by Alan D. Sessler

A New Englander Gone West

Reflections on a serendipitous life

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By Alan D. Sessler

with Michael Ransom

Dedicated to Martha
and our children Karen, Steve, and Jim

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

Robert Frost

Contents

A Fortunate Man

This year, 2020, marks my eighty-eighth birthday. By the grace of God, a loving wife, and the wisdom, experience, and skills of a cadre of Mayo Clinic physicians and surgeons, I am still here today. As I look back on my life, I see a pathway of good fortune for which I am extremely grateful. I have been fortunate indeed. I see more clearly now how one thing has led to another and another. I also see, given my tendency for distraction, that my tracks have not been in a straight line. I am thankful for the richness of experiences I have lived.

A colleague once referred to me as having "a platinum CV." I never thought of myself that way. Rather, I thought of myself like the graduate school candidate I once heard described as "average with a bad haircut." That fits me much better. I made a few decisions that were probably right, sitting or standing in the right place at the right time.

I felt an urge to sum up my life experiences in a book that my family and descendants might have a measure of curiosity in, a book that would help them know me, their ancestors, and my values and what I have done to live them. I would not say that this book contains my life philosophies; rather, it holds my insights and observations. Instead of a detailed biography, I chose to write about inflection points and decisions that were made that changed my life's course and direction. It is hard to tell which favorable outcomes were intentional and which were good luck. Our decision to move to Charter House in 2007 is one of the more recent, major inflection points. Others include my childhood years in Boston (a time my parents were making decisions in my best interest, such as enrolling me in the Boston Latin School); summers at Pinewood Camps in Maine (from age seven to twenty-one); college, medical school, and internship; meeting and marrying Martha Anne Smith; U.S. Navy duty; my medical career; raising our three

children; and, finally, my lifelong commitment to being useful and of service. I would I like my readers to take several things from this book:

1. The first is to stay out of jail (I say, tongue in cheek). Those who play by the rules, persist, and accomplish worthwhile things can live meaningful lives.
2. Invest your time and energies in some directed purpose.
3. My eighth-grade history teacher, Mr. Godfrey, said, "Gentleman, culture is everything." I would paraphrase that to be "education is everything." Education makes such a difference in this world. Education is how you prepare yourself to be useful and of service. (See #2.)
4. We must *improve, perfect, and perpetuate* institutions within a society so that they endure. Institutions must link themselves to education to survive. (See #3.)
5. The public library is one of our greatest institutions. All are welcome there—from the homeless to those with plenty. Libraries are incredibly valuable resources for communities. From times of antiquity, great cities have maintained great libraries.
6. Investing in people to prepare them to do meaningful activities can be as satisfying as doing the activities yourself. That is why I spent so much time developing Mayo's anesthesiology program and staff.
7. Relationships are essential. Half the problems in the world are related to the people in it.
8. Work collaboratively with others. Find and persuade talented people to join in on worthwhile endeavors. Be patient. Things need time to mature and ripen.
9. I believe in meritocracy. People are always trying to divide us—racially, economically, politically, etc. Theodore H. White, in writing about the Boston Latin School, said of its meritocracy: "It accepted students without discrimination, and it flunked them—Irish, Italians, Jewish, Protestant, black—with equal lack of discrimination."
10. I am not a competitive person. I was not particularly interested in keeping score or accumulating. I would rather think of how well the average is and look to see that there is enough for everyone.

My hope is that those who read my book will be encouraged to be of service to humankind. One size does not fit all. But everyone doing some small things can make all the difference in the world.

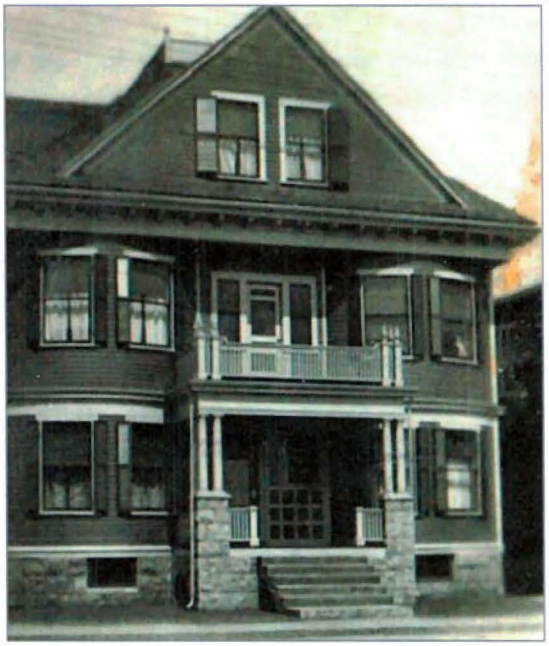
Alan Seuler

Boston Boyhood

My mother had a lot to do with influencing who I am. I was an only child. She was a stay-at-home mom and invested a lot of time in me. I think that was formative in many ways—shaping my behavior and thinking, for example.

Age nine, with Mother and Father

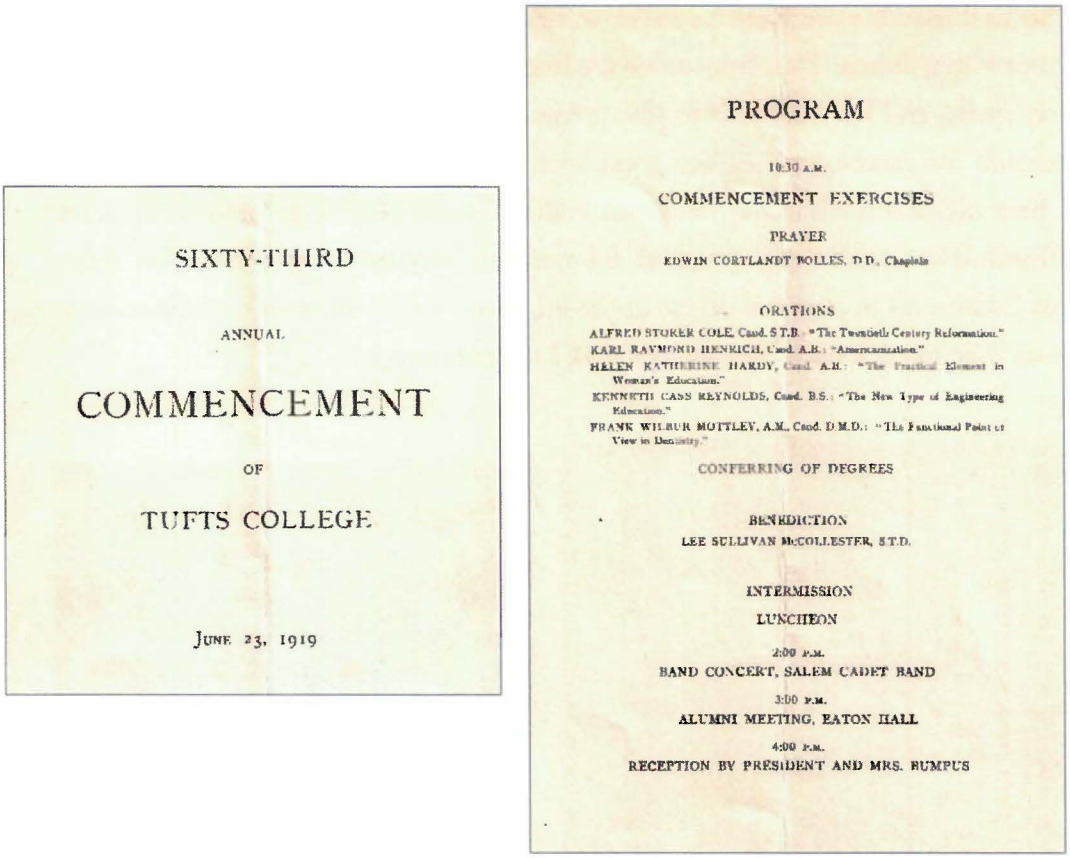
I was born April 4, 1932, in Jamaica Plain, a neighborhood of several square miles in Boston. We lived on Moraine Street. My father, Albert, and his younger brother, John, were the two sons of John and Emma (Rank) Sessler. My grandfather John was a grocer, and though a quiet, industrious man, he had a reputation for standing his ground—people didn't trifle with him. My grandmother Emma was feisty and somewhat of a pistol. She was diabetic later in life and had a portion of her lower leg removed. She baked a lot and made many pies. Father went to the Boston High School of Commerce (where students went to learn a business), did very well, and during school, helped in his father's grocery store. He worked hard and became an excellent accountant. He could add a long column of numbers in his head and provide the accurate total in seconds. My father never went to college; instead, for two years after high school he worked as a bank examiner and then he attended dental school for three years, where he did very well. (A college degree wasn't required for entrance to the dental school.) He graduated in 1919, six months before he turned twenty-one, and he had to wait until that birthday before he could obtain his license to practice. My father's dental office was in a building with several physicians on Commonwealth Avenue in Boston. He was a meticulous craftsman and had the stubbornness of a German. He spent six weeks in the Army toward the end of the First World War (he never left the United States), and he was too old to serve in World War II.



My childhood home on Perkins Street in Boston, where we moved when I was three or four

I remember watching my dad sit at our kitchen table and make a set of teeth. The gas flame burned hot, and he used a spatula and wax to do his work. When I was sixteen, he put some inlays in my molars that are still there and are doing fine after seventy years. Father spent much of his free time with "the boys." Two of his best friends were Herb Le Fevre and Edmund Brown—both married but neither with children. They frequented the horse and dog tracks, went up to Rockport on spring and fall weekends to play poker, and went down to Cape Cod and Falmouth for getaways. They had good lives. Dad used to play pinochle with them three nights a week in our house on Perkins Street. Mother would join in as the fourth. Dad smoked cigarettes, as did many in those days. I remember his ability to balance his lit cigarette on his upper lip, invert it into his mouth on his tongue, and then bring it back out—a cute trick I never mastered.

My father in stateside WW I service, 1918, a recruit near the war's end



SIXTY-THIRD

ANNUAL

COMMENCEMENT

OF

TUFTS COLLEGE

JUNE 23, 1919

PROGRAM

10.30 A.M.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

PRAYER

EDWIN CORTLANDT BOLLES, D.D., Chaplain

ORATIONS

ALFRED STORER COLE, Cand. S.T.B.: "The Twentieth Century Reformation."
KARL RAYMOND HENRICH, Cand. A.B.: "Americanization."
HELEN KATHERINE HARDY, Cand. A.B.: "The Practical Element in Woman's Education."
KENNETH CASS REYNOLDS, Cand. B.S.: "The New Type of Engineering Education."
FRANK WILBUR MOTTLEY, A.M., Cand. D.M.D.: "The Functional Point of View in Dentistry."

CONFERRING OF DEGREES

BENEDICTION

LEE SULLIVAN McCOLLESTER, S.T.D.

INTERMISSION

LUNCHEON

2:00 P.M.

BAND CONCERT, SALEM CADET BAND

3:00 P.M.

ALUMNI MEETING, EATON HALL

4:00 P.M.

RECEPTION BY PRESIDENT AND MRS. BUMPUS

My father's commencement program from Tufts College, June 23, 1919

Dad's brother, John (center with glove, ball, and bat), was the captain of his high school baseball team.

Both photos above: my uncle John Sessler

Dad (right) with his brother, John

My mother, Mildred Christine Davies, was the youngest of three children of Cyrus and Louise (Allendorf) Davies. Ruth and Esther were her two older, twin sisters. Cyrus was the younger son of Benjamin and Jane (Sutton) Davies. Benjamin owned a public house (the Old Sloop Inn) in Milford Haven, Wales. Because his older brother would inherit the family business, Cyrus boarded a ship for the United States at age fourteen to fend for himself, settled in Boston, and became a pharmacist and drug store owner.

My mother, Mildred Christine Davies

My mother was taller, thinner, and more athletic than her two sisters and the tomboy of the three. She was an excellent swimmer, and she could walk on her hands with her feet up in the air for quite some ways. She was somewhat reserved and soft-spoken. Ruth, the most dominant and aggressive of the three sisters, married a big, strapping Irishman named Matthias J. Flaherty. Esther lived at home for several years before marrying Leo Smith, a quiet clerk in the Boston mayor's office. Matthias and Leo were both Catholic, which didn't sit well with Grandma Davies.

Mother was secretarial in nature. She was secretary of the Jamaica Plain Tuesday Club, a woman's club in the neighborhood where the members played bridge and looked after the Loring-Greenough House,[1] a mansion with some land around it. Mother took care of the papers and books.

My mother doted on me, her only child, and had much to do with influencing my habits and demeanor. A stay-at-home mother, she deserves credit for getting me off to an acceptable start in grade school. I don't think she relished being a

[1] The Loring-Greenough House is the last surviving 18th century residence in Sumner Hill, a historic section of Jamaica Plain.

homemaker. She couldn't cook as well as her mother-in-law, Emma Rank Sessler, a feisty, hyperactive German.

My mother

Ruth and Esther

Mother (center) and her sisters, Ruth (left) and Esther (right)

Ruth and Esther, 3½ years old, in March 1902

My mother driving a sports convertible

Ruth's graduation from School of Pharmacy

Left: My aunt Ruth Gwendolyn Davies, who became a pharmacist and married Matt Flaherty, a plumbing contractor. Right: With my uncle Matt Flaherty listening to a radio program. He and Ruth did not have children.

A group of women from the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy. My aunt Ruth is third from the right in the front row.

My maternal great-grandmother, Christina (Karcher) Allendorf, holding an Alsatian newspaper (she was from Alsace Lorraine)

Christine Allendorf, my maternal great-grandmother

Aunt Lizzie Maher

My maternal grandparents, Louise and Cyrus Davies

My maternal grandfather, Cyrus Davies. He died a year before I was born.

My grandfather Cyrus Davies. I am not sure who is with him.

My mother's cousin Ralph Bettoney, son of Christina and Harry Bettoney

MISS MARTHA HALE MISS HARRIET BETTONY

Popular Student Chosen President of Class—Harrie Bettony Is Elected Treasurer—Greater Boston Girls Win Places

Miss Martha Hale, it was announcer today, has been chosen president of the senior class at Radcliffe. Miss Harriet Bettony, was chosen treasurer at the same time.

OTHER OFFICERS

Both these girls are especially popular among the members of the club and announcement of their election caused considerable pleasure.

Other officers chosen include: Perm nent class secretary, Mary T. William Cambridge; chairman of class nigh Anne B. Morrison, Erie, Pa.; class mar shal, Ethel Cummings, Boston; chair man of baccalaureate, Emily Hocke Arlington Heights; poet, Margaret Kah Youngstown, O.; giver of gifts, Lod Edwards, Cambridge; chairman of in vitations, A. Elisabeth Chase, Wor class lawyer, Miss Wallace, West Ro bury, and class historian, Dorothea Sh ley, Springfield.

MARCH YEAR BOOK DANCE AT RADCLIFFE

The annual March Year Book dance was held at Radcliffe last evening in Aggassiz house. Red and White, the senior class colors, were the dominant tones of the candy bazar into which the living room had been converted.

HARRIET BETTONEY, '27
Of Jamaica Plain, General Chairman

Huge peppermint sticks supported the gay-hued tent-top, which camouflaged the ceiling. The lights were covered with paper dolls wearing cocked hats and gingerbread men dangled from the walls.

Harriet Bettoney, '27, Jamaica Plain, was general chairman; Doris Holt, '27, Medford, had charge of decorations; Gayle Saunders, '27, Wakefield, music; Susanne Ricker, '28, Brookline, refreshments; Helen Goodrich, '29, West Medford, patronesses; Isabel Cherry, '29, Grand Haven, Mich., ushers; Dorothy Gianniny, '27, Philadelphia, program.

Patronesses were Dean Bernice V. Brown, Pres Ada L. Comstock, Mrs Arthur Holcombe, Miss Frances Whitney.

Harriet Bettoney in the news

Wollaston Beach

Growing up, Mother and Father each spent their summers at Wollaston Beach, where their families had beach homes. The beach, about two-and-one-half miles from Quincy, opened to the public in 1908 and has more than two miles of shoreline. Mother and Father likely met there, fell in love, and married. Until we started going to Pinewood Camps in Maine (in 1939), I spent much of each summer at Wollaston Beach. I can remember walking along the beach with my cousin Barbara, pulling a cart and collecting driftwood. We would pass a 1929 electric car parked along the beach that a woman who lived nearby owned. Barbara's little white dog, Pedro, had asthma, so he always ended up riding in the cart, and we had to pull him along the beach.

Wollaston Boulevard and beach. The ocean is across the street.

Our Wollaston Beach house. I remember lying in bed there as a kid and being able to see through holes in the ceiling up to the rafters. All kinds of animals were running around up there. We sold the house in 1939 when we began summering at Pinewood Camps in Maine.

The Bettoneys' house on Wollastan Beach, next to ours

Note the unique bathing suit attire on Wollaston Beach, circa 1920s or 1930s.

A family photo. My aunt Ruth is wearing a sweater and is seated in the front row.

Left: My cousin Barbara Bettoney. I remember walking with her along Wollaston Beach, dragging a cart, and collecting driftwood. She had a little white dog named Pedro, and Pedro had asthma, so he always ended up riding in the cart.

My cousin Barbara Bettoney and her husband Fred Johnsen. Fred used to say, "Only blacks and Norwegians spell Johnsen with an 'e'."

