics at the University of Chicago. I spent the month of July, with a fairly intensive academic review of medical ethics, and returned home for the next two months. I then went back to Chicago for October, November and half of December. The last was the best part, mainly for a health law course and experience in ethics consultation. I was on call for consultation the last 2 months. I had some very complicated and challenging cases, the most satisfying one being a woman who was brain dead, but whose family refused to allow discontinuation of life. I spent several hours trying to explain the situation to the family, along with a very inexperienced first year surgery resident. The resident was concerned that she would get in trouble for keeping a dead patient in a very busy ICU, which needed the bed for other critically ill patients. I emphasized that a brain-dead patient really was dead, and the only reason the heart was still beating was because the ventilator provided oxygen to the heart. This was an artificial situation, and the heart would stop when the ventilator was discontinued. At one point, I said that the ventilator was not benefiting the patient. A daughter responded with "But what about our benefit?" I did not have a good answer for that one. But

after several hours, the family finally agreed to removing the ventilator/endotracheal tube, but only after the entire family could be assembled, together with two of the family's clergymen. This came about at noon on a Saturday morning. While we were waiting for the family to get together, the first year resident asked me what happens if the heart does not stop beating after the ventilator is removed? I told her - without much confidence - not to worry, that the heart would stop within 10-15 minutes, and the patient could then be officially pronounced dead. The heart did stop within 5 minutes, she was pronounced dead, and everyone seemed to as satisfied as possible under the circumstances. I was asked to give Grand Rounds for the Obstetrics & Gynecology service, which I did on November 11, my topic being "Informed Consent Issues in Obstetrics." I finished my stay in Chicago in mid December, and headed home very satisfied with the experience.

Another great happening in Chicago was beginning a new friendship with another ethics fellow, psychiatrist Mike Lipkin. He provided some very valuable insight on depression, because of his experience as a physician, and also having a history of severe depression himself. It happened that he had a relapse while I was in Chicago, and I spent a lot of time talking to him the last several weeks of my stay there. When I left in December, he was just starting to pull out of it. It would turn out to be a very good and lasting friendship.

In June, I had my first ethics article published, in a somewhat obscure journal, the Healthcare Ethics Committee Forum , "Institutional Ethics Committees Do Not Have Any Special Responsibilities to the Non-Medical Community." I was not really convinced of that, but the article challenged me to place myself in an opposite position and give some convincing arguments.

((Kathy working for McConnell))

-Dr. Andy Baker at SEMC asked me to have sessions with the UC third year med students on OB/Gyn clinical clerkships at SEMC. I would meet with 2 or 3 of them after the Perinatal Conferences, in which complicated Ob cases were discussed. These included babies (fetuses) with lethal like anencephaly or absent kidneys, or women with hypertension where delivery of previable babies might be necessary. Cases like these are often rich with ethics, and I would spend around one hour discussing these or some the students might wish to talk about. The sessions turned out to be popular with the students, and word got back to Dr. Clarence McClain at UC, who asked me to develop a prototype in Ob ethics for the Ob/Gyn Department's interactive group learning program for 3rd year med students on Ob/Gyn service. ((See end of '94 for details)) ((See the current case protocol for details))

The first case I selected was of a patient who refused cesarean section for fetal distress. Students are asked to do an ethical analysis of the case, focusing on the conflicting principles of respect for patient choice (autonomy), versus the doctor's wanting to do what is best for the patient(s) (duty to prevent harm). ((embellish))

Holden's 58th birthday

1995

In March, I did the final segment of my Union End-of Life Ethics course by attending a Hospice conference in St.Louis: "For Your Patient in the End Stage of Disease - What are the Options of Care?" This was one of my better conferences, and included topics such as Modern Pain Management and Assisted Dying.
((?Look up essays written))

Pat and Sandy became parents for the second time, ushering Sam into the world on June 17, 1995:

Sam Alexander Mueller

*Welcome Sam, to the human race,
We finally get to see your handsome face.
Will you be athletic and a real brain,
And like brother pete, always raising cain?
Hey - with your genes, you'll be an ace!*

Love, Grandpa Mueller, june 17, 1995

July - Dec:

Kathy's brother Dan reached #60 on July 24, 1995. He had a great Irish tenor singing voice, and was in the carpet business with Sears for many years. I recognized the milestone with the following:

Danny Reddy

*There once was a Reddy named Danny,
Who was known to work off his fanny.
A tenor extraordinaire,*

*And a carpet man quite fair,
His many talents were oh so uncanny!*

In the summer, I did some hospice volunteer work, having several visits with Dr. John Cassidy. I had known him as a fellow physician, and enjoyed our conversations. I believe he did also, but we never got into a discussion about his dying. In talking to the hospice people about this, it was suggested that I allow him to bring up the subject of death, but he never did. Coincidentally, his mother was a Mueller, and he provided me with some insights on German names. He had been a medical officer in WWII, serving with General George Patton's outfit in the historic Battle of the Bulge in Europe. War was always a popular topic. One day, he told me that he had never seen the movie *"Mash"*, the story about some wild and crazy doctors during the Korean War in the early 50's. Having 2 copies of this film, I brought it the following visit. The next week, I got the news that John had died. His wife was not sure if he had seen the movie or not. *"Mash"* was a fairly raucous film, so I hoped that watching it did not hasten his death.

In June, Julia Carter, a friend and director of the Wood Hudson Cancer Lab in Newport recruited me for a lecture for her student researchers about ethics in research. My lecture included some of my own lab experiences, as well as the UC Radiation Experiments, dishonesty in research, and the relationships between research and clinical practice. I used this as part of a segment for my PhD program on research ethics. Earlier in the year, I had taken 2 courses at UC on this, looking at topics like "Research Involving Human Subjects," "Scientific Misconduct," and "Institutional Review Boards."

My Union program also required 10 "Peer Days," which consisted in one day spent with other Union PhD candidates, where a specific subject was presented or discussed. I was unaware of anyone else doing bioethics, but many people were in clinical

psychology. I attended 2 peer days with these people, and gave a spiel Health Care Ethics and "Ethics in Clinical Psychology" for each of these. One of the most interesting peer days was one at the Cincinnati Art Museum, "Behind the Scenes," in which we were introduced to the various techniques of restoration of older paintings. The final 3 peer days were spent in Columbus Ohio, for sessions on the "Survivors of Sexual Abuse." "This was a very thought-provoking conference.

