

Class of 1970



MEMORIES

In celebration of your 50-year reunion.



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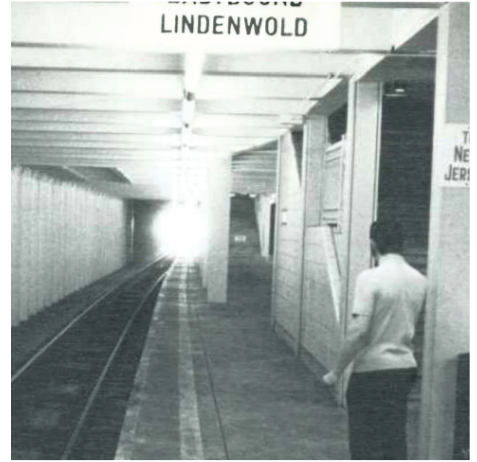
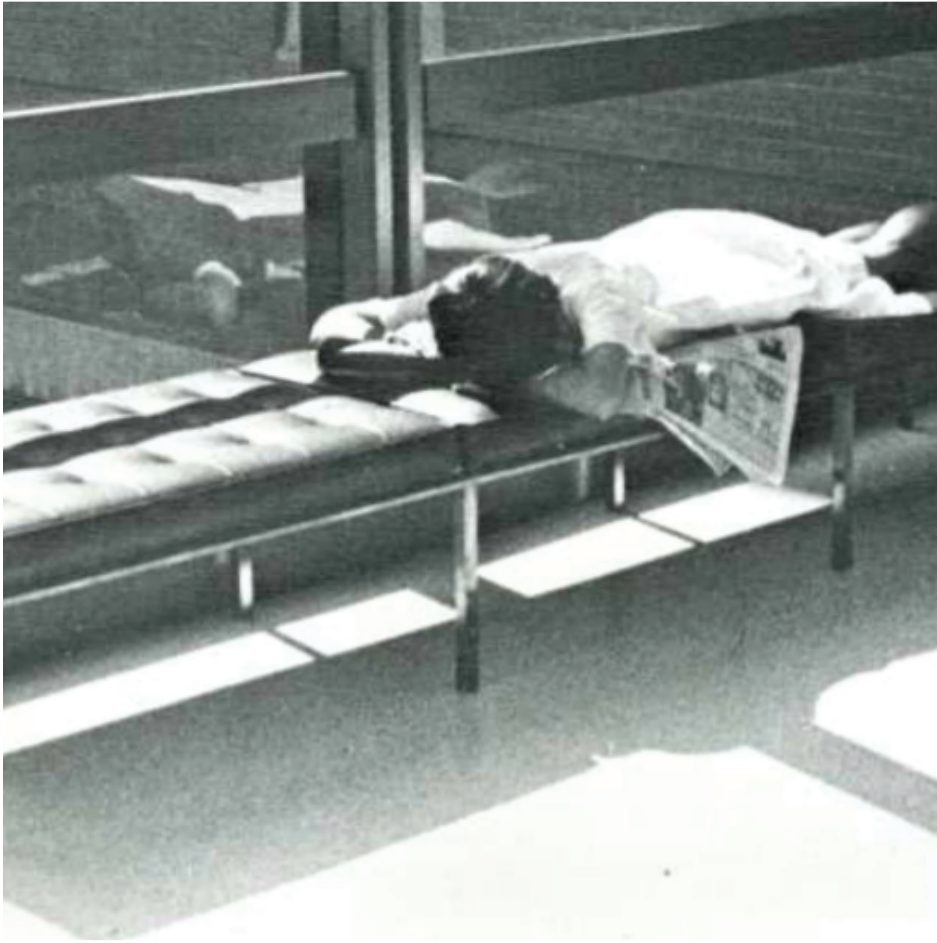
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Memories



Memories



Memories



1970 in Review

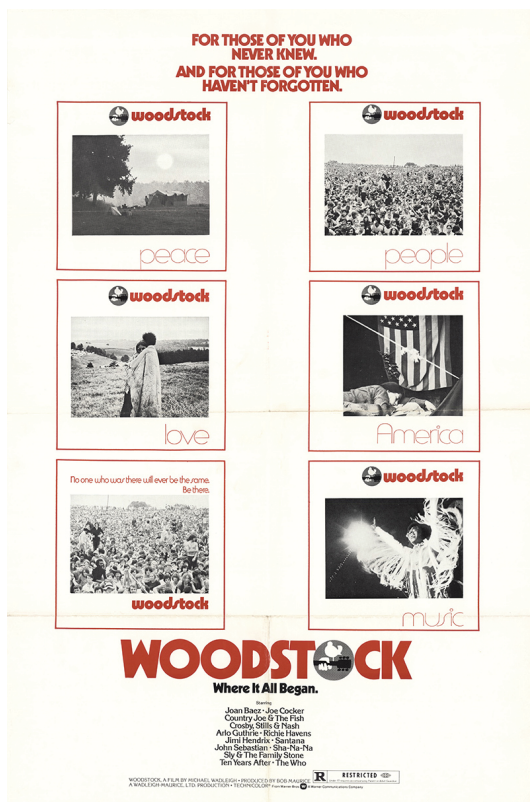
Popular Films of 1970

- » "Love Story"
- » "Airport"
- » "M*A*S*H"
- » "Patton"
- » "The Aristocats"
- » "Woodstock"
- » "Little Big Man"
- » "Ryan's Daughter"
- » "Tora! Tora! Tora!"
- » "Catch-22"



Song Hits of 1970

- » "Bridge Over Troubled Water," Simon and Garfunkel
- » "(They Long to Be) Close to You," The Carpenters
- » "American Woman/No Sugar Tonight," The Guess Who
- » "Raindrops Keep Fallin' On My Head," B.J. Thomas
- » "War," Edwin Starr
- » "Ain't No Mountain High Enough," Diana Ross
- » "I'll Be There," The Jackson 5
- » "Get Ready," Rare Earth
- » "Let It Be," The Beatles
- » "Band of Gold," Freda Payne
- » "Mama Told Me (Not to Come)," Three Dog Night
- » "Everything Is Beautiful," Ray Stevens
- » "Make It With You," Bread
- » "Hitchin' A Ride," Vanity Fair
- » "ABC," The Jackson 5



1970 in Review

In the News...

- » The Beatles break up.
- » Four students at Kent State University in Ohio slain by National Guardsmen at demonstration protesting incursion into Cambodia.
- » The U.S. Senate repeals the Gulf of Tonkin resolution that had given Presidents Johnson and Nixon sweeping power in the Vietnam War.
- » Monday Night Football debuts on ABC with Howard Cosell, Frank Gifford, and Don Meredith giving play-by-play.
- » Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin both die drug-related deaths at age 27.
- » IBM introduces the floppy disk.
- » Earthquake kills more than 50,000 in Peru.

Cost of Living in 1970

- » New home: \$23,400
- » Average yearly income: \$10,000.91
- » Gallon of gas: \$0.36
- » Dozen eggs: \$0.60
- » Gallon of milk: \$1.32
- » First-class stamp: \$0.06
- » Loaf of bread: \$0.25



The 747's maiden arrival at Heathrow.

Flashback Facts

- » The world's first jumbo jet, the Boeing 747, made its first commercial passenger trip to London.
- » "The Mary Tyler Moore Show" debuted.
- » The rock bands Aerosmith, America, The Doobie Brothers, Electric Light Orchestra, Jefferson Starship, and Queen were formed.
- » A patent for the first computer mouse was issued.
- » Diana Ross had her last performance with The Supremes before beginning her solo career.
- » The Environmental Protection Agency opened its doors.
- » The blue raspberry flavor was created by the makers of ICEEs.
- » "Midnight Cowboy" won the Best Picture Award at the 42nd Academy Awards.

Necrology

- » Arlene J. Anderson, MD
- » David Biddle, MD
- » Robert F. Chatfield-Taylor, MD
- » Michael Clancy, MD
- » Thomas J. Devers, MD
- » Louis A. Freeman, MD
- » Frederick E. Hampf, Jr., MD
- » Robert C. Kane, MD
- » Paul D. Kautz, MD
- » James W. Kendig, MD
- » Edward M. Laska, MD
- » Ronald A. Leff, MD
- » William G. Liekweg, Jr., MD
- » Robert M. Lumish, MD
- » Paul C. Marshall, MD
- » James B. McGovern, MD
- » Rogers D. McLane, MD
- » Steven A. Mersky, MD
- » Christopher C. Rose, MD
- » Parker M. Seymour, MD
- » Kenneth E. Starz, MD
- » Robert A. Stein, MD
- » Frank G. Wakefield, MD
- » William E. Whiteman, MD
- » Stephen Woodruff, MD



Class Biographies

George Anstadt, MD, FACPM, FACOEM

Colleagues and Friends from the Jefferson Class of 1970,

Remember DBI's somber amphitheater, which demanded respect for our honored profession; the Silver Harpoon, who taught us anatomy with a commanding presence; the Philadelphia General, where we "almost doctors" and our patients both knew that our care could be lifesaving, or not. Jefferson in 1966 was affordable, so we could choose a specialty based on our passions rather than the need to repay a huge debt. Lucky us, the Jefferson grads of 1970!