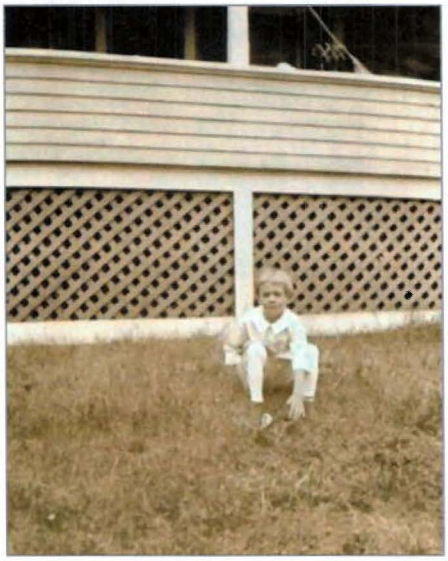
Barbara and Fred Johnsen's three girls: Gail Johnsen, Susan Johnson, and Chris Hastedt

Cousins at Wollaston Beach

Ralph Bettoney (left) with my uncle John Sessler

Schools and Teachers

Grandfather and Grandmother Sessler lived in a large house on Perkins Street. Grandfather died in 1932, the year I was born. A year or two later, Grandmother couldn't manage the house by herself, so rather than have her sell it, we moved in with her from our home on Moraine Street and lived in the upper two stories. Mother was not happy with this; she would rather have had a home of her own. When I was five, I began attending the Mary Curley Elementary School[2] in our Jamaica Plain neighborhood. Miss Murray was our kindergarten teacher. I remember standing outside the school with her and my classmates watching and pointing at the German *Hindenburg* zeppelin air ship as it flew over. A week later, it blew up with a huge explosion and fireball while attempting to land in New Jersey.[3]



A photo of me around age three

A few years later, the rumblings of war were sounding in Europe. In 1939 I remember sitting at our Wollaston Beach cottage listening on a yellow Bakelite Emerson radio to the reports of the German Blitzkrieg into Poland. The United

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[2] The school was named after James Michael Curley, a mayor, governor, and a mayor again of Boston. He served part of his second term as mayor in the Federal Penitentiary in Danbury, Connecticut. He spent 14 months there for mail fraud, and when he returned they sent a special train down to Connecticut to bring him back. He came into the south station and they had a parade back to city hall. He really ran the city from the jail in Connecticut.

[3] The *Hindenburg* disaster occurred on May 6, 1937, as the German passenger airship LZ 129 *Hindenburg* caught fire and was destroyed during its attempt to dock in New Jersey. Of the ninety-seven people on board there were thirty-five fatalities. One worker on the ground was also killed, raising the final death toll to thirty-six.

States was divided on if and when to join the war in progress. That decision became obvious for America when Pearl Harbor was attacked on December 7, 1941. We were fortunate as a family that my father was too old and I was too young to be called into the war, and we didn't have any immediate family on active duty. The war's impact on our daily lives included the rationing of gasoline and fuel oil. When supplies of the latter grew short, we returned to using a coal stove in the kitchen. Mornings, it was my job to rise early, shake down the stove ashes, and carry up a new day's supply of coal—a hod or two—into the kitchen. Despite the food rationing, we were never hungry, but we could tell supplies were short. Dad bought a new Buick in 1941 that took us through the war years, until 1946. (Prior to the Buick, Dad had owned a '32 Hupmobile and then a '38 Buick.)

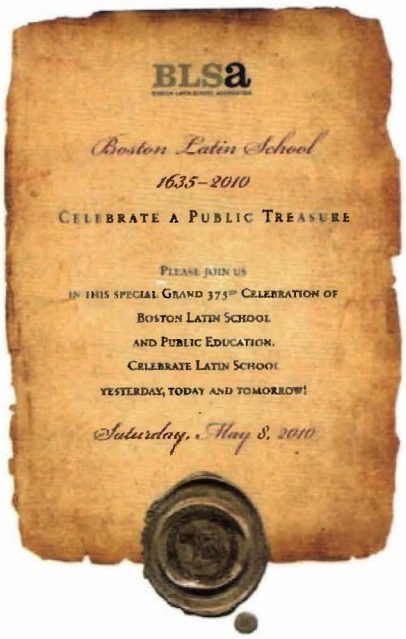
My kindergarten or first grade class at Mary Curley School. I am in the middle of the back row, wearing a sailor suit.

I attended grades four through six at the Louis B. Agassiz School up on Burroughs Street near the Children's Museum and Jamaica Pond. Agassiz was further from home than Mary Curley. In winters, I got cold walking along the streetcar tracks. Following Louis B. Agassiz, there were several choices for continuing my education. I could go to a local school, such as Jamaica Plain high school, or a

"downtown" high school. Today, these schools would be called "magnet schools" or "elite schools." They served the entire Boston community—a High School of Commerce, for learning bookkeeping and trade; a Mechanic Arts High School, for learning blueprint production, welding, and machining; and, there was also the Boston Latin School, putatively the oldest public school in America, founded in 1635. With my mother's urging, I attended the Boston Latin School, starting in 1943. It had quite a reputation. Theodore H. White attended the school in the late 1920s and wrote the following in his book *In Search of History*:

> The Boston Latin School reeked of history. Harvard had been founded only in 1636, a year after the Latin School, because, so the school boasted, there had to be a college to take its first graduates. The school had sat originally on Beacon Hill, before being moved ultimately to the Fenway, where it was when I attended. The original school on the hill had given its name to the street which is still there: School Street in Boston. We learned that the legendary boys who had faced the British on the hill, and thrown snowballs at the Redcoats who put cinders on the icy streets where they sleighed, were Latin School boys. They were the first recorded student demonstrators in American history. In our Latin School assembly hall, the frieze bore proudly the names of boys who had graduated to mark American history. From Franklin, Adams and Hancock, on through Emerson, Motley, Elliot, Payne, Quincy, Sumner, Warren, Winthrop—the trailblazers pointed the way. The frieze might later have listed a Kennedy, a Bernstein, a Wharton. But all this history translated quite precisely to the immigrant parents of Boston. The Latin School was the gateway to Harvard—as much so in 1928, when I entered, as it had been for hundreds of years before. (No longer is it so.)
>
> In my day, the Latin School was a cruel school—but it may have been the best public school in the country. The old Boston version of "Open Admissions" held that absolutely anyone was free to enter. And the school was free to fail and expel absolutely anyone who did not meet its standards. It accepted students without discrimination, and it

flunked them—Irish, Italians, Jewish, Protestant, black—with equal lack of discrimination. Passing grade was fifty, and to average eighty or better was phenomenal. Our monthly tests were excerpts from the College Board examination previous years—and we learned "testmanship" early, beginning at age fourteen. The entire Latin School was an obstacle course in "testmanship," a skill which, we learned, meant that one must grasp the question quickly; answer hard, with minimum verbiage; and do it all against a speeding clock. If you scored well in Latin School classroom tests in arithmetic, the College Boards held no peril—you would do better on those exams; and at Harvard, almost certainly, you would qualify for the advanced section of mathematics A.


BLSA

Boston Latin School

1635–2010

CELEBRATE A PUBLIC TREASURE

PLEASE JOIN US
IN THIS SPECIAL GRAND 375TH CELEBRATION OF
BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL
AND PUBLIC EDUCATION.
CELEBRATE LATIN SCHOOL
YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW!

Saturday, May 8, 2010

Attesting to the agedness of the Boston Latin School, an invitation to attend its 375th anniversary

Yes, though the choice had been my own, my first three years at the Latin School were unrelieved torment. I barely managed a sixty average, which put me somewhere in the lower third of my class. But then in June 1931 my father died, and I was plunged into an education that remains for all men and women of my generation their greatest shaping experience—the lessons taught by the Great Depression.

When I attended Boston Latin, its curriculum consisted of six years of Latin, six years of English, six years of mathematics, five years of history, and four years of French. In the tenth grade, we had our first elective and could choose from German or Greek as our third foreign language. Those going into medicine took German (which I did); those going into the clergy took Greek. After the five years

of history, we could take one year of chemistry or one year of physics. (I chose physics.) The school still is in operation today.

I clearly remember several of my teachers. Our history teacher, a man by the name of Godfrey, was sophisticated and believed that culture is everything. Bill Roche, a nasty man, taught Latin and had a doctorate in it. He had taken his doctorate oral exam and defended his thesis on a day he was sick with a temperature of 103. Our German teacher, Seppel Weinert, was extremely Germanic and appeared to have enjoyed "assimilating" much pork in his life. Then there was the effete (but not effeminate) Max Levine, our French teacher, who would twirl his mustache. Mark Russo, our English teacher, was of Italian heritage. If someone talked back to him, he would say, "Oh, a wise guy. I hate wise guys. I eat wise guys! One mark. Two marks. Six marks, you're out of here!"

Theodore White also had Russo for a teacher and wrote about him as follows:

> Mr. Russo, who taught English in the first year, had the face of a prizefighter—a bald head which gleamed, a pug nose, a jut jaw, hard and sinister eyes which smiled only when a pupil scored an absolute triumph in grammar. He was less interested in the rhymes of *The Idylls of the King* or "Evangeline," or the story in *Quentin Durward,* than in drubbing into us a structure of paragraph and sentence. The paragraph began with the "topic sentence"—that was the cornerstone of all teaching and composition. And sentences came with "subjects," "predicates," "metaphors," "similes," "analogies." Verbs were transitive, intransitive, and sometimes subjunctive. He taught the English language as if he were teaching us to dismantle an automobile engine or a watch and then assemble it again correctly. We learned clean English from him.

Our headmaster, Joe Powers, was probably put in that position through the Irish politicians in Boston at the time. Joe was a benign individual. I can't remember the name of our counselor, but I can remember my mother going to talk to him at some point about my attending college. When he said, "I suppose you want Harvard for Alan," she said, "No, I think we'd like to look at Amherst and

Dartmouth." He then, with his finger, turned up his nose and said, "You wouldn't be uppity now, would you?" She never forgave him or forgot his comment.

The Boston Latin School teachers with doctorates were angry people. They were angry because they were freshly minted PhDs coming out of school in the middle of the Great Depression when there were no university professor jobs, so they were in our school and took it out on the boys. I struggled with my studies in tenth grade. My parents took me off to check out some private schools. I think we looked at Exeter and Andover, but I told them, "No, I'd like to stick it out and stay." I haven't regretted that.

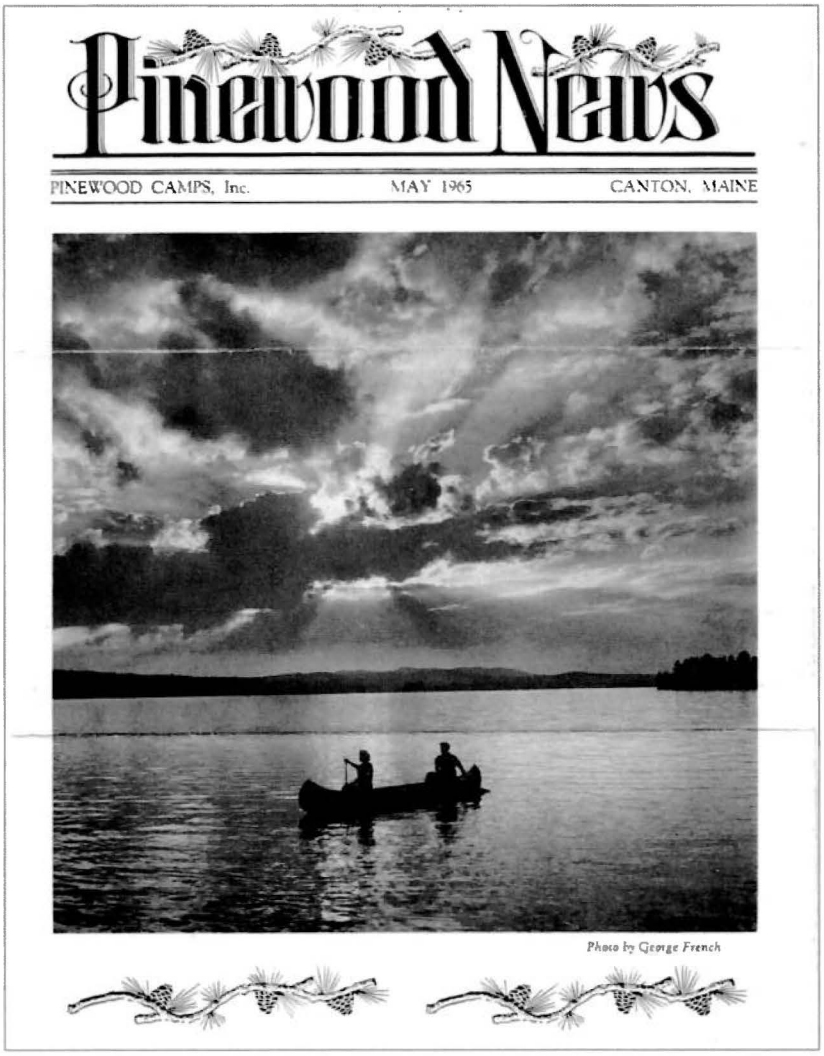
I received one prize during my six years at Bostin Latin—the Deportment Prize for being a good boy. I evidently had clean fingernails, because Mr. Godfrey had me go down to the cafeteria for him to get his lunch—the same lunch every day: soup, milk, cake, and ice cream. My deportment prize was a five-dollar bill and an autobiography of Benjamin Franklin, who had gone to the school as a boy. Years after his graduation, Franklin gave 100 pounds sterling to the school to be invested for 100 years and thereafter the income derived from the compounding interest was to be used for prizes for the school's students. So, 250 years later, I got a book and a five-dollar bill thanks to Franklin, his foresight, and the magic of compound interest.

I was graduated from the Boston Latin School in the spring of 1949. Of the 440 students who entered the school when I did, I was one of the 190 who made it through. I graduated probably in the third quartile, surviving, but just barely. All 190 went on to college. Harvard took 85, MIT 26, several went to Boston College or Boston University, and I went to Dartmouth in Hanover, New Hampshire. My love for the outdoors and fishing that developed during my summers in Maine likely influenced my "going north" to attend college as a chemistry/zoology major. At that point in my life, I thought I'd be a family practitioner, have my fly rod in the back of the car, go to see patients, and stop to cast for trout on the way home in the evening. But things didn't work out that way.

We vacationed at the Gaspé Peninsula in 1939. It lies along the south shore of the Saint Lawrence River to the east of the Matapedia Valley in Quebec. We drove 700 miles of washboard dirt road, and I had my photo taken with a Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman.

A Vacation Wonderland Where Dreams Come True

We all must grow up someplace, and I was fortunate to spend each summer at Pinewood Camps in Canton, Maine, from 1939 to 1955. My social skills, work ethic, appreciation of the outdoors, and love for family developed during these times.



Pinewood News

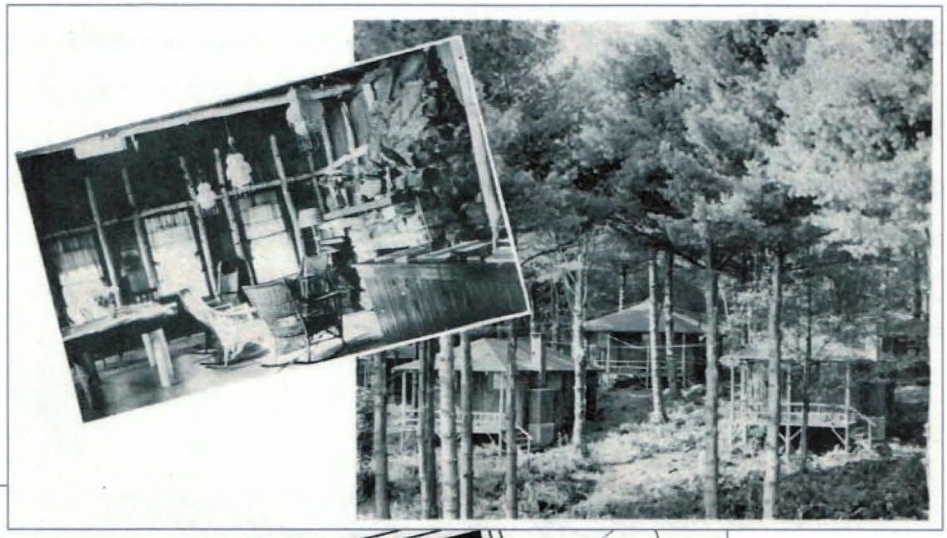
PINEWOOD CAMPS, Inc. MAY 1965 CANTON, MAINE

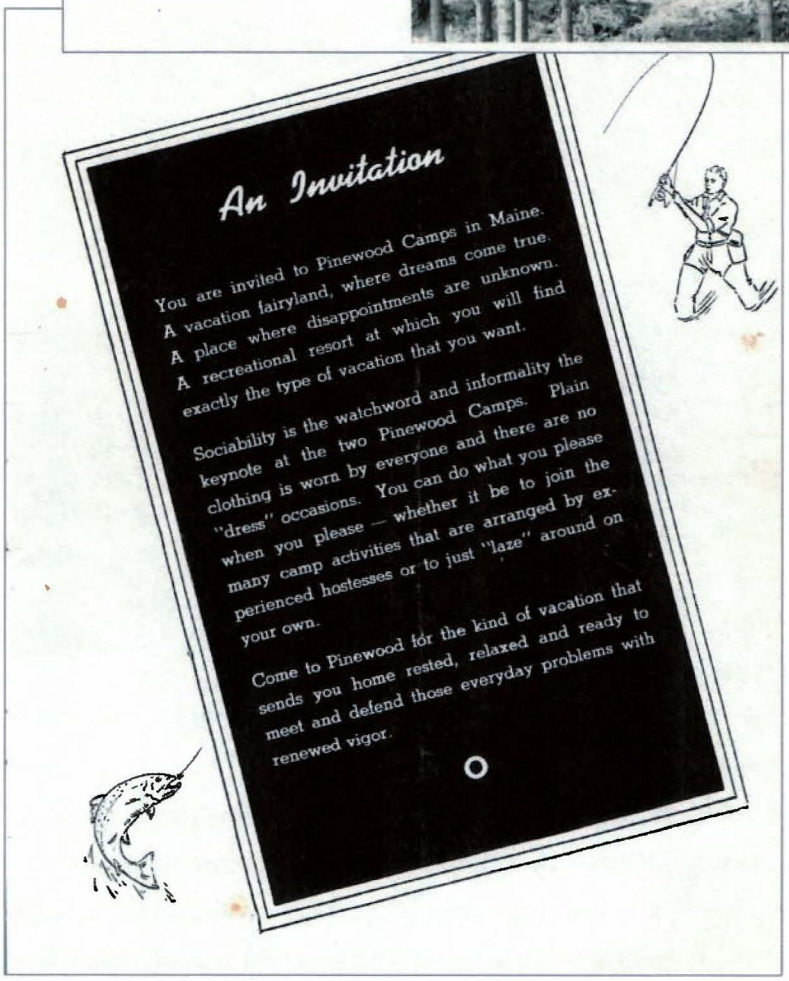
Photo by George French

When I was seven, my father, mother, and I started spending summers at Pinewood Camps on Lake Anasagunticook in Canton, Maine, advertised as "a vacation fairyland where dreams come true." Mother wasn't keen on having to move in with my mother-in-law on Perkins Street, and I believe my father's concession to her was to send her (and me) to Maine, which I enjoyed for seventeen consecutive summers. It became a second home for me, and we became part of the community. I began working at Pinewood when I was a senior in high school and continued until my second year of medical school in 1955. Apart from going to school, most of my social life, growth, development, and nurture came during my years at Pinewood. My mother and I would stay there for the summer; my father would take breaks from his dental practice to come up over Memorial Day weekend, the week of the Fourth of July, and then again at the end of July or the start of August. He would pick Mother and me up to bring us back home on Labor Day in time for the start of school and resumption of our Boston routines.

