



UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA
TWIN CITIES

Division of Epidemiology
School of Public Health
Stadium Gate 27
611 Beacon Street S.E.
Minneapolis, Minnesota 55455
(612) 624-5400

September 18, 1989

Ancel and Margaret Keys
Minnelea
84060 Pioppi
Salerno
ITALY

Dear Ancel and Margaret:

Your children have let me know that you will celebrate your 50th Anniversary on the 22nd of September and that on the occasion you will open and read greetings from friends and colleagues world-wide. As a friend and colleague of 35 years, I seize that opportunity. I am sorry not to be present to share in what I am sure will be a pleasant occasion with your special Minnelea Family.

We first met in the Fall of '53 or the Spring of '54 in the home of Ruben Berman.

You have probably heard the anecdote about the first afternoon I arrived at Stadium Gate 27 for a meeting with Ernest Simonson. I pulled my green 1941 Chevrolet Coupe into the parking lot at the South Tower and got out, with my Bavarian hat and World War II navy top coat at the same time Henry Taylor was coming in. I remember him towering over me, as protector of LPH parking, and saying, "You got any legitimate business here?", and his surprise when I indicated that I did! The famous HLT directness!

It was a couple of years later, during a critical week in my career plans when I received an offer at the Portland's Veteran Administration Hospital, and also one from CJ Watson as Assistant Chief of Medicine at Anchor Hospital and at the same time what I interpreted to be a job offer from you as Research Associate. With no hesitation, I accepted your

position. Watson was floored, and so was I when a couple of days later you indicated that you only had \$4,000 salary available for the position. I didn't back away but scrambled to sign on in private practice with Ben Sommers in St. Paul, and then, the next year, as Medical Director at MSI. At any rate, I was fascinated with the challenges of Seven Countries and its examinations and the Minnesota Code, as well as my rapidly expanding family and three jobs.

The next major step was when you announced that great forward motion had been achieved by obtaining a T faculty position for me, under some sort of program project umbrella. But then I learned that to accept it as full time, I would have to take a cut in salary!

Nevertheless, the rewards were great and the exciting field trips, meetings with the Research Committee in Makarska in '63 and Venice in '65 and Delhi in '66, along with my beginning a side career in the Coronary Drug Project, all made life fascinating indeed.

It was during this period, and our writing together the article on Background of the Coronary Patient, published I think in 1964, that I had the great appreciation for your ability to write clearly and effectively. I was proud to be able to mesh my parts of that review article with yours without any apparent loss of clarity or of style. In regards to writing, industry and forcefulness you are indeed an excellent model.

I faced another real crisis in my career in the mid '60's when for whatever reason I had a terrible block, preventing me from getting through the analysis and publication of the US Railroad data on smoking and lung function. I just couldn't get it done, and couldn't make it on my own. As you recall we didn't have much data analysis strength in the laboratory at that time (other than yours!) When I addressed the issue with you, you suggested that maybe I ought to "consider getting out of this business". That made me more determined to get over the hump. Things went on to some years of a productive research career, largely in the Coronary Drug Project. Throughout all this period you always advanced me professionally with promotions and with colleagues, travel, and symposia, ahead of my ability or of what I'd earned.

Of course, I was as surprised as anyone that the School of Public Health and the new Dean, Stauffer, appointed me to replace you on your many

years premature, forced retirement. The lab has gone on to become a strong and essential part of the teaching and research program of the School of Public Health, but losing, as a trade-off along the way, some of its unity, camaraderie and focus.

We had many high points with "heady" meetings with you and international teams at various junctures. These gave me a breadth of contact and scope and opportunity that my own early research efforts would not have merited.

I think particularly of the first major field undertaking in Makarska in '58, combined with the World Congress of Cardiology and the Brussels World's Fair. Your vigorous leadership during this period, '54-'68 was largely responsible for many subsequent developments in international cardiovascular disease research and epidemiology, in the International Society and its councils, just as your contribution, and Jerry and Fred Epstein and others resulted in similar strengthening of the undertakings of the US and the American Heart Association.