I have just ended 50 years of clinical medical practice. The doctor-patient relationships at the center of joyful medical practice have for many deteriorated into harried encounters filled with keystrokes intended for billing clerks. More than half of physicians have subrogated their medical license to institutions. U.S. healthcare has deteriorated from the world's best value in our day to the worst. The metric: health creation per dollar. Read Marty Makary, MD "The Price We Pay." Many new physicians are indentured by incredible tuition debts. The best and the brightest students now choose a medical education in smaller numbers. I feel we have passed the baton clumsily.

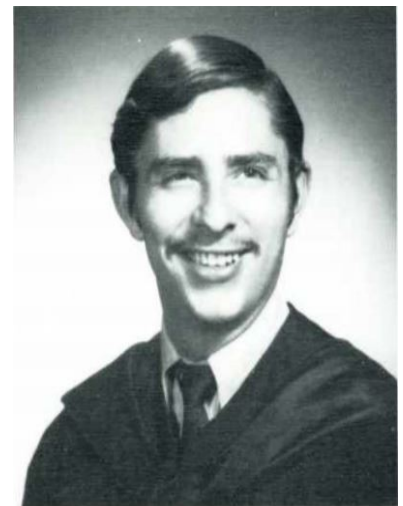
As a still vibrant "elder statesman," I have focused on advocating for U.S. Healthcare Value. The money is the fundamental to good capitalism. The healthcare fix: realign the money flow from payment for "procedures and encounters." as adjudicated by billing clerks, to payment for value creation, determined by the data our practice patterns generate. The best paid clinicians must become those creating the most patient health span per dollar of care. Digital systems now allow affordably measuring health creation at the doctor-patient level. Only with the facile access to our own practice outcomes data can we improve. With the cost data included in the database and organized and presented to us by expert systems, we can prioritize our care at the individual patient level to address each person's high value opportunities.

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The speed on both our quality improvement and the discovery of innovative new methods of value creation can be driven by this data organized by modern systems. This has happened in nearly all other industries, creating dramatic improvements in value for the world. But this will only work if the money flow reflects the value creation. We physicians must demand to again be the key clinical decision makers of the American healthcare system, and to be very well paid for the value we create. Only when our skill determines how the healthcare money flows will the top students again want to be doctors. Should any of you share this concern, vision, and passion, I would love to chat: (585) 749-4611.

P.S. I have a special interest in Alzheimer's disease. I believe AD to be preventable, and even reversible in the early stage. I have a strong FH of AD and have inherited a copy of the APO-E4 gene responsible for over half of AD yet I have maintained the same level of cognition that I attempted to pass off to you 50 years ago as normal. Glad to share thoughts about how this is done.

George Anstadt, MD, FACPM, FACOEM

Lawrence F. Berley, MD

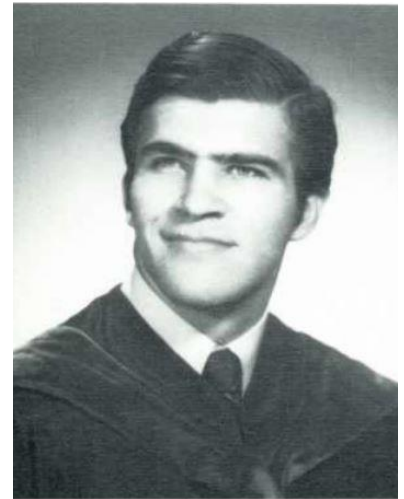
Thank you Jefferson for accepting me, educating me, and allowing me to become a psychiatrist.

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William D. Bloomer, MD

Truth be told, I had no idea of what I was getting myself into when I applied to med school. With many of my science friends applying, I said why not? I was going to be a lower Ivy grad, good in math and chemistry, liked research and people. What could go wrong? What were the high and low points of my JMC experience?

First, the low points as they almost all occurred during freshman year. I had been a chemistry major and shunned pre-med biology, so I had to cram in a six week summer school course before applying. Thus, I was totally unprepared for anatomy. Gross anatomy was just that – GROSS – followed by a near death experience in physiology. I would never have made it through freshman year without the friendships made around the dissection tables and shared experiences at AKK. The highlight of freshman year was exposure to Phil Hodes and his correlation conferences, the perfect antidote to a messy cadaver dissection. I could see light at the end of the tunnel. I couldn't wait to take the three-month radiology elective in junior year which further opened my eyes after I spent time in radiation oncology. The specialty had the right amount of clinical care for me and looked to provide ample research opportunities to use my college acquired interests and skills.

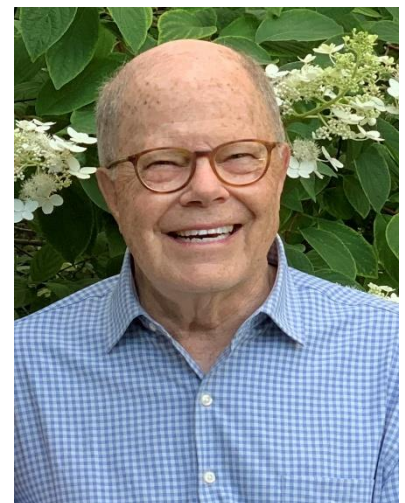
I was also strategically fortunate in that radiation oncology was still in its infancy in the U.S. and lay under the radar of most medical students, Jefferson being an exception because of its mandated inclusion in the radiology elective by Dr. Hodes. I took a flyer and got into the newly approved and untried Harvard residency program which subsequently became one of the foremost training grounds for academic leaders. I stayed there for nine years after residency. But, as one recruiter told me, "Harvard is a great place to be, but an even better place to be from." So, I left Harvard in 1983 to become chair at Mount Sinai, and subsequently chair at UPMC in 1987. Both were amazing professional and personal experiences. Manhattan

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was in one of its heydays in the 1980s, especially for someone who was single with a little money and a subsidized Fifth Avenue apartment. I met my wife, an in-house attorney at Mount Sinai, and we started a family which we expanded after moving to Pittsburgh.

I left academia in 1992 to lead an academic affiliated community based practice at Evanston Hospital in Illinois where I am still working full time in a very satisfying clinical practice. I'm still married and two of our three grown children live nearby. My wife, now a long lapsed lawyer, developed an interest in musical theatre writing after we became empty nesters and jump started her new career by getting a MFA degree from NYU. The Upper West Side has become our second home. I never stop to think about the road not taken and feel lucky to still be on this side of the grass!

John W. Breckenridge, MD

Jefferson Medical College provided an excellent medical education. This became clear to me while practicing after graduation. My fond memories include first meeting many classmates during dissection in anatomy lab. I enjoyed living in the AKK fraternity house with some great guys. We invited some of the best professors to dinner. The parties were old school, dress up with a three piece band. My favorite clinical rotation was at the old PGH. My intern got sick so I became the de facto attending. We did our own hematocrits and Gram stains.

I interned at Medical College of Virginia where we learned through sleep deprivation. This was Vietnam War time and I was drafted to Fort Carson in Colorado Springs. I did on the job training in radiology, skiing, and high altitude backpacking. Then, on to Temple University Hospital for radiology. While an attending, I was recruited to Abington Hospital which is now part of Jefferson. I was selected as Chairman of Radiology. While there I met Diane, a nursing faculty member.

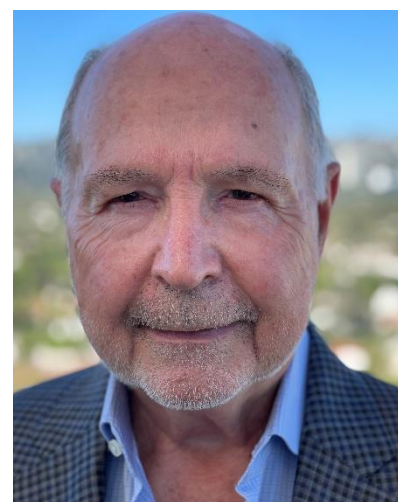
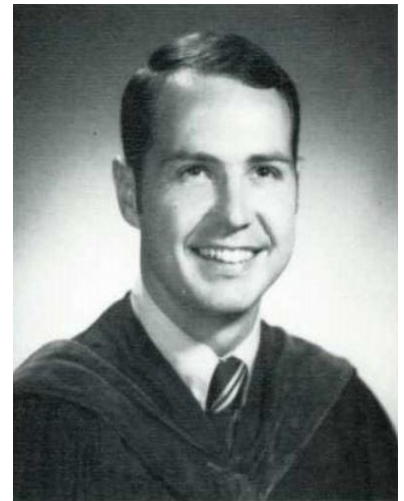
We have two children and three grandchildren. We now live in sunny Los Angeles. Forget the taxes and traffic. The beaches, tennis, hiking trails, and restaurants are great. But we still leave for our home on the Jersey shore to be with other family.

