

CLASS OF 1973

Memory Book



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Memories



Memories



Necrology

Edwin Altschuler, MD
Rodney Appell, MD
Dean Banes, MD
Victor Celani, MD
William Chain, Jr., MD
Peter Cianfrani, Sr., MD
Christopher Clark, MD
Fred Constant, MD
Beth Edeiken-Monroe, MD
Philip Fuller, MD
Lewis Gray, MD
Jerry Grossman, MD
George Gustainis, MD
Steven Isaacson, MD
Joseph Jacobs, MD
Joseph King, MD
Thomas Layton, MD
James McGraw, MD
Richard Perzley, MD
Michael Quinlan, MD
Norman Shanfeld, MD
Paul Smey, MD
Richard Sostowski, MD



1973 in Review

Average cost of a home was \$32,500
+
Average family income was a little over \$12,000



Oreos were
59 cents



Eggs were 69
cents a dozen and
gallon of milk cost
\$1.40

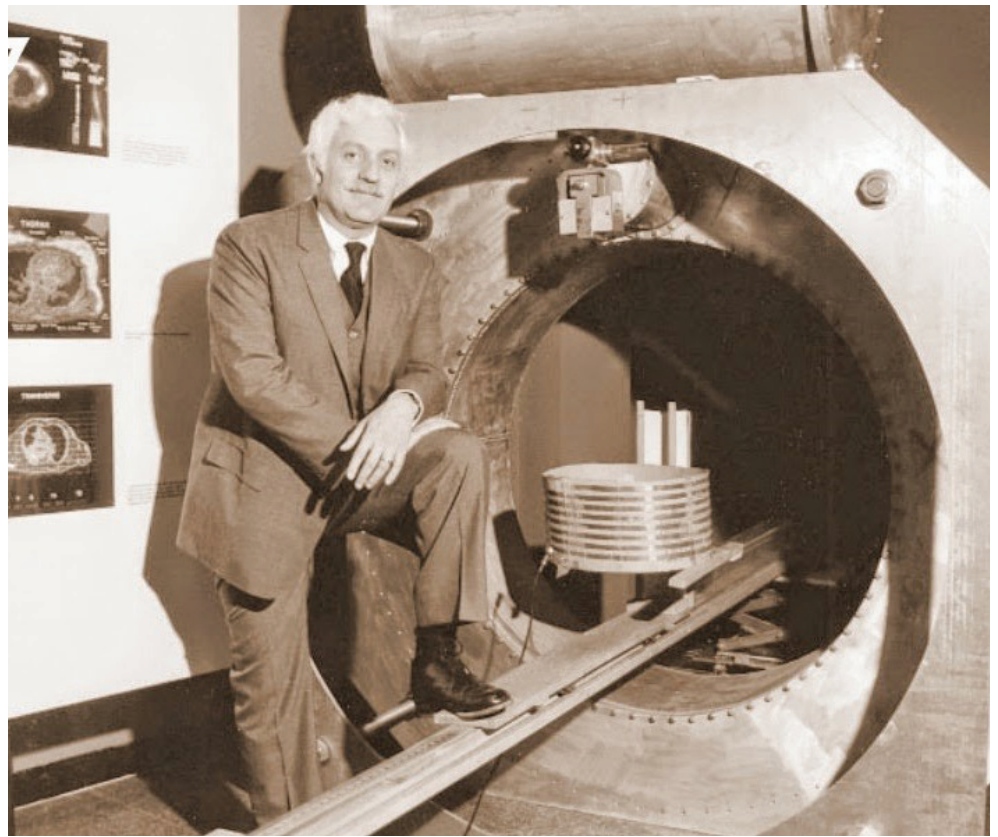


A gallon of gas
was 40 cents

The handheld cell phone was invented



Magnetic resonance imaging (MRI) was invented by a team led by John Mallard



A ceasefire is signed, ending involvement of American ground troops in the Vietnam War

Richard Nixon, on national TV, accepts responsibility, but not blame, for Watergate; accepts resignations of H. R. Haldeman and John D. Ehrlichman, fires John W. Dean III as counsel

The Miami Dolphins were the Super Bowl champs, the Oakland Athletics won the World Series, and the Montreal Canadiens clinched the Stanley Cup

1973 in Review

TOP 10 TELEVISION SHOWS

1. "All in the Family"
2. "The Waltons"
3. "Sanford and Son"
4. "M*A*S*H"
5. "Hawaii Five-O"
6. "Maude"
7. "Kojak"
8. "The Sonny and Cher Comedy Hour"
9. "The Mary Tyler Moore Show"
10. "Cannon"



TOP 10 MOVIES

1. "The Exorcist"
2. "The Sting"
3. "American Graffiti"
4. "Papillon"
5. "The Way We Were"
6. "Magnum Force"
7. "Live and Let Die"
8. "Robin Hood"
9. "Paper Moon"
10. "Serpico"

TOP 10 SONGS

1. "Tie a Yellow Ribbon Round the Ole Oak Tree"
Tony Orlando and Dawn
2. "Bad, Bad Leroy Brown"
Jim Croce
3. "Killing Me Softly With His Song"
Roberta Flack
4. "Let's Get It On"
Marvin Gaye
5. "My Love"
Paul McCartney and Wings
6. "Why Me"
Kris Kristofferson
7. "Crocodile Rock"
Elton John
8. "Will It Go Round In Circles"
Billy Preston
9. "You're So Vain"
Carly Simon
10. "Touch Me In the Morning"
Diana Ross

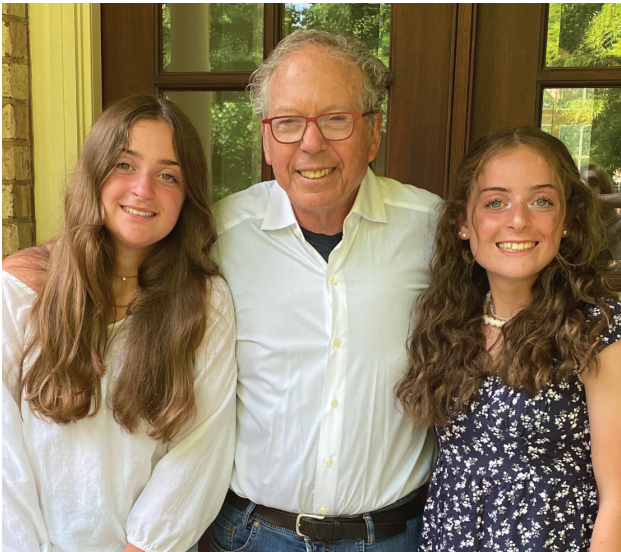




Reflections



Steven Engel, MD



Hi classmates,

I was part of group of 4 who named our cadaver, Gregory. The main conspirator and culprit in this saga is Robert Dumin; his victim Beth Edeiken.

