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J. ALEX HALLER JR., JOHNS HOPKINS PEDIATRIC SURGEON WHO GAINED FAME IN SEPARATING CONJOINED TWINS, DIES

(By Jacques Kelly)

Dr. J. Alex Haller Jr., a retired Johns Hopkins pediatric surgeon recalled as the “father of pediatric trauma care,” died of respiratory arrest June 13 at his Glencoe home. He was 91.

He was a professor emeritus of pediatrics, surgery and emergency medicine at the Johns Hopkins Medical School and was the surgeon-in-charge of the Johns Hopkins Children’s Center for nearly 30 years.

“Putting yourself in a child’s shoes is part of being a good surgeon,” he once said.

Born in Pulaski, Va., he was son of J. Alex Haller, a dentist, and his wife Julia Allison.

Emerging from scarlet fever as a young child—he lost his hair permanently as a result—he was determined to go into medicine.

After the death of his mother, he was raised by his father and two maiden aunts who instilled a strong moral sense in him. An Eagle Scout, he was a 1944 graduate of Pulaski High School, where he played basketball.

He obtained a bachelor’s degree at Vanderbilt University, where he met his future wife, Emily Simms. She would go on to become an obstetrician.

In a 2008 oral history, he said he came to Baltimore in 1947 and hailed a cab at Penn Station to take him to Hopkins. He wound up, incorrectly, at the Homewood campus in North Baltimore. From there he caught a streetcar to the East Baltimore medical school.

“I went down through every imaginable slum area, and it got worse and worse as I went deeper and deeper into East Baltimore and finally ended up right there at the hospital,” he said. “I got out and said to myself, ‘Oh, my. This is the end of the world.’ . . . So I registered and that was the beginning of my medical school journey.”

While in medical school, Dr. Haller also studied at Boston Children’s Hospital, where he developed an interest in pediatric surgery. After graduating from Hopkins in 1951, he studied pathology at the University of Zurich.

He did his military service in the Coast Guard—he said he was mainly called upon to remove tattoos—and at the National Institutes of Health.

He performed his residency at Hopkins and joined the faculty of the University of Louisville in 1959, where he served as chief of cardiac surgery at the Louisville General Hospital. The renowned Johns Hopkins surgeon Alfred Blalock asked him to return to Baltimore to head a new pediatric surgery division.

In 1971 Hopkins opened the country’s first pediatric emergency room within a general hospital. In an article in *The Baltimore Sun* about the opening of the new facility, Dr. Haller said he did not like mixing children with adults in crowded general emergency rooms.

In 1982 he led a surgical team that separated conjoined twins, who were connected at their chests. The twin girls, Emily and Francesca Selvaggio, were separated in a 10-hour surgery.

“Dr. Haller was a pioneer in pediatric surgery and responsible for training innumerable surgeons and leaders in the field,” said Dr. George Dover, former director of the Department of Pediatrics at the Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine and former pediatrician-in-chief of the Johns Hopkins Children’s Center.

He said Dr. Haller “was responsible for the concept of the Children’s Medical and Sur-

gical Center . . . the first building to house all children in a separate facility at Johns Hopkins. His impact on pediatric medicine was enormous.”

Dr. Haller also worked with the University of Maryland’s shock trauma pioneer, R. Adams Cowley, to organize a statewide shock trauma system, the Maryland Emergency Medical Services system.

“By far, the leading cause of pediatric death was then and remains trauma—injury from auto accidents, falls and burns,” said Dr. James A. O’Neill, a friend for more than 50 years.

“The basis of trauma medicine was military experience in Korea and Vietnam. Very little was known about how to treat children involved in accidents,” Dr. O’Neill said. “Dr. Haller led the effort to treat injured children and is truly the father of pediatric trauma care.”

Dr. O’Neill, a professor of pediatric surgery at Vanderbilt University, also called Dr. Haller “a true social genius. He could relate to anyone. He was charming, outgoing, calm, humble and sensitive to other people. He had a fantastic sense of humor and an appreciation for other people’s strengths as well as their foibles. He never cared about money.” “He was one of the best-known and well-beloved persons to walk the halls of Hopkins,” said his daughter Dr. Julia Haller, ophthalmologist-in-chief at Wills Eye Hospital in Philadelphia, Pa.

“As a father, he gave us a wonderful childhood,” she said. “He shared his enthusiasm about the world with all of us.”

He published more than 350 scholarly papers and 60 book chapters. He also wrote the 1967 book, “The Hospitalized Child and His Family.”

His daughter said her father and mother were a well-known couple, particularly in the Hopkins medical community.

“They were true partners, and each year hosted back-to-back Christmas parties on Friday and Saturday nights so that whoever had the weekend rotation could attend,” she said.

“They served country ham and crab dip. Everyone sang Christmas carols late into the night,” she said. “On family vacations, they canoeed together. When we were young, they spent a month as camp doctors in western North Carolina. My father threw himself in all the camp activities, too.

