



**Sidney Kimmel
Medical College™**
at Thomas Jefferson University



Class of 1966 Memories
In celebration of your 50-year reunion

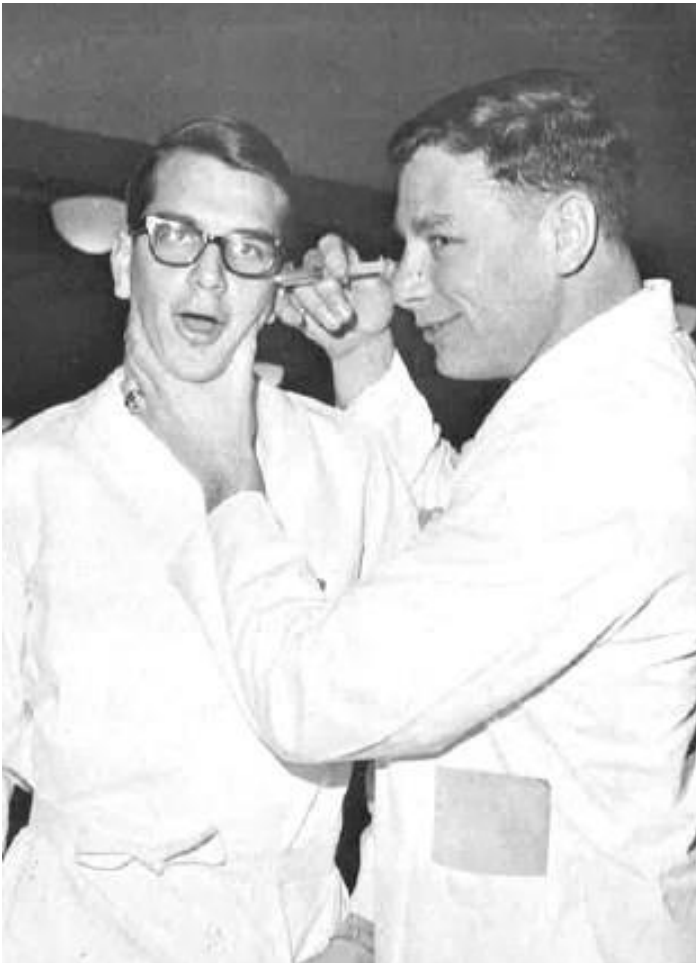
CLASS OF 1966 MEMORY BOOK
TABLE OF CONTENTS

Memories Year in

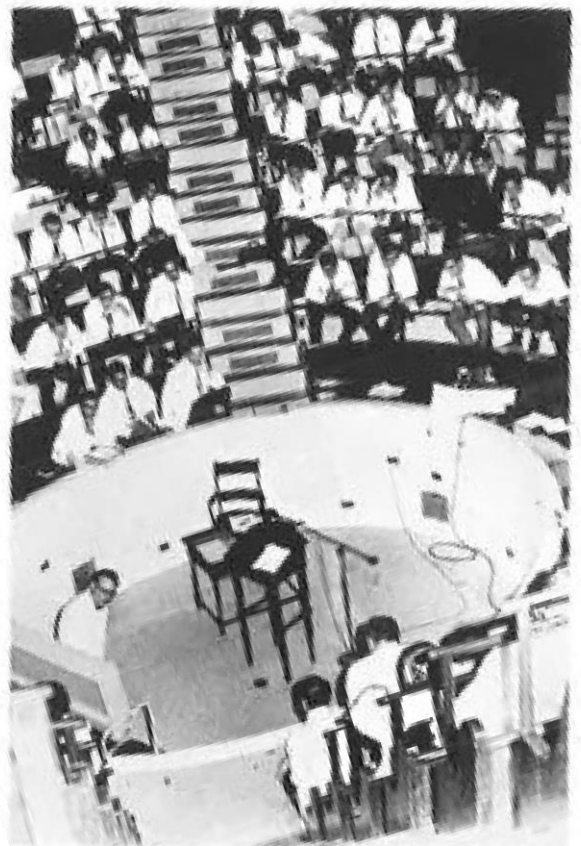
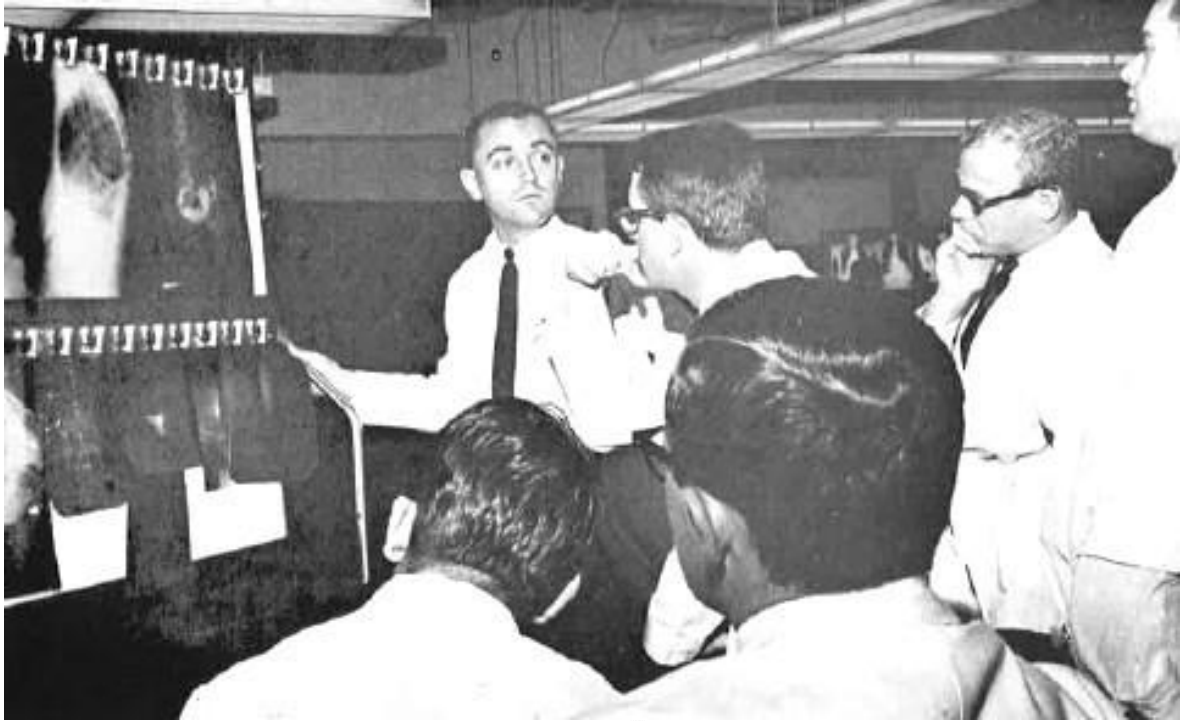
Review Necrology

Class Biographies

MEMORIES



MEMORIES



MEMORIES



142ND COMMENCEMENT

Friday, June 10, 1966
Half Past Ten O'clock

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF MUSIC
PHILADELPHIA

JEFFERSON MEDICAL COLLEGE

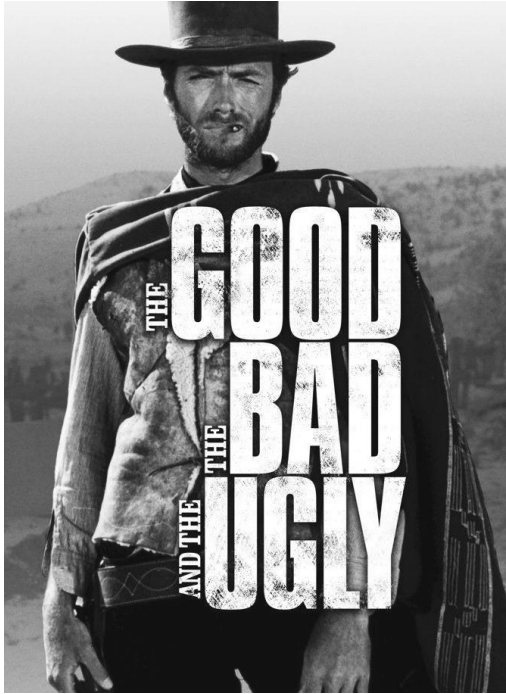
MEMORIES



*The Trustees
The President, Faculty and Graduating Class
of
Jefferson Medical College
request the honour of your presence
at the
142nd Commencement
Friday, June the tenth
nineteen hundred and sixty-six
at ten-thirty o'clock
American Academy of Music
Philadelphia*



1966 IN REVIEW



Popular Films of 1966

The Bible: In The Beginning...

Hawaii

Who's Afraid of Virginia
Woolf?

The Sand Pebbles

A Man for All Seasons

The Good, the Bad, and the
Ugly

Lt. Robin Crusoe, U.S.N.

The Russians Are Coming, the
Russians Are Coming

Grand Prix

Alfie

Top Pop Hits of 1966

The Ballad of the Green Berets by Sgt. Barry Sadler

Cherish by The Association

You're My Soul and Inspiration by The Righteous Brothers

Reach Out I'll Be There by The Four Tops

96 Tears by ? and The Mysterians

Last Train to Clarksville by The Monkees

Monday, Monday by The Mama's and The Papa's

You Can't Hurry Love by The Supremes

The Poor Side of Town by Johnny Rivers

California Dreamin' by The Mama's and The Papa's

Summer In the City by The Lovin' Spoonful

Born Free by Roger Williams

These Boots Are Made for Walkin' by Nancy Sinatra

What Becomes of the Brokenhearted by Jimmy Ruffin

Strangers In the Night by Frank Sinatra

We Can Work It Out by The Beatles

Good Lovin' by The Young Rascals

Winchester Cathedral by The New Vaudeville Band

Hanky Panky by Tommy James and The Shondells

When a Man Loves a Woman by Percy Sledge



1966 IN REVIEW

In the News...

- Supreme Court decided *Miranda v. Arizona*, protecting rights of the accused.
- Insulin was first synthesized in China.
- Ronald Reagan entered politics and became the governor of California.
- A medical breakthrough occurred in Houston with the first artificial heart implant.
- The United States had nearly 500,000 troops in Vietnam and deaths tripled in the war.
- Race riots continued across the United States and the Black Panthers were formed.
- The US and USSR continued in their space race to see who would be the first to land a man on the moon.
- A sniper atop the tower at the University of Texas killed 14 and wounded 31 in America's first modern mass shooting.



Cost of Living in 1966

New home	\$23,300
Average yearly income.....	\$6,900
Gallon of gas	\$.32
Dozen eggs	\$.60
Gallon of milk	\$.99
First-class stamp	\$.05
Loaf of bread	\$.22

Flashback Facts

- Star Trek and Batman premiered on television.
- Four of the most iconic albums in rock 'n' roll made their debuts: The Beatles' "Revolver," The Beach Boys' "Pet Sounds," Bob Dylan's "Blonde on Blonde" and The Doors' self-titled LP.
- Sports fans watched the highest scoring football game in history in November 1966 when the Redskins beat the Giants 72-41.
- Walt Disney passed away.
- Jack Nicklaus establishes himself as the world's greatest golfer by winning the Masters and the British Open.
- The Beatles performed their final live concert.
- The mini skirt were the fashion rage, as well as colorful mod clothes and bell bottoms.
- Hippies attended the first "acid test" in San Francisco.

NECROLOGY

George L. Adams	Laurence R. LeWinn
Andrew L. Bender	Richard L. Mayes
James F. Burke, Jr.	John K. Messersmith
Edward T. Carden	Francis A. Mlynarczyk
G. Donald Clarke	Thomas B. Moll
Robert S. Cutler	Edward N. Pell, III
Murray C. Davis, III	Robert G. Perrine
Paul G. Flynn	Edward Bayne Phillips
Susan J. Gordon	Nicholas J. Ruggiero
Joseph R. Hooper	Thomas D. Schonauer
William D. Jones, III	John E. Stambaugh, Jr.
Gwen H. Katz Kaplow	Frank J. Szarko
Donald J. Kearney	Robert L. Tober
Robert H. Kirschner	Elliott R. Tressan
William D. Lerner	Francis J. Viozzi

Joseph B. Blood, Jr., M.D.



Since my graduation from Jefferson, I entered the US Navy, doing an internship and Internal Medicine Residency, serving on the USS Columbus, and spending three years at Great Lakes Naval Hospital. At this point, my wife and I decided to leave active duty in the Navy and move to Northern Pennsylvania where I joined the Guthrie Clinic as an internist. I continued my Naval service in the reserves, spending 16 years in that capacity. I retired in 1992 as a Captain.

I joined the Guthrie Medical Group in 1973 and retired from active, full-time practice in 2003. I still work part-time for the clinic, practicing in the three skilled nursing homes in the Sayre area. During my association with the clinic, I met several doctors who also graduated from Jefferson (John Pacanowski, Robert Lewis, Wayne Rensimer). Of the three, only John Pac and I remained to retire from the clinic.

I felt that my education at Jefferson was the finest, especially in the teaching of patient care, clinical knowledge, and learning good bedside manner. These teachings prepared me well for my many years of medical practice. I will always hold Jefferson in high regard among medical schools.