Pinewood Camps was some 150 miles from Boston and 70 miles north of Portland, Maine. We followed Route 108, and as we passed through Lewiston, Rumford, and Dixfield, we smelled the sulfur in the air from their paper mills. The trip took about six hours. After the Maine turnpike was opened following the war, we were able to make the trip in three to four hours. Guests at the camp primarily were from Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New York. They came up out of the cities for the summers. Some would come by train; others drove. During the war years when gas was rationed, because Dad was a medical provider, we had a C gas ration card and as such were allowed a few more gallons of gasoline than those issued the A and B cards. We saved them up as best we could, and they allowed us to buy enough gas to drive to camp and back in the summers. Canton, population a few hundred, was a quaint Maine village. A cannery opened in the fall for six or eight weeks when the corn came in. The Canton undertaker not only "undertook," but he also ran the hardware store. The tannery tanned leather from huge barrels of sheepskins that came from Australia and New Zealand.

In 1912, Otis Richardson stood on a hill locally known as Pine Knoll overlooking beautiful Lake Anasagunticook and conceived the idea of making it possible for others to enjoy the delights of Maine scenery and a Maine vacation. He





An Invitation

You are invited to Pinewood Camps in Maine. A vacation fairyland, where dreams come true. A place where disappointments are unknown. A recreational resort at which you will find exactly the type of vacation that you want.

Sociability is the watchword and informality the keynote at the two Pinewood Camps. Plain clothing is worn by everyone and there are no "dress" occasions. You can do what you please when you please — whether it be to join the many camp activities that are arranged by experienced hostesses or to just "laze" around on your own.

Come to Pinewood for the kind of vacation that sends you home rested, relaxed and ready to meet and defend those everyday problems with renewed vigor.

Above: Pinewood Camps cabins. Left: The opening page from the camp's brochure. It really was a "vacation fairyland, where dreams come true."

built six cabins and started a summer camp. From those rustic six grew two separate recreation centers—Pinewood on the Hill and Lakefield on the Knoll—that had nearly 50 cabins and accommodated 200 persons. Pinewood and Lakefield were connected by a walking path through the pines. Each of the two main lodges had a rustic central dining hall, its own kitchen, its own chef, and a central recreation center with a large stone fireplace. Otis's son Frank would, in later years, run the camp.

Top: Lakefield on the Knoll
Bottom: Pinewood on the Hill

Pinewood on the Hill was situated on Pine Knoll, which rises nearly 300 feet above the lake and overlooks many miles of hill and valley. The camp offered clay tennis courts. Lakefield on the Knoll was at a slightly lower elevation than Pinewood but picturesquely placed on a hillside overlooking the lake. A private nine-hole golf course spread across the sites of both camps. The sleeping cabins were nestled in the shelter of towering pine, spruce, hemlock, and white birch trees. Each cabin had one or two rooms that accommodated two to four persons. All had open fireplaces or wood-burning stoves and private toilets, electric lights, and running water. They were furnished with single beds, soft wool blankets, comfortable chairs, and dressing and writing tables that were kept neat and clean by cabin girls.

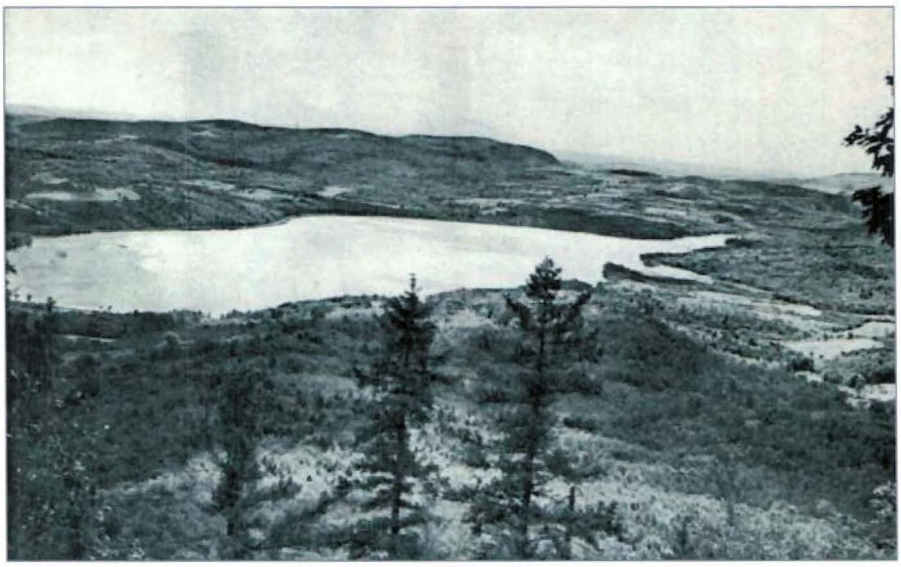
Guests at Pinewood Camps

Hiking to Thorne Mountain's peak

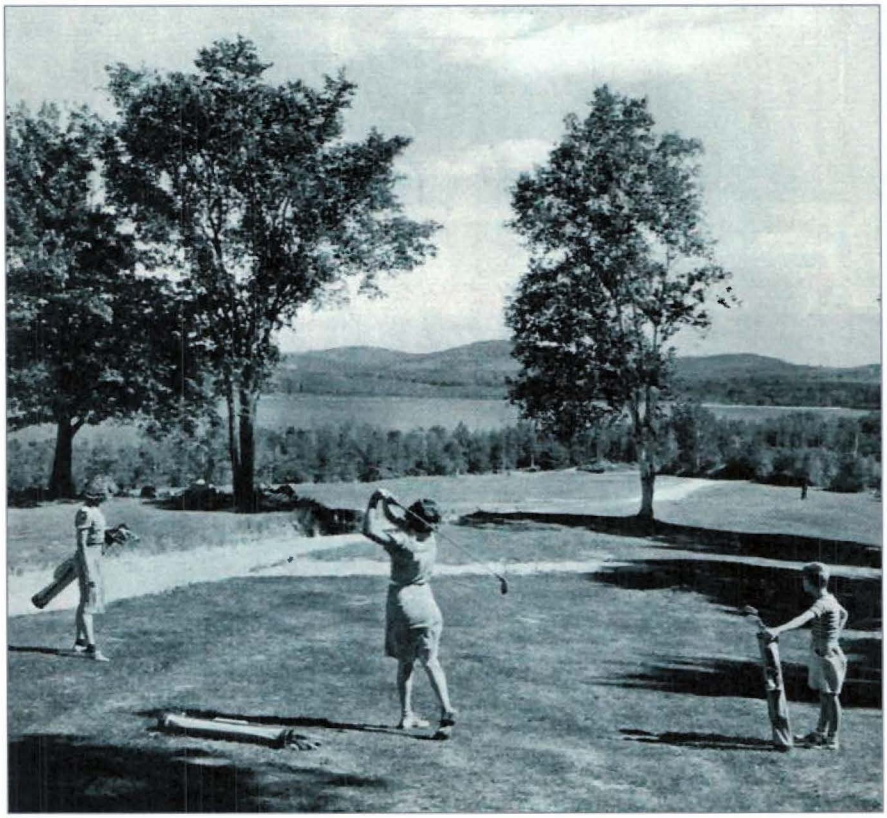
View from the Lakefield Lodge porch

Dinner at the camp

The "guys" tee off for a round of golf.



View from Pinewood Lodge porch: Lake Anasaguntticook



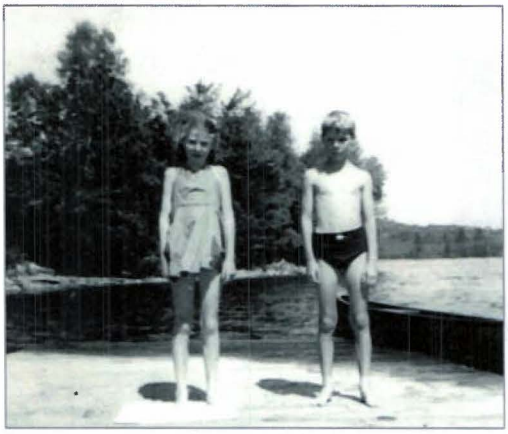
Caddying for Mother at Pinewood

Another camp, Pinehaven on the Lake, was about three miles away. Party-line phones were available at the main cabins for calls among the camps. Three rings for Pinewood, Lakefield was four, and Pinehaven was one long and two shorts. There were two nearby mountains, Thorne and Trask, each around 1700 feet high, that one could hike to the top of in an hour or two. As a child, I remember tagging along with adults to the peaks, and when older, I helped clear the underbrush from the trails in the spring. There was a sandy beach where we had lobster cookouts and a lot of parties where we'd paddle canoes across the quiet lake in the evenings. There is no other place in Maine that has the same charm of quiet scenery, woodland beauty of hills and mountains, countless lakes and streams, and abundance of fish and game.

With my parents at Pinewood

We all must grow up someplace, and I was fortunate to grow up there. It was a wonderful sheltered area where I spent my formative years. (The camp's brochure called it a "vacation fairyland where dreams come true and a place where disappointments are unknown.") I learned to fish, hit a golf ball, play tennis, paddle a canoe, and row a boat at Pinewood. Mom liked to swim, play bridge, and golf. She didn't play much tennis. Our daily routine would be to wake early and have breakfast in the dining room at 7:30, where we would eat with many of the other camp guests and watch the bustle of the kitchen help—mostly high school and college kids. Following breakfast, Mom would golf nine holes and then go for a swim. I liked to swim, too. (We didn't have a swimming team in high school, but I swam on a freshman swimming team in college. I wasn't particularly good, but I could swim across the lake and swim fifty yards in twenty-five seconds.) Mother and I would eat a leisurely lunch, and then in the afternoon she would golf another nine holes or play bridge on the porch. We would then rest and read and

sometimes take another swim. (The cabins didn't have hot water, so we bathed in the lake.)






Top left: Me, about age nine, with Nancy Clarke. Top right: Dad and I display the fish we caught. Middle left: Fishing with my mother and father. Middle right: My first salmon (3½ pounds) that I landed below the lower dam on the Rapid River on a gray ghost fly. I am fourteen years old. Lower left and right: Boating at Pinewood.

We relaxed, too, by listening to the radio. There were commercials during and between the programs, even back then. I remember one about some poor, decrepit old lady who was so crippled she couldn't hoe and tend her garden, but after taking the miracle drug Hadacol for just three weeks, she became the best "*hoe-er*" in the county and evidently went on to kill all the weeds in her garden.

We fished many evenings. If we caught a big one, we would return to the lodge to show it off. Women would be gathered around tables playing bridge, and a fire would be roaring in the fireplace. Some evenings we would walk to Canton a mile away, get an ice cream cone, and walk back. On the way we often spotted deer munching on apples in the orchards. The lodge closed at 10:00 every evening. After a restful night's sleep, we'd be up in the morning for breakfast to do it all again.

In addition to deer, there were other animals in the area such as beaver and porcupine. I remember walking back into the beaver bogs and seeing the beaver dams. We took a frying pan and a pound of bacon with us. After we caught some six- to eight-inch trout, we would build a fire and have a fish feed. I can still see and smell the fish frying in the bacon grease in the iron pan. I also remember some guy bragging that he knew how to pick up a porcupine. He said, "You've got to get it right at the base of the tail, or they'll get you with their quills." After lunch, someone dared him to demonstrate his prowess, and soon he collected a handful of quills.

One summer, our Lakeview Camp had horseshoe tournaments against the Pinewood Camp. Late one Friday evening after a long day's work and a drive from Boston, my dad pitched against Paul Hughes, a big game hunter from New York City. Paul was quite a talker, and while doing so he threw two ringers. My father calmly topped those two. Paul missed his third pitch. Dad had good hand-eye co-ordination, and he was extremely competitive. He proceeded to throw six ringers in a row.

The summer of my high school senior year, I was hired by Frank Richardson to be the camp's truck driver. I was sixteen and had just obtained my driver's license. I had ridden in the truck on errands before I had my license. One trip stands out in my mind. Near the end of the war when meat was still being rationed, Frank,

with me riding along, drove out at night to buy a farmer's cow. The farmer slaughtered the animal, and then he and Frank loaded it in the back of the truck. I can remember riding back to camp, sitting in the middle, with the cow's horns protruding through the window in the back of the truck. We had meat the next day.

One of the driver's jobs was to keep the iron stoves and fireplaces at the camps stocked with firewood and see that there were large logs in the lodges' fireplaces, so I made frequent trips for wood. Also, I would drive to meet the mail train and bring the camp mail back, and I'd motor into town to pick up groceries. On Thursday nights, I drove to meet the train that brought lobsters and clams. Campers were taken in a boat called *The Redwing* to a sandy beach for the Lakeside lobster boil. The lobsters and clams boiled in big pots; coffee pots were filled with melted butter.

One summer, I stayed up until 2:00 or 3:00 in the morning for sixty consecutive nights and started work at 6:30 or 7:00 a.m. I would occasionally fall asleep outside the main office after lunch.

I remember learning to drive with my father. We were on a quiet back street somewhere, and as I started out, I said, "See Dad, I can make it go." He said, "Yes, but can you make it stop?" He impressed upon me that stopping was as important as starting, which I was reminded of when driving at camp. One day I drove the camp truck downtown with Mr. Richardson riding along. As we started down a steep hill, I braked to slow down, but the pedal went to the floor—no brakes! I couldn't pull over because a young girl pushing a baby carriage was on one side of the road and a hayrack was parked on the other, so I threw the truck into reverse and turned the engine to slow the thing down. Mr. Richardson looked at me and said, "My God! Time we swapped." That night we "retired" that truck and brought in another used one.

Camp truck drivers were also in charge of delivering ice. The cabin boys in each camp would order the number of cakes of ice to be delivered: eight, ten, or twelve, whatever was needed. We drove our truck to the icehouse about three times a week. In the winter, cutters sawed blocks of ice from the lake, stored them in the icehouse (a building about twenty-five-feet square), and covered the pile with a fifteen-inch layer of sawdust. The house itself was double walled with sawdust insulation. We took ice blocks from the top layer of a fifteen-foot-high pile. The blocks were from a foot to sixteen inches square, depending on the thickness of the ice that winter. We shoveled off the sawdust and then chiseled the blocks free. We lifted them with tongs and slid them down a ramp into the back of the truck. We backed the truck to a pump, where we washed the sawdust off the ice, and then we delivered it to the main cabins. We put the blocks in large zinc or lead-lined milk coolers. (Each cooler held about sixteen blocks, along with one or two ten-gallon cans of milk.) Every afternoon, the cabin boys chipped up a wooden bushel box full of ice to be put in the drinking water at the dining room tables and delivered it to the cabins.

There would be competition in various activities between the Pinewood and Lakefield camps—golf tournaments and softball games, for example. Occasionally, a cabin would have a party following the competition, and I would be asked to drive to the state liquor store to buy the refreshments. Mr. Richardson gave me a blank check for paying. I remember asking him one day, "What do I put down here on the memo part of the check?" He thought a minute, and said, "Provisions." So that was what we called the liquor.

In addition to Pinewood Camps, Richardson owned several mills that made small wooden items. He had an office in town up over the grocery store, where he ran his woodworking business. He'd buy the equipment, put it in a farmer's barn, and in the winter the farmer would do the woodworking. One man made clothespins; another made table legs. About half the people in town walked around with one of their thumbs or fingers missing from woodworking accidents.

I returned once from an errand when the truck was overloaded with boxes of two-inch-square wooden blocks. This was not a good time to get a flat tire, but I did. The truck was so weighted down that I couldn't get the jack under the axle,

so I drove the truck onto the shoulder of the road, dug a hole under the axle, laid a plank in the bottom of the hole, and then, on that, put the jack. I was hot and sweaty after changing the tire and terribly thirsty. I noticed a man in a nearby field hoeing his garden. Near him was a pipe on the side of the hill from which water ran.

"Can I have a drink?" I asked.

"Nope," he replied.

"Why not?"

"Been condemned. For sixty years, as boy and man, I've been drinking water out of that pipe. Them overeducated sons of bitches down in Augusta came along and condemned it."

With that I said, "I think I'll have some." I drank the water and lived to tell the tale.

One time I was sent out to pick up some chickens from an old lady. She said, "How many do you want?"

"Twenty."

"Well, OK, follow me." She was chewing tobacco. "Do you want a chew?" she said. I politely declined. She reached down, grabbed a chicken by its neck, and gave the bird a quick twist. Its neck snapped, and she dropped its lifeless body on the ground, upon which she piled the others that I loaded in the truck and drove back to camp.

After two summers driving truck, I became a cabin boy and continued that summer job through my second year of medical school. (The cabin boy got tips; the truck driver didn't.) Making ice cream was one of the jobs. Twice a week we hand-cranked it in our White Mountain ice cream maker. We had a small one that made three gallons and a larger one that made five. We made sherbet on Wednesdays and ice cream on Sundays. The pastry cook would fill the container with the mixture. We put the container in the bucket of ice, sprinkled salt on the ice, and then cranked until the mix was so frozen and stiff that the handle couldn't move. Ice cream would freeze in fifty minutes of cranking. The sherbet took about seventy. To make the cranking easier, I built a window into a wood bin where I put

the ice cream maker and braced it with a wooden wedge to hold it still. Other times we would cover the ice cream maker with burlap bags and get a waitress to sit on it to help hold it down. You wouldn't find many people around to help while you cranked, but the minute you opened the container, everybody appeared with their spoon. We were in big trouble if we took the dasher out and got any salt in the ice cream. We sometimes put the dasher in a bowl in a basin where the waitresses could come and taste the ice cream before we capped the container and put it away in the kitchen.

