

Memoirs
The Road to Stress

By Richard Roland Grayson



Memoirs

CURRICULUM VITAE

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EDUCATION

Premedical:

Wabash College; Crawfordsville, Indiana; 1945

Medical School:

University of Illinois College of Medicine, Chicago, Illinois

Bachelor of Science in Medicine 1946; **Medical Doctorate (M.D.)** 1948

Internship Cook County Hospital, Chicago, Illinois, 1948-1950

United States Air Force School of Aviation Medicine Randolph Air Force Base, San Antonio, Texas, 1951

National Institutes of Health Fellowship in Diabetes, Endocrinology, & Metabolism at Washington University School of Medicine at Barnes Hospital, St. Louis, Mo., 1958

American Heart Association Fellowship in Cardiology at Washington University School of Medicine, Barnes Hospital, St. Louis, Mo. 1959

ACADEMIC ORGANIZATIONS

Phi Gamma Delta fraternity

Pi Delta Epsilon honorary collegiate journalism fraternity

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HONORS

University of Missouri, Columbia, Missouri, Clinical Instructor in Medicine, part time, 1959-1960

Loyola University Department of Medicine, Clinical Instructor, part time, 1963-1964

Factors Which Influence Radioactive Iodine Uptake Test published in 1960 (See publications) was chosen by the University of Pittsburgh be among those significant medical papers **buried in a time capsule** at the New York World's Fair in the fall of 1965

DISCOVERY

Nitrogen Dioxide Pneumonia, a new disease, later called "**Silo-Fillers Disease**" was a medical first (See publications): first two cases in 1955, published in 1956

PROFESSIONAL ORGANIZATIONS

American Society of Internal Medicine past member

State of Illinois Medical Licensure 1948 to present

Delnor-Community Hospital Medical Staff member 1963 to present

Senior Federal Aviation Medical Examiner (FAA) Licensure classes I,II,III: 1960 to present

Bioethics Committee Chairman, Delnor-Community Hospital 1991-1995

Department of Medicine Delnor Hospital Chairman 1987-1989

State of Illinois Medical Examiner, Department of Disability and Rehabilitation 1961 to present

Aurora University Advisory Board for Science and Religion course "Cosmos and Chaos" , 1996

American Academy of Stress Disorders, founder, president 1971-1975

Saint Charles Health Board 1963-1990

American Medical Association past member

Illinois State Medical Association past member

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Kane County Medical Association past member

Illinois Youth Commission, Saint Charles Training Schools for Boys Physician Consultant
1964-1969

MILITARY

United States Air Force Training Command, USAFR medical officer, active duty, 1951-1952

United States Navy (USNR 490741) 1943-1951

CIVIC ORGANIZATIONS

American Legion member

FCC Amateur Radio License (Advanced) W9DDX

Past member **Toastmasters, Lions, Rotary, Kiwanis**

Society of Mayflower Descendants member

National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution member

Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War member

PUBLICATIONS

1. **A Critique of Education**; The Illini Scope April 1948 Pages 5-8
2. **Primary Hyperlipidemia**; U.S. Armed Forces Medical Journal 1951 Vol. 3 No. 11
pages 1667-1672
3. **Carbon Tetrachloride Nephrosis**; U.S. Armed Forces Medical Journal 1952 Vol. 2 No.
5 pages 755-761
4. **A Technic for Using Suction in Cases of Snake Bite**; Missouri Medicine Oct. 1953
pages 763-764
5. **The Symptomatology of Chronic Prostatitis**; The Journal of the Cape Girardeau
County Medical Society Dec 1953
6. **Electrocardiography**; Missouri Medicine March 1954 pages 191-195

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7. **Hemangioendotheliosarcoma of the Ileum with Metastases to the Right Auricle, Rupture of the Heart, and Hemopericardium at Least 10 Days Before Death** Annals of Internal Medicine, Vol. 41, No. 7, July 1954 pages 151-159
8. **Black Widow Spider Bite**; Missouri Medicine May 1955 pages 358-360
9. **Arrastogenic Disease, a New Diagnostic Category**; Missouri Medicine August 1955 page 634
10. **Respiratory Arrest Caused by Demerol**; Cape County Medical Journal April 1956
11. **Silage Gas Poisoning; Nitrogen Dioxide Pneumonia, a New Disease in Agricultural Workers**; Annals of Internal Medicine Vol. 45 No. 3 Sept 1956 pages 393-408
12. **Warning; Thiocyanate Intoxication** Cape County Medical Journal March 1957
13. **Nitrogen Dioxide Pneumonia-a Recently Discovered Malady in Silo-Fillers**; GP (published by The American Academy of General Practice) Nov. 1957 vol. 16 No. 5 pages 90-99
14. **A Review of Nitrogen Dioxide Pneumonia**; *Presented before the Mississippi Valley Trudeau Society Conference on Tuberculosis, Omaha, Nebraska, October 11, 1957*; Published in the Cape County Medical Journal Feb 1958
15. **Wandering Liver and Tachycardia**; The American Heart Journal Vol. 55 No. 2 Feb. 1958 pages 252-254
16. **Pensees** a monthly medical column for the Cape County Medical Journal 1957-1958
17. **Factors Which Influence the Radioactive Iodine Thyroidal Uptake Test**; American Journal of Medicine March 1960 pages 397-414
18. **The Inequities in the Ethics of Profits for the Physician**; American Medical News Aug. 18, 1969 page 6
19. **Air Controllers Syndrome-Peptic Ulcer in Air Traffic Controllers**; Illinois Medical Journal Aug. 1972 Vol. 142 No. 2
20. **Offer Your Patients a Discount Before They Ask**; Medical Economics, March 19, 1973 pages 220-223
21. **The Semantics of Peptic Ulcer**; Journal of Occupational Medicine Vol. 15, No. 11 pages 907-8 Nov. 1973

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22. **Bargaintown-patients offered discount;** American Medical News May 26 1975 page 22
23. **Treating Stress Disorders ;** Practical Psychology for Physicians Vol. 3 No. 4 pages 37-39 April 1976
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Book I

Teshuva *Rejoining the Tribe*

By Richard Roland Grayson, M.D.

“The LORD appeared to Abram, and said to him, ‘I am God Almighty; walk before me, and be blameless. And I will make my covenant between me and you, and will make you exceedingly numerous.’ Then Abram fell on his face; and God said to him, ‘As for me, this is my covenant with you: You shall be the ancestor of a multitude of nations. No longer shall your name be Abram, but your name shall be Abraham; for I have made you the ancestor of a multitude of nations. I will make you exceedingly fruitful; and I will make nations of you, and kings shall come from you. I will establish my covenant between me and you, and your offspring after you throughout their generations, for an everlasting covenant, to be God to you and to your offspring after you.’ ” (Genesis 16)

Teshuva is a Hebrew word meaning repentance or return. A Ba'al Teshuva is a person who repents or returns. Webster's Hebrew dictionary states that a Ba'al Teshuva is a non-religious person re-embracing religion or a "repentant sinner". It is widely accepted among Jewish people that if you are born of a Jewish mother, you are Jewish and that you can never stop being a Jew any more than you could stop being a member of any other ethnic group. For example, if you are Irish or Chinese, could you ever declare yourself not to be Irish or Chinese? True, you may say, but those groups are not religious and isn't Judaism a religion? Yes, it is a religion, practiced by some Jews and not by others. But Judaism is also an ethnic group, or what I like to call, a tribe. You can even join the group by conversion, if you like, so it is not quite right to say that all Jews are genetic cousins, although I like to think that some of Abraham's genes are within me. Some say that they are secular Jews. Perhaps half the Jews in Israel are secular and do not practice the religion.

I was bought up in an assimilated family with an English surname, but I always referred to myself as "half Jewish". That always required explaining, which became tiresome. I figure that if all the assimilated Jews in the world would suddenly confess their heritage there would be a

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hundred million of us, more or less, instead of the measly twelve million that I keep reading about. We are the salt of the earth because we have been sprinkled into the human race everywhere, just like all other ethnic groups. I find people with a great grandmother Weiss or a great uncle Moses who have no idea whether their forebears were Jewish. Maybe if everyone thought he or she was part Jewish there would be no anti-Semitism. My Jewish great grandparents were in this country way back in 1860, so I claim standing as an old-timer American.

On the other hand, lest I be accused of saying the glass is half full or half empty and that I am ignoring my late father, I hasten to add that in addition to my being half Jewish, I am half English. Sometimes I fantasize that I am confronted by an anti-Semite super-American patriot, in which case I will say, aha! I gottcha. Where were your anti-Semite ancestors persecuting my Jewish ancestors when my father's people were building this country? My English Puritans were here before yours, unless yours came on the Mayflower with my William White and his family. And if that doesn't satisfy you about my heritable Americanism, I wish you to note my certificates of membership in the Society of the Descendants of the Mayflower, the Sons of the Revolution and the Sons of the Civil War. My English forebears also fought in the War of 1812 and homesteaded Indiana when the land sold for \$1.25 and acre in 1840.

On June 1st, 1949 I married June Lind who was a devout Missouri Synod Lutheran. I was baptized and joined her church. June and I had a wonderful married life for 42 years until death did us part, November 9, 1991. We begot 4 perfect children and 14 grandchildren. I had never realized that the phrase "till death do you part" in the marriage ceremony actually meant death. We were too young and we were going to grow old together in St. Charles and walk to the mall every day forever. We were there when the mall was built on an empty prairie, and when Becky was young, she fell out of a tree in that field and I had to suture her lacerated knee at my St. Charles office. Now June is gone and the mall is old and empty. We debated religion frequently, I as an agnostic, she as a true believer in Jesus as her savior, in God, in heaven, in the power of faith. I would in later years ask her occasionally what she would think if I joined the synagogue. She always said that it would mean I did not love her. I did not join the synagogue.

Rabbi Hyman Agress and I were having lunch at the restaurant 2 blocks from Temple B'Nai Israel. It was summer of 1996. I didn't pay attention to how kosher the meal was, but no matter, I'm sure we did not eat pork. Probably we were having chicken soup. There is a saying, when a Jew eats a chicken, one of them is sick. Well, neither of us was sick in the flesh, but Rabbi was getting ready to retire from being a rabbi, and I was afflicted with the desire to rejoin the tribe. According to Rabbi Agress, I was a "sinning Jew" but a Jew nevertheless. I eventually decided that I could not in good conscience continue to call myself a Lutheran because I did not hold fast to the many doctrines of that church.

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“Do you feel Jewish” was the big question, the rabbi asked. So that’s how he would decide if I could be a member of the synagogue. Not a litany of doctrinal beliefs, not a matter of taking courses or standing before the congregation to recite a pledge, no secret password, no swearing an oath. Just, do you feel Jewish? Absolutely, I said. After all, half of my relatives when I was growing up were Jewish. There were Mandelbaum, Hamburger, Darmstadter, Bloom, Friend, Lans, and Yaffe. Mother was a Mandelbaum. They just didn’t observe the rituals and the kosher rules. They didn’t attend synagogues, at the least the living ones didn’t, and we all had secularized Christmas trees. I didn’t even know about Hanukkah bushes. Mother had attended synagogue or religious school as a child and had been confirmed at a temple in Chicago, but we even had pork roast on Sundays anyway. In a way, mother is in a synagogue again, because I arranged with Rabbi Agress to have a bronze plaque installed on the wall with the others of Temple B’Nai Israel who had passed away, and if you should ever go to Temple B’Nai Israel, you can find mother’s name on the wall in Hebrew and English, just as if she had been a member,

Next question. “What do you like about Judaism?” Easy: I love the ethics. Like Pirke Avoth, the Chapters of the Fathers. I like a lot of Maimonides in The 613 Commandments. Don’t bear a grudge. Pay your workers the day they work.

Don’t take revenge. Don’t cheat in business. Be respectful to your teachers. Good commandments. I call them, since I am a physician, the prescriptions. The Ten Commandments ought to be called the Ten Prescriptions. The famous psychoanalyst Erich Fromm said in a lecture I heard him give that if a tree in an oasis could talk and you told him how much water he needed, he would say yes, else he would die. That’s how Fromm explained the Ten Commandments. They are not commands, but prescriptions for living a good life. That is what Judaism is about; not the next life, but this one.

No big deal from Rabbi Agress about my baptism and acceptance into the Lutheran Church in 1949 when I married June, the love of my life. She was always a devout Lutheran. I studied the catechism well under Pastor Daniel Ludwig’s and June’s tutelage. They persuaded me. We named our first-born, Daniel, in honor of kind, gentle, personable Pastor Daniel Ludwig. But didn’t baptism make me an irretrievable Christian? No, all it means is that you were a sinning Jew, the rabbi said. Like a *Converso* in Spain. Conversos’ descendants sometimes returned to their roots centuries later. You have a Jewish mother; you never stopped being Jewish. You are a member of the tribe. I had shown Rabbi Agress 25 years earlier that I had a Jewish mother when I asked him to translate my maternal great grandfather Ephraim Hamburg’s *Ketubah*, his marriage contract, to Anna Darmstadter. The ceremony of the *Ketubah* is a lovely tradition among Jews; it’s really a prenuptial agreement. Our lawyers seem to have thought of this idea several thousand years later.

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My maternal grandfather, Jacob Daniel Mandelbaum, born in 1877, whom I loved and who never had a cross word for me or anyone else in my presence, belonged to the Masons and was buried by his Mason lodge brothers in 1955. He was never observant of Judaism so long as I knew him. His non-observance might have been due to a story the family told about his life: His mother died in childbirth, her fifth pregnancy, at home in Dyer, Indiana, when Jake was about nine years old. The story is that he was so grieved by his loss that he never forgave God and would become angry with anyone who argued with him about God. I don't know if he was an atheist or not. It doesn't make any difference to me and it didn't matter to anyone else. He was well known as the kind and generous hardware store owner on Lincoln Avenue in Chicago, and had his photograph on the front cover of Fortune Magazine once. When I was a child I often visited him and grandmother at the store. Oh what a wonderful place, with walls of drawers, a ladder on wheels, nails in bins, a roll top desk and a little kitchen in the back. And Grandpa smoking a cigar. The smell of a cigar was perfume to a five-year-old boy and the nickel to go next door to the old candy store was a trip to paradise.

I came to really understand grandpa when I learned from my cousin Betty Lans Kahn, who was at his bedside in the hospital in 1955 just before he died, that he could recite the poem *Abou Ben Adhem* by heart. The title means "Abou, son of Adam". He in fact recited it to Cousin Betty the day before he died. The poem is about a man who does not know God, but who is kind to people. This is what Grandpa Mandelbaum was all about. This is what Judaism is all about, it seems to me. Here is the poem: read it and see what I mean:

Abou Ben Adhem

By James Henry Leigh Hunt

Abou Ben Adhem (May his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An Angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The Vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"

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*Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."*

*The Angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!*

About Ben Adhem was Grandfather Jacob Daniel Mandelbaum so far as I am concerned.

There are many stories told about the founding of Judaism. In one, in which Abraham's father, Terah, is a maker of idols, an old man walks into the shop to buy an idol. Terah is out and Abraham is minding the store. The old man chose his idol carefully. Abraham asked the man how old he was. The man replied, "70". Abraham then called him a fool, for worshipping an idol younger than he was.

In another, similar story, Abraham is minding the store. He smashes all the idols but the largest, and puts the hammer in that idol's hands. When his father comes home, he is angry, and asks what happened. Abraham says that the largest idol got jealous and destroyed the others. The father yelled at Abraham because that couldn't happen, the idols were just stone! For whatever reason, Abraham turned from the moon-worshipping of the farmers of Chaldea and came to a monotheistic belief. It was at this point that he left his father's house, and started Judaism.

(--Anonymous)

The above stories are obviously not to be understood literally. They are *Midrashim*, or parables, to be understood seriously, not literally. Seriously, I probably descended from Abraham. But I also descended from millions of others who were of other persuasions, ethnicities, and even races. I am not pure Jewish, but who is? It matters not. I belong to a tribe. It is comforting to lots of folks to belong somewhere. I used to belong to the Lutheran Church, to the Rotary, the Kiwanis, and the American Medical Association. I am even a member of the Descendants of the Mayflower Society on father's side, having three English Pilgrim ancestors on the ship. Everybody belongs somewhere whether he wants to or not. Once I was going to be a survivalist and have the capability to take my family to the cabin in the North Woods in the event of the Bomb and live alone. Not

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possible. I used to joke about taking my 57 acres of land and seceding from the union. Not possible. When June died, I thought of becoming a hermit and locking myself away in the house. Not possible. We all belong somewhere so we might as well belong where we have a choice. I rejoined my Jewish tribe.

We should talk about the word *tribe*. I like the word. The world literature overflows with references to the tribe of Abraham and to the lost tribes of Israel Alan Dershowitz, the famous lawyer, says that Jews are a *people*. Maybe that's a polite way of avoiding the word tribe or race. Ethnicity, ethnic group, nationality, nation, family, and clan are other ways to say the same. However, all these words are loaded one way or another. I never thought tribe was pejorative until I talked with a fine fellow in the office who said he was a Tamil from Sri Lanka. I said, oh, that's your tribe. He had a pained expression and I asked is that the wrong word? He said yes, because white people use the word tribe to mean persons of low class. I replied I had never heard that and furthermore I was writing my autobiography called Rejoining the Tribe. He suggested I use the word *roots* instead, but that isn't a memorable title, so I'll keep using the word tribe till I think of a better one. Maybe there won't be any Tamils who will be reading my autobiography anyway. I looked up the story of the Tamils and found that there is a Tamil State in India where millions of Tamils live. That would probably explain his Caucasian-like features and dark skin.

The Encyclopedia Britannica says the following:

*In its primary sense, the **tribe** is a community organized in terms of kinship and its subdivisions are the intimate kindred groupings of moieties, gentes, and totem groups. Its territorial basis is rarely defined with any precision, and its institutions are typically the undifferentiated and intermittent structures of an omnifunctional social system.*

It's hard to think of the English side of me as tribal because no one has ever, at least in my presence, referred to the English as a tribe. Maybe the Celts, Saxons, and Vikings were tribal, but by the time my Mayflower ancestors were hounded out of England because of their Puritan religion, they seem just to have been English. Americans are not a tribe. Neither are the different components. We are a nation of nations, not a nation of tribes. The nation of all the nations. Isn't that amazing; everywhere else the nations war against one another, yet when those same nations are in America, they do not war. They say the melting pot is an obsolete metaphor. I don't think so. The boiling of the stew is from constant moving around for jobs and better living. People don't get a chance to develop new borders they have to defend. I predict this will eventually happen to the

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Europeans who stay united in the new Euro community. Check back in 400 years to see if there is a United States of Europe.

Religious Tales

I have some religious stories to tell. The first one is about the only Grayson I ever found who left a religious story behind. Maybe all the rest were unbelievers. Anyway, great great grandfather John Wren Grayson sounded as if he had been frightened off by the Cumberland Presbyterians. Here are his actual words in the matter:

"I was born in Scott County, Kentucky on the second day of November, 1805. My father's name was Wren Grayson and my mother's maiden name was Betsy Owens".

"I have six brothers and one sister; brother Lewis died in childhood and another, Henry, died after raising a large family. My other brothers are Wren and Sanford Grayson of Decatur County and Joseph and Benjamin Grayson of Tipton County, Indiana, all men of honest repute among those who know them. My only and beloved sister is Mrs. Nancy Hamilton, widow of William Hamilton of Decatur County".

In 1807, when I was two years of age, my parents moved to Tennessee and settled in Bledsoe County. There I almost grew to manhood and was familiar with the scenes and incidents attendant upon those early times, in adventures with Indians and wild animals in the Sequatchie Valley and upon the Cumberland Mountains".

"I was always physically strong, healthy, and hearty. At the age of seventeen, at a religious meeting held at the house of Richard Stone, I began to be conscious about my condition as a sinner. Mrs. Stone had been converted to God, embraced the faith of the Cumberland Presbyterians, a very earnest set of Christian people".

"Mr. Stone, as soon as he had found peace, constantly appealed to his friends and neighbors to 'flee from the wrath to come.' While listening to him I was deeply convicted, felt very bad indeed, and was glad when the meeting closed, remarking as I left that they would not get me back there again. But the spirit of the Lord had

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taken strong upon me, and I realized the necessity of yielding to the call of my Master, and led by his help, to a new and better life." (Copied from the Madison Courier, February 1, 1882; "an autobiography of the deceased written by him some years ago and carefully placed away by him".)

My father, Roland, great grandson of the aforementioned John Wren Grayson, attended a Methodist church as a boy, although I don't know if it was only for his baptism or more than once, and he seems to have inherited the fear of the wrath to come, that being from the church. The reason I say that, is because my sisters Patricia and Priscilla and I grew up without benefit of any church except for a brief interlude in the Christian Science church in Maywood, Illinois when I was 13, and an even briefer interlude in the Maywood Congregational church where I remember going to Sunday school a few times and not learning a thing. Mother and father later were frequent members of that same Congregational church and father was president of the men's club. Mother joined the church because she did not have to say that she believed in Jesus.

When she was in her last illness, lymphoma, my mother, Sylvia, wanted to join our St. Marks Lutheran Church in St. Charles. Pastor Reuben Baerwald, a kind and good friend, pointed out that she would have to agree to the doctrines as enunciated in the Nicene Creed, such as belief in Jesus as her savior from original sin, and she was so incensed by this outright discrimination and possibly downright anti-Semitism, that she not only did not join but she apparently gave Reuben a word or two of disapproval. He was shaken to his shoes, never before having crossed a person who wanted to be a Lutheran without actually being a Lutheran. Father always said grace as a matter of tradition at the family gatherings, but I never heard him utter a theological thought except to say that when you die the only place you go is into the ground.

Another religious story I like to tell is a funny one. It's about the last orthodox observant Jew on my mother's side of the family. Mother's maternal grandfather, Ephraim Hamburg was known as the genius in the family tree, he being the owner of 33 patents and having made his living in Germany and England as a magician. He was born in Prussia about 1837, went to England about 1850, and then to New York and Detroit in 1860. He outlasted four wives (some say only three) who afforded him the mitzvah of being fruitful and multiplying, having fathered 11 children. The last was my grandmother Estella Hamburg Mandelbaum. I always quote my great grandfather Ephraim to my male patients as a sterling example of manhood and a lesson for them, generally when they are asking for a vasectomy referral. Alas, the days of emulating such a paragon of virtue as my great grandfather Ephraim have virtually disappeared.

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The story is that when Ephraim was old and retired and had outlasted his 4th (or 3rd?) wife, Anna Darmstadter (my great grandmother), his grandson Eugene Henry told me, Ephraim would *daven* (*pray*) after breakfast in the kitchen corner with his prayer shawl over his head. After prayers one year, he started disappearing down the stairs to some unknown place for an hour or so. His daughter, Hattie, Eugene's mother, couldn't stand the secrecy after awhile, and one day she bundled up little 5 year-old Eugene and they quietly followed the old man. It seems he went to a local park bench where he met a lady whose name I think was Lottie. She eventually became his last wife and companion, although there is some dispute as to whether she was his 4th or 5th wife. Ephraim died in 1912, poor in possessions but wealthy in ex-wives and descendants.

Beliefs and Faith

When I was in high school, I learned the word *agnostic*, which means "I don't know". I decided I was an agnostic, since I didn't know if there is a God or Jesus. Once in awhile I would slip into atheism, but it never seemed too logical to me that I could disprove God. I still think that it is unscientific to say that I can prove or disprove anything. My college roommate, Earl James Rowland, an intellectual from the west coast and son of an anthropologist, introduced me to the Catholic idea of "The Uncaused Cause", or Prime Mover. This seemed to me at the time to be actual proof of God, but now I am not so sure. I think the argument from design is a better one.

I have given a great deal of thought to the idea of *belief* and have decided never to use the word again. The same holds for the word *faith*. I think the Big Bang theory of the origin of the universe is correct, but there is no way to prove it. The preponderance of evidence is that it is right. I will never say I believe in God or that I have faith that there is a God or that I believe all the doctrines of my *Faith* but I might say that there is a preponderance of evidence that there is a Designer. The evidence for God is weighty, and I'll go along with it, but why should I commit myself to a non-falsifiable being? My friend, Jim Griffin, a physicist emeritus from Fermi Lab, who knows everything about particle physics and quantum mechanics, and I had lunch the other day. Jim is an avowed atheist who doesn't like to debate the subject of religion because he is tired of it. I asked him if he knew any physicists at Fermi Lab who were theists. He said there were a few but he mused that they had some kind of mental derangement.

Stanley Levine, my best friend, now dead 21 years, was at the other end of the faith spectrum. He not only believed, he *knew*. He and his wife Celia had abandoned Judaism for an East Indian religion called Sant Mat, which means "The Way". The adherents are

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Sat Sanges. He believed in meditation for two hours a night, which he called “dying daily”. I tried it a few times, but nothing happened. He said it might take 20 years of training but I was unwilling for such rigor. He said you can, under certain conditions, go into the next world in meditation but he was not allowed to tell me what happened there. The conditions were strict vegetarianism and instructions from the Master. There always is at least one Master on earth and he had met his guru in India several times. Other beliefs in his system were reincarnation and Karma. Stan was looking forward to his death with equanimity. I know a lot about Sant Mat, and maybe it’s right and maybe it isn’t. The best I can say is that they have a good product to sell. If you do everything right in this incarnation you don’t have to come again and you can live with the Creator.

When Stan died, I wept for the first time since I was a child. He was a friend and the brother I never had. When June died, I wept 18 times a day for days on end. My father was a weeper also, and now I think June and my father have willed the weeping business to me. June wept at all the hymns in church and father wept at all the TV movies. Now I’ve taken over for the both of them. Pretty soon, I suspect I’ll be weeping at TV commercials.

Right now I am not only conflicted about the word **belief**, but also I am afraid of it. Do you realize how many wars and how much hate has been generated by differences in belief? The Hindus believe doctrines antithetical to the Muslims so they hate each other. The headlines today are about the Hindus and the Muslims massacring each other in India because of a holy shrine that the Hindus want to build on a holy place where there once was a holy Mosque that the Muslims once owned. Three thousand people were killed 10 years ago over this argument, and as of today the last week’s death count is up to 400. Because of *beliefs*. Allegedly. How is the old saying; an eye for an eye and soon everybody is blind.