I was appointed to the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists (ACOG) Committee on Ethics, which met twice yearly in Washington, DC. We reviewed various ethical issues, and worked on specific policies, such as Informed Consent and Maternal-Fetal Conflicts. ((?Other subjects))

The highlight of the year was Tom and Patty's wedding in November. A great time was had by all, and we got to see good friends Ernie and Florence Mazzaferri (Tom's godparents), and Fr. Bob Holden, who gave his usual great homily, along with a beautiful wedding mass.

In August, I completed a two year Union individualized History of Ethics course with Fr. Gerry Twadell of Thomas More College. The course looked at various philosophers and ethical theories from Plato through the Utilitarians like John Mill and Peter Singer. I did several essays, including "Plato's Republic: What's in It for a Bioethicist," "Aristotle, Ethics, and Practical Wisdom," "St. Augustine, Lust, and Morality," and "Modern Applications of Kant's Categorical Imperative." ((?Give a few quotes))

I returned To UChicago in November for the annual MacLean Ethics Conference and did a presentation: "Interactive Group Learning Sessions for Ob/Gyn Student Ethics Education." Also visit with Mike and Nina.

1996

In February, Fr. Bob Holden called for a second opinion for a medical problem. He was having some disturbing cardiac symptoms which his own primary doc was not too excited about. They were very suspicious to me, and my advice was for him to make an immediate call to the doctor and ask at what point he would be referred to a cardiologist. Bob called back the same next day, saying that he had seen a cardiologist in Toledo, and was scheduled for a coronary angiogram the next day. This showed severe coronary artery disease, and he had bypass surgery the following day.

While I was scrambling to finish the paper work, red tape, and other crap for my doctorate, Peter was hospitalized for severe pneumonia in April. We were very worried, and on the day of my final doctoral committee meeting, Kathy flew to Raleigh to lend a helping hand and to talk with his attending MDs. After some anxious moments, he finally recovered, and I marked the situation for his third birthday with the following:

Peter at Three

It was a bummer, being sick, oh my!

All day in bed you needed to lie.

Pneumonia sure isn't fun,

But you stuck it out like a big-un.

We're sure proud of our gutsy little guy!

Love, Papa Mueller, may 15, 1996

grandpawternalism on may 31, 1996, i received my ph.d. from the union institute. one requirement for the degree was a segment called "personal development" achieved during the doctorate program. this bit was to reflect my overall development as a per-

son, as well as the acquisition of new skills. the arrival of three grandkids during the doctorate process gave me the opportunity, in fact the necessity, of learning a new skill - grandfathering. since all four of my own kids were born during the busiest time of my career, i was not able to spend a great deal of time with them. "active" grandfathering could allow me to compensate for this deficiency, in at least a small way. i have somewhat negative memories of my own grandparents - lots of crankiness and dark houses. this might explain my tendency to turn on all the lights in my own house during my own kid's and grandkids visits. for my own specific approach to quality time, i coined the term "grandpawternalism": being paternalistic toward one's grandchildren; the attempt to look out for their own best interests, as defined by their grandfather; the tendency to overprotect these children, by action or advice; acting to protect their mental or physical well-being when it appears threatened. i generally would intervene only when significant or permanent problems might arise without my interference. for example, i would physically remove them from harm's way whenever necessary, without regard to their own wishes at the time. during her first two years, julie suffered from recurrent ear infections. i arranged consultations with an ear specialist who proceeded to employ timely surgical treatments. i believed that without a certain amount of interference - grandpawternalism - she would have risked deafness, mastoiditis, meningitis, an possible allergies resulting from prolonged antibiotic use. grandfathering for peter and sam has been more challenging because of the distance, so we try to visit them whenever we can. the personalized limericks have been a kind of poetic journal, in which i try to capture their essence and individual progress though the years. i classify myself as a golden rule ethicist - i try to use the same consideration for others (patients) as you would want for yourself or your family. so, i have used some of this with julie. when i see or hear that she has treated someone badly, my response has sometimes been "you wouldn't want me to hit you like that, would you?" i don't believe there has been too

much strict grandpawternalism. ideally, my ethical stance would not permit it. but these activities have provided me with the wonderful opportunity to watch the grandkids develop into bright, active, and highly fun-provoking little human beings. i have greatly enjoyed theirs and my own personal growth!

My doctorate advisor, John Talmadge, a Yale PhD, did not appreciate this segment of my program. He did tell me that I had taken many more courses than usual, for any program. With that out of the way, I could now concentrate on getting my dissertation, "The Informed Consent Process in Obstetrics" published. Stephen Post had told me that the diss. was one of the best he had seen from anyone, and that it was very publishable. My doctorate committee, especially Stephen and Mary Mahowald had suggested that I first get some chapters published in peer-reviewed journals, to enhance the chances for the book being published. That part never got off the ground. I worked on some of the best chapters - "Advance Directives for Pregnant Women," and --, but I was never satisfied to a point that I liked. I gave out 4 copies of the dis., 3 to OB/Gyn friends. Only 2 people were interested enough in the topic to read it. And friend Ernie Mazzaferri asked me why I wanted to have the book published in the first place. I thought there was a lot of good info in it for the average MD in practice, but I doubted whether many of them would take the time to read it, like my friends. So the only real reason for publishing was ego, and I had other projects to work on, (like "Smelling like a Rose.") So I saved much time, energy, sweat, and eye strain by saying the hell with it, and putting it on the shelf for my reference only.

-Diocesan ProLife Commission ((Put this in 1999, after my tenure expired. Mainly put in subjects I presented - genetics, prenatal testing, end of life ethics.

Kathy went to Australia with Aunt Pat, Aunt Sally, and Bob Holden had recovered enough to also make the trip. ((Mention rooming with snoring Sergio)).

GRETCHEN ELISE MUELLER - GEM

"Gretchen" is German for "Pearl," No doubt, she's a precious little girl. With a demeanor serene, "GEM" will never be mean. No wonder our brains are aswirl! Grandpa Mueller Nov. 24, 1996.

