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Web site: www.huntbotanical.org

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About the Institute

The Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation, a research division of Carnegie Mellon University, specializes in the history of botany and all aspects of plant science and serves the international scientific community through research and documentation. To this end, the Institute acquires and maintains authoritative collections of books, plant images, manuscripts, portraits and data files, and provides publications and other modes of information service. The Institute meets the reference needs of botanists, biologists, historians, conservationists, librarians, bibliographers and the public at large, especially those concerned with any aspect of the North American flora.

Hunt Institute was dedicated in 1961 as the Rachel McMasters Miller Hunt Botanical Library, an international center for bibliographical research and service in the interests of botany and horticulture, as well as a center for the study of all aspects of the history of the plant sciences. By 1971 the Library's activities had so diversified that the name was changed to Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation. Growth in collections and research projects led to the establishment of four programmatic departments: Archives, Art, Bibliography and the Library.

61 Grandview Avenue
Rye, New York, U.S.A.
Saturday, 29 October 1960

Dear Cousin Wilson,

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I have been trying to investigate possibilities under the Fulbright Program (Public Law 584 -- 79th Congress), the Inter-American Cultural Convention, and the Smith-Mundt Act (Public Law 402 -- 80th Congress).

I can't find Guatemala listed under any of these programs of lecturing, study, or advanced research abroad. The closing dates for application run anywhere from April 25 to November 1, 1960, and I should have started to work on this angle last spring. It takes about 2½ weeks to fill out all the forms. Under the Smith-Mundt Program, a foreign university can request a lectureship when there are dollar funds to support it, which ~~xxx~~ request the United States Foreign Service Post forwards to the Department of State, which asks candidates to be nominated by the Committee on International Exchange of Persons, Conference Board of Associated Research Councils, 2101 Constitution Ave., Washington 25, D.C.

My basic difficulty is that I do not have the doctoral degree at this time of application: I spent the summer writing my thesis, instead of filling out applications; I am now trying to complete it and receive the degree this winter.

There are also teacher exchange opportunities under these same international educational exchange programs of the U.S. Department of State, but which (1) do not mention Guatemala; (2) "Elementary and secondary school teachers and college teachers holding the rank of instructor or assistant professor are eligible to apply. Associate and full professors are not eligible to participate in this program."

For graduate study abroad, "Preference is given to applicants between 20 and 35 years of age." I shall be 44 on 4 June 1961.

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How much would it cost to live there? What housing is available? What would the children do about school (Ellen in 6th grade, Tommy in 3rd grade)? Is it possible to drive down through Mexico? (We have a 1951 Chevrolet station wagon). What is your opinion in general and in particular about desirability of our spending a year there? Ruthie's brother-in-law, Hollis Nichols, is a Trustee of Roxbury Latin School, whose headmaster Fred Weed has a home in Antigua which you look after, I think Helen told me when I saw her in San Francisco 26 Aug. 1957. Maybe a house like that would be available? Or could you use a family of custodians for the house of Dr. Luis de las Infantas Mendoza y Venegas?

P.S. I enclose a copy of my Resume, in case you should think of any effective way to use it.

West St. H. Dick

RESUME

RICHARD STEARNS BOWMAN

Associate Professor of Comparative Literature, Department of Humanities, Schools of Engineering, Art, and Architecture, The Cooper Union, Cooper Square, New York 3, New York.
Telephone: Algonquin 4-6300
Home: 61 Grandview Avenue, Rye, New York. Telephons: WOODBINE 7-6160.

VITAL STATISTICS

Born 4 June 1917, White Plains, New York (U.S.A. citizen).
Health excellent; 5'7" tall; weight 140 pounds; brown hair; brown eyes.
Married 1948; wife an editor/writer; 2 children: daughter 10, son 7.
Member since 1950 Religious Society of Friends (Quakers).

EDUCATION

Public schools, Newton, Massachusetts, 1921-1934.
B.S., Haverford College, Haverford, Pennsylvania, 1938
German major; English and French minors
Junior Year at University of Munich, Germany, 1936-1937
Graduate study, Columbia University, New York, Dept. of English, 1938-39, 1946-
All requirements completed for Ph.D. in Comparative Literature except nearly finished dissertation: "Scientific travel-literature of the naturalists: a focus on the interplay of science and romanticism in English, French, and German lit."
Fields offered for matriculation examination: Romantic period in England, France, Germany; Goethe; Victorian period in England; Medieval period in England, France, Germany.

EMPLOYMENT

The Cooper Union: Instructor in English and German, 1939-49; Assistant Professor of Comparative Literature, 1949-57; Associate Professor, 1957- ; Director of Dramatics, 1948- ; research assistant to president, 1946-51; Chairman, American Cultural History course.

FOREIGN LANGUAGE ABILITIES

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PROFESSIONAL SOCIETIES

Modern Language Association (local committee for arrangements, 1958 annual meeting).
College English Association (Consultant, C.E.A. Institutes; Nominating Committee, 1960- ; President, Greater New York Regional, 1959 -).
American Society for Engineering Education. American Association of University Professors.
New York Haverford Society (Vice-President, 1949-51; President, 1951-53).
National Council of Teachers of English. Conference on College Composition & Communication.
American Studies Association. English Graduate Union, Columbia University.

PUBLICATIONS

Articles on Jeremias Gotthelf and Berthold Auerbach, Collier's New Internat. Encyclopedia.
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December, 1958 received Shell Assist Award of \$750. from Shell Companies Foundation, Inc., in recognition of development of a project-type course in American cultural history in which senior engineering students experience the relationship to each other of American literature, history, drama, art, music, and philosophy by field trips, special reports, and class discussion.
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MILITARY SERVICE

Active duty, U. S. Naval Reservé, 17 Sept. 1941 - 28 Dec. 1945, from Apprentice Seaman to Lieutenant, with honorable release to inactive duty. Besides shore duty in Chicago and Seattle, sea duty in Pacific on USS Minneapolis and USS Rawlins, included: German desk, Naval Intelligence, San Francisco, Jan. - Oct. 1942;
 French Liaison Officer for Admiral Halsey, Commander South Pacific, Noumea, New Caledonia, December, 1942 - June, 1944;
 German and French interpreter, U.S. Naval Technical Mission in Europe (largely in Paris, Germany, Austria), June - November 1945.

MISCELLANEOUS EXPERIENCE AND COMMUNITY ACTIVITIES

Haverford College: accompanist, glee club; Cap and Bells Club (dramatic); editorial staff, literary magazine and yearbook.
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 Brooklyn Friends School, 110 Schermorn Street, Brooklyn, New York

61 Grandview Avenue
Rye, New York
Saturday, 31 December 1960

Dr. Wilson Popenoe
Calle de la Noblessa #2
or Primera Av. Sur. Num. 2
Antigua, Guatemala, Central America

AIR MAIL - REGISTERED -
RETURN RECEIPT REQUESTED

Dear Cousin Wilson,

From Gainesville, Florida on 17 December, Hugh wrote me that the above was your correct address, so I hope that you will receive this letter. It is hard for me to believe that you did receive my letter of 29 October, of which I enclose a copy. I know that I imposed a lot of dense prose and requests for information upon you, but I am sure that you are frank and forthright enough to have simply told me that it was an undue imposition, rather than to have left the letter unanswered if you had received it. It is such an undue imposition, I must apologize for bringing it to your attention again in this attempt to find out whether or not you received it.

On 2 December I talked with Russell Tuttle, head of the Foreign Personnel Office, American Friends Service Committee, 160 North 15th Street, Philadelphia 2, Pennsylvania, and with Marty Dixon, same address, in charge of their Latin American program. Ed Duckles, in Mexico City, is in charge of the Ex AFSC Latin American program in the field. There is a possibility that I could be sent next year to Guatemala City to work with their VISA program - which I think stands for Volunteer International Student Apprentices. The job would involve finding openings in Guatemala City for "internes" in industry and business to be filled by young men and women from countries all over the world. Descriptions of these openings would go to AFSC in Philadelphia, which would assign the young people to them. Then I would have the task of relating the internship work to the AFSC. Beforehand, in the summer of '61 there might be possibility of leading a work camp in Mexico City.

However, this position needed to be filled about 2 months ago, and I wouldn't be available until July 1st. And AFSC wants people who can give 2 years, rather than 1 year, so that they have more chance to get roots into a country, know the people, language, problems.

At Modern Language Association convention in Philadelphia this week, I discovered that Guatemala did come under Smith-Mundt program this year, and there might be possibility for next year. I am applying.

Otherwise, time is whipping by so fast that I may have to put off the idea of taking sabbatical in 1961-62, and take it in 1962-63 instead. It takes a fearful amount of time to gather information, make plans. And I really can't apply to Cooper Union for sabbatical after January, as Cooper Union needs 6 months' notice to plan my replacement.

Bill Krome on his Christmas card from Homestead, Florida, said that he had a visit last spring from 3 Doctors Popenoe - you, Hugh, & John.

My Christmas card to Sally was turned marked "MOVED - NO ADDRESS." I sent it to Mr. and Mrs. Edmund P. Halley, Jr., 1843 Concord Avenue, Stockton, California. What is their address? I do feel for their problems. Now I must rush this to the postoffice before it closes. Much love to you and Cousin Helen.

Antigua Guatemala, 9 January 1961

Dear Dick:

I have found it very hard to answer your letter of 29 October - and the one of 31 December just received, because I cannot clarify your situation in my own mind. I will say this much at the start: clean up that PH D business before you do anything else. Then, as to the sabbatical, I think you must face - and doubtless have faced - these two sides of the matter. Do you insist on going where you will have an American school (i.e., a school teaching in the English language, or would you be happy to go somewhere and live comfortably and cheaply, devote your time to pursuing some interesting subject, and have the kids really learn a foreign language?

I would of course choose the latter course, and I would go to Mexico or southern Spain - and I can't see why it should worry you in least that the Spaniards are Catholics and have a dictator. As for the poverty that is to your advantage as it makes living cheap. We spent eight months on the Mediterranean coast of Spain and never enjoyed life more. You could go to the region of Malaga (not to the suburb Torremolinos which is a pure tourist hangout) live very comfortably on the money you say you will have. You could also consider Mexico, not Cuernavaca but some place like Orizaba or Oaxaca or San Cristobal last Casas. As for being afraid of Aix en Provence, because of the terrible mistral, I would vastly prefer facing twenty five mistrals than one winter in Rye.

As for getting work abroad, I think there are real possibilities here in tropical America if you can tie in your sabbatical with a school year down here - and they vary from country to country. I would first of all approach the Inter-American Schools Service at Washington, which always seems to be in need of American teachers for primary and secondary schools - and I would particularly have in mind Guatemala and Salvador and Costa Rica and Ecuador. But you should expect to find cheap living in connection with a job in any of these American schools. Modern houses are scarce and you would not be satisfied with anything else; and unless you adjust yourselves to living off the country - if you go to the supermarkets and buy States canned goods, you will spend more money than you are spending at Rye. Gringos down here in the Embassies and the ICA have upset the old manner of things considerably; raised the rentals, raised servants wages, and insist on having milk and even bread flown down from Miami, sometimes.

You are right in exploring the possibilities of govt jobs in this part of the world, but as you say, they usually insist on one's planning for two years. So if you want my advice, it is this: I would go to Mexico (because you can take your car there) and settle down in a pleasant climate and see that the kids learned Spanish and learned it well. You might prefer the outskirts of Mexico City, to be within reach of the libraries and other sources of information.

Sally's address is Box 705, Al Tahoe, California. Ed has built a house there, near his brother; I don't know just what he is going to do and I don't think he does either.

Ever yours,

Cousin Hugh Popense ✓

61 Grandview Avenue
Rye, New York 10580
Monday, 27 July 1964

To all the Bowman-Burleson-Pomeroy-Popense, etc. relatives of
ABIGAIL MARION BURLESON, born 7 August 1869

Aunt Abbie, Cousin Abbie, GrandAbbie, or whatever you call her, will celebrate her
95th BIRTHDAY ON FRIDAY, 7 AUGUST 1964

You can send a birthday message to her: Mrs. C. E. Kelsey
c/o T. M. Patterson
402 Whitehead Circle
Chapel Hill, North Carolina 27514

Quote from 24 July letter to RSB from Allan Willard Burleson, P.O.Box 103,
Sandpoint, Idaho 83864:

"You may recall that on 'GrandAbbie's' Ninetieth Birthday there was a numerous
mail for her. Then she requested we soft-pedal the event a couple of years, for
she felt that she hadn't the strength to write personal notes to acknowledge all the
greetings before she'd have to start on her Christmas list.

"But now comes her NINETY-FIFTH. And surely we should remember it and
not necessarily expect any personally written note of acknowledgement from her.
More power to you. I do hope the efforts succeed in a representative list of greetings
from the Bowman, Pomeroy, Popense, etc. relatives she's loved so long and seen so
many times in Vista, Redwood City, San Jose, San Francisco, etc."

Quote from 22 July letter to Allan Burleson from Mary Electa Kelsey Patterson:

"Imperceptibly mother has slacked off in her writing of notes ... We had the Dr. --
yesterday because I thought Mother had been staying in bed much oftener lately --
but he can find nothing really wrong with her -- pulse and blood pressure and heart
all quite steady -- except, of course, the arthritis and cataracts. He says she is
diagnosing herself very well when she insists she is 'not sick - just tired,' and he
says that probably the climate, with humidity & heat, are having their effect on her,
in spite of the air-conditioner we have in her room, which keeps the hall and bathroom
cool, as well as her room. She does go with us in the car for short rides one or two
days a week -- but dressing is so exhausting that she spends a day in bed recuperating,
each time she goes out. She is always planning to write letters but somehow takes a
nap instead. ... She is not uncomfortable and rather enjoys going over her memories.
.. She reads the headlines of the papers, but her eyes won't take any more. ..."