One of my favorite songs from the Vietnam era when I was making a collection of protest songs is National Brotherhood Week, by Tom Lehrer:

*Oh, the white folks hate the black folks
And the black folks hate the white folks
To hate all but the right folks
Is an old established rule*

*But during National Brotherhood Week
National Brotherhood Week
Lena Horne and Sheriff Clark*

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*Are dancing cheek to cheek
It's fun to eulogize
The people you despise
As long as you don't let 'em in your school*

*Oh, the poor folks hate the rich folks
And the rich folks hate the poor folks
All of my folks hate all of your folks
It's American as apple pie*

*But during National Brotherhood Week
National Brotherhood Week
New Yorkers love the Puerto Ricans
'Cause it's very chic
Step up and shake the hand
Of someone you can't stand
You can tolerate him if you try*

*Oh, the Protestants hate the Catholics
And the Catholics hate the Protestants
And the Hindus hate the Moslems
And everybody hates the Jews*

*But during National Brotherhood Week
National Brotherhood Week
It's National Everyone-Smile-At-
One-Another-hood Week
Be nice to people who
Are inferior to you
It's only for a week, so have no fear
Be grateful that it doesn't last all year!*

There are the Israelis, who, rightfully, do not want to be put in gas chambers again, have a Hatfield and McCoy feud going on with the Palestinians next door because they do not believe the same things. They seem to be trying to match each other's daily death toll because of holy places dictated by **beliefs**. And it's not much better within Israel itself where if the Orthodox had their way, the Reform and secular Jews might be in trouble. And don't forget the Catholics and the Protestants in Ireland who have some differences

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of doctrine which seem to deserve killing one another. The Muslim Pakistanis and the Hindu Indians seem bent on killing one another. The Wahabbi Muslims apparently would kill almost everybody.

Jews are not Jewish because of what they **believe**. There's a saying that if you have to ask who is a Jew then you must be a Jew. A Jew is not necessarily someone who believes in the doctrines of Judaism. Otherwise a lot of the Jews in Israel who are secular, non-observant, and even atheistic would be cast out. Furthermore, there is no hierarchy in Judaism to dictate a body of doctrine. There is no chief rabbi, no bishop, no synod, no missionary standing over you with a catechism you must squeeze your mind into else you die. The closest Jews come to having a set of shared beliefs are the 13 principles of faith enunciated by Moses Ben Maimonides in the 12th century. But you don't *have* to hold to these doctrines. Officially, if your mother was Jewish, you automatically are Jewish according to Jewish law in Israel, and by custom in most other places. That's the matrilineal line of descent. In the Reform branch of Judaism, apparently many congregations and rabbis also respect the patrilineal line of descent as proof of kinship.

You probably wonder what the 13 principles are that Maimonides said are necessary to be a good Jew. Here they are; see how many you agree with:

1 There is a God.

2 There is one God.

3 God has no physical body

4 God is eternal

5 Only God may be worshipped

6 Prophecy--God communicates with humans

7 Moses was the greatest of the prophets

8 The Torah came from God

9 The Torah is the authentic word of God and may not be changed

10 God is aware of all our deeds

11 God rewards the righteous and punishes the wicked

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*12 The Messiah will come**13 The dead will be resurrected*

I noticed that when Rabbi Agress asked me if I felt Jewish he did not ask me if I loved God, as it says in the poem Abou Ben Adhem, or even if I believed in God. I might have answered that the preponderance of scientific evidence suggests that the theory of God might be valid. Well, that would have been satisfactory to him, I am sure. There is a saying somewhere in the Talmud, I think, that says if you don't believe in God now, but follow his commandments, you will learn to love God later. That is acceptable to me and I like to teach the commandments to my 7th grade class at the synagogue in the same way. And not just the ten prescriptions, but some of the 613 commandments from the book of that name by Maimonides. There are so many commandments, all in the Torah, from which I can choose; such as the 209th commandment. Now, what teacher would take exception to the 209th which asserts that the student must respect his or her teachers and elders?

In this commandment it says that the student must rise before the hoary (gray) head. This means that out of respect, you rise when your elder or teacher walks into the room, even if your teacher is younger than you. I sometimes have my class practice this to get the idea. Rabbi Markowitz was unexpectedly subjected to this treatment and I think it rattled him. Come to think of it, the custom when I was a Lieutenant in the U. S. Air Force was the same. Once I walked into the back of a room of cadets to give them their V.D. lecture (I was 24 years old) and someone without warning shouted "ATTENTION!" All 100 cadets suddenly stood up, making a noise on that wooden floor like a cannon going off in the room, and it almost giving me cardiac arrest, since I had never been subjected to such respect before. Probably not one of us in that lecture room suspected that the 209th commandment was behind it all.

The Meaning of Life

There is a famous Jewish joke that goes like this: two rabbis' are sitting on a park bench, thinking. Or maybe they were just plain philosophers or old men. Anyway they just sit there thinking. Moshe says to Jacob, what is the meaning of life? Jacob thinks and thinks. He thinks a whole year. Finally he answers. Life is like a fountain. Moshe

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thinks and thinks for another year. Finally he can stand it no longer and he says, incredulously, life is like a fountain? They sit there, both thinking and thinking for another year, and then Jacob's eyes light up and he replies: OK so life is NOT like a fountain.

A lot of people don't get this joke, but I think it's funny and also true. As soon as one of us figures out the meaning of life for him, your friend says that certainly sounds right, only upon reflection, it isn't. If life is a fountain, that means that when you are born, someone turned on the fountain, and then when the faucet is turned the other way, the fountain disappears and there is nothing. Then there is silence again and we are back at the beginning asking the same question. What is the meaning of life, or even, what was the meaning of the fountain?

I have a patient, Robert Elenz, who is much older than I am—about five years I think, and he starts our doctor visit usually with the question, have you figured out the meaning of life yet? What he means is that he is depressed because he is alone in this world and has no relatives left and he lives by himself with his memories and ailments in a big house, wondering why he is there and whether he should simply end it all. So we end up telling each other jokes for the rest of the doctor visit. He knows more jokes that I do. Actually, he comes to visit to tell me the jokes. I love practicing medicine in my semi-retirement this way; just having people to talk with who don't have much wrong with them that I have to worry about. Some of my very favorite people are born-again Christians, because they love to talk about their favorite subject, which happens to be my favorite subject: religion. Then besides the delight of debating theology, I get the added benefit of having someone pray for my soul, assuming I really have one. Other people might take offense at being proselytized, but I regard the experience as a compliment and an act of love. I wish I could believe their doctrines just to reciprocate the honor.

One answer to the meaning of life was given by Richard Dawkins in the book *The Selfish Gene*. Current writers about DNA have expanded the theme, which simply says that DNA and genes are immortal and our bodies are here only to act as carriers for these eternal genetic codes. The body dies, but your DNA code lives on in your progeny. A religious corollary to this is that the genetic code was written by God. Naturally there is no way to prove the corollary, but it is an attractive thought.

The selfish gene is an embellishment of the theory which I invented when I was in high school 60 years ago. I decided that the only meaning to life I could prove, having witnessed the goings and comings of my extended family, is that my purpose was to have children. Then I added the corollary that if you are to have progeny, you should try to

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have perfect children and your purpose in life must be to mold them to perfection. So that was the sum and substance of my thesis. My purpose in life was to have a perfect family and it was my responsibility. As it says in the Hebrew bible, you are not a man unless you marry and have children.

(Torah commands us to marry, to have children, and to be faithful. Torah clearly encourages the viewpoint that men and women do better, emotionally and spiritually, when married rather than single. In fact, it can be argued that the Torah sees men as having a greater need for the protection and nurturance of marriage than do women. Thus, for men marriage is not only advised but is an absolute commandment. This is commandment #213 in Maimonides' listing of the 613 commandments.)

The problems inherent in the selfish-gene hypothesis are 1. Who decided this scenario anyway and 2. What is the purpose of all these eternal genes? This brings me back to the fountain joke. OK so life isn't a fountain.

I like the Jewish meaning of life. The Talmud says that we are *co-creators* of the world with God. It says that He is not finished. God knows that must be right, because there are so many things going wrong around the world. Like earthquakes, war, pestilence, and famine. There is another beautiful idea in Judaism, the idea of *Tikkun Olam* which means to repair the world. We are commanded to help repair the world just as we are co-creators of the world. These are pleasant myths to live by, literally true or not. Don't think literally, think seriously about myths. If someone asks me why are we here, remember these two myths and answer: to help God repair and create the world. I don't know why we are supposed to do that, but it's something to do while you're here.

On the other hand, in the Talmud, it says that we already have all knowledge, but we forgot it at birth:

"While we are still in our mother's womb, the Almighty sends an angel to sit beside us and teach us all the wisdom we'll ever need to know about living. Then, just before we are born, the angel taps us under the nose -- forming the philtrum, the indentation that everyone has. And we forget everything the angel taught us."
(From Aish.com)

This sounds like what Socrates taught: he said that everyone was born with all knowledge but forgot and that if he asked enough questions of a student, the person would remember the answer because he already knew it. Thus was born the Socratic method of teaching.

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Maybe that's why Jewish scholars argue with each other; they are trying to remember the answers.

Afterlife?

Did June Send a Message?

Among the many arguments for God, a compelling current one is the near death experience. There are now countless books, videos, and documentaries about the near death or afterlife experience. Testimonials about having died, going into a dark tunnel with a light and people at the end of it, and then recovering are more frequent since the advent of successful CPR (cardiopulmonary resuscitation). Alas, these tales remain non-falsifiable and therefore outside the realm of science, but I hope some day some one will formulate this phenomenon into a believable theory. To be falsifiable means that you must be able to test the theory in such a way that you could prove it wrong. For example, if you said that all swans are white, then the falsification of that theory would be the first black swan you discovered. Meanwhile, I must be satisfied with the one good story I personally can relate about my beloved wife's possible message from beyond. The following is from a tape recording I made at my office of an interview with a faithful patient:

Near-Death (Out-of-Body) Experiences by a patient

(I tape recorded the following conversation June 5th, 1994)

Ms. J. T.

Age: 47

My first experience I remember as I was coming home from work in Aurora, Illinois from the Copley Hospital, I was head of the Acute Team for the Dialysis Unit there and I was crossing a main street and a drunk driver ran a red light and hit me broadside at 65 m.p.h.

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The next thing I remember is just being on the roof of my car, not the hood of the car, but looking down between my legs kind of because my legs were over the windshield, and watching the paramedics take my body from the car and put on a stretcher with a brace on my neck and all this stuff.

I had a very good feeling of well being and not unhappiness, not fear, you know, not afraid of anything or being unhappy that this was happening, just a good, good feeling about myself and I can even remember smiling while I watched them. I did not have another incident.

Dr. Grayson: Do you remember going back into your body?

Ms. T.: No, it was just like when, as soon as my body came to, lying on the car, I came to before they completely had me onto the stretcher, and then I was back in there.

Dr. Grayson: Back in your body.

Ms. T.: Yes, I was just there. I came to and I was there.

Dr. Grayson: And did you have any tunnel or light experience?

Ms. T.: That I do not remember.

Dr. Grayson: No tunnel, or no light, no other people?

Ms. T.: I don't remember.

Dr. Grayson: Or voices?

Ms. T.: I feel like I saw people, but I just don't remember, it's been so long.

Dr. Grayson: Okay.

Ms. T.: This happened January 14, I went into the Elgin, St. Joseph Hospital for surgery for a spine reconstruction and fusion which was a very serious thing. I had nothing on my mind except me. I had no thinking of anyone else that had passed away, or people that I knew or was I going to die, or anything, it was just the fear of being put to sleep and that the surgery was going to be okay.

Sometime after the surgery, and I believe according to what my husband has told me and what my daughter has told me in my mind because I could not put a time on the incident because I was on Morphine of course, after surgery and all, and I

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went in and out of sleep, so I felt that the last thing that I heard was a nurse say she is in shock. They put several hot blankets over me, but I was gone.

Dr. Grayson: What do you mean you were gone?

Ms. T.: I mean just unconscious or sleeping, or whatever, you know, knocked out, I remember the hot blankets, saying that she was in shock and that was it, okay? At that point in time my husband said that they made him leave the room, and I guess I went into PAT after that which I have been treated for that condition several times.

Dr. Grayson: Were you in ICU at the time?

Ms. T.: I was in ICU, yea. And, sometime during that, like I said, I could be vague on the specific time, this is the time I felt that this happened, not, you know, during the Morphine, I remember being awake at many other times before this, before going into shock and a lot of times afterwards, so this is the time and place according to my daughter and my husband.

After I came out of that, that they kept saying, I thought there was people standing there and I was telling them about certain things of this vision or out of body or what ever you want to call it. The main thing that struck my mind is that I was sitting on a stool...

Dr. Grayson: Now this is in the vision?

Ms. T.: In the vision itself, right, the main thing that I remember, and remembered as well is as if it happened to me right now.

I was sitting on a stool and it felt like a low stool, you know, close to the ground, and Jesus Christ was sitting in a higher chair or stool, or something like that, and I could remember like we were having this conversation and it seemed like it was going on hours and hours that we talked, you know, a long period of time, not just a fleeting thing or anything like that. I remember touching his robes and I still can remember the feel of his robes and how rough the cloth was and how coarse it was, the material, and how primitive,

I guess it's a better work, of, you know, the roughness of the cloth, the weaving in it and all, and that he had a crown of thorns on his head. He held my hand and his hand radiated, I had my hand like on his leg, I am showing Dr. Grayson, on his lap like this and he had his hand over the top of it like this, just exactly like that.

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The warmth radiated from his hand, it was like almost like he had a heating pad, it was just so extremely warm. We talked about a lot of things at the time, but I remember the part, Dr. Grayson's family would probably be the most interested in, and I still feel that I saw this and this was real. I do not feel that this was a dream brought on by morphine; I have mulled it over and over in my mind for the last four and a half months now.

I feel this was a real vision, or real out of body, or whatever, but that there was like an image of people, hundreds of people, or at least a hundred, hundred and fifty people standing, and I had a feeling of I knew all these people, but I really couldn't pick out faces except that of June Grayson, whom I dearly miss and love, was standing up close, more close towards me, like four or five feet away and she had on a royal blue and navy blue kind of a herringbone or hound's-tooth knit dress, that could have been a one piece dress or a two piece dress and I remember she was barefoot. (You have to excuse me).

She looked at me and I looked at her and she just had this glow, this warm ring, it just like radiated from her head and she said I was to tell Dick that she is okay and everything is fine. I felt that from her, that she was content or whatever, because I had the same feeling sitting here and I had a long talk with Jesus.

He told me things about my kids that, you know, what was happening, or that I kind of guessed the things, and told me how to solve those kinds of problems. I was kind of putting this to the back of my mind, because I am afraid it will hurt people if I say too much.

But he gave me one specific message for my youngest daughter who we have had a lot of problems with over the years with drug use and alcohol use, and that I was to immediately find her, seek her out, and give her this message and that I was immediately to find Dick Grayson and tell him what June said. From the time I left that hospital, that was my main goal, but it was a very difficult thing to do.

I did seek, before I even went home, after 170 mile trip, before I could even go home, I had to find my youngest daughter in that town and tell her the message from Jesus Christ, which was that he was still waiting for her and that he loved her. I took that, I don't remember if he said that he was still waiting for her to pray, or because of what he said, I'm waiting for her, that he wanted me to, you know, I just had that sense that that's what he meant, that she, you know, it's time to come back to me.

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There was some other details about other children and stuff, and right now they are all kind of off the top of my head, my main thing is that I have been thinking about June and since this has happened, and it was very difficult for me to tell Dr. Grayson this because I thought he would think I was crazy or something, but if it gives anyone any peace or mind in this family, or it gave me peace of mind, I came away from there with no fear of dying. I have absolutely no fear of dying, I think it is wonderful and it's beautiful, I mean no one wants to lose us, but I have no fear of dying now.

Dr. Grayson: Was there a light or a tunnel?

Ms. T.: There was, the way these people were standing, in fact I just saw a movie on TV the other night and I thought, God, was like they were in darkness, but there was a light reflecting behind them that, you know, how a movie camera or bright lights or pictures will glow behind you and it will just make a halo like around all of the whole group, that is kind of what the people were like, the faces weren't clear to me, that is what that part was like. But June was just as plain and like that to me.

Dr. Grayson: You said originally that she was radiant and beautiful?

Ms. T.: She was radiant. Her face glowed. She had a light of like the same kind of light, the halo of light that was showing behind these people standing all around here, that she had that same thing around her own self, separately from them.

Dr. Grayson: And she didn't say anything else.

Ms. T.: No, not that I remember. She may have, but I just, you know, it kind of scared me, and it kind of freaked me out a little bit, and it touched me because, I know you asked me on the phone was I thinking about her and I said, "No, I was only thinking about me at that time." But what I was going through, I had no thoughts of her or anyone else, or, you know, thoughts of dying, just fear of being put to sleep and being cut open and....

Dr. Grayson: You have not had any dreams like this or anything since?

Ms. T.: No, but I spent a lot of time thinking about it, mulling it over, you know, whether to leave it alone, and you know that the tendency...

Dr. Grayson: Are you a religious person, do you go to Church?

Ms. T.: Yea, I'm very religious, I feel I am.

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Dr. Grayson: What church?

Ms. T.: The Organized Church of Jesus Christ and Latter Day Saints.

Dr. Grayson: Okay. Well, the family will appreciate this.

Ms. T.: Well, if it helps them at all, I'm glad. I don't want it to hurt anyone, and that's I guess, why I didn't want to even tell you, you know, and but I felt I had to. I mean, Jesus Christ told me...

Ms. T.: God bless you all.

Dr. Grayson: Thank you.

Thy Will Be Done

There used to be a tradition in the Mandelbaum family. I hardly ever said it to June and the kids, but I remember Grandma Mandelbaum saying “It’s God’s will” when I was a little boy, although now I don’t remember why or under what circumstances she said it. So naturally it’s a superstition that I have to this day. It’s a lovely superstition. I guess this is how family values and traditions go from one generation to the next without anyone ever noticing. “It’s God’s will” is full of mystery, like what great thing does He have waiting for around the next corner? It reminds me of what the Patriarch Joseph said to his brothers when they found him to be their overseer in Egypt years after they had sold him into slavery:

Joseph said to his brothers, I am Joseph. Is my father still well? But his brothers could not answer him, so dumfounded were they on account of him. Then Joseph said to his brothers, come forward to me. And when they came forward, he said, I am your brother Joseph, he whom you sold into Egypt. Now, do not be distressed or reproach yourselves because you sold me hither; it was to save life that God sent me ahead of you. It is now two years that there has been famine in the land, and there are still five years to come in which there shall be no yield from tilling. God has sent me ahead of you to ensure your survival on earth, and to save your lives in an extraordinary deliverance. So, it was not you who sent me here, but God; and He has made me a father to Pharaoh, lord of all his household, and ruler over the whole land of Egypt. Now, hurry back to my father and say

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to him: Thus says your son Joseph, God has made me lord of all Egypt; come down to me without delay. You will dwell in the region of Goshen, where you will be near me you and your children and your grandchildren, your flocks and herds, and all that is yours. There I will provide for you for there are yet five years of famine to come that you and your household and all that is yours may not suffer want. You can see for yourselves, and my brother Benjamin for himself, that it is indeed I who am speaking to you. And you must tell my father everything about my high station in Egypt and all that you have seen; and bring my father here with all speed. With that he embraced (Lit. fell on.) his brother Benjamin around the neck and wept, and Benjamin wept on his neck. He kissed all his brothers and wept upon them; only then were his brothers able to talk to him.

When I studied logic, we would have called “the Lord’s will” a **rationalization**. When I studied clinical psychology, we would have said that is a **defense mechanism** to justify suffering. The evolutionary psychologist could ascribe all humankind’s foibles and wars to the instinct of **territoriality**. When I think as an atheist, I would say that is **chaos**. A fundamentalist might say it was **Satan** who did it or it was the result of **original sin** and Adam’s fall from grace. Freud might have called it some kind of a **complex**. Stan Levine would have said it is **Karma** and due to something that happened in a previous life. Now, one or more of these ideas might be right or might be wrong. A Calvinist would believe in **predetermination**. Take your pick. Today, I think I’ll accept the tradition of Grandma Mandelbaum, and say that what travails I suffer are for a purpose and are part of a grand design. If God is outside the space-time continuum, then all that has happened and will happen must be outside of time, or in the present and simultaneous. Unless God IS the space-time continuum, in which case I can’t tell whether the past and future are separate to Him. Another explanation of relativistic time is the analogy of flying to Singapore. You are going to Singapore but you’re not there yet. It takes time to get there. Singapore is already there but you have no way of experiencing it while you are on the way.

Then, there’s the famous philosophy of the fictional Forest Gump, who wondered whether life was destiny, as his friend, lieutenant Dan said, or whether living was like a feather blowing on a breeze, “or maybe it’s both”. I don’t think I really know what that means, but it sounds as profound as all the other ideas I just mentioned.

Remember Sholem Aleichem’s fictional Tevye in **Fiddler on the Roof**? He was always arguing with God. That’s a Jewish tradition; if you are alone and there is no one else to argue with, you can always look upward and argue with God.

“Surveying his sad situation: five unmarried daughters, a dry cow, a lame horse, Russian pogroms against his people, he looked up to God and said, God, it’s nice that you chose

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me to be one of your chosen people, but would you mind choosing someone else for a change."

The Chosen

"Jerusalem (SatireWire.com) Update — Jews, whose troubled, 10,000-year term as God's "chosen people" finally expired last night, woke up this morning to find that they had once again been hand-picked by the Almighty. Synagogues across the globe declared a day of mourning.

Asked if the descendants of Abraham shouldn't be pleased about being tapped for an unprecedented second term, Jerusalem Rabbi Ben Meyerson shrugged. "Of course, you are right, we should be thrilled," he said. "We should also enjoy a good swift kick in the head, but for some reason, we don't.

According to a worldwide survey of faiths, not a single group expressed an interest in being chosen, and the only application submitted before last night's filing deadline, on behalf of the Islamic people, proved to be a fake."

The more customary story in the Talmud is that God went to all the nations to find one that would forever teach the Torah and was rejected by all save the Jews. Previously there was only polytheism; ever after there has been monotheism. It follows that God did not choose the Jews but the Jews chose God. And then came the covenant between Abraham and God which led to monotheism being the prevalent view of the supernatural today. Some say the idea of

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monotheism was so obnoxious that they hated the Jews for forcing it on them. Well, that's the story but I don't take it literally.

The covenant is in Genesis 22:16, 17, and 18:

16 *Again the LORD'S messenger called to Abraham from heaven*
and said: "I swear by myself, declares the LORD, that because you acted as you did in not withholding from me your beloved son,

17 *I will bless you abundantly and make your descendants as countless as the stars of the sky and the sands of the seashore; your descendants shall take possession of the gates of their enemies,*

18 *and in your descendants all the nations of the earth shall find blessing--all this because you obeyed my command."*

On the other hand, it does seem that monotheism started with the nomadic tribe of Abraham coming out of Sumer into Canaan. They were so stiff-necked about the pagans who worshipped many deities and who apparently practiced human sacrifice that the descendants of Abraham became intolerant and started all those rules and regulations in the Torah. That seems to have annoyed the Philistines and the Egyptians a good deal. The Arabs today believe in monotheism, but they seem to be annoyed anyway.

Some people remember this myth about the "chosen people" and some misunderstand it. They have the notion that Jews, because they are *chosen*, think they are better than everyone else. No, Jews don't think they are better than everyone else; other people do. Consider that the stereotype fostered by anti-Semites and their fellow travelers is that Jews own the banks, the movie industry, pay off the government for all policies and laws that are bad for the common people of the world, and start all the wars with the connivance of a secret world-wide society that owns the Trilateral Commission and in addition chooses all the leaders of all countries.

But if there is a stereotype of excellence, is it factual? Reflect on the following:

JEWISH NOBEL WINNERS

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*0.2% OF WORLDS POPULATION**14.1 Million Jews****Literature***

1910 - Paul Heyse

1927 - Henri Bergson

1958 - Boris Pasternak

1966 - Shmuel Yosef Agnon

1966 - Nelly Sachs

1976 - Saul Bellow

1978 - Isaac Bashevis Singer

1981 - Elias Canetti

1987 - Joseph Brodsky

1991 - Nadine Gordimer

World Peace

1911 - Alfred Fried

1911 - Tobias Michael Carel Asser

1968 - Rene Cassin

1973 - Henry Kissinger

1978 - Menachem Begin

1986 - Elie Wiesel

1994 - Shimon Peres

1994 - Yitzhak Rabin

Chemistry

1905 - Adolph Von Baeyer

1906 - Henri Moissan

1910 - Otto Wallach

1915 - Richard Willstaetter

1918 - Fritz Haber

1943 - George Charles de Hevesy

1961 - Melvin Calvin

1962 - Max Ferdinand Perutz

1972 - William Howard Stein

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1977 - Ilya Prigogine
1979 - Herbert Charles Brown
1980 - Paul Berg
1980 - Walter Gilbert
1981 - Roald Hoffmann
1982 - Aaron Klug
1985 - Albert A. Hauptman
1985 - Jerome Karle
1986 - Dudley R. Herschbach
1988 - Robert Huber
1989 - Sidney Altman
1992 - Rudolph Marcus
2000 - Alan J. Heeger

Economics

1970 - Paul Anthony Samuelson
1971 - Simon Kuznets
1972 - Kenneth Joseph Arrow
1975 - Leonid Kantorovich
1976 - Milton Friedman

1978 - Herbert A. Simon
1980 - Lawrence Robert Klein
1985 - Franco Modigliani
1987 - Robert M. Solow
1990 - Harry Markowitz
1990 - Merton Miller
1992 - Gary Becker
1993 Rober Fogel

Medicine

1908 - Elie Metchnikoff
1908 - Paul Erlich
1914 - Robert Barany
1922 - Otto Meyerhof
1930 - Karl Landsteiner

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1931 - Otto Warburg
1936 - Otto Loewi
1944 - Joseph Erlanger
1944 - Herbert Spencer Gasser
1945 - Ernst Boris Chain
1946 - Hermann Joseph Muller
1950 - Tadeus Reichstein

1952 - Selman Abraham Waksman
1953 - Hans Krebs
1953 - Fritz Albert Lipmann
1958 - Joshua Lederberg
1959 - Arthur Kornberg
1964 - Konrad Bloch
1965 - Francois Jacob
1965 - Andre Lwoff
1967 - George Wald
1968 - Marshall W. Nirenberg
1969 - Salvador Luria
1970 - Julius Axelrod
1970 - Sir Bernard Katz
1972 - Gerald Maurice Edelman
1975 - David Baltimore
1975 - Howard Martin Temin
1976 - Baruch S. Blumberg
1977 - Rosalyn Sussman Yalow
1978 - Daniel Nathans
1980 - Baruj Benacerraf
1984 - Cesar Milstein
1985 - Michael Stuart Brown
1985 - Joseph L. Goldstein
1986 - Stanley Cohen [& Rita Levi-Montalcini]
1988 - Gertrude Elion
1989 - Harold Varmus
1991 - Erwin Neher
1991 - Bert Sakmann
1993 - Richard J. Roberts
1993 - Phillip Sharp
1994 - Alfred Gilman
1995 - Edward B. Lewis

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Physics

1907 - Albert Abraham Michelson
1908 - Gabriel Lippmann
1921 - Albert Einstein
1922 - Niels Bohr
1925 - James Franck
1925 - Gustav Hertz
1943 - Gustav Stern
1944 - Isidor Issac Rabi
1952 - Felix Bloch
1954 - Max Born
1958 - Igor Tamm
1959 - Emilio Segre
1960 - Donald A. Glaser
1961 - Robert Hofstadter
1962 - Lev Davidovich Landau
1965 - Richard Phillips Feynman
1965 - Julian Schwinger
1969 - Murray Gell-Mann
1971 - Dennis Gabor
1973 - Brian David Josephson
1975 - Benjamin Mottleson
1976 - Burton Richter
1978 - Arno Allan Penzias
1978 - Peter L Kapitza

1979 - Stephen Weinberg
1979 - Sheldon Glashow
1988 - Leon Lederman
1988 - Melvin Schwartz
1988 - Jack Steinberger
1990 - Jerome Friedman
1995 - Martin Perl

It is astonishing that of the 700 Nobel Laureates in the first 100 years of the Nobel prize, 18% of them are Jewish, while Jews are 1/24th of one percent of the world's population. This is more than a matter of historic pride; it is an enormous statistical improbability. It still seems insufficient to credit all this to reverence for education, skill at theoretical

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thinking or competitive instincts forged in a millennial-old struggle to survive and prosper. Perhaps the desire to understand the world is also a strong or defining Jewish cultural trait, leading to education and careers suited to exploration and discovery.

