

**GEORGE HOYT WHIPPLE**

**1878-1976**

**RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS STUDENTS  
AT THE  
UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER  
SCHOOL OF MEDICINE AND DENTISTRY**

Published  
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ALUMNI RECOLLECTIONS OF GEORGE HOYT WHIPPLE

Foreword

*The accomplishments of George Hoyt Whipple as a pathologist, investigator, educator and builder of a great medical institution have been widely and securely recognized. His role in the establishment of the University of Rochester School of Medicine and Dentistry and the Strong Memorial Hospital has been fully recorded in Dr. Corner's "George Hoyt Whipple and His Friends", in the 10 and 25 year histories, and in the recently published 50th Anniversary volume, "To Each His Farthest Star".*

*But the memories stored in the minds of those men and women who knew him as their Dean had not been recorded. After his death on February 1, 1976 in his 98th year it seemed appropriate to secure those recollections before they were lost.*

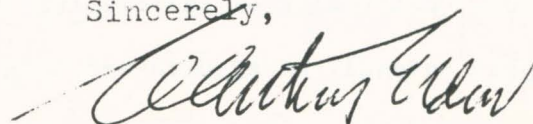
*With that in mind the medical graduates in the classes of 1929 - 1957 were invited to record their recollections of Dr. Whipple as a person, teacher, counselor and friend. The letters published here form a warm and personal tribute from his students which reveals as nothing else could many facets of the character and personality of this great man -- "The Dean".*

Gordon M. Meade, M.D.                      1935  
Executive Secretary  
Medical Center Alumni Association

My recollections of Dr. Whipple began after my first year in medicine. I explained to him my desire to do some research work and some further work in autopsies. He employed me and compensated me with a salary. This went on during the summer and until the second year started. I then asked him if I could continue my research but he said that was impossible. I then asked him how I stood in the first year. "You were third highest", he said, with a firm look in his eye. I then told him I worked during my first year as a pharmacist in a local drug store and made X dollars. He then said with a twinkle in his eye, "Continue your work on liver". It was during this time that I analyzed 100 pounds of liver. I found, among other elements, copper. This stimulated his curiosity and to confirm my findings he asked me to subject the ash to light analysis at Eastman Kodak Company. This I did. So he fed his dogs iron and copper which made their hemoglobin rise 10% higher than iron alone.

Not only was Dr. Whipple an excellent scientist, as we all know, but he was a real human being with excellent motives that he tried to instill in others. He also had an excellent sense of humor. He could tell you much with his eyes alone. I was very happy to visit with him in the new hospital during the 50th Anniversary.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "C. Arthur Elden". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the typed name "C. Arthur Elden".

C. Arthur Elden 1930

Alumni Recollections of George Hoyt Whipple

I am sure that the file of letters about Dean Whipple contains an enormous list of testimonials regarding his calm, deliberate manner in the exercise of an unlimited store of wisdom.

Three examples occur to me. The first was during a meeting of the Medical Society. A paper was presented on the streptococcus of erysipelas, and the ensuing discussion between Konrad Birkhaug and the essayist became heated. Sparks flew, until Dr. Whipple arose and slowly enunciated the observation that "Differences of opinion are responsible for horse races." The entire assembly broke out in laughter, and the tension immediately dissipated.

The second occurred in the year 1927-28, during the Pathology course. We were given a list of research projects and were told that each student was to select one for investigation. We got together and, in a spirit of protest of which the youth of the 1960s would be proud, objected to the peremptory assignment. We took the issue to Dr. Whipple, and he kindly submitted to our desire and dropped the whole idea. However, I, for one, later realized that we had missed a great opportunity to improve our investigative know-how under the direction of a master.

The third is, I suppose, apocryphal. It is said to have happened during the construction of the original school building, for which Dr. Whipple shrewdly managed to pay with income of the available funds without touching the principal. His frugality, it was said, was indicated by the effect on the buffalos on the nickels as each coin was squeezed to get out the full value.

*Paul Levin*

Paul M. Levin 1930

## Recollections of George Hoyt Whipple

My interest in guns and gamebird hunting came to me from my family. My great grandmother was the sister of J. M. Browning who invented the machine gun that bore his name. And most of the male members of our family were shotgun enthusiasts. It didn't take Dr. Whipple long to learn of this interest of mine.

During my first autumn in the department in 1931 Dr. Whipple suggested that I join him in a practice "warm-up" prior to the opening of the pheasant hunting season. We went to a field on the far side of Helen Wood Hall. He had a "hand trap" for throwing the clay targets -- a device with which I had had no experience. He gave me instructions and then he threw several targets for me to shoot at. They went out straight and fast -- virtually impossible to miss.

Then it came my turn to throw the targets. They went out in curves and slants and were most difficult to hit -- but he did score on the majority. As we finished he said, "Wright, you make a tough game." I was apologetic for my lack of ability in throwing out the targets and felt embarrassed. But Dr. Whipple then said, "If you had thrown as much baseball as I have, you would do better." He then told me about his baseball days of which I hadn't known. This made me feel a bit better. We repeated this practice later but I was never able to throw the targets nearly as well as he did.

Those few years in the pathology department with "The Dean" were most enjoyable because of him. My greatest pride in my, now nearly 50, years of medicine lies in my association with him, of his name gracing mine on several publications dealing with experiments conducted in the department, and of being able to say, "I had my training with George Whipple."

*Angus Wright, M.D.*

Angus Wright, M.D.  
Class of 1930

HARRY C. FORTNER, M.D.

4150 KNOB HILL DRIVE

SHERMAN OAKS, CALIF.

91403

March 21, 1976

Dr. Gordon M. Meade  
Executive Secretary  
Medical Center Alumni Association  
Rochester, New York

Dear Gordon:

In the parlance of today's T-V interviewers, I'm glad you asked that question, i.e., to send a letter revealing our thoughts and recollections of Dean George H. Whipple.

When I desired to enter medical school I first met with Dr. Whipple. It was necessary to submit my credentials to the Board of Regents of the State of New York. In a letter from one of the Regents he mentioned that I didn't appear to have enough credits in English. I told Dr. Whipple of this Regent's letter. I had passed a written test in English at a Pennsylvania Normal school. I had both a B.A. and M.A. degree from the University of Michigan. Before one could graduate from Michigan you had to take at least one of their courses in English. I had done that and in addition took a course in diction and usage in a summer session. The Professor wrote on my notebook that it was the best notebook submitted in all the eleven years he had been teaching that course. In addition, I had already published three articles in recognized scientific journals. So, I said to Dr. Whipple: "What shall I say to this Regent when I go to see him?" He replied: "Oh my, tell him you are already enrolled in our 3rd year medical school". It worked!



When I took my internship under Dr. Whipple's direction he insisted that we break away frequently from our studies to get some exercise and to become involved in other diversions.

He was interested in and collected many photographs of cloud effects to which I was glad to contribute a few good cloud photos taken in Yosemite, California.

Dr. Whipple was also interested to learn that Dr. A. Warthin of Michigan was studying the common wood violets, especially because of the large size of their chromosomes as well as the great variety of subspecies.

If any antivivisectionist had watched Dr. Whipple, as I had, performing experiments so meticulously and with such exquisite technique, I am sure he would have lost his anti that very day.

With inspiring memories,

*Harry C. Fortner, M.D.*  
Harry C. Fortner, M.D. '31

March 1976

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF DR. GEORGE HOYT WHIPPLE

One Sunday morning, I was driving my car on a lonely country road when I saw a familiar figure dressed in a laboratory coat standing by a car on which a young girl was struggling to change a tire. I saw that it was Dr. Whipple, so I got out and asked if I could be of any assistance. He said, "No thank you, I am just teaching my daughter how to take care of a flat under laboratory conditions."

In the classroom, Dr. Whipple's method of teaching was unique in that he forced us to use our brains. We all respected him, but were also fairly frightened of him; after all, he was the Dean, The Professor of Pathology, an International Scientist, and a winner of the Nobel Prize. He would enter the classroom, go towards the table where there was a stool, give the stool just enough of a push for it to go under the table, and he would reach the other side at the exact moment for him to sit down on it. He would then take a very small book out of his pocket, put on his half-moon glasses, scan the list and then ask some quivering student an apparently innocent question. When the poor student had blurted out everything he knew, Dr. Whipple would make a cryptic notation in the book, and then call on the next victim. In preparation for the day I should be called on, I tried to read every textbook on pathology, and formulated a list of the type of questions I felt he might ask me. When that day arrived, he scanned his list and said, "Mr. Ackerman, could you tell me the cause of hemorrhage from the gastrointestinal tract?" This was one of the questions for which I had prepared. I knew that Dr. Whipple had two stock phrases which, in time, destroyed everyone: "For instance," and, "what else?" I answered his question by hesitantly saying, "An ulcer of the stomach." He said, "That is very good. What else, Mr. Ackerman?" I said, "Cancer of the stomach." He said, "That is the same thing, it is an ulcer." I then gave him, one by one slowly, 20 or more causes of hemorrhage from the gastrointestinal tract. He continued to smile benignly and continued to say, "What else?" until in desperation I blurted out the last thing I could think of, "Yellow fever." His reply to that was, "Oh, that is very interesting; what is the cause of the hemorrhage?" Completely defeated I said, "I have no idea." I hoped that would be the end of it, but no, "Well, why don't you and I figure it out." (Cat plays with mouse). "What does yellow fever suggest to you?" I said, "Trouble with the liver."

"That is very good. What kind of trouble?" I replied, "Necrosis." He said, "But what is the cause of the hemorrhage?" I admitted again, "I don't know." He said, "But what do you think?" I said, "There is increased capillary permeability with hemorrhage." He said, "No, that is incorrect." So I added, "The platelets are tremendously decreased due to toxins released by the liver." He then ended the agony, "No, but you do have a vivid imagination. It is a low fibrinogen. That will be all, Mr. Ackerman." He then made a little mark in his book, but I never found out what he wrote there.

We were only a small class of 35 in 1932, but every member was invited to dinner at his home at least once.

A few years after graduation, I returned to spend a year in Pathology and Bacteriology. One remark that Dr. Whipple made to the Staff that year has stayed with me. He said that we were to remember that he was always available to us, and that even if he appeared to be busy, he was probably working at being the Dean, and that he would welcome any interruption from that chore as he preferred talking to us about our problems and ideas.

When I applied for admission to Rochester Medical School, I had a personal interview with Dr. Whipple. He looked over my grades from Hamilton College and gently intimated that they could have been a bit higher. He questioned me at length as to why I wanted to go into medicine, and finally said that if I would do some type of original scientific investigation, I should send it to him and he would reconsider my application. That summer in Watertown, believe it or not, I was in charge of the filtration plant for the city water works. The color of the water was black, and it had to be reduced to something more appetizing. I, therefore, tested several chemical substances to improve its quality, and was successful. Dr. Whipple read the report and accepted my application.

When it came time to apply for an internship, I was rejected by 7 of the best schools in the country, and was the only person left in the class without a job. I went to Dr. Whipple in desperation; he asked me how far I would travel and I assured him I would go any distance. I ended up with an internship in medicine at the University of California in San Francisco with a letter from Dr. William J. Kerr which said that any person recommended by Dr. Whipple would be acceptable to him.

Dr. Whipple has been one of the greatest influences of my entire medical career. I always have been and still am grateful for having studied under him and known him as a friend. As my story indicates, he showed me how to get into medical school, as a student he taught me to think, he personally got me my internship, and he accepted me back into his Department as a Fellow in Pathology for a year. I have spent my life trying to emulate him.



Lauren V. Ackerman, M.D.

'92

Professor of Surgical Pathology and Pathology  
Emeritus,  
Washington University School of Medicine,  
St. Louis, Missouri

Professor of Pathology  
State University of New York  
Stony Brook, N.Y.

March 23, 1976

"Alumni Recollections of George Hoyt Whipple".

Like all of his graduates, I share the sadness at the loss of Dr. George Whipple. What a wonderful long, and influential, life he led, and what great contributions he made to science and humanity!

In the early years of the Medical School, it was the custom of Dean and Mrs. Whipple to entertain at dinner, at their home, groups of four from his current Pathology class. One looked forward to the affair with great anticipation. Because of the eminence of the man, I am sure, I, for one, was practically speechless for the entire evening. The occasion, however, was a highlight of the year.

Even after forty plus years, how can one forget those serious, searching eyes that peered at us over his half glasses? Though I have little of value to add to the tribute that will be made by those who had closer personal contact with him through the years, I cannot let this opportunity pass by without expressing the appreciation I feel for the privilege of having had such a brilliant and fine Professor and Dean.

Helen Kingsbury Coffin MD

Helen Kingsbury Coffin, M.D.

D. R. INSLEY, M. D.

1506 ARNOLD AVENUE  
BROOKSVILLE, FLORIDA 33512

April 6, 1976.

Regarding Alumni Recollections of George Hoyt Whipple.

Well I remember Dean George Hoyt Whipple and the pathology class I attended 46 years ago, as the class of 1932 sat at attention in a sort of semicircular line formation in front of a laboratory table, on which the Dean kept his records.

Discussions took place on such subjects as pigments, tuberculosis, tumors etc. ( Bill Havill likened it to a foot ball game where the Dean gained yardage through the line when a student failed to answer correctly.)

Occasionally we had an opportunity to observe Dr. Whipple perform experimentation which was carried out in a quiet, flawless manner.

In my observations here was an inspiring, learned man, who through his mannerisms, teaching ability, and great achievements, had won profound respect of the student body, and fame for the University.

It is my hope that as a practicing physician, I have emulated some of the fine characteristics of Dean Whipple and other members of the faculty, I so fondly remember.

*Donald R. Insley M.D. '32*

## ALUMNI RECOLLECTIONS OF GEORGE HOYT WHIPPLE

One of Dr. Whipple's outstanding virtues was the understanding guidance he offered his students. His small dinner parties on evenings prior to medical meetings were always an inspiration. The fact that medical meetings saved him from students who might overstay their welcome, amused us and never detracted from the warm hospitality of dinner with Dr. and Mrs. Whipple.

A small incident in which Dr. Whipple reprimanded me and three fellow students, became an object lesson to me in my medical practice.

Three of us, John Scott, Kay Liber and myself rented the second floor apartment of a house for several years. Our landlady, who lived on the first floor, was a rather portly, austere widow. We belonged to the Teutonia Liedertafel Turnverein, whose superb beer was served even during prohibition, and in addition excellent German food and song. We spent many memorable nights there, in the Heidelberg tradition eating German food, singing and consuming large quantities of beer. We were usually a bit inebriated on returning to our apartment.

One Saturday night, the three of us and another medical student motored to the Turnverein in his model T Ford and had our usual pleasant evening. His wife was away, so on returning late in the evening to our apartment he pulled his model T onto the grassy parking strip and spent the night with us.

Three days later we were all seated in Dr. Whipple's office. Dr. Whipple related in detail our landlady's complaints concerning

our behavior. We had brought a male guest home without her permission. The model T parked on her grassy parking strip was outrageous. One of us had the habit of dropping one shoe while undressing and five minutes later the other clattered to the floor ending a suspenseful wait on her part, and so the complaints ran.

After this long review of landlady complaints, he looked each of us squarely in the eye and with well chosen words delivered his verdict. I can't remember the words but I remember their substance. In essence he told us, four postgraduate students presumably mature enough to embark on a career of medicine dependent on handling people successfully, were so immature we couldn't even manage our landlady.

I thought of Dr. Whipple's reprimand frequently in my career. Because of his sound advice I accepted the challenge many times of managing a difficult patient I would have preferred to be rid of, and invariably found it a rewarding experience.



Robert C. Manchester, M.D.  
Class of '32  
2502 Canterbury Lane East  
Seattle, Washington 98112



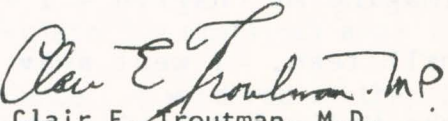
Recollection of George H. Whipple

During the second year course in pathology there were weekly seminars when Dr. Whipple sat up at the front behind his half-moon glasses and would direct questions to us -- the apprehensive students.

One afternoon he asked one of us -- who shall be designated simply as "No Name" -- a question. "No Name" answered with a fairly lengthy dissertation which to me sounded like a quotation direct from Karsner's "Textbook of Pathology". When "No Name" finally ran out of words Dr. Whipple gazed out over the half-moons and after a proper pause said, "And anything else?"

Perhaps you can visualize the scene or feel the situation -- everybody was stone-silent, tense -- you could feel the static flowing across and around the room. You could feel that "No Name" had given the Dean everything in the book and he still wanted more. I know there were others there in the room but I most remember the amused twinkle in Dr. Whipple's eyes.

Dr. Whipple had that faculty of drawing from the students all that they knew and then leading them beyond that to think through to what they didn't realize they knew. That was what he was seeking that afternoon from one of the brightest students in our class.

  
Clair E. Troutman, M.D.  
Rochester - 1932

Rudolph Angell, M.D., F.A.C.P.  
26 South Goodman Street  
Rochester, New York 14607  
April 19, 1976

Gordon M. Meade, M.D.  
Box 643  
Medical Center Alumni Association  
601 Elmwood Avenue  
Rochester, New York 14642

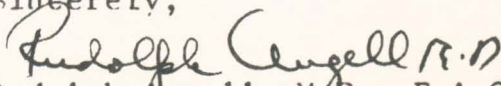
Re: Alumni Recollections of George Hoyt Whipple

Dear Dr. Meade:

Little did I know that I had struck the one and only full day of sunshine that Rochester has ever known when I came for my interview for admission to the Medical School in the Spring of 1929. Although this raised my spirits some, I was fearful that I would not be able to present my best appearance, for I had come in on the Erie Railroad from New Haven, and had collected all the soot and cinders around my collar.

I was forewarned by some of my classmates, who had preceded me for interviews, that some members of the faculty had quizzed them on some prominent scientists who had come out of Yale. So I was well prepared with biographies of Gibbs and Silliman et al. Stepping into the Dean's office, I was immediately put at ease by the slow, quiet spoken voice of this kind and sympathetic man. We spoke, not of scientists, but of Yale in general, of football and baseball. Imagine my chagrin - I forgot the name of the captain of the football team. I went away certain that I would never be accepted to the Medical School. What! Not know the name of the captain of the Yale football team?! But admission was granted and I spent four of my happiest years under the broad expansive wings of this great and wonderful human being.

Sincerely,

  
Rudolph Angell, M.D., F.A.C.P.

RA:cv

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# UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO

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SANTA BARBARA • SANTA CRUZ

SCHOOL OF MEDICINE  
DEPARTMENT OF PEDIATRICS

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 94143

April 9, 1976

Gordon M. Meade, M.D.  
Box 643  
Medical Center Alumni Association  
601 Elmwood Avenue  
Rochester, New York 14642

Dear Gordon:

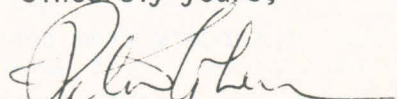
I am very happy to respond to your request for recollections of Dr. George Whipple by those who knew him as a person. Having been fortunate enough to have been in one of the early classes of the Medical School when the classes were small, it was possible to have a close relationship with the faculty and particularly with Dr. Whipple, who participated in the teaching program in pathology. His concern for the welfare of the students and his interest in teaching was quite evident to all of us. I can still recall his quizzical look, peering over his half glasses when listening to the responses of the student to his questions.

I was impressed with his recognition of the need for the student to be aware of the feelings of the patient. I remember his comment that surgeons who underwent an operation could appreciate the emotional and physical effect of surgery from personal experience. I wondered at the time how the pathologist could personally experience the services of the pathologist other than by having a biopsy performed.

One episode that occurred during my medical school days was a direct result of the depression we were undergoing in the early '30's. I was in the first class to be admitted after the Wall Street collapse. It appeared that medical students were marrying employees of the medical school, presumably for romantic reasons. The Dean decided that medical students were taking advantage of the defenseless secretaries and presented an edict that any employee of the medical school who married a medical student would be fired. I don't recall anyone being fired for this reason.

Dr. Whipple and Dr. Stafford Warren both played a significant role in my professional career. They had both come directly to the University of Rochester from the University of California in San Francisco, and they proselyted students to go West to the University of California Medical Center. Since I was interested in Pediatrics, they suggested that I apply for internship in the Department of Pediatrics at the University of California in San Francisco. The chief of Pediatrics at the time was Dr. Francis Scott Smyth, who had worked with Dr. Whipple when he had been Director of the Hooper Institute. I was accepted as an intern and planned to stay in San Francisco for one year. One thing led to another and I am still here.

Sincerely yours,

  
Peter Cohen, M.D.  
Professor Emeritus

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RECOLLECTIONS OF DEAN WHIPPLE

My first year (while I matriculated at McGill) was not the most happy. A buddy of mine and I talked each other into going there while all the time my heart yearned to go to Rochester where I had been first accepted as a student.