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Joseph A. Breslin, MD

On November 10, 1965, I received a letter from Associate Dean Robert Nye, MD, Jefferson Medical College, saying, "I am pleased to inform you that you have been assigned a place in the first-year class for session beginning Sept. 12, 1966." With this letter, my life changed forever and my dream of attending Jefferson Medical College came true. The first two years I commuted from home in Drexel Hill and had daily rides on the Red Arrow Trolley and SEPTA subway, to and from Jefferson.

My first memory of Jefferson was of the warm anatomy lab at DBI on hot September days. Ah, the fragrance...fortunately, my table was by the window—whew! Dr. Ramsay's colorful embryology drawings on the blackboard... Dr. Anthony DePalma's interesting orthopedic lectures with patient and X-rays on pelvic and leg fractures... Dr. Aponte's pathology lectures, as well as his father-in-law, Dr. Bockus' lectures on G.I.—all remembered well!

My clinical years started out with Medicine rotation at Philadelphia General Hospital – I remember the patients, as well as mixing IVs and wheeling patients myself for X-rays. The highlight came with my first case of Diabetic KetoAcidosis with good recovery. I also recall delivering my first baby at PGH; the mother was 18 yrs old. Psychiatric rotation was at the Coatesville VA Hospital, where we boarded for a week at a time. Early one morning, I was shaving next to an impatient man, who shaved with a long, straight-edged razor. After that, I decided to shave at night.

I was on a surgical rotation, assisting in the OR with Dr. Ben Haskell, proctologist, with a patient's hemorrhoidectomy. While the patient was being prepped, on the table, he let out a great fart. Dr. Haskell grinned and said, "Joe, are you not glad he did not cough in your face?" Dr. Haskell practiced in the days of active TB patients.

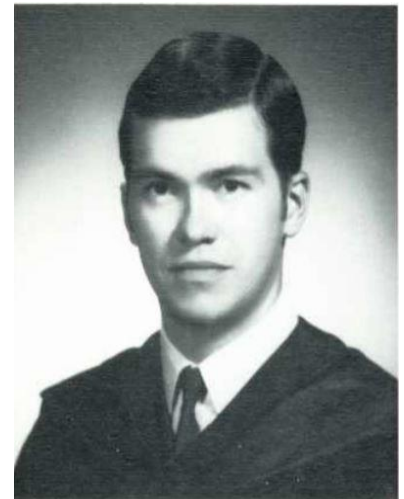
Great Surgical elective, senior year, with Drs. Fineburg and Cohen—two excellent role models.

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On Matching Day, after acceptance at Vanderbilt Hospital in Nashville, Tenn., I called my wife and said, "Hello, I'm Johnny Cash." (his standard greeting) She was also excited to move to Nashville. I was very pleased with my training at Jefferson.

At Vanderbilt, I started in General Surgery, then switched to Urology. Uncle Sam called, and I spent two years in the U.S. Navy. I was assigned to Bahrain Island in the Persian Gulf, where I was the chief medical officer for all active duty personnel, as well as 300 families. I returned to Vanderbilt to complete my Urology residency and in 1978, started practicing in Lancaster, Pa. My early retirement in 2001 was due to viral encephalitis from West Nile Disease.

I look forward to visiting with my classmates and reminiscing about our time at Jefferson.

James B. Carty Jr., MD

I've been very blessed. Barbara Carty and I have proudly raised two fine sons—Jeb (29 years old) and Clay (28 years old).

Jeb graduated from Washington College, is currently living in Santa Monica, California, where he is busy in various aspects of real estate—buying, selling, working on a start-up, etc.

Clay also is very active in buying and selling real estate, Bitcoin, and a Philadelphia Eagles enthusiast. He is engaged to lovely young lady, Jordan Benton, and they currently live in Lancaster, Pa together.

At Jefferson, most of my friendships were with my AKK fraternity brothers—all a great group. We enjoyed meals together and fraternity parties (ours and others at Jeff) on Friday and Saturday nights. We studied hard the rest of the week and received a great education from Jefferson.

After internship at Lankenau, I was a resident at Wills Eye Hospital—Chief Resident in my third year—and a Heed Fellow at Wills in pediatric ophthalmology for a year. Then I was a fellow in oculoplastic surgery with Byron Smith, MD, Ophthalmologist in Chief at Manhattan Eye and Ear in NYC. I joined Dr. John Reichel (Jeff's Dad) in private practice in Bryn Mawr, PA. He was like a second father to me, a brilliant ophthalmologist (Penn Medical School and Penn Ophthalmology Residency), and a gentleman of the old school who had the most unbelievably close relationships with his patients that I have noted with any physician in my career.

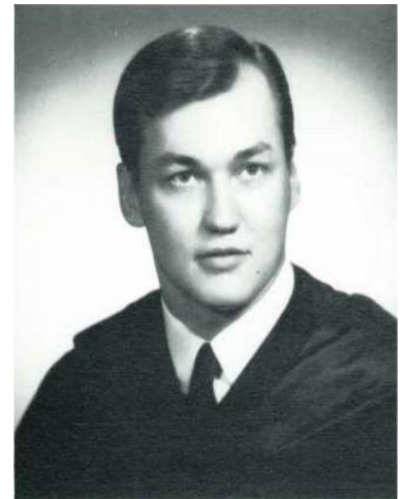
In 1976, I took the Kelman Phacoemulsification course on small incision cataract surgery that transformed my ophthalmic career. This new technique of cataract surgery was slow to be accepted, but now it is the standard of care around the world. I performed phacoemulsification at Bryn Mawr Hospital and would visit Charlie Kelman at Lydia Hall in NY very frequently, watching him operate, asking questions, after which he would fly me back to Manhattan in his helicopter. I

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visited him so often and asked so many questions from my operations, that about after a year he asked me to help him to teach his phacoemulsification course—given about every three months in NYC. What an honor! Ophthalmologists from all over the world, as well as the U.S., came to learn this evolving technique from the inventor. He received every medical honor/award in ophthalmology nationally and internationally and received the National Medal of Technology Award in June of 1992 from President Bush at the White House. His original phacoemulsification machine is currently at the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D.C.

The March 2004 issue of *Cataract & Refractive Surgery Today* featured on the cover, "The Beginning of Modern Cataract Surgery: A historical view and a salute to the field's pioneers." The cover article, "Reflections on Charles Kelman and the Early Days of Phaco, Thoughts from those who were there," featured six ophthalmologists in the world, with mine being one of the six. All this led to my lecturing in virtually every major city in the U.S., and about a dozen cities worldwide. I lectured for decades with Charlie (until his death). I received an Honor Award from the American Academy of Ophthalmology from years of teaching clinical courses as well as being elected to the Scientific Advisory Board for the American Society of Cataract and Refractive Surgery. I have been in the "Top Doctor" editions of *Philadelphia Magazine* as well as *Main Line Today*. I was Chief of the Service of Ophthalmology at Bryn Mawr Hospital for about 30 years.

On November 8, 1998, I became the only physician ever elected to equity membership on the New York Stock Exchange. Dick Grasso, our CEO, had a membership meeting for all seat holders every 3 months in the boardroom. I enjoyed going on the floor during trading and became a member of the New York Stock Exchange luncheon club. With demutualization, our seats were exchanged for stock and now I am sure I could not get in the front door! About 2 years ago, I was elected to be on the board of directors at the Plaza Hotel, as well as secretary to the condo association.

I attribute my excellent health (for now!) and ability to enthusiastically see patients full time to lifting weights for the

past 4 decades. About 5 years ago, I upped my game to competing in bodybuilding contests, competing in 10 events so far, about one every four months (except for 1 1/2 years of Covid). I am strong and lean, not big. About a year ago I reached out to the legendary Frank Zane, Mr. Universe, Mr. America, three-time Mr. Olympian, *Muscle & Fitness* magazine's editorial board said of all body builders, had the best physique ever. I read 3 of his books and flew out to La Mesa, California, one weekend to train with him in his elaborate home gym for 3 hours. We communicate by Zoom and text for any questions I have in preparation for my upcoming contest.

I hope we all have a great 51st reunion!!

Richard Davenport, MD

I arrived at 924 Clinton Street in latter August with new bride, Nancy, excited and scared. We had driven from Chicago, our ersatz honeymoon, with our survival gear packed/crammed into a gifted Volkswagon. Both new to the City of Brotherly Love, we were excited to be in the historic area living on the first floor of an old, former sea captain's, townhouse. It had 12-foot ceilings, fireplace, beautiful tall, arched windows and a dirt basement. No matter that we had to cross the public hall, which led to the spiral staircase up to the other apartments, to get to our bedroom and bath from our living room/kitchen!

