

## Union League

JWD           It is my pleasure to welcome you to one of the most festive evenings of happiness that Philadelphia has seen and we are very happy to have all of you with us. It is most appropriate tonight that Norman Koop, Chick and Betty's third son, will deliver the invocation.

NAK           Please remain seated. Let us pray.

Our God and our heavenly Father, Father of life from whom comes every good and perfect gift and in whom there is no variation or shadow of turning, we thank You for all that we are or have, for we acknowledge that it comes from You. We yield up this occasion to you so that all that is thought and said around these tables and is done would be in some way reflection of the fact that we recognize that we owe ourselves to You.

Thank you for Dad and for the life that You have given him and for the work that You have accomplished through him. Thank you for these things and we ask Your blessing upon this food for we ask it in the name of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. Amen.

JWD           Ladies and Gentlemen, as our orchestra is folding up and going away into the moonlight, I would like to thank Mr. Mike Francis and his band for their generous gift of music tonight. Mr. Francis has been a very close friend of Chick Koop for many years and has been a friend of the Union League all that time and he has had many evenings here performing. Many of you may have seen him as the director of the Ice Capades music for a record number of years. I won't say how long, Mr. Francis, but we thank you very much for the evening.

JWD

On your tables are a bouquet of flowers that are accented by daisies and for those of you who are unaware, the daisy is the flower of the Children's Hospital of Philadelphia. Since Chick has devoted thirty-five years of his life to the Children's Hospital, it is most fitting that daisies be in front of you tonight. Underneath one of your saucers is a little yellow square, I mean, it's pink, pardon me. Color blind. The lady that is nearest that pink square takes home the flowers tonight.

We have quite a few guests from far and near. We have four continents represented and seventeen countries, and many Philadelphians. Thank you all for coming so far to this special occasion. I would like to make a few special introductions but there is no need in standing. We have a number of presidents of important pediatric surgical organizations such as the British Association of Paediatric Surgeons - Barry O'Donnell; we have the president of the French Society of Paediatric Surgery - Professor Carcassonne; we have the president of the American Pediatric Surgical Association - Dr. Tom Santulli; we have the chairman of the Surgical Section of the American College of Surgeons - Dr. Jim O'Neill; and we have Dr. Lodzinski from Poland who is president of the Polish Pediatric Society. There are many past presidents here also and we thank all of this representation of all of your organizations for coming tonight.

Some of you came to cocktails Saturday night at our house and behind our house is the home of Dr. Philip Sing Physick who is the father of American surgery and his home is a great shrine to us in Philadelphia. It is my pleasure tonight to introduce to you the current father of American surgery, Dr. Jonathan Rhoads.

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JER            Thank you very much for that introduction. I think paternity has somewhat broader bounds in pediatric surgery than it does in adult surgery, but Chick Koop came into my life July 1, 1942, when he was assigned to begin a residency in surgery at the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania. His antecedents were propitious. He had graduated from Dartmouth College, from Cornell Medical School and had completed a one year internship at the Pennsylvania Hospital. Dr. I. S. Ravdin had selected him for a surgical residency. As I learned much later there had been physicians in several generations of his ancestors and one of his grandfathers had made it a practice to get raw liver from the butcher in the morning and take it to his anemia patients long before Minot and Murphy. I also learned though I thought until tonight that I had had something to do with teaching him surgery. I learned that when he was in high school, he made a practice which may not endear him to everybody here of catching local cats and being an only child, he was able to dragoon his mother, Helen Koop, whom I came to know quite well later, into pouring chloroform on them so that he could operate on them in the basement. Beyond that he had the ingenious idea of putting isinglass window in the abdominal wound so that he could watch what was going on in the G-I tract. At the second operation this was removed, the cats were sewed up and returned to the community.

          At the time Dr. Koop joined us, the surgical service was divided into two parts sharing equally in admissions through the accident room and out-patient clinics, and each taking half of the ward consultations in the house. Dr. Eldridge Eliason, then John Rhea Barton Professor, headed one of these services; Dr. I. S. Ravdin had the other which he

JER entrusted to me during his absence. The only other resident was Dr. Harold Zintel who had begun his five-year stint in 1940 after an internship at the same hospital. During the six weeks before Dr. Koop's arrival, we had one intern, Dutch Dyson, with Harold Zintel and myself. We were obviously delighted with Chick's arrival as we were overly busy.

According to Bob Mayock, who came on as an intern soon thereafter, our census rose to 104, or, as he put it, almost a fifth of the hospital. I am inclined to discount this but Bob maintains that it is accurate.

In those years the concept of the surgical residency was a fellowship during which the individual was expected to spend 50% of his time in the laboratory. I doubt that we quite fulfilled this requirement but we did get into the laboratory part of nearly every weekday, and Chick rapidly became involved in the program of testing bone gelatin solutions in the treatment of shock. Some of the clinical experiments were rather exuberant. Henry Shenkin on the neurosurgical service was interested in showing how much blood you could lose in the horizontal position before it was reflected in tachycardia or hypotension. On bleeding Jim Hardy, the blood pressure suddenly dropped to 40 or so, but this did not deter the investigators who gave Jim a load of bone gelatin and showed that his blood pressure recovered just fine! Had it not been so, the University of Mississippi would have missed a great Chairman of Surgery, and the Society of University Surgeons, the Southern Surgical Association, the American Surgical Association and the American College of Surgeons would have all missed a president, as well as a number of other organizations.