It was as that miserable first year drew to a close that I boldly wrote Dean Whipple to ask for admission to the second year at Rochester in spite of not having completed Biochemistry. (At McGill Biochemistry was a 2nd year course while it was tackled in the 1st year at Rochester.) Dean Whipple replied that this particular course could be made up in the summer at Columbia.

The prospect of attending Columbia was bleak considering the need I had to work for my tuition. I had already secured a job and after weighing and worrying over my problem I informed the Dean of the depth of my dilemma.

His next missive was a bit more promising. I was to hotfoot it to Rochester immediately after my finals at McGill and talk his assistant, Associate Professor Dr. Bloor, into believing his course could be completed in a mere (albeit full) five weeks. Upon my completion I could then be a second year student at the school of my desire.

The morning following the McGill finals I arrived at Rochester for my first class. I was astonished not about the grass or trees and stately buildings. My delight was in the cheery informal, intimate first year Biochem. class into whose membership I was to be admitted. Among the faces were included the familiar smiles of two friends.

At the first opportunity I sought out the man who helped me in order to thank him. It was with typical kindness he greeted me and even recognized me with "I trust you will benefit by it".

How could I not benefit with this modest gentleman at the helm? The atmosphere was informal; the student body small. And Dean Whipple's subtle hand was there to guide us.

We all had a tendency to emulate the Dean in those days. He wore a blue shirt. We wore blue shirts. We even imitated his reserved quiet manner. A quality indicative of self-discipline that the youth of today could well imitate.

He imposed few rules but those rules were firm and so was he in his quiet unassuming way. I recall a fellow classmate whose habit of running in the halls (a taboo) ran him literally into Dean Whipple who countered with the invitation for this particular student NOT to return the following year to Rochester. Of course I am sure that this particular student's squirting water on the Dean during an autopsy enhanced the Dean's opinion of him.

He had a lighter side to his nature, our Dean Whipple. One day in pathology he asked me, "Where is the most common site of tuberculosis in children?" I mumbled "I don't know." He approved with "That's right, 'the lymph node'." The class chuckled. Our friend kept his silence and I was impressed with a "fact" of yesterday's medicine.

It isn't what happened perhaps but rather the how. Dean Whipple's pragmatic and gentle self perhaps taught me mostly to have concern for my patients and humility. That being a doctor was a responsibility and that as a doctor I was not endowed with the powers of a demi-god. My last meeting with him was ten years ago on a pleasant day during a reunion. I complimented him on the growth of the school. "It's getting too large, Dr. Brown, we'll lose our closeness. Those airport people asked me about cutting down the smokestack. I refused them. Firm. They fly too low anyway.

If I had a wish it would have been that we compiled our 'recollections' prior to our 50th Anniversary. But perhaps they will be not only a testimonial to a great man but also a consolation to his dear lady, Mrs. Whipple. So to her I will say, again, "Thank you, Dean Whipple."

George D. Brown

Class of 1934

F. MANSEL DUNN, M.D.  
1322 EAST MICHIGAN AVENUE  
LANSING, MICHIGAN 48912

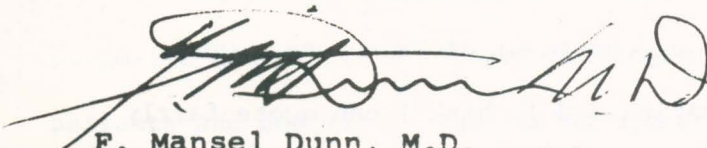
Telephone 482-5561

The one incident that stands out in my memory about the Dean, and one which I shall never forget, had its beginning early in the week. Immediately upon entering the autopsy room, and seeing the exposed abdominal viscera, he exclaimed, "There's a case of chloroform poisoning". It involved a child, who over the week-end was found to have need of a spinal tap. To get better patient cooperation he was given some chloroform while a tap was being completed. Our class (1934) then being in Pathology, buzzed all week about the CPC on Friday, and sure enough the entire conference was taken up on the demerits of chloroform, in any form, either ingested or inhaled by man. He chewed out the whole Department of Pediatrics from Dr. Clausen down to the lowliest intern, so beautifully that no one could take offense, but which left no doubt as to the feeling of the Dean of the Medical School and chairman of the Department of Pathology. Our conference ended with the Dean saying and I think I can quote fairly accurately. "I hope that if any of you men are caught using chloroform as an anesthetic that your license will be revoked".

Most of my other recollections have to do with the Friday afternoon conferences and the short phrase "And what else?". After we had squeezed our brains dry of all knowledge, inevitably would come the question "And what else?". If no further words were forthcoming, the Dean would continue for sometimes a half an hour about what could not be found in the textbooks but which came from his profound knowledge of the subject.

I stopped in to pay my respects shortly after he had his cataracts removed, and he confided to me that he had slowed up a bit. That some of his residents thought that one of them should accompany him on his hunting forays, and actually he had bagged more birds than the resident. Then followed a short lecture on the art of fly casting for land locked salmon in New England as opposed to plug casting for bass in Michigan.

Holding him in awe, as most of us did, we took great delight in seeing his foot bob up and down as he sat with his knees crossed listening to a visiting dignitary, and then before he arose to discuss the paper, to see the speed of the bobbing increase significantly. He was truly a Renaissance Man.



F. Mansel Dunn, M.D.

'34



My own recollections of Dr. George Whipple are of Dr. Whipple as a father figure -- a great handsome shaggy man. As a second year medical student, he was the nearest to a deity of any one I ever knew. This was because I regarded him as the person who controlled my fate. It has taken me more than forty years to realize I controlled my own fate.

My first actual contact with the Dean was before I had ever seen Rochester, and requires one to know I was the worst student in the University of Idaho pre-med courses. I had fiddled away four years, was at the bottom of my class. After four academic years, three summer sessions, I still did not get my B.S. (pre-med) degree. I went to night school in Los Angeles and applied for admission to the school of medicine in Rochester. I was accepted. However, the Dean wrote me a letter saying, "If your performance here is anywhere near your performance in college don't expect to be here long."

The atmosphere in Rochester was one where one couldn't help doing well. Even the great depression didn't depress us. All the professors and instructors were an extension of Dr. Whipple's integrity of learning. In later years Dr. McCann said, "We didn't educate you, you educated yourselves." I add rather proudly, I was nominated for a fellowship in physiology at the end of my first year, and graduated in the upper half of the middle third of my class. This because of the overwhelming thirst for knowledge engendered by the faculty.

Dr. Whipple was the greatest! He surrounded himself with greatness. We are all extremely fortunate to have been his students.

*Forrest H. Howard M.D.*

Forrest H. Howard, M.D., M.P.H.,  
FACOG, FRSH

Class of 1934

ROBERT W. POLLOCK, M. D.

Telephone 523-4468

2170 First Street

BAKER, OREGON 97814

I first met Dean Whipple at Princess Bay, British Columbia in 1926. My uncle, Ulysses Grant Hanna and I were working for the Packer Point Logging Co. at Bella Bella, British Columbia. My uncle was the head cook at the logging camp mess hall.

I was firing donkey. A donkey engine was an upright steam machine which ran the drums which pulled the logs to water. The firebox ate 1/2 cord of wood an hour -- and my 20 year old back was weary after a 10 hr. shift.

My uncle learned that a sea going tug was frantically searching for a cook. We bunched our jobs when he was hired and joined the crew at Princess Bay.

George Eastman, the Kodak King, had leased this large vessel for a trip in British Columbia and Alaskan waters. I was hired as a galley slave.

Dean George Hoyt Whipple was a guest. From the doctor I learned he had just started a Medical School. Another guest was Mrs. Strong -- for whom the Memorial Hospital was named. I also remember a D. North. He was an Episcopalian priest who had a parish on East Avenue.

In those days I had a good baritone voice and on several evenings I sat on the rear coping of this sea going semi-yacht and entertained the assembled group of V.I.P.s with songs which ranged from my "Old Kentucky Home" to "Lover Come Back to Me".

Both Eastman and Dr. Whipple asked me what I was going to do when I got out of college. I told them I did not know, but that my father wanted me to become a doctor. George Eastman told me that if I ever wanted to go to medical school to let him know. What an ace in the hole.

I left the boat soon after having been asked by the Alaska Road Commission to drive a truck at \$300.00 a month and board - much better than a galley slave's \$60.00. I finished the summer running from Fairbanks to Circle City.

In 1929 I was admitted to the University of Oregon Medical School and attended school only two weeks because the Peerless Mining Co. offered me a

good job as a hard rock miner on Revillagigedo Island, Alaska. I was readmitted to Oregon for the 1930 class.

I wrote to Dean Whipple from Kasaan, Alaska and requested an application so it could be considered for the class of 1930. I did not hear from the school after I had forwarded the application. By this time I was in the States. So I got on the phone and after three days of trying, through about 20 secretaries, finally got through to George Eastman. He remembered me. George talked to George and I was admitted to the U. of R. School of Medicine and Dentistry.

Dean Whipple and I had a good chatter about the aforementioned events when I attended our 25th and 40th reunions.

Dean Whipple gave me a scare during a pathology session on or about October 15, 1930. He conducted the class. He held up a kidney and said, "Pollock, what is this?" I replied, "A kidney." He answered, "What kind of a kidney?", and I said, "A large one." He looked at me over those half glasses and I can see him yet -- peering over those glasses while all the class tittered and laughed. He said, "Have you ever heard of the word, hypertrophy?"

*Robert W. Pollock M.D.  
class of 34.*

Robert W. Pollock, M.D.

Class of 1934

In the early part of 1930 while being interviewed by Dr. George Hoyt Whipple for admission into the medical school, I apparently was very apprehensive and in the process of the interview I had picked a pimple on my forehead. Consequently, I was bleeding. Dr. Whipple abruptly stopped the interview and said, "Mr. Radice, I think we have a little surgery to perform before we continue the interview". He walked me over to the sink and proceeded to give me First Aid. He then said, "Now let us continue... What sports are you interested in?"

I have never forgotten this incident and probably never will.

Lawrence J. Radice, M. D.  
Class 1934

GEORGE M. SUTER, M. D.  
PRACTICE LIMITED TO MEDICINE  
318 S. GOODMAN ST. COR. HARPER  
ROCHESTER, N. Y. - 14607

At my pre-admission interview, after asking about my background and schooling, Dr. Whipple asked if I had any questions. I expected my first question to be answered by a bolt of lightning from Mt. Olympus! It was, why had he and George Eastman constructed the school like a factory, with pipes and BX cable external to the building walls? Furthermore, why was there so little embellishment of the façade of the building?

Instead of the expected explosion, Dr. Whipple's face broke into a broad smile. This was apparently a subject dear to his heart. He explained that he and Mr. Eastman had visualized a building and organization devoid of "frills", easily repairable, without expensive marble facing, etc.

He dwelt upon his hopes that any future enlargement or development would follow similar lines.

As an example of his attitude, he appeared a few years later with Mrs. Whipple at a Medical School dance. The students were dressed in tuxedos and their dates in formal evening gowns, as was Mrs. Whipple. Dr. Whipple, on the other hand, wore a brown coat, blue trousers, white shirt, a grey tie, and light tan shoes. He smiled benignly at the gathering for a few minutes; then he and Mrs. Whipple left the "frivolous group".

Another minor incident occurred during a discussion of pathology. He asked me, "What particular occupation might be subject to polypoid and other diseases of the vocal chords?" My

GEORGE M. SUTER, M. D.  
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ROCHESTER, N. Y. - 14607

response was "people such as cheerleaders and train announcers". He paused, and a wistful, pensive expression appeared on his face. Then he said that in his day, opera singers would have been his candidates. In my days, operas were far from my home town of Webster, N. Y.

Upon returning to the school in the fall, after working all summer on my Dad's farm, bare to the waist, I observed a number of dark, pigmented, circular small areas on my shoulders and arms. My lucid, neurotic diagnosis was instantaneous: multiple melanosarcomata!

Through dear Hilda DeBrine, his secretary, I obtained an immediate appointment to see Dr. Whipple. In his office, I explained to Dr. Whipple that I had developed deadly multiple melanosarcomata. He asked me to bare to the waist. When I had done so, a kindly, fatherly smile appeared on his face. He gently let me down, saying that he had had the same condition for at least forty years. He clearly outlined the difference between my benign, sun-induced melanophore darkening and malignant melanosarcomata.

Anyone other than Dr. Whipple might have made the neophyte feel stupid, but his warm humanity made me leave his office with a glowing outlook.

Future generations may never know such a person as Dr. George Hoyt Whipple!

George M. Suter, M.D.

This story illustrates the human side of a truly great physician, Dr. George Hoyt Whipple.

Toward the end of my freshman year I received one of those dreaded blue letters. The Dean wanted to see me, the implication was ominous. Rumor had it that a blue letter meant serious difficulty. I was greatly upset and wanted to see him as soon as possible. On several occasions during the day, between classes, I looked in to his laboratory but he appeared to be too busy. Late in the afternoon I found him alone, reading a newspaper and soaking his feet. He invited me in most cordially and told me he was looking at the comics. He had a stack of newspapers with comics which we shared until completed. We chatted about fishing and hunting and medical acquaintances in Boston.

Finally he brought the social visit to an end by saying he enjoyed our talk and invited me to drop in occasionally. During this time I had been waiting for the fatal blow to fall. I finally gained the courage to broach the subject of the blue letter. After all my worry it proved to be a trivial matter, a simple response to a previous request I had made of him.

I left the interview greatly relieved. I did not go home to relax and soak my feet, but headed for Benny Spiegels for a few beers.

## Recollection of George H. Whipple

When Dr. Whipple accepted me as a student in the class of 1933 I told him that I had enough money only to take me into the spring of the first year. I wanted to be sure he knew in advance I might have a problem from then on. I guess I must have had a great faith or was not facing reality. When I asked "And what will I do when the money runs out?" he gently brushed the question aside by replying, "When you get near the end of your funds come to see me." With the confidence his implied assurance gave me I entered in the fall of 1929.

Along in March 1930 I was getting toward the bottom of the money barrel and I went to Dr. Whipple to tell him I was coming to him for advice as he had suggested. He smiled, reached over to pick up the phone and asked Hilda DeBrine to get a gentleman, with whose name I was familiar, on the phone. In a few moments Dr. Whipple was saying, "Bill, you once told me that if I ever had a student who needed help to let you know. He's sitting here now and I'd like to recommend him to you." The upshot was that an appointment was made for me to visit Mr. H. at his home one evening the next week. The story of that extraordinary interview is a fascinating story in itself but not relevant here. From then on until I graduated loan money was always available to me when I needed it. I would never have been able to complete medical school without Dr. Whipple's personal help in this way. I have always suspected that he knew when I first told him of my problem where he was going to find the help I needed.

Toward the end of the second year course in Pathology, Dr. Whipple invited me to spend a year in his department as a student fellow. Nothing could have pleased me more. But I soon realized that it would mean additional borrowing because of certain continuing family obligations.



Because of that and some other considerations I went to Dr. Whipple and with the greatest reluctance told him I did not see how I could accept and ask for additional help from my benefactor (a student fellow received room and board plus \$19.00 a month). Gravely Dr. Whipple accepted my decision expressing regret.

Within a few hours I received a phone call saying that Mr. H. wanted to see me. When I entered his office he growled, "What's this nonsense I hear about your not accepting that fellowship with George Whipple. You march right back there and tell him you will accept. No argument -- let me worry about the money." So I accepted for what was one of the finest years of my life. Obviously as soon as I had left his office Dr. Whipple had phoned Mr. H. to discuss the "problem". They had agreed on a course of action to see that I accepted. I have always been enormously grateful to them both. In addition Mr. H. saw me through a year of tuberculosis "curing" that followed the year of pathology fellowship.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Gordon M. Meade". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the typed name.

Gordon M. Meade, M.D. - 1935

## A Recollection of George H. Whipple

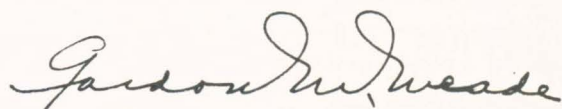
The following incident was related to me a few years ago by a former member of the hospital personnel whose name I do not recall.

One noon the teller of the story was in the SMH cafeteria and sat down next to a young woman unknown to her. They soon were conversing and it came out that the younger woman wanted to enter school here, had obtained a laboratory job here for the summer, had heard much of Dr. Whipple and wished keenly to meet him.

While this was transpiring the older woman saw Dr. Whipple at a nearby table. She excused herself, went over to him and told him about the girl. Dr. Whipple nodded, and the woman went back to her seat. In a short time Dr. Whipple came by, sat down and began a conversation. Gradually he drew out the young woman -- what she was doing, what her objectives were, etc. plus some small talk. After a while he said he had to go along, rose, shook hands, and said to the young woman, "I don't believe I know your name but I'm Dr. Whipple." He smiled in his modest and kindly way and went off, leaving a flabbergasted, pleased and excited young lady.

In characteristic fashion he had been careful not to impress, embarrass or overwhelm this young woman by revealing his name until after the conversation had led her to reveal herself.

Whether she eventually came to school here I do not know but if she did and recognizes herself in this anecdote I would delight to hear from her and what eventually came of that conversation.



Gordon M. Meade, M.D.  
Class of 1935

When I was a medical student at Rochester (1931-35), classes were small, and our contacts with Dr. Whipple were frequent. However, the following incidents, only one of which occurred while I was still in school, stand out in my memories of Dr. Whipple.

Each year Dr. Whipple worked with the students taking pathology, performing an autopsy with each group of four. The examination of the viscera was divided among them; my assignment was the g. i. tract. I was opening the intestine and washing out the contents in the autopsy room sink. I had found a polyp in the colon and was looking for other lesions when I noticed that the small intestine had slipped down into the drain where a great deal of suction had developed. In my excitement, while trying to retrieve the small intestine, I lost my hold on the large intestine which quickly slipped down the drain, too. When Dr. Whipple came with the other students to look over the intestine, I told him I had lost it. He asked, "Where did it go?" and I answered, "Down the drain". He only asked, "All of it?" and then went off shaking his head.

After my house staff training at Strong, I joined the Department of Pathology under Dr. Opie at Cornell, doing experimental work on chronic infection. To refresh my training so that I could also do autopsies, I asked Dr. Whipple whether I might spend my vacation doing autopsies at Rochester. He invited me to be a Visiting Fellow in August (1939). Because of expenses of the

recent death of my father, I was so low on funds that I hitchhiked to Rochester. There, Dr. Whipple also provided my room and board, for which I was deeply grateful.

When Dr. Whipple, a member of the scientific board of the Rockefeller Institute, came to New York for its meetings, he stayed at the Institute. On a visit in 1945 or 46, he developed severe abdominal pain in the night, and asked for me, then a resident at the Institute Hospital. Dr. Robert Watson, the chief resident, and I diagnosed a gall bladder attack. Dr. Whipple asked us to perform a paracentesis for diagnosis, a technique in which he was interested, but we were reluctant to do this. We suggested that he go to Dr. Frank Glenn at the New York Hospital or to Dr. A.O. Whipple at the Presbyterian Hospital. However, his pain eased, and Dr. Whipple insisted on returning to Rochester to be under the care of Dr. John Morton and asked me to accompany him on the train. With ample supplies of atrophine and morphine, we arrived in Rochester after an uneventful trip. Mrs. Whipple, Dr. Basil MacLean, and Dr. Morton met us and took Dr. Whipple to Strong where, subsequently, Dr. Morton removed his gall bladder. About a year later, Dr. Whipple was again at the Institute, and he and Dr. T.H. Rivers, director of its hospital, visited me when I was recovering from a cholecystectomy. Dr. Rivers jokingly commented that cholecystitis was apparently a communicable disease.

Sidney Rothbard, M.D.  
Emeritus Professor of Medicine  
Cornell University Medical College

The outstanding characteristic of Dr. Whipple, in my opinion, was "simplicity." He never used a ten-letter word if a three-letter word would convey his thoughts or feelings.

He did not forget his former students, even when they returned to Strong Memorial Hospital and the School of Medicine and Dentistry many years after graduation.

His ever-present smile concealed the many problems that a man in his position must have had as Dean of our school.

"The rare diagnosis is rarely right."

In a class that he attended (or conducted), a student of medicine (who seemingly was falling asleep) was asked this question: "What is the function of the spleen?" The answer was - "Gosh, I did know what it was, but I have forgotten." Dr. Whipple's reply was - "My God, here is the only person in the world who once knew the function of the spleen, and he has forgotten it !!!"

When he received the Nobel Prize in 1934, there was little fan-fare - at least within the student body.

Just a few years ago, his original publication of Whipple's Disease was projected on the screen during Topics at Johns Hopkins Hospital. In this publication, he wrote that he saw under the microscope what he thought was a gram-positive coccus in a mesenteric lymph node. It was at that time that the bacteriologists at Johns Hopkins Hospital isolated and cultured a streptococcus from a case of Whipple's Disease.

Sincerely yours,



Charles H. Kosmaler, M.D., F.A.C.P.