Best of all, It was a one block walk to the DBI. Entering the sacred institute, it felt as though I had stepped back in time. The iconic lecture pit and then on the third floor, table after table of silent bodies under white drapes. Welcome to medical school and the watchful eyes of the dissection professor!

Nancy, our only means of support, bravely found a job as a primary grade teacher in the inner city. A liberal arts graduate, she endured a hostile environment for 6 months before earning a Master's degree at the University of Pennsylvania and landing a teaching position across the bridge in Jersey. We couldn't get a loan at the bank because I was unemployed! My father had died just before my Junior year in college with only \$10,000 in life insurance and no savings.

My mother had to find a job to survive.

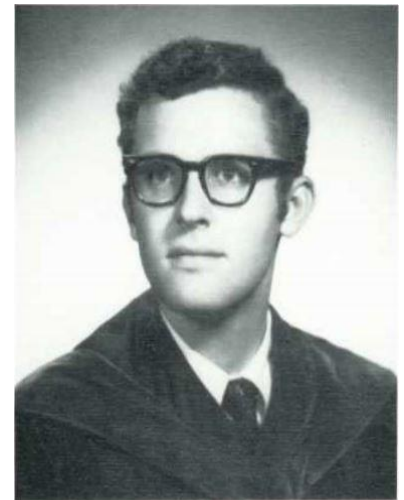
We loved weekend walks, soaking in the history. We could touch the Liberty Bell which was shoved under the stairs in Independence Hall! Saw Ben Franklin's print shop on Arch Street, shopped frequently at the South 9th Street Market, and enjoyed the Philadelphia Art Museum (pre-Rocky). Rittenhouse Square was fun window shopping and people watching, very educating.

Nancy got used to the odor of formaldehyde on my clothes, I gave blood for \$, and the semesters started to tick by. We

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enjoyed social life at the AKK fraternity and found we could listen to Eugene Ormandy in the nosebleed seats for less than a movie ticket!

Memories of Gonzalez Aponte sweating more than I did, impressing me with the importance of critical knowledge needed to be a doctor. Traveling to Altoona with Dr. Joseph Medoff for a visiting professor day. Standing next to Dr. John Templeton during vascular surgery while he played his favorite country and western music, much to the dismay of other surgeons. Time with the noted Dr. Tom Duane, who inspired me to pursue ophthalmology. An internal medicine rotation at the Philadelphia Naval Hospital which impressed upon me the terrible sacrifices our troops made during the Vietnam War. Just a few of the memories that remain fresh in my mind today.

Most importantly, I remember being surrounded and taught by earnest, dedicated physicians who made an indelible impression on me of the meaning of the Hippocratic Oath. I could sense that same feeling in my fellow students, a solidarity that made wonderful friendships. It was a special, privileged, exhilarating experience. It gave me a sound, excellent clinical education, which showed its mettle during my internship and beyond.

Thank you Jefferson Medical College for enabling me to live a satisfying, meaningful and fulfilling life.

I look forward to being there to reunite with my classmates.

John Dmochowski, MD

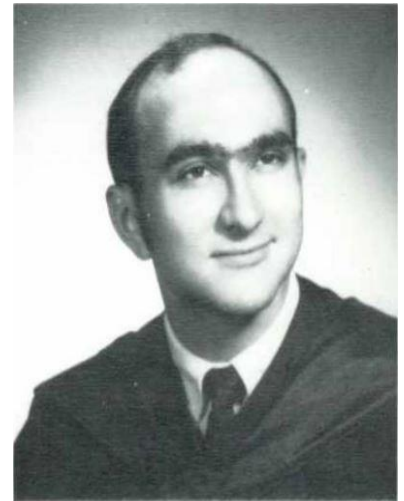
The Veterans Association offered me a job working in a community-based outpatient clinic from 2007-May 1, 2014. Enjoyed the interdisciplinary team work for comprehensive medical/behavioral health for our veterans.

May 2014 to present, I have worked as a staff psychiatrist for Cape Behavioral Health.

Pandemic of March 2020 put me into remote care of my panel of patients at our clinic and our Falmouth JML Care Center nursing facility and I hope to be able to work mostly remotely with my patients as long as I can. It is hard to “hang up our stethoscopes” when your career, thanks to Jeff, has been so fulfilling.

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James W. Fox IV, MD

A graduate of the Jefferson Medical College Class of 1970, I opted to remain in Philadelphia and applied for the much sought after Internship at Thomas Jefferson University Hospital. I felt that Jefferson was by far the best clinical institution that I had rotated through during my last two years in medical school. Also, this decision to stay at Jefferson was further prompted by marriage to my medical school sweetheart (Kathleen Mulqueen) after my second year at Jefferson and the birth of our first child (Jamie) during my senior year. I had also started to become enamored by the abilities of the Surgical Chairmen and Chiefs at Jefferson who were intellectual geniuses, technical wizards and world class clinicians (DePalma, Templeton, Davis, et al). A second child (Kasey) during my internship cemented my decision to stay at Jefferson for my General Surgical Residency. Our third child (Colby) during my first year of surgical training completed my family.

Obviously, financial concerns were a great challenge for medical school students (particularly married ones with children) then as today. All male college graduates were drafted into the military in 1966 (beginning of the Vietnam War) but we received deferments for medical school with military service to follow medical school graduation. To help with the financial strain (wife and three children), I enlisted in the Navy physician program and gave up my two week summer vacation each year and went wherever the Navy assigned me. Actually my Navy experience was outstanding with responsibility for extremely injured soldiers at a very early time in my career, serving with a wonderful group of people while providing financial support for my family. Honorably discharged as a Lieutenant Commander is an honor I will cherish for my entire life.

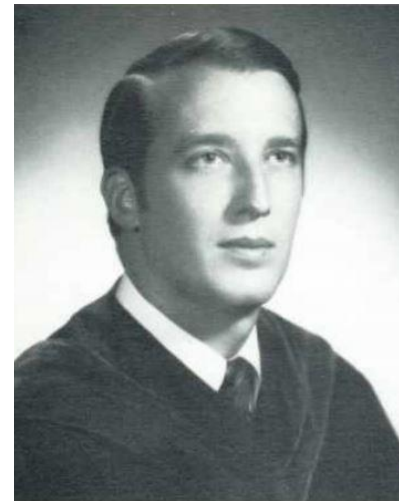
General surgical training and military experience lead me to seek a Fellowship in Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery. Accepted to the University of Virginia where the world's leading educator of plastic surgeons was the Chief (Dr. Milton Edgerton), Charlottesville was our home for the next two years. At the end of Fellowship, offered the job of staying at U.Va. and running the state wide burn/trauma center was very enticing, a job offer from

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my Jefferson mentor (Dr. J. Wallace Davis) and my wife's desire to return to Philadelphia and raise her family near her seven brothers and sisters won the day. Back to Philadelphia and Jefferson we came. A forty-year career at Jefferson followed with academic advancement through the ranks to Full Professor and Chief of the Division of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery. A brief retirement ended when I was asked to become the Professor and Chairman of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery and Chief of the Burn Unit at Temple University Hospital and Medical Center. Five years later I retired for the second time.

During my time at Jefferson, I was honored to be Chairman of the House Staff, Chairman of the Medical Staff, Chairman of the Alumni Association, Chairman of Alumni Giving (28 years), Chairman of the Resident Selection Committee for Surgery, Chairman of the Student Affairs Committee, Chairman of the Ethics Committee, and Chairman of the Operating Room Committee. I received the student teaching award on three occasions, the Alumni Achievement Award, the Golden Cane Award for philanthropy, and was President of the Gibbon Society and President of the Meigs Society. I was a member of the County, State, and National Medical Societies, a member of the American College of Surgeons, a member and officer of the American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons, and a member of the New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore Surgical Society. While publishing fifty-eight peer-reviewed scientific articles, lecturing more than two hundred times around the world, and publishing two books, unquestionably my greatest accomplishment was training forty-six plastic and reconstructive surgeons who practice our specialty nationally and internationally.

Now retired (permanently), Kathleen and I have celebrated our 53rd wedding anniversary, enjoy our three children and their spouses, greatly enjoy our six grandchildren, and are loving senior citizenry. We golf, play bridge, garden, watercolor paint, and travel. We spend 6 months of the year in suburban Philadelphia and six months of the year on Jupiter Island, Florida. Greatly disappointed not having our 50th Medical School Reunion last year, we are delighted that we can celebrate this milestone this year.