Until August 21st the RSB's are not really at permanent address, upper right corner:

Richard: 1045 John Jay Hall, Columbia University, NY, NY 10027 (writing)
Ruth: %Mrs. L.W. Baker, 88 Bellevue St., West Roxbury, Mass. 02132 (her mother, age 88)
Ellen (age 14): Med-O-Lark Camp for Girls, Washington, Maine
Tommy (age 11): Medomak Camp for Boys, Washington, Maine
Come see us, and we'll tell you about our 1962-63 year as Fulbright Lecturer in American
Studies, International People's College, Elsinore, Denmark. In Sept. I become Acting
Chairman, Dept. of Humanities, The Cooper Union, New York City.

Dad & Ann's address: Dr. Karl M. Bowman, Alaska Psychiatric Institute,
2900 Providence Avenue, Anchorage, Alaska 99504.

Love to all the scattered clans,

Richard S. Bowman

Could you please send enclosed copy
to my father if he can wait with you?
Dich

Cousin Wilson ✓

61 Grandview Avenue
Rye, New York 10580
Monday, 27 July 1964

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2900 Providence Avenue, Anchorage, Alaska 99504.

Love to all the scattered clans,

Dick
Richard S. Bowman

BOWMAN FAMILY ADDRESSES (15 January 1965)

Mrs. Murdock S. Bowman (Jeanne), Janet, Carol, and Elizabeth Ann
c/o Mrs. J. L. Hughes (Elizabeth, her sister)
241 Shoshone Drive
San Jose, California ~~XXXXXX~~ (408) 259-6884

Professor and Mrs. Richard S. Bowman (Ruth), Ellen, & Thomas Elliot IV
(r) 61 Grandview Avenue (b) Associate Professor of Comparative Literature
Rye, New York 10580 Department of Humanities
(914) WOODBINE 7-6160 The Cooper Union, Cooper Square, NY, NY 10003
(212) ALGONQUIN 4-6300

Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Elliot Bowman III (Mary Jo), Judy, Kathy, & Susy
(r) 13210 Magellan Avenue (b) Division of Marine Invertebrates, Assoc. Curator
Rockville, Maryland National Museum (Smithsonian Institution), Rm. 1B1
(301) WHITEHALL 6-8853 Washington, D.C. (202) 381-~~5222~~ 5259

Miss Judith Stearns Bowman (sophomore, University of California)
2615 Parker Street
Berkeley, California (415) 845-7128

Dr. and Mrs. Walter Murdock Bowman (Patricia), Leslie, Carson, Shannon, Jamie Pat, & Cameron
(r) 970 Chapman Street (b) Associated Anesthesiologists Medical Group
San Jose 26, California 93 North 14th Street
(408) CHERRY 3-1009 San Jose, California 95112
(408) CYPRESS 3-7780

Dr. and Mrs. Karl Murdock Bowman (Ann)
(r) 3831 Market Street (b) Director of Mental Health, State of Alaska
San Francisco 14, California Director, Alaska Psychiatric Institute
(415) VALENCIA 4-3355 2900 Providence Avenue
(house is rented, and occupied Anchorage, Alaska 99504
by tenants) (ask for operator) FEDERAL 3-1622
(residence is on the hospital grounds)

Dear Cousin Wilson,

19 January 1965

I have never been able to put into words to you the grief and sympathy I felt when Helen passed away - I felt such a warm and lively response to her and know how very much she meant to you. So now I know how you're feeling as you receive this sad news of our sudden and violent loss of Murdock.

Tom and May Jo, Wally, and I were in Downey, Illinois with Jeanne and the girls Sat.-Tues. Jan. 9-12. Dad and Ann flew down from Alaska to join us all in San Francisco Thursday - Sunday. Paul Popenco, Jr. attended the Friday afternoon memorial service, as did many Burlinson's husband, Al Lewis.

Dad is taking it fairly hard, but very fortunately has much important work in Alaska to plunge back into-

We thought of you particularly on Saturday morning,
when we pored through albums of old family pictures,
and saw some fine ones of you.

Wish we could get together some time and share
our experiences of 1962-63 Fulbright lectureship in
American Studies in Elsinore, Denmark.

Love,

Richard/Dick

MURDOCK STEARNS BOWMAN

15 January 1921 (White Plains, New York-----) 69 January 1965 (Downey, Illinois)

As we think of Murdock Stearns Bowman, let us fill the aching emptiness of our sudden loss by remembering the things he loved.

---He loved music. His boyhood violin teacher in Newton, Massachusetts, Miss Fife, always said that if his family had been poor Italians, he would have been encouraged to become a concert violinist -- he had the feeling, the technique, the ability to become one. Those same agile long fingers his father always felt were those of a surgeon. Italian opera was his favorite music: with what enthusiasm he listened to a fine performance, and how his sense of perfect pitch was offended by a flat tone. To the end of his life he treasured the fine old violin on which he had learned as a boy.

---He loved the out-of-doors. A painting of the Mojave Desert outside Palm Springs, California, hangs in his living room. Fishing was perhaps his first and longest attachment to nature. With wife, 3 daughters, and trailer he relished camping across the country. He loved the 454 acres of stream and redwoods, steep hills and orchard at Mamwab Manor on the edge of Mount Madonna County Park in Gilroy, California. A night in sleeping-bag outdoors to rise before dawn for the start of the deer season was a joy in itself, even though the quarry successfully eluded him. His natural coordination in physical sport showed when he played baseball at Kent School, Connecticut, and later at Haverford College, Pennsylvania, where he is still remembered as a leading member of the wrestling team. The outdoors must be part of his home, where there were always cherished dogs, cats, a duck, or a parakeet. We smile at the memory of a poem he wrote for school one time:

I have a little dog
His name is Fritz
He isn't a collie
He isn't a spitz
I think he is a lapdog
He laps me all the time
He laps me on the hands and face
And laps off all the grime.

---He loved children. Not only his daughters, Janet (16), Carol (almost 13), and Betsy (11), to whom he was a very companionable father, but also his 8 nieces and 2 nephews . . . and all children everywhere. He would have been a fine pediatrician.

---He loved his family. On December 13, 1947, he married Jeanne Seelar of Erie, Pennsylvania, a nurse at U. S. Naval Hospital, St. Albans, Long Island, New York, where they were both stationed. He never spoke a word about Jeanne except in praise and loyalty. He was proud and fond, too, of his psychiatrist father, Karl Murdock Bowman, deeply devoted to his musical mother, Eliza Stearns Bowman, and rejoiced in the way in which his three brothers, Richard, Thomas, and Walter, despite many a spirited family argument, could stand together in time of need, as they do today.

---He loved the natives of Saipan, where for two years he was in charge of Navy medical care for natives in this part of the Pacific Trust Territories, a responsible job which he acquitted capably under great stringencies of budget, personnel, and materials. He published papers on Tuberculosis in the Marianas, and on the Chomorro and Karaka Languages. He was one of the very few doctors who ever learned Chomorro and could take a medical history in it. He wanted to understand the culture, the thoughts and feelings of the Chomorros; protruding bristles could not deter him from ~~xxxxxx~~ squatting to share a dinner of roast pig with them.

---He loved his teaching at the University of California, where he taught pathology every Monday for six years. He was proud of and very interested in his students and their subsequent careers. Just last June he was promoted to Assistant Clinical Professor of Pathology.

---Kent School had instilled a lasting love of Shakespeare in him, and the most likely quotation you would hear him say was from Hamlet or another play of the Bard.

As a boy growing up in Newton Center, Massachusetts, he had a dash and quality of exploit and warmth of attached for varied types of young and old which endeared him especially to his friends.

From Newton to Kent School, Connecticut (after his family moved to New York), and then to Haverford College, Pennsylvania, for pre-medical major. Leaving after his junior year to enter New York University Medical School, he had the tough job of competing with students who had taken one more year of advanced courses, and of taking stiff courses for which he had to study the prerequisites on his own on the side. It was too much, and he had to repeat one year. But he stuck to it, despite the temptations in a nation at war to take the easier way out and enlist in the armed forces with an accolade of patriotism. And he was a leader in founding a new medical school fraternity chapter at N. Y. U.

During his junior and senior years he voluntarily went one night a week without sleep to work as an undergraduate on the accident ward at Knickerbocker Hospital, where he subsequently took his internship. Named Murdock for Scotch forbears who once aided Robert Bruce in his struggle for freedom, he had always been nicknamed "Docky." But at med school, everybody was "Doc," and his nickname became "Butch."

He had gone through NYU Medical School as a member of the V-12 Program in the U.S. Naval Reserve. After completing his civilian internship, he began his Naval duty, first with a tour at U.S. Naval Hospital, St. Albans, Long Island. There he met and married Jeanne Seelar, in a ceremony at Kent School, Connecticut, with his brother Richard in Naval uniform as best man.

Then followed two-year stints at Saipan, Mariana Islands; Oak Knolls Naval Hospital, Oakland, California; and Corpus Christi, Texas. He had joined the regular Navy by now, and it was from this that he resigned, wanting to make his mark on his own. At Oakland Veterans Administration Hospital as a civilian, he completed the requirements and passed his Board Examinations to become a specialist in pathology. Here in the pathology lab you really found the measurable truth in the battle between disease and health, and here was where he wanted to make his contribution in the service of medicine to mankind. How proud he was of a well-organized and operating blood-bank, or of successfully interpreting through the microscope the slide of a frozen cross-section, while surgeons and patient waited in the operating room.

He continued his work in pathology at Peralta Hospital in Oakland, and at the Livermore Veterans Administration Hospital, living now in a lovely ranch home in Orinda, California. In October, 1954, Murdock and his family moved to Downey, Illinois, where he had been promoted to head of the laboratories in the largest U. S. Veterans Administration Hospital in the United States.

When he died suddenly on January 9, 1965, the Hospital Director, W. N. Bourke, M.D., wrote: "I hope it will be some consolation to you, not only to know that he served his country in time of war, but also that he was still serving the nation by caring for sick and disabled veterans up to the time of his death."

Memorial services were conducted by the Reverend Samuel Wright of Starr-King Divinity School, Berkeley, at Daphne's Funeral Home on Market Street, San Francisco (a beautiful redwood building designed by Frank Lloyd Wright) at 3 P.M. on Friday, 15 January 1965, which would have been Murdock's 44th birthday. His ashes, flown from Chicago, will rest in U.S. National Cemetery, San Bruno, California, on a green hillside where the winds from the blue Pacific blow clouds across the open sky toward San Francisco Bay. We feel he would like to be remembered by contributions to the Kent School Alumni Fund, Kent, Connecticut.

BOWMAN FAMILY ADDRESSES (as of 28/X/68)

DR. KARL Murdock (4/XI/88) (r.) 3831 Market St., San Francisco, Calif. 94131
 Mrs. Anna Lowrey (27/II/13) (415) Valencia 4-3355
 (ranch) Newb Manor, Gilroy, Calif. 95020

RICHARD Stearns (4/VI/17) (r) 61 Grandview Ave., Rye, NY 10580 (914) WO 7-6160
 Ruth Baker (10/IV/16) (Prof. H. Libera) (b) Assoc. Prof. Comp. Lit., Humanities Dept., The Cooper Union,
 Thomas Elliot IV (8/IV/53) (h. S. S. S. S.) Cooper Square, NY, NY 10003 (212) AL 4-6300, ext. 736
 Ellen Rudge (23/II/50).....Pouch Hall, Room 416, American International College, (freshman)
 Springfield, Mass. 01109 (413) 739-8337

DR. THOMAS Elliot, III (21/X/18) National Institute of Oceanography (1/X-25/XI/68)
 Indian Ocean Biological Center, Cochin 18, India

Mary Jo Coogan (31/VIII/20) teacher in Maryland schools
 Judith Stearns (1/IV/45).....Americas-Lao Associates, Vientiane, Laos
 Kathleen Isabelle (10/X/47)...junior, music & philosophy, U.C., Berkeley
 address: 2727 East St., Berkeley, Calif. 94704 (no tel.)
 Susan Abbott Bowman (20/IX/50)...freshman, Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387
 (cooper job, Nat. Insti. of Mental Health, living home until 31 Dec)
 (r) 13210 Magellan Ave., Rockville, Md. 10853 (301) Whitehall 6-8853
 (b) Curator Invertebrate Marine Biology, Smithsonian Institution/
 National Museum, Washington, D.C. (202) 381-5782

JEANNE Seelar (Mrs. Murdock) (4/I/21) mail: P.O. Box 7, Orinda, Calif. 94563
 home: 1721 Magnolia Way, Walnut Creek, Calif. 94596 (415) 939-8126

Janet Elliot (4/I/49)....sophomore, Diablo Valley College, Concord, Calif. 94522
 Carol(yn) Abbott (14/II/52)...junior, high school
 Betsy (Elisabeth Ann) (19/XII/53)...freshman, Carondelet School, Concord, Calif. 94522

DR. WALTER Murdock (3/VI/25) (r) 970 Chapman St., San Jose, Calif. 95126 (408) Cherry 3-1009
 (b) Assoc. Anesthesiologists Med. Group, 93 North 14th St.,
 San Jose, Calif. 95112 (408) Cypress 3-7780

Pat(ricia) Sanvidge (25/VII/28)
 Leslie Irene (4/IX/52)
 Carson Jean (24/X/53)
 Shannon Ruth (9/VI/55)
 Jamie Pat (5/VIII/57)
 Cameron Kennard (20/VII/63)

Ann + Karl Bowman celebrate his 80th birthday
 with cocktails on Sunday, 3 Nov. 1968, 5:30-8:30 PM
 at 3831 Market St.
 Tues. 28 Oct. 1968

Dear Cousin Wilson,
 Dad would enjoy hearing from you, I know
 Walt + Pat + 5 grandchildren; Joann + 3 grandchildren;
 + Kathy Bowman will be there. I suppose Paul Jr.
 + Norma Osence. Dad is flourishing! Says
 it is easier to be 80 than 40. This also to Hank, Nancy,
 Ann sending these 5 copies.
 Love, Ellen + Tony Jim
 Richard

S. Our dining room full of mahogany chairs reminds us of your study

61 Grandview Avenue
Rye, New York 10580
(914) 967-6160
Wednesday, 25 April 1973

Dear Cousin Wilson,

Paul Popenoe, Jr. told us in San Francisco, when he was out there from March 5th to 11th, that he had talked with his father on the telephone, and that he was onroute to visit you, and would bring you the news of my father's death. I thought you might like to have the enclosed program of the memorial service which we held for Dad at Langley Porter Clinic on Saturday morning, March 10th, which Paul and Norma attended. In the 3rd page of my remarks for the family, you'll notice that I referred to the fact that Pab is a member of the First Unitarian Church of San Francisco, the pastor of which, Rev. Harry B. Scholefield, conducted the service - and very well, too. I felt it was important that Popenoes be represented there, for Dad felt closer to you, probably, than to anybody* else in the world, especially since he lost his own brother back in 1917. At top of page 2 you'll notice reference to Ruth's and my son, Thomas Elliot Bowman IV, who spent 3 summers ago with his grandfather.