My wife of 52 years and I have two children: Joey (Joseph, III), a physician's assistant working in Hamilton, New York, and Ann, a Spanish teacher in Corning, New York. I have six grandchildren, all living within 20 miles of us, so we see them often. All are healthy and doing well in school. Lois is an organist (and was a choir director) at the local church in Athens. I am in the church choir and the local Valley chorus. We put on two concerts per year. I also play golf in my spare time and participate in the Athens Rotary Club, having been President in the past. I was an avid downhill skier, but a motorcycle accident in 2006 caused a severe right knee injury and cancelled out the continuance of this activity. So I am content to spend my time on the golf course.

My wife and I are glad we have a wonderful family and spend summers at Thousand Island Park at Wellesley Island in the St. Lawrence River with our grandchildren.

With the upheaval in medicine today, payment problems, EHR, etc., I believe the "Golden Age" of medicine is gone and a new era has risen.

Donald McEwan Booth, M.D.



After six years active duty as a navigator in the USAF and two years in pre-med, I entered Jefferson as one of the older students and found the first year to be an uphill climb. With thanks to the guidance of Dr. Goodner to get over that hurdle, the remaining years at Jefferson, including Internship, were increasingly satisfying and built my professional confidence. The next two years were spent in Pittsburgh doing Otolaryngology / General Surgery where I determined that Orthopaedics would be my field of choice. Married with Tracy Valentine (Jefferson Nursing Class of '66) we moved to N.J. where we birthed our son Andrew, and I did Emergency Room Medicine while waiting for a Residency at Tufts University, Boston. Our daughter Eliza joined the family during these years. Completing Residency in 1974 we had a sojourn in Oakland, California where I did a Fellowship in Hand Surgery.

Welcomed into an Orthopaedic practice in Portland, Maine, I spent three years doing general Orthopaedics and Hand before striking out into a solo practice. With two new partners, we began the formation of a multi-specialty group of fellowship trained Orthopaedic surgeons who provided quality care for Southern Maine. The success of this approach rapidly grew to 12 physicians and 100 employees, occupying a building with ORs and Physical Therapy.

Twenty years of stimulating practice made an abrupt change after the death of our beloved son from accidental causes aboard our sailing vessel in the Caribbean. The reevaluation of life goals and purpose followed with a second cruise of healing and memories for the three of us as we retraced waters and islands along our previous route. After several years we traded the rigors of sailing a 40 foot vessel and ocean voyaging for the comforts of a Trawler-style power boat and the exploration of the eastern seaboard coastal waters and Bahamas. Here we encountered Jeff classmate Mike Dolan and Marge doing their cruising time.

A worsening Intention Tremor dictated a new practice pattern and the end of performing surgery. My office practice of Orthopaedics was interspersed for ten years with several long periods of live aboard boating. Tracy and I prepared for retirement while being partners in the daily life of long distance boating. During these years we sold home and apartments and became Florida residents. Now we are in Florida 7 months and Maine 5 months enjoying endless summer. Daughter Eliza has

blessed us with a grandson and we are proud of her success at Discovery Communications and life in Maryland. My avocations are golfing and the management of our retirement funds, both requiring reading, practice and discipline.

We are pleased to both be celebrating our 50th reunions at Jefferson and our 50th wedding anniversary in the upcoming season. It will be a pleasure to see you all and the campus of our fine Thomas Jefferson University and create new memories in Philadelphia.

James F. Brodey, M.D.



Where to start? 50 years is a long time and detailed memories of my years at Jefferson have faded. Jefferson was a very good school for me. It was very structured and kept me on track during the first two years which were obviously the most difficult. The fact that we had multiple quizzes and exams really helped me stay focused. The clinical years were easier for me and the rotations in outlying hospitals were always rewarding.

I knew from the time I went to medical school that I wanted to be a psychiatrist. I also loved clinical medicine. That left me somewhat conflicted. I was married just as I entered medical school and was very close with my wife's family and West Hartford Connecticut where she was born (I was born and brought up in New York City). When I graduated from Jefferson, I chose to do my internship at Hartford Hospital. They had one of the best rotating internships in the East. I wanted to soak up as much clinical medicine as I could before I went on to become a psychiatrist. My experience at Hartford Hospital was excellent and I was sad to leave. At the same time I was very excited about starting my psychiatric residency at Yale University.

My residency training was focused on psychoanalytic psychotherapy. At the time there were relatively few psychotropic medications. For instance, Yale was part of a clinical trial on lithium carbonate for manic depression. This medication was not yet approved. I remember having a big jar of pills in my office which I could hand out to patients as part of the trials. This demonstrates how primitive psychopharmacology was at the time.

I had signed up for the Berry plan since it was the end of the Vietnam War. At the completion of my residency, I went back to Philadelphia and served for two years at the Philadelphia Naval Hospital. Even though I wasn't that excited about going into the military, I actually had a very rewarding experience treating a group of patients I had had no contact with before.

After completing my service, my wife and I debated where to settle. I think she would have preferred to stay in Philadelphia, but I convinced her that the opportunities were better in Connecticut and we could be near her family. She agreed, and we settled in West Hartford Connecticut where we have lived since 1972. I was admitted to the staff at Hartford Hospital where I

had done my internship and, within six months, I had a full caseload. I did some inpatient work and outpatient psychotherapy.

After about eight years of practicing psychotherapy, I decided that I wasn't really using my medical degree. Even at that time psychopharmacology was not in its heyday. By chance I got a tape in the mail about pain and depression. It intrigued me. No one in the city was treating chronic pain patients. I decided to make a shift away from standard psychotherapy and I opened the first outpatient pain clinic in the city. I teamed up with a psychologist. We used the behavioral model to help people learn to cope with their pain. I still continued to do some psychotherapy but gradually transitioned to doing psychopharmacology with psychiatric patients and medication management with pain patients. In the year 2000, the American Board of Psychiatry and Neurology offered board certification in pain management. In the year 2001, I obtained board certification. Studying for this exam reminded me of being back in medical school. I was the only psychiatrist in Connecticut with these credentials.

As time went on, anesthesiologists became much more active in treating chronic pain patients with nerve blocks and other techniques. We continued to focus on treating patients who could not be helped with surgery or treatment by anesthesiologists. Many of these patients had ongoing depression and family issues that needed to be addressed.

My wife and I have been married for 54 years. Luckily we are both in good health. We have two children—a male and a female, and we have four grandchildren—two males and two females. That proves we have a “balanced” family. Luckily everybody has been healthy and doing well.

Over the years my wife and I have traveled extensively. Even while I was working I was able to go away for two or three weeks at a time. Our son spent eight years in Hong Kong after graduating Yale. He speaks fluent Chinese and is now doing sourcing from China. Some of our longer trips started when we went to visit him. Our daughter is a writer and has written one book and been the editor of magazines. My wife obtained her Master's degree in social work and is currently still working part-time as a psychotherapist and family therapist.

Although my wife was not “athletic” as a youngster (mainly because she didn't like ball sports), she is very interested in fitness and hiking. We have tried to take hiking trips every year. I played tennis for many years after coming back to West Hartford but then stopped for a period of time. I have now returned to playing tennis. Since I have retired my main passion has been photography. I have taken some courses at the local art school and am focusing on portraiture and street photography.

I spent 42 years being a physician which I found rewarding and enjoyable. Two years ago I felt it was time to do something new. I was able to sell my practice and retire. Since that time I have devoted significant energy to my photography and of course continued to travel and be involved with my family.

I credit Jefferson with giving me a solid start to what I would have to say has been a successful career.

Bill Chase, M.D.



My Jefferson experience actually began in the mid 50's. My father had recently joined the Jefferson academic staff as one of the first two anesthesiologists at Jefferson. He worked in the research lab with Drs. John Gibbon and John Templeton and the newly developed cardiopulmonary bypass machine. As a high school student I had the opportunity to watch the "team" test out the machine, initially in the animal lab, and subsequently on one of the first cardiopulmonary bypass cases in the operating room.

Barb, my love from Colby College, and I were married after freshman year. We lived in various locations during our Jefferson time: in Philadelphia, by the art museum, Villanova, Wayne, Ambler, and Roslyn.

I did an internship at Jefferson, and with a Berry Plan deferment I was able to stay at Jefferson to complete my general surgery residency in 1971. My initial army orders had me assigned to Vietnam. But as the war in Vietnam at that time was winding down, Uncle Sam asked if I would be willing to change my assignment to Alaska instead. In addition, I could take my family, which now included a one-year-old daughter. Needless to say, it was not much of a decision.

In the winter of 1974, after completing my tour of duty in Alaska, we drove down the Alaskan Highway, 900 miles of gravel road, with now two daughters and sleeping in a camper trailer. We were headed to Keene, New Hampshire where I joined three other surgeons in a 30 physician multispecialty group practice.

Keene, a college town in southwest New Hampshire, was a wonderful place to raise kids. And being in a multispecialty group practice was a great way to practice medicine. While the girls were still young we were able to return to Alaska to travel for a month. I retired in 2000, but along the way earned a master's in business administration at Antioch University New England. Our group practice, numbering about 60 by the time I retired, had also moved on to become part of the much larger (1000+ physician) Dartmouth Hitchcock Clinic.

My surgical career was very satisfying, working with excellent surgical colleagues in the

multispecialty setting. I also had the opportunity to be president of the medical staff, president of the group practice, and director of the surgical staff. While I miss the camaraderie of the office, hospital, and operating room setting, I surely do not miss the adrenalin rush of a 3AM multi-trauma in the emergency room.

After retiring I have continued to work with the American College of Surgeon's Commission on Cancer, surveying hospital cancer programs around the country. I was elected to two terms in the NH state legislature. Working with the organization Medical Care Development International, I helped the Ministry of Health of the country of Lesotho in Africa develop a set of JCAHO type standards for the hospitals in the country.

Barb and I have had opportunities to work with medical teams on two occasions each in Haiti, Honduras, and Nepal. On our second trip to Nepal, she and I climbed to Mt. Everest Base Camp at 18,000 feet. In addition, through Global Volunteers, we have volunteered nationally in West Virginia and Montana and internationally in Ecuador, St. Lucia, Costa Rica, and Tanzania.

Retirement has given us an opportunity to kayak in the Everglades, hike in Tuscany, Argentina, and Chile, cross-country ski in Finland, camp in New Zealand, river raft in Utah, and canoe in Florida, Vermont, Scotland, and Nicaragua. We continue to enjoy sailing, cross-country skiing, and snowshoeing, and I continue to downhill ski. I play with welding, creating metal garden figures.

While working I enjoyed playing in the local college band and, since retiring, have joined a local community band. Barb and I sing in a Pops choir and have traveled with the group to Europe on three occasions.

In the past eight years, I have been the Emergency Management Director for our community, helping develop emergency response plans and have set up an emergency shelter in the town in the event of a disaster.

My Jefferson experience, both medical school and surgical training, were very powerful in providing a basis for my medical career. And retirement has meant exploring further already existing areas of interest – and sleeping more!

Merrill J. Cohen, M.D.



I got married in December, 1964, during winter break of my second year at Jeff. My wife Sandy and I are coming up on our 52nd Anniversary this December. It is the fastest half century ever. It gets better every day.

Following graduation from Jeff, I was a rotating intern at Philadelphia General Hospital. It was a great institution, built in 1740, but no longer exists. Six weeks after finishing internship, I was a Captain in the USAF, stationed at Keesler AFB, Biloxi, Mississippi. I spent two years there as a general medical officer and officer in charge of the emergency room and enlisted and dependent sick call. Keesler let you spend two days a month in the clinic of your choice (it was and still is a teaching hospital, the second largest in the US for the USAF at that time). I worked in the internal medicine clinic and didn't enjoy it as much as I thought I would. I was friendly with the Urologists, and they invited me to their clinic. I decided that was what I'd like to do.

On discharge in 1969, I started a one year general surgery residency at Mount Sinai Hospital, New York City, follow by three years of Urology at the same hospital. My daughter was born in Biloxi during my time in the Air Force, and my son was born in New York at the end of my residency. The whole family moved to Washington, DC in 1973, where I joined another urologist already in practice. We were together for almost 15 years until we had different visions of the future and split up.

From 1987 to 2006, I worked alone. My daughter married in 1995 and she has 2 sons. Her oldest just graduated high school and started college in August. Her second son is in middle school. The older grandson wants to be an engineer. My daughter majored in English in college and got her Master's Degree in public policy and became a journalist. My son went to law school after college, and is a practicing attorney. He married in 2007 and has one child, a five year old boy.

There are no other doctors in the family or those that want to be. I retired from active practice in 2006 when I turned 65. After being retired for three years I was incredibly bored. I had been chairman of the Urology Department at the hospital where I did most of my work. At my retirement dinner I said that "being a doctor did not define who I was, but who I am defined how I practiced medicine." By 2009, I knew I was wrong. I missed being "Doctor Cohen." In 2009, the Washington

DC Veterans Hospital was looking for a part time Urology consultant. I got the job. I work Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday for 8 hours a day and see 10 patients a day. I have done this now almost 7 years. I feel better now than the day I retired in 2006. I learn something new every day and again feel "useful." It is everything I learned at Jefferson that has allowed me to do this. I thank them for giving me a lifetime of professional enjoyment and my identity.

