H U R R Y D O C T O R! I T ' S A N E M E R G E N C Y !

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PREVIEW.

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Mankind may well marvel at the tremendous advances which have taken place in our living standards during the past hundred years, due to new discoveries in chemistry, in mechanics, in fact in most every line of human endeavor. This is particularly true in the countries of North and South America where possibly these changes have been even greater than has been the case in those parts of the world the history of which is known back through many centuries.

In the western hemisphere where new countries have originated and great tracts of virgin land have been and are being settled, life has rapidly advanced from the more primitive types of living to our present so-called modern civilization.

As this advance has taken place and as the population has increased in the Americas, some of the occupations of only a few decades ago have been replaced by other ways of living, or have been almost entirely changed as a result of newer and more scientific knowledge. The memory of many of these past occupations which have undergone this great change, is now mellowed so that the hard work which formerly was a necessary part of them is largely forgotten or frequently replaced by a tradition of romamce.

Such is the case with the old prospector who, with his gold pan and pick and lazy burrow, roamed here and there in search of treasure; with the cowboy whose life was fast and hard and was not softened by the presence of a guitar around the evening camp fire as is so often shown in our picture shows and by television.

The family doctor who had no hospital in which to work, no specialists with whom to consult, no X-Ray nor electro-cardiographic

apparatus to assist in diagnosis and no "wonder drugs" to help him, often found life very grim and always very hard. How he accomplished as much as he did, seems almost incredible to our later, more scientific, more thoroughly equipped specialists.

In the following pages the writer tells how, after the completion of his medical education at the State University of Iowa and an interneship at the same place, he went directly to Oregon in the year 1909. There he settled where there were no hospital facilities, no specialists to be called when needed and usually no other doctors within reach. Automobiles were practically unknown and the few roads that existed were so primitive that much of the year it was impossible to use a horse and buggy and most of the traveling was on horseback. The experiences related are all true excepting that, for obvious reasons, the names of individuals frequently are changed.

The narrative relates many unusual happenings and outlines treatment given under the most primitive conditions. It carries on through the years until the writer is located where he has the advantages of paved highways, thorough equipment, modern hospitals and the help of specialists in almost every line within easy reach. This transition from the primitive to the modern is productive of tremendous changes which are reflected in the history of the writer's activity through the years of his practice.

So many of the experiences related have been emergencies in which a doctor was urgently needed, that the name

HURRY DOCTOR! IT'S AN EMERGENCY!

has been given to this narrative.

The writer desires to express his sincere gratitude to his wife who, a registered nurse, made possible his success in many of his experiences and who has stood shoulder to shoulder with him through

DIAPERS AND GROWING PAINS.

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The slender, eight year old boy stood rigid, on the floor of the huge reservoir and glared defiantly at the crowd which had gathered along the rim. Yet the defiance was mingled with terror, as he unconsciously dug the floor with his bare toes. As the breeze played with his tangled hair, he thought;

"Why did I pay any attention to that awful kid when he dared me to roll the rock into their new reservoir? Why did I do it? How can I ever get out of here? If I can't get out, I will drown!"

While the rock was still rolling down the slanting wall of the reservoir, the plotter disappeared into the crowd and ~~left~~ the culprit alone.

Once more the little fellow made a wild dash up the steep wall, but couldn't go far before he would fall back to the bottom. Each time he made an effort to scale the wall, a roar of laughter came from many of the spectators, who had seen the boy roll the stone into their new reservoir which was to be dedicated to-day. Its successful completion, high on one of the Mississippi River bluffs, was a matter of justifiable pride to the citizens of the little Missouri city, Louisiana.

The Mayor was among those who had witnessed the act and almost before the stone ~~had~~ reached the floor of the reservoir, he shouted;

"Boy, go down and bring that stone out!"

Bystanders quickly seized the little fellow and forced him over the edge.

The crowd watched as the lad vainly tried again and again to throw the stone out, but it was so large and heavy and he was so small, that it would go not more than half the distance, then would roll back.

The spectators seemed to think that the Mayor ~~did~~ right when he cried;

"Turn the water on immediately and fill the reservoir!"

Scare the little vandal thoroughly! It will be a good lesson!

As soon as the child heard these orders, he ceased trying to throw the stone out, but immediately and repeatedly attempted to run to the top of the wall. With every failure he became more and more terrified. He could almost feel the cold water as it would rise to his ankles, then knees, hips, shoulders, and at last would cover him completely! His heart was beating tumultously and his breath came in gasps!

At last, desperate and exhausted, he ceased his efforts to escape and began to cry pitiously. But his voice was nearly drownd by the noise of the crowd.

Suddenly a well dressed young man ran down the sloping wall, quickly threw the stone out, then grasped the child's arm and ran furiously up the side wall, to the top. There he deposited the boy on safe ground, then immediately disappeared into the crowd.

The child took one quick look around, and as soon as he realized that he was free, he ran as fast as his little legs could carry him, away from the cursed place. He had been saved! Never would he forget either the terror he had experienced, or his gratefulness to his unknown benefactor!

But one may be sure that he would never relate the experience to his parents!

Physicians and surgeons, while they devote their lives to a work that differs materially from that of any other profession, still have one thing in common with those in other occupations. While a tremendous majority of them are men of high principles, yet there is here and there one who seems to be so devoid of any moral scruples that he will do anything, honorable or dishonorable, that will bring

in the dollars, if he thinks that he can "get away with it." This has always been the case and likely will be as long as the old world holds together.

One morning in early April, of the year 1880, the Reverend John W. Knott, Presbyterian minister at the town of Anna, Illinois, was chatting with ~~an~~ acquaintance as they walked to the local post office to get the morning mail. I have been told by the Reverend Mr. Knott that their conversation, after the usual greetings, was in substance as follows;

"I understand, Reverend, that your wife is pregnant again. At least that is the rumor. How many children do you have?"

"We have four living, two girls and two boys."

"It occurred to me," the friend continued, "that four are about as many as a man with a minister's salary could bring up and give good educational advantages besides the ordinary necessities of life. If you will understand that I am really trying to help the situation, I'll give you the name of a good doctor who will take care of your wife for a small consideration, so that this pregnancy will not go any further. I feel certain that this could be done without danger to your wife's health, because I know of several women who have had it done without any bad results."

"Thanks for your ~~kindness and~~ thoughtfulness. I appreciate it greatly and am sure that you simply mean to do me a favor," the minister replied, "but such a thing would be absolutely against my religious beliefs and moral principles. I would always feel responsible for the destruction of the life of an individual without knowing whether the life that was ended would have been used for the good of humanity or otherwise if it had been permitted to continue. And even if I did have this knowledge, yet the Lord always has provided us with those things that we have needed to carry on and I believe He will always

continue to do so."

So, due to the beliefs of my parents, I entered the world as an individual, November eleventh, 1880.

While this is the story of the life of a physician and surgeon, still no biography, regardless of the occupation of the person of whom it is written, could be complete without touching somewhat on a few of the highlights of his childhood. In this way there may be gained a fuller understanding of the reasons for his course of action many times during his adult life.

My infancy was uneventful, excepting that my father remarked to me after I had grown, "You cried a good deal when a small baby because of wind on your stomach. It was natural I guess, for that is a pretty windy country."

How fortunate it is that I was not born in western Nebraska or Kansas!

I have no remembrance of having been put into a toy wagon and pulled, by my sister, past the State Hospital for the Insane at Anna, nor can I remember that as we passed by this institution, a patient sang to me through the iron grated window, "Rock-a-bye baby on the tree top," but I have been told that all this happened.

Some of our friends have congratulated Mrs. Knott and myself because we have reared reasonably normal children in spite of the fact that she, also, was reared near a hospital for the insane at Independence, Iowa!

My first remembrance is that of running away from home at Marshall, Illinois, to see Max Morton. Whether or not I got there or was punished for running away, I don't know. My parents afterward told me that I was about two and a half years old when this happened.

From Marshall, we moved to Robinson, Illinois. There two

things happened which stand out especially clear in my memory. First, I went to the home of Judge Robb and sang for him and his wife the little song which I still remember as I sang it;

"I want to be an angel and with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead, a harper in my hand,
And there before my Saviour, so glorious and so bright,
I'll sing the sweetest music, praise Him both day and night."

Mrs. Robb rewarded me with the gift of a little, long jug upon which some flowers had been painted. I was then four years of age. The jug I still have.

The other incident happened when Mother had taken Sister and myself on a trip to Marshall. We traveled on a narrow gauge railroad that then existed. As we were returning to Robinson, our coach became derailed and turned on its side. I was unhurt but badly frightened, and was yelling my loudest when a man broke the window which was above me. After he had carefully removed the glass, he pulled me out.

For years after this, when a train on which I was riding made a sharp turn on a curve, so that the car would tilt slightly, I would become tense with the expectation of another tipover.

From Robinson, we moved to Iowa where Father supplied a country church at a place called Melpine, back from the Mississippi River, between Muscatine and Davenport. At Davenport, about the year 1886, I rode on my first street car, the motor of which consisted of two fat, lazy horses.

In 1886 I started to attend school in a small country schoolhouse. At that time I was known as Charlie Knott but this was changed by a visit to my grandfather's farm at Mt. Vernon, Illinois. While there I got the notion of crying if I wanted anything and was unable to get it. So Grandfather Knott named one of his calves Charlie, and if I cried he would sing out, "Charlie Calf!" The cure was

effective but it also caused me to pay no further attention to the name Charlie, but to answer only to my first name, George, by which I have been known ever since.

It was late in 1886 when we moved to Louisiana, Missouri, where I had been so frightened after I rolled the stone into the new reservoir. Here, sister Edith and I frequently asked Mother to give us a little piece of raw beefsteak to chew while she was preparing a meal. In this way I was unfortunate enough to get a tape worm.

One afternoon a lot of boys were bragging about things they had and for a while I couldn't think of anything in my possession worth a boast, or that none of the others possessed. But suddenly it occurred to me that I did have one thing I could tell about.

"I have something that none of you have," I announced. "I have a tape worm!"

Everything was very quiet for a moment. Then one of the largest of the bunch said, "He's lying! You can't have a tape worm until you are twenty-one!"

From Louisiana, in 1888, we went to Pomeroy, Iowa. Now I had attained the age when a boy's pugilistic ambitions begin to bud and I had a little trouble with one or two youngsters. When my parents heard of it, they told me that if I got into any fights, regardless of who started them, I would get a whipping when I got home. As a result, when I got into a tight place I would think of the whipping and would run. So the boys got to taking after me just to see me run.

A short time after this, a few minutes before school was dismissed for the afternoon, two boys sent me a note which read;

"We are going to get you, after school."

When we were dismissed I got out of the building as quick as possible and ran for home as fast as I could. Both of the boys took

after me. When about a block from home, suddenly I became very angry and decided that I wouldn't run any further. I whirled around and kicked one of the boys in the abdomen. As he doubled up I started after the other, who began to run.

"Didn't you know we were just foolin'?"he yelled as he ran.

Father happened to be on the street and witnessed the whole affair. When he questioned me about what had caused the battle, I surely expected to get the promised punishment, but told him exactly what had occurred and how I was so often forced to run or fight. After Mother and he had a little conference, he took me aside and said, "George, we have been mistaken. If anyone jumps onto you, stand your ground. But if we catch you starting anything, we will still whip you when you get home."

I have often thought that my parents were very good students of child psychology. Soon I found that it was usually neither necessary to run nor to fight.

Possibly due to the tape worm, I was thin and undersized when we went to Pomeroy, and I learned to hate castor oil, cinchona bark tea and pumpkin seeds, all of which were fed to me in large quantities in an unsuccessful effort to get rid of the worm. But at last, about a year after we moved to this place, I was given a medicine that did get rid of it, in spite of the fact that I was not yet twenty-one!

Somehow, two of us boys got the idea that it would be fun to get onto the blind baggage of the local passenger train and ride to Manson, the next station east of Pomeroy. The blind baggage was a platform onto which no door opened, located between the baggage and mail cars.

We made it to Manson all right, but there some boys told us

that the police had been informed that we had been on the train and thought that we were attempting to run away from home. So they were looking for us.

Frightened, we ran to some nearby coal bins and hid there. The Manson boys followed us and we found that they regarded us as very outstanding because we had ridden the blind baggage and were hiding from the police! We felt quite inflated too, until the train back to Pomeroy arrived and we ran and climbed onto the blind baggage again. Then the trouble began!

After the train had started and we thought that we were safely on our way home, the conductor stopped the train and kicked us off, not too gently! We ran down the railroad track as fast as we could, terrified for fear the police would still catch us and put us in jail. When we were well out of town, we decided that there was nothing for us to do but walk the nine miles back to Pomeroy. We were certainly afraid to go back to Manson!

What a long nine miles that was! And what a cheerless journey! The railroad was rough and the walking was miserable. All our inflation was gone. We didn't reach home until it had become quite dark and we were thoroughly tired. My parents had become alarmed and were looking everywhere for me, but after they were told what had happened, they thought that the nine mile walk was sufficient punishment.

However, the next day a report of the affair had become noised about town, and I was very disgusted because nearly everywhere I went, someone would call out, "Hello kid! How's walking?" That was much worse than being kicked off the train and having to walk home!

Never again did I try to steal a ride on a train!

When I had reached the age of twelve years, we moved from Pomeroy

to Greenfield, Iowa. It was there that I experienced my first serious illness.

At our school there were two wells which furnished drinking water for the pupils. Some person thought that the muddy places around these wells could be prevented by building a wooden platform around each pump, with a square of open work, like lattice, directly below the spout. In this way the surplus water pumped and spilled, was made to run back into the well!

After I had used the water from these wells for a short time, I became very ill, with a high fever, and could take no nourishment except milk and water. Nearly three weeks passed before our doctor decided that I had typhoid fever. I was then nearly at the end of the fever, and looked like a living skeleton. My hair came out, but a new, heavy crop, somewhat curley, gradually overcame my baldness and I slowly regained my strength. Still I was very small and much underweight for my age.

We arrived at our next place of refuge, Holdrege, Nebraska, in early 1893. There I found that I was not nearly as far advanced in school as the average child of my age. This was because the Presbyterian church year ended April first and that was the time we usually moved. This disrupted the entire school program each time a move was made, more especially so since there was at that time very little standardation in public schools.

Because I was so very small and frail, my parents invested in an "electric belt" for me. This consisted of a few metallic pieces of some sort, sewed into a canvass belt. It was claimed that this belt would greatly stimulate growth and benefit health. I began to wear it late one spring.

When school was dismissed for the summer, two of us boys began

to gather the town cows each morning and drive them to some vacant land a short distance from town, where they grazed on buffalo grass all day. Because there were unfenced cornfields nearby, we had to be in the saddle nearly constantly throughout the days. In the evening we returned the cows to their owners. We cared for thirty-two cows at one dollar a month each. This made us sixteen dollars a month, as the money was divided equally, and we thought that we were capitalists!

The first week that I rode, I was so terribly sore that I thought I would die! But gradually the soreness left and before the first month had passed, I had become tough and hungry and began to grow very fast. During the next year I continued to develop so rapidly that at the end of the year I was as large or larger than the average boy of my age.

My parents said, "What a wonderful thing the electric belt is!"

We remained at this location during the great depression that occurred during Cleveland's second term as President. While the financial stringency was most severe, the church was unable to pay their minister any regular salary and Father supplied the church for whatever compensation the people could give. The daily wage for twelve hours work was one dollar and work with a team brought a wage of two dollars for the man and team. Even at this wage there was almost no work. Corn was so cheap that people were burning it for fuel.

One room at our home was made a storeroom for food and for used wearing apparel which was sent to Holdrege from the eastern states, for people who were destitute.

One afternoon I was in the local bank with the son of the banker, when a man came in and said, "I would like to borrow enough money to buy a ton of coal."

"What security do you have to offer?" the banker asked.

"A span of fine mules, tied to the hitching rack out in front."

The banker went to the window to look at the mules and, boy like, we went along.

"That is as fine a span of mules as I ever saw," the banker said. "There is certainly something very wrong with our country when they are not security enough for money to buy a ton of coal, but you know they are not. Anyhow, we can't let your family freeze, so I'll take a mortgage on the mules and let you have the money."

At Holdrege the schools were good and the teachers efficient, and for the first time, I was in the same school for three years. I managed to jump a grade so that when we left Holdrege I had just finished the eighth grade.

It was here that a sister eight years my senior, died of pulmonary tuberculosis and another sister, some three years older than I, was caughing some. For that reason, in 1896, Father thought it best to move again and to go west into the mountainous country. He succeeded in obtaining a pastorate at Soda Springs, Idaho, but left Mother, Sister and I at Holdrege until the school year was finished.

MORMON COUNTRY.
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Brother Robert, ten years my senior, had settled near Flagler, Colorado, where he had taken a homestead and timber claim. On this homestead he lived in a sod house and taught a nearby school. His wife, formerly Miss Nellie Burkhalter, took care of the home, Brother, and things in general on the ranch.

In some way Brother Rob managed to get a span of mules, a western horse named Dandy and a two wheel cart. After Father located in Idaho, it was decided that Brother would bring his horse, together with his mules and cart, to Holdrege, a distance of about two hundred and fifty miles. There we would purchase another horse and a buggy and drive back to the homestead. Sister was to go to Soda Springs by train. Later, Mother and I would go on from Colorado to Idaho by rail.

Sometime before this, I had saved money by running errands and doing odd jobs, and had purchased a second hand bicycle. After I had used it for a year or more, I traded it for a high spirited little western mare named Bird. How I loved that horse! But I knew that I couldn't take her to Soda Springs, so consented to trade her for a driving horse. This gave us a team of horses, a team of mules and a cart. After we looked around for a couple of days, we succeeded in adding a used buggy to our equipment, for which we paid thirty dollars.

After our household goods has been shipped to Soda Springs by freight, we started west. The horses pulled the buggy in which Mother always rode. The cart, to which the mules were hitched, always followed. Brother and I changed from one vehicle to the other

every few miles. The mules were lazy while the horses were lively and alert. I named the horses and their buggy "Success", and the mules with their vehicle I called "Disaster". During the trip I watched to see whether or not Disaster would ever overtake Success. It never did!

On this trip we took plenty of food, which we cooked over an open fire by the roadside. Our bed was good old Mother Earth, with a few blankets. After six days of travel we arrived at the sod house on Brother's homestead. Here we rested a week or more before we went further.

My main occupation while at the homestead was to furnish fuel. To do this I had to take a grain sack and go out among the sage brush and cactus and hunt cow chips that were dry enough to burn. These made astonishingly good fuel and we found that by burning them we could make the sod house very comfortable.

At this time of year the cactus was in bloom everywhere, which made the plains appear like an immense, wonderfully beautiful red and yellow carpet.

After a week had passed, four of us, Mother, brother Robert, his wife and I, started further west. Our immediate objective was Colorado Springs. Again we carried our bedding and groceries and slept by the roadside wherever night found us.

At Colorado Springs we found a man who had just completed the construction of a large, water proof woodshed and had not begun to use it. We rented it for a few days and moved our bedding in. Then we started out to see the sights.

All four of us had been reared in the middle west and not one of us had ever seen a mountain. So we were filled with wonder and delight when we beheld the beauties of the Garden of the Gods, Seven Falls and various other scenic marvels.

After we had talked things over, it was decided that we should go to the top of Pikes Peak, but as we didn't have to spare the five dollars that each of us would be charged if we rode on the cog wheel railroad, we decided to climb the mountain. This was long before the present highway was built on Pikes Peak.

About four o'clock in the afternoon seemed to be the best time to start, as this would bring us to the top in time to view the sunrise. So at about that time we began the journey up the trail from Manitou.

Some years later a friend of mine told me that the day after he climbed Pikes Peak, he telegraphed his wife that "Two other fools and myself climbed Pikes Peak yesterday and we are all unable to walk today." We didn't find the journey that bad, but it was a real climb.

"Halfway house" was reached before dark, and because we didn't know that half way house is nowhere near half way up the mountain, we thought that we were getting along fine. As we progressed, we thoroughly enjoyed the primitive forest and the beautiful, dashing mountain stream which the trail followed much of the way.

As night came on, we found that it was very dark in the timber in spite of the moonlight, and we had brought no lantern with us. In some way we got off the trail and were completely lost for a time. We had loaded a couple of blankets and some food on one of the mules and brought him with us. While we were lost, we and the mule had a very hard time working our way through the brush and over the many fallen logs. But at last we could see a light streak which extended up the side of the mountain. With much difficulty we succeeded in getting to this streak, which proved to be the cog wheel railroad. From there we never left the railroad until our climb to the top was completed.

When an altitude of fourteen thousand feet was reached, I became terribly nauseated but managed to continue to the top. The summit was reached, as we had planned, shortly before sunrise. Once there, I only wished to stretch out and rest. The remainder of our party seemed in good condition, only very tired.

There was no evidence of any sort of life around us. The large stone building was dark and patches of snow lay here and there on the bare rock.

Shortly after our arrival at the summit, sunrise began. In spite of my altitude illness, I was filled with awe and wonderment at the sight which was spread out before us. A sea of glistening, white clouds was beneath us, which shone under the first rays of the sun like an ocean of pearl. Through an occasional rift in the clouds we could see the plains, thousands of feet below us, bathed in a multitude of colors which constantly changed as the light increased.

After we had viewed this wonderful panarama for an hour or more, we decided to start the journey down. When we had descended less than a mile, my illness disappeared and our party made the remainder of the trip without inconvenience except for our weariness.

From Colorado Springs, we drove through Denver to Greely, where Mother and I took the train for Soda Springs, while Brother and his wife returned to their home. As we traveled west, I thought of the various types of country I had seen; the rich farm lands of Illinois and Iowa, the plains and buffalo grass of Nebraska, the sage brush and cactus of eastern Colorado and the beautiful mountains at Colorado Springs. Now I was traveling through the sage and lava rock of southern Wyoming, and I wondered what it could ever be good for and why anyone would want to settle there.

Soda Springs, Idaho, in 1896, was a town of six or seven hundred

people, which boasted a school of eight grades, a Mormon Meeting House (at that time they were called Meeting Houses but now I believe are known as Chapels),a little lava rock Presbyterian church, five or six saloons and three general stores. Scattered ranches irrigated by local springs or small mountain streams, were in the surrounding country. No large irrigation projects had been perfected or thought of there at that time. Aside from these scattered ranches, the principal source of support for the town was the many thousand sheep that were raised in the surrounding country.

To me, this country seemed almost a duplication of the sage brush and lava rock of southern Wyoming, and for a time I wondered, as I had in Wyoming, why anyone would wish such a place for a permanent home. But before we had lived at Soda Springs many months, I came to realize what a tremendous attractiveness both southern Idaho and southern Wyoming have for one who becomes acquainted with the country.