Inasmuch as no one has developed a scientific theory which has tested true to account for this, perhaps it would be just as well to resort to the Torah for an explanation:

***He says, "It is too small a thing that
You should be My Servant
To raise up the tribes of Jacob and to
restore the preserved ones of Israel;
I will also make You a light of the nations
So that My salvation may reach
to the end of the earth."***

(Isaiah 49:6)

Joseph Telushkin in *Jewish Literacy* explains chosenness:

"After all, how did the notion of one God become known to the world? Through the Jews. And according to Jewish sources, that is the meaning of chosenness: to make God known to the world. As Rabbi Louis Jacobs has written: "We are not discussing a dogma incapable of verification, but the recognition of sober historical fact. The world owes to Israel the idea of the one God of righteousness and holiness. This is how God became known to mankind."

Does Judaism believe that chosenness endows Jews with special rights in the way racist ideologies endow those born into the "right race"? Not at all. The most famous verse in the Bible on the subject of chosenness says the precise opposite: "You alone have I singled out of all the families of the earth. That is why I call you to account for all your iniquities" ([Amos 3:2](#)). Chosenness is so unconnected to any notion of race that Jews believe that the [Messiah](#) himself will descend from Ruth, a nonJewish woman who converted to Judaism.

Why were the Jews chosen? Because they are descendants of [Abraham](#). And why were Abraham and his descendants given the task of making God known to the world? The [Torah](#) never tells us. What God does say in Deuteronomy, is that "it is not because you are numerous that God chose you, indeed you are the smallest of people" ([7:7](#)). Because of the Jews' small numbers, any success they would have in making God known to the world would presumably reflect upon the power of the idea of God. Had the Jews been a

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large nation with an outstanding army, their successes in making God known would have been attributed to their might and not to the truth of their ideas. After all, nonMuslims living in the Arab world were hardly impressed by the large numbers of people brought to [Islam](#) through the sword.

The Chosen People idea is so powerful that other groups have appropriated it. Both Catholicism and Protestantism believe that God chose the Jews, but that two thousand years ago a new covenant was made with Christianity. During most of Christian history, and among Evangelical Christians to the present day, Christian chosenness meant that only Christians go to heaven while the nonchosen are either placed in limbo or are damned.

Mohammed, likewise, didn't deny Abraham's chosenness. He simply claimed that Abraham was a Muslim, and he traced Islam's descent through the Jewish Patriarch."

Leah Raisin, president of Hadassah (year 2002), tells this story of the covenant: She was visiting the Hadassah Hospital in Israel and saw a surgeon working valiantly to save the life of a Muslim terrorist. She asked the doctor if he was trying to save the life of his enemy because of the oath of Hippocrates or because of the words of Maimonides. The doctor said, no, it was because of Moses. When Moses came down from Mount Sinai, he brought with him the commandments, one of which was the sixth, thou shalt not murder. The surgeon said that if Jews should disobey the commandments then the covenant with God would be broken and the Jews would disappear like all the other nations.

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Anti-Semitism

Afraid to Rejoin?

I am writing this in April, 2002, in the middle of the Israel-Palestinian war. There are disturbing reports in the press about increasing acts of violence against synagogues in France, Tunisia, and Canada. Historical acts of anti-Semitism were not been triggered by a Jewish homeland fighting in self defense as in the present morass. Throughout the past 2,000 years, it was only our mere existence that caused pogroms, exile, and executions.

So why should I voluntarily announce my allegiance to my Jewish heritage instead of remaining in the camouflage of an Anglo-Saxon surname like Grayson? Maybe it's because I am by nature a gadfly. I have the reputation of starting debates and then leaving them. A gadfly according to the dictionary is a persistent, irritating critic, a nuisance or one that acts as a provocative stimulus; a Goad.

The main reason I have no qualms about going to a synagogue is that I have not and do not experience any anti-Semitism, so I do not fear being free. However, I remember as a child, once when my parents took my sister and me driving in Chicago, that I saw a sign that said "For Rent, Restricted". I believe that meant no Jews, no colored, and no dogs. Or maybe the dogs were allowed. But I think that's the only anti-Semitism I can remember. It's not that I have been hiding; I have announced a thousand times to everyone in sight that my mother was Jewish and in recent years that I have renounced Lutheranism, joined the Synagogue and even teach religious school to 7th grade Jewish children. I wear a Star of David lapel pin occasionally; hang a Happy Hanukkah sign in the office annually and put an electric menorah in our window when appropriate. Nobody has thrown a rock through the window. My present wife is a member of the local Congregational Church, but just between you and me, I think she is such a free thinker

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that she would really prefer to be a non-observant Jew than a non-observant Christian. I figure that if any of my patients or friends had any bigotry in them, then either I have converted them to admiration, or else they are hiding it. I get a big kick out of emphasizing to the Born Again that without Moses there would have been no Rabbi Jesus. I likewise point out to black and white patients alike that the entire human race came out of Africa 200,000 years ago and once we all were black. It is mathematically provable that each of us is related to everyone else on the planet and that we are no further away from anyone we meet than 50th cousins.

I understand, however, that all of the above would be moot if someone spray-painted my house with a swastika. I guess that's why I have an unlisted phone number; they can't find the gadfly. It also doesn't hurt to take other precautionary and protective measures with the full recognition that there are persons out there with a screw loose who are in need of lifetime therapy behind bars. Fortunately, I don't seem to meet those people, so perhaps I have a false sense of security. I once told my colleague Abe Steinberg that my mother was a little paranoid about anti-Semitism; his answer was classic: "It's in the blood, Dick, it's in the blood." Meaning, of course, that the habit of being a victim for 2,000 years becomes a family tradition. My friend David Lome, who is Sephardic (Spanish Jew) only felt safe in Israel because of the history of expulsion from most of the countries of the world ever since the Diaspora in 70 C.E. (common era). Consider that the Jews in Spain had been Spanish citizens for a thousand years until in 1492 when they suddenly were ordered either to leave the country or to convert to Catholicism on pain of death. He claims it could happen in America sometime; I don't agree.

Frankly, because of the Arab suicide bombers, I would never feel safe in Israel. I like it right here. Another thought supports me, and that is I am also by heritage, since my English line traces back to the Mayflower, a son of the founders of this country. I in no way feel like an immigrant or an outsider. Frankly, all you people whose ancestors came after mine are the outsiders. Better be careful or we descendants of the Mayflower and the American Revolution will send you back. Well, I don't really mean that, because if I did, that would give my friend Ernie Perez, who is an Apache Indian, the right to send me back. And I won't go. I like it right here, as I said.

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Book II

Falsification Theory and Evolution

Search For Method

Evolution: assertion, hypothesis, theory, law, or fact?

Abstract

This paper is rightly classified as a debate about the philosophy of science, and is an attempt to clarify the nature of scientific truth. The concept of falsification as a method that demarcates science from non-science was introduced by Karl Popper in 1934, and in spite of its being the linchpin of scientific thought, it is not widely known or appreciated. The difference between verification and falsification of the theory of evolution provides a convenient platform for understanding the nature of science. Evolution will probably always remain falsifiable, and therefore, will never truly become a fact. Theories rarely become facts and even scientific laws sometimes are falsifiable. Changes in theories occur by what Thomas Kuhn called a paradigm shift. Falsification does not define what is a valuable or useful intellectual activity: theology might be valuable but is not falsifiable; mathematics is a system of relationships, and is not falsifiable, but historically is included among the sciences. Creationism, theism, and atheism are not falsifiable. Probability estimates in statistical analysis are neither verifiable nor falsifiable. The null hypothesis in statistics is not the same as falsification but is a hypothesis that a statistician attempts to test by using probability estimates. **CONCLUSIONS:** Falsification is a method for demarcating science from non-science, but does not define what is valuable intellectual activity and is not the way to ultimate truth.

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Introduction

Humanity has taken a long time to learn how to think logically and rationally. Many are still learning. Many will never learn to think scientifically. Large numbers of people do not understand the scientific method. Many argue vehemently over evolution and creationism. Scientific "proof" is a hotly debated subject. Those trained in the sciences often find themselves at a loss for words when confronted by religious fundamentalists. What are the differences in the definitions for assertion, hypothesis, theory, scientific law, and fact?

The idea of falsification is not widely known or appreciated, but is the linchpin of scientific thought. Karl Popper introduced the notion of falsification in his 1934 book "*The Logic of Scientific Discovery*". Popper insisted that the right test for a scientific theory is falsification, by which he meant that the test should seek some circumstance for which the theory or hypothesis does not hold. If no such case can be found, then the theory is not falsified, but is tenable until such time as new facts are discovered which would force revision of the theory.

My son Daniel, a mathematician *, and I have debated this subject for many months and I believe that our dialogue is not only entertaining, but also is instructive. We are uncertain about theological matters because we are trained in empiricism and tend to reject the non-empirical. This essay, or debate, is an exercise in the nature of truth, or knowledge, and is what a philosopher might call epistemology. The debate centers on evolution because our whole world-view is shaped by Darwinism and by the opposition to it and because our methods of thinking about evolution shape how we think about other important issues, affect our ideologies, our theological perspectives, and even our social interactions. * (Daniel R. Grayson, Ph.D., Dept. Of Mathematics, U. of IL., Urbana, IL.)

Recently, my friend Craig Jones who holds a Ph.D. in economics critiqued this paper, and I have included him in the debate just as if the three of us were discussing the subject at one time.

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THE DEBATE**Falsification**

Craig:

Popper insisted that the test of truth of a theory is falsification. What about Popper's hypothesis itself? Is there a circumstance for which falsification does not hold? Is Popper's idea only an assertion and its acceptance simply a matter of faith?

Richard:

I would call falsification more than an assertion or a hypothesis; it is an axiom, a postulate, a self-evident principle that is accepted without proof as the basis for argument. Popper called falsification a method. He states: "According to my proposal, what characterizes the empirical method is its manner of exposing to falsification, in every conceivable way, the system to be tested. Its aim is not to save the lives of untenable systems but, on the contrary, to select the one which is by comparison the fittest, by exposing them all to the fiercest struggle for survival."

In the light of Popper's "struggle for survival" description, it seems that the scientific method is therefore a Darwinian-like statement of the evolution of ideas. In other words, the theory that survives argumentation is the right one.

Evolution

In regard to Darwin's theory of evolution: If life began more than once and used nonDNA each time except the first time and then each form evolved into multiple species, you would find DNA and nonDNA based forms. Evolution from a common ancestor would therefore be proven false because all life would not be related. We would conclude that life began more than once and began with a different biochemical mechanism.

However, biologists have found that all life on Earth apparently is either DNA or RNA based and uses the same fundamental biochemistry. All life forms are related to one another biochemically. Therefore the idea that all life has come from common ancestors by way of evolution is supported or verified.

Therefore, since there is no possibility that any species have arisen independently, evolution is not falsifiable. If evolution is not falsifiable it is not a scientific theory but an assertion.

Daniel:

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I propose a scenario under which evolution would be falsified. That scenario is where we observe that all different species have different fundamental biochemical mechanisms at work internally. Since the theory of evolution predicts that at least some species should be related to each other, under my falsifiable scenario we would no longer believe evolution.

You propose a different scenario in which the species of the world are divided into several (X) different camps, and each camp shares a unique biochemical mechanism. Presumably X is a relatively small number, so that each camp has many species in it. This scenario doesn't necessarily falsify evolution, because you've provided the species with related species.

But my original scenario still would have falsified evolution since all species would be different biochemically, and thus unrelated, so evolution is falsifiable. I don't need to consider your proposed scenario at all.

Richard:

Daniel, you have presented a test of evolution that has verified the theory of evolution but has not falsified it.

Karl Popper states "I shall certainly admit a system as empirical or scientific only if it is capable of being tested by experience. These considerations suggest that not the verifiability but the falsifiability of a system is to be taken as a criterion of demarcation. In other words: I shall not require of a scientific system that it shall be capable of being singled out, once and for all, in a positive sense; but I shall require that its logical form be such that it can be singled out, by means of empirical tests, in a negative sense: it must be possible for an empirical scientific system to be refuted by experience."

He further states "we must expose the system to falsification in every conceivable way."

I claim that you have simply presented me with a single test for evolution that the theory has passed so far. We both know in advance that the DNA test has verified the theory. But verification is not the same as falsification and if there is no further test that would falsify the theory, then the theory is nonfalsifiable and not a scientific theory.

Daniel:

This is the crucial point. We did the experiment over the last decades and got the result, and the theory wasn't falsified by the experiment, as it turned out. But if the result had been different (as I sketched) it would have been falsified!

My thesis is that in 1950 the theory was falsifiable, and then the indicated experiment was done, and it wasn't falsified. I don't address the issue of whether the theory is falsifiable today.

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So now you have to consider the following question: over history, as experiments which could falsify a theory are performed, and results come out not falsifying the theory, is it necessary to keep inventing further experiments which have not yet been done, but could conceivably falsify the theory? Or, can we stop at some point?

Richard:

Let's start over with a description of evolution theory. We say that life began one or more times from the primordial ooze by biochemical chance and through the process of mutation, natural selection, recombination, the founder effect, genetic drift, punctuated equilibrium and possibly other as yet undiscovered mechanisms, produced all known forms of life and that all these forms today are DNA based. There is, it seems to me, a metaphysical assumption underlying both the creationist's view and the Darwinian view. The Darwinian concept states that a blind watchmaker called natural selection, which is without purpose except to survive, does the work of evolution. The Creationist seems to say that the watchmaker is God. The type of creationist who believes in limited evolution says that God directs natural selection and has purpose.

There seems to be no way to test either metaphysical assumption or to falsify either one, and therefore either one might be valid.

The theory of evolution otherwise has been repeatedly verified, including the thesis that all forms of life use common biochemical mechanisms. Since both the Darwinian and the Creationist constructions seem to be nonfalsifiable, neither view is scientific, both are basically metaphysical, and both are equally valid and a matter of faith. Either view is rational and neither view is more irrational than the other. Since neither is falsifiable, there seems to be no rational method for choosing one over the other.

Creationists

Daniel:

Actually, both theories were falsifiable in 1950, for we might have gone on to discover that evolution didn't occur at all.

But I object to you calling this latest theory a creationist construction. Creationists reject evolution, don't they? They don't say that God directs evolution.

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It seems that you have discovered how to make a creationist theory from a scientific one. Simply add the phrase "and it is all directed by God" to the theory. Then the predictions of the theory remain the same, and the added phrase cannot be tested independently. The new theory can be tested the same way that the original (scientific) theory can be tested. One might try this with gravity. Assert a new theory of gravitation that says that there is an attractive force between two objects proportional to the mass of either, inversely proportional to the square of the distance between them, and that the force is instilled by the presence of God.

This theory certainly seems to be in accordance with experiment because the added phrase changes no predictions of the theory. The error comes in not letting me separate the added phrase from the rest of the theory. Popper's whole point is that the added phrase, by itself, is not scientific, for it is not falsifiable.

Metaphysics

Craig:

The phrase is metaphysical. This is defined as the branch of philosophy that deals with the nature of ultimate reality and implies that the subject matter is beyond the physical or beyond physics.

Daniel:

Your ruse in appending the watchmaker to the scientific story of evolution was intended to deceive me into thinking that God's presence is an alternative to something already in the theory, rather than an unfalsifiable appendage.

Craig:

My point exactly! You cannot test metaphysical propositions because they are assertions and do not fit the criteria for science.

Richard:

For the time being I agree with you not to use the blind watchmaker analogy. We are trying to discover the truth of the theory of evolution. We have assumed that the only way to falsify it was to discover that species used different biochemistry.

(Actually, I am trying to discover in general how to determine truth from error.)

Daniel:

I haven't assumed that was the ONLY way, just that it was ONE way.

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Spontaneous Generation

Richard:

It occurs to me that the basic way to falsify evolution is to demonstrate spontaneous generation of life in the laboratory in a replicable experiment. This would disprove the tenet that all life comes from other life of the same kind. Since we know that the spontaneous generation experiment has always failed, we are left with a nonfalsifiable statement of evolution that no longer qualifies as a theory but as a fact.

Craig:

Suppose life began many different times but only with the DNA biochemistry. Then suppose you could produce spontaneous generation of life in a laboratory and it turned out to be DNA-based. This would not disprove evolution at all. That newly generated life could then given the right conditions, evolve like previous forms of spontaneously generated life forms that evolved. So therefore, the spontaneous generation of life could not falsify evolution.

Daniel:

I would prefer not to call it nonfalsifiable now. But after a theory has survived many attempts to falsify it, it must necessarily become harder to find new experiments, not yet done, which might falsify it. But I think I could still do it.

The Law of Evolution?

Richard:

Like the laws of thermodynamics it can be called the law of evolution rather than the theory of evolution. So the answer to your question about what to do with a theory after it can no longer be falsified is that it must become fact or scientific law. So from a philosophical or logical reference I have been attacking evolution and have found that it must be true. I still worry, however, about Stephen Jay Gould's statement that he can think of many other ways to falsify evolution. If so, what are other ways?

Daniel:

Popper's point is that it never becomes "fact", just a heavily verified theory. So don't say things like "it must be true".

Daniel:

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Here's a good experiment for the future. Find a planet physically like earth, but without life. Deposit 100 species of plants and animals there in such a way that they survive initially. Return after one billion years to see how many species there are. If the same 100 species are there, that would tend to call evolution into doubt.

Facts

Richard:

We must talk about facts for a moment. There are such things as facts. The earth is (roughly) round, the earth circles the sun (or more accurately they circle a common point in space), the moon orbits the earth, night and day are caused by the earth's rotation, the seasons are caused by the inclination of the earth's axis, and I could go on ad infinitum with facts that are no longer hypotheses. Do you now agree that theories can become facts?

Daniel:

Yes, and it happens when the scientists involved agree to dub the theory a fact.

Richard:

"Dubbing a theory as fact by the scientists" might be a little too simplified. Thomas S. Kuhn wrote (*The Structure of Scientific Revolutions*) how changes in theories occur. He called this the "paradigm shift". Anyway, I like the phrase Paradigm shift; it has elegance. For example, I think we will see a paradigm shift in psychology and psychiatry to the newer concept of evolutionary psychology.

Objections to Evolution

Stephen Jay Gould said that evolution, for example, is now a fact, and the mechanisms and details about evolution are the theories. Now that I have said that evolution must be true, I have reread the book Darwin On Trial by Phillip Johnson. I would like you to answer his objections to Darwinism:

1. The hypothesis that natural selection has the degree of creative power required by Darwinist theory remains unsupported by empirical evidence.

Daniel:

The theory has been supported by the empirical evidence, i.e., it has not been falsified yet.

2. The common ancestors and transitional links are still only theoretical entities, conspicuously absent from the fossil record.

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Daniel:

Their absence from the fossil record may be conspicuous, but that doesn't cause any problems for the theory. The fossil record is incomplete.

Richard:

Absence of proof is not proof of absence. Furthermore, Gould states there are plenty of transitional forms, so it looks as if there is a debate that we non-paleontologists are not qualified to join.

3. Science knows of no natural mechanism capable of accomplishing the enormous changes in form and function required to complete the Darwinist scenario.

Daniel:

Science does know a mechanism; it is natural selection of variations and mutations.

4. The real mystery of evolution is how the marvelous molecular structures could have evolved in the first place and how could a simple cell change into a complex plant or animal.

Daniel:

Some details of the process will never be known, but this doesn't mean the theory is false.

5. Darwinism is an empirical doctrine but as for how complex organisms came into existence in the first place, it is pure philosophy.

Science

Daniel:

It is not philosophy; it is science.

Richard:

I agree. Here is a definition of science: *Systematized knowledge in any field, but applied usually to the organization of objectively verifiable sense experience. The pursuit of knowledge in this context is known as pure science to distinguish it from applied science that is the search for practical uses of scientific knowledge, and from technology, through which applications are realized. (Microsoft Encarta)*

The encyclopedia Encarta also states that the scientific method is a "*Term denoting the principles that guide scientific research and experimentation, and also the philosophic bases of those*

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principles. Whereas philosophy in general is concerned with the why as well as the how of things, science occupies itself with the latter question only, but in a scrupulously rigorous manner. The era of modern science is generally considered to have begun with the Renaissance, but the rudiments of the scientific approach to knowledge can be observed throughout human history."

6. *The falsifiability criterion does not necessarily differentiate natural science from other valuable forms of intellectual activity.*

Daniel:

I don't understand this objection. For example, mathematics is a valuable form of intellectual activity but is not an empirical science; it is the logic of relationships.

Richard:

In addition, I might argue that theology is a non-falsifiable intellectual activity, but does this mean that theology is not of value? We might debate that one forever, I think.

7. *Common ancestry is a hypothesis, not a fact.*

Daniel:

Hardly anything in science is a fact.

Richard:

Some argue that you cannot even prove that you or anything else exists. The strength of the scientific method is its flexibility. As Popper pointed out, verification is not proof, but only if the hypothesis passes the test of failure to find a falsification can the thesis, or what he called the "statement", be sustained.

8. *The universal genetic code does imply an element of commonality which means only that it is unlikely that life evolved by chance on many different occasions. Relationships may have come from some process altogether beyond the ken of our science. As a hypothesis it deserves our most respectful attention, which, in Popper's terms, means that we should test it rigorously.*

Daniel:

It's his responsibility to produce a theory outlining this mysterious process of his, so the theory can be tested. Simply asserting that there might be another process is not good enough.

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Richard:

Upon reflection, perhaps I should withdraw my conclusion that evolution is a fact and revert to the word "theory". Furthermore, so far as I can tell, universal laws such as those of thermodynamics, are falsifiable, making me think that there is no semantic difference between law and theory. For example, the laws of gravity seem to have been modified by Einstein. High-energy physicists and cosmologists have new and obscure theories about gravity, so it appears to be a theory, not a law or a set of eternal laws.

This debate is becoming more involved because now we are confronted with trying to define our basic ideas about theories, hypotheses, empiricism, falsification, scientific laws, facts, and truth. We could give up the dialogue out of pure exhaustion by claiming that all is but wind and semantics, but you and I know that this is not merely an exercise in verbiage, it is a discussion about the most important ideas to our species: where did we come from? Why are we here? How can we prove our answers?

I have found two tests involving falsification that Charles Darwin himself described in "Origin of Species", even though the concept had not been invented, or at least codified, until 1934 by Popper:

1. *"Though Nature grants long periods of time for the work of natural selection, she does not grant an indefinite period . . ."* In other words, Darwin himself seems to agree that if there would be found insufficient geological time for natural selection to act, evolution would be proven false.
2. *"If it could be demonstrated that any complex organ existed, which could not possibly have been formed by numerous, successive, slight modifications, my theory would absolutely break down. But I can find no such case."*

According to Phillip E. Johnson in "Darwin on Trial", there are many structures such as hemoglobin and mammalian hair which could not have been produced by natural selection. This is a provocative assertion and I think that for us non-biologists, all we can do is confess ignorance on the subject and await some expert to present us with a study of each challenged organ or structure.

I now would like to address Johnson's objection number six above wherein he states that the falsifiability criterion does not necessarily differentiate natural science from other valuable forms of intellectual activity.

Apparently Johnson thinks there are other valuable forms of thought. If we hold that metaphysics and theology are inadequate forms of knowledge and not to be trusted, then we are, by definition,

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logical positivists, or empiricists. What are other forms of intellectual activity worth our consideration? Is only that which is falsifiable the only criterion of value for intellectual activity?

Mathematics

Daniel:

As a professor of theoretical mathematics, I must affirm that math is a valuable intellectual activity. My problem, however, is that I find math in no sense falsifiable. In other words, two plus two equals four is not open to question.

Craig:

Mathematics is 100% deduction. It is a tautological system and therefore discussion of its falsifiability is not relevant. Tautology means redundancy or reiteration.

Richard:

In other words, when you say 2 and 2 is 4, you are simply repeating what you know in different words, and thus the answer in a way is redundant.

If mathematics is not a science and is not falsifiable, the world must have turned upside down, because I thought that math was a science. Historically, the Pythagorean scholars distinguished only four sciences: arithmetic, geometry, music, and astronomy.

Now, however, in studying the subject, I find that math is not an empirical science but is called a science anyway: "*During the 19th century scientists finally recognized that pure mathematics differs from the other sciences in that it is a logic of relations and does not depend for its structure on the laws of nature. Its applicability in the elaboration of scientific theories, however, has resulted in its continued classification among the sciences.*" (Microsoft Encarta)

Daniel, I challenged you once that there must be certain axioms in mathematics and that if there are axioms, or premises, and you could find one premise that was not true, then math is like other empirical sciences. You claim there are at least four premises in your work. What are they?

Daniel:

Mathematics is what you get when you insist on absolute certainty for your conclusions.

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The premises underlying mathematics are technical and ad hoc, so are not worth discussing here. The main embarrassment we suffer from them is the inability to prove the premises are not self-contradictory.

Craig:

Does this mean you think we can't handle it? Maybe you're right!

Richard:

Daniel, when you said that "premises underlying mathematics are technical and ad hoc, so are not worth discussing. The main embarrassment we suffer from them

is the inability to prove the premises are not self-contradictory". Were you referring to Godel's proof? He proved that within any rigidly logical mathematical system there are propositions or questions that cannot be proved or disproved on the basis of the axioms within that system and that, therefore, it is uncertain that the basic axioms of arithmetic will not give rise to contradictions. Now will you discuss this with me?