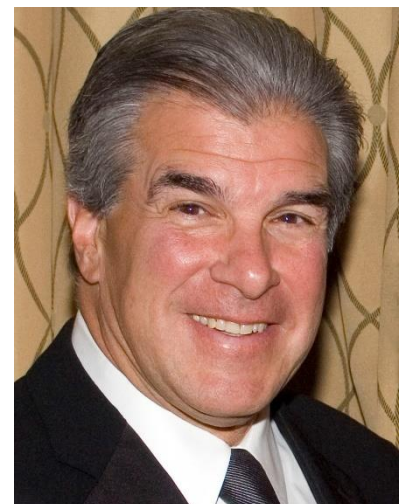
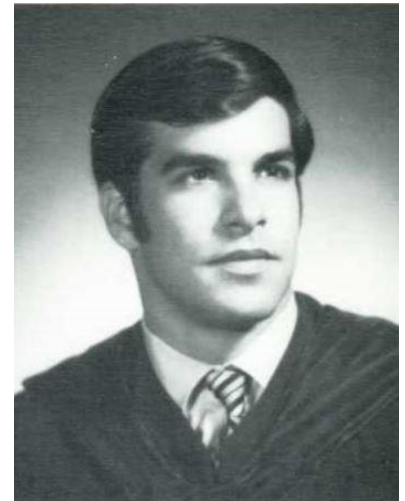
James M. Gerson, MD, FAAP

Jefferson Medical College Memories:

- “Look to the left of you and to the right of you, and one of you will not be here at graduation”
- DBI Lecture Hall: Dr. De’Angelis was giving a lecture to our freshman class when the large screen above the stage let loose on one end and swung like a pendulum and struck our professor knocking him out, and none of us knew what to do except call for help!
- Dr. Gonzalo Aponte’s well-organized lectures emphasizing on the board the word “IATROGENIC” and also clarifying that he sweats because he is hot!
- DBI Anatomy Class with the smell of formaldehyde
- Our class voting down an honor system for tests
- The trauma of the dog lab for physiology class.
- Working nights as a lab tech at Pennsylvania Hospital
- Great concise orthopedic lectures
- The desire to be on a surgical rotation with Dr. Templeton, but alas in the last tier as a short student for open heart observations
- The humanistic approach of the cognitive disciplines exemplified by Dr. Olshen
- The emotional trauma of the Oncology In-Patient service
- The difference between clinical rotations at PGH and Lankenau
- The excitement of clinical immunology research and its potential promise to treat cancer and working in the lab with Fred Skvara, Ken Starz, and Aris Sophocles under Dr. Aponte
- Learning how to clearly be a patient advocate and think through the differential diagnoses of difficult cases
- Assisting in setting up our senior protest called ‘new priorities’ against a PA senator who was a known ‘hawk’ in support of the Vietnam War to speak at our graduation

CONTACT INFORMATION

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Post Jefferson:

- Children's Hospital of Philadelphia, internship, residency, and fellowship; 1970-75
- Philadelphia Naval Regional Medical Center LCDR, USNR; 1975-77
- National Cancer Institute Senior Investigator, Lab of Immunodiagnosis studying natural killer cells; 1977-79
- Chief of Pediatric Heme/Oncology at Hershey Medical Center; 1979-82
- Established Pike County Medical Association, De Novo Family Practice in Lord's Valley, PA in an underserved area in Pike County; 1982-96
- Blue Cross NE PA, Medical Director; 1996-99
- Health Net of California, Regional Medical Director, S. CA; 2000-2008
- Community Health Plan of LA County, Chief Medical Officer for a Medicaid plan with 200K members; 2008-2012
- Health Net of California, VP and Sr Medical Director; 2012-2018 and Interim Chief Medical Officer for last 16 months for plan with @3M members
- Blue Shield of California, Regional Medical Director; 2019-present

Personal:

Marriages, Children and Grandchildren:

- Linda Cohen, 1968-1979, with 2 Children
 - Lisa Dara, age 51 yrs, and 2 children: Sage, 21 yrs, and Sophia, 13 yrs;
 - Mathew, age 47 yrs, and 1 child, Willow, age 4 months
- Cathie Scholl, MD, 1982-1999, with 1 child
 - Jeffrey, age 30 yrs
- Caryl Golden, 2001-present; one step-daughter, Ashley, age 45 with 2 children, Lucas, 13 yrs, and Sydney, 7 yrs

Interests: Travel, Art, Golf, Exercise, Sculpting in clay

Charities: Prior BOD member, Crohn's and Colitis, x6 years, and Jewish Home Association of LA: Geriatrics and PACE BOD x 6 years, and past VP and President

John A. Kline, MD

It is my sincere hope to attend our fiftieth reunion. It may not be possible since my wife Christine is very ill. As some of you may remember, Chris and I have been together for more than sixty years. It was she who convinced me to quit my job as a postal worker and go to college. We actually had two children before I entered Jefferson. We have had a great life. She helped me build a ten-person Orthopedic group and managed that group until a few years ago. Both of those children later graduated from Jefferson. Our daughter Peggy is now a radiologist and senior partner of Atlantic Medical Imaging in south Jersey.

Our son John is a physiatrist and partner in Northeast Rehabilitation in Wilkes-Barre, PA. One of his five daughters, Caitlyn, is applying to Jefferson this year and presumably will continue our family tradition. Our youngest daughter, Jennifer, who was born when I was a first year at NYU, became the "black sheep" of our family when she was admitted to the Bar in Pennsylvania (HaHa). Jefferson was very good to Chris and me when I was a student and it was only with the help of considerable financial aid in large part organized by Dean Gonnella that it was possible for me to obtain my degree. I will be forever grateful to Jefferson and to Dr. Gonnella for that and have always tried to show that gratitude.

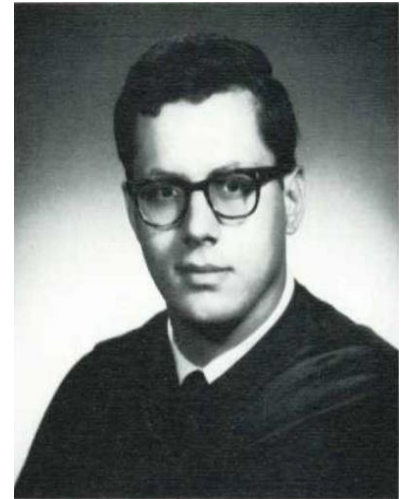
I hope to attend our reunion but if that is not possible you can be sure that my classmates, Jefferson, and Dean Gonnella will be in my thoughts.

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Harvey B. Lefton, MD, FACP, AGAF, FACG, FASGE

While musing over what to include in my thoughts of Jefferson in 1970 for our time capsule, I asked myself if anyone could have imagined all the changes we have survived! As a student in the late 1960s, I was not focused on the outside world. I was reminded of Jefferson's history as I walked up the stairs of McClelland Hall past Thomas Eakins' masterpiece the "Gross Clinic" or saw other of his works in the College. Can anyone imagine such works of art in a tangible open setting in our world today?

Our class was not without conflict living through the tempestuous times of the Vietnam War. Our graduation was almost cancelled by student activists who objected to Senator Hugh Scott as our commencement speaker. Fortunately we were able to work out a compromise. We wore buttons saying NEW PRIORITIES CLASS OF 1970 during the ceremony. We voiced our concerns without disrupting the graduation.

Unfortunately, today American SOCIETY is unable to compromise so most debate is NOT civil.

We have all had a varied journey since graduation. I went to the Cleveland Clinic to train in internal medicine, then to serve in the United States Air Force, prior to coming to Philadelphia to practice gastroenterology and teach. None of us could have anticipated the social, political, and civil rights changes we have participated in over the past 50 years. No one could have anticipated these changes in 1970. We were all focused on building a career and our families.

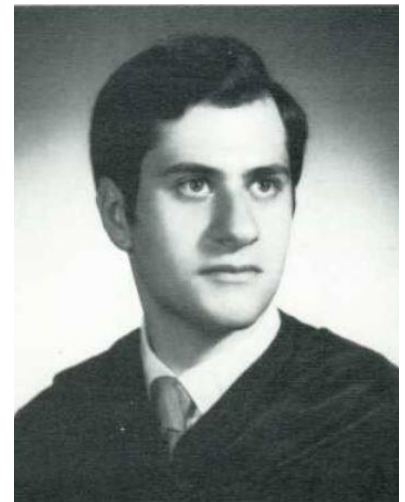
Jefferson has always been about compassionate patient care. This was what we were taught that Medicine meant. Today big insurance and large institutions rule the landscape, telling us what tests we are allowed to order and what drugs to use. Even at this stage of our career we need to offer our wisdom to our colleagues so the underserved are cared for and compassion is shown to those in pain. We must always remember we are still a work in progress!

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John Timothy Martsolf, MD

I almost did not become a member of the Class of 1970 since my letter accepting my admission to Jefferson was filed as a non-acceptance letter. I found out about this when I called Jefferson to ask about information concerning the onset of classes, since I had not yet received such information. Needless to say, after apologies, I received the appropriate information and started classes on time.

As a sophomore medical student, I was buying my Sunday newspaper from the vendor when a pigeon dropping landed on my extended hand. The vendor looked at me and said, "you must be a second-year medical student."

I was knocked out during a fraternity touch football game by my own fraternity brother. At the advice of the neurologist in the emergency room, I never played touch football again.