In this milieu Chick Koop thrived. At least he thrived intellectually. He did an enormous number of experiments on gelatin and rapidly acquired

JER a huge experience in clinical surgery. He very nearly got away with a Trendelenburg operation in a cholecystectomy patient who had an embolus. He got the clot out of the patient's pulmonary artery, sewed it up and got the heart started but was unable to keep it going. I believe he participated in the first combined abdominoperineal operation for imperforate anus. I learned just a couple of weeks ago that he had gone to Frank Milam, then the chief medical officer for the hospital, pounded on his desk and insisted that Frank direct a child with an imperforate anus to our service. Quite how this was accomplished, I do not know, but the child arrived. As I said, Chick seemed to be thriving intellectually and was so enthusiastic about bone <sup>gelatin</sup> /that he was depicted in the student yearbook with the caption "gelatin salesman", but his strong constitution was having some difficulty in keeping up with his program, with the net result that he developed an ulcer. This he treated medically, swallowing an NG tube each evening so that he could drip buffers into his stomach while he slept. In the morning he would remove the tube and come to work. I cite this circumstance because I think it exemplifies an extraordinary determination which has characterized much of his accomplishment.

When Dr. Ravdin returned about 3½ years later, Chick was really a very accomplished surgeon and had undoubtedly done more surgery and managed more patients than most residents get to do now in five years. It became evident to me rather soon that he and the Professor were not going to mesh too well, so when the opportunity came for him to go to Children's Hospital with the plan of devoting himself to pediatric surgery, it seemed like an awfully good idea. Children's Hospital services had been headed by Dr. Walter Estell Lee, who was then retiring, and his

JER long time associate, Henry Brown, who returned to China to work for the government; later, we learned, for the CIA. The pediatric service at Children's had long since been merged with the pediatric service at the University and Dr. Joseph Stokes, who headed it, was anxious to see the same type of arrangement in surgery. It was, therefore, agreed that Koop would go to run the service with the assistance of one resident and the back-up of five senior surgeons, all of whom had some experience in pediatric surgery and had worked at Children's Hospital. It was rapidly evident that Chick could do pediatric surgery supberbly well and he supplemented his knowledge with short visits of a few weeks at several pediatric surgical clinics including Boston Children's and Montreal Children's. By the time he finished his residency, passed his American Board exams, received a degree of Doctor of Medical Sciences from the Graduate School of Medicine, he was well on his way. As an exmaple of his success, he increased the flow of surgery at the Children's Hospital from 25 cases a month to 75 cases a month within six months of going there. He gave excellent presentations at the weekly clinical conferences, some of which I attended, and in the fullness of time was able to establish one of the most highly regarded residencies in pediatric surgery in the country. His clinical experience has really been monumental, including everything from simple hernias to the most complicated congenital deformities and finally, as you know, to the separation of Siamese twins in which he and his team broke new ground.

He has been a member of the Surgical Section of the American Academy of Pediatrics, a foreign member of the British Pediatric Surgical Society and its council, President of the American Pediatric Surgical Association, and was instrumental in starting the Journal of Pediatric Surgery, of which he was the first editor, and continued in this capacity for

JER approximately a decade until it was well launched.

Like a tall mountain, he appears taller the greater the distance from which he is viewed. This is reflected in his foreign memberships and the recognition which he has received abroad. He is a member, as I mentioned, of the British Association of Paediatric Surgeons, he received the famous Denis Browne Gold Medal, he is a member of the Societe Francaise de Chirurgie Infantile of the Deutschen Gessellschaft fur Kinderchirurgische of the Societe Suisse de Chirirgie Infantile, a receipt of the Order Duarte, Sanchez and Mella of the Dominican Republic and is widely known in Africa where he has visited as a member of the Board of Directors of the Medical Assistance Programs, Inc., based in Wheaton, Illinois, and of the Evangelical Foundation, Inc., of Philadelphia. In addition to his earned degrees, he has received honorary degrees. LL.D. from the Eastern Baptist College in 1960, an Honorary M.D. from the University of Liverpool in 1968, Doctor of Humane Letters from Wheaton College in 1973, and Doctor of Science from Gwynedd Mercy College in 1978.

Probably the most amazing thing to me about Chick Koop is his courtship and marriage. He went to a house party where he met Betty on a Friday, they found an overpowering affinity for each other and were engaged by Sunday night. The attachment has lasted through the years and seems stronger than ever tonight.

With this very brief sketch of one of the most unforgettable people I have ever met, I will turn the podium back to our toastmaster.

JWD Thank you, Dr. Rhoads.

JWD            Our next speaker is Michel Carcassonne, Professor at Marseille, France. He and Chick have been close friends for many years. He is one of the few honorary members of the APSA, and he has a special thing to say tonight. Professor Carcassonne.

MC            Ladies and Gentlemen, dear Betty, dear Chick, it is mainly because we shared all your sorrows and all your joys from more than thirteen years that we are here tonight, Claude and myself.

              You taught me a lot of things, Chick, in many important fields, but there is one I would like to mention here because I am not sure that finally my results were as good as you expected. You tried to train me to lick this enormous scoop of Philadelphia ice creams without losing a piece of it and what is much more difficult without spoiling all my face and my shoes. You could do it as fast and as brightly as you operated on an undescended testicle. I am afraid I was really a poor trainee.

              Two centuries ago the most famous citizen of Philadelphia, Benjamin Franklin, visited in Paris the old Children's Hospital of He was really upset by the enormous number of newborns abandoned by their mothers because they did not want to feed them. He stated and I guess he was wrong that the reason they did not want to feed their babies was because the mothers were flat-chested. Fortunately you are more careful in your statements. Although we apologize for waiting so long to pay you back this visit, we are glad it could occur in such unique festivities.

              On behalf of the French Society of Pediatric Surgeons represented here by the president and two past presidents, my friend Professor Pellerin and Professor Borde, as last year in the House of Parliament in Paris when you were awarded the Legion of Honor, I want to tell you the admiration



MC and affection of all French pediatric surgeons but I am also here as Deputy Mayor of the city of Marseille. In the past fourteen years your contribution to Marseille's children's health, your help in the organization of the children's hospital were so determined that the City Council of Marseille decided to award you with the great medal of the city. I know, Chick, you have many medals, even gold ones. This is only brass but it is the highest distinction the city of Marseille can award and you will probably be interested to know that the last American citizen who deserved it was General Eisenhower.

JWD My goodness, what an honor!

