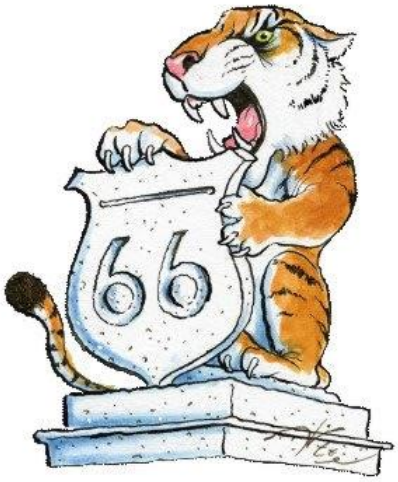
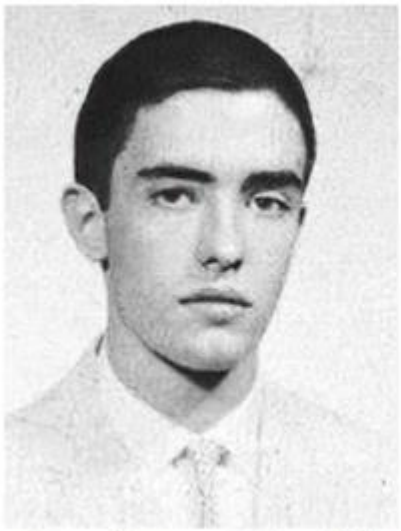
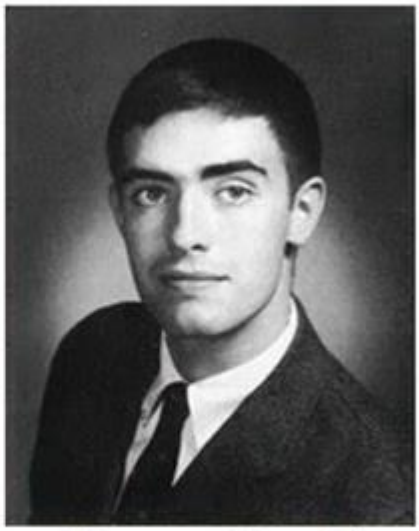


Bill Baine (1945 - 2022)



Freshman Herald

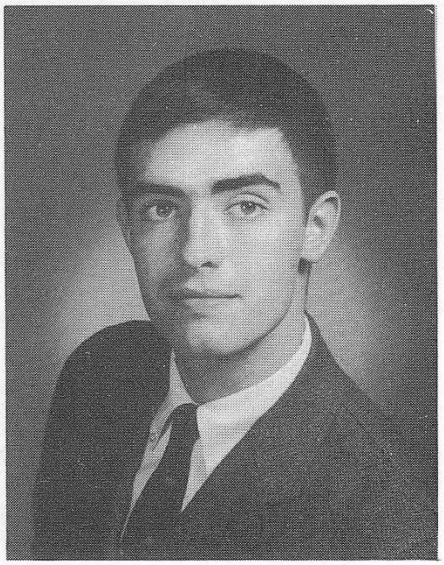


Nassau Herald

Venice 1974

The class is sorry to report the death of our classmate Bill Baine on February 1, 2022 after a long battle with Parkinson's Disease.

This is from the Nassau Herald:



WILLIAM BRENNAN BAINE

Bill is the son of John B. and Alice R. Baine, born on August 10, 1945 in Washington, D.C. He edited the literary magazine and the yearbook of St. Albans School and played in the orchestra before entering Princeton.

Bill concentrated in the Program in East Asian Studies and entitled his thesis *Tang Institutions in Sung, Liao, and Chin*. Bill is a member of Colonial Club and lived with George S. Haight in 224 Joline. During his career Bill played in the marching band and the orchestra as a saxophone section leader, and the premed society. Next fall Bill intends to be studying in a medical school. To confirm this one might contact him at The Meeting House in Waterford, Virginia.

From our 10th Reunion book

WILLIAM BRENNAN BAINE

2712 Stanford St., Dallas, Tex. 75225
Occupation: physician. Fellow, Infectious Diseases Division, Department of Internal Medicine, Southwestern Medical School, 5323 Harry Hines Blvd., Dallas, Tex. 75235
Married: Martha Scott, Wilson ’66
Wife’s occupation: Family planning data specialist
Further education: Vanderbilt, Medicine, MD
Alternate service: Public Health Service (’72-’74), Surgeon
Decorations: Painting interior of our house.
Published materials: 14 articles, incl. “ Epidemiology of Cholera in Italy in 1973” , The Lancet, Dec. 7, 1974

From Old Nassau to Music City,

A journey of 900 miles—
Four years to learn the gritty nitty
Of medicine, from pills to piles—
At Vanderbilt the satisfaction
Encompassed both arcane abstraction