Whenever Nate Thomas and I were assigned to observe and participate in deliveries, there were no deliveries. Every time we showed up the residents went to bed. As an intern on night call I was assigned evenings of obstetrics, pediatrics, the Coronary Care Unit, and the north wing of the hospital. The internship program was set up for 21 interns and only 7 of us matched for the program. My first delivery was a breach in a woman. The attending was unable to attend the delivery, but gave me some quick bits of information over the phone. Fortunately, one of the experienced nurses, who helped me on several deliveries, guided me through a successful and safe delivery.

Many lunch hours during my time spent in clinical genetics, while I took electives and/or worked in the genetics lab, were occupied racing slot cars with Laird Jackson.

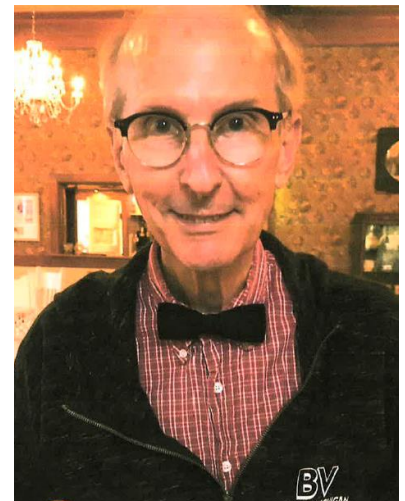
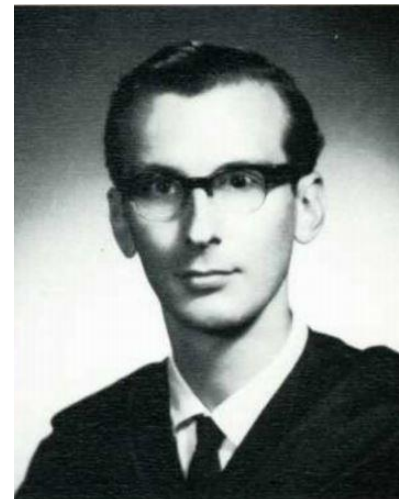
Dr. Robert Brent gave a presentation to the freshmen class about not making medicine an escape from living. I tried to follow that advice.

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While I was stationed in Mainz, Germany, as the only pediatrician at the outpatient clinic, I flew to Winnipeg, Manitoba, for an interview to be considered as a fellow for a program in clinical genetics. When I called the departmental office to let them know that I had arrived, they were not expecting me, since the department chair had not informed anyone that I was coming for the interview. I did do my clinical genetics fellowship in Winnipeg.

After graduating from medical school, I had a one-year pediatric internship (8 months of pediatrics, 4 months of medicine with 12 months of obstetrics night call) and one year of a pediatric residency before joining the U.S. Army stationed in Mainz, Germany, for two years as a solo pediatrician. Upon completion of my clinical genetics fellowship and a brief general pediatric practice, I joined the full-time clinical faculty in the Department of Pediatrics at the University of North Dakota School of Medicine in 1978. I was the only clinical geneticist in the state of North Dakota from 1978 to 2009. I retired from statewide clinical genetics practice in 2015 and from the medical school in 2016. During my career I described two syndromes that are now associated with my name in several clinical genetics/dysmorphology textbooks. I became boarded by the American Board of Medical Genetics as a clinical geneticist in 1982, the first year it was available.

I have been married to Cathy for 49 years. I have one daughter and one granddaughter from a previous marriage. From my current marriage to Cathy, we have one daughter and one granddaughter. Also we have one adopted son. Outside of medicine I have curled for many years and write poetry, some of which has been published in a local literary magazine.

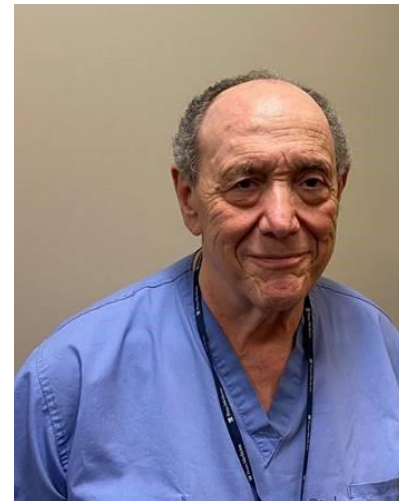
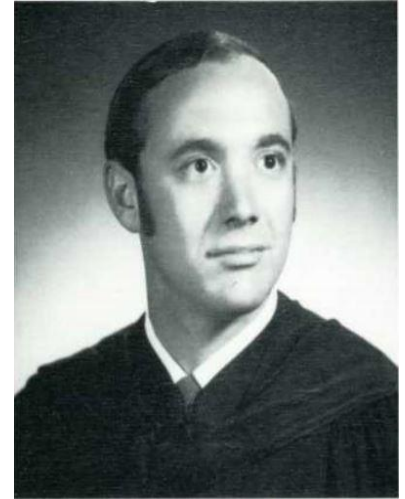
Richard Nemiroff, MD

After 51 years, from Intern to Professor, I am still a gynecologist at Pennsylvania Hospital. My current interest is dyslipidemia in women and the relevance of inflammation in many diseases. I have two adult children and the original wife of 52 years. We have a total of 6 grandchildren that are growing exponentially; the eldest will be off to college next year.

I am grateful to Jefferson for starting me on this journey and giving me the equipment and skills to thrive in a rapidly changing world of medicine. Caring for those who have nothing is my best accomplishment and out of 14,000 surgeries, over one third were uninsured, illegal immigrants or Medicaid.

Because I have synesthesia, I still remember "Silo Fillers Disease;" Dr. Aponte would be proud. I remember Rick Bernini making pizzas while we were in lab and I remember Steve Glassberg dropping his new tie in his soup on date night at Sigma Nu. I also remember telling one of our professors not to touch any of our female colleagues again or he would answer to me and the President and Dean of our college. Inappropriate behavior happened even 50 years ago, but I was always a woman's advocate and still am.

Other than the usual travails of growing old, I enjoy good health. Thanks be to G-d for the same and memories will always resurface from Jefferson.



Judith Parker Schwartz, MD

When I was in high school, the music supervisor wanted me to apply to Julliard as a piano major. I played piano in the school orchestra. French horn in the band, and entertained groups in a trio with two musical friends, a violinist and a cellist. But I wanted to be a doctor and, after college, when a cousin told me that Jefferson had started accepting women, that is where I wanted to go.

My first year at Jefferson was exciting but, also, sad. My dad had passed away, suddenly, and Father-Son Day, from Jeff's all-male days, was especially sad for me. However, things got better. Besides enjoying the studies, I made lots of new friends. Being one of very few women, we were very close and supportive of one another.

By junior year, I met Burton Schwartz, a Jeff graduate and OB-GYN resident who later switched to pediatrics. He was also the son of a Jefferson graduate, Dr. Albert Schwartz. Burt and I were married in June of 1969. The following year, I graduated and went off to my internship at Lankenau Hospital. It was Vietnam time and, when I finished my internship, and Burt entered the military, we moved to Washington, D.C., and Andrews Air Force Base. While Burt headed the pediatric department, another female doctor and I ran the emergency room. It was very interesting and I loved taking care of the military and their families.

From there, we moved to Dallas, Texas, where I worked for the public health department while Burt started his neonatal fellowship. Then, it was a move to Houston where I did pediatric research while Burt was at Texas Children's.

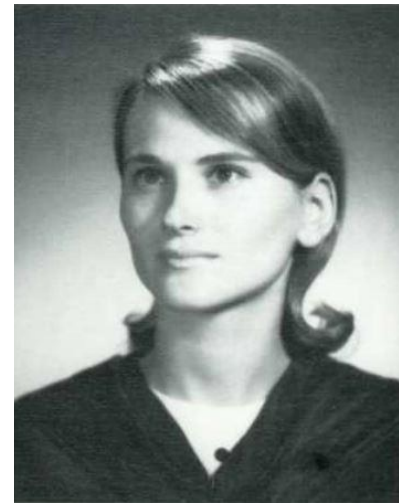
Our final Texas move was to Fort Worth, where Burt was assigned to Carswell Air Force Base. Eventually, he left the military and went to the city-county hospital. Later, he ended up at the other end of the spectrum and did college health at TCU. Meanwhile, I did a locum for a local pediatrician, and then was hired by a children's agency, Child Study Center, to

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work with children with developmental disabilities. I loved working with children with disabilities and with their families. I stayed there until we left Fort Worth and retired to New Jersey.

By then, we had four children. Our oldest son, Hamilton, is a third-generation Jefferson graduate. We now live at the Jersey shore so that we are closer to most of our children and grandchildren.

I look forward to seeing my Jefferson classmates and catching up with everyone at our reunion.