Daniel:

Yes, that's what I meant.

I suppose we could discuss it, but if you've already found a reference to Goedel's proof, then you have found a discussion of it, perhaps and we don't need to explore it further.

Richard:

Well, let's talk anyway. What is the significance of Godel's (Goedel's) Proof? The reference said that his proof shook mathematics and still does. Does it mean that you can never prove that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, for example?

Daniel:

No, we can prove things like that. So it has no significance at all for the day to day practice of mathematics.

Richard:

Does Godel have any meaning for the lay person?

Daniel:

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One consequence is that there are simple sounding mathematical statements which can neither be proved nor disproved. Another consequence is that we might find some day that our axioms on which we base all our arguments might be self-contradictory, and we would have to find a new set of axioms. No one expects this to happen, though.

Richard:

Does it mean that space could be bounded?

Daniel:

That's a question about the real world, and doesn't fall within the realm of questions one can answer using mathematics.

Theorems and Proofs

Richard:

Was his a proof or a theorem or a theory? Why do they call it a proof?

Daniel:

He stated and proved a theorem. The theorem shows how to construct a mathematical statement that can not be proved nor disproved from the axioms, provided the axioms are sufficiently powerful to allow the discussion of arithmetic. The statement he constructed in mathematical form says "There is no proof of me." Now if there were a proof of it, that would contradict the assertion made by the statement, and if there were a disproof of it, that would also be a contradiction. The tricky part is phrasing the statement as a statement about numbers.

Richard:

Are there any other forms of intellectual activity other than science and mathematics of value?

Daniel:

Yes, for example, this discussion.

Richard:

The answer to that statement seems to be that we are involved in the philosophy of science. I would arbitrarily conclude that to discuss how to do science is part of science and really is science and therefore not a separate intellectual activity. We are simply talking about how to do science, or in other words to think about science. We have applied terms such as logic,

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epistemology, philosophy, science, scientific method, and metaphysics to this discussion. How do you see our debate now?

Philosophy

Daniel:

As part of the philosophy of science.

Richard:

Then it appears that there are at least four valuable forms of intellectual activity: philosophy of science, science itself, mathematics, and statistics.

Statistics

Craig:

Why statistics? It is a part of math.

Richard:

Is statistics a branch of mathematics? Daniel is there a branch of it in your math department?

Daniel:

Statistics is not really a branch, but lots of it is mathematical. It often is contained in math departments, but at the University of Illinois the statisticians broke off and formed their own department about 8 years ago. But furthermore, I object to attempts to classify the "valuable" forms of intellectual activity. What are the criteria for deciding value?

Richard:

I am attempting to do this in order to exclude useless efforts at intellectual activity such as superstition and astrology. I would suppose that value is relative and subjective.

Daniel:

And that's exactly what Popper was trying to do when he formulated this notion of falsifiability. It seems to do a good job of distinguishing scientific theories from non-scientific theories, and that's what appeals to me.

Non-scientific Theories

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Richard:

Ah! A new term: non-scientific theories. I don't know if I have heard anyone use that phrase before, but now if we introduce the phrase into the discussion, we at least have a definition. The defining difference between scientific and non-scientific theories seems to be falsifiability. However, there are other criteria for science:

It is guided by natural law;

It has to be explanatory by reference to natural law;

It is testable against the empirical world;

Its conclusions are tentative, i.e. are not necessarily the final word; and

It is falsifiable. (From McLean v. Arkansas Board of Education Decision and Judgment, Jan 5, 1982.) Let's see if you can name four more non-scientific theories.

Daniel:

Creationism, theism, and atheism. These are not falsifiable and therefore are non-scientific theories.

Craig:

My position is that non-scientific statements might or might not be true, but the Popper criterion is not useful in assessing the validity of metaphysical statements.

The scientific/non-scientific dichotomy you have created is unfortunate because it puts mathematics into the non-scientific class. Better to stick with falsifiable and non-falsifiable.

Richard:

Craig, that sounds reasonable. We get hung up on our arbitrary vocabulary sometimes. But think of the paradigm shift you are requesting. You are asking about 5 billion people to change their definitions of science.

I suppose that synonyms for "non-scientific theory" might be assertion, revelation, or faith. It is tempting to say that any statement that is not falsifiable, is not worth believing. (Except for math?) One could become a total non-believer in every statement that is non-scientific. In practice, however, I suspect that what we actually do in life is more complicated. I think what happens is a wager, much as Blaise Pascal would have espoused; I bet that the airliner will not crash and therefore I board it. I bet that vitamins are good for me and I take them. I bet that God

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might exist and therefore I continue to think and talk about Him. This wagering is really a statistical exercise; what I state is a probability that theism or atheism is true, that vitamins are probably good for me, and the odds are the airplane will not crash. I don't know all of these things in advance, but I hope I have weighed the evidence properly.

Popper, himself, had a great deal to say about probability in *The Logic of Scientific Discovery*. He said "*Probability estimates are not falsifiable. Neither, of course, are they verifiable, and this for the same reasons as hold for other hypotheses, seeing that no experimental results, however numerous and favorable, can ever finally establish that the relative frequency of 'heads' is 1/2, and will always be 1/2.*"

Daniel:

Actually, there is something I don't know about statistics. If we want to deduce a probability that a drug is effective from the results of trials, how do we do it? I can't think of a way.

Craig:

You don't deduce. You use induction, not deduction. Induction is when you draw a conclusion from a number of facts. Deduction is when your conclusions come from premises.

Daniel:

It's true that you can't falsify a prediction of the probability of something by performing many trials. For example, when you toss a coin and get 100 heads in a row, it doesn't necessarily mean that the coin is unfair. In fact, occasionally 100 heads in a row WILL occur.

Null Hypothesis

Richard:

I believe that the way you test a drug statistically is by use of the "null hypothesis". Apparently what you do is to assume that there is no difference between the experimental and the control group before the test, then see if there is a difference. That sounds suspiciously like falsification, doesn't it?

Daniel:

Consider this phrase from the article you sent me: "When the probability model for the mechanism generating the observed data is known, hypotheses about the model can be tested."

I don't understand what he was really referring to but it might be this: I wonder whether much can ever be known about the mechanism generating drug test trials, and whether we are hiding

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something embarrassing about statistical tests of effectiveness of drugs. Suppose all patients in the world are like fair coins: they get well with a probability of 50%, and drugs don't affect the outcome. Could any test falsify this? Then suppose we do drug trials with specific drugs. Some drugs will appear to do better than others by random chance, and those will be the drugs approved. If we test enough drugs, occasionally one will come along that appears to be remarkably effective in the trial. I don't think the world is like that, but I don't know how to prove it isn't. So I do not believe that the null hypothesis is the same as falsification.

Richard:

Why isn't the null hypothesis the same as falsification? I don't understand your position. Here is a quote from the Encyclopedia Britannica Online defining the hypothesis "*The null hypothesis in statistical INFERENCE is a statement against which a statistical procedure seeks to establish evidence. In scientific work a researcher often hopes to establish that an effect is present or that a difference between two treatments exists.*

"For example, a new drug may be tested to determine if it is more effective than the old one. A statistician could approach this problem by hypothesizing that no difference exists--this would be a null hypothesis--and then assessing the evidence against this hypothesis provided by the data. If the evidence, often found by sampling, proves to be improbable (to whatever degree has been specified), then the null hypothesis will be rejected, and an alternative, more probable hypothesis will be sought."

Daniel:

The null hypothesis is something that a statistician tries to falsify. Falsification is the act of falsifying something. So these two things could never be the same thing, because they aren't the same type of thing.

Richard:

Ah. That clarifies the question. The null hypothesis is the theory to be tested by looking for whatever demonstrates it to be probably false. Therefore falsification is what you use against the null hypothesis. Drug testing also takes into account the placebo effect which means that placebos actually work and also replicability, which means that if only one trial is done we don't believe it.

Probability

Daniel:

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10 trials is the same as one big trial ten times the size. Even if 10,000 patients are cured by drug X, and 10,000 are killed by drug B, it might be just dumb luck.

Craig:

But the probability that it is dumb luck in one trial is much less than in the case of 10 trials. Indeed, statistical confidence tests are attempts to estimate and quantify this dumb luck.

Richard:

Regarding testing drugs or anything with a probability answer: When the DNA chemist states that the probability that the defendant's DNA could have been some other person is 1 in 5 billion on 12 different samples of blood tested in 3 different laboratories, is this not proof that the defendant's blood is being tested? Or are you going to reiterate that it could be dumb luck, ignoring the possibility of tampering or contamination for the time being?

Daniel:

No, that's a completely different situation. We know the random processes that put genes into our bodies, but we don't know the random process that puts drugs needing to be tested into our hands. Let's make a simple example. Suppose each patient is cured with a 50% chance, and no drugs have any effect. Then if each trial has 10 patients in it, we expect 5 patients on average to be cured. A trial in which all 10 patients are cured may lead us to believe that the drug is effective. Could a trial with all 10 patients are cured occur very often? It is easy to compute the probability: one chance in 1024. So if we conduct 1024 trials of 1024 useless drugs, we expect one of the trials to show all 10 patients being cured. It would be silly to pronounce that one random drug effective. Now change the situation just slightly. Suppose we conduct one trial instead of 1024, and all 10 patients are cured? Do we announce the drug effective?

Rationalism vs. Empiricism

Richard:

No we don't pronounce the drug effective yet. That's why we demand replicability. You must repeat the trial one or more times, preferably in more than one place by different people to rule out dumb luck and tampering. Then you use the double blind technique to rule out the placebo effect. Now I would like to address the question of how we are to name our philosophical propensities: are you and I rationalists or empiricists? Or can we be both? I quote:

"Empiricism: In philosophy, doctrine that affirms that all knowledge is based on experience, and denies the possibility of spontaneous ideas or a priori thought."

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"Rationalists asserted that the mind was capable of recognizing reality by means of reason, a faculty that existed independent of experience."

"Empiricism, also known as logical positivism, like agnosticism, rejects both atheism and theism and maintains that metaphysical statements are meaningless." (Microsoft Encarta)

Craig:

I guess that's me!

Daniel:

I won't classify myself. I would hate to say something like "I am an empiricist" because I am sure I don't understand the definition of empiricist, and there are probably connotations to the word that I don't know about. So I won't.

Richard:

It is interesting to say you choose not to classify yourself. Does that mean you don't know whether you are an

- a.) empiricist or a
- b.) rationalist or that you are
- c.) both
- d.) or it depends on the issue?

Here is an encyclopedia entry on empiricism to help you decide:

Empiricism: In philosophy, doctrine that affirms that all knowledge is based on experience, and denies the possibility of spontaneous ideas or a priori thought.

Rationalists asserted that the mind was capable of recognizing reality by means of reason, a faculty that existed independent of experience. Empiricism, also known as logical positivism, like agnosticism, rejects both atheism and theism and maintains that metaphysical statements are meaningless.

Empiricists claim that knowledge can be based only on information gained from the senses. Such information, the rationalists contend, is always open to question. They point to mathematics and logic as realms where unquestionable truths can be discovered by the use of reason alone. Baruch SPINOZA, perhaps the supreme rationalist of Western philosophy, presented his

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philosophical views in geometrical form and deduced theorems about the world based on axioms that he held to be rational truths. (Microsoft Encarta)

Now, what do you have to say?

Daniel:

I'm certainly not an empiricist, because I don't reject theism, and I think mathematics is not all based on experience, even though much of it is motivated by experience (such as geometry).

To Truth?

Richard:

If you thought you knew the way to truth, you would either be asserting it as a given, that is, as a premise, or you would have to prove your method of determining truth empirically by the scientific method.

Therefore, the only way to truth, that is, to the nature of reality, is empirical. Personally, I think I am an empiricist and I suspect you are also. Admit now, that you know. Tell the world. What is the way to truth?

Daniel:

I don't know the way to truth, too bad.

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Glossary**Agnosticism**

Doctrine that the existence of God and other spiritual beings is neither certain nor impossible. (Microsoft Encarta)

Axiom

A self-evident principle or one that is accepted as true without proof as the basis for argument; a postulate. An assumption. (Microsoft Encarta)

Deductive Logic

Both classical and modern logic are systems of deductive logic. In a sense, the premises of a valid argument contain the conclusion, and the truth of the conclusion follows from the truth of the premises with certainty. Systems of inductive logic are such that the premises are evidence for the conclusion, but the truth of the conclusion follows from the truth of the evidence only with a certain probability. (Microsoft Encarta)

Deduction

In logic, the form of reasoning by which specific conclusions are inferred from certain accepted general principles, or premises. The opposite of deduction is induction, the form of reasoning by which general principles are drawn from specific cases and particular facts. (Microsoft Encarta)

Empiricism

In philosophy, doctrine that affirms that all knowledge is based on experience, and denies the possibility of spontaneous ideas or a priori thought. Rationalists asserted that the mind was capable of recognizing reality by means of reason, a faculty that existed independent of

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experience. Empiricism, also known as logical positivism, like agnosticism, rejects both atheism and theism and maintains that metaphysical statements are meaningless.

Empiricists claim that knowledge can be based only on information gained from the senses. Such information, the rationalists contend, is always open to question. They point to mathematics and logic as realms where unquestionable truths can be discovered by the use of reason alone. Baruch SPINOZA, perhaps the supreme rationalist of Western philosophy, presented his philosophical views in geometrical form and deduced theorems about the world based on axioms that he held to be rational truths. (Microsoft Encarta)

Hypothesis

Socrates resolved to consider primarily not "facts" but the "statements" or "propositions" that one makes about "facts." His method would be to start with whatever seemed the most satisfactory "A hypothesis," or postulate, about a given subject and then consider the consequences that follow from it. So far as these consequences proved to be true and consistent, the hypothesis might be regarded as provisionally confirmed. But one should not confuse inquiry into the consequences of the hypothesis with proof of its truth. The question of truth could be settled only by deducing the initial hypothesis as a consequence from some more ultimate, accepted hypothesis. (Online 1995 Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc.)

Inductive reasoning

When a person uses a number of established facts to draw a general conclusion, he uses inductive reasoning. This is the kind of logic normally used in the sciences. For example, a scientist may gather all the facts he can about a certain disease from observation and experiment. Then he draws his inductive conclusion, perhaps that a certain microbe causes the disease. An inductive argument, however, is never final: It is always open to the possibility of being falsified. For instance, the observation of swans over the centuries has led to the conclusion that all swans are white. The discovery of one black swan would falsify this theory, but it would still be true that most swans are white. Inductive reasoning is always subject to revision if new facts are discovered. It is by this process of induction and falsification that progress is made in the sciences. (America Online; Compton's Encyclopedia)

Induction

In logic, process of reasoning from the particular to the general as opposed to the inverse process of deduction. The basis of induction is the assumption that if something is true in a number of observed instances, it is also true in similar, but unobserved, instances. The probability of accuracy depends on the number of instances observed. One of the simplest types of induction is involved in the interpretation of opinion polls, in which the answers given by a

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small percentage of the total population are projected for the entire country. Inductive reasoning was developed by various philosophers from Francis Bacon to David Hume, John Stuart Mill, and Charles Sanders Peirce.

"Induction (logic)," Microsoft (R) Encarta. Copyright (c) 1993 Microsoft Corporation. Copyright (c) 1993 Funk & Wagnall's Corporation

Metaphysics

Branch of philosophy concerned with the nature of ultimate reality.

Null Hypothesis

The null hypothesis in statistical INFERENCE is a statement against which a statistical procedure seeks to establish evidence (see STATISTICS). In scientific work a researcher often hopes to establish that an effect is present or that a difference between two treatments exists.

For example, a new drug may be tested to determine if it is more effective than the old one. A statistician could approach this problem by hypothesizing that no difference exists--this would be a null hypothesis--and then assessing the evidence against this hypothesis provided by the data. If the evidence, often found by sampling, proves to be improbable (to whatever degree has been specified), then the null hypothesis will be rejected, and an alternative, more probable hypothesis will be sought. DAVID S. MOORE

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Paradigm Shift

As the philosopher Thomas Kuhn has pointed out, science does not always advance in the gradual and stately fashion commonly attributed to it. Major breakthroughs often come from a leap forward that is at least in part intuitive and may fly in the face of conventional wisdom and widely accepted evidence while strict requirements for verification and proof are temporarily relaxed. Revolutions thus often become widely accepted before the verdict from rigorous analysis of evidence is completely in. Such was certainly the case with the geologic revolution, which also confirms Kuhn's view that a new paradigm is unlikely to supersede an existing one until there is little choice but to acknowledge that the conventional theory has failed. Thus, while Wegener did not manage to persuade the world, the successor theory was readily embraced 40 years later, even though it remained open to much of the same criticism that had caused the downfall of continental drift. What is the state of the new paradigm? Is it likely to suffer sooner rather than later the same fate that inevitably awaits all scientific theories? Among the formally educated, if not among the general population, traditional science was transformed by the new

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*heliocentric, mechanistic, and mathematical conceptions of Copernicus, Harvey, and complete an overthrow of the earlier model. Aristotle's authority gave way very slowly, and only the first of the great scientists mentioned above did his work in the period under consideration. Still, the Renaissance made some important contributions toward the process of **paradigm shift**, as the 20th-century historian of science **Thomas Kuhn** called major innovations in science. (Encyclopedia Britannica Online)*

Popper

***Karl Popper** (born 1902). Originator of the theory of falsifiability, Karl Popper is best known for his rejection of the inductive method of reasoning in the empirical sciences. In inductive logic a statement of supposed fact a hypothesis is proven true if repeated observations substantiate it. In opposing this viewpoint, Popper insisted that hypotheses must be testable, and that the right test for a scientific hypothesis is to look for some circumstance for which it does not hold. If no such circumstance can be found then the hypothesis is true.*

Karl Raimund Popper was born in Vienna, Austria, on July 28, 1902. He attended the University of Vienna, receiving his Ph.D. there in 1928. He taught in secondary schools in Vienna for a time, and then in 1937 he moved to New Zealand, where he taught philosophy at Canterbury University College until 1945. From 1945 until his retirement in 1969, he headed the department of philosophy, logic, and scientific method at the London School of Economics in England. He also lectured widely both in Great Britain and in the United States.

Popper's publications include a number of periodical articles and several books. In his first book, 'The Logic of Scientific Discovery', published in 1934, he presents his thoughts regarding falsifiability and inductive logic and outlines his method of distinguishing between sciences and pseudosciences. The theoretical constructs rejected by Popper as pseudosciences because they failed to pass his test of falsifiability include such fields of study as astrology, Freudian psychoanalysis, metaphysics, and Marxism.

*Popper's later works include "The Open Society and Its Enemies" (1945) and "The Poverty of Historicism" (1957). In both of these books he opposes historical determinism, the view held by Plato, Hegel, and Marx that history develops in accordance with inexorable natural laws. His three-volume *Postscript to the Logic of Scientific Discovery*, (1981) expands on the ideas presented in his first book. Popper was knighted in 1965. (America Online; Compton's encyclopedia)*

Positivism

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System of Philosophy based on experience and empirical knowledge of natural phenomena, in which metaphysics and theology are regarded as inadequate and imperfect systems of knowledge. (Microsoft Encarta)

Rationalism

Rationalism is a theory that contends that the most fundamental knowledge is based on reason and that truth is found by rational analysis of ideas independent of empirical data, emotive attitudes, or authoritative pronouncements. Rationalist beliefs, essentially philosophical, have significantly influenced science and religion as well.

Science

Systematized knowledge in any field, but applied usually to the organization of objectively verifiable sense experience. The pursuit of knowledge in this context is known as pure science to distinguish it from applied science which is the search for practical uses of scientific knowledge, and from technology, through which applications are realized. (Microsoft Encarta)

Scientific Method

Term denoting the principles that guide scientific research and experimentation, and also the philosophic bases of those principles. Whereas philosophy in general is concerned with the why as well as the how of things, science occupies itself with the latter question only, but in a scrupulously rigorous manner. The era of modern science is generally considered to have begun with the Renaissance, but the rudiments of the scientific approach to knowledge can be observed throughout human history.

Definitions of scientific method use such concepts as objectivity of approach to and acceptability of the results of scientific study. Objectivity indicates the attempt to observe things as they are, without falsifying observations to accord with some preconceived world view. Acceptability is judged in terms of the degree to which observations and experimentations can be reproduced. Scientific method also involves the interplay of inductive reasoning (reasoning from specific observations and experiments to more general hypotheses and theories) and deductive reasoning (reasoning from theories to account for specific experimental results). By such reasoning processes, science attempts to develop the broad laws such as Isaac Newton's law of gravitation that become part of our understanding of the natural world.

Science has tremendous scope, however, and its many separate disciplines can differ greatly in terms of subject matter and the possible ways of studying that subject matter. No single path to discovery exists in science, and no one clearcut description can be given that accounts for all the ways in which scientific truth is pursued. One of the early writers on scientific method, the

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English philosopher and statesman Francis Bacon, wrote in the early 17th century that a tabulation of a sufficiently large number of observations of nature would lead to theories accounting for those operations the method of inductive reasoning. At about the same time, however, the French mathematician and philosopher Rene Descartes was attempting to account for observed phenomena on the basis of what he called clear and distinct ideas the method of deductive reasoning.

A closer approach to the method commonly used by physical scientists today was that followed by Galileo in his study of falling bodies. Observing that heavy objects fall with increasing speed, he formulated the hypothesis that the speed attained is directly proportional to the distance traversed. Being unable to test this directly, he deduced from his hypothesis the conclusion that objects falling unequal distances require the same amount of elapsed time. This was a false conclusion, and hence, logically, the first hypothesis was false. Therefore Galileo framed a new hypothesis: that the speed attained is directly proportional to the time elapsed, not the distance traversed. From this he was able to infer that the distance traversed by a falling object is proportional to the square of the time elapsed, and this hypothesis he was able to verify experimentally by rolling balls down an inclined plane.

Such agreement of a conclusion with an actual observation does not itself prove the correctness of the hypothesis from which the conclusion is derived. It simply renders the premise that much more plausible. The ultimate test of the validity of a scientific hypothesis is its consistency with the totality of other aspects of the scientific framework. This inner consistency constitutes the basis for the concept of causality in science, according to which every effect is assumed to be linked with a cause.

Scientists, like other human beings, may individually be swayed by some prevailing worldview to look for certain experimental results rather than others, or to intuit some broad theory that they then seek to prove. The scientific community as a whole, however, judges the work of its members by the objectivity and rigor with which that work has been conducted; in this way the scientific method prevails.

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Book III

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Essays

Doctors Should Know More

*A Satirical Commentary on the
Present State of Medicine*

by **Richard R. Grayson, M.D.**
October 2, 1996

Doctors should know more.

It has been obvious to me for some time, say about 49 years, that I did not learn enough in medical school. We should have had more courses in lots of subjects in medical school. The list seems to be growing longer daily. I estimate that medical school will last about two years longer when my suggestions are enacted.

For instance, it is apparent that, since two appellate courts have decided that assisted suicide is legal in 11 states and the U.S. Supreme Court is to meditate on this issue by July 1997, training in assisted suicide and a review of all the literature on methods of euthanasia should be mandatory. After all, when I was in school, we had instructions only how to make people well.

We heard anecdotes about how spies in the great war took potassium cyanide capsules when necessary and how they would suddenly turn blue and stop breathing. Doctors were not needed to assist spies in those days; spies and other war criminals were perfectly capable of getting cyanide capsules directly from their governments via little-known tax supported assistance programs in all known civilized countries. And the beauty of it then was that laws, appellate courts, supreme courts, and lawyers were not necessary.

"How to Start a Big Clinic" is something I would like to learn. I hear that CEO's of clinics and other factories make more money than even lawyers. There is going to be a demand, according to Dr. Jack Kevorkian, for new assisted suicide clinics in all 50 states. Shortly after that, I predict euthanasia clinics will be in vogue. I envisage wonderful new ways to become deceased, such as we saw in the science fiction movie "Soylent Green", with Charlton Heston. This movie will be required viewing in lesson one. (A cruel wag, no longer a friend of mine, said that euthanasia clinics should adjoin abortion clinics so they could have a common sign reading "Cradle to Grave Care".)

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A course in bedside manners probably has never been given anywhere because nobody except patients ever thought of it. Some doctors are very good at rapport, some are not. The way I see it, you either are born with rapport or you aren't. There is no test to see if you need this course, but some people I know are developing the study materials anyway.

Managed Care Contract Law is the name of a desperately needed series of lessons on the law. Recently I attended a seminar on risk management (this is a recently invented term) where the lecturer told us what to look for and what NOT to sign in these contracts. I have done a scientific survey of my colleagues at lunch, and they all denied actually reading any of their managed care contracts. They said they did not have the time so they signed all the contracts their secretaries told them to sign. Our lecturer said this is not good risk management.

There are many other law courses I would like to take in medical school. Maybe they should be in premedical school...that would weed out the potential doctors who are afraid of the law; or more likely, it would tempt more medical students into entering law school; I have heard there are too many doctors right now.

Obviously we should have a very long course on malpractice. I would include all known law cases that have been published in the medical journals over the last 50 years and would concentrate on the cases that cost the doctors the most money. There would be another course on malpractice insurance contracts and what to look for before paying the next premium of \$80,000. I don't know of any physician who has actually read his professional liability policy (how do you like that euphemism?)

Once you have studied malpractice, if you still decide to be a doctor, the next obvious course to take is one on physician support groups, what they are, how to develop them and when to join. Psychiatrists have been telling us for years that when a doctor is sued, he becomes sleepless, depressed, angry, and potentially suicidal, but cannot talk to his colleagues about it because they would make fun of him. A support group I suppose is one where you learn to like being made fun of and where they will give you the cyanide capsule as a professional courtesy.

I have a lot more courses to add to this list, but will wait until next month's column. Meanwhile, I know that you readers out there, both professional and others, have suggestions, and I would welcome your ideas. I am thinking of starting a course on course development for all these innovations.

The Rush to Assisted Suicide

By Richard R. Grayson, M.D.

Memoirs

June 1996

"To please no one will I prescribe a deadly drug nor give advice which may cause his death." ----The Hippocratic Oath

In a recent issue of the Chicago Tribune I read an article decrying the fearsome aging of Americans. On another page a pundit was proclaiming that Dr. Jack Kevorkian was doing a service to humanity in assisting people to die. The conjoining of these two papers is coincidental, I am sure, but ironic and perhaps revealing; could there be a cause and effect relationship between the aging of our population and the recent rush to legalize assisted suicide?

When I was a boy, we respected our elders. Now we want to assist the old and helpless out of our lives. We are like the ancestral nomads or Eskimos who had to leave the old and infirm by the side of the trail or on the ice when the going got rough.