Nathan Cohen, M.D.



How to condense 50 years into a reasonably sized document? Not easy. Maybe a simple time line gets it started. I did a medical internship at the VA in Brooklyn, NY. That turned out to be interesting, as the VA at that time did not have a mandatory retirement age, but the State University did, so we had two senior physicians who had retired from SUNY Downstate and come to the VA; they had had incredible experiences and fascinating stories to tell. William Dock was Chief of Medicine; he reminded me of the internists who taught us at Jeff—serious, solid, thorough, and old fashioned in the best sense. After all this time names remain in memory: Erslev, Cathcart, Israel, Rupp to name a few. I believe Dr. Dock was the first internist in the United States to limit his practice to cardiology and described experiences with early EKGs. He told a story of a patient getting tested; at that time the early machines were quite large, something like early computers, and this patient was so impressed by the size of the machine that his chest pain went away (something I understood much better after my psychiatric training). The other eminence was Isador Snapper, originally from Holland, who had led a very varied life, including being the Chief Physician at an Olympic Games, possibly the famous event of 1936. I knew by junior year that psychiatry called to me (in 1966 neuroscience had not yet emerged as a distinct discipline and today I think if it had I could have gone in that direction, but regular clinical work has been very rewarding). One psychiatrist at Jeff, Dr. Biele, made a strong impression on me and it was he who recommended Hillside Hospital. More than anything else, what I was shown at Jeff about what it means to care for a patient has meant the most to me; it is a core necessity to do good psychiatry.

When I was a resident, Hillside was a free-standing psychiatric center. I had three wonderful years there with supervisors of incredible talent and found I'd picked a specialty that I really loved. It was a different world then; the average length of stay was about 9 months. I was invited to return as a staff psychiatrist. I had grown enamored with New York and thought that is what I would do, but that changed, as will be explained. The next career event was of a different order; I was in the Berry Plan and was one of the last psychiatrists assigned to Vietnam. I spent a year in Da Nang at one of the two psychiatric specialty units in the country. I was in the rear and usually did not feel in danger from combatants, but by 1970 it was pretty obvious to many that a military solution was never possible. Many American soldiers resented being sent there to risk their lives for no purpose, and so Army morale and discipline crumbled. Thus, attacks on officers by enlisted men became a constant

background anxiety. The psychiatrist who was the unit's commanding officer, Mike Camp, just last year published a detailed study of Army psychiatry in Vietnam; he and I have remained close all these years. As a reward for the year in Vietnam, those of us there had a good chance of getting a good assignment for the remaining year. I originally wanted to go to Letterman in San Francisco, but that was not possible (a separate story). I got assigned to Fort Ord in Monterey. The year on the Monterey peninsula, an unbelievably beautiful area, ended all thoughts of returning east.

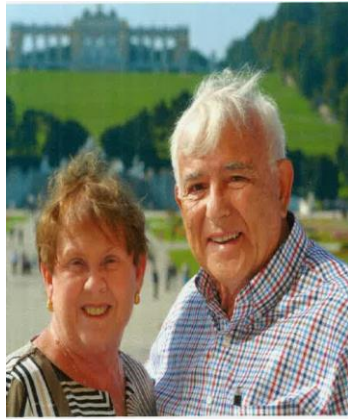
I wanted to stay in California and initially took a job with Kaiser. For about a year I was a department of one. The HMO law came about and eventually I was in charge of a department of about 40 staff. Just before leaving the army, my first son, Fred, was born; he is now a PhD chemist who worked for 10 years for Genentech. Five years ago he joined a small biotech company working on new antibiotics. Almost three years ago he and his wife gave me the exquisite pleasure of my first grandchild.

About 25 years ago I met Alison, also a psychiatrist, and we have two children: a daughter, Leah, who will be a junior at NYU, and a son, Levi, who is a rising senior in high school. I retired from Kaiser in 2008 but have continued to practice in various positions (anyone else dealing with current tuitions)?

When I started at Kaiser some of my colleagues were runners and would run during lunch; they encouraged me to run with them and made me a consultant to the Surgery Department so I could use the locker room. One thing led to another, and in 1982 I ran the San Francisco Marathon which was something I'd never imagined I'd do, but it was a very exhilarating experience at age 41, especially since I'd never done anything athletic of that extreme. Since then I've mostly become a bike rider. Where we live in Marin County, just about 10 miles north of the Golden Gate, is a wonderful biking and running area.

Psychiatry remains interesting and challenging, never boring. I've not even referred to the changes in our society and in medicine over the past 50 years—way too much to deal with. But as I write this, two things come to mind: 50 years ago, homelessness was uncommon and anyone talking about elementary school kids being armed or attacked by armed men would not have been credible. Perhaps it is the best of times and the worst of times; so many magnificent advances in science, but so much deterioration of the social fabric. Whether this is a phase or the start of a permanent decline seems an open question; for my children and grandchildren, obviously I hope for the former. But I'd have to say that I've lived in mostly good times. The privilege of being a physician instilled at Jefferson is still a significant part of my identity, and this helps me deal with the changes in the health care world which have made practicing medicine rather fraught. Also, I've been very lucky enjoying good health almost continuously and blessed with an awesome mate and wonderful children. I hope very much that some of my classmates with whom I was close will also attend; it would be very special to see them again after all these years.

William R. Collini, M.D.



I came to Jefferson alone as the only Fordham graduate. It was daunting as a twenty year old, but I soon found friends and housemates at Theta Kappa Psi on Clinton Street. My roommate Bob Erdman, my housemates, Charlie Curtin, John Pacanowski, and I all became fast friends as we began our journey through medical school. In fact, we are all still good friends and try to see each other at least once or twice a year.

My time at Jefferson was hectic and demanding, but finally I was where I wanted to be. I loved the “hands on” approach to teaching which we received at Jeff. I loved the rotations, especially in the clinical years where our contact with the patients was an invaluable tool in learning our profession. It saddens me today to see the loss of a great deal of that personal interaction with patients because of the use of personal computers, and I often say about “modern medicine” that nobody touches you anymore. I feel strongly that a physician’s interaction with patients is a very special relationship which is being diluted by technology. It is my firm belief that a physician’s ability to “heal” is imparted through personal contact with the patient.

When I graduated on June 10, 1966 I felt I had the whole world ahead of me. I had married my high school sweetheart, Mary Ann Kelly, and we were off to Sayer, Pennsylvania to a mixed surgical internship at Robert Packer Hospital. There I met Dr. Ted Tristan, a radiologist who took a liking to me and recommended me to Jonathan Rhoads, the professor of Surgery at Penn, for my general surgery. From there it was on to Georgetown for a residency in Urology. During my time at Georgetown, we had our first of four daughters, Amy. I also had the opportunity to spend a year in research at nearby NIH.

After finishing my residency at Georgetown I entered private practice in rural New Jersey. During the early years of practice we had three more daughters, Kelly, Meredith and Susan. I was Board Certified in Urology, became a Fellow of the American College of Surgeons, and remained in practice in New Jersey for forty years, finally retiring at the end of 2012 (the final fifteen years as a solos practitioner). Mary Ann and I celebrated our fiftieth wedding anniversary in 2015 with our four daughters, four sons-in-law, and 12 grandchildren, ages 2-17.

I loved the practice of medicine and especially the “laid back” practice of Urology. I have said many times that I would do it all again in a heartbeat if I were twenty, but alas, I am not twenty. I cherish the training I received at Jefferson and I continue to try to extol the virtues of medicine as a career and particularly Urology.

I look forward to seeing my classmates at our reunion in October.

David S. Colville, M.D.



I am a former internal medicine staff member at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota.

Charles Curtin, M.D.



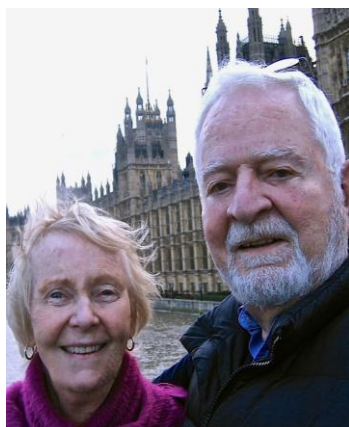
If I played the lottery, I would have to use 50 somewhere. 50 represents the number of years of marriage and the graduation that shaped my life. I married my high school friend Judy Bartell the day after graduation and still live under her marital control. Our three children remain the center of our life. Catherine is an associate professor of plastic surgery at Stanford; Martha is married with one child and lives in New York City; and Charles is an attorney in Scranton.

Following my internship, I went to Vietnam where I was the preventive medicine officer for the Second Corps. I am eternally grateful to the Army for giving a notorious shirker the opportunity to learn leadership. Those two years also made me older than my resident and fellowship associates which reinforced what the Army taught me. Following Vietnam, I returned to Jefferson as a pathology resident and also spent a year as a fellow at Memorial Sloan Kettering.

I worked for two years in Red Bank, New Jersey before returning to my hometown Scranton joining Pathology Associates of Northeastern Pennsylvania. Our group of 10 pathologists covered 9 hospitals and we owned a large private laboratory. During my years in Scranton, I had the good fortune to recruit two of my former Jefferson teachers, Tom DiSilvio and Misao Takeda. I also maintained a deep friendship with Dr. Arthur Patchefsky who more than any other man is responsible for any success that I may have had. For 30 years, I was pathology chief of Moses Taylor Hospital in Scranton and St. Joseph Hospital in Carbondale. I was the president of Clinical Laboratories Inc. that we sold to Laboratory Corporation of America in 2004. I retired on January 1, 2006.

My memories of being a student are mixed. It was the first time I left my home and was surrounded by a diverse mix of people who were far smarter than I. My father (President of AOA), uncle and cousin had graduated from Jefferson which obviously was a center of my early life. I drifted into the background with a timidity that the Army finally cured. However, when I returned as a resident I saw how familial and caring an institution could be and how thankful I am to be a part of its tradition.

Mike Dolan, M.D.



After a five-year career as a Naval Aviator, I flunked my discharge physical from the Navy and became a long-term in-patient at Bethesda Naval Hospital where I ran into a brand new Navy Nurse and my future wife, Marge. I was leaving the Navy to take a job in New York as a corporate pilot with IBM. The extended time in the hospital reminded me that my other ambition in life had been to become a physician, but I was not sure that I could make it at that point in my life (25). But Marge mentioned Jefferson as a possibility and added that her father, Dr. William Bonner, was an alumnus (Class of '27, along with classmates Drs. Gibbons, Montgomery, and Nye. Dr Nye was Dean of Admissions, as many of you must remember.) Eventually, I was admitted to Jefferson, and it did help to have my father-in-law sit with me when I interviewed with Dr. Nye. Note: I was also admitted to the University of Virginia.

The summer before I left IBM I found out what high esteem the head of at least one corporation felt about Jefferson. I was standing beneath the wing of the company's DC-3 in Camden, Maine, trying to avoid a rain storm with Tom Watson, the Chairman of the Board, who said to me, "I hear you are going to Medical School in September." I replied, "Yes, Jefferson in Philadelphia." He said, "One of the very best; we built their Heart-Lung Machine. Say hello to Dr. Gibbons for me." Three days later, I received a letter from Mr. Watson with an offer to lend me the money to go to medical school. Talk about dumb luck and talk about reputation! I am sure the offer came because of his faith in Jefferson. By the way, years later when I attempted to repay the loan he said to "pay it forward." That made me a Charter Member of the President's Club without much of a problem. Nancy Grossclose told me I was also the first member of the Class of '66 to donate to the Alumni Fund when I handed her \$5.00 on Graduation Day.

My major memories at Jefferson were flunking biochemistry the first year because of Dr. Cantarow's habit of skipping over sections of his book, like Enzymes, during the regular classes "...uh...that's... obvious"; meeting our cadaver ...quite a shock to someone who had been flying a transport plane full of people the day before; delivering 60 - 70 babies at Cooper Hospital on rotation while my partner, Jim Dyer, delivered less than 10; listening to Dr. Alton Ochsner's lecture on smoking and cancer, most of which I appropriated and have given hundreds of times over the years; being in the delivery room for the birth of my two daughters (George Adams almost delivered the second one in

the elevator); seeing the look on my wife's face at graduation; and of course that famous first day warning ... "look around you...one of you wont be here four years from now."

My father-in-law told me to leave town for my internship: "Find out how good, or bad you really are by going away from where you trained." I did, and we went to San Francisco for my internship at St. Mary's Hospital, just in time for the Summer of Love and the beginning of the Psychedelic Age. St Mary's Hospital was 2 blocks from the intersection of Haight and Ashbury Streets, the epicenter. We were in Golden Gate Park the day Timothy Leary uttered his famous "turn on...tune in...drop out." I actually heard Janice Joplin and the Grateful Dead do an impromptu concert in Golden Gate Park one Sunday afternoon.