Instead of a modern city school, a little school building with two rooms and two teachers comprised the educational institutions. As I had finished the eighth grade, I asked the teacher if he could teach any high school subjects and he started me in beginners algebra and persuaded me to review my eighth grade grammar and arithmetic.

At the age of fifteen, locally I was regarded by many as a curiousity because I didn't drink and had never been in a saloon. Because I was the son of a Presbyterian minister, I had a really turbulant time at school for a few weeks, until the pupils decided that I was human and accepted me as one of their group.

Then what skating we had and what bobsled rides! Something of a sensation was caused by me when I asked the daughter of one

the Mormon elders to go to a party with me. She informed me that she would like to, but would have to ask her parents. Permission was granted since the party was to be at the home of the Mormon bishop.

One afternoon, at recess, a lad that we knew came past our school with a bobsled and a fine team of horses, and we all jumped in for a bobsled ride. When we returned, the school bell had rung and the teacher had the door braced shut and wouldn't let us in. So we climbed back into the sled and went to a nearby Indian village where we were invited into a tepee.

In the tepee we found some Indian "bucks" sitting on the ground around a cheerless fire, smoking pipes. Most of the smoke from the fire went out the top of the tepee, but considerable of the remainder of it got into our eyes before it got above us. Some squaws were seated around the fire, busily cutting buckskin gloves out of deer hides which had been tanned. Everything in the tepee seemed dirty, cheerless and uncomfortable. After we had spent some time there, we went home. On our return to school the next day, much to our surprise, nothing was said concerning our escapade.

The only real physical struggle that I ever saw between a teacher and a pupil, occurred at this school. Several of the boys who were larger and stronger than the teacher, got the idea that they could run the school. I have no idea what the offense was, but suddenly the teacher was beating one of the lads wildly with a whip.

"Come on, Jim," the boy yelled. "You said you would help me lick him!"

Between strokes the teacher joined the request.

"Yes, come on Jim, let's get it over right now."

But Jim sat perfectly quiet and the whipping continued until

the culprit yelled for mercy.

Often I have wondered who would have won if Jim had come on.

As long as I lived with my parents, I neither learned to dance nor play cards, due to their prejudice against those things. At that time these were the two chief indoor evening amusements at Soda Springs. Frequently the benches of the meetinghouse would be pushed aside some midweek evening, the crowd would gather and prayer would be offered by some one of the Mormons. Then the dance would begin. In spite of the fact that I didn't dance, I had some wonderful times at these dances and before I had been at Soda Springs long I had many good friends among the Mormon young people.

The only trouble I got into during the year I lived here, happened one Holloween night. Three of us boys had noticed several pigs that would weigh twenty or twenty-five pounds, in a pen not far from town. At the Woodall hotel there was a high flag pole. We got the idea that it would be fun to put a couple of those pigs in a gunny sack and pull them up to the top of the flag pole and see what would happen.

We had considerable trouble in catching the pigs and getting them into the sack. But when this was done we easily pulled them to the top of the pole. It was about midnight when we did this. The disturbance the pigs made, hanging in the sack at the top of the pole, was surprising! One could hear the squeals and grunts for blocks. People rushed out of the hotel and nearby houses and were looking everywhere in the darkness, for the pigs, while we boys nearly broke our sides laughing.

Unfortunately for us, the pigs struggled until they tore a hole in the sack and fell out and were killed. Someone saw us pull the pigs up the flag pole and the owners found out who did it. The result was that we had to pay for the pigs, our parents gave us a

lecture, and for several days we were kidded about the matter wherever we went.

That winter the snow was so deep that I tunneled through it from our front door, out through the gate. One could easily step from the snow to the roof of our kitchen. But in spite of my enjoyment of outdoor sports, as spring approached I became restless and wanted to go somewhere for further schooling.

At that time I was told that there were only four highschools in Idaho, and I much preferred to go where I was acquainted. So I asked my parents if I couldn't return to Holdrege, where I knew so many people. At Soda Springs my sister had married my school teacher and both he and she told my parents that in their opinion it wouldn't be worth while to spend the money it would take to send me anywhere to school, as I would "never get to first base." Brother Robert and his wife also agreed that it would be a waste of money, and even Father agreed with them. But Mother said, "give the boy a chance," and managed to carry her point. So in May I returned to Holdrege in order to enter summer school. In this way I hoped to catch my old class.

That autumn I was once more with my old school mates, and in 1899 I finished high school with them.

War on Spain was declared while I was in highschool and how I did wish I could go! But I was told that I was too young.

It was about this time that I found I couldn't see as I should, so went to an optician, Mr. Beardsley, and asked that he examine my eyes. He found that I was very near sighted and needed glasses badly. I wondered where the money would come from to pay for glasses and after I thought things over for a few days, I went to the owner of the local weekly paper and asked if he had any work I could do outside of school hours. His print presses were run by

man power and he agreed to pay me fifty cents each week if I would come to his office after school every Friday and help run the press which printed his weekly paper. The optician agreed to let me have the glasses and pay for them at the rate of fifty cents a week. In this way I got my first glasses.

It was like getting out of jail! How beautiful the world was! Now I could see the beautiful trees and flowers, could read what was written on the blackboard at school and could be sure who a friend was that said "hello" to me across the street. The whole world looked different.

On the whole, my highschool days were very happy. Time went fast and pleasantly and when I graduated, I wanted to study medicine. But when I talked things over with Father, he said that he couldn't possibly afford to send me to school longer and that I was now "on my own." It is still a matter of wonderment to me how he managed to stand the expense of this much of my education, on the small salary that he received.

After my graduation I went home to Soda Springs and looked for work. A sheep buyer offered to take me on a trip to Chicago. My work on the trip would consist of helping him care for a train load of approximately six thousand sheep. I had never been to Chicago, so jumped at the chance.

It was my duty to help load and unload the sheep when they were fed, and to keep them from piling up at one side or end of the cars when the train was in motion. At that time the law was such that stock enroute to market had to be fed and watered at least every twenty-eight hours.

We started from Soda Springs shortly before noon, and had to unload for feed and water the following afternoon at Laramie, Wyoming. The first night I stretched out on a seat in the caboose,

but was unable to sleep much. At Laramie, when we pulled up at the stock yards, we found them full of sheep that were just ready to be loaded - the property of another buyer. So we had to run our herd out onto the platform. As there was no fence to stop them, from there the sheep ran directly to the Laramie River, which was only a short distance away, for water. As they left the cars they seemed to go wild and soon became scattered everywhere. We worked all night in order to get them together again and feed and load them. This was my second night without sleep. I thought that I had never been so tired in my life, and when we were again on our way, I slept almost constantly until we reached our next feeding place, Fremont, Nebraska.

At Fremont the work of loading was much lighter, due to the fact that there were goats at the stockyards that were trained to assist in loading the sheep. These goats would lead the sheep into the car, then slip around and come out again. They would repeat this each time we began to load a car. This was a tremendous help.

From Fremont we went directly into Chicago. What a city! A million or more inhabitants! Streets paved with cedar blocks, and in some places even with brick! A cousin of ours, Mr. Burgess, who was then paymaster of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, told me where to find the most interesting things in the city; Lincoln Park - the Field Museum - the Art Gallery on Michigan Boulevard, and many other interesting places. I spend so much of my little store of money that I returned home with only a few pennies in my pocket.

Another bit of good fortune was waiting for me at home. Mother and Father were planning a trip to the Yellowstone National Park

and invited me to go with them. They intended to drive overland with a light wagon and team, a distance of about two hundred miles through a very primitive country.

We found that the Mormon Bishop had such a wagon, with side curtains that could be rolled down. Brother Robert had one horse that could be used and we succeeded in renting another horse and the wagon from Bishop Lowe. With these preparations, we drove out of Soda Springs one August morning, with a load of groceries and a shot gun.

We shot sage hens and ducks along the way and Mother cooked our meals on a little portable sheetiron stove that we carried with us. I got an old bamboo pole and attempted to catch trout, but didn't make much of a go at it at first. I had no reel, just a line tied to the end of the long pole.

The roads were very primitive and bridges were almost unknown. Once when we were fording the Snake River, we were in the water so deep that one of the horses was swimming. This was near St. Anthony, Idaho. After two weeks of travel, we reached West Yellowstone.

Today one would think that some of the things we saw along the way were very curious, possibly almost things of antiquity. Here and there in the sage brush we saw many horns that the elk had shed. In several places these were so plentiful that they had been piled into good sized piles. Sage hens and grouse were very plentiful and made fine eating.

Some distance before we reached West Yellowstone, we came to the main road between Monida and the park. We were told that the distance from Monida to the Yellowstone was approximately a hundred and ten miles, and that this distance was covered by the stages in one day. These stages were making regular trips to and from the park, and would often pass us. They were built high in the air, with the driver perched still higher on the seat in front. The four horses seemed always to be

traveling on the gallup. They were changed every ten miles, which enabled them to travel very fast. A sort of leather apron was swung down the back of the stage, and we understood that the mail was carried in this. The vehicles were always glistening and kept in first class repair, and the horses, while not fat, were in good traveling condition and very pretty.

Shortly after we entered the park, a gentleman saw me trying to fish and presented me with a black artificial fly, I suppose a black gnat. I didn't know how to cast it, but kept trying. No leader was used, but finally, in spite of the crude tackle, I caught my first trout in the Yellowstone Lake. After that, with this simple outfit, I was able to furnish all the trout we could eat.

Shortly before I caught my first trout, we met a man who had a wonderful string of them. After we had admired them, Father asked, "How much will you charge me for a mess of them?"

"I'm mighty sorry, stranger, but I can't sell any of them. It's against the law."

"See that fence post over there?"Father asked. "I wouldn't be surprised if you would find fifty cents on the top of that post if you happen along there in fifteen minutes."

Fifty cents was then worth several of our present fifty cent pieces.

Father immediately visited the fence post. Then we got out of sight. After about thirty minutes Father visited the post for the second time and found a nice mess of trout which someone had carelessly left there.

How is that for a deal with a Presbyterian minister?

We were in the park for two weeks. How different it looks now! Near Old Faithful, one or two wooden benches were to be found,but no buildings of any sort. We waited six hours to see the Great Fountain play and it was well worth the wait. The beauty of Inspiration Point was unspeakable! But there was no way to get across the river to what is now known as Artists' Point. We could camp anywhere we wished, as long

but had to use only fallen timber for our camp-fire. The bear were not as tame then as they now are and bothered us very little.

To return home, we went out the south entrance, into Jackson's Hole, where we saw the giant, majestic Grand Tetons. We camped on the shore of beautiful Jackson's Lake and passed through a wild, unsettled country. Elk, deer and antelope were common, but human beings were very few.

The road over the Teton Pass was then terrific. In order to navigate it, we "doubled up" teams with another outfit. First, we pulled their vehicle to the top of the pass, then all four horses were brought back and our wagon was brought up. As we went down the west side of the pass, with our hind wheels rough locked, we met two men riding on a light buckboard which was drawn by two sweating horses.

"There's a tip over down the road a little way," one of the men said.

"How did it happen?"I asked.

"A fellow was driving down the road and it got so steep that the rig tipped right over the horses!"

Our trip home was otherwise uneventful, but after we had camped for six weeks, it seemed strange to put one's feet under a table when we ate, and to sleep in a regular bed again.

A short time after our return to Soda Springs, I was again looking for a job. Our village was then the headquarters for a great sheep company, A.J.Knowlin & Company, which we were told, ran sheep in Idaho, Utah, eastern Washington and eastern Oregon. It was rumored locally that this company was backed by Swift & Company of Chicago, but this was merely a rumor. At any rate, Father suggested that he and I go and see Mr. Knowlin, and ask if he had something that I could do. When we asked him for a job, he gave me one.

In Idaho the sheep were usually dipped for scab in the early autumn. After they were dipped, those that were to be kept on the open range for the winter, were often trailed down to southern Utah or Arizona, where the winters were more mild. It seemed that I was to help dip our herd

and afterward go with the herd as camp mover. The camp mover cooked for the herder, cared for the horses and moved the sheep wagon wherever the herder directed as the sheep were taken from place to place.

At that time many thousand sheep were summered in southern Idaho and a great central plant for dipping them was constructed in this region. Here a large tank was built, in which the material used for dipping, was mixed and cooked. When the material was ready for use, it was poured into a very narrow runway of wood, possibly eighteen inches wide and fifty feet long. At each end of this runway was a wooden platform, fenced in, and back of this was a larger corral. The sheep were brought from the corral to this platform at one end of the runway, and thrown into the runway itself. The runway was so deep that the sheep had to swim its entire length and, dripping with the solution, would come out onto the platform at the other end.

I was placed about the middle of the runway, with a pike pole in my hands, and was told to push each sheep's head entirely under the fluid. In this way every part of the animal would be treated. The fumes and steam irritated my eyes so severely and so constantly that I was much relieved when,after two days of this work, I was told that our outfit was ready to move.

The sheep wagon, which we called the "sheep camp", was a well constructed, heavily built wagon with a waterproof top much like the old prairie schooner. The floor of our particular vehicle was sheeted with some sort of metal. The furniture consisted of a swinging table, a small cook stove, a cupboard or two for dishes and food, and a bed which was built across the back portion of the wagon. Under the bed was the only place in which extra food and our clothing could be stored.

The camp mover had to get up very early in order to prepare breakfast for the herder before the sheep began to move at daybreak. Early some chilly mornings, when I put my bare feet down onto the cold metallic floor

of our camp, I would shiver and often the words so well known would run through my youthful mind;

"Heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

The beauty of this thought was soon spoiled as I wondered just to what heights one could attain by getting up early enough to cook breakfast for a sleepy sheep herder before daylight.

Late in September we trailed our herd south to a large ranch which was owned by the company. This ranch was situated near a little inland postoffice called Bridge, which was about sixty miles from the nearest railroad. Here our herd was to be wintered and given especially good care, for it was a special lot of pure bred sheep many of which had been imported from England. The herder was stationed with the herd, about eight miles from the ranch, and I was moved into a log bunkhouse in which the ranch employees lived. All of us ate at the principal ranch house, where the foreman and his wife resided.

I was the only person in the entire community that was not a Mormon. My bunk mate was a tall, strong young chap, Jeff Pettingill.

Shortly after I met Jeff, he said to me, "My mother is the third wife of my father. I suppose you would call me a bastard, wouldn't you?"

"Of course not, Jeff. True, your people believe one way and I believe another. But who am I, to condemn your belief? And even if I were foolish enough to do that, how could I place any blame on you? You didn't have any choice concerning what your parents might believe or do."

He never brought up the subject of religion again and we were good friends all the time I was at the ranch.

My regular work was to haul a load of hay, cut from a large stack on the ranch, to our heard each day. As the season advanced, snow became deep and the road over which I hauled the hay became very difficult and often quite dangerous. Besides this, I could see no chance to get

any advancement in this work. The most one could hope for was to become a regular sheep herder. So, as time passed, I became again very dissatisfied. It seemed to me that my brother-in-law had been right when he remarked:

"Is it necessary to finish high school in order to learn how to herd sheep?"

The result was that, early in January, 1900, I quit the job and took the so-called stage (which was an open buggy with side curtains), to the nearest railroad station, Kelton, Utah. From here I could go by rail to Salt Lake City.

After the sixty mile ride through zero weather, toward evening I arrived at Kelton. I found it to be a typical western frontier village. The business portion consisted of a small hotel, the railroad station, a general merchandise store and a saloon. The store and the saloon were only separated by a wall in which an open archway was cut.

I had very little cash with me, but did have a check for sixty dollars, given me by the Knowlin Company when I quit my job with them. I needed money with which to buy my ticket to Salt Lake City, and I had been told that I could get my check cashed at this store.

When the clerk was asked to cash this check, he saw before him an eighteen year old boy dressed just as I was when I worked at the ranch. I wore a pair of overalls, a heavy sweater, German sox pulled nearly to my knees, and a heavy pair of high rubber shoes which were put on over the sox. On my head was a rough but warm cap, which was drawn well down over my ears. This outfit was worn on the stage because the weather was so cold that I would have been nearly frozen if I had made the trip dressed in an ordinary suit. I possessed no overcoat.

"Fifty-nine forty," the clerk said when he cashed the check. "One percent charge for cashing the check."

I considered this pure robbery. So when he added,"Why not go and buy

the boys a drink and get acquainted?" I replied, "Not on your life! Not after paying such a price to get my check cashed!"

A good many rough looking men were listening and had seen the clerk give me the money, and a glance through the open archway into the saloon showed me that the bar was quite crowded. My only baggage was a suit of clothing and a few personal belongings which were in an old fashioned telescope bag. I picked up the bag and went to the door, where I found that it was already dark outside.

When I asked where the hotel was, a light about a block away was pointed out to me. There were no street lights and no sidewalks, - just paths through the snow. Suddenly I seized the telescopbe bag and raced at top speed through the snow, all the way to the hotel, expecting every second that someone would hit me over the head and take my money!

The hotel clerk gave me permission to change my clothing in a vacant room. I put on the suit and a pair of shoes, and left the German sox and rubber shoes in the room.

By this time the train was nearly due. I had noticed, or had imagined that I noticed two or three loafers watching me closely at the hotel. So, again, when I went to the station, I watched my chance and when it seemed that no one was watching, I picked up my telescope bag and ran all the way. Soon afterward the train arrived, and I was much relieved when I was seated and on my way to Salt Lake City.

My sister Edith, who had recovered from her cough, now lived in Salt Lake City where her husband had become a mail clerk. On my arrival, they found a boarding place for me, and at this boarding house was one of my Soda Springs friends, Edgar Largilliere, who was receiving instruction in business administration at the Salt Lake Business College. I decided to try to become a stenographer, so entered the same institution and began the study of shorthand and typing.

Utah's capital of today looks very different from the Salt Lake City of 1900. At that time the Mormon Temple and the Tabernacle appeared much as they do now, enclosed within the high wall which surrounds Temple Square.

The city had a population of about sixty thousand, but because of the expense of paving its extremely wide streets, there was very little pavement in the city. In fact, only the business portion was paved. In spite of this, the city then, as now, was one of the beautiful cities of America. No capitol building then existed. The state legislative sessions were held in the city and county building. The construction of the present capitol building was begun about that time, as also was the construction of the buildings of the University of Utah.

The statue of Brigham Young that stands at the upper end of Main Street, near the Temple, was placed in its present location while I was attending the Salt Lake Business College. This college was located on the upper floor of the Templeton Building, just across the street from Temple Square, on Main Street. Several of the houses formerly occupied by the wives of Brigham Young, were still standing, not far from Temple Square, and the tomb of Brigham Young was near by.

Saltair Pavillion contained what at that time was claimed to be the largest dancing floor in the world. This pavillion was said to be owned and operated by the Mormon Church. With various groups of young people, I spent many pleasent evenings there. We ate picnic dinners which the girls brought in baskets, spent a few coins for various knickknacks, rode on the steam merry-go-round the music box of which burst out merrily with some of the popular tunes as round and round we went. Well before dark we went swimming in the lake, in which one can float without effort, and frequently

we got the salt water of the lake in our eyes and noses. And finally our group would return to the city on the little steam train which at that time ran back and forth between the lake and the city.

Because of the tuition paid for attendance at the Salt Lake Business College, the cost of board and room, and a few dollars spent for an occasional excursion to Saltair, it was only a very short time before I suddenly found that my money was nearly gone. Either I had to find some way to work part time and supplement the few dollars that I had left, or discontinue my work at the business college. One of the students at the college told me that he had heard that an undertaking establishment in the city would furnish a room that was comfortable, to a student who would answer night telephone calls for the mortician. I obtained a very comfortable room at this place.

Also I found a restaurant which paid its laundry bills at a local laundry, with meal tickets instead of cash. I went to this laundry and found that I could get a meal ticket from them, good for twenty one meals, for three dollars. In this way, with just a very little help from Father, I managed to stay in business college for six months.

At the end of that time I obtained a position as stenographer in the local office of the Ingersol-Sargeant Drill Company, whose head office was in New York City. This company, I am told, later combined with the Rand people and now is known as the Ingersol-Rand Company.

The Bible tells us that we should be "as wise as serpents and as harmless as doves." I seriously doubt that either of these requirements can be met by me, but at any rate, while in Salt Lake City I had two chances to see parts of the lower strata of life that I had never before witnessed. Whether or not this was wise, might be

answered differently by different individuals.

When I attended highschool in Nebraska, the superintendent of our school was Mr. A. B. Stephens. This gentleman discontinued his teaching career the year I graduated. Shortly thereafter he moved to Salt Lake City, where he went into business.

One afternoon in the summer of 1900, he came to the office in which I was employed.

"Have you ever seen the inside of a big gambling house, George," he asked.

"No, I haven't."

"A friend of mine has the permission of the owner of the 'Sheep Camp' to take some of his friends through the place some evening, I've never seen such a place either, and think I'd like to go. If you care to join us, come along."

The Sheep Camp was possibly the most famous gambling house in the city at that time. Two evenings later, I entered the Sheep Camp with this group.

When compared with the present Harold's Club or the Nevada Club at Reno, there was a great difference. Beautiful, heavy carpets were on the floor. They were so thick that when one walked on them there was no noise. Pictures - oil paintings - adorned the walls. None of these were of the kind that many might think would predominate in such a place. Instead of pictures of nude women, there were wonderful landscapes and beautiful mountain scenes.

The roulette wheels were spinning almost silently as the players either stood or were seated on the leather upholstered stools. No "one arm bandits" broke the silence, for none existed then. Even the dice seemed to roll almost without a sound. Negroes clothed in white caps and coats, quietly served whiskey to the players, without charge. There seemed to be an air of tension everywhere and the

silence was so noticeable that our group spoke to one another in whispers. Card games - faro, poker and twenty-one - were busy but there also everything was quiet. Litle was heard except the slight clatter of chips changing hands. No one tried to get us to try any of the games, and after we had watched them for quite a while, we quietly left the place.

The Sheep Camp was located on Commerical Street, a street that no longer exists by that name. Along this thoroughfare were said to be many houses of prostitution, which were reported to be the better class of such houses.

In another portion of the city there was a place known as Victoria Alley, where the cheap prostitutes held forth. I know nothing of the places on Commerical Street, but one night three of us decided that we would see what sort of a place Victoria Alley was.

Our watches and money we left at home, and we entered the Alley at about eleven o'clock. It seemed that at some time there had been small business houses in the Alley, for many of the buildings had what appeared to have been fairly large show windows. In these windows were gathered some of the prostitutes, soliciting business from those passing by.

What a terrible lot of human beings! Negroes, white girls, Japanese, Chinese, everything. Their faces and lips were highly colored and they were clad in flashy, cheaply made, very brief dresses.

In one window sat a specimen of lost womanhood, who rocked to and fro in a small chair and sang in a loud, coarse voice;

"How I wish my baby would come in!"