Freezing five gallons of ice cream with Carolyn McCollister, a waitress at Pinewood Camps

Fourth of July was a fun holiday. The celebration included a modest fireworks display in the field near the golf course. People "oohed and aahed" as they watched from their cabin porches. Each year, though, some of the locals got a little rambunctious. (The locals called themselves "Mainers." We referred to them as "Maine-iacs." They were interesting, to say the least.) They did wild things on holidays. We would say, "Everybody has a fifth for the fourth," so we watched carefully for some of the town people running through the camps and throwing firecrackers under the cabins. One fourth of July, a camp cook who had been fired for some reason said he was going to come back and drop a stick of dynamite down the stove pipe in the lodge, so we sat up by the golf course armed with shotguns loaded with rock salt. He didn't show up, but we were ready for him. (Cooks were notorious characters; I think cooks were the reason they put so much salt in the cooking sherry—they seemed to have a penchant for the elixir of sociability.)

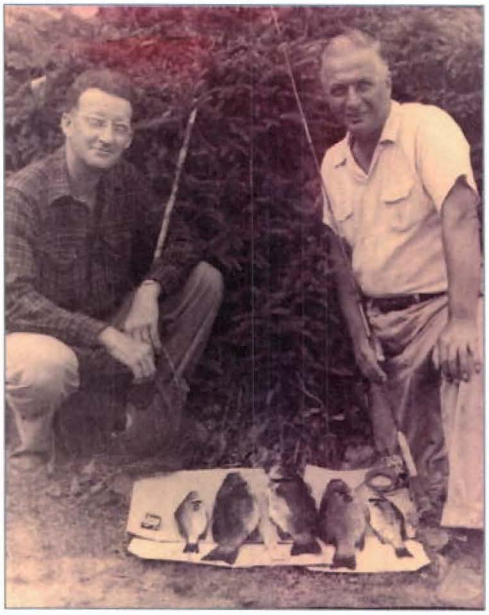
Speaking of elixir, I had an adventure that involved it. I was eighteen or nineteen. My friends and I thought we would make a batch of home brew, so we capped off about a hundred bottles and stored them in the camp's woodshed. We must have added too much sugar, which built up lots of carbon dioxide gas in the fermentation. About ten days later, they began exploding and did so all one night, like gunshots going off. In the morning we had 100 empty bottles and not much home brew.

Our cast of fishing characters, left to right: Me (behind post), John Barto, Bob Adams (local boy), and Sonny Dana

My best guy friends at camp were John Barto, Sonny Dana, and Bob Adams. I had several girlfriends during my summers at Pinewood. Nancy Clarke was one of my first, and I recall that she and I went to the high school prom together. Her father was a dentist and a friend of my father's, and they used to go fishing together. She went to the Normal School, Bridgewater Teachers College, and became a teacher. Ann Prosswimmer was a skinny little girl who summered there with her family. I worked with her brother, Alan, at the camp. The Prosswimmers lived in Long Island and then moved to Darien, Connecticut. Ann's father was a banker with the Bank of New York, which later merged with Chase National Bank. Carolyn McCollister, a Maine girl who waitressed at the camp, was another girlfriend. Ann's brother worked as a cabin boy with me. Ann went to Mount Holyoke; her brother attended Amherst. I've lost track of both.

Nancy Clarke, one of my first girlfriends, is in the center of the front row. She and I went to our high school prom together.

Left: Walter "Sonny" Dana and Winifred Peakes. Center: Sonny with a large fish. Right: Sonny and me with two camp kids.



Above: Nancy Clarke's father, like mine, was a dentist. He (left) and my father (right) used to fish together.

Left: Two camp girls drying off after a swim in the lake. Above: With Betty Singleton at a cookout.

With Mother. She gave me a little poem that I used to say to my girlfriends:

> *If you love me, and you'll say so, say so.*
> *If you love me, and you can't say so, just squeeze my hand.*

Up to about age fifteen, it worked well. I got a lot of hand squeezing.

With Father and Mother at Pinewood

Father and Mother with the old car that Pinewood guests could drive on the Rapid River Road

From General to Specific

The classical education I received (in high school and my first two years at Dartmouth) prepared me for my professional training (my Dartmouth later years and Tufts University Medical School).

With my parents in front of the Baker Library at Dartmouth

If I had been asked as a freshman in high school what I wanted to be when I grew up, I would have said, "I don't know." There were several physicians in the building with my father's dental office, so one or two would take me to lunch sometimes. I think being amongst communities of people who were effective and successful influenced me. I chose medicine because it is protean in terms of the opportunities. You'll never get rich, you'll likely never starve, and you live a life of service. I majored in chemistry and zoology at Dartmouth. I played in college as much as—or more than—I studied. I think I had a 1.8 grade point average; I may have ended up with a 2.2, but I'm not sure. There were 750 in our class; I was one of 300 who were premedical. Eighty of us survived the chemistry/zoology sorting-out process and—at the end of our junior years—were accepted to a medical school. Twenty of the eighty were admitted to the Dartmouth Medical School, where they would attend for two years and then go down to Boston to finish at Harvard. My 1.8 GPA didn't qualify me for that path. Instead of Dartmouth, I would go to medical school at Tufts University in Boston.

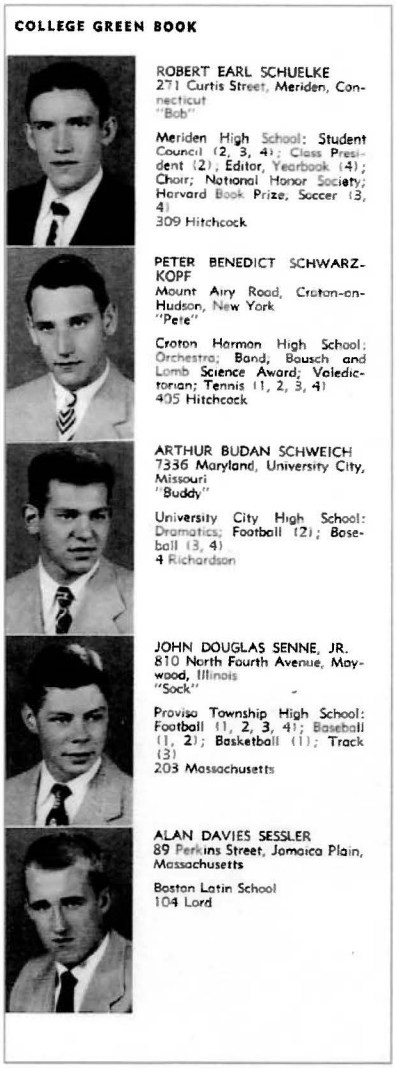
Ann Prosswimmer with me and my parents. Ann attended Mount Holyoke College, and her brother worked as a cabin boy with me at Pinewood Camps. Ann was my steady girlfriend during my years at Dartmouth.

With John Wellington Barto after a fishing canoe trip. John was a college friend who graduated a year ahead of me. (He went to Yale Law School and practiced in New Hampshire.) I fell in love with the New Hampshire outdoors the way I had fallen in love with Maine. In 1953, for $500 each, John and I bought a camp (two cabins and two acres of land) on the Rapid River, a salmon and trout fishing river along the Maine and New Hampshire border. He and I had visited the river with a guide when we were about twelve years old, and it made a lasting impression on us. I began going to the camp in 1953 and continued over the years with Martha and our children. In 2015, I sold my half interest to John, who granted my family's use of the camp for our lifetimes. Changes come to the river, but the camp remains a quiet refuge from the world. Life is always better at the cabin.

Friends from my freshman year in college. Left to right: Phil Beekman, me, Dave Berry, and Tom Wiley. Berry (now deceased) and I roomed together across the hall from Beekman and Wiley. Harry Jackson (not pictured) was our third roommate. Art Thomas (now deceased) was theirs. Beekman was from New Jersey. He became the CEO of one of the big-name liquor companies. Wiley finished college, joined the Marine Corps, went to Harvard Law School, and then worked in the office of a congressman from Arizona. I don't know what happened to him after that.

Wearing my white bucks in Hanover, New Hampshire

A Dartmouth College photo



COLLEGE GREEN BOOK

ROBERT EARL SCHUELKE
271 Curtis Street, Meriden, Connecticut
"Bob"

Meriden High School: Student Council (2, 3, 4); Class President (2); Editor, Yearbook (4); Choir; National Honor Society; Harvard Book Prize; Soccer (3, 4)
309 Hitchcock

PETER BENEDICT SCHWARZKOPF
Mount Airy Road, Croton-on-Hudson, New York
"Pete"

Croton Harmon High School: Orchestra; Band; Bausch and Lomb Science Award; Valedictorian; Tennis (1, 2, 3, 4)
405 Hitchcock

ARTHUR BUDAN SCHWEICH
7336 Maryland, University City, Missouri
"Buddy"

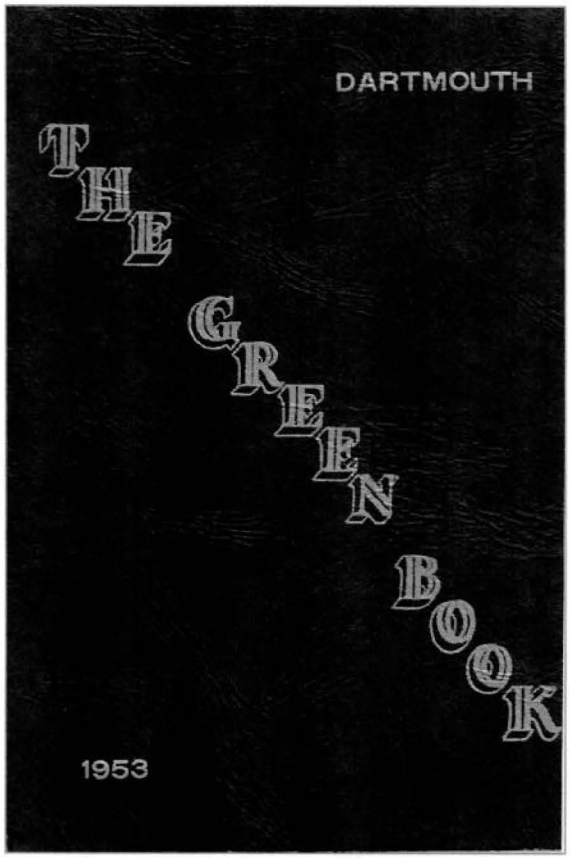
University City High School: Dramatics; Football (2); Baseball (3, 4)
4 Richardson

JOHN DOUGLAS SENNE, JR.
810 North Fourth Avenue, Maywood, Illinois
"Sock"

Proviso Township High School: Football (1, 2, 3, 4); Baseball (1, 2); Basketball (1); Track (3)
203 Massachusetts

ALAN DAVIES SESSLER
89 Perkins Street, Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts

Boston Latin School
104 Lord



A page from my senior Dartmouth College yearbook (1953). My picture has been switched with John Douglas Senne, Jr.

Dartmouth graduation friends: Ann Prosswimmer (center) and Charlie Acker (second from right)

Dartmouth graduation, 1953

With Ann Prosswimmer

During my senior year at Dartmouth, I had a date with a girl in Newburyport, Massachusetts. About 2:00 in the morning, I began my drive home to Boston, some 140 miles away. On the Newport Turnpike, about thirty miles from my destination, I started to fall asleep. I awoke to a semi-trailer truck coming directly at me, its driver blinking his lights and honking his horn. I swerved, barely missed him, and broke out in a cold sweat. That was as close I have ever come to death.

Dartmouth Alma Mater

Dear old Dartmouth, give a rouse
For the college on the hill,
For the Lone Pine above her,
And the loyal one's who love her.
Give a rouse, give a rouse, with a will!
For the sons of old Dartmouth,
For the daughters of Dartmouth.
Though 'round the girdled Earth they roam,
Her spell on them remains.
They have the still North in their hearts,
The hill winds in their veins,

Dear old Dartmouth, set a watch,
Lest the old traditions fail!
Stand as sister stands by brother!
Dare a deed for the old mother!
Greet the world, from the hills, with a hail!
For the sons of old Dartmouth,
For the daughters of Dartmouth.
Around the world they keep for her
Their old undying faith.
They have the still North in their soul,
The hill winds in their breath,
And the granite of New Hampshire
Is made part of them 'til death.

The "Alma Mater" is the official school song of Dartmouth College. Composed by Harry Wellman, class of 1907, it was officially adopted by the college in 1926. The "Dartmouth Undying" replaced it in the fall of 1972, but the "Alma Mater" was restored as the official song in early 1973. Richard Hovey of the class of 1885 wrote the original lyrics in 1894, titling the song "Men of Dartmouth." Traditionally, the original second verse was only sung during times of war. On May 28, 1988, Dartmouth changed the title and words to reflect the presence of women as part of the college, since Dartmouth had become coeducational in 1972. Nicole Sakowitz, Dartmouth Glee Club President, was the first person to conduct the new "Alma Mater."

I'm not sure how I got into Tufts University Medical School. One of my father's dental patients was a registrar in the medical-dental school complex. He may have had a hand in helping me get in; I will never know, but I will always wonder. Once through the door, though, I held my own and hung in there with a good bunch of students. In a pharmacology class, I attended an anesthetics demonstration that made a lasting impression on me. The demonstrator killed a dog when anesthetizing it with chloroform.[4] During my second year of medical school, another fellow and I got a job at Revere Hospital, a fifty-bed general practice in the Italian neighborhood in the north end of Boston. The job provided room, board, and laundry service. We did the workups, histories, physicals, and lab work. Babies were being delivered around the clock at the hospital. One of my jobs was to drip ether. I had seen what chloroform had done to the dog in pharmacology class, so I decided I'd better learn more about what I was doing. My other duties included things that the family doctors were doing in this community hospital: scrubbing on appendectomies, sewing up patients after surgery, doing the lab work, etc. I noticed that the hospital staff put gentian violet in the alcohol in which they soaked thermometers. (And not all the thermometers were of the oral type.) I asked why. I was told it was to deter those in the alcoholic wards from stealing it. They did anyway, and either drank it or sold it to their friends for twenty-five cents a shot. (They called it "blue heaven.")

In my senior year, Mike (another medical student) and I bussed to Lying-In Hospital in Providence, Rhode Island, where we would spend a month delivering babies. We were assigned to a ward of indigent patients. Every child in the state of Rhode Island was born in that hospital, and 35,000 were delivered each year, from thirty to fifty per day. I would deliver one baby while Mike dripped ether; then we swapped roles for the next one, he would deliver while I handled the anesthesia. We were on duty continuously for thirty days and thirty nights. I was away from the hospital a total of twenty minutes during that time, to slip across the street for

[4] The British introduced chloroform in the tropical regions of their Empire where ether wasn't effective. Because of the heat, it evaporated before it could be administered. In the tropics, chloroform was more stable than ether and had a higher vaporizing point.

a haircut before we bussed back to Tufts. When we returned home, we had each anesthetized 125 mothers and delivered 125 babies, more than a resident today delivers in two years. What I learned from this experience is that one must go where the action is.

Martha Anne Smith—Exceptional!

Marrying Martha Anne Smith was the best thing I ever did. She is exceptional.

Following my graduation from Tufts in 1957, I began an internship at the Dartmouth-Hitchcock Medical Center in Hanover, New Hampshire. When I started my second year as a resident, Martha Anne Smith began her year of internship. She had completed medical school at The University of Texas Medical Branch in Galveston, Texas, and though she had never been north of the Mason-Dixon line, she chose to come to New Hampshire. Martha and I met in September of 1958, enjoyed each other's company, and played a lot of ping pong in the interns' quarters at the hospital.

Martha had been born in China into a missionary family, the youngest of five children, and lived there the first seven years of her life. Her father, Cecil H. Smith, was a Southern Presbyterian minister in Texas. His Scotch Irish Presbyterian ancestors came from Scotland to the Carolinas in the early 1800s and then moved in succession to Kentucky, Mississippi, and Texas. Cecil's first wife died in the times of the 1919 influenza epidemic, leaving Cecil to raise their daughter, Marie. Cecil married Minna Amis, a French Huguenot whose ancestors came to the United States in the 1600s. Cecil and Minna would have three boys (Cecil Hiawatha, James Allen, and Nelson) followed by Martha Anne.

Cecil Smith, with his family, returned to the United States from China in 1940 and moved from town to town in Texas as he moved from parish to parish, which meant that Martha attended several high schools. Marie Smith became a French teacher in Virginia. Cecil Smith, Jr., was an engineering professor at Southern Methodist University; he passed away in 2015. James Allen Smith went to the University of Texas at Austin to study English and Greek in 1945. He earned his Master of Divinity from Austin Presbyterian Theological Seminary in 1952 and his Doctor of Ministry from the same institution in 1988. He served churches in Refugio, Texas (1953-1956), La Marque, Texas (1956-1962), and Sherman, Texas (1962-1967), before serving as the campus minister for Austin College (1967-1975), where he also earned a Doctor of Divinity degree (1976). In 1975, he became the pastor at the Second Presbyterian Church of Little Rock, Arkansas, where he served until his death in 1992. Nelson Smith was a physician in Alamogordo, New Mexico. He has since retired and now lives with his son and daughter in Albuquerque.

Martha is an intelligent person of high integrity and serious in her faith. She graduated from the Alvin, Texas, High School. For college, she chose Austin College in Sherman, Texas. The school had a fire in their natural history museum and lost their collection of stuffed animals and birds. Martha was taking a biology course at the time, and her professor helped her obtain a license to shoot songbirds in the state to help replenish the museum's collection. Martha and her youngest brother were the only two in her family who didn't pursue a teaching profession. When I asked her why, she said, "I didn't have the patience to be a teacher." Instead, she went to medical school at The University of Texas Medical Branch at Galveston and was graduated in 1958.

When I thought it was time to get serious about marriage, I asked Martha to be my wife. I've always believed that churches serve a stabilizing role in a functioning society, and I wanted to marry a woman who could provide a solid religious foundation for our children. And that she did.