We have never thought kindly of suicide in this country until recently. It was a disgrace. I had a great aunt who committed suicide in 1890. I have visited her grave. My grandmother was embarrassed to mention that the aunt had simply turned on the gas. People were ashamed and critical of suicide, and no one in my acquaintance had ever heard of assisted suicide for that would have been the same as homicide.

Why the change in attitude? Is it because we are running out of space and we think we are going to run out of money? Is that the nexus of the cause and the effect? If we had fewer people in our country would we be sanctioning assisted suicide (not to mention abortion)? Would the howl and cry about illegal and legal immigration be as loud?

You ask, well aren't you in favor of dying with dignity?

My answer is simple: no, I am not in favor of dying at all. My business as a doctor for almost 50 years has been to regard death as my enemy. Death is even more my enemy now, because I am older. I don't want anything to do with death and I don't

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want my 92 year-old patient I just helped resurrect this week from death's clutches to think of me as the enemy also.

The hospital nurse asked the old lady (by yelling in her deaf ears) how much she wanted done for her (meaning how much should we NOT do) if she had an emergency. My patient, whom I have cared for and cared about for 20 years, shouted back, "a lot!"

I don't want my patients to worry that I might be their executioner some day. Doctors should never lie to a patient, and certainly should never help them out of this world. Let God do his thing; I'll do mine.

Our job is to fight death. I don't know what lies beyond and have not found anyone who does know. We were trained to heal and not to kill. Doctors should not be allowed to legally assist you commit suicide.

How can you trust us if you think we might be in league with society or your relatives to save money instead of your life? You can ask me to help you end it all, but I will answer no. Your relatives can ask me the same and I say no. I will say we'll do something else, whatever it takes, but never that.

And you will be relieved.

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A Toast to Pat and Bob Jebavy

On the occasion of their 50th wedding anniversary:

By Richard Grayson

Dallas, Texas

Here's to my broth'n'law Bob
Whose heart did throb
And go pitter-patter for sister Pat.
Little did my friend Robert know
Oh so long, long ago
That hypnosis not done by me
Was secretly done by she.
And to my sister Pat a toast
She tamed this man the most.
It was Pat who first recognized
That Bob was really hypnotized
So she took the chance
He could remain in this trance
For a 50-year romance.
Now to the both of you
We wish good health to you
And the best that life can give to you.
Here's to your future,
Your present and your past;
May each day
Be happier than the last.

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Pensees

Or, after 50 years in practice, what I sometimes tell patients

By Richard R. Grayson, M.D.

Geneva, Illinois

August 2002

Don't try a new drug on a patient till it has been on the market for one year. For your family, wait 5 years.

A test was unnecessary if it turns out normal. But are you going to complain?

Some people have a condition called "your number is up".

A therapeutic test means that if the treatment works, then maybe you had the right diagnosis, unless, of course, it was some other diagnosis.

If the placebo works almost as well as the therapy, then the therapy is not better than the placebo no matter what any statistician says.

I challenge anyone to tell when a sore throat is caused by a virus and not a bacterial colony without doing 14 days of tests at the Center for Disease Control. That's why we older docs give antibiotics. That's also why we don't see cases of acute rheumatic fever any more.

The Physicians Desk Reference now has 3500 pages of 8 point type. I know all the drugs in there in minutest detail except for the one you just asked about.

We were taught in medical school to learn only about 20 drugs, but learn them well. Now the doctor should know 500 but he might barely know the names of most of them. Don't tell anybody I said that.

I liked it better what they said in 1890 when my great grandmother died in childbirth at home. It was God's Will. Better than it's the doctor's fault and let's sue.

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Want to know what to do for grief or depression? Get up every morning, say a blessing that you are still breathing, and go to work.

I am just as perplexed about the here before as I am about the here after.

Socrates had a theory that the soul knew everything before it was born, then forgot; his job was to ask questions of people till they remembered what they had always known.

I'm trying to learn everything there is to know and I am almost finished.

William Osler, the great one, was not incensed when someone failed to follow his instructions. He said, now we will find out which one of us is wrong.

Fifty years ago we dispensed a lot of placebos. There were green and pink APC's, pink and chocolate aspirins, and Caripeptic liquid which smelled and looked like tar. Now I don't know any doctor who dispenses or uses placebos. Now you can get all the quack medicines you want at the health food store.

There were and are pure placebos and impure placebos. Sugar is a pure placebo. Aspirin is an impure placebo because it actually does something.

I once asked a health food store owner if the whole bran she was selling was pasteurized and if she knew how many rat droppings or mouse hairs the FDA allowed in that product. She thought a minute, then proudly replied that any rat or mouse that was eating that stuff was therefore healthy and not to worry.

I don't know if you know this, but doctors joke around a lot while they are operating on you. We once had an anesthesiologist who used to say "this patient is ruined; get me a new one". People like their doctors to have a sense of humor.

Or how about this: what should the doctor do if the patient walks out of the office and drops dead in the hallway? Call 911? No. First he should turn the patient around so it looks as if he had been coming in. Sorry; I can't resist sick jokes.

Are you sure you want a complete checkup? In the old days, a complete physical examination included an exploratory abdominal operation, burr holes in your head, a spinal tap, bronchoscopy, sigmoidoscopy, and gastroscopy. A complete exam was fatal.

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I heard that some new doctors must have training in abortions. Does that mean that some day training in euthanasia and physician assisted suicide will be mandatory? Think about it. Could you trust a doctor who is lawfully able to end your life? Pardon my political incorrectness, but instead I would favor a course in the biblical commandments, or as I refer to them, the prescriptions for a good life.

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GUEST EDITORIAL

Published January 2005, Kane County Chronicle

Iraq and Appendicitis

By Richard R. Grayson, M.D.

This paper is not about appendicitis, but is about the alleged failure of the United States government to correctly diagnose the pathology of Iraq and of Saddam Hussein's mind before declaring war.

What has the diagnosis of appendicitis to do with the decision to invade Iraq? Well, for starters, the Congress of the United States voted to invade Iraq.

But let's talk about appendicitis anyway. The correct diagnosis of such a simple disease by the most educated and brilliant community in the world, the practicing physicians of the United States, does not produce a perfect diagnosis in every case.

When I graduated from medical school in 1948, we had a dictum. The rule was that if the surgeon did not find a normal appendix in 10 percent of the cases diagnosed pre-operatively as acute appendicitis, he was not operating often enough. He must have been missing some cases of acute appendicitis. In other words, a patient can have right lower quadrant pain, rebound tenderness, nausea and vomiting, an elevated white blood cell count, and still not have appendicitis. I specifically remember cases of diverticulitis, cancer of the cecum, gastroenteritis, ruptured ovarian cyst, ovarian follicular rupture, renal colic, acute salpingitis, tubal pregnancy, and even black widow spider bite as confounding diagnoses.

More than 50 years have passed and we have modern technology not even dreamed about when I was young. Things must have changed. So I looked it up. Things have not changed, as the following three citations suggest:

“In 1997, 261,134 patients underwent nonincidental appendectomies in the United States. However, 39,901 (15.3 percent) of the appendixes removed showed no pathologic features of appendicitis” (<http://www.aafp.org/afp/20050101/71.html>)

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“Approximately 290,000 patients in the United States underwent urgent appendectomy in 1999. A normal appendix is removed in up to 40 percent of patients who undergo surgery because of a preoperative diagnosis of appendicitis. Several studies have reported improved diagnostic accuracy with the incorporation of computed tomography (CT) into clinical decision-making, but other studies have failed to replicate these results.”

(http://www.findarticles.com/p/articles/mi_m3225/is_8_68/ai_108993983)

“More than 250 000 Americans, 1/4 to 1/3 of which are children, undergo appendectomy annually for the presumptive diagnosis of acute appendicitis.¹ Although appendicitis evidence-based guidelines reduce variability and control costs without sacrificing quality,² sadly, they are used by only a fraction of practicing physicians.³ In the recent past patient and societal costs for the ~15% "negative" appendectomy and the 33% perforative appendicitis rates were substantial.¹ PEDIATRICS Vol. 113 No. 1 January 2004, pp. 130-132” (

<http://pediatrics.aappublications.org/cgi/content/full/113/1/130-a>)

All right, medicine is still an art and not a science. How many million times have I heard that over the years? I have not heard any malpractice attorneys using that argument as a defense lately. It seems that the new view of the practice of medicine is that it is a science. I wish it were so; we all would live forever and there would be no malpractice suits.

What does this have to do with current world events? What about the war? Was there a conspiracy by an evil cabal? Did the government make a mistake? Was it justified? Were there weapons of mass destruction ready to be deployed against us? I maintain that the symptoms of the problem were present and it was the duty of the surgeon/president to do his duty and operate. And furthermore, all (?) his consultants agreed. I realize that roughly half the population of this country disagrees with me, and has the most vitriolic calumnies to say about George W. Bush, Dick Cheney, Paul Wolfowitz, Don Rumsfeld, Condoleezza Rice, Colin Powell, and others.

Then there is a group who place all the blame on the president, calling him a dictator. For example, one of my intellectual friends had this diatribe: “...when one is enjoying a 50 million dollar three day ostentatious blast to honor the inauguration of a paranoid demagogic war president...”, which followed another blast: “...What I do know is he lied to the congress and to you and to me just to justify launching a deadly war against a poorly perceived or understood foe just because he and a few friends thought it was good idea to spread good ol' American joy around.”

Another of my intellectual coterie exploded with this: “The moment George Bush refused to go spill blood in Vietnam may have been the moral Everest of his life. But he has long since buried that singular act of conscience beneath a stench-heap of warped psychological projection and ethical hypocrisy. The president remains a stunted brat and a coward at the core, dodging rules

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he forces others to abide by with unforgiving strictness. Festooned in a flight jacket he never deserved, Bush has ordered National Guard troops into a bloody desert war he and his chicken hawk cronies launched under fabricated pretexts. Then in order to hand out tax breaks to the super-rich and billion-dollar contracts to favored arms makers, Bush scrimped on the funding of his precious war itself: too few troops, under-armed, over-worked, and operating with no occupation plan and no exit strategy.”

Meanwhile let’s consider the appendicitis analogy. All the intelligence agencies of the world agreed that Iraq had weapons of mass destruction, like Sarin gas, Anthrax by the barrel, and would have nuclear soon. Recall Resolution 1441 by the United Nations, which ended with this sentence: “the Council has repeatedly warned Iraq that it will face serious consequences as a result of its continued violations of its obligations;”

Consider also the relevant words of the U.S. Senate resolution of October 11, 2002, passed by 77 of the 100 Senators after a similar bill passed the House of Representatives: “The president is authorized to use the armed forces of the United States as he determines to be necessary and appropriate in order to (1) defend the national security of the United States against the continuing threat posed by Iraq, and (2) enforce all relevant United Nation Security Council resolutions regarding Iraq.”

”The resolution requires the president to notify Congress within 48 hours of any military action against Iraq and submit, at least every 60 days, a report to Congress on the military campaign.”

The United States Congress declared war on Iraq and authorized the president as Chief Executive Officer, to protect the country from a pestilence which had all the lethal earmarks of a plague, which he did. Likewise, the doctor proceeds to operate for acute appendicitis, not for evil reasons, but because he has to operate.

My fellow physicians will go to work tomorrow and make thousands of judgments, get thousands of expert consultations, order millions of tests, and sometimes the prescriptions won’t match the syndromes.

We should consider one thing tomorrow morning as we go on our appointed rounds: be thankful we are not the President.

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Book IV

Genealogy

WREN GRAYSON, SR.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

BY RICHARD R. GRAYSON, M.D.

28 August 2001

The progenitor of the Graysons of Madison, Indiana, and Decatur County, Indiana, was Wren Grayson, Sr. He was born in North Carolina in 1782 and died in the home of his son, Sanford, June 1st, 1865.

Scotch-Irish

Wren, Sr. was Scotch-Irish, according to a news item about his grandson, John T. Grayson. Here is the quotation from the news clipping: "Mr. (John T.) Grayson was seventy-six years of age November 9, 1912, (b. 1836) he being born in Decatur county, Ind., his father being Wren Grayson (jr.), a native of Tennessee and of Scotch-Irish parentage. His mother was Lucinda, daughter of William Williamson, also of Tennessee."

I have one other hint as to the Graysons' national origin, and that was directly from Edna Freese, daughter of Wren's great grandson (via John Wren Grayson>Andrew Jackson Grayson) William: Edna told me (RRG) personally "Grandpa Grayson always said the

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Graysons came from Ireland and the Lawrence's from Scotland", referring to Andrew's wife, Matilda Lawrence, my great grandmother. Inasmuch as Andrew Jackson Grayson, the ex-printer and writer for the Madison Courier was still alive at the time of John T. Grayson's news clipping (Andrew died 22 July 1913), perhaps he was the source of the statement in the paragraph above that Wren Grayson, Sr. was Scotch-Irish, or else the writer garbled the tale and confused the generations. There was an Owens and a Cummins in the ancestral line also, either or both of which could have been Scottish or Irish. Note however, that family tradition such as this is not proof until corroborated by documentation of the origins of immigrants.

Scott County, KY

The earliest available document of Wren's life is a tax list for Scott County, Ky., dated April 27, 1805: "GRAYSON, WREN: 1 white male above 21. No slaves. 2 horses." No land was mentioned. The tax lists do not show white females and therefore the presence of his first wife, Betsy nee Owens, is not shown. Surprisingly, he was not on the tax lists for previous years (to 1794) and for years after 1805. Other Scott County records are not extant because the courthouse burned with all records in 1838.

Wren Grayson, sr. was 23 years old in 1805 and possibly had migrated from Wilkes county, North Carolina to Kentucky either on the Wilderness trail of Daniel Boone, who also came from North Carolina, or down the Ohio River. Three years earlier the father of his future daughter-in-law, Permelia, had arrived in Kentucky by way of the river. In the obituary of ANDREW CLARK CUMMINS, who died Jan. 1st, 1864, at the residence of his son-in-law, John Wren Grayson, in Madison, Ind., it was stated: "He passed down the Ohio River in 1802 and stopped this side of Hanover and the men chased a deer."

Children

The first child of Wren and Betsy was born six months after the tax list mention. This was JOHN WREN GRAYSON, born Nov. 2nd, 1805, in Scott County, Ky. John W. was the only one of eight children of Wren to be born in Kentucky, and 25 years later John's first child, Rebecca, would be the only grandchild of Wren to be born in Kentucky.

Let some of the next years fall directly from the pen of Wren's son, John Wren, whose brief autobiography was included in his obituary published by the Madison Courier Feb. 1st, 1882:

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John Wren Grayson

"I was born in Scott County, Ky., the second day of November, 1805. My father's name was Wren Grayson and my mother's maiden name was Betsy Owens. I have six brothers and one sister: brother Lewis died in childhood and another, Henry, died after raising a large family. My other brothers are Wren and Sanford Grayson of Decatur County and Joseph and Benjamin Grayson of Tipton County, Indiana, all men of honest repute among those who know them. My only and beloved sister is Mrs. Nancy Hamilton, widow of William Hamilton of Decatur County.

Bledsoe County, Tenn.

"In 1807, when I was two years of age, my parents moved to Tennessee and settled in Bledsoe County. There I almost grew to manhood and was familiar with the scenes and incidents attendant upon those early times, in adventures with Indians and wild animals in Sequatchie Valley and upon the Cumberland mountains."

Why did Wren Grayson move to Tennessee in 1807? For one thing, the grass looked greener to a great many people on the frontier at that time. Movement was common then as now, and if we think that the mobile society with its future shock began with the automobile, we should re-read the history of America. Bledsoe County was created at the time the Graysons were moving into it, making them among the first settlers there. The county was formed by an act of the legislature Nov. 20, 1807, from a part of Roane County and named in honor of Col. Anthony Bledsoe, a Revolutionary hero and a judicial and military leader in the formation of the state of Tennessee (1796).

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By 1810 the population of this frontier county had grown to over 3,000 with more than 200 black slaves. Bledsoe was the only county in the Sequatchie Valley all the way down to the Alabama line until 1817 when Marion County was created at the lower end of the Valley. By 1820 the population of Bledsoe County was 4,000 with 400 slaves.

A description of the settlement of Tennessee from a history of that state suggests the method whereby Wren and Betsy with their little two-year-old arrived: "Home seekers poured in from the Carolinas, Virginia, Pennsylvania, and even New England. They came with Revolutionary War land-grants, either earned in service or purchased from veterans or speculators. Many of them came simply as squatters. The old Wilderness Road and Avery's Trace were congested with movers during the summer months - great top-heavy Conestoga wagons drawn by oxen, broad-tired farm wagons piled high with household goods, and crude sledges with runners of hickory or oak; befrilled gentlemen astride blooded horses, rawboned farmers on hairy plow-nags, immigrants too poor to afford horse or ox plodding through the dust clouds with their meager belongings and children on their backs - all moving toward the promise of land in Tennessee. Other thousands came by keelboats poled up the Cumberland and Tennessee from the Ohio."

Two other proofs of the Graysons' sojourn in Bledsoe County have been discovered: Wren signed a petition in 1815 in Bledsoe County "to delay enactment of the Land Law during the war between Great Britain and the United States" (his name was misspelled spelled Ren) and his name also appears on a tax list for 1815. Again the fiery finger of fate inhibits our search for documents: the Bledsoe County courthouse Pikeville burned with all its records in 1908 and the Marion County courthouse where Wren conceivably could have had records burned in 1922.

We know that the family stayed in Tennessee at least through 1824 because the last of the children, Sanford, was born in Tennessee that year as shown in later census schedules from Indiana. Sometime before 1829 they apparently left for Scott County, Ky. where that year John married Permelia Cummins.

War of 1812

By the time four of their children had been born, namely John (1805), Henry (1808), Wren, Jr. (1812), and Joseph (1814), the War of 1812 had come too close for Wren to stay out of it. He traveled 100 miles to Knoxville at the age of 32 where he enlisted as a private on Sept. 13th, 1814. He was in Capt. James Tunnel's company of the East Tennessee militia in the 3rd (Johnson's) regiment.

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Wren's obituary mentions that he was at the "Fall of Mobile". This was possibly Feb. 11th, 1815. Although the peace had been signed the war was continuing. At the end of January, 1815, the British decided to use their defeated New Orleans force to salvage something from their disastrous expedition. They attacked Fort Bowyer at the mouth of Mobile Bay. On the night of the 7-8 Feb., 600 British troops were landed three miles east of Fort Bowyer. It was decided to avoid losses by erecting batteries in a position to bombard the fort. These were completed by the 11th, and the American garrison surrendered. The American garrison consisted of less than 400 men along with a small number of women and children.

Before further operations could be carried out, Admiral Cochrane on Feb. 13th received news of the treaty of Ghent. Operations were suspended in order to await the news of the ratification of the treaty.

Wren was discharged from service May 3rd, 1815, after serving 7 months and 20 days, including 6 days travel time. He was paid at the rate of \$8.00 a month and received a total of \$61.33. This information is from copies of his **military record** on file in the National Archives.

Here is a rare and beautiful letter, a copy of which was given to me by a Tennessee cousin, Miss Bobbie Dykes, of Chattanooga, written possibly in Wren Grayson, Sr.'s own handwriting from Westport, Indiana to a nephew in Marion County, Tenn. in 1847: (Click on thumbnail below to download large image.) The letter reads as follows:

"Westport 5th April 1847 Dear Nephew-- I take this as an opportunity to inform you that I am in reasonable health. Hoping you are in a good state of health--I would like to see you and the rest of my friends in that part of the country--As I am getting advanced in years and becoming quite feeble And as I have a prospect of a Pension for my services in the last War. I wish you to intercede for me in procuring a affidavit from some of my old soldiers that suffered the same that I did--certifying that he was with me in the last War--I suppose some of them is living yet near you this being likely the last time I shall ever have the opportunity of addressing you in this life--You will please attend to it as soon as you are convenient if you can get it accomplished. You will please enclose it in a letter to me. But if you cannot find any of my old friends that was with me in the army I shall expect a immediate letter in reply to this stating where they are all or some of them if there is not some of them yet living. I am in haste, Your most dear uncle Wren Grayson Sr.

JOHN WREN GRAYSON

Son of Wren Grayson, Sr.

Memoirs

A Biographical Sketch

by: Richard Roland Grayson, M.D.

07/08/74

Updated 4/15/2000

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JOHN WREN GRAYSON AND PERMELIA



TOMBSTONES AT MADISON, IND.

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"I was born in Scott County, Kentucky on the second day of November, 1805. My father's name was Wren Grayson and my mother's maiden name was Betsy Owens".

"I have six brothers and one sister; brother Lewis died in childhood and another, Henry, died after raising a large family. My other brothers are Wren and Sanford Grayson of Decatur County and Joseph and Benjamin Grayson of Tipton County, Indiana, all men of honest repute among those who know them. My only and beloved sister is Mrs. Nancy Hamilton, widow of William Hamilton of Decatur County".

In 1807, when I was two years of age, my parents moved to Tennessee and settled in Bledsoe County. There I almost grew to manhood and was familiar with the scenes and incidents attendant upon those early times, in adventures with Indians and wild animals in the Sequatchie Valley and upon the Cumberland Mountains".

"I was always physically strong, healthy, and hearty. At the age of seventeen, at a religious meeting held at the house of Richard Stone, I began to be conscious about my condition as a sinner. Mrs. Stone had been converted to God, embraced the faith of the Cumberland Presbyterians, a very earnest set of Christian people".

"Mr. Stone, as soon as he had found peace, constantly appealed to his friends and neighbors to 'flee from the wrath to come.' While listening to him I was deeply convicted, felt very bad indeed, and was glad when the meeting closed, remarking as I left that they would not get me back there again. But the spirit of the Lord had taken strong upon me, and I realized the necessity of yielding to the call of my Master, and led by his help, to a new and better life." (Copied from the Madison Courier, February 1, 1882; "an autobiography of the deceased written by him some years ago and carefully placed away by him".)

Records have not yet been found in Bledsoe County of the Wren Grayson family, so nothing more is known of these early years than the above. It is surmised that the family left Tennessee before John was 21, because he said "There I almost grew to manhood". If by that, he meant he left at the age of 20, then the Wren Grayson family left Bledsoe County in 1825.

It is know that the family then moved to Scott County, Kentucky, from which they had left in 1807. The 1830 census shows:

(Page 156)	<u>Males</u>	<u>Females</u>	<u>Slaves</u>
Andrew Cummins	1, 50-60	1, 50-60	0

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John Grayson	1, 20-30	1, 20-30	0
	1, under 5		
Wrign (Wren) Grayson	2, 5-10	1, 10-15	0
	1, 10-15	1, 40-50	
	1, 15-20		
	1, 40-50		

John Wren Grayson married the only child of Andrew Cummins, Permelia. Her obituary stated that she "was born in Scott County, Kentucky, in 1806. Her maiden name was Cummins, she was being the daughter of Major Andrew C. Cummins, who distinguished himself in the War of 1812. She married to John Grayson in 1829, and removed with him to this state (Indiana) in 1837".

The 1810 census of Scott County, Kentucky, showed Andrew Cummins age 16-25, his wife, age 16-25, one daughter under 10.

Andrew Cummins had arrived in Kentucky by way of the Ohio River in 1802. He was born December 13, 1779, was a private (not a Major) in the 28th Ky. Regiment in the War of 1812, and fought at the Battle of the Thames in Michigan. He died at the home of John Wren Grayson January 1, 1864, age 84. ("Items from Early Newspapers of Jefferson County, Indiana 1817-86, p. 219 pub). 1945; Ind. State Library;" and Military Records, National Archives.)

Sometime between 1830 and 1832, the Graysons and Cummins left for Indiana. John Wren Grayson's first child was Rebecca, born in 1830 in Scott County, Kentucky, probably named after his stepmother, Rebecca (B. ca. 1781 in Virginia; 1850 census, Decatur County, Indiana, P.309). The next child was Sarah A. Grayson, born in 1832 in Indiana. The entire family is shown in the 1850 census in Madison, Indiana:

Census of 1850 Jefferson County, Indiana

P. 238 Dwelling 613; Family 645 5th Ward, Madison County Indiana

John Grason, age 48; (45?) Carpenter, born Tennessee

Permelia, age 43

born Kentucky

Rebecca, age 20

born Kentucky

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Sarah A., age 18	born Indiana
Mary C., age 16	born Indiana
Celithia, age 14 (M)	born Indiana in school
<u>Andrew</u> , age 13	born Indiana in school
John R., age 10	born Indiana in school
Jacob Merrick, age 19	Moulder born Indiana
Samuel Brisbane, age 19,	Moulder born Indiana

John Wren Grayson and family came from Scott County, Kentucky, first to Madison, by 1832, but then "removed to Decatur County, Indian; entered government land there; sold out and removed to Madison." (Obit.; Madison Courier, 1 Feb. 1882)

He purchased land in Decatur County April 8, 1836: (Tract Book, Greensburg, Ind.): "John Grayson, Section 1, Township 8 N., Range 8 East, N.E.3 N.W.3 38.29".

"John Grayson of Sandcreek Township. His stock mark is a swallow-fork in each year. Oct. 31, 1836." (Stock Marks registered in Decatur County; Clerk's office, Greensburg.)

"Another land purchase is recorded in Indiana Land Entries vol. II, by Margaret R. Walters (Indianapolis, 1949), p. 144: "John Grayson, 9 Jan. 1836: SE-NW-S23." Analysis shows this to be a 40 acre piece of Land next to the land of John's brother, Benjamin Grayson; p. 144: "Benjamin Grayson, 31 Aug. 1835; 24 June 1836 (E-NE. SW-NES22; SW-NW-S23; E-SE-S22)." -3-

An entry from the tract book, Greensburg, Indiana, also shows John's brother, Joseph Grayson Living near his purchase mentioned first above: "Joseph Grayson, Section 2, Township 8 North, Range 8 East NW3 NE3 39.14 A". Dated 03/16/1837.

In 1840, the census from Decatur County, Sandcreek township show John Grayson and his family living near the families of his father, Wren Grayson and brothers Joseph and Wren, Jr.