ARTHUR S. CORIALE, M. D., F. I. C. S.  
1026 Park Avenue  
Utica 3, New York

ALUMNI RECOLLECTIONS OF GEORGE HOYT WHIPPLE

Dear Dr. Meade:

I am a graduate of the University of Rochester School of Medicine, and did know Dr. G.H. Whipple very well during my years at school, 1933-1937.

I remember my interview with him before I entered medicine. I was frightened at his stern look at first when I entered his office, but I became relaxed immediately because of his warm personality. We had a warm "chat". Then I left but did not know whether I made it or not.

Then I had Dr. Whipple in Pathology, a superb teacher, but again, I was frightened at his stern look - especially when he looked at you over his "half-glasses". One never knew whether he was going to be called to answer questions or not because Dr. Whipple's gaze roamed about the class as he called on each student.

His CPC's were wonderful. Dr. Whipple I'm sure had a great deal of fun and satisfaction at these conferences. He called on students and then the teachers for their comments on the case in question: then he paused and after a long silence he gave the final answer. He had the last word in each CPC!!

I shall remember him as a great teacher and a friend who would respond warmly when asked for help.

Sincerely,

*Arthur S. Coriale MD*

Arthur S. Coriale, M.D. '37  
University of Rochester Medical School

## Alumni Recollections of George Hoyt Whipple

Two incidents relating to Dr. Whipple still stand out strongly in my mind. The first was one day in the upstairs laboratory when Dr. Whipple brought in a dead newborn puppy with six legs. He commented that "it looked as if it were clapping hands" and chuckled in that inimitable chuckle of his and that wonderful smile came over his face.

The second incident concerns our reviewing of slides on an autopsy case with Dr. Whipple in his office. It was a rather nasty, wintery day and by chance I happened to arrive ahead of the rest of our group. On Dr. Whipple's desk there was a large, delicious apple which immediately attracted my attention. While looking over some of the photographs on the wall near his desk I heard a loud crunch behind me and then Dr. Whipple in a voice slightly masked by apple said, "There is Don Hooker's dad". After the group arrived Dr. Whipple and the rest of us sat down and he then proceeded to clean up the apple except for the very final core which he deposited in the wastebasket, then and only then did he say, "Now gentlemen we can go ahead". Several years later on talking about this incident with Mrs. Whipple she said, "Yes, he would often get up at night and go to the ice box for an apple, but this caused quite a bit of a problem because now and then he forgot to turn off the lights when he made his nightly forage."

I consider it a great honor to have been a student of his and have always regarded him as an outstanding teacher.

With best personal regards.

Sincerely yours,



Otto D. Sahler, M.D.  
Radiologist-in-Chief

1938

## SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA PERMANENTE MEDICAL GROUP

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### THE GROWTH OF GREATNESS

His visions were versatile and profound and his decisions were definite and final. The life of Dr. George Hoyt Whipple is an endless procession of doing the good things in life that have enriched the living conditions of man. You could look back on the activities of Dr. Whipple as a baseball player, a fisherman, a hunter, a teacher, a pathologist, an educator; but most important of all, as I see it, he was a patient and trusted friend. In the previous sentence there is a running series of activities and achievements all of which are witness to his busy life and many interests. One could select any angle of Dr. Whipple's life and write about it, but I choose to select his talents as a pathologist. In the cell he could see many changes which permitted him to consider whether or not this cell was normal or changed, and in turn he would integrate the cellular findings with the structure and function of the organ from which the cell came. His work and concern did not end here. He always considered the welfare of the patient and his medical needs.

I remember in the meetings of the George Corner Society for the History Medicine, which he regularly attended, that the names of great men in medicine such as Morgagni, Virchow and others would come up for discussions and review of their contributions to medicine. Now as I review the life and achievements of Dr. Whipple any one of the great men mentioned above could have been Dr. Whipple. His life and work will go down in the pages of medical history, and his growth of greatness will ever continue. A very kind and humble man, he was close to the realities of life.



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## About George Hoyt Whipple

My most memorable moment with Dr. George Hoyt Whipple was when I first met him in 1935. There I was 31 years old, divorced and with a dependent child. After trying a number of things including the stage and failing at all of them, some aptitude tests had pointed me back towards science where had lain my original interest, and after a trial year at Columbia P & S as a graduate student taking physiology, biochemistry and neuroanatomy with the medical students, I had been accepted in the Rochester Medical School's Department of Nutrition as a graduate student working towards a Ph.D.

But something significant happened to me on my way to Rochester. Driving my secondhand Ford V8, my little girl and I stopped over to visit my classmate Florence Clothier Wislocki and her husband George, then Professor of Anatomy at Harvard. Franklin Snyder, an obstetrician and gynecologist, was also there, and the three of them spent most of the time persuading me that going for an M.D. would provide benefits way out of proportion to the one year extra it would take. So, after having arrived and settled down, I casually inquired around Strong Memorial Hospital whom I should see to be admitted to medical school. Hilda DeBrine naturally showed me into Dr. Whipple's modest little office.

He peered sharply at me over his glasses and asked, "Now why do you want to go to medical school?" Out came my story, fast and furiously, for it sounded crazy even to me and I was under very sharp scrutiny. It was ten years after my graduation from college, and the only recommendation I had was a letter from the professors of biochemistry and of physiology to Drs. Bloor and Fenn saying that I had done okay at P & S.

The interview lasted about an hour, I believe, and I don't remember anything more about it until the very end when leaning back in his chair and putting his fingertips under his chin, he peered at me again over his glasses and said, "Well, why don't we give it a try?"

I have never forgotten the warmth and kindness in his voice, and I did try and succeeded. The whole interchange, however, assumed even more significant proportions when I learned after graduation that Dr. Whipple did not really approve of women in medicine, because he felt that too many of them after graduation simply married, had children and dropped out of medicine. So, three years and an internship and a public health degree from Columbia later, I felt incredibly guilty when I did exactly this! By that time I was 37. To assuage my guilt I took a job with the American Public Health Association only to become pregnant. In the next three years I had two children, and by the time the youngest was safely started in school, I was 50 years old!

But it never occurred to me that I wasn't going to work, in fact, the purpose of the public health training was to qualify me for a nine to five job to make it easier for my family. And one of my most powerful motives for working was the sense of obligation I had to this man, George Whipple, who in spite of his admitted prejudices about women in medicine, had seen fit to give me a chance, all unlikely to stick to it and succeed as I must have appeared to him on that fateful day -- two days before the opening of the medical school year.

That I did an 11 year stint as Medical Director of Planned Parenthood followed by 10 years organizing and directing SIECUS certainly puzzled him. I know for a fact that he never quite figured out what it was exactly that I did. But then, that's a whole other story about him.

I revered and loved George Whipple, even though I stood in such awe of him that I never could feel comfortable enough in his presence even to hint at it. It makes me happy to be able to put it down on paper now.

*Mary S. Calderone M.D.*

Mary S. Calderone, M.D. 1939

ATLEE B. HENDRICKS, M.D., F.A.C.P.

121 WEST LOCUST STREET  
DAVENPORT, IOWA 52803

March 22, 1976

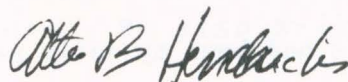
INTERNAL MEDICINE  
AND DIAGNOSIS

It is a pleasure to be able to write a note that will be a representative of my own personal feelings regarding Dr. Whipple. As a Dean and teacher he was most stimulating. His achievements seemed to rub off on every student, and I'm sure made them better physicians.

I think that one of my most memorable times and of every student who took Pathology were the Friday morning conferences with the Dean. He had a way of drawing a student out in answering questions. His ability to tilt his head down, look over his half moon glasses, and then say, "And what else?" I'm sure it will go down in the history of the University of Rochester School of Medicine, amongst the most famous short quotations ever heard.

It is with sadness that I write this as he seemed to be a person who would go on forever, and it now represents the end of an Era.

Humbly submitted,



Atlee B. Hendricks, M.D.

1939

First meetings often remain vivid in memory. This is my recollection of my initial meeting with George Hoyt Whipple in the late autumn of 1934.

As a very green novice I was coming for my interview in regard to admission to medical school. I had never been to any medical school previously and the great red brick edifice alone was awesome. However a few days before coming I had also read in the newspaper that my interviewer had won the Nobel Prize in Medicine.

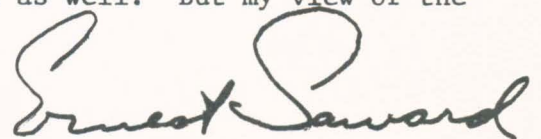
Hence when the Dean's secretary, Miss DeBrine, ushered me into Dr. Whipple's presence I was amazed to find a very genial, to me elderly gentleman soaking his foot in a galvanized tub of water.

He apologized for not getting up and treated me with informal friendliness. On being asked if I liked baseball, and seeing all the baseball pictures around the walls of his office I had to confess I did not! This was because I had been manager of my college baseball team, with all the onerous chores involved.

After a long silence he asked what I thought that I did really well. After a much longer silence in which I searched my mind for anything, indeed anything, I finally responded that I thought I knew how to hunt woodchucks reasonably well. This had been my daily passion throughout adolescence.

On hearing this the Dean smiled broadly and with considerable animation we discussed the technique in detail. It was the warmest and friendliest of conversations.

Somehow, I did get into medical school as well. But my view of the Dean ever after was as a fellow huntsman.



Ernest W. Saward, M.D. '39  
Professor of Social Medicine & Medicine  
Associate Dean for Extramural Affairs

In the spring of 1938, when I was a third-year medical student, an increase in tuition from \$400 to \$500 per year was announced by the Medical School to be effective September, 1938. Many of the students were upset as is usually the case when an increase in tuition is announced. Some felt that such an increase should not be applicable to students who were already enrolled.

During a brief bull-session in the student locker room across the hall from the Dean's Office, a classmate, Ernie Seward, and I somehow were persuaded to meet with Dr. Whipple and convey to him the concerns of the medical students. Miss Hilda DeBrine, Dr. Whipple's secretary, gave us an appointment for the following afternoon. When we met with Dr. Whipple, we explained the concerns of the medical students. He listened with sympathy and then proceeded to explain that despite the continuing economic recession, the costs of operating the Medical School were rising and there was no alternative to an increment in tuition if the quality of instruction was to be maintained. He also explained that it was established policy in colleges and professional schools to apply increments in tuition to all students enrolled as well as to those who were applying for admission to an entering class.

The conference lasted about five minutes. Ernie Seward and I did not choose to argue with Dr. Whipple and we returned to the locker room to report the substance of our

conference in the Dean's Office to any students who were interested. There was no student organization in those days. No rally or committee meeting was held. We simply reported Dr. Whipple's explanation which was accepted throughout the student body so far as we could perceive. We all went about our business and paid the increment in tuition when the bills were received during the following academic year.

This incident illustrates the manner in which administrative problems of the Medical School were resolved during the early years without consuming much time or creating unrest. Dr. Whipple and the faculty who surrounded him were held in such high esteem by the students and worked so closely with students in day-to-day activities of the Medical School and Hospital that there was little need for legislation or arbitration.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Recollection of Dean Whipple

1936. I had been accepted as an entering student at the University of Rochester School and Medicine and Dentistry -- without a personal interview. My prior knowledge of Rochester consisted of a visit to Bausch and Lomb, Eastman Kodak and Graflex a couple of years previously. Being at the point of decision as to which medical school to accept, I boarded a Greyhound Bus in Boston and made the rounds of New Haven, New York City and Rochester. I had already made several visits to Harvard Medical School where it was hoped I'd go since my Dad had graduated from there in 1901.

I was warmly greeted in the Dean's office, told that I was expected, that Dean Whipple was in room such and such talking with students and that I should go there. On entering the room, my eyes lighted on Dean Whipple seated on a high stool with a group of about eight students around him, discussing a pathological specimen and disease entity. I was greeted with a "Good morning, Albert, come right in, we have been expecting you." With that, Dean Whipple introduced me as if he knew me personally, to each of the students, and returned to the teaching. The warmth of this greeting, and similar greetings as I met with a number of men who were to be my professors, along with the philosophy of medical education which the Dean related to me, sold me on Rochester.

The gentleness, warmth and humaneness which I experienced in that first meeting with Dean Whipple was characteristic of my every contact with him, as a student and through the years following graduation. But, I still picture vividly, scared little me, entering the pathology museum, and Dean Whipple, in his long white lab coat getting off the stool and with that beautiful quiet smile, coming to greet me.

Albert V. Cutter, M.D. '40



It is pleasant and fitting to write of the memories of Dean George Hoyt Whipple for in this manner tribute can be paid to this great man.

Outstanding in my recollections of Dean Whipple are two of his many qualities that left a lasting imprint on my mind.

The first was his gentle humor as he taught. I can still see the soft sparkle in his eyes as he grinned over the top of his half-glasses at my garbled semi-correct description of angioneurotic edema. I had been unable to think of the term for this form of edema so had told an anecdote about a lady who was sensitive to coconut. He gently allowed that it was not much of a story but that my oblique approach to his question had, indeed, come up with the proper answer.

The second quality was his self-discipline, expressed not in rigidity, nor in ostentation, but in the elegance of simple truth. It seems to me that from his self-discipline sprang the traits that made him outstanding in so many fields of endeavor.

Mostly, I shall remember his refined but slightly amused nod as he acknowledged the presence of yet another freshman medical student walking down the plain, unadorned, brick-walled corridor past his office. In his smile was a Yankee schoolboy and a Nobel Prize winner all wrapped up in one. It is good to remember a man who smiled on life.



Charles R. Harris, M.D., 1940



The news that Dean George Hoyt Whipple died in his 97th year, on Sunday, February 1, 1976, brought a shade of sadness to the day. Yet on further consideration, I realize that one should not despair but should celebrate the joy of a life of great productivity, innovation, education, institution building, and most of all, personal friendships. Dean Whipple has been intertwined in my life, in my hopes, aspirations, and dreams from my early career at Cornell University. In 1934, as a young bacteriology student, I was invited to attend a regional meeting at the then new Monroe County Hospital in Rochester, New York. This was my first meeting with the man who was a legend in his own time, Dean Whipple. I was struck with the beauty of Rochester, the magnificence of the new medical institutions, and by the genius of the Dean.

Since my approach to medical school was nontraditional in that I was a bacteriologist first who became interested in public health and thence pediatrics, I looked to the new medical school with its fresh and untried approach as the pathway for me to achieve a medical degree and continue to the new concept of community medicine. I had no real hopes of being admitted to medical school in this unusual manner, but the Dean must have fathomed my goals. It was with great joy that I received the news of my acceptance into the University of Rochester School of Medicine and Dentistry. Having been educated in large institutions where competition was the keynote and where failure to keep in the mode resulted in expulsion from school, I was pleasantly surprised to hear the Dean's welcoming address to the Class of 1940. He said, "You are 46 chosen from 940 applicants. We have every reason to believe that you will succeed. There are two instructors for every student. The laboratories are open day and night, weekends, and holidays. You are free to work whenever you wish." To me, this was a revolutionary idea. It must have seemed a radical departure to all of the Dean's contemporaries.

Through the years of medical school, the Dean's personal, gently persuasive pedagogical methods brought forth from each student whatever latent abilities he possessed. I studied in absolute awe of him but was able to speak in front of the pathology class when he called upon me, aided and abetted by his gentle guidance. Oftentimes his humor brought a ray of sunshine to what otherwise would have been grim situations for a neophyte student.

In May of 1940, several other senior medical students and I became very impatient in the last weeks of our schooling. We requested permission to go to Buffalo, New York, to take Part Two of the National Boards, because this would give us several weeks lead on our internships. <sup>e</sup>Dan Whipple said, "I don't know why you are coming to me; you are going to do what you think you want to do anyway." To me, this proved his very human qualities because it was stated from fatherly, tacit acceptance of our strong wills. Twice more, Dean Whipple's and my paths were to cross. Once in 1957, we met by chance in Hawaii. He was returning from Australia, and we were vacationing on the Island. We had a quiet talk on a quiet veranda. I told him then how I marveled at his accomplishments, and of all the great things done in one lifetime. His only response was, "I have had lots of help from many people." The last time I saw the Dean was at the 25th reunion of the Class of 1940 when he already was well beyond the four-score span of life. His vigor and strength and keen mind made me realize even then that the secret of his success was his continued activity; retirement was for a lesser breed of man.

Dean Whipple may be gone, but the record of achievements will be forever indelibly etched in the archives of medicine.

*Gyander Hatoff*

March 22, 1976

Gordon M. Meade, M. D.  
Box 643  
Medical Center Alumni Association  
601 Elmwood Avenue  
Rochester, NY 14642

Dear Dr. Meade:

I am glad that you requested that as students of Dr. Whipple, we write about our own "personal feelings and recollections of him as a person."

The greatness of stature and accomplishments of Dr. Whipple as a scientist, researcher and teacher are so well-known that it is difficult to add significantly to what has been said.

To me, Dr. Whipple was unique in his ability to impart some of his great strength, courage and insight to each of us when we were most in need of the confidence and faith in ourselves so necessary to become a physician. He lead us gently but firmly through the transition of graduate student to physician.

He always knew which ones of us needed his gentle assistance, and when. For this, my gratitude to, and my respect and reverence for Dr. Whipple are also beyond my ability to put into words.

Sincerely yours,

  
J. Robert Close, M. D. - 1941

JRC:jma

## An Alumni Recollection of George Hoyt Whipple


My first intimate contact with Dean Whipple was following the completion of biochemistry in 1936. I received a conditional grade and was required to report to the Dean. I felt that the grade was unjustified. Dr. Walter R. Bloor and I had an unfortunate clash of personalities which I explained to the Dean. He listened to my story with quiet interest and asked a few pertinent questions. The one I never shall forget was, "Steinhausen, did you try to get along with Dr. Bloor or were you antagonistic"? I had to admit the latter was probably true. He smiled and said, "Well at least on that you and Dr. Bloor agree". He then said, "Steinhausen, you will spend the summer working in Dr. Bloor's laboratory under the direction of William Strain, Ph.D. If your conduct and efforts are approved by Dr. Bloor and Dr. Strain, the condition will be removed". By the following fall, having completed my penance without further "condition", I learned to know and appreciate Dr. Bloor. A few years later Dr. Bloor's son, Bob, and I were residents in Radiology. The association with Dr. Strain continued for many years. This experience was tremendously beneficial to me and I am sure saved me future trouble.

A second episode was in the spring of my senior year when my wife, then Jane Wolcott, and I decided we would like to be married that summer. Since it was not the custom at that time for medical students to marry, my advisor, Dr. John Lawrence, suggested that I consult the Dean before arrangements were made. Suspecting that the best way to approach the Dean would be through his secretary, Hilda DeBrine, I explained the situation

An Alumni Recollection of George Hoyt Whipple

(cont.)

to her and asked her to arrange an appointment. Within a few days I was called to the Dean's office. As I entered he said, "Steinhausen, I am not surprised at your request. I have no reason to disapprove of the girl you intend to marry. I do not approve of medical students being married. However, I see no reason why you should not be married this summer. There is only one condition. I have reviewed your grades since you have been in medical school. If in your fourth year they drop below your present average, you will again return to the position you were in when you were "conditioned" in biochemistry. Good luck! Best wishes!"

  
Theodore B. Steinhausen, M.D.

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GEORGE HOYT WHIPPLE, M.D.

PATENT MEDICINES AND STORIES OF THE NEW YORK STATE POLICE

The late '30's might have been regarded as economic recovery years but most of us in medical school were operating on tight budgets.

In the middle of my second year a major financial crisis arose. With 90% nerve and 10% experience, I sought a little part-time work at local radio station, WHAM, and fortuitously was hired to play bit parts on "True Stories of the New York State Police". The show wouldn't have made a ripple in any of to-day's sophisticated ratings but we had quite an impressive "following", especially in the U. of R. medical school family. Gratefully, I felt justified in counting Dr. Whipple in the "fan club" when, as we passed each other one morning in the corridor outside his office, he narrowed his twinkling eyes and hissed, "Stick 'em up Williamson!" I regarded the incident as his approval of three hours of work which brought in seven bucks plus a little fun, especially with guys like Foster Brooks who was also on the show.

Additional income came in from cutting a series of 30 second commercials for a couple of well-known patent medicines. This was hazardous duty but I took elaborate precautions to bury my identity when it came to extolling the virtues of Lane's Cold Tablets and Kemp's Balsam "for that nagging cough"! I couldn't see Dr. Whipple approving such testimonials by one of his medical students, even at a dollar per 30 second cut!

It seemed to me that those abominable commercials were aired incessantly everywhere east of the Mississippi. I kept waiting for the axe

to fall but it didn't, although Hilda DeBrine always seemed to have a sinister twinkle in her eyes whenever we exchanged pleasantries!

On the occasion of our twenty-fifth class reunion at which Dr. Whipple was our honored guest, I served as toastmaster and chose the festivities as a strategic time to confess to the patent medicine escapade.