It was such a hidious sight that I wondered how it could possibly attract anyone. I stopped and began to laugh. She jumped out of her chair, rushed to the door, jerked it open and shrieked, at the top of her voice:

"Where is that ___ _____ S.O.B. with glasses on? I'll tear his ___ _____ face off!"

I jerked off my glasses and stuck them into my pocket, then hurridly mingled with the crowd. Those around me looked at me with grins but kept very quiet.

A little further along we found a house that seemed orderly and the door was standing open. A middle aged woman, quietly dressed, invited us to come in. We entered and were given chairs.

Here, on the walls, were pictures of nude females, such as I had rather expected to see at the Sheep Camp. The floor was covered with a well worn carpet and a cheap bed stood in one corner of the room.

"I have only one girl here," the woman said, "and she is busy but will be with us in a few minutes. She and I both work, but the place belongs to me. The girls on Commerical Street pretend to look down on us because we work cheaper than they do. But, believe me, when the end of the week comes, I put more money in the bank than most of them do, and that's what I'm after!"

In a few moments a girl who appeared to be not more than eighteen years old came into the room. Her features were coarse and dissipated and she was smoking a cigarette, which at that time was very uncommon in women.

"Well boys," the elder woman immediately said, "What will you have? Some beer? Or go to bed? The place is yours."

"We are just sizing up the places tonight," one of our boys replied. "Your place looks all right. We'll see you both tomorrow night."

"That's all right boys. But if you don't want anything tonight, be on your way and make room for someone else. Business is business you know. Be seein' you."

With that, she opened the door and hurried us out where the air was fresh again!

I have walked down some tough streets in my life, but never have I seen such a vile place as Victoria Alley! Salt Lake City is to be congratulated that long since it has cleaned up both Victoria Alley and Commerical Street.

Originally it was intended that the sentimental side of my early life would be omitted in this narrative. To me it had seemed that it would be sufficient to state that I had married and to give Wife full credit for the wonderful support she has given me through the years of our married life. However, after I thought the matter over more carefully, I came to the decision that everything should be included which effected the career of the writer.

The boarding house in which I lived during my first few months in Salt Lake, was the home of Marcus Jones, a mining engineer who at that time was one of the mine inspectors of Utah. At his home was a fifteen year old girl, Lila Ivy, who worked for her board and room and attended high school. I was three years her senior.

During my highschool days I had not kept company with any one girl for any length of time, but had associated with several. All of them I liked as friends, but felt no special affection for any one of them.

At the Jones home, however, I became acquainted with Lila and found that she attended the same church that I did, and that many of her associates were also my associates. Before long we were going to parties and picnics together, and gradually we developed a case of what most of our older population call "puppy love".

Since that time I have often thought that, in spite of the fact that we are inclined to treat our first experience of an unusual affection for another person as a joke, yet in many cases this very experience has a lasting effect on the lives of those who go through it.

This effect may be very good or very bad, depending largely on the religious and moral standsrds of those involved.

I am happey to say that I found Lila to be a girl of high moral standards and deep religious beliefs, and as I look back on our association together, I find little to criticize and much to commend.

Salt Lake City was typically western in those days, and like most cities, had many things deserving of praise, mixed with much that was morally filthy. The affection that I felt for Lila during my adolescent days in that city, was a powerful influence for good.

Despite the fact that I had no money, we both felt that we should be bound together by an engagement ring. So I went to a pawnbroker's establishment and found a little gold band with a single opal setting, which could be had for three dollars and fifty cents. I managed to scrape this amount together and both she and I were very happy when I placed this ring on her finger.

When summer came and the school year ended, Lila's parents wrote that she had best come home. They lived at Farmington, New Mexico. By this time I had secured my position as a stenographer. One afternoon I asked for time off so that I could accompany her to the train.

That was the last time I ever saw Lila. But, as future events unfold, it will be shown that this puppy love of ours exerted such an influence on my actions during the next few months, that the entire course of my life was changed.

When she was gone it seemed that Salt Lake had lost its attraction for me. I began to be dissatisfied with everything. After much thought I decided that I shouldn't be a stenographer the rest of my life, in spite of the fact that I liked my work very much. Ultimately I came to the decision that I would attempt to follow the footsteps of my good father, and prepare myself for the Presbyterian ministry.

Of this decision I wrote to Lila and she strongly approved of it.

Father and Mother were also both greatly pleased.

By the time I had arrived at the decision to go into the ministry, it was late autumn - too late to enter any standard college. My brother-in-law, Mr. Allen, had attended the Valparaiso University at Valparaiso, Indiana, and he informed me that this school was in session fifty weeks each year. These fifty weeks were divided into five terms of ten weeks each and one could enter the institution at the beginning of any term. I therefore resigned at the office, gave a months notice, and in early January of 1901, took the train for Valparaiso. Upon my arrival there, I immediately entered the University.

At this school I found the cost of living to be surprisingly cheap. At East Hall, where four hundred students ate, board could be had for one dollar and forty cents a week! Rooms were correspondingly cheap at Columbia Hall and while these rooms were very plain, they were comfortable.

This school I attended for twenty weeks. Catalogues from several colleges had been obtained by me and in this way I had found what was usually required during the Freshman year at most colleges. As a result, I took work in trigonometry, college algebra, advanced Latin and ancient English. During this time I also continued practice in typing so that I wouldn't get out of practice.

Again, my good father came to my rescue with a few dollars, or I couldn't have finished my second term there.

While at Valparaiso I met a representative of the Keystone View Company of Meadville, Pennsylvania, who gave me instruction in selling their stereoscopes and views. This proved to be very valuable, for I followed this line of work during my summer vacations for seven summers, and made more money in this way than I could possibly have made otherwise.

At the time I attended Valparaiso University, its course of study was substandard to the extent that one could obtain a Bachelor of Science degree in a little over a year, and by working hard, a Bachelor of Arts could be obtained in about two years. Because of this sub-standardization, which has long since been corrected, I decided not to continue there, but to enter Coe College at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, the following autumn. Information was received from Coe that I would receive credit there for the work done at Valparaiso, provided that my work at Coe would prove to be satisfactory.

THIRTY DOLLARS AND A BICYCLE.

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In mid-summer, a little over a year after Lila left Salt Lake City, I received a letter from her in which she urged me to come to Farmington immediately and be married.

"There is a man here at Farmington who is insisting that I forget you and marry him."

"If I did this," I replied, "I would always be either a stenographer or a day laborer, as I know no other occupation. Under those circumstances it seems to me that ultimately we would both be very unhappy. We are both still very young. The years will soon pass while I complete my education and then we can be married immediately."

About three weeks after I mailed this reply, a letter came which informed me that she was married. A day or two later the little opal ring arrived.

For a time, I was very badly upset and found comfort only by working so hard that I had little time to think. But my association with Lila was primarily what pulled me out of my position as a stenographer and sent me to college. In this way the entire trend and aim of my life was changed.

September, 1901, found me entering Coe College. There I was classified as a Sophomore, conditioned because I was still short in languages. In order to remedy this, five hours a week in the study of Greek were added to my regular schedule.

During my first year at Coe, I was taken under the care of Presbytery, as is customary in the event of a student who is preparing himself for the Presbyterian ministry. During that year I received

one hundred dollars from the Presbyterian Board of Christian Education, to help defray my expenses. In order to save the cost of board, I waited tables at the Pullman Hotel three hours a day and also did some stenographic work Saturdays. Again, I had a very little help from home.

During my entire attendance at Coe, I was a member of the track team, which activity took considerable time. At the end of my first year there, I went to Carlyle, Illinois and sold stereoscopes and views during my entire vacation.

The town of Breese, a few miles west of Carlyle, was made up almost entirely of coal miners and their families. Here I found an excellent market for the stereoscopic views.

The miners received their pay every two weeks. I took orders from house to house during the time between pay days, and the evening the men were paid I began to deliver these orders just as rapidly as possible, because the money of many of the miners would soon be gone.

Many of these men had good homes and were very comfortable financially. Also many of them, when they received their pay checks, would settle their grocery accounts at the company store; for the store would only give two weeks credit. After their store bills were paid, they would spend the remainder of their funds quickly.

One fairly large order I sold to the bar tender and owner of one of the Breese saloons. From him I received the most strenuous temperance lecture that it was ever my privilege to hear.

His order was delivered early in the afternoon, when the men were all at work and the saloon was practically empty. When he paid me, he said, "Have a drink on me."

"Thanks very much, but I don't drink."

Immediately he brought me a bottle of orange soda, then picked up a very small beer mug.

"See that little stein?" he said. "It holds only two ounces of beer. I keep it here all the time because the miners insist that I drink with them and it keeps me from getting too much. If you worked in this place for a while, you't never drink a drop. Some of the men get along all right even if they do drink, for they use liquor moderately and never abuse it. But I have seen so many that don't stop there, so many homes ruined and so many good men spoiled by drinking that I am about to sell out and get into some other line of work."

What a lecture - by a saloon owner!

That summer there was much high water at Carlyle, and I went swimming nearly every evening.

I decided to try for the Coe football team that fall, so went to a football camp on the Iowa River, a few miles from Cedar Rapids, two weeks before college opened. Evidently I had picked up a typhoid infection when swimming in Illinois, for I became ill with typhoid shortly after I got into camp. The coach sent me to St. Lukes Hospital, in Cedar Rapids, near Coe. There I remained for forty-seven days.

Much of the first two weeks of my illness I remember very indistinctly. However, I will never forget the ward in which I was placed. Our hospitals are so very different now from those at that time.

In this institution there was only one mens ward and it must have contained somewhere between fifteen and twenty beds. There was no pediatric department; children, if not placed in private rooms, were put into the mens or womans ward, depending on the sex of the patient. Surgical and medical cases were cared for in the

same ward and typhoid patients were only segregated to the extent of having them grouped together in one part of the ward.

During the first two weeks of sickness, I only remember that some sick child that was in our ward, was crying a great deal and I wished it would stop and let me rest. Carpenters were constructing some sort of an addition to the hospital and their constant hammering disturbed me when I was conscious enough to notice the noise.

One night, after a hot water bottle had been placed at my feet, I thought that the hospital was burning, and made an unsuccessful effort to get out of bed. The night nurse saw me moving about and immediately came to my bed. When she asked what was the matter, I said, "Can't you see? The whole hospital is burning and we must get out of here quick."

"Just quiet down and look around," she said. "There is no smoke anywhere. All the other patients are resting quietly in their beds. It's just your imagination that is fooling you, because you have been so sick. Now you will be all right, won't you?"

"Of course. Why does one have to imagine such things?"

But after she left, I had to fight myself for quite a little time to keep the same idea from again dominating me.

Another night I had so severe an intestinal hemorrhage that I became mentally confused. Two or three nurses stood at the foot of my bed and I heard one of them say, "We have sent for his doctor, but it won't do any good. He'll be gone before morning".

Fortunately, in my confusion I imagined that there were five or six of me there, lying side by side, and I thought that if one of me died, it would make no difference because there would be plenty of me left to carry on.

How strange it is that one remembers such things so clearly after he has been ill to such an extent that he has been mentally

confused!

After I had been sick three weeks, my parents, who thought that I was improving, wrote that the lad with whom I had gone swimming so many times, had also been stricken with typhoid and had died. Depressing as these news were, I was little bothered because I was still too sick to dwell on the matter.

Again the tide turned and I began to recover. Coe students would drop in and chat for a few minutes and I was told that repeatedly prayers had been offered in my behalf at the morning chapel meetings at college. One evening I had the pleasure of having the college president call and chat for a few moments.

As soon as I was able to be up, I took the train to Tipton, Iowa, where an aunt lived. There I remained until I was able to re-enter college.

It was mid-November when I returned to Cedar Rapids, and resumed my studies. Again, as in my earlier typhoid attack, I had lost all my hair, but after a time a new growth began to appear. Weight had been regained with amazing rapidity - an average of a pound a day for the first thirty days. But my weakness was still such that I could hardly carry the heavy trays when waiting on tables at the hotel. However, when the end of the semester came, I had managed to get satisfactory grades in enough work to give me ten of the fifteen credits usually required of Juniors for the semesters work.

During those weeks spent in college, my recovery was so slow that I was physically and mentally miserable and often wished I had died of the typhoid. At the close of the semester, it seemed to me that the only thing for me to do was to leave college for the remainder of the year and try to regain my health.

With this in view, I went to Brooklyn, Iowa and again began

to sell stereoscopes and views. But it seemed that I was subnormal in every way. For the first time, I failed to make expenses in this work in which I had previously done so well. Each day I became more and more mentally depressed until I thought that nothing was worth while. But at last the idea hit me that I might possibly get better if I had some outdoor work to do, that would require much exercise. Such work must support me, for I had no money left. The Presbyterian Board of Christian Education had given me thirty-three dollars when I was trying to catch up with my work at Coe, but this was gone.

It was now mid March and the frost was coming out of the ground and vegitation was beginning to grow.

At the local hotel I talked with some men who were looking for farm work and they told me that I should stay at the hotel for a few days and farmers who needed help would call the hotel. But I had no funds with which to pay for lodging, so one morning I started out of Brooklyn and stopped at each farm and asked for work.

Something over a mile out, I came to the home of Mr. Al McCall, who said that he could use a hired man for a month, during the spring work. This just suited me. I went to work for twenty-five dollars a month, board and room furnished. Here started a friendship that was to last for many years.

At this time I was heavier than I had ever been, but still weak and pale. My new crop of hair was about a half inch long. Some weeks later Mrs. McCall said to me, "When you asked for work I noticed how fat and pale you were and thought that your head had been shaved. I wondered if you had just come from the state penitentiary!"

The morning after I was hired, Mr. McCall gave me a tiling

spade, took me to the field and told me to dig post holes for a new fence. The last few inches of each hole had to be dug through frozen ground, as the spring thaw was not yet quite complete.

I managed to work all day, but before night my body ached intolerably. Again I wondered if anything was worth while. But the discomfort gradually became less as the days passed and I began to feel better than I had for many months. More important was the fact that as I gained strength, the mental depression gradually disappeared.

When the month ended, the spring work was well caught up, so Al needed me no longer. With a part of my twenty-five dollars, I made a payment on a gray horse (Billy) and a used buggy. With this I again started out through the country selling stereoscopes and views. Previous to this, I had traveled on my bicycle when doing this work in the country.

The McCall home was made my headquarters, and I paid a reasonable amount for what meals and lodging I had there. In this work I remained all summer, until again it was time to return to college. The horse and buggy were left at the McCalls for the winter.

The summers work had proven to be such a financial success that I returned to college happy and again in good health.

At college, I again worked at a restaurant for my board and did stenographic work week ends to help finances. And that year, my Junior year, the Presbyterian Board of Christian Education again presented me with one hundred dollars to help defray expenses.

Even at that time I was not entirely satisfied with the idea of entering the ministry. At Salt Lake I had heard a medical missionary give a talk at our church, in which he said that medical missionaries were badly needed. He added that young people who would enter this field could do great good and that they could get financial aid while at [illegible] medical college. Immediately I went to see him and offered

to do all I could to obtain a medical education and enter this work, but for some reason he seemed to have lost most of his enthusiasm and I got nowhere with him. So I gave up the idea.

At Coe, during my Junior year, again I was given to understand that medical men were badly needed in the foreign mission fields. Therefore I joined the "Student Volunteer Movement," which was formed for the purpose of getting students to volunteer to enter some part of the foreign mission work.

At this time I wrote to the Presbyterian Board of Education and asked what I should do to prepare myself for work as a medical missionary rather than for the ministry. The reply was that such material was then quite plentiful and that no more medical volunteers could be used because there was not sufficient money available to support them in foreign fields.

So once more, and I thought permanently, I gave up the idea of obtaining a medical education and went forward with my preparations for the Presbyterian ministry.

That year I entered into college activities outside of my regular college work, much more than formerly. I was still a member of the track team. There were no fraternities at Coe at that time, but there were two mens literary societies that were active. I acted as president of one of these, the Olio Society, for two semesters - my entire Junior year. I was business manager of the Coe College Cosmus and found that it took some real work to make the paper pay its way.

Because of my desire to improve my ability to speak in public, I entered the home oratorical contest, in which I took second place. Also I entered the Dows Essay Contest and was awarded a twenty dollar gold piece. The twenty dollars was very acceptable, for my finances

were again about depleted.

Because of my engaging in these various activities and the necessity of working for my board, I had no time to spare for anything else. During this year I worked at Marshalls Restaurant in down town Cedar Rapids, and had become efficient enough as a waiter so that only two hours work a day were required for my board.

My Senior year was also pleasant. Due to the work I had done during the part of a semester in which I had attended college immediately after I had typhoid, I had several credits to spare. So I took a ygears work in the study of German, which was not required in my course. My major throughout college attendance had been English, and my principal minor subject was psychology.

At graduation, a disappointment awaited me, possibly because I was over sensitive. I felt that I was unjustly treated because it seemed to me that students who had not worked as hard as had I, and had not entered as many activities outside of their regular work as had I, were graduated with "cum laude" or "magnum cum laude" while I received neither. Because of this, at that time I felt so bitter that I thought I would never again set foot on the Coe campus. Long since I have learned that such honors are of little practical value, so the bitterness that I then felt disappeared long ago.

After graduation I went to Iola, Illinois, where my parents now lived, and helped in the construction of a small house for them. Father had retired from the ministry due to his advanced age.

While I worked on the house, the thought kept persistantly returning that I was not fitted for the ministry. I was afraid I would be considered in the same light as was the minister Father used to tell about.

This minister had said that he had seen in the heavens, these

letters; G.P.C., and therefore felt that he had been called into the Christian ministry, for these three letters could only mean, "Go Preach Christ." However, most of his congregations, when told of his having seen these three letters in the sky, thought that they must have meant "Go Plow Corn!"

When the house was completed, about a month after my graduation, I told Father that again I had decided to make an effort to obtain a medical education. If I found that I was not needed in the mission field, I would work at home.

Three hundred and thirty three dollars had been received by me from the Presbyterian Board of Christian Education. When I contacted this board concerning the change in my plans, I was told that such a change would be satisfactory with them if, after my education was completed, I would pay back what they had furnished, with five percent compound interest. This payment was made in full by me some years later.

Father gave me five dollars and I rode my bicycle the three hundred miles from Iola, Illinois, to Cedar Rapids. When I arrived there, once more I was without funds. Marshall's Restaurant trusted me for a meal ticket good for twenty-one meals, and the home in which I had roomed during my last two years in college, trusted me with room rent for a week.

Immediately I obtained work on the construction of the Allison Hotel in down town Cedar Rapids. Here I was employed two weeks and earned enough money to enable me to take the train to Holdrege, Nebraska, where I sold stereoscopes and views the remainder of the summer.

At Holdrege many of the people remembered my parents and myself and very frequently one of them would say to me, "Are you selling the views in an effort to make money to attend college?"

"Yes, I am, but I don't want to make a sale on that account. If you like the views and wish to buy them because you want them, I am glad to sell them to you. But I don't want you to buy them just to help me."

When I look back at my experiences there, I really believe that this attitude was possibly a great stimulant to the sale of the views. At any rate, I sold them in quantities much greater than ever before had been the case. When summer was over I was ready to go to the University of Iowa and enter the College of Medicine with so much cash that I felt I could easily get along if I could find work in a restaurant or hotel that would take care of my board. I felt very happy when I boarded the train for Iowa City.

Never had I been in a Pullman. The night was spent in an ordinary chair car. Most of my money I put into a bill fold in my inner coat pocket. Thirty dollars in bills and a few cents in change were placed in a small purse in my hip pocket.

When night came, I slept soundly and when I woke in the morning I thought, "What a good world it is and how fortunate I am. Truly God has been good to me in spite of the fact that I have decided not to enter the ministry."

I went into the wash room and scrubbed my face and hands, and it was when I was putting on my coat that I first noticed that there was no bill fold in my coat pocket!

Had I put it in another pocket and forgotten it? Hurridly I searched every pocket but still no bill fold. I went over every inch of the wash room, but found nothing.

Thoroughly alarmed, I hurried back to my seat and searched the seat on which I had slept and the floor around it, with no result! The small purse with the thirty dollars was still in my pocket, but the bill fold with the bulk of my summer's savings

was gone! Evidently someone had taken it from my pocket while I was sound asleep, during the night.

An unreasonable anger surged through me, I think the most violent that I have ever experienced, and my mind was in a tumult.

"I have worked so hard for that money and built up such hopes about entering the college of medicine!

"All for nothing!

"I hope the good Lord will bring some great trouble to whoever stole that money! Nothing could be too bad for such a person!

"The 'Good Lord'? Is He really good?

"Could it be that He caused this to happen so that I will have no money to enter medical school, and will become so discouraged that I will go into the ministry, for which I feel that I am not fitted?

"Well, I won't do it! After what has happened I will go into any other occupation on earth rather than the ministry!

"But wait a minute! God has always been good to me and it might be just possible that He is testing my determination to study medicine.

"I ought to be ashamed of myself to let my temper get the best of me in this way."

I noticed that some of the passengers were watching me rather closely.

"I must control my temper and stop searching for the wallet, for it is surely gone and searching won't bring it back. If I told people what has happened, likely they would take a big laugh out of it and say that it was a good lesson - that I shoud have been more careful of my money!

"I won't give the thief the satisfaction of reading in tomorrows

paper about how the pockets of an easy mark have been picked. No one will hear about it from me!

"I still have thirty dollars, my ticket to Iowa City, and my bicycle in the baggage car. It can't do any harm to go to the University and see what I can do. Possibly God will still be good to me once more and open some way by which I can go on!"

In order to appear more composed, I went forward to the next car and bought a daily paper from the news agent. When I returned to my seat I tried to read the paper, but can remember not a single word that was printed. At any rate, the anger and frustration gradually ebbed, and a determination grew, to make every possible effort to get into the College of Medicine, as I had intended.

At the University I was told that the Y.M.C.A. had an employment agency which tried to locate work for students who needed it to supplement their finances. When I told this agency that I had to work and that I was an experienced stenographer and waiter, I was informed that the situation was hopeless so far as any work in these lines was concerned. It seemed that an unusual number of applicants for work as stenographers and waiters had been there and failed to find employment, so had left. To me it seemed that there was no possibility of obtaining work unless I could find it by going from restaurant to restaurant and telling of my experience as a waiter.

At first this proved to be a discouraging procedure. It seemed that there had been many applicants everywhere, before me. Place after place reported that they had more help than they really needed, and that after the university work began and it was found whether or not the number of students would be such that all their present help would be needed, likely they would have to let some of their employees go.

Toward evening, discouraged and tired, I dropped in at the College Inn. At first the "boss" told me that he had all the help he could possibly use. I insisted on telling him of my experience as a waiter in Cedar Rapids, and that I could handle either try or arm work.

At last he said, "I really need someone who is experienced and trustworthy to work from nine to twelve at night, after the cashier has gone home. This shift takes care of the parties and the crowds from the theatres."