You continue to provide an unattainable but inspiring model by maintaining your curiosity and productivity and your central role in scientific ideas. The "no-nonsense", direct and original approaches to basic questions of human biology, addressed through the mechanism of cohort studies, and the constant broadening of your purview to issues of all-cause mortality, longevity, and effective life years, continue to be a guide to your colleagues.

Many warm moments in my memory revolve around times in your gracious homes on Lake Owasso, Minnelea and Groveland Towers, where you have together entertained so gracefully over the years. There were some amusing moments along the way, one of which is described in the enclosed note (for which I hope I will be forgiven!). As you see, I have a new outlet for "stories".

Best of Wishes to you both, and many more Happy Anniversaries!

Regards,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Jerry".

Dupe *Sent via FAX*

Minnelea, 84060 Pioppi (SA)
ITALY
22 September 1989

Henry Blackburn, M.D., Director
Division of Epidemiology
School of Public Health
University of Minnesota
Stadium Gate 27
Minneapolis MN 55455

Dear Henry,

We greatly appreciate your remembrance of our golden wedding anniversary. Fifty busy years with some sorrows but mostly happiness, a sense of some things done well -- raising, educating and sending off into the world three wonderful children, accomplishing less than we would like but still enough to warrant some satisfaction.

It is good to look back and think of the younger people we helped; we are proud of their developments. Professionally whatever my achievements may have been, I profited from help at every turn. How lucky to have had Henry Taylor as a pupil at Harvard, to have had Paco Grande and Yoshka Bozek escape to me from difficult circumstances, to have found loyal colleagues such as Joe Anderson, Olaf Mickelsen, and Austin Henschel and Nedra Foster and Angie Sturgeon as loyal helpers.

You know that Carl Chapman came to me at a critical time and you did better because you stayed on and had still more influence in making me, a non medic, less illiterate in medicine. Among early things you did for all of us was to create, with Geoffrey Rose, the Minnesota Code for the ECG. And you helped put Henry Taylor straight in the examinations of the railroad men. Most important, perhaps, was that you convinced the cardiologists to acknowledge our competence to advance knowledge in the epidemiology of their specialty.

Think of all the colleagues who made things possible -- Gaylord Anderson who opened the door to public health, Frank Mc Cormick who "gave" me the Stadium, Ralph Rossen who made possible eight years of dietary experiments at Hastings State Hospital, Harold Diehl who encouraged me when I talked about a prospective study on coronary heart disease, Paul White who persuaded the cardiologists that I had something to offer. Vittorio Puddu opened the doors in Italy and found Alessandro Menotti for me.

You know the fine men who joined with me in the Seven Countries Study -- Martti Karvonen, Ratko Buzina, Noboru Kimura, Daan Kromhout especially, but also Christo Aravanis, Andy Dontas,

Srecko Nedeljkovic, George Lamm.

All this talk is about me and us without telling you how we enjoyed learning more about your background and activities outside our immediate ken. The tale about midnight at Acciaroli was a great chapter in nostalgia. Now you have built an "empire" of many people doing good work. I marvel at your skill and fortitude -- I would never have been able to carry the load you bear. Frankly, I shudder at the thought of trying to do so.

We hope to see you at Key West in spite of my disabilities. In the meantime I poke at the computer all day while Margaret takes care of everything else, including me and correcting my mistakes that show on the computer screen. I enclose a table showing the vital status of the CVD men 30 years after entry. Attached is something for John and Rose.

As ever,


Ance1 Keys


Margaret Keys

Symposium with International Participation EXERCISE AND CARDIOVASCULAR FUNCTION V
Bratislava, October 24 th—26 th 1990

Chairman

Prof. Zdeněk Fejfar, M. D., DrSc,
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Assoc. Prof. Miroslav Palát, M.D., Ph.D., CSc.
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Praha, September 5, 1989.

Dear Margaret, Dear Ancel,

I missed the opportunity to greet you at the occasion of Capri meeting and our encounter in Washington recently was rather brief. In retrospective I would recall many mutual encounters.