For 25 years I've told Ruth that someday we must visit you and Antigua. This deeply affecting experience makes me certain that I do not wish to postpone any longer. You need not fear burden of hospitality: I've already written to: Antigua Hotel, Aurora, Posada Belem, Hosteria El Alcazar Casa de Murua, Rancho Nimajay, Casa Real (pension), Pension Rojas, Posada Santa Rosa, and El Cortijo in Ciudad Viejo. Your suggestions are welcome as to which one of these or some other one is preferable.

We are trying to arrange to get United Fruit ship (subsidiary of United Brands!) in Albany, NY end of first week in July. Arrive 5 days later in Puerto Cortes. Maybe spend a day there at the Ronassari Motel, visit the Castillo de San Fernando. Then take riverboat, train or bus to San Pedro Sula. Fly from there to Guatemala City. Get bus out to Antigua. We thought of flying back (Ruth has 4 weeks vacation from Rye Free Reading Room, where she is a librarian), via Merida, Yucatan; Mexico City; and New Orleans, Louisiana, where neither of us has ever been.

I may also try to follow up on some of the travels of Alexnader von Humboldt in Mexico.

Although we don't want to impose on your hospitality, we do want to see you. So if you're going to be away for part or all of July, please do let us know. We can arrange itinerary to tour else where while you're away from Antigua.

I'm sure that an exchange of correspondence will now be involved, so will save all the chit-chat for next letter and get this one in the mail. Actually, the list of Bowman family addresses summarizes all our family news in brief.

How are you? I rust you to speak frankly, so that our visit is a mutual pleasure, not a complication or a burden.

Obviously, I am eager to follow any suggestions you have for our trip out of your life-time; of experience in the area.

Peace and love,

Richard
Richard S. Bowman

Encl

A MESSAGE FROM THE BOWMAN FAMILY

in memory of KARL MURDOCK BOWMAN
Topoka, Kansas, 4 November 1888 --
San Francisco, California, 2 March 1973

spoken at the memorial service in the Auditorium of Langley Porter Neuro-
psychiatric Institute, Saturday, 10 March 1973 at 10:00 a. m.
by Professor Richard Stearns Bowman

+++++

It is fitting that today's service for Karl Bowman, our father, grand-
father, husband, and friend, take place on the slopes of Mount Suro on an
avenue known as Parnassus. Parnassus was a mountain in central Greece
sacred to Apollo and the muses. Apollo was the god of many things vital
to Dad: poetry, music - the lyre was sacred to him, the wisdom of the
oracles, medicine - he was the god of healing and father of Asclepius,
pastoral pursuits - he was originally god of shepherds, flocks and herds,
beekeepers, and animals of the wild country. Dad always called his sons
"the four howling hyenas." What words could be more poignant to a psychia-
trist than those inscribed over the entrance to the Temple of Apollo at
Delphi: "Know Thyself." And finally, Apollo was the god of light - as
Helios, the sun god, bringer of light and morning.

Every winter morning over the newspaper on his breakfast table, Dad
could look out from Twin Peaks, and see the bright lights of the city
twinkle, and the necklace of the Oakland-Bay Bridge, leading out to the
Navy Officers Club on Yerba Buena Island. Then at 6:30 a.m. the sun rises
behind the East Bay hills, up over Mount Diablo and the campanile on the
U. C. campus. And now we can see San Francisco Bay, and the very spot where
I helped navigate the USS RAWLINS to anchorage on returning from landing
the 1st Marines on Okinawa on April 1st, 1945. Judy Bowman Janosko, his
first grandchild, born that day, is here with us now.

The sun is now bright enough so that we can see down into the back
yard and garden of 3831 Market Street, red and white and gleaming with
bricks and mortar and pipe-railings. Who would understand our father
must look and ponder long on those brick walls and walks, his own hanging
gardens wonder of the world. What made him attempt the herculean labor of
converting the steep hills of San Francisco into the flat plains of his
native Kansas? Brick by brick. Every Bowman has worked on that wall at
one time or another since 1942. There are old bricks and new bricks and
fake bricks and concrete building blocks and various stones in that wall.
Woe to anyone who attempted to swerve from his own stubborn plans, however
eccentric and improvised. During World War II, Dad refused to exempt
himself from general sacrifice for the war by applying for a special gas
ration card as hospital director and doctor of medicine. But when I came
home from the Navy, he used my military rest leave gasoline coupons for
trips to scavenge up more bricks.

He started at the bottom to build a flight of steps up the hill, then
for variety, interrupted to start at the top to build the steps downward
to meet. They met all right, but with a giant step over two feet high.
Nothing daunted, he built a little brick excursion around the giant step.

"Well, now, Dad," I said when I visited last June, "what kind of gate
are you going to put in the fence at the top?" "Gate!" he exclaimed, in
some alarm. "What do I want a gate for?" "So that people who got to the
top of the stairs can get out onto Market Street, and vice versa."

"Well, that's just what I don't want. If I put a gate there, then people will start going up and down those stairs and through the garden." I invite you all to look over the unbroken fence line at the stairs.

One episode is recalled by Thomas Elliot Bowman IV, who spent the summer with his grandfather three years ago. When the City of San Francisco widened Market Street and installed the center divider, a highway engineer came to #3831 and asked Dad, "Besides the sidewalk in front of your house, we can fill in the rest with either grass or cement. Which do you want?" "Why, cement, of course!" replied Dad immediately. And then he added, half amused, half baffled: "What kind of choice is that?" Incidentally, an awful lot of chunks of old Market Street were squirreled off and incorporated in that wall.

Two masons who last June helped out to give Dad a sense of completion about this back yard, told me, "Your father is a frustrated mason." Well, he sure liked to build, even if the dream to others might seem impossible. Evelyn Stearns, now Mrs. Merle Reese, his long-time secretary at Langley Porter, when I talked to her on the telephone in Pacific Palisades this week, recalled how she would be out working in the garden with my mother. To their consternation, there would be my father, moving along behind them, laying bricks over the garden beds they had just prepared for flowers.

Those professional masons worried me a little: if the brickwork got finished, wouldn't that inhibit Dad's zest for life? So I was heartened when I flew from New York to San Francisco last Monday evening, to see little piles of bricks around the garden. Obviously, Dad had had more plans, right up to the end.

But then my brother Tom arrived from Washington Tuesday, and told me that he placed those brick cairns there himself last Christmas. Dad suffered from Polycythemia, and it was necessary periodically to drain off some of the excess red corpuscles he was creating and relieve the strain on his heart. Then Dad heard that Dr. Ione Railton was taking this blood home and putting it in her garden. Dad's Yankee parsimony and practicality triumphed over his generous affection and appreciation for Dr. Railton. "Why! That's my blood! And if it's good for Dr. Railton's garden, it's good for my own." The bricks were placed over the blood burial spots to keep Penny, the Vizsla dog, from digging it up.

This gives me a chance to express to Dr. Ione Railton our infinitely deep appreciation for all the care she has given our mother and father over the years. She tells me that Dad was one of the dearest patients she ever had: he never argued, and until the end, he always did what she told him. This relationship of non-argument and obedience is one that none of the rest of his family ever achieved with him. It says a lot, that he knew how to be a good patient as well as a good doctor. Over the 'phone from a couple of thousand miles away, it was always a comfort to be told that Dr. Railton had just been there, or was there, or was due there. Ann tells me that in Alaska, Dad's personal doctor used to say, "My, that old codger of a doctor you have back in San Francisco sure does a wonderful job for you." Dad replied that Dr. Ione Railton was a very young, attractive woman, but in Alaska they continued to say, "That old codger sure does a wonderful job for you."

The family wish to express their thanks to Dr. Alexander Simon, who regretted deeply his inability to be here today, but whose devotion and thoughtfulness through the years are expressed in every single arrangement here today. His secretary, Mrs. Ruth Millerton, and all the staff at Langley Porter, could not have been more helpful. All the speakers deserve appreciation for attempting to express immeasurable thoughts and emotions in less than five minutes, but especially Leo and Bea Orenstein, who flew here from New York just for this.

Perhaps this is the right time to express our thanks and share with you the telegram sent to Mrs. Karl Bowman on Tuesday, March 6th by the AMERICAN PSYCHIATRIC ASSOCIATION, unsigned, but presumably there was a hand in it by Walter Barton, Executive Secretary, and Frank Broceland, Editor, APA Journal:

WE HAVE JUST LEARNED TODAY OF KARL'S DEATH LAST FRIDAY AND WANT TO EXTEND TO YOU OUR DEEPEST SYMPATHY ON THIS SAD OCCASION. KARL WAS ONE OF THE ALL-TIME GREATS OF PSYCHIATRY AND WAS FULLY RECOGNIZED AND REVERED AS SUCH FOR THE GREATER PART OF HIS CAREER. HE SERVED OUR ASSOCIATION FAITHFULLY FOR 56 YEARS AND WAS THE ONLY PSYCHIATRIST IN HISTORY TO SERVE TWO TERMS AS OUR PRESIDENT DURING WHICH HE PRESIDED OVER THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF APAS FOUNDING. IN THIS TIME OF GRIEF I KNOW YOU WILL DERIVE MUCH COMFORT IN REFLECTING ON THE RICH AND FULL LIFE THAT HE LED AND THAT PORTION OF IT WHICH YOU SO HAPPILY SHARED WITH HIM. HIS NAME WILL SHINE BRIGHTLY IN THE MEMORIES OF US ALL AND WE SHALL MISS HIM SORELY. ALL POWER AND GOOD WISHES TO YOU.

We are very fortunate that this memorial service could be conducted by Reverend Harry B. Scholesfield of the First Unitarian Church of San Francisco, where Dad more than once addressed the 10 AM discussion class, and where his cousin's son, Paul Bowman Popenoe, Jr., is a member. He is himself a graduate of the Philadelphia Psychoanalytic Institute, as well as a friend and colleague of Reverend Samuel Wright, now in Anchorage, Alaska, who helped the Bowman family through services for Eliza Stearns Bowman in 1957, for Karl and Ann Bowman's wedding in 1959, and at the memorial for Murdock Bowman in 1965.

Just as Dad was a pioneer in fighting for women's rights, for freedom of information about sex, for humane treatment of the criminal, the homosexual, the old people, for right of a big city hospital like Bellevue to engage in research, so he was a pioneer in the movement to achieve simplicity, dignity, and economy in funeral and memorial arrangements. He was founding member number 315 of the Bay Area Funeral Society, founded in Berkeley in 1955, now numbering over 14,000 members. Last June while driving me to the airport to fly back to New York, he filled out his guidance statement. He would be very grateful to Angelo Millar and La Valencia Mortuary for the sensitive, considerate, and economical way all his wishes have been carried out. Dr. Nathan Malamud understands the great respect Dad had for his work, and we thank him for promising to undertake the complete examination of his brain which Dad requested.

Yesterday, at 11:00 a. m. at Plot Number R4445 at Golden Gate National Cemetery, my brother Tom read a message, before two volleys were fired by six Navy sailors, the flag folded enclosing the empty shell casings, tape sounded on the bugle, and the folded flag handed to Ann Bowman "on behalf of a grateful nation and the President of the United States." Then my brother Walter read the following message:

"As we place the ashes of Karl Murdock Bowman in this ground, we think again of all that he meant and means to us. And we dedicate this plot, amid these surroundings, to every precious memory associated with him. We are mindful that his ashes now lie next to those of our beloved mother, and we are all forever grateful that his life was also blessed by the love and companionship of Ann, to whom we shall always be devoted, not just for our father's sake, but especially for the deep admiration, appreciation, and love we hold for her for all that she has been and is. We lay these ashes in that gentle earth which has been the chief support of man since first he walked beneath the sun. To that good earth we now commit the ashes of our husband, father, grandfather, and friend. Amen."

Dad was quite sad when he returned from a dinner with Langley Porter in his nineties, because Langley Porter said to him, "The trouble with me is I've lived too long." He never wanted that to happen to him, and he always hoped that some major organ like his heart would go before his brain.