Dear Beth, as I fondly remember her Never participated in dissection and only attended the lab when exams required her presence. Bob was whimsical with a boyish smile who almost got all in our group thrown out of medical school. The time is the final exam in anatomy with Dr Hausberger presiding. Beth was dutifully pointing out the structures of the heart when Robert Dumin's fiendish plot unfolded. With divine inspiration he had obtained a blood source, a pump, and switch which he turned on as Beth was fondling Gregory's contracting heart and soon to follow the squirting arterial and venous blood.

Beth screamed and quickly assumed the supine unconscious position identical to that of Gregory who was hysterically laughing at this comical turn of events. Robert who I could have strangled was overwhelmed with laughter which was more contagious than Covid. My other lab partner who was absolutely straight (Chuck Egan) and I were shocked and committed the crime of becoming shit faced with laughter just as Bob was. And then came the man dressed in black clothe who made us swear to the sanctity of the body as he surveyed Beth's unconscious torso. To say I was scared shitless would have been an understatement. Dr Hausberger looked at all of us eye to eye with stern reproach; then gleamed and produced this angelic smile as he turned to walk away. I could almost hear his feet laughing as Beth remained unconscious. No one attempted to resuscitate her or Gregory; though I believe Beth went on to graduate and probably have a successful career. Gregory did not.

My life never was the same as I continue to thank my anatomy partners for their remarkable antics. I practice pediatrics in New Bern NC (48th year) where I enjoy and learn from my patients almost as much as I learned at Jefferson.

To all my classmates and teachers; Happy 50!

Peter Hulick, MD



So many memories...

Getting accepted!

First day of gross anatomy lab with Bruce Hilton, Alan Hoover, me, and Ivan Jacobs (in alphabetical order).
"Keep zebodies MOIST!"

Passing anatomy 1st semester and celebrating at the TGIF at Jeff Hall, being introduced to my future wife (Mary) on January 9, 1970 by Bruce Jarrell.

Working as a nursing assistant at Jeff.

Plasmapheresis at Cardeza.

Too many dinners of baked mackerel at AKK from our deep sea outing.

Taking photos for Leslie and Bruce Jarrell at their wedding.

A fantastic slide show by Philadelphia coroner Dr. John Flickinger at AKK freshman year rush party.

Our (Joe Car) borrowed moving truck with all our worldly possessions breaking down on Walnut Street, causing huge traffic jam.

Great food at Methodist Hospital.

Carrying a key to lock ourselves INSIDE the ward at Coatesville psych hospital.

Being left alone to deliver a baby for the first time.

Getting married at the end of junior year.

My moment on stage at the Academy of Music.

And most recently, meeting with F. Michael Angelo, TJU historian, in 2022 regarding Greek history at Jeff and researching AKK history. (I am trying to put together an endowment to preserve and support AKK house at 317 S 11th.)

Roberta Kahn, MD

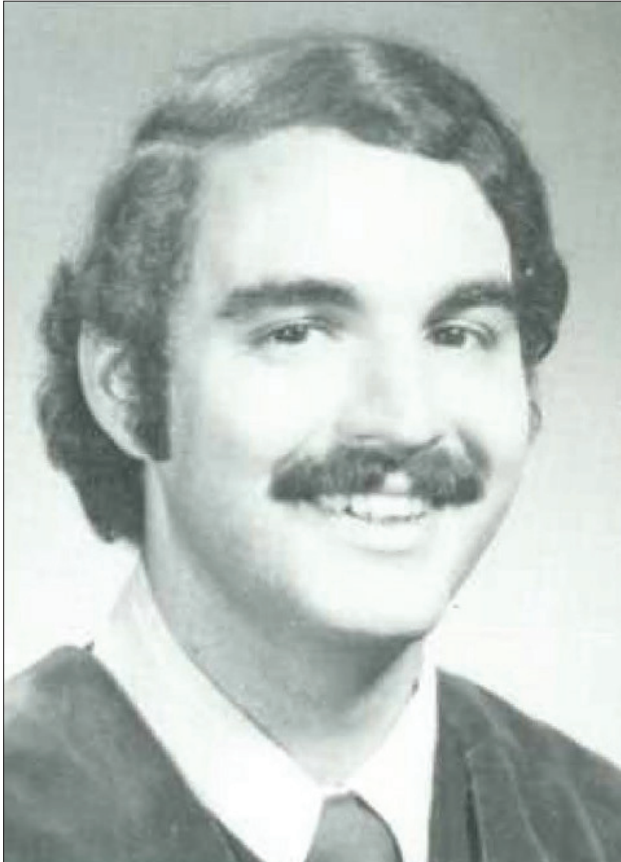


In all honesty, I don't remember much of our years at Jeff with specificity. Certainly, everyone was very smart and very serious, and I believe I felt like I had accidentally wandered into the wrong conference room.

What do I remember? I remember Dr. Aponte mumbling sarcastically into the blackboard during his lectures. Whatever he was saying, thank God it wasn't on the tests. I remember spending every weekend of an entire semester in one of the padded cell-like study rooms at the library when we had alternating physiology and pharmacology tests every Monday. I think I survived entirely on coffee, cigarettes, and potato chips. For everything else, I will be never-endingly grateful for the note-taking service. Am I talking about you, Peter Amadeo? Believe it or not, the most important periods, the clinical rotations, are almost entirely effaced from my memory. I have fond recollections of conversations with friends, including non-medical issues such as whether Geno's or Pat's made better cheesesteaks. For several years after graduation, Mary Ann, Kathy, Helen, Lynne and I kept in touch and occasionally visited together. I hope you ladies (excuse me, "lady doctors") are all well.

My career path took me to NYC in anesthesiology and critical care for about 20 years, including my residency and fellowship. My kids were both born in New York, but we subsequently moved to the Maryland suburbs in 1996 where I was at the University of Baltimore Medical Center for a few years. I actually got a chance to go downtown to Hopkins to have lunch with Barry Gordon, who was a distinguished member of their faculty, and possibly still is. Subsequently I was hired by the FDA as a medical officer, and after three years there, a position opened up at NIH in NIDA, the division which designs and funds studies for the treatment of drug abuse. I retired in 2010. Since my children had graduated and were following their own pursuits, I made plans to move to Florida, which I did in 2014. I honestly can't figure out how you guys found me. It's a cliché to say that Jefferson gave me a valuable education, and I look back on my friends and classmates fondly. Those statements are true, true, unrelated. I think.

