

EARLY TIMES

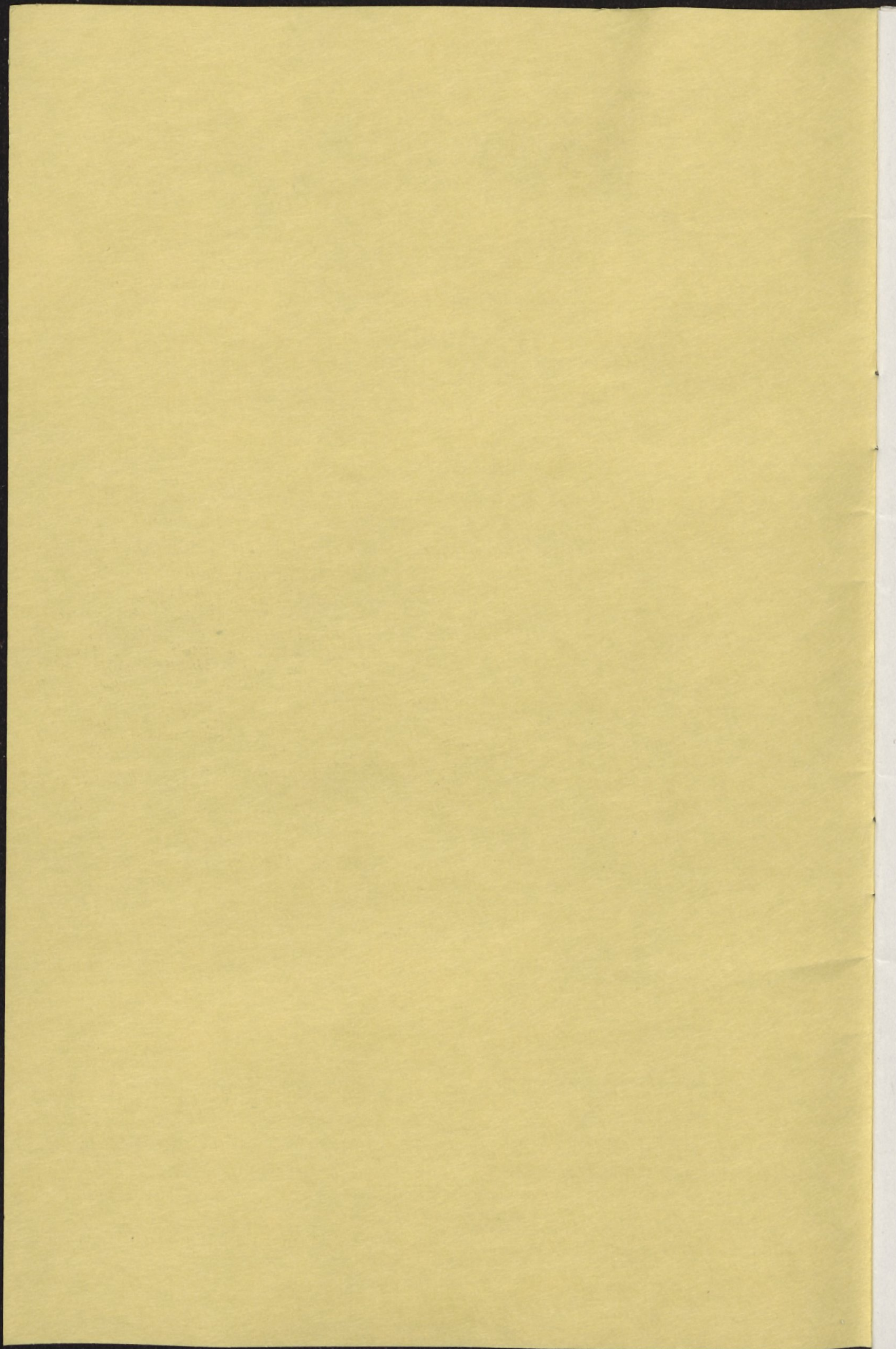
**AT
THE UNIVERSITY OF
COLORADO
MEDICAL SCHOOL**



BY

**Henry Merritt Stenhouse
M.D. 1913
FACS 1923
U.S. Navy Med School
1915
COMMANDER U.S.N.
[MC] Retired**

**First M.D. graduate
from
University of Colorado
Medical School
ever commissioned in the
U.S. Navy Medical Corps
[1915]**



Meng Te had a birthday too. He was a protege of Po Chu-i. Meng asked Po for a poem. Po wrote, "on reaching three score years, the genius of our passions takes pleasure in repose".

