Scholar, sanitarian, pathologist, parasitologist, bacteriologist, immunologist, teacher, administrator, philosopher—regarded by many as America's greatest medical scientist—who could lay claim to more? In one lifetime he accomplished in several fields what most of us would be happy to accomplish in part in one branch of science. Theobald Smith was a colossal figure—no other phrase can adequately describe him. The reading of his more than two hundred and fifty titles in English and German, which we have done in recent months, readily demonstrates his greatness. However, to many he has always been great but at the same time a simple, modest, loyal and lovable friend. It was a privilege to know him intimately. Each hour spent with him was an enriching experience, and his death has left a void which can not be filled. As one of his friends, I have been requested to prepare this appreciation of Theobald Smith and do so with trepidation, realizing fully my inadequacy to do justice to such a large subject. I shall try to keep my deep affection for the man in the background and to present a picture of Smith, the scientist, as the world knew him and as history will record him for all time to come.

Theobald Smith was born at Albany, New York, on July 31, 1859. He died in New York City on December 10, 1934. Two weeks before his death he wrote as follows: "I came down here (Hospital of the Rockefeller Institute) for three days to be drawn and quartered for the discovery of why I am down and out. Have done nothing for three or four weeks. ... My case is a combination of minor things including a cold or influenza, but I shall wait for light from the people here." Later, a few days before his death, he wrote, "It was with great regret and much disappointment that I made up my mind not to attend the coming
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