I met Ancel for the time the day after my arrival to Geneva march 16, 1959 at the meeting of scientific group chaired by Jim Watt. At that time I knew nothing about international work in epidemiology, only about your "semi-starvation study", and my feeling during that meeting was that WHO chose a simple minded person from the so called "Eastern Europe" for the most important health problem of our civilization.

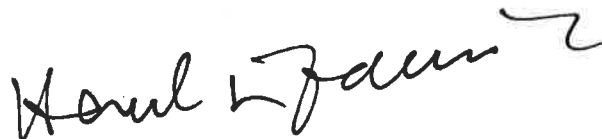
I remember also well our meeting in Bombay when we were advising local colleagues. For several days we were arguing, my dear Ancel, mostly opposing each other-like two fighting dogs. Then there was a great splendid reception at the end of which we were driven together in a luxurious limusine to our hotel. It was about midnight and sudenly a tyre was empty. This happened by chance in the worst slums we ever have seen in India. For about half an hour Margaret, You, Hanka and myself have been walking around watching the scene. The worst of all was a mother picking out lice out of the hair of her child and ate them.

During our talk you suddenly said : "Zdeněk, you were right choice", meaning the job in WHO. I consider this still as great appreciation. Thanks for that.

You both, Margaret and Ancel, may look back at the previous fifty years with great satisfaction. Your names are inscribed in the history of cardiovascular epidemiology and prevention of which the way, what we eat and how we do it, is among the most important issues. Your book on nutrition is well treasured in our home.

So, Hanka and myself, we both greet you at the occasion of your big anniversary and hope to meet you again somewhere in good health and spirit.

As ever yours

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Hanka + Zdeněk Fejfarovi'. The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a long, sweeping flourish at the end.

Hanka + Zdeněk Fejfarovi

Minnelea, 84060 Pioppi (SA)
ITALY
23 October 1989

Prof. Zdenek Fejfar, M.D., DrSc.
Mensikovska 18
16 00 Praga
Cecoslovacchia

COPY

Dear Zdenek,

Thank you for your letter for our 50th anniversary and the reminders of things past. All students of old age agree that loss of memory is proportional to age so I, at 85, may be "normal" in my inability to recall many things. But with reminders, such as in your letter, the cobwebs are cleared away from deep in the brain where old memories hide and some things come back.

I am reminded that in the 1950s, when I had some standing with WHO, I insisted that WHO should have a section or department concerned with the problem of coronary heart disease. Nobody listened until a mission from WHO came back from Africa and reported that two top officials there had died from heart attacks.

About your appointment I had questions. Who is this man and what makes anyone think he can contribute to a problem about which he knows nothing? Not long after I began to see that a good appointment had been made. So I regretted when you were retired. Now I am glad to learn that you are still active and will be chairman of a symposium next year. I wonder if Martti Karvonen will take part. He is greatly interested in the subject and just now is playing a leading role in a congress on activity in Kuopio, Finland. He will return to his home next to ours in January when also we get back from Minneapolis.

We go to Minneapolis after a "workshop" in Florida at the end of November. I am to speak on longevity from the vantage point of a 40-year follow-up on our Twin Cities executives. We want to be in Minneapolis to celebrate, with our family, Margaret's 80th birthday. My 86th will be 26 January 1990.

I will never finish the analysis of the vast amount of data I have from the Seven Countries Study and of other long-time prospective studies. So I keep working with no help but from Margaret who checks the errors she sees on the screen of the computer. She joins me in sending all best wishes to you and Hanka.
As ever,

Ancel Keys

I don't any violent argument in New Delhi but that may be a good loss of memory.

DEPARTAMENTO DE BIOQUIMICA
FACULTAD DE CIENCIAS
UNIVERSIDAD DE ZARAGOZA

DR. F. GRANDE COVIAN
PROFESOR EMERITO

Zaragoza, September 15th, 1989

Professor and Mrs. Ancel Keys
Minneapolis
84060 Pioppi (Salerno)
Italia.

Dear Margaret and Ancel:

We were delighted to learn about the celebration of your 50th wedding anniversary on September 22nd. Here go our warmest congratulations on this wonderful occasion, and the very best wishes for many happy returns of the day.