The confessional was made and all eyes turned to Dr. Whipple who arose slowly, daubing his mouth lightly with his napkin. His eyes twinkled, and after a sly little smile quietly said:

"I knew about Kemp's Balsam and I tried Lane's Cold Tablets just as you directed in your commercials, Dick, but I regret to report that they afforded no relief whatsoever."

Do we all realize how carefully we were watched over and looked after by this remarkable man?

It was as an applicant to medical school that I first met Dr. Whipple: learning of my New Hampshire connections, he steered the talk away from reasons for seeking a medical career; instead, we talked about White Mountain lake and brook trout fishing and the woods roads' partridge hunting. His whole approach was far different from the New York City interviews.

Thru medical school and afterward, we had many friendly encounters, including a number of pheasant hunts at Roy Garnsey's and in Oakfield. Even after his two cataract operations, his gunfire was lethal to birds clearly silhouetted against the sky.

Leaving a Miami meeting one year, Marion and I drove to Naples at the Whipples' invitation. We enjoyed seeing them together in that pleasant, home-like motel place, and being a part of their witty banter and sharp comments on the world; being shown an attractive, open-air aviary and arboretum with which they were very familiar; and a spectacular out-board tarpon fishing excursion among the bayous, with a picnic on a gleaming white beach.

Shortly before he died, I saw Dr. Whipple while he was being escorted on an exercise stroll; he was as ever the gracious, friendly host.

George L. Emerson, M.D.  
March 24, 1976

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RECOLLECTIONS OF GEORGE HOYT WHIPPLE

For nearly half a century the School of Medicine and Dentistry of the University of Rochester has exerted a major impact on American medical education. This distinction resulted from the University efforts to mobilize adequate funds from the Rockefeller Foundation as well as from George Eastman for the development of the physical plant, and, most importantly, the selection of Dr. George Hoyt Whipple as the first Dean. He in turn selected an outstanding and enthusiastic faculty and guided the development of the facilities and programs for the first generation. Dean Whipple exerted an equally powerful impact on each of the students he selected for admission.

My first recollection of Dean Whipple was my initial visit to Rochester in 1938 to be interviewed as a candidate for admission. I was favorably impressed when I met a friendly man who was eager to learn about my background of preparation and aspirations for training in medicine. The interview reached a climax when he asked if I had any experience with autopsies, and if not, would I care to see one? Thereupon we walked to the autopsy room where he quickly perceived the salient features of one of the cases, and began to explain the findings in simple terms. Suddenly I experienced the sense of excitement that becomes the essence of good teaching. This personal experience, unlike prior interviews at other schools, convinced me this was the place for me. As a beginning student I was caught in the web of enthusiasm of Dr. George W. Corner whom Dean Whipple had selected to be the Chairman of the Anatomy Department. The next year as a student fellow I came to know Dean Whipple through informal contacts in the Staff Dining Room. The real impact of the student-teacher relationship, however, was experienced as a second year student in Pathology. Perhaps it was a greater than average emotional impact for me, because contrary to the Dean's philosophy and policy, I left Rochester the weekend before his course to marry my wife. Like all other students, I have vivid memories of the weekly teaching conferences with Dean Whipple who selected a student to answer his first ques-

tions and then moved on to the next in line alphabetically. The sense of anticipation of being the next in line had a dramatic effect. Most of us seemed to fail these efforts because we could not reduce the problem to the simplest expressions of morphology and pathophysiology, but in the apparent failure, we became more attentive to his teachings. The next fall, at the beginning of my clinical clerkship, I had to drop out to become a patient with active tuberculosis at Iola. This experience, shared with other students, produced a different perception of medicine and the Dean's role in medical education. My respect for Dean Whipple was further enhanced when he changed the policy about student examinations of tuberculous patients. When I returned to medical school, I began clinical clerkship the month that the accelerated program was instituted during World War II. When I graduated, Dean Whipple offered me a fellowship in Pathology. Unhappily because I had taken an additional two years, I felt the urgency to move ahead with my clinical training in medicine. Two and one-half years later, I completed my chief residency appointment just as the accelerated program was discontinued. The next four years were spent in postdoctoral research fellowship training in cardiopulmonary clinical physiology. When I later accepted a full time appointment at the University of Washington, Dean Whipple expressed surprise and disappointment which balanced the positive encouragement received from others, especially Dr. William S. McCann.

My last vignette was to talk briefly with Dean Whipple several years later when I was a Visiting Professor. He had retired, but still had an office in the School of Medicine. Once I identified myself, the warm friendly smile and the keen interest in my activities melted away the intervening years. It is important for each of us to have father figures, but it is particularly satisfying to know that George Hoyt Whipple fulfilled this role for so many physicians and that even I shared in this experience.



Robert A. Bruce, M.D.  
Professor and Co-Director  
Division of Cardiology, Department of Medicine  
University of Washington

My first exposure to Dr. Whipple was an auspicious occasion that occurred in inauspicious surroundings. In the Fall of 1939, I was interviewed by Dr. Whipple for admission to the School of Medicine. On arriving at his office, I was informed that "he is in the hospital" and was conducted to a room therein where Dr. Whipple, in a hospital gown, boxed in a small curtained cubicle, was soaking his feet in epsom salts. He explained that he had injured his ankle during a hunting expedition and then proceeded, dignifiedly and pleasantly, to ask about my interests, hobbies, state of health and other items. Although at that time, not knowing of his hunting and fishing prowess, having indicated to him similar interests may have provided me with some brownie points for admission.

As a teacher, he was superb, employing the Socratic method to the fullest yet with humbleness and compassion. The weekly quiz sessions in the pathology course, with Dr. Whipple sitting on a stool at the head of the class, are never to be forgotten. They were truly learning experiences in which one also acquired a philosophy of both education and medicine. Still vivid in my memory are two questions he posed to me in this setting. One, I could answer -- "How does an abscess point?" -- and the other, I could not -- "What is the King's evil?". The latter he explained patiently, providing an historical perspective to medicine which was the beginning of a long lasting interest in the history of medicine.

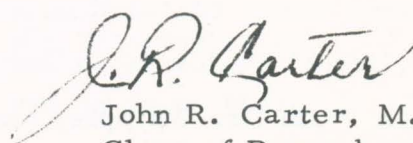
As students in the Navy V-12 program, Dr. Whipple frequently visited a nearby field to watch our drilling maneuvers. On one occasion, as "drill sergeant", I marched my unit into a fence with much consternation on the part of all. Dr. Whipple smiled, patted me on the back and said, "You will make a much better doctor than a soldier".

As a Student Fellow in Pathology (1941-42), I had many discussions and associations with Dr. Whipple, and this experience determined the ultimate path that I would take in my professional career. One morning in the midst of a discussion of the previous week's experiments, Dr. Whipple jumped from his chair, opened his office window, grabbed his shotgun and shot two pheasants in flight over the alfalfa field adjacent. He excused himself, went to the field, picked up the pheasants, returned to his office and continued the discussion as if nothing had happened. On another occasion, while conducting

nitrogen balance studies on beagle dogs on whom amino acid hydrolysates were being evaluated by the plasmapheresis technique, I took my pet beagle dog, Tiger Lill, for some exercise in the same alfalfa field. The inevitable happened -- Tiger Lill defecated, and since the nitrogen balance studies required Kjeldahl determinations on feces, I was obliged to return the dog to the kennel, obtain a small shovel and proceed to place in a container, every last trace of Tiger Lill's excrement. Unbeknownst to me, Dr. Whipple observed the entire episode from his office window, and later that day, smiling indulgently, gently admonished me not to take the dogs for a walk again but complimented me on honesty and integrity in scientific investigations.

The last time I saw Dr. Whipple was on the occasion of the 30th reunion of the Class of 1943. At that time, Dr. Whipple was 94 years old, remembered me well and even some of the anecdotes recorded above. At that meeting, he was particularly proud of a picture that Roger Terry had taken of him only a few years before, hunting pheasants in which, once again, he had felled two in flight, with two separate shots. On leaving him at that time, although trying hard not to show it, it was with a sense of deepest sadness that I said farewell because I felt that I probably would never see him again, which indeed was true.

The recollections that I have of Dr. Whipple as a teacher, as a scientist and as a human being still remain not only a continuing inspiration but also a source of philosophical stamina in the face of today's societal changes and the host of problems and adversities that are integral components of the life of a departmental chairman. Of him it can truly be said: "He was the noblest Roman of them all".



John R. Carter, M.D.  
Class of December, 1943

Director  
Institute of Pathology  
Case Western Reserve University

Dr. George H. Whipple has been one of my favorite people. It has been a privilege to be closely associated with him through the care of Mrs. Whipple. After a house call he would carry my bag downstairs. When this became too much for him, he would carry my pocket book. Still later on, he would walk me to the door, even when a walker became necessary. Knowing his great fund of knowledge, it was apparent he must have exercised much forbearance in never criticizing. He always said "thank-you", too, a kindly gentleman under all circumstances.

When one used to eat lunch in the old dining room, Dr. Whipple always had an eye for and a comment about a pretty girl - even at age ninety.

The second day after Dr. Whipple passed away Mrs. Whipple had someone answering the phone. At about the tenth call one came from "The White House". Since Dr. Whipple had been an invited guest at the White House as a Nobel Prize recipient, Mrs. Whipple was called to the phone, and waited patiently to hear some kindly words from President Gerald Ford. She finally heard what was being said. It turned out to be a gentleman from the White House Liquor Store in Rochester concerning a potential gift of some liquor. Fortunately, Mrs. Whipple thought this was funny.

Priscilla A. Cummings M.D. 143

# CHARITY HOSPITAL OF LOUISIANA



at New Orleans

A Division of the Louisiana Health and Human Resources Administration

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*Commissioner*

H. K. "WOODY" SWEET  
*Deputy Commissioner*

March 19, 1976

Dr. Gordon M. Meade  
Executive Secretary  
Medical Center Alumni Association  
The University of Rochester  
601 Elmwood Avenue  
Rochester, New York 14642

Dear Gordon:

All of us who knew Dr. George Hoyt Whipple and had opportunity to benefit directly and indirectly from his teachings indeed feel great sorrow at his demise. Through him we had professional family lineage with the founders of the present system of medical education. Thus, through Dr. Whipple we had almost personal contact with not only his peers such as Dr. Goodpasteur and Dr. VonGlahn, but also with the generation that antedated Dr. Whipple particularly Dr. William Welch and William Osler. In a pedagogic sense my peers were the grandchildren and our students great-children of the great founders of Medical Education in the U.S.A.

Dr. Whipple was of course the person we strove hard to emulate. Immediately before I met him in 1938 on the day of my pre-entrance interview, I surmised that he was a great man by virtue of his choice of Executive Secretary in the person of Hilda Debrine. This remarkably tactful and attractive woman greeted this fearful applicant by name thereby boosting his self-esteem and assurance sufficient to meet the great man. The interview with Dr. Whipple, though somewhat overwhelming as he gazed at

*AN ERA OF EXCELLENCE*

An Equal Employment Opportunity Employer

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me over his half-moon spectacles, was immediately made pleasant and comfortable when he spoke. He quickly made me realize that a person needed to have a well rounded field of interests if he were to be an acceptable candidate for admission to the school.

When as students we entered pathology (at which time we felt we were truly on our way to becoming physicians) the experience gained by Dr. Whipple's weekly conference created everlasting memories. I shall never forget the inquiries direct at me: What is inflammation? What is an ulcer? The gentleness with which he extracted information that I never thought I had was a tribute to his capabilities as a teacher thoroughly experienced in the Socratic methods. During the past twenty-seven years I have tried to employ his pedagogy in teaching the clinical method.

During the year as a student fellow in Bacteriology and Pathology, I believe I came to know him even better and to recognize more completely his true value as a teacher, pathologist, researcher, medical educator and individual. The experience at the autopsy table, in the clinical pathologic conferences and particularly during the surgical pathologic conferences (in which he utilized his brass monocular, Zeitz scope) were most impressive and unforgettable. In these contacts I learned the dynamic process of disease, the applicability to clinical problems of experience gained in research, the absolute need to substantiate clinical diagnosis with objective information as gained in pathology, microbiology, chemistry and the ever improving technology. These principles were his heritage to the students that benefitted from his personal tutelage as well as to those students of the teachers whom he taught. There is no doubt that there is a concensus of opinion amongst all of us who knew him that he was our hero as a man, physician, teacher and researcher. I certainly am very grateful for the opportunity to have met him and studied under his aegis.

Sincerely,

*Harry E. Dascomb*  
Harry E. Dascomb, M.D.  
Professor of Medicine  
Medical Director  
Charity Hospital of La. at N.O.

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ON DR. GEORGE WHIPPLE

I remember his talent for seeking and grasping the important, the basic elements of a situation without stumbling over that which is unessential or irrelevant. There was a minimum of display, of posturing, chattering, defending or expressing egocentric needs when he taught or conversed with you. Not that he lacked aggressiveness, pride, humor, and wit, but he used these qualities to get to the point or embellish it, and not to display self-importance or vanity.

My very first contact with him in 1939, being interviewed for entrance to medical school, made a vivid and permanent impression. One could sense his capacity for genuineness, for kindly, observing, interested concern even to someone relatively unimportant to him. He said very little (in words), but I had the distinct feeling that by perceptive listening he grasped two things that were very important for me to convey -- that I really wanted to become a doctor, and that I really would have to have some financial aid to do it at Rochester. He understood and helped me in both ways.

His willingness to give in these ways was matched, perhaps made possible, by his ability to conserve and refrain from inordinate expenditure on pomp and circumstance. His office in 1939, like the rest of the medical school, had bare walls, exposed beams, and modest furnishings -- a reflection of his sense of what was important and his ability to forego frills or inappropriate displays of status and prestige.

He was a tower of stability, intelligence, and human concern -- one of those rare persons best described by Shakespeare's lines: "His life was good, and in him the elements so generously mixed that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a Man'".



## Alumni Recollections of George Hoyt Whipple

My first meeting with Dr. Whipple occurred at an interview in his office in connection with my application for admission to the Medical School. My first impression was how such a great man could be so modest and soft spoken, which converted my original feelings of awe and a little fear into one of being completely at ease. This comfortable feeling, which Dr. Whipple always imparted, persisted through all the time I knew him.

When I was a second year student taking Pathology I got to know him much better and marvelled at the amount of time he was able to give to teaching, considering that he was involved so much in the duties of Dean and in his research.

At the end of my second year I was most pleased and flattered to be invited to be a student fellow in Pathology. My year spent in that capacity, being able to work under such a great man, was an experience I shall never forget, and the lessons I learned have proven most valuable to me as a physician through many years. In addition to his being a great physician, investigator and teacher he was also a great friend and advisor. One could always feel free to consult with him about any problem, whether professional or personal, and be assured of finding a willing ear.

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The one anecdote, which is probably known to many, provides a good example of Dr. Whipple's image. It seems that one day a new first year Medical Student met Dr. Whipple in the corridor. He was dressed in his usual well used brown lab coat which bore evidence of exposure to various laboratory acids and other trauma. As was his custom he greeted the student very warmly. Being impressed, the student later asked an upper class friend if that very friendly person he met in the hall was an example of the type of personnel in the school, thinking he was a janitor or some similar workman. Imagine his dismay upon being told that he was the Dean.

Dr. Whipple shall always remain in my memory as one of the kindest, warmest, intelligent, hard working, unassuming persons it has ever been my pleasure to know.

*George Swalbach*

W. George Swalbach, M.D.  
Director of Tuberculosis Control  
Monroe County Department of Health

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## THE DEAN

No one else can fill the total picture of THE DEAN, as did George Hoyt Whipple. As each of us has completed his medical education and continued his affiliations with medical schools, his image and picture of what a dean of a medical school should represent has certainly been modified and expanded. Doctor Whipple was the composite of all of the qualities one would list in describing the dean of a medical school. I know that I shall never meet another man like him.

I first met THE DEAN in 1939 when I applied to medical school and was granted an interview at the University of Rochester. I entered his modest office with a great deal of fear, trepidation, and trembling, and with moist palms and pounding heart, sat before THE DEAN. Immediately he placed this terrified prospective medical student at ease and in a matter of moments, my voice, which had rather abruptly developed the quality of a Vienna Boys Choir second tenor, dropped to its normal range and soon he and I were carrying on a delightful conversation, during which time he somehow was able to extract the information and the impression that led to my being accepted as a freshman medical student.

I left his office at peace with the world and thought, "My, what a wonderful man!"; and this expression describes him, ----"a wonderful man." He was interested in us as individuals as well as potential medical students and ultimate physicians. I really believed he enjoyed the medical students as individuals.

I recall his interest in our intra-mural athletic activities. In the early 1940's, this was a very active program and the games between classes were pretty serious events. I was unaware of his interest in this activity until the third game in our freshman season in which the aged senior students beat us. The following day, THE DEAN saw me in the hall, took me off to a corner and told me why he thought we had lost the game to this obviously inferior team. Throughout the next four years, I would frequently see THE DEAN looking out of his window watching the games intently and on many occasions, he would come down to the field and stay with us as long as he could.

Following my graduation, internship, and tour in the Navy, I returned to Rochester and visited with Dean Whipple and he immediately gave the feeling that he indeed remembered me as an individual and was indeed interested in my development as an embryo physician.

I have thought of him constantly over the years and I have referred to him frequently, with a real feeling of pride, for, indeed I had known the man. I have a picture of him on the wall above my chair in my consultation room and when patients glance up at it and ask, "My, who is that distinguished man?", I answer simply, - - - - - "THE DEAN".

  
Charles E. Weber, M.D.  
Class Of 1943

March 19, 1976  
7300 Girard Avenue #203  
La Jolla, CA 92037

THE UNIVERSITY OF CONNECTICUT  
HEALTH CENTER

*Department of Community  
Medicine and Health Care*

March 11, 1976

Dr. Gordon Meade  
Executive Secretary  
Medical Center Alumni Association  
601 Elmwood Avenue  
Rochester, New York 14642

Dear Gordon:

I am pleased to reflect a bit about my personal experiences with Dr. Whipple in response to your letter of March 5.

My first contact with Dr. Whipple was in Chapel Hill, North Carolina, in the spring of 1938 when Dr. Billy MacNider, then Dean of Medicine at the University of North Carolina, asked me (a first year medical student) to help "entertain" Barbara Whipple and Sallie Foard MacNider for an evening. It was a great evening! And a fine way to meet my future friend and mentor.

My next contact was on September 1, 1939 in Rochester, my first day in that city where I had gone to enter the third year medical class as a transfer student. While walking down the main street of Rochester I chanced to meet a college mate from Chapel Hill who had been awarded a Rhodes Scholarship to study medicine at Oxford. His Rhodes Scholarship had been cancelled because of the outbreak of World War II and he was driving from his home in El Paso to Boston to inquire about the possibilities of going to Harvard. I told him I had a "friend" at Rochester and that we

should go out and talk to him. Dr. Whipple was surprised to see us - but was most gracious and agreed to make a place at Rochester for my colleague.

Later, in 1940, Dr. Whipple was most helpful when I developed tuberculosis and went off to Trudeau. I returned to Rochester in 1943 to take my fourth year of medicine after which he invited me to spend a year as a fellow in Pathology.

Then, in 1944-45, during the fellowship, Dr. Whipple took a deep personal interest in my career plans. I recall vividly a conversation in his office when he suggested I consider administrative medicine, stating that he had gained satisfactions from his activities as Dean comparable to those from teaching and research. He then introduced me to Basil MacLean. I was interested, but not convinced, and went off to Duke for a medical internship. His idea took root, however, and I returned to Rochester for two years as Assistant Director of SMH, followed by two years as Director of Vanderbilt University Hospital. Dr. Whipple had taken the time to assure Dr. Goodpasture, Dean at Vanderbilt, that I was not too young at age 30 to take over at Vanderbilt.

There is much more. But it simply adds up to the fact that he was my good friend and I will miss him.

Sincerely,

*Henry*

Henry T. Clark, Jr., M.D. '44

Alumni Recollections of

G.H. Whipple

Dr. Whipple desired to be remembered as a teacher. So be it. He taught by precept and example. The following post-graduate lessons took place in the over 30 years since I was awarded a medical degree at Rochester and stood while Dr. Whipple administered the Hippocratic oath to us with its ancient and honorable exhortations.

1. Lesson on Personal Responsibility. In 1942 the Monroe County Medical Society whose President was my father held a general meeting to decide whether the society would endorse voluntary health insurance (Blue Cross). Dr. Whipple attended and spoke in favor of the proposition. The medical society voted against the motion but there were those present whose admiration was stirred by Dr. Whipple's participation. The more usual posture of the academic physician was one of detachment if not disdain for the world of the community practitioner.

2. Lesson on Manipulation. In the 1950's I had repeated occasion to call on Dr. Whipple. I am forever in his debt for his graciousness and availability - frequently without appointment. We talked of many things but one theme was the limits of scientific medicine and the dichotomy between health status and medical care technology. He emphasized the importance of patient freedom and professional integrity, the economy and virtue of small-scale administration and the need to question our sources. Above all, there should be no manipulation of people which Dr. Whipple believed took place far too often in both clinical research

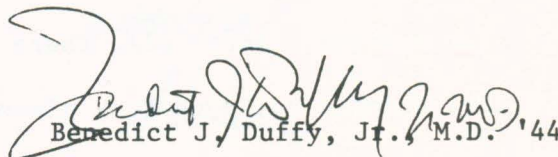
and medical practice. His concern for clinical iatrogenesis was as real as his firm advice - "primum non nocere!"

