

alumnimemories



ROBERT E. DONAHUE, V'81 ALTHOUGH MANY MEMORIES as a veterinary student have now fallen to the wayside, a few moments do remain rather vivid. I started veterinary school in 1977 wanting to be an orthopaedic surgeon. My inspiration was **Dr. Chuck Newton** and **Dr. David Nunamaker**. They both took me under their wings.

I was responsible as a work-study student for printing their course notes with **Ashra Markowitz** and spent many a memorable afternoon with her at the mimeograph machine. I cannot thank them enough for all that they did for me in my formative years.

As a freshman, it was **Dr. Leon Weiss** and **Dr. Lillian Maggio** (later Price) who enthralled me with their lectures on hematopoiesis. I was infected by their enthusiasm, and they were the ones who got me started. It was then **Dr. Robert Brodey**, **Dr. Anne Jeglum** and **Dr. Karen Young** who finished me off.

Over my years as a student, my roomies—**Gary** and **Corrine Quinn** and **John Gliatto**—brought joy into my life. I have lost touch, but they know that they will forever have a place in my heart. Of course, I will never forget the lack of sleep I experienced at the Red Fox Inn by having Ted and Ron as neighbors. I believe we were also the last class to use the Red Fox Inn. Although somewhat blurred, I will also never forget our after-hours exploration of the bar in Society Hill and **Bob Wagner** following me with clam shells. Thankfully no pictures exist of any of these adventures.

I now direct a program at the National Heart, Lung, and Blood Institute evaluating gene transfer and stem cell transplantation in non-human primates after attending the Harvard School of Public Health and working at the Dana Farber Cancer Institute and the Genetics Institute. I am certain I wouldn't be where I am today if it weren't for these individuals.

EMILY GRAVES, V'99 I AM SURE MANY of the funny or nostalgic stories shared by fellow alumni are about odd or challenging animal interactions. Yes, I had my share, but one of the most memorable experiences from my four years at Penn Vet was all about my human colleagues.

My memorable story comes from my first student job. I had the privilege of working with **Dr. Mark Haskins**, who always insisted that he be called Mark, not Dr. Haskins. I had a work-study job during the academic year and also stayed on during the summer. During this summer work, all the student employees obviously spent a good amount of time together. I nonchalantly mentioned to a few colleagues that I had decided to finally get a tattoo on my ankle. I had mulled this over for years and thought it was time.

Well, near the end of the summer, Mark treated all of us in the labs to a great dinner to say "thank you." We had a large group and enjoyed some great food. At the end of the meal, Mark made an announcement—to me. After hearing of my desire to be tattooed and my struggle to save the money to do so, he and my co-workers had collected money and were ready to accompany me to the South Street tattoo parlor that I had selected.

The artist I had chosen was not working that night, but within 48 hours, I had my tattoo thanks to the support of my friends that summer. Thanks to Mark and my co-workers in the summer of 1997! This story still puts a smile on my face today.



ED MALLINSON, V'56 AN EXCITING LIFELONG career in avian medicine began during my senior year, when faculty inspiration and encouragement—and student generosity—led to weeks of hands-on poultry diagnostic work in Vineland, N.J. Without the fascinating microbiology and pathology presentations by **Dr. Evan Stubbs**, the advice Penn Vet faculty to seek the broadest practice exposure possible, and the willingness of fellow students to "opt out" and trade trips to various area practices (I hadn't been slated for any trip to Vineland), I would have missed a great opportunity.

There in Vineland, under the watchful eye of **Dr. Otto Schwabe** and a fortunate visit from **Dr. Fred Beaudette**, one of the pioneers in avian medicine, I found my calling. It gratefully continues long into retirement.

LEA MCGOVERN, V'55 PICTURE THIS: A naive city girl, fresh from academies and an all-girl college, meeting for the first time with **Dr. Bill Boucher**, and the mysteries (for me) of large-animal medicine! Trying to teach me how to hit the jugular vein on a cow, he said, "Throw it like a baseball," then frustratingly added, "But you're a girl, and don't know how to throw a baseball." It was hard for both of us—him trying to communicate with me, and me trying to learn from him.