The Reverend and Mrs. Cecil Smith

announce the marriage of their daughter

Martha Anne

to

Dr. Alan Davies Fessler

on Saturday, the fourth of July

One thousand nine hundred and fifty-nine

La Marque, Texas

I got up the nerve to propose to Martha at Easter in 1959; thankfully, she said yes. We were married by her father on the Fourth of July in her brother's church in La Marque, Texas, between Houston and Galveston. After our wedding, we took a honeymoon driving trip to the Grand Canyon and other national parks, stopping along the way to visit some of Martha's cousins. We came back down and around to Evanston, Illinois, which would be our home base until 1961. Marrying Martha is the best thing I ever did. She is exceptional.

Martha with her bridesmaid and sister-in-law, Dana Smith

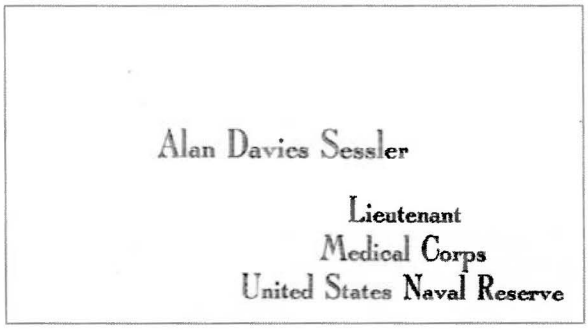
Cecil and Minna Smith

Left to right: Dana Smith, Martha, me, and my father

From Great Lakes to the Mediterranean

I thought the Navy was going to be a waste of time. It was interrupting me as I grew professionally. Yet, in retrospect, I saw and learned things I would otherwise not have been exposed to.

During my internship in New Hampshire, I had decided I would get my military commitment out of the way, so I enlisted in the Navy and had orders to join the Fleet Marine Force in Okinawa as a general medical officer. After Martha and I married, my orders were changed, and I was assigned to the Naval Hospital in Great Lakes, Illinois, as an anesthesiologist. Martha and I chose to live in Evanston, Illinois, where she obtained a residency in anesthesia at the Evanston Hospital. We lived in a Quonset hut, and I commuted to Great Lakes.



I was one of four anesthesiologists at the Great Lakes Naval Hospital, along with Peter Bosomworth, Bob Woods, and Ray Bush. Peter had trained in Ohio. When he left the Navy, he became the chairman of anesthesia at the University of Kentucky, which was then a fairly new medical school. Bob came from New York. Ray had trained at the University of Michigan and was very good with regional anesthesia.

One of our patients was a three-star general who had been a tank commander in World War II. He had carbuncles across the back of his neck that needed lancing and draining. Peter, Bob, and I would have pushed all the pentothal in that the general needed and then turned him, fully sedated, over to the surgeons for their work. But not Ray. He wanted to give the general a cervical epidural that would allow him to remain awake during the procedure. The epidural is a local anesthetic injected via a good-sized needle between several of the cervical spines. It contained a diluted solution of anesthetic that would cover the skin but wouldn't anesthetize the circulatory and breathing centers of the general's medulla, which would have caused him to stop breathing. I stood in front of the general, who was sitting upright while Ray applied the epidural. The cervical spines overlay one another like shingles on a roof, so the needle must be inserted between them. It's a delicate procedure because if the epidural space is punctured, the cerebral spinal fluid

would drain, and the general would have had a bad headache for about three days. Ray was having some trouble finding the insertion point, and the general was becoming fidgety. Bush was known among some of the regular Navy people as "the civilian." He didn't buy into the military protocol. As he began to get a little nervous himself, he said, "God damn it, general, sit still or I'll pith you like a frog!" The general sat still, and the procedure went just fine.

On my commutes to and from the Naval Hospital, I often filled my car with gas at the commissary gas station. It seemed every time I stopped there, I would see a chief boson's mate, Larry (not his actual name), coming out of the commissary with a case of beer under his arm. He would become one of our surgical patients when he acutely injured his back and needed a laminectomy and disc removal. Those who drink alcohol in excess often develop a tolerance or resistance to medications and drugs. At 6 feet, 4 inches, Larry was a big, but not an obese, man. I started to anesthetize him intravenously. I began with ten, and then, fifteen milligrams of morphine. He wasn't fazed. I injected about a gram of pentothal. Most people would go fast asleep with less than half that.

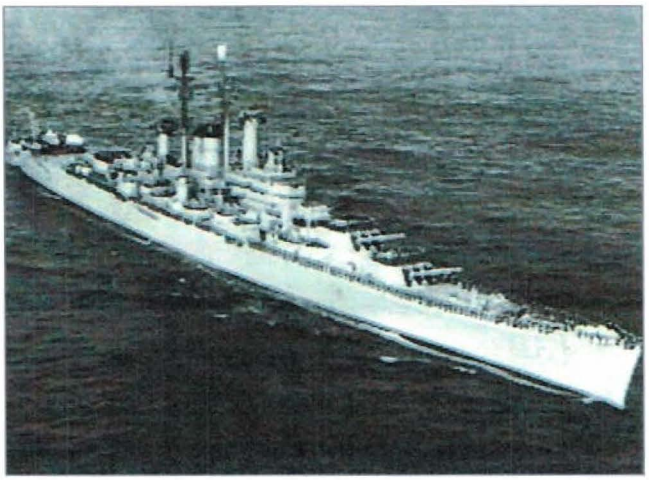
Larry said, "When are you going to get started, Doc?" I took a second syringe, another gram, and pushed that in even faster. He yawned a bit. I injected a third syringe and pushed in the succinylcholine, the muscle relaxant applied before the endotracheal tube is passed into the airway. With the surgeons, nurses, and the rest of the operating team looking on, I patted Larry's cheek and said, "Now there, Chief, that didn't hurt much, did it."

Larry opened his eyes, shook his head, and said "No." Normally, we would run halothane and fluothane at about ½ percent at this point in the procedure and the operating team would turn Larry prone, so they could operate on his spine. Lying face down, Larry began to hyperventilate, and he did so through the entire operation. He didn't have pain or remembrance of it. I had never seen a person who had developed that much resistance or tolerance. I suppose one who drinks a case of beer a day reaches that point after a while. We used to say that Larry had a very large "VD," meaning a very large "volume of distribution."

A Mediterranean Tour

In November 1960, I was reassigned as the Medical Officer aboard the USS *Des Moines* (CA 134). The ship was launched in 1946, commissioned in 1948, and annually between 1949 and 1957 she deployed to the Mediterranean, during the first seven years serving as flagship of the 6th Fleet. I flew over to join the ship, which carried the Admiral of the 6th Fleet and a staff of 300 men. I'd say we were the dominant force in the Mediterranean, mainly due to the *Des Moines* having been there in the wake of the Suez Crisis of 1956 and then serving as the control center for American forces in the Lebanon crisis of 1958. We carried a contingent of Marines and their color guard band. Martha was in residency at Evanston, so she and I didn't see one another for my nine months at sea.

I was the only medical officer on the ship, but there were two dental officers—one was a commander and the other a lieutenant. In the middle of one night, a marine on board came down with appendicitis. We were a hundred miles from the nearest carrier, and too far to helicopter him there for surgery, so the two dental officers and I decided we would take out his appendix with help from a chief corpsman. I gave the man a spinal anesthetic, which I knew I could do well because I had been giving them for a few years. The dentist commander was going to be my surgical assistant and help me remove the appendix. I wanted to make a good-sized incision, because I didn't know how relaxed the abdominal wall would be while I "plowed around" in the man's stomach. When I made the cut, an ample amount of blood flowed. I looked up and saw that the commander had turned white.



USS Des Moines *underway, December 15, 1959*

"Catch him, chief!" I said to the corpsman as the commander fainted dead away. The corpsman laid him down on the steel deck of the operating room. The *Des Moines* was in the midst of a high-power run she took every six months, so everything and everybody in the operating room (including the commander lying on the cold steel deck) bounced as we sped at thirty-two knots across the Mediterranean in the dead of night. While the commander "slept," we took out the man's appendix and closed him up. Two or three months later, the commander received orders to become the head of the dental clinic in Rota, Spain. The captain called me in and said, "I'd like to read you this letter of commendation that I've written for the commander." He had penned glowing words about his service and highlighted how he had assisted with surgery at sea.

I said, "Oh, yes, Captain, he was a great help," and let it pass at that. Only the lieutenant, chief corpsman, and I knew the truth—that the commander had spent the thirty minutes of "assisting surgery" while passed out on the deck.

Harold O'Neil was the chaplain on board the *Des Moines.* He was a Baptist minister and had served during World War II in the Pacific with the fleet's admiral. Harold was an exceptionally skilled confidence man. He prided himself on having built a chapel in forty-eight hours on one of the Pacific islands. I asked, "Harold, how in the world did you do that?"

He said, "I knew we had to have a chapel quickly, so I talked to the Seabees. They agreed to build one in two days for two cases of whiskey. And, that they did."

We were in port one time at Nice, France. There was a knock on my door; it was O'Neil. "Alan," he said, "You've got to know sin to fight it. Let's go ashore." As we walked over a bridge into Nice, a lady of the evening approached and spoke to Harold. When she noticed the three stripes on his uniform, she said, "Ah, commander, how would you like a nice warm meal, a nice fire, a nice warm bed, and a nice warm pot of tea?"

He answered, "Thank you very much, madam, but I'm just not partial to tea."

We brought the bucket of bolts, *Des Moines,* back across the Atlantic to Newport News, Virginia, and put her in mothballs. One evening, Harold invited me to go along with him to Admirals' Row, so-called because many admirals who had served in World War II lived there, and he knew nearly every one of them. We

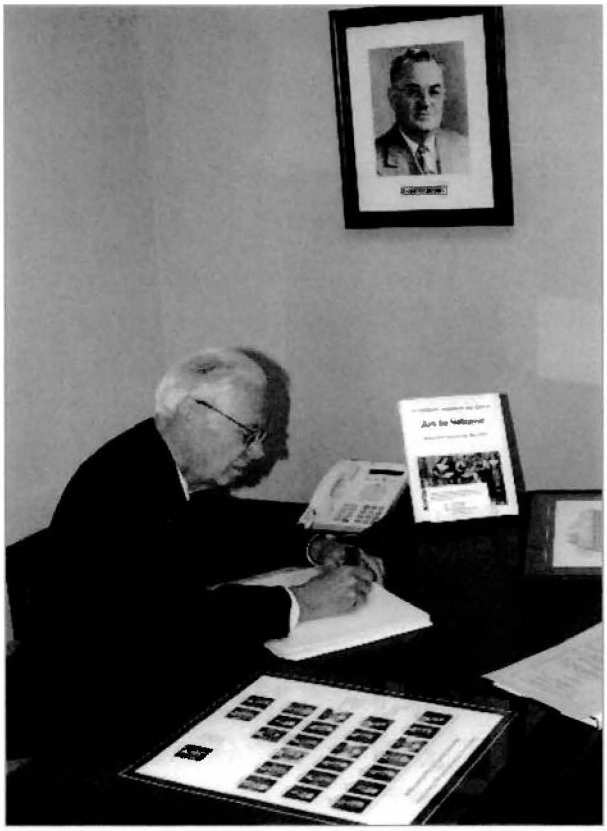
went from house to house knocking on doors and engaging in conversations. He hugged and kissed the wife of every admiral we met. All were happy to see this remarkable man.

In Boston, many Irish immigrants owned or worked in restaurants and coffee shops that Harold and I frequented. Because of his Irish accent and the cross on his uniform, the waitresses called him "Father." When we would finish a large meal, the check would often be for the cost of a coffee and a roll, much less than what it should have been. At Schrafft's coffee shop, the owner would stop by to say, "Ah, Father O'Neil, you look after the lads at sea." Harold was a pretty regular fellow. He decommissioned a bottle of sacramental Jewish wine that he and I drank every night coming back across the Atlantic. After serving as chaplain on the *Des Moines*, O'Neil moved to his next duty station, a three-bedroom house in Newport, Rhode Island, on the edge of a golf course. I was amazed at how Harold made his way through society.

When I received orders to go to sea, I wasn't too enthused about my Mediterranean assignment and thought it was going to be a waste of time, but in hindsight, it turned out to be a most worthwhile and memorable experience. I liked my time in the military. My feeling was that this is my country right or wrong, and I am going to support it. I didn't want to be a commando or in the line, but I wanted to bring my medical skills to the people that did the fighting. Some may view that as cowardice, but I was compelled to support them, take care of them, and patch them up. The military fed my desire to be of service.

Advocate for Anesthesiology

I think people should invest their time and their energies in some directed purpose. My directed purpose was the field of anesthesiology. Early in my career, I became an advocate for the underdog, which anesthesia was at that time.



I co-authored a history of the department of anesthesiology at Mayo Clinic with Kai Rehder and Peter Southorn. We titled the book From Art to Science. *In this photo, I am signing a copy of the book.*

After I was discharged from the Navy in July 1961, I returned home to Martha in Evanston. I had had a good adventure, and she had completed her residency. Both of us were offered fellowships at Mayo Clinic in Rochester. Before starting them, we drove up around the Grand Canyon and several other national parks and then came to Rochester in August to begin work. We settled into a third-floor apartment at Silver Lake Apartments in northeast Rochester. Our first child, Karen, was born on April 18, 1962. Six weeks later, I began my final Mayo Clinic rotation, which would be a three-month assignment at the Los Angeles Children's Hospital. Martha and I drove to California in our little red 1961 Volkswagen, its back seat filled with suitcases and baby Karen. When we arrived in Las Vegas, we decided to sleep there during the day and then drive across the desert into Los Angles during the night. We walked through a casino in our hotel to get to the lunchroom. While we ate, a woman approached us and offered to buy our baby, Karen. She appeared distressed. Though her offer was fair, we demurred. I can't imagine what she would do with the babies she bought.

Ready for Mayo Clinic, 1961

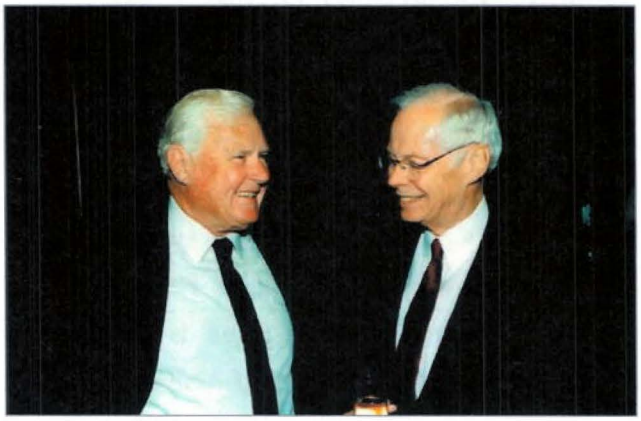
I commuted to the Los Angeles Children's Hospital, twenty-five miles each way. There was a chain-link-fence divider between lanes, and there were numerous gaps, usually five to ten, marking where cars had crashed through. I decided I did not want to live permanently in Van Nuys and make that dangerous drive every day. About two-and-a-half months into our working at the Children's Hospital, I received a call on a Thursday evening from Albert Faulconer, the anesthesiology section chair and my mentor. He said he had a personnel problem and needed a replacement. He asked, "Alan, would you come on back home and start work Monday morning?" I said, "Yes," and the next morning Martha and I got in our Volkswagen with baby Karen, said goodbye to the folks at the Los Angeles hospital, and drove back to Rochester. Though I was offered a position at Mayo, Martha

wasn't, even though her record was much better than mine. Instead of Mayo, Martha began working at the Rochester State Hospital.

Al Faulconer appointed me to the staff in 1962. I worked closely in cardiac anesthesia with surgeons John Kirklin, Dwight McGoon, and Frank "Bunky" Ellis, Jr., and anesthesiologists Dick Theye and Faulconer. After I had been with Mayo about five years, Kirklin asked me if I had ever considered leaving Mayo to work elsewhere. I said that the thought hadn't occurred to me. He soon became the head of surgery at the University of Alabama. He took a few Mayo employees with him (Dr. Joaquin Aldrete, a general surgical fellow, and Bob Devloo, an older anesthesiologist, were two of them.) Kirklin did well building a university department, and today the Kirklin Clinic is the primary adult outpatient clinic of the medical staff of the University of Alabama Hospital and of the faculty of the University of Alabama School of Medicine.

In 1967, Paul Didier and I started the Respiratory Therapy Services at the Methodist and Saint Marys Hospitals, respectively. I recruited Bernie Gilles, a nurse anesthetist from the cardiac anesthesiology section, to work with me at Saint Marys, and we, together with Drs. Didier and Fred Helmholz, Jr. (a pulmonary physiologist), established one of the first respiratory therapy training programs in the country. Because anesthesiologists in the practice of their specialty were concerned with respiratory problems and airway management in unconscious patients, we were frequently called on for assistance with patients in whom such problems developed. For example, ladies tending their gardens would prick a finger on a thorn and contract tetanus. If we could help them through the seizures and convulsions, they could survive. To do that, we curarized them (injected curare, a muscle relaxant), sedated them, and then ventilated their lungs for ten days until the body had cleared itself of the tetanus toxin. With the availability of many new types of mechanical respiratory aids, the calls became more frequent and involved a considerable amount of the time of all the anesthesiologists. Our Respiratory Therapy Services provided a more satisfactory way to meet the needs by designating one anesthesiologist in each hospital who could concentrate their efforts in this area and, without other demands on their time, could become thoroughly familiar with the problems that patients with respiratory failure difficulties present and with the

techniques and procedures used in their treatment. Dr. Helmholz had responsibility for the training and continuing education of technicians and respiratory therapists assigned to the service.

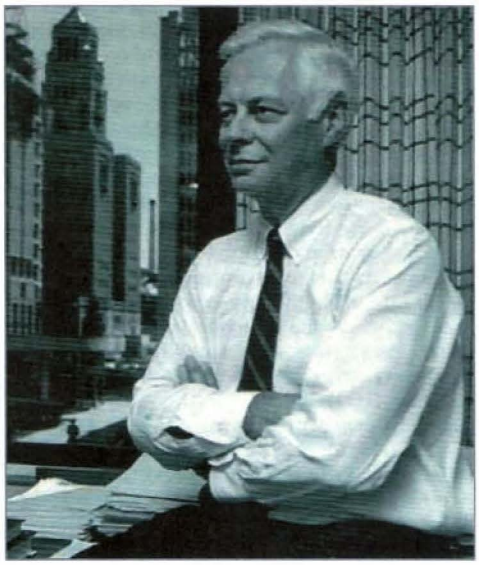


With Kai Rehder

Using equipment from Emerson Moffitt's laboratory, Kai Rehder, Bernie Gilles, and I set up Mayo Clinic's first clinical blood-gas laboratory. Also, Bernie and I began helping Rehder as he embarked on his human studies examining ventilation-perfusion matching and gas exchange under general anesthesia. Rehder was a German. He trained here and then went back to Germany. When he didn't get the chair he wanted, he returned to Mayo and worked in anesthesiology research. I credit him with helping me get through the academic ranks. We worked together on human studies; I looked after the volunteers and he would measure things. I helped change his perfect German construction to English, so we both benefited. At the end of two years, he had his National Institutes of Health grant, which would be continued for more than thirty years.