And just hard work both day and night
That sometimes put the patients right.
I found the campus more appealing
Than Nashville town, though I could see
Some progress come to Tennessee.
They even made it to repealing
A law proscribing daylight time.
(A speeding clock was once a crime.)
While there, I courted and then married
Ms. Martha Scott, whom, you'll recall,
From Gotham one spring day I carried
To join me at the senior ball.
In '70 fair Cleveland beckoned
With sooty nails, and we both reckoned
I would be nice to hear George Szell.
He died soon afterward. Oh, well.
Each Metro General consumer—
Too drunk, too fat, or just too dead—
As he recalled me from my bed.
Helped me to hone my sense of humor.
Two years of this were fine to take,
But then I welcomed a short break.
" Say, Georgia's peachy," people told me.
And so we traveled to the South
As soon as Uncle Sam enrolled me
In Public Health and—Shut my mouth!—
No more cold winters of Ohio
Nor bank accounts gone all but dry. Oh,
Here was a draft escape too droll—
The Center for Disease Control.
I made the rounds of epidemics—
Typhoid Miami, and Pine Ridge,
A sunny Caribbean bridge,
And even cholera polemics
In Italy, where I restored
Old bonds that 1 had long ignored.
ancestral Coca-Cola mother.
You weren't my final slopping place.
At Parkland there remained another
Long residency year to face.
So, on a Dr. Pepper diet,

I ventured once again to try it.
Assailing illness on the wards—
At least, until 1 passed my boards.
I his last year life has been more mellow.
Still in Big D, my new-found perch
Is ill a lab, to do research
As an infectious disease fellow,
And jolly good, too! But God speed;
We both have other things to read."

55th Reunion book, written by wife Martha in 2019

After Princeton, Bill went to medical school at Vanderbilt, class of 1970. He and I met in Princeton and were married in 1969. He did his residency in internal medicine at Cleveland Metropolitan General Hospital. Bill joined the C.D.C. as an epidemic intelligence officer with the U.S. Public Health Service; some of his time was spent working in Italy during a cholera outbreak. This was followed by an infectious disease fellowship at the University of Texas Southwestern Medical Center, in Dallas. Bill then returned to the C.D.C., which sent us to Rome for two wonderful years while Bill assisted the Istituto Superiore di Sanita (Italy's counterpart to the C.D.C.) in setting up an epidemic intelligence service. We then moved back to Dallas, where Bill spent the next 14 years on the faculty of the Southwestern Medical Center. In 1995 we moved to Waterford, Va. Bill spent the rest of career in D.C. with the Public Health Service, Agency for Healthcare Research and Quality. He was diagnosed with Parkinson's in 2004 but was able to keep working; he retired in 2016.

Bill and I have one son, Britton, an architect specializing in historic preservation. He works at a firm in D.C. and in the summer of 2019 moved into a cottage on our property that was originally a Quaker schoolhouse.

We made it to '66's 50th, the last big thing Bill was able to do, and had a wonderful time.

On 2/15/2022 Martha Baine wrote:

George Haight was Bill's roommate maybe all four years. And Peter Brownrigg, who was class of 65, was a roommate for a while. Peter is near here, and I've talked to him, but I have no idea about George.

Bill said a few years ago when he was getting sicker that he didn't have much longer to be a Princeton alum. He loved Princeton and was proud of having gone there and been in the marching band--he played alto sax. My Dad went to Princeton Seminary back in the 30's, and when I met Bill I knew the university step songs better than he did. I've had some affiliation with Princeton all my life, and I'm sorry to lose it. We made it to Bill's 50th and had a wonderful time. It was the last thing like that he was able to do.

Best to you and the best damn place of all. Long may it flourish.

Martha

Roommates

Note from roommate George Haight:

"Sorry to hear about Bill. Thank you for the notice. Bill and I roomed together for three years. Our roommate sophomore year was Tim Smith (I think well known to the class from PGH). In the memorial it would be important to highlight Bill's support and enthusiasm for the Tiger Marching and Concert Band with his alto sax, and his ability to learn and understand the Chinese culture. He will be missed."

Note from roommate Tim Smith:

“I was good friends with Bill for our four years together at Princeton and roomed with him and classmate George Haight in our sophomore year. He and I lost touch with each other after graduation. However, I remember him as a hard-working, successful student majoring in East Asian Studies and a passionate and accomplished musician and saxophone player in the Princeton marching band. In the midst of the

explosive impact of the Beatles and other R&R favorites on our contemporaries, Bill continued and nourished his love for classical music and introduced me to a lifelong love for classical music. He was gracious, dedicated, and very talented. I am saddened that I didn't have an opportunity to reconnect and share stories with him before his death. To his loved ones, I send my deepest sympathies for their loss."

This is Bill's obituary from the Loundon (VA) Times-Mirror.