

Preface

From the beginning of my academic career nearly 50 years ago, I have been blessed by strong associations with quality graduate and undergraduate students. Throughout this period, it has been my pleasure to watch them successfully apply their efforts in both the field and the laboratory.

Over the past several years, I have given serious thought to writing about their research experiences and my connection to them. Ward Cooper was a Senior Commissioning Editor at Wiley-Blackwell. I have known him for many years, and he has enthusiastically helped me with other projects along the way. A couple of years ago, I persuaded Ward that stories I wanted to tell about my students and their research were estimable and worthy of incorporating into a book. He agreed and was able to convince the "editorial group" at Wiley-Blackwell to support its publication.

Necessarily, some of what I have written for the present book also involves my professional beginning, making the first couple of chapters seem like the book will be autobiographical, but it isn't. As I will emphasize later, there is no way of separating my career from the beginning of theirs. They are naturally intertwined. I have also included descriptions of contributions made to my career and to those of my students by some of my nonstudent collaborators, mentors, and colleagues. The group includes some really great people, for example, Robert ("Doc") Stabler, Mary Alice Hamilton, J. Teague Self, Jim McDaniel, MacWilson Warren, Jim Hendricks, George Lauff, Desmond Smyth, Clive Kennedy, Whit Gibbons, Darwin Murrell, Al Shostak, Ray Kuhn, Ron Dimock Jr., Dick Seed, and Al Bush. All of these people, plus some others who I will identify in the text, have touched my personal and professional life in one way or another, and I feel that I am in debt to them for contributing to whatever successes my students and I have had along the way.

Foremost, however, thoughts regarding my career always return to my students and what they did in the way of research when they were graduate students with me here at Wake Forest. Without exception, they were bright, self-starters, hard working, innovative, and loyal. During my career, I take pride in knowing that I have had just two students leave my lab without achieving the success of securing their advanced degree.

In 1966, the American Society of Parasitologists held our annual meeting in San Juan, Puerto Rico. I recall it quite well. For one thing, it was the first time I had ever flown. My wife, Ann, and I drove to Baltimore and stayed with our friends, Bill and Sally Cline, the night before we were to head for San Juan aboard an Eastern Airlines Electra turboprop aircraft. My wife was a veteran flyer and felt it would be best to drive to Baltimore and then fly from there rather than taking my first plane trip in a smaller aircraft. Moreover, Bill was a physician and promised to provide me with some sort of remedy that would calm my nerves on flight day. Unfortunately, on arrival at the airport, we learned that a windshield on the plane had cracked on landing in Newark on its way to Baltimore and was about four hours late—by that time, the effects of the drug had worn off. I must admit that it was still a great first flight!

The best part of the San Juan meeting was a dinner on the veranda of the Americana Hotel in which we were staying. Dr. and Mrs. Self, John and Karen Janovy, Jim and Sue McDaniel, Horace and Jayne Bailey, and my wife, Ann, and were there (Figure 0.1) (John, Jim, Horace, and I were all Dr. Self's graduate students). The evening was warm, but not hot. There was a gentle breeze blowing in off the ocean, and the sun was setting in the west. In other words, it was beautiful!



Figure 0.1 A photo taken at the Americana Hotel, San Juan, Puerto Rico, November 1966, 41st annual meeting, the American Society of Parasitologists. From left to right: me, Ann Esch, Horace Bailey, Jayne Bailey, Sue McDaniel, Jim McDaniel, Mrs. Ida Self, Dr. J. Teague Self, and Karen Janovy. Photo courtesy of John Janovy, Jr.