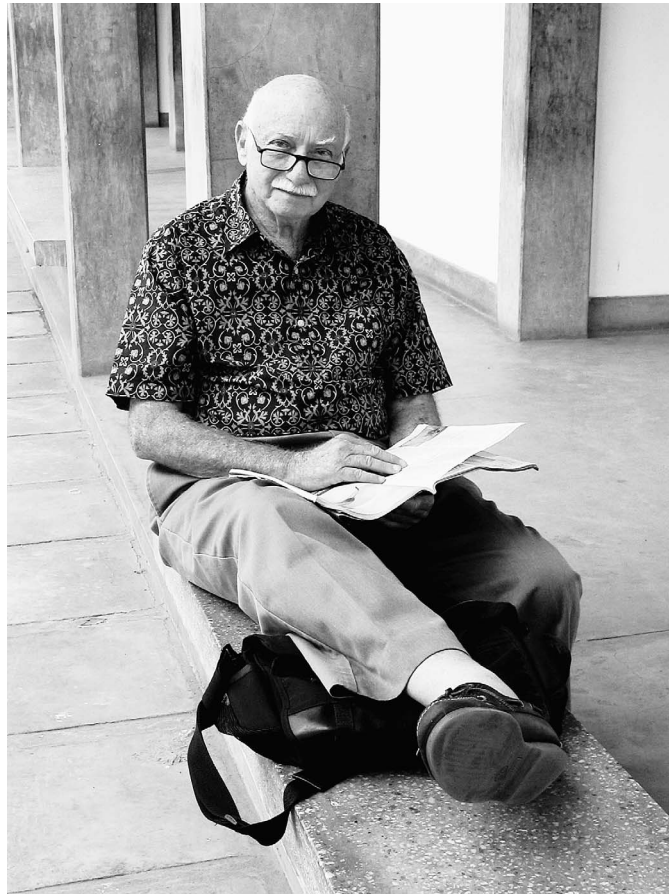


IN MEMORIAM



Robert S. Desowitz

2 January 1926–24 March 2008

I (RH) first met Bob in September of 2005 when he came to Colorado College to give the Roberts' Memorial Lecture, though, unbeknownst to him, we had been close friends since 1983! That was the year I first acquired *New Guinea Tapeworms and Jewish Grandmothers*, and that was the year I *really* met Bob Desowitz for the first time. I savored each chapter and was delighted by his sense of humor, envious of his talent for telling a story, and impressed by his ability to arouse my emotions.

A few years later *The Malaria Capers* appeared (1991), followed by *Who Gave Pinta to the Santa Maria* in 1997. *The Malaria Capers* was of particular interest because I had personal ties with some of the characters, and I had been a graduate student at two of the universities that played at least a minor role in the book. *Who Gave Pinta to the Santa Maria* is my personal favorite, though Bob's last book, *Federal Body Snatchers and the New Guinea Virus* (2002), runs a close second. To merely express the sentiment that his books have had a profound influence on me would be a gross understatement.

All of Bob's books excite students! One or another has been a required supplemental text in my parasitology courses since 1983, and hundreds of my students have been positively influenced by Bob's writings. He has served as a teacher and mentor to each of them, and, unbeknownst to Bob, all were his very close friends as well.

Desowitz and I had a few things in common: We were both enamored by parasites, we were both bald, we both had a penchant for gin martinis, and we both enjoyed fly fishing. When I invited Bob to Colorado College in 2005, I mentioned there would be enough time for a quick trip to the South Platte River for a little fishing. I knew from his writings

that he had a sense of humor, but he surprised me by asking how the tsetse hatch was on the river in September. I wrote back that it was excellent, but I was having a hard time tying good imitations. My e-mail the next day had explicit instructions for getting the head and wing profiles correct. No matter how hard I tried, my *Glossina* imitations looked just like an elk hair caddis. Oh well, they worked.

The last time I saw Bob was at the Rocky Mountain Conference of Parasitologists annual meeting in Denver in September of 2007. We spent a long evening in the hotel bar chatting over gin martinis as we had when he came to Colorado Springs in 2005. When his daughter, Duba Desowitz-Leibell, sent an e-mail informing me of her father's death, I was both surprised and saddened. Later that evening I found myself at the same hotel bar where we had previously enjoyed drinks together. I ordered a gin martini and toasted the life of a gentle and wonderful human being. If you did not have the pleasure of personally meeting Bob Desowitz, read one of his books. You will feel as if you had known him and been his friend forever.

In reading Ron's notes on Bob Desowitz, I (RS) realized that there was very little that I could add. I had known Bob slightly longer than Ron. We were friends since he and his wife moved to North Carolina. However, like Ron, I also considered Bob a close scientific colleague and friend long before I actually met him because of his early work on the African trypanosomes and then later in the 1980s because of his books, starting with *New Guinea Tapeworms and Jewish Grandmothers*. Although I believed that I knew Bob reasonably well, I was surprised to recently learn that he had also published a text on laboratory procedures for the diagnosis of parasitic infections. Although it is now