



## Ernst-Jan Scholte 9 February 1974 - 16 March 2014

Just before the start of spring Ernst-Jan passed away, after a year of struggle against a disease. He knew that he had no chance. Ernst-Jan has been a man of great passion and ability, curious about every aspect of life. Scientist, traveller, musician, painter and sculptor of wood, but we mainly remember

him as a wonderful person, who has left many friends wherever he had been. In the field of science he was a very valuable entomologist, who mainly worked on disease vectors, in particular mosquitoes. Even if still young, he was author of publications in major international scientific journals (e.g. in "Science", at the age of only 31 years for his innovative studies on the use of entomopathogenic fungi to control malaria mosquitoes). We met him about fifteen years ago, when, after spending some months in Africa for his thesis, he has been working for one year at the CAA (Centro Agricoltura e Ambiente, Crevalcore - BO) in the group of Medical and Veterinary Entomology directed by Romeo Bellini. After another period in Africa for his PhD researches, he came back to Bologna. This time not only for work, but also to live with Patrizia, who he had met in his previous stay here. She then became his wife and the mother of his beloved children Sofia and Stefano. To all of them, as well as to his parents and his two sisters, we give a loving hug. As friends and colleagues we want to remember him with the following few words.

I met Ernst at the beginning of my experience as an entomologist. He was about my age and anyway he had a great experience, he had already seen and really experienced Africa, he played guitar and sang better than me, he produced beautiful objects in inlaid wood, he had a motorcycle with which he ran through Europe. He faced life with great enthusiasm and optimism. He was the first to push me to leave my home to pursue my work and now that I went away for work I'm happy with my choices which Ernst strongly influenced. I hope in the future to have the desire to start a family as beautiful as his, to have the same musical and working achievements but specially to have the same strength, enthusiasm and immense courage. Ciao Ernst

*Fabrizio Balestrino*

Ernst-Jan Scholte, Ernesto, as we used to call him during his one year stage at the CAA across the years 1999-2000, was a kind gentle young man with a tender soul. We all enjoyed working with him and exchange opinions on his favourite mosquitoes. He was then attracted to the African Anopheles, dreaming of entomopathogenic fungi for the bio control of malaria vectors. One sentence he used to say with his bright smile "Yes I am Dutch, but slightly different!". Ciao Ernesto ! We'll talk again and longer... somewhere!

*Romeo Bellini*

Ernst, I met you in Bologna some years ago and I shared with you some work and personal life. Maybe I haven't had many opportunities to see you and know you better, but I had enough time to appreciate you both as a researcher and as a person. I remember when I invited you to have a lecture in my course of biotechnology applied to arthropods. When you told me of your adventures in Africa. And especially, when I asked you a very foolish thing: if Dutch women were as jealous as the Italian ones... Who knows why, but this last so peculiar episode allowed us to have a moment of confidence as old friends. I wonder why I can think of crazy things, but death is irrational and crazy in itself. I know you've lived the last period of your life

with great courage, and I admire you very much for that. Your courage will be an example for the people who lived with you and your kids. I also want to tell you that you've left unforgettable memories to me and that I will never forget your voice.

*Giovanni Burgio*

I have known Ernst at the threshold of the new millennium, together we spent days in the hot sun to sample mosquito larvae. I like to remember him as a good and brave guy that was not afraid to learn anything new and lived with serenity.

*Marco Carrieri*

Whenever I have thought of Ernst in the last few years, I always have done it with a smile for two maybe trivial reasons, but I remember that with true affection. The first reason is the open jealousy I have always had for his hair. He claimed to spend very little time on it but I always suspected the opposite since his hair was fantastic. The second reason is the sentence he used to say when he was about to get on the car with me. The sentence translated from Dutch to English would sound more or less like that: woman at the wheel... blood on the wall. I will keep remembering him with a smile.

*Laura Depalo*

A channel in Rubizzano might not be the most comfortable place in the world, in particular if, under the fierce sun of July, you are counting mosquito larvae to verify the efficacy of a new chemical. And this place might be still less comfortable if all of your Italian colleagues are constantly recalling to you the bad loss suffered the night before by the Dutch national team, which was beaten at the penalty shootout by Italy in the semi-final of the European Soccer Championship after missing a couple of penalty kicks during the normal time. Little less than 14 years passed from that day and the memory of Ernst engaged in a farce bullfight to take away from us an Italian flag which we were using like a mantle is the way I want to remember him.

*Antonio Masetti*

It's hard to find the words to give a final farewell to a friend and a colleague, a person with whom you have shared a piece of life. I will always remember your lively interest, your enthusiasm, your curiosity, your creativity that allowed us to build together new projects and new ideas. Thank you for what you gave to everyone. With respect and friendship, big hug.

*Anna Medici*

Dear Ernst Jan, I remind you as a scientist, a traveller, a musician, but especially as a great friend of mine. You have taught me that everywhere, in anybody or anything we meet there is something to learn from. Every time we look for insects, music or the right pub for a glass full of beer, every time we observe the behaviour of mosquitoes in a rearing cage or the foam upon the sea waves. We had a lot of good time talking about music, entomology, Africa, family and children, laughing and having fun. I miss them already, I will miss them very much. In my heart I'm feeling a lot of sadness because I have lost you, but also great happiness because I have met you on my way.

*Stefano Draghetti*

We do not remember days; we remember moments (Cesare Pavese). I've found this sentence and now, as a flash, I see Ernst on his bicycle, just after a 20 km trip, coming at University entomology lab. So I could not believe when I heard that Ernst fell ill. Now that he is no longer with us, I agreed to publish this short memory prepared by many of his Italian friends. A page is too little to remember his figure of researcher, entomologist, friend. Anyway I'm sure that what is reported here is written with great affection and hearth.

*Stefano Maini*