That is why the poem with which I conclude has run through mind again and again yesterday and today. It serves as well on the green slopes of San Francisco Peninsula as on those of Tahiti in the Pacific:

REQUIEM by ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Under the wide and starry sky,

Dig the grave and let me lie:

Glad did I live and gladly die,

And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:

Here he lies where he longed to be:

Home is the sailor, home from the sea,

And the hunter home from the hill.



**KARL M. BOWMAN,
PSYCHIATRIST, 84**

Ex-Director of Bellevue Unit
and N.Y.U. Teacher Dies

Dr. Karl M. Bowman, who directed the division of psychiatry at Bellevue Hospital here and was professor of psychiatry at New York University Medical College from 1936 to 1941, died Friday in San Francisco, where he lived. His age was 84.

Dr. Bowman was chief medical officer of the Boston Psychopathic Hospital and assistant professor of psychiatry at Harvard Medical School from 1921 to 1936.

From 1941 to 1956, he was professor of psychiatry at the University of California Medical School and medical superintendent of the Langley Porter Clinic in San Francisco. From 1964 to 1967, he was Alaskan Commissioner of Mental Health and superintendent of the Alaskan Psychiatric Institute at Anchorage.

Karl Murdock Bowman

4 November 1888 Topeka, Kansas — 2 March 1973

*San Francisco
California*

His Research

Dr. Bowman was a pioneer in insulin shock therapy for mental illness and had done research on the ductless glands and alcoholism, and had directed the California Sexual Deviation Research in the early nineteen-fifties.

As retiring president of the American Psychiatric Association in 1946, he estimated that 10 million people in the United States would at some time need hospitalization for mental disorders.

He testified at the trial of Nathan F. Leopold and Richard Loeb for the murder of Robert Franks in 1924, as well as in many other celebrated cases.

He was born in Topeka, Kan., Nov. 4, 1888, and received his medical degree from the University of California, Berkeley, in 1913. In World War I he was a captain in the Army medical corps.

Other Posts

A consultant to the United States Public Health Service, he was also a member of the professional advisory committee of the Office of Vocational Rehabilitation and a former director of the American Board of Psychiatry and Neurology. He wrote "Personal Problems for Men and Women" and many monographs on his specialty.

Surviving are his widow, the former Anna Lowrey, three sons, Dr. Walter M. of San Jose, Calif., Dr. Thomas E., curator of crustacea of the Smithsonian Institution, and Richard S. Bowman, professor of comparative literature at Cooper Union; 13 grandchildren, and a great-grandchild.

Memorial Service Saturday, 10 March 1973 at 10:00 a.m. in the auditorium of Langley Porter Clinic, University of California Medical Center, 3rd Street and Parnassus, San Francisco, conducted by Reverend Harry Scholefield, minister of the 1st Unitarian Church in San Francisco. In lieu of flowers, please, contributions to your favorite charity, or to Langley Porter Research and Training Fund. Ashes will be interred with military honors in Golden Gate National Cemetery, San Bruno, California, beside those of his first wife, nee Eliza Abbott Stearns, who died in 1957.

Mrs. Ann Lowrey Bowman, 3831 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94131 (415) VA4-335

Richard and Ruth Bowman, 61 Grandview Ave., Rye, NY 10580 (914) 967-6160

Pupert & Ellen Bowman Neily, 83 Main St., Richmond, Maine 04357 (207) 737-4466

Thomas Elliot Bowman IV, Apt. 21, 1391 Commonwealth Ave., Allston, Mass. 02134 & Stella Kovacs (617) 783-2458

Tom & Mary Jo Bowman, 13210 Magellan Ave., Rockville, Md. 20853 (301) WH 6-8853

Richard Janosko & Judy Stearns Bowman & John Bowman-Janosko, 5427 College Ave., Oakland, California 94618 (415) 655-0600

Laurin Beckhusen & Kathy Isabell Bowman, Box 2610, Rt. 2, Putnam Rd., Vacaville, Calif. 95688

~~Rev. F. Keith Parsons & Susie Abbott Bowman, 1600 Grove St., Berkeley, Calif. 94709~~

*410 McAnley St., Oakland (415) 872-0864
652-9283*

Jeanne Seelar Bowman (Mrs. Murdock Stearns), 1721 Magnolia Way, Walnut Creek, California 94596 (415) 939-8126. Mail: P.O. Box 7, Orinda, Calif. 94563

(Dr. Murdock Bowman, pathologist, died 9 January 1965) & Elizabeth Ann

Robin & Janet Bowman Bligh, 1321 Minnewawa Ave., #F, Clovis, Calif. 93612 (no tel.)

Richard & Caroline Danievy, 14 Lodge Drive, Concord, Calif. 94520 (415) 685-0995

Walter & Patricia Bowman, 970 Chapman St., San Jose, Calif. 95126 (408) CH 3-1009

(b) Assoc. Anesthesiologists Med. Group, 93 N. 14, San Jose, Cal. 95112 (408) CY3-7780

Leslie Ingham Case, Santa Clara County, U. Santa Clara), Shannon, Jamie, Cameron

SPEAR SIDE

- DR. KARL Murdock (4/XI/88) (r) 3837 Market St., San Francisco, Calif. 94131
 Ms. Ann(a) Lowrey (27/II/) (Zwed 18/VII/59) Tel. (415) VA 4-3355
-
- RICHARD Stearns (4/VI/17) (r) 61 Grandview Ave., Rye, NY 10580 (914) 967-6160
 (b) Prof. Comp. Lit., Humanities Dept., Rm. 543-E, The Cooper Union, Cooper Square,
 NY, NY 10003 (212) AL 4-6300 ext. 267/268
- Ms. Ruth Baker (10/V/--) (wed) 30/III/48) Circulation Librarian (Tues, Thurs, Fri/Sat)
 Rye Free Reading Room, Boston Post Rd., Rye, NY 10580 (914) 967-0480
- Ellen Bowman Neily (23/II/50) and Rupert Bowman Neily (15/XI/45) (wed 14/VIII/72)
 83 Main St., Richmond, Maine 04357 (207) 737-4466. Ellen teaches 5th grade at
 Longfellow School, 23 Longfellow Ave., Brunswick, Maine 04011 (207) 725-5081. Rupe
 teaches 5th grade in Linthrop, Maine 04364. Rupe's parents: Rupe & Betty Neily, Jr.
 Lincoln St., East Boothbay, Maine 04544 (207) 633-4949 ("Biz")
- Thomas Elliot, IV (8/IV/53), Baldwin 202, Drew Univ., Madison, NY 07940 (201) 377-9753.
 Room-mate Jack Stoddard of Kent, Conn. Tom taking leave of absence 2nd semester,
 will seek work in Boston. Stella Kovacs, Apt. 21, 1391 Commonwealth Ave., Allston,
 Mass. 02134 (617) 783-2458. Father=Louis Kovacs, 5490 S. Shore Drive, Chicago,
 Illinois 60615 (312) 684-1736.
-
- DR. THOMAS Elliot, III (21/X/18) (r) 13210 Magellan Ave., Rockville, Md. 20853 (301)
 WH 6-8853; (b) Curator, Division of Crustacea, Dept. of Invertebrate Zoology,
 National Museum of Natural History of Smithsonian Institution, Rm. 105 West Wing,
 10th & Constitution, Washington, D.C. 20560 (202) 381-5782/5781
- Ms. Mary Jo Coogan (31/VIII/--) (wed 6/III/) teacher, Carl Sandburg Elementary Schl.
 Wheaton (?), Maryland (301) 762-6515
- Judy Stearns Bowman (1/IV/45) & Richard Janosko (wed 12/IX/71), 5427 College Ave.,
 Oakland, Calif. 94618 (415) 655-0600 ("Janosko Designs")
 John Bowman-Janosko, born 1/X/68, moved in with us 9/X/72, now attending Berkeley
 Montessori School. All 3 may come in June '73 to live a year at Thorsbo, Readfield,
 Me.
- Kathy Isabell Bowman (10/X/47) & Laurin Beckhusen (wed 2/X/71) Box 2610, Rt. 2,
 Putnam Rd., Vacaville, Calif. 95688 (trailer, no telephone, raise worms)
- Susie Abbott Bowman (20/IX/50) & Rev. E. Keith Parsons, 1600 Grove St., Berkeley,
 Calif. 94709, tel. (415) 873-0864. Susie studying Comparative Linguistics at U.C.
-
- Ms. JEANNE Seeler (Ms. Murdock) (4/I/) Mail: P.O. Box 7, Orinda, Calif. 94563
 (r) 1721 Magnolia Way, Walnut Creek, Calif. 94596 (415) 939-8126
- Mr. & Mrs. Robin Raymond Bligh, 1321 Minnewawa Ave., F. Clovis, Calif. 93612 (near)
 nee Janet Elliot Bowman (4/I/49) (wed 18/XII/71). Robin & Jan have no phone. (P. Fresno)
- Mr. & Mrs. Richard Dunlevy, 14 Lodge Drive, Concord, Calif. 94520 (415) 685-0995
 nee Caroline Abbott Bowman (14/II/52) (wed. 5/VI/71)
- Betsy=Elizabeth Ann (19/XII/53) living at home with Jeanne, freshman at Diablo
 Valley College, majoring in accounting, hoping to become CPA.

- DR. WALTER Murdock (3/VI/25) (r) 970 Chpman St., San Jose, Calif. 95126 (408) CH3-1009;
 (b) Assoc. Anesthesiologists Med. Group, 93 N. 14th St., San Jose, Calif. 95112
 (408) Cypress 3-7780

- Ms. Pat(ricia) Sanvidge (25/VII/) (wed 18/I/)
 Leslie Irene (4/IX/52) junior, San Jose State College
 Carson Jean (24/X/53) freshman, University of Santa Clara
 Shannon Ruth (9/VI/55) senior, Abraham Lincoln HS, San Jose
 Jamie Pat (5/VIII/57) sophomore, Archbishop Mitty HS, San Jose
 Cameron Kennard (20/VIII/63) 4th grade, St. Andrews Episcopalian Day School, Saratoga

DISTAFF SIDE

- Hollis Poole Nichols, Box 441, Tenney Lane, Hollis, N.H. 03049 (603) 465-2446
 Ms. Ellen Rudge Baker Nichols
 (b) H.P. Nichols, NE Inv. Trust, 50 Congress St., Boston, Mass. 02109 (617) 523-3588
 Ernest Monrad (r) Dean Rd., Weston, Mass. (617) 235-1542
 (summer) Eagle's Nest Point, Marshall Street, South Duxbury (617) WE 4-2975
 mail: Box 1516, Duxbury, Mass. 02332 *
- Ms. Frances Fletcher Nichols (617) 934-2418
 Ms. Lucy Wills Nichols

Paul & Anne Stearns Baker Molloy, 3 Edward St., Portsmouth, NH 03801 (603) 431-7249
 (summer) Bucks, Maine, for Botanical Documentation, Bay, Maine 04618 (207) 255-8748
 Carnegie Mellon University, Pittsburgh, PA
 Elist F. + Jane Molloy Parfey, Jr., Stanford U., Calif.
 N.Y.C. 10014 (212) 362-1706

The Cooper Union
for the Advancement
of Science and Art

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New York, N.Y. 10003
(212) 254 6300

School of Engineering
and Science

March 9, 1973.

Richard S. Bowman
Professor of Comparative Literature
61 Grandview Avenue
Rye, N.Y. 10580.

Dear Richard,

Knowing the great respect and affection in which you held your father, we are all saddened by the news of his passing away. Your many friends and colleagues on the Faculty of the School of Engineering and Science share with you your sense of loss. They wish to express to you and your family their sincere sympathy and heartfelt condolences, and as a token of their feelings unanimously approved a resolution at the March 6, 1973 Faculty meeting where the news reached them, to send you the present letter.

Though inadequate this may be under the circumstances, we all wish you to know that each of us would be grateful for any opportunity to do anything that would help.

Sincerely yours,

William Vapat

Services for Dr. Karl M. Bowman

Memorial services will be held Saturday for Dr. Karl Murdock Bowman, internationally distinguished psychiatrist and founding director of San Francisco's Langley Porter Neuropsychiatric Institute.

Dr. Bowman died at the University of California Medical Center Friday night. He was 84.

A native of Topeka Kan. Dr. Bowman was director of the Langley Porter Institute which he helped organize from 1941 until 1956.

TEACHING

Dr. Bowman also founded the department of psychiatry at the University of California School of Medicine and continued teaching there as professor emeritus in psychiatry until 1964.

Dr. Bowman then embarked on a new career as director of mental health for the state of Alaska and supervisor of the Alaska Psychiatric Institute at Anchorage. He was then 75 years old.

He counseled thousands of battle-shocked World War I soldiers in England and advised World War II generals on the mental health of their

Dr. Bowman set up a psychiatric department at the University of the Philippines and, at the request of the World Health Organization in 1947, organized the National Neuropsychiatric Institute at Nanking for the Republic of China.

He was a former director of public psychiatric services for New York City, as assistant professor of psychiatry at Harvard Medical School and Chief Medical Officer at Boston Psychopathic Hospital before coming to San Francisco in 1941.

DEGREE

Dr. Bowman was graduated from Washburn University in Topeka, Kan., and took his medical degree at the University of California Medical School in Los Angeles in 1913. He did his internship and residency at New York City hospitals.

He is survived by his wife, Anna Lowrey Bowman of San Francisco; three sons, Richard S. Bowman of Rye, N.Y., Dr. Thomas E. Bowman of Rockville, Md., and Dr. Walter Bowman of San Jose.