My only regret is that the letter informing me of the event, was sent to Zaragoza. I was vacationing at the time in Colunga (Asturias), and lecturing at several summer universities in various parts of Spain. It was only yesterday, upon returning to Zaragoza, that I was able to see the letter.

It is indeed a most appropriate occasion to reminisce about our stay in Minneapolis, which lasted just a little more than 40 percent of your married time. Needless to say, we keep very happy memories of our association with the Keys family. Very often, when talking with our friends here about our Minneapolis period, I use to say that I have only pleasant memories of that wonderful experience. It was Ancel who made it possible for us to move to Minneapolis, and who gave me the opportunity of working at the Laboratory of Physiological Hygiene, and both of you helped us immensely to enjoy every minute of our long stay.

I well remember our arrival on a very cold January 1st, 1954. Ancel was at the Saint Paul depot, and took us to your beautiful home in Lake Owasso. Everything was so beautiful there!, except that your son Henry and our Paco, not being able to communicate very well, decided to play a little rough. The result: a broken window pane.

What can I say about the Laboratory?. I feel deeply obliged for the opportunity you gave me to participate in its various activities. I believe it was the most exciting and productive period of my scientific career, as well as the most enjoyable. Every body was so kind and helpful, that very quickly I felt as if I had been working in the Lab. all my life.

There were also many amusing episodes, like Mrs Foster's surprise because I used to rise everytime she did come to my office. I noticed her surprise, but made no comment until one day she did ask me: Why do you get up every time I ~~get~~ enter

your office?.

I also remember one of the Federation meetings in Chicago. We shared a big suite where we had drinks after the meetings, except for Joe Anderson who used to come with an innocent bottle of Coca-cola. But Joe went sick and we had to put him on the train back to Minneapolis. It was a clear case of Coca-cola intoxication.

But I think that my most important contribution to Laboratory gossip was the discovery of how Ernst communicated with his Japanese students. One day, I entered Ernst's office when he was in "Konferenz" with the Japanese, and find out that he was talking German and the Japanese were talking Japanese. However, since all of them believed that they were talking English, they understood each other famously.

Well, there are so many amusing episodes that come back to my mind, that I feel I should refrain of continuing. I shall put this in the mail because, due to the state of the Italian and Spanish mail services, it may take a long time to get to Minneapolis.

Gloria joins me in sending all her best wishes and kindest regards to you and your family.

With thanks for all you did for me and the very best wishes for your health and happiness:

Cordially



The image shows a handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Gloria Pace". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the typed name "Francisco Grande".

Francisco Grande

10-14 Sept. 1989
(Interrupted)

Very dear, most special old friends, Margaret and Ancel:

On this golden occasion of your Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary permit me to ramble among prized memories of the years we have shared. In the course of those years you have played wonderfully generous, substantial roles that have modulated my life for the better; and that includes many, many good times.

Our friendship dates from the fall of 1940, when M. Visscher took me on and you had your lab at one end of Millard hall, I think on the same floor as my lab. We soon met socially, also, and you two, Gertrude and I hit it off. Was that through the George Burrs? (I know of only one deviation from that, of mine, in my then ignorance: I was a rancher when Ancel's phiz on Time appeared with the lead article about him and his work. I wrote him critically, stupidly, including Eskimos as counter-examples but knowing near nothing about them. Ancel had the grace and sense, natch, not to respond; instead, some months later he offered me a job with him.)

How differently we lived and thought then ^{in those early '40's} than we do now! Did you not have a house near the Mpls E. River Rd. before you bought the Lake Owasso place (in '42?)? You both labored mightily and entertained mightily on and at the latter. Carrie was born there, of course, besides; and, I'm pretty sure, Henry too before we left in about June '43. (I think you had, until lately, a photo I took of darling infant Carrie. (How could Henry be darling?))

Do you happen to recall one foggy, foggy evening when there were one or two other couples (Wally Armstrongs?) and G. and me, when of all choices, we decided we wanted to dine on Ribs, fatty, fatty Ribs! I suppose that we'd had a martini or so. I went with Ancel as lookout through the impenthrable soup to find the nearest 'ribbery'. Remarkably we did, then ⁱⁿcredibly made our way home with our ample greasy provender for what we then thought a feast forsooth.