David R. Pashman, MD

One of my fondest and most vivid memories of my time at Jefferson were the Friday night dissections at the Daniel Baugh Institute of Anatomy. Frequently, I would be there with Bill Peters, Ron Palmieri, Judy Parker (Schwartz), Harry Polsky, and others. I recall the "P" students best since classes and labs were organized alphabetically. After dissections we would go to dinner or a drink while wreaking of formaldehyde. I also recall pathology photos of Dr. Gonzolo Aponte we would observe. Initially we thought it was for interest and was supplemental. However, after the first exam, we suddenly realized that we were being tested on this and our interest and attendance increased at the photo labs.

I interned at Hahnemann Hospital, intending to go into Internal Medicine & Cardiology. However, during my last elective block at Jefferson, I decided to learn how to care for my future patients who would have back and other orthopedic problems. I spent a six-week elective at Lankenau Hospital with Dr. John Dowling, a charming and inspiring orthopaedist. Then in the first few weeks of a straight medical internship, I realized that I preferred orthopedic surgery to internal medicine. I still recall the one- hour phone call with Dean Gonella who discussed this with me and offered me counsel.

I spent a four-year residency in orthopedics with Dr. John Gartland, a most respectful and kind individual and have had a most enjoyable career in orthopedics ever since. I practiced General Orthopedics before the age of super subspecialization and enjoyed the variety of problems I treated from trauma to knee arthroscopy to total joint replacement.

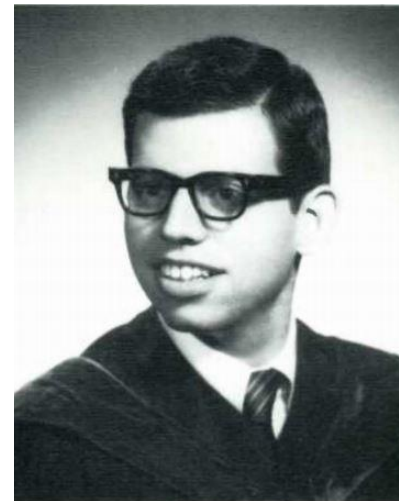
I practiced in a five man orthopedic group at Albert Einstein Medical Center in Philadelphia, a level one trauma center with an independent orthopedic residency program. I enjoyed interacting and teaching orthopedic residents and watching them mature as physicians. Our group also practiced at

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Warminster General Hospital, a small 120 bed satellite in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. I was president of the medical staff for five two-year terms.

With the medical malpractice liability crisis in 2000-2001, my partners left and I went into solo practice for five years. I then closed my private practice and moved to the University of Pennsylvania Department of Orthopedics where I practiced for six years. When Penn rearranged their business model, I moved to Temple for two years. I subsequently retired from orthopedic practice in 2017 after tearing my Achilles Tendon while playing tennis.

While in medical school I met my future wife, Viki, with whom I've shared the last 52 years. Viki and I have 3 children and 8 grandchildren, the oldest one having just graduated high school and will be off to college in the fall. Currently, Viki and I spend summers on Long Beach Island, New Jersey where we have had a home for the last forty years. We also enjoy as well visiting our children and grandchildren in Pittsburgh, PA, Los Angeles, CA, and nearby Ewing, New Jersey. We look forward to resuming travelling once Covid is no longer a risk.

My training and experiences at Jefferson have given me a solid background in medicine and orthopedics. I thoroughly enjoyed learning and training at Jefferson and look back with fond memories.

Harry S. Polsky, MD

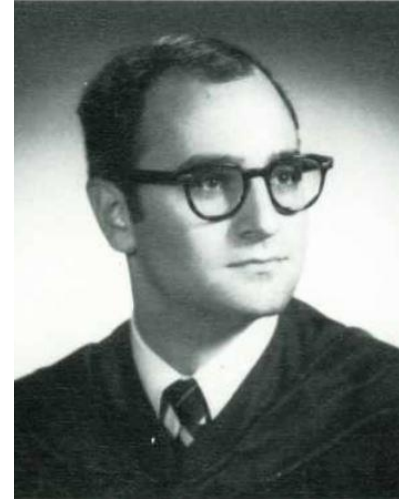
Greetings to all my classmates '70.

The most memorable moment for most of us has to be the last lecture in DBI by Dr. Ramsey during a very loud electrical storm. It was very reminiscent of the scene in the movie "Ten Commandments" when Moses parted the Red Sea!

Since I left Jefferson in 1975 after a residency in general surgery, my memories of those 9 years are scrambled together. Certainly a proud memory was the establishment of Phi Chi's Wednesday night beer parties since we felt that waiting for TGIF was burdensome!

After my service as Major Polsky and a fellowship in vascular surgery with Michael DeBakey, I spent my 36-yr. career as a General/Vascular surgeon in Norristown, PA. Much of my time in private practice was spent as Director of the Dept. of Surgery at Montgomery Hospital where I founded and directed the first complete community based diagnostic noninvasive vascular lab in the Delaware Valley.

Sharon and I celebrated our 52nd wedding anniversary in December and enjoy time with our three children and seven grandchildren who all live close by.



Michael Pryor, MD

Jefferson Memories

11th Street trollies:

- Haentz's Theatrical Hat store
- Greek pastry shop
- Greek bar on 9th – Zorba music jukebox

DBI Lecture:

- Men in black – Ramsey, Shea, Parke
- Men in white – Schaedler, Freidman
- Men in dark – Hodes and his search lite
- Best dressed – Aponte
- Runner-up – Frank @ DBI

Fine dining:

- Savoy Restaurant for eggplant
- Dock's Central luncheonette for scrapple
- Bookbinder's for cue-ball oyster crackers

Best sights:

- Gross Clinic @ the top of the stairs
- Independence Hall at night

We were treated as colleagues by the faculty and attendings.

Post-Graduation History

- Medical internship at University of Miami '71-'72
- Orthopedic residency at University of Miami '72-'76
- Active duty Army Ft. Sill, OK, '76-'78
- Private practice in Lander, Wyoming '78-'13
- Married Marianne 1973
- Offspring:
 - Michael '81 – Marine vet, entrepreneur
 - Married to Jen, 2 daughters
 - Lindsey '83 – Jeff grad 2011, ER physician
 - Married Tom Cesca – Jeff grad 2011, radiologist
 - Tom '86 – horse vet in Colorado
 - Married Kim, son & daughter
 - All grandchildren age 6 & under
- Marianne & I live on a small cattle ranch.

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Neil O. Thompson, MD

After wearing flip-flops and shorts most of my college years, I thought that practice would continue into medical school. It didn't. I learned early in my Jefferson experience what it means to be a professional. So, in my new (short) white coat, it was both demeaning and funny when a passerby on Walnut Street asked me where the nearest barber shop was!

For me, Jefferson Medical College exemplified excellent teaching, good role models and well-monitored clinical training in the science and art of medicine. Dean Joseph Gonnella was an encouragement throughout medical school. To him and to the many professors whose names I've forgotten, thank you.

One of my fondest memories at Jeff is when a radiologist put up a CXR and asked, "Is it something or nothing? Use all the information available on the film." One surgeon's lecture dealt with "the most socially sensitive muscle in the body." Even laughter found its way into the midst of hard work! I remember pre-op surgical rounds, putting down NG tubes for all patients undergoing abdominal surgery (obsolete now)! Then, one morning, I witnessed one of the first (I think) rigid gastroscopies performed.

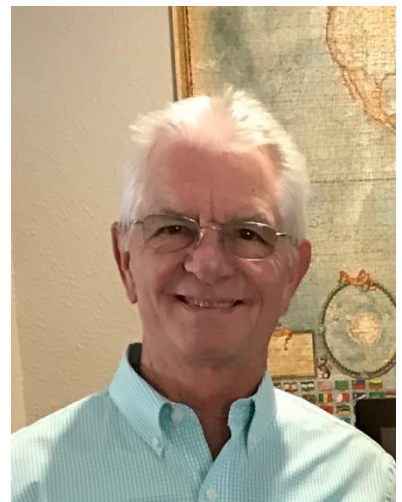
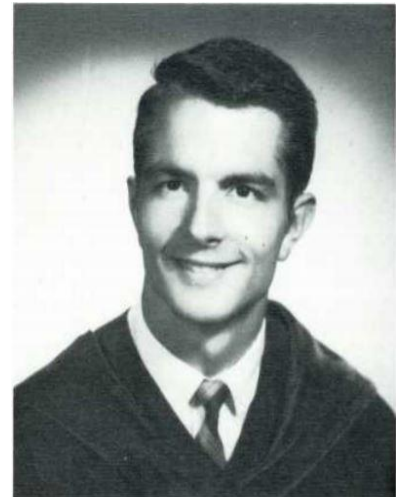
I had been feeling tired and weak for a while, when my lab partner remarked, "Neil, your smear doesn't look very normal to me!" Indeed, my rbc's were all beat up, with my Hgb and Hct down. The result of a year of plasmapheresis. Now my cash flow was cut off, but my energy returned! I think we were the last class to use The Pit (Pine Street?) and the first to live in Orlowitz Hall.