The memorial services will be held at 10 a.m. Saturday in the auditorium of Langley Porter Neuropsychiatric Institute. Burial will be at Golden Gate National Cemetery.

The family prefers contributions to the Langley Porter Clinic research and training fund.

SUN
5 March 1973
Baltimore, Md. SUN

Bowman, psychiatric leader, dies

San Francisco (AP)—Dr. Karl M. Bowman, twice president of the American Psychiatric Association and founding superintendent of San Francisco's Langley Porter Neuropsychiatric Institute, is dead at 84.

He died Friday night at the University of California Medical Center's Moffitt Hospital after a short illness.

Dr. Bowman helped organize the San Francisco Institute in 1941 and served as superintendent until retiring in 1956.

Dr. Bowman was a pioneer in insulin shock therapy for mental illness. He also conducted research on alcoholism and the ductless glands and had directed California sexual deviation research in the early 1950's.

He testified at the trial of Nathan F. Leopold and Richard Loeb for the murder of Robert Franks in 1924 and at many other famous cases.

Dr. Bowman was born in Topeka, Kan., November 4, 1888.

From 1921 through 1936 he was assistant professor of psychiatry at Harvard Medical School.

He worked as a consultant to the Veterans Administration and the United States Public Health Service. He directed the care of thousands of shell-shocked veterans of World War I and advised World War II commanders on psychiatric care for their troops.

Dr. Bowman is survived by his wife, Anna, and three sons. They are Richard S. Bowman of San Francisco, Thomas E. Bowman of Rockville, Md., and Dr. Walter Bowman of San Jose, Calif.

Thursday, March 8, 1973

Holding Memorial for Father of Rye Resident

A memorial service will be held on Saturday morning at the Langley Porter Clinic in San Francisco, Calif., for Dr. Karl M. Bowman who died on Friday, March 2, at the age of 84. He was the father of Richard S. Bowman of Grandview Avenue, professor of comparative literature at Cooper Union.

Dr. Bowman, who pioneered in insulin shock therapy for mental illness, had directed the division of psychiatry at Bellevue Hospital and was professor of psychiatry at New York University Medical College from 1936 to 1941. He was later professor of psychiatry at the University of California Medical School and medical superintendent of the Langley Porter Clinic. From 1964 to 1967 he was Alaskan Com-

missioner of Mental Health and superintendent of the Alaskan Psychiatric Institute at Anchorage.

Early in his career Dr. Bowman was chief medical officer of the Boston Psychiatric Hospital and assistant professor of psychiatry at Harvard Medical School.

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CHESAPEAKE
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tis, influenza, glandular disorders. Dr. Harris' five-year-old daughter, who suffered for many months from serious kidney trouble, was primarily sick with brucellosis. Although it maims its victims, brucellosis seldom kills them.

Dr. Harris warns physicians in rural districts to keep an eye out for cattle epidemics, watch the milk supply. Whenever they are puzzled over a diagnosis, he believes they should try to culture Brucellae from a sample of the patient's blood, or use a skin test which shows whether the germ is present. Treatment is complex, depends on the symptoms. Best specific remedies: 1) injections of a specially prepared vaccine made from dead Brucellae; 2) sulfanilamide. Treatment must be continued for a long period of time, for often a patient who seems to recover comes down with the same fever four or five years later.

Best treatment, says Dr. Harris, is prevention. He suggests that undulant fever should be prosecuted as bovine tuberculosis now is: let Federal inspectors track down all infected animals, kill them, recompense the farmers. He also believes that States should pass laws enforcing pasteurization of all milk.

Psychiatrists on Hess

U.S. psychiatrists last week had a field day—in private and in public—explaining the method and madness of Rudolf Hess. Some of their remarks:

▶ Dr. Foster Kennedy of Cornell: "Hess may have set out for the Duke of Hamilton because he thought a duke could do what Churchill could not—bring about peace. The Germans are such awful snobs. [Hess's flight] was merely a return to normality . . . a desire to escape from the asylum [Germany] in which he has so long been confined. . . . His activities must be considered as those of a perfectly sane man."

▶ Dr. Gregory Zilboorg of Manhattan: "Hess may have a megalomaniac-paranoid trend. Hess's profound devotion to Hitler over so many years was semi-pathologic and he may have been suffering from a homosexual panic when he ran away. He may be a pathologic person but not necessarily crazy."

▶ Dr. Leo Alexander of Boston: "Hess may be a constitutionally paranoid personality who may be expected under stress . . . to break down into full-fledged paranoia."

▶ Dr. Karl Murdock Bowman, head of the Psychiatric Division of Manhattan's Bellevue Hospital: "I'm not a good enough psychiatrist to speculate a diagnosis on a patient in Scotland."

Polio Advice

During summer epidemics, a crippling attack of infantile paralysis can sometimes be brought on by heavy exercise. This warning was given last week by Dr. Albert Bruce Sabin of Cincinnati to the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis meeting in Manhattan.

His theory: A hospital may harbor the poliomyelitis virus in his spinal cord without feeling more than a headache, stiff

—an advertisement about floor care—

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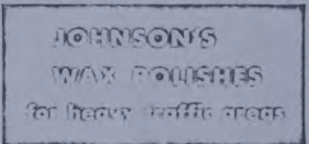
Some services are apparent to the naked eye. . .

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In Memoriam
KARL MURDOCK BOWMAN

1888 - 1973

Auditorium, Langley Porter Neuropsychiatric Institute, San Francisco, California

Saturday, March 10, 1973, 10:00 a.m.

Reverend Harry B. Scholefield. Opening Words
First Unitarian Church of San Francisco

Dr. John B. deC. M. Saunders, Professor Emeritus of Anatomy, Former Chancellor, and
Former Dean, School of Medicine, University of California,
San Francisco

Message from Dr. Alexander Simon, Medical Director, Langley Porter Neuropsychiatric
Institute, and Chairman, Department of Psychiatry,
University of California, San Francisco

Read by Dr. Leon J. Epstein, Associate Medical Director, and Professor of Psychiatry

Mrs. Harriet A. Cousens for the friends of Newton Centre, Massachusetts 1921-1936

Dr. Leo Orenstein, Clinical Professor of Psychiatry, New York University -
Bellevue Medical Center, with message from Dr. Morris Herman,
Chairman of the Department

Dr. Chauncey D. Leake, Senior Lecturer in the Health Sciences and Pharmacology,
University of California, San Francisco

Dr. Stanislaus A. Szurek, Professor of Psychiatry, University of California,
San Francisco

Dr. David Allen, Clinical Professor of Psychiatry, University of California,
San Francisco

Professor Richard Stearns Bowman for the family

Reverend Harry B. Scholefield. Closing Words

Reception and Coffee

Langley Porter Patients' Library, 4th floor
following the memorial service

The ashes of Lt. Commander Karl M. Bowman, MC, USNR, former Captain, U.S. Army Medical
Corps, were interred with full military honors at the Golden Gate National Cemetery in
San Bruno, California, on Friday, March 9, 1973, at 11:00 a.m.

Guatemala has modern, comfortable accommodations to satisfy every taste. There are luxury hotels, pleasant resorts and modest pensions. Listed are those most favored by vacationers, businessmen and other visitors.

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European plan: single \$9 \$10, double \$11/\$17.

PAN AMERICAN HOTEL

9a Calle 5-68 Zone 1
Tel. 26807

In heart of shopping, business and entertainment area. Attractive lounge, comfortable accommodations, fine dining room. Bar, gift shop. 62 rooms with private baths. European plan: single \$4.50 \$12, double \$6 \$14.

MAYA EXCELSIOR HOTEL

7a Avenida 12-46 Zone 1
Tel. 21701, 23271

Distinctive atmosphere, convenient location in business, shopping district. Fine dining room, bar, shops, Turkish baths, swimming pool. Meeting facilities. Equipped kitchen suites. 100 rooms.

European plan: single \$5 \$10, double \$8 \$14.

PALACE HOTEL

12a Calle y 4a Avenida Zone 1
Tel. 23041

Sedate atmosphere of distinction few steps from central business district. Old-world charm, good food, bar. Comfortable accommodations, entirely renovated. 87 rooms with private baths.

European plan: single \$5 \$10, double \$12 \$14.

MOTEL PLAZA

7a Avenida 6-16 Zone 4
Tel. 62337

Comfortable, inviting units with telephones, showers, combination baths. Midway between airport and business district. Good dining room, cocktails, swimming pool. 54 rooms.

European plan: single \$8 \$12, double \$9 \$14.

Hotel Paris Plaza, Mansión San Francisco, Hotel Ritz, Hogar del Turista, Casa Chez Bruna, Pensión Reforma, Casa Shaw, Colonial Hotel, etc. offer a variety of accommodations and facilities at moderate daily rates. Weekly or monthly rates may be arranged.

ANTIGUA

ANTIGUA HOTEL

5a Ave. y 8a Calle
Tel. 02331

Delightful, spacious resort, with lovely gardens, swimming pool, landscaped promenade areas. 39 rooms, some with fireplaces, private baths, in modern cottage units. Relaxing atmosphere. Marimba entertainment. American plan: single \$12/\$14, double \$18/\$20.

POSADA BELEM HOTEL

Plazuela Belem
Tel. 02326

Serene, old-world atmosphere. Fascinating landscaped grounds, swimming pool, fountain patio with brilliantly-plumed parrots. Comfortable accommodations in reconstructed ruins of 17th century monastery. 27 rooms, private baths, some suites, some with fireplaces.

American plan: single \$12, double \$18.

AURORA HOTEL

4a Calle O., No. 16
Tel. 02214

Pleasant, informal family style inn, in center of town. All rooms face attractive, spacious patio. Popular dining room, bar, lounge. Private baths.

American plan: single \$5/\$6, double \$9/\$10.

Also: Casa "El Rosario".

LAKE ATITLAN (PANAJACHEL)

HOTEL TZANJUJU

Lakefront resort hotel. Attractive rooms, fireplaces, balconies. Restaurant, cocktail lounge, swimming, arrangements can be made for boating, fishing, water skiing, horseback riding, Marimba for dancing. 34 rooms, private baths.

American plan: single \$9/\$12, double \$18.

HOTEL CASA CONTENTA

Cottage-type hotel, Comfortable rooms with porches, attractive dining room, lovely flower gardens. Short stroll to lake. 34 rooms, private baths, some fireplaces.

American plan: single \$12, double \$18.

HOTEL REGIS

Short walk to beach, lovely gardens, swings and wading pools for children, dining room, 13 rooms, some with fireplaces and private baths.

American plan: single \$5.50/\$8, double \$10/\$14.

HOTEL RANCHO GRANDE

Small, delightful atmosphere, short distance from beach, dining room. Cottages, coffee plantation setting. 6 rooms with private baths.

American plan: single \$3 \$6, double \$6 \$9.

HOTEL MONTERREY

Right on the lakeshore, one of the oldest hotels on Lake Atitlan. 10 rooms, some with private bath.

American plan: single \$5/\$6, double \$9/\$10.

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MAYAN INN

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THE JUNGLE LODGE

Comfortable, informal accommodations adjacent to ruins of ancient Maya Empire. Private bungalows, some with private bath. Dining and bar facilities.

American plan: single \$12, double \$18.

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Excellent hunting and fishing facilities.

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PENSION BONIFAZ

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and his "Jungle Adventure"?



A Jungle ADVENTURE

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GUATEMALA
Explore 3 Maya Ruins

Left: Temple 33 at
the ruin of Yaxchilán

- foto by Albert Lisi

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FOR ALL OTHER TRIPS send no money, but arrive in Guatemala City with \$525 cash.

FOR LITERATURE ON ALL OTHER TRIPS, write Mr. Lisi, airmail, two months in advance at: Hotel Petén, Flores, El Petén, Guatemala, Central America. Notify by airmail of trip you will arrive for, one month in advance. Maya ruins in the Jungle; an exotic, once-in-a-lifetime adventure.

SCHEDULE FOR 1973

17-30 June; 15-28 July; 12-25 August;
9-22 Sept.; 7-20 Oct.; 16-29 December.



Albert Lisi

Antigua, Guatemala 1 May 1973

Dear Ricardo:

Thanks for your file of 25 April. It is true that your father and I were very close to each other from the time we were in our twenties - probably closer than a good many brothers. I never could figure out just why that was the case; perhaps it was because we saw so much of each other in connection with unfortunate son Peter and my unfortunate daughter Sally, who happens to be with us right now. Like many schizophrenics she is allright much of the time, but occasional goes in for an "episode" which requires a place like Langley Porter for a few months.

We are delighted that you are contemplating a visit to this part of tropical America. As far as I can see, we shall be here during July. My daughter Marion may be here part of that month; my grandson Barten Guilleu will be here or over at Escuela Agrícola Panamericana, and Professor Crist and wife from the University of Florida may be here part of the time. So I cannot say just much of the time we will have room for you here in the hold house, which an average of 50 tourists go thru every day (to add to the simplicity of living in Antigua) but I know we can work things out to our mutual satisfaction.

I gather you only have four weeks. I doubt the advisability of your taking a United Fruit ship to Honduras. The Company no longer caters to tourist travel and I don't think has regular schedules. Talk to the right man in their New York office before you go further with your plans. I seem to recall that transportation on their banana ships (no longer built for cruise passengers) is fully as expensive as Pan American airways to Guatemala; you find out. In any case I don't see any good reason for your landing in Puerto Cortes. The

is 16 feet long and I don't know any-

thing about the Castille de San Fernando unless it is the old fort at Omea on the coast not far from Pte Certes and not worth bothering about - Fert Marien at St Augustine, Fla. much more worth while. Fert San Felipe here in Guatemala is interesting but rather hard to reach and you cant afford to waste much time.

