In Memoriam:
Seymour Wallace, M.D.
1929–2010

By Stephen Jackson, M.D., Editor

Seymour Wallace, M.D., Past President of the CSA (1974–75), passed away on August 25, 2010. An exemplary CSA president, Dr. Wallace was an inspirational and determined leader who was instrumental in the victorious battle staged by organized medicine in securing passage of the landmark 1975 MICRA legislation that stands, even today, as the gold standard of tort reform.

Born on June 4, 1929, in New York City, Dr. Wallace attended high school in England. Prior to attending college, he served as a navigation officer for the United States Merchant Marine. He received his pre-medical education at Columbia University and his medical degree from Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons Medical School in 1959. He followed his rotating internship at Brooklyn Methodist Hospital with residency training in anesthesiology at Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center from 1960 to 1962. Dr. Wallace joined the faculty in the Anesthesia Department at Stanford before entering the private practice of anesthesiology at El Camino Hospital in Mountain View, Calif. He served two terms as president of the prestigious Northern California Anesthesia Society, and he was a CSA delegate to the ASA House of Delegates.

Dr. Wallace lived in Los Altos, Calif., with his wife, Flora, to whom he was married for over 59 years. Seymour was an avid sailor, stunt kite-flier and horticulturist; electronics and photography were among his other hobbies. A well-known supporter of the arts, Dr. Wallace was a voracious reader, animal lover and advocate, and always acknowledged for his keen sense of humor.
In Memoriam: Wallace (cont’d)

In his memory, his beloved daughter, Linda, offered the following poem by Alfred Lord Tennyson:

CROSSING THE BAR
Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.
Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;
For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.