Our next speaker is the inimicable Peter Rickham, our very close friend. All pediatric surgeons and pediatric urologists have a close tie and it is a great privilege to introduce him tonight. Peter. . .

PPR Dear Chick, dear Betty, Ladies and Gentlemen. He won't get a medal from me actually. But as Chick's oldest friend, I am delighted that I can speak tonight. Mark you, it was not easy. Only three days before I left Zurich I got a letter from John Duckett, a rather rude letter, I thought, in which it said, "Well, I suppose we cannot stop him from talking, but remember that there are a number of very distinguished and very good after dinner speakers who also want to present their tribute to Chick so get it over with as quickly as you can." Well, I will try my best to copy the famous judge, famous for the speed with which he conducted his cases who said to the men in front of him, "Prisoner, be upstanding and I will pronounce judgment upon you but before I do so, you have the right to say anything you want in your defense."

Whereupon the prisoner got up and said, "As God is my judge, I am

PPR not guilty," and the judge replied, "He is not, I am, you are, six months prison."

Chick, a lot has been said in the last two days about you and this is a very sad and a very joyful occasion. It is sad because after 35 years you leave the Children's Hospital and you will be greatly missed by all of the people who work there, you will be greatly missed by your many colleagues in the city, by the surgeons in the United States and as the attendance here shows you, in fact by pediatric surgeons all over the world. Because of the second generation of pediatric surgeons and I think you and I belong to the second generation after the giants of the first generation like William Ladd and Bob Gross of this country and Denis Browne in Britain. Of the second generation you undoubtedly have been the leader, you have done more than anyone in developing the science and art of pediatric surgery. You have, as was said so rightly yesterday, taken a special interest in the formation of institutions be it associations, be it journals, be it the recognition of pediatric surgery not only in this country but also overseas.

And last but not least and for me perhaps the most important, you have laid the foundation for our ethical basis in the practice of pediatric surgery which I believe will still remain with us when all other things have been forgotten. And which I personally believe has been your greatest and most valuable contribution to pediatric surgery. So there are many reasons to be sad that you leave but it is also a joyful occasion because God and parliament permitting, congress to wit, you will, we hope, we all hope, be surgeon general and I cannot think of anybody more fit to carry this resounding title and think of all the fun you will have writing orders on all cigaret packets in the United States.

PPR            So, sadness and joy, it is all relative. All human life is relative and talking about relative and relativity, of course, Einstein comes to mind. As you know, my father was a physicist and a good friend of Einstein's whom I knew as a child quite well and I don't think I have ever admired anybody as much as him. You all know he was a citizen of Switzerland, and former member of the senate of my university. What you perhaps don't all know is what happened after he died so I think I better tell you. He knocked, of course, at the pearly gates and Peter opened and said, "Who are you?", and he said, "Albert Einstein." He said, "Albert Einstein is a physicist." He said, "Yes." He said, "Come in, come in, I am pleased to meet you. Well, now usually when people knock at the door I tell them where to go, either to heaven or the other place, but in your case, headquarters has ordained that you can choose." Einstein said, "Well, you know I am a scientist, Peter, I cannot choose without having seen." Peter said, "That is very easy. You look over the wall on the left and you will see your future if you go to the other place." Einstein did so and he saw himself sitting on a very comfortable easy chair and on his knee was a most lúicious blond. And he said, "Well, it cannot be all bad. Now let me see heaven." Peter said, "Well, you look over the wall on the right side." He did so and he saw himself sitting on an easy chair and on his knees was a very lúicious blond. He said, "I don't understand it. They're both the same." Peter got very cross. He said, "Both the same? And you, the discoverer of the theory of relativity says so, it is quite obvious, up here you are being awarded and down there he is being punished."

PPR           Chick, one of the things which I have always admired about you is that in spite of your enormous zeal and hard work and gift for your chosen profession, you have never been a one-sided man. You have always had a lot of other interests and you have followed these interests with the same zeal and with the same enthusiasm as you have your profession. I don't want to enumerate all your many interests; I only want to pick out perhaps the one which is next to your heart: the church and charitable institutions and how much you have done about it. I have the feeling sometimes that you have a slight suspicion that I am not all that interested in the church myself but this is not at all true as the little present I gave you two days ago shows you. It's clergymen           I am sometimes a little bit suspicious of. Now I will admit that there are absolutely splendid clergymen, only take your son Norman. I remember him when he was that tall and he was the greatest rebel I have ever seen and look what a splendid man he has grown up to. But unfortunately they are not all like that and the clergymen in the mountain village I live in is a rather strange man and the           there told me recently a story about him.

The clergyman came to him in great excitement and said, "My bicycle has been stolen. I left it on the church steps and it is gone. I am sure one of the congregation has stolen it. It's a terrible thing but I will find out who has done it." The           said, "How will you?" He said, "It's quite easy. Next Sunday after sermon I will recite the Ten Commandments." Well, we heard about the Ten Commandments of course from Barry yesterday but here it comes again. "And I will recite it very slowly and when I come to 'Thou shalt not steal', you will watch the congregation very carefully and the one who looks guilty will obviously be the thief."

PPR           Well, the man was not very impressed with this bit of detecting but he agreed he would cooperate and next Sunday indeed the clergyman recited the Ten Commandments but he spit them out like a machinegun, at terrific speed, and the parishioner came to him afterwards furious and said, "How do you expect me to watch anybody when you speak so quickly. This is ridiculous." And the clergyman said, "Don't worry. Everything is all right. When I came to 'Thou shalt not commit adultery', I suddenly remembered where I left the bicycle."