“It’s not hard to see why children loved him,” she said.

He was the recipient of the American Academy of Pediatrics’ William Edwards Ladd Medal, the Denis Browne Gold Medal, the British Association of Pediatric Surgeons’ award and the Vaclav Kafka Medal from the Society of Pediatric Surgery of Bohemia.

A funeral will be held at 11 a.m. June 23 at the Episcopal Cathedral of the Incarnation, University Parkway and St. Paul Street.

In addition to his wife of 67 years and daughter, survivors include two sons, J. Alex Haller III of Asheville, N.C., and Frederick B. “Fritz” Haller of Winston-Salem, N.C.; another daughter, Clare Haller Hughes of New Canaan, Conn.; and 16 grandchildren. ●

TRIBUTE TO TIFFANY AND WAIDE SATRE

● Mr. DAINES. Mr. President, this week I have the honor of recognizing Tiffany and Waide Satre of Sweet Grass County for the years of hard work they put in to grow Thirsty Turtle Burgers & BBQ and serve their local community.

Tiffany and Waide opened the Thirsty Turtle Burgers & BBQ in Feb-

ruary of 2011. What started as a bar quickly grew with a kitchen and now operates as a full-service restaurant. The restaurant has continued to grow, turning it into a community staple.

Tiffany and Waide built both their marriage and their restaurant around each other, and that partnership has fostered growth within the business. Together, they employ around 20 people, including their son Shadow, who is a cook in the restaurant. While their leadership provides the vision behind the restaurant, Tiffany and Waide believe the restaurant would not be where it is without the hard work and dedication of their employees.

While Tiffany and Waide appreciate the business from visitors in the summer months, they rely on their Big Timber regulars to carry them through the off-season. It is this sense of community that has cemented the success of the Thirsty Turtle Burgers & BBQ.

I congratulate Tiffany and Waide on the success of their business and their impact on the greater Sweet Grass County. I look forward to my next visit to the Thirsty Turtle Burgers & BBQ. ●

AFFORDABLE HOUSING

● Mr. NELSON. Mr. President, I ask that the following statement from Mona Wadsworth, a Florida constituent, be printed in the RECORD.

The material follows:

Until my memory begins to fail me there will be one date that will remain one of the most significant to me.

That is not to say that there are not other dates in my life that are important; birthdays, weddings, graduations, holidays, the usual dates we all mark on the calendar.

Then there are those dates that hold great value to us because on those days something happened to alter our lives in some way.

For me there is one that stands out among all others. December 15, 2017. That is the day God sent an angel into my life and that angel is here in this room.

Before I identify that angel I want to tell you a story about a woman.

There was nothing exceptional about this woman. She was much like most of us. She played as a child, drove her parents crazy as a teen, became a young adult, fell in love, married, raised a family, worked and was basically the average everyday woman in her community.

She had always wanted to own a house of her own but no matter how she tried life’s ups and downs always dipped into her savings and that dream never came to pass.

She may not have owned any of dwellings she and her family lived in, but she took pride in her home. It was always well furnished, clean and had many of the comforts of the day.

In the hustle and bustle of everyday life we tend to take for granted all the things that give us joy and comfort. She was no different. She never

thought about how nice it felt to sleep in a comfortable bed or how nice that warm shower felt. I could go on and on and on, mentioning everything that made her life comfortable but I think you all have the general idea.

Age creeps up on us subtly. It may begin with your eyes not seeing as clearly as they used to or you don't seem to hear as well. One day you might get up off the floor and find that it took a little longer this time. You start to feel aches and pains you didn't before.

Fighting off a cold is harder this time. Trips to the doctor become more frequent. When once you were a mother or a father you're now gram or gramps. No matter how you've tried to deny it, one day you look in the mirror and wonder who this old person is looking back at you.

And so it was for this woman. Now in her 60's, her children grown, she still counted herself pretty lucky. Except for the glasses she put on each morning, the need to take blood pressure medication and insulin, she was doing pretty good health wise. She still made holiday meals, still cleaned her home with the same determination, she basically was living her life as much as she always had.

Then one day something happened in this woman's life that would forevermore change it.

In September 2017 Hurricane Irma slammed into Florida. Irma was not a lady. She left a great deal of damage in her wake and devastated many lives. Irma rendered the house this woman lived in uninhabitable, starting a domino effect in this woman's life that would eventually render her homeless.

She went to every agency she was aware of only to find out she either didn't qualify for assistance or there simply wasn't the housing or the funds available to help her out of a situation she had no control over.

On October 23rd, this woman now in her 60's took what clothes she managed to save, the necessary toiletries she needed, a few towels, a frying pan, a sauce pan and a coffee pot. With the little money she had left until her next meager Social Security benefit payment came in, she bought some food, a cooler, ice, paper plates, cups and plastic spoons, forks, and knives. Her last purchase was a small tent.