My inner self said, "I'm going to show this guy," and vowed to ace his course. After the first test the blue book was returned, with a large, hand-written note from Dr. Boucher simply saying: "Bury the shovel" and an A. I learned more from him than he ever knew.





ROBERT L. LEIGHTON, V'41 THE INSTRUCTION IN Small Animal Surgery was in a primordial state. Many students were aware of this. They had either worked for some of the advanced veterinary practices or their fathers were veterinarians and they had been helping for half their lifetimes. I had been the surgical technician for the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital during the summers for two years. During this time, I had been given the task of spaying six cats or four dogs from 8:00 a.m. to 12 noon, five days a week. This freed up the veterinary staff there for the more difficult surgeries.

I got permission from the dean to use the space under the semicircular lecture room at the back of the building. The left-hand side was a concrete empty space. On a weekend we painted the walls gray. The paint came from a leftover supply for motors on boats. A table, light, instrument stand and refurbished sink were prepared. The suitable dogs were obtained from the local

SPCA. I brought drapes, towels, caps, masks, gowns, gloves, syringes, suture material, needles, pentobarbital sodium and instruments from Angell. We did have some hair clippers. I proceeded to demonstrate the spay. A very fine veterinarian from Silver Spring, Md., had lectured to us on the aseptic method of surgery. No demonstration had ever been performed before then. I believe about half the class was instructed in the spring of 1941. The supplier of the dog got to be an assistant.

I have often wondered if the little room is still painted gray. Little did I know at the time that I would end up teaching surgery as a full professor.

SALLY MYTON, V'69 I HAD WANTED to be a veterinarian since childhood. Graduation Day 1969 was a dream come true. I had to work hard for that degree. Freshman year I failed chemistry and had to take a re-exam. A lot of students had failed, so I was not alone. Back in the sixties, female vet students were a definite minority. When we broke up into groups for senior year we were told "each group has to take a woman. If there is anyone who has not found a group, they will be assigned one." I was not really close to any of my classmates. I figured I would be the one assigned. What a good feeling it was when I was asked to join a group.

Junior year, I failed another course. Failing students were notified over the loudspeaker to go to a phone. Everybody knew what it meant when you were paged. I was told I had failed Medicine but was granted a re-exam. I walked back to my group. I wondered if they even cared that I might flunk out. Maybe they would be glad not to have a girl in their group after all. I was wrong. I could tell they all felt bad for me. One student lent me his notes. Several students took my Emergency duty so I could study. They knew I might not be there to pay them back, but they did it anyhow. I took the test. Once more, I got paged to the phone. I had passed! The group broke out in big smiles when I told them. I felt accepted. Thank you, guys.



MARC ROSENBERG, V'71 AS A FOURTH-YEAR student, I spent my scheduled rotations at New Bolton Center. There was no going to class and then returning home; there you worked, ate and slept with one another, day in and day out. I had a close group of classmates with whom I spent my off-hours talking about veterinary classes, and how we longed to get back to Philadelphia and our own beds and days that did not begin at 5:00 a.m.

As the guys were standing around the barn at the end of the day, **Dean Bob Marshak** pulled up in his beige golf cart and asked who among us would like to help draw blood from his leukemia herd. I volunteered—after all, this was the dean and a world-renowned researcher of leukemia in cattle. I could see the brownie points accumulating. I, Marc Rosenberg, would have a leg up on the rest of my veterinary buddies.

I returned to the group the next day and told them how Dean Marshak and I were now very close. He thought I did a great job and, in fact, "Bob" and I might just get together socially. Imagine that: Marc Rosenberg, friend of Bob Marshak! As I'm telling the story, the dean comes riding by in his electric golf cart. I step away from my fellow classmates to give my new friend a greeting as he passes. He catches my eye, waves and says, "Hi, MELVIN, how are you doing?" and keeps going. I turned around to the group and was greeted by cheers of "Hi, Melvin!" and never was allowed to forget my new title for the duration of my stay at New Bolton Center.

If you would like to share your memories and photos of your student years at Penn Vet, please e-mail them to Coreen Haggerty, haggertc@vet.upenn.edu. We will add your memories to our 125th Anniversary and Alumni sections of our Web site.