I was appointed chair of the department of anesthesiology in 1977, succeeding Dick Theye, who had a tragic and untimely death due to amyotrophic lateral sclerosis. During my tenure, the department was generally happy, grew, and received increasing recognition. This outcome was certainly helped by having numerous outstanding clinicians and investigators on the staff. I had the good fortune of selecting good people to run the department's administrative activities, and I promoted the department nationally and within the institution. I was happiest when planning with friends and associates the moves required to accomplish goals and then pursuing favorable outcomes. (The department nicknamed me the "Old Silver Fox.")

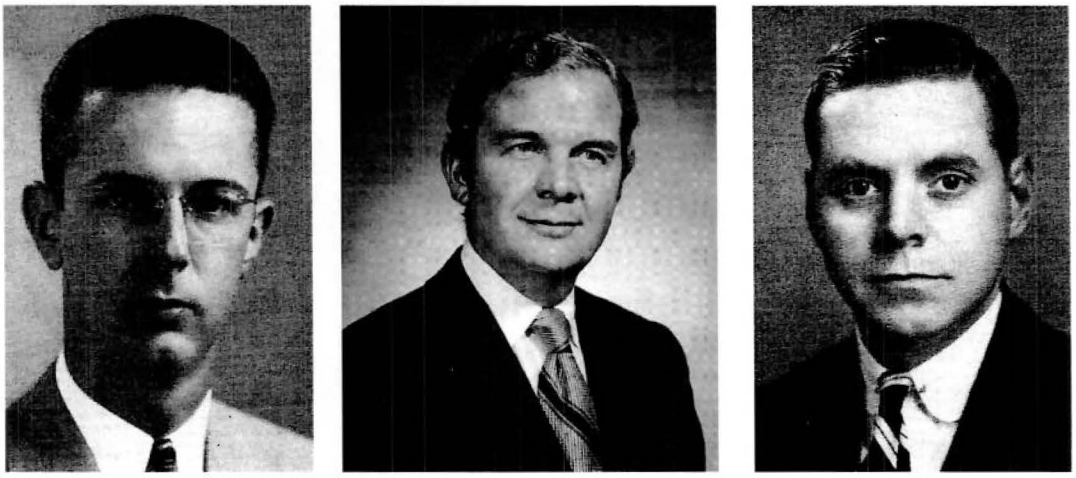
I think people should invest their time and their energies in some directed purpose. For me, that was developing and expanding the field of anesthesiology. Early in my career, I became an advocate for the underdog, which anesthesia was at that time. When I embarked on this path in the 1950s, the field of anesthesiology was very small and of limited stature; it was somewhat of a catch-all specialty and was usually someone's secondary job. People were doing family practice and anesthesia, or they might be doing surgery and then would do anesthesia when they didn't have patients. Sometimes a medical student would drip the ether. When I came to Rochester in 1961, there were probably 1500 anesthesiologists in the United States. Today there are 50,000 qualified, good people in subspecialties of all kinds, such as critical care, pain management, cardiology, neurology, orthopedics, regional anesthesiology, physiology, pharmacology, and research. The subspecialties became one- and two-year fellowships that were added to the basic three-year residency program. Anesthesiology has come a long way from dripping ether from a can. With Kai Rehder and Peter Southorn, I co-authored the history of the department of anesthesiology at Mayo Clinic. We titled the book, published in 2000, *From Art to Science.* It has been fun and rewarding to watch the field progress over the years. I was fortunate to be in it when I was; I had a good time and met many wonderful people.



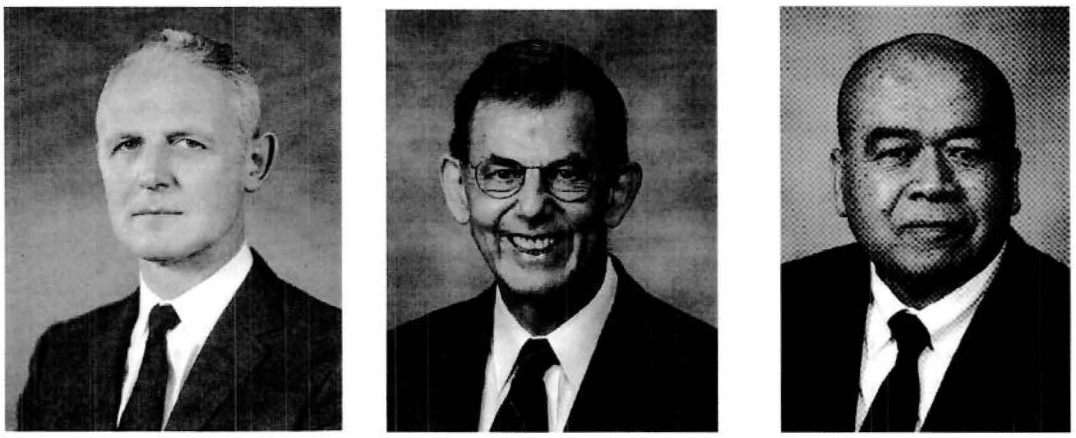
In my office when I was chair of the department of anesthesiology

I was so fortunate to work at Mayo because the institution, department chairs, committee chairs, and boards trusted me, and I generally could work on whatever I chose to do. I think that was remarkable, and it wasn't directed from the top down. I could carve out the combination of practice, education, and research I wanted. There was so much help available to us. When I came to Mayo, there were five or six support people for every practicing physician. Today, the number is

more than fifteen. Mayo never refused to purchase any equipment that I requested or ordered. Our department grew from fifteen to sixty anesthesiologists on staff during my years there.



I worked closely with the above world-class surgeons, who were instrumental in the development of cardiac surgery at Mayo Clinic. Left to right: Drs. John W. Kirklin, Dwight C. McGoon, and Franklin H. ("Bunkie") Ellis, Jr.



Anesthesiology colleagues from my early years at Mayo Clinic: Drs. Robert A. Devloo, Peter Southorn, and Rung son Sitting

John Silas Lundy, 1924 - 1952

Charles R. Adams, 1952-1953

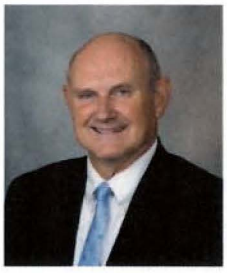
Albert Faulconer, Jr., 1953- 1971.

Richard Theye, 1971 - 1977

I served as department chair from 1977 to 1988

Roy F. Cucchiara, 1988-1991

Duane K. Rorie, 1991-1999



Mark A. Warner, 1999-2005

Bradley J. Narr, 2005 - 2016

Carlos Mantilla 2016-present

Mayo Clinic Rochester department of anesthesiology chairs, 1924 to present

The department of anesthesiology, November 1977, in Balfour Hall during my first year as department chair. Back row: Drs. Tarhan, White, Prentice, Rorie, MacKenzie, Schnelle, Cucchiara, Raimundo, Gronert. Middle row: Drs. Messick, Gould, Krabill, Byer, Leonard, Sesssler, Faust, Perry, Nauss, Mr. Smith. Front row: Drs. Tinker, Southorn, Wang, Rehder, Carney, Nelson, Brzica, Didier. Missing from picture: Drs. Devloo, Hartridge, Michenfelder, Van Dyke, Marah, Restall, Sittipong, Mathison.

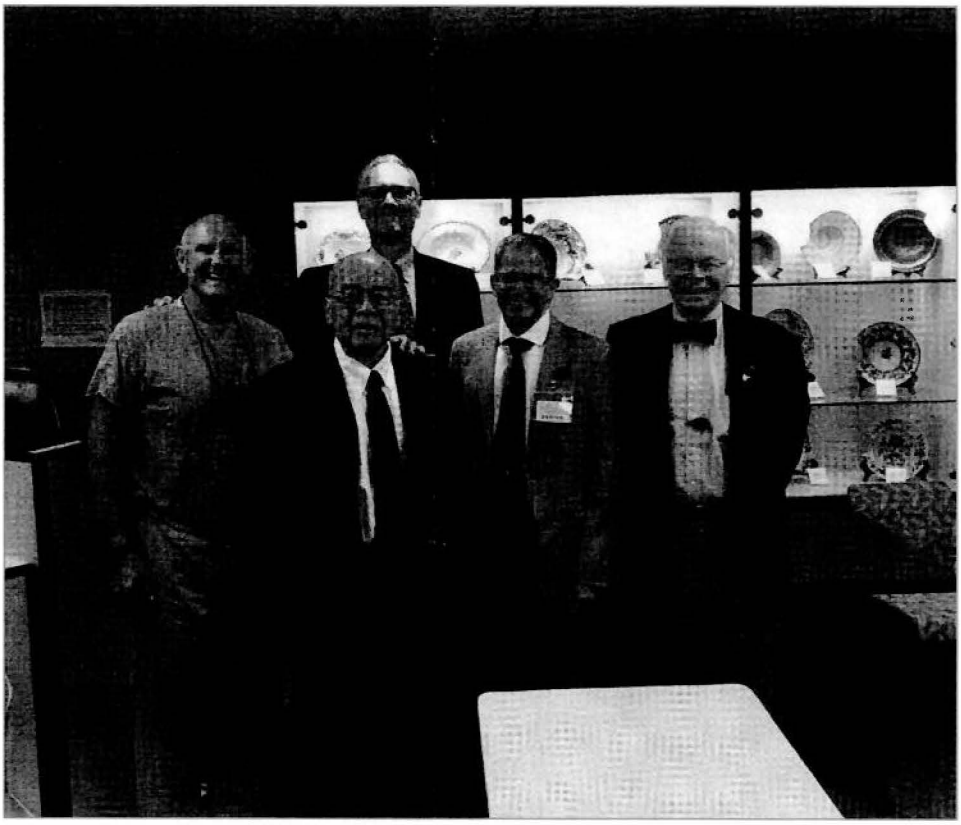
The department of anesthesiology, 1978, in Balfour Hall.

Division and section heads in the department of anesthesia considered to be at the time "The Titans" of anesthesiology. Standing: Russell Van Dyke, Paul Leonard, Kai Rehder, John Michenfelder, me, Allan Gould. Seated: Sait Tarhan, Paul Didier.

Teri Horlacher, Mark Warner (anesthesiology department chair), Bob Brigham (anesthesiology department administrator), and Mary Schrandt (secretarial supervisor)

With Duane Rorie and Mark Warner

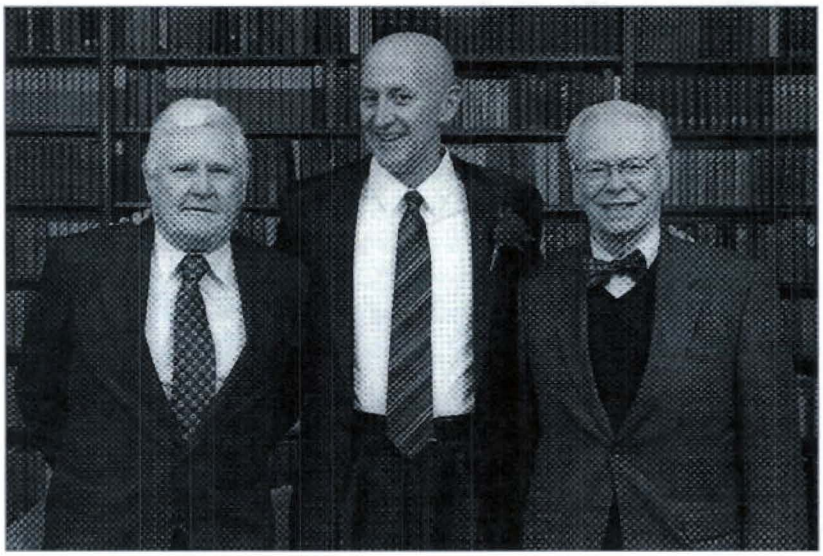
At the Foundation House with Kai Rehder (left), Mark Warner (second from left), and Rungson Sittipong (right)



Mark Warner, Rungson Sittipong, Brad Narr (behind Rungson), Carlos Mantilla, and me. Carlos is the current department of anesthesiology chair. Mark, Brad, and I were former chairs. Rungson came from Thailand and spent his entire professional career from 1967 to 2017 at Mayo Clinic. He was not made an emeritus staff member due to two periods of interrupted service—when his mother died and when his father died, he went back to Thailand as tradition dictated for him. Mark Warner was instrumental in obtaining a policy exemption for Rungson, and he was granted emeritus staff member recognition. Rungson was incredibly intelligent. Ten years after he worked downtown at St. Marys Hospital, he could tell you the telephone number of every nursing station in the hospital.

A collection of Dr. Thomas Seldon's bleeding bowls are in the background. Dr. Seldon started the Mayo Clinic blood bank. When he traveled, he collected these bleeding bowls, which barber surgeons used in the 1700s and 1800s throughout Europe. The piece that looks like it is missing is where the bowl was placed up against the patient's arm. The bowls are on display in the Methodist Hospital anesthesiology conference room.

With Mark Warner (left) and Brad Narr (right) on the fourteenth floor of the Plummer Building



With Kai Rehder (left) and Mike Joyner (center) in the Foundation House library

Culture Is Everything

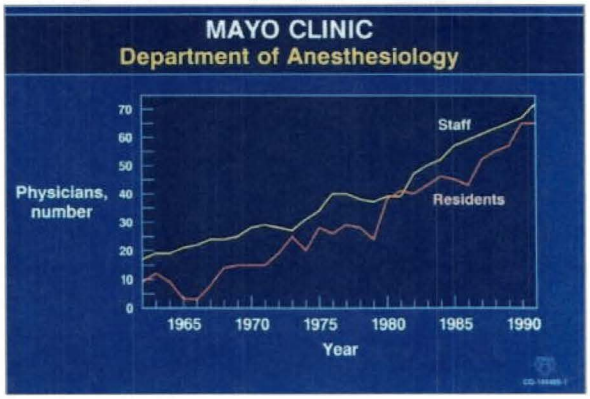
The empires of the future are the empires of the mind. Winston Churchill

A cartoon of an oral examination candidate "on the carpet." I did oral board examining from 1966 to 1991. From 1991 to 2012, I served as a docent, orienting candidates to the oral program. I would attend the oral programs twice a year—spring and fall, one on the east coast and the other on the west coast—and orient the candidates. Each trip was a week's work, and the examiners had a pleasant, collegial time.

Throughout my life, I have valued education and admired educational institutions that have endured for centuries. I think the seed for this was planted during my years at Boston Latin School, which was established in 1635. I firmly believe that education makes a difference in the world, so I took that to heart, and education became my passion. I pursued my love for education in the following areas while practicing anesthesiology at Mayo Clinic and even after I retired in 1995: long-term coordinator and director of the anesthesiology residency program, dean of the Mayo Graduate School of Medicine, president and member of the Minnesota Society of Anesthesiologists, director and vice president for scientific affairs of the American Society of Anesthesiologists, president of the American Board of Anesthesiology, fellow of the Royal Colleges of England and Ireland, trustee of the Lahey Hitchcock Clinic and Dartmouth-Hitchcock Clinic and Medical Center, and executive director of the Foundation for Anesthesia Education and Research.

The Mayo Clinic Anesthesiology Residency Program

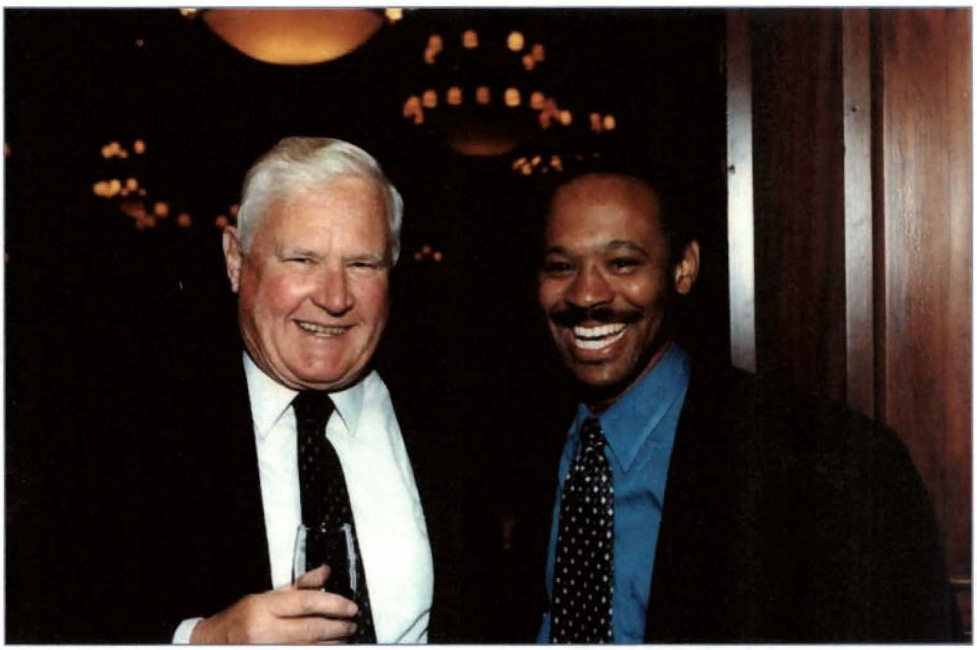
In 1966, Albert Faulconer, our department chair, asked me to take charge of the anesthesiology residency program. Participation in the program had been declining; when I was asked to lead it, we had only one resident, Eduardo Garcia, from Bogota, Colombia. I began seeking and recruiting candidates and urging Mayo to pay them a more reasonable stipend, competitive with what the government was paying NIH fellows. I was able to persuade talented medical school graduates to come into the specialty. When my involvement with the Mayo Clinic Rochester program ended in 1990, we had sixty residents. In the mid-1980s, as Mayo established campuses in



When I took over the residency program, we had one resident. By 1990, we had sixty.