Anton Kemp, MD



Seems like yesterday sometimes but here are 50 things in no particular order that came to mind:

The parts box in anatomy, The freshman play, Making beer in micro, The Main Building wards, Dr Sue Gordon, Saturday morning lectures, The Black and Blue Ball, The "Gonz", Johanna's knitting, Part I and Part II of the Boards, Bud and Frank at Jeff Hall, The senior portrait, Laugh In, War protests, Lounging on East River Drive, Who's Dan Scotti?, Are there really chimps on the 5th floor?, Orlowitz parties, The Aponte/IRS story, Mini skirts, The 1973 "Clinic" final exam, The Locust Bar and Savoy restaurant, I saw Dr Ramsey smile, Big hair and mustaches, "Star Floor" Thompson, The Gross Clinic, Surgical summer rotation at Dr Stayman's pool, Staff vs students softball with Dr Mark's, Black Charlie, What was health Maintenance Clinic anyway?, The Coatesville VA Hosp, Group trips to the TLA with olfactory benefits, Wednesday nights in Phi Chi's basement, The front tower guys, Milton's hair twirling, Joe Mullen's classical guitar, Interfrat athletics, Doc Watson's, Paul Smey's pipe, Duck Lady, Match day, The little black doctor bags, Note taking service, The very first Earth Day, Smoking at the bedside, Anatomy student--how long is the L5 nerve?/ Dr Hausberger--how long is the leg--let me find it for you, The ER de-lousing room, That first Code Blue, South Philly cuisine at Methodist. Hope you enjoyed some of these!

Il tuo scrittore,

Anton



Joseph A. Kuhn, MD



My first Jefferson Memory was moving into 1708 Pine Street in late August 1969 with Art Colbourn and Bruce Jarrell, fraternity brothers from the University of Delaware. Bruce showed up last, so he got the living room, Art the dining room and I got the only bedroom. Needing a place to eat, we all joined AKK leading to finding new friends.

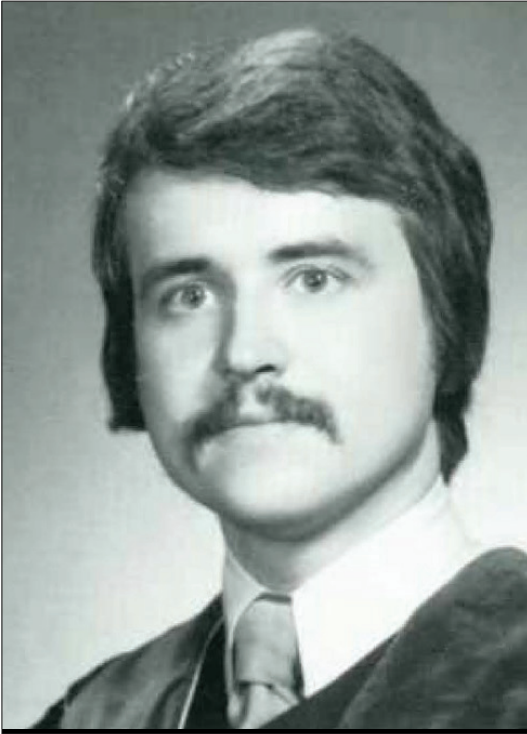
Anatomy was the first challenge and the relief of passing that first big exam, I still remember to this day. All courses after that did not seem such an obstacle as that first one.

The biggest highlight of my Jefferson career was marrying my wife now of 53 years, Ginny, after first year. She supported me then and continued to support my 39-year journey as a Nephrologist in our home of Wilmington, DE.

Now semi-retired, we are enjoying life.

I will always remember Jefferson for its excellent clinical training and the many fine physicians and nurses I encountered and the friends I made along the way.

Robert George Lahita, MD



It seems like yesterday, but it was really half a century ago. I recall living at the AKK fraternity house on Spruce and Clinton, first as steward having to feed over 100 medical students each day, and then as President. I recall the Daniel Baugh Institute across the street, the many friends and fun times in class, and my inimitable imitations' of people like the late Professor of Pathology Gonzalo Aponte. I fell in love with Microbiology in 1968 and instead of graduating with my 1971 class, I stayed on an extra two years working on my PhD, a move that served me well.

I met my first wife in 1970 at AKK. She was a nurse in training at Lankenau. Our marriage lasted 42 years until her untimely death after a long illness. In 2012 I met and married my second wife, the internationally known sculptor Carolyn D. Palmer. I have two boys and two grandchildren from my first wife. Neither boy is in medicine, but in business and engineering.

In 1972 I did my residency at Cornell Weill New York Hospital, with a short stint at Memorial Sloan Kettering Hospital, and I assumed with a PhD, MD, that I would go into infectious disease. But I wound up in an immunology elective at the Rockefeller University for 6 weeks in my third year of residency. I stayed at Rockefeller for 12 years, first as a fellow and

then rose to the rank of Associate Professor. I worked with Henry Kunkel and a variety of other notable people like Jack Fishman (discoverer of Narcan) and a host of others. .

Finally I left bench research to become Chief of Rheumatology at St. Luke's Roosevelt Hospital and then St. Vincent's Hospital in Greenwich Village. I spent 33 years as Chief of Rheumatology until 2004 when I moved to NJ as Chair of Medicine, first at Jersey City Medical Center, then Newark Beth Israel, and finally St. Joseph Health in Paterson. After 17 years as Chairman of Medicine, I stepped down in 2021 and became Director of the Institute of Autoimmune and Rheumatic Diseases.

During my days in New York City, I trained as an EMT and volunteered my time, only to become the director of Hudson county's EMS programs in NJ. When 911 happened, I was called upon to direct field hospitals and spent a great amount of time on the "pile".

I have not retired and still see 25 patients a day with my able staff. I have written and edited 17 books and published some 150 peer reviewed papers and I'm still writing.

When the pandemic happened, my experience in virology and immunology was very popular and allowed me to appear on TV several times a week on multiple networks. Many of my former classmates have written to me and helped recall those great days at Jefferson.

Joseph F. Mambu, MD



Determining the exact time and location when the rest of your life began can be difficult.

For me, it was September 1969, and the place was Jefferson Medical College. After 4 years of commuting to Villanova from my parents' home in Northeast Philadelphia, I was moving to Phi Chi in Center City, finally realizing my boyhood dream of becoming a doctor and in a few weeks, I was going to meet my wife of 52 years.

There are so many wonderful Jefferson memories to choose from. But the most striking one for me was the intense feeling of awe that followed me. An enveloping awesomeness was there every day, every hour and sometimes every minute. It appeared around every corner. From the very first day, it was there, and I was in the middle of it – Jeff Hall, the library, doctors in white coats and scrubs, nurses, professors, nursing students, senior medical students. I felt I was, at last, where I was supposed to be.