3. Lesson on Equanimity. Dr. Whipple accepted Osler's advice that "one of the first essentials in securing a good-natured equanimity is not to expect too much of the people amongst whom you dwell." He did expect a lot more of himself apparently. Beginning in the late 1960's as he neared 90 years of age, he gave us a lesson in the grace of acceptance and true equanimity of the spirit which should be a lasting inspiration as we try to follow along.

The photographs of Dr. Whipple with his friends on the occasion of his 95th birthday provide moving evidence of the spirit of George Whipple. When I last visited him he seemed to have transcended age. T.S. Eliot wrote:

Love more nearly becomes love  
When here and now cease to matter  
Old men ought to be explorers  
Here and there does not matter  
We must be still and still moving  
Into another intensity.

The lessons started in the matter of pathology. Understanding developed further out of the style and spirit of George Whipple. For he was the heart of the matter and the light of the school. Like a star presently out of our sight, his light will continue to fall upon our paths for years to come.

  
Benedict J. Duffy, Jr., M.D. '44



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July 27, 1976

ALLERGY

LOUVANE A. FOX, M.D.

INTERNAL MEDICINE

FREDERICK F. DEBOLD, M.D.

FAMILY PRACTICE

FRANK H. CARTER, M.D.  
HAROLD E. GREGORY, M.D.  
GLENN W. MORGAN, M.D.  
GARY M. SHAPIRO, M.D.  
FREDERICK D. WAX, M.D.

GENERAL SURGERY

ROBERT M. HAMILL, M.D.

GENERAL AND THORACIC SURGERY

WILLIAM D. MOYLE, JR., M.D.

GENERAL AND VASCULAR SURGERY

WILLIAM V. CHASE, M.D.

INTERNAL MEDICINE

ROBERT J. ENGLUND, M.D.  
TENG BENG GO, M.D.  
RICHARD H. JAMES, M.D.  
JAMES A. ROBINSON, M.D.  
RICHARD T. SNOWMAN, M.D.  
KIMBALL B. TEMPLE, M.D.  
DAVID F. WOOD, M.D.

PSYCHIATRY

CARL J. BRIDGE, M.D.

OBSTETRICS AND GYNECOLOGY

JAMES H. HARGER, M.D.  
ERIC C. HERR, M.D.  
JOHN A. HOSMER, M.D.  
WALTER C. ROSE, JR., M.D.

OPHTHALMOLOGY

ROBERT J. HERM, M.D.  
JAMES H. MARGRAF, M.D.

ORTHOPAEDIC SURGERY

WILLIAM FOLLOWS, M.D.  
THOMAS LACEY, II, M.D.

OTO-LARYNGOLOGY

JAMES L. DARSIE, M.D.

PEDIATRICS

MILLAN G. FREEMAN, M.D.  
GILBERT L. FULD, M.D.  
CHARLES H. McMURPHY, M.D.  
ARTHUR W. SIMINGTON, M.D.

RADIOLOGY

ARTHUR E. COHEN, M.D.

ADMINISTRATION

STUART BLAKELY

Gordon M. Meade, M.D.,  
Executive Secretary  
Medical Center Alumni Association,  
601 Elmwood Avenue  
Rochester, N.Y. 14642

Dear Gordon:

I have many memories of Dr. George Whipple, with a very deep feeling that Dr. Whipple influenced my life in a very positive way.

The interview prior to coming in to medical school for me was a terrifying one. I was escorted into Dr. Whipple's office, and he proceeded to rearrange some papers on his desk and then pulled out the bottom left hand drawer of his desk and carefully placed his left foot and entire leg in the drawer before he started to talk to me. After this maneuver, his two questions were "What did you do last summer?" and I understand you write verse. The remainder of the interview was a very short one, and most of Dr. Whipple's conversation was short grunts.

I remember when I left his office feeling totally lost and it wasn't until my telegram on acceptance which came after the class had first convened that I finally got my bearings again.

When I had some minor surgery done some 20 years after graduation from school Dr. Whipple paid me a visit in the hospital, and was fully aware of many details of my practice, and had a warm interest in what had been going on in New Hampshire.

This was a truly great man, and I know of no one who combined science and humanity in such an unselfconscious way. There were many other things, but all of them are precious to me as evidence that a physician truly basically is a person who believes in the people around him.

Sincerely yours,

*Tom*

Thomas Lacey, II, M.D.

144

TL/cm

HOWARD C. LEHMAN, M. D.  
155 SUMMER STREET  
BUFFALO, N. Y. 14222  
PHONE 882-8380

Alumni Recollections of George Hoyt Whipple:

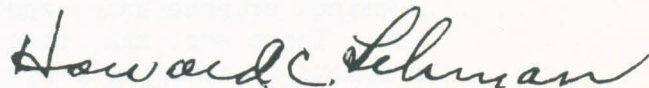
"So Humble and Compassionate," these are the words that are Dr. George Whipple.

My first encounter with the Dean took place in his office when I was trying to gain entrance to medical school and I was scared. I can still see him looking over my college grades with his specs on the end of his nose. We discussed very briefly an unfortunate "D" I received in Physics one semester and quickly changed the subject to baseball, "the good stuff". His eyes sparkled as he related to me how he had to decide between baseball or medicine. From then on he was a friend rather than a figurehead.

I can't help but remember our interclass softball games; Drs. Whipple and Hawkins were the umpires. That field is no longer there. Now it is used for the neuropsychiatric wing.

Even though the years have rapidly slipped (some 33 of them) the warmth of this man, the twinkle in his eye and his great humbleness will never be forgotten.

Sincerely,



Howard C. Lehman

1944

JAMES G. PARKE, M.D., F.A.C.S.

245 SOUTH MAIN STREET

ALBION, NEW YORK 14411

TELEPHONE: (716) 589-6264

Dear Gordie:

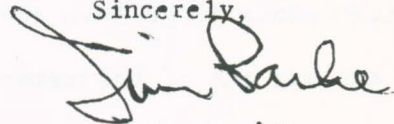
The first person-to-person meeting I had with Dean Whipple, was the week we were to start classes, September 1941. I had just returned from a very nice, but short honeymoon, which occasioned the interview. The Dean minced not a word and when the event had been confirmed to him, he gave me his famous over-the-half-moon-glasses look, and with no smile in evidence, said: "Mr. Parke, if I had known of your plans of marriage before you ever started Medical School, you would not have stood a Chinaman's chance of entering this school." I told him I was sorry to hear this and felt that it was the best thing for me and would try to prove his dire predictions of dropping out because of children, or loss of good marks etc. to be unfounded.

I was in the upper third of my class thruout the next 36 months (we were the first class to go thru the whole course without a summer vacation), and was one of the seven who was not "physically fit" because of history, to be in the army or navy programs, so Nan worked days and I worked nights and we got through. It so happened that my father had a coronary before we finished, and as I was going through the faculty heads' offices getting "candid shots" of Dr. Whipple, Dr. Bloor, Dr. Mason, etc. I made so bold as to mention to Dr. Whipple the facts that had transpired; Nan had not become pregnant until the very end, and if I had not been married, I would have undoubtedly had to drop out and go to work, and not have finished medical school, not the reverse, as he had predicted in no uncertain terms.

His famous response was another over-the-half-moon-look, but with a rather wintry smile, this time, and it was: "Well, Dr. Parke, your experience just proves the rule by being the exception to it!"

Incidentally, I had the pleasure of photographing the Dean in his room, in South Tower, on sound movies, on one of his "good days" the day of the dedication of the new hospital, and later showed him those movies along with some shots I had just taken of San Francisco (many places familiar to him) while taking sound movies of members of the class of 1944, almost half of whom I now have on sound color film. It was happily another of his rarer "good" days, and he enjoyed both occasions, apparently. He even autographed my son's copy of Dr. Corner's biography of Dean Whipple, which Bill received when he started in the class of 1977. This was just 2 months before his death.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Jim Parke". The signature is fluid and somewhat stylized, with a large initial "J" and a long, sweeping underline.

Jim Parke '44

I arrived at the University of Rochester as a Medical Intern in the Fall of 1944. The wartime limitations on travel and the frantic pace of medical education in those days had prevented the visits to hospitals to see internships which are now so common. As a result, I knew nothing of the institution, other than the names of quite a number of the faculty whose scientific work I had encountered as a medical student. On that first day, I had met only John Lawrence and a few other people in the Department of Medicine.

I went to the cafeteria early, and found the tables quite empty. I sat down at one close to the end of the cafeteria line. I had begun eating my lunch when a tall, older man with craggy features which somehow seemed familiar, particularly the arresting eyes behind a half pair of glasses, came to the same table and sat down. He quickly recognized me as a stranger. I later found out he knew every one of "his" students. He held out his hand, and said "Whipple". It was of course one of the names I knew, and a man I had hoped to meet at least once during my stay at Rochester. I haltingly introduced myself and immediately became very uncomfortable at the thought that I, a mere intern, was sitting at lunch with "The Dean". The discomfort was heightened when John Lawrence, then chairman of the Department of Medicine, joined us, followed by Wallace Fenn and Herman Pearse. There I was, having done the thing that was unthinkable to me; I had invaded the table reserved, I thought, for the most senior faculty of the institution on my first day as an intern!

Although all of the gentlemen mentioned were very kind and attempted to draw me out in conversation, they could not relieve my discomfort. I

hastily finished lunch and decided that I must make some amends. I waited until Dr. Whipple left the cafeteria and met him in the hall where I attempted to apologize for what I presumed was a serious breach of the social norm. Whipple's reply to me was characteristically direct: "Swisher, we don't waste much time with that sort of thing here, you will find. We like it that way. I sat down with you because I saw you were new here." As he turned and left, he said, "We will expect you down in the Pathology Department from time to time."

It was my first acquaintance with what I came to know and treasure as the "Rochester environment" which I enjoyed later for 20 years. I soon began to understand where it came from, and why it was so important in an educational institution. I also knew at that first moment that I had met a truly great human being.

Scott N. Swisher, M.D., M.R. '44  
Professor and Chairman  
Department of Medicine  
Michigan State University

9/28/76

"Alumni Recollections of George Hoyt Whipple"

Anecdotes about Dr. Whipple

These are numerous, but I thought you would like to hear about the "Carter's Little Liver Pills Incident"-

During the evening study routines, many of us would take a break to listen to "Inter-Sanctum", a mystery program, which was sponsored by Carter's Little Liver Pills. The commercial kept insisting that their pills stimulated "the flow of bile, a vital digestive juice, at the rate of 2 full pints a day." I briefly reviewed the amount of bile listed in our medical school textbooks, such as Best and Taylor, and Wiggers and found that none of these recorded more than several hundred cc's. At least none would estimate as high as 1000 cc. or 2 pints. So I wrote to the Carter's Little Liver Pill Company and quoted my authority. An apologetic letter was received from the Acting President stating that he had found that their authority was a high school textbook, and he was very sorry that they had misrepresented the quantity of bile which was secreted daily. Commercials were immediately changed and no longer did the Carter's Little Liver Pills cause the flow of bile, a vital digestive juice, at the rate of 2 full pints a day.

Feeling some personal satisfaction in this triumph, several weeks later I was reciting the incident to Dr. Whipple when he was discussing the production of bile. He listened quietly then smiled, as he would, and said, "They are probably right, it must be more than that because, including the amount we absorb it would well be 1000 to 1500 cc. per day." I had no choice but to write back to the Carter Company telling them of Dr. Whipple's statement. Immediately Carter's Little Liver Pills again began "starting the flow of bile, a vital digestive juice at the rate of 2 full pints per day."

Respectively Submitted,  
*Richard S. Wilson*  
Richard S. Wilson, M.D.  
Class of 1944

ALUMNI RECOLLECTIONS OF GEORGE HOYT WHIPPLE

Fred W. Anderson, M. D., 1945

As a student fellow in Pathology under Dr. Whipple in 1943, I experienced several memorable events. At one point I developed several carbuncles on my neck which were disturbing to me and, I am sure, of some concern to Dr. Whipple. I did not consult him; but, he noted that I was uncomfortable and something should be done. At this point I expected that he would ask a junior resident or an intern to take a look at me. Instead, he asked Earl Mahoney who was then Associate Professor of Surgery to take care of me. This exemplified, in my mind, his great concern for all of the students and his deep interest in their health as well as their education.

Another incident which reflects Dr. Whipple's concern is as follows: Soon after graduation I married Betty Brown, R.N., who was Head Nurse on X-2. Prior to our marriage, Betty had developed a mass in her breast which was read by Dr. Whipple as being malignant. Therefore, she had to have a mastectomy; and, fortunately, everything came out well. At any rate, because of this Dr. Whipple, I think, felt a little closer to Betty and myself because he was the one who was responsible for the diagnosis and for her surgery. At one point when Betty was Head Nurse on X-2, Dr. Whipple's gardener, Peter Potter, became a patient on X-2. Despite all rules against tobacco, Dr. Whipple came on the floor and, winking at Betty Brown, asked if Peter Potter could have some chewing tobacco. This was



somewhat distasteful to Betty, but she finally acceded to Dr. Whipple's wishes, and Peter Potter had his chewing tobacco. Later on at our Medical School commencement reception when Dr. Whipple was in the receiving line and Betty and I appeared, he again winked at Betty and said, "Well here's the girl who didn't want Peter Potter to have his chewing tobacco".

This recollection stands out in my mind as it illustrates Dr. Whipple's compassion and interest in each and everyone of his associates and friends.

I am happy to add my recollections to this collection of Alumni remembrances.

FWA:bmm

3-11-76

PAUL A. DEWALD, M. D.  
4524 FOREST PARK BLVD.  
ST. LOUIS, MO. 63108  
—  
TELEPHONE FO 7-5817

March 12, 1976

Gordon M. Meade, M.D.  
Executive Secretary  
Medical Center Alumni Association  
University of Rochester  
601 Elmwood Avenue  
Rochester, New York 14642

Dear Dr. Meade:

My personal first contact with George H. Whipple occurred the day I arrived in Rochester to begin medical school in July, 1942. I went to his office to introduce myself as an incoming student and found him to be available in spite of my not having made an advance appointment and he welcomed me in a formal but warm way. After a few minutes discussion he asked me where I planned to live and I told him that I had not even thought about it. He suggested to me very strongly that I find a place to live across the river from the Medical Center, telling me that as the years continued in medical school I would find myself increasingly busy with less and less time for exercise and physical fitness. He added that he was sure that at least the walk to and from the hospital would provide me with some physical outlet and activity and in the long run be good for me. Many was the night when I wondered about

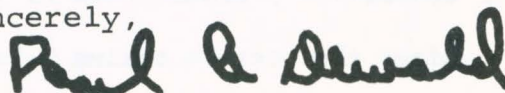
Gordon M. Meade, M.D.  
March 12, 1976  
Page Two

his advice as I trudged across the Genesee River Bridge in the midst of winter but looking back on it now I found it to be sage and very helpful advice for the long haul.

My other recollections of him revolve chiefly around his pathology course conferences and the quiet, gentle way in which he was able to foster the student's ability to bring out what he knew in response to the Dean's questions. Rather than focusing on the ignorance or mistakes he always was patiently attempting to encourage success and to reinforce and strengthen the student's positive achievements. In this talent he was an outstanding teacher for me and one who has served as a model in my own subsequent career as a teacher in medical school.

I never had a particularly intimate or personal relationship with him but have always felt keenly the privilege of having at least known him from afar and having had the opportunity to be a student in the school which so completely reflected his personality and educational philosophy.

Sincerely,



Paul A. Dewald, M.D.

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I remember well the first time I ever saw Dr. Whipple when I visited Rochester for Medical School application interviews at the end of my sophomore year in college. He was in his office sanctuary behind his laboratory. What a marvelous feeling he gave the young prospective medical student with his kindly air and obvious profound interest in each human being. I believe one of the greatest things he gave to Rochester was an atmosphere of respect for the young medical student as a true and accepted colleague. This atmosphere was very apparent to me within the first week of entering Medical School and I am certain that Dr. Whipple set the tone for this.

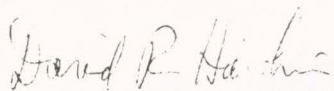
I was in his office many times after the initial visit -- as a medical student, as a house officer in Pathology, and subsequently after I had left the department and entered other areas of interest. In retrospect, as a department chairman, I've many times remembered and envied his expeditious interviews. One could have a very brief visit with Dr. Whipple, get his business accomplished and realize walking down the hallway away from the office that somehow he had been gently but firmly sped on his way. However, one never had the feeling of being pushed out or not having been thoroughly heard to completion.

I graduated from Rochester just at the end of World War II when the Medical School graduations were held at a different time from the rest of the University. There was a brief reception following the graduation ceremonies and I was called aside to get a picture taken with the graduation speaker. My bride-to-be of three months later was at the reception with me. After the picture taking I had difficulty finding her. Finally I located her over in one corner of the hall engaged in earnest conversation with Dr. Shipple whom she had not met before. She hadn't realized who he was and after being told was chagrined since she had begun expounding to him on some favorite theory of hers about illness. He had listened very patiently and

interestedly, and from that meeting they became good friends. Years later, when we were living in Chapel Hill, North Carolina, the Whipples used to break their annual trip north from Florida in Chapel Hill and would visit with us. We always had good fun joking about the fledgling doctor's fiancée telling the Dean about medicine!

The last time I saw Dr. Whipple was in 1965 or 1966. At that time I was charged with reviewing the curriculum of the Medical School at the University of North Carolina. The then Dean at North Carolina, Isaac Taylor, and I paid a visit to Rochester to learn about the new curricular changes in Rochester. We visited George Whipple in the office he was then using, where the old Dean's Office had been, and then lunched together. At that time plans had just been developed for the new hospital. One would have thought that an older retired Dean would have had some skepticism about what the young fellows were doing. This was not the case at all. He had a model of the proposed hospital in his office, knew all about it and explained the plans to us with great enthusiasm. He was always looking to the future.

There are many other things I could write about my associations with Dr. Whipple, such as pride in the fact that the first paper in my bibliography is one in which I was joint author with Dr. Whipple. The opportunity to share in an investigative effort with him has certainly stood me in good stead all my professional career. I suppose the thing, in addition to his warmth and humanity, that I remember best was that he was, in many ways, the most inspiring teacher I ever had. I'm sure all of us miss him very much, but who can regret seriously the passing of one who has lived such a long and fulfilling life and who has contributed so much to so many people.

  
David R. Hawkins, M.D. 146  
Professor and Chairman  
Department of Psychiatry  
University of Virginia Medical School  
Charlottesville, Virginia 22901

25 Gramercy Park  
Rochester, New York 14610  
April 12, 1976


Gordon M. Meade, M.D.  
Executive Secretary  
Medical Center Alumni Association

Dear Doctor Meade:

The recent death of Dean George Hoyt Whipple revived memories for me, not of his great achievements, but rather of his innate kindness, his thoughtfulness, and his retention of small details which others might consider insignificant and quickly forget. These qualities were demonstrated to me on my initial meeting with him in 1943 when, as a youthful, immature aspirant for early admission to medical school, I was ushered into his presence. My discomfiture, which surely must have been obvious, was quickly dispelled when the Dean, upon discovering my interest and modest accomplishments in baseball, devoted the bulk of the interview to a discussion of the sport. It wasn't until many years later that I learned he apparently had an avid interest in the game. I have never fully understood what playing baseball had to do with my qualifications for becoming a physician but apparently Dr. Whipple thought it sufficiently important that at least he did not bar my admission to medical school. In fact, he must have still considered it a significant element in my qualifications four years later when he included a complimentary statement concerning my abilities as a baseball player in his letter recommending me for internship.

I can recall the other members of the admissions committee who interviewed me, but nothing concerning the events of those sessions. Contrariwise, that early contact with Dean Whipple is still distinctly recalled today. With the passing years I have become increasingly appreciative of the patience and kindness demonstrated to that awe-struck student more than three decades ago by a man who had achieved a stature which most of us can never hope to attain. His apparently sincere and continued interest in an insignificant athletic prowess bespoke his awareness of people and their concerns. To me, these incidents have always been indicative of a simplicity and humaneness inherent in the character of Dr. Whipple who taught us not only to be good physicians but good people as well.

Sincerely,

  
Donald R. Koerner, M.D.  
U. of R. Medical School, 1946

7 Burt Lane  
Fayetteville, N.Y. 13066

April 13, 1976

Gordon M. Meade, M.D.  
Box 643, Medical Center Alumni Association  
601 Elmwood Avenue  
Rochester, N.Y. 14642

You asked for some recollections of Dean Whipple as a person. On our entering the medical school in the summer of 1942 he suggested to us the motto, "Illegitimi Non Carborundum!". First he wrote it on the blackboard. Then he told us it meant, "Don't let the bastards grind you down."