Jacksonville, Florida, and Scottsdale, Arizona, I led the initiation of resident training programs at each site.

I believed the residency program to be an investment in the people who were doing the activities as much as an investment in the activities themselves. It has been rewarding to follow the careers of many of our residents. For example, Carlos Mantilla was trained by Eduardo Garcia in Bogota and sent to Mayo in Rochester, where he did his PhD in pharmacology and his anesthesiology residency. He is now the chair of the department of anesthesiology at Mayo Rochester. That is one of the reasons why I spent so much time looking for qualified residents—I enjoy seeing talented, hardworking people succeed.



Kai Rehder (left) and Tony Jones. Tony worked in the lab with Kai. He returned to his alma mater, the University of Alabama, to become the chair of the department of anesthesiology there. Last year he was appointed the head physician of the University of Alabama Medical Center in Birmingham. He is a remarkable man.

Left: With Michael Marsh at an academy meeting. Michael came from Australia and worked with us at Mayo in critical care. He later became the chair of the department of anesthesiology at Wayne State University in Detroit.

Right: In London with Duane Rorie, David Hatch (far right), and his wife. David was a fellow from England who worked with Rehder. He became head of a children's hospital in London. David was another of our residents who "made good."

Left: Dr. Ronald Faust, who led the anesthesiology residency program after me

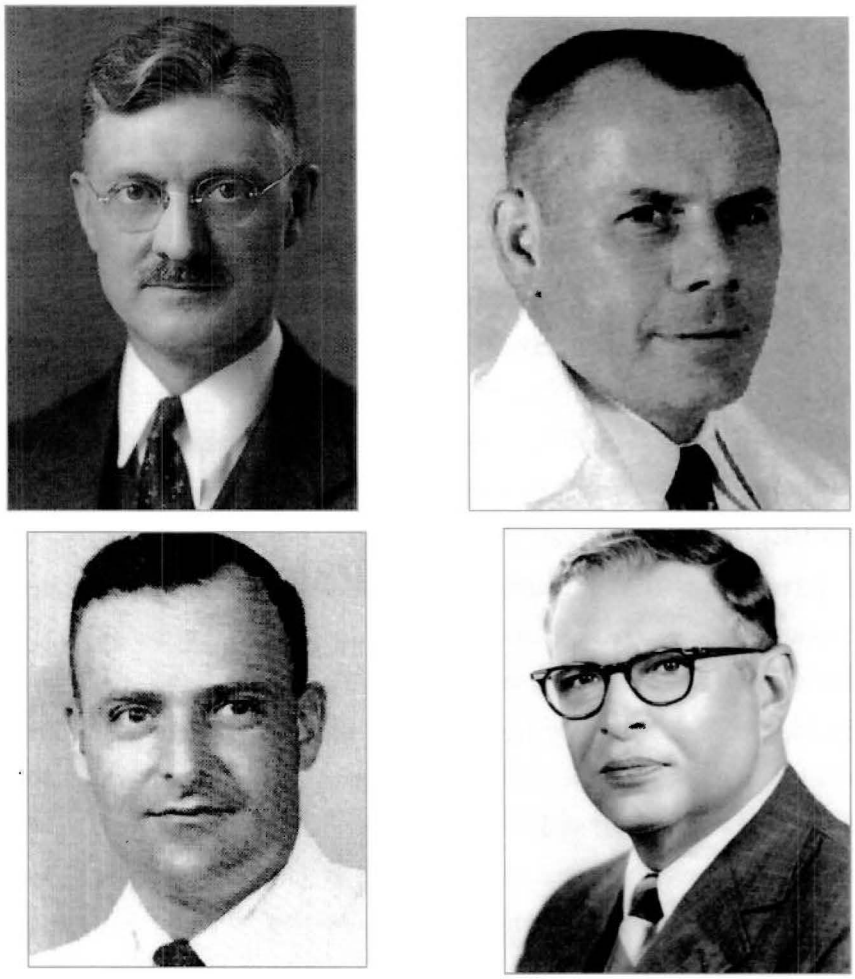
Education on a Broader Scale

I credit my colleague Al Gould for encouraging me to join the Minnesota Society of Anesthesiologists (MSA), where I became involved in the field on a broader scale. From my participation in the MSA, I became active in the American Society of Anesthesiologists (ASA) and the specialty's two accrediting organizations: the American Board of Anesthesiology (ABA) and the American College of Anesthesiologists (ACA).

The Minnesota Society of Anesthesiologists (MSA): The MSA is a physician organization committed to patient safety, educational advancement, and the best possible anesthesia care. It started on December 3, 1947, and today has a membership of approximately 400 active physicians, 50 retired and affiliated physicians, and 50 resident physicians. As a statewide organization of anesthesiologists, it serves patients, the public, lawmakers, physicians, and other professionals by defining and advancing the standard of anesthesia care and supporting the practice of anesthesiology in the state of Minnesota. When I joined the ASA in 1961, there was an informal, approximately thirteen-year process of progressing through the positions of (1) alternate delegate, (2) delegate, (3) alternate director, and (4) director. Each position involved one or two terms of a few years. Serving in these roles involved one's presence in the American Society of Anesthesiology (ASA). The MSA alternate delegates and delegates represented Minnesota in the ASA House of Delegates, the ASA's primary legislative and governing body. The MSA alternate director and director represented Minnesota on the ASA board of directors, which directs the publication and distribution of all ASA official documents, journals, and reports. It also oversees the ASA's budget and executes duties specified in the bylaws. There was one alternate director and one director from each state on the board of directors.

We enjoyed good professional relations with the department of anesthesiology at the University of Minnesota and other Midwest medical institutions. We would rotate the MSA presidency so that the U of M, Mayo, and Minnesota communities (Duluth and Mankato, for example) were evenly represented. I served as president of the MSA in 1982.

In 2017, I received the MSA Distinguished Service Award. I had been an MSA member for fifty-six years, attended more than 200 MSA executive committee meetings, volunteered more than 1500 hours, and promoted Minnesota anesthesiology nationally (as president of the ABA) and internationally (as an honorary fellow, Ireland and United Kingdom). I was honored to be given these awards and enjoyed the travel, good food, and time spent with colleagues.



All four of the individuals above were leaders in the department of anesthesiology at the University of Minnesota. Top left: "Pappy" Knight trained at Mayo and was a resident here before he went to the university to become the first chair of its department of anesthesiology. Top right: Fred Van Bergen followed Knight as the department chair. Lower Left: Joseph Buckley was a Dartmouth graduate a few years ahead of me. He was a professor at the university who followed Van Bergen as the chair. Bottom right: James H. Matthews, a professor at the university. He was on the American Board of Anesthesiologists and died a young man at one of the board exam meetings.

The American Society of Anesthesiologists (ASA): The ASA's roots go back to 1905, when nine physicians from Long Island, New York, organized the first professional anesthesia society. It has become a national educational, research, and scientific association of physicians organized to raise the standards of the medical practice of anesthesiology and to improve patient care. When I was involved in the ASA, it had about 30,000 members. Today, it has more than 52,000 national and international members and more than 100 full-time employees.

After serving as a director on the ASA board of directors, you either came back home or ran for an ASA office. I did the latter, won the election, and became the vice president for scientific affairs from 1976 to 1978. I think I could have gone on to be the ASA president, but Dick Theye, my department chair at Mayo, became ill with ALS, and when he died, I became the chair. In that position, I didn't feel I would have time to serve as ASA president and didn't go up the line any further in the ASA. I chose, instead, to be part of the American Board of Anesthesiology as an examiner and director.

At an ASA meeting with Doug Bacon (light suit) and ASA President Roger Moore (holding folder). Bacon is the current chair of the department of anesthesiology at the University of Mississippi. I do not know the name of the woman on the left.

American College of Anesthesiology (ACA): While serving as an alternate delegate and delegate, I became involved in the ASA's College of Anesthesiology. The college administered a written examination and an oral examination that people could take after a year of residency to help them get ready for the formal written and oral exams given by the American Board of Anesthesiology. Residents used the college exams as "steppingstones" to the ABA exams. (The college no longer exists; it has been replaced by an ASA examination.)

American Board of Anesthesiology (ABA): When I became chair of the department of anesthesiology at Mayo in 1977, I began serving on the ABA board of directors. My predecessor, Dick Theye, had been on the board, and Mayo wanted us to maintain a presence. (I took my own ABA exam in 1964, and in 1966, our department chair, Al Faulconer, invited me to be an oral examiner, so I was very familiar with the process.) Thus, I began my first of three, four-year terms on the ABA. In 1989, I was appointed president. I am among many people who feel that the twelve years they spent on the ABA was the best board experience they have ever had in terms of enjoying the people and the work. Members spent about thirty days a year together in one form or another (the two weeks of exam, the winter meeting, and other sessions) and stayed in touch year-round. Members got to know one another well; I found my time with the ABA to be extremely rewarding.

American Board of Anesthesiology, April 1978, Clearwater, Florida. Left to right: Stevens, Epstein, Helrich, Keats, Arens, Crawford, Larson, me, Bird, Kitz, Benson, Siker

American Board of Anesthesiology, 1979, Palm Springs, California. As the American board, we felt we should meet in the United States. We tried to hold our annual January business meeting somewhere warm. It snowed at this meeting in Palm Springs. The next year we met in Key West, Florida, and we had a hurricane. We decided to meet thereafter on alternate years in the Caribbean and Hawaii.

American Board of Anesthesiology, January 1985. Front row: Drs. Epstein, Helrich, Arens, Kitz, Sessler, Crawford. Back row: Drs. Bird, Hug, Hughes, Slogoff, Donegan, Larson, Stevens, Stoelting, Owens. Note: Jody Donegan was the first woman on the ABA. Hughes was the ABA executive director.

American Board of Anesthesiology, 1981, Tarpon Springs, Florida. Back row: Me, Don Benson (John Hopkins and University of Chicago), Larson (Stanford). Middle row: Wendell Stevens (University of Iowa and became chair of anesthesiology at the University of Oregon), Bob Stolte (chair of anesthesiology at the University of Indiana), Dick Kitz (University of Pennsylvania and became chair of anesthesiology at the University of Michigan), Jim Arens (chair of anesthesiology at the University of Mississippi and University of Texas, Medical Branch at Galveston), Bob Epstein (trained at Columbia and became chair of anesthesiology at the University of Virginia). Front Row: Martin Helrich (University of Pennsylvania and chair of anesthesiology for twenty-nine years at the University of Maryland), Harry Bird (Dartmouth), O. B. Crawford, Rick Syka (head of Mercy Hospital in Pittsburgh)

Note: O. B. Crawford was in private practice in Kansas or Missouri. The board felt it was important to have private practice individuals represented.

Foundation for Anesthesia Education and Research (FAER): The Foundation for Anesthesia Education and Research (FAER) is a nonprofit, ASA-related organization dedicated to developing the next generation of physician-scientists in anesthesiology. It helps facilitate careers, especially academic careers, in anesthesiology. I was appointed to FAER's board of directors in 1992 when the organization first began. Our focus then was to seek and give grants to help give the specialty a broader scientific base. In February 1995, I succeeded Dr. Martin Helrich (chair of the University of Maryland's department of anesthesiology) as FAER's executive secretary. When the head of the foundation stepped down in 2002, I agreed to lead it. I brought the office to Rochester from Baltimore, Maryland, and for two or three years, I had an extra office in the Methodist Hospital adjacent to my office. When we grew larger, we moved our office to the sixth floor of the Wells Fargo Bank Building. In 2015, my successor moved the office to Illinois. I am still on the FAER executive committee.

The FAER board of directors meeting. Denham Ward (front row, fourth from right) followed me as the president of FAER.

Office staff of FAER, 2014. Left to right: Lori Nierman, Ginger Smith, Sara Lueders, Jody Clikeman (worked with us on grant reviews), and Mary Schrandt (supervisor of secretaries at Methodist Hospital).

A physician's work falls into one of four general categories: practice, education, research, or administration. When I started at Mayo in the 1960s, at the end of each month we were asked to "take a look at your calendar and let us know what percent of your time you spend in each of the four areas." The first decade, we were expected to spend nearly all our time on practice. After that, though, we were allowed to choose our emphasis so that we could, in effect, change jobs while staying within the same institution. Mayo's committee system oversaw much of this activity. Because of this freedom, you didn't feel tethered; you could go in whatever direction(s) you wanted, which made working here wonderful. Looking back on my years at Mayo, I feel fortunate to have had this freedom and flexibility to have worked in each of the four areas when and how I chose to do so. I started doing cardiac anesthesia and gravitated to more committee and administrative things, such as chairing our department and being a member of the board of governors. I devoted nearly half of my time to education—directing our anesthesiology residency program in Rochester and advising the programs in Jacksonville and Scottsdale, and serving as the dean of the Mayo Graduate School of Medicine, director and officer of the ASA, president of the ABA, and executive director of FAER.

I did different things about every five years. For each of my moves, I had a "lily pad" to land on. Change instills some anxiety as you walk off a comfortable platform onto a new one, but after a while, you adjust. I think one thrives in this type of an environment. Medicine and Mayo Clinic are far different today than when I came on staff in 1962. It's now a different time, a different place, and a different environment. I fear that we are losing what I loved best about Mayo due to what might be called excessive corporatization. Mayo has become a big business, and it is ok to be a big business, but the distinction needs to be made between a nonprofit *company* and a not-for-profit *institution.* Corporations exist to make a profit; educational institutions are not intended to make a profit. I feel that Mayo Clinic needs to not be so corporate. Corporations (for example, General Motors and General Electric) eventually extract too much and die. Their life spans typically are measured in decades. Educational institutions, for example, the Max Planck Society in Germany (and its many institutes) and the Karolinska Institute in Sweden, have lasted for centuries. Mayo Clinic has three shields: patient care, education, and research. I firmly believe that the education shield needs to be strengthened by linking Mayo tightly with some distinguished technical educational institution or institutions. I'm afraid if Mayo goes totally corporate it will succeed in the short term but not for centuries. Institutions need to improve, perfect, and perpetuate. It's the perpetuation of Mayo Clinic and the culture I so enjoyed that I care about most and wish to see preserved.

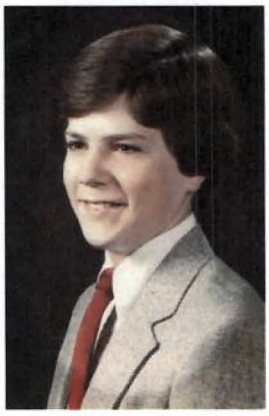
American Board of Anesthesiology colleagues: Left, Bill Hamilton, chair of the University of Iowa anesthesiology department and dean of the University of California San Francisco. Right, Marty Helrich, chair of the University of Maryland anesthesiology department.

A World of Thanks

When it was time for me to get serious and ask someone to marry me, I asked Martha, because I knew that her values would positively influence our children. She did that; our children and I have benefited from them greatly. It was all Martha's doing.

Family photo in the 1960s

I owe a world of thanks to Martha for her dedication to raising our children. Karen Anne was born in 1962, Steven Davies in 1963, and James Alan in 1966. Martha is an extremely intelligent person of faith and high integrity. My mother was a religious person, and from growing up with her I came to believe that churches serve a stabilizing role in a functioning society. Martha was raised in a religious-based family. When it was time for me to get serious and ask someone to marry me, I asked Martha, because I knew that her values would positively influence our children. She did that; our children and I benefited from them greatly. It was all Martha's doing.



High school graduation photos. Left to right: Karen (1979), Steven (1981), and James (1983)

I worked incredibly long hours, so I wasn't home much to help with the children or household chores, and when I was, I was usually exhausted from my work at the hospital. I was working in one of the cardiac surgical rooms when Martha, all alone, drove our Volkswagen to Saint Marys Hospital for Karen's delivery. My first question when I hurried over to see her and our newborn was, "Where did you park the car?" Fortunately, her anesthesia had worn off and she remembered.

During my time as a resident, I basically lived at Mayo Clinic and came home now and then. On Saturdays, I would assist in cardiovascular surgery with two

bypasses that were done. There would be "redoes," and those patients tended to bleed and need special attention to keep them going. I remember calling Martha many Saturdays around six o'clock in the evening to say that I wouldn't be home in time to go to the movie we had planned to see or the dinner we had been invited to. When I arrived home, I would eat supper and then fall asleep. For twenty years, I went to Saint Marys Hospital seven days a week to make rounds.

When Martha was pregnant with James, we decided that climbing stairs to our third-floor Silver Lake Apartment was too much for her, and we purchased a house at 1705 Hiawatha Court Northeast. Martha's medical schooling came in handy more than once while our children were young. I remember coming home late one evening to meet Martha in the driveway crying and holding an aluminum pie plate. I asked, "What's the matter?"

1705 Hiawatha Court N.E.
Rochester, Minnesota 55904

She replied, "Jim has nephrosis." She had noticed that he had become puffy, so she caught some of his urine, boiled it, determined it was a proteinuria, and made the diagnosis herself. He was about five years old. For a few years, Martha spooned steroids (his "yucky stuff") in him while he held his nose, and he eventually got better. In 1992, we moved from the north side of our hill to the south side (1250 19th Avenue Northeast), where we lived until 2007, when we entered Charter House.

During the 1960s and 1970s, Martha worked part time at the Rochester State Hospital. She, Vivita Leonard, and Hanaliese Krahlem Schnellie were the hospital's anesthesiology department. Hanaliese was the Chief of Surgical Services. The hospital performed elective surgeries for patients from all the state institutions. Mayo would send a staff surgeon to supervise the senior residents, who did most of the operations. Dr. Frank Tyce, a psychiatrist, was the hospital supervisor. I would meet with the medical staff at the hospital on various occasion. At one meeting, an upcoming surgery was being discussed. A fellow noted that he wouldn't be able

to assist with an upcoming surgery because he had sprained his ankle. Dr. Tyce asked, "That's too bad, how did it happen?"

The fellow said, "I was playing in a softball game with the patients, and I hurt it when I slid into second base."

Frank said, "I had a similar fracture myself."

"Oh, Dr. Tyce, how did you hurt your ankle?"

"During my suicide squad's attack on General Rommel's headquarters in World War II. (Erwin Rommel, the Desert Fox, was a commander of German troops.) That was game, set, match right there—end of conversation.