As a first year, I remember the pre-lecture breakfasts at Jeff Hall getting acquainted with my new classmates and where a cafeteria lady knew how I liked my eggs. There are so many funny and tender memories - two years of basic medical science lectures at Solis-Cohen, countless trips past the gorilla skeleton by the anatomy lab, quiet evenings alone reviewing the day's dissection with "the body" along with a handful of classmates whom I barely knew at the time. There were various labs where we peered through microscopes or palpated unfrozen organs with different pathologies. I loved all of it except for the one with the dogs. I vowed silently to become a doctor worthy of their sacrifice.

The clinical years were in stark contrast to the pre-clinical ones. Phi Chi and Orlovitz were replaced by a one-bedroom 2nd floor walk-up apartment on Lombard Street with Angie, now my wife whose talents and devotion still surprise me to this day. The lectures and laboratories were replaced with my attendance at grand rounds, attending rounds, bus trips to the Coatesville VA, births, deaths, autopsies, human sufferings both physical and mental and dealing with the uncertainties of my emerging clinical judgment. I also learned to be comforted by the realization medicine was as much an art as a science. As a newly

graduated Jefferson physician, I swore by Hippocrates that it would be practiced as such - not knowing that it would span five decades.

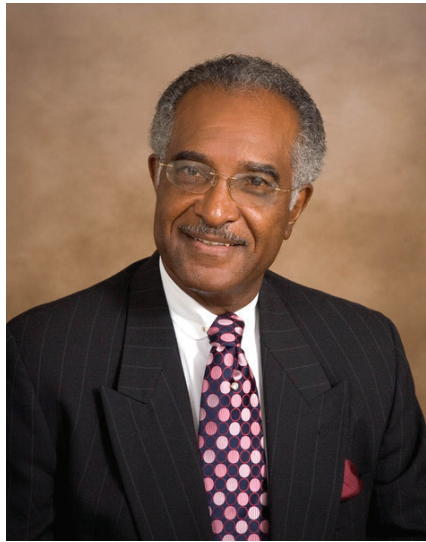
So here we are after the twists and turns of 50 years in medicine and in life. Most of my medical career was comprised of a 3-year FP residency in Indianapolis, a partnership in a family medicine group for 22 years in Abington, PA and 2 miserable years as a hospital employed physician. However, the final 16 years were simply glorious. They were my years as the sole owner of a multi-physician/multi-CRNP family medicine practice that was chosen by the AAFP for their national demonstration project, Transformed. My private practice became the 8th practice in the country awarded a level 3 recognition by the NCQA as a patient-centered medical home.

Still incredulous to me was that while all that was going on, Angie and I raised our three children, who then married and added 5 grandchildren to our family. One of the dearest memories from those years was when my daughter (Jefferson '99) joined my practice as a family physician. It seemed like yesterday when she was there in utero with Angie, me, and my proud parents at the Academy of Music in 1973 and then once again we reassembled at the Academy in 1999, but this time she was in a cap and gown.

My family medicine career is over now, but not the artful practice of medicine. Nowadays, I'm the geriatrician three weekday mornings at a local hospital's senior behavioral care unit and one day a week as a private outpatient integrative medicine consultant for patients interested in adding a personalized holistic perspective to their medical care. All in all, it's the best medicine I have ever practiced.

So, what does it mean for me to look back after 50 years to a 4-year span at the beginning of a life in medicine? As memorable, awe-inspiring, and poignant as the Jefferson experience was, it's something I was glad I only had to do once. And as fate would have it, once was enough to imbue a profound sense of admiration for those who taught me and a deep appreciation for the lifelong camaraderie with the young men and women who are now the old men and woman who went through it with me. That is what endures for me and that's what will always be cherished.

Roosevelt McCorvey, MD



My greater than 50-year association with Jefferson began, quite simply, as a twist of fate. On a cold winter night in 1968, I arrived in Philadelphia on a flight from Nashville, Tennessee, where I was then enrolled as an MD-PhD student at Meharry Medical College. I had grown disillusioned with the possibility of my final career determination being made by a professor, who had decided I was destined to be a PhD only. I knew the contrary was true and set about to realize my desired career path as a medical doctor. It was almost midnight when I arrived by taxi at the storefront of Gimbels at the corner of Ninth and Market Streets. This location was the drop-off spot for prospective medical students for the University of Pennsylvania (UPenn) and Jefferson. I was there for my UPenn interview, but the UPenn contact person had already left with the other prospective UPenn candidates. Although no prospective Jeff candidates had arrived, there was still a Jeff medical student, Richard Bonanno, there to greet them. When Richard learned I was there to interview at UPenn, he graciously invited me to stay at his apartment where he and his wife would provide a home-cooked meal, a warm bed, and a plethora of information about Jefferson Medical College. As planned, I attended my admission interview at UPenn the next morning, but Richard took me Jeff Admissions the following morning. He was also helpful in directing me to the admissions office at Temple University's School of Medicine.

Over that one week in Philadelphia, I was offered admission to all three programs, but I chose Jefferson for the following reasons: its superior location in center city Philadelphia; its objective testing methods; and most importantly, its outstanding infrastructure which included a new, state-of-the-art student center (Jeff Hall), library, and housing. The Orlowitz was the clincher! The new apartment building for medical students was designed to be family friendly with indoor and enclosed outdoor play areas for children. As a young father of one with another one on the way, my choice for medical school was clear and decisive: Jefferson was the place for my burgeoning family and me! From 1969-1973, my wife and I enjoyed our Philadelphia home

though my first year of medical school was impacted by immeasurable grief due to the sudden death of my wife's sister in a car accident in December 1969 followed by one of life's greatest joy's – the birth of our second daughter in January 1970. I took off several weeks during this first year to deal with the family tragedy, but through hard work and perseverance, I was able to excel in my classwork.

During my time at Jeff, I co-founded the chapter of the Student National Medical Association with Gilbert Parks '73 and served as the student class representative on the Jeff Admissions Committee for three years. As a fourth year medical student, I made the decision to dedicate my life to the specialty of Obstetrics and

Gynecology. I completed residency training (1973-1976) at the University of Maryland in Baltimore, Maryland, and thereafter embarked on a near 50-year career in OB/GYN. In 1976, my wife and I settled in Montgomery, Alabama, the capital city of her home state, where I became the first black board-certified OB/GYN. In addition to providing the highest quality of OB/GYN services to patients in the states of Alabama, Mississippi, and Georgia over the course of my career, I established a proctorship program with Meharry and trained OB/GYN residents as an adjunct professor for a decade. In 1983, I was inducted as a Fellow in the American College of Obstetrics and Gynecology and continued my path forward as a black physician breaking barriers in post-Civil Rights Montgomery. My efforts to advance healthcare for women of color – and for all women – continues to this day. A retrospective review of my career in medicine has revealed what Jeff has meant to me in one word: OPPORTUNITY.

