In Memoriam: Lew Barness

Lewis A. Barness, MD: 1921–2013

GRANT MORROW III, MD

When first asked to write some comments about one of the greatest pediatricians of his time, it seemed sad not to be able to talk with him and laugh about our past experiences. But, as I mulled the challenge over, I realized that solo reminiscing about Lewis A. Barness would be a wonderful trip through the past by itself and there would be no restrictions on which memories could be used to describe this great, caring human known by all of us as THE CHIEF.

He trained at exemplary places, Harvard for medical school and internship, followed by a research fellowship and pediatric residency at Boston Children’s. From 1950 through 1972, he served as a faculty member at the University of Pennsylvania. In 1972, the University of South Florida wisely appointed him Chair of Pediatrics. In 1987, love moved him to the University of Wisconsin to join his distinguished wife, Dr Enid Gilbert-Barness, as an emeritus professor. In 1993, they both came back to the University of South Florida to finish their careers together.

Lew was one of the rare “triple-threat” academicians—a superb clinician, a superb researcher, and a superb teacher. He received almost all of the major pediatric academic awards during his career—a great testimony, by his peers, to his national and international prominence. His seminal work with children suffering with methylmalonic acidemia is only one example of his many innovative research studies that lasted throughout his entire career.

His true love was teaching. It was insightful, instructive, and flavored with good humor. But the most important characteristic of his effective teaching was that he loved students; he respected people, and he was optimistic about society. He kept that attitude throughout his entire life.

He loved to tell awful jokes. It was almost painful to hear the groans after his shaggy dog stories. A good example is the one about two snails walking down
the street. They went into a Jaguar car dealer and after some negotiations one snail said he’d buy the most expensive car if the dealer would paint large “S’s” on both sides of the car. The other snail was perplexed and asked why. The answer: “So when I drive down the street everyone will watch me and say, look at that S car go.” Typical but awful.

His bedside patient rounds with the students, residents, and staff were classic. He would go to the bedside, examine the patient, discuss issues, and then, most terrifying of all, he would become very Socratic by firing questions at someone in the group. They were thought-provoking and usually had a humorous flavor. Sometimes his water gun got the attention of a distracted student. Another wakeup alarm was that THE CHIEF had alternative names to call various faculty and students. Walter Tunnessen was one of the teaching staff and a great pediatrician. Lew would call him, “Tunafish,” and if there was no quick answer, he’d call him “Tuna.” It always got a smile. My appellation was “Edgar” due to the fact that Edgar R. Murrow, a well-known newsman, had died and Lew felt that some of my answers were dead wrong. Frank Osaki, a great academician, was “Oscar,” named for Oscar Mayer wiener. The unusual thing about his using alternative names was that no one felt they were the brunt of a joke or singled out for ridicule. It was just THE CHIEF having a good time on rounds. Somehow his brisk comments made the individual try harder, read up on the disease, and want to become a better physician. When I had written my first paper, I asked him if he’d review it. He did and said that it was fine except for two problems. I felt a sense of relief and said, “What are they?” He came back with, “Edgar, the science is pure $%#&” and “It needs to be rewritten in English.” We finally got the paper published but I certainly learned a lot about how to write a manuscript. He was always very effective in supporting and cultivating the careers of his faculty.

Later in his career, when he was Chair of the Department of Pediatrics at the University of South Florida, he was able to build the Department, recruit excellent faculty, and produce a culture of camaraderie and excitement that made working there a privilege. Lew was well established nationally and internationally as an expert in nutrition and how it affects one’s individual health. He never overate and, in fact, he never ate much at all. He usually had a Mr. Goodbar for lunch as he smoked his pipe, and he participated in absolutely no physical exercise whatsoever. What was the outcome of his not following his own advice? Were his arteries clogged? No, he didn’t have one scintilla of calcium in any of his arteries and his intellect was perfectly intact. Being a geneticist, Lew knew that could trust his genetics more than his eating habits.