Our college of medicine is not sixty. It is now a hundred and we can still say, "strong legs are still at her command to look for running streams and shady highlands".

Just two centuries after the reign of Louis Quatorze of France, ground was broken at Boulder for the foundations of this old institution. Le Grande Louis' reign was said to have marked the end of majesty. It was likened to a drop curtain between things mediaeval and things modern. None of this can be said about our alma mater. Nor would anyone accuse her of having been the father or the mother of any revolution.

At the time of the establishment of this college, 1883, my father was a student at the Denver University College of Medicine. He was a demonstrator of anatomy there. After graduation he became associated with the elder Dennison whose son Charles Stong Dennison was my instructor in Physical Diagnosis. His grandfather Henry Strong had the money.

In that office my father learned how to listen to heart sounds, to take a clinical history and other practical things, such as how it was for a man to marry a rich woman. So much for credentials.

After having exhausted the educational possibilities at North Denver High School, I followed an uncle and two cousins to Boulder. My mother, my angel mother insisted on boarding the Denver-Boulder Interurban with me. It has ceased to bother me but her objectives and mine were not identical. She had orders from her big sister to find me a room with one Ned Collett. Big sister was the she senior-warden of her family. The year was 1908.

Mackey Auditorium was just begun. The admission office was at OLD MAIN. We two hoofed it over. I signed up and paid up \$30 for the first semester. In academic parlance I matriculated. It took another year to decide whether to be an engineer or a physician.

Boulder was a co-ed college. It was no Rocky Mountain Harvard. More than a trace of Indian days was in evidence. The student population counting the summer school enrollment, was not much over a thousand, total. It was co-ed but cohabitation was part of the curriculum. No co-ed dorms.

There was Woodbury Hall, a dorm for men and a small cottage like building for women. Off campus there were numerous frat houses and sorority houses. Many students lived and ate in boarding houses.

After a brief month or so with that Ned Collett, I managed to find space in Woodbury Hall. We ate at a boarding house off campus.

I had signed up as a pre-medic. The curriculum for engineering was the same except for the math. I came away from North with all the math credits except calculus. You can see that way back then there was overlapping. A student should have been able to skip either two years of college or two of high school. We did have excellent high schools.

So the year of college was irrelevant. It only goes to show that then nobody had to have any college credits to get into medical school. Any place other than Harvard and Stanford.

My friend Bill Finnoff started in high school with me, where he played football. He never did finish high school. He went to a business college (was it Parks?) and was admitted to Denver and Gross two years ahead of me. Yet, in later years, he could and did sit with Fuchs of Vienna, our own Edward Jackson, and other eminent ophthalmologists.

The pre-med year did one thing for me. It helped me to make up my mind. That was the year the Association of American Medical Colleges discovered there were too many medical schools;-too many dumb doctors.

That was my signal. Get into med school. Pronto.

In the fall of 1909, I had to turn in my football uniform. You couldn't take anatomy and practice football at the same time. That was no great shift of gears. Everything we did was on the same campus.

The headquarters building for medicine was a red brick converted bungalow. It was on the edge, almost off campus. The anatomy classes were in what had been a horse-barn. Cadavers were plentiful. They were already stretched out on tables the day we arrived for anatomy class.

The university operated a small hospital. Affiliated with it was what was called a school of nursing. The names were impressive if you lived far away and had never seen the hospital.

First classes were dissection, mornings in the horse-barn. Robert (Mizzou) Talbott was my dissecting partner. The stiffs were ugly creatures and they smelled bad. A medic needed no dog tag to identify his calling. The stiffs were embalmed, not refrigerated. We tried to follow Cunningham's dissection manual. That was one book I did have.

After dissection, we hoofed it to Hale Science Building for Biology. The year before we had taken the same course when it was scheduled as Zoology. The Prof was Francis (Frogs) Ramaley. He had a bearded cohort who spoke with a British accent. His name was Cockrell. In college they called his course Evolution. As medics, it was billed as Comparative Anatomy.