I was his Student Fellow in Pathology from October, 1944, through June, 1945, my diabetes making me IV-F in the draft.

The following notes about the Dean and his department which reflected him are from my letters home.

There were Bill Hawkins, Sid Madden, Leon Miller, Lew Zeldis, Ray Simmons, Phyllis Hansen, and six interns: Roger Terry, Bob ("Zip") Coon, "Baldy" Lamson, Jerry Smith, Hank Clark and Pete Kulka.

I was awed being in the Dean's department, doing the posts in rotation with the interns, and working in what I called one of the hottest research labs in the country. The Dean, I wrote, was as great a medical figure as there is. Pete Kulka, a Hopkins graduate and travelled person, was amazed at the unanimously perfect reputation the Dean had everywhere Pete had been.

The Dean told us that if, during the performance of an autopsy, we acted as though a relative of the deceased were present, we would act all right.

He told us that always, under any circumstances, his position as head of the Department of Pathology came before his position as Dean of the Medical School.

Early in the fellowship I wrote, "I want to become friends with the Dean (i.e. semi-formal at least) but may not be able to do so. He is treated like a god by everyone I have seen talk with him, including Dr. Hawkins. He comes by and says 'good morning' to me once in a while. This morning he stopped beside me and commented on a big black Packard in the driveway outside, and we said this and that; but, darn it, I freeze in his presence. I know he feels the formality of his associations and tries to keep the inevitable barriers to a minimum. I have heard him quoted on that very thing, saying he wished the students, interns and others would not feel that way. The main thing is that I want him to know how much I like him, and I expect he knows that."

He customarily liked to have his student fellow where he could keep track of him. My microscope was in the middle of the long bench in the large central room on the first floor.

By December some informality had been gained. In writing of the Kjeldahls and urea ammonias that I was doing with Leon (who never removed the cigar from his mouth even when catheterizing the dogs) and Baldy, and about our weekly discussions of our setbacks or progress with the always encouraging Dean, I also noted, "Dr. Whipple is fun to watch when he gets interested in the pheasants that hang around the hospital. He keeps us posted on which Hawthorn tree they

are raiding. 'Wise old birds', he calls them."

By January I wrote, "This department is more of a family than a Dept. When one doesn't appear for a meeting or something, everyone from the Dean down wonders where he is. When anyone goes out, everyone knows about it. And everything goes along, all of us together, in what seems to be an unhurried, lackadaisical way, but which really gets results. Nothing is rigid. But you keep moving full blast and love it." I later added, "We are all extremely close in our back alley. We are a unit, each a part of each; and the unit turns out the autopsies (we call ourselves 'the pack' as far as the autopsies are concerned), sometimes with three posts going on at once; and we keep the course (2nd year Pathology) up to par, and put out the research. There is no division of labor. Today Dr. Hawkins took out the intestines and opened them on my case, and tomorrow I might take out the brain on someone else's case. We have no schedule as to who will be in the class lab (though it is always my job to project the day's slides with the carbon arc projector for the Dean's comment); but there are always two or three of us in the class lab."

One rigidity, insisted upon unstintingly, was accuracy of observation and description. The greatest embarrassment was to have the Dean or Dr. Hawkins see something at CPC that we had missed. But their faith in their training of our power of concentration was such that if our description conflicted with a clinician's story the Dean relied on our description. He was skeptical of lab analyses on John Eager Howard's ward at Hopkins because "hired technicians" were doing them. Dr. Howard was studying nitrogen balance in fracture patients. We were studying it in dogs with sterile (turpentine) abscesses, and trying to alter it with methionine. The Dean did say that Dr. Morton was his superior in microscopic diagnosis of surgical sections.

In grading the second year students in Pathology the Dean's and Dr. Hawkins' grades each counted equally with each of the rest of us in the department. The averages of our personal grades were always within 5% of the exam grades.

I met Mrs. Whipple at a party for the department at the Leon Miller's. "She is superb," I wrote, "At keeping conversation going in a perfectly natural way and says lots of very funny things and laughs genuinely." The Dean, according to Dr. Hawkins, could spend an evening silently at parties where talking was what the party was mainly for. At one he was eventually asked by someone if he had anything to say. He said, "If I'd had anything to say, I'd have said it." He said nothing more for the rest of the evening. At Leon's I was put in a seat at a table of four with Mrs. Whipple, Eleanor Terry (Roger's wife and head nurse on B-4 Pediatrics) and Dr. Robscheit-Robbins. Mrs. Whipple said to me "There's a brave man." She was talking with Dr. Robbins about hotels in London, European cities and Russian plays, which left Eleanor and me out. But she got to us on the subject of her maid's osteomyelitis of which "George" had seen the X-rays. I wrote, "I wished I had sat with the Dean. He and I were back to back at different tables, and I heard snatches of his voice saying he wasn't drunk, you understand, just liquored up, that's all."

Of course, he had a ribald humor as did the entire faculty and student body, but none of that appeared in my letters home.

To have heard lately of his being a patient in the new SMH with all that mentality gone was even sadder news than the news now of his death,

*Morris W. Lambie*

Morris W. Lambie, M.D. '46  
Chief Rehabilitation Medicine Service  
V.A. Hospital, Syracuse, N.Y.

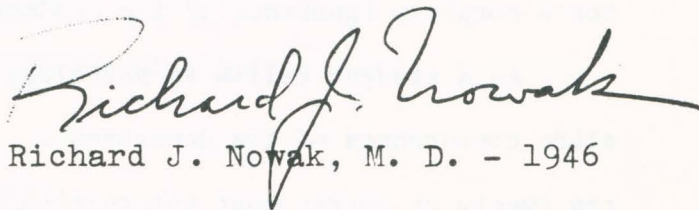


RICHARD J. NOWAK, M.D.  
20620 NORTH PARK BOULEVARD  
SHAKER HEIGHTS, OHIO 44118

March 29, 1976

Alumni Recollections of George Hoyt Whipple

I will always remember my first meeting with Dr. Whipple during the early weeks in Medical School in March 1943. There was a profound contrast between the warm, compassionate, soft-spoken man behind his desk and the plain, dull cement walls of his basement office. The walls were covered with pictures of numerous great men of medicine. Dr. Whipple said that the medical student could buy all the books in medicine, a few books or none of them just as long as he would learn to be a good doctor. Little did I realize at that time that I would be honored to have been acquainted with one of the greatest men in medicine.

  
Richard J. Nowak, M. D. - 1946

DARTMOUTH MEDICAL SCHOOL  
DEPARTMENT OF PHYSIOLOGY  
HANOVER • NEW HAMPSHIRE  
03755

March 16, 1976.

Dear Dr. Meade,

The most pervasive memory I have of Dr. Whipple is his great gentleness and kindness of heart. He always seemed to see the best side of everyone, and I often thought that his opinions tended to fulfil themselves -- that people actually improved when his life touched theirs, in such a way as not to disappoint him too much.

A vivid example of his tendency to give the benefit of the doubt is actually a caricature that I dreamed one night. A short while before, and in real life, he had called me into his office to help with a problem posed by a man I had known slightly in my undergraduate days at Ohio University. He was now applying to our medical school, and he had sharply conflicting letters of recommendation from several faculty members. Could I indicate which of the correspondents was more likely to be both perceptive and frank? In my dream, I was again called into the office, this time to assist the faculty in deciding about one of my classmates in the medical school. They were in doubt and would value the confidential opinion of one or two students. Did I think that this person's maturity, sensitivity and ability to communicate effectively and sympathetically with patients were sufficient to compensate for a complete ignorance of the subject matter?

As a student fellow in pathology in 1945 I participated in the weekly slide conferences of the department. Someone would compile a collection of the twenty or thirty most interesting slides from the week's autopsy and surgical pathology experience, and we would all bring our microscopes and sit on lab stools around the long table down the center of Dr. Whipple's

office. The slides passed around the group and anyone was free to offer a comment or ask a question. Sometimes, when we had looked at all the slides and there was still some time left, one of us would get Dr. Whipple going on the subject of antivivisection, and it was then that I learned about the limits to his otherwise universal magnanimity. It wasn't so much the little old deluded ladies who enraged him as it was the cynical professional propagandists who resorted so freely to deliberate distortion and untruth. Supreme among these was William Randolph Hearst. Dr. Whipple could always be counted on for a recital from his seemingly endless collection of stories about the outrages that the Hearst newspapers perpetrated in support of the antivivisectionist mania of Hearst's friend Marion Davies. After one of these diatribes, Dr. Whipple paused and then said, very slowly and with great deliberation, "The day that William Randolph Hearst dies, I shall certainly celebrate." On another occasion Leon Miller asked Dr. Whipple if he knew what Dorothy Parker had written after visiting Marion Davies at San Simeon. Dr. Whipple said he didn't, so Leon recited a quatrain, at the end of which Dr. Whipple threw his head back and gave the only real guffaw I ever heard from him. For a moment I thought he might topple off his stool with laughter. The verse was this:

The Virgin Mary stands in a niche  
Over the door  
Of the favorite whore  
Of the nation's biggest son of a bitch.

Yours sincerely,

*Bob Nye*

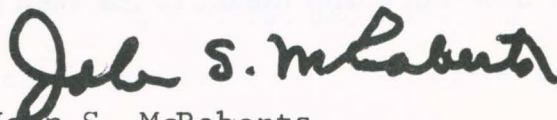
Robert E. Nye, Jr., '46

My very first encounter with Dean Whipple came on my first day of medical school in January 1944. In fact, Dr. Whipple was the first to address us.

I had recently completed my under graduate curriculum, which had been filled with fears, worries and anxieties occasioned by the rather fierce competition of the premedical students for placement into medical school. There were many men much better qualified than I to have been accepted into Rochester, but for reasons still unknown to me, I was one of the fortunate sixty-nine to be selected. I was, therefore, still full of fear and worry and trepidation that somehow I might not be able to measure up and might fall by the wayside, in competition with so many topnotch students.

Dr. Whipple opened his informal greeting by stating that the medical school had picked the sixty-nine people to start and fully expected these sixty-nine to finish, and win our medical degrees. I felt a great load lifted from my mind, and I was convinced immediately that if I would just do my best, however poor it might be in comparison, it would be recognized and accepted and understood. From that moment there was never a doubt in my mind that I would one day, surely after a lot of hard work, receive my medical degree, which I had set my heart and mind to many years previous. For the very first time, it seemed to be a certainty that I would achieve my goal.

As I went on through medical school I saw this affirmation by Dr. Whipple put into practice dozens and dozens of times by dozens and dozens of my instructors, who seemed never to wish to put me down or make life more difficult for me, but who always were eager and anxious to help me along my way. I loved Rochester the very first moment I arrived because of Dean Whipple. I loved Rochester during my four years because of Dean Whipple and his instructors. I still love Rochester today because I know that the Dean, all the professors, and all the house staff notwithstanding, the real king of the University of Rochester School of Medicine is the "lowly" medical student, around whose welfare and education everyone else's primary efforts and dedication seem to revolve. To me, this was Dean Whipple's most precious legacy. All men of Rochester carry this respect and dignity as easily and naturally as they carry their M.D. degrees. I shall always be grateful



John S. McRoberts  
Class of 47 M



# ST. LOUIS CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

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Mr. C. Alvin To  
Presid

Philip R. Dodge, M.  
Medical Direc

Linn B. Perkins, F.A.C.H.  
Executive Direc

March 17, 1976

## Alumni Recollections of George Hoyt Whipple

During my years in medical school it seems that scarcely a day went by when I did not walk past Dr. Whipple somewhere in the institution. I was never quite certain that he knew who I was, nor did I expect that he should. Always, however, he would smile, and I had the comfortable feeling that he knew quite a bit about me, possibly too much, at times. On the day of graduation, in 1948, while the students were milling about the auditorium prior to commencement, Dr. Whipple walked by me, looked at me over his half-glasses, and said: "Mr. Dodge, you've done a good job." I replied, "Thank you, sir," and wandered off, exhilarated. Whether I deserved his commendation is debatable, but needless to say, I have never forgotten this event. Little did he know how much this meant to me then and even now, nearly thirty years later.

Philip R. Dodge, M.D.

Professor of Pediatrics and of Neurology,  
Head of the Edward Mallinckrodt Department  
of Pediatrics, Washington University School  
of Medicine; and Medical Director,  
St. Louis Children's Hospital

'4/8

MARVIN A. EPSTEIN, M. D.  
RICHARD D. SMITH, M. D.  
1515 YGNACIO VALLEY ROAD  
WALNUT CREEK, CALIFORNIA 94596

INTERNAL MEDICINE

939-3422

March 11, 1976

To: "Alumni Recollections of George Hoyt Whipple."

I am sure that many of those who knew George Hoyt Whipple will dwell on his kindness, his patience, and, nevertheless, I must add these things to the words of others. When I first met him, in being interviewed for medical school, I was struck by the warmth and the goodness of the man. When I returned, having been made an alternate to the Class of 1943, to discuss my chances for getting in as an alternate with him, he was very forthright in telling me that they were about nil, and then in the next breath promised me a place in the next class if I was willing to wait. From this evolved a plan to spend a year in waiting with Wallace Fenn in what turned out to be a most productive and enjoyable 12 months.

The other striking recollection I have of Doctor Whipple was of his enormous capability as a teacher. Our class was fortunate enough to have him for at least a portion of the pathology course, and I never will forget the afternoon conferences in the pathology laboratory with all of us seated around the great man who sat on a stool at the front of the laboratory and proceeded to discuss some fundamental pathological process such as, for example, inflammation. He would begin an informal, rambling discussion, asking questions of various members of our class. I remember at the time being struck by the fact that he never embarrassed a student even though it

was obvious the student had no idea of the answer. I was impressed that he never allowed a student to say, "I don't know," and give up and go to the next student. He would, by his gentle persuasion somehow finally get the answer out of that student and then would go on to the next one. It was masterful, and I am sure all of us benefited greatly by this method.

*Marvin A. Epstein*

MARVIN A. EPSTEIN, M. D.

Class of 1948

Fellow of the American College of Physicians  
and the American College of Cardiology

Assistant Clinical Professor of Medicine,  
School of Medicine, University of  
California at Davis



10501 Wilshire Boulevard - #1005  
Los Angeles, California 90024  
March 20, 1976

Alumni Recollections of George Hoyt Whipple

In my years at Rochester as a medical student and house officer during the decade 1944 - 1954, my contacts with Dean Whipple were mostly indirect, though we did have one brief conversation during an Alumni Reunion in his 93rd year. At that time he was remarkably alert and very interested in Alumni matters. He nonetheless exerted a strong influence in the years since Rochester, as I had come to associate the unique atmosphere at Rochester with Dean Whipple's strong character. Indeed, I have never encountered another large medical center where a single individual was such a dominant influence. I came to look upon Dean Whipple as an example of firmness, strong leadership, interest in others while being very independent, devotion to high ideals moderated by a strong practical outlook and perhaps most of all wise concern with one's own health and well being. In all of these areas he has been a teacher I have carried with me over the years. As things have gone, this firm anchor in a maelstrom of change has kept me firmly tied to my Rochester heritage.

*Arthur L. Gropper*  
Arthur L. Gropper, M. D.  
'48



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March 25, 1976

Gordon M. Meade, M.D.  
Executive Secretary  
Medical Center Alumni Association  
601 Elmwood Avenue  
Rochester, New York 14642

Dear Dr. Meade:

I remember Dean George Hoyt Whipple as one of the most outstanding teachers I have ever encountered.

I can still see him vividly--his stooped posture, his ever-gentle, kind expression with his glasses tipped at the end of his nose.

Always understanding.

The patience of a saint. So enthusiastic about teaching. So dedicated to his work. He seemed tireless and abounded with equanimity. He gave the subject of pathology its due level of importance, and presented it with dignity.

I can still hear him say, "Pathology is the bridge between the laboratory and clinical practice."

Sincerely,

*John T. Parents*

John T. Parents, M.D.

148

JTP:af



RUTH ROGERS, M.D., D.H.T.

121 FAIRVIEW AVENUE

DAYTONA BEACH, FLORIDA 32014

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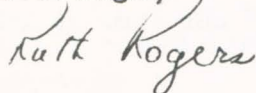
### Alumni Recollections of George Hoyt Whipple

The first meeting with Dr. Whipple was at the time of my personal interview for admission to the medical school. I was excited and frightened. We talked about my interest in nature study, especially ornithology, and classical music, my finances, my education, family and goals in life. With his gentle and understanding manner, he gave me self confidence and I could breathe again.

As the pathology class studied slides, we were instructed to list all the possible diagnoses the slide could indicate. Dr. Whipple said: "You can not make a diagnosis unless you think of it."

Dr. Whipple added a depth to my life with his life of dedication to serving humanity.

Blessings,



Ruth Rogers, M.D. '48

13 May 1976

When I was taking Pathology in Medical School in the Fall of 1946, Dr. Whipple was not directly involved in the day to day teaching. However, one of the high points of the Pathology course was the Saturday morning seminar sessions with the Dean. These lasted the entire morning and took place in the pathology lab.

He sat on a stool at the end of the laboratory, peering over half-moon glasses and a book which obviously contained all of our names alphabetically. There was a considerable air of anxiety and apprehension, for there was no way of knowing where in the alphabet he would start, and once started, there was then one more period of anxiety while we discovered which direction he was going to go in the alphabet.

After that time, we knew exactly when we would be called on and could relax to enjoy the answers of our colleagues and the responses of the Dean or conversely get increasingly agitated as our time for public disclosure came upon us.

Dr. Whipple's incisive questions went into the greatest of detail; and, if you were one of the first two or three to discuss the subject, there was much open to you, but obviously the Dean was not satisfied at that point and, therefore, if you were fourth or fifth on the list for the same subject, although you cudgeled your mind as you might, you could not come up with as much as he wanted.

These were extremely stimulating, instructive and beneficial, particularly in the sense that from time to time in medical practice, it is necessary to think to your utmost limits in order to come up with a proper diagnosis and treatment.

I have thought many times of these Saturday mornings as being one of the high points in my medical education.

  
George S. Harris, Jr., M.D.  
Class of 1949

The first post World War II class which started in September, 1946 was an older class (average age 25 years) as most all of us had spent three or four years in military service following undergraduate education. There were two of us in this class from Wyoming, John Hagen and myself. Many people at the University of Rochester and in the City of Rochester wondered how students from such a sparsely populated Rocky Mountain state had even heard of Rochester. The reverse of this was also interesting in that when we returned home for vacations, Wyomingites invariably said how nice it was that we were studying medicine at the Mayo Clinic.

For a number of years prior to our coming to Rochester, Dean Whipple had had a very warm relationship with Dr. L. Floyd Clarke, Chairman of the Zoology Department at the University of Wyoming and pre-med advisor. Dr. Clarke had taken some of his graduate training at the University of Rochester and because of his fondness for the University and its commitment to excellence, he encouraged some of his best students to consider the University of Rochester School of Medicine. The achievements of this group prior to our coming had been very high and we certainly felt that we had our work cut out for us to maintain this reputation.

Dean Whipple's door was almost always open to students and during several of my visits to his office, he seemed to particularly enjoy talking with me about some of his trout fishing vacations in Yellowstone Park and Jackson Hole. At the end of my senior year

when I was getting ready to leave for Vanderbilt for a medical internship, I stopped by his office to say good-bye. He asked about my future plans and if I planned to ultimately return to the Rocky Mountain region. Although I was going to Vanderbilt, I indicated to him that I did hope to be able to finish my residency training at the University of Colorado in Denver. He told me that he knew Dr. James Waring, the Chairman of the Department of Medicine there very well, and that he would give me a strong recommendation for a position. As I was leaving his office, he put his hand on my shoulder and in a very reassuring manner, suggested that I not worry too much about getting back to Denver to complete my training. Sure enough, the following year when I applied for residency training at the University of Colorado Medical Center, I was promptly accepted. I relate this little story merely to add to the documentation of Dean Whipple's life long interest and commitment to his students and the warm and reassuring way in which he demonstrated this.



Herbert R. Brettell, M. D.  
Class of 1950  
Professor and Chairman  
Department of Family Medicine  
University of Colorado Medical Center

16 March 1976

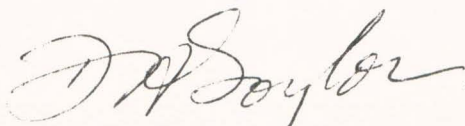
Dear Dr. Meade:

My first meeting with Dean Whipple probably is the strongest impression I have of him, although I was fortunate to enjoy him as a teacher in the Department of Pathology.