Even after he retired in 2007, he and Enid wrote many of the classic textbooks about nutrition, metabolic diseases, as well as physical and clinical diagnoses. One of his favorite quotes was by Socrates (ie, “The unexamined life is not worth living”). It was a true mantra for him and helped explain why he was so insightful and productive throughout his entire career.

Other flashes of memory are that he was humble for being so well-known and prominent. Throughout his career, he always bought his clothes from a Haband catalog. He had no need to flaunt his status.
In trying to express how people felt about Lew, the word Mensch seems most appropriate. It’s perfect since it means a person of integrity and honor, a person to admire and emulate, and a person of noble character. Lew personified all of these traits.

The field of pediatrics, its pediatric institutions, and mostly the children, have benefited greatly because of Lew.

All of us hope that we could be remembered by as many people and with as much fondness as there is for THE CHIEF. All of us, particularly the family, will miss him.

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BERTRAM LUBIN, MD
It is an honor for me to write a few paragraphs that will be included in a tribute to Dr Lewis Barness. Dr Barness was a friend, a mentor, the pediatrician for two of my children, and a role model whom I have cherished my entire career. He was truly a pediatrician’s pediatrician. I first met Dr Barness when I was an intern at Children’s Hospital of Philadelphia in 1964. He had assembled a staff at the University of Pennsylvania that included future leaders in pediatrics, among whom was Frank Oski, my friend, mentor, and colleague for life. I recall the first visit to Dr Barness’ office, where stacks of journals were on his desk and on the floor, the content of which he had stored in his brain, ready to ask me and others to recall. He remembered details that proved to be pearls for all of us. I was petrified when I first met him as his reputation preceded him. However, within seconds, without receiving a squirt from his water pistol, which he concealed in his white coat, my heart was won over. Over the years, I appreciated that what I had experienced was something shared by many, and the warmth he had for his students was one of his shining characteristics.

Dr Barness was an enormous help to my family and me. When I was a fellow in Hematology/Oncology at Boston Children’s Hospital, I sought his advice as to how my family could make a decision regarding our newborn son, who had Down syndrome. I will never forget his wise comments when I stated that we would get attached to Charlie if we brought him home. Dr Barness promptly responded that we had already been attached to him for nine months, and that both of us had the strength to raise him in a world that did not understand that not all of us can make a great contribution to society. Charlie is now 45 years old and has brought joy to many people.
Dr Barness was always willing to visit Children’s Hospital in Oakland and give Grand Rounds. On one occasion, when the topic for his talk was “Pediatric Smells,” he accidentally left his slides on the plane. You can imagine the challenge of giving a talk on metabolic disease without slides. This did not faze him. The talk was excellent and much was learned by the community doctors, our house staff, and me.

I have this wonderful picture of Dr Barness in my office, bowtie and all, and his great smile. I will always remember Dr Barness and will use the knowledge he passed on to me. I try to be like Dr Barness, always available, always willing to help, always engaging, always comforting, always caring, always ready to laugh. Dr Barness, I will never forget you.

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Lew Barness was widely recognized and admired for his stature as a pediatrician and a scientist, his encyclopedic knowledge, his strong commitment to his patients and students, and his gentle demeanor. But sartorial elegance was definitely not one of his attributes, as he regularly purchased his clothing from Haband—a mail-order haberdasher. A frequently repeated story that forms part of the legend surrounding Lew tells that a few months after arriving in Tampa as the Founding Chairman of the Department of Pediatrics, and probably as a result of having ordered several new outfits befitting his new role, Haband executives contacted Lew to offer him a position as their local representative. He, obviously, did not accept the offer, but did continue to be their devoted customer.