          Chick, what shall we wish you for the future? You seemed to have achieved so much, you have done so well, you have been so successful in your professional life, you have had such a satisfactory and successful private life, you have been admired and honored so often, so what can we now wish you? Yesterday, Mattie Sulaama wished you luck. I think I can go one better and I can wish you happiness. This elusive thing which means something different to every single individual and which we are all searching for. As well as I know you, I don't pretend for one moment to know what you mean by happiness but I am lucky that I can tell you what is meant by happiness by the average European pediatric surgeon because at the last BAPS meeting in Oxford I overheard a discussion on that very point by one of our English, French and Russian colleagues. It was very illuminating because the Englishman said, "Well, I tell you what happiness is. When I had a terrible day at the hospital, every operation went wrong in the morning and in the afternoon every mother in the out-patient department bitched and was obstructive and I come home late and tired and frustrated and there is a lovely fire burning and I pull my favorite easy chair to it and fill my pipe and my wife brings me a large whiskey and soda. Well, it may not sound like much but that is happiness."

PPR           The Frenchman said, "This is a lame sort of happiness. I think when I have had a very hard week in the hospital and I have the weekend off and I travel to Paris and I meet a pretty girl and she is amusing and charming and we fall in love and we spend the weekend together--that is happiness for me."

          The Russian said, "Gentlemen, you have no idea what happiness is all about, but I will tell you. When I had a bad day in the hospital and I come back to my apartment in Moscow and I fall into bed and I sleep like a log and at 2 o'clock in the morning somebody hammers at the front door of my apartment and I drag myself to the door and open it and outside stand two enormous men in raincoats and they say, 'Secret police. Ivan Ivanovich, you are arrested.' And I say to them, 'Pardon me, Ivan Ivanovich lives in the partment next door," and that is happiness.

          Ladies and Gentlemen, may I ask you to raise your glass with me and drink to the future of Betty and Chick Koop. May it be a good one, may they know that they are accompanied by our best wishes, our admiration and our love. May they live happily ever after.

JWD           Last night an Englishman told me that there are only two times when you stand to toast: one is for the deceased and the other is for the Queen. I would like for us all to stand to the Queen. And I now would like to ask the Queen if she would come forth and offer us a few blessings. Behind every throne, the light.

BK           Thank you, John. I never could cry at the right time. As some of you know, for years Harry Bishop has been badgering me to give a speech at every possible occasion and I have always been able to get out of it by saying, "When Chick retires I will give a speech", never thinking that day would come.

BK Harry, you know I could put this off for four years more.

Before I begin I have to clear up something. Last evening we had a wonderful dinner together at the Faculty Club. When Chick was speaking he paid me a very unusual compliment publicly. He said, "Betty is one of the two or three women in the world who could have lived with me." I wonder if the other two or three of you are out there, would you please stand up.

Some years ago I read with amusement in Time Magazine about a man who had given a dinner party for 500 of his more intimate friends and really that is how I feel tonight. I just have to tell you how wonderful and heartwarming it is to have all of you with us here tonight on this special occasion of Chick's retirement from the Children's Hospital. I might add that after the beating he has been taking from the press lately, he really needed the bath of love which you have given him for the last two days. There are people here tonight from every area of our lives: our children so dear to us, other family members, our many friends from the world of pediatric surgery, and many friends whom we have come to know in a variety of ways. How does one say thank you for all the shared experiences and the friendship and the love you have shown to Chick and me over the years. That is what I am trying to do, I am trying to say thank you and to tell you how grateful I am for each one of you. It is equally hard to know what to say in a few words about my remarkable husband. He has never been dull or boring. Someone once asked me what it was about Chick which first attracted me to him and I could quite readily respond, his strength. I am sure all of you would agree with me that this has not diminished but you know this strength has been tempered with gentleness

BK and compassion for people in trouble, people with problems and he has carried the burdens of many on his broad shoulders. I won't go into Chick's many gifts, you all know them, but I have been impressed that the abilities which he has he acknowledges as gifts from God and he really doesn't take the credit for them himself. There are many things that I am grateful to Chick for but perhaps the most important for our kind of a marriage has been that I have always felt included in whatever he was doing. He has been away a lot, he has traveled often, sometimes weeks at a time, and even at Children's Hospital he did not have much free time at home, but when he did come home or by phone when he was away, he would always fill me in and we'd talk it all over and he would always make me feel a part of his very interesting <sup>life.</sup> I think this is why I never developed the empty nest syndrome when our children married and established homes of their own.

I go back a bit to say I think he has also had a sense of stewardship about his gifts which has almost driven him to create the best possible surgical service for the care of children and to train so many young men and women. Now we are off into a new kind of life. I am so glad Chick didn't retire. Just the thought of Chick retiring scared us both. And now I join the rest of you in paying Chick the tribute which he so richly deserves.

JWD Our next speaker is Harvey Beardmore from Canada, hardly a foreign country, but Harvey Beardmore has done a great deal for this country and for the establishment of pediatric surgery as a specialty and he is also a dear friend of Chick. Dr. Beardmore . . .



HEB Mr. Toastmaster, Chick and Betty, distinguished guests.

Not so many years ago I came to Philadelphia to take part in the dedication of the C. Everett Koop Surgical Center at Children's Hospital and I remembered at that time I asked myself the question, "How does one pay tribute to a giant?" Tonight I asked myself the same question. "How does one pay tribute to a giant, a giant who is retiring from one small aspect of his life's work, retiring as Surgeon-in-Chief of a children's hospital?" Those of you who have not been privileged during the last two days to see this program will recognize within this program that residents and/or Fellows of C. E. Koop have been awarded an asterisk. Harry Bishop has asked me to be anecdotal so here I stand as an asteriskless anecdotist, narrating some biographical incidents from the life of C. Everett Koop with a certain liberty not afforded those who have asterisks and are former residents or Fellows. I could title this "From Flatbush School, Brooklyn, to Number One Children's Center, Philadelphia--A Lateral Arabesque" but most of you would know that that is not true except for some very old Dodgers' fans.