The opportunity to do the following, among other things:

1. To become a medical doctor – educated in a world class institution during a period of civil rights upheaval in the United States in the late 1960s
2. To have my young family join me in a safe and welcoming environment in Philadelphia
3. To gain a solid foundation of medical knowledge that served me well during residency and my decades-long career
4. To provide a comfortable lifelong existence for my immediate and extended family
5. To educate my three daughters – two of whom are also alumni of Jefferson and one who pursued a career in law and is currently a district judge
6. To travel the United States and the world for continuing medical education and leisure

In sum, a chance meeting with the future Dr. Richard Bonanno changed the trajectory of my life by introducing me to a medical school of which I had no prior knowledge and whose 50-Year Society I am honored and humbled to join at this time.

Kathleen McNicholas, MD

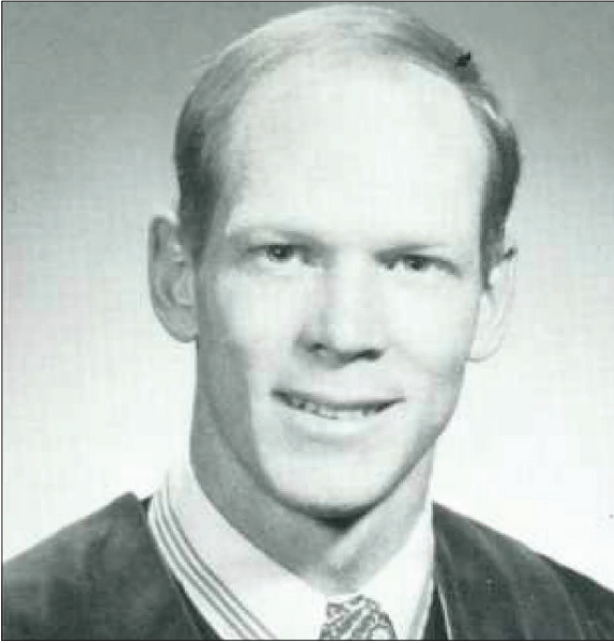


My Jefferson story began in 1942 when my father Edward Martin McNicholas graduated from Jefferson. His love for Jeff was infectious. College allowed me to associate with Jefferson. My Honors thesis work was done at Stein Research where I worked with Drs Wallace, Driscoll, Brent and Aponte. I even gave tours of the new Commons building before its completion. In 1969 I moved into Orlowitz 1413 and was finally a Jefferson medical student. On June 8, 1973 my friends and I walked up Walnut st to the Academy of Music. Someone said “we just spent the best years of our lives”. We had spent them with amazing and wonderful individuals and shared an incredible journey. The traditions continued and our futures were ahead. I am grateful to all of my classmates and will mention a few. Mike Greenhawt and Mark Pascal were early friends and had old exams. Mike Meyers was my amazing lab partner (thanks Mike) and was going to be a surgeon. I was delighted as I was going into Radiation oncology. Mike, no one else called me “Bubbles” and I am a surgeon and you the anesthesiologist (as was my Dad). My career objectives changed drastically when Jean ie Miller’s friend George Speech told me about a surgery elective at Chestnut Hill Hospital. He assured me I could not get the elective and if I did I could not do it. I got it, did it and was hooked. Back to Jefferson where I met my lifelong mentors Templeton, Bacharach, Smullens, and Noble. I was McTempleton. When presented with the option to ride in the blue goose to Coatesville for psychiatry, Len Wisniski, Stan Sullum and I opted for Delaware and the car races began. We celebrated our final day with ice cream Sundaes and unmasked Stan’s peanut allergy. We made it to the airport for Epi and Stan commented that he was fortunate to have the fastest driver (Len) and the only student who could do a trach (me) in the car. I spent the final summer at Mayo clinic with Dwight McGoon and O. Theron Clagget who reinforced my career goals.

The final hurdle was the MATCH. Mike Greenhawt’s wife divided up the country and excluded Colorado and Florida from my options. Fortunately New York was available and encouraged by Gordon Schwartz. I met with Dr Templeton and his partners who said: “We approve of Columbia”.

Mike Strong and Tony DelRossi introduced me to Gerry Lemole and said we should practice together. Off to a fantastic program at Columbia. I was able to spend 6 months in London as PGY 3 (I had a chance encounter with Mike Schmerin who was in Jerusalem on his wedding trip and I was taking a patient home from London) and I returned to London for the incredible fellowship in congenital heart surgery. On my return Mike Strong called and invited me to visit Deborah Heart and Lung and Lung Center where Mike, Tony and I worked together under Gerry Lemole. I became the Chief of Pediatric cardiac surgery. We later left to start a program in Delaware. We were welcomed by many Jeffersonians including Ted Kestner, Art Colbourn, Skip Kuhn, and Peter Hulick and others. I was home among Jeff Alumni and had a wonderful and fulfilling practice. The best days of my life continue and I owe so much to Jefferson and especially to classmates, fellow alums, nurses and students and everyone in our profession. Life is good but Life influenced by Jefferson is great and ages well.

Stephen Muller, MD



Attempting to share personal info rather than the academic and social life at Jeff that most of you experienced. Having been out of college five years while flying in the U.S. Air Force, I moved into the Orlowitz Hall "model" 3 bedroom apartment with my wife and two boys, aged 2.5 and 0.5 years. This second floor apt. was incredible, including the \$200/mo rent!!! As I flunked (1st "F" ever) the first exam (Neuroanatomy) I quickly learned to avail myself of the next door library. In April of '71, I was pulled over by "Philadelphia's Finest" while racing my in-labor wife to the Philly Naval Hospital. One look inside and the gendarme offered to provide escort to Labor & Delivery where my third son was born. With three kids under five, we moved across the river to Collingswood, NJ., closer to two sets of grandparents! I walked to the "High Speed Line" and was in JMC within 15 min. Many of my electives were taken at Cooper Hosp., Camden. There I fell in with the MKCP cardiac surgery group who suggested that after I fulfill my Air Force

obligation I should return to join the group. So, as fate would have it, my first month of internship was chest surgery: 120 hour weeks, far, far more heart surgery complications and deaths than I had ever seen, and unacceptable patient selection. My next month was ENT: no deaths, did not fall asleep driving to work, and an intelligent and fun group to work with. By October I applied and was accepted into their 4 year residency. Few know this but during my 4th year I made NASA's initial list for the first space shuttle, mission specialists. The next correspondence was from the Air Force declaring that I was in a "critically short specialty" and my name was being removed from NASA's list. OK, so I requested my next assignment to Luke AFB, Arizona. As I was their indentured servant, the AF said it starts with "A" and ends with "A", but colder. When I signed into the base in Alaska, three military ENT's signed out, leaving me to care for all the military, active duty, dependents, retired in Alaska. I "rode the circuit" seeing patients and doing surgery in Kodiak Is. (Coast Guard), Adak Is. (Navy), Fairbanks & Anchorage (Army & Air Force). For a guy just out of residency it was a superb experience! After repaying the Air force what I owed them, I practiced in an Austin, Texas group for 18 years. The last 5 years were office practice only as a prior neck injury caused "double crush" syndrome which did not respond adequately to surgery on my right arm.