In the fall, I taught a semester-long course in bioethics at Thomas More College, as Adjunct Professor of Philosophy. It was enjoyable, but exhausting. I was asked to do the course again for the next semester, but declined, as it would be three hours in the evening, which I knew would be brutal. But I was not asked back the following year. No reason was ever given for my "termination." My stipend was \$1500 per semester, which was the exact amount of the fee for a vaginal hysterectomy with A-P repair I had received during my last year in practice. Since my disability payments precluded making a salary, I donated the \$1500 to Thomas More. By not receiving a salary, there appeared to be some concern about the college's liability if I were injured on campus. My evaluations by the students were mostly positive, but I had been fairly critical in grading their final essays. Perhaps the powers that be decided I was good, but not that good, and was not worth the liability. ((?Look up student evaluations comments))

1997

In January, I was appointed chair of the Ethics Committee at SEMC. I had sort of lobbied for it, with the idea that I had something special to offer. (give some of the topics for discussion, agenda items, etc.

Also in January, I had the feeling that the MS was progressing. It was hard to quantify, but my legs were definitely weaker, was having more trouble walking distances and up stairs. Talked to Dr. Farrell, and started on a new product, Avonex, self-injecting the meds twice weekly. After 2 months, it was apparent that I was actually feeling worse, mainly weakness and increased fatigue. We discussed possible Rx with another new drug, Copaxone. An "annoying" side effect with this is tight mid-chest pain. Kathy wondered how this could be differentiated from a heart attack, and the answer was "it's not easy to tell the difference." The muscle weakness in my legs was also causing back pain. Just dragging the legs around and twisting my back to compensate for MS-caused balance problems really hurt the back. I had several physical therapy sessions, and started a stretch-exercise program designed to build up the back muscles.

1998

On February 12, the date of Abe Lincoln's and Charles Darwin's birthday, Tom and Patty had their second beautiful little girl, Hannah. My first present for her:

Hannah Virginia Mueller

*What is your future, little Hannah?
You seem to have a very sweet manner.
Will you have a scientific mind,*

*Or like dad, be musically inclined?
And play the piana and sing "Oh Susannah!"*

((?Add original stuff from 1995)) This was my last year of ACOG Ethics Committee Publication of my contribution as primary contributor, of Committee on Ethics Opinion: "Ethical Considerations in Research Involving Pregnant Women, Technical Bulletin #213, November, 1998. ((?one sentence description))

Mike Lipkin called from Chicago in May, apologizing for not returning my calls. He had a good reason. While visiting is son in California, he passed out, was hospitalized, diagnose with a major heart block, and received electric corrections (shocks) to normalize the cardiac rhythm. Mike has a history of severe depression, and needed several months of various medication trials in 1994 to get him back to some semblance of psychiatric normality. He came very close to getting electric shock treatment. So in our conversation, I had to ask him if the cardiac shocks had any effect on his mood. He thought it may have improved slightly. Not letting him off the hook this easily, I dispatched a "get well limerick" on May 13, 1998:

MIKE GETS SHOCKED

*There once was a cool shrink named Mike,
A guy you really could like.
But he was a tad mentally locked,
That is, until he got shocked.
Then this strike gave his psyche a big hike!!*

Not be outdone, Mike struck back on June 1 with:

*There once was a man named Maurice.
He seldom disturbed someone's peace.*

*Then he let down his hair;
 Became Bud - with a flair -
 His limericks now never cease!*

I was greatly pleased. Mike's mood was now obviously upbeat, and I now my own personalized limerick.

((?Where is Garv's for me))

The MS seemed to be progressing, slowly but surely, and the back pain was continuing despite the physical therapy, etc. Somewhat discouraged, I dropped out of the stretches, swimming etc. Dr. Farrell mildly chastised/counseled me about this, with words, like "going into a downward spiral, ending up an invalid," etc. I did not argue with him, but it is not easy doing all of the stretching and swimming when you are having pain, and when these activities cause you more pain. I talked to him about getting into a clinical trial of some kind at some MS center, and he gave me a list of several possibilities. I decided to visit the Cleveland Clinic to see what they might have available. In October 1998 saw Dr. Richard Ruddick at the Clinic, who started me on methotrexate (MTX). This is a very potent drug, used mostly for malignancies. Because of effects on the liver, lungs, and bone marrow, alcohol intake is not permitted. When I asked Ruddick about this, he gave me "permission" to have a glass of wine or two on Saturdays, if I took the MTX on Wednesdays. Since I was not too steady on my feet when sober, this was a good excuse to just go off the sauce completely. So after a 50 year HABIT, I became a teetotaler!

1999 ((My B-17 flight, 99 or 2000?))

This was my first year with the newly formed Goodwyn Institutional Review Board, which reviews ethical aspects of research protocols. I enjoyed the work, and also getting a paycheck again.

((Have some of this info in ?93))I continued my yearly presentations on Ethics in Research started in 1993, for the student researchers at Wood Hudson Cancer Laboratory in Newport. These are mostly pre-med college students. My lectures usually included personal lab experiences (?St Francis lab hematocrits). Also, current lay press stories of research ethics such as cloning research by a Lexington KY researcher. At each session, I also gave 3 capsule cases involving students and various ethics scenarios with their lab work. In one of these, Carl C. didn't attend his recent organic chemistry lab. It is now 2:00 AM, and the lab report is due in 6 hours. He is desperate, because a poor grade in the course would jeopardize his chances for acceptance into med. School. So he pulls out a report his roommate wrote last year for this unit of the course. The roommate had left all of his notes and reports with Carl to help him get through the course. Carl copies his roommate's old data and report, changing an occasional phrase, and submits it. Are Carl's actions ethical? Why or why not? Depending upon the student's responses, I ask open-ended questions, such as " Would you choose someone like Carl for your own primary care doctor, assuming he makes it through med. school? My aims for the sessions are to get them thinking about ethics, and also to point out the practical reasons for ethical research. Ie, Importance of subject/patient trust in in their doctor/ researcher.