The highlight of my senior year was a visit to a small, 100-bed mission hospital nestled in the rice fields of Central Thailand. Twenty years earlier there had been no modern medical care in the 8 central provinces and there were thousands of untreated, yet treatable diseases, such as malaria, tuberculosis,

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and leprosy. Manorom Christian Hospital, opened in 1956, was the pioneer of medical care in that part of the world.

I left Philadelphia in a snowstorm and arrived in Bangkok to the sound of cicadas. After taxi, train, bus and pickup truck transportation 120 miles north from Bangkok, an Australian doctor met me at the door, said he had surgery scheduled and asked if I would like to join him. The next 10 weeks in a strange culture, with a strange language and strange climate, answered my question, "What do I want to do with my life?" It was an exhilarating, life-changing experience!

I returned to finish med school, then went off to internship (Geisinger Medical Center), seminary (Fuller Seminary School of World Mission, Pasadena), and surgical residency (Union Memorial Hospital, Baltimore). While I was in my residency, I wrote to a doctor I had met in Thailand asking, "How can I best prepare to return to Thailand?" He answered, "Learn how to use a gastroscope and bring one with you." I did just that.

With much fear, trepidation and prayer I returned to Thailand during the hot season of 1978 (April). It felt like living halfway between an oven and a sauna—like an oven when the sky was clear (at 104 F) and a sauna after it rained! I spent my first year in language and culture study in Bangkok. The first words I learned were hello and goodbye (same word!), numbers (so I could bargain with taxi drivers) and "Where is the bathroom?" I couldn't even speak as well as a 4-year-old; I was hot, lonely and depressed. I soon learned that I was in culture shock. After a year, I moved 120 miles north to the lazy village of Manorom, on the banks of the Chao Praya River, nestled in emerald green rice fields.

Upper GI bleeding was a major medical emergency at that place, in those days. So, colleagues told me that the introduction of endoscopy provided a real advance in medical and surgical care for these patients. After our "real" radiologist returned home to the U.K., I became our "go to" for X-rays: "Is it something or nothing?" The only scans we ever had were our "eyeball" scans! When we procured our first ultrasound machine in 1987, I was chosen to take the weeklong training

(at a university hospital in Bangkok) that came with the purchase price!

Amazingly enough, there was a romantic twist to that week in Bangkok! For a year, I had been getting to know a young lady I met in church there. On the last evening of that week at a local German restaurant, I asked Wannee (in Thai of course) to marry me. She answered (in Thai of course), "I'd be delighted!" We got married in early 1989 and are living happily ever after (speaking English, of course).

I had envisioned taking care of leprosy patients, but it was not to be. I was the only general surgeon and there was more than plenty to do. I learned the meaning of "appendicitis, the great masquerader" very quickly! Of my first 100 appendicitis patients, nearly half were abscesses or perforated. I was very thankful for my "sub-specialty" surgical rotations in residency, because that's where my challenges lay. For example, the first "staghorn calculus" I ever saw was the first one I removed! "Surgical culture shock" was another challenge in adapting to surgery in rural Thailand

But I think the real heroes of our OMF mission hospitals in Thailand were the leprosy teams. Early on (long before I arrived), there were so many leprosy patients with so many needs that doctors, nurses, physical and occupational therapists dedicated themselves to their care. Their commitment eventually resulted in a community that fostered mutual encouragement. Leprosy surgeons provided new eyebrows, noses and corrected "claw hand" and "dropped foot" deformities.

The medical team asked each one what they had done before they had contracted leprosy. Some had been teachers; some farmers; others musicians. Most had been thrown out of their homes and socially ostracized. Despite their scarred bodies and emotional trauma, they not only regained their dignity, but many were also able to resume work and contribute to society. Some of them became talented musicians who wrote lyrics and composed music for a whole new era of indigenous Thai music and worship.

In addition to OMF leprosy work in Central and South Thailand, Presbyterians in the North and Southern Baptists in East Thailand provided similar care. In the 1990s, one young man researched leprosy in Thailand and missionaries in all three agencies. He concluded that the medical teams of these mission agencies had "conquered leprosy" in Thailand! And all this in not much more than a generation.

This was done in small corners of Thailand, but did not go unnoticed! The Thai King and Queen visited our hospital in South Thailand twice in order to recognize and honor their service both to the leprosy and "well" communities. The leprosy team also received Thailand's highest honor for non-Thai people, The Order of the White Elephant.

God blessed Wannee and me with two children. Nathan was born premature and spent 5 weeks in a NICU in Baltimore County. Kevin was born at MCH in Thailand, delivered by our midwife friend and colleague, Nancy. Wannee's mom paid the bill, B. 1500 (~ \$50).

We thought we'd stay in Thailand "forever," but like so many I was kicked into an office back in the US. After serving as the OMF-US National Director, mobilizing young professionals to serve in East Asia for 10 years, I retired (#1). Then for the past 10 years, I've been focusing on emphasizing medical missions and starting a renewed emphasis on medical work within OMF.

I re-retired in January (#2). This month a team of healthcare educators and practitioners will start teaching a 10-week course for medical professionals in 10 developing countries around the world! I'm so thrilled to be part of that team.

I've learned a lot in life, but the meaning of "retirement" eludes me. Covid-19 has kept Wannee and me out of Thailand for the longest period of time since we've known each other. We pray for the end of the pandemic in general and a chance to return to see our family, friends and colleagues in Thailand in particular!

I look forward to seeing you in October. I think that I can make it, but don't think that Wannee will be able to.

Calvin L. Weisberger, MD

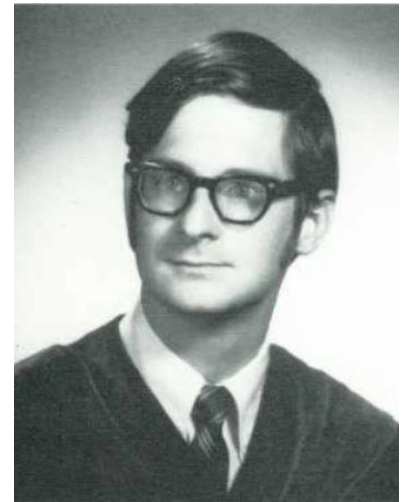
After graduation, I did my internship, residency, and fellowship at Jefferson. While at Jeff I served on the P&T committee and was the President of the House Staff of TJUH. As a Cardiology Fellow I was the Southeastern Pennsylvania Heart Association Fellow and did research in Cardiac Rehabilitation. During that time I also served as Flight Surgeon of the 177th Tactical Fighter Group in Atlantic City. I was awarded Outstanding Company Grade Officer of the NJANG while there. I wrote chapters in several ECG books with Dr. Edward Chung of the Jefferson Cardiology Department. Following the cardiology fellowship we moved to Southern California where I joined the Southern California Permanente Medical Group at the West Los Angeles Medical Center. I was Chief of Cardiology and Director of Critical Care at the West LA facility. I taught at USC for several years. In addition to practice I founded the first Cardiac Rehab program and the first Nuclear Cardiology program in Los Angeles at our facility. My nuclear medicine associate and I wrote the text Practical Nuclear Cardiology published in 1979 as well as an associated educational slide series.

I was one of the founders of our Internal Medicine residency at West LA and our Regional Pharmacy Formulary. I was heavily involved with founding the National Product Council which is Kaiser Permanente's group purchasing organization. I was the founding Chair of the Regional and National Cardiology Chairperson Group of the Permanente Medical Groups. Following publication of several Narrative Medicine pieces in the Permanente Journal, I became an Associate Editor and still am active in that position. I retired as a full time partner in 2010 and still function per diem as a Partner Emeritus of SCPMG. My wife and I have three children. Our older son is publisher of the blog "BoingBoing," our daughter is a writer/editor for Microsoft and our younger son is a Marriott Executive Chef. My wife and I are avid travelers and have been on all seven continents. I especially enjoy photographing our travels.

The four years of Medical School and five in the housestaff prepared me well for my life in medicine. Looking back on that time I believe I was well prepared to serve as an intern after

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graduation. While I remember well the examples set by Drs. Kowlessar, Brest and others, I think my best model as a physician was Dr. Joe Keiserman in the Emergency Room. I think his humanity along with his intellect made a strong impression on me. When I served on the hospital executive committee as House staff president, I got real lessons in the politics of medicine. These lessons were as helpful as medical science training in my career. Now in retirement two former classmates, Larry Miller and David Lintz, remain good friends of mine here on the West Coast. Medicine is about people and Jefferson provided science and friends for life.

Thank you!

Thank you to the members of the Class of 1970 who have chosen to include Jefferson in their estate plans.

If you have included Jefferson in your estate plans, thank you; we look forward to honoring your generosity by recognizing you as a member of the 1824 Society.

To learn more about the 1824 Society or to notify Jefferson of your intentions, please contact:

Lisa W. Repko, JD

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