It was not long before I found out that I was good at handling 14 year olds on "bad trips" screaming their lungs out for hours at a time. Also found out I was a good M.D. as I seemed to be the go-to M.D. whenever there was a problem in the house after 6 PM. Jefferson made me very, very confident in most situations. As the year ended I was determined to do an Orthopedic Residency, but fate intervened. A call from IBM! They had a position in Occupational Medicine and wondered if I would be interested. I was not sure, so they asked me to think it over. Since the chairman lent me the money to go to medical school, I felt that I owed the company something...a few years. I would do the Ortho later. If not, Dr. Nealon offered me a surgical gig at St Vincent's in New York. So we moved to New York, had our third child, a boy, and I started work in Occupational Medicine. The company sent me to multiple training programs. After training, I was sent to California where I took over as their Medical Director in San Jose. At nights I volunteered to work in the Migrant Farm Workers Clinics several evenings a week, again Jeff's training came in handy: I saw everything under the sun, with no back up and even had a delivery (almost). As the baby's head was coming, I suddenly got "smarts" and decided to hold back the head while we pushed the gurney across the parking lot to the E.R. On our way, the mother of the young girl beat me with her purse and cursed me over the fact that her "child was not having a baby."

Several years later I moved on from IBM and became the Medical Director for the drug company Syntex in Palo Alto: a fun job with worldwide responsibilities. Through the years, I maintained my relationship with the Navy through the Reserves, eventually attaining the rank of Captain. I served as a Flight Surgeon, sustaining several involuntary recalls including one with the Marines for Desert Storm. One day I got a call from Washington and was offered a voluntary recall position as Assistant to the Attending Physician to Congress. I rejoined the Navy and off we went to Washington to care for all those people we love to hate, but now they were my patients. And I had/have very different feelings about all of them I would like to share a lot of what I saw there but I am restricted by my status as a Naval Officer. I thought most of the members were better than we thought they were and some a lot worse. It was a most interesting and rewarding assignment, spending a Saturday morning talking with the Chief Justice about Philosophy and History or meeting the Speaker in an elevator and having him ask to be introduced to your wife. These are unforgettable moments in ones life. There will not be a book!

We left D. C. after 4 years and took up residence in New Orleans where I became the Medical Director of the NASA Facility. We were here for the Challenger Disaster and for subsequent 60

successful launches. A most memorable event was an invitation to Cape Canaveral to witness a Shuttle launch, and as the grand kids say... awesome.

When we finally retired here in NOLA, we bought a sailboat and went off across the Gulf of Mexico to the Bahamas and sailed for several years. Even ran into a classmate, Don Booth and his wife Tracy, down in the Exuma Islands. They were smarter than we, as they were in a trawler, having given up their sailboat after 40+ years for the comforts of a trawler. We had many adventures during those years.

Hurricane Katrina brought me back into practice when I volunteered to serve the NASA community and part of eastern New Orleans after the storm. The devastation was overwhelming with huge swaths of the city uninhabited and flattened; the 250 bed hospital where previously I sent my patients was deserted as were the clinics. I was the only M.D. within 8-10 miles; New Orleans proper had only 40 acute beds with ambulances waiting in line for their patients to be admitted or for helicopters to take their patient to Baton Rouge. NASA asked me to service their employees and their area: NO SWEAT, I went to Jefferson! Our major problem was getting acute patients out of the area as ambulance transport was difficult or non-existent because of highway congestion and one of the main causeways had been destroyed, but we too arranged for helicopter transport for critical cases. Thank God that we did not need them as most of the sicker residents were long gone from NOLA. Most of my time writing prescriptions for patient whose M.D. were gone...a quick H & P, appropriate notes and next!

New Orleans is now our permanent home; Marge and I love it here. You cannot get a bad meal here and our kids love to come home to visit and enjoy the city. We have served on multiple Boards and Committees, more so since Katrina; we very feel very happy here and have become very much a part of New Orleans.

Robert Fisher, M.D.



When I entered Jefferson most of the incoming freshmen were about 14 years younger than me. I was married with a wife, Laura, and three children, Arthur, Madeline, and Jeffrey, and we were living in Levittown, PA. When I told my college advisor, Brother Christopher, at LaSalle College, his comment of encouragement was, "at the age you graduate most doctors will be having their first heart attack!"

I learned how to treat people at Jefferson. The rest of the training, internship, and residency was practice. While at Jefferson my cousin persuaded me to take my residency at Spring Grove Hospital in Baltimore in order to help in a Psychiatric Hospital owned by her husband. I worked there until 1975. I then joined a family practice group which I left in 1980 to go into solo private practice. After my retirement from private practice in 1990, I did volunteer work for Baltimore County for several years.

My wife and I traveled around the country and Canada. In 2002 my wife was diagnosed with stage III ovarian cancer. She fought it until she passed away in October 2009. Since then I have been living alone. I visit the senior center and help a visually impaired lady eat her lunch.

Going into my 90s, I feel very well. I still do a lot of reading.

Robert L. Fronduti, M.D.



July 1, 1966 I start my rotating internship at the Cooper Hospital in Camden, NJ. My first service is OB. The residents introduce me to a floor nurse. We say a casual hello. They are disappointed. Little did we all know! Ann is the sister of a classmate and a senior year housemate. We had met. She is a graduate of Jefferson School of Nursing.

July 1, 1967 Ann and I marry. Her brother allows she could have done worse. Our honeymoon consists of a drive across the country to San Diego where I report to the US Navy. We then share two weeks with the Navy before I leave for 13 months on a ship. Our second year is great fun in San Diego. We do a couple weekends in Las Vegas and a trip up the coast to San Francisco.

July 1, 1969 We head to Pittsburgh for my OB/Gyn residency at Magee Women's Hospital of the University of Pittsburgh. Ann cries when we enter an old suburb of Pittsburgh. She wanted Philadelphia.

June 21, 1970 Our first daughter is born. We are subsequently blessed with a son and another daughter. They all turn out to be awfully bright. Where did they get that from?

July 1, 1972 I had received a too-good-to-refuse offer from a Magee private staff physician. We are okay with staying even though Ann would have preferred South Jersey. My new partner immediately leaves town on a two week vacation. Those busy days and nights prove a prelude to the next 28 years. My partner had introduced laparoscopy to Pittsburgh, and we are able to build a busy practice based initially on that skill. The OB volume gradually grows. At one point I get a Father's Day card on which the wife thanks the husband for being a good father. He replies, "we have children?"

1998-2008 Arbitrary down coding by Pittsburgh's dominant insurance carrier and rising malpractice insurance rates force us to sell the practice to Magee Women's Hospital. We stay together but in a larger group. There's less call but more docs and their different ways. It works much better than I thought it would. Meanwhile, the kids have finished graduate schools and left home. Ann takes a refresher course and goes back to work as a labor and delivery nurse, fortunately at a different

hospital. Three weddings come along. We consider ourselves very, very lucky to have three children with successful careers and good marriages. We really like our two sons-in-law and daughter-in-law, but we love our seven grandchildren.

August 30 & 31, 2008 We both retire. Ann says she couldn't be paid to leave Pittsburgh. I'm happy to stay.

2010 I inherit my parents' condo in Madeira Beach, FL. We couldn't sell it, so we fixed it up and now enjoy our winters there.

In spite of four low back surgeries, I'm lucky to be reasonably active. We both bike, golf, and scuba dive.

Jefferson, we think, prepared us well for our medical careers. We remember fondly our days there.

Joseph A. C. Girone, M.D.



Professional:

Jefferson is the cornerstone of my professional life.

July 1966: Rotating internship, Methodist Hospital, Philadelphia, PA

July 1967-69: Pediatric Resident, St. Christopher's Hospital for Children, Philadelphia, PA

July 1969-71: Pediatrician, Indian Health Service, Blackfeet Reservation, Browning, MT

July 1971-72: Fellow, Developmental Pediatrics, St. Christopher's Hospital for Children

July 1972-93: Private Pediatric practice, Sellersville, PA

July 1993-2006: Director, Developmental Pediatrics, Albert Einstein Medical Center, Philadelphia, PA

July 2006-April 2016: Developmental Pediatrics Consultant, Reading Pediatrics, Wyomissing, PA
Clinical Professor of Pediatrics, Jefferson Medical College

President, Bucks County Medical Society, 1979

PA Chapter AAP Board member

Personal:

December 1963: Married Joan Lynn Belmonte (celebrated 52nd anniversary)

June 1968: Daughter, Jennifer Ann, mother and lawyer

March 1970: Daughter, Julie Lynn, mother and 2nd grade lead teacher

Grandchildren: Luke Hall (19), Tess Hall (17), Will Hall (14), Colin Rink (11)

Disney Vacation Club: 1991 Visited Walt Disney World, FL many times

Church: Pre-Cana and Pre-Jordan teams, St Agnes Catholic Church, Sellersville, PA

Hobbies: writing, golf, 1988 Buick Reatta, car shows

HOLE IN ONE: April 14, 2010 (par 3, 123 yards)

Thomas J. Green, M.D.



My fond memories of Jefferson include the dissecting of a cadaver at DBI with my lab partners, Sue Gordon, Stu Grant, and Kermit Gosnell. I did more than my share of the dissection as I was an S.O.B. (son of a butcher). My partners may have interpreted the S.O.B. differently. Other favorite memories include that of forming the Jefferson Rugby Club with my roommate, Paul Flynn, in 1963 and meeting my future wife, Carol Frame Green, a Jefferson graduate nurse, at a party on Spruce Street.

After graduating from the Jefferson Medical College in 1966, Carol and I moved to the “Big Apple” where we enjoyed the Broadway glitter as I began a four year tour of duty with the United States Navy. After completing my internship at the U.S. Naval Hospital in St. Albans, New York, I received orders to secure as a general medical officer at the U.S. Naval base in Sigonella, Sicily. It was there in 1968 that I delivered our third child at the foot of a smoldering, ash sweeping Mt. Etna—still considered to be Europe’s most active volcano.

In 1970, I returned to Jefferson where I completed a four year orthopedic residency. In 1974, our family moved to Carlisle, PA where I practiced orthopedic surgery for 39 years. For 30 years my special hobby has been that of participating in Equestrian sport, primarily fox hunting. Our Rose Tree Hunt Club has hunted most of the East Coast states and some Canadian provinces. England and Ireland showed good sport “Riding to the Mounds.” For twenty years, I have also enjoyed cross country racing over fences. Carol and I have visited all 50 states and Canada as well as parts of Mexico, Europe, Asia, the Middle East, and East Africa. Our most recent excursion included celebrating our 50th anniversary in the Italian and Swiss Alps with all of our children, spouses, and the five “Grands.” We all also enjoy our yearly family trip to Stone Harbor. The grandchildren are all “hooked” on Springer’s ice cream, but then who isn’t?

Looking back over the past 50 years, we feel blessed: a strong faith, a great family, and La Dolce Vita Sempre.

Salute Cen Anni!

Ken Heaps, M.D.



I have been retired since 2003 after two medical careers. After graduation from Jefferson I interned at York Hospital, did Pediatrics at Ohio State (great football), and served two years in the Army at Ft. Campbell, KY. My first career was as a pediatrician and partner to our classmate, Tom Schonauer, in York, PA where he and I had both interned. After 20 years I changed careers and became a medical administrator, first directing medical education for students and residents at York Hospital, and then being the VPMA. We then moved to Youngstown, OH for me to be VPMA for a two-hospital Catholic system. I retired from there but did not take to retirement too well. Then began what became a four year weekly commute by air from York to Chicago to be VPMA at Central DuPage Hospital. I tried retirement again but was soon back in Chicago at a safety net hospital. I had an apartment in Oak Park which we both greatly enjoyed. Judy would come out every 4-6 weeks and we loved all Chicago had to offer. Another plus from my Chicago time was that United was running a promotion and all my miles enabled us to fly around the world in 18 days: Amsterdam, Vienna, Bangkok, Ho Chi Min City, and Tokyo. In the community, I gave PTA talks, was active with the Red Cross, and served on our local school board for 11 years. I have served as an elder in my church and worked on several committees.

In retirement, Judy and I skied, traveled, and took up duplicate bridge, but I suffered a left hemiplegia in 2011. While I have made a good recovery, my balance and speed continue to limit my activity. I had another small stroke in June of 2015. I am grateful for the excellent medical care I received. I have done a course of PT after each stroke and Judy and I are at our terrific Jewish Community Center Fitness Center three times a week. I have a professional trainer one day a week. Our son and two granddaughters live nearby. They are all doing well. We lost our daughter, Barb, and the young man she was on a date with, to a drunk driver when she was 25.

I am very appreciative of the fine education I received at Jefferson. It prepared me well for both of my careers in medicine. I am sorry I cannot attend the reunion but would love to hear from anyone—my speech was not affected by either stroke.

Tom Schonauer died from a brain tumor on January 3, 2014.

Elethea (Lee) Hitchens Caldwell, M.D.



Time knows no boundaries. Fifty is a big number, but the past 50 years have gone by quickly. It has been a wonderful period of time for me and my family. We were all given a solid education at Jefferson that allowed us to provide excellent patient care in our chosen fields.