On July 1, 1943, I reported to the University of Rochester, Navy V-12 Unit, as a premedical student. In those days, we had three semesters of training per year. In 1944, those of us in the premedical class had to indicate our choices of medical schools. Some of us had a strong desire to continue our training at Rochester, and so appointments for interviews were made at the medical school. In the fall of 1944, or it may have been the summer of 1944, I was approximately eighteen and a half years of age, and overwhelmed with the prospect of an interview with a Nobel prize winner. At the time I walked into the Dean's office, I can recall being filled with the most acute anxieties. However, I was placed at ease by a great expression of kindness and humility communicated to me by Dean Whipple. There was never any question in my mind that the Dean understood my anxiety and wished to reassure me. In his quiet, humble manner, he expressed interest in what I had to say and why I desired to be a student at the University of Rochester Medical School. At that moment, I knew Dean Whipple's greatness was that humility which allowed him to place anyone he contacted at ease, allowing that individual to be at his very best. His gentle voice and smile did much to reassure those of us who were so anxious in those days long gone by. His vast knowledge, combined with his humility, made him stand head and shoulders above his peers.

I hope this brief incident is a worthwhile contribution to the unending story of Dean George Hoyt Whipple.

Sincerely,



D.H. Gaylor, M.D.  
Chief of Surgery

149

# Mayo Clinic

Rochester, Minnesota 55901  
Telephone 507 282-2511

Robert E. Hyatt, M.D.  
*Thoracic Diseases  
and Physiology*

March 23, 1976

## "Alumni Recollections of George Hoyt Whipple"

I have many memories of Dr. Whipple, first starting with the Friday morning conferences in Pathology where he would very gently but firmly make us use our heads to solve problems that he presented to us. He had a way of doing this without making one feel dumb or uncomfortable and this was truly the most relaxed and profitable learning session I have ever encountered. My memories move on to the year I spent with him in his Department as a student fellow and the pleasant contacts we had regarding projects and reviewing pathologic specimens.

I recall visiting with Dr. Whipple just before I left Rochester to intern in St. Louis. We discussed the training at Barnes Hospital and also the fact that St. Louis was hot, as a matter of fact he said "Hyatt, it's hot as hell in St. Louis!"

Over the years I kept in touch with Dr. Whipple at least by a Christmas card each year. Then in mid-January a letter would arrive starting off "Dear Hyatt" and with comments pertinent to what I was doing or what was happening at the school and so forth. Last January when no letter arrived I began to worry that all might not be well, and indeed, that was the case, much to my deep regret. Certainly a great man has passed from our midst.



I remember too a visit some seven years ago when after visiting with him in his office and getting ready to go up to a conference I stepped on the elevator and he waved goodbye and said "I think I'll walk up instead!" My last visit was at the time of the Fall meetings of the American Physiological Society at Rochester. By this time he was losing his hearing but not his interest in what I was up to or events in the present and past. I recall the great delight he had in telling me about one picture on his wall showing two pheasants falling with one shot, from his rifle, of course.

My recollections of George Hoyt Whipple are all warm and positive. He was a man of great ability but one who was friendly, willing to talk to student fellows and medical students with the same interest that he gave to senior colleagues on the staff. He was truly an outstanding person.

Bob Hyatt

R. E. Hyatt, M. D. 150  
Professor of Physiology  
and Internal Medicine  
Mayo Graduate School of Medicine  
Rochester, Minnesota

# ROCHESTER MENTAL HEALTH CENTER

1425 PORTLAND AVENUE  
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK 14621

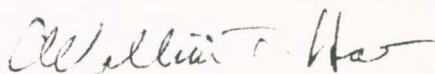
TELEPHONE CODE 716 544-5220

## ALUMNI RECOLLECTIONS OF GEORGE HOYT WHIPPLE

My fondest memory of Dr. Whipple is my interview when I was being considered for admission to medical school. It took place in 1946 at which time I was a few months out of service from World War II. I had a casual series of interviews "mothered over" by Hilda DeBrine, Dr. Whipple's alter ego.

Dr. Whipple interviewed me in his "study," a laboratory filled with all sorts of exotic equipment, obviously well used and currently used. We meandered through a very personal conversation involving to a large extent the whereabouts and activities of my sister who had graduated from medical school in 1935. The next four years showed the extension of this personality and the personal approach into practically all facets of the medical school.

Sincerely,



William T. Hart, M. D.  
Class of 1951

March 15, 1976

## DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH

4 P STREET  
SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA 95814  
15-4051



May 25, 1976

Gordon M. Meade, M.D.  
Executive Secretary, Medical  
Alumni Association  
601 Elmwood Avenue  
Rochester, New York 14642

Dear Dr. Meade:

In regard to your letter of March 5, 1976, regarding Dr. Whipple, I would hope that you could record my reactions to him while I was a student at the University of Rochester's School of Medicine.

I will always remember the time he took several minutes before the pathology class to talk about conservation. The "Sunday" paper was an anathema to him. He remarked how each paper accounted for a tree that was destroyed so that money could be made by a company that didn't always report the truth anyway.

His kindness, gentleness and concern for the student was always impressive to me. It was a delight to have him for one of my teachers.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Richard Koch".

Richard Koch, M.D.  
Medical Director  
Developmental Services Program

'57

RK:jl1

RAYMOND W. RAPP, M.D., F.A.C.S.

120 BROADWAY

RICHMOND, CALIFORNIA 94804

TELEPHONE 235-0160

GENERAL & VASCULAR SURGERY

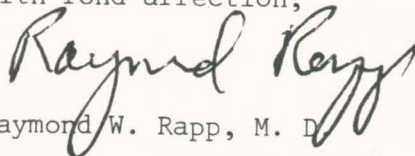
March 12th 1976

As all alumni I have fond memories of George Hoyt Whipple. My first memory of Dr. Whipple was the pre-medical school interview. This was after World War II. I had arranged my application for the medical school without the knowledge of the medical school screening commission at the river campus. I can remember him asking why I had not taken certain scientific courses and I had replied that I wanted to broaden my horizons by taking some non-scientific subjects. He made the remark that if I were really interested I would be taking these courses. I left that interview feeling somewhat dejected but was pleased to hear through the medical school screening committee that they wanted more information concerning some biology courses that I planned to take in the interim. Happily I ended up at the University of Rochester School of Medicine and Dentistry.

I am sure that all of us that went through the dean's conferences and pathology have fond memories of these occasions especially when you are on the stool in front of the Dean. I remember how gently he guided us through the question and answer period, helping us when we needed help. This method of teaching made a great impression on me.

I think that George Hoyt Whipple has been the greatest inspiration in medicine to me. I have the photograph of his portrait in my consultation room and his gaze keeps me on the medical straight and narrow.

With fond affection,



Raymond W. Rapp, M. D.

RUSSELL E. WATTS, M. D., INC.  
163 MAPLE STREET  
MALDEN, MASSACHUSETTS 02148  
TELEPHONE 324-7220

April 12, 1976

To: Alumni Recollections of George Hoyt Whipple

From: Russell E. Watts, M.D.

When I think of George Hoyt Whipple, two incidents come to mind. First, there was my initial interview at Strong Memorial Hospital, when I was applying for medical school. I rode on a train from Delaware, Ohio to Rochester, New York, and was eventually ushered into an office with walls of stark brick, and decorated only by a sign reading, "Illegitimus non Carborundum." Dr. Whipple turned his rather aged swivel chair around from a roll-top desk and said, "Sit down, son. Do you like to fish?"

Fishing is my favorite avocation, and the entire interview consisted of a discussion of the relative merits of fresh and salt water fishing. It was many years later that I learned that the Dean always preferred to talk about avocations when interviewing prospective candidates for medical school. I think he was profoundly interested in the type of person he was interviewing, as well as his scholastic record. Needless to say, I was quite taken aback by this kindly gentleman in a shabby office, behind a cluttered roll-top desk. I suppose I expected a Nobel Prize Winner to be ensconced in a pretentious office, with a thick carpet.

Continued

My second recollection of Dr. Whipple was during my freshman years. Dr. Whipple spent the entire hour and a half of his initial pathology lecture to the freshman class on the subject of the New York Sunday Times, and how he hated it. He spoke of the beauty of virgin forests, and the number of pine and fir trees sacrificed to produce the newsprint necessary for one edition of the Sunday paper, and on the tremendous waste of resources, considering that each potential buyer reads less than five percent of the paper. Dr. Whipple was an avid ecologist, long before ecology became a household word. He was willing to "waste" an entire lecture in order to inculcate the freshman class with an awareness of this potential catastrophe. I have never forgotten the lecture.

Dr. Whipple was the finest pedagogue I have ever known.

Russell E. Walls MD  
151

Alumni Recollections of George Hoyt Whipple

It was with great sadness that I learned of Dr. Whipple's death even though when I last saw him as a patient the inevitable was obviously near. I will always be grateful for the privilege of my humble association with such a great man.

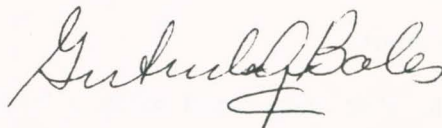
It was with surprise to me that one afternoon Dr. Whipple requested the ENT clinic nurse to have the resident clean his ears. When I appeared, Dr. Whipple expressed his appreciation for my consenting to see him because he knew the house staff was overworked and underpaid. He proceeded to give me careful instructions about flushing his ears and no alcohol was to be used as the last resident had burned his ears.

Nervously I carefully removed his wax, omitting the alcohol. Thereafter, Dr. Whipple asked me to be his ear doctor and see him every 6 weeks. This led to a most pleasant contact and regular visits with Dr. Whipple over the years.

Dr. Whipple always was interested about our children and requested to see pictures from time to time. He was concerned with all human beings.

My family was given many pheasants personally shot and delivered for Thanksgiving every year until he was hospitalized. He always asked if "the bird" were to be plucked but then would remember the kids liked to save the beautiful feathers.

Dr Whipple's greatness will linger as an ever-present influence and personal inspiration. My biggest regret in medical school was to have missed his Pathology class due to my transfer to Rochester as a junior student.



Gertrude A. Bales, M.D.  
Class of 1952

"Alumni Recollections of George Hoyt Whipple"

When Roger Terry was called up for Air Force duty in '52 or '53, Dr. Whipple asked me to stand in for him as a fairly regular pheasant hunting companion. I was then a resident in the Pathology Department. Although I profited from and enjoyed my experiences as a pathology trainee under Dr. Whipple, in retrospect people like Bill Hawkins and Charley Yuile were more my pathology mentors. Dr. Whipple was more my instructor in the use of dogs and guns and the appreciation of that slice of life. He was then in his early seventies and had a few problems with decreased agility and poor eyesight, but he hunted hard and very well. His English setter (Lady) was a fine dog, and he used her very effectively. When she occasionally needed a dressing down for chasing rabbits or breaking a point, Dr. Whipple would speak to her gently but with real conviction in his voice and threaten her with a tiny weed--she got the message clearly with none of the usual intemperances of hunters with disobedient dogs. He, in a friendly way, was much more critical of me--shooting birds too close and spoiling the meat was not acceptable--nor was letting a fine rooster get away, particularly when the dog had done her part very well. But it was never the kind of criticism that hurt--it was always helpful and led to better enjoyment of the hunt.

He shot very well with a fine old 16-gauge double barreled LC Smith. He could bring a bird down from what seemed astronomical heights. He didn't seem to appreciate any congratulations on a particularly good



shot, but he always had a satisfied half smile when the bird came down cleanly.

Driving home from Batavia or Seneca Falls where we hunted was the best part of the hunt. He always discussed the day's events or told stories of some prior trip to Alaska with George Eastman or a Colorado fishing trip with great descriptive ability and humor.

My favorite recollection of him was standing at the door of the mansion home of a wealthy university benefactor--slightly stooped, dressed in rough hunting clothes with his peaked LL Bean bird shooter cap in one hand and handing two beautifully plumed roosters to the pretty, young servant girl who was dressed in the frilliest of maid's uniforms.

He hunted as he did everything else--with vigor, conviction, great ability, admixed with gentleness and humor.



Robert D. Coye, M.D.  
Dean  
Wayne State University  
School of Medicine  
March 17, 1976

152

Gordon Meade, M.D.  
Executive Secretary  
Medical Center Alumni Association  
University of Rochester  
601 Elmwood Avenue  
Rochester, New York 14642

Dear Dr. Meade:

I received your letter and I am enclosing what I think is a rather unique anecdote concerning Dr. George Hoyt Whipple.

I suppose a good title of the vignette might be: The New Generation Isn't So New After All.

When I had the privilege of being an intern on a private medical service at the Johns Hopkins Hospital in 1952 to 1953, I had as one of my patients Dr. David Marine. Dr. Marine, at that time, was in his 70's. He had been a classmate of Dr. Whipple and was noted for his work on thyroid.

He recounted this personal episode of Dr. Whipple.

When they were in their clinical years at Hopkins as medical students, the "Big Four" at Hopkins were Drs. Osler, Halstead, Kelly and Welch.

It seems that the gynecology clinics of Dr. Kelly were deficient in their material, etc., according to the president of the class, George Hoyt Whipple.

Because of this, the class was urged not to attend Dr. Kelly's demonstrations until they improved. As a result the class stayed away.

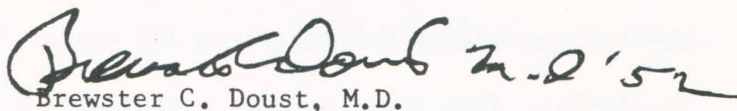
The situation deteriorated and Dr. Whipple was brought before the Board of Trustees to ask why and he said, "We are not attending these demonstrations because the caliber of Dr. Kelly's contributions are not up to snuff".

The lines were drawn and the students were told that they must attend the lectures or they wouldn't graduate.

Dr. Whipple held out, they did not attend lectures and lo and behold suddenly the caliber of the demonstrations improved, the students were happy and attended the lectures.

I hope this fits in with the format you suggested.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Brewster C. Doust M.D. '52". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the printed name.

Brewster C. Doust, M.D.

### One Alumna's Recollections of George Hoyt Whipple

I first met Dr. Whipple in December, 1947. A very, very nervous applicant coming for my interview, intensely aware of the competitiveness of admissions in those first post World War II years - and a female too. A kindly man, peering over half glasses and sitting in his "garage architecture" office, he promptly put me at ease - as much as any college senior can feel at ease under these circumstances. But the meeting gave little intimation of the profound impact that he would come to have on my life.

The scene now shifts to one certainly familiar to every second year student who passed through during his years. We ranged around on stools in the lab; Dr. Whipple - up front riffling through that little book with all our names and pictures. A situation akin to Russian roulette - from our vantage at least. Whose name would he stop at today? Good God - It's me! My turn to sit on the inquisition stool up front and display my ignorance. Under his steady gaze and unrelenting mind stretching questions, he drew every last vestige of knowledge from us, forced us to challenge ourselves, and tapped reservoirs of reasoned thought we never thought were ours. These learning processes formed the base on which, for me, all else has been founded.

Then too were the philosophical moments when he imparted a sense of the very special privilege, pride and honor of being a physician; and of its no less deep responsibilities; of absolute commitments to humanity, to uncorruptible intellectual honesty, to continued self-questioning, to constant learning and personal growth. Perhaps these were not the words he used; perhaps he talked of these things far less than I remember. But they were there embodied in the man.

And the final moment; on which side does the gold tassel go?  
Doctoral gown, its velvet striped arm smoothed with intense pleasure;  
Dr. Whipple giving the Hippocratic Oath, handing us our diplomas one by  
one. Then I was gone - on to distant things and not again to return.

These abiding images and thoughts have traveled with me and been a  
part of me throughout the years. George Hoyt Whipple was then and remains  
for me the exemplification of the complete physician.

*Adele Dellenbaugh Hofmann*

Adele Dellenbaugh Hofmann, '52

## Recollections of Doctor Whipple

In 1948 the pathology course for freshmen medical students featured a weekly impromptu question and answer session, during which the teacher would call to the front of the path lab one student who sat for a short dialog on a subject of timely relation to the material being studied. When we were studying the blood, Dr. Whipple was the teacher and he asked Charles Bowerman to come take the front chair. Chuck was all ready recognized as a leading light in our class, well able to carry on a medical conversation. He did suitably until Dr. Whipple asked about the life span of the red blood cell. I didn't know the answer, and I was ignorant of Dr. Whipple's contributions to the understanding of the RBC. Chuck had no recall that could keep him in the conversation. This didn't seem to be any special turn of events for Dr. Whipple who artfully, and in retrospect most graciously, kept Chuck in the presentation while recounting the steps by which the life span of RBCs in man had been determined. Our later realization of Dr. Whipple's pioneering work made this presentation a frequently recalled class experience.

While Dr. Whipple was posing for the Class of 1952 Picture Album, he told about his friendship with George Eastman.

I cherish the correspondence I received from Dr. Whipple. In 1953, answering my letter from L.A. Childrens Hospital, he wrote:"A great many of our graduates seem to get interested in the Southwest where the opportunities obviously are appealing." In 1968 he wrote:"The upper Michigan area has always appealed to me as a most interesting area to live or to enjoy vacations."

The last time I saw Dr. Whipple, he was in white coat striding down the hall where Bill's candy counter used to be, his filter hanging about his neck, smiling in return to my greeting.

Here was a giant among men of many callings. All honor to him. I am grateful to have been one of his students.

Frederic A. Stone, M. D.

Class of 1952

PATRICK L. ANDERS, M. D.  
REBEKAH Y. ANDERS, M. D.  
SOUTH FULTON PROFESSIONAL PLAZA  
2726-A FELTON DRIVE  
EAST POINT, GEORGIA 30044  
TELEPHONE 767-5810

April 22, 1976

Dr. Whipple was in his final years as Dean when we came to Rochester to start medical school. He had long ago become larger than legend. This made his kind and gentle ways all the more appreciated by us.

This particular "us" started at Rochester as unattached "he" and "she." Our story would have ended very differently if the Dean had been other than kind and gentle, especially to students, regardless of gender. Actually so little distinction was made as to how a student was treated because of gender that it is mostly in retrospect, after hearing about experiences of women students at some other medical schools, that we can fully appreciate the fair and first-class treatment of students at Rochester. Here the medical school was a model of democracy and tolerance in many respects. This must have been a reflection of the Dean's attitude.

Tolerance of wedding bells was part of the picture. The two of us were married during our second year. We were the third of five couples from our class to marry. As far as we know, the Dean gave his best wishes to all of the husband-and-wife teams.

In our fourth year we two realized that for us grad-



PATRICK L. ANDERS, M. D.  
REBEKAH Y. ANDERS, M. D.  
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2.

uation would be a race with the stork. Dean Whipple allowed Bec to continue her work. The baby arrived just after final exams and both parents recovered enough to attend graduation. The twinkle in the Dean's eyes as he congratulated us added a treasured dimension to our diplomas.

Sir William Osler, in his "AEQUANIMITAS," told the medical students graduating from the University of Pennsylvania in 1889 that the two qualities most desirable for them to attain were imperturbability and equanimity. He wished that they might "reap the promised blessing of quietness and assurance forever, until

Within this life

Though lifted o'er its strife

you may, in the growing winters, glean a little of that wisdom which is pure, peacable, gentle, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy."

Who could wear this description better than Osler's follower and our Dean, George Hoyt Whipple?

Pat and Becky Anders, '53

## MY RECOLLECTIONS OF GEORGE HOYT WHIPPLE

There are few people who are fortunate enough to meet and to be associated with a man who is a legend in his own time. Perhaps my fondest recollection of Dean Whipple is my earliest, those very special minutes I spent with him when he interviewed me for admission to the Class of 1953. I knew little or nothing of his fame, but I felt a warmth and depth of understanding and compassion which I am able to recall vividly twenty-seven years later. I came away from that interview wanting so very badly to be accepted at Rochester where I could continue to live within the influence of that great human being.

When I received an acceptance from another medical school where I had been interviewed earlier, I requested from Dr. Whipple a decision on my application. The receipt of my acceptance by Western Union was another high point in my life.

Recollections of my association with Dr. Whipple would not be complete without also including a tribute to Mrs. Whipple. My wife, who was busy with our two and then three small children, and I were always warmly greeted by Mrs. Whipple, who apologized each time for not remembering names, then proceeded to call us by name and recount a number of details about our children.

When our diplomas were awarded at the end of those four short years, I was at first disappointed to see that my name had been misspelled. Miss DePrine assured me that it would be redone correctly and when I picked it up the next day, properly signed by the Dean, I

realized that mine was no doubt the last diploma he signed before he retired.

I have never ceased to be proud of and grateful for my opportunity to study at Rochester. The faculty attitudes toward students which Dean Whipple established - those of kindness, compassion, understanding and friendship - as a means of accomplishing a high quality of performance were years ahead of the times. Although he is now gone, and has long since left his position of active leadership, those qualities remain very much in evidence in the life of the School of Medicine, carrying on a tradition which most of the medical schools of the country have attempted to copy.