That aberration may well have been during a 3 - 4 week stretch in May/June '43, when you let your warm hearts override your better judgement, and took in Gertrude and me as your house guests for all that time while we were stranded between jobs and housing. I hope that we helped out, but I mostly remember, besides the always superb company, ~~and~~ meals, comfort and hospitality, is sharpening Margaret's kitchen knives for her.

Do you remember a New Year's Day (?) brunch or afternoon party on a bitter cold day when there was more than usually heavy snow cover, and you had a rather large, always varied and interesting group; but one of your guests was missing? Then, after most had left in the darkling--but not us, natch--there emerged, begging entry, a half frozen, snow-covered, utterly ~~we~~ weary apparition: the missing guest (whose name I've forgotten). He had determined to walk to Lake Owasso from the U. Minn campus, but had grossly misjudged the distance, cold, route, snow, his clothing and endurance. He had been lost and trudged across fields and fences. Of course you warmed, welcomed, re-fueled him (I bet he did not drink) while some of us stayed on to comfort you and him. Someone must have driven him home. I heard later that he had done equally courageous--foolhardy(?)--feats during an army career.

Then there was that momentous expedition, late winter or early spring '43, by rail to and from Tacoma (?), for Mt. Ranier to test your early "K Ration" on mountain troops training there. (Why you included me, I've never known, for I thought I had so little to offer.) There was Col. Isker of the QM Corps, with whom you had worked and, I believe, respected; Cecil Watson ("If you drink, eat to protect your liver."); Olaf Mickelson; Austin Henschel; surely some of

your tech's; and a good bit of equipment. One of our group had a supply of scarce rye whiskey, of which several of us partook freely, including Ancel, Isker, Cecil, me; and the only available containers were the Pullman paper cups. The next AM we all swore that never again would we drink rye out of paper cups! 'Twas a jolly, fun, slow progression. On early AM arrival we and our lab equipment were piled into Army trucks, driven to a nearby base for a mammoth breakfast of flapjacks, eggs, bacon, ham, biscuits ... galore; then issued Army clothing for the cold mountain. Back into the Q.D. canvas covered trucks open at rear, with their wood benches for the long haul up the mountain to the once elegant lodge preempted by the Army. Dorm bunks assigned; lab set up; Isker and Ancel telling troops what to expect; first, control, body fluid samples and body measurements; K Rations issued to all, including us, the only grub to be allowed. Daily biological and opinion samplings-- excessive flatulence a universal complaint. Glorious setting, weather, days and nights; skiing for most; fascinated watching training of ski troops. I was delighted to find photo's of those days on Gate 27 walls when I joined you officially, fall of '62.

During those good years I resolved never to work for or under Ancel for fear of impairing our friendship. (Have we not all vowed never to do something, but later, perhaps shamefaced, realized that 'never' is a long time; that we and circumstances change; hence that we willingly forget or break that vow?) It did not take me long in '62 to follow that path, then to find that Ancel was a superb chief, an ideal one, under whom it was an honor and pleasure to work. Besides, friendship with both of you flourished.

Meanwhile, hiatuses, although we never lost contact. Gertrude and I left your warm, so welcome home--refuge to us--about June '43 for my new job with the USAF R & D at Wright Field, Dayton. It was not until I needed independent evaluation of ~~an~~ emergency life raft rations that I, we, USAF called on your group in early '44 to do tests on the Gulf out of Mobile AF base. When my people and I arrived, delayed, a late Sat. PM, we found NO preparations for the imminent arrival of the distinguished team from U. Minn, in spite of prior arrangements and orders: no 'volunteers', rafts, patrol boats, quarters for you and us. As a civilian and 'Dr.' I made it through to the CO general by 'phone at an audible cocktail party: We were put up decently and all was in readiness by the time I had to leave for an imperative date in NYC just before the U. Minn. team pulled in by rail. I think you were not with it but had HLT in charge. (On arrival at NY hotel I learned that Father had died; so quick wind-up of necessary and home to Winnetka. My most trying, difficult trip ever!)