Chick's early education included the three R's: reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic in Flatbush School, and I hasten to explain to those of you from across the water and particularly to those of you from Britain that the difference between an English public school education and an American public school education is that the graffiti is written at a lower level on the laboratory walls in England. Those three R's that stood Chick in good stead for several years until they turned them in for three new R's: Ravdin, running boards and residency. Did you know that Chick's surgical life really began in a parking lot. It's ironic when you think of it as an area where so many people are likely to lose

HEB their lives today. It all began for Chick sitting on the running board of a 1937 Chevrolet and I didn't say it began in 1937, I just said it was a 1937 Chevy with a running board and it belonged to I. S. Ravdin and it was in the parking lot. Chick was interviewed by Dr. Ravdin or perhaps it was the other way about, sitting on this running board of the car and the car pulled out of the parking area and started down this street with Chick still clinging to the car. When the car was traveling at 45 mph, Ravdin told Chick that if he would get off at the next stop light, he would see that he was accepted into a residency program and Chick has been running ever since up the ladder of success.

Chick has always been a la mode and I don't mean more American than blueberry pie with a dollop of ice cream. I mean he is fashionable to the point that he creates fashions and when he grew a Lincolnesque beard and even without a Gettysburg address. His travelings far and wide earned him the affectionate epitaph from his peers, the Lincoln Intercontinental. He gets many more miles per gallon of gas, however.

This man is very peripatetic and proud to be an American. He still answers the immigration officers' questions as to his citizenship by saying, "I am a congenital American." He is also patriotic, and when the United States was celebrating its bicentennial in 1976 and when he had been refused permission to repair the crack in the Liberty Bell as his bicentennial project, he undertook to see all his patients in consultation for \$17.76, a decision which drove his account to distraction, the IRS was at its wit's end and referred to him as that doc that was heard around the world, even more than the shot at Lexington. I must say that I learned later that his patriotic tariff of \$17.76 was taken up by the ladies of the evening in Philadelphia but just for the minutemen.

HEB           Ralph Waldo Emerson stated, "Wherever McDonald sits, there is the head of the table." However, he is usually misquoted for some reason as having said, "Wherever McGregor sits, there is the head of the table." And so I feel free to misquote Emerson again; I think wherever Koop sits, there is the head of the table but when it's Beardmore, I usually just get the check.

Chick is very suave--cool, I guess is the modern American vernacular. I have only seen him upset on very few occasions, one of which was on a trip to Mongolia when he heard they called babies with Down's syndrome American idiots.

Chick has fortitude and I heard him deliver a long lecture in London, England, while his neck was in a traction apparatus which had been applied at Hammersmith. I thought to myself, "If he wears that thing much longer, he shall surely look like a Canada goose," and I think it was just after that that he grew his beard to make his neck look shorter.

Chick has fortitude and endurance and I have seen him catch up on his sleep in taxi in Madrid, have his aching muscles massaged in Japan, he smoked a pipe which literally burst into flame at an archeological dig in Israel and he spent many years of his life looking for the puborectalis sling only to conclude that some anatomists had more names than brains and that it was right there where he thought it was the whole time. Chick had been on the bidet circuit for some considerable time and there had been some serious discussion at home about the chair that he occupied from time to time and it was while he was on a lecture tour in China someone christened it the Marco Polo Chair of Pediatric Surgery.

I don't know how many of you have been privileged to visit his office in the old Children's Hospital,--where was it, Chick, at 18th & Bainbridge? Well, it was an experience. There were four doors and one large desk

HEB and one door was for the accountant to come in and out of, and one door was where the Asian and the African and the South American supplicants exited after an audience. I never found out how they got in and I don't think Chick ever did either. The other two doors were situated one behind the desk and the other across the room and Chick would sweep in through one behind his desk, pick up his slides and manuscript left on the desk by his secretary, cross the room and exit to the airport. On one occasion he had slides and manuscript that didn't match. They were on the same subject but the slides were all in numbers and the manuscript was all in percentages. He delivered his lecture and was greeted with thunderous applause after the audience put down their hand calculators and abacuses and then he was treated to a standing ovation.

I know some residents leave the Montreal Children's Hospital with only a recipe for a good salad dressing but residents from Chick Koop's program leave with the skill to do an esophageal anastomosis with the use of only a blunt hook and a needle driver. How is it, I asked a group of former residents gathered to do homage to their former chief. Oh, it's just a whim of Dr. Koop. You know he has a whim of iron.

It was with a great deal of difficulty that I finally convinced Barry O'Donnell yesterday that retirement festivities in America weren't in the same category as an Irish wake. You see, the eulogist is never under oath so you can rely on what I have said up to now as the truth. But what about Chick's retirement? Let's be serious. How is a man who is a legend in his own sweet time, the only man I know who can write his diary one week in advance. There is an Eastern saying which goes, "There is no road without an end," but Chick has only come to a fork in the road and he will retire with dash. He has already been appointed the Deputy

HEB Assistant Secretary of Health and is in line to be the Surgeon General of the United States. He might even get in to see him. How does one change a General Surgeon into a Surgeon General? Another question to be answered, "How does one change a general pediatric surgeon into a Surgeon General? And even more difficult question to answer, "You can't put a bonnet on him and send him to bootie camp." And how does one change a peripatetic pediatric general surgeon into a pedantic Surgeon General? Well, I have heard that all of his Brooks Brothers buttondown shirts have been died khaki and ~~Abercrombie & Fitch~~ says he has ordered six red, white and blue jogging suits and Betty told me that she spent all Friday night sewing up epaulets on his pajamas. And can't you see the notice on certain articles: "Warning, young man, the Surgeon General has determined that the contents will allow you to--"(Harry Bishop told me to be funny and I am funny but as you can see it is difficult to be humorous about someone like the person we honor here tonight for light humor may tend to be on the border of blasphemy. I wish to pay tribute and not pay distribute to C. Everett Koop. I want to thank the organizers of this splendid affair: Bishop, Schnaufer, Duckett, Templeton, Ziegler, Frishmuth, Garcia and Smith--sounds like a firm of Philadelphia lawyers, doesn't it? It came right off the letterhead. You know, amongst your peers you will recognize an occasional star but only rarely will you come across a human treasure. There is danger here in being over-effusive but I think Chick and Betty deserve all the praise we have heaped upon them these last two days. Of the pediatric surgeons I know, he has accomplished more apparently with greater ease and more quickly than most. He became advisor to foreign pediatric surgical societies and he was for more than ten years on the Council of BAPS and during this time he was influential in obtaining