I told him where I had worked at Cedar Rapids, and he left me for a few minutes. He must have called Cedar Rapids, for when he returned he said, "If you will take the work from nine to twelve at night, I'll try you."

Once more the sun was beginning to shine!

The following day I went into the office of a small local weekly paper, the Johnson County Democrat, and asked if they needed a part time stenographer. Again fortune smiled on me, for arrangements were made for me to come to the office at 5:30 each afternoon and take dictation. I was to take my notes home and turn out the correspondence sometime during the night and leave it at the printing office the next morning. They even furnished me with an old Remington typewriter.

So I entered the College of Medicine with resources of only thirty dollars and a bicycle! Some years later one of the professors told me that as far as he knew, that was a record which had never been equaled. I sincerely hope that it will never be necessary for anyone to equal it!

The first semester there, I experienced the hardest financial struggle of my life, and that year was possibly my hardest year of study.

Tuition for students who were citizens of the state of Iowa, was then fifty dollars a year plus laboratory fees. Fortunately, when I was at Coe, I had registered as a voter and had voted for Theodore Roosevelt. This made me legally a citizen of Iowa in spite of the fact that my parents lived in Illinois,so I was able to enter the medical college at the rate given to citizens of Iowa. Twenty-five of my thirty dollars were paid for my first semesters tuition.

At a rooming house I paid most of my remaining five dollars as part payment for a months room rent. My room mate was a law student, Mr. Carlton. Several medical students had rooms at the same place. They soon found that I was short of funds, and some Sophomores loaned me enough of their Freshman text books to enable me to get along with my studies.

Just when I thought that things were temporarily under control, I was informed that a deposit of six dollars was required at the chemistry laboratory. I possessed no six dollars and knew that the only thing that I could do was to borrow it if possible.

George Buresh, who had been a classmate of mine at Coe, was now a law student at the University, and I managed to locate him and asked him for the loan. He was more than kind to let me have it. A few days later I was fortunate enough to get the job of making two copies of a long paper which one of the doctors was to deliver at some medical meeting. For this work I received six dollars, and paid George. I shall always feel much gratitude for the kindness shown to me by the students at my rooming house and by George.

Possibly due to the fact that I had taken dictation rapidly in short hand when I did stenographic work, I had learned to write long hand very rapidly. Because of this, I was able to take notes at lectures, in long hand and in permanent note books. This made it

unnecessary to rewrite them and saved much time.

One of our Chemistry professors, Doctor Poore, gave me some stenographic work which I could do Sundays. Always I carried a note book or text book with me when at work at the Johnson County Demecrat office, so that I could study if there was any delay in my receiving dictation.

Previous to the time I entered the College of Medicine, I had made it a fixed rule not to study on Sunday, but to really make that day a day of rest. Now I had to work just as hard on Sunday as on the other dix days.

Several times before this semester ended, I was so short of funds that I was unable to pay any laundry bill. Fortunately, I had been given a heavy, pull over sweater with a large letter "C" on it, for my running when on the track team at Coe. When the cash was so short that I couldn't get a shirt laundered, I was able to get along by wearing this sweater. I still have it, and frequently think over my first days at the University of Iowa when I see it.

One evening I came home from the printing office and threw myself down on my bed for a few moments rest. When I woke, I found that someone had drawn the curtains and placed a chair close to my bed. On the chair was a skull with a light in it, which gave it a wonderful appearance. Laughing, I started out the door to see if I could find who the culprit was, when I noticed a paper pinned to the outside of the door on which was written:

"Oh, some folks die a whiskey
And some folks die a beer
And some folks die-a-betes
And some folks die-a-rear.

But of all of the diseases
That give the shakes to me,
Worst's the drip, drip, drip and the drop, drop, drop
Of the dammed old gonoree!"

The "medics"seemed to live up to their reputation of being the hardest workers and the biggest "rough necks" on the campus! I found them to be a wonderfully fine lot of fellows.

With the program that I had worked out, I was able to carry on and meet expenses, but the hours were so long and the work so hard that I became more and more tired. There was no time for any sort of leisure or rest. When the required work and study were completed, far too little time was left for sleep. Toward the end of the semester it seemed utterly impossible for me to continue my schedule much longer. Very reluctantly I decided that at the end of the semester I would have to quit for the remainder of the year, and resume my studies the following year.

When Father learned of this plan he immediately contacted my brother Robert, who had become depot agent at Ketchum, Idaho - now Sun Valley. Just before the close of the semester a letter came from Brother, in which he said that he would loan me the money with which to finish my course. This he did, for which I am eternally grateful.

When I had finished my interneship, I owed him just a thousand dollars, and the Presbyterian Board of Christian Education three hundred thirty-three dollars plus interest. Really, it is a good world!

The only difficulty I had with my studies when in medical college, was in the courses required in bacteriology and chemistry. When at Coe I took work in experimental psychology and found that I was red-green color blind and that my color vision was defective to a lesser degree in some other colors.

In the study of bacteriology, often the identification of various types of bacteria depends on ones color vision, as the specimens are stained and counter-stained with color reagents. Many of our tests

consisted partly in the identification of various bacteria which were present on slides handed to us without being labeled in any way. Since I was not able to identify the micro-organisms by color, I had to study very carefully the shape, size and grouping habits and other characteristics of the bacteris in order to be able to identify them.

In Chemistry also, good color vision is necessary in order to make various laboratory tests. I had the idea that if our instructors found that I had defective color vision, they might not let me go on with my medical education. For that reason I never told either an instructor or any medical student that I was color blind, and managed to graduate without their having knowledge of it.

While I was at Iowa City, the most important thing in my life occurred.

During my Freshman year I became acquainted with one of the nurses who was in training at that time, Miss Martha W. Fratzke. We became engaged and after she had finished her training and had obtained her degree as a registered nurse, we were married.

This partnership began April 7th, 1909, and has proved to be a partnership that has never failed. During the first few years of my practice, without my wife's help I couldn't have accomplished many of the things that I did. And while she no longer helps me professionally as a nurse, she is still at my side as a wife.

In June, 1909, my interneship completed, with my wife I boarded a train for the west.

WESTWARD HO!

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How the practice of medicine has changed since 1909!

Recently there has been a scarcity of physicians, but those who have entered the profession have been well trained and at a great expense.

Shortly before I entered medical college, the pre-medical educational requirements were very low. Many practicing physicians had entered medical schools without even having completed a high school course. Moreover the time actually spent in these institutions by many of these men, had been two years of six months each. The time required to complete such a course was gradually increased to three such years, and a very few years before my entrance into medical school, the time required to complete such a course of study at the State University of Iowa, was lengthened to four years of nine months each. Also the pre-medical educational requirements were raised.

At that time, however, few if any states required that a doctor who began to practice within its borders, should have had any experience as an interne. As a result, it was the exception rather than the rule that medical graduates had been benefitted by the valuable experience gained by such hospital work.

Because of these conditions which so recently had existed, it was only a few years before my entrance into medical practice, that a doctor could complete his medical education in a very short time and with very little expense compared with that of today. The result was that many men, capable and otherwise, found their way into the

In 1900 it was said that in the United States there was approximately one doctor for every five hundred people. This made competition between these men very keen, often very unethical and in various ways exceedingly disagreeable. Many physicians seemed to take great pleasure in belittling their brother practitioners without cause. Often such statements as these could be heard:

"If you had continued that treatment another hour or two, the case would have been hopeless."

"He doesn't know anything - it is mighty luckey you called me when you did!"

How often in the early days of my practice were such statements heard and how seldom do we hear them in recent years! And strangely enough, in those earlier days the general public seemed very happy to enlarge these things and pass them along.

This attitude both on the part of many of the physicians and much of the public, caused a great deal of discord and often regrettable relations between doctors resulted. It is wonderful that instead of the attitude that then existed in many places, there is now a general spirit of helpfulness and cooperation between doctors! Not only is it very much better for the medical men, but also for the welfare of their patients.

All through my years in medical school, I had cherished the idea that I would go west as soon as my interneship was finished. It had been my thought to go to Idaho, as I knew that country. But on investigation, I found that the western states had no reciprocity with any other states so far as permitting physicians to practice within their borders was concerned. Every physician, before he built up a practice in the Pacific coast states, had to appear before a so-called Board of Medical Examiners, and undergo

a very thorough examination. When I went west, I had to do this in spite of the fact that I had passed such an examination in Iowa.

The Idaho State Board of Medical Examiners gave no such test until October, while the Oregon board examined applicants early in July. Rather than wait these three months without any income, I decided to take the Oregon examination. This lasted three days and was held in Portland.

With this in view, I sent for and received literature from Oregon and decided to settle somewhere in the western portion of the state, although I had not a single acquaintance there.

At the time of our marriage Martha's father and mother made us a present of five hundred dollars. To celebrate our marriage, we went to Chicago and spent a week end. What was left of the five hundred dollars was our total capital with which to go west, furnish our home and purchase equipment and supplies for my office.

My interneship at Iowa finished the sixteenth day of June and a few days later we were on our way west. It was our thought that we could travel in a day coach and stop off nights, as in this way we could save what we then considered the high expense of Pullman accommodations.

Our first day of travel brought us to Phillipsburg, Kansas, where we arrived toward evening. We were met at the train by an old fashioned hotel bus which had a long seat along each side and a door in the rear through which one entered after he had climbed up a couple of steps. Glass windows extended all around the vehicle, and the rattling these windows did became tremendous when the two mules hitched to the bus started for the hotel. The driver climbed onto his seat in front, whistled through his teeth, waved a long whip over the mules, and down the dusty street we plunged with a deafening clatter.

Martha never had seen anything like it, and lapsed into silence, with her eyes glued on our surroundings.

After a few minutes ride through the dust, we arrived at a hotel which really wasn't bad for those days. Here we registered, and as we did so the clerk absently whistled the old song which at that time was in vogue:

"Come away with me, Lucile, in our airy Olsmobile,
Down the road of life we'll fly, auto-mo-bubling, you and I,
To the church we'll quickly wheel and the wedding bells will peal,
You may go as far as you like with me in our airy Olsmobile."

My opoligies to the auther, but when we think of Phillipsburg, that clerk and those words invariably are mentally pictured.

The following morning we took the train again and arrived at Colorado Sorings toward evening. Here we spent a little time going on the famous High Drive with a driver and buggy - real sports, spending the little we had! And we walked a short distance up the Pikes Peak trail that I had climbed many years before.

The third day we again took the train, this time on the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, and started for Salt Lake City. Things happened on this part of our journey that surely must have been caused because we started on Friday!

A bridge burned out ahead of us and we had to transfer to another train which was on the west side of the burned bridge. This delayed us some hours.

A freight train was wrecked and there was another wait for the track to be cleared.

We ran out of water for washing, so had only drinking water. Consequently we were dirty and grimy. But in spite of these things, we arrived at Salt Lake City eight hours late, but still happy.

After a day in Salt Lake, during which I again saw many old scenes and talked with various past acquaintances, we took the Union

Pacific train to Ketchum, Idaho. Here brother Robert was still station agent. In order to save some of the few dollars we still had, I left Martha at Ketchum while I went on to Portland alone, to take the required examination.

At that time the law of Oregon stated that one who desired to practice medicine and surgery in the state, was only required to pass the examination given by the State Board of Medical Examiners. Because of this seemingly low requirement, the idea seemed to be prevelent in the east that there would be little trouble in procuring a license in Oregon. In order to improve this condition until the State Legislature would enact more severe laws, the examining board gave a very thorough examination. Afterward I was told that of the one hundred and eight of us who took the test at the time I took it, forty failed.

The examination, given in the old wooden Lincoln High School, was conducted in a common class room. An applicant was placed in every seat and spotters paced the isles constantly, in order to make certain that no information was exchanged between those being examined. A large table was placed in the front part of the room and several who were suspected of attempting to give or obtain information, were conducted to this table to complete their test.

It seemed to me that the questions asked were, for the most part, very fair, and I finally received an average grade about two percent higher than I had obtained in the Iowa examination.

Martha followed me to Portland and from there we took the train to the southern Oregon town of Roseburg.

We found Roseburg to be a little city of three or four thousand population. Martha and I went to Rice & Rice, furniture dealers, and succeeded in obtaining on credit enough furniture to enable us

to live in a small rented cottage on Pine Street. Down town I immediately established an office.

Day after day passed without word from the State Board of Medical Examiners as to whether or not I had passed the examination. Without such assurance, I was technically practicing without a license and was subject to arrest and a fine which I would have no money to pay. For that reason I was apprehensive all the time and kept much to myself instead of mixing with people, as I should.

Under these circumstances, in a month I had just one patient! This was a young lady with a leg infection for which I prescribed, and which, fortunately, got well. For this service I received one dollar! Still I had not heard whether or not I had passed my examination.

To help our finances, Martha obtained work at the Mercy Hospital. But in spite of this, our little fund soon was nearly gone, and we were far from friends or acquaintances and without other means of support. Our furniture bill, which we owed Rice & Rice, caused us considerable worry although the firm was very kind in not asking for immediate payment.

The main street of Roseburg was being paved, - the first pavement in the city - and frequently I would look out of the office window and wish I could go down and work on the stret, and in this way make a living and get away from the financial worry and uncertainty.

A month after we located at Roseburg, a woman came into my office and asked if this was the office of Doctor Brumfield, Dentist. I told her where to find the dental office and, while we chatted a moment, she told me that she lived in a little village, Yoncalla, thirty miles north of Roseburg. When I asked what the medical

situation there was, she gave me such a favorable report that within a few days, with the consent of Rice & Rice, we moved to Yoncalla. The expense of this move was such that when we arrived at our new location we had only a very few dollars left.

At that time Yoncalla was a village of about five hundred people. The name, Yoncalla, is said to be derived from the Indians and means "The home of the eagle." The village is a beautiful little place, nestling in a likewise beautiful little valley, to the west of which lie the low mountains of Oregon's Coast Range, and to the east the more rugged peaks of the Cascades.

Many of the names given to parts of the valley by old settlers, reflect the vivid imagination they had; such as Duck Egg Valley; Shoestring Valley; Thief Creek; Poodle Creek and others.

At that time life was slow and living was easy in this little village, as there was an abundance of fruit and vegetables, plenty of trout in the nearby streams and many deer in the surrounding mountains. When winter came however, there was quite a change. Roads became practically bottomless and remained nearly impassable until spring, because of the mildness of the climate and the heavy winter rainfall.

While the people, as a class, were intelligent and desirable, yet, as is the case in most communities, there were a few unique characters in Yoncalla. The morning after our arrival, before Wife and I had left our bed, we heard a rather melodious voice singing, "When the roll is called up yonder." On inquiry at the breakfast table, we were told that the singer was Dick Ambrose. The informer went on to say that Dick lived alone in a little shack about a block from the hotel and that "he is not quite all there

mentally." When we asked if his mental condition resulted from some injury, the only reply we got then or at any other time was, "The report is that he made a trip to Portland a few years ago and that while he was there he fell down an elevator shaft. He has been some better since then."

In a short time we became acquainted with a few other peculiar characters and a great many wonderfully fine people.

For a few days we were unable to procure a house, but a great burden was lifted from our shoulders in the fact that calls for my professional services began to come in almost immediately. After only three days we were making sufficient money on which to live.

The local livery barn made a bargain with me which stipulated that I should drive entirely from this barn and that each drive, regardless of distance, would cost me two dollars. There was this single exception to our bargain; that in the winter when the roads were so bad that one couldn't possibly drive, a saddle horse would be furnished and the fee would be just one dollar for each trip! This also was regardless of distance. This bargain was adhered to during our entire stay at Yoncalla.

The name, Yoncalla, brings to Martha and me a flood of memories, pleasant and unpleasant, pathetic and ludicrous. Many of these recollections are of things which today would be impossible of duplication, for these were still pioneer days in southern Oregon.

My mind was soon at rest concerning the legality of my practicing in the state, for a short time after our arrival at this location I received information from the examiners that I had successfully passed the examination. With this information was enclosed a certificate, signed by the board members, which stated

that I was licensed to practice medicine and surgery anywhere in the state.

My first confinement, while unfortunate financially, was also unusual for one who was beginning his practice.

One morning I was much pleased to receive a call to come to Wilbur on a passenger train which would pass through our town in a few minutes. The person who called simply said, "A lady is sick."

Wilbur is really in Roseburg territory, but I hadn't yet learned that when one is called far into another territory by people with whom he is not acquainted, usually there is some financial reason back of it.

I supposed this possibly was a case of pneumonia or some ordinary illness, so took only my medicine case and went to Wilbur. When I was informed that I was to care for a confinement, immediately I went to the nearest telephone, called Martha and told her to catch the next train to Wilbur and to bring my obstetrical bag. The next train was scheduled to arrive about four hours later.

With me I had nothing with which to care for a confinement, - no anesthetic, no gloves, no gown, no sterile supplies and no obstetrical forceps. The patient had been confined several times before, and fortunately proved to be very cooperative. By the time Martha arrived with my obstetrical bag, the child had been born, the cord tied with a string that we had sterilized by boiling, the placenta delivered and everything was quiet.

The family was very agreeable, thanked me for coming, took the blame for not letting me know that the "sickness" was a confinement, and never paid me a cent. In this way my obstetrical experience in private practice was begun.

Our first surgical case was that of a woman who had been badly lacerated in confinement some years previous, and never had been repaired.

One morning I made an appointment for her to come to our home that night for preparation, and told her that I would do the repair work the next morning, and that Martha would care for her in our home.

We really had to get busy. We had no sterilizer, but to serve as one I made a light wooden frame about four inches high which would fit into our wash boiler. In this we could sterilize our instruments and dressings. The Portland firm from whom we had purchased much of our office equipment, agreed when called by telephone, to send me the instruments I would need. If the firm would act promptly, the instruments would arrive early he next morning.

We called the village of Drain, six miles north of us, and persuaded Doctor Bertha DeVore to come next morning and give the anesthetic. Martha was busily making dressings and sterile supplies.

That night I didn't sleep much. The worry was not so much about the surgery as the possibility that the instruments wouldn't arrive on schedule, or that Doctor DeVore would be on some case that she couldn't leave and wouldn't be able to come and give the anesthetic.

I mailed a check in part payment for the instruments that had been ordered, and we had just five dollars left in the bank!

The next morning things went beautifully. Wife was surgical assistant, sterile nurse and every other sort of nurse, as she was on many occasions thereafter. Doctor DeVore arrived promptly and gave a very good ether anesthetic. For this, I paid her the price

that was usual at that time, five dollars! And that was our last five dollars.

The patient made a rapid and uneventful recovery and we were looking forward happily to the time of payment. But when she left, she said, "Thanks for everything. I'll be seeing you one of these days."

How we did need that money! But we managed to struggle along financially and a few weeks later she came and paid us in full.

Some weeks later the telephone called one morning.

"Doctor, there is a woman out here, living in a tent with her husband who is cutting wood. She is being confined and they want you to come right out. From the fuss she is making, her pains must be mighty hard!"

The place I was told to go was about four miles from town. It was late autumn and the roads had gotten very deep, so I took a saddle horse and my obstetrical bag and went to the tent.

Mrs. Mann was the mother of a child six years of age. The child had been sent to a neighbor and told to remain there until her parents called for her.

The Manns had thought that they would do without a doctor this time, as their finances were low. But labor pains had been severe for nearly thirty-six hours, and so far as they could tell, the case was not progressing as it should. So at last they had called for help.

The mother was found on a home made bed in the tent. The one basin available was the family wash basin. Two chairs and a soap box, together with an old cook stove, summed up most of the

remainder of the furniture.

The family basin I sterilized as best I could with boiling water and lysol. Then, after my rubber gloves were boiled, I slipped on my gown and the gloves.

Examination told me that a fully developed child was lying crosswise, with a hand and arm presenting. The child couldn't possibly be born in this position.

How I wished the case was in a hospital! This was no condition to be treated outside a hospital, even in a good,sanitary home, and here we were in a tent under such conditions that good sterile technique was impossible!

The mother was so exhausted and the fetal pulse was so weak that I felt sure that if I were to try to get the patient to the nearest hospital, through thirty miles of almost impassable mud, I would certainly loose the child and probably the mother also. It seemed that I had no choice but to go ahead and do the best I could with the patient where she was.

I put the mother under as deep an ether anesthetic as I felt was safe, and hastily dashed my gloved hands through another wash of strong lysol water. Then, while the husband supported the patient's knees, I attempted to push the hand and arm back into the uterus and bring down the nearest foot. This had to be done very rapidly, for the ether wouldn't long effect the patient sufficiently to prevent her becoming tense and moving about. This would make it impossible for me to get anywhere with the case.

Fortunately, by using all the speed I could, I managed to get the hand and arm out of the way and had barely gotten the foot pulled down when the woman began to bear down with a pain. By pulling the foot down as hard as I dared, I managed to turn the child so that

it could be born feet first, a so-called footling delivery. After this was done, it took only a few severe pains, as the ether wore off, to bring the child completely into my hands. The mother had been quite badly lacerated in her previous confinement and had not been repaired, so I was able to deliver the after coming head with but little trouble.

When the case was over, I felt very tired, and I continued to be on quite a mental strain for the next three or four days. In spite of the fact that I had taken all the sterile precautions I could think of under the circumstances, I feared that the patient might have been infected during the delivery of the child. But the mother and child both got along without any trouble whatever, and after the case was dismissed I heard but little from the family until the mother was again confined about two years later.

In March, 1910, a large two story house in Yoncalla was for sale. A carpenter and his son had built it as a home for themselves. It was a sort of duplex, the center of which was divided by a long hall. The building consisted of twelve rooms and two bathrooms, and while not fancy, it was substantially built.

The owners asked two thousand dollars for the house. By this time we had saved a little money, so we offered to give them nineteen hundred dollars for it if they would take a payment of two hundred cash and three hundred a year until the remainder was paid. After we had haggled for a time, they agreed and we immediately moved into our first own home.

In this house we had rooms in which to live and, in addition, enough space for an office and a few beds for patients.

Doctor DeVore came regularly to give anesthetics and Wife

continued to be surgical assistant and the entire nursing force. Everything was cheap, including medical fees. An office call was one dollar, house calls two dollars, and confinements were fifteen dollars! I rarely saw an obstetrical case until the patient was in labor, in spite of the fact that I tried hard to impress on everyone the importance of medical supervision during pregnancy. Such supervision had scarcely been known in this part of the world and was ordinarily considered as merely an unnecessary extravagance when it was suggested.

One evening a party called over the telephone.

"Doctor, my neighbors want you to come out and see a sick girl."

"What's the trouble?" I asked.

"I don't know, only she seems to be awfully sick."

The mud was deep, so again my transportation was a saddle horse. The medicine case was all that I took with me.

When I examined the patient, I found that she was in labor and that the labor was almost completed. I told the mother that her daughter was going to have a baby, but had considerable trouble in getting her to believe it.