What about those three boys, you ask? Two were sponsored by the military through med school and both practice in Dallas. Matt, the oldest, is a level 1 trauma center ER doc, Mark, the Philly kid, is a fellowship-trained sports medicine orthopedist who received a Super Bowl ring from the N.Y. Giants and is now on the Cowboys sideline almost every game. Scott, my entrepreneurial middle son, is an environmental engineer and co-founder of Sage Environmental. The incredible mother of my sons is deceased secondary to dementia complications. As an aside: when finishing second year Pathology with Professor Aponte, I said "the one disease I hope I never get is amelanotic melanoma". Forty years later it happened: T3, No, Mo of right calf. Now over 8 years later, I've said a grateful goodbye to M.D. Anderson and will stay friendly with my dermatologist. Currently, Texas is home, but my wife and I spend each summer volunteering in an amazing museum in NW Wyoming.

See: www.nmmv.org. As "special assistant" to the "greeter", we welcome each and every one of you to visit this "hidden gem" in a truly beautiful part of our country.

Mark S. Pascal, MD, FASCO



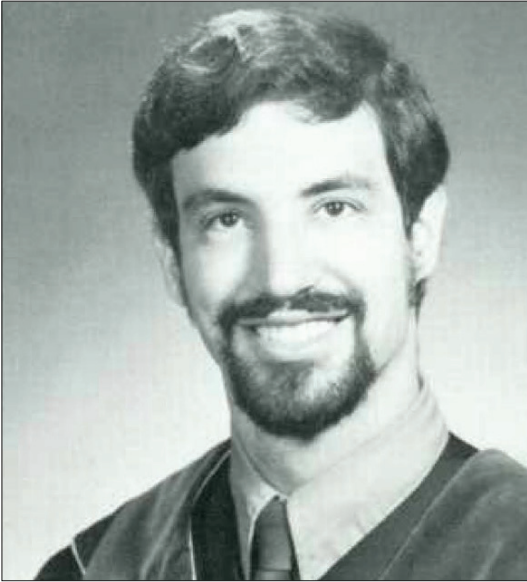
Dr. Susan Gordon taught my Introduction to Clinical Medicine class spring semester of our second year at Jeff. She left a lasting impression. She left us with 3 pearls of wisdom:

1: We were complaining about all the final exams we had to take as well as studying for Part 1 of National Boards. She politely told us to "stop complaining and remember one important thing-Every patient you see after graduation will be a FINAL EXAM!"

2: She asked what was the most difficult diagnosis in all of medicine? Normal How can you make a diagnosis of normal, unless you have excluded every possible abnormality.

3: There was no Dr Google in those days. She reminded us that you cannot make any diagnosis unless you first think of it!

David Paul, MD, PhD



Dear fellow Jefferson Medical College Class of 1973 classmates,

Wow, 50 years! We've all been witnesses to quite a transformation in medicine over the past half-century. Personally, I am grateful for the opportunity to use the amazing education I received in service to myself, my patients and their families, and to the communities in which I practiced. I hope each of you reading this had similar opportunities. I never imagined while at Jefferson that I would be doing what I am now. This entry in the alumni memory book is really the first time I've reflected on all the influences and choices I've made that resulted in my current situation. Sometimes it takes reflection and perspective to see how the "dots connect" to form a more coherent picture.

As one of our class yearbook photographers, I remember wandering around the hospital with a 35mm Nikon camera with ASA 400 (high speed) black and white film, which I developed myself in order to submit the negatives to the yearbook. As I looked back at those photos, they certainly brought forward lots of memories.

Currently, I'm the CEO (pro bono) and co-founder with my wife Bonnie Paul, PhD, of the Freedom to Choose Project, a 501 C-3 non-profit that since March 2004 has been conducting educational rehabilitative workshops and classes in California state prisons. If you want more information, I invite you to look at our website – www.freedomtochooseproject.org and if you're interested, you could volunteer – even remotely! Bonnie and I authored award-winning educational programs that were recognized by the Department of Corrections and Rehabilitation as both innovative and highly effective. Our programs are in 36 of the 39 state prisons in California. While I am still licensed as a

physician, I'm working as a professional psychologist and educator. Part of that includes serving as an Executive Coach specializing in helping doctors, nurses, and first responders heal from burnout. I'm also adjunct faculty in the graduate college of Mind-Body Medicine at Saybrook University in California.

My second career started after I was hit head on by a careless driver on my way to work in our clinic at the base of the mountain in Beaver Creek, Colorado. Injuries as a result of that ended my career as an emergency and sports medicine physician. In the course of recovery from those injuries, I earned a MA and a PhD in psychology. I have to say that as much as I enjoyed practicing emergency and sports medicine, especially in Vail, Colorado, my current career is much more satisfying both personally and professionally. Here is a (very) partial listing of what I did prior to my current career:

Medical director of a level 2 trauma center. Started and trained the first 75 paramedics in the region and was the project medical director for 7 counties in Illinois. Served as president of the Illinois Chapter of ACEP, national faculty for the AHA in ACLS, trained family practice residents in EM when I was a clinical professor at the SIU School of Medicine, active in my community as president of the Summit and Vail County Medical Association, and was the first medical director of Vail Valley Medical Center (now Vail Health). As much as I would enjoy seeing many of you again, I will not be attending the reunion in person. While I expect many of you have retired, I'm very much enjoying my current work while residing in Santa Barbara, California with Bonnie and our two dogs.

PS: my email address is david@innerleveragepoint.com

Lynne Porter, MD



One afternoon more than fifty years ago, I was on Walnut Street near Scott library. I saw an unassuming, dark haired man carrying a cooler waiting to cross the street. Because of the cooler, I assumed that he was a worker going to lunch. For some reason, he seemed different though. I would soon learn why and why that was not lunch in the cooler.