HEB specialty recognition for pediatric surgery by the Royal College of Surgeons in London. His relationship with Dr. Ravdin and Dr. Jonathan Rhoads resulted in the first graduate course in pediatric surgery in the American College of Surgeons and the creation of the Advisory Council for Pediatric Surgery of the American College of Surgeons was the only one created before a specialty board has been achieved in pediatric surgery. You know that he was one of the first six surgeons of America to dedicate his entire practice to the surgery of infancy and childhood. His intense interest in foreign education resulted in an American built medical school in Ghana, a survey of American and Canadian supported hospitals in Japan followed, and last night we heard of his role in Poland. Someone has surely eaten it by now, Chick.

Chick Koop is a sage person, practically wise, rendered prudent by experience and I remember when it was a privilege to sit on committees with him. He would sit and think and stroke his beard before he got a beard and now like many hairy men of old, he has gained even more strength. He has seen the new Children's Hospital come into being and places its destiny in the hands of the team he has created here. He is seeking the answer to the question, "Whatever happened to the human race?" Some of it is here tonight, Chick. A man is known by his friends he chooses and by whom he is chosen and that is what tonight is all about--friendship. Godspeed and good luck!

JWD Our next speaker is Dr. Al Bongiovanni who has spent many of his academic years sitting in the co-chair at the Children's Hospital as the Chief of Pediatrics next to C. Everett Koop, which I must say must have been a tough job. Dr. Bongiovanni has returned from another engagement especially for this night tonight and we thank him for coming by.

AMB

It is a great honor for me to participate in this celebration of the career of one C. Everett Koop. I say one because there is only one C. Everett Koop. I know he is moving on to other things but, Chick, you do not tread lightly on the turf of those with whom you work. You leave a very deep mark and I shall certainly miss not having you in the immediate vicinity although I know you will go to better things. I am reminded as I think of this so called retirement of William Osler of 1905 at Hopkins. Of course, he went ahead and gave another twenty years to Oxford. He said, "I have three personal ideals: one, to do the day's work well, (You've heard from Dr. Rhoads how very hard Dr. Koop worked in his early years and he worked that hard all his life. He had a pedagogical rule which I am sorry to say is going to seed that those of us who have had patients on whom he operated on went to the operating room with him, we conversed with him, we learned a lot more medicine by virtue of doing it, and I don't know what has happened to that. Chick was the leader in that type of teaching. I hope that his successors will resurrect it. I could go to him with the poorest patient in the hospital and say, "Chick, this is a touchy procedure. I don't trust anybody else." He would drop everything and do it. He would get up in the middle of the night. I will never forget when a certain underworld character whom I won't name although I guess there are people who believe I have connections with them called me at 2 o'clock in the morning saying he was sending his men over to pick me up. His grandchild was sick. I said, "No way was I getting into his men's car," but we ended up at the Children's Hospital; it was surgical; Chick got up in the middle of the night and I understand operated to the tune of several men with violin cases standing around during the surgery.) The next part of Osler's statement is the second is

AMB to act the Golden Rule toward my brethren and the patients committed to my care. You've heard enough about this from the other speakers; I don't have to expand on it. The third needs mention: to cultivate a measure of equanimity as would enable me to bear success with humility and to be ready when the day of sorrow and grief should come, to meet it with courage befitting a man. This Chick and Betty have done and even at this moment Chick's courage is limitless. He is suffering and I am on his side and I hope everybody in this room will do what they can to support him.

In conclusion my feelings about Chick I have to summarize as he is a patriot, I love American--she's great, she's great because her greatness was won by men such as Chick--men with courage with knowledge of their duty and a sense of honor. I am honored to share in the praise which we give to Chick tonight and this will never die and will constitute a grand memorial, not a memorial in which our mortal bones will be buried but a in my mind and in the minds of many men where your contributions, Chick, will remain fresh and I hope will stir others to action as the occasion requires. Your story is not told alone in these words spoken here this evening but it lies woven in the stuff of other men whom you have trained, whose lives you've touched. For these others it remains for us to rival what you have done by hard work, a brave heart, dedication to mankind and not to stand aside from the onslaught of those who would demean a high view of human life and this is something you've written as an inscription in many books you have given to me and I thank you very much, Chick, for knowing you and for what you have done.

JWD Thank you, Dr. Bongiovanni. The next person on the list you will notice has no title. He is a little guy with a great big heart and represents, I think, all of you out there. Joe and Joyce Stein for any of you who



JWD know the Koops know what a close and happy relationship they have had through the years. Joyce has put in many, many hours with Daisy Day and with the Children's Hospital, two concerts she put together herself with Gene Ormandy and the two of them together the Koop Surgical Center, raised the funds for that, so from all of you, I present Joe Stein. I've got one more thing to say, Joe. His greatest claim to fame is that he was guest conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra.

JHS Thank you, John. I might say that the only reason that concert was a success was because it was a combination debut and farewell all rolled into one.

When I saw the program with no title next to my name, I was going to explain to you some of the same things that John did and the best credentials that I have are that I am the husband of Joyce Stein, dedicated volunteer and former chairman of Daisy Day of Children's Hospital as well as my unmatched wife, mother of my children, and homemaker.