Lew was also admired for his delightful sense of humor along with his quick and amusing comments and rejoinders. One example is a classic Lew Barness response during an interview for the Oral History Project of the American Academy of Pediatrics. While talking about Lew’s days in medical school, the interviewer, Howard Pearson, asked him, “Your role models were General Practitioners, but you decided early to be a pediatrician. Why?” Lew responded, “I don’t know why. I guess I felt that I would never grow up anyway.” And, if keeping the curiosity and the positive and optimistic attitude of the young means not growing up, Lew indeed never did. Same as a child who loves without reservation, he loved his family, his friends, his colleagues, his students, and his patients. Same as a child, he ignored the imperfections of those of us who surrounded him. And, same as a child, he could laugh freely when he found that something was funny.

In the dedication of The Little Prince, Saint-Exupéry writes, “All grown-ups
were once children… but only few of them remember it.” It is evident that Lew Barness never forgot.

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JANE CARVER, PhD, MS, MPH
In 1980, I had the great fortune to be offered the opportunity to complete my graduate studies in Dr Barness’ laboratory, where I worked under the guidance of him and Dr Susan Carlson. Those were exciting times in infant nutrition research. Considerable federal funding for research was available, and new analytical methods were revealing the unique components of human milk and their roles in infant nutrition and development. Dr Barness, a staunch advocate of breast-feeding, was convinced that “Mother Nature” knew best and was not wasteful. He accurately predicted that many human milk components considered to be artifacts did in fact play important roles in development. His insights led to improvements in infant formulas.

The atmosphere in Dr Barness’ laboratory was one of hard work and dedication, tempered by fun, collegiality, and a stimulating intellectual atmosphere. Dr Barness was a very humble and light-hearted person, and he was quick to “correct” people who took themselves too seriously; he always did this in a kindly and amusing way. His birthday was a major event each year and we honored him in various ways, including having the entire lab wear T-shirts emblazoned with his picture, printing “Barness Bucks,” and creating elaborate cakes themed after his favorite interests, including breast-feeding and baseball!

One of Dr Barness’ most endearing characteristics was the compassion he exhibited for colleagues, students, and employees. I often worked late in the lab, and it was not uncommon to find him in his office in the evening chatting with a member of the custodial staff, patiently listening to concerns they had about their children and families. Dr Barness made it clear to all of us that family interests came first. It’s a lesson I have remembered over the years. His wisdom and guidance—both professional and personal—continue to guide me.

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Lew Barness was a giant in the field of pediatrics. He was the only person in the long history of pediatrics to be honored with all three of our most prestigious awards: the St. Geme Award (1991), the Jacobi Award (1991), and the Howland Award (1993).

He was born to Russian immigrants. His name, Barness, loosely translated from the Hebrew, as “Bar-Ness,” means “son of a miracle.” Whether or not this is accurate is not relevant, but he liked to mention it from time to time.

I once visited him and his wife, Enid, in Madison, Wisconsin, when he took a year’s sabbatical from South Florida to be with her, a highly regarded professor of Pediatrics at the University of Wisconsin Medical School. He said, “It’s too d*** cold here!”

He had a quality that drew people to him. In one of his tributes, it was stated that he was “one of the few remaining great clinicians, whose love for children, for his peers and students, and for advancing knowledge through research, and whose dedication to improving the human condition, have made him a ‘legend in his own time’.”

His list of publications numbers in the several hundreds. His trainees are also in the hundreds. His achievements were honored “officially” when he was Chief of Pediatrics at the University of South Florida Medical School, by the Mayor of Tampa’s declaration of June 23, 1987 as “Lew Barness Day.”

Finally, the American Academy of Pediatrics, in their Oral History Project in 1998, published a comprehensive interview of Lew by Dr Howard Pearson, a distinguished Professor of Pediatrics in his own right. When I asked Lew what he thought of the honor of being part of this project, he joked, “I fell asleep reading it.”

It is fitting that we honor him in this volume of Advances in Pediatrics. He assumed the editor-in-chiefship of this journal in 1973—just the third person in this position since its founding in 1952. He served in that role for 30 years and remained on the Editorial Board along with Enid until he died. We miss him.

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