1840 Census Decatur County, Indiana:

John Grayson

Interpretation:

2 males under 5

1. Salathiel, B. 1837, age 3

2. Andrew Jackson, B 1838, age 2

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- | | |
|----------------|--|
| | (3. John W. not born till ca. 1842) |
| 1 male 30-40 | 4. John Wren Grayson, B. 1805, age 35 |
| 1 male 60-70 | 5. Andrew Cummins, B. 1779, age 69 |
| 2 females 5-10 | 6. Sarah B. 1832, age 8 |
| | 7. Mary B. 1834, age 6 |
| 1 female 10-15 | 8. Rebecca B. 1830, age 10 |
| 1 female 30-40 | 9. Permelia Cummins Grayson B. 1806,
age 34 |
| 1 female 60-70 | 10. Wife of Andrew Cummins |

It is assumed that the father and mother of Permelia Grayson, Andrew Cummins and wife, were the elderly couple living with John Wren and family, because Andrew made an affidavit when applying for a war pension on 23 Oct. 1845 stating that he had resided in Decatur County for "14 years previous to his residence in Madison, Ind.", and that he had (in 1846) lived in Madison for 3 years." The figures are not exact, for the census showed him in Scott county later in 1830; one can infer that the Cummins' left for Decatur County directly from Scott County shortly after the 1830 census. Then, in 1835/6, when John Wren Grayson moved to Decatur County from Madison, they all lived together.

John Wren Grayson and his family moved back to Madison in 1841, according to the obituary of his son Andrew Jackson Grayson. Shortly after settling in Madison, John was appointed Sexton of the Springdale Cemetery (John Grayson's Obit., 1882.)

A letter is at hand from three of John's brothers, Henry, Sanford, and Wren, Jr. to their 1st cousin, Henry Grayson, son of Joseph in Marion County, Tennessee, which describes life in Decatur County, Indiana. The letter is dated May 1st, 1842 at Westport, and the original copy is in the hands of Miss Bobby Dykes of Chattanooga, Tennessee. Miss Dykes is a descendant of Henry Grayson, to whom the letter was addressed:

May the 1st, 1842

"Dear cousins I take this opportunity to in form you that we are all well at present Except Wrens wife She was bin ill for some time we received your letter the 22nd day of April which gave us much satisfaction to hear from you all that you are all well your letter stated that some of our connection wer desceased and some of them has moved to Texas we would

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like to know some more about them when you write again you wish to know about our country and land and grain you want to know about Aunt Nancy we heard from her last fall she is well and hearty except she is draud down like here Mother the rest wer all well as far as I know: as for our Country it is Healthy as any county that I know it is remarked by all person who have lived hear

we have great prospect of a crop of wheat this fall our land is as productive as it is in kentucky it raised good corn wheat and oats and potatoes the land is generaly good and cheap as it can be wished as for health it cant be beat by any country wich I know ther was a farm sold joining Father a few days ago that had a saw mill and griss mill on hit and a bout fifteen acres clerd for four hundred and fifty dollars a track of Forty Acres ther is land that is second rate that is vacant that he Entered at one dollar on a quarter per acre and land that is second handed very cheap and good it woul be great consolation to us all if you would come to this country and by land and live in our country we would like to see you all face to fact and injoy the sweet community of our long absence?

as for the price of produce wheat is worth forty cents now and corn twenty cent per bushel and it is offering to in gage wheat after harvest at twenty five cents per bushel sault is cheap the Rail road cars comes with in eight miles of us salt is worth 313 cents per bushel and sugar is 5 cents per pound and coffee is eight cents per pound labor is (?) ther wages is generly fifty cents per day money is scarse and times is tolerable hard we wish you to come if you think it will soot you it would be the greatest consolation all your friends

we want you to write write to us every month we feel willing to receive a leter any time and as many as you will send we wish you to write to our friends in texas and then write to us and find out the post office that we may write to them and them to us we all live at the same place that we did and expect to remain hear we have no notion of leaving this country we want you to write a bout all our old friends and how they all are doing and ther health and all we want you to write if you do not move and if you think you will come it will be great satisfaction to us all and I think that you will be very well please with our country and satisfied with our state we wish you to come and see us any how it is not so far but what some of you will come and see us all we want you to not for get us no how if we should not meet in this world try to meet in the next wher parting is no more is no more at present but remain you affectionate friends cousins until death"

"Present Wren Grayson jr
 Henry Grayson
 Sanford Grayson"

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John Wren Grayson was appointed Sexton of the Springdale cemetery of Madison in 1842 and performed the duties of several years before a successor was chosen. In 1852 he again accepted the position as Sexton and served until his death 30 years later.

In addition, John was volunteer fireman. At his death in 1882 he was called "the oldest member of Western Fire Company #3 and in his days of vigor was truly a noble fireman. For many years he was in such high esteem by the members that they gave the fire engine the name by which he was known among them: Pap Grayson." This tale is proven by the actual cast brass sign which is now in the possession of John's great-grandson, Roland Howard Grayson, the son of Howard and father of the author of this biography. The sign is curved to fit the stack of the old steam fire engine and is to this day a work of art and beautiful to behold. The sign was salvaged from the engine years later by Fred Friedersdorf, Sr., who gave it to George who gave it directly to Roland Grayson, his nephew, because he was the only male Grayson of the generation from the line of Andrew.

Fred Friedersdorf, Jr. of Madison, stated (telephone conversation, 1974) that his father, (Fred, Sr.) was engineer on this same fire engine in 1900 and before, that it was pulled by two horses, that the twin steam-driven pistons pumped the water, and that the water came from cisterns which were located all over town.

Andrew Jackson Grayson wrote a letter to the Madison Courier from Kansas City many years later in which he said, "In 1849, when I was but eleven years of age, my father was employed as a cupola tender in the Lewis and Crawford Foundry. When Western Fire Co. was organized and received its charter from the State of Indiana in 1850 the company's first engine house was a frame carriage house in the rear of Samuel Crawford's residence, now the home of the Hon. Manly D. Wilson, and the fire company's membership was employees at the foundry, which is now the Mckim-Cochrane furniture factory.

"Among other prominent members that answered the tap of the foundry bell were George and Henry Armstrong, coppersmith, who had their shop near the northwest corner of Second and Elm streets, Louis and William Eddy, Joseph M. Crawford, George Saberton, and John Grayson, who was then acting as 'Messenger' in charge of the engine house."

Andrew Jackson Grayson wrote one other article concerning his father which tends to show that John was a man of unusual courage and physical prowess: "*On Thursday, Sept. 3, 1846, a most sorrowful calamity befell the denizens of Crooked Creek Valley, causing great loss of life and property. It had been showery all day, but in the afternoon the rain poured down in torrents, flooding our streets...cellars...and even residences in the central part of the city.*

"Crooked Creek rose to an enormous height, overflowing its banks from its headquarters down to the mouth, where it empties into the Ohio River, sweeping everything before it--houses,

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bridges, fences, and other property. The water was all over Springdale Cemetery and was fully five feet high in that enclosure. ---Twelve persons were drowned, seven of their bodies being found after the waters assuaged in a field at the foot of Wilbur's hill---now the new addition to the Springdale Cemetery....

"John Grayson, the venerable Sexton of Springdale, who was then driving team for the late F. L. Thompson, was one of those who narrowly escaped from drowning. The waters had completely surrounded the home of old Aunt Lettie Stafford and she and her daughters, Becky and Lucy, were crying piteously for help, having taken refuge in the loft. Mr. Grayson put his horses in Aulenbasch's stable, and he and Charles Dugan, Sr. started to swim out to pacify or save them. Mr. Dugan found the current too swift and returned, but Mr. Grayson reached the house and assured the frightened colored folks they were not going to drown. Then striking out for shore, his strength proved insufficient to make it and he was borne down with the rapid current from a point just this side of what is now Butz's brewery to Ritchie's brickyard, above Bunker Hill Tavern, where he floated near enough to the bank to grasp a pole that was extended to him. It was first thought by everybody that he was lost, and word to that effect was conveyed to his family."

(The above stories are from the Mary Hill collection of articles written by Andrew Jackson Grayson of Madison, Indiana, on file in the Genealogy Section of the Indian State Library, Indianapolis, Indiana.). Salathiel Grayson, the eldest son of John Wren Grayson, was born 1837 and died in 1916. married Mary Lackland, (B, 1837, D. 1895.) Salathiel was first a reporter, then the city editor of the Madison Courier, and finished over 60 years of faithful service with that newspaper. Their children were: 1) Charles Meriam Grayson, B. 1857 in Madison, Indiana, died 1931, married Josephine Dreiss. Charles was a printer for the Madison Courier. 2) Helen Grayson, Born 1861, Madison, died 1958, married Harry Martin Goold, b. 1856, died 1943; one son, Harry Grayson Goold, B. 1888, D. 1901. 3) Mary Francis Grayson (Mame), B. 1865, D. 1942, never married. 4) Gertrude Grayson B. 1868, died ?, married John Bernier. 5) Maude Grayson, B. 1881 D. 12 March 1968, m. 1st. Cornelius DeWeese, 2nd, Percival Moore, children: 1. Mary Francis DeWeese, B. 1905, m. John Speed; 2. Cornelia DeWeese, B. 1908. D. 1968, m. John Miller; 3. Maude Winslow DeWeese, B. 1911 in St. Louis, m. James L. Price, now living in Louisville, Kentucky; 4. Gertrude Ann DeWeese, B. 1914 Carrolton, Kentucky, D. 1920; 6) Bertie Grayson B. 1874, D. 1877 was a child, Willie, found present in the 1880 census. Sources: Mrs. Winslow Price, December 1973; tombstone inscriptions, Springdale Cem., Madison; newspaper clipping, Franklin Republican, Madison, 1914.)

John W. (Wren?) Grayson, son of John Wren Grayson born 1840 or 1842 in Madison, Indiana died 1901 age 60, married Lucinda Virginia Wilson B. ca. 1846 in Virginia, a second cousin of Pres. Woodrow Wilson. John W. was a printer (Census of 1880, Jeff, Co., Ind. p. 171)

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and in 1879 was assistant superintendent of the Springdale Cemetery when his father was the superintendent. (from the Madison, Ind. Directory p. 46.) Children: 1) Alice Virginia Grayson B. 1862, D. 1927 age 64 married Dr. George Eugene Bragdon of Canton, N.Y.; her daughter is Mrs. E.D. (Grace) Thomas of Columbus, Ohio. 2) Stella Grayson B. 1864, married, no children; 3) Harry Grayson, B. 1867, had one daughter; 4) Bertha Grayson B. 1869, no children; 5) Joseph Grayson, B. 1872, had one son; 6) Luella Grayson, B. 1875, married, 2 children; 7) J. Herbert Grayson, B. after 1880. D. ca. 1964, had 2 sons. (Sources: 1880 census above; letter from Mrs. E.E. Thomas, 3/22/74.)

Andrew Jackson Grayson, son of John Wren Grayson, B. 26 December 1838, Decatur County, Indiana, D. age 74 on 22 July 1913, married Matilda Lawrence 18 August 1860 at age 22 between enlistments in the 6th Indiana Regiment in the civil war, fought at the Battle of Shiloh, served as Sgt. and as 1st Lt., honorably discharged 22 May 1862. Occupation, printer and writer for Madison Courier. Children: 1) William Morton Grayson, B. 22 July 1865, D. 4 Sept. 1946, m. Bettie Turpin ___* B. 21 July 1889, D. 14 March ___ 2) Frank E. Grayson, B. 8 June 1868, D. 1947 in Riverside, Calif. m. Loretta; 3) George Edward Grayson, B. 5 August 1871, D. 21 January 1954 m. Mary Elizabeth_____; 4) Lotta B. Grayson, B. 25 March 1874, D. 1913-1920 m. John Jones; 5) Howard Grayson, B. 15 Oct. 1877 m. Una May Tasker. 6) Laura H. Grayson B. 6/13/1862 D. _____m. Albert J._____. The descendants of these families will be recounted in a later chapter. (Sources: Military records, National Archives; family tradition.*

Sarah A. Grayson, daughter of John Wren Grayson, B. 12 May 1832, D. 7 April 1896, married John W. McCoy, B. 25 Oct. 1827, D. 2 Nov. 1878. Their daughter, Jora E. McCoy, B. 18 June 1852, D. 2 Feb 1886, married James H. Smith. Jora McCoy is buried in the Springdale Cemetery, Madison, with "4 infant children." (Source: tombstone inscriptions.)

Rebecca J. Grayson, Born 1830 in Scott County, Kentucky, eldest child of John Wren Grayson, married William P. DeMent. A son, William DeMent, was born 1857, died 30 January 1860. (Item from Early Newspapers of Jefferson County, Ind., publ. by D.A.R., Ind. State Library, p. 162.)

Mary C. Grayson, *"Aunt Kate", youngest daughter of John Wren Grayson, born 1834, married Sewell Lloyd on 30 July , 1860. (Source: ibid. p. 162.) Died 1913-1920. *Issue: Son John, unmarried, 2nd son (name?) had 2 daughters, Goldie and Pearl in Indianapolis.

JOHN W. GRAYSON obituary, Madison Courier Feb 1 1882

"The well known and venerable Sexton of Springdale Cemetery, John Grayson, died at the home of his daughter Mrs. S. Lloyd on Broadway at ten o'clock last night. The bells of different Fire companies tolled long for the departed, and among the firemen the words

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passed from lip to lip "Pap Grayson has gone at last". In the death of John Grayson Madison lost a good citizen; a kind neighbor; an honest faithful public officer and one who was regarded almost as a father to thousands in Madison from having performed kindly offerings for them in hours of sadness. He has been Sexton of Springdale Cemetery for many, many years. He was appointed to the place in 1842 and performed the duties for some years before a successor to him was chosen. In 1852 at the solicitation of Mr. C. Vail, has again accepted the position of Sexton and held the place with exception of one year intermission, from that time till his death. In the capacity of Sexton he placed the sod of the valley above fully five thousand people, and there is scarcely a family in Madison who has not had a representative interred by him; but his well worn spade is laid aside and another one has fromed for the "old Sexton" the windowless chamber where he will sleep and rest.

He was the oldest member of Western Fire Company #3 and in his days of vigor was truly a noble fireman. For many years he had been a messenger of that Company and was held in such high esteem by the members that they gave the fire engine the name by which the good old man was known among them "Pap Grayson."

His venerable wife survives but is in very feeble health. Their six children are living, the youngest being past forty years of age. They are Mrs. Rebecca Dement, Mrs. Sallie A. McCoy, Mrs. Mary C. Lloyd and Messrs Salathial, Andrew J. and John W.

The deceased was a constant member of the Methodist Church and Rev. L.G. Atkinson will officiate at this funeral which will take place a two o'clock from Trinity Church.

In compliance with a request of the deceased he will be interred in a black walnut coffin. (Copied from the Madison Courier, Feb. 1, 1882.)

An article concerning John Wren Grayson's death was published in the Madison Courier Feb. 14, 1882: "Western Fire Company: At a meeting in the Western Fire Company last night, the following changes among the officials were made: Mr. Samuel Moses was elected Messenger, and resigned his post as vice-president. Mr. Salathiel Grayson was chosen vice-president. Lon Holding resigned his position on the standing committee and Mr. Henry Mabrey was appointed to fill the vacancy.

"The company, also, by a unanimous vote, the members standing in silence, adopted appropriate resolutions of respect to the memory of the late John Grayson, who at the time of his death was the oldest No. 3 fireman. The President's desk and the engine "Pap Grayson" will continue draped in mourning for thirty days."

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Only two weeks later his wife Permelia also passed away. At 6:00 am the morning of Feb. 14th, 1882, she died "*at the home of her son-in-law, Mr. Sewell Lloyd, on Broadway,---she had been a sufferer for about one year with debility and a pulmonary affliction, and her illness was rendered the more distressing by the illness and death of her life companion...yet she was patient in her sufferings, and calmly resigned the world to join her beloved husband.*"

From the Madison Courier

Madison; Feb. 14, 1882

Contributed by John and Lucille McGuire; Madison, Ind.

DEATH: Another Venerable Pioneer Gone

We are called upon to chronicle the death of another venerable pioneer--Mrs. Permelia Grayson, widow of the late John Grayson. Her death occurred at the home of her son in law, Mr. Sewell Loyd, on Broadway, at 6:00 o'clock this morning. She had been a sufferer for about one year with debility and a pulmonary affection, and her illness was rendered the more distressing by the illness and death of her life companion which occurred two weeks ago; yet she was patient in her sufferings, and calmly resigned the world to join her beloved husband who recently passed to the other shore.

They trod life's journey together for so many years, sharing with each other the joys and vicissitudes which fall the lot of man and wife and, at a ripe old age, after lives well spent, they sleep peacefully beside each other under the friendly sod of the valley.

Mrs. Grayson was born in Scott county, Kentucky, in 1806, and hence was in the 76th year of her age. Her maiden name was Cummins, she being a daughter of Major Andrew C. Cummins, who distinguished himself in the War of 1812. She was married to John Grayson in 1829, and removed with him to this state in 183_?. The biographical sketch of Mr. Grayson "The Old Sexton" published in these columns two weeks ago, forms, in a great measure the biography of the one whose death we are now recording.

The funeral will take place at 1 1/2 o'clock from the residence of Mrs. Loyd, on Broadway, Rev. L.G. Adkinson conducting the religious exercises.

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ANDREW JACKSON GRAYSON

A biography

By Richard Roland Grayson, M.D.

Written 1975



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My great grandfather, Andrew Jackson Grayson by all accounts from those who knew him, was a remarkable man. In order that his achievements not be forgotten by his descendants and in recognition of the fond memories of him by those yet alive who remember him, it seems appropriate to commit to paper a brief story of his life.

John Wren Grayson and his wife Permelia (nee Cummins) had lived in Indiana only 8 years and had been married 9 years when their 5th child, Andrew Jackson Grayson was born. The place was the family farm near Westport in Decatur county, Sandcreek township. The whole Grayson clan was in Decatur county at the time, and included about 7 other families. Andrew was born the day after Christmas; December 26, 1838. (As I write this, the 137th anniversary of his birth approaches.)

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JOHN WREN GRAYSON AND PERMELIA



TOMBSTONES AT MADISON, IND.

When Andrew was born, he had 3 older sisters and a brother: they were Rebecca, age 8; Sarah, 6; Mary, 4; and Salathiel, 1. The other brother, John Wren Grayson, jr. was born in 1842, making a neat family package of 3 boys and 3 girls.

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When Andrew was 3, the family sold the farm and moved 60 miles south to Madison, Ind.

Some anecdotes from his youth still are with us: between 1881 and 1900 Andrew published many stories in the Madison Courier and the Madison Herald. These stories were collected and are on file at the Indiana State library in Indianapolis. Below are reprinted some selected paragraphs from these stories to give us an idea of Andrew's childhood and adolescence:

"The old Third street cemetery, now John Paul Park, was originally much larger, reaching across what is now Third street. The city in opening up the street cut off a part of the cemetery and the south side and never removed the bones of all the departed. Among those now lying about the center of the street, or on the south side, are the bones of "White" who was shot and killed by "Sheets" near Poplar Lane and Second streets. In 1846-1849, when father lived across the street from the old cemetery, the youngsters would try to locate the spot where different ones, that were not removed, were still lying.

"I used to be afraid of dead ones, like all children. All such foolishness vanished as I grew old. Never fear the dead ones, but always be on the alert and keep an eye on those rascally live ones."

"In 1849, when I was but 11 years of age, my father was employed as a cupalo tender in the old Lewis and Crawford Foundry. When Western Fire Co. was organized and received its charter from the State of Indiana in 1850, the company's first engine house was a frame carriage house in the rear of Samuel Crawford's residence, now the home of Hon. Manly D. Wilson, and the fire company's membership was employees at the foundry, which is now the McKim-Cochrane furniture factory. Among other prominent members that answered to the tap of the foundry bell were.....and John Grayson, who was then acting as "messenger" in charge of the engine house...

"I never hear that bell ring but what I think of the Whedon boys and Andy McManaman, the old time railroaders in Madison's palmy days. When the new regime came about, the old time ways were wiped out and you had to carry a watch or get left if you didn't keep a hand or an eye on it."

"Where are the billions of passenger pigeons that in the early fifties annually passed over Madison?...Immense flocks would pass over Madison like a rain-cloud in their migrations, darkening the sun for hours, and breaking down trees by their weight in their roosting places."

According to Andrew's obituary in the Madison courier (22 July 1913), "he started to work when quite young, so that his education so far as going to school was exceedingly limited. His long service at the printing trade, however, ...equaled...a collegiate course in the fundamental

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branches of knowledge, history, close study of the bible, historical and other works, with his exceptionally bright memory, made him a most entertaining and interesting, witty, and instructive writer."

On the 20th day of April, 1861, it is recorded that Andrew Jackson Grayson officially enlisted as a Sergeant in Company E of the 6th Regiment of the Indiana Volunteers. It is notable that Fort Sumter had been fired upon only 8 days earlier, April the 12th, and President Lincoln had issued his call for 75,000 3-month volunteers on April the 15th. Andrew later (perhaps 1864) published a 52 page book recounting in detail his service in the 3-month campaign in West Virginia. A photocopy of this book has been obtained from the Indiana State library at Indianapolis. Sergeant Grayson saw much action in that campaign and luckily escaped wounds and sickness. He and his company of Madison men were mustered out August 2nd, 1861. Andrew was 22 years old.

Wasting no time before Company E was reorganized for further fighting, Andrew applied for and was issued a marriage certificate on August 13th, 1861, for marriage to Matilda Lawrence. They were married August 18th following. Matilda was 18 years old.

To digress regarding Matilda Lawrence: according to her obituary (in the July 29, 1899 Madison Courier), she was born in Burlington, Iowa, on January 16, 1843. "Her parents removed to this county when she was 8 years old. One month after his marriage, on 20 September, 1861, Andrew enlisted as a Sergeant in E company and as Lieutenant in D company 6th Regiment, Indiana Volunteers. (War records from National Archives, Washington, D.C.) Prior to his mustering in, the record shows that he "joined for duty and enrolled Aug. 26th, 1861, in North Madison." Nothing is known about his next 6 or 7 months of military service but one article written by him concerning his memories of the battle of Shiloh. The story is taken from the Madison Courier of May 9, 1883. It is signed by "Phelix Adair", which was his frequent pen-name.

"THE OLD MADISON BAND. HOW THEY FOUGHT THE REBELS AT SHILOH WITH "YANKEE DOODLE". ... When the 6th Indiana disembarked from the steamer Hill at Pittsburg Landing at daylight on the 7th of April, 1862 and moved up to the top of the bluff, Klein's band was in the lead playing Yankee Doodle Dandy. The regiment halted long enough for Col. Crittenden to tell the boys what Indiana expected of them, when "forward" came again and into the thickest of the fray marched the band, still at the head of the regiment, all the while firing their Yankee Doodle battery into the rebel's ears while the notes of the grand old tune re-echoed across the Tennessee River, only drowned for a moment by the roar of the eleven-inch guns on board the gun boats Lexington and Tyler, which kept up a constant shelling of the woods in our front and to do this had to fire over our heads, the projectiles cutting off the limbs of the trees, which fell upon our soldiers injuring a great many.... "

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The battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburgh Landing, was fought on Sunday and Monday, April 6 and 7, 1862. It was the first large conflict of the Civil War. In the book Ohio at Shiloh it is recorded that the Fourth Brigade (Rousseau's) formed in line of battle at 8 a.m., April 7, 1862, in front of the camp of the 3rd Iowa, in the following order: the 6th Indiana (in which was A.J.G.) on the left...at 9 a.m. the brigade advanced across Tilghman Creek and engaged Trabue's Brigade until about 11 a.m., when Trabue retired and Rousseau advanced to Woolf field, where he found a force of the enemy on the west side. His ammunition being exhausted Rousseau retired and Kirk's Brigade took his place in first line. As soon as ammunition was supplied Rousseau took position again in front line and engaged the enemy until he retired from the field. "(p. 149-150.)

The battle of Shiloh was one of the bloodiest battles of the Civil War; over 20,000 men were killed or wounded in two days fight.

Andrew Jackson Grayson, Lieutenant in company D, 6th Regiment of the Indiana Infantry, age 22, resigned and was honorably discharged on May 22, 1862 at Pittsburgh Landing, Tennessee, according to his war records in the National Archives, Washington, D.C. In a pension application in 1884 he stated that "he contracted varicose veins of the left leg while on a seven days forced march to join General Grant at Pittsburgh Landing," and thus incurred disability.

At the time of the above declaration in 1884, his physical description was listed as : Height, 5 feet 8-9 inches; light complexion; dark hair, hazel eyes. In the 1910 biography is this: "...and his dome of thought requires a No. 72 hat evidence of his great mental capacity." Following the Battle of Shiloh, Andrew returned to Madison where he returned to work at the Madison Courier Newspaper. He worked at the newspaper for over a half a century all told, "filling all positions from devil to foreman, and doing his work well." (Ref.: his obit.)

In 1864, he published a series of sketches of the 6th Indiana regiment in West Virginia, the last of which appeared in the Dec. 3rd issue, 1864, of the Madison Daily Courier. Following this, he "revised, rearranged, and put the entire work in book form". He was foreman of the Courier office at the time. "These articles have been eagerly sought for and read with a remarkable degree of interest by the public"...according to an account in the Courier at the time..."Jack has the happy faculty of taking us with him, and we see everything that occurred as plainly as if we were actually living the whole thing over again. We are glad to learn that Mr. Grayson contemplates putting it in book form, and if he does so, we hope that every citizen of Jefferson county will secure a copy, as it will be put at a mere nominal sum, in the reach of all.

There are 4 items of his writing in the Indiana State Library; they are : 1. Jennie Lind at Madison in 1851; 2. The Boy Surgeon, a Military Character Sketch; 3. The Spirit of 1861. History of the 6th Indiana Regiment in the Three Month's Campaign in Western Virginia; 4. Collection of about 40 articles he wrote for the 2 newspapers in Madison from 1881-1900.

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Less than a month after Andrew was discharged from service, he and Matilda had their first child; Laura H. Grayson was born June 13, 1862.

Five other children were born to the couple; they are listed, in Andrew's own handwriting on a pension application dated May 4, 1889: William M. Grayson, July 22, 1865; Frank E. Grayson, June 8, 1868; George E. Grayson, August 5, 1871; Lotta B. Grayson, March 25, 1874; and Howard Grayson, October 15, 1877.

In the 1879 Madison business directory were listed 5 Graysons:

1. Andrew J. Grayson, foreman News Room Courier, res n s 3rd w Depot
2. Charles M. Grayson printer Courier (eldest son of Salathiel)
3. John Grayson supt Springdale Cemetery (Andrew's father)
4. John W. Grayson asst supt Cemetery (Andrew's brother)
5. Salathiel Grayson, compos & correspondent Courier (Andrew's brother)

The Grayson family seems to have been almost all in the printing trade, although Andrew was part journalist; in the 1887-8 Madison City Directory were listed 14 Graysons, of whom 6 were printers. These were 1. Andrew, 2. his son Frank, 3. his son George, 4. his brother John W., 5. his brother Salathiel, and 6. his son William. All 3 sons and Andrew were listed as living at 724 W. Third Street. "Besides being an A No. 1 printer", according to an article about him in the Madison Herald in 1910, he was a member of Western Fire Company, senior member of the Madison Lodge of Odd Fellows. President of No 8 Building Association, and served for several years as Justice of the Peace.

