

LETTERS



Waxing Nostalgic

After high school, I attended the University of Nebraska, majoring in chemical engineering, and went on to Ohio State (yes) where my major was pre-med. Then I attended Michigan's Medical School from 1945-49. So I *do* have other allegiances, but none as strong and enduring as Michigan.

It seems Michigan has been with me for eons and the associations have been strong and

sometimes unlikely. During World War II, most professions had members in the military. In the early 1940s, I found myself stationed in an Army Hospital on the outskirts of Chicago, named Vaughan General Hospital. It wasn't until the beginning of my second year in medical school that I realized that name came from a former dean of the school, Victor Vaughan. While studying medicine in Ann Arbor, I belonged to the Victor Vaughan Medical Historical Society. In 1950, like others in various professions now in the Army Medical Corps, I was stationed in the Tokyo General Dispensary. It was there that I was reminded that the dean of the U-M Medical School, Dr. Albert Furstenberg, had been sent to evaluate and share his input on medical facilities in Tokyo. As chief of the outpatient facility in Tokyo, I was aware of Dr. Furstenberg's input when I learned the pharmacy there dispensed a certain ear drop, one of Dr. Furstenberg's concoctions known as BBA (bichloride of mercuryboric acid and alcohol). I prescribed it while in Tokyo, but have never found it anywhere else.

I also kept in close touch with anatomy professor Russell T. Woodburne. In gross anatomy lab our first year, we named our cadaver "Ernie" so that we could say we were working in Dead Earnest, which amused Dr. Woodburne. He needed work done around his home, so I spent most weekends mowing his backyard lawn and

doing chores around his place, earning enough money to buy corsages for dances.

At one point in 1950 during the Korean War, I found myself pinned down with another soldier by enemy fire. Unable to expose our position or begin retaliatory action, we found ourselves asking "Where are you from? What did you do there?" He too, it turns out, was a Wolverine. Can you imagine? Old Home Week on a battlefield!

My best to all at Michigan. Please keep up the good work. When I'm on campus and things look unfamiliar to me, I remember that in my days there was nothing but woods and later a VA hospital north of the Huron River. And oh, yes, Pretzel Bell was up and running — I mean frothing — then.

If there's any lesson to be learned from this recitation, it must be: Never encourage a proud alum to wax nostalgic!

*H.J. Galloway (M.D. 1949)
Silver Spring, Maryland*

Editor's Note: To the contrary: we love when our alumni reminisce and never tire of hearing stories such as Dr. Galloway has shared.

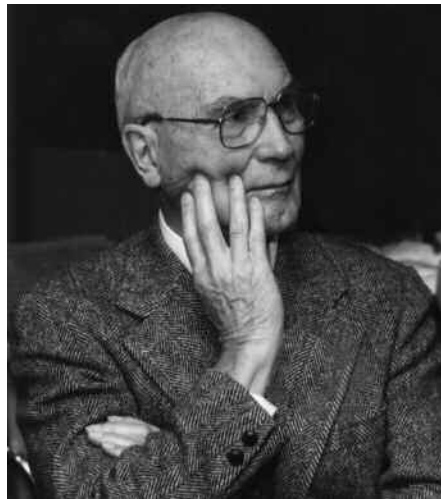
An Enjoyable Read

Your recent "Moments" piece about Shelley Batts (summer 2007) was a joy to read — great selection, focused and succinct. Whitley Hill has a gift for converting the interview into an enjoyable read.

*Steven Newman (M.D. 1970)
Bloomfield Hills, Michigan*



Victor Vaughan, dean of the Medical School from 1891 to 1921.



Anatomy professor Russell T. Woodburne