

## Dr Peter Jaron 1916–2008

Peter Jaron's life was directed toward medicine at an early age when his father tragically died on the operating table during a routine gall bladder operation at the Mayo Clinic. Upon graduation with his medical degree from the University of Manitoba, Dr Jaron chose to do a surgical residency at the Colonel Belcher Hospital in Calgary. After a few months he received a letter from the Department of Defence peremptorily ordering him to report for military service. He was appointed to the rank of lieutenant in the Army Medical Corps.

In 1941 he boarded the *Queen Mary* and with 5000 other troops sailed across a stormy Atlantic to England. On arrival he was posted to a military hospital and was attached to a surgical service. Over the next 5 years he attended thousands of injured and wounded, with every imaginable sort of clinical problem.

Early in 1946 Dr Jaron arrived back in Canada with the rank of major. He practised in Cranbrook, Stewart, the Yukon Territory, and Powell River, where he met his future wife, Shirley, a nurse. They lived in Britannia Beach for a year and then, in 1955, moved to Prince George. It was here that Peter established his medical practice and Shirley and Peter were to raise their family and spend the rest of their lives.

He was an old-fashioned doctor; he accepted responsibility for his patients' health 24 hours a day, 365 days a year. A telephone was by his bed and if it rang at 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning for an emergency, it was answered by Dr Jaron, and his soft, calm manner eased the panic in the most frenetic household.

In 1962 I arrived in Prince George, gradually learning the finer points of surgery from Peter that I'd never heard of in 5 years of postgraduate specialty study.

In hospital he held various appointments. I remember him as the finest chief of medical staff I had ever known. Managing various doctors all importuning for their patients is akin to herding cats; his patience and diplomacy resulted in a time of relative calmness in medical affairs.

Time took its toll, health problems restricted his practice, heart problems cost him his cigars, infirmities of age cost him his driver's licence. His singing stopped when Shirley passed away, and his time was spent over his beloved books and world events from television and newspaper.

Dr Jaron's death was not unexpected by him nor was it unwelcome, but like St. Paul he fought the good fight, finished the course, and more; he maintained the highest standards in his profession for 50 years.

A physician may attain competency on the basis of technical proficiency but does not attain greatness without having a love for others. Behind Dr Jaron's reserved manner was a depth of feeling toward others, and particularly for his wife, Shirley, and his children, Greg and Kirsten. Peter goes in peace, with the love of family and friends, the respect of colleagues, and the honor bestowed by a profession that has demanded so much over a lifetime of service.

—Eldon Lee, MD  
Prince George

## Dr Jone Chang 1925–2007

Jone Chang died in Vancouver following a brief struggle with stomach cancer in August 2007. He is survived by his wife of 54 years, June, and their five children; Ross, Heather, Bruce, Rosemary, and Andrea; and 11 grandchildren.

Born and raised in Vancouver, Jone attended medical school in Toronto and graduated from there in 1949. He

returned to the West Coast and completed his rotating internship at Vancouver General Hospital. He then entered the anesthesia training program at UBC and successfully completed his training. He became the first Chinese-Canadian to obtain his FRCP in Canada. He was also the first Chinese-Canadian member of the Vancouver General Hospital consultant staff. This level of achievement was recognized by the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons of Canada when he served as an examiner in anesthesia.

He had met June in Toronto and they established their life and family together in Vancouver. He quickly demonstrated exemplary problem-solving and clinical skills, and he became known and respected for his clinical acumen and his ability to manage challenging patients, e.g., the difficult airway, myasthenia gravis, kidney transplants. His knowledge and familiarity with human anatomy helped him teach and improve the use of regional anesthetic techniques as well as provide, in the latter part of his career, superb direction of the Vancouver General Hospital Pain Clinic. He continued with this work until his retirement in 1991.

He was a clinical associate professor at UBC and an outstanding teacher at the bedside. He was devoted to his wife and family and was famous within the family for his culinary skills, able to cook a 12-course meal at any time, and his ability to fix anything in their home. He was always active, gardening, playing tennis, or working on projects with his children. He may be gone but he is not forgotten, for he gave so much to all of us.

A Dr Jone Chang memorial scholarship has been established through the University of British Columbia.

—Kenneth Turnbull, MD  
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