"You are certainly mistaken, Doctor. She has been right here at home with me all the time and I certainly would have known it long ago if she had been pregnant!"

However, in a short time we had a perfectly normal baby. A clean sheet was torn into suitable pieces and used as temporary clothing for the child.

Before I left, the mother of the patient asked me if I wouldn't talk to the daughter and, if possible, find out who the father of the child was. With this in mind, I had a few moments private conversation with the girl.

"Let's have a little talk together for a minute or two," I began, "and the first thing I want to say is that I am not going to criticize you or blame you in any way for what has happened. Your mother and I both think that you have made a mistake, but we feel that the greatest mistake you have made was in not confiding in your mother and telling her about your condition long ago. But there is no use regretting that now.

"The only thing to do now is to quietly marry the father of your baby. Of course there is bound to be considerable gossip about the affair for a while, but if you and your husband live quietly and respectably in the community for a time, people will soon forget that anything irregular has happened. And in this way your child will have a legal father. It will be best for the child, for its father and for you. Think it over, won't you?"

With that, I left her.

Only a few days later a quiet wedding took place, and the local gossip that always is so ready, soon died away.

Because I am a member of the medical profession, it has been inevitable that I should hear many arguments concerning so-called faith cures and Christian Science. But in spite of my study of psychology and suggestive therapy when a student at Coe, I had not thought that it was within the scope of the duty of the physician to use suggestive therapy in the extreme in the treatment of patients. However, experience taught me that such treatment occasionally is very advisable.

My first experience with a patient of this type occurred in the summer of 1910, when I was called into the country to see a woman who was ill with pneumonia. Martha made the trip with me, just for the ride.

I remember the occasion especially well because, after I had seen the patient, the husband brought out a paper bag and offered us a treat. The treat was put before Martha first, and consisted of many pieces of smoked venison, known as "jerky" in this part of the world. The pieces looked dried and nearly black and far from inviting, as is always the case with jerky.

Martha had never before seen anything like it, and very carefully she took the smallest piece she could find. I had previously been given some jerky by another patient, and liked it so very much and was so greedy that I took the largest piece in sight. As we talked, we ate our venison and as Martha ate, her expression changed. When we returned to the buggy she said, "My, but that stuff looked awful, but it tasted wonderful. Can't you spare part of that piece?"

Ever since, Martha has liked jerky.

The pneumonia patient made a gradual recovery, but after she was well she frequently came to my office and complained of a great variety of symptoms. Careful repeated examinations revealed no pathology, so finally I tried giving her a tablet composed simply of colored sugar, with wonderful results. This happened several times and the idea of taking her husband's hard earned money for such treatment was repulsive.

When I met the husband on the street one afternoon, I said, "Al, I hate to tell you about it, but your wife has no physical ailment that I can find. Her symptoms seem to me to be imaginary, and her recovery seems to be prompt whatever medicine I give her. Just any harmess thing that I give will cure her for a time. But I can't go on taking your money under such circumstances."

"Doctor, I have thought for a long time that her ailments were largely in her head. But since you have been taking care of her, she has complained less than she has for years. Now the home is pleasant

and peaceful where it used to be just plain hell a lot of the time. Believe me, it is worth the few dollars you charge to have such a change in our home life. When she comes to your office, for goodness sake, give her some sort of medicine. And if we ask you to call at our place and you find nothing the matter with her, open your pill bag and shell out something."

I did this for her all the rest of the time we lived in Yoncalla, and for several years after we left there this patient would frequently write me a list of symptoms and ask either that I send her a prescription or whatever medicine I thought she needed.

This sort of practice, to such an extreme, has not come up often in my work, but occasionally I have had to have a little confidential talk with some member of a family and, at the request of the family, I have found it necessary to treat a few patients in the same manner that I treated Al's wife. It is self evident that this is neither "divine healing" nor "Christian Science", but rather mental suggestion, pure and simple.

There have been several times when, in my work, the doctor himself has narrowly escaped being the patient. Such was the case one winter morning when I was called to go on a trip a few miles west of the village of Drain. It was early in the winter and the roads were muddy but not yet very deep. This was an unusually cold morning and the mud on the road was frozen hard and was very rough.

When the livery man had the team and buggy ready for me, he said, "Doctor, I am giving you old Cap and a young horse. Cap has quite a reputation for running away, but the young horse has been all right. Just keep your eye on old Cap, please."

The buggy had the top up and the side curtains on, and when I got in I wrapped a heavy lap robe around my legs and feet.

A short distance from town it was necessary to drive through an especially muddy, rough, frozen spot and when the buggy hit this spot it began to bounce and rattle. Seemingly startled by the noise, suddenly the horses plunged forward as though they had been whipped. When I attempted to pull them in, my right line broke at the buckle. Then I pulled hard on the left line in an attempt to turn the team into the fence and stop them. To my amazement, the left line broke, also at the buckle. This left me without any possible way to control the team. So I immediately jumped out over the front wheel, robe and all.

I landed beside the road, without any injury excepting for a slight scratch on my right shin where it had hit the wheel as I passed over it.

About twenty feet from where I jumped, the buggy tipped over. It was soon the most completely demolished buggy that I have ever seen. Pieces of it were scattered here and there along the road and about a half mile beyond the wreckage, the neck yoke hit a telephone pole and the team was caught by a farmer.

After I had asked the farmer to telephone the livery barn and report the wreck, I borrowed a saddle and bridle from him, put them on old Cap and went on my call. As I returned from my visit I came past the scene of the run-away and met the owner of the team and buggy. He was driving a team hitched to a hay rack and was gathering up the pieces of the wrecked buggy and throwing them into the hayrack.

He had examined the harness and had found the broken lines, so had a good idea what had happened. Immediately he expressed his regret that I should have had such an experience due to the defect in the harness. I was relieved of all responsibility for the destruction of the buggy.

A few months after we located at Yoncalla, my parents joined us.

Father had long since retired from the ministry due to his advanced age. In March, 1910, Mother had a cerebral hemorrhage and after five days of unconsciousness, passed away. From that time, for the next dozen years, Father was a part of our household.

In spite of the fact that we had a large house, Martha and I liked the fresh air so much that we curtained a porch and slept on it part of the time. Our closest neighbor, Mr. Cox, had a small general store in the business section of the town.

One morning Wife and I were awakened from our fresh air sleep by the shrill voice of a woman who called loudly;

"Mr. Cox, Mr. Cox, wake up! Wake up! Your store has been broken in two! Your store has been broken in two!"

I rubbed my sleepy eyes and mumbled to Wife, "What sort of a gag is this? How could anything break his store in two?"

"We don't know who did it," the woman then added, "but someone broke into it during the night!"

My first deer hunt was experienced the second autumn we were at Yoncalla.

Of a party of seven, I was the only one who was not an experienced deer hunter. We made camp in the forest some miles west of our village and after the camp was made comfortable, we decided to make a drive.

Three of us were placed where we could see a considerable distance through the woods and fern, while the other four circled around and made a drive in our direction. As so often happens, the unexpected occurred.

A spike buck came toward me and played in the tall growth of fern as he came. The fern was so high and the deer so small that I could only see him at times when he would jump unusually high.

When he made one of these jumps, I shot and had the good luck to hit him just back of the front legs.

At the present time, a spike buck is unlawful prey in Oregon, but at that time the law was such that it was lawful to kill him. No other deer was seen that day.

That evening, around a roaring camp fire, the fellows were spinning some fabulous yarns about their hunting experiences. After I had listened to their stories for a time,with enjoyment, I said, "I think I can tell a better one than any of you have,and this one is true."

"It will have to be really good," one of the older men said.

"Well, I have killed every deer I ever shot at, and never have I had to shoot twice to kill a deer!"

There was a painful silence until I reminded them, "This is the first time I ever shot at a deer."

One of the pioneer families named Daugherty, besides other children, had two sons who lived about a block apart. One of these sons was Luther, the other Charles, commonly known as Chad. Luther had a family of children but Chad had only a wife. However, if the number of pounds a family weighed was to be considered, Chad wasn't far behind Luther, for Mrs. Chad Daugherty normally must have weighed well up toward the two hundred pound figure.

One morning Chad came to see me and said, "My wife is pregnant and will be confined in about a month. We want you and Mrs. Knott to come to our home when we call you, and if possible don't let anyone know where you have gone. Even our own family don't know anything about the pregnancy and we don't want it known until the confinement is over. Wife is forty-two years old and the family says that she is too old to have a baby and that I am too dammed old to be any good anyhow. Will they be surprised!"

He brought me a specimen of her urine for examination, which was all the pre-natal care his wife had.

Martha and I were called at daylight one morning, and simply disappeared for the day. We found that we had a terribly severe, instrumental confinement, but with Martha's help, I managed to get a live, healthy baby.

Chad was one very happy man, and immediately rushed over to Luther's house and said, "Come and see our baby."

Luther and his wife told him to stop his lying, then asked if he really had adopted a child.

Finally, although they still thought it was all some sort of a joke, they came to see the baby. When they were persuaded that it really was a Daugherty, Luther said, "We sure thought you were kidding, Chad."

"I wasn't kidding, but my wife was! And I hope she will quit her kidding now, for one such ordeal as she has been through is enough!"

We certainly agreed with him.

November 22nd, 1912, Wife presented me with our firstborn, a lusty nine and a half pound daughter, who we named Helen. Much against my wish, I was the attending obstetrician and the confinement was long and hard. When the ordeal was over, both mother and father felt very tired indeed, but very happy.

Possibly the most undesirable home that I visited while at Yoncalla, or at any other place or time, was seen by me in the winter of 1913.

About mid morning I was called to go seven or eight miles into the country to see Mr. Byth. The mud was so deep that travel with a buggy was impossible, so I rode a little buckskin western horse,

Upon my arrival at the home, I found that it consisted of one large room possibly twenty feet square, with one door and no windows. Never have I been in another house with no windows.

The weather was cold, so the door was closed and the only light we had was furnished by an old kerosene lamp. The building was so poorly built that there was no need to worry about fresh air, but the odor from the two beds and other furniture was far from pleasant!

The furniture consisted of the two beds, a very old and delapidated cook stove, two chairs, a couple of wooden boxes which served as seats, and an old kitchen table. A few nails driven into the wall served as the wardrobe. The floor was good old mother earth, which was well packed by the pressure of much use.

The patient, an elderly man, had suffered a cerenral hemorrhage. The right side of his body was almost completely paralyzed and his speech was so effected that one could hardly understand what he tried to say. He was at least half Indian, as also was his wife. There were two boys, the elder being fifteen or sixteen years of age.

After I had done what I could for the patient, a glance at my watch showed that it was nearly one o'clock. Mrs. Byth said that dinner would be ready in just a few minutes, and invited me to stay and eat with them.

Vainly I explained that Wife would be saving dinner for me and would be alarmed if I didn't reach home soon, and that I had other calls waiting. The housewife said that the older son had killed a deer (out of season) and that the dinner would consist mainly of fried venison, hot biscuits, gravy and coffee. I just couldn't leave without insulting them and I thought surely that the fried venison and newly baked biscuits would be sterile. So,very reluctantly, I remained to dinner.

As we ate I gave the family quite a talk about how I loved fried venison, hot biscuit, gravy and coffee. And really, as long as I could keep my mind away from other things and not let my imagination

run away with me, I found that these articles tasted very good! However, I was never caught there again at meal time.

The patient gradually drifted into unconsciousness and died after a few days of illness.

It was in 1913 that Mr. Mann again dropped into my office and told me that he wished me to care for his wife in confinement again. I said that, especially in view of the unusualness of her past labor, I should check her over thoroughly and tell, if possible, whether or not this child was in normal position. He thought that she would be delivered in about a month and promised to bring her in "one of these days."

About a month later I was called to their home. They now were living in a house instead of a tent, and had enough furniture to make living reasonably comfortable. I fully expected that the object of this call was the confinement of Mrs. Mann, so took my obstetrical bag with me. I was surprised to find that she seemed well and had not been confined. Mr. Mann was the patient.

Another month passed before I was called to confine her.

When I arrived at the home, I found that the patient and her husband were the only ones there. No other help seemed to be available. The mother was having very heavy, regular labor pains, and as so often was the case in those days, at first she utterly refused to take an anesthetic or any other thing that would make the confinement easier.

When my first examination was made, I found that this child also, was in an abnormal position. This time the buttox was coming first - a socalled frank breech presentation. This type of delivery is dangerous because often the body is born quite rapidly and easily, but the after coming head sometimes is delivered with great difficulty. As soon as the body is born, the head presses against the umbillical

cord and stops all circulation of blood through it and of course the child can get no air. Consequently the child can live only a very few minutes after its body is born unless the delivery of the head is completed.

Wher I found that the child was in this position, I hurridly sterilized my obstetrical forceps. It seemed to me that the water would never boil, and each time the patient had a pain I was afraid the body of the child would be born and the forceps would be needed, but would not be ready for use.

But as time passed I found that my anxiety had been groundless, for it seemed that the child's hips descended very slowly in spite of the fact that the mother worked almost savagely with her pains. At last the water began to boil and as soon as it seemed certain that it had boiled long enough to thoroughly sterilize the forceps, they were placed on a sterile towel on a table within easy reach of the bed. There they were left to cool.

Meanwhile, the patient had been placed crosswise on the bed. The pains had now become so severe that she was complaining bitterly, and at last she consented to take a little anesthetic.

The fire in the stove was so close that ether couldn't be used, so I showed the husband how to sprinkle a little chloroform on the mask and hold it over the patient's face after a towel had been placed across her eyes. This protection of the eyes was essential when chloroform was used, because in case any chloroform accidently got into the patient's eyes, it would cause intense pain. Possibly the small amount of anesthetic that was used, gave no help other than psychological, for it is doubtful whether or not the mother got enough of it to deaden the pains any. But when it was given, she was more quiet and worked better with her pains.

In spite of the severity of the pains, the confinement continued

to progress much slower than is usual when a woman has had several children and the child lies in this position. The forceps were cold and everything was ready,but progress seemed to have almost stopped.

Possibly more than two hours dragged along before the body of the child was born. But as it was being born, I was able to understand why it had taken so long. The size of the child's body was such that I was amazed! Never had I seen the body of a newborn babe that was nearly as large as this one! Surely, I would be unable to deliver the after coming head of such a child in time to save it! How I wished that we had more help or that the case was in a hospital where trained help would be available!

After the husband was told to give more chloroform I hurridly tried to apply the forceps to the head, with no success. Then I asked the husband to stop giving chloroform and to come and grasp the child's feet and hold the body up as high as possible without injuring its neck. I knew that I had to complete the delivery of the head within two more minutes or the child would die.

With this help, fortunately I managed to get the forceps in place almost immediately. Then all my strength was used in an effort to deliver the head.

As I worked, I had visions of a child with facial paralysis or with a terribly cut and disfigured head as the result of such a rough forceps delivery. The husband had become excited while giving chloroform and, not realizing the danger resulting from an overdose of it, had given the patient so much that she was very quiet even while I pulled so strenuously. I wondered whether he had given so much that her respiration had stopped and she would die?

"I should have watched him closer," I thought. "Will I loose both the mother and the child?"

Suddenly, while these thought were racing through my mind, the head was delivered.

To all appearences, the child was dead. It was perfectly limp and its skin was very blue. I took no time to test the infant's pulse or listen to find if I could hear a heart beat, but immediately started giving it artificial respiration. At the same time I told the husband to see whether or not his wife was breathing as she should. What a relief it was when he told me that she seemed to be breathing quietly!

I have no idea how long it was necessary to continue the artificial respiration for the child, for a minute seems to one like hours when a life and possibly two lives are at stake. But at last the child gave a shuddering, gasping breath and shortly afterward it began to cry.

What a welcome sound!

From that time it gradually improved until the breathing was normal and the blueness gradually disappeared. The head was quite badly bruised, but the skin was unbroken and when the baby cried, both sides of its face moved equally so there could be no facial paralysis.

What a child! I had never seen anything like it, nor have I since! I laid the baby aside in a blanket until the placenta was delivered, then took the baby scales and weighed the child with nothing but the baby blanket around it. The schales said fourteen pounds and four ounces! Then I weighed the blanket alone and found that it weighed just eight ounces. This was impossible! Something must be the matter with the scales! During my interneship, when I had helped with many confinements, I had not seen a newborn child that weighed more than ten and a half pounds.

After the mother was made comfortable, the husnand and I cleaned and dressed the child. The dressing consisted of putting on a cord

dressing and a diaper and wrapping the baby in its blankets. The shirts were not large enough to go onto the child.

When I returned to town I went into a grocery store and compared my scales with those in use there, which the grocer said had recently been inspected. A package that weighed just fourteen pounds on the grocer's scales weighed just fourteen pounds and four ounces on my scales.

In past years, some obstetricians have claimed that there is no such thing as a ten months baby - that a normal woman will not carry a child that long. Now we know that occasionally a mother carries her unborn child that long although this doesn't happen often.

The things that made me think that this child was a ten months baby were the tremendous weight and size of the child, the fact that it cut its first tooth when slightly over three months old, and the additional fact that the menstrual history of the mother was such that it would seem that she had been pregnant ten months.

It is true that she had not been under supervision during her pregnancy, that she had eaten what and when she pleased, and that the record kept by her husband as to the time of her last menstrual period might have not been correct. Also there could have been a mistake in the grocer's scales as well as with mine. However that may be, it is also true that this was much the largest newborn child that I have ever brought into the world or that I have ever seen.

An unusual and exceedingly regrettable obstetrical experience was mine only a few months after the completion of the Mann case.

The depot called and requested that I get to a passenger train as quickly as possible, and care for a woman who was giving birth to a child in one of the standard Pullman cars.

I was told that the train would be held at the station until I

could get there. I grasped my obstetrical bag and hat, rushed to the train and into the Pullman, and immediately the train continued on its way.

The patient was in a lower berth. The porter was fluttering about nervously while two or three excited women passengers were suggesting all sorts of things.

Immediately I pulled the curtains shut and, to my great regret, I found that the child, which had been partly born, was dead. This also, had been a frank breech presentation and the body had evidently been born for some time, while the head was still lodged in the uterus. The circulation in the umbillical cord had been completely stopped by the pressure of the head against it and, of course, since the child could get no air, it had died. In this case the delivery of the head would have been quite easy had there been anyone there to do it.

In spite of the fact that the child appeared to be dead, the head was delivered immediately and artificial respiration was given. But too much time had passed since the body was born. The stethoscope gave no heart sound.

The mother had taken the train at Grants Pass and was on her way to Portland, where she hoped to be at the home of her mother when confined. But labor had started almost immediately after the train left Grants Pass, and had progressed with unusual rapidity for a first confinement.

The mother was heart broken, but realized that there was no help for the situation. After I had completed the delivery of the placenta, examined the mother and found her to be in good condition, I left the train at Cottage Grove, Oregon.

During our last year at Yoncalla, I raised the price of confinements from fifteen to twenty dollars, and was very harshly criticised for this increase in price. At that time an appendectomy with no

complications, had a standard price of one hundred fifty dollars, or the price of ten confinements, and I would much rather have done a simple appendectomy than to have cared for some of these confinements. It seemed to me that the prices were badly out of balance.

While at this location, an unusually tragic experience was mine. It was in connection with my railroad work.

South of Yoncalla five or six miles, the railroad extends over a mountain pass and at the top of this pass there was at that time a little station called Rice Hill. The railroad, in order to gain altitude as it climbed to the Rice Hill station, made a double loop which was locally known as the Greecian Bend, and the grade was very steep on this loop.

"Come to the depot quick!" the voice came over the telephone. "Hurry! There's a wreck up on the Greecian Bend and they are yelling for a doctor! An engine is waiting here to take you up!"

With my medicine case and emergency bag I rushed to the depot. I had barely climbed into the cab when we were on our way to the wreck.

What a scene met my eyes when we arrived there!

Never would I have believed that the explosion of the boiler of one locomotive could cause such destruction!

Great chunks of asbestos were scattered for many rods in all directions on the mountain side. The train had been traveling south, up the grade, and an extra engine had been placed well back in the train to help the climb. There were only two cars and the caboose back of this engine. Without warming, the explosion had occurred on the steepest part of the grade.

The first car back of the engine was badly demolished, but was still on the track. The second was not damaged as much, but some part of the engine had flown through the air and had completely sheared the cupola off the caboose! It was the meerest good luck

that no one was sitting in the cupola when the explosion occurred.

Two cars in front of the engine were derailed and piled one on the other, below the train. One of these cars had been loaded with potatoes and the car was so badly shattered that potatoes were scattered over quite an area. The second car was an oil tank which had been full of oil. The oil was still gushing through several small holes caused by the explosion, and was soaking the potatoes and running down the mountain.

The engine was such a complete wreck of twisted metal that any attempt to describe it would be futile.

The engineer was found near the engine, alive but unconscious, with multiple injuries, the worst of which was a badly fractured skull. The fireman was a little further from the locomotive, terribly mangled and dead.

We hurried the engineer aboard the battered caboose, had it cut loose from the train, and started for Eugene where was located the nearest hospital of any size north of us.

It was necessary for us to stop for a moment at Yoncalla and get train clearance through to Eugene, and while the operator was busy in an effort to obtain this clearance, the engineer died.

Much investigation by the railroad followed, in order to determine the cause of the explosion. I can't give technical facts, and what I know is simply the spoken report that afterward was circulated. This report claimed that before the train started up the steep grade, the water glass in the engine showed that there was sufficient water in the boiler. However, regardless of the water level shown by the glass, because of the steepness of the grade the upper end of the boiler was raised so high that it was left without water. Or, as it was related to me, "the upper crown plates were dry," and the explosion resulted. Many locomotives were taken to the company

shops and the water glasses in each ~~was~~ were replaced in such a way that the water in the boiler was kept at a higher level.

This report may be far from the fact, but it seems logical to one not familiar with locomotives.

My first lesson in professional ethics was received while I practiced in this valley.

As has been stated, it seemed in those days that the public often was delighted to belittle the work of one doctor when talking to another physician in the same neighborhood. This was certainly in vogue at Yoncalla at that time.

There dwelt in our town a maiden lady by the name of Sue Burt, who was harmless excepting for the fact that she loved to act in the capacity of a village news paper.

We had only been in this location a few days when she dropped into my office for the treatment of some slight ailment, and while there she proceeded to tell me in great detail about the things that "Old Mortensen," as she called the only other local doctor, had said about me. After this, she made it a practice to drop in often and recite more and more in detail what she affirmed had been told her about my work by Doctor Mortensen. At first I paid no attention to these reports, but they gradually became so frequent and detailed and were told so positively that at last I thought that the old saying, "Where there is much smoke there must be some fire," might apply to this case. I began to believe her.