That night and for the next 12 weeks her bed was the floor of a tent, her covers were a thin blanket. She fell asleep that night to the sound of rain pelting the tent. She cried herself to sleep.

As time moved on she bought an air mattress, sheets, a heavier blanket, a small grill, little things that would make her life a little easier to bear.

She'd crawl in and out of the tent several times a day. She used public facilities to shower, brush her teeth, and comb her hair. She carried a bucket of warm water from the shower house to her campsite so that she could wash the few pans she'd used to cook in.

In November, many people from the North come down to Florida and many

come in RV's. This woman now found herself moving her campsite from one place to another every 3 or 4 days to accommodate these people who had reserved these campsites.

When the temperature in Florida gets into the upper 70's, the inside of a tent feels like an oven. When the evening temperature falls into the lower 50's or 40's it feels like a freezer.

Unable to take her insulin because she couldn't keep it properly cooled or take her blood pressure medication because the heat melted it, her health was deteriorating with each passing day.

In the later part of December, weak, sick, questioning her faith in God and wondering if she wanted her life to go on, she walked through the doors of a hospital's emergency room.

If you haven't guessed already I'll tell you now. This woman was me.

But this story is a story of triumph over tragedy and this is where my angel comes in. As I said, my angel is here in this room and her name is Lynn.

I'm going to embarrass her now because Lynn doesn't really think she did that much. But I say, if it wasn't for her I'm not sure I'd be standing here today.

Upon hearing about my situation from a hospital social worker, Lynn set up an appointment for me the next day. It was December 15th. I'll never forget Lynn looking at me from across her desk and saying she wouldn't have a merry Christmas unless she knew I was settled into Trinity Towers before Christmas.

There was still a problem however: Rent. I didn't have the money to pay until the 3rd of January. That didn't deter Lynn. She got on the phone and talked to those in charge. They came through for her. I have Beth and Marlene to thank for that.

Lynn had a merry Christmas because on December 20th I was handed the keys to apartment 427.

Yes, Lynn is my angel. She went that extra mile to help me and in doing so she renewed my faith in humanity and more than that, she renewed my faith in God.

Jesus once said the poor will always be among us and we should help them. Lynn lives those words.

This life experience has changed my life for the better. I don't sweat the small stuff anymore. I don't judge the homeless because I know how easy it is to be there. I don't take for granted God's blessings and I start every day thanking God for the roof over my head, a warm bed to sleep in and the food in my belly.

In closing, I want to thank all the residents of Trinity Towers South for the graciousness in which you welcomed me into your community and thank each and every one of you who saw a person down on their luck and came to my door one by one and gave me things I so badly needed.

I didn't tell this story because I wanted a pity party. I told it in hopes

that people will understand how important affordable housing is.

I ask our government officials, you whom we've entrusted the job of representing us, those who make the difficult decisions on our behalf to fight the good fight and make sure that programs set up to help the less fortunate, especially food and housing programs, do not fall by the wayside. Do not forget the poor, the disabled, the sick or the elderly.

If I could have one wish granted in my life, it would be this. That every man, woman and child would forever have, without question, the basic needs of life, a roof over their head, a warm bed to sleep in and food to fill their stomachs.

Thank you for listening to my story.●

MESSAGES FROM THE HOUSE

At 9:47 a.m., a message from the House of Representatives, delivered by Mrs. Cole, one of its reading clerks, announced that the House has passed the following bills, in which it requests the concurrence of the Senate:

H.R. 5797. An act to amend title XIX of the Social Security Act to allow States to provide under Medicaid services for certain individuals with opioid use disorders in institutions for mental diseases.

H.R. 5925. An act to codify provisions relating to the Office of National Drug Control, and for other purposes.

H.R. 6082. An act to amend the Public Health Service Act to protect the confidentiality of substance use disorder patient records.

At 4:44 p.m., a message from the House of Representatives, delivered by Mr. Novotny, one of its reading clerks, announced that the House has passed the following bill, in which it requests the concurrence of the Senate:

H.R. 2. An act to provide for the reform and continuation of agricultural and other programs of the Department of Agriculture through fiscal year 2023, and for other purposes.

MEASURES REFERRED

The following bills were read the first and the second times by unanimous consent, and referred as indicated:

H.R. 5797. An act to amend title XIX of the Social Security Act to allow States to provide under Medicaid services for certain individuals with opioid use disorders in institutions for mental diseases; to the Committee on Finance.

H.R. 5925. An act to codify provisions relating to the Office of National Drug Control, and for other purposes; to the Committee on the Judiciary.

H.R. 6082. An act to amend the Public Health Service Act to protect the confidentiality of substance use disorder patient records; to the Committee on Health, Education, Labor, and Pensions.

MEASURES PLACED ON THE CALENDAR

The following bills were read the second time, and placed on the calendar: