

Class of 1971



MEMORIES

In celebration of your 50-year reunion.



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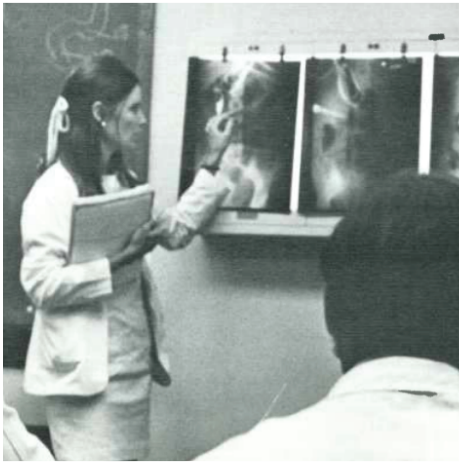
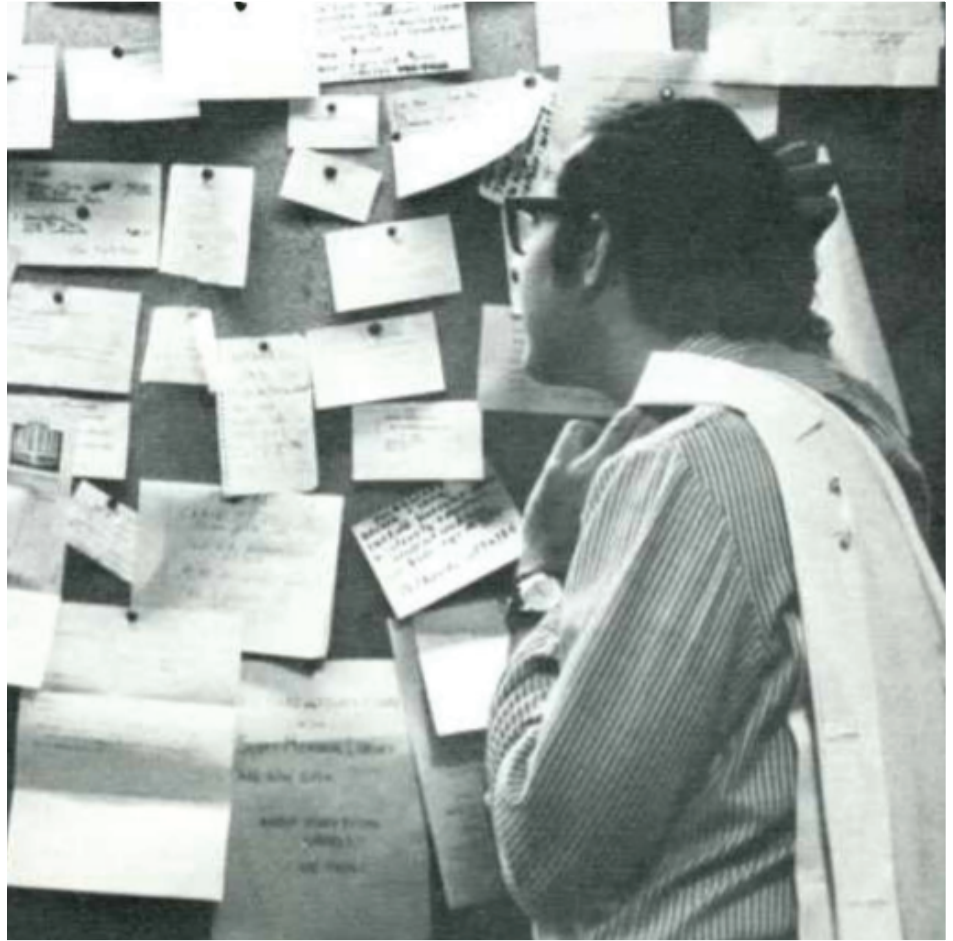
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1971 in Review

Popular Films of 1971

- » "A Clockwork Orange"
- » "Diamonds are Forever"
- » "Harold and Maude"
- » "Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory"
- » "Dirty Harry"
- » "The Last Picture Show"
- » "The French Connection"
- » "Shoot Out"
- » "Please Sir!"
- » "Fiddler on the Roof"



Song Hits of 1971

- » "It's Too Late," Carole King
- » "Maggie May," Rod Stewart
- » "Take Me Home, Country Roads," John Denver
- » "What's Going On," Marvin Gaye
- » "Ain't No Sunshine," Bill Withers
- » "Theme From Shaft," Isaac Hayes
- » "Imagine," John Lennon
- » "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down," Joan Baez
- » "That's the Way I've Always Heard It Should Be," Carly Simon
- » "Proud Mary," Ike and Tina Turner
- » "Me and Bobby McGee," Janis Joplin
- » "Brown Sugar," The Rolling Stones
- » "Riders on the Storm," The Doors
- » "Brand New Key," Melanie

1971 in Review

In the News...

- » Twenty-sixth Amendment to U.S. Constitution lowers voting age to 18.
- » Nixon ends the U.S. trade embargo against China.
- » The U.S. Supreme Court rules unanimously that busing of students may be ordered to achieve racial desegregation.
- » Jim Morrison dies in Paris at age 27.
- » "All in the Family" debuts on CBS and introduces trend in socially conscious programming.
- » *Mariner IX*, orbiting Mars, takes revealing pictures of the planet's Surface.
- » Charles Manson, along with three of his women followers, are convicted of Tate-LaBianca murders.

Cost of Living in 1971

- » New home: \$25,200
- » Average yearly income: \$10,382.95
- » Gallon of gas: \$0.36
- » Dozen eggs: \$0.53
- » Gallon of milk: \$1.18
- » First-class stamp: \$0.06
- » Loaf of bread: \$0.25



Storefront of the first Starbucks, in Seattle, WA.

Flashback Facts

- » Starbucks, the major coffee house chain, was founded in Seattle, Washington.
- » Walt Disney World opened in Orlando, Florida.
- » The rock band, The Eagles, was founded in 1971.
- » Radio & TV advertisements for cigarettes were banned in the U.S.
- » The first ever email was sent.
- » Apollo 14 landed on the moon.
- » The Nasdaq Index made its debut on Wall Street.
- » *The New York Times* started publishing the Pentagon Papers.
- » Coco Chanel passed away.

Necrology

- » Thomas M. Bryan, MD
- » Daniel J. Callahan, MD
- » George W. Dennish, III, MD
- » Paul M. Fernhoff, MD
- » Bruce M. Fishbane, MD
- » Michael A. Geha, MD
- » Robert W. Goldstein, MD
- » Daniel B. Gould, MD
- » Alvin G. Heller, MD
- » Robert L. Hellman, MD
- » John F. Motley, MD
- » Jay Nogi, MD
- » Barry H. PENCHANSKY, MD
- » Robert A. Place, MD
- » Gregory J. Salko, MD
- » Joseph L. Seltzer, MD
- » James O. Van Bavel, MD
- » Robert B. Waterhouse, MD



Class Biographies

Richard Wayne Baggé, MD

Medicine can take us on a remarkable journey. In JRR Tolkien's tale "The Lord of the Rings," Frodo remarks to his friend Sam, "I used to think that [adventures]...were things the wonderful folk of the stories went out and looked for. But that's not the way...with the tales that really mattered...Folk seem to have been just landed in them...their paths were laid that way." My path in medicine took me to unexpected places: from working in primary care with Native Americans in Arizona and Alaska to working as a psychiatrist with expatriates and nationals in Africa.

After leaving Jefferson, I did an Internship with the USPHS in Baltimore, continuing on to an IHS hospital in Sells, Arizona, and then to Nome, Alaska. In Alaska, I treated a case of botulism, probably from eating fermented seal flipper, managed a patient with Guillain Barré in a remote setting, and did appendectomies using spinal anesthesia. But it was the mental health needs of Native Americans that turned my attention toward psychiatry, and in 1977, I began a residency at Duke, including a chief residency at Durham County Hospital. I then moved to Augusta, GA, as faculty in the department of psychiatry at the Medical College of Georgia. I was director of the inpatient psychiatric unit from 1981-1989 and later worked in the outpatient clinic. During those years I married Nancy (Hoover) and our two children, Sarah and Nathan, were born. Nancy had worked as a nurse in Ecuador and had done an MPH at Chapel Hill. Both of us were interested in cross-cultural work.

In 1990, we joined a mission organization, Wycliffe Bible Translators, and I began preparing to work as a psychiatrist to expatriate staff in Africa. In 1993, we moved to Nairobi, Kenya, where I joined a child psychiatrist who'd been a resident at MCG. For the next 22 years, we collaborated at a counseling center serving the needs of mission and humanitarian aid organizations throughout the continent. Mental health professionals joined us from a number of countries in

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providing training, consulting, and on-site counseling and psychiatric care. Being able to do psychotherapy as well as psychiatry was a fulfilling experience. Nancy later joined the staff as a licensed counselor. In 1999, we responded to a request from church leaders in Democratic Republic of Congo for resources to address the needs of their communities which were traumatized by war and civil unrest. That collaborative effort between churches and mental health professionals resulted in a series of story-based lessons using Scripture and psychological principles of trauma care. A training manual, "Healing the Wounds of Trauma: How the Church Can Help," was developed. The materials have been translated into more than 150 vernacular languages. Trained community leaders facilitate small groups, providing contextualized support and care. What began as a response to a local request for help, is now having global impact in addressing the pain of trauma.

In 2015, we relocated back to the U.S. where I continued to do psychiatry at our organization's counseling center in North Carolina. We moved to Lancaster, PA, Nancy's home area, in October 2020 and are happy to be nearer our children and grandson who live here and in Washington, D.C. Both Nancy and I continue to be consultants for our organization. I recently retired from the active practice of psychiatry and am looking forward to having more time to cull through boxes of photographs and memorabilia and put together my own family history as well as the story of this unexpected path through medicine.

Christopher K. Balkany, MD

I look back now at the student years at Jefferson Medical College as a carefree time, compared with the years afterwards, although it did not always seem so at the time. One remembers the fun times, fraternity parties, joking with my Anatomy lab partners, nicknames for many of the professors, friendships with nurses, etc. The not-so-good times—anxiety about tests, internship applications, tuition costs—these fade away in time.

After 1st year living in the Phi Chi house on Spruce Street, it was time to move into the brand new Orlowitz residence right across the street from the College building on Walnut Street. The Jefferson Alumni Hall was also new and a new source of activities.

Following graduation, a group of six of us from Phi Chi all began internships at Allentown Hospital. We comprised over a third of the intern group at Allentown that year and had a great time. In 1972 I moved to Wilmington, DE, for an Internal Medicine residency followed by some time as a staff internist at the VA Medical Center in Wilkes-Barre.

I then joined an Internal Medicine practice in Lancaster, PA, with a strong reputation for diabetes management and eventually took on an endocrinologist associate. During my fifteen years of practice in Lancaster, I met and later married my wonderful wife, Johanna, and over time we adopted two wonderful children, Anne and Benjamin.

To further my interest and abilities in diabetes care, or as one of my classmates once said, “to learn to do what I’ve been doing,” we moved to the Boston area in 1992 for a late-career fellowship in Endocrinology and Metabolism at the Lahey and Joslin clinics. I found a very agreeable Endocrine practice situation in St. Cloud, Minnesota, and worked there for nineteen years before retiring in 2013.

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Our children have both found careers in healthcare. Ben is an OR technician at St. Cloud, MN, while Anne, who graduated from Jefferson in 2016, will be joining an Ophthalmology practice in St. Paul, MN, later this year.

We are now back in Pennsylvania, having come full circle and settling recently in Lancaster County again, enjoying the company of family and friends, old and new.

James E. Barone, MD

I enjoyed my 4 years at Jefferson from the moment I first set foot in the Daniel Baugh Institute of Anatomy until the Graduation Day. We studied hard, learned a lot and had plenty of good times.

I did my general surgery internship and residency at St. Vincent's Hospital in New York City where I met and eventually wed a smart and beautiful nurse. Mary and I have been married for 47 years and have 6 children, 3 boys and 3 girls—all of whom are employed and have their own health insurance. We have been blessed with 5 grandchildren

After finishing my training, I spent 2 years in the U.S. Navy and went back to St. Vincent's to practice general surgery and critical care for 7 years. In 1985, I became chairman of surgery and general surgery residency program director at St. Francis Medical Center in Trenton, New Jersey. Five years later, I was recruited to a similar position at Stamford Hospital in Connecticut where I spent 13 years.

Four years later, it was on to another chairmanship at Lincoln Hospital in the Bronx. Having had enough of meetings, administrative duties, and letting the residents do all the good cases, I became a surgical hospitalist at a non-teaching hospital in upstate Connecticut.

I retired from practice in 2012, became a blogger (SkepticalScalpel.blogspot.com), joined Twitter (@Skepticscalpel), and did some freelance medical reporting for Reuters Health. Since 2014, I have been a medicolegal consultant for a law firm in Stamford. It keeps me busy and makes me think.

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Donald Bergman, MD

1970, 1971, 1991: three years that changed my life forever, for the better.

In 1970, I married Susan. We have been married for fifty-one years. We have a daughter, Melissa, a son-in-law, Simon, and a granddaughter, Olivia. Also in the family are brother Dick, sister-in-law Vicky, a niece, two grand-nieces, and cousins.

In 1971, I began my postgraduate training at Mount Sinai in New York where I have been for the last fifty years. I am in private practice in New York with practice partner Leonard Mattes and I am a clinical professor of medicine at the Icahn School of Medicine at Mount Sinai. I teach a weekly seminar for the endocrine fellows called Bones and Breakfast and also teach the second-year medical students as a lecturer in the introduction to endocrinology course.

In 1991, I became part of a small committee of endocrinologists that founded the American Association of Clinical Endocrinologists (AACE, now called American Association of Clinical Endocrinology) and the American College of Endocrinology (ACE). I have been president of several organizations including AACE, ACE, The ACE Foundation, and the Mount Sinai Alumni Association.

My years at Jefferson seem so long ago, but I remember this: our class was the last and the first. We were the last to meet in the old anatomy institute and among the first to meet in the new classrooms and labs and live in the new residence hall. I lived in a small row house on Delhi Street with classmate Dan Gould, then with classmate Ron Hoffman, and then with Susan after we were married. With several classmates I helped to start the student newspaper *Ariel* which published some lively articles and editorials. I do remember fondly some of the Jefferson professors and mentors who became friends and certainly influenced the way I (and all of us) practice medicine.

Along the way I have received awards and recognitions including the Mount Sinai Alumni Association Jacobi

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Medallion. The best recognition, of course, is from my patients, some of whom have been with me since my early years in practice, and from my colleagues who continue to refer patients.

I still get up at 4 a.m. five days a week to get across the George Washington Bridge before all the heavy traffic and get ready to meet with my office staff and then the patients.

Fifty years is a long time but it's not over yet! *"Grow old along with me. The best is yet to be."*

Arthur E. Brown, MD, MACP, FIDSA, FSHEA

Jefferson prepared me very well for my internship in NYC.

I left Jefferson having been inspired by Rakoff and Goldfarb to become a Reproductive Endocrinologist. But my head was turned towards infectious diseases, public health, and epidemiology by a chance encounter on an outbreak investigation with CDC. I had signed up with the USPHS to avoid Vietnam, and from here, my career in ID began to take shape.

In 1981, I spent time as a volunteer physician in Thailand in the Cambodian holding center (120,000 people) called Kao-I-Dang. There I learned much about traditional Eastern Medicine and how it could be applied along with Western Medicine. Some of my best memories as a doctor are from that time.

I married Jo Frances Meltzer in 1985. Until our retirement, she was the Director of the Himan Brown Senior Program at the 92nd Street Y here in NYC.

Among my best friends are Warren Appleman '71 and Ronald Hoffman '71 and their lovely wives—Sue Ellen and Alice, respectively—all here in NYC.

After 42 wonderful years as an Infectious Disease clinician at Memorial Sloan Kettering Cancer Center, I retired on June 22, 2018 (same day as my wife, Jo, retired). Fulfilling a long held plan, the next day we went to our camp on Great Pond in the Belgrade Lakes in Maine for the summer. I loved the challenges of being an ID person on the front lines (especially during the early days of AIDS), but retirement has been very easy and a welcome change.

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Terrence Carden, MD

My most prominent memories of Jefferson are of the outstanding clinical faculty who showed us all how to be real doctors more interested in meeting our patients' needs than supervising experiments on rats to add to the voluminous medical literature. I maintained that perspective throughout my career and it served me well.

As for my career, it was marked by an insatiable curiosity that led me to execute multiple roles—many of them at the same time. All represented new challenges that I found myself unable to resist. But my foundation as a clinician—learned at Jefferson—was the bedrock on which all success was supported.

Many of my challenges involved leadership of physicians and physician groups. I was always aware that my colleagues would eat me alive if I were not as sound clinically as any of them. That meant always keeping up while exercising the management and communication skills that management requires.

I loved what I did for a living and cherish the fond memories and strong relationships I developed across the nation over the years. I spent most of my career in Chicago and expected to live out my years there. But as we all know life sometimes intervenes. I relocated to Tucson, AZ, in 1997—after commuting each winter starting in 1994.

After retirement in late 2001, I studied graphic arts and devoted myself to digital photography, website planning and development, as well as writing and editing, a craft I learned prior to my time at Jefferson.

I now reside in an independent living retirement community in Tucson.

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Robert E. Chandlee, MD

50 years later...whoa and wow...how did that happen? I am not really surprised, but I am retired!

The last 45 years in Atlanta, Georgia, were wonderful years...a family with four children and the associated joy kept me busy and happy...along with my partner diagnostic radiologists and fellow physicians caring for our patients. Family and profession are the two greatest privileges of my life that I cherish above all else.

Jefferson was the beginning of this life because of the relationships: classmates at Penn State and the anatomy table inspired me, while the brotherhood at Phi Chi nurtured me. I gradually came to truly appreciate the opportunity I had stumbled into and the wonder of friends and fellow health workers who cared...in the fullest sense of that word. It is those relationships that help mold and make us—the husband, father, friend and colleague I became.

Thank you to Jefferson—all the mentors and friends—for your contributions!

p.s. a few particulars:

*I joined the hospital-based practice at the end of training in 1976—the fourth member and first trained in CT, U.S. and angiography. The hospital merged in 1990 with a similar one nearby in the northwest suburbs. The two similar radiology groups merged to become Quantum Radiology in 1995 with 25 members. When I retired in 2013, there were 45 members...now it's almost 90: www.quantumradiology.com.

*My immediate family is much smaller but is also a merger: Jeanette, born at Jefferson, and her half-siblings, Evan, Benjamin, and Hannah, born in Atlanta. Jeanette lives outside Philly. The other three conveniently settled in Birmingham, AL, after each respective university life. Thus, I recently left Atlanta and moved here...a fresh start for the next segment. The circle will close one day...until then, I am forever grateful for the blessings and the gifts—given and shared.

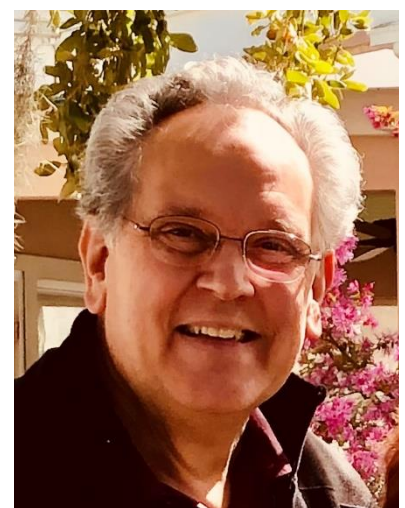
*especially grandchildren: so far three girls followed by two boys and another boy on the way.

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Cora Le Ethel Christian, MD, MPH, FAAFP

When she was valedictorian of her high school class at Sts, Peter, and Paul, Cora was certain she should follow in the footsteps of her father, an attorney and judge. But her father was convinced that his daughter, the youngest of six children, was destined for a career in science. "He knew I was too sensitive for law," she says. "Back then, part of the black experience in the U.S. Virgin Islands was that the father made the decisions for the family."

Graduating first in her high school class on St. Thomas in the U.S. Virgin Islands, Christian entered college when she was fifteen years old. She majored in Chemistry to please her father and minored in Speech to keep her options open for a career in law. After struggling in Chemistry, she became a Biology major and soon realized what her father knew all along: a career in science, specifically medicine, would allow her to combine her love of people with her newfound fascination with biology. Christian became the first woman from the U.S. Virgin Islands to become a physician. Soon, her aspiration for a career in law became a distant memory and proof certain that her father knew best.

When Christian entered Jefferson at age 19 in 1967, she was the second-youngest student in her class, one of eight women in her year, and the only African-American enrolled as a medical student in the entire school. Prompted by her experience as a target of bigotry by small-minded classmates and teachers, Christian asked the administration to consider her idea for a program to attract more black medical student applicants. "It was more about cultural competency and connecting with patients than it was about race," she says. "I wanted to see others get the educational opportunities I had, and I knew that they would make first-class clinicians." In her fourth year, thanks partly to her persistence and that astute suggestion, there were 12 black students in the first-year class. When you give, you get. As a result of my advocacy, I was introduced by one of those 12 students to chanting Nam

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Myoho Renge Kyo, a philosophy that speaks to a state of life where no obstacle can destroy you and the understanding that a happy life involves knowledge, wisdom, and compassion.

Throughout her medical training, Christian made sure that whatever direction her education took, she would always use her skills back home in the U.S. Virgin Islands, where she had friends and family, the benefits of being part of the U.S., and of course, beautiful weather. Yet, with all of their advantages, the Virgin Islands were and still are rife with inefficiencies and population health issues like infectious diseases, diabetes, and heart disease that she experienced when she worked with the Flying Doctors in East Africa in 1969 and other Caribbean islands for PAHO in the 1980s. Armed with her Jefferson education, residency training in family medicine from Howard University, and a Master of Public Health from Johns Hopkins University, Christian returned to the Virgin Islands to help improve the health and health care of her people.

In addition to practicing family medicine and serving as the medical director for 21 years for one of the largest oil refineries in the World at that time, HOVENSA, Christian was for 38 years, the medical director of the Virgin Islands Medical Institute, Inc., which she founded in 1977 to provide advocacy and technical assistance and to help all of the population but especially the most fragile, the Medicare beneficiaries, receive quality care. "I started it to help improve the quality of care for all residents, and it has done just that," she says.

Over the course of her career, Christian served as the assistant commissioner of the U.S. Virgin Islands Department of Health for four different administrations, a member of the national AARP Board of Directors, which she counts among her proudest career accomplishments, and several significant assignments for the Academy of Family Physicians, the most important and fun of which is Sergeant of Arms for the AAFP Congress of Delegates, the policy-making body for the second-largest group of physicians in the USA, which was just held in September 2021. Yet, she has still found time to see patients. She credits Jefferson for her skills as a physician. "At Jefferson I developed a fundamental understanding of how to make the right diagnosis," she says. "Treatments and technology are always changing. So knowing the right

diagnosis is key, because illnesses will always remain the same.”

Christian had to curtail her practice when her son was mistakenly ambushed and shot in the head, chest, and leg in 2015, and her husband, an economist, professor at the University of the Virgin Islands, and advisor to Governor Mapp of the USVI had a massive stroke in 2016. Fittingly, the course of her daughter’s life has circled back to Christian’s original ambition. Her daughter, who considered becoming a physician, is now an attorney. “I feel good about her career decision,” says Christian. “She is a much better attorney than I ever would have been. Already in her early years as an attorney, she has been President of the Bar. She is about service, ethics, and civility.” Her son recovered and is following a career in sports, business, and real estate. She calls him the “true economist.” She states being a mother is her greatest treasure.

The efficacy of even the most remarkable medicine is only clearly proven by the recovery of those who take it (Ikeda). Actual proof is the best proof. As we mark the 50th Anniversary of our graduation from Jefferson, I can say without any hesitation, THANK YOU, JEFFERSON, for we are your actual proof.

Richard Clemmer, MD

After I had completed the orthopedic residency at Jefferson under John Gartland, and my wife, Virginia Brodhead Clemmer, had completed her general surgery residency, also at Jefferson, we moved to Wilmington, Delaware. We both worked at the local VA hospital until we went into private practice together in 1982.

We have two boys and two girls, no passports, and a house on Cape Cod which our children use more than we do.

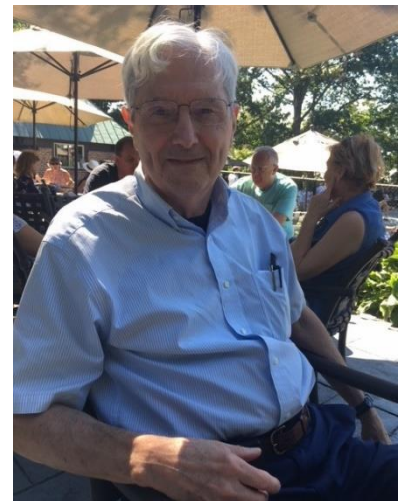
I am retired from orthopedics but assist Virginia in the OR. After doing a lot of head and neck as well as other general surgery, Virginia decided to focus on breast surgery. In an effort to provide comprehensive breast care, she acquired accreditation by the American College of Radiology for performing and interpreting mammograms. She has taken and passed the surgery boards and re-accreditation exams five times. She's due to take a sixth, but the family is inclined to say, "why not take it easy now—spend some more time with us." The coordination of family and two demanding careers while rewarding, has been difficult and required a lot of compromises.

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Virginia Clemmer, MD

"FULL MOON – YES INDEEDY!"

—office manager's note found on doctor's desk on a mythical Monday

Black leather grandmother shoes poke through the door of the X-ray room into the narrow hall. They are pointing at a miniscule bathroom on the other side of the hall in the first private practice office I share with my husband, David. The nun attached to the shoes lies patiently on a stretcher waiting for someone to X-ray her feet.

"Marge, this is the processor. It's a Kodak. We put it in this large storage closet in the corner of my husband's office," I explain. "As you come from the mammogram room" — I had purchased a mammogram machine for \$50,000 with a loan from the bank — "you have to pass the bathroom and then turn left and then right into the processor closet." If Marge takes X-rays for David in the room across from the bathroom, all she has to do is dash across the hall into his office to get them processed.

David pops his head into the hall. "We need a left femur. Who's in the X-ray room?"

"David, this is Marge," I start to say. "She's here ..."

Marge, her short wavy red hair, thinning a bit on the top, is tall and capable-looking. "Why don't I just pitch in and film Sister. It looks like you need help," she says.

One of my patients is trying to squeeze sideways into the bathroom. The phone on the wall at the end of the hall rings constantly. There are two women in the front office to answer it, but they are also in constant motion, bringing patients back to the examining rooms, making follow-up appointments, answering the same questions we hear every day from the waiting room: "How long till I get seen by the doctor?" and "How come I've been here an hour and two people have gone back ahead of me?" (Because there are two doctors with two totally different sets of patients.)

I retreat to my equally crowded half of Suite 15 and peer out through the waiting room door to call my next mammogram patient back. I usher her into a 9x10-foot mammogram room, formerly a small examination room. "Everything off from the waist up, pink gown open in the front, and I'll be in to see you," I say, smiling reassuringly.

Our ten-year-old daughter has come over from school to the "Break Room," at the back of the office, which looks out over her school. I can keep an eye on her even though we now have a babysitter from 8 a.m. until

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4 p.m. at home. Theoretically, she is supposed to be starting her homework, but she appears to be watering the plants on the windowsill.

Amy, who serves as both David's X-ray tech and my mammo tech calls out, "Am I shooting Sister or going on to the next mammo?"

"Marge offered to do Sister," I say in Amy's direction.

Marge is the X-ray tech I'm supposed to be interviewing today. I've only just met her in the hall, but she worked for two of David's orthopedic colleagues, and she has already offered to start X-raying on the spot, I tell Amy.

"Is this gown right?" My patient sticks her head out of the mammo room.

"It's on backwards," I tell her.

"Dr. Y on line 1," Joan tells me, and "your two o'clock is getting ready to leave. She has another appointment."

I ask my daughter to do her homework at my desk and put the patient, who says she is going to have to leave, in the Break Room where we conveniently have an examining table (a.k.a. homework desk).

I must check on Marge. The nun and her stretcher have been moved to the cast room where her films are now on the view box. The bathroom is more accessible now that Sister's legs are no longer sticking out of the X-ray room door across from the bathroom.

I guess I'll forget the doctor on line 1 since Joan tells me he has hung up anyway. "If it's important, he'll call back," she reassures me. I hang mammo films on the view box in my office, squeezing by my daughter, who now is drawing faces on Popsicle sticks. Standing above her and peering at the films, I dictate the mammogram. "I place this mammogram in Category 1: Negative. No suspicious findings."

I go into the break room to interview the "woman in a hurry" and realize that she has a large tumor protruding from the skin of her right breast. She needs a needle biopsy. I wonder if Marge can help me while Amy shoots the next mammogram. Amy hates throw-up but can "do blood." I haven't really had a chance to ask Marge what her preferences are.

I corral Marge and gently explain to her that Mrs. Osborne in the break room needs to have a "tiny needle" put in the lump in her breast so some cells can be drawn out. Would Marge stand by her head and maybe hold her hand? "Of course," Marge answers, and stations herself at the head of the table. I introduce the needle after prepping the breast with Betadine, collecting cells by applying negative pressure to the syringe. Mrs. Osborne has been carefully informed of the nature of this procedure and tells me that she is late for duplicate bridge, so she will allow me to do it if I work quickly.

As I remove the needle, a thin geyser of blood shoots straight up and hits the low ceiling; not to worry. "Pressure for six minutes, Marge, with this 4x4 gauze pad. "Dog paw pressure, not butterfly pressure," I tell our potential new employee.

Joan tells me a gynecologist is sending a breast abscess over to be drained. Goody. Also, the ER just called to say they have three fractures for David. I forgot he is covering the ER today.

The next call is from our babysitter, whom we call Mrs. A. She is on line 2. "Water is dripping onto the couch in the living room at the house, probably from the upstairs bathroom but I didn't look up there. It's a slow drip and steady."

My three younger children are home with Mrs. A, along with four friends who have come across the street from the school. Luckily, the boys are in the basement watching TV while my younger daughter sticks with Mrs. A.

"Oh, and I forgot to tell you," Mrs. A continues, "the maids say they're quitting; too many creepy animals." Creepy? Fifty-two mice in freshly cleaned cages, progeny of four obtained from a Maine lab for the children's breeding experiment in the den, plus a snake in a cage and a box turtle in a carton. Then there are the three cats and seven gerbils plus our cockatiel.

"They said they quit. You'll be hearing from their boss."

"Call Fredericks, the plumber we had for the basement flood." Mrs. A says she will call them, but remember they'll be charging overtime since it's already 3:30. I need to interview Marge, but Amy says, "Marge is great. Hire her." I have already read her résumé; what's the point of an interview?

David leaves for the ER. He won't need dinner till 9 tonight, or maybe he won't be home

I incise and drain the breast abscess. It explodes into the handful of the 4x4 gauze pads, which I hold over it as I incise it. I know that when an abscess is ready to blow, it blows.

Kate says she watered the largest plant in the break room with Sunlight dishwashing detergent because she thinks the plant is ugly. "Do you think this will kill it?" she asks.

"I don't know. It's okay," I say. The plant seems indestructible, like everybody in this office.

I start packing the cold food from the mini-fridge in the break room into three Acme grocery bags. I ran out at twelve from the office for a 20-minute shopping expedition. "I'll ring you up over here. I know you're going back to your office," yelled my favorite checkout woman.

"Marge, do you want to work here? Can we talk about salary tomorrow?"

"Yes and yes," Marge says, and goes out to talk to her son in the waiting room. I check my pocketbook for cash for Mrs. A. I can always take a five-dollar bill from petty cash in the office if I'm short. I gather Kate and her undone homework, and we head to the car.

"Mom, I saw legs sticking out of the X-ray room. Was that lady alive?"

"Of course, why?"

"They looked just like the witch's legs at the beginning of the 'Wizard of Oz.' Remember the legs sticking out from under the house after it fell on her?"

"Yes, definitely, she was alive, very much alive. Everyone did well today," I reassure her.

Carolyn S. Crawford, MD

GETTING INTO JEFFERSON

Getting there was not easy. Being the anomaly of an older woman, five years out of college, married with a toddler and MCATS that were 5 years old. Never mind that I had been teaching college organic and physical chemistry for Penn State, had worked in pharmaceutical research for 3 years, had obtained a master's degree in Chemistry and was still teaching for Penn State.

My husband was Ralph W. Crawford, Jr., MD (Jefferson Medical College, 1965) and his grandfather Charles J. Stybr, MD, was Jefferson Medical College, 1900.

Finally, after 6 interviews I was accepted, helped by the double legacy.

FINANCING THE GREAT MEDICAL SCHOOL ADVENTURE

The next hurdle to overcome was how to pay for Jefferson. Creative financing was the answer. My husband was an OB Resident at Pennsylvania Hospital, Health Professions Loans would help and I would continue to teach one course for Penn State on Wednesdays. Thanks to the Note-taking Service, those absent days were covered. The big sacrifice, which funded two years of tuition and childcare costs was selling my red XKE Jaguar Roadster. With long hours of classes and studying, it was an impractical luxury. The sale of which was a good investment in the future. Then my husband's grandfather (Jefferson, 1900) stepped up and funded my final 2 years, a generous act, which I will always remember with gratitude and thanks.

IN THE BEGINNING

In the beginning we knelt on the floor in the Daniel Baugh Institute of Anatomy to thank those who had donated themselves so that we could learn anatomy. The sights and smells of that laboratory left an indelible mark and vivid memories still remain. Reflecting on those early days it seems so remote and almost unreal how we got through it all. The strength was in numbers.

The Dissection Foursome worked together and formed a silent and undefined bond to achieve success. Thank you guys!

Physiology was amazing although I got pulled from the physiology lab to participate in a clinical research study that was evaluating swallowing function in patients with myotonic dystrophy. The goal was to determine if their swallowing pattern was distinctive enough to aid in diagnosis and how, if at all, the pattern changed over time and in response to different types and consistencies of food and liquids. It was a good experience and an introduction to the realm of clinical research.



In the second year, pathology overshadowed all other subjects. There was so much to learn. The dynamic and brilliant Chairman Doctor Gonzalo Aponte's presentations were more performances than lectures. Who can ever forget his declaration that "All that loops is not Lupus." Adding to the academic challenges was the fact that I was very pregnant and went into labor during the November 26 fall semester pathology exam. Dr. Warren Lang, who had been my gynecologist, was proctoring the exam and allowed me to get up and walk to the back of the auditorium several times. Fortunately, my son was cooperative and didn't push his way into the world until several hours after the exam was over.

All went well and the next Monday, after the Thanksgiving vacation, I was back in class sitting side-saddle on a foam doughnut. He was 9 pounds, 1 ounce, and he was a very good baby, sleeping through the night except to be fed.

By now "Aunt Pearl" had come to live with us and she was the one who really made order out of chaos in a house with an OB resident, a second-year medical student, a newborn, and an almost 3 year old. We all grew, thrived, and moved on with her help over the next 25 years.

THE CLINICAL YEARS

At last our courses included interacting with patients. There was no white coat ceremony. We just put on those jackets that were the passport to patient care, anxiously hoped that the patients would accept us. The jacket fit but could we fill them in the figurative sense?

Somewhat surprisingly most patients allowed us to probe their histories and prod their bodies, seeming to care more about a compassionate and caring manner than the length of the coat. I loved it. At least the concepts and principles we learned in the pre-clinical years had application and meaning, including that it was true that "all the loops is not lupus." Some courses still resonate in my memory as both formative and informative. How could I ever forget Internal Medicine at Philadelphia General Hospital? Unbelievable pathology, great residents and attendings and the infamous end of the rotation cake topped with: "Illigitemi non Carborundum es" — Don't let the bast - - - s wear you down.

It was there that the Jefferson approach of "See one, Do one, Teach one" was learned and applied. We were fearless and excited to learn new techniques and when a Cope Needle Pleural Biopsy that I did helped to confirm a patient's lung disease there came a realization that Jefferson's reputation for strong clinical medical education was real.

SURGERY

A senior surgical rotation "across the river" allowed me the opportunity to assume the unfilled slot of a surgical resident which was another incredible clinical experience. We were afforded guidance and mentoring to assume increasingly more responsibility and expanded surgical roles. All those hours spent learning how to tie knots with and without instruments were

now being applied and we were even allowed to do solo closures of surgical incisions. The Philadelphia Inquirer article about Ghost Surgeons described some of our roles (nameless of course) and we learned that the "interested individual" who was curious about our experiences was, in fact, a reporter. Those learned techniques and experiences formed the basis for my still being able to do minor surgical procedures during remote medical clinics in Haiti and Guatemala.

OB/GYN

The OB/GYN elective was unforgettable. Not only was I allowed to eventually do easy uncomplicated vaginal deliveries, but I got to observe how more complicated deliveries were done. That experience would be a critical reference when I was called, years later to the ER for a premature baby that was delivering. Upon arrival, I found that a double footing premature breech had delivered up to the thighs and there was no OB in sight. Remembering Jefferson's OB lessons and observations, I wrapped a towel around his body and legs, put a finger in his mouth to help flex his head, and got him out before the cervix clamped down around his head.

That OB/GYN rotation also afforded me the opportunity to do a modest clinical research study to assess the efficacy and safety of intra-amniotic saline infusion for voluntary interruption of pregnancy (VIP). The results were impressive and generated discussions about future utilization of the technique.

PEDIATRICS

This was my calling and what a great opportunity I had to work beside the neonatologist, Dr. Mary Louise Soentgen, the Chairman Dr. Irving Olshin and Dr. Gary Carpenter, a master of the vagaries of endocrinology, inborn errors of metabolism and pediatrics in general. I was well prepared to begin my pediatric residency when I graduated from Jefferson.

GENETICS

Dr. Laird Jackson was a brilliant "Renaissance Man" who not only inspired my love of Genetics and Dysmorphology but also welcomed me back during my Neonatal Perinatal Medicine Fellowship at Pennsylvania Hospital for "Wednesdays Off for Research/Special Interests." He allowed me to preside over 2 genetic counseling clinics. Later he helped me to establish a Tay-Sachs Genetic Counseling Center at Albert Einstein Medical Center and allowed me to present a case at a national genetics conference. Finally, by weaving together these interests I was able to craft my future professional pathway into Neonatal Perinatal Medicine.

WHERE WE'VE BEEN

After a Pediatric Residency at St. Chris and a Neonatal-Perinatal Medicine Fellowship at Pennsylvania Hospital/HUP my first "Real Job" was to become the Director of Neonatology at Albert Einstein Medical Center. After several years there, during which time we started a Neonatology Fellowship, established a Neonatology Cardio Pulmonary Research Center, a Tay-

Sachs Genetic Counseling Center along with Jefferson and did several clinical research studies. I returned to Pennsylvania Hospital to join Dr. Thomas Boggs as the co-director of Nurseries, to do Vitamin E research, and to study the impact of various tocolytic drugs (used for preterm labor management) on the fetus and newborn.

In 1982, I went across the river to New Jersey to become the Medical Director of a 16-hospital Perinatal Consortium serving the seven southern counties of New Jersey. This was a challenging experience. At times it was like being the ringmaster of a circus, but a lot got done to advance obstetrical, neonatal, and pediatric care in the region. After establishing 2 new NICUs in the region and heading up both of them at times, it was time to relocate further south to Atlantic City Medical Centers NICU after a brief sabbatical to resolve the issues surrounding my husband's accidental drowning death.

During that time, I purchased and restored an old rooming house in Sea Isle City. It became a charming Victorian bed-and-breakfast called The Colonnade Inn. Two years later, I purchased a dilapidated but historic mansion in Cape May Court House which I named "The Doctors Inn" to honor the memory of Dr. John Wiley (Jefferson, 1837) who was the original owner.

These restorations proved to me that rescue fantasies are not limited to a neonatologist faced with a tiny 22-week gestation fetus/neonate but are also found in those who seek to restore historic landmarks.

When my first grandchild arrived in December 1999, I decided to take a part-time position with Our Lady of Lourdes Medical Center until 2016. Then I did locum tenens work at a variety of Level 3 and Level 4 NICUs, most recently in December 2020.

Since 1979, I've worked with lawyers and insurance companies to determine the cause of death or insult to a fetus or newborn. I continue this role as a forensic neonatologist today.

HERE THERE AND EVERYWHERE

More than 20 years ago, I began to do medical mission work in Cuba, Ecuador, Belize, Guatemala, Haiti, and Thailand and have continued to do this through March 2021 in Guatemala and a planned trip in November 2021 again in Guatemala. At times these experiences were like a M.A.S.H. episode. A patient arrived in a Haitian mountain clinic in a wheelbarrow, one came on horseback and some came on roughly hewn stretchers. We improvised with what we had to do the job – a straight bladder catheter became a feeding tube and we collected funds to pay for the hospital care of a severely ill patient with Stevens–Johnson Syndrome that we had cared for emergently in the clinic and transported to the hospital in the back of a pick-up truck on a mattress.

We carry all of the supplies and medication's that we dispense free of charge. We have pulse oximeters, nebulizers, an EKG machine, and a small

ultrasound machine that two of us use for basic studies like the diagnosis of twins and defining an ovarian cyst as the cause of a patient's abdominal pain.

SHIRT TALES

These shirts and hats were worn during family visits to faraway places with children and grandchildren like Iceland, India, South Africa, Kenya, Zimbabwe, Patagonia, Chile, Alaska, and Argentina. Others reflect volunteer medical activities like the Flying Doctors of Africa, Destiny Village in Pierre Payan, Haiti, Guatemala medical mission trips, and an unforgettable deployment after the 2010 earthquake in Port-au-Prince Haiti as part of the University of Miami's Earthquake Relief Team.

BACK TO JEFFERSON AS A PATIENT (2015)

After an over 18 month odyssey to multiple subspecialists and a growing list of normal test results including a cardiac catheterization, a perceptive radiologist doing my lung scan determined that my shortness of breath, tiredness, sleep apnea, and narcolepsy: an enlarged thyroid that was compressing my trachea.

Dr. John Kariys, Jefferson's endocrine surgeon, meticulously removed my troublesome thyroid after a 5 ½ hour surgery that preserved nerve function. Unfortunately, the pathology revealed a malignancy. Now 6 ½ years later, thanks to the additional expertise of classmate Dr. Ed Ruby and Iodine 13, all appears to be good.

WHERE ARE WE NOW?

As this contribution to the 50th Reunion Memory Book is being compiled and the final chapter of my Jefferson trip down memory lane comes to a close, it has become apparent that I will not be allowed to attend the 50th reunion events because I am not vaccinated. Jefferson has adopted a no exemption institutional policy. Despite offering to submit proof of a negative Covid-19 test, antibody status, my general state of well-being, no Covid contacts, no symptoms, and agreeing to wear a mask, the answer today (10/1/21) remains "No admission without proof of vaccination."

I struggle to understand the rationale of the imposition of an institutional policy on events outside Jefferson's four walls. The Marriott does not require that its employees or guests be vaccinated nor does the city of Philadelphia. The staff that will be servicing and serving the Jefferson attendees are not likely to all be fully vaccinated.

So once again, 50 years later at age 81, I remain an anomaly for Jefferson. I will miss all of you and hope that a virtual presence can be crafted.

There is a deeper and more serious concern that this Jefferson vaccination mandate has and that is: "Where is Jefferson now" and "Where is Jefferson headed as an institution and I can I continue to embrace unabashedly an institution that appears to devalue personal freedom and demands obedience as the price for inclusion. We shall see.

I leave you with the following statement about the first Jefferson Alumni Group in 1829.

This plaque was created by the Jefferson Medical College Class of 1950 which was 71 years ago:

1829 Jefferson Alumni Plaque 1950

To the Students of Jefferson,

Our Medical College was established in 1825 through the vision, initiative and generosity of a small group of physicians. Loyal alumni and friends have since contributed to its support and traditions. These benefactors ask no return save that you make the most of the opportunities they have helped to provide and that you as future alumni carry on their faith in you, in medicine and in Jefferson.

The Alumni of Jefferson

Robert Davidson, MD

I remember the subject of a talk given as an introduction to our medical career. It was titled "Medicine as an Excuse for Not Living." During medical school training, there were some amusing episodes. One time, there was a student who was complaining that an answer to a question on this year's exam was different than prior years—the teacher said, "Yes, the questions are the same every year but the answers can change." Another memory I have is about a lecture on "fore" people that we mistook for the number four, instead of its appropriate designation as the "fore" tribe—as we were talking about prion disease of cannibals from eating human brain tissue. We thought that only "four" people had this diagnosis and why would they bother teaching that information to us.

After graduation, I took an internal medicine internship at Harrisburg Community Hospital—I found it to be a difficult experience with night calls three times a week and weekend calls 92 hours once a month. I decided to enlist as a captain rather than be drafted as a private during the tail end of the Vietnam War. I became a flight surgeon (training in San Antonio, Texas) in the U.S. Air Force and was stationed in March Air Force Base in Southern California, with temporary duty in Guam. While there, I took part in a B-52 mission over Vietnam. The pilot gave me instructions that if the plane had to be ditched, I would need to exit where the pilot ejected from. The B-52 flight took place a few weeks before the Vietnamese government learned how to shoot down the B-52s. The electronic warfare office onboard showed me the flight paths of missiles that were being directed our way and how he could divert the missiles to a different location. He told me I couldn't reveal this information as it was top secret. I told him not to worry as I didn't really understand it all anyways.

I returned to Southern California, met my future spouse, and took an internal medicine residency with Kaiser in Southern California for 2 years. I spent a few years at more Kaiser, and in 1981, moved to Northern California, and joined an existing

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internal medicine practice. I stayed in this location, had two kids, and worked there until my forced retirement in 2018 after a subdural hematoma from a fall while jogging. So at that point of time, I could no longer use medicine as my excuse for not living—so my life would need to be directed to a different path.

My last two years included quality review work for John Muir Health Network. I was also a Medical Director at Stonebrook Convalescent Home for 20 years. I gave my patients over 300 copies of the book called "Treat Me Not My Age" so they could be their own advocates when I retired. Only one patient actually realized my real intent was to prepare them for my eventual retirement.

Throughout my practice years, I often thought about the learning experiences I had at Jefferson and how it formed the bedrock of my medical education and career. I feel that this was the reason for my success as a physician in the eyes of my patients and medical colleagues.

Today, I enjoy spending time with my family and new granddaughter (1 year old) and keeping current on medical issues through UptoDate and ReadbyQXMD. I wish I could make it to the reunion but I probably won't be able to due to personal health issues.

Edwin P. Ewing, Jr., MD

Upon graduating from Jefferson and getting married, I moved to Seattle to do a straight pathology internship at the University of Washington, then completed a pathology residency at the University of California at Davis/Sacramento Medical Center where I was chief resident my last year.

Board-certified in anatomic and clinical pathology, I did biodefense research for 3 years as an active duty Army officer at Walter Reed Army Institute of Research in Washington D.C. under the Berry Plan. Army obligation fulfilled and with a new area of expertise, I joined the Commissioned Corps of the U.S. Public Health Service and moved to Atlanta where I specialized in infectious disease pathology at the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC). I got divorced upon moving to Atlanta—not an easy thing but a good decision for both, especially since we did not have children.

My work at CDC during the next 22 years included reference diagnosis, teaching at the national level, laboratory research, publication (31 publications, 4 book chapters), strategic planning, and development of new information technology for the agency. I proposed the idea and led the team that created CDC's Public Health Image Library (<https://phil.cdc.gov/default.aspx>) which continues to be popular to this day. I retired from CDC in 2000.

After playing on city league basketball teams for 6 years in Sacramento and Washington D.C., I turned to distance running after I moved to Atlanta, competing over a period of 38 years in numerous 10K races (age group winner twice) and 4 marathons. In my adult life, I ran approximately 40,000 miles before switching to daily walking two years ago. I've done regular weight training at a gym for more than 25 years.

Ever since my residency, I have taken one or more formal courses every year covering a variety of medical and non-medical subjects. I graduated from my county's Citizens Police Academy. Counting two years of college German, I have taken

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two or more courses as an adult in each of 7 foreign languages including French, Japanese, Spanish, Italian, Mandarin Chinese, and Levantine Arabic. For some of these, I've also engaged native speakers as personal tutors. Foreign languages have come in handy for me both abroad and at home. I've traveled to all 50 states and more than 60 foreign countries. Since retiring, I have taught classes in English for Speakers of Other Languages for many years and served as a docent at a museum of natural history, in both roles as a volunteer. I taught a well-received life skills course for male inmates in the county jail.

I have successfully represented myself in courts of law both as plaintiff and defendant, and productively engaged in local politics.

Since retiring, I have taken many courses in oil painting and taken many years of private piano lessons. I belong to two piano performance groups including the Georgia Musicale Group (www.mygmg.org), of which I am a patron and board member. At GMG and on YouTube (unlisted), I have posted some original music compositions I created with synthesizers and computer. Ever since my residency, I have done flower and vegetable gardening everywhere I have lived. As a lifelong woodworker, I have designed and made some of my furniture. I waste a lot of time but manage to get a few things done!

Robert Falk, MD

Jefferson Medical College, as it was called in 1967, was my first time living away from home as I commuted to Franklin and Marshall College. Joining Phi Chi Medical Fraternity and living there was a huge help for me as I got to meet classmates who became good friends, and I saw what everyone was going through freshman year.

After graduation, I moved to Johnstown, PA, for a rotating internship at Conemaugh Valley Memorial Hospital along with two of my classmates/fraternity brothers, Ron Hirokawa and Paul Raymond. Following that year, I returned to Philadelphia to serve as a General Medical Officer in the U.S. Navy. I was stationed at a base in Northeast Philadelphia, the Naval Aviation Supply Center. While there, my daughter Juliana was born. I played squash and tennis with the general and took care of the admiral's mother-in-law. Finishing my two-year tour of duty, I started an Anesthesia Residency at The Milton Hershey Medical Center in Hershey, PA, living in Elizabethtown, PA, as my wife, Carol, was practicing law in Lancaster, PA, and this split the driving distance for us. With Residency completed, National Boards passed, and Board Certification we headed back to my hometown, Lancaster, PA, to begin a career as an Anesthesiologist with Anesthesia Associates of Lancaster, working at Lancaster General Hospital. We moved into an old Edwardian home built in 1906 and continue to live there now.

My group had 9 physicians in it when I joined, and 35 when I retired. At first everyone covered the whole practice, but with the advent of cardiac surgery at Lancaster General in 1973, we began a move toward hiring people with subspecialty training. I was one of the cardiac anesthesiologists, and also did OB/GYN. A term as Department of Anesthesia Chair was followed by becoming president of Anesthesia Associates of Lancaster. The group was a private practice that had an exclusive contract with the hospital. I was elected to the Hospital Board for two terms, and also served on the board of



the Lancaster General Foundation. Another of my partners and I were able to work out a part-time contract with our group in 2011, which allowed me to continue working until July 31, 2016.

In retirement, I have been able to spend more time doing things I enjoyed but never seemed to have enough time to do. Fortunately, Jefferson Hall was finished by second semester freshman year, and there was a squash court there which I made use of while at Jefferson. I was on the first varsity squash team that Franklin and Marshall had in 1966-67, and have continued playing squash to this day, playing mostly at the Hamilton Club, but also at Franklin and Marshall, where I am a volunteer assistant squash coach. This allows me to attend practices and accompany the teams to all matches, both home and away. Lancaster is having its first professional squash tournament this October, the Hamilton Open, and I am co-chair. Our Honorary Chair is Amanda Sobhy, US #1 women's player and only American to ever make top 10 in the world, man or woman.

Having always enjoyed classical music, I continued playing my French horn with a group of Lancaster physicians, the Auscultation Brass. Unfortunately a case of Bell's Palsy that didn't totally resolve in spite of antivirals and steroids started within a few hours of onset has ended my playing career. For the past ten years, we have had an international piano festival in Lancaster. Having been one of the founding board members and now president for last 6 years, we are hoping next year will be a non-COVID festival.

Carol and I enjoy traveling and have visited all seven continents. The trip to Antarctica was really amazing, and I did venture into the water there, but not for long. Armed up with lots of hot chocolate and peppermint Schnapps. We love cruising on Seabourn Cruises, but also enjoy land trips—the African Safari being one of many memorable trips.

I hope I haven't exceeded the word limit. I am really sorry we will not be there for the reunion, but there was something I had committed to a long time before I knew the date for the reunion. Best wishes to all and if you get to Lancaster, please feel free to stop in.

William F. Fell, MD, FACP

Doesn't seem like 50 years!

Robyn & I are getting ready to head down to Phoenix where we spend most of the winter, but we return to Colorado frequently to see our two boys and grandkids who live in the Denver foothills area. Our daughter Lindsey is in her fourth year at OHSU medical school in Portland OR—in the process of applying for a Residency in Emergency Medicine, hopefully landing at the University of Utah in Salt Lake City. It's amazing the number of slots students apply for these days.

After leaving Jefferson and finishing a residency in Internal Medicine in Denver, I spent 2+ years in the Navy (Guantanamo Bay Cuba; San Diego & Port Hueneme CA) before returning to Colorado & opening an IM office with two other Internists in a rapidly growing eastern suburb of Denver.

One of the downtown hospitals had just opened a satellite hospital in the area; we had many eastern Colorado ranchers as patients, happy to avoid the long trip (4 miles!) into downtown.

Eventually, the University of Colorado moved their medical school & hospital to the old Fitzsimons Army hospital campus just down the street from us—a shorter drive for the students who rotated through our hospital and office.

I retired from private practice in 2016, but within a few weeks the hospital called wanting some help in their outpatient clinic; I worked for them part time for another 3 years after that, then fully retired.

It's always amazing to me the number of Jefferson graduates we run into as we travel throughout the West.

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John B. Ferguson III, MD

My time at Jefferson prepared me well for a career in medicine. I am especially grateful for the time I spent as a resident in the Department of Ophthalmology, graduating in July 1975.

I practiced general ophthalmology for 44 years, retiring in August 2019. It was the perfect specialty for me as I enjoyed the combination of the surgical, medical, and optical care of patients of all ages. I especially enjoyed building relationships with many wonderful people who I saw regularly over the years. I am enjoying retirement but I do miss seeing my friends and patients on a regular basis.

Retirement has been wonderful in that I can spend more time with my wife Jinny, our two daughters, their husbands, and our 8 grandchildren. I am thankful for good health which allows me to continue to enjoy jogging, golf, and skiing.

I am truly blessed!

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Theodore W. Fetter, MD

Internship (Rotating-Surgery); **Residency** (*Otolaryngology - Head & Neck Surgery*) - Naval Medical Center, San Diego, CA

Fellowships: Otolaryngology/Research: House Ear Institute, Los Angeles, CA

Neurotology: University of Iowa Hospitals and Clinics, Iowa City, IA

Clinical Practice: Otolaryngology- Head & Neck Surgery/Otolaryngology-Neurotology

Naval Medical Center, Portsmouth, VA

- Attending Physician - Otolaryngology - Head & Neck Surgery
- Department Head/Chairman - Otolaryngology- Head & Neck Surgery
 - establishing chairman of a new residency in otolaryngology - head & neck surgery with full ACGME accreditation
 - established U.S. Navy East Coast Audiology-Aural Rehabilitation Center
- Director of Surgical Services (Acting)

National Naval Medical Center, Bethesda, MD (Walter Reed National Military Medical Center)

- Vice Chairman, Otolaryngology- Head & Neck Surgery - attending physician - otology-neurotology

Deployment:

Senior Medical Officer - USS Guadalcanal (LPH-7)/Amphibious Squadron Eight (*amphibious assault helicopter carrier and amphibious squadron deployed to the Mediterranean Sea*)

Head, Otolaryngology - Head & Neck Surgery - USNS Comfort (TAH-20) (*U.S. Navy hospital ship deployed to the Persian Gulf/Arabian Sea during the Persian Gulf War*)

Civilian Practice: Otolaryngology - Neurotology: Metropolitan Washington/Suburban Northern Virginia (Vienna)

Volunteer Faculty Affiliations (Prior):

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Thomas W. Fiss, Jr., MD, FACR

"Whatever is happening is the path to enlightenment." – Pema Chodron

My journey through the maze started long before I entered Jefferson. Joe Kozielski, MD '71, Lou Borucki, MD '71 and I worked hard and long for eight years to earn that privilege. We smiled at the success of our study group. There were no residence halls when we arrived for **year 1**. Orlowitz had not yet been built and Jefferson Hall was a year behind schedule. Joe and I spent the previous summer selecting the basement apartment at 1109 Spruce St. and purchasing our required microscopes. We were the last class to occupy the hollowed amphitheater and anatomy lab of the Daniel Baugh Institute.

We soon settled into a routine — study until 2 or 3 a.m., sleep, wake up to the sound of the perking coffee pot, go to anatomy lectures and lab, stumble down the steps to our apartment, nap, supper quickly, study again, repeat p.r.n. It was a modern labor of Sisyphus. The neuroanatomy practical was scheduled the day we returned from Christmas break. Only Christmas dinner with my family separated me from Philadelphia and my books. I survived that exam but this experience forever separated me from empathy when others complained about scheduling.

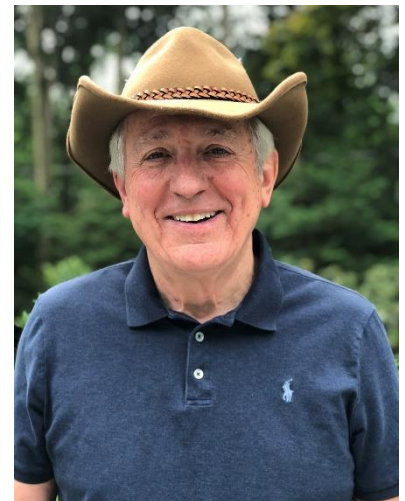
I ran out of money **year 2** and lived with my aunt's kind family in Fox Chase. Yet, despite the inconvenience of commuting, this is one of the best things that ever happened to me for I befriended Terry Cardin, MD '71 on the Fox Chase Local. He was a pivotal force in my maturation as he shepherded me from school life to real life. We subsequently produced the 1970 and 1971 *Clinics*. Decades later, I asked him why he chose a struggling introvert to be business manager. After some hesitation, he concluded, "I realized you needed it as much as I did." Jefferson Hall opened with new facilities for anatomy, pathology, pharmacology, and microbiology, as well as a swimming pool, squash courts, and a gym, which

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replaced the nearby public recreation center as a venue for basketball games. The swimming pool gave me part-time employment and exercise. However, the gold star for year 2 goes to Gonzalo Aponte, MD '52, for his meticulous presentation of pathology—lectures, handouts and posted recent articles for perusal. It served as a masterful introduction to clinical medicine.

Year 3 was my year without a home. On most rotations, I was on call every third night. Terry Cardin helped me get a job as the night technician at Jeans Hospital which added a call every fifth night. Weekends occasionally were spent with my aunt's family but the rigors of night call and the uncertainty of schedule precluded permanent domicile there. So, I slept in various call rooms, the yearbook office, a frat sofa, and an occasional park bench.

Then Dean of Students, Joe Gonnella, was my student advisor. I was not the most pleasant person at morning rounds and was a certain and constant source of difficulty to him. Long after graduation, I asked him why he never broke me like a stick (not that he was in the stick breaking business). He said that he saw potential in me that perhaps I had not yet seen in myself. He was a man to whom I could pour out my soul. Over the decades, I could always seek his good advice freely.

Wednesday afternoon electives in year 3 were a welcome respite.

An old adage states: *"When the student is ready, the teacher will appear."* So it was, one Wednesday afternoon in 1970, I walked into Solis Cohen Auditorium and met Steven Homel, MD '61. His Wednesday afternoon elective morphed into a six-week clinical elective in **year 4**. It was even better than my newly rented walk-up apartment at 927 Spruce St. Steve became one of the great mentors of my life. We engaged constructively with adolescents; it became my course in parenting. Steve stressed that sometimes it is simply best to place your idea on the floor without ego busting confrontation, walk away, and have hopeful confidence the adolescent would return in the future to pick it up and proclaim it their own epiphany. We explored role playing, film

analysis, PTA meetings, and school assemblies. We concentrated on talking to and understanding the development of adolescents. If one could teach a young person the concepts of self-growth and development in decision making, only one course needed to be taught. There was no need to teach multiple courses on sex, drugs, and whatever new circumstance presented itself.

I may have learned more "Medicine" or "Surgery" on other rotations, but nowhere during my four years at Jefferson did I learn more about people. I was forever changed.

Occasionally, I am asked, "If that rotation was so great, why did you become a radiologist instead of a pediatrician?" I smile and reply, "My time with Steve had a lot to do with it. He helped me feel comfortable in my own skin. When that happened, I could do my own thing. I could stop trying to be "Marcus Welby, MD," and just be Tom Fiss."

"The snowflakes fall, each in their proper place."

I am eternally grateful for the support and guidance given me by Drs. Cardin '71, Gonnella, and Homel '61. My reverence for Jefferson arises from the mentors she gave me.

Joan and I married the day after graduation. We have three children (Mark, John '01, and Monica) and 7 grandchildren. Our years together include: Internship, D.C. General Hospital (Georgetown Service), Georgetown University Hospital (Diagnostic Radiology), United States Army (Chief, Department of Radiology, Cutler Army Hospital, Fort Devens, MA). Upon discharge, I joined the practice of the Papastavros Associates in Wilmington, DE, where I worked for 34 years. Joan and I continue to live in Wilmington enjoying children, grandchildren and friends.

Francisco J. Garcia-Torres, MD

Exactly one week after graduation from Jeff, at the Cathedral in San Juan, Puerto Rico, I married Magda Fernandez and a couple of weeks later started my internship at the East Meadow (Long Island) Medical Center. From there I returned to Philadelphia for my residency in Internal Medicine and GI Fellowship at the Naval Regional Medical Center. The next stop was at the Portsmouth Naval Hospital for 3 years. After several months of travel and interviews, we decided to move west to Houston, Texas, arriving here in July 1979.

I joined Kelsey Seybold, a multispecialty clinic with (now) 30 branches scattered through the Houston metropolitan area and joined the staff at St. Luke's Hospital where I practiced for 33 years. I was on the voluntary faculty at Baylor Medical School for all that time, receiving the "Outstanding Clinical Faculty Member" award in 1988. I became Chief of GI at the Clinic, and later at St. Luke's, until my retirement.

On January 30, 2012, I had a very unusual left parietal CVA (Gertsman's syndrome) and went on disability but, after discussion with two very close colleagues (and my wife's input), I retired in August of that same year. However, within 2 weeks of retiring, I received a call from the Director of Religious Education at my parish, inviting me to teach classes in Spanish and English; it took me almost two years to empty the boxes from my office!! I now teach Adult Confirmation and RCIA; preparing couples for marriage; parish pastoral council member; archdiocesan discernment facilitator for parish pastoral councils. In 2014, I was instituted as Acolyte for the Spanish Mass. In retirement, I'm still very involved in teaching—my passion during my entire medical practice career.

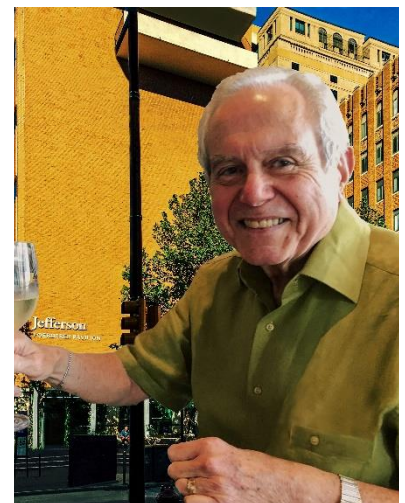
My wife and I have 3 children: Francisco, an immigration lawyer at the medical school in Galveston (UTMB); Leticia, an HR manager at a constantly expanding firm; David, director of technology and infrastructure at the new medical school at

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the University of Houston. We have 3 granddaughters, 25, 18, and 11. We have been blessed because all of them have stayed in Texas and live within 30-to-45-minute drive from us.

This year has been one of milestone celebrations. On June 18, we celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary and now are eager to return to Philadelphia for our golden anniversary and see our good classmates, as well as our fraternity (Phi Chi) brothers. One of the highlights of my years at Jeff was the many close friends I developed there. Another was the opportunity to have as faculty members, a couple of outstanding professors, particularly Drs. Gonzalo Aponte and Wagner in surgery—he most certainly made the rotation a memorable experience, although I was not interested in this field. Both were truly "renaissance physicians" and set the standard for me in my many years in practice.

Phillip Glass, MD

My first experience with Jefferson was at my interview after applying. At that time, I was concerned that Jefferson had a reputation of failing the bottom 15-20% of the freshman class. I met in the Curtis board room with Dr. Anthony DePalma, and he reassured me the "failure rate," was not true. He also mentioned the many building projects that were planned for Jefferson. The interview was reassuring and very pleasant.

Dr. DePalma was right. Very few of us failed. Our anatomy class was the last one in The Daniel Baugh Institute of Anatomy on Clinton Street, and our class was the first (second year) to move into Jefferson Hall. I was able to study in the new library and live one year in Orlowitz (a lot better than the fourth floor walk-up I shared with Jeff Weiss on Spruce Street). I felt that Jefferson gave us the necessary foundation to succeed as physicians, and I have always been grateful for that.

After graduation, I stayed at Jefferson and finished my OB/GYN residency. Drs. Larry Lundy and John Franklin were important in my decision to stay. After residency, I went into practice with a Center City group for two years, but decided it wasn't for me. I then joined Dr. John Franklin at Booth Maternity Center which was originally a Salvation Army home for unwed mothers. We did low risk obstetrics there with midwives and birthing rooms long before they became popular. Our high risk pregnancies and gynecology were done at Jefferson. Unfortunately, John Franklin passed away at a young age. My colleagues and I continued the practice until the Salvation Army decided to close the center. Today it is a dorm at St. Joe's.

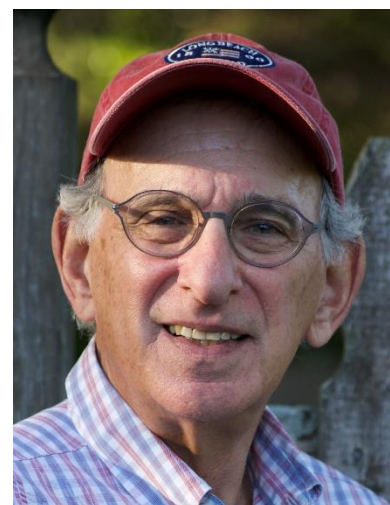
I went into private practice in Moorestown, NJ, and became chairman of the OB/GYN Department at Rancocas Hospital in Willingboro, NJ. In 1998, I had rare complication from retinal eye surgery that left me partially blind in one eye, and I had to give up my practice overnight. After the initial trauma, I did

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some teaching at the UMDNJ Osteopathic School of Medicine and worked part time as a Physician Advisor at Our Lady of Lourdes Medical Center. Eventually I took a position as a Medical Director for Horizon NJ Health, a managed Medicaid company (part of Horizon BC/BS NJ) where I stayed until retirement in 2013. I did some part time consulting work for them until 2020. I have been fortunate in my career to have experienced medicine from different viewpoints.

Now I spend my time between Cherry Hill and Long Beach Island, NJ, with my wife of 51 years. We have two sons and two grandchildren whom we see frequently. Life is good.

Ronald A. Hoffman, MD

Jefferson is remembered for having well prepared me for a successful career in academic medicine. After graduation, I trained in otolaryngology-head and neck surgery at New York University-Bellevue, did a postgraduate fellowship in otology/neurotology and later completed a master's in Health Care Management at the Harvard School of Public Health. I was the Director of Otolaryngology/Neurotology at NYU/Bellevue from 1986 to 1998, during which time I achieved the rank of Full Professor.

I was the Director of Otolaryngology/Neurotology for Continuum Health Partners from 1998 to 2008 after which I became the founding director of The Ear Institute at New York Eye and Ear Infirmary, now part of the Mount Sinai Health System. I retired from surgery in 2016 and from clinical practice in 2020, but continue to actively teach residents and fellows part-time, in an ambulatory setting.

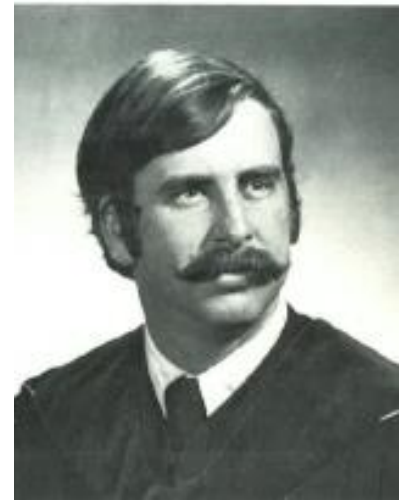
My wife Alice and I recently celebrated our 51st wedding anniversary and look forward to traveling again in a COVID-free world.

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Joseph Julian, MD

Memories of my time at "Jeff" have always stayed with me during the long and winding road I've traveled since graduation. Nu Sigma Nu and Graybill singing oldies to the wee hours. The "Jaggers." Parties at the townhouses near the hospital including the one I shared with Skip. The "wake" we held for the notorious hypochondriac, Jim Dooley, was one of the best times ever. Fifteen-cent beers and ten-cent hotdogs at Bowler's Bar. "Craze" and I being adopted by its bartender, Tony. Giving plasma twice a month at the blood bank so I'd have some spending money. As a bonus, meeting someone extraordinary there. The first day sitting with 200 strangers in short white coats listening to the Dean welcome us to the rest of our lives. The smell of the anatomy lab is still with me. Delivering twins 5 minutes after arriving for my first clinical rotation in OB/GYN at Philadelphia General Hospital. An apt introduction to the next ten years of my life. Too many "war stories" on the wards to recall adequately here.

As for my 50 years since graduating; it's been truly an adventure. Completed a neurology residency in San Francisco, CA, at California Pacific Medical Center and then spent five years living, working, and traveling in Africa, Central America, Asia, and Southern Europe. This included a year and a half on the Thai-Cambodian border in charge of developing rehab programs for war-injured refugees, mostly landmine victims. I returned to the States and completed a residency in rehab medicine at Mayo Clinic in Rochester, MN, and then spent much of the next 20 years in tenure track or adjunct faculty positions in academic medicine at the University of Wisconsin, Madison; Medical University of South Carolina, in Charleston; and the University of Pittsburgh.

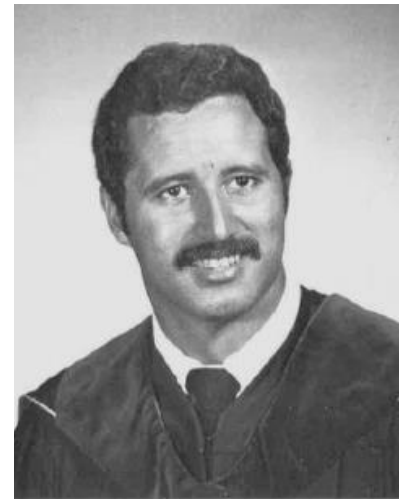
My areas of interest were in post-acute motoric recovery after neurologic injury, motor control, and clinical manifestations of neuroplasticity. Most of my adult life has been spent as a student or a teacher [mostly as both simultaneously]. My pre-retirement job was in medical management as Medical Director for the State of South Carolina's Health Plan. In 2001,

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I moved to State College, PA, and began taking classes in drawing and sculpture at Penn State. I'm now in my 9th year as Artist in Residence in sculpture in Penn State's School of Visual Arts. I'm in my 6th year as Research Associate in Applied Neuroscience in the Arts and Design Research Incubator in the College of Art and Architecture.

Most of my time is spent in trans-disciplinary research with faculty across campus around issues of emotion, memory, creativity, art and the brain, improvisation, etc. I'm blessed to work with interesting people doing interesting things in many fields including architecture, philosophy, psychology, engineering, education, as well as others. Much of my art making practice draws on my medical experiences from medical school, residencies, overseas work, and clinical practice. Medical practice is a rich resource for exploring the human condition via art-making.

I'm sorry I won't be able to be at the 50th reunion and see old friends and classmates. All the best to you all. I'm sure you will have a great time at the 50th. Would love to hear from old friends if you are inclined to reach out to me.

Andrew John Kontrick, MD

I will always remember how happy I was when I got my admission letter from Jefferson in the fall of 1966, because it gave me a chance to be what I always wanted to be, a doctor. My four years at Jeff were not easy but enjoyable. To make some money, my classmates and I worked in Cooper Hospital as night lab techs. I also worked as a "lifeguard" at the Jefferson pool, where I learned to play squash while running between games to make sure nobody drowned. Nobody did.

When I started med school I wanted to be a psychiatrist, but by my senior year, I decided to be a surgeon instead. My training included 6-year residency in general surgery at University of Illinois and Cook County Hospitals, 2 years as a flight surgeon in the Army, followed by 3 years of plastic surgery at Loyola University. I started my practice in plastic surgery at the age of 37.

I am most indebted to my wife, Carolyn, who put up with me for 57 years while single-handedly raising our four kids. She did a good job—none of them have spent any time in prison. We have 9 grandkids ranging from eight to 26. I fully retired in 2019.

I am looking forward to spending some time with my classmates.

Special thanks to Tom Fiss.

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Joseph Kozielski, MD

"Memory" – the faculty by which the mind stores AND remembers information.

Remember what you are asking of a population of graduates mostly in their mid-to-late 70s.

Okay here we go. How about spinning that definition or perspective 180° to "How can you ever forget" the following:

- 1) Radiology lectures in a darkened amphitheater conducted by the Professor of Radiology who used a focused high-intensity flashlight to highlight details projected on a screen, and then selected audience participants by flashing (pointing) that light directly into their eyes and awaiting an answer.
- 2) The sound of "Borborygmi" echoing through the classroom as the student body scanned the recently distributed test in Microbiology consisting of a matching test of FIFTY COMBINATIONS.

Seriously, the concept that Jefferson defined when compared to previous four-year experiences in college and high school was the fact that every piece of information with which we were presented (verbal, written, or experience) had a practiced application in our future endeavors, e.g. caring for patients.

After completing the first two years of primarily basic medical sciences and an early introduction to clinical activities, the world was confronted with the summer of 1969. Quiet, relaxing; hell no. The first lunar landing in July and Woodstock in August. I decided to add a personal touch by marrying my high school sweetheart. The clinical years with rotations throughout hospitals in the Greater Philadelphia Area. These provided opportunities to participate in medical care delivered with compassion and concern.

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Following graduation in June 1971, I served my internship at Pennsylvania Hospital along with several other members of our graduation class. I returned to Jefferson to complete an orthopaedic residency followed by two years in the military at Kimbrough Army Hospital, Ft. Meade, Maryland. During my army tour, I successfully completed by Board Certification in Orthopaedic Surgery. I have also served as President of the medical staff at OLLMC, Chief of Orthopaedics at OLLMC, and President of the Camden County Medical Society.

My wife, two daughters, and I returned to the Philadelphia area and settled in Cherry Hill, NJ. I joined a 3 Physician Orthopaedic Group expanding to 5 with Hospital Privileges at Our Lady of Lourdes and Marlton Hospitals. Initially, I practiced general orthopaedics but progressed to specialization in total joint replacement. My wife of 40 years passed in June 2009. I continued practice until January 2017. I now enjoy fishing, boating, golf, and get-togethers with family and friends. I also dutifully attend sporting events of my three granddaughters (age 18, 16, 16) who provide me with unsolicited guidance on fashion, music, and social networking.

Cynthia Dolores Lehr–Janus, MD

I am so happy to be celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of our graduation from Thomas Jefferson University with my classmates, the fantastic Class of '71!

I laugh to myself when I remember informing my college advisor of my plan to apply to Jefferson Medical College. She replied that I would be "wasting my application fee" because "they don't take women and they tend not to take applicants from New York." My family physician assured me that Jefferson was a fine school, I applied, and I was overjoyed when I was accepted for admission.

The student residences were not ready and, for my first year, I lived on the top floor of the St. James Hotel Annex. It had a very slow elevator operated by an elderly gentleman. There were no kitchen appliances in my studio apartment and for that year a hot plate and a small office refrigerator sufficed. Unfortunately, during that first year, I experienced a true tragedy when my mother, at the age of 52, died of cancer. I deeply appreciated the spoken and unspoken support of my classmates and the staff during that immensely sad and difficult time.

Despite the rocky start, I was aware then, and after fifty years, appreciate more than ever, the excellent medical education that I received at Jefferson. The classroom studies and the clinical rotations prepared us well. I remember all the studying and worrying that comes with being a medical student but I also recall the warmth, good humor, and sometimes hilarious banter of my anatomy lab partners.

After graduation from Jefferson, I did a rotating internship at Beth Israel Hospital in New York City and became drawn to the field of radiology which I had chosen as an elective. Subsequently, I did a residency in diagnostic radiology at Downstate Medical Center in Brooklyn.

Through the years, I worked in the academic setting and also in private practice, much preferring the former. I was Associate

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Professor of Radiology and Clinical Associate Professor of Obstetrics and Gynecology at the Mt. Sinai Medical Center in New York City, and later, at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville. My subspecialty areas were body imaging and women's imaging. I feel privileged to have practiced radiology during a period of remarkable advances in imaging technology and interventional procedures which have had beneficial impacts on virtually every medical specialty.

As to my personal life, I married my "soulmate" who was a psychologist and author. We shared information from our fields of endeavor, sometimes accompanied each other to conferences and cheered each other on. My husband had a T.V. talk show in California for a short while which I co-hosted with him. Our greatest source of joy, our son, has many interests and talents with special expertise in computer technology, his chosen profession.

I currently live in Tampa, Florida where, as a proud alumna, I continue to follow the medical achievements and advances that are ongoing at Jefferson.

Wilma C. Light, MD

It does not seem possible that 50 years have passed. I remember fondly starting out as a freshman at Jefferson, living at Orlowitz Hall and taking classes within walking distance. After graduation, I went to Children's Hospital of Buffalo for a 3-year pediatric internship and residency. I then went on to a 2-year fellowship in Allergy at Children's Hospital and Buffalo General Hospital.

I had relatives living in Western Pennsylvania who were friends with doctors from Latrobe Area Hospital. This led to my relocating to Latrobe to enter private practice. My first landlord was Arnold Palmer and I lived in a cute house near the golf course. A few years later, I moved to Ligonier where I still live. Over the years, I also worked part time with a group of Allergists in Pittsburgh.

I chose to retire at age 70 and keep busy with my hobby of gardening and with walking my golden retriever, Sage. I keep in touch with my siblings and their children. In a week, I will be going to wedding of my niece in Central Pennsylvania. I have a nephew who lives in Tucson and have had many visits to the Southwest along with my sister and brother-in-law. I have had the opportunity to go on 7 medical mission trips which were very special for me.



Stuart A. Scherr, MD

The decision to attend Jefferson for medical school became the foundation for my adult life.

After graduation in 1971, I trained in otolaryngology at Thomas Jefferson University Hospital and practiced in the Philadelphia area until retiring in 2020.

I met my wife, Lori, while a resident. We have one son and one grandchild.

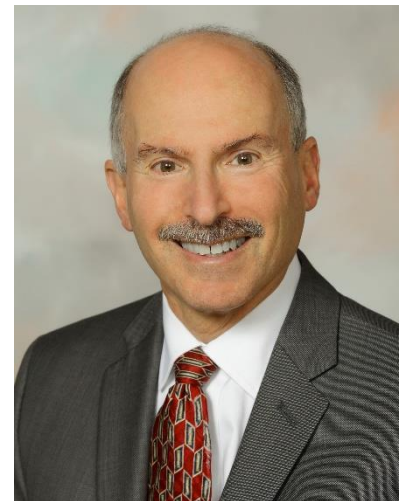
Retirement is great and for me involves playing a lot of games: tennis, pickleball, and bridge.

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Richard Schwimmer, MD

After graduating Jefferson, I was a resident in pediatrics at Montefiore Medical Center in Bronx, New York. For the next two years, I was a pediatrician in the United States Air Force at Loring Air Force Base in Maine, a strategic air command base with nuclear armed B-52 bombers. The motto of the unit was "Peace is our profession."

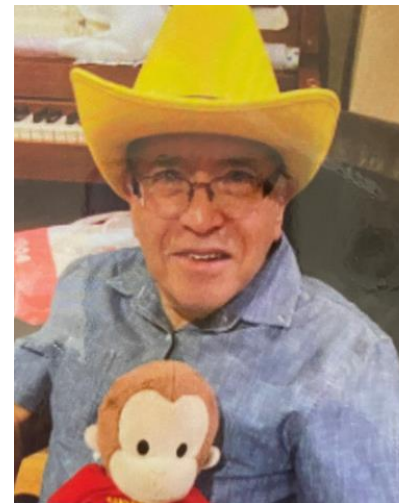
For the last 45 years, I've been a pediatrician in Brooklyn, New York, affiliated with Maimonides Medical Center, Brookdale Hospital, and NYU Langone Medical Center.

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Joseph Seltzer, MD (1945–2021)

Dr. Seltzer passed away on Saturday, October 9, 2021, after submitting the below entry.

WOW! 50 years is a long time. We first arrived in September 1967 all ready to go. It's hard to remember the details of those days but the highlights do stand out.

Friends at Nu Sigma Nu, intramural football and basketball, the opening of Jeff Alumni Hall in our second year, but the clinical years where we started to become doctors ready stand out.

PGH was a great learning experience. I did surgery, medicine, OB, psych, and neurology rotations there. It is doubtful clinical clerkships like those could exist today. Lankenau, Chestnut Hill, and the University hospital rounded our junior and senior years. The clinical faculty stood out and most at that time were in private practice but found time to teach and clearly enjoyed helping to train the next generation.

Sue and I were married at the end of junior year. We enjoyed our 50th anniversary last May in a subdued 2020 sort of way. Just the two of us all day with a nice three-course "take out" dinner on our deck. It was a beautiful day in May.

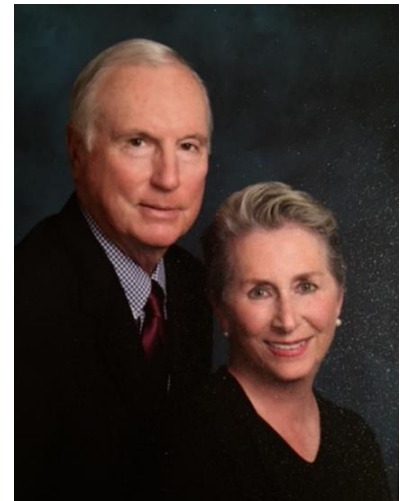
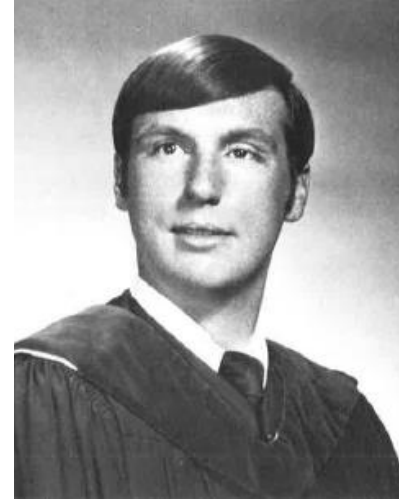
Speaking of 2020 (and COVID) I remember being taught at Jeff about the 1918 flu epidemic. I can recall a number of patients, when taking that very long medical student history, saying they had the 1918 flu or lost a family member to it. Who thought we would see something like in our lifetime?

Then it was off to residences, and for some of us, two years in the military....USAF for me. After three years at SUNY-Upstate, I returned to Jeff for the rest of my career, retiring in 2013. I saw a lot of changes at Jeff over those 33 years, too many to recount here.

Suffice it to say, Jeff was "home" for nearly 40 years.

Retirement has been great. Lots of time for Sue and the seven grandkids, playing a little golf (not very well), and traveling to places we always wanted to see. We split our time between West Chester, PA, and Vero Beach, FL.

Sue and I are enjoying life with friends and family and look forward to more adventures to come.



J. Stanley Smith, MD

My earliest memory of Jefferson was before freshman classes started, I was featured with a picture on the cover of the magazine as one of the PennState/Jefferson students.

I am a legacy student with my father, brother, nephew, and son also attending Jefferson. I have also found through Ancestry that 2 others in the family tree also attended Jefferson starting in the 1800s.

Since graduation, I did my surgical residency at Polyclinic Hospital in Harrisburg which now has been absorbed by UPMC. Following a trauma fellowship at Maryland where I became one of the protagonists in the book "Shock Trauma," I entered private practice in Harrisburg back at Polyclinic where I stayed for 10 years working on developing a trauma system for PA.

With the Three Mile Island nuclear accident in 1979, I was the emergency and disaster preparedness director for Dauphin County planning the possible evacuation of area hospitals.

In 1986, PA finally had a trauma system in place and I was recruited to lead the new Trauma Center at Penn State Hershey Medical Center including establishing an aeromedical service, LifeLion. I was Trauma and ICU Director until my late wife developed and finally succumbed to breast cancer in 2007. Ironically, my elective surgical practice was breast surgery. I continued with the Penn State Breast Center until 2016.

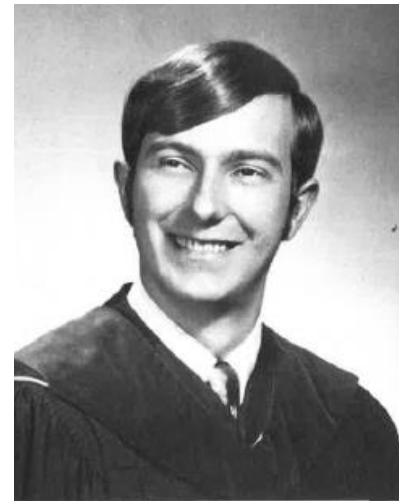
My administrative duties shifted to quality and I was the Surgical Quality Officer for Penn State Health and Vice Chair of Quality for the Department of Surgery. These positions also dovetailed with the Clinical Documentation Improvement Department where I was the Medical Advisor. (Getting physicians and especially surgeons to document properly is like herding cats). These became very important positions as the medical center went from a "C" to an "A" on Leapfrog.

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I am now on the Emeritus Council for PSHMC.

I retired in 2017 and have been enjoying life with my wife, kids, and step-kids. We like to travel (not recently with COVID), work in the yard, do yoga, and I play golf and have started playing the ukulele.

I am sorry I cannot attend the reunion since I am having a rotator cuff repair done.

I hope all are doing well and I will miss the camaraderie.

George Thomas Spigel, MD

My 4 years at "Jeff" were some of the hardest and happiest times of my life! Besides the top-notch education, what made the hardest times tolerable was the Phi Chi Medical Fraternity at 1025 Spruce St. The camaraderie, competition, social activities, and living at the fraternity house all 4 years, made medical school truly enjoyable.

I can recall moving into the fraternity house and meeting my roommates, Bob Falk and Jim McBride, while the house was undergoing renovation. Scaffolding took up a good portion of the room, necessitating the making of a study desk in the closet to escape the inch or so of sawdust on our beds by the end of the day! Holding several positions in the fraternity kept me busy outside of classwork. Some of my more memorable memories are the trip to Atlantic City and Louie's Rooms; bailing Bob Place out of jail at midnight for failing to pay his parking tickets after Rob Davidson agreed to pay the \$50 from the fraternity treasury (he didn't at first); Christmas in San Juan, PR, with Frank and Magda Garcia's family; and the trip south with Stu Scherr and Jim McBride, staying at various Phi Chi houses before graduation. There are many more; too numerous to mention.

After graduation, I did a rotating O internship at Hartford Hospital in Hartford, Connecticut, where I met my future wife, Cecelia, a registered nurse. Since I was in the USAF ROTC, after internship, I was sent to Bitburg AFB in Germany from 1972 to 1974. There I was a general medical officer, covered the ER, and ran an allergy clinic. For my last year, I was sent to Travis AFB in California where I did outpatient general practice and covered the ER.