Soon after WWII the Am. Physiol. Soc met here. I came from Ohio (did Gertrude?) and you put me up (us?), among the manifold other demands on you. Then, typically, staged a grand outdoor festivity for a large fraction of the Soc. In between, somehow, we managed our usual good exchanges. Only then did I learn about your vast and definitive work on starvation along with other notable undertakings.

Fall '49 I quit the USAF and, I thought, a sciences career to raise beef in the high, snowy Colorado Rockies. That became a magnificent experience and way of life for all of us; one that none of us would have foregone nor will forget. But in early '62, with kids maturing and other un-, and foreseen conditions I enquired among ex-colleagues about possible winter jobs. My appeal to Ancel must have come at the right time: his 'phone call in August caught me in the ranch shop racing to get my 7 foot mowing tractor back to cutting our high protein grasses for the 7-800 tons of hay we would need to feed on next winter's snow. In an instant I recognized Ancel's voice: "Come help me, Stanton!"

I had the sense to tell my Marguerite, new to you, that we would both go

go to the Twin Cities so that she could get an impression of the area and I would learn what the job was about. You welcomed us with your predictable warmth, housed and spoiled us lavishly. Margaret took Marguerite around, including a Twins ball game, a treat for an ex-Cubs fan. The result of all you did for us was that Marguerite fell in love with the Cities, as I had in the '40's. Meanwhile, Ancel and Ivan Franz drove to the Faribault hospital with me in the rear seat trying to understand what they talked about, much of it in terms new to me. Then introduced by Ancel to Gate 27 and occupants (I had know HLT and Simonson before) followed by ~~by~~ coherent outlines of what would be involved and required by the job. Most clear to me was the urgency to get the work under way. All, more totally new fields for me.

Some weeks later (27 Sept. '62) I checked in to start to learn by doing. Promptly, I was detailed to drive some of Ancel's foreign colleagues hither and thither--with many stops on the River Roads to let them pick the then brightly colored leaves of fall, new and wondrous to them. They and Ancel soon left for a confab in Mexico; but I was left in expert, informative hands.

During the first days and following three preliminary weeks before I had to return to the ranch to close shop and house there, I learned much and tried to be useful getting the program ready to roll. I soon realized the quality, coherence, expertise, amiability, helpfulness of the team you had assembled and welded over the years. Nedra's help in particular as well as HLT's and JTA's were indispensable to me during Ancel's absences those early days and weeks; then while you were in Italy on your sabbatical. Present or absent, Ancel was THE guide and inspiration for all of us. Always we knew where we stood and were to proceed. I cannot imagine a finer chief.

And always you entertained at Lake Owasso, generously, beautifully, imaginatively for friends, visiting colleagues, site visitors, the entire LPH.... (We preferred Lab parties when they were small and we all knew each other-- and I would guess that you did likewise.)

How shall I end this much too long ramble?

I'll just taper off, at the fifty years you have made so bountiful, so productive, so rewarding and gracious for so many, here in your Minnesota base and worldwide. Inevitably, preeminent is what you have meant, do mean, to me--to us over most of those years.

Your devoted
Stanton
Stanton Fetcher

Minnelea, 84060 Pioppi (SA)
Italy
7 October 1989

Stanton and Marguerite Fetcher
12 Crocus HILL
ST. PAUL MN 55102
U.S.A.

Dear Stan and Marguerite,

Many thanks for your letter of congratulations on our 50th. You remind us of many things half forgotten and some buried so deep in our minds they would never have come back without your reminder. For example, I had completely forgotten your time with Visscher, probably because I was not happy with my association with Visscher.

And I had forgotten the episode of the guest who made the mistake of walking to our house at Lake Owasso on a bitterly cold winter day. Margeret remembers the episode but says the walk was from the end of the bus line.

Yes, we did have a house on East River Road for a couple of years before we bought the house at Lake Owasso. We enjoyed many guests and many parties at the Lake Owasso house. Letters of congratulations remember that house and the good times there. I never returned to see the house or the lake after we sold the house and moved to Groveland Avenue. I suppose that reflects regret at giving up that house of so many good memories.

