
Memories of Ian and Edith

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My personal recollections of Ian and Edith do not go back as long as those of my brother, but in some ways they are more intense. In others, they illustrate perfectly what the bond of MZ twins means. This is what happened.

Sometime in the late 1980's, my identical twin brother Louis called me. "Do you remember Ian MacGillivray?" My reply was, 'yes, of course.' "You have to help me," he replied. "I am double booked, have to go to Hawaii to meet David Bloomer of MTP Press, (the forerunner to Parthenon Publishing) and host Ian at Northwestern for Grand Rounds on the same day. "Can you meet Ian when he comes into Chicago, host him for me and take him to grand rounds?" he asked. My view of the task was that it was a piece of cake and I would get a trip paid to Chicago by my dear younger brother, and always to be, twin B. The words, "you are on," fell easily from my lips.

The fateful day arrived in the middle of a blast of arctic air from Canada. Edith and Ian got off the train in Chicago just as planned. Edith took the luggage checks from her purse and we all proceeded to the pickup area. We waited and waited, and waited. No baggage appeared that matched their tags. Being a Chicagoan, I suspected the rest of the story but I could not let my brother's dear friends and VIP guests know my premonition. After telling Ian and Edith to "wait here," I proceeded to the stationmaster changing my mindset from host back to my Army rank and bearing. The stationmaster, with a bored look, called New York and the New York baggage master duly searched for the bags. After all, the bags could have missed the train and would be in later. No such luck. The bags were indeed in New York, empty, all of their contents had been stolen.

I went out to the center of the station where Edith and Ian were patiently waiting for me to find their treasured possessions in America. I told them, "Your bags are indeed in New York; however they were pilfered and all of the contents are gone." Edith's face went white, her eyes rolled straight up, her knees buckled, and she proceeded to the floor in a dead faint. Ian and I grabbed her just before she hit the concrete. "Dr." Ian Mc Gillivray revived his wife and in his usual soft-spoken manner, comforted Edith, soothing her, saying every thing would be all right and we should get a spot of tea to refresh ourselves.

ALL RIGHT HELL! I instantly knew that I would have to take charge of the situation to help my brother's long time associate and his wife. Just as Clark Kent stepped into a phone booth to become Superman, so Donald Keith mentally metamorphosed back into Lt Col Keith, US Army (retired) and took charge. "No tea, we are going to the sta-

tionmaster to fix the problem," I said. We trooped in to his sparse office. They sat, while I stood over the stationmaster who could not be bothered to stand and greet us. Amtrak's liability was limited to \$500 per bag. There were seven bags as Ian and Edith planned an extended stay in the United States. Moreover, several bags were full of gifts for friends and relatives. Ok, when will you have the settlement ready?" Col. Keith asked. The stationmaster took some forms out of his desk, and said to fill them out. He told Ian and Edith to submit the forms with the original receipts for the bags contents and in 6–8 weeks after the paperwork was received, a check less depreciation would be mailed to them. Edith looked like she was headed for the pavement a second time.

"You don't seem to understand," I told the Amtrak official, "these two visitors are the guests of the United States and that I, Col Keith, am their official escort officer." "Your Amtrak solution is unacceptable!" He shrugged and said that was the best that he could do. I replied that was not the best I could do! I said I would call the State Department forthwith and that in 10 minutes the switchboard at Amtrak Headquarters in Washington would light up and that Washington WOULD call Chicago asking YOU, the stationmaster, how soon YOU could give the Government's guests the check to compensate them for Amtrak's negligence!! DO YOU UNDERSTAND how unhappy the head of Amtrak will be in after the State Department gets through with him? The stationmaster thought a minute and decided he ought to call Washington before I did. "Good move," was my reply. He called and patiently explained the story and miracle of miracles, Amtrak decided to cut the check on the spot. We left with \$3,500. TEA TIME! Edith was looking much better and Ian was beaming, complimenting me repeatedly for my skill in negotiating. "Forget it, Ian, it wasn't negotiating. You just heard some good old Yankee bluff, same as when we won our independence from the Brits!"

A thought struck me as we had our tea. "Do you have homeowner's insurance?" Ian, the good Scotsman assured me he did. "Wonderful, who is the carrier?" He rattled off a name and sure enough, there was a listing in the Chicago Yellow pages. We called and got the address on North Michigan Avenue and went for a cab on the dead run. It was early afternoon, Edith was wide-awake and, like the hound of Baskerville on the scent of a desperate fugitive

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across the dark moors, she smelled the sweet success of a BIG bluff over a bureaucratic machine and wanted to join the hunt. In the cab, she quickly jotted down a list of the bag's contents and we marched into the insurance company office. A funny thing happened. The insurance company's initial reaction was the same as the Station-master's. My military mind response was exactly the same and the Insurance Company reconsidered its position. One hour later, Ian and Edith walked out of the office with another fat check.

Now the hard part came, Edith looked at me plaintively and in a small voice asked, "where can we go to buy some clothes? It is cold and we have no winter coats." "Not to worry," was my reply. We marched off to the famous Marshal Fields Department Store and down into the basement where the REAL bargains were to be had whether or not there was a sale going on upstairs. Ian was dancing a Highland Reel when he saw the prices and Edith was like a kid in a candy store. She was a whirlwind

of Scottish efficiency as she filled up several carts with necessities. Then it was off to the hotel where they fell into a good sleep.

In the morning, I collected Ian, went into Louis's office, and donned his lab coat with his name. I alerted the Chairman of the Department that I would impersonate Louis, that I would introduce the lecturer, and that all would be well. He agreed. The room was packed and Professor Sciarra stood in the rear of the room. I strode up to the lectern and began presenting Louis's part of the presentation. Three minutes went by and one of Louis's assistants blurted out, "YOU ARE NOT DR. KEITH!" Dead silence, all heads snapped to attention and the eyes were on me. My reply was a calm, cool, "What took you so long to figure that out?" and continued the presentation. Ian almost fell off his chair laughing and the audience howled. Edith spent the rest of the day in the stores.

It is my great pleasure to share this treasured memory at Ian's Festschrift.