On September 13 (not a Friday!), 1975, I married my wife, Cecelia, and we headed to Rochester, Minnesota, to begin my 3-year dermatology residency at the Mayo Clinic. I started publishing and was involved in the early introduction of PUVA

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or photochemotherapy for psoriasis and other conditions. During this time our first son, Kevin, was born in 1977.

After finishing my residency, we moved to Olean, New York, where I commenced my 37-year career with the Olean Medical Group. Our second son, Brian, was born in 1979. I introduced PUVA therapy to Southwestern New York and continued to publish often in collaboration with dermatologists from the University of Buffalo or the University of Rochester. During the early years of practice, my wife and I were involved in the restoration of an 1893 Victorian home and had 2 articles published in *Victorian Homes* magazine in 1984 and 1987.

Finally retiring in 2015, my wife and I have travelled to Alaska, Australia and New Zealand, and Croatia. In 2018, my son, Kevin, and I, took a 4-week beer trip to Europe for his 40th birthday, tasting a total of 339 beers. During Hurricane Irma in 2017, a category 5, we were hunkered down in the bathroom of our timeshare for 5 hours till we were rescued. I've also helped my friend for several years on his animal farm with beef cattle, chickens, and pigs, and worked alongside my son, Brian, on an organic vegetable farm during the pandemic year of 2020.

My wife and I had 5 trips planned for 2020 but all were cancelled. Our first trip is planned for the end of August 2021, when we return to our timeshare in St. Thomas after full restoration, hopefully.

In closing, I would like to say that in all my 75+ years, my 4 years at "Jeff" were some of the best!

Barbara Lea Tenney, MD

It's hard to believe that fifty years have passed since we graduated from Jefferson. Those years have been very full and rewarding. It started with my Pediatric Residency and Ambulatory Pediatric Fellowship at NYU-Bellevue. My pathology paper at Jefferson was on Child Abuse and during my fellowship, I established the Child Abuse Team at Bellevue. On completion of my fellowship I joined the NYU faculty and served as Director of Ambulatory Pediatrics at Booth Memorial Medical Center, NYU's affiliate in Flushing, NY.

In 1978, I became an Associate Professor of Pediatrics at West Virginia University. While there I received four grants to establish child abuse training programs for mandated reporters for the entire State and to provide consulting services for the five counties surrounding WVU. I received the Outstanding Teacher Award at the Medical School for 1978-79.

In 1981, I returned to NYU as Director of Pediatrics at Booth Memorial and established an Ambulatory Pediatrics Fellowship Program. In 1983, I married Michael Cote and in 1987 had our daughter, Lisa Michelle. I chaired the Academy of Pediatrics Committee on Women in Pediatrics from 1983-1986.

In 1991, I joined the faculty of East Carolina University Medical School as an Associate Professor. The Ambulatory Pediatrics division of ECU was located in New Bern, NC. Pediatric, Family Practice and Emergency Medicine residents, as well as third-year students, rotated down to New Bern and worked with us as a group practice.

In 1997, I decided to see if what I had been teaching for twenty years really worked and joined Schuylkill Pediatrics, a group practice with offices in Pottsville and Frackville, Pennsylvania. Shortly after my arrival, we opened our third office in Orwigsburg, which became my primary location. I worked there until I retired in 2011 and we moved to Delaware.

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In 2015, I returned to Jefferson to record an oral history segment for the Archives on the early women at Jefferson. I enjoyed remembering being a brother of Phi Alpha Sigma and convincing some of my classmates that women really did belong in medicine.

Aside from medicine, I served on the Wilson College Board of Trustees from 1996-2008 and returned as Chair of the Board in 2014, which I still am today. Since retiring, I have served on the Board of Directors of Primeros Pasos, a bilingual preschool/daycare center in Georgetown, Delaware. I also serve on the Education/Scholarship Committee of the Southern Delaware Alliance for Social Justice.

My husband served as a Town Councilman in Milton and was on our HOA Board. Sadly, he died suddenly in April of this year. Our daughter is assistant director of Diversity, Equity, and Inclusion at the University of Hartford in Connecticut. I regret I will not be able to attend reunion because of Board of Trustee meetings, but look forward to reading the Memory Book.

Julie K. Timins, MD, FACR

As a participant in the Penn State–Jefferson combined BS–MD program, at that time a 5-year program, Jefferson was more than graduate school for me. The total immersion in medical school at a young age was a challenge. But I found the faculty and my fellow students welcoming and supportive. We in the program were integrated into the Jefferson student body and graduated equal to the task of post-graduate training in any branch of medicine.

I started as a Straight Medical Intern at George Washington Medical Center in Washington, D.C., but quickly switched to Radiology when openings arose in GW's expanding residency program. I was among the last of the "mixed" radiology residents, boarded in Radiation Therapy (now Radiation Oncology) and Diagnostic Radiology. I then did a fellowship at the National Institutes of Health in Nuclear Medicine, obtaining another board certification.

The Penn State–Jefferson program facilitated my having two children in my mid-20s, unusual for a woman physician. I moved to New Jersey with my husband, Gene Timins (Class of 1969), after he completed his Neurosurgery Residency at GW. Tragically, Gene developed a malignancy and died in 1978. I have remained in Morristown, New Jersey, and remarried in 1985, to Bill Lupatkin, a pediatrician.

Professionally, my experience has been varied: Staff Radiologist, Chair of Nuclear and Radiation Safety Officer at the Veterans Administration Medical Center in Lyons, NJ; and Staff Radiologist at the following institutions: St. Joseph's Hospital and Medical Center in Paterson, NJ; Robert Wood Johnson Medical Center (Chair: classmate Jim Noshier) and St. Peter's Medical Center in New Brunswick, NJ; JFK Medical Center in Edison, NJ; and Christ Hospital in Jersey City. I also practiced in an outpatient setting with Morris Imaging Associates in Morristown, NJ; and with Hirsch and Ratakonda in Morristown, with concentration on mammography, bone

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densitometry, and sonography. I was a certified B-Reader in Pneumoconiosis for 25 years.

I have been involved in organized medicine. I currently chair the New Jersey Commission on Radiation Protection and sit on the New Jersey Radiologic Technology Board of Examiners. I served on the Board of Directors of the National Council on Radiation Protection and Measurements, and chaired NCRP Report Number 185: "Evaluating and Communicating Radiation Risks for Studies Involving Human Subjects: Guidance for Researchers and Institutional Review Boards." I am a past president of the Radiological Society of New Jersey and recipient of that organization's Gold Medal Award. I am a Fellow of the American College of Radiology (ACR) and a former member of the ACR Council Steering Committee. I served as Vice-Chair for Practice Guidelines and Technical Standards of the ACR Commission on Quality and Safety. My activities in the Medical Society of New Jersey included membership on the Council on Medical Services, Chair of the Council on Communications, and membership on the editorial staff for the journal New Jersey Medicine.

The U.S. Food and Drug Administration presented me with the Advisory Committee Service Award in recognition of distinguished service on the National Mammography Quality Assurance Advisory Committee. The American Association for Women Radiologists, of which I was Treasurer, honored me with the Professional Leadership Award for Mid-Career/Senior Faculty and the President's Award. In appreciation of service as an Affiliate Member of the Conference of Radiation Control Program Directors, I was presented with the Board of Directors Award for Outstanding Achievement in the Field of Radiation Protection, for participation on the H-30 Task Force and development of the white paper on bone densitometry.

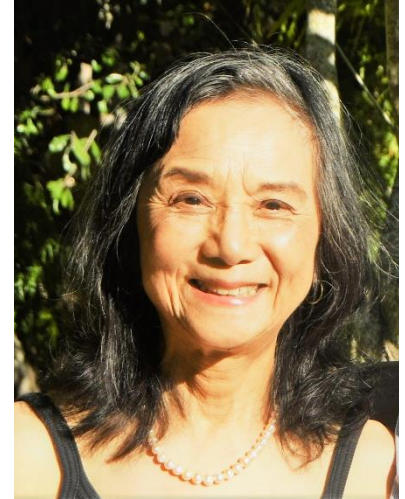
I retired from clinical practice 8 years ago but continue to participate in radiation protection-related activities.

Nancy Wong, MD

This essay is supposed to focus on fond memories of the curriculum at Jefferson Medical College, funny stories, and camaraderie among the students and staff. However, I worried about what to say, as I missed many of those experiences, and many of my classmates may not even know what happened to me.

When we were in high school, the U.S. was in a competition with the U.S.S.R. for dominance in space, and everyone who was good at science was encouraged to take science classes, be patriotic, and join the space race. When I arrived for college registration at Penn State, I had to declare a major, so I chose physics. I found the courses interesting, but I was always the only female in my classes. I did well, and was offered fellowships to continue with graduate studies in physics at Columbia. The department at Columbia had many brilliant faculty in particle physics and solid state physics, but I didn't feel that there was much interaction between the faculty and students. My boyfriend and I enjoyed the arts and other cultural activities in New York City, but I didn't think we had a future together.

After I completed a master's degree in Physics, I turned to explore other areas of study that combined science with more contact with people. Medicine seemed to be a perfect amalgam of the two, and I made a decision to try to change my career direction. Looking back, it was probably an unrealistic aspiration and full of misconceptions. It took some doing, because though I had many credits in physics and math, I never took pre-med courses like biology and chemistry. I thought about all that I would learn and how great it would be to take care of patients, so I went to night school to fulfill the requirements. I also spent some time in a hospital and observed at some autopsies to test my ability to stomach blood.



I had a good interview, but I also heard skepticism, it would be an expensive investment for the medical school to take me. After all, wouldn't it be likely that I would just get married, have children, and drop out? With that in mind, I was surprised and honored to receive the acceptance letter from Jefferson. My understanding is that ours was only the third class that had any women, 16 of us, or less than 10 % of the class. I was excited to make a break with my old life and start a new chapter.

At the start of September, my parents and I went to Philadelphia on a weekend to hunt for housing. We found a lovely furnished studio with a Pullman kitchen a couple of blocks away from 1010 Walnut, and it was reasonably priced.

At Orientation, Dean Kellow gave our class an ominous warning—he told each of us to look to the student to the right and to the left, and predicted that one of each little group would fail to make it to graduation, and then admonished us that we had better study hard. That was very sobering and I wondered if I could handle the load. Everything was new to me, including taking endurance lessons from classes from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. every day, sitting on hard seats in the auditorium, wishing I had learned shorthand and Latin. It was a new way to think. In physics and math, one took hours or days to contemplate, and study aspects and consequences of a single formula or concept, and how to apply it. In medicine, there were long words with unfamiliar Latin roots to memorize, and I didn't know any Latin, so I was doubly challenged.

I remember the dizzying experience of sitting high in the tiers of semicircular rows of seats for lectures in the grand and ornate Anatomy amphitheater, craning my neck to see what was being shown in the dissection. The very first week of freshman year, four other students and I were assigned to crowd around a thin (actually, cachectic) woman cadaver. For a very long time, the smell of formalin made me very queasy every day, but I tried to focus on the dissection process, and not on who she was, and how she died. My lab partners and I were grateful that she had donated her body to science, and glad that it was relatively easy to see and dissect her organs.

The studio where I lived seemed ideal; it wasn't until I moved in that I realized that there was a very popular restaurant/karaoke bar downstairs that came to life after dark. I started studying in the library instead. That was where Gary Edwards, who was a Junior, introduced himself the second week of school. Soon I was seeing him every day; he proposed within a month. I brought him to see my parents, who were delighted to meet him and strongly approved. My parents were concerned that I was headed for spinsterhood. My father was convinced as are most Chinese, that no men are interested in overly educated women. My mother was a firm believer in fairy tales and love at first sight. Gary and I married in December, just 12 weeks after I started medical school (perhaps we dove in too quickly). My life after that was school and study, with scant time for hanging out with other medical students.

Life continued until the spring of my freshman year, when I received a phone call from the Emergency Room at Lansdale Hospital, to come right away because there had been an automobile accident and my parents were involved. My heart was in my throat when I reached the hospital, and was told that my father had survived, but my mother was dead. In my last interaction with my mother, we argued, and she was angry with me, so I had unresolved issues that made her sudden passing especially painful. I am extremely grateful for the kindness of Professor and Mrs. Andrew Ramsey during that difficult time.

Still, I suffered under a dark cloud of emotional distress and regret that haunted me for a long time.

My life became more complicated in my junior year. It was after years of amenorrhea (and presumed infertility), when, after a routine OB/GYN exam, my physician informed me that I was 6 months pregnant. My first son, Seth, was born in December 11, conveniently just before the Christmas holiday break, so I could return to the pediatric rotation when January came.

Somehow, I managed to complete all of my rotations, took all of the exams, and graduated on time. My time at Jefferson seems so compressed. I would have liked to have had more time to engage with my clinical colleagues during my years at Jefferson and to have known many of my classmates better, especially my fellow women.

Thank you!

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