

Forty years ago, I interviewed Paul for the position to direct the development of digital x-ray systems at Picker International in Cleveland, Ohio. I was so impressed by his technical knowledge and his personality that I hired him immediately, bypassing interviews with other senior managers. Paul was a brilliant “Engineering Scientist” a description which reflects his deep understanding of physics and the very creative way he applied this knowledge to complex engineering problems. Through the years, our friendship grew even though we spent most of our careers working for different companies, and even different industries. Through all of the ups and downs of his professional and personal life, Paul was always cheerful and took life in a stride. He had a large circle of friends and maintained his contacts, sharing funnies, etc. He was famous for his long and thorough reports. (If he had a fault it would be this...very long reports.) Among these reports, the ones he wrote every year after ISMRM and RSNA were widely read for his reflections on where the industry was heading.



When Picker acquired EMI research, and started developing a clinical NMR, I, as a mechanical engineer was not prepared for the need to understand physics, including subjects I knew nothing about, like quantum mechanics. Fortunately, Paul was able to explain even the most advanced physics so that a simple engineer could follow it. In the mid-1980s, after I left Picker, Paul was willing and able to have a huge impact on the development of what we now know as MRI, but was frustrated by changes in Picker management. So he accepted a job with Siemens in Germany, where they recognized his capability. He moved his family

there and learned German to be able to carry on at work and in the community. It was a big challenge, but Paul never backed away from challenges. Dr. Bydder has elaborated on Paul's contributions to diagnostic imaging, which really took off during his time at Siemens.

Combining his insatiable curiosity and his human warmth, Paul was a great mentor, who had a huge impact on the next generation. I know because one of those young scientists was my son. Paul's enthusiastic recommendation secured Christopher a summer job at Siemens, and over that summer, he welcomed him into the family for adventures

across southern Germany, the most memorable being a difficult trek through mountains on street bikes to the wonderment of locals.

His last weeks illustrate his human nature. His commitments to others always came first, even before his own health. Paul and I regularly corresponded and spoke on the phone. In March I sensed a change. He mentioned he was having trouble eating, etc. When I probed, he was evasive and would say his health issues were “not as bad as yours.” A similar situation happened some years ago when he developed a problem with his knee. But this time was worse. When I would push him to seek help he would say it is not that bad and that I was in worse shape. When pressed harder, he would say he wanted to finish the project of speeding up the image-reconstruction method he had devised. He was working 12 to 14 hours a day to get it done. I asked him why it couldn't wait, and he said because he did not want to let down his buddies at work. After much bugging, he did go to the hospital and was diagnosed with advanced pancreatic cancer. I asked him why he did not scan himself at work earlier. He said he did not want to panic people there. So I think he knew that he did not have much time and kept the information from everyone including his family.

After learning that he had an advanced case of pancreatic cancer and feeling bad and overworked, he went to the church. There he almost passed out. I asked him why he went to church during a pandemic when he is not in good shape. His answer was again the same. He did not want to let the church singing group down. Just as he would say when working on the recon project.

After finishing the report that evening, he went to ER to be admitted. He wanted to go alone but I persuaded him to bring Diane with him which he did but the hospital would not allow her in during the pandemic.

On the day of orientation for chemo, he asked a specialist there to look at his bulging tummy. She became alarmed and rushed to make arrangements to have it treated. He was drained of 3 litres of fluid and chemo was cancelled. After recovering from ICU, he was sent home under hospice care. Last I spoke with him was on the 1st. That was the first time Diane heard him speak. When I asked him how he was he would still say—I am fine. He passed away on the 2nd April morning.