One day after a particularly harsh recital by my "village news paper," I sat down and wrote a note to my fellow practitioner, which in substance, read as follows:

"Dear Doctor Mortensen:-
I have been receiving reports that you have sharply criticised my work, and I find that many of the

criticism s, as reported to me, are far from the truth. I am not asking, Doctor, that these criticisms stop. I am simply asking whether or not you wish to continue them. If you do, then a disagreeable battle will begin; if not, let us talk things over and be mutually cooperative.

"It would seem to me a pity if two men in our profession, cannot associate agreeably. I will be glad to talk the matter over with you."

The immediate result that I obtained was the presence of Doctor Mortensen at my office the fillowing day.

After we had talked a few minutes, there was nothing more to say about the matter. The things that he was reported to have said concerning my work, he denied flatly. But he informed me that he had been told of many things I had said, criticising his work. These, of course, were also false.

The result of our talk was the formation of a friendship that never was broken, and a continuous cooperation between us instead of unfriendly competition. The lesson was well learned by both of us.

Approximately two years after I had located at Yoncalla, an office was established in our town by a rather slender, pleasant man, who wore a Prince Albert coat, a ten gallon hat and nose glasses which were attached to a long, black cord.

This gentleman claimed that he was not a Chiropractor, but rather a Naturopathic Physician, which he affirmed, "was vastly superior to either a Chiropractor or a medical doctor."

He further asserted that he was a graduate of the College of Medicine which is a part of the University of Arkansas, but that he had been so disappointed with the regular practice of medicine and so impressed by its inefficiency, that he had later attended the Naturopathic college. There, he said, he found that the knowledge he gained was so far superior to anything taught by the college of medicine that he immediately became entirely a Naturopathic physician.

A few weeks after our new doctor had opened his office, our druggist, Phil Huntington,and I had an interesting conversation.

"Doctor," Phil said, "I wonder what that old fellow really knows. He comes in and asks for some of our standard medicines, but doesn't seem to know how to pronounce the names of them correctly. The worst thing that has happened occurred yesterday when he asked for some murine, saying that he needed it for his eyes. When I told him that I was temporarily out of it but would be glad to get some for him, he said, 'Don't bother. You know that, after all, a few drops of ones fresh urine is the best eye medicine one can get.' "

"Surely, Phil," I said, "he was kidding you."

"Maybe he was, but if he was he is such a sober joker that he didn't show it."

That afternoon I wrote a note to the Dean of the College of Medicine, University of Arkansas, Little Rock, Arkansas. In this letter I asked whether or not this man had ever attended their college, and also related the story of the new prescription that was good for the eyes.

A few days later I received a reply which stated that there had never been a student in that college by the name used by this "Doctor." The writer added that the new prescription for the eyes, "certainly has one virtue, namely that it doesn't cost much!"

Enclosed with the letter was a printed list of the graduates of the Arkansas University College of Medicine, which list included the names of all who had been students at that college since it had been established. Our friend's name was not included in this list.

Here again, our Village Newspaper, Sue, was very useful to me and possibly to the entire community.

A few hours after I received the letter from Arkansas, Sue happened into my office. Shortly before she left, I said to her,

"Sue, can you really keep a secret?"

Immediately she was all attention.

"Doctor, you should know perfectly well that anything you tell me in confidence will never be repeated."

Then I explained all that had happened concerning our so-called Naturopath, and after I had again impressed on her the necessity of keeping the news to herself, I gave her the letter.

After she had read it, at once she seemed restless. She wanted to talk no longer, but wished to leave. And very soon she did leave.

Late that afternoon I met the "doctor" and he wouldn't speak to me. Within a week he closed his office and left town. I considered it likely that he had never attended either a Naturopathic college nor any other sort of collged.

So Sue was really of some service.

During our last year at Yoncalla I had a somewhat similar experience excepting that this time it had to do with the dental profession.

A young chap suddenly appeared in our town, rented rooms at the local hotel and began the practice of dentistry. I thought nothing of it until one of my friends remarked to me, "Doctor, you just wouldn't believeit! That dentist worked only two hours on my teeth yesterday, and filled fifteen or sixteen cavities. He certainly must know his business well, to be able to work so rapidly. He charged me fifty dollars, which should be cheap enough for so much work, but still it seems to me that it is an awful high price to pay for only two hours work."

Of course, I know nothing of dentistry, but it seemed to me that my friend was right when he said that the charge seemed to be unreasonable for two hours work. Also. it was hard to believe that

so much work could be done in two hours if done well.

With these things in mind, I dropped a note to the State Board of Dental Examiners at Portland. The following day a long distance telephone call came from Portland, and the Secretary of the State Board of Dental Examiners thanked me for the letter and added that one of the board members would arrive at Yoncalla the next morning and have the so-called dentist arrested, because no such man was on their list of dentists who had been licensed to practice in Oregon.

The man from Portland arrived the next morning, but the "dentist" was gone and never was heard of again at Yoncalla. Investigation showed that during the week that he had been in our village, this man had done a large amount of work, practically all of which eventually proved to be practically worthless.

The representative of the Dental Board told us that this was the third or fourth place in which the same person had worked as a dentist, that he appeared well, seemed to have a good personality and had succeeded in taking considerable money out of each community in which he had worked. Each time an attempt had been made to bring him to justice, he had disappeared promptly. How the offender got word that trouble was close to him, no one had any idea.

Doctor Mortensen moved from Yoncalla to Springfield, Oregon about a year before we left this location. During our last year there, I was associated with Doctor F. G. Hewett, who came to our town when Doctor Mortensen left. Our association was very agreeable and pleasant, and later I was again associated with him elsewhere.

Because of the fact that the number of people in and around our village was not large enough to make it possible to build up a

very profitable practice there, Martha and I gradually became dissatisfied with our location. But we had experienced such a hard time acquiring a living practice that we were very hesitant about giving up a location that gave us a little more than a living, for an uncertainty. However, in the summer of 1914, we had an opportunity to sell our home. We decided to make the sale and move to Ashland, Oregon.

We had purchased a used 1910 Model T Ford touring car, but had been able to use it only in the summer because of the bottomless winter roads. Our household goods we shipped to Ashland by freight, Father was sent to our new location by train, and Martha, Helen and I climbed into the Ford and started over the mountains to establish a new office in the beautiful, southern oregon city.

Today the trip from Yoncalla to Ashland would be considered a very easy drive, which would take less than four hours. In 1914 however, it was thought to be quite a trip for one day. There was no pavement, no Pacific Highway and the roads were very rough, steep and crooked.

Almost immediately after we started, we began to have trouble with our car. At Roseburg a mechanic was supposed to remedy the trouble. His work was finished promptly enough to enable us to again be on our way immediately after the noon meal. Before we had traveled far, however, it became evident that the mechanic knew but little about automobiles, as was commonlyy the case then.

Every few miles the motor would quit. Then I would crank and crank, ad infinitum, until in some way contact would again be made and we would travel on for a few miles.

Evening found us at the top of a high mountain divide and it was well after dark when we started down the mountain. We had traveled only a short distance from the top when one of our lights

burned out. The lighting system of our car was so wired that when one light burned out, the entire system would go out, so we were immediately left in intense darkness.

The road was narrow and winding as it descended what is still known as the Sexton Mountain. As we went down the steep grade, we thought every minute that we would miss the road and roll down the side of the mountain Martha was constantly urging me to light the two oil lights that were high on the front of the Ford, but I refused to do so until we got to the bottom of the mountain, because it seemed to me that they would make visibility worse rather than better.

When I drove over this road in the daylight some months later, and saw its extreme crookedness, it seemed incredible that we could ever have come over it as we did, in the darkness, without having had a serious accident.

When, at last we came to the bottom, immediately we stopped and I lit the oil lamps. We had traveled less than a hundred yards from where they were lit, when we drove into the ditch. The automobile was still on its wheels and no damage had been done, but we were unable to move the car.

We hadn't the slightest idea how far we were from a human habitation, but decided that the only thing we could do was to leave the car and walk along the road until we came to some sort of a house.

Fortunately, the Sexton family, after whom the mountain was named, had a home a few hundred yards from where we had gone into the ditch, and soon we saw their light shining from a window. When we made our way to their house, we found that the family had just returned from Grants Psss. We told them of our predicament, and they

consented to let us spend the night with them. They had eaten their evening meal at Grants Pass and we hadn't eaten since noon. But we hadn't the nerve to ask them to get supper for us. We did ask for a glass of milk for Helen and after she drank it, we went to bed hungry, but grateful that we had a bed.

The following morning Mrs. Sexton vary kindly gave us a good breakfast. The men helped me to get the car back onto the road and soon we were again on our way.

Grants Pass was reached without further trouble, but when we reached there we were informed that a bridge ahead of us was out. This made it necessary that we would drive on an old road to the ancient, historic mining town of Jacksonville, and from there to Medford.

As we traveled, the motor still died every few miles and I would crank and crank until I was out of breath as well as patience, and would mutter, "Oh Hell!" After this had happened several times, before I could get out of the car and resume the cranking when the motor stopped, Helen would begin to say, "Oh Hell! Oh Hell, Daddy!"

The road we traveled finally took us to the top of a long, steep grade at the foot of which we could see Jacksonville far below us. Fortunately, it was right here that the car stalled again. This time neither cranking nor talking seemed to start the motor, but I managed to push the auto a few feet forward, where the road started down this long grade.. As the car began to coast, I jumped in and we coasted down the entire grade, right into Jacksonville.

After a little restaurant had served us a lunch, we left the car standing in the street and were fortunate in getting a ride into Medford. There I asked a mechanic to bring the car to Medford

and see if he could repair it. We then took the train the few remaining miles to Ashland.

At our new location we found a very good seven room house which we rented for fifteen dollars a month! Our office rent was correspondingly cheap. Immediately I picked up some practice, but I had no acquaintances and found that I had no major surgery, no confinements, and my practice consisted almost entirely of office work.

Possibly we were too impatient and expected too much. At any rate, although we were making a living, we again became dissatisfied. After only four months we decided that we would once more go elsewhere. So we packed our household goods, chartered a freight car and shipped our belongings to Glendale, Oregon. Again we sent Father ahead by train and once more Martha, little Helen and I climbed into the old Ford and started north over the mountains to our new location.

In order to drive to Glendale, we had to pass over Sexton Mountain once more, but we anticipated no trouble there.

RUGGED PRACTICE.

Even now, our trip from Ashland to Glendale would be considered quite an event if made under conditions that existed in 1914.

Wife, Helen and I started late in the afternoon. With us we took some bedding and a good lunch.

That evening we drove to a small town located on the Rogue River, which was then known as Woodville, but which later adopted the more dignified and appropriate name of Rogue River. There, toward evening, we made our camp at a pleasant, level place on the river bank.

Wife laid her glasses down for a moment, then accidently stepped on them and broke one lens. Helen had eaten sometning that disagreed with her and was ill and vomiting. But in spite of so bad a start, we managed to get through the night and early the next morning we were again started on our way.

The trip through Medford and Grants Pass was uneventful. But again, on Sexton Mountain, about a dozen miles north of Grants Pass, our troubles began.

When we had climbed nearly half of the long ascent up the mountain, our motor suddenly increased its speed and our car came to a halt. We found that a rear axle had broken!

Some people who passed promised to ask a mechanic in Grants Pass to come out and repair our car immediately. But the entire day passed and night came, but no mechanic arrived. Fortunately, our lunch was ample when fortified by a few eggs and a little milk which we bought at a little hillside ranch a half mile away.

Once more we made our beds under the stars. But soon after we fell asleep we were rudely awakened by thunder, lightning and rain drops. We managed to feel our way through the darkness, to the barn of the ranch at which we had purchased the milk and eggs, and there we climbed into the haymow. Soon sleep overtook us again and morning found us fairly well rested.

Shortly after we returned to the car, the mechanic arrived. It was nearly noon when he told us that the car was ready for use.

"Here is an extra that was left over," he said, as he handed me a small, heavy package of something wrapped in a news paper.

As he left, I opened the package and found a roller bearing thet seemed to me to be in good condition. I wondered how such a thing could be "left over", but thought that the mechanic must know his business and that he had found a defect in the bearing and had replaced it with a new one.

Again we started toward the summit of Sexton Mountain. Before we had gone far, we could smell what seemed to us an odor like grease or oil burning. We stopped the car and I found that smoke was coming out where the back wheeh was attached to the car, on the same side on which the axle had been broken. We stopped a while to let it cool, and I thought that the mechanic must have tightened someting too tight when he put in the new axle.

The road between Sexton Mountain and Glendale passed over two more high divides. And every mile or oftener, as we traveled these twenty miles, we had to stop and let the same place on the car cool off.

To add to our discomfort, on the Wolf Creek mountain, the mountain nearest to Glendale, the hind tire on the opposite side of our car, blew out so badly that it couldn't be repaired. We

had no spare tire, so had to travel on the flat tire.

At last, far along in the afternoon, we limped into Glendale with a crippled car, on a flat tire. Such was our introduction to our new home!

Immediately I contacted a mechanic and asked him to put a new tire onto the car and to see what made the new axle get so hot. In a few minutes he said, "How under the sun were you able to come over the mountains with your car in such condition? What became of the roller bearing that should be near the outer end of your axle?"

"Could it be possible that this it it?" I asked and handed him the package that the mechanic had given me on Sexton Mountain.

"Where did you get it?" he asked as he unrolled it.

"The mechanic told me that it was an extra that was left over when he finished putting in our new axle."

"How you managed to get over those mountains without this bearing, is more than I know," he said. "I can't imagine anyone being so ignorant of machinery that he would leave out a bearing, but this is what is missing!"

"Is it in good condition?"

"Nothing the matter of it as far as I can see. I'll put it back where it belongs."

That bearing was still in use in the car when I sold it, two years later.

We found Glendale to be a small but lively littpe place. Like many of the western frontier lumber towns, many of the houses and shops were crudly built while among the cheaply built structures there was here and there a well built store or home. While it was principally a sawmill town, it contained a fairly good school-

house, a small Catholic church, a small Presbyterian church, a few shops and six or seven saloons.

As Martha and I walked here and there, looking over our new locations, she said, "I have never lived in such a place. The mountains around are beautiful, but the town is hideous, with its mixture of shacks and houses. But somehow, I feel that we will get so we will like it, and we will really make our start here!" Woman's intuition! But somehow, it has always seemed wonderful to me that she should come so near the truth!

Ranches were scattered along the Cow Creek Valley eastward, for thirty-four miles. Also there was scattered settlement south, including the villages of Wolf Creek and Leland.

Placer gold mines were to be found here and there throughout the territory. None of them were very large, but the total amount of gold taken from them amounted to quite a sum.

There was one other doctor in town, Doctor Adams, an elderly man who had a heavy mustache which usually was saturated with tobacco juice. The doctor always wore a white shirt with a stiff busom. This also was ordinarily spattered with some of the remainder of the tobacco juice. In spite of these things, the doctor was a very likable person and was fully as competant as were many of the medical men who, at that time, were caring for lumber camps.

Glendale is situated on the Southern Pacific Railraod. When we located there, this portion of the Southery Pacific system was a part of the main line which extended from Portland to San Francisco. North from town the railroad left the highway and followed along the beautiful but poorly named little stream, Cow Creek. This stream winds and plunges through a deep canyon in which no one then lived but railroad employees. These people could only be reached

by rail, as there was neither a road nor a trail which penetrated the canyon. However, the only highway that extended north to Roseburg and south to Grants Pass, while very crooked and full of heavy grades, was a good road for that period and could be traveled by car all year.

We rented the only house available and I was able to procure three rooms over the local bank for my office. For them I paid a rental of fifteen dollars a month.

At this location we began to make more than a living immediately, and almost at once unusual experiences began.

A very few days after my office was established, an unusually long ring called me to the telephone.

"If a building is burning and you know that human beings are dead in the fire, what should be done?" a voice inquired.

"In my opinion every available means should be used to put out the fire immediately, and if it is certain that everyone in the building is dead, things should be left exactly as they are after the fire is out, and the coroner should be called immediately."

"The fire is a deserted barn and there is no water near it."

I think that my suggestions were carried out with the possible exception that not much effort was made to put out the fire because of the distance the building was from water. But the coroner was called, and in the burnt ruins he found the corpse of a woman, together with that of a newborn babe.

The body of the adult was identified as that of the daughter of a nearby farmer. It seemed that she had given birth to the child, probably in the barn, shortly before the building burned.

It was said that she had been keeping company with a young man

who was reported to be of excellent character, the son of another farmer. He was arrested and a long lawsuit followed, the result of which was that he was sentenced to many years in prison. His conduct as a prisoner proved to be so fine that he was paroled in a very few years, and since his parole it is said that his life has continued to be above reproach.

Six miles from Glendale, on a small creek called Windy Creek, was a sawmill owned and operated by the Glendale Lumber Company. The sawyer at this mill was George Jennings. The mill settlement was known as Fernvale. An old map in the Glendale State Bank had Windy Creek labeled as "Phart Creek!"

One morning I was called to Fernvale to see George Jennings. I found him to be in intense pain, caused by a case of acute appendicitis. He needed immediate surgery. The road to Roseburg was very rough and slow, and there were no trains for several hours.

Jennings said that a widow in Glendale was willing to take him in and take care of him. I found that she lived in a little box house at the edge of town. In spite of the fact that she had no experience whatever as a nurse, I decided that it was best for the patient that we take him there and operate immediately.

In my office was a folding army surgical table, which Wife and I took to the home of Widow Molly. After we had dusted and cleaned things as best we could, we sat up our table in the kitchen, sterilized our instruments, persuaded the local pharmacist to give the patient some ether, and we removed the appendix. The druggist had given a good many anesthetics in his earlier days and proved to be a fairly capable ether anesthetist.

This was our first surgery in Glendale.

Our patient did so well that in a few days he returned to his home at Fernvale.

The night after he went home, the people of Fernvale gave a benefit dance to help the Jennings family carry on financially until George could work again. It was about two A.M., some two hours after the dance was over, that I was called to Fernvale by telephone.

"Hurry!" the person who called added. "Because George Jenning's side has broken open and his intestines are trying to come out!"

"Did he have a hard fall or some sort of an accident?"

"No, he hasn't had any accident. Just for no reason, his side broke open a couple of hours ago and he is in awful misery. Hurry!"

I couldn't believe it, but got to Fernvale as fast as I could.

When I entered the Jennings home, I was surprised to find quite a group of people seated in a circle close to a large pot bellied wood stove. With them was George. He was sitting on a chair, moaning, rocking back and forth and holding his right side with both hands.

"George," I asked, "What in hell are you doing here? If your side has broken open as they say it has, why aren't you in bed?"

He made no reply but continued to moan and hold his side, while with my help, he got to his bed.

Immediately an examination showed that his side was in perfectly good condition, but his speech, actions and breath told me that he was just happy drunk.

I was angry and disgusted.

"George," I told him, "In the future if you want to be a dammed fool, don't call me because I don't want your business and won't come. But if you will be just half a man, I'll do anything I can for you. Think it over."

With that, I left. He evidently took me at my word for he never called me again, although he was always very friendly when we met.

Some months later I saw George again at the Reuben logging camp, five miles north of Glendale, where he was then working. I had been called to see a sick man and when I returned to my car after I had seen my patient, I found that George, with a little group of men, had gathered there.

"Doctor," he asked me, "Do you mind if I ask you a professional question?"

I wondered what sort of a question a "professional question" might be.

"Certainly not, George. What do you want to know?"

"Is dropsy catching?"

"Of course not. What made you think it might be?"

"Well, I just wanted to be absolutely sure, because old lady MrKnight, here in camp, was all swollen up out of shape and Doctor Mannigan of Grants Pass was called to see her. He said that she had dropsy and took her to the hospital at Grants Pass. In a couple of days she had twins. If it's catching, I want to keep away from her!"

Shortly after our arrival at Glendale, we noticed a large, bungalow type of building at the edge of the village. On inquiry we were told that it had been built as a hospital, by an Alaskan miner named Stevenson. It was said that Mr. Stevenson, who spent his winters at his Glendale home, had been operated for gallstones by Doctor Shearer, who recently had lived at Glendale. After his recovery, the patient had felt very grateful to Doctor Shearer and had built this hospital so that the doctor would have a suitable place in Glendale to do surgery.

About the time the building was completed, the doctor and Mr. Stevenson had some sort of a disagreement and the doctor moved to Grants Pass. This left the hospital empty except for a man who slept in it in order that the fire insurance might be kept in force.

Martha and I were interested, and looked over the building very thoroughly. We found that it was practically new, had never been used, was in good condition and well arranged.

In the basement were the dining room and kitchen. The steam heating plant which furnished heat for the entire building, was also in the basement.

On the main floor was a well-lighted room, especially built for a surgery. Immediately adjoining it was a room which provided facilities for storing dressings and surgical supplies, and for the surgeons and nurses to use as a "scrub up room" before they entered the surgery. Also on this floor there were private rooms that could easily accommodate twenty patients.

The second floor consisted of three rooms which were built to serve as living quarters for those who worked at the hospital. Across the hall from these rooms were two sleeping porches, which looked out away from town, onto a heavy fir forest. One of these porches was large enough for one hospital bed while the other had sufficient room to accommodate several patients.

The entire building was located on a slight elevation which overlooked the village. At the foot of this elevation, a beautiful, wooded little stream trickeled past.

At the time we inspected the building, Mr. Stevenson was in Alaska, but early in the fall he returned to Glendale and almost immediately after his return he tried to sell the hospital to us.

When we asked him what we could use for money, as we had very little, he said that if we were unable to buy the building, he would rent it to us for forty dollars a month! He added that such an arrangement would be better than having the building unoccupied.

We immediately signed a lease for a year on these terms and very shortly afterward we moved into the hospital.

So at last we had a hospital!

We found that the private rooms were furnished to the extent of having in them beds, chairs and dressers. The beds were ordinary single iron beds, but we felt that we could get along nicely with them for a time, and that equipment could be added gradually.

Wife once more acted as surgical assistant and general nursing force, and with the assistance of our druggist, Mr. Darby, as anesthetist, we prepared to go to work with a surgical staff of one. It is surprising how this little group, with the help of a cook and a girl trained as a practical nurse by Martha, got along for the next six years.

At Glendale, I was district surgeon for the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, as I had been at Yoncalla, and as I have continued to be up to the time this is written.

Since at that time this portion of the Southern Pacific was a part of the main line which extended from Portland to San Francisco, it carried very heavy traffic.

Conditions were exceptional at Glendale so far as the railroad work was concerned, because, as has been stated, there was no way except by rail, to reach much of the country penetrated north of us, until one reached the town of Riddle, some thirty miles away. For these thirty miles, the railroad was built through an exceedingly rough, mountainous country, Cow Creek Canyon.

About midway through this canyon, from one of the railroad sidings, a mountain trail extended westward across the coast range, through a heavily forested country that was almost without human habitation. This trail continued on to the Pacific Coast. The little station where the trail left the railroad was known as West Fork. Along these thirty miles of railroad between Glendale and Riddle, were seven or eight tunnels.

