

JOHN M. TEMPLETON JR.



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PHYSICIAN, PHILANTHROPIST, SEEKER

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*With a History of the John Templeton Foundation*

John M. Templeton Jr.

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Frontispiece: John M. Templeton Jr., Pina Templeton, and their daughters, Jennifer (left), and Heather (right), with John M. Templeton Sr. and Irene Reynolds Templeton. Lyford Cay, Nassau, Bahamas, 1984

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# Introduction

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I HAVE BEEN very much influenced and inspired by the historical perspective of my father. In several books over the years, such as *The Templeton Plan*, my father has used stories and examples from his own life to provide instruction for children, grandchildren, and other future descendants. I have also become aware that there is a fair amount of genealogical information available on both sides of my family. From 1995 to 1997 Mr. Jay Norwalk put in hundreds of hours tracing genealogical ties. We traced my father's side of the family to the earliest known ancestor, John Templeton of Iredell County, North Carolina. The trail on my mother's side led to England and France. Some 8,000 names were obtained in this genealogical search. Unfortunately, in most cases the only data available on these individuals were names, dates of birth and death, family location, and offspring. I deeply wish that some of these ancestors had taken the time to pass on diaries or other accounts that would have revealed their activities, beliefs, and values. It is this full rendering of a life that gives one the greatest sense of identity with the past and suggests a heritage to share with future offspring. Fortunately, one ancestor, Captain Samuel Handy, did leave a moderate amount of information about his life on the frontier in the late 1700s. This account is well worth reading for its description of the duress, hardships, and opportunities that shaped the lives of early pioneers. Captain Handy's account provides a keen insight into his values and contributions.

This work is the result of a very generous gift on the part of my father to me. He urged me to put together an autobiography that would recount the varied experiences I have been privileged to have and to share some of the perspectives I have gained. My father had previously worked with writer James Ellison, who has been a significant help to me in putting this auto-

biography together, as has been another writer and editor, Randy Frame. I have taken considerable time in the crafting and editing of this autobiography in order to reflect most clearly on the countless lessons and opportunities for learning and growth that I have experienced in my life. It is my earnest hope that my children and their descendents will find some of these experiences instructive and useful as they face new challenges and demands in their own lives. One of my privileges as an undergraduate at Yale was to be trained as an historian. It is this continuing love of history that partially explains the time and effort put into this work. My greatest motivation, however, is the hope that this story will provide a perspective on what it was like to grow up in the second half of the twentieth century—a perspective that I hope will connect with the lives and experiences of people in generations to come.

The organization of this book is in part chronological and in part thematic. What I hope shines through consistently, however, is the ideal that one should never stop learning, and that we should attempt to pass on to others what we have learned. Also, it is important to acknowledge and uphold truth as being real, though perhaps never fully apprehended. Life is fascinating, full of many mysteries, many of which are not unfathomable. This, therefore, is my account of a searcher's life.

JOHN M. TEMPLETON JR.



I SHALL NEVER forget the words spoken to me by a senior assistant resident physician in the late 1960s. I was a young doctor in the midst of a medical internship at the Medical College of Virginia. A young girl had been accidentally shot in the side by a shotgun at close range. When she arrived, she was bleeding profusely and in a state of shock. Her emergency surgery went well, but it was uncertain if she would make it. Before leaving for the night, the senior assistant resident turned to me and said, “Whether or not this girl makes it depends on you.” I was both awestruck and challenged. This is what it was all about—to care for others, to offer life and hope wherever possible. It was the reason I chose to spend my professional life in and around hospitals.

The hospital where I was born on February 19, 1940—the French Hospital on the east side of Manhattan—no longer exists. In the year prior to my birth, both my parents got jobs in New York City. Before that they lived in Dallas, Texas, where my mother had an advertising business and Dad worked as a financial officer for a small Dallas oil exploration company. In New York, Mother worked for the McCann Erikson advertising agency while my father started his full-time career in investment counseling. My mother kept working almost up to the time of my birth. During the pregnancy my parents had looked for a house in Alpine, New Jersey. They finally found one for \$100 a month rent, so at the age of two months, I moved with them to New Jersey.