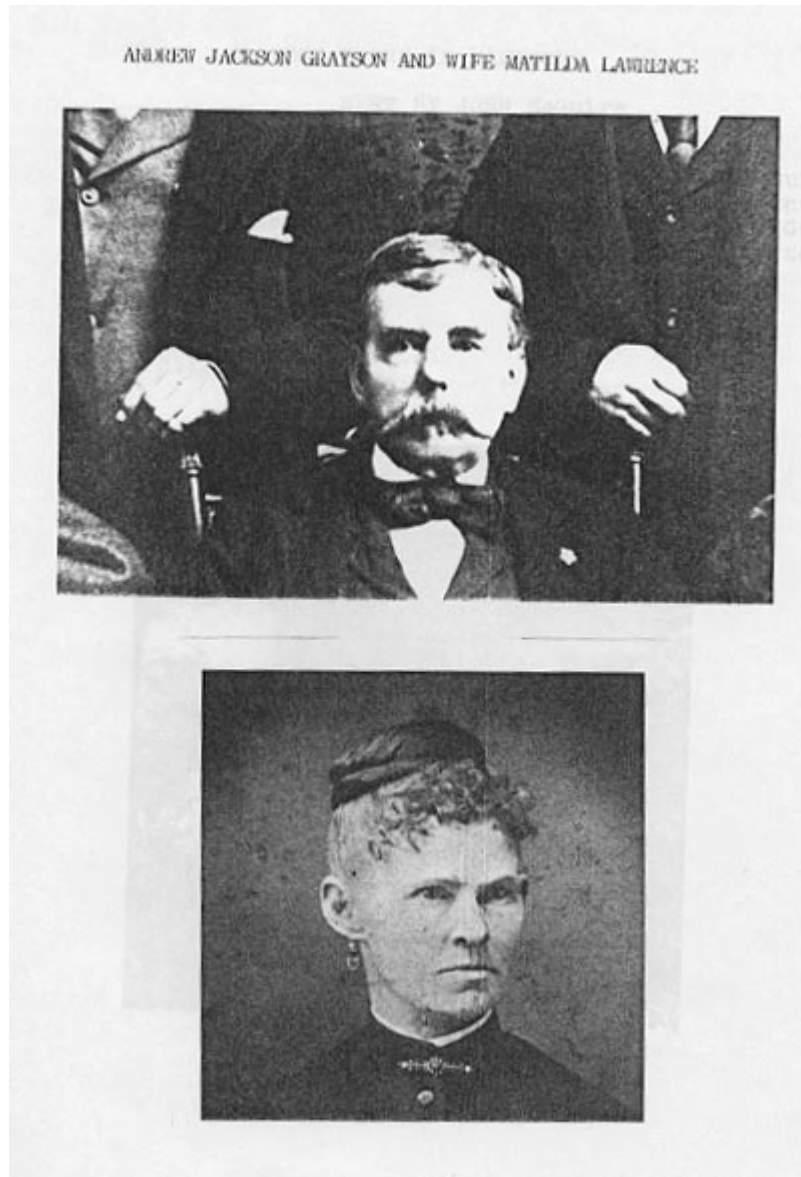
Edna Freese, one of his son William's daughters, remembers Andrew telling her of officiating at weddings as a Justice of the Peace, and singing "My Old Kentucky Home" for the wedding parties.

Mabel Burkhart, a sister of Edna's says that "Grandpa Andrew Jackson Grayson was a squire on the Ferry boat that went from Madison to Kentucky and he married couples on the boat, mostly runaways and eloping. He used to tell us funny stories about it all." According to Webster's dictionary, one definition of "squire" is: ' a title of respect commonly applied to a justice of the peace or similar local dignitary, as in a rural district.'

The 1910 Herald article goes on: "In addition to this varied career, when a young man he made two or three trips to New Orleans on flatboats, before the era of fast steamboats and trains and describing these dangerous, yet fascinating trips to the young men of those days, we have

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heard him facetiously epitomize them as walking from Madison to New Orleans with a big log of wood on your shoulder, referring to the fact that the crew would have to work at the oars of the flatboat and make the long sweeps by walking hour after hour, in order to make the trip in as quick time as possible."



Matilda Grayson, his wife, died at age 56 on July 28, 1899. The Courier devoted almost a full column to her obituary the following day. Besides her children she left 2 sisters and 1

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brother: Mrs. John Pollock of Battle Creek, Mich., and Mrs. Thomas McNutt, near Wirt in Jefferson County, Ind. The brother, Oliver Lawrence, lived in Dayton, Ohio. She "was of a lovely and lovable disposition, devoted to home and fireside." ... She was a member of Trinity M.E. Church. Her 4 sons and 2 sons-in-law served as pall bearers. "She was the center of a beautiful homelife which she created and held together. She lived to realize the brightest and best reward that can come to womanhood---the satisfaction of seeing her family grown to maturity, filling honorable stations in life, respected and useful."

Ward M. Jones, son of Andrew's daughter Lottie Jones and her husband John Jones, remembers that his family moved to Kansas City, Mo. from Indianapolis about 1906 when Ward was 5, and lived at 3300 Wampool Avenue. He says that Lotta invited her father to live with them because he was getting old, so Andrew moved in with them and lived there till about 1910, when he moved back to Madison and stayed with his son George.

Shortly after, he moved to Franklin, Ind., to live with his son William, where Will's daughters Faye, Edna, Esther, and Mabel learned to know him. Esther recalls, "everyone who knew him loved him and they called him Jack. I was 13 when he died...he lived with us; he kept very little of his pension money for himself. Sent it to old friends who were in need, whom he kept in touch with and who were in the army under him. He used a cane for walking and made 2 trips a day, about a mile, to town and would sit on the ledge at the courthouse. I had to pass it coming home from school and I'd say, come on Grandpa, let's go home...and he'd say, is that you Esther? It's not 12 yet. Then the clock would strike and he would take out his watch and say, Right on the dot."

Edna Freese recalls, "Grandpa Grayson said the Graysons came from Ireland and the Lawrences from Scotland. "She has no idea why he said that, "but that is what he always said."

Mabel said that Grandpa "also told us all about the war. He had his suit and American flag all folded in a suitcase and my, so proud of them. He used to say he was only here on a visit as Heaven was his home, and point up to the sky with his cane."

Andrew Jackson Grayson died at the age of 75 at the home of his son William in Franklin, Ind., July 22, 1913. In one of his obituaries is recorded, "Dear old Jack; his lips are dumb, but his spirit will linger long in the hearts of those who knew and loved him, and will ever bring memories, sweet with hours and days of good cheer and joy, He never searched for the unpleasant things in life, nor recalled sad and sorrowful hours of man's existence. His motto was that of the sun dial; he recorded only the days of sunshine. His friends were legions and their faces that were once wreathed in smiles at the mention of his name were tinged with sorrow and regret when told of his death.

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"It may be that his life was not a success as the world views it, for he filled not his coffers with silver and gold to be cast on the threshold of eternity, nor strove for power that passes away like perfume of early dawn; he built no monument of brick and mortar to perpetuate his name, as if to mock the living God, but leaves an inheritance rich with good humor and full of sunshine which neither summer's sun nor winter's blast can decay."

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**Family Reunion at Priscilla's House
Interview with my father****Roland Grayson
By Richard Grayson 12/25/73**

Uncle George and Aunt Mary and Gladys and Howard Demaree came to Chicago in 1947 and gave the Pap Grayson sign to Roland.

Uncle George was a "nut" on baseball as were Howard D. and Gladys. George gave the sign to Dad because Dad was the only Grayson in his generation. Uncle George was a mailman. Uncle Will worked at an ice house in Shelbyville after he retired.

Dad (Roland) was a Methodist. Dad was born in Indianapolis. Grandpa Howard Grayson had no middle name. He worked as a clerk in a grocery store.

Grandpa met Una Mae in Indianapolis and married in 1902, moved to Chicago in 1905 – Dad was age 2.

Howard had a job with the Todd and Gerkhe grocery store on Broadway near Belmont. The family at first moved in with Grandma Wahlgren, then rented in the 4900 block on Western Avenue in 1905-1906.

Then Grandma Una Mae built a house with money she inherited from Uncle Lafe (her uncle Lafayette Heidell) next to her house at 4824 Bell Avenue. Roland lived there eleven years and got married at age 21, June 1, 1924. Born - April 15, 1903. Mother (Sylvia Mandelbaum) was born - April 27, 1905.

Howard earned \$19.00 a week at first. Howard had two years of high school. Roland "refused to be poor", so he went to work after graduating from high school. He went to work at Sheridan Trust and Savings Bank at Lawrence and Broadway at age 15. His job was to carry a 32 and a 38 pistol, two guns, with over \$50,000 to the Loop. His parents encouraged him to quit school so they could get room and board from him to help support the three sisters. (Virginia, Dorothy, and Lotta Mae.) This amounted to 10-12 dollars a week when he worked for the Hoover Company.

Dad went to the Methodist Church because it was close, Dad was, a printers Devil one

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summer, age 13-14 at a Methodist Book Concern. Howard and Una Mae went to church only when they had to.

Howard worked 7:00 a.m. to 7:00 p.m., seven days a week and had so little time at home he did not want to go to church.

Howard and Una Mae moved here to be near the Wahlgrens. Most of the grocery business was by delivery twice a day,

As a youth Dad visited Uncle Frank in Madison, Indiana. He owned a corner grocery store. Frank went broke there, ended up in California. Dad saw Ellsworth Grayson - who died

Una Mae had no sisters or brothers. Grandma Wahlgren was a Tasker first - got divorced around Boston. Grandma Wahlgren did not have an Indian appearance. My father, Roland always thought there must have been an Indian in the Tasker line because Una Mae and Aunt Virginia had high cheek bones and Una Mae had dark skin. Roland had no beard on the sides of his face and needed to shave only every two days.

Una Mae's mother had only one sibling - Uncle Lafe Heidell - my great great uncle.

Howard moved to Indianapolis from Madison - does not know where. Why did they go?

Note that, (I think). Lottie and Ward Jones lived in Indianapolis; Uncle John Jones owned the office for the district (five states) in Chicago of the Hoover Company.

Howard belonged to a racing bicycle club in Madison when grown. Roland got a job at Hoover at age 16 in Chicago. When he was 22, he was service manager. The Hoover Company dissolved the District office and everybody was thrown out of work. Ward Jones had a separate business selling bumpers for cars - bumpers were accessories at that time.

At age 12, Roland and Ward had a refreshment stand at Lawrence and Lake and sold refreshments to the bathers.

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THE MANDELBAUMS OF GEHAUS

And Their Chicago Descendants

by Richard R. Grayson, M.D.

6 June 1988

This is the continuing saga of the discovery of our Jewish ancestry in Germany. Because of the Holocaust, we had feared that we would not find documents of the Jewish past in Germany. However, recently we found German records that have expanded our knowledge of the Mandelbaums to at least 1769.

GEHAUS

Gehaus is a small village in East Germany near the city of Eisenach, Southwest of Berlin.

I first found the name Gehaus on the tombstone of David Mandelbaum, a known cousin, at the Free Sons of Israel cemetery in Forest Park, Illinois in 1975. Then, another gravestone at the same cemetery disclosed that Simon Mandelbaum was born in Gehaus Sachsen-Weimar Germany on Dec 21, 1836. I proved through the study of his estate papers in Chicago, Illinois that Simon was the brother of Lena Mandelbaum. We knew from family tradition that Lena was a Mandelbaum and had married her cousin, Aaron Mandelbaum. Aaron and Lena were my great grandparents and the parents of my grandfather, Jacob Daniel Mandelbaum.

AARON MANDELBAUM

Daniel Mandelbaum --> Aaron M. --> Jacob Daniel M.

We knew a Daniel Mandelbaum in Chicago by various records, born 1809, who died in 1880 in Chicago, wife Hattie, son Jacob. Daniel was surely the father of Aaron Mandelbaum. One link between Daniel and Aaron is through Aaron's bachelor brother Jacob Mandelbaum, who appears to be the same Jacob living with Daniel and Hattie in the Chicago records.

More important are the death certificates of Aaron and his brother Solomon Mandelbaum. Both of these documents list their father as "Daniel." The only Daniel Mandelbaum in Chicago, dying in 1880 at the age of 71, therefore, must have been the father of Aaron.

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Aaron was born in Gehaus (1837) when his father Daniel was 28 years old.

Daniel M. --> Aaron

--> Solomon

--> Moses

--> Jacob

Aaron's brother Jacob was well known to my mother and aunts and died in 1927 in a nursing home in Chicago. Brothers of Aaron America were Solomon, Jacob, and probably Moses Mandelbaum. Moses was in a Cincinnati, Ohio city directory with Aaron Mandelbaum in 1863, both listed as cigar-makers. Solomon Mandelbaum came to Cincinnati in 1860 and there learned the cigar trade according to the History of Nebraska.

GOTTGETREU

In 1987, Andrew Siegel of New York, who is researching his (Jewish) Gottgetreu ancestors in Gehaus, learned of my interest in Gehaus from data that I had contributed to the Leo Baeck Institute in New York. He obtained, through the Jewish Genealogical Society of New York, an index of Jewish Gehaus records on microfilm at the Mormon library in Salt Lake City, Utah. I ordered these to be sent to the branch library of that church in Naperville, Illinois, which is about 20 miles from our home.

My son Daniel and I then spent a whole day poring over microfilm records of Jewish Gehaus births, deaths, and marriages in Gehaus dated from 1838 to the 1930's. The volunteer librarians at the church were very helpful and even opened their facility to us the day after Christmas for 6 hours of uninterrupted study of the microfilms. Since then, we have been conducting our researches at the Mormon library in Urbana, Illinois, near Dan and Carol's home. We have gradually uncovered, like an archaeologist, layers of information, long lost to human knowledge.

Dan and I know some German and Dan has studied old German script, which is different from modern script. This was remarkably beneficial; otherwise most of the records would have been indecipherable. There are books available at the University of Illinois Library in Urbana on the subject of old German script. (For example, the old capital J looks like a modern capital F in script.)

We thus made significant progress in uncovering some of the past of the Gehaus Mandelbaums.

Readers who are researching German Jewish ancestors should note that the Nazis did not destroy all Jewish records.

The following is a narrative account of our genealogical research on the Mandelbaum line:

DANIEL MANDELBAUM (1809-1880)

Daniel Mandelbaum was a tradesman, or merchant. The record lists his

occupation as "Handelsmann."

Daniel's wife was Jachat, also spelled Jachet, maiden name Blau. The Chicago city directory listed her name as Hattie.

THE SONS OF DANIEL

Daniel (Gedalja) Mandelbaum and Jachet Blau

1. Aaron b. 3 Aug. 1837
2. Moses b. 29 Feb. 1840
3. Salomon b. 19 Nov. 1842
4. Joseph b. 16 Nov. 1845
5. Jacob b. 6 Oct. 1848
6. Jacob b. 19 Jan. 1852

The first son of Daniel and Jachat was Aaron, born in 1837 in Gehaus. We found Aaron Mandelbaum's birth record on page 121 of the 1817 microfilm of Gehaus. It said that on the 3rd of August, 1837, there was born to Jachet, nee Blau, wife of Daniel Mandelbaum, a son named AHRON.

The second son was Moses, born Feb. 20, 1840, in Gehaus. (Note that Aaron and Moses also were brothers in the bible.)

The third son was Salomon (later Solomon), born Nov. 19, 1842 in Gehaus. We believe this Solomon Mandelbaum to be the same Solomon Mandelbaum of Chicago who went to Nebraska and whom my grandfather Jacob visited. (The story is that Grandpa ran away from home, traveling to Nebraska by freight train when about 12 years old.) Solomon had a son, Jacob, who was known by the Mandelbaum sisters as "Big Jake from the country."

The fourth son was Joseph, born Nov. 16, 1845. Died Oct. 19, 1848 in Gehaus.

The fifth son was Jacob, born Oct. 6 1848, died Oct. 19, 1848 in Gehaus.

The sixth son was another Jacob Mandelbaum, born, according to the Gehaus records, Jan. 19, 1852. This matches well with records in Chicago of Aaron's bachelor brother Jacob, which listed his birthday as Jan. 6, 1852.

Gedalja

We found Daniel Mandelbaum's Hebrew name several times in the records as Gedalja. This is a well known Jewish name from the bible and means "Yahu (God) is great."

We found a record in the Mormon microfilms that proves Gedalja and Daniel are the same person: on page 120 of the 1817 microfilm, record number 307 says: Gedalja, Daniel, 3rd son of Jacob Mandelbaum, married Jachet, the 4th daughter of the late Aron Blau.

Daniel Mandelbaum|

Aaron Blau --> Jachet Blau Mandelbaum| --> Aaron Mandelbaum

We are pleased to find another Aaron in the family. It appears that Daniel and Jachet Mandelbaum named their son Aaron after his maternal grandfather (Jachet's father) Aron Blau.

A note is appropriate here about the name Gedalja (also spelled Gedalia.) "The Fast of Gedalia (Tzom Gedalia) is a minor fast day that falls on the third day of Tishri, the day following the second day of Rosh Hashana (Jewish New Year).

"Gedalia was a Jewish official appointed by King Nebuchadnezzar of Babylonia to govern the Jews who remained in Palestine after the destruction of the First Temple in 586 B.C.E. (II Kings 25:22-26; Jeremiah.40:6-41:18.)

"Gedalia, considered a traitor by some Jews, was assassinated on the third day of Tishri. In retaliation, Nebuchadnezzar inflicted reprisals on the Jewish people.

"Gedalia's efforts to rebuild Jewish life were not fully appreciated in his lifetime, but in death he was mourned as a hero, and now the day of his assassination is observed as a minor fast day in the Jewish calendar. The fasting begins at sunrise on the third of Tishri and ends when the stars appear in the evening." (From the Jewish Book of Why, by Kolatch.)

Aaron Mandelbaum + Lea (Leah, Lena) Mandelbaum

1. Emma 1868-1952
2. Hannah 1869-1935
3. Rosa 1872
4. Irene 1874-1903
5. Jacob Daniel 15 Sep. 1877-13 Feb. 1955
6. Theresa Mandelbaum 1884-1884

I do not think it a coincidence that my grandfather, Jacob Mandelbaum, had the middle name Daniel. (However, none of my Mandelbaum relatives remember Grandpa mentioning his grandfather Daniel.) He must have known that his paternal grandfather was Daniel when, his children said, he chose the middle name Daniel to distinguish himself from the other Jacob Mandelbaums.

Jacob Daniel Mandelbaum was born in Chicago in 1877 and his grandfather Daniel died in Chicago in 1880. Jacob's father, Aaron, died in 1926.

Jacob Daniel Mandelbaum no doubt knew the name of his grandfather Daniel. Evidence for this is in the death certificate of Aaron, which lists his father as Daniel. Who would have given this information to the funeral director? We know that Jacob and Stella went to Aaron's side when he lay dying, according to the

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testimony of their children (Sylvia, Bernice, and Anna Leah.) It must have been Jacob and Stella Mandelbaum who were the informants for the death certificate of Jacob's father Aaron Mandelbaum. Jacob therefore knew well that his grandfather, Aaron's father, was Daniel Mandelbaum.

Corroborating testimony is the death certificate of Aaron's brother Solomon in Nebraska: this record shows Solomon's father also as Daniel.

There is a tradition (according to the Jewish Book of Why) that Ashkenazi Jews do not name a child after a living relative, because they identify the soul with the name. They believed that it would rob a person of his full life if another member of the family were to carry his name in his lifetime. Sephardic Jews (from Spain, North Africa, and the Middle East) do not share this belief and do name offspring after living relatives. This tradition might be the reason my grandfather Jacob Mandelbaum did not have the middle name Daniel at birth (1777), but only after his grandfather Daniel had died (1880).

BARUCH MANDELBAUM

Jacob Mandelbaum --> | Daniel 1809-1880 | David 1816-1894
| Henry 1820-1885 | Baruch

Baruch Mandelbaum is a new name for us. We believe he was the father of my great grandmother Lena Mandelbaum. The Gehaus records always list him as a Schneidermeister, or master tailor.

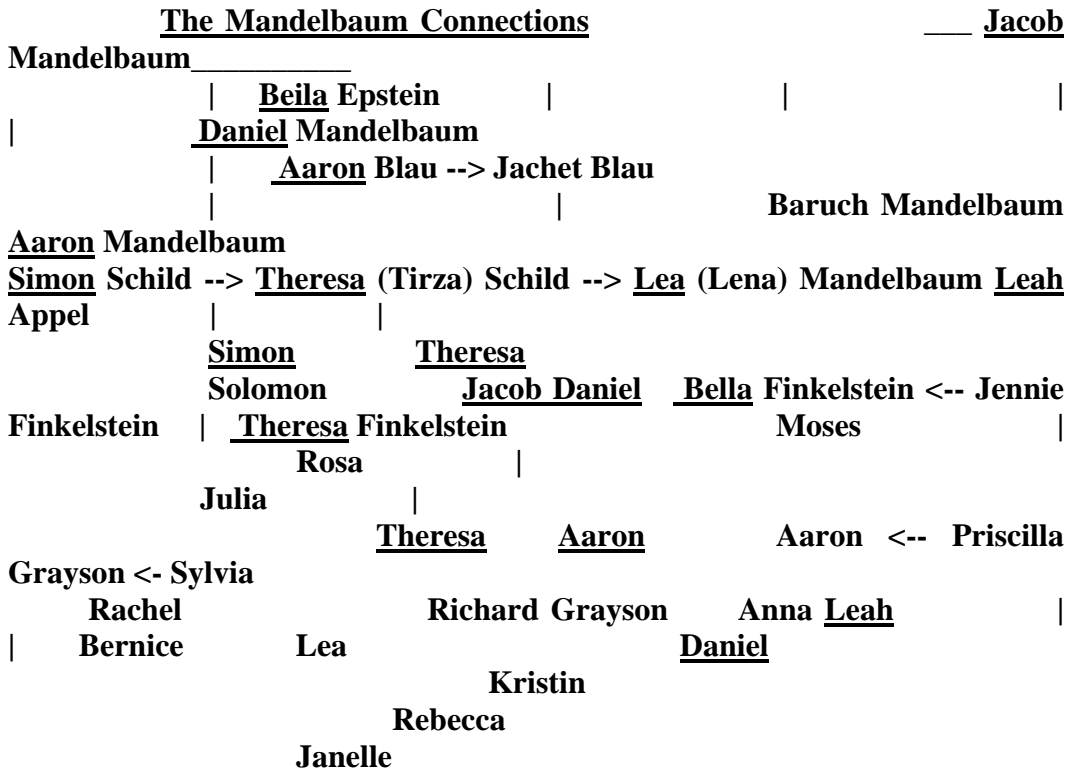
Item: was this the same Baruch Mandelbaum who appeared in the New York City Directory from 1853-1865 as a tailor? I have copies of these listings. I believe this Baruch to be our relative. Item: Aunt Anna Leah (also spelled as one word Annaleah) Mandelbaum Lans stated in a letter (1974) to me that "we had a lot of Mandelbaum relatives in New York many years ago, but lost track of them." Weren't these a cluster of the Gehaus Mandelbaums, including Baruch? Other Mandelbaums listed in the New York City directories 1850-1865 included Benjamin, Charles, David, Frederick, Henry, Israel, Jacob, Joseph, Julius, Lehman, Perau, Philip, Sarah, Samuel, Simon, and Wolf.

Baruch Mandelbaum never appeared in the Chicago city directories or in a summary of all Mandelbaum deaths in Chicago. Therefore it is unlikely that he came to Chicago.

Baruch Mandelbaum
Beila Epstein (married 29 Jan. 1837)
Solomon
Simon b. 20 Dec. 1837
Lea b. 10 Oct. 1839
Pruochen b. 13 Nov. 1841
Moses b. 8 Dec. 1843
Rosa

Julia

In the Gehaus records we found that a Lea Mandelbaum was born Sept. 14, 1839. Lea was the second child of Baruch Mandelbaum and his wife Theresa, nee Schild. Theresa Schild and Baruch Mandelbaum married in Gehaus January 25, 1837, according to the Gehaus microfilm records. These records also show Theresa's father as Simon Schild. The first son of Baruch and Theresa Mandelbaum, was Simon Mandelbaum, (named after his maternal grandfather), born December 20, 1837 according to Gehaus records. The gravestone of Simon Mandelbaum in the Free Sons of Israel Cemetery in Forest Park, Illinois, lists Simon's birth date in Gehaus as December 21, 1836.



The marriage record of Baruch and Theresa which we found in the Mormon microfilms gave us their parent's names: "On the 29th of January, 1837, Baruch Mandelbaum, son of Jacob Mandelbaum and wife nee Beila Epstein married Tirza (Theresa) daughter of Simon Schild and wife Leah nee Appel."

Leah and Theresa

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Again we are happy to find the family first names in the older generations. Thus Leah Mandelbaum, my great grandmother, received the first name of her maternal grandmother, Leah Appel, mother of Tirza Schild.

Furthermore, the name Tirza gives us new insights into my aunt Theresa Mandelbaum's first name. It would appear that Stella and Jake named aunt Theresa ("Tressa") after her paternal great grandmother, Tirza (Theresa) Schild, the mother of Leah, who was the mother of Jacob Daniel Mandelbaum.

Tirza (Theresa) Schild-->Leah Mandelbaum-->Jacob Mandelbaum
|
Theresa Mandelbaum Lewis

The name "Tirza" is a direct quote from the microfilm records. Apparently, the name Theresa was a common substitute for Tirza. In the book "Name Your Baby," by L. Rule, it says that Thirza is from the Hebrew Tirzah and means "pleasantness."

The second child of Baruch and Theresa was my great grandmother, Lena. The Chicago records show that Aaron's wife was Lena, born Oct. 10, 1839 in Sachsen, Germany. She was known (family tradition) to be a Mandelbaum and a cousin of Aaron's. I remember that Aunt Anna Leah Mandelbaum Lans (Ann, Anne, Annaleah), daughter of Jacob Daniel Mandelbaum and Stella Hamburger Mandelbaum, said she was surprised to find that her grandmother Mandelbaum was Lena rather than Leah.

Anna Leah always had been taught by her parents that her names were in honor of her deceased grandmothers, Hannah (Anna) Darmstadter Hamburger and Leah (Lena) Mandelbaum. Our finding that Lena Mandelbaum's real name at birth was Lea corroborates this family tradition.

The third child of Baruch and Theresa Mandelbaum was daughter Pruochen, born Nov. 13, 1841. We have no other mention of this person in any record or family tradition.

