In Memoriam

GRETE GLOBUS
1901–1970

On November 23, 1970 Mrs. Joseph H. Globus, known affectionately as Grete by her many friends, died in New York. Her many years of service to this Journal earned her the title of Executive Editor and neuropathologists in both hemispheres profited by her efforts to facilitate publication of their writings.

Born Margarethe Gans in Emden September 29, 1901, she developed broad interests in both classical and biological studies during her undergraduate years and eventually she joined the staff of the anatomical laboratory of Professor Alfons Jakob in Hamburg. It was here that she met her future husband, Dr. Joseph H. Globus. After their marriage in 1921 she came to America where she began a career of service with her husband as technical supervisor in his laboratory, editorial assistant in his publication offices, and devoted mother to their children in his home.

With the inception of this Journal in 1942 she assumed still another task as administrative assistant to her husband and the other founders of the Journal. In was mainly in this capacity that she mastered the tools of the office that she later directed.

During the Journal's early insolvent years she worked tirelessly with the editorial board to help them meet financial obligations and publication deadlines. Each issue represented a momentary victory in a fiscal battlefield (authors had no research funds and subscriptions were only four dollars a year). The first decade taught the difficult lessons of editorial organization and administrative economy; her application of these lessons to the operation of the Journal helped it to survive and become established in the manner intended by the founders: a forum for the field of neuropathology.

Abruptly, her husband died in 1952. Her loss was inestimable but the editorial board turned to her for continued and expanded support. She became Administrative Manager in 1953, Administrative Editor in 1954, and Executive Editor in 1961. Since the beginning of the Journal 29 years ago she served under five Chief Editors and worked closely with more than 60 Associate Editors and members of the Advisory Board. She knew virtually every author that was published in the Journal.

She was a perennial and indispensable figure at the annual meetings of the American Association of Neuropathologists where she gave her time graciously to various organizational chores. The Association and the Journal honored her unselfish service by presenting her with a commemorative plaque at its
annual meeting in 1960. On that occasion she was commended for the sacrifices she had made on behalf of the Journal. She replied, "I do not consider my work as having been a sacrifice but rather a great privilege, and I am most grateful for the opportunity I was given to help continue my husband's work."

A unique characteristic of this work was the personal contact that she maintained with many of the authors. She thus encouraged, supported, and promoted their interests by providing a personalized editorial service for their publications.

What exactly was the editorial service she performed so well? She did duty as agent, rector, copyreader, proofreader, and printer's supervisor. Her tools were a dictionary, pieces of paper, and a couple of pencils. She transformed typewritten pages to galleys and galleys to page proofs and page proofs to bound issues. She handled corrections, author's queries, illustration layouts, revisions, cuts, front matter, indexes, reference checks, and queries from the printer. She got the editors to meet their deadline and the printers to honor theirs. She managed subscriptions and arranged all mailings. She took the blame if things went wrong.

In short, she supplied the machinery through which a manuscript was converted to the published paper that became part of our professional archive.

Yet this was not all.

Her life was by no means confined to the specialized community of neuropathology. She gave service to other medical specialty organizations and gained prominence as a co-worker of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt in many activities of the United Nations in New York. Her interests in music and theater supplied a pleasurable relief from her professional responsibilities.

She liked the dramatic gesture and, although she might disagree with a speaker or colleague, she was quick to appreciate the style or finesse of his argument. She invariably demonstrated a remarkable capacity to respond to the humor of the situation or the wit of her companion, even when visibly distressed herself. The earliest signal of this response was a bright reflexive flash of her eyes and a smile; her most expressive features. I recall a particularly tedious waiting room at the London airport on September 29, 1961. Crowds of neuropathologists were returning to America from the IVth International Congress of Neuropathology and the charter flight had been terminally delayed. Among the silent expressionless faces, Grete sat alone and pensive. Learning that this very day was her birthday, I produced a newly acquired German lute and a group of us sang several unharmonious but earnest choruses of "Happy Birthday to you..." Her eyes flashed, she smiled, and she joined in the next chorus. Some years later I saw a photograph of Grete as a young music student. She was playing a German lute of identical construction and the camera had captured that same expression of warmth and humor... that expression that we shall miss so much.

PAUL J. ANDERSON, M.D.
Grete Globus
1901–1979
THE LIFE FORCE OF GRETE GLOBUS

RUDO S. GLOBUS

Obituaries, more than the fact of death itself, tend to obliterate human beings. In the precise case of my Mother, this was profoundly so. There was an interior set of facts to her life without which she could have no reality. They reveal much of her truth and also the truth of the world within which she lived.

My Father, Joseph H. Globus, was a man of almost desperate vocation. As clinician, as teacher, as researcher, as administrator, as editor, his ability to function and the central core of his life could be sustained only if the conditions of his life minimally intruded on his vocation.

He knew and expressed this. So did my Mother. From the beginning of their marriage until his death, my Mother totally immersed herself in his life, his world, his needs. She accepted his vocation as her own. She considered his work and those needs which permitted him to do his work his way as primary. I know only a very little about the numerous acts of self-abnegation. Some of the more obvious ones were economic—she was rigorously careful to keep economic burdens at a minimum. Some of them were involved in a direct giving of herself. For years she worked as his assistant, his secretary because she was more capable of adapting precisely to his needs.

She designed a life-style, a home, a pattern of family relationships which served to protect him, to free him of unnecessary emotional burdens, demands on his working time. God only knows how much of herself she sacrificed in the process. It is not possible to comprehend his enormous output, the effectiveness of his work without seeing her on every page of every paper he wrote.

His death was shattering. She went through a very bad time—a specially bad time. She verbalized it. Her very reason for being was gone. In a sense, she herself was gone. And then came a remarkable transformation.

To the degree that the Journal of Neuropathology and Experimental Neurology was the two of them, she now made it hers alone. She knew the language, the criteria, the people. But she developed new skills, viewpoints of her own, a direct, personal set of relationships.

Where his needs were her needs, she manifested completely new and previously unknown needs which were hers alone.

Where his friends had been her only friends, she established new friendships, new relationships—not as the widow of Joseph H. Globus, M.D., but as Grete Globus.

Much of him lingered. But the persona which had been until 1921 Grete Gans re-emerged in 1953. It came as a surprise to many, particularly her children who had tended to perceive her as a reflex of our Father.

The last 17 years of her life were her 17 years. She kept the Journal alive as an act of her will. Neuropathology became her concern. She made a complicated world her world and impressed on it her image.

My Father would have been very proud.