

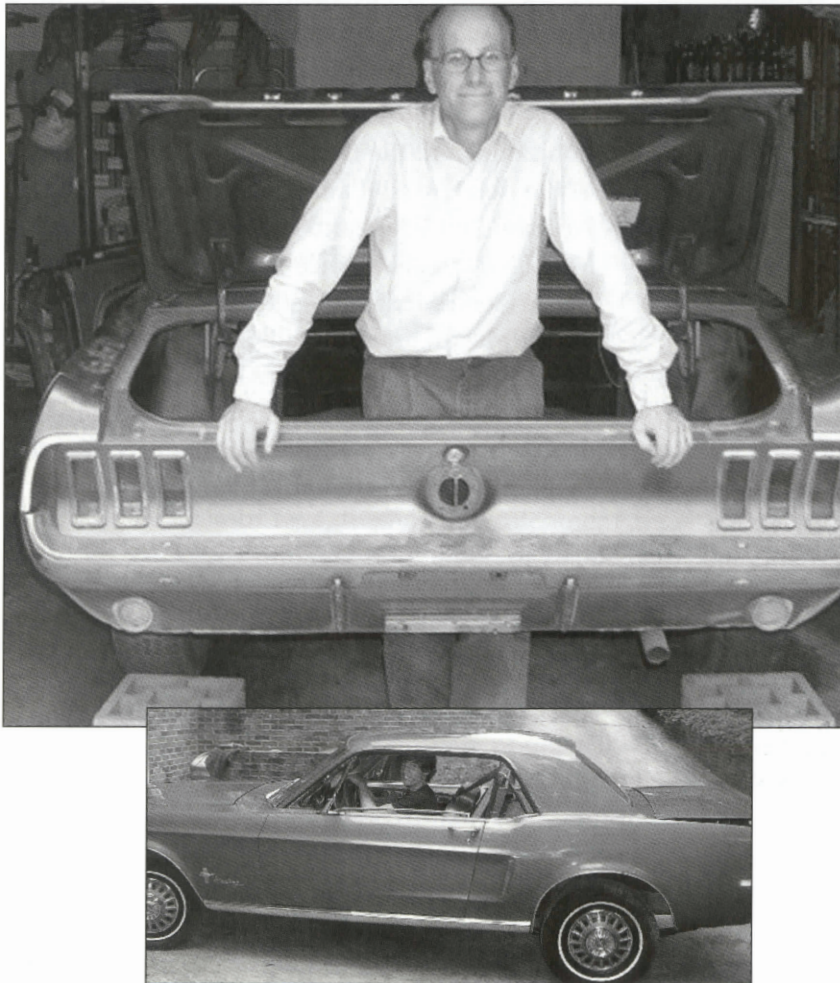
Reminiscences

James Eisenach, M.D., Winston-Salem, North Carolina

It's hard to believe that it's been nearly twenty years since I left Mayo, and equally hard to believe that I only spent two years there, having done an internship in San Francisco beforehand and residency being three years total back in those days. It isn't hard to believe because it seemed long and tedious, but rather because so much seemed to happen in such a short time. My wife and I befriended Bill Lanier, who was doing a fellowship in Jack Michenfelder's lab, and his wife Mary, shortly after arriving. I recall talking with Mary while she was making dinner in their rented house, looking out the window on a January snow-filled backyard and watching Crazy Bill practice his fly casting. My first introduction to the South.

Nearing the end of my residency, I knew what I wanted to do (go into private practice), but was uncertain where I wanted to do it. My wife and I are Midwesterners, having grown up and attended college in Iowa and Nebraska, and we wanted to live there. Unfortunately, we had lived in southern and northern California for the seven years before moving to Rochester, knew what it was like to be able to bicycle every day of the year, and saw snow our first year in Rochester which arrived before Thanksgiving and melted after Easter. So I thought I would postpone the decision for a year by doing a fellowship. I had done a small clinical project during my rotation in obstetric anesthesia (despite getting three wet taps my first week and being counseled by Dr. Perry that perhaps I should try another area), had presented the work at SOAP in San Antonio, and very much enjoyed the area and the camaraderie of that society. Thus, I decided on an OB fellowship.

Three individuals at Mayo got me here to North Carolina. I spoke first with Jack Michenfelder about an OB fellowship and where to do it. He wasn't too keen on the area, but gave me a short list of good places and an offhand recommendation to check Sol Shnider's program at UCSF. I called Sol, who told me all their spots were filled with their own residents, but if I wrote a NIH grant to support myself I could come. Then I heard Tony Yaksh give a Wednesday grand rounds on spinal clonidine. I was fascinated by the topic, and we put together a NIH grant (with no preliminary data) over the next two weeks. Tony and I have had a grant together now for over fifteen years. The third person was Bill Lanier who was a Bowman Gray graduate and spoke very highly of this place. So we ended up in Winston-Salem, with a NIH grant in hand, and I just never made it into private practice.



Father and son project: restoring a 1968 Mustang

Most of my career here has been under the chairmanship of Frank James, III. When he retired, I was named the first recipient of the endowed professorship under his name. It has been the perfect place for my career and for our family. Great mentors and colleagues for research (I direct four NIH grants with a total funding of a little over \$2 million per year investigating obstetric, postoperative, and chronic pain in the laboratory and the clinic), and a fantastic section of Obstetric Anesthesia. My Rochester-born daughter moved back north for college at Columbia, but being a French major and deciding on her junior year abroad, opted for the South of France and is currently in Toulouse. Our son, born shortly after we arrived in Winston-Salem and also fluent in French (we lived in Paris during a sabbatical), will likely be heading to Montreal

to study at McGill. I've included a couple of pictures of our recent hobby – buying a 1968 Mustang on eBay for around \$1000 and spending many times over that essentially taking it all apart and replacing it with new pieces.

No, I am not related to John Eisenach, on staff at Mayo, although I do have an older brother of that name. I keep in touch on nearly a weekly basis with many friends from Mayo – Terre Horlocker, Denise Wedel, Marc Huntoon, David Warner, Mike Murray, and Brad Narr among them – and hear much of the current gossip from the outstanding Mayo residents who we continue to attract here for an optional obstetric anesthesia rotation. And of course this wonderful newsletter that Peter puts together!

"And Especially the Children of Africa"¹

David Byer, M.D.



Jeannie and Dave Byer visit the Macha Mission Hospital with their son, Paul.

Jeannie and I have been married almost forty years. Our time together has been a rich and rewarding experience. Peter Southorn asked me to share some elements of our lives.

When I married Jeannie, I figured she would teach me something about Africa. The daughter of Presbyterian missionaries, Jeannie grew up in Sudan and Ethiopia. She attended boarding school in Alexandria, Egypt. Little did I realize what an important role Africa would play in our lives. It all started when I received a Smith Kline French Fellowship. This enabled us to spend my last quarter of medical school at Pokwo Hospital/Medical Clinic in the extreme western tip of Ethiopia.

Following my internship, we went to Macha Hospital near Choma, Zambia, for two years. Our first child, Lois, was born there. After anesthesiology residency at Mayo, we returned to Macha for fifteen months. By that time we had three children. We returned to Mayo in April, 1976.