On the way back from Hale, we stopped at the Chemistry Building wher Doctor Eckley lectured, first on inorganic chemistry. The chemistry labs were in the afternoons, Quantitative and Qualitative. The sophomore year Eckley lectured us on organic. Colorimetry hadn't yet come in. Neither was it taught at the U.S. Naval Medical School where I was later a student.

Organic was supposed to be the tough course but we all passed it. Learning about benzene rings.

Nobody had a bike unless it was the caretaker of buildings and grounds. He was the only Russian on the campus in those far off ancient days. Nobody had an automobile until perhaps 1913. To be

sure no student had his own car, there were trolley cars operating from the city up to the Chautauqua and over to the other side of town. There were no taxis. Shoemakers, yes. To apply half soles to worn out shoes.

A couple of Pi Phis used to rent a horse and buggy and would go buggy riding. But to get to classes, the Pi Phis and everybody else walked.

While struggling to understand the synthesis of Benzene Rings, things were happening elsewhere. In Chicago on Dearborn Street someone made the same discovery about dumb doctors. In New York one on those tax free foundations discovered there were too many doctor factories. They sent a secreto (I think his name was Flexner) across the country with orders to close up medical schools.

The dumb doctor problem was solved by requiring two years of college for admission.

Subsequently two more years were added to the requirement. Hospital internships were stretched first to two and then to three years. Likewise residencies. 26 years of a young physicians life are gone before he can start to serve a community as a physician. And every one of them has to be a specialist.

Wednesdays were for chapel. The Supreme Court had'nt yet outlawed prayer but at Chapel nobody prayed anyway. Someplace on the schedule was gym. I can't say about the co-eds but all males had to take gym. Harry Curtis who was soon to be named head of the Tennessee Valley Authority was an assistant coach. He worked in the labs and took classes in the medical school.

Evenings were for study. No special events were offered evenings such as at the Mayo Clinia. At Rochester all hands attended general staff meetings Wednesday evenings, and seminars for each department at least once a week.

The faculty of medicine was under the Aegis of Ann Arbor (Michigan) alumni. William P. Harlow was Dean. Ross Whitman was Secretary. Peebles was Professor of Medicine. The name of the Physiology instructor escapes me. His text book was Brubaker. Osler's text book on Medicine was standard diet in those days. But Cunningham's Anatomy, of all others that was the very worst.

Up to that year every med student absorbed his anatomy from Gray. My father seemed to know Gray from cover to cover. He wondered what was wrong with me. Cunningham was what was wrong. From that first year we had to try to cope with Cunningham and his Basle Nomenclature.

Looking back it reminds me of the new Episcopalian Prayer Book. Why did they have to disrupt the good old church with new words for the Our Father? Why do we have to read a thermometer in Celcius? Why space the threads of a pipe by metric?

But don't get me wrong. We had fun even if we had never seen an automobile. And believe it or not we had a house rule; NO LIQUOR IN THE HOUSE. We had fun without liquor. Our alumni owned the house.

Even the faculty couldn't pronounce the Latin version of Canada Balsam.

Brubaker's Physiology was decent. In that class nobody had to reach over backward. Even we frosh could pronounce those words. Same valves, same networks, same nerves and blood vessels under familiar names.

Professor Jolly conducted the class in Pharmacology. We did get to know about the metric system in his class. But not strictly metric. We had to know the old system of grains, drams, scruples, ounces, pints and pounds too. The ancient Apothecary scales.

Professor Burnett taught the mysteries of the microscopic world. There was a bacteriology lab in the brick bungalow regarded as the Medical School Building. Burnett had a strange helper who tried to help us to understand about stains and morphological details. I think maybe the bacteriology course came as closer as any to scientific reality.

Clough T. Burnett was the name. Sometime in the years between, he was affiliated with the University of North Carolina Medical School at Chapel Hill, N.C.

At the SAE House while we waited for "Mrs." Fletcher and Josh to bring on the chow, there was music. Dolly Pierrot a post-grad student from Chicago sat at the piano. Nothing was ever put to music that Dolly Pierrot couldn't play. He was a musical genius. Push Crowder, Swede Downer, George Shaw and a medic named Mitchel made a quartet. In the night they serenaded the Chi Os, the Kappas, and the Pi Phis.