I certainly forgot the the trip to the mountains to test the development of the K ration. I think it remarkable that you remember the names of the men who took part and so many details when I did not remember anything about it. I still cannot remember that expedition. Once upon a time I read about the loss of memory in old age; I am a good example of the fact. In my work with the computers I have learned to write down what I am doing and why.

We enjoy the account of your doings when you responded to my call for help and what happened when you started to work at Gate 27. I still have a little office at Gate 27 but it is only used as a mail depot. Now what was the Laboratory of Physiological Hygiene is the Division of Epidemiology with a staff of over 400 scattered in half a dozen places. I don't envy Henry Blackburn's job of riding herd on the great operation, finding money to feed so many people, writing reports on money spent, work done and applications for more money. Besides, he has to go to meetings, give speeches and try to show some scientific accomplishment. All that is a far cry from what I do.

Now we commute between Minnelea and Minneapolis and wish our two homes were not so far apart. As I write this I enjoy the sunshine, the sea sparkling below, the nearby mountains clear

in the blue sky. Margeret picked some of our excellent beans this morning before going off with a friend to the nearest town, Vallo della Lucania with 20,000 inhabitants, 40 minutes away. She keeps house, drives the car, does what she can in the gardens, and checks the computer screen to find the mistakes I make.

We rejoice in our children and grandchildren, we have two good homes, no financial worries, and a sense of some accomplishment in so many years of raising children, working hard all over the world and still going. So we are content.

Margeret joins in sending you both love and best wishes.

Ancel Keys

For SEPTEMBER 22, 1989

Dear Margaret and Ancel,

Congratulations to you both on this most happy day. It is hard to realize that fifty years have speedily and silently slipped by, but they have been productive and happy years.

For my part, I feel fortunate in having worked with you and gotten to know you. I still remember some of the tales that you told us. One of them was about a man who had watched you building the stone wall in front of your Lake Owosso home. Finally, he approached and offered you a job working for him as a stone mason. He was willing to pay you \$10.00 more than the going wage for stone masons. We are happy that you didn't accept.

We recall someone's telling us that as a young man, you decided to follow Richard Halliburton's trip around the world. After all, what Richard Halliburton did, Ancel Keys could do just as well (I would add, if not better). Modesty has kept you from saying anything about that exploit, and so I have often wondered whether it actually occurred.

Your ability in photography has been mentioned by some who have been fortunate to see your collection. However, I got to realize your capability when I saw the photos of the soldiers sleeping in the shade of the tanks they were maneuvering in conjunction with tests of the "K" ration.

Reference to the "K" ration reminds me of Ancel's concern about an emergency ration for our soldiers in the war which was just starting (at least for the U.S.) in 1942. Just prior to that, he went to the Quartermaster Laboratory in Chicago to learn what was being done on the development of a palatable and healthful emergency ration. Your comment about your reception at that Laboratory is typical of the response of our military: "Go home, little boy, and leave such things to us. Everything is under control." Fortunately, you didn't follow that advice but instead went to see Mr. Wrigley who provided you with some money for the development of an emergency ration. The story I like to tell is the response you got when you visited the president of the Cracker Jacks Co. That man could not provide any money but was willing to do whatever his company could to help you. For that, the "K" ration prototype was put up in a Cracker Jacks box. It was lucky that the pockets on the G.I. outer garments would accommodate boxes of that size.

The semi-popular book, THE BENEVOLENT BEAN, stands as a memorial to your joint ventures. My concern is why hasn't this type of information had a greater effect on the eating habits of people? The ingrained idea that meat is essential in the diet was demonstrated to us when we submitted a paper showing the improvement in kidney function when normal young men were fed a vegetarian diet. One could sense from the reviewers' comments that nothing favorable could be associated with a vegetarian-type diet.

And so we could go on reciting the many events and accomplishments in your life, and the unobtrusive assistance given you by that remarkable wife. Margaret, the world owes you a "bushel of thanks" as they say down here.

Your friend,

Olaf
Olaf Mickelsen

P.S. Claire, who married Olaf in 1953, was happy to thus be made a vicarious member of that distinguished lab group founded and excellently led by Ancel.

Congratulations + many more