South from our village the country was also very mountainous, and there were several more railroad tunnels, but here the country was also penetrated by roads that were fairly good for that time. Along these roads were scattered a few small villages.

Because it was impossible to reach many of the railroad points by automobile or with horses, I was granted a special pass which permitted me to ride not only on passenger trains, but also on freights and light engines. This pass proved to be a great help to me many times during the years I spent at Glendale.

Early one morning I was asked to hurry to the depot, get onto an engine and go south about ten miles where there was a freight wreck.

Because of the heavy grades throughout that country, many of the long freight trains were made up with two engines in front and one or two more locomotives about two-thirds of the distance toward the rear of the train. When we arrived at this wreck I found that such an arrangement had been made in this instance. One helper engine had been placed near the rear of the train.

A flange on the wheel of a "gondola car" had broken. This car was just ahead of this rear engine. The car left the track and caused a pile up of the engine and the portion of the train that was back of it.

Fortunately, the only persons much injured in the wreck were an engineer, Mr. Everton, and a fireman, Mr. Irvine, both of whom had been on the engine immediately behind the car which caused the wreck. Afterward I was told that Mr. Everton was freed from the wreck promptly and that he, in spite of his severe injuries, immediately asked to be laid aside until the men were able to get Mr. Irvine out of the piled up wreckage.

The fireman was wedged in the wrecked engine so firmly that he was unable to move. While he was being released, it was found that his knee had been jammed against a hot steam pipe so long that it was terribly burned. Also there was a break of both bones of the other leg, just above the ankle.

Examination of Mr. Everton showed that he had a dislocated hip and the ends of two fingers had been completely torn off.

Both men were given a hypodermic of morphine and then placed on the engine and transferred to our hospital. Our druggist administered the anesthetic while the dislocation of the hip was reduced and the fracture and other injuries were cared for.

We had just finished this work and had made the patients fairly comfortable when Doctor Loughridge of Grants Pass rushed in and told me that he had been instructed by a telegram to come to our hospital and assist with the patients. He had hardly stopped telling me this when Doctor E. B. Steward of Roseburg hurried in and gave me the same information. While neither was needed, I could only admire the promptness of the Southern Pacific in obtaining all the help that might have been needed, and in showing such concern for the welfare of its employees.

Mr. Everton was nearly at retirement age and while he made a good recovery, yet he didn't go back on duty but chose to retire. Some months later Mr. Irvine returned to duty with a good ankle

I knew of him, he was still on active duty with the railroad.

It was about noon one mid-summer day when a message came over the forestry telephone;

"Doctor, can you come out and take care of a prospector that has been accidently shot? We have him at the DeVarney cabin, a little over twenty miles from West Fork on the Eden Valley trail."

"I'll get there as fast as I can. It will take several hours, the best I can do."

"We know it, Doctor. But do your best!"

I called the depot.

"Is there anything going north within the next few minutes?"

"Yes. A through frieght is here taking oil and water."

"Hold them a minute until I can get there. And wire the chief despatcher for permission for them to stop and let me off at West Fork. A man has been shot over twenty miles up the Eden Valley trail and they need a doctor bad."

"O. K. But get here as fast as you can. The freight is about ready to go."

I picked up my emergency bag and hurried to the depot. Immediately the train started and within a few minutes I was let off at West Fork, fourteen miles from Glendale.

At West Fork I obtained a saddle horse and after I had asked some questions about the trail, I began the twenty mile ride. I was told that the trail divided about two miles from West Fork, but that I should follow the trail that continued along West Fork Creek, straight over the coast range of mountains.

In spite of the emergency that existed, I couldn't help but enjoy this trip, my first over this particular trail.

As I followed the winding course of the beautiful West Fork

trees were partly covered with bright green moss, strips of which hung down many feet from the branches. Where the forest was most dense, and the sun seemed almost unable to penetrate, azaleas and wild rhododentrum made beautiful underbrush. As the stream rushed down the steep incline, hurrying along from pool to pool, I could frequently get a glimpse of a trout darting to some hiding place amongst the rocks.

The trail, winding here and there through the trees, was very rough in places and often was covered with loose shale rock. Now it would be close to the little stream, then again it would abruptly twist back and forth along the face of a cliff and the stream would be seen dashing along far below.

While I traveled the first seventeen miles, I passed just one human habitation, - a small log cabin three miles out from West Fork, where a trapper lived.

Because of the steepness and roughness of the trail, my horse could travel only about four miles an hour, although on account of the emergency, I urged him to go faster than I thought he should.

It was past six o'clock when I rounded a curve where I was much surprised to see ahead of me, a large cabin made of peeled logs which were stained and well matched. Because of the deepness of the canyon here, it already seemed like twilight. But electric lights glowed here and there, the current for them being furnished by a small hydro-electric plant at the creek. To me, such a place seemed incredible, buried in this dense forest so far from civilization.

At the door I was greeted by Mr. DeVarney, who,I was later told, was the buyer for the Pacific Telephone Company and who had built this beautiful place in the wilderness for a summer home for himself and family.

Indoors the cabin was well and comfortably furnished, much as the better class of forestry lodges are. In spite of its being midsummer, the glow of a fire in the fireplace dispelled the evening chill and

added greater cheer to the already cheerful room.

The patient had been placed in a bunk near the fireplace, and while there was little evidence of external hemorrhage, still he was suffering much pain. Immediately I gave him a hypodermic of morphine.

He told me that he had been carrying a revolver in a holster on his right hip. When he had stooped to drink from a spring, he had taken a position in which his hips were higher than his head and shoulders. This caused the revolver to fall out of the holster and the hammer struck a rock. Unfortunately he had left the hammer on a full cartridge and the blow caused the revolver to discharge.

The bullet pierced the biceps muscle of the right arm about half way between the elbow and the shoulder, but very fortunately it missed the bone. From there it had entered his right side just to the left of the gall bladder and seemingly it was now causing the tremendous pain.

While he was telling me this, I cleaned the injured arm and applied a sterile dressing. As I did this, I wondered what should be done concerning his more serious injury. Would it be better to leave the patient here after I had done what I could for him, or should we attempt to get him over the long, rough trail to some hospital where he could get competent treatment and remain near his physician?

Three men, young and vigorous looking, were present. They were dressed in rough but warm clothing, such as loggers or prospectors would ordinarily wear when in the woods. All three of them had removed their shoes and were walking about in the cabin in their heavy wollen sox. When I asked why they had removed their shoes, one of them said, "All of us are wearing hobnailed shoes so we won't slip when we are roaming around in the woods. But we don't want to spoil Mr. DeVarney's beautiful polished floors."

"Were any of you with the patient when he was hurt?" I asked.

"I was with him," one of them said. "I'm his brother."

"You are the fellow I want to talk to," I told him. "Lets go outside for a few minutes."

"I hardly know what to say ," I began as soon as we were out of the cabin, where the patient couldn't hear us. "We are up against a tough proposition and maybe you can help me to decide what to do. The big question now is, should we leave your brother here where he can be quiet, and hope for his recovery , or should we attempt to get him to a hospital and near a doctor?

"We don't know where the bullet is, or what damage it has done. It could have punctured one or more of his intestines, and if it did he will be likely to die of peritinitis if we leave him here, and he might die even if we manage to get him to a hospital and operate as soon as possible.

"The bullet may have injured his spine. This would make it necessary to put a body cast on him. But if the spine is badly injured and we carry him over this long, rough trail to West Fork, the trip will be a terrible thing for him. In fact, his movements on a stretcher during such a trip might cause a partial or complete, permanent paralysis of all the body below the spinal injury.

"Without an X-ray it is impossible to tell whether or not the spine is so much damaged that ~~an X-ray~~ SCAN is essential. Also he simply cannot get the treatment here that is needed in case of a severe spinal injury.

"Whether or not we ought to try to get the bullet out, depends on where it is. We can only tell this by an X-ray.

"In case an infection is caused by the wound, the patient could get much better treatment at a hospital than he could possibly get here.

"Those are some of the arguments both ways. Also we don't know whether or not the DeVarneys will be here long and whether or not they

"Why are you asking me, Doctor," the brother said. "You know more about such a case and what would be the best thing to do than any of us do."

"Still, since he is your brother and isn't related to anyone else here, it seemed to me that you ought to know just what we are up against, and take some of the responsibility as to what we do."

"Doctor," he said, "Do the thing you think is best. If he were your own brother, what would you do?

"I would try to get him to a hospital immediately. There is a chance that his intestines are not injured, and that his condition will not be made materially worse by the move, hard as it will be."

"Then let's be on our way. Whatever happens, you are doing what you think will give him the best chance, and if we can get him to a hospital it will help a lot. We live in Roseburg and his family is there. Can't we take him to the Roseburg hospital so that we will all be hear him during his sickness?"

We called Mr. De Varney and told him that we were going to try to get the patient to Roseburg. He said that his children had a lazy but gentle burrow and that we could use it on the trail if it would be of any help.

The young men went out and cut two slender fir poles, each about twelve feet long. Mr. DeVarney furnished a piece of heavy canvass six feet square. With the poles and the canvass we made a stretcher, with the poles extending well out from each end.

Another piece of canvass was fixed so that it made a broad band over the back of the burrow, with a loop at each end, one on each side of the burrow. Into these loops the poles at the foot of the stretcher could be placed.

Mrs. DeVarney had hurried about in the preparation of a meal for us, and the burrow was given a good feed. While we were all eating, two elderly men came into the cabin and said that they had heard of the

accident over the forestry telephone and if they could help in any way, they would be glad to do what they could. One of them arrived on a horse. The other had walked a short distance over the trail.

My shoes were not hobnailed and certainly were the wrong thing to wear on a rough trail. But another man was badly needed to help take the patient to West Fork. So I decided that I would let one of the elderly men use my horse and I would try to take my turn at helping to carry the head of the stretcher. In this way we could arrange things so that while two of us were carrying, the other two could get some rest.

So, shortly after dark we put the patient on the stretcher and started the long trip to West Fork. One of the two of us not carrying the stretcher, walked ahead of the burrow with a light made by placing a miners candle in a five pound lard bucket.

The patient had become quiet due to the hypodermic, and his condition seemed to be fairly good considering the severity of the injury. To me it seemed that it might be possible to get the wounded man to West Fork in time to catch the early passenger train to Roseburg.

The two elderly men, with the horses, started out ahead of us with a good supply of coffee.

For one not familiar with the conditions which confronted us, it would be hard to realize what a difficult thing it is to carry a critically injured patient on a stretcher over a rough, very mountainous, winding trail through a heavy fir forest.

To get a faint idea of what we were up against, one could put a WELL man on an army stretcher and, with two men handling each end of the stretcher, carry it first up, then down a stairway which has sharp turns in it, and keep the stretcher constantly level. Then multiply the distance by several thousand.

Feature having at one end of the stretcher a donkey which cannot be depended on to travel at a steady pace even though one of the party

is constantly at its head.

Be sure to keep the stretcher approximately level, both going up and coming down and going around sharp turns.

Imagine the stairs being covered much of the way with shale rock and having small streams running across it here and there.

On this trip, at times our end of the stretcher would have to be raised above the level of our shoulders, while at other times it was necessary to lower it nearly to our ankles in order to keep it level. The head was heavier than the foot, but we didn't dare to reverse the ends because we couldn't as well watch the condition of the patient and because something might frighten the burrow and cause him to run or kick and injure the patieht. We were compelled to keep an even pace with the burrow, or the stretcher poles would slip out of the loops, and if we fastened the ends in the loops and the burrow should become unmanageable, anything could happen.

My first turn at helping went fairly well, but I heartily wished that my shoes were hobnailed. I managed to get across two or three very small streams with dry feet. My arms and shoulders began to ache from the constant lifting, as the ends of the stretcher were raised and lowered in an effort to keep it level. Worse yet was the fact that when we were carrying the stretcher, we couldn't see the trail at our feet and one of us was almost constantly stumbling.

My second turn at carrying caused so much strain that I no longer attempted to avoid the streams, but waded through them. My arms, shoulders and back ached intolerably and I wondered how I possibly could go on. I wore light socks and my feet felt as though they were blistering.

Midway of my third turn, we came to our two men at a camp fire and they had plenty of good, black, strong coffee for us. What wonderful nectar that coffee was! We gulped down cup after cup, then started on again, wonderfully refreshed.

But soon the old ache and exhaustion returned and increased, until

mercifully, one became sort of numb all over and ceased to wonder about holding out. Even the brain seemed numb!

That night I drank more black coffee than I ever drank in any week of my life. At dawn, at a place where the trail was winding around the face of a cliff, far above the creek, we saw a dead horse which had fallen from the trail, part of its body being in the stream below us. Its feet were sticking up and its body was puffed out of shape.

We traveled through the night with no other light than the candle in the bucket. However, this made a very good trail light.

Each time we stopped for coffee I would check over the patient briefly and from time to time I found it necessary to give him more sedation to keep him free from pain. This sedation caused him to be practically unconscious during the entire trip.

When we were about two miles from West Fork, a party of four men met us and said that we would have to hurry if we were to get to the station in time to put the patient on the morning train. They had been called over the forestry telephone and had been told that we were bringing the patient in. We told them that we were "all in" and just couldn't make any better time, so they took over.

I took my horse from the old man and hurried on to West Fork, determined to try to hold the train a few minutes if necessary.

The four fresh men really did hurry and arrived at West Fork about ten minutes before the train.

Examination of the patient showed that he had a very poor pulse. In fact, his general condition had become so much worse than it had been when we started, that I wondered whether or not he could live the hour still needed to get him to the hospital. We placed him in the baggage car and his brother accompanied him to the Mercy Hospital at Roseburg.

By telephone I talked to the patient's doctor, explained the case and asked that arrangements be made for an ambulance to meet the sick man at the Roseburg depot.

About thirty minutes later a freight train carried me back to Glendale. It was after nine O'clock when I arrived there, so I went directly to my office.

Never had I experienced such exhaustion! Every muscle in my body ached and my feet were so badly blistered that it was agony to walk. My shoes were entirely ruined.

Fortunately, no one was waiting at the office, so I threw myself down on a lounge and immediately fell asleep. Sometime later someone was trying to awaken me. I remember dimly that I listened to him and wrote a prescription, then went back to sleep immediately.

Again I was roused after two or three hours. As soon as I woke I was troubled with the impression that I had talked to a man who was coming down with typhoid fever, and prescribed for him, but I had no idea what I had written on the prescription blank. Hurridly, I went to the drug store and was greatly relieved when I found that the prescription I had written was correct. Later I confirmed the diagnosis of typhoid fever. The typhoid patient was sick three or four weeks, after which he made a good recovery. It is remarkable how well we work automatcally with the aid of the sub-conscious mind, even when overcome by exhaustion!

Approximately three weeks later, Mr. Davis, the brother of the patient we had carried over the trail, came to my office and asked for my bill. I told him what the charge was for me, as a physician. He then asked me, "How much more for the help you gave us bringing in my brother?"

"You and your brother are both prospectors, aren't you?" I asked. "If you did some prospecting for me you would charge me a standard price for the work wouldn't you?"

"Yes, of course."

"If you found me in the woods in the condition your brother was in

and helped to bring me out of the woods where I could be treated, what would you charge?"

"I'd be glad to do all I could without charge. That isn't a part of my regular work," he replied.

"That is exactly my attitude. There is no charge further than the regular one for my professional services".

He seemed to be very appreciative and told me that his brother had been very ill for a few days after his arrival at the hospital but was now making a good recovery. X-ray showed the bullet lodged close to the spine, back of the liver, but neither the spine nor the intestines had been injured. The doctors decided not to make any effort to remove the bullet unless it caused further trouble. As far as I know, it never did.

On the whole, work at our hospital went very well. It is true that confinements, surgical and medical cases were all on one floor and under the care of one nurse and one practical nurse. I often look back in wonderment at the low mortality rate we had, with so little help and none of our present drugs, and with practically no intraveinous medication. For surgical shock we had adrenalin; for too much loss of blood, six houces of normal salt solution, high in the rectum with a colon tube, evert three hours; for severe pain, only morphine.

As a patient, Mr. Farrant first came to my office one spring afternoon. He complained of a very severe and continuous abdominal pain with progressive loss of weight. He was past fifty years of age.

For some days I tried a milk diet and alkalines, but with no success. He was nauseated much of the time, vomited frequently, and his loss of weight continued. I strongly suspected gastric carcinoma and advised immediate surgery.

When I suggested surgery the patient told me that his wife was

bedfast at their home near Leland, that her ailment had been diagnosed as cancer of the stomach also, and that her case had been considered too far advanced for surgery. He said that he wouldn't submit to surgery until after she had passed away because there was no one else to care for her. He thought that her condition was so bad that she couldn't possibly live long.

It was about three weeks later that he returned and told me that his wife had died and that he was ready for surgery.

"If you find that things are bad," he said, "go ahead and do your best if there is any chance whatever. I had to watch my wife suffer for months and I would rather be dead than go through what she did. In fact I would rather be dead than to remain in the condition I'm in now."

Before we operated, I told Wife to expect anything, and repeated his statement to her.

When the abdomen was opened, I found that nearly a third of the distal end of the stomach and a very little of the duodenum was cancerous. We surely had insufficient help to do a gastric resection, but in view of what the patient had told me, Martha and I decided to "go ahead and do our best." We removed the distal half of the stomach and a very little of the duodenum.

The patient had tremendous shock while on the operating table - so much so that I thought he would die before we could get out of the abdomen. But in spite of his poor condition before we began our surgery, he gradually recovered. He was put on a limited diet and was dismissed from the hospital about eighteen days after he was operated.

Until the morning after he was dismissed, I supposed that he had taken the train back to his home in Leland. But about mid morning the agent at Leland called me by telephone.

"Mr. Farrant just arrived on the morning train," he said, "and is having terrific pain. I'm afraid he will die here in the depot."

It happened that another passenger train was coming through Leland in a very short time, so I told the agent to get the patient on that train. I met him at the station, took him to the hospital and put him to bed.

After I had given him a hypodermic for pain, I asked what he had done to bring on such an attack.

"Nothing," he said. "I decided, after I left the hospital, that I would spend the night with a bachelor friend of mine here in Glendale and take the morning train home. The pain started when I was on the train."

"What did you eat for breakfast?"

"Nothing but a fine breakfast of fried ham and hot cakes!"

I was so disgusted that I told him that if he wanted to kill himself to go right ahead and do it - that he knew better than to eat such a breakfast so soon after his operation - that I had tried my best to give him a few more years of life and instead of following instructions as to diet, he had pulled this stunt just as soon as he was dismissed from the hospital.

I was still talking when, suddenly he vomited violently and his statement as to what he had eaten was confirmed.

Again he recovered, and after that time he followed instructions as to diet very carefully. Gradually he became able to enlarge the diet to such an extent that he could eat a meal that was practically normal.

He brought me a wheel chair that had been used by his wife during her last days, and we found it very useful at the hospital. There was nothing more that he had to give excepting his gratitude, which he frequently expressed.

A few months later he left Leland. The last time I heard from

him, he was working in a sawmill near Corvallis, Oregon. Whether or not he had a recurrance of the cancer, I don't know.

How different confinements are now from those which I experienced when at Glendale! We now have the advantages of a good anesthetist, a modern delivery room with a full staff of nurses, a prspirator for any newborn babe that doesn't seem to breathe readily, an incubator for a premature child, vitimin K for children whose skin shows any degree of yellowness within a few days of their birth, an Rh blood test and a Wasserman for all pregnant women, and many other things.

During our years at Glendale, many of these things were unknown, and while a few women came to our hospital for confinement, yet it was the opinion of the general public that hospitalization for these cases was unnecessary and extravagant. Old Aunt Fannie Miller posed as a midwife and would care for a confinement for ten dollars, while I charged twenty-five! If a newborn baby had diarrhea, she would give it doses of medicine consisting of a mixture of castor oil and paragoric and would pay little or no attention to the diet of the sick infant!

In one instance, even the ownership of a baby seemed to be in question at Glendale.

James Lee was a local chap who was said not to have a surplus of brain power. One day he stopped me on the street.

"Doctor," he said, "I want you to take care of my wife in two or three weeks when our baby is born."

"This is quite a surprise, Jim. I didn't even know that you were married. When did the happy event take place?"

"About three weeks ago. You see, I am a fast worker, for I never met my wife until last month and now we are married and settled down. But Doctor, some of the fellows are laughing at me. They say that the baby isn't mine!"

"How do you figure it, Jim, if you never met your wife until

last month?"

"If you buy a cow and right after you buy her she has a calf, it's your calf, isn't it?"

What was possibly my toughest obstetrical experience happened one summer morning when I was called over the mountains to an isolated home a few miles from Wolf Creek, to care for a Norwegian woman who was being confined for the first time.

My old 1910 Ford carried me, together with my obstetrical bag, to the home and there I found Mrs. Neilsen having good labor pains. Besides the patient, her husband and I were the only persons present. The husband could talk some English, but at that time the patient could only speak her native tongue, of which I had no knowledge whatever.

Near the bed was a stove in which a rousing wood fire was burning. This made it impossible for me to use ether as an anesthetic, and the only other choice at that time was chloroform.

With the help of the husband, I protected the bed with a rubber pad over which was placed a clean sheet. As the confinement progressed, the patient was turned crosswise on the bed. Another clean sheet was rolled diagonally and a knot tied in each end of it. The patient was asked to flex her knees and I passed the sheet under them and had her grasp the knots at the ends, so that she could pull and "bear down" with each pain. Just a little chloroform with each pain seemed to be either a real or a psychological help.

After the cervix (mouth of the uterus) was fully dilated and the head had come down considerably, progress suddenly stopped in spite of the continuance of very heavy pains and much exertion on the part of the mother.

Her husband said that approximately nine hours had elapsed since the pains became regular and severe and for a short time after my arrival the case seemed to be progressing fairly satisfactorily but very

slnwly. Then nearly two hours passed without any progress whatever.

As the patient was becoming exhausted and a little hysterical, I put on my gown and sterial gloves and observed the movement of the child's head during several pains. The head refused to come through the bony pelvic outlet and the heavy pains continued with no progress.

I removed my gloves, put them and my obstetrical forceps in a small sterilizer that I now carried with me, and after the gloves and forceps were thoroughly boiled, I placed them in a lysol solution which was in a sterile basin beside the bed.

Suddenly I was surprised to find that the husband, who had been giving the patient a little chloroform with each pain, was gone. At the same time his wife began to cry out very strenuously and talk a torrent, none of which I could understand. I called for the husband but received no answer.

What a situation! A forceps delivery with no help whatever, and a patient who couldn't understand anything that I said and who, for that reason, wouldn't be able to pay any attention to instructions that I might give her! And there were no neighbors near enough to be called in to help me.

Would it be possible, I wondered, for me to do an instrumental delivery with no help whatever? It seemed almost impossible but there seemed to be no choice in the matter!