Grandson Sam was 4 on June 17, 1999. He received the following statement of love always from Paw Paw:

Sam's 4th birthday

*A dashing young fellow named Sam,
 Wasn't exactly a sweet little lamb.
 Although musically inclined,
 He had a sports-directed mind.
 And could be tough as a ram!*

Our grandkids were generally evened out when proud parents Tom and Patty welcomed son Noah into the world on August 20, 1999. He was handed the following:

Noah Thomas Mueller

*"Noah" means comfort, or rest.
 But at birth, he screamed with unrest!
 Built much like a tank,
 Almost too big to spank.
 Without doubt, this kid shows great zest!*

Toward the end of the year, I told Laurie that I wanted to start paying more attention to my spiritual life. The MS was progressing not rapidly, but I figured I could use some extra help. So, for Christmas, 1999, she gave me Joan Borysenko's book, *A Pocketful of Miracles*. It's a little paperback with daily readings focusing on spirituality and meditation, taken from a wide variety of cultures and religions. The author is Jewish, but includes a wide variety of thoughts and practices from other religions and cultures. The book piqued my interest in Buddhism, with its emphasis on compassion, meditation and mindfulness. My MS-induced physical and mental uncoordination seems to benefit by focusing on mindfulness, which is a moment-to-moment, non-judgmental awareness. This heightened state of being awake also involves being more attuned to all the wonders of nature and creation. I try to start the day with the Buddhist practice of Metta or lov-

ingkindness meditation: "May I be at peace, May my heart remain open, May I awaken to the light of my own true nature, May I be healed, May I be a source of healing for all beings." After this personal beginning, Metta can then be applied to family, friends, people I'm not getting along with, and finally, on to all persons: "May all of us be at peace."

2000

My submitted paper on "Ethics Education For Medical Students: Interactive Group Learning Sessions in Obstetrics" was refused publication by Obstet'Gynec, the second rejection for the paper. It had previously been rejected by the Journal of Clinical Ethics, and I will probably not waste further time re-writing and resubmitting to a third journal. The aim of these interactive sessions is to provide a stimulus for independent and reflective learning, for both medical and ethical material. The students are expected to recognize the ethical features of cases, to develop a familiarity with the ethical concepts which accompany these cases, and to develop a practical method for ethical case analysis. I was encouraged to resubmit this paper, but I asked myself: Why do I want to get this published? I thought it was fairly new material, but reviewers thought otherwise.

Some other people thought I did have something to share. Jesuit Fr. Bob Baumiller at XU, geneticist and ethicist, invited me to lecture his bioethics class on physician-assisted suicide. I had met Bob at a meeting of BENO, the Ohio Bioethics group. He is an older guy, heavy, was sitting alone at lunch, so I joined him. His first comment was "What's with the cane?" I was starting to be more open with it, and said I had MS. We proceeded in a more humorous vein, when he told me he was a Jesuit at XU, and I said "I won't hold that against you." It would be the beginning of a good relationship.

For her fourth birthday on November 24, I sent Gretchen the following present:

Gretchen is four years old

*This very young "little old lady" is now four.
In just one year, she can do so much more.*

*Very articulate, and quite agile,
The kid's a tough chick, not at all fragile.
The things she says really make us roar!*

2001

I gave Tom's little Hannah the following present when she turned three on February 12, with love forever from Paw Paw:

Hannah is three years old

*There once was a kid named Hannah,
She was cute, and slender as a banana.
A real-live toy,
But a little bit coy -
Look out for her foxy dead-panner!*

Early in the year 2001, there was an increase in neck and back pain, and I saw Dr. Rissover, a physiatrist (physical medicine specialist. Various medication combinations did not help. And the MS seemed to be getting worse: legs weaker, almost tripped several times; generalized weakness and more easily fatigued; voice fatigue after talking only a few minutes; weakness right hand; concentration problems. Dr. Farrell concurred that this represented a relapse, and in March, I was Rx'd with IV SoluMedrol at home, with fair results. The treatment and its benefits were greatly facilitated by Kathy, who made it go more smoothly:

Kathy, R.N.

*There once was a girl named Kathy,
Had a spouse who was somewhat daffy.
Twas a very fine nurse,
Who hated to hear Bud curse.
Presto - her great care made him more laffy!!*

I gave Laurie a copy of a poem from my poetry book, by Christopher Smart, called "My Cat Jeoffry." Julie saw it and was ap-

parently inspired. In April, she submitted a poem for her third grade class at St. Henry:

Cats, by Julia Kemen

*Cats are sometimes fat,
They sometimes eat rats.
They'll sleep in your chair,
They'll sleep in your hair.
What crazy mammals they are!*

There were more ominous happenings in the area in April. An unarmed black man in Cincy was killed by a police officer, setting off three days of race riots. It drew national attention, and started ongoing efforts to improve race relations, which had been seething for many years. There was a lot of hate on both sides, and obviously required increased focus on communication.

During the summer, the hot ethics topic was embryonic stem cell research. This technology has the potential for many chronic devastating conditions, particularly Parkinsons, Diabetes, Alzheimers, MS. Currently, private researchers are using tissue derived from frozen embryos from left-over in-vitro fertilization clinics. It might help to clarify the issue by looking from two separate perspectives: 1). The current state of frozen embryos; 2). The status of stem cell research. If not used by the couple their embryos will be either donated to another couple, used for research, or discarded. Advocates argue that since some of the embryos will be discarded anyway, why not use them for research purposes. This is a utilitarian argument: if the good of the others will result in the action, then it should be done. The analogy of organ donation is also used: if a family can donate the organs of their deceased relative, then couples could donate their embryonic cells for research, which will die when "discarded." The current recommendation is that the frozen embryos should not be used

for fertilization attempts after being frozen for five years, and if not used, should be discarded at that time. The "political" issue now is whether or not federal funds should be used for embryonic stem cell research. Federal funding would necessitate various guidelines and requirements for the private research already being done, and thus would provide more control. I feel this would be appropriate, using the utilitarian argument, and also a kind of golden rule (GR) perspective. This may be stretching the GR somewhat, but if I were a frozen embryo, and could somehow know" that my existence would be ending soon (discarded), then I would "gladly" accept the ending my "life" for the purpose of research which will potentially be live-saving to many future persons.

July 6, 2001: first novantrone.