Several days later, I was sitting in Solis-Cohen waiting for our first Pathology class to begin. Dressed in a very sharp suit, the “worker” I had seen on the street walked out. Behind him came a lengthy line of women with pushing metal carts piled high with feet of handouts. These piles were my first clue that this was going to be quite a class. My second clue was that the “worker” was the revered Gonzalo E. Aponte, M.D., Chair of Pathology. Little did I know the effect he and his class would have on me and many others sitting there that day. He outlined the work required for the class-lecture notes and the infamous path pictures. They changed frequently and consisted of hundreds of photographs with information that we had to know.

I was flabbergasted by the amount of work.

The lecture started and I was engrossed, and it was fun. I even liked his accent! An extraordinary and charming man who was beyond smart. He was encyclopedic in pathology, clearly loved his work and

loved teaching us. I grew to really admire and respect him even while I cursed him out about all those path pictures. I had joined the entourage of those who thought he was fabulous. His class was one of the most interesting and challenging that I had at Jeff or anywhere else. During our years there, no other professor compared to him. They simply could not.

Fast track to senior year. We had to decide who we wanted to administer the Hippocratic Oath to us. There was no discussion. It was the Gonz. We were delighted when he accepted our invitation

During the oath, I was focused. Because he gave it, it made it more meaningful and emotional.

And obviously, I never forgot it.

Years later when I was an attending, one of my residents who trained in Philie told me a story. At just age 50, the Gonz had been brought into a non-Jeff hospital ER in cardiac arrest. They knew who he was; everyone in Philie medicine knew who he was. In spite of moving heaven and earth to get him back, they could not. I cannot imagine being in that room knowing it was over.

Over the years, I have thought about this story more than once. It may seem peculiar, but I felt that if he could not go out in his sleep, there was something appropriate about him going out with colleagues moving heaven and earth to save him with the same passion and commitment he had always shown in his life and work. The Gonz had more than earned that effort.

Leslie S. Robinson, MD



I was very privileged to go to Jefferson and remember all four years as full of unforgettable experiences. Our teachers and classmates were truly wonderful as were the patients we saw and the things we learned in those four years. One of the

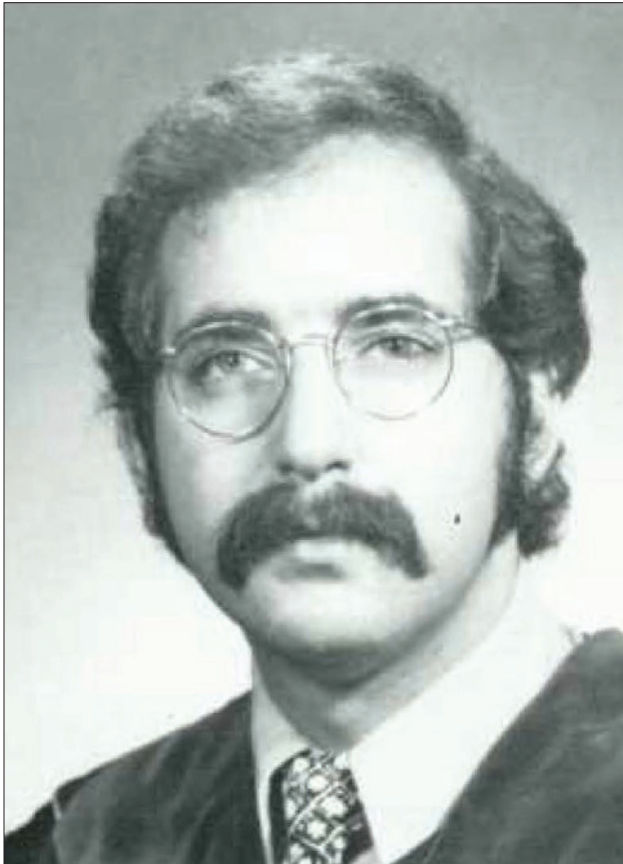
best for me personally was in second semester second year. We had a week of lectures and demonstrations about lung disease and smoking. An occupational medicine physician came into the lecture hall one afternoon toward the end of the week and during the course of his lecture asked the class, all one hundred and sixty plus of us who were in attendance that day, "Who in this class smokes? Raise your hand." Of course, in those days, smoking was everywhere, in the hospital corridors, in the home, in cars, and even in the lecture hall where we had been sitting for almost two years. Doctors and nurses smoked in public, in corridors and patient rooms. There were no restrictions on smoking as there are today. So, the smokers among us, including me, who had started smoking in college in sophomore year and was a pack-a-day smoker, raised our hands. At that point, the rest of the class HISSED! They had been exposed to our second-hand smoke for all those hours. I felt like the lowest of the low, a drunk who had just woken up in the gutter covered with vomit. I resolved to quit smoking then and there. I didn't throw away my pack, but smoked up my last cigarettes over the next four days. Quitting was the most difficult thing I have done in my life. I never wanted to have to repeat it. It has been fifty three years since then and I am very grateful to my classmates for their reaction. I went on to internal medicine residency at Medical College of Virginia. I would rank third year of med school, intern year and the early years with our three children as the best years of my life because of the steep learning curve. I had married Bruce Jarrell, our classmate, in our junior year at Jeff. We moved to Richmond, Virginia, and I started practice with two family physicians while Bruce finished his surgery residency and transplant fellowship. None of the internists I interviewed with wanted a female partner at that time. I learned some peds medicine and a lot of gyn which I had not been exposed to in my residency training from

them and my other family med experiences.

I attended at two community hospitals and two nursing homes. We had our first son at one of my hospitals there complicated by preclampsia, my first C-section, and a return to work in three weeks, no maternity leave, just sick leave and vacation for that year. We moved for a short time to Dover, Delaware, where my brother-in-law was in practice and sent me many of his patients who needed earlier appointments. I covered inpatient admissions from the ER for several family physicians who did only office practice and was very busy. Bruce was not happy in general surgery with his training, so with another son born there, we moved to Philadelphia, where he joined the general surgery faculty at Jefferson and revived the kidney transplant program there and started the liver transplant program. I had a practice at Chestnut Hill Hospital and had three nursing homes to visit as well as house calls there. Our third child, a daughter, was born at Jefferson during our eleven years in Philadelphia, the last two when I was back at Jefferson in General Internal Medicine. Bruce got a job at the University of Arizona as chairman of Surgery and I began working at the Student Health Center, which was great for the children's schedules and mine. When he was appointed chairman of Surgery at the University of Maryland, Baltimore, we moved back east and I began working at Family Medicine with Student Health for UMB, but, of course, saw many internal medicine patients, and ran their house call program and the UMB Introduction to Clinical Medicine class for the first and second year students for a few years. Eventually I transferred to Internal Medicine for my final practice years. Our three children are close, one, our nurse going back for her DNP living with us and with our grandson, one an interventional radiologist three doors away with our four grand-daughters, and one son, our oldest, in Alexandria, VA, at the US patent office with his lawyer wife and our second grandson. I returned to rowing on our local river, the Magothy, which I had begun at age forty on the Schuylkill in Philadelphia, at the Philadelphia Girls Rowing

Club, and have continued my musical instrument life with piano, acoustic guitar, harp, flute, electric bass guitar and hammered dulcimer, playing guitars in my local church choir. On retirement from UMB nine years ago I was able to babysit my grands for years until they were finally in full-time school, now being from seventh to first grade. I now need another job in the winter and spring besides being primary babysitter and cheerleader at sports events with the grands.