There were house parties. While the female guests slept in the men's bunks and showered in the men's showers, the men had to find places to sleep elsewhere. Most of the guests were from out of town. Often popular co-eds like Kylie (Katherine Kyle Kemp), Helen Prisk or Lila Haynes from Pueblo made the guest list. Helen was from Idaho. How do I know? Don't ask me. Edna Pearce from a big ranch on the Western Slope was a usual guest. She belonged. She had two brothers. She married Casey Cunningham. Their whole family ended up at the head table of Standards of California, Texas and Exxon.

Plenty of present day alums never heard of Mackey. Who ever got a lift by passing George Packard on campus. He had a smile and a happy salute you never forgot. George was one of those prolonged classical med students who later made it big in medicine. George's was surgery. Percy Eglee became the private physician to Thomas W. Lamont, one of the J.P. Morgan partners. Spending years in college can't be all bad. All I ask, is it necessary to make a good doctor? The lines of demarcation are not all well drawn.

Meanwhile as we plodded through base curves, benzene rings, and Cunningham; that Cunningham (no relation to Casey); that Flexner person was working across the country. Boulder was not on his hit list but definitely he was closing Denver and Gross.

For starters too, the last two years of the medical curriculum had to be moved to Denver. To implement that part of the plot, a constitutional amendment was essential. Petitions had to be circulated. Signatures had to be affixed to the petitions.

John Rapp, Fred Swartz and I took a Saturday off. We boarded a Denver and Interurban (now Burlington) to the city.

Fred and John Rapp had summer jobs at Lakeside tending a baby incubator. My dictionary explains that an incubator is a heated apparatus for hatching babies. At that stage of our education even we mediis had a lot to learn about the process of producing babies. All we knew was that one way or another an incubator was simply an imitation of the tail end of nature's way.

In early childhood little kids became curious about the hows and whys of where babies come from. John and Fred were learning things most of us didn't know. We could only guess about the details.

At Columbian School there had been a girl child with a Frenchy name. Denise la something. Her last name had connotations, something to do with a convent or a monastery. Some wise kids even whispered she had a big sister down on Market Street. At that stage, we weren't supposed to know about Market Street. Well, Market Street had been off limits until recently which made us all the more curious about what went on on Market Street.

Well, as you know, Market Street had been subject to Carrie Nation's hatchet. The denizens of the district were scattered about town.

Fred, Rapp and I were working the downtown area, seeking signatures. Not everybody we met was in a mood to sign anything. Some would argue. What's it all about? Eventually you discover getting signatures is a slow process. You waste alot of time.

The morning was far spent. Old Sol was nearing the Zenith when we three met near the corner of 14th and Champa. I wonder. Is that building still there? In our day it had been occupied by some of those Market Street denizens in flight. The big house may well be still there despite decades of demolitions of downtown Denver.

Even now as then a bawdy house is a place of mystery. One of us had a happy thought. Like riding through the tunnel of love at Elitch's, here was a chance to explore the mysteries of a house of ill shame.

As we grow older and wiser and more sophisticated, we tend to exhaust the mysteries. As one travels around one learns. Today in the States, nowhere will be found segregated districts as it used to be along Market Street beyond 23rd street.

Maybe things are not as they were in Japan and China. The Yoshiwara in Tokyo had a big house known as NUMBER NINE. In China the word was, the three chief American enterprizes in Shanghai were the Standard Oil, the missionaries, and the American women of easy virtue. That was before the Russian revolution. During and after the revolution, white Russian women poured into Shanghai and were said to have taken over the market.

In the Yoshiwara of an evening the girls sat in cage like enclosures along the street. The customers strolled along and looked them over. If one attracted the eye of a customer, she left the cage and went inside.

In Shanghai the girls were housed in houses equally lavish. They weren't exposed to the elements like in the Yoshawara. The customers had to go inside. There in the foyer were the girls. The customer had to buy champagne. The girls drank ginger ale or pop but the customer had to pay for champagne.

My cousin Roy was working in Shanghai. He knew how to get around. One of his friends an Englishman sat and drank champagne for a while and then said, "I'm going to take that woman upstairs. You can sign a chit for it. I'm going to sign a chit and keep it as a souvenir. Nobody at home will believe you can sign chits for such".