Some images of my experiences at Jefferson are blurred by the cataracts of time, but many remain clear. The collegiality of classmates, be they male or female. DBI during that HOT month of September 1962. The kind nature of Dr. Ramsey to whom we dedicated our yearbook, and the demanding but fair demeanor of Dr. Hausberger. The honor of receiving our diplomas from the great cardiac pioneer, Dr. John H. Gibbon, Jr. The privilege, that at least I took for granted, of being able to walk by and enjoy the Thomas Eakins painting of the Gross Clinic each day. This priceless work being completely unprotected as it hung at the top of the staircase of the entrance at 1025 Walnut Street.

After graduation I was off to Rochester, NY for a mixed medical/surgical internship at the University of Rochester. No such "animal" exists today! Little did I know that I would spend my entire professional career, and now my retirement years, teaching and mentoring medical students at the U of R. However, the most important happening was not professional but personal: Meeting my husband, Bob, a general surgeon, and raising our two sons, Robert L. Caldwell, Jr. and James Philip Caldwell, in the Flower City.

After completing my internship I entered a residency in general surgery followed by a fellowship in plastic surgery. In 1973 I was fortunate to be offered a faculty position as an Assistant Professor in the Division of Plastic Surgery at the U of R. I remained a member of the faculty for 32 years, retiring as Professor Emeritus in 2003. The central focus of my practice of reconstructive plastic surgery was the care of children with congenital deformities, specifically cleft lips and palates. Other areas of interest involved the care of patients with breast and hand deformities, as well as patients suffering from burn injuries.

In addition to patient care, my greatest satisfaction came from teaching residents and medical students. I was honored to be chosen as an alumnus member of the U of R chapter of AOA

(wasn't smart enough to be elected as a student at Jefferson) and to serve as its Councilor for 5 years. I am honored to have a teaching award given in my name each year to the outstanding teacher on the surgical faculty. I am also honored to have received the Lifetime Achievement Award from the Division of Plastic Surgery in 2003 and the U of R Alumni Service Award in 2014. In addition, it was my privilege to serve as a volunteer surgeon in Ecuador for several years repairing cleft lips and palates, in addition to other congenital anomalies.

Leadership positions in plastic surgical organizations, national and local, and at the U of R and Strong Memorial Hospital provided administrative challenges but also rewards in problem solving and team work. Serving on the Board of Trustees of my undergraduate alma mater, Wilson College, proved to be an enjoyable experience. I was honored to be awarded the Distinguished Alumna Award from Wilson in 2012 at the time of my 50th reunion.

My husband, Bob, and I like to refer to the "T" years (transition) rather than the "R" years (retirement). We both teach in the anatomy lab and serve as Problem Based Learning (PBL) tutors for first and second year medical students, as well as function as mentors and career advisors. We are the proud parents of two sons, Rob and Jamie, and the proud grandparents of our grandson, Simon, age 3, who is Jamie's son. We enjoy world travel, having visited all 7 continents, including Antarctica, and playing golf. A trip to Italy in October will, sadly, prevent me from attending our 50th Reunion. When not traveling we divide our time between family homes in Scottsville, NY, Florida, and New Hampshire. It continues to be a great life for which we are eternally grateful.

Cheers and Godspeed to the Class of 1966.

Wyllys Royce Hodges, M.D.



Dad graduated from Jefferson Medical College in 1931 and completed a 27 month internship at Jeff. He asked his advisor, "What should I do to prepare myself for a career in surgery?" The reply, "Go back to your home town (Cumberland, MD) and do whatever cases the local surgeons will give you." No residency training. Sometime in the 1940's, he became friends with Dr. Robert Hingson, a pioneer in the development of caudal anesthesia for pain relief in labor. Dad's practice moved gradually into obstetrics and then gynecology. He finished his career with approximately 10,000 deliveries, 2,000 caudals, and not a lot of sleep.

In my senior surgical rotation at Jefferson, one week was set aside for the anesthesia service. As fortune would have it, this coincided with the arrival of Dr. Jay Jacoby as the new Chairman of the Anesthesia Department. He had brought with him new staff members and residents and wanted to spend the first week touring the hospital to see what changes needed to be made with regard to the delivery of anesthesia services. Seven of us were to accompany him the entire week. The man obviously had an advanced degree in sales and made a lasting impression on me.

During my junior year, I had met Diana Lahti, a nursing student at Jefferson. She also made quite an impression and we were married in the spring of 1966.

Graduation was followed by a rotating internship at Lankenau Hospital and then three years at the USAF Hospital in Wiesbaden, Germany, working primarily in the Emergency Department. Residency was at the University of California in San Francisco for two years plus a third year as an ICU fellow. Dr. Jacoby helped me again with advice on residency programs during my one return visit from Wiesbaden.

Diana and I headed to my home town of Cumberland, MD in October of 1973. The anesthesia department at Memorial Hospital was staffed by two MDs and numerous CRNAs. The chief, Dr. Tom Graff, had been recruited from the faculty at Johns Hopkins. Tom was blessed with rare energy and intelligence, and I am privileged to have known him. When I started to work on November 1st, I learned that Tom and his associate were also running the dialysis service since (a) there was no nephrologist in town, (b) a dialysis machine had been donated, (c) the machine was a pump, and (d) they were used to dealing with pumps in cardiopulmonary bypass. I stated that I would certainly be involved in managing ventilators in the ICU (no intensivist in the hospital), but no thank you regarding dialysis. Tom's first associate, who had suffered a mild stroke in September

of 1973, died suddenly in 1974.

1975 was both good and bad. Good with the arrival of a third anesthesiologist from Case Western Reserve who proved to be a close lifelong friend. Bad with the unexpected death of my wife, Diana, shortly thereafter. The down period persisted until early 1976, when I noticed a nurse at Memorial named Nancy Smith. We began dating and were married in the summer of 1977. To say that Nancy changed my life is a vast understatement. Our daughter, Natalie, was born in June of 1980, and our son, Karl, in September of 1983. Natalie married a college classmate from Wooster and delivered a grandson, Neil, in October 2014.

For many years, the two local hospitals (Memorial and Sacred Heart) were competitors. Both used an MD-CRNA mix to provide services. Recruitment and retention of quality, compatible personnel, and keeping their spouses happy have been a constant issue over the years. A merger of the two anesthesia groups was mandated by the hospital boards in the late 1990s and MDs from both sides began rotating between the two hospitals. In the early 2000s, a cardiac surgery program was established at Sacred Heart with the recruitment of an outstanding surgeon who had grown up in the local area. His track record has been everything that we could have hoped for. In 2009, a new facility, the Western Maryland Regional Medical Center, opened its doors on the east end of Cumberland. I spent 4 days before the opening prowling the place before I felt comfortable getting to the areas where I would be working.

A narrowing of the spectrum of cases that I felt comfortable managing, combined with several trips to the OR as a patient, led to a gradual limiting of my practice, starting around 2006. The chief of our group and the head CRNA (who made out the assignments) were extremely supportive in this regard. My associate and I from Western Reserve retired together on September 1, 2012.

I introduced Nancy to tennis and skiing. She waited until our one trip to the Greenbrier to start beating me. Both of our kids were introduced to skiing at a young age. They had the benefit of trips out West to anesthesia meetings on a yearly basis and left me in the dust before the mid-1990s. Within several years, my knees told me in no uncertain terms that skiing was no longer an option. Ditto for tennis. At this point my wife said "have you ever considered retuning to golf?" Big mistake. 28 years later I'm still working at it but slipping fast. Singing used to be a major activity long before and after medical school. I started as a first tenor and, around 2000, was down to second base. Then "atypical spasmodic dysphonia" popped up. I could yell, but normal conversation would break up...not good for interviewing an elderly patient in a semiprivate room. After vocal therapy and unsuccessful injection of temporary material into my vocal cords, the problem gradually resolved over several years. Nancy is (and has been) the major musician in the family: piano, organ, bells and church choir. We travel to Litchfield, SC four times a year in addition to multiple trips to Aiken, SC to see our grandchild. We drove to and from Yellowstone and Grand Teton national parks last September (m'lady does not like to fly).

Final thoughts: Given the explosion in medical knowledge over the years, how does someone entering medical school begin to get a handle on it?

I drove around Cumberland recently and viewed the sites where I worked from 1973 to 2009. They are gone (literally). One is a grass plot and another is the site for a new high school.

Best wishes to members of the class of 1966.

Michael A. Jenkin, M.D.



When we left our Jefferson graduation in 1966 I thought I had a clear picture of my future, but life has a way of changing even “the best laid plans.” Influenced by my experiences as a medical student, and with the recommendation of Chief of Surgery, Dr John Gibbon, I moved my wife and baby daughter to San Francisco to intern at the Pacific Presbyterian Hospital. This was the former Stanford University Hospital (before it had moved to Palo Alto) and many of the senior teaching physicians still had their private practices there. They still did more open heart surgeries there under the influence of Dr. Frank Gerbode. In that setting, I had a great clinical experience and went on to complete two years of a surgical residency at U. C. San Diego before the conflict of my idealized life caught up with my real priorities, interests, competencies, and experiences. I found myself in a university pyramid surgical training program which, typical of that time, trims the number of aspiring surgeons each year so that only a few of the best candidates are moved up to become chief residents. I did not make the cut.

By this time I was also experiencing the conflicts of being able to spend less and less time with a great family, now expanded to include a son, who, along with my daughter, needed the attention of both parents. Dad’s strict self-discipline approach to life was inadequate to the love and caring needs of a young family. I was now forced to confront the fact that the demands of my career choice, given my abilities, would force me to choose either that future or the family which I treasured. Heart surgery, for me, was not worth that sacrifice.

Prior to coming to Jefferson I had graduated from Dartmouth College. At the forefront of that experience was my exposure to math Professor John Kemeny at a time when he was inventing the BASIC computer language and the first timeshared computer (a forerunner to today’s servers and the internet). I was also profoundly influenced by the “system” of clinical patient care that I had been experiencing as a young physician over the years. In spite of awe inspiring applications of good medical science to the most extreme ravages of disease, its inefficiency and often ineffectiveness in so many day-to-day patient experiences presented a troubling paradox. My exposure to an IBM pilot post-operative monitoring project during my internship prompted me to consider the value of better information management and the logical thinking espoused by Professor Kemeny. As a result, I wrote to the CEOs of the top ten computer companies of that time

in a quest to find a common interest in finding a new way of bringing these two disciplines together while I sorted out my own life's priorities.

After discussions with several companies, I accepted an offer to join the staff of Sperry-Univac Corporation where I received training in computers and programming. I was encouraged and supported in going to hospitals and medical centers across the country and in Europe to study computer based health care applications in various clinical care settings. After a year, however, as a result of my Berry Plan deferment, I was called into the U.S. Air Force Medical Service where I was asked to apply what I had learned to a prototype "new generation" hospital and computer based information system being designed from scratch to serve the entire U.S. military system. After my 3 year tour I spent time as a consultant with a major computer company in Minnesota, and then a major U.S. systems engineering firm based in Washington, D.C. (initially implementing our new hospital system designs for the Department of Defense).

While in Minnesota I also did some clinical practice and passed my Boards in Family Practice. At that time I was exposed to what was then a new approach to health care delivery being initiated in Minnesota called a Health Maintenance Organization (HMO). I was invited by my county's medical society to apply my clinical and computer experience to analyzing physician practices in their new open panel plan (IPA) which exposed me to the principals of a "managed care" health delivery system. In the years following I was invited to provide leadership and insights to the staff of several major health insurance firms seeking ways in which better clinical information management and decision-making could lead to higher quality, more cost effective health care. My career had essentially "morphed" into the challenge of reorganizing the health care delivery system.

Given the state of health care delivery today, I obviously cannot claim to have successfully solved the problem. But as I look back I can say that I have been exposed to many small successes in the quest to find the ideal solution. I came closest in a small town in Pennsylvania with a single community hospital and its entire medical staff (a PHO). We organized ourselves into what is now considered an Accountable Care Organization. All patient members had defined "medical home" bases and fully coordinated, information system documented, quality measured care completely covered within the cost of their competitive health insurance premiums. My family and I have traveled a "long and winding road," and I can say that I have learned much along the way. And thanks in many ways to ideas and principles first presented to me as a result of my Jefferson experience, I continue to learn much about the challenges and rewards of this wonderful life.

David W. Jenkins, M.D.



Fifty years...no it couldn't be. Why, it seems like only a few years ago that we were in DBI listening to Dr. Ramsey as he introduced us to life as a medical student. Four rigorous years later we were again under his wing as he prepared us for graduation.

I must admit I was well prepared but scared to death as I began my internship at Mercer Hospital in Trenton, New Jersey. Following internship, I was off to a two year commitment to the United States Air Force ending up in Sacramento, California. I then returned to Trenton to join another primary care physician in my chosen career of Family Medicine.

Many years later I have no regrets. During my time in practice I have served on many hospital committees and as chairman of the Family Practice department, as well as the president of the Mercer County chapter of the New Jersey Academy of Family Practice.

