

## LOOKING FORWARD, LOOKING UPWARD



# Looking Forward, Looking Upward



*My Life, My Friendship with Sir John,  
and the Early Years of  
the John Templeton Foundation*

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## Preface

LOOKING BACK over some eighty years, it is hard to believe I found my way into what most people would agree has been a momentous set of experiences. Perhaps these were just accidents of time and place—fortuitous at best. Somehow, I think, almost in spite of myself, I've been blessed with meeting some very special people and being part of something bigger than I ever could have imagined.

Granted, I had the benefits of a middle-class family in which both father and mother and also an older sister were always keenly interested in ideas and education. Yet my sister and I were the first to go to college, and we made the most of it. Carol graduated summa cum laude from Queen's College and received her doctorate in physical chemistry from the University of Wisconsin. I graduated from Purdue University, with several stints in the navy mixed in, and eventually received a doctorate in biochemistry from Michigan State University.

Time and place were especially interesting, given the fact that several wars were fought during my early years. I was too young for World War II, though I was about to be drafted at its end. I was called back into the U.S. Naval Reserve during the Korean War, but did not go to the war zone, for which I am deeply grateful. By the time of the Vietnam War, I was ensconced in medical education and no longer of interest to the military.

By then I had a family of six, and we moved from New England to Tulsa to recruit personnel for a new medical school. Later, we moved back to New England where I began directing a scientific

society and working for and writing with a world-class investor.

For me, the small town boy, looking back over my shoulder at “where I’d got,” the view is one of amazement, straining credulity.



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## CHAPTER I



# Early Days

I WAS BORN JUST before the Great Depression, the son of a struggling businessman who, nevertheless, managed to maintain a modest profit by conscientiously fulfilling customers' needs in the printing business in downtown New York City. I went to the public schools in Whitestone and Bayside, Queens, two towns on the edge of the city, on Long Island. Whitestone was a small town in the early 1930s. I briefly met a girl there, Betty Ann Cook, but learned to know her much more seriously in high school.

## FINDING ELIZABETH

Our first brief meeting was somewhat novel. Betty belonged to the local Presbyterian Church where there was a long tradition of minstrel shows and other productions as part of the church's entertainment program for fund-raising. I was a neighbor to one of the producers, Vi Townsend, and she recruited me at age six to be the groom in their production of a *Tom Thumb Wedding*. You guessed it; Betty was the bride. When we actually got engaged long afterward, the *New York Herald Tribune* printed a short squib, "Couple married 14 years announce engagement."

When we met again in high school, she was a cheerleader and a real romance blossomed. She had plenty of attention from the opposite sex, but I did my best to monopolize her time. My main advantage, I reasoned, was to entertain her in "the big city." I was

familiar with Manhattan, having been a salesman for a couple of summers for my dad. I enabled her to enjoy the best of the city, in my opinion: the theater district, Greenwich Village, Central Park, and the fantastic museums and restaurants.

#### PLYMOUTH BRETHREN

I had one more important contact with Manhattan, which has also become a major influence in my life. It happened because my grandfather had come as an immigrant from Germany, the son of a well-to-do Hamburg family, with knowledge of several languages and some experience in the German export trade. When he came to America, he got a job near Cooper Square in downtown Manhattan, and walked from his flat to his office every day. He was a typical North German, nominally Lutheran but of no particular persuasion. Every day he passed a Christian bookstore in the Square and was attracted to a large Bible in the window, whose pages were turned each day to a new passage. After a time, the proprietor, Mr. L'Oiseaux, came out and invited him in and explained the Christian faith to him. My grandfather became a staunch believer and eventually joined a group called the Plymouth Brethren, so named for its origin as separatists from the Anglican Church in Plymouth, England, in the late 1800s.

I was introduced as a child to a segment of these believers, meeting in simple circumstances in a second-story loft on East Twenty-Seventh Street between Lexington and Park Avenues in midtown Manhattan. To these folks, I am indebted for a thorough study of the scriptures.

The focal point of their worship service was the Lord's Supper, the breaking of a loaf of bread and the sharing of a common cup of wine. This was preceded and followed by hymns and Bible readings offered by the men of the congregation somewhat spontaneously. An offering was taken at the conclusion of the service.