Joyce and I want to tell you how very happy we are to be part of this auspicious international reunion of associates, friends and students. We have been proud to know Betty and Chick for more than twenty years. In fact so proud that at a dinner party in our home while extolling the accomplishments of Dr. Koop, Joyce once told the guests we had a son who died under his guidance. Now, that is some testimony. When we met Chick for the first time, it was a time of crisis. Our second child had just been born with anomalies that were incompatible with life. Chick, crewcut and no beard at that time, saw Andy that first evening and the next morning I delivered our son into the hands of Chick and that very special family of personnel who make up the body of Children's Hospital. Through periods of Chick's uncannily correct diagnoses and plans of action through the days of hope and despair, the blessed times of ignorance throughout all

JHS of the blessed nine-and-a-half years Andy was with us, Chick was prescribing treatment for our whole family. In his uncompromising, yet compassionate, logical and laconic wisdom, he was leading us to a source of strength and peace and joy which we were to draw upon when the Lord in His sovereign wisdom took Andy unto Himself in 1967. Six months to the day after Andy died, it was a Sunday in April, Chick called. "Joe," he said, "we now share one more thing in common. We have each lost a son." And he related to a benumbed Joe Stein how David had been killed in a climbing accident on Mount Washington. Joyce and I rushed to Betty and Chick's home, sharing out of our faith what we were able to including the format for the memorial service of thanksgiving for the life of our son which was adapted for David's memorial service. Tomorrow, April 28th, if my memory serves me correctly, is the thirteenth anniversary of David's death. It is fitting that we who are here gathered should remember David in a special way as well as Betsy, Allen, Norman and their families--each of whom has immeasurably enriched Betty's and Chick's life and borne out the same, "Train up a child in the way he should go and he will not depart from it."

Joyce and I know other lives that have been changed by this remarkable servant, Chick. Many are in this room. How fortunate that during his ministry of medicine our paths crossed and our friendship grew. Yes, it was indeed a time of crisis when we first met and Chick then as now makes no attempt to minimize crisis. On many days his last words to us would be, "Let's just take it one day at a time." The prayer of our family and I am sure of all the many friends here gathered for Chick is that he will take his own prescription as directed and that the Lord will grant Betty and him health and strength for the tasks yet ahead knowing that tribulation worketh patience and patience, experience, and experience, hope. Thank God ours is a sure hope.

JWD I now would like to see if there is any magic in the room that can turn on the lights for the portrait. We have a very special occasion now. Anybody in the corners there see anybody out in those wings that might be able to flip the lights on for us. Roland. Thank you. I would like to now introduce Dr. Hugh Lynn who has malignly been registered as the oldest living resident of Chick Koop. I would like to change that tonight and say the most experienced surgical resident of Chick Koop and his youngest, least experienced resident, Victor Garcia. Victor and Hugh, come forth.

HBL Can you all hear us? I have no speech and everybody wants to get home and we are now down to the really solemn part of it but before we do that I have to say two things: I have been tremendously moved tonight by the invocation. The last I knew of Norman, he was a four-year-old running down the corridor hunting for the bathroom that went with the rose bedroom in your home and he wasn't about to use any other. The second thing I hope you Koop kids know that the hardest thing your mother ever did was that speech tonight. Raising you kids was easy compared to getting up here and talking.

Now, Chick, you've heard it all so all we are going to do is present the portrait. It's a surprise to you and to me because I haven't seen it. I come here armed with a lot of notes. Let's see, Apartment 109, key under the mat, ring twice. No--don't knock over the easel. Oh, I received the same rude note Peter received except mine was even ruder. The name had been painted over with white ink eradicator and then my name had been typed in so obviously I cannot make a speech.

Now, Chick, I think before we go any further I should tell you that-- oh, it's good old Ev--Ross Laboratories has nothing to do with this presentation. This is a gift of love from your residents and there will be a

HBL little plaque attached to it which I should tell you Harry Bishop wrote which says "Presented with admiration, affection and gratitude by his former chief residents." Now, will all the residents please stand for a moment and be acknowledged. Come on, all of you on your feet for a second. Thank you. Now the only thing I don't want you to do is leave after this is over. Family hold back and let the other people get out and then come up and have your picture taken with good old Ev and his portrait. This is doubly dear because this gift is from people who know you so you have to accept it that way. Now, we will go from the ridiculous, meaning the ridiculous cynic, meaning I, to the sublime innocent, meaning Victor Garcia who is the present chief resident and he will take over from here.

Mr. Wood, will you please come up.

JWD Excuse me, could we ask that the center lights be turned off, please, sir. Roland. We want the center chandelier turned off and it is very important to get the proper effect here. Thank you, Sam.

VFG Thank you, Dr. Lynn. Representing the younger contingent of Dr. Koop's residents, I have elected tonight to share with you a somewhat more personal perception of Dr. Koop. These are emotions and feelings that he elicited in me during the course of conversations with him. In formal conversations which took place in his office, in the O.R. locker room, before or after a case, these were feelings of being overwhelmed early on in my experience with him by his physical presence, his carriage, his self-assuredness, feelings of being impressed and amazed at his pure genius in the art of surgery, feelings of pride, selfish pride in being associated with an individual who with the courage of his conviction,

VFG with a better perspective and free from moral pretensions, with untiring readiness has defended those too young and too old.

I suspect that all of Dr. Koop's trainees have experienced these sentiments in one form or the other, at one time or the other. I would also suppose that they will join me when I say that the two pervading sentiments that I have experienced are and will be respect and love.

My message is clear, my conclusion is unmistakable--to truly know C. Everett Koop is to respect and love him. It is with respect and love that your former and present residents present this portrait in your honor, Dr. Koop.

JWD Please lower the middle lights and turn on the spotlights in the front here. You had them right there. As soon as we get these lights adjusted right, Mr. Wood, I am going to introduce. Now there are some lights right up on the top here, Sir. You had them on just a second ago. The spotlights on the front. Now move them over. We're going to get there. That's it. A little bit more. One more. Now turn those two off and we got it.

And the President of the Children's Hospital . . . the Chairman of the Board of the Children's Hospital is Mr. Dick Wood, a dear friend of all of us and he will receive what the residents have provided for the Children's Hospital. Mr. Wood. . .