The list of Guatemala Hotels somebody gav you is worse than useless; the rates at all of them not more than half what you pay today,

Here is the sort of program I would suggest: Book yourselves on Pan Am, New York to Guatemala and return. Spend two or three days in Guatemala City, Hotel Pan American; doubles not \$6 as shown on your list but the second figure listed, \$14 without meals. Come over to Antigua on the bus, less than \$1 round trip, and see how we can line things up for you here; you wont want more than 3 day- in Antigua and I think your best bet is to get a Driv-it-Yourself car in Guatemala City, a Velkswagen, and spend about two weeks driving all over the highlands - to Lake Atitlan, Chichicastenango, Quezaltenango, maybe down to the coast to see the ruins at Quirigua and maybe up to Ceban. I will check up on what a Velkswagen will cost you per day, including a fair amount of mileage. Dont forget to bring your drivers' licenses; they are good for 30 days here.

There is nothing over in Guatemala worth seeing except the ruins of Copan and they are hard to reach; Quirigua here in Guatemala, plus Iximché only an hour and a half from Antigua are enough ruins unless you are particularly interested in which case we can send you to some minor ones.

If you arent interested in seeing so much and would like to leaf around Antigua or Lake Atitlan for some days, that can be arranged, but there is so much to see in this country I knew you will want to get around a lot and travel by bus is not at all satisfactory except

If you to be very careful re expenses of course we could line things up in a way which will be fairly satisfactory. Especially can I save you money by sending you to Hotels in the out of the way places which are reasonable but good enough. The big tourist hotels - what we call "the chain" as they are mostly tied up with these International chains - would cost you about 25 to 30 dollars per day for the two of you; the ones we use cost 15 to 20, including meals, which is cheap by New York standards.

Write me again as soon as you can, giving me a better idea of what you have in mind, now that you have read my comments. Whatever you do, don't let anybody line you up for one of these package tours. Many people take them because they are told, if you don't know the Spanish language you will find it hard to get around in Guatemala. That really is not the case.

Afectisimo,

NEWSLETTER



NORTHERN CALIFORNIA PSYCHIATRIC SOCIETY

a district branch of the American Psychiatric Association

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VOLUME XVII, NO. 8

APRIL 1973

Mr. Richard Bowman
61 Grandview Avenue
Rye, New York 10580

DAVID W. ALLEN, M. D.
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SAN FRANCISCO 94115
(415) 922-3311

Dear Richard:

The obituary on your father is included
in this newsletter starting on page 15.
I thought you would like to have a copy.

11 May 1973

Sincerely,

David W. Allen, M. D.

c
enclosure

Karl was the first head of Langley Porter and Professor of Psychiatry at the University of California. He had been Director of Psychiatry at New York's Bellevue Hospital and Professor of Psychiatry at New York University. Earlier he was Chief Medical Officer of the Boston Psychopathic Hospital and Assistant Professor of Psychiatry at Harvard. After his retirement he was the Alaskan Director of Mental Health and Superintendent of the Psychiatric Institute there. He had served as a visiting professor in both the Philippines and Thailand.

KARL MURDOCK BOWMAN, M. D. 1888 - 1973
By David W. Allen, M. D.

Karl Murdock Bowman died quickly from complications of intestinal obstruction on Friday, March second, in San Francisco. He was eighty-four years old. He had had many honors, including having been twice the President of the American Psychiatric Association and the first winner of the Royer Award. He had successful sons and grandchildren whom he enjoyed, and two happy marriages. The first marriage to Eliza Stearns--Betty--ended in her death by cancer, and his second marriage

Insulin shock, endocrine disorders, drug addiction, alcoholism, and sexual deviations were among the pioneering studies Karl wrote about in over two-hundred publications. With help from Alfred Kinsey and Bernice Engle in the early fifties he organized and headed the California Sexual Deviation Research Project. Karl was a paladin for the civil rights of alcoholics, drug addicts, and sexual deviates. And long before it was fashionable he was an absolute egalitarian for women's rights and abilities--and not just with intellectual cronies like Bernice Engle, Portia Hume, and Loretta Bender.

In the twenties Karl examined Sacco in connection with the Sacco-Vanzetti trial which so troubled the nation's conscience. He was also one of the alienists called by Clarence

Darrow to examine Nathan Leopold and Richard Loeb after the murder of Bobby Franks. Thirty years later in his book Life Plus 99 Years, Nathan Leopold wrote, "I learned a lot that summer, the hard way. Sometimes, when Dr. Bowman had questioned me and I had been talking steadily for hours on end, telling him everything, holding back nothing, I'd come to a pause. I had run out of material. There was nothing more to tell. Invariably Dr. Bowman would say, dryly and in an even tone of voice, 'And what else?' And almost always there was something else. But how I came to dread that dry, even-toned 'And what else?' He did a job, all right, did Dr. Bowman. He pumped me dry."

The withered facts of his public achievements are to the living Karl Bowman as the husks and stubble of November wheat fields in his native Kansas are to those same fields rippling in the August sun. I can see him now at lunch with Bernice Engle in the faculty dining room at Millberry Union, his quizzical blue eyes fixing me steadily as I comment caustically on Dr. Percival Bailey's obtuse, scholarly remarks against psychoanalysis in a speech to the American Psychiatric Association. Presently Karl says dryly, "Percival Bailey is one of the most opinionated men I know. And he's one of my favorite people." . . . I can see Karl in the Langley Porter auditorium after a bright resident has presented a case written with literary polish in polyphonic prose. Karl ambles to the lectern in his slightly pigeon-toed gait and says in his flat Kansas voice, "When you get through all the fancy language, this patient is schizophrenic." . . . I can see him just a year-and-a-half ago carrying his ballot in his hand into the San Francisco Medical Society to make sure it would be counted on behalf of an embattled psychiatrist-friend. I can hear him trying vainly to hum a bit of mournful melody from his beloved Lucia di Lammermoor. I can see him in faded khakis, a thirty-eight-caliber revolver holstered on his hip, with Prince, his Australian sheep dog near, working away at a fence among the redwoods on his ranch. I can hear him arguing against the good ship HOPE, persuaded that its American doctors vacationing with Cadillac elegance and modern equipment would produce more envy and discontent than lasting good in disadvantaged nations. Instead, based on his experience with the China Medical Board and his travels in the Orient, he advocated improvements of medical schools in these

countries.

From his house on Twin Peaks on Upper Market Street Karl could look out across San Francisco and the bay and back across a long and honor-filled life. In that house he often entertained friends and eminent visitors from around the world. In his retirement he worked there in the steep backyard laying bricks and gardening with a tenacious energy that led his son Richard to say his father was trying to convert the yard into the plains of Kansas.

Karl enjoyed his sons, whom he sometimes called the four howling hyenas. He was tolerant of their boyish ways. And sometimes to Betty's dismay he joined their jinks, such as wrestling with them on a new Oriental rug and insisting "Well, that's what we got it for." Although Betty was intensely loyal and intensely proud of Karl, she was not at all in awe of him. She sometimes said she had not four sons but five. Once when the boys had been playing at having a detective agency they secreted Walter Bowman in a laundry bag in Karl's home office to see what went on in that inner sanctum. Karl and a paranoid patient were startled to see the laundry bag in the corner begin to move towards the door. That incident ended Karl's using his home office.

Karl was proud of his boys and took delight in Richard's being a Professor of English, Walter and Murdock physicians, and Tom a cum laude Ph. D. from Harvard who is now Curator of Crustacea at the Smithsonian.

Karl had a lifelong love of music, but no musical ability and an atonal singing voice. As an intern in New York he saved pennies for standing room in the opera house. He didn't care much for Bach and insisted always it was merely "dum-de-dum-de-dum" over and over again.

Socially, Karl was rather shy, had little small talk, had difficulty in remembering names, and depended on his wives for the social amenities. However, he was a good raconteur, especially about the famous people with whom he had come in contact. For example, when the great Kraepelin visited this country from Germany after the First World War and Karl was conducting him through the hospital, Kraepelin remarked repeatedly, "We don't put our patients in seclusion rooms. . . . We don't restrain our patients. . . . We don't

sedate our patients. . . . We don't put our patients in sedative tubs." Finally Karl quietly asked Kraepelin's assistant how they did treat acutely disturbed patients. The assistant said there was a large government hospital a couple of blocks down the street from their clinic where they sent such patients. Karl remarked wryly that later when he was told certain institutions did not use restraints, shock treatment, and tranquilizers, he always supposed there was "a big government hospital down the street."

Besides his love of his family, friends, medicine, music, football, and owning land, Karl had other interests. He not only avidly read psychiatric literature, but he had special favorites in general literature as well. He was an admirer of James Branch Cabell's Jurgen, Erskine Caldwell's Tobacco Road, and the novels of John Steinbeck. He read the Tarzan stories by Edgar Rice Burroughs to relax his mind.

Karl Bowman was rather proud of his mind. According to World War I Army tests, he had an IQ of 190 plus. Like many nineteenth-century scientific greats, he felt there was some value in leaving his brain to science and insisted that his brain be turned over after his death to his colleague and protégé Dr. Nathan Malamud.

Karl never turned down an invitation to speak about psychiatry no matter how trivial or distant the group. He felt it was his duty to help educate the public on the facts of mental illness, and he sought to dispel the fear and ignorance about it.

Though Karl died a Californian and specified that his ashes be buried here in the coastal hills, his roots were deep in Kansas and extended through his grandparents back to Massachusetts and early colonial settlers. Karl's grandfather Thomas Elliot Bowman, a strong-minded Yankee entrepreneur, sold his successful silk mill in Canton, Massachusetts, and moved his family to Topeka, Kansas. There Thomas Bowman quickly became a leading citizen, entering into the intellectual, political, and business life of the still young state. At his own expense he built and funded the first kindergarten in Topeka, and both Karl and his cousin Paul Popenoe attended it from the age of three years until they were in the second grade. A photograph from near the turn of the century shows the title

Kansas Huckleberry Finns sitting on a rail fence in Topeka. All five of them were to make contributions of a high order, four in the field of mental health: Karl Bowman, Paul Popenoe, Karl Menninger, and William Menninger. The fifth, Wilson Popenoe, became Director of Research for the huge United Fruit Company. Paul Popenoe was the founder of the Institute of Family Relations. Incidentally, the Menninger brothers' father, Dr. Charles F. Menninger, delivered Karl Bowman. Karl traced his interest in medicine to his grandmother Murdock's saying when he was young that he was going to be a doctor, and to the experience of being cared for later by Doctor Menninger for a ruptured appendiceal abscess ("I was fascinated by the drains in my side"). And a good friend in college encouraged Karl to join him in going into medicine.

Karl Bowman's father and mother have been described as sweet and affectionate parents. Throughout his life Karl would not tolerate criticism of them. But father Homer was not a capable businessman and under his stewardship the family fortune quickly dissipated. In after years Karl took care of them. When only twenty-eight he bought them a lemon grove in California. They were not successful in raising lemons, or avocados, either. Karl's mother became the postmistress of Vista, California, and his father became a railroad freight agent there and handed out free legal advice although he had never gone to law school. Karl had an older brother who died while Karl was an intern.

By the time Karl attended Topeka's small Washburn College the Bowman houses on the edge of the campus had become fraternity houses. And Karl was having to scramble to work his way with morning and evening newspaper routes. He was a good student, nevertheless, and found time to quarterback the football team. He took great delight in the good account the Washburn team gave against the large state universities and the Big Ten. All of his life Karl was something of a quarterback and even as an old man watching professional football on TV he was full of quarterback strategy. In the Washburn yearbook underneath his senior picture it reads, "Has a reason for everything he does and will tell you what it is at the drop of a hat--and you don't need the hat." There was always something of the team spirit in his later organizational activities where he demonstrated a

knack for picking capable young people and expecting them to do a good job. As Alex Simon, his long-time friend has said, "What was unusual was his ability to let them do it their own way. . ." He welcomed diversity and individuality.

Karl felt the decline in family fortune and had a strong lifelong drive to recoup its status though not necessarily its wealth. He sometimes showed disdain for people who worked only for money rather than the fun and satisfaction of making a worthwhile contribution. He also resented Ivy League polish unless it was coupled with professional achievement. He once related with amusement what happened after applicants for a surgical training appointment had been screened down to two. The chief surgeon at New York's Roosevelt Hospital, a Columbia professor, said, "I think you and Doctor Schultz are just about equally good. I don't see that one of you is any better than the other, but Doctor Schultz is a graduate of Hopkins, and you are a graduate of California, and so I am taking Doctor Schultz."

In college and later he dressed plainly because of a distaste for the Fauntleroy clothes of his more affluent childhood. He had a kind of Kansas hayseed manner. Most of his life he refused ever to wear a hat. But in old age when his son Walter would take him out to dinner at the Treasure Island Officers' Club, he would put on a hat in order to take the salute of the guard to which he was entitled as a retired reserve naval officer. The salute ceremony seemed to delight Karl as did other signs of honor. Richard Bowman has said that he felt his father always needed assurance and could never get enough adulation to be able to sit back and rest. There was a family joke about Dr. K.M. Bowman being changed to "Doctor K-eminent Bowman," and Karl took to calling himself "Kay Eminent" at times. Whatever his needs for adulation, he never seemed to be envious of others' achievements and he was always quick and generous in helping students and colleagues.