After retiring from the office in 2005, I became a medical consultant for St. Lawrence Rehabilitation Center in Lawrenceville, New Jersey. Due to the ravages of age, I retired from this second career in 2014. Since I have been a lifelong boater it seemed natural to continue my interest in water based activities. I joined the United States Coast Guard Auxiliary and am now the commander of our local flotilla.

I loved being a doctor but I do not love the direction that medicine is headed. I was fortunate to have experienced medicine in the "good old days." Now there is too much emphasis on the business of medicine and not enough of what we were taught at Jeff...the needs of the patient.

At this time I am happy to concentrate on my family, including six grandchildren, and my volunteer work.

Greetings to all of my classmates from the class of 1966.

Ira Lable, M.D.



As a psychiatrist and especially as a psychoanalyst, memory is an essential part of my work for the past 50 years. Yet, to reflect in a few paragraphs on a transformative and crucial part of my life is a challenge. The transformation from college student to physician was, and continues to be, profound and lasting. There were thousands of moments of experience that shaped our transition to an identity as a doctor. I wish to thank the many teachers, administrators, and colleagues for their patience and dedication.

I remember bonding with my classmates and I continue to have a deep connection with a few lifelong friends. The shared experience at Jefferson forged an indelible bond with us. The numerous hours at DBI (Daniel Baugh Institute) were our first entry into a world of tradition and also mythology. I began to know with awe that what we were participating in was simultaneously about life and death. After four years at Jefferson I was fully prepared for the rigors of internship and then to the demands of being a GMO (General Medical Officer) on an isolated USAF base in southern Japan for two years.

I have been extraordinarily fortunate. I married a wonderful woman who has been my love and partner for almost 50 years. We have two sons and two grandchildren. I continue to practice psychiatry and supervise residents. I will also soon be celebrating 50 years on staff at the Massachusetts General Hospital.

Gary Leach, M.D.



My wife, Margie Kunzler Leach (Jefferson Nursing, Class of 1964), and I are both looking forward to our return to Jefferson in October and, hopefully, rekindling friendships from our past. We met at the Phi Chi House on Spruce Street in late 1963 and were married following completion of my junior year in med school. Margie had the opportunity to get to know many in the class of '66 since she subsequently worked on the Six Main Ward during my junior and senior years of training. She looks forward to the reunion as much as I do.

Following graduation, my internship year was spent at Geisinger Medical Center in Danville, PA, which is now affiliated with Jefferson, as I understand. A four year residency in Urology followed at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota. Margie worked there as head nurse in outpatient psychiatry until our son, Andy, was born in 1970. I had been deferred from the military as part of the Berry Plan, so in 1971 I served three years in the army as a urologist at the NATO headquarters in Mons, Belgium. Our daughter, Margo, was born there in 1972.

After returning to the states in 1974 I joined a group urology practice in Erie, PA and remained there for eight years. In 1982 we moved to Houston, Texas when I had a unique opportunity to further my training at MD Anderson Cancer Center. While there the American Board of Radiology and MDAH allowed me to complete a second residency in Radiation Oncology in just two years because of my previous experience in GU oncology. Although I worked part time as part of the MD Anderson outreach program, my great love was not in the academic setting. I much preferred, as I would put it, "working in the trenches" in daily patient interaction and care. I retired several years ago at age seventy-two.

Margie and I have maintained an active lifestyle, traveling between our Houston home and Cattle ranch in the Texas Hill Country. Fortunately, our children and grandkids share time with us at the ranch when time permits. Margie is an accomplished landscape oil painter, and I dabble in portrait photography. I have so many individuals and institutions to thank for the opportunities I have had along my career path. I will be forever grateful to Jefferson for providing a sound foundation for my medical training.

Arthur B. Lintgen, M.D.



Graduation Day at the Academy of Music was unforgettable for me, not only because it marked the successful completion of medical school at Jefferson. In accordance with Jefferson's custom, I also received my diploma from my father, who was a Clinical Professor of Obstetrics and Gynecology.

Shortly after graduation, I started a rotating internship followed by an Internal Medicine residency at Abington Memorial Hospital. This gave me the opportunity to apply and expand on my knowledge acquired at Jefferson. I met my wife, Alice Banks, who was a registered nurse at Abington. We were married in November 1967, and have two children, Christine and David, and four grandchildren, all of whom live nearby.

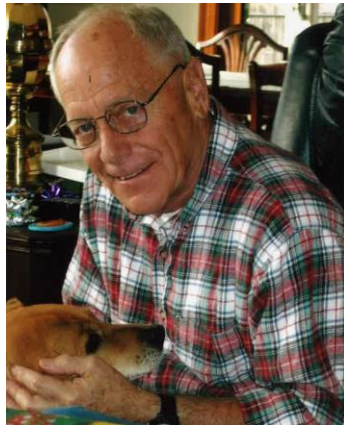
The last year of my residency was a magnificent learning experience. I was Chief Resident and cemented my ties with Abington Hospital for the rest of my career. After my residency, I served for two years in the United States Army. The first year was spent in Vietnam where I was Chief of Medicine at the 67th Evacuation Hospital in Qui Nhon and passed my Internal Medicine Board exam at Cam Ranh Bay. I spent the second year in the army commuting to Fort Dix, which permitted me to start my practice in Internal Medicine at Abington before leaving the service. I subsequently became Medical Director of five retirement communities in the area (Fort Washington Estates, Gwynedd Estates, Spring House Estates, Southampton Estates, and Normandy Farms Estates). I then passed the certifying exam in Geriatric Medicine in 1988. In 1994, my practice merged with two other practices to form Internal Medicine Associates of Abington, which was then purchased by Abington Hospital in 1995. During my 41-year career at Abington, I served on numerous committees, including the hospital's Executive Committee, and devoted a significant amount of time to teaching in the Internal Medicine residency program.

I retired in 2013 and have since devoted my time to my family, friends, and longstanding hobbies. I have been intensely interested in music and sound throughout my life. As an outgrowth of that, I have been a music writer for *The Absolute Sound* (a high end audio magazine) for over 25 years and review classical music and orchestral film scores for *Fanfare* magazine.

Alice and I have also done more traveling to Europe and within the United States, including a

memorable music themed Danube cruise with stops at Prague, Budapest, Salzburg, and Vienna. We also spend much quality time at Avalon, New Jersey with Christine, David, and our grandchildren. This gives us time to indulge in our hobbies of fishing, birding, and golf. While waiting for the next trophy striped bass, I serve as a Director of the Avalon Fishing Club.

Harry Pierce Love, M.D.



It's hard to believe that fifty years has passed since we all left Jefferson to find our way in the world of medicine. But the fine training we received at Jeff filled us with confidence and anticipation!

After graduation, I went to San Francisco General to complete my internship followed by a year of general surgery. I loved the San Francisco area, but family ties pulled me back east.

I spent 1968 and 1969 in a research situation, first at Scottish Rite Children's Hospital and then at Boston Children's Hospital.

Following the research years, I began my residency at the Harvard Combined Orthopedic Program. I especially treasured the time spent at John Hall.

On completion of residency, I joined a private general orthopedics practice in Winchester, MA. Several years later, I went on my own with a general orthopedics practice in North Andover, MA.

Along the way, I met and married my wife, Martha, and raised three sons—one of whom has given us two grandchildren. In 1989, we all moved to North Carolina, and I joined Children's Orthopedics of Atlanta doing pediatric orthopedics.

I retired in 2006 and have enjoyed working on our horse farm, riding, and playing golf.

Gordon Manashil, M.D.



Fifty years ago we all heard the sobering remarks on our first day at Jeff: “Look to your right, to your left, and behind you: one of you will not be at graduation.” Well, we made it and received a wonderful education, and time has quickly passed. I have been blessed with a wonderful medical background, a loving supportive wife and family, and 40 years of interesting practice as a Radiologist and later as Physician in Chief at Kaiser Hospital San Rafael. When I left for my Radiology residency in New York, I never dreamed I would wind up two jobs later in San Rafael California, just north of the golden gate.

I met my wife, Carol in 1982 and between us we have five wonderful children and four grandchildren. We are the classic yours, mine and ours story. It was fun over the years to meet other Jefferson graduates, including two fellow Jeff grads in my Radiology Residency at Montefiore Hospital in New York. The years at Jeff gave me a leg up on most of my fellow radiologists. The strong medical background we received stood me well through residency and practice. I have such fond memories of Dr. Joe Rupp and his lunchtime opera musings with Bob Kirschner, myself, and several others.

My journeys took me from Jeff to New Jersey for 8 years, Palm Springs for 18 hot months, and finally to Kaiser Permanente for 29 years. I had the opportunity to write, teach, and practice medicine with very few of the financial burdens.

In 1992, at the age of 50, I underwent a kidney transplant with the kidney donated by my wife Carol—talk about a gift of love. It is still going strong 24 years later. Clearly I made a good match in life.

I ended my last ten years of practice as an administrative physician on the Board of Directors of Kaiser Permanente, as well as a full time radiologist. It was a wonderful experience. I retired in 2008 and continued to volunteer at a free medical clinic until 2016 when I felt it was time to stop practicing in my specialty. Carol and I love to travel, read, spend time together, serve on community boards and commissions, and enjoy our wonderful kids and grandkids. I am looking forward to seeing all my old friends. I haven't aged, but I bet a few of you may have.

John A. Manfredi, M.D.



So hard to believe. 50 years! It really seems like just a short time ago that we were attending classes in the amphitheater that Aponte was speaking, that we left Neurology because Kennedy was assassinated. There aren't words to describe how wonderful the experience was, the untold value of the education, how anatomy led to biochemistry, and then on to the wards, which led to the wonderful opportunity to practice medicine.

After graduating, I interned at Pitt, then Vietnam, then Duke and trained in Hematology and Oncology.

I practiced in Atlanta, GA for 43 years with unbelievable satisfaction, phenomenal patients and staff, 7 children, and 16 grandchildren. Two of our boys and one daughter-in-law are Jefferson graduates, and a grandson is headed that way. Such great kids!

My wife Julie and I are as happy with each other as when we first met. It seems to be growing better every day. I retired December 31, 2015, and we are extremely happy on Hilton Head Island, South Carolina. We golf, we read, we dine, we laugh.

Tom Muhlfelder, M.D.



Even though Professor Erslev was unimpressed, even appalled, by one of my abbreviated case presentations as a third year student, I must have been impressed with him. I became a hematologist and enjoyed a career in hematology at the Bronx VA until my retirement in 2011.

I started at the VA in 1974, after completing residency and fellowship training at Montefiore and my military service obligation in the Air Force. The early years there were a mix of clinical responsibility, supervision of residents, and research with my chief of service, a well-known figure in coagulation. We published in the area that my chief was best known for: the role of leukocytes in blood coagulation. We also ran a special clinical hematology lab that focused on non-routine tests such as coagulation factor assays, LAPA, etc.

As we all know at our age, the world changes. Regulations eventually made it impossible for us to maintain the special hematology lab, and increasing demands on our time in the clinical arena cut into our research time. Toward the end of my career at the VA, I was head of the hematology section and spending my time in the clinical area and as little time as possible dealing with administrative matters.

On the personal side, I did not marry until I was 38 (1978) and because my wife Barbara is 12 years younger than I am, I had to wait that long until she was out of high school. We have a son, Todd, age 36, and a daughter, Andrea, age 34. Todd is in commercial real estate in NYC, and Andrea is a beer brewer in California. Barbara is a registered dietitian who was involved in administration at a local hospital until her retirement shortly before mine. We divide our time between our house in the Riverdale section of the Bronx and our house in Essex, CT. We do (that is Barbara does) a lot of gardening and we enjoy yearly walking vacations with a UK company and a small group of friends we have met on these trips. On a recent walk in Cornwall and Dorset, I had my photo (see above) snapped in front of the surgery of another idol of mine- Doc Martin!

This is my Erslev-style abbreviated summary of my life so far. I am looking forward to seeing my classmates at the upcoming 50th reunion.

Stanley Z. Nosheny, M.D.



After graduating from Jefferson I spent the following four years in Philadelphia completing internship, residency, and fellowship in Internal Medicine and Rheumatology. Subsequently, courtesy of Uncle Sam, my wife, Krendelle, and our two daughters, Susan and Staci, and I packed up and moved to Fort Jackson, South Carolina, where I spent the next two years as Chief of General Medical Service at Moncrief Army Hospital. I always believed that what kept me from being sent to serve in Vietnam was the Army's belief that they preferred to have a Board Certified Rheumatologist available to serve the thousands of retired military who lived in South Carolina.

After completing two leisurely years in the South, we returned to Philadelphia. I joined another Jefferson graduate in a small Rheumatology practice. In 1978 I started my own Rheumatology practice in Northeast Philadelphia where I remained until I retired in 2011. During my years in practice, I enjoyed personal and professional relationships with other Jefferson graduates who were practicing in the same area.

Since then I have been enjoying a life of leisure. I rediscovered my love of reading. We go to theaters frequently in Philadelphia, and this includes the Lantern Theater, which is a small theater company less than one block from Jefferson. I walk and/or swim daily. Krendelle and I travel occasionally and are fortunate to have our children and our grandchildren living less than 90 minutes away from us (by car) so we can see them often and get to spend a vacation with them every year at the New Jersey Shore. I remain active in my synagogue's activities; it is the same synagogue where we were married 53 years ago, and I served in many capacities, including president.