RDW This is an impossible act to follow. I first must accept this with the greatest pleasure. ~~One~~<sup>One Be</sup> half of the Board of Managers of the Children's Hospital and the entire hospital family, this magnificent picture of my good old friend. You know, it's kind of an unusual thought. The last

RDW time I was in his office, he taught me how to make Polish brandy by putting a stick of grass he was growing in his office into a bottle of vodka and it tastes awful. I've tried it. He's a great guy.

This is a great thing for the Children's Hospital to treasure. I guess the most reknowned child's surgeon in the world and we honor him and we thank the residents who gave us this picture and we thank Dr. Koop for being Dr. Koop. Thank you so much.

JWD I would like to ask the artist, Nelson Shanks, will you come forth just a moment, please, sir, and let everybody see you in the light. This is the artist that has done Chick's portrait. Nelson says that the cool blue lights that are shining on your picture now, may it be a symbol for you to take to Washington and keep your cool under all duress.

NS I just want to reiterate what an honor it is to know Chick Koop and all the supportive personnel, all his friends, and I thank everybody for this very opportunity and I hope that someday we get this painting in really good light. Thank you.

JWD For all of you out there that I promised a little time, I am sorry. I am now going to turn the floor over to our honoree, Dr. Koop.

CEK (After thirty seconds of applause)

Thank you for applauding to the only person you know who is so old that it takes an act of Congress to get him a job.

On this occasion of my retirement, I want you to know that I can live with my bifocals and to my dentures I am resigned, my hearing aid is essential, but I sure do miss my mind.

CEK I have to go through a few introductions as late as it is because they are so important. Dr. Harry Bishop has done a yeoman's task in getting together this past weekend. Most congresses like this in the scientific world have a paid secretary. We have a lot of secretaries but none of them were paid. Harry, I would like you to stand, I would like John and Peggy Duckett to stand, Louise, Jack, Mory has gone home with his new baby, Betty Smith, Eiko, Ruth Davenport, please stand up. You made this weekend possible. (We only received ten seconds of applause!) And let's not neglect Laura Dawson or Shirley Bonnem who have been in this from the beginning in the Department of Public Relations.

My wife has said an awful lot of things about me tonight that I knew that she felt and I know that it was hard for her to say these things. I just want to acknowledge the fact that if it had not been for<sup>the</sup> fact that she was there, I wouldn't be here tonight. I would like you to meet my family. I would like Betty to stand, my youngest daughter ~~Betsy~~ and Gordon, and I would like my second son Norman and Anne, my first son Allen and Carla. Then I have some other relatives here. These are the ones that really call me good old Ev, would you please stand up.

You've met my residents and I wish I could tell you something about each one of them individually. It's a strange thing that everytime you say goodbye to one in June, you know he will never be replaced by anyone nearly as good and yet somebody comes right in his place that does all the things he did and does them just as well and sometimes even better. And that doesn't mean that they get better and better but it does mean that we have had a remarkable series of blessings in the residents that we have had at the Children's Hospital of Philadelphia in surgery and I am grateful to you all for your friendship, for your service to me, and especially for this gift of the portrait to the Children's Hospital.

CEK            I have also been surrounded by a coterie of lifelong friends here at Children's Hospital. It would be very difficult to ask them all to get up but there are two people I would like to acknowledge--Jim Martindale and Laura Lyons have been with me for more than thirty years and I wish you would stand so we could see you. If you think that's a long time, Betty Smith and I arrived at the University of Pennsylvania on the same day in 1942.

              This was to be my retirement and I don't think you know the real story. Betty had seen some of my colleagues who had retired and she watched them grow older and more feeble and eventually all they did was to follow their wives around in the supermarket. And she called Ronald Reagan one night and she said, "This cannot happen to my husband," and after some conversations back and forth with Dick Schweiker, they finally decided that anything to prevent me from going to the supermarket was worthwhile and that's how I got the appointment as Surgeon General. But now instead of being a retirement, it's a kind of a farewell. It's a farewell to the University of Pennsylvania which has been my academic base and I have cherished that relationship and the surgical colleagues that I have known there and the pediatric colleagues as well and I have been very honored in recent years to have been granted a professorship in pediatrics by Jean Cortner as well as the one that I have held since 1959 in pediatric surgery. I also have to say goodbye in a sense to the institution that has occupied all of my professional life because the job that I have now is only the second job I have had in my life. I always thought my first job would be my last job and that is the way it was planned until I received the appointment to Washington.

              I have to say goodbye to my specialty also and it has been a great



CEK privilege to grow up with my specialty to be in on its early politics, on its innovative procedures, to meet the young people that grew up in pediatric surgery, to go through a time in my life when I knew every pediatric surgeon in the world by his first name, there are now too many for me to do that but I do recognize their faces and usually know their last names. I have to say goodbye to Philadelphia and this is not the land of my birth, but it is the land of my adoption. Until very, very recently I could always say Philadelphia was extraordinarily kind to me and I am going to ignore what happened recently in one of its newspapers. But I also will have to say goodbye to a number of friends. There are people here tonight who have come from four continents, seventeen countries, people here who have traveled from the West Coast just to be here tonight, many who have taken long automobile rides, and I want you to know that there is not a person in this room that I don't owe something to and that has not contributed in some way to anything that you might think that I have accomplished. I cannot say anything more to you than say thank you and God bless you.

I do have one announcement to make. I don't think it's premature and that is I think it is fairly certain that it has been decided who my successor will be and that is Dr. Jim O'Neill of Vanderbilt University. And to quote the Allstate advertisement that says you couldn't be in better hands, that's how I feel about the Children's Hospital and its pediatric surgical future. And, Jim, are you there? Jim, people said last night, "Chick Koop's shoes are going to be very hard to fill". I just want to tell you that they are not and I brought them with me. You can easily get into them. Good luck!

JWD            Thank you, Chick, for a wonderful evening. Thank everybody for coming and I have one set of keys up here for those that have forgotten them. Please do not forget the daisies and the pink slip underneath the saucers and Godspeed and blessing to you, Chick, in your job.

              Be sure that the residents come forth. All of Chick's residents, please stay.