Following his graduation from the University of California Medical School in Los Angeles and internships in New York, Karl served as a medical officer in the army, treating shell-shocked soldiers in England. There Ernest Jones praised some of his psychiatric reports as notable "psychoanalytic" case studies, a

amusement when his skepticism was sometimes misinterpreted as anti-psychoanalytic bias. [When he was developing the psychiatric department at the University of California he attempted to include the San Francisco Psychoanalytic Institute but then-Dean Smyth of the Medical School would not permit it.]

Karl Bowman wasn't afraid to oppose you or to have you oppose him. And he knew when to submit sensibly. He never argued with his internist Dr. Ione Railton but tried to help her by following her regimes. However, when he found that she was fertilizing her garden with the blood from phlebotomies for his polycythemia, he insisted that she give him his blood for his garden.

Karl's sense of humor and good sense stayed with him. Once he urged a granddaughter, a student at U.C. Berkeley, to be more moderate in some of her actions. "I can't be moderate," she replied. "I have to go to extremes." "Well, if you have to go to extremes, then go to balanced extremes," said Karl.

I asked him once about the origins of his strong dedication to a scientist's skepticism. And after some thought he replied that in part it was because of his admiration for mentors like C. Macfie Campbell. "Why, then," I asked, "did you tell me you wouldn't try out a personal analysis because you might then lose your objectivity about psychoanalysis." He laughed and said that if he could have been analyzed by Freud he would have.

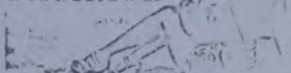
Standing out in my mind about Karl are his plain speaking, his caring about people and issues, his deep sense of fairness, his skepticism, and his attitude that every civilized scientist has a right and a moral obligation to ask the credentials of any idea that claims to be a fact. He was a man of fundamental goodwill, of loyalty not only to family, friends, and country but to the welfare of humanity. He was a physician who was both compassionate and practical, a dedicated teacher, a fighter for human freedom and dignity, a constructive builder--those are achievements enough for any man. I'm glad that he was a part of my life and that he was my friend, and I'm more than a little proud to have been his.

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tis, influenza, glandular disorders. Dr. Harris' five-year-old daughter, who suffered for many months from serious kidney trouble, was primarily sick with brucellosis. Although it maims its victims, brucellosis seldom kills them.

Dr. Harris warns physicians in rural districts to keep an eye out for cattle epidemics, watch the milk supply. Whenever they are puzzled over a diagnosis, he believes they should try to culture Brucellae from a sample of the patient's blood, or use a skin test which shows whether the germ is present. Treatment is complex, depends on the symptoms. Best specific remedies: 1) injections of a specially prepared vaccine made from dead Brucellae; 2) sulfanilamide. Treatment must be continued for a long period of time, for often a patient who seems to recover comes down with the same fever four or five years later.

Best treatment, says Dr. Harris, is prevention. He suggests that undulant fever should be prosecuted as bovine tuberculosis now is: let Federal inspectors track down all infected animals, kill them, recompense the farmers. He also believes that States should pass laws enforcing pasteurization of all milk.

Psychiatrists on Hess

U.S. psychiatrists last week had a field day—in private and in public—explaining the method and madness of Rudolf Hess. Some of their remarks:

▶ Dr. Foster Kennedy of Cornell: "Hess may have set out for the Duke of Hamilton because he thought a duke could do what Churchill could not—bring about peace. The Germans are such awful snobs. [Hess's flight] was merely a return to normality . . . a desire to escape from the asylum [Germany] in which he has so long been confined. . . . His activities must be considered as those of a perfectly sane man."

▶ Dr. Gregory Zilboorg of Manhattan: "Hess may have a megalomaniac-paranoid trend. Hess's profound devotion to Hitler over so many years was semi-pathologic and he may have been suffering from a homosexual panic when he ran away. He may be a pathologic person but not necessarily crazy."

▶ Dr. Leo Alexander of Boston: "Hess may be a constitutionally paranoid personality who may be expected under stress . . . to break down into full-fledged paranoia."

▶ Dr. Karl Murdock Bowman, head of the Psychiatric Division of Manhattan's Bellevue Hospital: "I'm not a good enough psychiatrist to speculate a diagnosis on a patient in Scotland."

Polio Advice

During summer epidemics, a crippling attack of infantile paralysis can sometimes be brought on by heavy exercise. This warning was given last week by Dr. Albert Bruce Sabin of Cincinnati to the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis meeting in Manhattan.

His theory: A person may harbor the poliomyelitis virus in his spinal cord without feeling more than a 'headache, stiff

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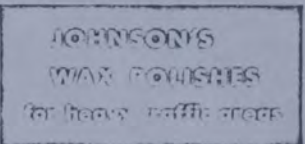
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NEWSLETTER



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 61 Grandview Avenue
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 (415) 922-3311

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11 May 1973

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Sincerely,

David

David W. Allen, M. D.

c
enclosure

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 By David W. Allen, M. D.

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In the twenties Karl examined Sacco in connection with the Sacco-Vanzetti trial which so troubled the nation's conscience. He was also one of the alienists called by Clarence

Darrow to examine Nathan Leopold and Richard Loeb after the murder of Bobby Franks. Thirty years later in his book Life Plus 99 Years, Nathan Leopold wrote, "I learned a lot that summer, the hard way. Sometimes, when Dr. Bowman had questioned me and I had been talking steadily for hours on end, telling him everything, holding back nothing, I'd come to a pause. I had run out of material. There was nothing more to tell. Invariably Dr. Bowman would say, dryly and in an even tone of voice, 'And what else?' And almost always there was something else. But how I came to dread that dry, even-toned 'And what else?' He did a job, all right, did Dr. Bowman. He pumped me dry."

The withered facts of his public achievements are to the living Karl Bowman as the husks and stubble of November wheat fields in his native Kansas are to those same fields rippling in the August sun. I can see him now at lunch with Bernice Engle in the faculty dining room at Millberry Union, his quizzical blue eyes fixing me steadily as I comment caustically on Dr. Percival Bailey's obtuse, scholarly remarks against psychoanalysis in a speech to the American Psychiatric Association. Presently Karl says dryly, "Percival Bailey is one of the most opinionated men I know. And he's one of my favorite people." . . . I can see Karl in the Langley Porter auditorium after a bright resident has presented a case written with literary polish in polyphonic prose. Karl ambles to the lectern in his slightly pigeon-toed gait and says in his flat Kansas voice, "When you get through all the fancy language, this patient is schizophrenic." . . . I can see him just a year-and-a-half ago carrying his ballot in his hand into the San Francisco Medical Society to make sure it would be counted on behalf of an embattled psychiatrist-friend. I can hear him trying vainly to hum a bit of mournful melody from his beloved Lucia di Lammermoor. I can see him in faded khakis, a thirty-eight-caliber revolver holstered on his hip, with Prince, his Australian sheep dog near, working away at a fence among the redwoods on his ranch. I can hear him arguing against the good ship HOPE, persuaded that its American doctors vacationing with Cadillac elegance and modern equipment would produce more envy and discontent than lasting good in disadvantaged nations. Instead, based on his experience with the China Medical Board and his travels in the Orient, he advocated improved methods of medical schools in these

countries.

From his house on Twin Peaks on Upper Market Street Karl could look out across San Francisco and the bay and back across a long and honor-filled life. In that house he often entertained friends and eminent visitors from around the world. In his retirement he worked there in the steep backyard laying bricks and gardening with a tenacious energy that led his son Richard to say his father was trying to convert the yard into the plains of Kansas.

Karl enjoyed his sons, whom he sometimes called the four howling hyenas. He was tolerant of their boyish ways. And sometimes to Betty's dismay he joined their jinks, such as wrestling with them on a new Oriental rug and insisting "Well, that's what we got it for." Although Betty was intensely loyal and intensely proud of Karl, she was not at all in awe of him. She sometimes said she had not four sons but five. Once when the boys had been playing at having a detective agency they secreted Walter Bowman in a laundry bag in Karl's home office to see what went on in that inner sanctum. Karl and a paranoid patient were startled to see the laundry bag in the corner begin to move towards the door. That incident ended Karl's using his home office.

Karl was proud of his boys and took delight in Richard's being a Professor of English, Walter and Murdock physicians, and Tom a cum laude Ph. D. from Harvard who is now Curator of Crustacea at the Smithsonian.

Karl had a lifelong love of music, but no musical ability and an atonal singing voice. As an intern in New York he saved pennies for standing room in the opera house. He didn't care much for Bach and insisted always it was merely "dum-de-dum-de-dum" over and over again.

Socially, Karl was rather shy, had little small talk, had difficulty in remembering names, and depended on his wives for the social amenities. However, he was a good raconteur, especially about the famous people with whom he had come in contact. For example, when the great Kraepelin visited this country from Germany after the First World War and Karl was conducting him through the hospital, Kraepelin remarked repeatedly, "We don't put our patients in seclusion rooms. . . . We don't restrain our patients. . . . We don't

sedate our patients. . . . We don't put our patients in sedative tubs." Finally Karl quietly asked Kraepelin's assistant how they did treat acutely disturbed patients. The assistant said there was a large government hospital a couple of blocks down the street from their clinic where they sent such patients. Karl remarked wryly that later when he was told certain institutions did not use restraints, shock treatment, and tranquilizers, he always supposed there was "a big government hospital down the street."

Besides his love of his family, friends, medicine, music, football, and owning land, Karl had other interests. He not only avidly read psychiatric literature, but he had special favorites in general literature as well. He was an admirer of James Branch Cabell's Jurgen, Erskine Caldwell's Tobacco Road, and the novels of John Steinbeck. He read the Tarzan stories by Edgar Rice Burroughs to relax his mind.

Karl Bowman was rather proud of his mind. According to World War I Army tests, he had an IQ of 190 plus. Like many nineteenth-century scientific greats, he felt there was some value in leaving his brain to science and insisted that his brain be turned over after his death to his colleague and protégé Dr. Nathan Malamud.

Karl never turned down an invitation to speak about psychiatry no matter how trivial or distant the group. He felt it was his duty to help educate the public on the facts of mental illness, and he sought to dispel the fear and ignorance about it.

Though Karl died a Californian and specified that his ashes be buried here in the coastal hills, his roots were deep in Kansas and extended through his grandparents back to Massachusetts and early colonial settlers. Karl's grandfather Thomas Elliot Bowman, a strong-minded Yankee entrepreneur, sold his successful silk mill in Canton, Massachusetts, and moved his family to Topeka, Kansas. There Thomas Bowman quickly became a leading citizen, entering into the intellectual, political, and business life of the still young state. At his own expense he built and funded the first kindergarten in Topeka, and both Karl and his cousin Paul Popenoe attended it from the age of three years until they were in the second grade. A photograph from near

Kansas Huckleberry Finns sitting on a rail fence in Topeka. All five of them were to make contributions of a high order, four in the field of mental health: Karl Bowman, Paul Popenoe, Karl Menninger, and William Menninger. The fifth, Wilson Popenoe, became Director of Research for the huge United Fruit Company. Paul Popenoe was the founder of the Institute of Family Relations. Incidentally, the Menninger brothers' father, Dr. Charles F. Menninger, delivered Karl Bowman. Karl traced his interest in medicine to his grandmother Murdock's saying when he was young that he was going to be a doctor, and to the experience of being cared for later by Doctor Menninger for a ruptured appendiceal abscess ("I was fascinated by the drains in my side"). And a good friend in college encouraged Karl to join him in going into medicine.

Karl Bowman's father and mother have been described as sweet and affectionate parents. Throughout his life Karl would not tolerate criticism of them. But father Homer was not a capable businessman and under his stewardship the family fortune quickly dissipated. In after years Karl took care of them. When only twenty-eight he bought them a lemon grove in California. They were not successful in raising lemons, or avocados, either. Karl's mother became the postmistress of Vista, California, and his father became a railroad freight agent there and handed out free legal advice although he had never gone to law school. Karl had an older brother who died while Karl was an intern.

By the time Karl attended Topeka's small Washburn College the Bowman houses on the edge of the campus had become fraternity houses. And Karl was having to scramble to work his way with morning and evening newspaper routes. He was a good student, nevertheless, and found time to quarterback the football team. He took great delight in the good account the Washburn team gave against the large state universities and the Big Ten. All of his life Karl was something of a quarterback and even as an old man watching professional football on TV he was full of quarterback strategy. In the Washburn yearbook underneath his senior picture it reads, "Has a reason for everything he does and will tell you what it is at the drop of a hat--and you don't need the hat." There was always something of the team spirit in his later organizational activities where he demonstrated a

knack for picking capable young people and expecting them to do a good job. As Alex Simon, his long-time friend has said, "What was unusual was his ability to let them do it their own way. . ." He welcomed diversity and individuality.

Karl felt the decline in family fortune and had a strong lifelong drive to recoup its status though not necessarily its wealth. He sometimes showed disdain for people who worked only for money rather than the fun and satisfaction of making a worthwhile contribution. He also resented Ivy League polish unless it was coupled with professional achievement. He once related with amusement what happened after applicants for a surgical training appointment had been screened down to two. The chief surgeon at New York's Roosevelt Hospital, a Columbia professor, said, "I think you and Doctor Schultz are just about equally good. I don't see that one of you is any better than the other, but Doctor Schultz is a graduate of Hopkins, and you are a graduate of California, and so I am taking Doctor Schultz."