I celebrated Noah's birthday on August 20, with lots of love and the following:

Noah is two

Time is flying - Noah is two years old.

The boy is energetic, handsome, and bold.

He loves trains,

And seems blessed with brains.

When god made his kid, he broke the mold!

Kathy took a well-deserved trip to Italy in August. She received the following welcome-home gift:

Kathy's Italy trip

Welcome home Kathy, from Italy!

By myself I've done rather grittily.

Batching hasn't been bad,

*But being alone can be sad.
Without you, dear, I tend to do shittally!*

August 16, 2001

All my love, Bud

OUR 40TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY - SEPTEMBER 9, 2001 (ON AUGUST 24, 2001)

Bob Holden and I came up with a format for a special anniversary mass, and we played some appropriate music of Tony Bennett ("I Found You Just in Time," and Frank Sinatra ("September Song," and also Charlotte Church's songs from the old Latin mass. All the kids and grandkids came home, and I started the festivities with:

Kathy and I are very pleased that all of you could make it today. We wanted to do something memorable. Our family has not been what you would call religious. For various reasons, we did not go to church on a regular basis. But lately I have become more focused on spirituality. I started thinking that with my medical situation, I need all the help I can get. Maybe with more attention to spiritual aspects, possibly I would feel better. So the anniversary mass seems to fit right in to our life. It's extra special, since Fr. Bob Holden is my best friend. Our friendship goes back almost 60 years, so that makes it even more fantastic.

The ceremony and party was truly once in a lifetime, and everyone seemed to have a good time.

Two days later, 9/11/2001, left us with different kinds of memories. The suicide bombers hit the twin towers of the World Trade Center in New York City and the Pentagon in DC, with 4,000 in-

nocent people killed by radical Islamic terrorists. I E-mailed the 4 kids the following:

We are still getting over the shock of today's bombings - we are in another world war! Laurie called this afternoon and told us what the teacher said to Julie's class at school. Julie's take-home message was that she did not need to worry about getting hurt. I think this is a good attitude for kids, otherwise they might be worried sick about getting killed. But sometime in the future they will need to come to grips with what happened today, but not quite yet. I am not sure what we should tell them, except at some point to realize that there are a lot of really insane people out there, who believe that the killing they are doing is a holy project, a holy war. It could be the "Holy Land" or Northern Ireland. The people who were killed today didn't do anything to deserve dying, but I don't know how to explain this to an 8 or 9 year old kid. Bad things can happen to good people, and it is not their fault. I do know that we need to express our love for each other better. And this should begin at home. Lots of love to all of you!!

Dad and Mom.

On Sept. 21, I sent a follow-up Email to the gang:

Things will never be quite the same in our lives, so we need to make some adjustments in attitudes and actions. I had an interesting situation this AM which shows the need to stay cool and look out for other guys. This AM, I discovered that I had 20 minutes to prepare for an IRB teleconference. I was more than a little ticked off - I was not quite awake, hungry, and had not looked at the material. Then I found out that the conference leader had driven all night from DC - Reagan National Airport was still closed, and our Email had not been sent - viruses, worms, other crises, etc. This

info gave it a new perspective. There will be lots of unexpected occurrences in our future, so we need to be ready for just about anything, and especially need to be more considerate of each other than ever.

"Our current war status reminds me of the fear surrounding the Cuban missile crisis in the fall of 1962, during my internship. I was scheduled to go on active duty with the Navy the following year, and I needed to give a preference for duty stations. I wasn't sure where the "safest" location would be - east or west coast. Where would our little family of 3.5 be the farthest distance from a nuclear attack from Cuba? Did the distance make that much difference in a nuclear war? I vacillated so much that I don't remember my final choice, but the Navy provided a happy medium - Kingsville, TX. Fortunately, the problem was resolved. In our current crisis, there is also the potential for some kind of nuclear event, or some other weapon of mass destruction. It's hard for me not to be obsessed about this, but we have to go about our usual business, and do the best job we can with our lives. Hopefully, the kids get the message of tolerance, and not get too traumatized. All of us need to avoid getting into a mode of retaliation, vengeance, and other hates which have been going on in the Middle East for centuries. Terrorists like bin Laden are still seeking revenge for the Crusades of the middle ages. People have to try to work things out calmly and coolly before getting into this mutual hate which has perpetuated the madness.

On Sept 22, Laurie Emailed us that Julie had a nightmare that she was in a bus that crashed into a building.

2002

April, 2002 was Sue and Len Warnecke's Golden Anniversary, they were greeted with the following:

Sue and Len's 50th

*This is for Sue and Len,
Who can now be said to be golden.
Much has happened in 50 years,
Some tears, but lots of cheers,
And you've raised 5 wonderful men!*

Love always,

Bud and Kathy, April 15, 2002

The Warnecke "boys" really are pretty good guys, and looks like they are also pretty good fathers themselves. (?Len as role model)

St. Francis of Assisi has always been a hero of mine. ((See list of attributes)):

Sense of humor, love of nature, meditation. His approach to God was very simple< with an emphasis on creation and the beauty of nature. Nature is God's footprints, and we can pray and praise God by getting more in touch with nature. After reading Francis' biography and watching tapes, became interested in the Secular Franciscan Order (SFO), also known as the Third Order of St. Francis. These are groups of men and women who meet regularly, trying to emulate the attitudes of Francis. I went to my first meeting April, 2002. 16-17 people, described as kind of a spiritual support group. My current men'prayer group has been meeting for the past 2 years, and I generally enjoy the sessions. But I

might get more out of the SFO - trying to emulate Francis and basically simplify my life.

During May, I was pondering my own mortality. Within two weeks time, three close friends were diagnosed with cancer - Bev Reddy, Joyce Tappan, and Gerry Benzinger. So far, all appeared to have treatable diseases. Other buddies have major health problems - Garv McClain with kidney disease, and will get a transplant early next year, and Mike Lipkin with hepatitis C, potentially needing a liver transplant in the near future. With this in mind, I did the following for Joyce Tappan:

*We searched long and hard
For our good friend Joyce's card.
Found one really nifty,
But it cost three dollars fifty,
So here's one from the superior avenue bard.*

Love, Bud and Kathy, June, 2002

My current favorites for relaxation: Puccini, (La Boheme, Madam Butterfly, Billy Joel, ("Keepin the Faith," Gloria Estafen ("The Words Get In the Way," Mattise, Renoir John Updike, Philip Roth, John Grisham, Iris Murdock.