James S. Paolino, M.D.



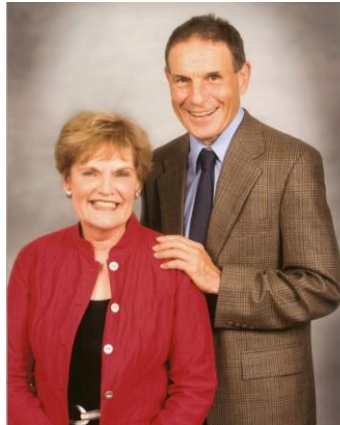
It strikes me as remarkable that after 50 years there is still a hazy recollection of that Saturday, August 20, 1966. I was in my seventh week of internship rotating through the neurology service. I had spent the morning undergoing a preinduction physical exam for the draft. The Vietnam War was escalating and military service was mandatory even for physicians. Ironically, I was rated 1A, ready for military service.

Less than 2 hours after the physical exam, I was chatting with my roommate, Bob about my plans for a first date that afternoon with the secretary for the chairman of Neurosurgery. And then there is nothing in my memory for the next three weeks. There is no recollection of any pain or headache, although I had been experiencing disabling headaches and bizarre episodes of transient loss of vision for the prior four years. There is no recollection of anything that was done to me for the three weeks I was on a respirator with a tracheostomy. Those three weeks are not dim- they do not exist.

I recall my initial "awakening" in bed in a dark room-later identified as St. Vincent's Hospital in Greenwich Village, New York City. I was puzzled by the ID wristband imprinted "Dr. James Paolino," wondering why the "Dr." was there since I was still a medical student. I did not associate the gauze bandage on my throat with a closed tracheostomy. I had absolutely no clue about what was going on, until my resident, Mike, told me I had suffered a catastrophic rupture of a cerebral A/V malformation. After a four week convalescence following hospital discharge, I returned to my internship. Despite the residual effects of almost no short term memory, and extensive, irregular visual field loss, I completed my internship, residency, and rheumatology fellowship.

In an era before CT, MRI and microvascular surgery, no surgical intervention was proposed. In my forties I attended a lecture by a professor of Neurosurgery who presented his considerable experience in surgical treatment of aneurysms and AVMs. After the lecture I presented my history to him, and asked about the risk of no treatment vs. surgical intervention. He replied, "Your condition is like a car approaching a railroad crossing and seeing flashing red lights and hearing bells ringing. You don't stop but floor the gas pedal. Sometimes you make it and sometimes you don't."

Paul Anthony Pupi, M.D.



Who would have guessed that those agonizing years of studying in my Phi Chi Fraternity House could bring such wonderful rewards! Ours weren't the 'best of times' as we prepared for our future while working beside skilled physicians who invested their time and energy to help us become successful.

After graduation, Barbara and I moved to South Philly where I began my internship at Methodist Hospital. The highlight of that year was the birth of our first child and the realization that I had a lot to learn in order to become a competent physician.

The Government's Berry Plan enabled me to complete 4 more years at Jefferson as a General Surgical Resident. Shortly after finishing my work, the Navy packed up our family of 5, and I served for 2 years at the Naval Hospital in Key West, Florida. What a sacrifice!

In 1973, our continually growing family migrated back to Beaver County, PA where I became the third partner of two former Jefferson graduates: Dr. William P. Coghlan and Dr. Vincent D. Cuddy. During those years my wife and I were involved with our children's activities but also enjoyed traveling across America to attend surgical conferences. For 44 years I served the medical community at Heritage Valley Hospital in Beaver before retiring in 2013.

Today I still use my surgical skills to care for our 14 acre property; there are always trees to cut down, bushes to trim, and grass to cut! Besides relaxing with my golf clubs, I also enjoy the wonderful gift of family. Barbara and I have been married for 51 years; we have 5 wonderful children and 12 grandchildren that keep us young at heart.

Roger D. Raymond, M.D.



In September 1962 my dad drove me 350 miles from Massachusetts to Philly in an old VW beetle with my belongings in a trunk strapped to the roof. I was eager to start med school but did not envision all the future challenges.

The first semester was toughest in a hot anatomy lab to dissect a cadaver; this was Jefferson's swim or sink approach. Fortunately, I had help from my lab partner Paul Pupi and Dr. Hausberger to identify those obscure nerves and tendons. Sophomore pathology proved challenging as well, but Dr. Gonzalo Aponte clarified many problems. The last two clinical years were less stressful and more interesting with teachers like Dr. Rupp and "clinical John." My fraternity brothers at Phi Alpha Sigma provided beaucoup help, encouragement, guidance, and, yes, extra-curricular activities. Saturday afternoon ball games and evening parties certainly helped with much needed diversion. During my last semester, I married Margie Och, a beautiful person and RN; we are still in love.

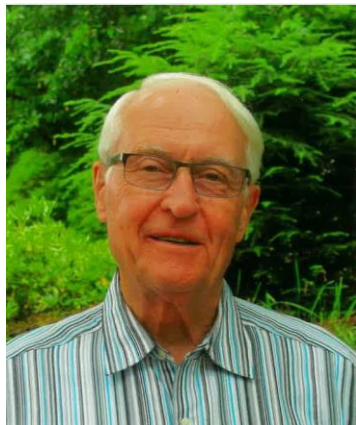
I began my doctoring career with a rotating internship across town in West Philly at Misericordia Hospital. Their 24 hour WR shifts taught me to tolerate fatigue. I subsequently enlisted in the Air Force (did we have a choice???) for 2 years as a flight surgeon. The highlight of this service was 6 months at a field hospital to care for courageous MEO soldiers/kids fighting the Viet Cong.

In 1970, we returned to New England (RI hospital) to start a med residency. Previously cardiology practice seemed morbid; we treated acute heart failure with tourniquets and phlebotomy. Sometimes desperate patients with refractory angina had their thyroid irradiated. But during my residency encouraging breakthroughs emerged with discovery of coronary angiography, bypass surgery, CCU care, pacemakers, echo, etc.

I started my practice in 1974 and finished last month. I witnessed mind boggling changes (e.g. most MI victims survive more than 25 years as opposed to 5) and thought reversals (coronary thrombi develop ante mortem and not postmortem; arterial fibrillation is not the result of a stroke but rather its cause). It has been a remarkable and worthwhile journey despite numerous sacrifices and >70 hour work weeks.

Margie and I were blessed with 3 loving and hard-working children. Our daughter Alexa (Jeff grad; Class of '99) is a family doc with 3 kids and she recently returned to Rhode Island after 10 years of practice in Cleveland. We also have 2 sons. EJ is a computer engineer in Boston and has 2 sons. Greg is a pianist and teaches piano in Los Angeles. He has 2 daughters. If our health permits, we will be eager to reunite with classmates this October. I will miss the numerous classmates (Skip Davis, Don Kearney, Ed Carden, Bob Perrine to name a few) who are no longer with us.

Carl L. Reams, M.D.



I have always thought that fifty years was a long time but when I reflect that my graduation from Jefferson was fifty years ago, it gives a new meaning to "a long time ago." My rotating internship at Geisinger Medical Center, along with the medical training received from Jefferson, provided me with the wonderful medical knowledge and skill to provide service with confidence and much pleasure in the practice of medicine. I decided to intern at Geisinger because, being interested in Otolaryngology, I knew that Geisinger had an excellent Otolaryngology program. By rotating in that department my interest in that specialty was confirmed.

After two years in the Air Force as a flight surgeon serving in the Aleutian Islands and California along with several flights to Vietnam, Germany, Japan and even Miami Beach, I returned to Geisinger and began my residency in Otolaryngology. I continued my subspecialty training in otology and neurotology at the House Ear Institute in Los Angeles for one year in 1975. It was during that fellowship year that Pat and I were married and am happy to report that the marriage still exists. We have a daughter who is a third year medical resident at Geisinger. She plans to continue her education with a fellowship in Rheumatology. Our son has a master's degree in music and is a school music teacher and band director in a western Pennsylvania school district.

In retirement, I spend time at our beach house in Delaware, working in our yard at our Pennsylvania home, traveling, and just relaxing. I spend my time singing in a local choral group, my church choir, and playing in a handbell choir.

In the last 20 years I have taken almost yearly visits to the Jefferson campus to visit friends in the Anatomy department. I have seen the big changes in the Jefferson campus, but I recently walked past the old anatomy building on Clinton Street. I remembered the past memories of gross anatomy and my years at Jefferson in general. To be sure, these are very fond memories.

Jane Schilling Hughes, M.D.

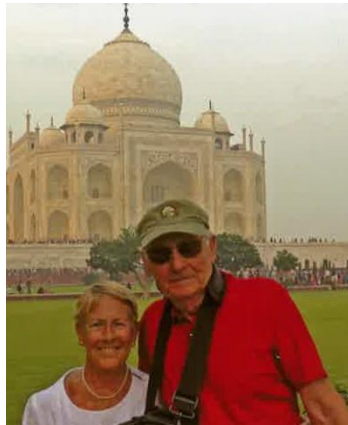


Thinking back, the sixties were a very busy decade: college, medical school, a rotating internship, marriage, and motherhood. As with most of us, the Vietnam War affected what we did. I did one year of residency and then worked part-time as we moved around the country with my husband, Jim Hughes, in the military and doing his residency. In the seventies, we settled in New Jersey and I again worked part-time and started the not-so-easy job of seeing our girls through the trauma of grade school. With a bit more time I was able to complete a general radiology residency and was extremely happy with that as a career (however I never felt as capable as I thought Dr. O'Hara and Dr. Hodes!) Eventually I had a son and a sub-specialty, both of which I love to this day. My career finished at Jeff in the Breast Imaging Center.

Leaving our home of thirty years in New Jersey, Jim and I retired to the woods of Western Pennsylvania where we have 90 acres of woods, two dogs, and fairly easy access to our daughters (both physicians) and their families. We have five wonderful grandchildren; the oldest heading off to college this fall. Jim and I both enjoy our local Y, and I volunteer there once a week in the winter (helping with the pre-school swimming lessons). The only downside to retiring while still in good health is that there is no excuse to not do my own housework, which I hate. I much prefer to help Jim with the yard. Riding a lawnmower is not onerous. Like Rosie O'Donnell said, when they make a riding vacuum, housework might be fun.

I am hoping to join my classmates in October, but if not, hello to all and it was very special being with you at Jefferson.

Michael Snyder, M.D.



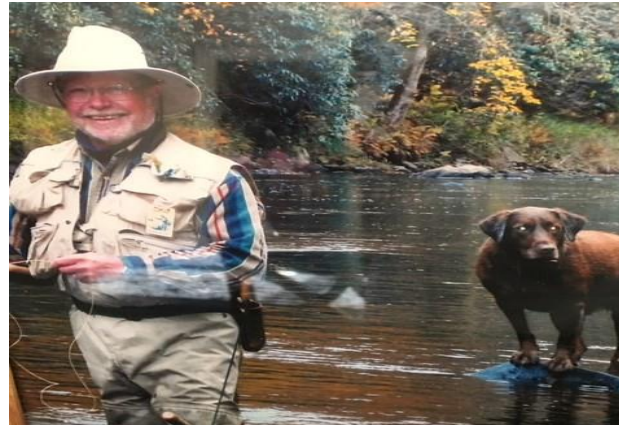
Memories of Jefferson are embedded in my brain. The school played a critical role in what has happened to me during my lifetime. Arriving as a very unsophisticated young man from West Virginia University, I found myself in awe of the school's history and traditions. During the basic science years, names such as Ramsay, Cantarow, Schepartz, Herbut, Aponte, and Goodner were etched in my memory, never to be forgotten. The clinical years found us exposed to world-renowned teacher-clinicians like Gibbon, Montgomery, Alpers, DePalma and Hodes, to name just a few. For me, they were larger than life, and I found Jefferson to be the perfect medical educational experience.

Following those Jefferson years, I did a rotating internship and radiology residency at the Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit, Michigan where I met my wife of 50 years. Rotating internships did allow us to find our niche in medicine, and for me it was Radiology. By today's standards Radiology was in its infancy at the time. The field lent itself to the computer era and exploded during my career.

After residency, I was attracted to a position in Springfield, Illinois, where the new Southern Illinois School of Medicine was being established. The concept was in the Jefferson tradition of a small full time faculty being supplemented by large numbers of private practice physicians who wanted to teach. I was privileged to serve as the chairman of my clinical department for a number of years and as a Clinical Associate Professor of Radiology. I enjoyed very much being surrounded by medical students and residents, many of whom later joined me in practice. My hobbies included aviation and travel particularly in the third world.

Now in retirement, my wife and I share time between a full time residence in Bonita Springs, Florida and a summer cottage on Martha's Vineyard where we look forward to visits by our two daughters, their spouses, and our granddaughter. Please keep this in mind if you are ever in our neighborhood, as we love having company.