In college and later he dressed plainly because of a distaste for the Fauntleroy clothes of his more affluent childhood. He had a kind of Kansas hayseed manner. Most of his life he refused ever to wear a hat. But in old age when his son Walter would take him out to dinner at the Treasure Island Officers' Club, he would put on a hat in order to take the salute of the guard to which he was entitled as a retired reserve naval officer. The salute ceremony seemed to delight Karl as did other signs of honor. Richard Bowman has said that he felt his father always needed assurance and could never get enough adulation to be able to sit back and rest. There was a family joke about Dr. K.M. Bowman being changed to "Doctor K- eminent Bowman," and Karl took to calling himself "Kay Eminent" at times. Whatever his needs for adulation, he never seemed to be envious of others' achievements and he was always quick and generous in helping students and colleagues.

Following his graduation from the University of California Medical School in Los Angeles and internships in New York, Karl served as a medical officer in the army, treating shell-shocked soldiers in England. There Ernest Jones praised some of his psychiatric reports as notable "psychoanalytic" case studies, a fact which in later years gave him a new

amusement when his skepticism was sometimes misinterpreted as anti-psychoanalytic bias. [When he was developing the psychiatric department at the University of California he attempted to include the San Francisco Psychoanalytic Institute but then-Dean Smyth of the Medical School would not permit it.]

Karl Bowman wasn't afraid to oppose you or to have you oppose him. And he knew when to submit sensibly. He never argued with his internist Dr. Ione Railton but tried to help her by following her regimes. However, when he found that she was fertilizing her garden with the blood from phlebotomies for his polycythemia, he insisted that she give him his blood for his garden.

Karl's sense of humor and good sense stayed with him. Once he urged a granddaughter, a student at U.C. Berkeley, to be more moderate in some of her actions. "I can't be moderate," she replied. "I have to go to extremes." "Well, if you have to go to extremes, then go to balanced extremes," said Karl.

I asked him once about the origins of his strong dedication to a scientist's skepticism. And after some thought he replied that in part it was because of his admiration for mentors like C. Macfie Campbell. "Why, then," I asked, "did you tell me you wouldn't try out a personal analysis because you might then lose your objectivity about psychoanalysis." He laughed and said that if he could have been analyzed by Freud he would have.

Standing out in my mind about Karl are his plain speaking, his caring about people and issues, his deep sense of fairness, his skepticism, and his attitude that every civilized scientist has a right and a moral obligation to ask the credentials of any idea that claims to be a fact. He was a man of fundamental goodwill, of loyalty not only to family, friends, and country but to the welfare of humanity. He was a physician who was both compassionate and practical, a dedicated teacher, a fighter for human freedom and dignity, a constructive builder--those are achievements enough for any man. I'm glad that he was a part of my life and that he was my friend, and I'm more than a little proud to have been his.

61 Grandview Avenue
Rye, New York 10580
(914) 967-6160
Saturday, 19 May 1973

Dear Cousin Wilson,

Ruth and I both thank you very much for your very prompt, full, thoughtful, and helpful letter of 1 May, which we have perused repeatedly, and the suggestions of which we are preparing to follow. Before I start responding to your questions, I'll mention that I'm enclosing an obituary of my father done by David Allen, a psychiatrist about my age in San Francisco, who talked with me for several hours on Friday, March 9th - hence, rather more family background included than you might expect. He also had typescript of the reminiscences which Dad had recorded on tape in historical project of the American Psychiatric Society. I think it's awfully well done, out of real affection and respect and desire to express the real man that he was.

Ruth rejoiced at your opposition to the banana-boat trip, since she gets sea-sick, and anyway didn't relish 120-mile trip to Albany to catch a Thursday boat to Puerto Cortes, on which there'd be only 2 other passengers besides us for 5 days. She didn't envisage that as enough scope for my energies. One-way fare of \$180. is almost precisely the same as PanAm's \$178. + \$3. tax for flight from New York to Guatemala City. (Of course, you have 5 days room and board on the ship). Flota Mercante Gran Colombiana has no more passenger service. Prudential-Grace Lines do have 12-passenger freighter service to Caribbean & West Coast of South America, but nearest port to Guatemala is Panama. I can't seem to get an answer out of the Tica Line. Anyway, flying is agreed upon.

Instituto Guatemalteco de Turismo in ~~Guatemala~~ Ciudad Guatemala sent me an up-to-date 1973 directorio de hoteles, and the prices are about double as you say those on the 20-year-old list given me by the Mission Permanente de Guatemala ante las Naciones Unidas.

We'll do as you suggest: spend 2-3 days at Hotel Pan American, Guatemala City. Come over to Antigua on bus, and talk over arrangements. Rent Drive-It-Yourself car, and spend 2 weeks driving all over the highlands.

My father had given me several years ago a \$5,000. insurance policy on his life. I do not like the feeling of profiting by his death, and figure this money is available for our trip, and for the sabbatical in the Orient I hope to take a year from now. Ruth and I are both penurious New England Yankees, and do not enjoy the idea of wasting money.

My self-taught but not much practiced Spanish is good enough to get around on for travel directions and accommodations, and I enjoy trying to become a part of whatever country I'm in, to try to feel what it feels like to be a native, by behaving and talking like one, rather than being an outside spectator. Ruth has no Spanish, much more reserve and conservatism, and none of my dramatic desire to be something other than a Bostonian who speaks English. Like my mother, Ruth has low thyroid, hence more need for sleep, less energy for activities than I have. A successful trip ~~xxxxx~~ of us together has to accommodate to these two different temperaments.

For instance, I like the idea of public transportation rather than private car, because when you put two Americans in a car and close the doors, they're in America, even if the foreign country is outside. On ships, trains, and buses, you have opportunity to meet the people of the country while you're traveling. So Ruth proposes, why not compromise and get a car with native chauffeur? "My God, that would cost a fortune!" I exclaim. "I didn't know we were trying to save money on this trip," replies Ruth.

Maybe we can find a right compromise. JERRY'S TOURS, 9a. Calle 6-36, Zona 1, Tels. 26238, 85623 & 85731 SU AGENCIA DE VIAJES has a \$20.00 per person round trip, 6 AM to 8 PM, from Guatemala City to Copan, and other trips for 1-2 days to Chichicastenango, Atitlan, Santiago, San Jose, Tikal, Quirigua,

Saturday, 23 June 1973

Dear Cousin Wilson,

I should have mailed the other page on Mzy 19th when I wrote it, even though thoughts and plans weren't shaped up yet.

Now there's no time for exchange of correspondence. Enclosed purple-ditto itinerary is subject to all changes which you advise

Roughly, Ruth and I have planned it would cost us \$1,000. apiece for the month.

The week in Mexico at the end developed when I realized that Ruth didn't have to be back at work at Rye Library until Monday, August 6th. However, she really though only of a day or two stop-over in Mexico City, whereas I want to follow the trek of Alexander von Humboldt's trek in 1803-1804. Also, Ruth is sensitive to weather that's too hot or cold, whereas my body doesn't complain about temperature changes. She thinks Mexico would be pretty hot in August. So ~~s~~ Ruth may spend day or two in Mexico City and fly back to Rye, leaving me to follow the Humboldt trek alone. That way I could take buses and trains, meet more local people.

By same mail I send check for reservation to Hotel Pan American, as you recommended.

We're just going to move out of here and get full impact of Guatemala by flying there directly, without fulling around on the way in New Orleans or Merida, where we've never been.

I guess we'll have our checking accounts, Bank-Americard, and \$1,000. in travelers' checks, plus round-trip air tickets.

Personally, I'd much prefer getting feel of a country than traveling around the world a la Hilton Hotel. But, of course, a good many natives of countries like Hilton Hotels!

Last summer I turned out to be violently allergic to bee-stings, so I have taken ~~5~~ 5 of 10 shots to desensitize me, and have kit of adrenalin etc., along.

I suppose there could be bees around a Mayan ruin in the jungle.

Life at Cooper Union has been so frantic that I haven't had time to plan adequately. I'm Secretary of the Faculty and Parliamentarian and Chairman of the Senate -- all of which have met much too much.

Enclosed is itinerary - well, I said that. Off to the post office. Will call you after we get to Hotel Pan American, and make plans after that. We can take all kinds of tours from Guatemala City, and not come out to Antigua until it is convenient for you.

It would be more fun to make plans with you there, and there are so many more possibilities than we can avail ourselves of, that it doesn't matter if we miss something because we failed to congeal all our plans months ahead.

Ruth joins in love to you
all all Popenoes,

Richard

JULY 1973 ITINERARY: Richard & Ruth Bowman
(home) 61 Grandview Avenue, Rye, NY 10580 (914) 967-6160

Thursday, 28 June Richard to Washington, D.C., mtg. of Board of Continental Association of Funeral & Memorial Societies at CLUSA, (Cooperative League U.S.A.), 1828 L Street, N.W. (202) 872-0550
dep. Rye, NY #107/131 Metroliner 8:48 a.m. arr. Washington, D.C. 12:29 p.m.
stay Thurs. & Fri. nights at Hotel Anthony House, 1823 L Street, N.W.

Friday, 29 June (202) 223-4326
Saturday, 30 June dep. Washington, D.C. #60 Montrealer 4:05 p.m.
arr. Rye, NY 8:48 p.m.

Sunday, 1 July pack

Monday, 2 July arrangements by Mr. J. Lawrence Johnston, TRAVEL ANYWHERE,
88 Purchase St., Rye, NY 10580 (914) RR 967-5330
(home=30 Normandy Drive, Rye, NY 10580 (914) 698-8721

Coach to airport 2 hours ahead from Rye Town Hilton Inn, 699 Westchester Ave.
at Lincoln, Port Chester, NY 10574 by Airport Service of Westchester, div.
of Resort Bus Lines, Inc., RR Sta., White Plains, NY 10606 (914) 761-1500
& NYC (212) 931-9250

EITHER: 7:00 a.m. coach	OR	12:00 noon coach dep. Rye
8:15 arr. Kennedy		1:15 p.m. arr. Kennedy
9:00 a.m. PanAm #503		2:00 p.m. Beariff #503 <i>No Brown ff</i>
stops in Washington, D.C. & Miami		<i>5 TICKETS to Guatemala</i>
2:40 p.m. arr. Guatemala City		7:15 p.m. arr. Guatemala City

Reservation at HOTEL PAN AMERICAN, Ciudad de Guatemala, C.A.
9a.C. 5-63, Z.1 Teles. 26807A - 25991
Double Rooms \$10. to \$14. (US\$) European Plan

Tuesday, 3 July Guatemala City

Wednesday, 4 July - Friday 6 July: % Dr. Wilson Popenoe

Casa del Capuchino, Calle de la Nobleza, Antigua, Guatemala, C.A.

Saturday, 7 July - 21 July: Rent Volkswagen Drive-it-Yourself car in Guatemala
City: tour of the highlands: Lake Atitlan, Chichicastenango,

Quezaltenango, down to the coast to see ruins at Quirigua, up to Caban.

Ruben Galvez, Apartado 8, Chiquimula, Guatemala, C.A. Clerk: Cent. Am. Yrly. Mtg. Fri.

Monday, 6 August: Ruth back to work at Rye Free Reading Room as librarian

Before then: week at least in Mexico:

Casa de los Amigos, at Ignacio Mariscal 132, Mexico 1, D.F.

Telefonos: 5-35-27-52 y 5-35-33-26 Cables: AFSEPCO

Edwin and Jean Duckles; Casa Directors: Jesus y Linda Escalona

Visit Friends World College Latin-American Center in Cuernavaca

Follow 1803-1804 trek of Alexander von Humboldt: Acapulco 3/25/03,

Chilpancingo, Mexicala 4/4/03, Taxco (Casa Humboldt, Alarcon 6,

Taxco, Guerrero, Mexico), Toluca 9/28/03 MEXICO 4/12/03-1/20/04,

Real del Monte 5/17-25/03, Queretaro 8/4/03, Guanajuato 8/8-9/03,

Valladolid 9/14/03 (Morelia), Patzcuaro, Jorullo 9/19/03, Puebla,

Cholula, Jalapa 2/10/04, Veracruz 3/7/04.

Museo Nacional, Donceles #39, Mexico, D.F. Tel. 5-12-41-99

Museo Nacional de Historia, Dept. de Investigaciones Historicas,

Castillo de Chapultepec, Mexico, D.V. Tel. 5-53-63-97

Oficina de Museos Regionales, Avenida Revolucion 4 y 6, Ex-Convento de Carmen
San Angel, Mexico 20, D.F. Tel. 5-50-05-32

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& Grandview Ave.
Rye, N.Y. 10580

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Guatemala
C.A.

AÉROGRAMME • PAR AVION

FIRST FOLD

SECOND FOLD



61 Grandview Ave
Rye, N.Y. 10580
Jan. 29, 1975

Dear Cousin Wilson & Alice -

We saw your picture in a "Dibblerama" lecture on Guatemala recently, and were quite thrilled. You were holding a huge avocado, which made us hungry - and homesick for Antigua!

What I am writing to say is that Richard's sabbatical is firming up for 1975-'76 academic year and we would like to spend part of it there. We have - in order not to impose on you or to add to the details in your busy life - actually written to Mr + Mrs. Fred Weed about renting their house. It sounds lovely, and most comfortable for any guests we might have, and we can ^{easily} swing the tariff if we dispose of our house here in Rye, as we expect. I mean we hope to get a good rental...

This would bring us near you - but independent. Dick and I remember your saying that a booklet should be written about your house, and he has mentioned that as an activity, though he still has his travel-literature writing of course. The ^{our} dates are extremely loose, as yet. There is a term at a Quaker English college as a possibility during the year, and the Mediterranean is a must. The Weed house is available from June - Dec. 31, 1975. We had such a nice letter from them, describing it and offering it to us during any part of that period.

Well, Dick told me to let you know how we are thinking, and I am now off to the library job. We will let you know more when we know, and meanwhile send lots of love! I hope this works out. We promise not to bother you!

Ruth