Occasionally the women go on vacation. One summer day, Singapore Kate and Carmine showed up at the Grand Hotel in Yokohama. In the afternoons they would take a table where they could look out across Yokohama Bay. One day as they sat there (not drinking ginger ale) our Asiatic fleet showed up. Kate knew before the admiral did. Where the ships would be and when.

It was at Kates house where we saw the Britisher take off upstairs to sign his chit.

Back to Boulder

But, as I was about to say, it's time to break off and get back to Boulder. Fred was the first one up the stairs as Rapp and I tarried to wonder if such signatures would be Kosher.

The door opened as soon as Fred knocked. We were all invited into a sumptuous and spacious parlor. The Madame welcomed us. She was gracious. She had the manners of a lady.

After hearing what our mission was she called one of her more attractive models and instructed her to go forth and get signatures on the petitions. During the whole time, not a word was said about the Chief of Police. Discretion in this place was the better part of valor.

Before anybody could shake a stick, the model was back with sheets full of signatures.

Mission accomplished, we headed back to turn the sheets of names in at Old Main.

Most people thought all we were asking permission to do was move the last two years of the Med school to Denver. Think again. That wasn't even half the plan. The amendment passed. The University had permission to establish branches anywhere in the state. See what happened?

Now you don't need to go to college to see the trap. Still, how many do you know who are conscious of the menace of the Trilateralists or the Council of Foreign Relations?

Ten to one you never heard how they took control in Chicago. Simple. The lawful Georgia delegation was thrown out of the convention. Not long after that Earl Warren had his chance to add a few pages to the United States Constitution.

Way back in 1910, the University severed relations with D.U. because the Denver University team beat Boulder. They were alleged to have had ringers on their team. Whew! They should see what we see now. Professionals everywhere. But Boulder was "PURE". Frank Kemp, Bull Sterrett, Jimmy Barrett, Sam Bowler.

They were truly great amateurs. There were good profs too and a good curriculum. Not a pinko anywhere.

To be sure there were freaks. Who was the guy in the story about falling in the ditch? The difference between an accident and a misfortune? He was a law student who swam against the stream. When somebody helped him out of the hole; -that was the misfortune.

In after years, he was elected a judge. Nobody seemed able to beat him. I have always been proud to have matriculated and studied at Boulder before an ex mayor was imported from Denver. He Had to be kicked upstairs to the Rockefeller Foundation to get rid of him? Was his era a prelude to what happened in the sixties? When Boulder tried hard to out do Berkeley and Chapel Hill?

Our time was a transition period preceding the Russian Revolution. A medical student didn't have to spend 26 of his best years in institutions.

A punctuation mark of that freshman medic year is one of the untold stories. The academic freshmen decided to have a dance. Freshmen medics and first year law students were not included. They were beyond the pale. Confusion was being asked for.

Two freshmen medics, a Tau Beta Pi junior engineer, and an engineering sophomore decided to gang up on the fresh. The night of the party, they positioned themselves at the corner where the trolley cars stopped. People disembarked. People boarded the cars. Whenever a frosh came along with his date he was siezed.

His necktie and one of his shoes was confiscated. Why just one shoe? Ask the Tau Bate. He was the engineer. He was the senior member.

The dance was to be at Sternberg Hall down town. After a sack full of shoes and ties had been accumulated, it was time for the music to start. In the alleyway behind Sternberg it was discovered that the adjacent building had a flat rood. Sort of a nice landing platform. The dance floor was on a level with the roof.

But, wait a minute. Don't throw those shoes in yet. "Something that smells like feet ought to be thrown in with the shoes". So, off to the drug store.

The pharmacist on duty knew the very ammonium compound to use. From there it was off to the races. Some careless shop-keeper had left a long ladder available.

Who went up the ladder? The Tau Bate. The junior engineer. He climbed the ladder. He threw in the sack of shoes and ties. He threw in the ammonium compound.

If the Tau Bate hadn't been in such a hurry, -if he hadn't been so scared, he could have seen who was sitting just inside the window.

The next day, who was sitting by the window became clear. Mrs. Dean Helms, that's who. And a covey of other wives of Deans. Chaperones for the freshman dance. And WHAM!