The fourth child and second son of Baruch was Moses, born Dec. 8, 1843 in Gehaus, according to Gehaus birth records. Note that this is a different Moses Mandelbaum from the one born to Daniel and Jachet Feb. 20, 1840. Which of these was the Moses Mandelbaum found in the city directory of Cincinnati, Ohio 1861- 1863? Both Moses and Aaron Mandelbaum were cigar-makers boarding at 37 Clinton Street in 1863 in Cincinnati, according to the Cincinnati directory. It is most likely that Aaron boarded with his brother Moses in Cincinnati, not with his cousin Moses.

Simon Mandelbaum

Simon Mandelbaum (1836-1890) left estate papers on file in the probate court of Chicago, Illinois which gave a table of heirship. The names of the only next of kin listed were Emma, Hannah, Rosa, Irene, and Jacob Mandelbaum, only surviving children and heirs at law of Lena Mandelbaum, wife of Aaron Mandelbaum, and the sister of Simon Mandelbaum. Other siblings of Simon

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Mandelbaum listed were Jennie Finkelstein, Solomon Mandelbaum, (notice this is a second Solomon) Rosa Koblentzer, and Julia Mandelbaum, a half sister.

Thus, Baruch Mandelbaum had at least 8 children: Solomon, Simon (b. 1837), Lea (b. 1839), Pruochoen (b. 1841), and Jennie (b. 1842), Moses, (b. 1843), Rosa, and Julia. It appears that some of Baruch's children came to Chicago: Lea, Simon, Jennie, and possibly Solomon and Moses.

DAVID MANDELBAUM

David Mandelbaum of Chicago was probably a brother of Daniel Mandelbaum of Gehaus.

David Mandelbaum, on whose gravestone I found inscribed the birthplace Gehaus, was born Dec. 13, 1816, and died in Chicago Sept. 27, 1894. His children were well known to my Mandelbaums as cousins. They were Isaac, Sarah Joel, Meyer, Benjamin Franklyn Mandelbaum, Louis, Lena, Dora Unger, and Fannie.

HENRY MANDELBAUM

Henry Mandelbaum (1820-1885) of Chicago was probably another brother of Daniel of Gehaus. Henry's son, Joseph Mandelbaum (1865-1955), the safe-mover, was known to my Mandelbaums as a cousin. Moreover, Sarah Joel, daughter of David Mandelbaum of Gehaus, called Joseph Mandelbaum her cousin also, thus linking the families of David, Henry, and Daniel.

JACOB MANDELBAUM

On microfilm roll 1,184,495 containing death records of the Israeli community of Gehaus from 1838-1858, on page 100, 5th space down, the record shows the death of a Jacob Mandelbaum. He died at 8 a.m., July 14th, 1849 at age 72 of "old age." He therefore was born about 1777. He left behind 12 children including 5 sons and 7 daughters according to the record. Jacob Mandelbaum was a "Handelsmann," or merchant.

We assume him to be the father of the next generation of Mandelbaums in Gehaus. We know four of his five sons: Daniel, Baruch, David, and Henry.

In addition, records at Gehaus show Jacob Mandelbaum's wife was Bella Epstein. Bella is an unusual name. Two Chicago Mandelbaums had the name Bella: Bella Mandelbaum, daughter of Isaac, son of David, son of Jacob and

Memoirs

Bella, married Frank Rehor. She died in 1932. The other was Bella Finkelstein, born 1883, daughter of Maurice Finkelstein and Jennie Mandelbaum. Jennie was the daughter of Baruch Mandelbaum, son of Jacob and Bella. A daughter, Vogel was born December 5, 1824, to Beila and Jacob Mandelbaum.

On page 48 of the Mormon microfilm, the record shows the birth of daughter Deiche to Jacob and Beila Mandelbaum on November 20 1826.

On March 17, 1829 the Mormon microfilm shows the birth of the 15th child of Beila and Jacob Mandelbaum, Siehschen, a daughter.

There are other Mandelbaum births in Gehaus for which we cannot assign places in our charts. Singnia (?), a daughter, of Jacob and Beila was born Nov. 5, 1821. A Malchea Mandelbaum, born 1836, married a Bleiweiss.

I have a 1975 letter from Gehaus which states: "There has been a small Jewish congregation there since the immigration of Russian and Polish Jews to Gehaus about the year 1800. All of these people were merchants, traveling from village to village displaying their merchandise for sale."

Jacob Mandelbaum, we believe, came from either Poland or Russia about 1800. He was a merchant. He and his wife Beila nee Epstein had 15 children, 12 of whom were alive when he died. Shortly after he died in 1849, all or most of the Mandelbaums left for America, most of them settling in Chicago.

It is possible that my grandfather's first name, Jacob, was given in honor of his great grandfather Jacob. Consider this scenario: Aaron and Leah have a son but cannot name him after Aaron's father, Daniel, because Daniel is still living. They then name the son for Aaron's paternal grandfather, Jacob, who died in 1849, 28 years previously. Then he obtains the middle name Daniel after Grandfather Daniel Mandelbaum dies in 1880.

Notice the recurrence of the names Moses, Jacob, Daniel, Simon, Bella, Leah, Theresa, and Solomon in the different lines. This repetition of first names is typical for related families. In summary: the patriarch Jacob died in Gehaus in 1849. The last child of Daniel and Jachet (Hattie) was Jacob, born in Gehaus in 1852. Daniel, his wife Hattie, and their sons Aaron, Moses, Solomon, and Jacob emigrated to the U.S. after 1852 but before 1863 when Aaron became a cigar maker with Moses in Cincinnati. Daniel and Hattie lived and died in Chicago. Moses was last known in Cincinnati. Solomon went to Nebraska. Aaron and Jacob moved to Chicago.

THE ORIGINS OF OTHER MANDELBAUMS

David G. Mandelbaum, professor of anthropology at the University of California, wrote me in June, 1975: "My grandfather, Abraham Mandelbaum, lived most of his life in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He immigrated from Tomaszov in Western Poland, though he had been born in a village near that town. He married

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Rachel Ullman, their two sons were my father Samuel, and my Uncle Morris, both of whom lived in Chicago."

Leonard M. Mandelbaum of 6210 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California, wrote in January 1975, "to the best of my knowledge my ancestors came from Poland and Czechoslovakia."

Maurice H. Mandelbaum, Jr. of the department of philosophy at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, Maryland, wrote in 1975 that his grandfather, Max Mandelbaum, came in about 1850 from Furth, Germany. Max first settled in Cleveland, then Hancock, Michigan. Max Mandelbaum's son was Maurice H. Mandelbaum who lived in Chicago from 1890 till he died in 1951.

Arthur Solomon Mandelbaum, 360 Central Ave., Lawrence, N.Y. 11559 wrote in 1986: " My father and his family came from Pinsk, Russia. Part of the family settled in London and Glasgow. Their names were Eliah, Jacob, Anna, etc."

Rabbi Bernard Mandelbaum, 55 Bonita Vista Rd. Mt. Vernon, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1986: "My father, Jacob Mandelbaum was born in Valeena Gebermale, Russia, in the late 1890's." Rabbi Mandelbaum is the author of the book To Live With Meaning (Hartmore House, 1973, 1980.)

In a 1986 newspaper feature about the Mandelbaum Gate of Jerusalem, I found that a Baruch Mandelbaum came to Jerusalem from Poland in 1870. His son was Simcha who died in 1930 in Jerusalem. The Mandelbaum Gate was named for Simcha Mandelbaum because his house became the site of the only crossing point between East and West Jerusalem when the city was divided between 1948 and 1967. The gate today exists only in memory, as does the house, which was reduced to rubble during the War of Independence.

Arnold Mandelbaum, P.O. Box 739 Amagansett, N.Y. 11930, Jan. 31, 1986: "My grandfather was Israel Mandelbaum. His birth certificate shows his birth in 1862 in Austria. However, I was told he came from Lublin which today is in Poland. He spoke Polish and also Yiddish. He came here in the 1880's or 1890's. Harry Mandelbaum, 232 Mulberry Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10012, Feb. 22, 1986: "My people came from Poland in the early 1900's. We here are very proud of the Mandelbaum name, although some have shortened it to Mann. My father lived in a suburb of Warsaw named Sedlice."

Gerard Mandelbaum, law offices Mandelbaum, Schweiger & Conner, 516 Fifth Ave, N.Y., N.Y., 10036-7587, Feb. 13, 1986:

"My father arrived from Starakonstantinov, the Ukraine, in 1910. I do not remember the name of his father."

CENSUS RECORDS

Samuel Mandelbaum, age 46, born 1834 in Prussia, appears in the 1880 Chicago census with wife Pauline age 30; Julia age 6, Solomon age 4, Razry age 7 months.

Memoirs

David Mandelbaum, age 37, born 1843 in Hungary, appears in Cleveland, Ohio, in the 1880 census with wife Jane age 32; Jacob age 9, Harvey age 2.

PASSENGER LISTS:

Passenger lists sound dull. However, if you have some idea when your ancestor arrived in the United States, these lists become interesting. The Mandelbaum lists allow one to realize that many different and probably unrelated Mandelbaum families have arrived here. I am placing these names into this story for the benefit of Mandelbaums who might recognize their ancestors. The lists are available in most genealogical libraries:

Mandelbaum: Babetta, dressmaker, age 22; David, religion writer, age 28; Ricka, dressmaker, age 25 from Bremen, Germany on the New York, Oct. 4, 1837.

Mandelbaum, Moses, age 35, weaver, from Honeberg to N.Y. via Bremen, Germany on the Republic, July 1, 1842.

Mandelbaum, Ephraim, age 20, merchant, from Ekudonitz to St. Louis, via Bremen, Germany July 1 1842. Mandelbaum, Jacob, age 24, shoemaker, from Bavaria to N.Y. on the Heinrich, Sept. 5, 1844.

Mandelbaum, Max, age 13, from Germany on the Maryland, May 1842 to N.Y.

Mandelbaum, Abraham, laborer, from Russia on the Butinkcrown, June 27, 1882 to Philadelphia.

Mandelbaum: baby (?) age 40, Rachel age 11, Israel age 10, Schone age 9, Boney age 6, Joseph age 1, all from Poland on the Michigan, July 15, 1890 to Boston.

Mandelbaum, Etti, age 18 from Russia on the Kansas, Dec. 29, 1889 to Boston.

Mandelbaum, Israel, from Russia on the Kansas Dec. 29, 1889 to Boston.

Mandelbaum, age 19, laborer, from Germany on the Cephalonia Aug. 6, 1886 to Boston.

Mandelbaum, S. age 22, (female) from Vienna, Austria on the Lake Huron, Dec. 31, 1889 to Boston.

FUTURE RESEARCH

A German company produced the Gehaus microfilms of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in 1958 from records in Eisenach, which is a large city near Gehaus. I think there must be other records, including probate, on file at Eisenach.

Book V

Stress

How I introduced *stress* to the world

The air traffic Controller sickout of 1970; I testify in federal court; The air traffic controllers are saved by my testimony; I am ousted, then embraced by the FAA; My phone is tapped; I start the American Academy of Stress Disorders; I meet my heroes, Dr. Morris Fishbein, Dr. Hans Selye, Dr. Jules Masserman, and Dr. Luis Alvarez; The idea of stress becomes part of the language and the culture.

I will start this story in the middle, because it's the most entertaining. That was when someone high in the government tapped my phone. I know this is an exciting tale, because I have never told it to anybody who has had the honor of being important enough to have an illegal wiretap installed by the federal government on his telephone who was not interested. My listeners invariably become alert; they listen and all in all, act much more attentive than when I tell my genealogy, for example. They are even more interested than the audiences I had when I was testifying for the air traffic controllers in Judge James Parson's federal court in Chicago.

You see, I had this wild theory that maybe the epidemic of ulcers, duodenitis, gastritis, and general unhappiness among the 300 air traffic controllers at the Federal Aviation Administration's center in Aurora, Illinois might be in part due to a noise, such as 60 cycle hum, in the control room. There were several hundred electronic devices such as monitors, 2 way radios, and computers in a large room and some of my ATC patients complained of a constant buzzing noise. In those days I had a friend who worked on acoustical problems at the Riverbank Laboratory in Geneva, which is next door to St. Charles. I used to go over there and watch the experiments and sit around with Bill Seikman discussing science and current events.

So I said to Bill, how would we research this theory? He suggested we go to the center with his audio detection equipment and record the noise. One evening, we made arrangements by telephone to walk into the center the next night after supper with his gadgets, and measure sounds and record them. I should have known better, because I have been in trouble before for not going through channels. This time the management was on the alert for sabotage or something because of the ATC sickout, the Viet Nam War, and the communist menace. I

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had visited the Center many times previously, so I thought Bill and I could just walk in to visit one of the controllers, and do a little harmless recording. Why bother going through channels for a year? Nowadays, because of the terrorist threat, Bill and I would not have gotten past the front gate and a jail cell.

Bill and I were halfway down the entrance hall in the Center when an anxious and hostile manager type accosted us and asked what we were doing there. We told him we were going to measure noise levels. He seemed unhappy to hear that and informed us we could go no further. Today, I am told, the Center, being a federal and vital facility is heavily guarded. Good thing then was then and not now. We decided to leave peacefully and not exercise our first amendment rights as citizen owners of this air traffic control center.

We made the association between our phone call the night before and our greeting this night and decided those clicks we heard on the line were meaningful wiretaps. Was it on that phone call or another one I said to Bill, "If those guys are listening to this drivel aren't they getting bored?"

How I wrecked a wiretap

I'm sorry, President Nixon, but I'm the one that ruined the wiretap device on my telephone line. I know it belonged to you or one of your employees, and I was happy to see that you were protecting the country from the communist menace, just in case I was in cahoots with the Russians via my ham radio.

Here's what happened: I had a friend, whose name I forget (I wouldn't tell if I did remember) who was a patient who tapped telephones for a living. He also detected wiretaps for a living. His recent work had something to do with the old Mayor Daley and a judge and I'm not sure anymore exactly what that was all about, but my friend, being in electronics, was an electronic guru I, as a radio amateur, could really admire. So I asked him if he would mind checking my phone for people listening without notice. He did and it was a remote detector he used. I have no idea of what equipment he had, but the next morning after detecting all one night, he called and said I had a "very sick telephone" and I should give it some treatment. How do I do that? The other guy's listening device has some kind of tender transistor in its front end. In those days, if you left the phone off the hook all night, a siren sound emanated from the phone company which apparently burned up these transistors. I left the phone off the hook all night. The next day the bug was dead, according to my wiretap doctor.

The anticlimax number one to the wiretap story is that I called federal Judge James Parsons, who had presided at the ATC sickout trial, and asked him if he knew of any order to tap my phone legally. He averred that he would know if it

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were so, and there was no order. He also gave me the fatherly advice that whenever he said anything to anybody, it was nothing anyone would ever be upset about.

Anticlimax number two was fun. I figured that the FBI or the FAA had bugged my phone. By this time I knew the local FBI agent because he and a colleague had interviewed me prior to the federal trial. I called Rick and he came to my office. I told him that I had evidence there was an illegal wiretap on my phone and would the FBI please investigate. What overjoys me to this day is that I was reporting a felony by the FBI TO the FBI! Not that I wanted the FBI in jail, I just think it's hilarious.

Anticlimax number three to the wiretap story, is that Rick reappeared at my office a few weeks later and sheepishly said that he had put my story into proper channels, but the word had come down from on high somewhere to lay off and forget it. A reasonable person might conclude that someone had bugged my telephone. To this day, I am sure the Freedom of Information Act would confirm this tale, but to what purpose? The Watergate account a few years later was far more interesting.

Book VI

My Web Log (BLOG)

As of April 2, 2006

March 27

Just Passing Through

A patient said he was just passing through this veil of tears. I thought that was profound; I looked it up.

*I'm just passing through
Another traveler on the road
And I hear your gentle voice
As it beckons me home.
Should I want to settle here
Like I know I'm bound to do,
Keep reminding me, Lord
That I'm just passing through.*

**- From the song, "Just Passing Through"
by Jason Mitchener and Kitty Hart**

The Hungry are at the Gates

What do you think of the immigration demonstrations yesterday? My answer is to study what happened to Rome when the Romans rebuffed the Goths in 378 a.d. at Adrianapolis. The Roman army was butchered and Rome was sacked.

March 18

My favorite new book

These are nice short chapters about questions we all have. Like are we the only intelligent beings in the universe? Has the speed of light changed in the last 2 billion years? Do you really exist? Is there a God? The book is "What We Believe But Cannot Prove; Today's Leading Thinkers on Science in the Age of Certainty" by John Brockman. You will recognize a lot of the famous names in here. Go ahead, read, enjoy and comment.

March 12

We are all challenged

Here's something that needs an answer: when did the word "challenged" enter such common use? I have counted 12 instances so far and there must be more. Some people are weight challenged. They used to be fat or obese. Morally challenged must mean someone is immoral or evil. Factually challenged is a liar, no doubt. Financially challenged, well why not poor or broke? How about intellectually challenged, like stupid idiot? I suppose euphemisms exist so you don't offend your friend when you say he is conceptually challenged; obviously he will never catch on that neither of you know what you are talking about. Physically challenged could be anything from a weakling to someone who failed to get a medal at the Olympics, who knows? I also found artistically, geographically, compassionately, and energy challenged. Come on, say what you mean and mean what you say, I say.

February 25

Bush is a genius!

I've figured it out. President George Bush is a diabolical genius! He has started this fight about the United Arab Emirates port deal so that Democrats would demand the Halliburton company be allowed to manage our ports. Buy Halliburton stock immediately.

February 22

Beware of concerns

If you ever want to hide what you mean, just say "I have concerns" And if you ever want scare a person to death, say "I am concerned about you." Great day, what did he/she mean?

Beware of confidence

Beware of sentences that use the word "confident". It usually means the person doesn't have any confidence and that he is conning you. Like "I am confident that the levees will hold up in this hurricane so let's just watch the storm and ride it out." I've figured out the illogic here; this is the ad hominem fallacy. In other words, we are told to trust the judgement of a person instead of our own thinking. Another example: "I am confident that the United Arab Emirates port deal is perfectly safe." Here we are asked to have FAITH in this person's thinking and without being presented with facts. What's the old saying, you will live forever when pigs fly.

February 21

New Diseases from Animals

At least one new disease is jumping the species barrier from animals to human beings every year, exposing people to emerging germs at a rate that may be unprecedented. There have been 38 new pathogens in the last 25 years.

Considering the newly accelerating expansion of the Universe and of the panoply of new RNA-induced disease, the one possibly resulting from the other, a historical perspective is in order. When I graduated from medical school there were no new diseases. All the diseases were in two books: one for here, and one for the tropics. There was, thankfully, a finite number of diseases, and all we had to do was to memorize them. The last new disease had been in 1492 when Columbus brought Syphilis from the Indians back to Spain where

it was called the Spanish Disease, then to France, where it was King Louis' Disease. We called it Lues, to disguise it from the public. Now we are much smarter for we have DNA and we can terrorize ourselves continually with new pandemics like HIV, Ebola, and Bird Flu. All the more reason to have a Religion that saves us for a Place where there is no Disease. And also no doctors and no Religion.

February 20

Change keeps happening

Here's something that needs an answer: when did the word "challenged" enter such common use? I have counted 12 instances so far and there must be more. Some people are weight challenged. They used to be fat or obese. My

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grandmother said they were stout. Morally challenged must mean someone is immoral or evil or rotten to the core.. Factually challenged is a liar or a politician, no doubt. Financially challenged, well why not poor or broke? How about intellectually challenged, like stupid idiot? I suppose euphemisms exist so you don't offend your friend when you say he is conceptually challenged; obviously he will never catch on that neither of you know what you are talking about. Physically challenged could be anything from a weakling to someone who failed to get a medal at the Olympics, who knows? I also found artistically, geographically, compassionately, and energy challenged. Come on, say what you mean and mean what you say, I say.

January 15

Checks and Balances

By watching the Alito hearings I learned of the exceptions clause in the constitution, which means the Congress can tell the Supreme Court when it does or does not have jurisdiction. The Supremes are therefore trumped by the people. If you are worried about the Court, look up their jurisdiction and the exceptions clause.

December 29

Watch for Medical Confidence Games & the Flu

MedWatch - The FDA Safety Information and Adverse Event Reporting Program

FDA notified healthcare professionals and patients that it issued warning letters to nine companies marketing bogus flu products behind claims that their products could be effective against preventing the avian flu or other

forms of influenza. FDA is not aware of any scientific evidence that demonstrates the safety or effectiveness of these products for treating or preventing avian flu and the agency is concerned that the use of these products could harm consumers or interfere with conventional treatments.

Read the complete MedWatch 2005 Safety summary, including a link to the FDA press release, at:

<http://www.fda.gov/medwatch/SAFETY/2005/safety05.htm#avian>

December 28

Generic Medicines

There is no way for mere mortal physicians to divine the ways of insurance companies or to know all the pharmacological and biochemical literature concerning 3,000 drugs except to follow the money, read everything on the internet, and consult a specialist. Years ago I simply refused to allow all generics. Since Vioxx and a hundred others, I should also refuse to allow the brands. I have declared a truce. Nowadays, if somebody wants a generic substitute I sign it, if your druggist will fax me the request. I only do faxes these days so there are no more jokes about reading my writing or about being put on hold on the phone. My New Year's resolution is to know everything there is to know and I'm almost finished. (Ha.) Happy New Year.

December 21

Ghosts

At least two of my 15 grandchildren have seen ghosts. I have not seen any. Some modern thinkers speculate about time-travelers and parallel dimensions. Has anyone out there seen a ghost? We'd all like to hear about it.

December 11

The Apocryphal Intern: number four

Romeo and Juliet

Handsome young Intern, always the ladies' man, sees shapely nurse bending over the desk on the medical ward. All he sees is her curved glutei maximi which he thought he recognized. So he creeps up behind her and gives her a good whomp on her rear and says, Hi Mabel! Only it was Jezebel, the Chief Nurse. The story lacks a middle at this point but has an ending. The ending is the apocryphal intern, now having been fired, is standing outside at the curb on a cold winter's night in front of Cook County Hospital, shaking his fist at the entire 3,700 bed structure. Alas, oh woe. Where art thou, oh Mabel!

November 28

The Apocryphal Intern, number three

Intern is in his whites, pattering around the 45-bed wing of the medical ward up on the 3rd floor of the Cook County Hospital medical building. The year is 1948. He is standing at the foot of an iron bedstead writing progress notes on a chart.

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A stainless steel urinal sails past his ear from the other side of the ward, narrowly missing him and his patients, bouncing on the floor. Intern turns to see a young man his own age standing next to a bed in which the patient obviously belongs, having recently been admitted by police after a mysterious rescue from the Chicago River. Patient has crazed look, wears a white hospital gown laced in the back, is bare-footed, who is throwing things at three attendants, male and female, and who are backing away from him.

Intern goes on automatic, not knowing any better. He perceives a patient who is not obeying doctor's orders. He yells across the room, stop that, get back in bed. Patient does not comply, appears dazed, confused, and is looking for more missiles. Intern walks across the room, passing the attendants, decides that all patients must obey him. He gets really close to the thrower and says get back in bed. Patient does not. Intern thinks that bluffing should work, that now is probably not the time to do a history and physical as he was taught. Intern says, you will please get back in the bed and stop throwing stuff. Intern weighs at least 140 pounds, same as the patient who apparently has a personality disorder of some kind.

Patient does not understand his hopeless situation. Intern does, knowing that all patients obey loud orders. He gets much closer now, giving a last command, get back in bed. Patient jumps intern. Grapples with intern. Intern falls forward on patient, thus forcing both to lie down on the bed. Intern stays on top of patient and calls for restraints, which the brave attendants now supply.

Patient is finally restrained, hands and feet, although loudly, by brown leather straps secured to bed rails. Intern, lucky not to have had his ear or nose bitten off in the fracas, decides to quiet down the noise the only way he knows how. He gets off the patient, thanks the three attendants for their help, walks to the nurse's station at the middle of the two 45 bed units, and goes for the paraldehyde. Paraldehyde in the years 1948-50 had been around for half a century and always quieted people down safely.

The last memorable scene from this melodrama is the 22 year old white-clad happy intern strutting down the isle carrying a huge syringe with a suitably huge needle, filled with 20 cc of paraldehyde, which has an appearance similar to that of gasoline. He carefully applies the panacea to the buttock of the vanquished warrior amidst the admiring approvals of the witnessing staff and other patients.

The ward was quiet that night, the patient was safely removed to the psych unit next morning in a straight jacket, and the intern had a patient who had followed his orders.

November 24

Still No Influenza Vaccine Here

The American Lung Association (ALA), in Partnership with Maxim Health Systems, has developed an electronic influenza vaccine clinic locator. To use the locator, go to www.flucliniclocator.org, enter a zip code and a date (or dates) and receive information about clinics scheduled in your area.

The Aprocryphal Intern, number two

Intern is smoking a forbidden cigar at Cook County Hospital in the elevator. The boss manager of the hospital, who is called the Warden for some unknown bureaucratic reason, gets on the elevator. Intern surreptitiously drops the cigar. Warden sees the cigar on the floor. He looks at the intern and says, "Yours?" Intern says, no, but you can have it since you saw it first.

November 22

The Apocryphal Intern, story number one

Ancient Possibly True Legends of Cook County Hospital

It is true these legends were told to me in my internship at Cook County Hospital 1948-1950, but only the Lord knows if they are true.

The intern is called at 2 am to get up to go a medical ward to admit a sick patient. He examines the patient, writes a history and physical, writes orders for a blood count and urinalysis and medicines, and staggers back to his room above E.R., and falls asleep. He descends into deep slumber, having been up for 3 nights in a row. The phone rings. He picks up the phone to hear a panicky nurse say, doctor, doctor, what shall I do? The patient can't give the urine specimen that you ordered. This is where he tells her to listen carefully and breaks the phone in half and goes back to sleep.

November 10

Non-News on Influenza Vaccine

Where is the vaccine? I called the Visiting Nurse Association of the Fox Valley (VNA) today. They are out of vaccine and will get no more. That's right. None. The lady on the phone told me that doctors' offices are supposed to get vaccine in December. I've been waiting since September. We have people calling daily for a shot and we haven't had a single dose to provide anybody. A few years ago I donated 100 doses to the Health department at the end of the season because the demand was low and the supply was high. Fortunately, Illinois is free of influenza

at this time.

November 02

Influenza Vaccine Update

The distributor, Richmark, as of yesterday has no influenza vaccine. Walgreen's has none. Call the Visiting Nurse Association for their schedule. If you become a Delnor volunteer you get one free unless Delnor runs out. I called Aventis yesterday and they had it all sold last April. Some big outfits must be hoarding it. People are starting to stock up on Tamiflu, the treatment for influenza. 10 capsules cost \$90.00. Check the CDC links on my web site. Look up Tamiflu online. We have this panic every year. Last year I saw one case. Keeps your mind off Iraq, doesn't it?