Carl R. Steindel, M.D.



After graduation I did a rotating internship at Robert Packer Hospital in Sayre, PA. Since I had the Berry Plan, I was able to complete my first year of orthopedic training at Jefferson. The next two years, 1968-1970, were spent in the U.S. Army at Fort Meade, MD. Fortunately, I was assigned to the orthopedic service which gave me a great deal of experience and the opportunity to perform a great deal of surgery.

I returned to the Jefferson orthopedic program and was assigned for one year at the A.I. DuPont Institute Children's Orthopedic Hospital. The last two years of my residency were spent at Jefferson affiliated hospitals: Lankenau, Methodist and Cooper. During my years of training I had some outstanding mentors: Drs. Anthony F. DePalma, Dean MacEwen, John Gartland, John Dowling, James Hunter and Henry Scherk.

In 1973, I returned to Northeastern PA where I was born and raised. I practiced general orthopedics in a group practice until my retirement in 2005.

During my career I was chief of orthopedic surgery at Community Medical Center in Scranton and served on its board of trustees for several years.

I was also a consultant to the Pennsylvania State Crippled Children's Clinics in Montrose and Scranton, PA. I became board certified in Orthopedics Surgery in 1974, a member of the American Academy of Orthopedic Surgeons in 1977 and a member of the American College of Surgeons in 1981.

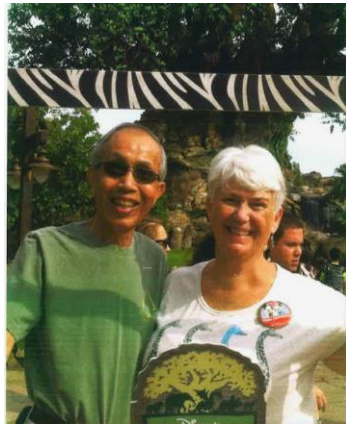
Over the years my wife Suzanne, a former ICU Nurse and later an LPN Instructor, and I have enjoyed deep sea fishing. We have been lucky to have fished in many wonderful places including Bermuda, the Bahamas, Florida, Puerto Rico, Mexico, Venezuela, Costa Rica and Hawaii. One week in Costa Rica we released 27 sailfish and 3 Blue Marlin.

My favorite fishing is fly-fishing for Atlantic salmon. I have pursued these fish in Labrador, New Brunswick, Quebec, Iceland and Russia. I enjoyed big game hunting and have collected many nice

trophies from all over North America. I am too old to climb those mountains and wade those big rivers anymore.

We have three children, Hunter, Sarah Steindel Keating, and Eric and 3 beautiful grandchildren, Isabel, Tyler Keating, and William Lee Steindel. My leisure activities include playing golf, fly fishing for trout, and hunting game birds with my dogs. My hobby is building custom fly fishing rods.

George Marshall Tai, M.D.



I will be forever indebted to Jefferson Medical College for giving me the chance to become a physician, but most of all, for believing in me that I can make it.

I did my internship and residency in Obstetrics and Gynecology at Methodist Hospital in Philadelphia from 1966 to 1970. I went into private practice one year in Philadelphia, one year in Cape Cod, MA, and the next 33 years in the Atlantic City and Somers Point, NJ areas before retiring on October 31, 2005. I gave up Obstetrics on December 31, 1987.

Several important milestones in my life were my marriage to Deborah (Debbie) Krown on September 11, 1971; the birth of our daughters, Samantha Jean, 1975 and Amanda Krown, 1979; the marriage of our daughter, Amanda, to Marc St. Jean, 2012, which came with an instant grandson, Ethan, age 7; and the birth of grandson, Geoffrey Marshall on January 22, 2014.

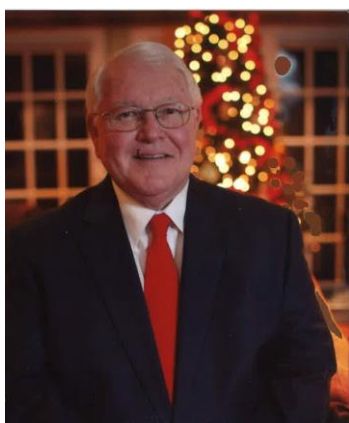
I have been a member of the Northfield Linwood Kiwanis Club with perfect attendance for 34 years. I am also a member of the Central United Methodist Church in Linwood, NJ. Since 2012, I have volunteered one morning a week at Shore Medical Center in Somers Point, NJ.

Because of the medicolegal atmosphere that we live in today, I was able to accept and adapt to retirement without any problem. Since retirement, we have been to Hawaii four times and have a fifth trip scheduled for February 2017. We had many family vacations to Walt Disney World in Orlando, FL. I also made trips back to Hong Kong in 2007 and 2008. We are also enjoying frequent trips to South Easton, MA to be with our grandsons.

Before my mother passed away at the age of 93, she established the Lan Chan Tai and En Shui Tai, MD (Class of 1928, Jefferson) Scholarship Fund at Jefferson.

I am looking forward to our reunion in October and hope that we have a good turnout.

Robert G. Timmons, M.D.



When I was interviewing for medical school, I knew that Jefferson Medical College was where I should attend. As soon as my acceptance to Jefferson was received, I canceled all of my applications. During the first two years school was challenging. Microbiology under Dr. Kenneth Goodner (K.G.) was my favorite. The clinical years were more to my liking.

Upon graduation I went to St. Vincent Hospital in Erie, PA. The Vietnam War was on, and during internship I had to take a US Army physical in preparation to be drafted. I had the opportunity to apply to the USAF Medical Care. Upon finishing internship, my family and I were sent to Tachikawa, Japan until September 1970. I served as a general medical officer but did rotate on the inpatient internal medicine at USAF Hospital Tachikawa. I also served as a physician to the Chofu prison in Tokyo for the English speaking prisoners.

Although, I applied for an Air Force sponsored residency in a civilian hospital, I was turned down, but I had accepted a residency position in internal medicine at Lankenau Hospital in Philadelphia. The first two years were spent in general internal medicine. The third year was one year of infectious disease and 6 months as chief internal medicine resident. Drs. Frank Gray and Mike Manko were great mentors. Upon completion of residency my family and I returned to Erie, PA in 1973. I joined an internal medicine group with four other internists. I quickly found myself filling the void as an ID trained physician in Erie.

At Hamot Hospital I began as Director of Medical Education and later as chief department of medicine. I made three medical mission trips to the Yucatan in Mexico. When my eldest child was killed in a motor vehicle accident in 1979, my wife and I relocated to Portales, NM at the Roosevelt General Hospital. Prior to moving to Portales we adopted Daniel, a Korean, and Victor, who was born in the Philippines. Once in New Mexico we adopted two older African-American boys, Bobby and John.

While at Roosevelt General Hospital, I became administrator as well as continued to provide inpatient and outpatient care. When the hospital sold to the Clovis Hospital and Presbyterian Health Care Services I became the medical director for the combined hospital, Plains Regional Medical

Center. Eventually, I relinquished the medical directorship. I continued patient care as a volunteer at University of New Mexico Medical School. Earlier, I had served as adjunct professor at Eastern New Mexico University. On January 1, 2016, I retired. I have maintained my New Mexico license and am doing some medical staff work.

My years at Jeff were tough but rewarding. We were always reminded by our teachers that patients come first, which seems not to be the case now. I thank God and Jefferson for the many great teachers as well as the physicians who have mentored me through the years. Jefferson has been good to me. When New Mexico was still a territory most physician were Jeff grads. Jefferson and I have had a relationship since I was a student.

Richard Ulrich, M.D.



Here I am with Angelia Sue (Carthen) on our 47th anniversary, July 5th. Though, some of us look back only a little, I have a fairly strong nostalgic streak. I still have the 1966 VW I drove out of Town & Country VW there in Philadelphia; in fact, I drove it today. As a farm boy from Norfolk, NE area, and with a twin brother (who graduated the same week at University of Chicago Medical School – our parents came to Philadelphia), funds were “slender,” so this is my first car.

In 1962, four of us worked in “Dead Earnest” that first year in anatomy lab – Bob Vannucci, David Vastine, and Frank Viozzi. Perhaps you remember Dr. Ramsay’s “If you wish, and only if you wish it,” or “Soapy Williams,” or Dr. Aponte who reportedly bookmarked his reading by tearing out pages once he read them. Of course, I remember sitting in the lecture hall, Friday afternoon, November 22, 1963, obliterated by President Kennedy’s assassination. I greatly appreciated working with Dr. Hutchinson in research. Amazingly, with peanut-butter and jelly, scholarships, and work, I finished Jefferson debt free. In the spring of 1965, Dave Colville and Joe Lipinski and I went to London: I was at St. Bartholomew’s, Joe at Queen’s Square. I can’t remember where Dave studied.

Some of you did your internship at Geisinger Medical Center as I did. I got the award for the most autopsies. I’ve wondered sometimes what that meant: hopefully, it meant that I just asked. Listening to Great Courses, the one on sleep reminds me of some of the retrospectively irrational procedural decisions made in those early morning hours.

Several of us joined the USAF and were at The School of Aerospace Medicine at San Antonio in August 1967. Among others, I have pictures of Carl Reams practicing parachute landing. From there, I was sent to Kimpo, Korea, about 8 miles south of Seoul, Korea, as the only Flight Medical Officer. When the USS Pueblo was captured on July 23, 1968, about 30 F-4s landed in our back yard. While there, I decided to go into ophthalmology and was accepted at the University of Iowa. From Kimpo, I was assigned to McCoy AFB in Orlando, Florida, where I happily found my true-love. I was 28, and she was 23 and had her master’s degree in Library Science from Florida State – her father, a Navy Chief.

Much is crowded in since: 1969-1973 at the University of Iowa, Ophthalmology; 1973-1983 at Maxwell AFB in Montgomery, AL; 1983-1987 at Offutt AFB, Omaha, NE after which I retired as a colonel. We moved down to middle Georgia and did private ophthalmology (working 4 days a week for others) in Warner Robins until retiring in December 2014 at age 73. Most of my interest has been in medical ophthalmology and retina, strabismus, and neuro-ophthalmology. I used to sing to my patients, especially children, but have gotten a little hoarse.

We remember seeing some of you 25 years ago. I was distracted at that time with angina which was finally fixed with a one-vessel CABG of my LAD. So far, so good—no statins, though. At my age, in my view, statin benefit is theoretical. My cardiologist disagrees.

We have been privileged to have four sons, all doctors: Lane, ophthalmologist; Marc, physicist; Paul, biologist; and Luke, bio-informaticist. Together they have given us 13 grandchildren, two adopted Chinese children, ages 1 month to almost 20 years old. None of them lives very close.

None of us escapes entropy, but we intend to continue a life of faith “using what’s left.” We have 2.5 acres – no need for a gym. We’ve paid a teenager \$10/hour to help when my R meniscus needed about six months of rest (no surgery— I’m minimalist when it comes to knives and pills). Angelia is almost 5 years out from Stage IIB breast cancer without known recurrence – bowed out of chemo after two debilitating sessions.

I never got over being a flight surgeon: read about six medical/oph journals, keep my license and a volunteer insurance policy. I’ve listened to about 65 of the well-advertised Great Courses, tinker a good deal in the shop, try to fix anything that breaks (like the timer on our washing machine), help Angelia run her small quilt-supplies mail order business, play the piano a bit, teach Sunday School, etc. I use a HP Spectre 360 laptop 2-3 hours a day, e-mail a good deal, watch almost no TV, and am not on social media. I’m not much of a traveler—I sleep better at home, and my knee doesn’t like long rides. (“Travel gives the illusion of progress.” “You can’t get much done gallivanting around.” Angelia is more inclined to hit the road, though. But, seeing people and places is definitely more dimensional than pictures and voices.)

Twin brother Wes, who lives in Macon, sees the world the same way I do. We talk about five days a week. Angelia has a long-arm quilting machine, reads a good deal, and is busy in our flower gardens (easier with Rain Bird watering), too.

Write or e-mail if you wish. The very best to each of you.

Thank you, Jefferson Medical College

Charles Lawrence Woodruff, M.D.



After graduation, my wife Margaret and I spent my internship year in Kansas City, Missouri, where our daughter was born, followed by three years in New York City at New York Hospital for my radiology residency. We then moved from East 70th Street in Manhattan to the Redstone Arsenal in Huntsville, Alabama, where our son was born and I served as a major in the U.S. Army for two years.

In 1972, I returned to Philadelphia, where I practiced radiology at Chestnut Hill Hospital, including a period as chairman of the department for thirty years, followed by five years in the radiology department of Lower Bucks Hospital in Bristol, Pennsylvania. Margaret attended law school and then practiced law in Philadelphia until 2006, when she retired.

In 2007, tired of snow and ice, we moved to Kiawah Island near Charleston, South Carolina. There I have continued to practice part-time as a teleradiologist, working from home and reading cases from nine states. This still gives me time to play golf; enjoy visits with our children's families, which include five grandchildren, both in Kiawah and at their homes in Philadelphia and Seattle; and travel overseas, which we try to do at least once each year.

I look forward to seeing old classmates in October.