Watching Grandkids

Travel of any kind is becoming a real grind, even short trips. The car ride makes my neck and back pain worse. I will soon need to decide whether to drop the Ob Ethics sessions at UC. They have been fun in the past, but if the ride over and back plus the sitting for the 2 hour sessions cease become more like torture, I will stop. This is probably irrational, but I have this feeling that I only have so much energy and capacity for enjoyment left, so some of the extracurricular, non-paying activities will have to go. The first

year Health Care Ethics Course at UC will continue as long as possible, since these have always been enjoyable. All of the teaching also provides a distraction of sorts - listening to the students takes my mind off my discomfort.

Another budding poet in the family:

The First Thanksgiving

*There were some pilgrims who sailed on a ship.
They sailed to America and it was a very long trip.
They ran out of food and got very sick.
Some of them died,
but finally they met some Indians and one was named Rick.
He taught them to catch their own food like fish and turkey.
He also taught them to plant vegetables like corn and
pumpkins and celery.
He was so nice, they planned a party.
So when you eat Thanksgiving meal, remember this story.
Think about the Indians and Pilgrims.*

By Gretchen Mueller November 2003

New Year's Day, 2004 - my 68 th birthday, it was limerick pay-back time, from grandchildren Gretchen (6), Hannah(5), and Noah (4):

*Papa - We think you're so sweet
When we're near, we feel your heat.
You're a new year's baby,
We kids think maybe,
PaPa is really neat!*

Love,

January 1, 2004

So life has been very good. There have been some setbacks. But I have a wonderful wife, 4 great kids, and 6 beautiful grandchildren. If that ain't luck, I don't know what is!

March 2004. Still seeing "patients" -- Greg Claypole, Bennie McDowall, Asian guy at 5 seasons. ((?Put this in with other patients -- they are not in other autobio, in "Bud's Docs" Could not find it anyplace March 27, 2004)) "Case Consultation": 90 Year Old Wants to Die. First heard of case in January. Patient's spouse died recently, does not want to go on living. Pt announced intention to discontinue food and fluids. I offered to see patient then, in capacity of ethics consultant, but I did not see until latter March, when patient requested it. Pt. is bed-ridden, almost blind, but alert and fairly good memory. Stayed for one hour. Did not discuss death or dying. Might return for future visit(s) if pt. consents. (More or less as a hospice volunteer).

August 21, 2004. 50 th Reunion, St. John's High School, Delphos, Ohio. One more patient. When will this stop? The reunion was fairly calm until mid-mealtime at Knights of Columbus Hall. Sitting next to me, Marilyn Diller's husband Mike Larkin suddenly keeled over on the floor. Thinking it was a heart attack or stroke, I got down with him to check his airway. He opened his eyes and it became obvious that he was choking. I asked if he could sit up, and somehow, I got him up far enough to do a Heimlich. After the second thrust, a huge chunk of steak came flying out of his mouth and he was ok. Other than badly bent glasses and a big head bump where he hit the floor, everything seemed fine. It happened so quickly, few people in the room even knew what had happened, and I finally got tired of explaining it. (Pro-vigil, spiritual, ?coincidence, Friday night asking Warnecke's about emergency calls, re Bishop)

(Now see boryshenko's interconnectedness, possible brief summary or my life, esp. ethics after MS Dx)

March 4, 2005: Message submitted for "Team Bud" participants in Seattle MS Mountain Bike Ride in June 2005:

*Bring your bike out west,
To help clobber MS!
Put your mettle to the pedal,
And move mud for Team Bud!*

SALLY R.I.P.

On April 29, 2005, our faithful dog Sally passed away, at age 16. She was a good companion, a caring but funny dog, and will be missed. I remember when guests were leaving the house and we would stand and talk in the hall, saying our goodbyes. Sally would often join us there and take part in the socializing, watching intently.

PRETENDING TO BE EXUBERANT

January 15, 2006: Caravaggio and Exuberance. Last year before Dan and Melissa's wedding, Patty was drawing up some family items for a party. One of the questions on the personal list was "How would you describe yourself." My facetious answer was : "Tall, Dark, and handsome." Well, 1 out of 3 ain't bad. Obviously, my answer should have been "Interesting (?weird) sense of humor."

JANUARY 2006 "PRETENDING TO BE EXUBERANT"

After taking almost a year to read it, I finally finished Kay Jamison's "Exuberance: The Passion for Life." Jamison is a psychologist and world expert on bipolar disorders (manic depression). She also authored "An Unquiet Mind: A Memoir of Moods and

Madness," which chronicles her own experience as a bipolar patient. She has written about famous bipolar persons, but often focusing on their depression. "In Exuberance", the emphasis is on the manic, hypomanic, and near-manic personalities of people like Theodore Roosevelt, John Muir, etc. (add more names from book). The book evoked lots of introspection about my own personality, and whether I had any elements of exuberance. I have never thought of myself as such, but at some point last year (2005), I decided to "pretend to be exuberant." If I wasn't naturally energetic, maybe if I tried to be that way, some of it would rub off. It might even turn out to be a teaching tool - Jamison talks about the way exuberant people tend to invigorate others. It might be my acting lessons finally kicking in, but I have tried to be more enthusiastic doing my ethics lectures at UC, XU, and at the Wood Hudson Lectures for student researchers. The idea is to get the students more active, involved, and interested in whatever subject we're discussing. So far, it appears to be working.

My SEMC Ethics Committee also seems to be responsive to the "technique". Maybe I have just tended to select exuberant people to be Committee members, but I like to believe my energy might be contagious. Or could it be that my acting classes are finally bearing fruit?

JANUARY 2006 Enter Caravaggio. ((Give brief description of the artist and his work. One of his most attractive traits is (what I like most about him is the EXUBERANCE, earthiness, irreverence)

August 2006 - mini-reunion with Mike and Bob in SF-San Jose.