The entire academic sophomore class was ordered to assemble in Chapel the next morning. The riot act was read to them. "Who threw that stuff through the window?". Each and everyone of them

had to write a synopsis of where they were and why, the previous night. And certify it. The Tau Bate who climbed the ladder and threw "the stuff" was an immune body. Likewise the engineering sophomore and the two fresh medics.

The year after that episode the fresh medics became sophomore medics. What you most fear may come upon you in China. What about in Boulder?

Anticipation is always more awful or less terrible than realization. In the fall of 1910 an amalgam had to be made with the incoming sophomores from Denver and Gross. Half of the resulting class had to become amenable to the old Boulder faculty. The Boulder students had to learn to live with the D.U. contingent. And vice versa.

Word got around that the new instructor in nervous anatomy, S.B. Childs, was out to get Boulder students. Peebles would filter out the D.U. side.

The way it turned out, Child's initials didn't signify a thing. Childs did accentuate the problem with Cunningham. He added a suffix er to words ending in a. Some thought he was talking about some altogether different word. The new words were not in anybody's medical dictionary.

Would that some friendly person had taken just sixty seconds to explain that Childs came from Back Bay Boston.

What about the ill wind? For a change, Boulder did rake in some chips. From Denver, added to the faculty were treasures like Frost Craft Buchtel, Leonard Freeman, C.S. Elder and the famous pioneer roentgenologist. Names like W.A. Jayne and James Rae Arneil appeared on the faculty roster.

Elder taught Gynecology. At the time of my father's death he wrote me about the line of mourners reaching from our fence to Federal Boulevard. I was in the Philippines at the Naval Hospital, Canacao.

One of the incoming transfers was Ed R. (Prex) Mugrage. Some new names arrived from elsewhere. Jim Waring from Hopkins, John Robb from Northwestern and one from Stanford. Jim became Professor of Medicine and was immortalized with Webb. Mugrage had staying power. A lounge was named for him. The incoming freshman class had two who joined the navy and helped to form the flight surgeon wing of the Navy Medical Corps. Deane H. Vance and Bill Davies.

In those days the authorized strength of the Navy Medical corps was 350 physicians. [Medical Officers].

Herman Maul was among the transfers. He went to North Denver High. Later, he was a student at the Army Medical School in Washington, D.C. when I was in the class at the Navy Medical School. After graduation the Army assigned Herman to Philippine duty. There our paths crossed for the third time.

A newcomer to Shanghai in those days was derisively called a Griffin. According to that, Ross Whitman was a Griffin to Denver. He beat us there by a full year.

A medical officer of the Royal Navy came to pay his respects at the U.S. Naval Hospital Yokohama, Japan. He gently upbraided me for failing to call. Being just an ignorant Rocky Mountaineer, I didn't know that. I didn't know alot of what are known as good manners in the military 'or in the Orient. I doubt seriously if anybody in Denver did call on the Whitmans.

In the fall of 1911 we the former chosen people did find out that Flexner did close the better schools. They had the well equipped labs. They had the buildings. They didn't teach anatomy in a horse barn. They had to go.

We took our daylight hours abode in the ex-masion of a governor to discover it was no Mayo Clinic. We were two classes with one class-room. The OB manikin occupied the other room across the hall. Our class room was on the sunset side though you couldn't discern the mountains from where we sat.

Like always with charity institutions, you get what you pay for which is mostly nada. The Denver County Hospital regardless of how the name is prettied up remains a County Hospital. There was the usual intimate connection between the medical school and the hospital. You are never permitted to forget that fantasy about all men being equal. Nobody believes it. Otherwise there would be no stiffs in the dissecting room.

From September to May month, we students rode the street cars to the Loop. There we transferred to the Cherokee line to the County Hospital. (en route the cars passed the ex-mansion of a governor). At the hospital, we sprang up the steps at the eastern entrance. A resident, Sammy Goldberg would be waiting to greet us and "briif" us on whatever had transpired since our previius briefing. This consisted mostly in a review of what the ambulance had brought in. In my book those briefing were a tee-total waste of time. Fortunately for Rapp and Swartz and me the cost was nada.

We three and a senior student, Hubbard, had jobs as trailer conductors. The Denver Tramway issued us badges and free car rides anywhere, anytime. And twenty five cents an hour for collecting five cent fares, rush hours, Saturdays, Sundays -and holidays. The big deal was the badge.