Edward A. Solow, MD



50 years, oh boy! It feels like the neuroanatomy study sessions in the 2nd floor library study room happened yesterday, or maybe last week. I can still smell the toasted corn muffin I had with my coffee every morning in the cafeteria, as well as the cadaver we dissected. I wasn't particularly active in campus life, so it shouldn't be surprising that one of my fondest memories happened in London (England, not Kentucky). Joan and I were on vacation for 2 weeks and we ran into Anton and Barb Kempes while walking on the street. We palled around for the rest of our stay and generally had a fine time.

I stayed at Jeff for most of my house staff training: internship, Internal Medicine Residency, and the first year of my Cardiology Fellowship. I was the president of the House Staff Association and successfully negotiated the first real House Staff contract. Unfortunately, this made me persona-non-grata in the Cardiology division since they were then forced to pay Internal Medicine Fellows on the same scale as other house staff instead of less than an Intern. We moved down the I-95 corridor to Washington and I finished my training at George Washington University Hospital.

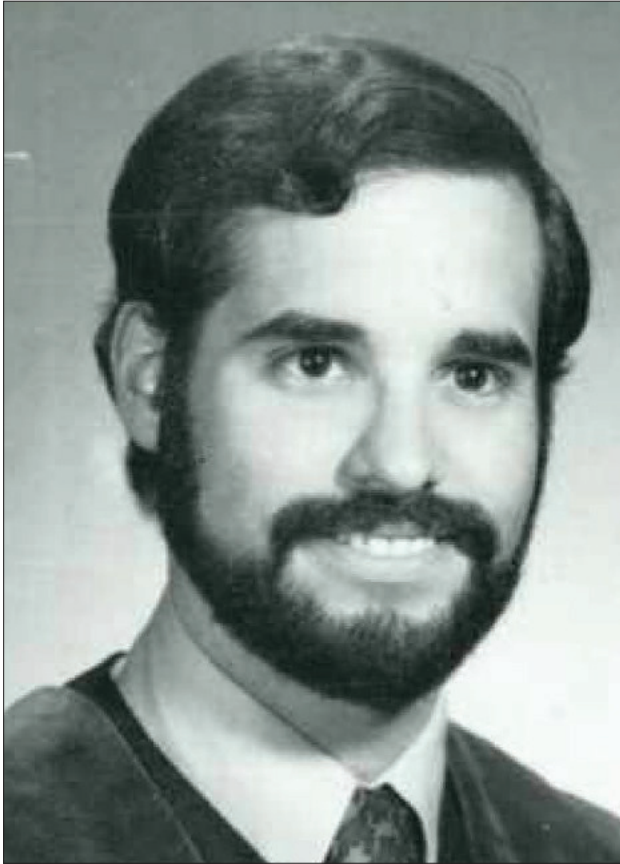
I practiced clinical (non-invasive) cardiology for about 30 years in the Philadelphia area retiring from clinical practice in 2007 and then worked with a consulting firm dealing with Medicare and insurance compliance matters for hospitals, hospital systems, and large group practices for seven years. I retired for the second time in late 2015 and have been thoroughly enjoying it ever since.



After our sojourn in DC Joan and I moved to South Jersey for my initial practice and even though I moved to a North East Philly practice after 9 years we stayed in Moorestown where we raised our two wonderful children. Joan passed away in 1998, the kids left for collage, and I moved back to Philly where I met my beautiful wife Névine. Since we married we've lived on the Main Line, in Paris (France, not Texas, for a short time), and in Cambridge (UK, not MA), We still have a small condo in the Philly area, but after the 2016 election we moved to her home town of Montréal. Yes, I'm one of the few people who said "I'm moving to Canada" after 2016 and actually did. I now spend time with my favorite hobbies, cooking and photography. And, of course, spoiling our three grandkids.

I won't be coming "down south" for the reunion, but want to wish everyone health, happiness, and contentment.

Alan Stern, MD



So many memories, so much fun, and so many friends.

The thing I now appreciate about Jeff that I did not back then, is the seasoned logistical system that existed to educate over 200 Docs a year. I always think back to the 4 trimester Pathology course, by Dr Aponte, as THE course that prepared us for a lifetime of learning medicine. Tests were always inclusive to the first week of the class, and could include lectures, or handouts, or lab specimens and photos. It taught pathology, physiology, and clinical diagnosis, and was the cornerstone of our education.

And then the fun. The Gym, Doc Watsons, the fraternity parties, and the City of Philadelphia itself with the Italian market, and South Street.

The school and the city made it easy to forge friendships and support, that we all needed to help us get through. It was a great four years.

After an internship at Mercy Hospital in Pittsburgh with 5 fellow classmates, I did an Ophthalmology residency at Jeff, followed by a fellowship year, and have practiced in Central Connecticut, with one practice ever since. I just celebrated my 50th wedding anniversary with my beloved Cyndi, and am enjoying my two children and five grandkids. It will be great to see fellow classmates at the 50th reunion.

Frank Taylor, MD



My best academic memory from medical school, amid a long record of mediocrity and worse, occurred on the last day of classes prior to Christmas break in our sophomore year. We had just completed several months of Pathology and had embarked on a several-month stretch of Microbiology and Pharmacology. As December classes started, it seems that the Schadler/Mandel Microbiology junta had determined that the Holiday Spirit needed some mitigating and that they could accomplish this by scheduling an exam on the morning of Friday, December 18, 1970.

However, despite the imposed souring of the seasonal uplift, and despite the expected pall of fear and uncertainty that generally accompanied me on exam days, I faced the exam with an unusual mood of nonchalance . . . because I knew that the next day, Saturday, December 19, 1970 - no matter how I did on that test - I got to marry Joyce Massey. After the test was over, I remember feeling pretty good about how I might have done. Turns out I aced it - a statistical outlier if there ever was one. And after 53 years with Joyce, I'm feeling pretty good about the marriage., too.