NEED LIMERICK: August 15, 2006: Dan and Melissa proud parents: Enter Beck Robert Mueller, at 6lb 9oz, 20 in, Seattle, WA

November 28, 2006: Possible my 2nd last appearance at UC for teaching. I'd given up on 1st and 3rd year ethics courses - students not too interested, poor class prep and performance. But the new 2nd year course looked intriguing, and included subjects that interested me, like embryonic stem cell research, patient competency, and vegetative state, all in an interactive format. But the class on this date was too much like the others, and with the preparation plus trip to UC campus not worth the trouble. Unless the final class next week is much better, I will definitely fade into the UC sunset. When it's no longer fun, why bother?

The next class on December 5 was Persistent Vegetative State, and I ended up doing most of the talking. In addition, the parking garage elevator was out, so I had to drive the scooter around 3 floors of the garage. Fortunately, there was no other traffic. But I figured this was a sign or the last straw, or something. So it was to be my UC teaching swan song. It was nice while it was fun, but who needs this crap at age 71?

Interest in Religion, God - -Lent 2007. In the past, I had occasionally tried to do some special Lenten reading. This year's focus was on Jesus. I don't have any qualms about the existence of God. In my own simplistic way, current images of various areas in the galaxy and universe leads me to the idea that some kind of a Great Presence has had something to do with all of this splendor. But how does Jesus Christ fit into the picture: The concept of the Trinity seems to be on thin ice, and my beliefs regarding the divinity of J.C. are especially vague. But a "Jesus theory" might speculate the following: that God was not satisfied with the way humans behaved throughout our history. God, being God, really cannot be expected to comprehend or appreciate humans. Dr. Jack Miles is an ex-Jesuit with expertise in middle eastern history. In his book "Christ: A Crisis in the Life of God" presents a theory that God made a mistake by punishing Adam's disobedience and continuing punishing mankind with horrendous blood-

shed. Not being human, He did not appreciate human nature, and overreacted with various massacres throughout history, especially regarding the Jews and their enemies. So one solution might be to send an entity (Jesus) who would have all of the attributes of human nature, and so might be able to bridge the knowledge gap between us and God. God would thus be educated, and humankind would receive instructions from Jesus on how to be Godlike. Although some disregarded Jesus' message, and killed him, his resurrection led to billions of followers.

2007: "Quantum Theology: Spiritual Implications of the New Physics" by the Irish Catholic theologian Diamuid O'Murchu has some insights on why Christianity has flourished. It's not an easy read, especially the quantum mechanics part. But an emphasis on the synchronicity and the interconnectedness of all things, past, present, and future is significant. And in a short segment on "Resurrection from the Dead," the author notes the following regarding Christ's own resurrection from the dead: 1). We have "the life-witness of a group of disenchanted followers, so transformed by the experience (whatever that was) that they gave their very lives for their Christian convictions; 2). A Christian culture of 2000 years numbering today 1.5 billion people spread throughout the earth; 3). It is hard to imagine that the totality of Christian culture, as we have known it to date, is based on a grand delusion." (pp. 176-177)

((?ME: why not a quantum ethics? What might that entail? - Google it ?))

When was Merton Retreat at Milford?

SUMMER 2007: Speaking of Synchronicity and Interconnectedness, etc, -- Bob Holden, Nancy Rowles, Mike and Kathy Wulforst

2007-2008 READS: Francis Collins: "The Language of God: A Scientist Presents Evidence for Belief"; Christopher Hitchens: "God is not Great: How Religion Poisons Everything"; Sam Harris: "Letter to a Christian Nation"& "The End of Faith: Religion, Terror and the Future of Reason" ; Daniel Dennett: "Breaking the Spell: Religion as a Natural Phenomenon"; Charles Blaise: "Life Itself as a Modern Religion." Harry Frankfurt: "On Truth" & "On Bullshit."; Chris Hedges: "I Don't Believe in Atheists"; Thomas Merton: "Seven Storey Mountain," "The Intimate Merton", "A Book of Hours" ; Carl Sagan's "The Varieties of Scientific Experience: A Personal View of the Search for God"; "Toolan's "At Home in the Cosmos"; E.O. Wilson: "The Creation"; PJ O'Rourke: "On the Wealth of Nations";

In August 2008, I read *The Last Lecture* by Randy Pausch. The author was diagnosed with terminal pancreatic cancer, and writes the book for his wife and small children. I can relate to Pausch in several ways. I also have a chronic incurable, disease, although not one that will likely cause my death, at least in the near future. I have told some friends that "people are more important than things" - eg, family should come first, such as at those times when I am trying to make a buck. Haven't always done that, and I should probably look into this aspect of my life.

Like the author, I am probably also a "recovering jerk". No one ever set me down and lectured me on being a jerk. But, fortunately, there have been times when people did put me in my place like when I was feeling sorry for myself for being poor and having to work my way through life. (Fr. Herr, during college years of 54-58). And earlier, when I was just being a smart-ass. (coach Don Patthoff in 8th grade, when I made fun of him for being bald, and he slapped me hard in the face).

So maybe I was a jerk in early life, and some people probably think I still am. Not sure what turned me around, if anything, and made me think more about others than I do myself.. How did I

change from being a guy who Bob Dean said could "turn people off just by saying 'Hello'"?

Starting in my home town, Delphos, I have been was exposed to lots of great people, including doctors and nurses, who emulated the kind of person I really wanted to be. But without question, the main factor in getting to be a better person was MEETING KATHY, who doesn't get any better and nicer! Did some of her niceness rub off on me?

Memories of my Mom and Dad also influenced me, and I wanted to I may have tried to imitate their attitudes. It would have been better off by trying emulate them, especially my Dad. I don't remember him ever saying anything unkind about someone else.

One thing Randy Pausch didn't mention in The Last Lecture was the idea of looking for ways to make others feel good about themselves, to complement them when they do a good job. In my opinion. most people appreciate hearing this, especially when given along with a smile and a pat on the back. - at least I always liked to hear someone say nice words to me. Maybe this attitude has helped in my unjerking.