If there was any real clinical exposure, memory of it fails to surface today. Dr. Hutchinson had an OB service organized. Delivery of five babies was a must to rate a diploma and an M.D. We delivered little Jew babies all out West Colfax way.

The pathology labs were upstairs in the mansion. If any morsel of knowledge was ever packed away up there my present memory fails me. Personally, it didn't matter. The lack was made up at the old Navy Medical School under Admiral E.R. Stitt, an S.A.E. from South Carolina and Commander Butler a Phi Rho. Stitt and Butler had served in the Philippines. We in the Navy class learned about pathology and Tropical Medicine. Stitt was also a graduate of the London School of Tropical Medicine.

In Denver we mostly just listened to dissertations from learned physicians. Edward Jackson taught eye. From that course I learned

about being emetropic. The elder Packard lectured on orthopedics. Some famous Vienna surgeon had stopped over in Denver and awakened doctors to possibilities of therapy in clubbed feet cases. It was said Packard settled on orthopedics after that.

Another treasure from the uniting of the two schools was Frost Craft Buchtel. About Colles Fractures he taught, it is unnecessary to splint them, or build casts around them, -if a patient is an intellectual. Buchtel emphasized he didn't mean intelligent. There is a difference.

There was W.A. Jayne the Gynecologist. The name of his textbook has been lost somewhere across the seven seas. Jayne had a protege. A young lad from Hopkins. He was the only real prima donna. The school bought him a manikin of a pelvis and one of a child in labor. The name was Clarence Ingraham. Students shortened the name to Clara. Clara and I were never on the same wave length. He was just being permitted to qualify for his wings by teaching Manikin OB.

There was Dr. Delehanty the N.P. specialist. Another N.P. teacher with a German accent, -Nehaus maybe? He had a sanitorium out East Colfax somewhere.

James Rae Arneil was a bangup internist. His son James Rae, jr. was a surgeon. Later, as Surgeon General of the Navy, Admiral Stitt asked me to see Arneil and Le Fever on one of my summer visits to Denver. Le Fever's daughter was assisting him in the operating room. She had married Bill Finnoff. Stitts chief target was Donald H. O'Rourke. Don was on recruiting duty and the navy wanted him to stay in.

Near the top of the list of our favorite teachers was Doctor Arndt. He was one of a firm of favorites, Buchtel Arneil (and later one of our class, Gus Cecchini). They occupied a suite of offices in the old Metropolitan Building.

Edward Jackson probably stands out front among that faculty in Early Times Denver. He attended every ophthalmology meeting of consequence, -anywhere, -everywhere. He was originally an engineer. Then he studied and graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in Medicine.

Jackson organized and developed the very first National Board, -in Ophthalmology. Other National Boards followed the Ophthalmologists.

One of the early geniuses in Roentgenology was our professor. What I learned from his course was to beware of Roentgen Rays. He had been burned all over his body before the dangers of X-Ray were suspected.

Rasplata.

On mild spring days, our little band of physicians in training sometimes sat on the rail of the broad veranda. We must have dreamed about running streams and shady highlands. Our wildest dreams never could compare with what has come to pass in our life time. The output of this college of medicine has been a steady flow of young talent.

The old mansion was long since replaced by buildings Dean Harlow and Ross Whitman would never have dreamed. The flow of lucre has at times exceeded the flow of talent. Eleanor Roosevelt in her travels came to be identified with the structural edifice. The Dennisons endowed the library. One more rich convert became convinced the world and the west needed one more institution to house nervous mental patients. Now that the buildings are occupied it becomes apparent, more and more money is needed to keep all those bright ideas operating in the black.

Up to now the flow of funds has been adequate thanks to grants and funding by the federal government. After the Bonfils and Tammen team was dissolved, Helen Bonfils came to the rescue, -over and over. Since her departure those in charge of the school's destiny are learning the meaning of the aphorism, "Whose purse I share, his song I sing".

The time has come for more and more issues of newer Assignats.

Up to now the output has included no Mendeleef, -no Sir Patrick Manson. Nevertheless, we alumni of the University of Colorado School of Medicine are proud to be and to have been a tiny part of the output.

**May the good Lord bless and keep you
Whether near or far away
May the good you do for others
Shine on you always.**