When I was five months old, I was taken to Winchester, Tennessee, where my father grew up, to be with my grandparents, that is, my father’s parents. Part of the purpose of the visit was to see if there was someone there who might come and live with my parents and take care of me so

that my mother could return to work full-time. My grandmother knew of a black family in Winchester named the Battles. They had several children, including a daughter named Rosezella. Rosezella was very unusual for a black woman in that era. Not only had she graduated from high school but she had taken at least one year of teacher's college training. She could not afford to go beyond that and was interested in the possibility of a job that would take her to the New York City area largely because she wanted to see the 1939–40 World's Fair.

My grandmother arranged for Rosezella to come and take care of me at their house on South High Street in Winchester. My mother ordered that for a certain period of time each day I be taken outside. Apparently she had heard somewhere that being exposed to the sun was good for a child. My grandmother, I think instinctively, felt that it was not wise for a small and skinny baby to be out in the hot Tennessee sun in June or July, but yielding to my mother's wishes she did arrange for Rosezella to take me out in a carriage. It was so hot that Rosezella took an umbrella with her to block the sun. As for me, I was so uncomfortable that I would cry whenever the sun fell on me. Although Rosezella did not know it, my grandmother kept watch out the window. She noticed that Rosezella would allow her own umbrella to slip off of her shoulder and over the baby carriage to shield me from the sun. In later years my grandmother told Rosezella that when she witnessed that, she knew that Rosezella was the right caretaker for me. After all, she allowed common sense to guide her. When I was old enough to speak, I began calling her "Ro Ro." (Not too many two-year-olds can say "Rosezella.") That would become the way all of us who benefited from Ro Ro's presence would refer to her until her death in 2005 at the age of ninety-three.

I stayed with Ro Ro and my grandparents during the summer of 1940. My mother returned to New Jersey where she started a job as an advertising writer for Bamberger's in Newark. To get to work, she used a car that she and Dad had bought for \$200. Dad took the bus into New York each day. On October 8, 1940, Ro Ro brought me by train from Tennessee to Newark where we were met by my mother's mother, known to us as "Nana." We then went to live in Alpine, New Jersey.

A year or so after I was born, my mother had a miscarriage. She eventually got a better job as an advertising executive at McCann Erikson in New York City where she worked, except during pregnancies with my sis-

ter and brother, until her untimely death in 1951, the details of which I will describe in the next chapter.

When I was two, we moved from Alpine, New Jersey, to Grand Avenue in Englewood, New Jersey. Ro Ro lived with us and cared for both me and my sister, who was born May 9, 1942. Her Christian name was Anne Dudley, but I knew her from the beginning as Candy, the nickname my mother gave her at birth. The new location made for an easy bus trip for Mom and Dad into New York City, where both were still working full-time—Dad in his new investment firm, called Templeton, Dobbrow and Vance, and my mother still with McCann Erikson.

One evening while we were living on Grand Avenue, Dad came home and announced that his company had finally done well enough for him to pay himself a salary. No longer did he have to rely only on my mother's income and the last bonus from his work with the Texas oil company. Up until this time he had used whatever extra money there was to pay salaries to the few people who worked with him in the investment counsel firm. My parents' financial philosophy was reflected in their decision, made early in their marriage, to set aside 50 percent of all they earned for savings. They shared the aspiration of working together as a team with careful budgeting of their resources for long-term investment and financial benefit. When my father came home and told my mother that he was now able to pay himself a salary, they went out to dinner to celebrate, a rarity for them in those days when money was so tight.

The house on Grand Avenue was a small- to medium-size clapboard structure. It had a medium-sized living room with a fireplace that I remember mainly because of the Christmases we spent there. Since my parents worked most of the time, I spent much of my time with Ro Ro in the kitchen as she prepared meals.

It was in this house where, at the age of five, I received a rather rude introduction to the power of electricity. I discovered that one of the floor-level electrical outlets was an open socket. I had some understanding that electrical outlets were the source of power for lights, and I knew that there was some danger to electricity. But curiosity's pull outweighed any good sense. When I stuck my finger into the open socket, my reward was a sudden jolting shock that traveled up my arm and into my torso. Fortunately the shock caused me to lurch backward, thus breaking the connection. I learned my lesson and have respected the power of electricity ever since.