



Courtships

I am not talking about my courtship of Susan Jane Matson, but rather job courtships.

I have been fortunate. I have never been unemployed and never had to look for a job. Serendipity.

My first courtship was by Helen Wallace.

I got connected with her when she was at the University of Minnesota in the early 60s for a short stint before departing for the University of California, Berkeley.

She was professor of maternal and child health at the University of Minnesota doing a project aimed at characterizing kids in Minnesota with cerebral palsy. I got dragged into working on the project via a route I no longer remember. The results were published in a monograph and summarized in a publication in the *Am J Public Health* (1961). The work led to my first presentation at a scientific meeting at the American Public Health Association meetings in Atlantic City in October 1959. I was scared stiff!

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After she left for UC Berkeley I got several calls over the next several years trying to coax me to Berkeley. I enjoyed working with Helen Wallace, but had no interest in moving to California. Eventually the calls ended.

Helen Wallace died at the age of 99, 2 February 2013, at her residence in San Diego.

About when Helen Wallace stopped calling I was invited to the Mayo Clinic for courting. I was excited by the invitation because it would be like going back home.

As I recall I went for two visits before declining their offer. The money was fine and what I would have been doing was fine. The problem was that I felt like I would be owned and operated by the Mayo Clinic. I knew they would provide nicely, but the place felt “confining”.

Another courtship was with people at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville. I visited once or twice.

After leaving Minnesota for Maryland I longed for being on a real campus with grand buildings, sprawling trees, and grass to stretch out on. That was the campus at the U of Va. Magnificent.

I was tempted to move, but ultimately decided to stay put. Maybe the grass was greener, but the pain and agony of uprooting the family won out over my desire for a real campus.

Other courtships were from the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor and the University of Wisconsin in Madison. Both appealing because of my Midwestern roots, but in the end declined.

The only other courtship, culminated, was a move across town from the University of Maryland to Johns Hopkins.

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So much for my desire to be on a real campus. Hopkins, Homewood has a real campus, but the Medical school and School of Public Health at Hopkins is an urban campus, without grass or trees to sleep under.