My health is actually not too bad for a 74 year-old geezer. Instead of rattling off my numerous nuisance ailments, I will simply list some of the specialists I saw in 2008 for various symptoms, starting at the top: psychologist, neurologist, audiologist, ophthalmologist, dermatologist, internist, neurologist, proctologist, podiatrist,

(Seen in the not so recent past but not so far in 2009: ENT, psychiatrist, internist, cardiologist, pain management specialist, physiatrist, infectious disease specialist), ((And have Never seen: rheumatologist - one local guy refused to see me for management of fibromyalgia Dx'd at Mayo Clinic. I have since learned that he is an extreme right wing pro-lifer. Although I consider myself to

be open minded and having middle of the road attitudes, I lean toward being pro-choice. For example, if a pregnant women has a life-threatening medical problem, I would not argue against her choosing to terminate the pregnancy. These are situations in which both mother and baby could be lost if the pregnancy is not terminated. But I hope and pray that no one in my family is faced with this situation.

A physician who treats himself has a fool for a doctor. But to survive the current medical non-system requires the leadership of someone who is current with all the personal data etc. At this point in time this individual happens to be Good Old Bud. Speaking of time and people passing, the late Cincy Reds broadcaster Joe Nuxhall always signed off at the end of a ball game with "Now we're rounding 3 rd and heading for home." That's kind of where I am located right now. You could say that I'm just taking a very short lead off of 3 rd base. I certainly wouldn't want to get picked off base, and likely will not try to steal home.

REAL retirement looks a ways off. I plan to continue my two jobs - IRB work and ethics committee activity, for as long as they're rewarding, challenging, and fun. Or at least until I get canned from both!

August 10, 2009.

I have major surgery scheduled today: a large inguinal hernia. (previously referred to as a "rupture"). I'm not too anxious about the procedure. It will be done with general anesthesia (put to sleep). With any luck at all, I will wake up at the proper time. But both of my parents had major complications following their hernia operations. When I was in 7 th grade, Mom had surgery, developed a post-op bowel obstruction, and required 6 weeks hospitalization. She was seriously ill at the time, and knew it. Fortunately, she recovered and finally came home.

My Dad wasn't so lucky. At age 46, during surgery for a gangrenous strangulated hernia, he had a heart attack, never woke up, and died the next day. None of us knew that he was in really bad shape, with hypertension, obesity, and undiagnosed severe heart disease.

Perhaps my post-op recovery time will allow me the luxury of finishing this damned biography!

P.S. I did fine during surgery. As we used to say: "The patient tolerated the procedure well and was taken to the recovery room. And then went home later that day. Same Day Surgery has arrived in Northern Kentucky, and it works just fine!

OCTOBER 2009 KATHY MEDICAL MISSION WORK IN MACEDONIA.

She continues her great mission work, and I am very proud of her!

Patrick came home to be with me while Kathy was away - what a great gesture for his old man! Of course, none of our kids are "un-great". Each of them does what they can to help out, and during my MS, have been especially nice, helpful, and just altogether wonderful to me! Maybe they are more like their Mom in this respect than their Dad!

2010

February 2010 - THIS REALLY IS THE FINAL INSTALLMENT!!! At this point I may not have much choice - I will need to finish the autobiography much sooner rather than any-old-time later.

The politically correct term for my current medical situation is that I am now having some MEMORY ISSUES!!! Long term memory seems fairly good, but the short term stuff is becoming inconsistent or fuzzy. A visit to my neurologist Jim Farrell confirmed a major problem - Although the word wasn't said aloud, the likely diagnosis and politically correct Terminology: The BIG A, or AD , OR the politically incorrect term: ALZHEIMERS

At least it looks like some form of dementia. Recent testing was ok, including BRAIN MRI which showed only my usual MS changes. The situation is bad enough that Dr. Farrell started me on a specific med - Reicept, a drug for specific use in mild, moderate, or severe Alzheimers (AD). Now if I can only remember to take it!

In early 2010, I considered going back to the Cleveland Clinic or Mayos for another opinion, perhaps get into a study. Not really any kind of a research project. But who would want to take a chance on using a placebo for the next 5 or 10 years, while gradually fading into the sunset? For now I need to get more organized, including a "simple" plan with Kathy for daily activities, and exercise program of some sort.

((Maybe I will also start keeping a diary starting with the AD diagnosis and its intricacies, if any, before I totally lose it - That is, if I can remember any of it before I get started!))

Finally, here are a couple of the great Frank Sinatra's songs, written by the gifted Paul Anka reflect some of my own thoughts and feelings. First,

That's Life :

*"I tell ya, I can't deny it,
I thought of quitting baby,
But my heart just ain't gonna buy it.
And if I didn't think it was worth one single try,
I'd jump on a big bird and then I'd fly
I've been a puppet, a pauper, a pirate, a poet, a pawn and a king.
I've been up and down, and over and out, and I know one thing:
Each time I find myself laying flat on my face, I just
pick myself up, and get back in the race.
That's Life. That's Life and I can't deny it. Many times I
thought of cuttin' out.
But my heart won't buy it. But if there's nothing shakin'
come this here July,
I'm gonna roll myself up in a big ball and just cry. My My."*

And here is Sinatra's - and my own - ending, with his/my way:

My Way

*And now the end is near
And so I face the final curtain
My friend I'll say it clear
I'll state my case of which I'm certain
I've lived a life that's full
I traveled each and every highway*

*And more, much more than this
I did it my way*

*Regrets I've had a few
But then again too few to mention
I did what I had to do
And saw it through without exemption
I planned each charted course
Each careful step along the byway
And more, much more than this
I did it my way*

*Yes there were times I'm sure you knew
When bit off more than I could chew
But through it all when there was doubt
I ate it up and spit it out, I faced it all
And I stood tall and did it my way
I've loved, I've laughed and cried
I've had my fill, my share of losing
And now as tears subside
I find it all so amusing
To think I did all that
And may I say not in a shy way
Oh no, oh no, not me
I did it my way*

*For what is a man what has he got
If not himself then he has not
To say the things he truly feels
And not the words of one who kneels
The record shows I took the blows
And did it my way
Yes it was my way*

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What more can I say? I really did do it my way. It's been a great ride, even if it's now only in second gear.

Without further ado (or adon't), I remain,

Always and Forever,

Bud

July 2010