Robert C. Buckingham  
Robert C. Buckingham

Class of 1953

A PROFESSIONAL CORPORATION

431 MONTEREY AVENUE  
LOS GATOS, CALIFORNIA 95030  
354-8140  
Practice limited to Internal Medicine

March 22, 1976

Gordon M. Meade, M.D.  
Box 643  
601 Elmwood Avenue  
Rochester, New York

Dear Dr. Meade:

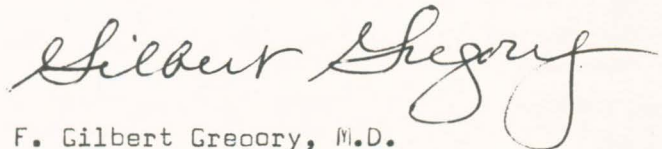
My first meeting with Dr. Whipple was as a prospective candidate for medical school. Such was the force of his quiet, kindly dignity that I not only still recall some of his questions (such as, "Have you ever thought that you might not be able to help some patients?") but my most urgent wish was to be admitted to the University of Rochester Medical School.

When this wish was granted and I was among the 70 anxious first year students the first day, Dr. Whipple talked with us in a reassuring and compassionate manner I shall never forget. He quietly explained that he did not expect us to get all A's but wanted us to become good physicians and to develop a love for learning which would be life-long. He expected none to flunk out, and I don't believe that any did. His talk was a prime force in molding our class into a happy, non-competitive group, for whom I still hold the highest fondness and esteem.

My final main recollection came during the long, grey days of February when the leaden skies and long hours of work were beginning to dampen our enthusiasm. Dr. Whipple took about 15 minutes in our Pathology class to let us know he knew how we felt. He ended the session with a twinkle in his eye as he dead-panned the latin phrase which translates to "don't let the bastards grind you down". We were never in any serious doldrums thereafter.

He was the prime model as a person for me, and I will be forever grateful for the privilege of studying under him.

Sincerely yours,



F. Gilbert Gregory, M.D.

UROLOGY ASSOCIATES  
405 MEDICAL PROFESSIONAL BUILDING  
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS 78212

24 March 1976

WILLIAM W. SAWTELLE, M. D.  
PERRY W. NADIG, M. D.

DIPLOMATES  
AMERICAN BOARD OF UROLOGY  
512 227-9376

Alumni Recollections of George Hoyt Whipple

Doctor Whipple, at age seventy-one, interviewed me for admission to medical school. I remember this interview vividly and have continually been in wonder at the remarkable stamina and alertness that Doctor Whipple continued to exhibit, even though my only association with him was in the later years of his life. I can furnish no specific anecdotes or incidents but can say only that his calmness and his bearing, along with his kindly treatment towards all of us, and his distinguished reputation and scientific skill were a great inspiration to me as a medical student, and have continued to influence me in my attitudes towards my patients since I have graduated from medical school. He is one of only a few truly great people that I have known, and I pray that the legacy of his character may be transmitted in small part through me to future generations of physicians.

  
Perry W. Nadig, M.D.

University of Rochester  
School of Medicine

Class of 1954

Page 2

and another student up, perching us up on stools at either end of the table. Because my name began with "A", I was the first one to have this unique experience and didn't know what to expect. Terrified, facing the dean and Nobel Prize winner pathologist, myself armed with absolutely no knowledge of the subject, I didn't know what to expect. Then, Doctor Whipple led me through easy questions involving common sense into the subject, and turned my answers into stepping stones so that he could bring out the basic concepts of "Inflammation and Repair of Tissue". It was a charming experience and made all of us in the class feel warm and unafraid, as well as stimulated by this genial teacher.

The unique concept of leaving the corridors in bare brick continually impressed me as I made my rounds around the medical school during the four years. The concept that teachers and men were more important than buildings and imposing structures never failed to stay in mind, and to stimulate me to not let this great man down in his estimation of my ability to pursue a medical course.

His great accomplishments will remain, but these little acts did more to endear him to his students than the major ones.

Sincerely,

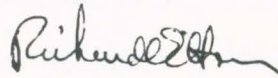
  
Joseph Andur, M.D., F.A.C.S.

, 56

JA:ml

## F E V E R

One day in my first year of Medical School Dr. Whipple was instructing us. He sat between two students at a table in the histology lab. Dr. Whipple would quiz us in this way and try to get us to think. He seemed to be asking for a certain sign of disease from one of the two students and, try as they might, they didn't come up with the correct answer. Finally someone said "fever", and Dr. Whipple acknowledged that this was the answer he was seeking. I think I remember this little incident today because it speaks of the magnificent simplicity of my beloved teacher, Dr. Whipple. Over the years, I have learned that the simple answer is more true and is more dignified than a complicated string of words which is but little understood. Dr. Whipple constantly sought the Truth in matters, and in doing so he recognized and acknowledged the simple things and gave them dignity. I shall always remember this.



RICHARD C. ELTON  
Class of 1956

I have four distinct recollections of Dr. Whipple. I remember coming to Rochester for an interview on a cold, gray, snow-laden day in November, 1952. My last interviewer for the morning was Dr. Whipple. Anticipating an awesome question-answer dialogue in basic sciences conducted by a Nobel prize winner, I was most pleasantly surprised by a friendly, smiling, relaxed human being who discussed summer jobs, athletic endeavors in college, the construction of new wings for the hospital, and my plans for the future. Dr. Whipple finally closed the interview with assurance that I would be accepted to the University of Rochester School of Medicine in the fall. I left his office determined to go to Rochester and cancelled two interviews at other medical schools. I have never regretted that decision.

My second memory is that of a typical session in pathology when Dr. Whipple presided. That particular day, he passed around a placenta in a large metal pan and called upon me to unreel all the facts I knew about that particular organ. It did not take me long to exhaust my information, whereupon I stated that I had read that one could contract syphilis by handling an infected placenta. Dr. Whipple who as usual was sitting on his stool in front of the class chuckled aloud and said, "I can think of much more interesting ways of catching that particular disease." The class erupted in explosive laughter and I, rather red-faced, was highly relieved to finally get off the "hot seat."

The third recollection I have is that of our class picnic in 1956 which was scheduled on a day that turned out to be cold and wet. Many of the faculty members did not appear because of the inclement weather, but down the walk came Dr. Whipple dressed in an old plaid wool shirt and



wool hunting pants. He even offered to join us in a softball game, but then grumbled that his physician wouldn't approve. I snapped a picture of him that day and later gave him an enlargement. He was absolutely delighted and stated he liked it better than many of the formal pictures that had been taken of him in the past.

The last and most important recollection I have was in my senior year when I was editor of the first formal medical school class yearbook. At that time, a number of our class members were very disappointed that Dr. Whipple could not sign our diplomas in spite of the fact that he had handpicked our entire class. We were dedicating the yearbook to Dr. Whipple but that was not enough. At that point in time, no one on earth, no matter what his qualifications, could have replaced "old Whip" in the minds of many of our classmates. Written material and cartoons were offered for publication reflecting this discontent. The material did not appear in the class book. Just before graduation, Dr. Whipple called me into his office, informed me that he had heard about the unrest and thanked me for helping keep the issue out of the yearbook. I told him I personally wished he could have signed the diplomas even if they had been signed on a blank space somewhere on the document. He thought for a moment, walked over to a file and soon returned with a picture of himself by his microscope. He signed it and handed it to me. "Will that do?", he smiled. To this day, that cherished photograph hangs in my office next to my diploma.

Joe Leistyna, M.D. 1956

ALUMNI RECOLLECTIONS OF GEORGE HOYT WHIPPLE

My fondest recollection of Dean Whipple is my first. On a gray October Saturday in 1951 I came to Rochester for my interviews. I did not know it at the time, but Dr. Whipple was selecting the final first year class that he would welcome as Dean.

I was more than a little nervous that morning, I wanted very badly to be accepted at Rochester, and was afraid that I would have trouble doing so. My early pre-med grades had been spotty, and I knew my overall academic record would not be among the very best that would cross the admissions desk. Also, my advance knowledge of the Dean was very fragmentary, and it was indeed awesome. Despite reassurances from upperclassmen, my heart was in my mouth when I walked into Dr. Whipple's office.

Of course, he immediately put me at ease with his informal manner---always courteous, but low-key. His modest office with its "Neo-garage" decor was the antithesis of what I'd expected. Still, nothing unusual developed for the first few minutes. He wanted to know about my early college problems, my aspirations, and the like. Then it happened. He leaned back in his chair, relaxed, and a twinkle came to his eyes.

"I see that you're a trout fisherman. Do you fish with flies or bait?"

We began to talk fishing. Despite the half-century difference in ages we got along famously for a quarter-hour. The brotherhood of the angle, which knows no boundaries, erased all the barriers which had been there minutes earlier. He was fascinated that I had learned to stalk trout in the brooks of

the tiny Connecticut village of Norfolk, and he pried me with questions about the place. Much later did I realize that he recognized Norfolk as the hometown of his revered mentor, Dr. William Welch, but he never let on. Nor was I aware of his passion for the long rod until the following spring when I watched him cast with his beloved split-bamboo fly rods on the old softball diamond behind R Wing.

I thought, as I left his office, that I might have a fighting chance for admission, but I underestimated the impact of our visit. Dr. Whipple must have felt that a trout fisherman who grew up in Dr. Welch's home town was worth a gamble. His letter of acceptance was in Monday's mail. It probably left Rochester before I did.

Vincent P. Ringrose, Jr., M.D.  
Class of 1956

March 16, 1976

Gordon M. Meade, M.D.

Box 643

Medical Center Alumni Association

601 Elmwood Avenue

Rochester, New York 14642

Dear Doctor Meade:

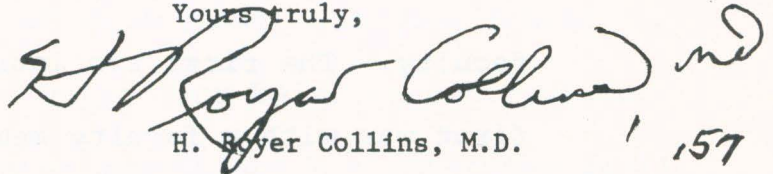
Thank you for your letter of March 5, 1976 regarding Dr. George Hoyt Whipple. Needless to say, all of those who knew him are sorry to hear of his ultimate death. He certainly was a fine person and had led a long and productive life. I was in the last class which was admitted by Dr. Whipple and I think that in a way he had a soft spot in his heart for us. I can remember very vividly sitting in his office in the old Pathology Laboratory which was unpainted and certainly not ostentatious. I had been out of school for a few years during which time I had coached football and had been in the military service. I had previously been accepted at Albany Medical School and yet the University of Rochester was my first choice. During the interview with Dean Whipple, I mentioned that I had been accepted by another medical school and although I realized that he could not give me a decision about my acceptance at Rochester at that time, that I wondered about my chances for being accepted in one of the top grade medical schools such as the University of Rochester. He looked at my grades which were not all A's and mentioned to me at that time that "I noticed that you don't have all A's on your grades, but I do notice that you played basketball, baseball and football, and coached

and it seems to me that we need some good strong men in medicine as well." He then proceeded to tell me of his background mentioning that he had been offered a contract to play professional baseball for the Boston Red Sox, and had turned this down after much deliberation in order to pursue a medical career. He mentioned that he also did not have the best grades in the world, but that he just plugged along at everything that he did and was able to "get by". Needless to say, this was his humble way of describing his tremendous career which included his great discoveries and winning the Nobel Prize. To me, this exemplifies his tremendous character and humility. This impressed me greatly at that time and I was pleased to have been accepted at the University of Rochester and to have studied under him.

As time has gone on his predictions became true as I went into the field in medicine which did require a little bit of strength and that is the field of Orthopaedic Surgery.

We will all miss Dr. Whipple very much but I feel that my life has been enriched for having known him.

Yours truly,

 H. Boyer Collins, M.D. 157

April 2, 1976

Gordon M. Meade, M.D.  
Executive Secretary, Medical Center Alumni Association  
The University of Rochester  
601 Elmwood Avenue  
Rochester, New York 14642

Dear Dr. Meade:

I suspect that no one is less qualified than I to comment on the life of Dr. George Hoyt Whipple. I write as a most undistinguished ex-student in pathology, who had no particular or special association with Dr. Whipple. Yet, I remember him well.

As an applicant to the University of Rochester School of Medicine, I was interviewed by three members of the faculty. The first two interviews were "disastrous". My first was with a faculty member from the "Basic Sciences", and he asked many questions in areas in which I was quite unable to answer. As an undergraduate psychology major, questions in the areas of anatomy, physiology, and microbiology were out of my realm of experience or training.

Gordon M. Meade  
April 2, 1976

Page 2.

The second interview, conducted by a physician, happened to focus upon the use of statistics. Here the problem was of a different nature; it quickly became evident that my statistical background, as an undergraduate, far exceeded the individual interviewing me. By now I was convinced that the University of Rochester had eliminated me as a possible medical student.

My final hour was to be spent with Dr. Whipple. Among other impressions, I vividly remember that I met him in a very simple, cinderblock office, decorated only with what appeared to be a class picture in a simple black frame. My interview with Dr. Whipple was quite different from the previous ones. He started by asking what I enjoyed doing when I was not engaged in academic endeavors. When I mentioned fishing, he quickly turned the conversation to trout fishing. Little did I know that this was another one of his areas of expertise! His questioning in response to my use of "worms" for bait, in contrast to fly fishing, led me to later appreciate his interview skill in learning about my philosophy of both fishing and life.

For reasons that I still do not fully understand, Dr. Whipple's chosen field of pathology never "turned me on". In part this was my attraction to microbiology, which competed with pathology in the curriculum. However, Dr. Whipple's sessions, were so outstanding from the students'

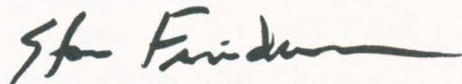
Gordon M. Meade  
April 2, 1976

Page 3.

point of view, that I made a point of never missing them. Though I still consider myself extremely deficient in pathology, his sessions taught me much about teaching and the educational process; lessons I hope I have incorporated into my own teaching and academic activities. He was a unique teacher--transcending fields within medicine and those sciences relating to medicine.

For better or for worse, it was Dr. Whipple who attracted me to Rochester. I had no special relationship to Dr. Whipple, and suspect that after my initial interview, I was forgotten by him. However, the invitation to relate my personal feelings about Dr. Whipple stimulated me to write this note, since I think I may represent many "average" students, and those without any special interests or ability in the areas in which Dr. Whipple excelled.

Sincerely,



Stanford B. Friedman, M.D.  
Director, Division of Child and  
Adolescent Psychiatry, and  
Head, Behavioral Pediatrics

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SBF:dms



George Hoyt Whipple was a great influence on all of us who were fortunate enough to attend medical school while he was dean. One incident I would like to share indicates the interest Dr. Whipple always took in his students.

During my second year of medical school I was struggling through what were some difficult courses for me. In order to lessen my financial burdens I was working in the dining room at Strong and living in Genesee Hospital helping to cover the laboratory on nights and weekends. In retrospect, I am sure I was occasionally homesick as, living in the State of Washington, I was unable to get home to see family and friends except during the summer months. Apparently I related some of these frustrations to my mother who, unbeknownst to me, relayed them to Dr. Whipple. I knew nothing of this exchange until many years later when my mother passed on to me some of the correspondence between she and Dr. Whipple.

One day I received a message to report to Dr. Whipple's office at my convenience. Dr. Whipple took me into his office and spent at least an hour with me. We discussed the many complex facets of medical school and medical school life, and he reassured me that my progress was very satisfactory. He suggested that I give up one of my jobs. We discussed his son, who was working on the Hanford Atomic Project at that time, which was very near my home in the State of Washington.

My outlook on medical school and, I suspect, life in general, soared after this conversation; and the remaining time I spent at the University of Rochester was the most enjoyable experience of my entire life.

Dr. Whipple and I continued to visit occasionally and corresponded intermittently after I left medical school. In 1961 he sent me a photograph album that he had compiled on George Eastman that included at least one of their trips to the State of Washington and the Pacific Northwest.

GERALD E. GIBBONS, M.D., F.A.C.S.  
Class of 1957

GEG:bak



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RECOLLECTIONS OF GEORGE HOYT WHIPPLE, M.D.

In 1954-55 I was Dr. Whipple's last student fellow during the final year of his 33 year tenure as Professor and Chairman of the Department of Pathology. The relationships developed with him during that year, and built upon in my medical school and residency years subsequent to his retirement in 1955, were truly lasting and had a major impact on my own career decisions.

I had been most fortunate toward the end of my sophomore year at Rochester to be invited by the Department of Pathology to become a post-sophomore fellow. This was an experience which I desired greatly, but was complicated somewhat by my financial situation. Having been married the previous year and with my wife's job supporting our activities I was somewhat reluctant to ask her to extend my period of education for an additional year. The fiscal situation was further complicated by the fact that the Veterans Administration informed me that if I were to "drop out of medical school" for a year I would lose my two remaining years of educational benefits under the GI Bill. Confronted by this reality Ann and I reached the reluctant conclusion that no matter how great the desire to avail myself of the opportunity I would have to decline. I went to Doctor Whipple to tell him of the decision and shared with him the reasons for it. A twinkle came into his eyes and a smile crossed his face as he said: "Would you mind if I tried to help you with the Veterans Administration on this matter?" Although I was sure that nothing could be done in dealing with what to me had become a faceless monolith, I indicated I would appreciate any assistance he could provide. Shortly thereafter I received a formal personalized letter from the VA informing me that they had reviewed my situation and it was obvious that a year spent as a post-sophomore fellow in pathology represented a continuation of my course of study

toward the M.D. degree rather than constituting a disruption as they had interpreted previously. As I entered Dr. Whipple's office with the miraculous news, once again there was the knowing, kindly smile and the twinkle in the eye as he said: "We will be delighted to have you as a member of the Pathology Department during the next year".

Only later, as I came to know him for the truly superb humanist that he was, did I realize how much joy he had personally gained in taking on a giant bureaucracy in order to make it possible for a single student to do what he really wanted. While earlier I had marveled at his willingness to take time to be concerned about the problems of a single individual student I soon realized that the same kind of concern was there for every student and every human with whom I had an opportunity for contact.

It is not by happenstance that the first academic position which I took in 1961 upon leaving Rochester was a dual one of Assistant Dean for Student Affairs and Assistant Professor of Pathology. It is also not by happenstance that I was named as the greatest single honor granted to me the award of appreciation provided by the students at the University of Missouri-Columbia in 1974 following my resignation after seven years as the Dean. And there clearly was a common thread when a year later the students presented their second award to Fred V. Lucas, Professor and Chairman of the Department of Pathology at Missouri, who had been at Rochester with Dr. Whipple until his retirement in 1955.

Dr. Whipple asked that, "I would be remembered as a teacher". Indeed he shall. Perhaps, more importantly, is the reality that several generations of "teachers" have gone forth from Rochester with some understanding of what the word can really mean. For me it all began with, "Would you mind if I tried to help you..."

*W. D. Mayer M.D.*  
William D. Mayer, M.D.  
Director  
Professor of Pathology

'57

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Dr. Whipple had already retired when I entered the medical school in September 1963. One day I visited him in his office and I asked him what roles in medicine he had enjoyed the most during his long career. I do not remember the exact words but I remember how amused he was when asked this question. He said that he had enjoyed being a practitioner because this had enabled him to improve himself as a doctor of medicine. He had also enjoyed being a researcher because this enabled him to contribute something original to medical knowledge. He had also enjoyed being a teacher because he believed that every physician was a teacher and owed something to future generations of physicians. Lastly, he had enjoyed being an administrator because this permitted him to work with his fellow physicians toward a common purpose and goal.

As I think of Dr. Whipple as a kind and wise counsellor I realize now that he had actually answered my question completely and had channeled me into a medical career that enables me to pursue all four of these roles in medicine.

Albert Chang, M.D. '68



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July 29, 1976

Gordon M. Meade, M.D.  
Executive Secretary, Medical Alumni Assoc.  
Box 643  
Univ. of Rochester Medical Center  
601 Elmwood Avenue  
Rochester, New York 14642

Dear Dr. Meade:

My contacts with Dr. Whipple came entirely after he had retired as dean and as an active teacher. I saw him less with my own eyes and more through the eyes of Drs. Fenninger, Engel, Troup, Orbison, Fenn and others who had worked with him directly or who had themselves been his students. They in turn were my teachers and had impact on me during the years from 1956-62 when I was at Rochester and subsequently.

In reading the spring issue of the Medical Review I made some notes in free verse form:

INTERVIEWS WITH THE DEAN

The school was his creation,  
its walls and weave,  
its faculty and students.  
He choose a football coach  
("we need some good  
strong men in medicine"),  
a divorced woman  
with a child

("Well, why  
don't we give it a try?"),  
a trout fisherman and  
a hunter once in childhood  
of woodchucks.  
He was there for  
every student  
and  
every human,  
and so was his school.

It is often easier  
to laud a man  
than live with him.  
He was easy  
to laud  
and to live with.  
He was a humanist  
and so was his school.  
He cared for the  
people he choose  
(and for those  
he did not choose)  
and they went on  
to care for others.

I interviewed with  
one of his students.  
We talked of music.  
He was there  
for every student,

including me.

And I will be there

for others.

Frederick Hecht '60

*Frederick Hecht*