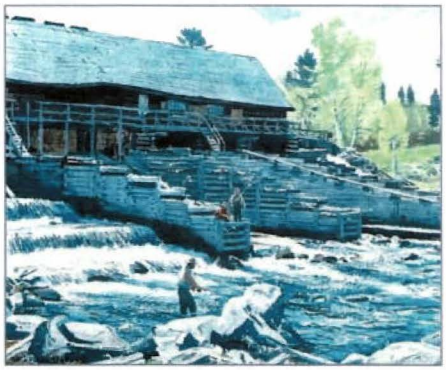
For family vacations, during spring breaks when the weather was cool in Minnesota, we would drive to Texas (usually Dallas) and visit Martha's family. Summers we would often vacation at Fair Hills in Detroit Lakes, Minnesota, or spend time at our cabin on the Rapid River in Maine. We traveled by station wagon. I can remember working all day Friday and beginning our drive after I came home in the evening. On our trips east, I would last about to Chicago, and Martha would drive through the night on to Maine. We would arrive at the lake by noon the next day in time for lunch. We pulled a boat on a trailer on one of the trips and stayed overnight in a motel in Rochester, New York. When we came out the next morning, we discovered that someone had stolen my trolling motor, a two-and-one-half horsepower Johnson, from the boat. The motor wasn't worth much, but my parents had given it to me as a Christmas present. It was an heirloom that reminded me of them and the good times fishing on the lakes in Maine.

When Karen chose to attend my alma mater, Steve and James heaved sighs of relief and said, "Good! Now we won't have to go there!"

Steve wrestled in high school and captained the Mayo High School wrestling team. When the time came for him to consider colleges, Martha told him he could pick one anywhere fifty miles either side of the interstate highways we traveled from Rochester to the Atlantic Ocean. He chose Bowdoin College in Brunswick, Maine. There, he continued his passion for wrestling, competing each of his four years. Following graduation, he attended Washington and Lee University School of Law in Virginia. After law school, he joined the Marine Corps, spent an intense summer at Quantico Station, Virginia, and then served several years as a JAG

(Judge Advocate General's Corps) officer. Today, Steve is a private-practice lawyer and lives in Livonia, New York, with his wife Mary Beth Graf and their three children, Kaitlin, Meghan, and Lauren.

Jim attended Colgate University in Hamilton, New York. He currently is in a nursing program at Rochester Community Technical College (RCTC). He and Karen live in an OakCliff townhome in northeast Rochester, where Karen is the Executive Director for Chorale Arts Ensemble of Rochester.

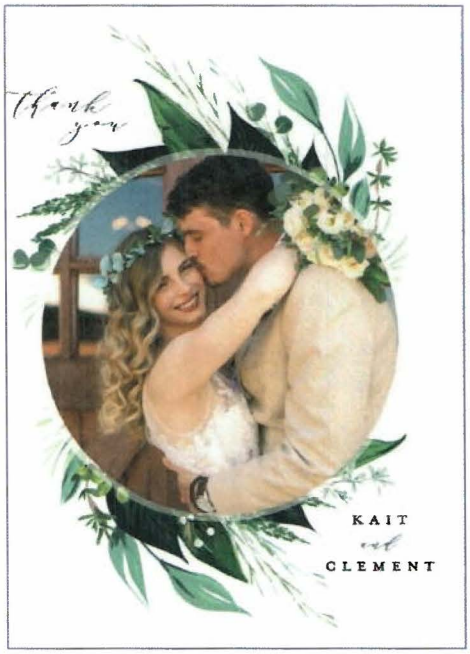


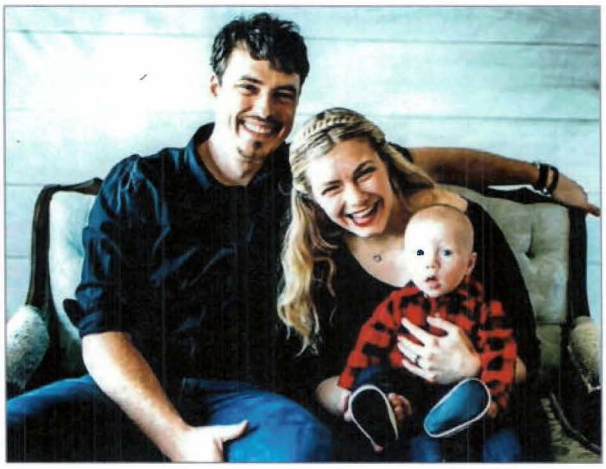
We began vacationing at our cabin on Rapid River in 1953. Left: A painting of two men fishing on Rapid River. Right: Middle dam on the river. Changes come to the river, but the camp remains a quiet refuge—our destination—from the world. Life is always better from the cabin.

Left: A Florida vacation. Right: Steve and his wife, Mary Beth, with Martha, me, Karen, and James

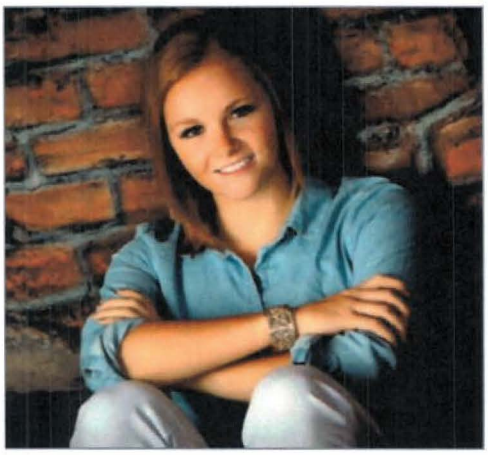
Top: On vacation in Maine
Middle: Photo Martha took of me on our travels
Above: With son Jim at the FAER office
Right: Vacationing in Europe

Top left: St. Paul Winter Carnival. Top right: Me with one of our dogs at our home at OakCliff. Bottom left: Recent photo of Martha. Bottom right: Hiking the Birkebeiner trails in Wisconsin.



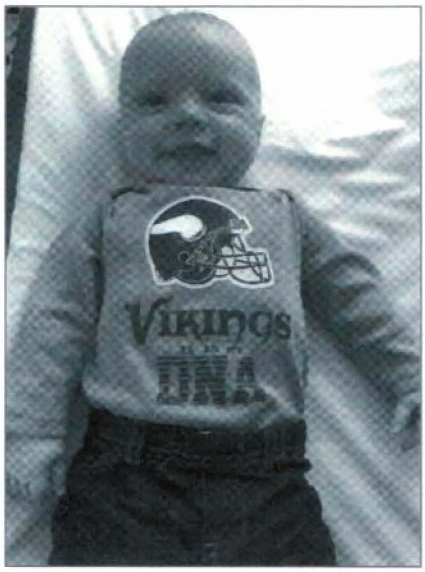


Our granddaughter Kate, her husband, Clement, and their son, Oliver



Our granddaughter Lauren

Our granddaughter Meghan



Photos on left: Our great-grandson, Oliver. Right: Mary Elizabeth Graf-Sessler with Oliver.

A Wealth of Opportunity to Serve

The things I have been—and continue to be—involved in are things that I feel are worthwhile to preserve. Martha and I share the philosophy that "we should participate."

Rochester Public Library staff and board of directors. I am below the arrow on the sign.

Being of useful service to others has been my life's common denominator, my destiny, my modus operandi. I have served in the military, put the needs of Mayo Clinic patients first, nurtured residents, and promoted anesthesiology, my chosen specialty. My father, as the older of two boys, was always looking after his cousins and aunts and uncles. My mother was a kind, caring person. I think, therefore, that I was born to serve; it was in my blood. My education, from grade school through medical school, prepared me to serve and opened many opportunities for my doing so. The things I have been—and continue to be—involved in are things that I feel are worthwhile to preserve. Martha and I share the philosophy that *we should participate.*

In the 1970s, the Presbyterian Church went through a period of reunion to become a single church (southern and northern) nationwide. Martha was a logical individual to work on the reunion because she had grown up in the southern church, she was active in our Rochester church, and her father and brother were Presbyterian pastors in the South. She worked closely with the Synod of Lakes and Prairies, and I attended many meetings with her. (The synod covers a wide area of the upper Midwest. Within its boundaries are 16 presbyteries, 790 churches, and 105,000 members engaged in worship and mission.) I remember a long bus ride to somewhere in Indiana for a week-long National Presbyterian Church women's meeting. I ended up serving on the synod's personnel committee for their clergy and the endowment committee.

In 1983, I was named a trustee of the newly formed, not-for-profit Hitchcock Clinic in Hanover, New Hampshire, and served on the executive committee as its vice chair. In 1992, I was named a trustee of the Dartmouth-Hitchcock Medical Center board of trustees. I was named a trustee of the Mary Hitchcock Memorial Hospital in 2004 and elected chairman of the Dartmouth-Hitchcock Clinic board of trustees. I traveled to New Hampshire twice a month for twenty-three years and made many life-long friendships.

Martha and I moved to the Rochester OakCliff townhomes in 1992. After a few years, I became the head of the townhome association. A neighbor said, "Alan, why don't you join Rotary and find out what's going on in the community you've lived in for forty years?" So, I did. I learned a lot and met many people. I was still

traveling quite a bit, so I would miss Rotary meetings and needed to attend makeups. The best way I could make up was to go to the Rochester Public Library on Thursday evenings when I was in town. So, after a while, I left Rotary and got involved with the library. I served three, three-year terms on the Rochester Public Library board of directors and another nine years on the library's foundation board. I still sit on the library's finance committee.

I got hooked on libraries as a high school student from studying in the Boston Public Library. Even though my grades were average, I liked the environment. Every night, an Italian immigrant, John Defarrari, slept at a long table, his head resting on an open book or newspaper. During the day, he sold pears, apples, oranges, and bananas from his pushcart in the financial district. Defarrari used the library's resources to transform himself from a hard-working fruit peddler into a wealthy investor. When he died in 1947, he left the library a million dollars. The library built a wing in his name, and there is a large mural on the wall of Defarrari with his pushcart. Today, when I see someone sleeping in the Rochester library, someone who looks derelict and homeless, I think, we won't throw them out; we'll keep them warm and let them sleep there.

Libraries are much more than places that loan books. They are communities par excellence. The motto over the entrance is "All are welcome here." They teach people practical skills such as how to apply for a job. Many people don't have access to the internet or a computer, which you need to fill out a job application. The library staff will help them. The library helps recent immigrants and visitors for whom English is a second language. Many of the Mayo patients who visit here for prolonged or protracted care gravitate to the library. It helps them assimilate the culture and the community. It's free, and it's positive. From times of antiquity, great cities, if they wanted to be great, have had great libraries.

Martha and I came to Charter House in 2007. Here I have a multitude of different pots bubbling at any one time. Some simmer, some are cold, some are duplicative, and most are supportive in the sense of "nourishing" me day to day. There is no dearth of things to do. I have been active on Charter House committees and have chaired the residents' council. I serve on the FAER Foundation executive committee and the Rochester Public Library Foundation finance

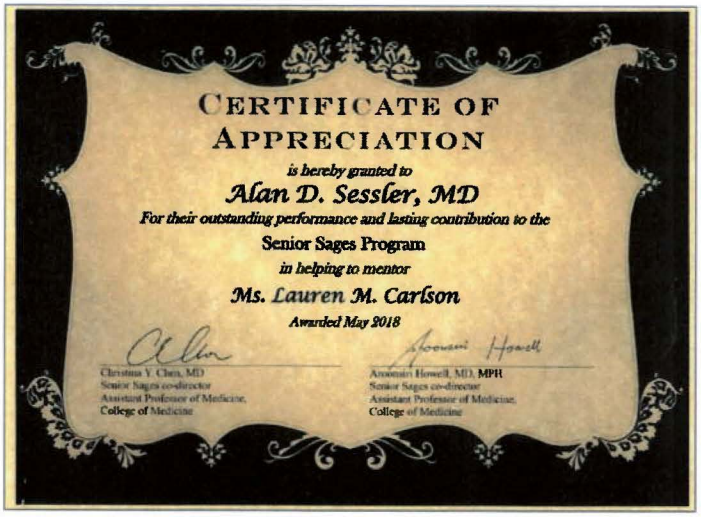
committee. I participated in the Senior Sages Program, which partners Charter House residents with first-year Mayo Clinic medical students to discuss topics related to aging and health. Nearly every day, I go to the Emeritus Office in the Mayo Clinic Plummer Building. Each week I lunch with the pulmonary and critical care doctors. I belong to the No Bad Investment and Wizened Wizards clubs. I meet regularly with a group, the Dead Poets Society, for Friday lunch. Another fellow and I each morning organize the newspapers in the Charter House library. I am indeed comfortable in this space at this time of my life.

I am grateful for the good fortune that has befallen me; I have had a lot of fun and have met many good people. Given the chance, I would love to live it all over again. I do not dwell on it, but I wonder at times what my life would have been had I made different decisions. What if I had attended a college other than Dartmouth? What if I had chosen a career other than medicine? What if Martha and I had moved to Texas to live and work? Though my life experiences would not have been the same, I am certain that I would have found as many ways to serve and contribute.

John Bogle, an American investor and philanthropist, wrote several books, including *Enough: True Measures of Money, Business, and Life.* In his commencement address at the Georgetown University business school in 2007, he closed with a story told by author Kurt Vonnegut. "Joseph Heller, an important and funny writer, now dead, and I were at a party given by a billionaire on Shelter Island. I said, 'Joe, how does it make you feel to know that our host only yesterday may have made more money than your novel *Catch-22* has earned in its entire history?' And Joe said, 'I've got something he can never have.' And I said, 'What on earth could that be, Joe?' And Joe said, 'The knowledge that I've had enough.'"

I think "enough" is the feeling that I, too, have. I never was focused on keeping score or accumulating. Being number one has not been a concern of mine. I want to contribute to meaningful endeavors, and I don't mind doing so as the leader of a group or as a member of the group. Rather than worrying if there will be enough for me, I like to think of how well the average is doing and see that there is enough for everyone. If one must keep score, that, I believe, is a more meaningful one to keep.

Dartmouth Hitchcock Clinic board of trustee members
Left: Ray Keyser, chair (former governor of Vermont)
Right: Dr. Tom Colacchio, chair of surgery and president of the Dartmouth-Hitchcock Clinic after Dr. Harry Bird



CERTIFICATE OF APPRECIATION

is hereby granted to

Alan D. Sessler, MD

For their outstanding performance and lasting contribution to the

Senior Sages Program

in helping to mentor

Ms. Lauren M. Carlson

Awarded May 2018

Christina Y. Chen, MD
Senior Sages co-director
Assistant Professor of Medicine,
College of Medicine

Anoushka Howell, MD, MPH
Senior Sages co-director
Assistant Professor of Medicine,
College of Medicine

The Senior Sages Program partners Charter House residents with first-year Mayo Clinic medical students to discuss topics related to aging and health.

Timeline

Date	Event
1918	Albert Rank Sessler, my father, serves stateside in WW I
1919	Albert Sessler, DMD Tufts Dental School
April 4, 1932	Alan D. Sessler was born
1932	Cyrus Davies (maternal grandfather) dies
1937 – 1941	Kindergarten through third grade at Mary Curley School
1939 – 1955	Summers at Pinewood Camps in Canton, Maine
1940	Martha and family from China to the United States
1941-1943	Fourth through sixth grades at Louis B. Agassi School
1943 – 1949	Grades seven through twelve at Boston Latin School
1949 – 1953	Dartmouth College, A.B.
1953 – 1957	Tufts University Medical School, M.D.
1953	Vacations begin at camp on Rapid River in Maine
1957 – 1959	Internship and Residency at Dartmouth-Hitchcock
Spring 1958	Martha Anne Smith Austin College A.B. 1954
1958	Martha Anne Smith, M.D, AOA, UTMB, Galveston
1958	Maratha Anne Smith, M.D. Internship at DHMC
September 1958	Martha and I meet during internship/residency
Easter 1959	Marriage proposal to Martha
July 4, 1959	Martha and I marry in La Marque, Texas
1959 1961	Martha Evanston Hospital in Residency in Illinois Anesthesiology
August 1959	Alan U.S. Naval Hospital in Great Lakes, Illinois, Anesthesiology
November 1960	Assigned to Mediterranean as The Medical Officer for USS *Des Moines* (CA 134) comm 6th Fleet in Mediterranean
July 1961	Honorably discharged from the Navy
August 1961	Move to Rochester and begin fellowships in anesthesiology at Mayo Clinic
1961	Minnesota Society of Anesthesiologist (MSA) and the American Society of Anesthesiologist (ASA)
April 18, 1962	Birth of Karen Anne Sessler
June 1962	Three-month residency at Los Angeles Children's Hospital
October 1962	Appointed to Mayo Clinic staff - Consultant in Anesthesiology
September 6, 1963	Birth of Steven Davies Sessler
1966 – 1990	Grow Mayo Clinic Anesthesiology Residency Program
August 18, 1966	Birth of James Alan Sessler

Date	Event
1967	With Paul Didier, start Respiratory Therapy Services at Methodist and Saint Marys Hospitals
1967 – 1969	Associate examiner for American Board of Anesthesiology (ABA)
1971 – 1977	ABA Board of Directors
1976 – 1978	Vice President of scientific affairs for American Society of Anesthesiologists
1977 – 1987	Chair Mayo Clinic department of anesthesiology
1977 – 1989	ABA director (three, four-year terms)
1980	MSA vice president
1981	MSA president elect
1982	MSA president
1983	Trustee of Hitchcock Clinic, Hanover, New Hampshire - executive committee vice chair
1989	ABA president
March 28, 1992	Birth of Kaitlin (Sessler) Towner
1992	FAER board of directors
1992	1250 19th Avenue Northeast (OakCliff)
1992	Trustee Dartmouth-Hitchcock Medical Center board of trustees
November 21, 1994	Birth of Meghan Sessler
1995	Retirement from Mayo Clinic
1995	FAER executive secretary
December 3, 1995	Birth of Lauren Sessler
2004	Trustee of Mary Hitchcock Memorial Hospital and chairman of Dartmouth-Hitchcock Clinic board of trustees
2007	Charter House Apartment 2007
July 7, 2018	Marriage of Kaitlin Sessler Clement Towner
June 10, 2019	Birth of Oliver Edwin Towner

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