I gave the patient a sufficient amount of chloroform to cause her to snore lowdly, and continued until she was as deeply under the anesthetic as I dared to put her. Then I dashed my hands through a hasty wash in the lysol solution, slipped on my gloves, and with much difficulty managed to manipulate the forceps into place on the head of the child. This was especially difficult because there was no one to hold her knees in place, and all her muscles were so completely relaxed by the anesthetic that her knees tried to fall in most any direction they could.

But in some way I managed to apply the forceps and hoped that I hadn't contaminated either the forceps or my gloves in the effort.

By the time I had the forceps in place, the patient was beginning to have severe pains again, as she had received no more chloroform. She was rapidly returning to consciousness and was beginning to be very hard to manage, as she tried in her semiconscious condition, to move here and there to get away from the pain and the forceps. I attempted to tell her to lie still, but if she was conscious enough to hear me, of course she couldn't understand.

As she became wider awake she began to shriek at the top of her voice, and seemed to be uttering the same words over and over. But in spite of the severe pains, as she regained consciousness she gradually seemed to realize that I was trying to help her, and moved her hips less.

At last, after many strenuous pulls on the forceps, I succeeded in delivering the child. At first it seemed to be dead, but with the stethoscope I found that its heart was still beating, although very slowly. After I had given it artificial respiration for what seemed to me to be a long time, it began to gasp irregularly and finally it was breathing normally.

The mother became quiet immediately after the birth of the child, and appeared to be watching me as I worked with it. I was covered with perspiration and out of breath from exertion. After the child began to breathe, I managed to wipe the perspiration from my face with a towel. Then, suddenly, I felt very weak and tired, but was greatly relieved.

Now the husband was with us again! Examination of his wife showed that there had been quite a laceration and very willingly, he helped by giving her a little more chloroform while I placed the stitches necessary in the repair of the laceration. The placenta came without trouble, and at last the confinement was over!

The child had red marks on both sides of his head where the forceps had pressed, but the skin was not broken and no scarring resulted.

I turned to the husband and said, "Where under the sun were you while the baby was being born?"

"Out in the barn."

"Couldn't you hear your wife yell?"

"Yes."

"What was she repeating over and over?"

"She was saying that you were killing her!"

He seemed to realize that his absence had made the case much harder for me and that it had greatly increased the danger to both the mother and the child, and he seemed very sorry.

"But," he said, "it simply got so bad, Doctor, that I couldn't stand it any longer to hear her yell, and I just had to leave!"

Two years later the same woman came into my office. She had learned to talk English fairly well.

"Doctor," she said, "I am worried. You remember that awful confinement I had?"

I assured her that I could never forget it.

"Well," she continued, "I missed my last period so I got a piece of slippery elm and put it up in the vagina as far as I could. A woman told me that this would stop my pregnancy. Now I can't find the slippery elm, and I am worried about it."

I went on a hunt and removed the slippery elm. Possibly she was not pregnant. At any rate, I don't remember of ever seeing her again and I never heard that she gave birth to another child.

It was in December 1919 that I purchased a wire wheeled Ford sedan, the first sedan in Glendale. When I began to use it, the loggers kidded me about it.

"How do you like your new hearse,Doctor?"

At any rate, it was warm and I liked it.

Late in the afternoon one December day shortly after I purchased the sedan, I was asked to go thirty-three miles up Cow Creek to see a sick child.

Shortly after I got into the sedan and started on my call, a snow storm began.

For the first twenty-five miles there was considerable settlement, but for the remaining distance the houses were scarce and far apart.

My destination was reached in time for me to look over the child and prescribe for him before a delayed evening meal was ready. Little urging was needed to persuade me to remain until some fried venison was served with hot biscuits and coffee.

Very liesurely I enjoyed the fine meal, and after it I sat and visited with the family for some time. The minutes slipped by so very agreeably that it was nearly eleven o'clock when I went outside to start for home. When I opened the door to go out, I was surprised to find that there had been a fall of several inches of snow since I had come into the house. I paid little attention to this, however, as I climbed into my "hearse" and started for home.

After I had traveled a short distance I ran into snow drifts that were so deep that they made driving very difficult. Also the road, when not in the timber, was covered with so smooth a white layer that I found it very hard to follow its winding course.

Sometime after eleven o'clock I missed the road entirely. I had no chains and soon I was unable to go either forward or backward in the snow. I decided that I would have to sleep in the car until morning, then walk to the nearest house for help. But, as I had worn a top coat that was waterproof but of light weight, I soon found that the temperature in the car became so low that I couldn't rest.

Toward 1 A. M. I decided that I would try to get to the nearest house. But I was not sure how far away the nearest house was, or who lived in it. The fall of snow had stopped but the wind had become quite strong so that the snow was drifting more than it had before.

Occasionally I could hear the crash of a tree falling in the nearby timber, and as my way led into the forest I wondered when one of the falling trees would flatten either the sedan or me.

I shut the car door tight before I began to walk slowly, trying to follow the road. At first I could see fairly well, but before long, as I entered the heavy timber, I found it so dark that I had to feel my way step by step. It seemed to me that my progress was so slow that I would likely have to spend the rest of the night feeling my way along through the snow.

When I had about given up the idea of getting in anywhere for the night, I saw the dim glow of a distant light a considerable distance ahead. As I slowly worked my way around a turn, the light began to show more brightly and I was able to travel faster. Cold and shivering, I approached a small cabin of unusual shape and construction. Who,I wondered, would be up at this time of night.

At Glendale there had been a rumor that some spiritualists had camped far up Cow Creek the previous summer, and that they were said to be building a cabin in the constrcution of which nothing but yew wood was used. It was further said that these people expected that, when the building was completed, the spirits would convey it to some special spot where the builders would reside permanently. I wondered if this could be the cabin.

In the light which shown through the window, I looked at my watch and found that it was just a few minutes after two o'clock.

In response to my knock, the door was thrown open and a voice said, "Come in out of the storm. What a storm it is! You must be nearly

frozen! Get right over by the stove and warm up."

The speaker was a medium sized man neatly but plainly dressed. My impression that he was very intelligent was confirmed by shelves filled with books, which covered nearly the entire wall of one side of the room. A large table stood about the center of the room and some books and papers were scattered over the table. Two or three chairs and the hot stove completed the furnishing.

This place would have seemed wonderful to me under the circumstances, even if there had been nothing more than the hot stove in the room. The bright light was furnished by a gasoline pressure lamp.

"What a night to be out! I'll have a cup of hot coffee for you in a few minutes. Aren't you awfully cold? Have you been out in the storm long? I didn't hear you until you knocked. Are you driving a team or were you in a car? A car surely couldn't get far in this storm."

When I told him who I was and that I had been on a call to see a sick child, but had gotten off the road in the storm, he was even more cordial.

"You can't go out into the storm again tonight. As soon as you get warmed up good, you must stretch out and get some rest."

How good the hot coffee tasted! I hadn't realized that I was so cold. But I was soon very warm and comfortable and almost at once I was drowsy and nodding. When he noticed this, he led me to a smaller room where he lit a candle and then left me after he had remarked, "The bed is hard and the bedding very plain, but I hope you will rest well, Doctor."

I found that my bed was a crudly built bunk, firmly attached to the wall. There was no matress and the bedding consisted entirely of quilts made of gunny sacks. But these sleeping accommodations were so very welcome that at once I pulled off my shoes and climbed into "bed" fully dressed.

In spite of the hardness of my bed, I fell asleep almost immediately and the next thing I knew it was bright daylight.

"Surely," I thought as I pulled on my shoes, "this is the place of which I have heard, said to be built of yew wood only. And my host must be one of the spiritualists that are building it."

When I went into the living room, again my host was very cordial. He cooked for me a good breakfast of hot cakes and ham and poured two cups of steaming coffee. For all this he flatly refused to accept one cent.

I will never know whether or not the cabin was constructed entirely of yew wood, but I do know that it was very small. Also I still suspect that after my arrival, my host sat up the remainder of the night in order that I might have his bed.

I can't even affirm that any of the rumors I had heard regarding him and his cabin were true, but when I think of this trip I always feel a warm spot in my heart for him, strange though he was.

Never did I see him again.

The storm had blown itself out during the night and when I left the cabin in the morning, the sun was shining and the morning was beautiful.

When I reached my car, I found that, due to some defect, the gasoline had slowly dripped during the night and the tank was empty. So I started to walk to the nearest house in which people that I knew, resided - a family named Redfield. Before I reached their home I found that a medium sized fir tree had fallen across the road during the storm.

Two of the Redfield men returned to the car with me. They brought a heavy crosscut saw to the fallen tree and cleared the road. One of the men carried a can which contained two gallons of gasoline. When this was poured into the tank and the engine was started, I was able to get the automobile back into the road with the help of the two men.

After I took them home I started for Glendale. Again the gasoline was dripping slowly from the carburetor, but I was able to get to a small country store at Azalea, ten miles from Glendale. There I filled the fuel tank and from there to Glendale the road was such that I had no trouble, and arrived at home shortly before noon.

When I came into town, some of my friends who knew that I should have returned the previous night, were just starting out to hunt for me. They feared that I had been hit by a falling tree during the storm, or that I had been stalled in the timber and was unable to get out.

In spite of the fact that I have lived through a span of years in which my country has been in several wars, I have never been in active military service. When war was declared against Spain, I was too young to get into it. While located at Yoncalla, I went through a severe abdominal operation at a Portland hospital and when I attempted to get into the first world war, I was rejected because I had so recently been operated and because of my extreme myopia.

When the second world war began, my health was good and the requirements for passing the army visual tests seemed not as severe as formerly, so neither of these things shut me out. My advanced age was then the barrier, as it has been since then; this in spite of the fact that most of us doctors who remained at home during the second world war are of the opinion that we worked much harder than did the average medical man in either the army or navy, excepting those in combat areas.

It was during the second world war that, in spite of my age, I experienced the hardest work of my life in the practice of medicine and surgery. In fact, during that time my work was so heavy that my health became impaired and much of this impairment has been permanent.

At the time the United States entered the first world war, the military authorities seemed to fear that an effort would be made to

derange our transportation systems, and every effort to prevent this was put into effect.

Because of the fact that the portion of the Southern Pacific near Glendale was then a part of the only railroad between Portland and San Francisco, it was extremely important that it would continue to function without interruption.

One of the longest of the railroad tunnels on this system was not more than two miles south of Glendale.

Very shortly after our country entered this war, military guards were placed at these tunnels. Not long after this was done, I was taken on an engine to the mouth of this long tunnel, between Glendale and Wolf Creek, where one of these guards had been found unconscious. One foot had been lacerated so badly that all the skin on the bottom of the foot and most of that on the upper surface of the foot, had been torn off and the tendons laid bare.

We loaded him onto the engine and brought him to our hospital.

The captain of the company to which this guard belonged was then located at Medford. He came to our hospital the day after we received the injured guard as a patient, and for some hours he tried to obtain from the patient, information as to what had happened. But after the injured man had improved to such an extent that he could talk, he seemed to be so mentaly confused that his answers to the questions were without any value whatever.

So far as I know, what really happened was never determined. For many days the patient was mentally disturbed, but finally seemed to return to mental normalcy.

By some it was thought that he had been injured deliberately by some disloyal person or persons, while others had the idea that in some way he had been hit by an engine and injured.

After many days the foot had so filled in that a skin graft was indicated. This was done and much later the patient left the hospital.

I have been told that he had a permanent limp and was discharged from the army service because of this disability.

As the railroad extends north from Wolf Creek toward Glendale, the grade is very heavy, as it is necessary to gain altitude in order to reach the south entrance to the tunnel. To gain this altitude a long curve, known as the Wolf Creek Loop, exists. Because of this long loop, northbound trains run east as they pass close to the Wolf Creek depot, and a complete reversal of direction is rapidly made as altitude is gained. Consequently the same trains again pass the depot, running west but far above the station, before they enter the tunnel.

One winter day I was called to Wolf Creek when there was so much snow on the road at its highest point, where it passed directly over the railroad tunnel, that it couldn't be traveled. Therefore I telephoned the station at Glendale and found that there would be no trains passing from either directions for about two or three hours.

As the case was urgent, I decided to walk the railroad track and go through the tunnel with the aid of a flashlight. This plan proved to be successful, and after I had seen my patient I went to the Wolf Creek depot and again asked about the trains.

"There will be one train going to Glendale in about a half hour," the agent told me, "but it will be a train load of banannas and usually the fruit trains run on a fast schedule in order to get their fruit to the markets quickly. For this reason the company dislikes to stop them unless it is absolutely necessary. But I'll call the despatcher at Roseburg and see what he says."

The train despatcher would usually give permission to stop a train in order that I might be picked up. But when he was contacted, he reported that in this instance the fruit was being rushed north and that the train shouldn't be stopped unless an emergency existed.

"Give the despatcher my thanks and tell him just to forget the

matter. I can easily walk back to Glendale the way I came," I said. "Will there be time for me to walk back through the tunnel between trains after this one has gone through?"

"What's the use of walking? Why don't you climb up to the upper end of the loop, above the depot, and catch the train there? The grade is so steep that the trains nearly always are traveling very slow at that point and usually a person can easily hop onto the end of the caboose."

The idea seemed good to me, so I took my medicine case and climbed the mountain side to the top of the loop. A track walker happened to be there, and when I told him what the situation was he said, "I'll hold your medicine case and flash light while you jump onto the train. Then I'll run behind the caboose and hand them to you, after you are on."

There was so much snow and so many large uneven rocks along the side of the track that it was impossible for me to run with the train as I got on. I simply had to stand still and grasp the curved hand rail which is on the sides of the caboose at the steps, and make a jump for the steps without being in motion in the direction the caboose was moving when I jumped.

When the caboose passed, I grasped the hand rail firmly with both hands and jumped.

I thought my arms would be pulled off! Excruciating pains shot through both shoulder joints and down my arms! My feet didn't come down on the steps as they should, but trailed out behind me, almost as high as my shoulders!

I could see the snow and rocks whirling past as I looked down, and knew that either I had to hold on or take an awful plunge down among them. Somehow I managed to cling to that hand rail until, at last, my feet came down and touched the steps.

How my shoulders and arms did ache!

The track walker, with my case and flashlight, was hopelessly left behind.

I stood on the platform of the caboose for a few minutes, rubbing my arms and shoulders, then went inside.

The conductor sat at his desk, writing. As I went in, he looked up and said, "Where the devil did you come from?"

"I just jumped on at the top of the Wolf Creek Loop. Here's my pass."

"I can't see any pass. As far as I know, you're not on this train. We came through Wolf Creek and over the entire loop so fast that I wouldn't have tried to jump on, myself. If I reported that you jumped on here, some official would yell his head off for my letting you get aboard, in spite of the fact that there wasn't any way I could help it. I had no idea that anyone would be such a fool as to try to get on when we were running so fast!"

With that, he went back to his writing and after he had written for a minute or two, I heard him mutter;

"Fools still butt in where angels fear to tread!"

No doubt he was right.

The next morning the Glendale depot telephoned me that they had my medicine case and flashlight,- to come and get them.

As I went into the depot, a freight train stopped and the engineer came in. When the agent handed my medicine case to me, I said, "Thanks. And believe me, I'll never try hopping onto a bananna train again. Once is enough. My shoulders and arms still ache and every time I move, they are so sore that they hurt."

"What bananna train?" the engineer asked.

"The one that came through yesterday. It was just too fast for me where I jumped on, at the top of the loop. The conductor gave me the devil for getting on but I didn't realize that the train was running

so fast."

"I'll say it was too fast," he said. "I was on the front engine and I wouldn't have tackled that train myself! If you had just given me some sort of a sign, I'd have been glad to slow for you."

From that day to this, I have never attempted to climb abord a train that was in rapid motion.

At the upper end of the Wolf Creek Loop, barely in Josephine County, a long trestle had been built to support the railroad along the side of the mountain. The Southern Pacific decided to blast and dig rock out of the mountain and make a fill to replace the trestle. This would make a solid fill which would do away with the expense of maintaining the trestle.

An extra crew, largely Italians, was brought to the trestle to do this work and crews were working there day and night.

It was midnight when my telephone called me, and I was told that there had been an accident where the Italians were working, and "It's an emergency, Doctor. Please hurry!"

An engine was waiting for me at the station and immediately took me to the scene of the accident.

When we arrived at the trestle, I found that one of the Italian men was dead and terribly mangled. Another was unconscious and had a fracture of the femur, a fractured skull, and one eye nearly torn out.

We lifted the injured man onto the engine and rushed back to the hospital with him. In doing this, we crossed the county line, from Josephine County back into Douglas County.

At the hospital we used every supportive measure that we knew at that time, but the patient never regained consciousness. He only lived untli about 2 P.M that day.

Afterward I was told that these two men had been blasting some rock and had placed blasting powder in a hollow metallic tube. Then,

with a small metallic rod, they had attempted to tamp the powder down into a crevice in the rock. It was thought that a spark was caused by the friction of the metallic rod against the metal of the tube, and an explosion resulted.

Inquiry among the Italians gave me the information that the patient had no people in this country, but had a wife and children in Italy who were very poor. The family would be financially unable to take the remains back to Italy or to stand the expense of burial here.

By telegraph I notified the hospital department of the Southern Pacific of the death of the patient and asked for instructions. Promptly a telegraphic reply came, which informed me that the benefits of the Southern Pacific Hospital Department provided for care of employees while they were living, but that the responsibility of the railroad company ended with the death of an employee. It was suggested that I turn the remains over to the county.

By telephone I called the judge of Josephine County and told him of the instructions I had received from the railroad.

"Just why are you calling me?" he said. "Your hospital is in Douglas County isn't it? And the man died there didn't he?"

"Yes, but the man was injured in Josephine County and was taken to Glendale because that was by far the nearest place he could be cared for, and the case was a real emergency."

"That makes no difference to us. The man died in Douglas County and Josephine County will accept no responsibility in the matter."

This sounded unreasonable to me, but the only thing I could do was to telephone the Douglas County judge at Roseburg.

"You say that the accident happened in Josephine County?" he asked when I told him the circumstances. "The only decent thing for you to do was to get the injured man to the nearest place he could be given competant treatment. But it is Josephine County's case, and we can't do anything about it," and the telephone was dead.

What a situation! We had done the only decent thing there was to do under the circumstances, and the result was that I had on my hands the remains of an Italian who had been killed by an injury received when working for the railroad in Josephine County!

After thinking things over for a few minutes, I decided that there was only one thing I could do, and decided to see if I could get away with it.

Once more I called the Josephine County judge at Grants Pass and told him what was the attitude of Douglas County regarding the case.

"Well," he said. "It looks just too bad for you. You have a dead Italian on your hands, Doctor, and we are sorry for you. But we aren't responsible for the case and will do nothing about it."

"There seems to be only one thing left for me to do," I replied. "I'll put the remains of the injured man on a stretcher, carry him onto the main street of Glendale and put a sign on him which will say that he died as the result of an accident in Josephine County and that Josephine County refuses to take care of the remains. I will leave him there for public inspection."

"That's unreasonable. You can't do that," he said.

"Wait two hours and see if I don't do it," I replied, and hung up the phone.

Again I called the Douglas County judge.

"Much as I hate to do it," I told him, "I can see nothing that I can do concerning the dead Italian, than to put the remains on the main street of Glendale, together with a sign which will state that the man died in Douglas County, is destitute, and that the county refuses to do anything about it."

This judge I knew personally, and immediately he asked that I do nothing for a little while and he would see what could be done about the matter and would call me.

In less than an hour the telephone rang and the Douglas County judge told me that I should call an undertaker from Grants Pass, and assured me that each county would pay half of the burial expense. This was done and each county did as was promised.

This brings to mind another experience I had with the Southern Pacific.

That company always treated me well, and when any exception has taken place, it has been due to the action of some employee rather than the management, and this has happened very seldom under any circumstances The following occurrance did stir me up considerably for a few hours.

On the morning of my birthday, Novemner 11th, I was called to meet a heavy passenger train which was traveling to Portland from San Francisco.

Just before I left the house, Wife said, "Don't forget that this is your birthday and that we intend to celebrate at home this evening. Try to save a little of your energy for the party."

"I wouldn't miss it for a lot," I said.

Immediately I went to the station and there I found that the conductor had put a sick woman off the train and the train had gone on its way. The woman was waiting for me and a glance told me that she was thoroughly broken out with the smallpox!

There is no place in the average small town to isolate a person who has a contagious disease, and the citizens of such a community are inclined to have something of a panic when they hear that there is a case of smallpox in the neighborhood. Glendale was no exception.

I knew of no place where I could take this woman and isolate her. If I took her to our hospital and placed her in isolation there,I was certain that some very ill patients would be so frightened that they would insist in getting out of the building immediately regardless of consequences.

In spite of the fact that she had come all the way from San Francisco, and had passed through various cities where there were provisions for such cases, the conductor had put her off at our little village!

The station agent was eager to get her out of the building immediately, but I was irritated because she had been left in Glendale by a Southern Pacific employee. Also, I knew of no other place to take her. So, in spite of his protests, I insisted on leaving her in the depot waiting room until I could locate someone who was immune to smallpox and who would care for her.

All day I continued a seemingly fruitless search for such a place. There were very few houses in the community that I hadn't visited when twilight was upon us.

At last, shortly before it was time for the guests to arrive at our home, I found an elderly couple who said that they had both had the smallpox some years earlier. After considerable persuasion they very reluctantly consented to care for the patient in their home.

When I went to the station for the woman, I found the agent very angry because I had not taken her away sooner. After he had said what was on his mind, I became so irritated that I said, "In case anyone puts a patient with a contagious disease off the train at Glendale again, I'll quarantine the place and put a bed in the waiting room and keep the patient there until it has recovered."

"You know you can't quarantine such a public place as the depot!"

"Perhaps you are right. Maybe I can't. But if I am still the local health officer, I surely will try."

I managed to get home in time to take a quick bath, shampoo and a change of clothing before the guests began to arrive.

The patient had a typical, moderately severe case of smallpox, with recovery in due time.

Often I have wondered just what the law would have been about the quarantine of a depot under such circumstances, but I have never

had a chance to try it.

Another patient was put off the train at Glendale, but this one was not a contagious case.

When called, I was told that there was a woman at the depot who was having "a miscarriage and bleeding badly." At the station I found waiting, a middle aged woman with a little girl about six years of age.

After the mother and child were brought to our hospital, I found that the patient was having a severe hemorrhage as the result of an aborted early pregnancy.

At the time this is written, the regular ethical procedure in such a case is for the attending physician to call another doctor for consultation. But at that time I had not heard of such a procedure. Also, the nearest consultation was thirty miles away and the woman was loosing so much blood that she might have been past help if one waited long enough for another physician to arrive.

The hemorrhage was so profuse that it was evident that the only thing to be done was to empty the uterus, in this way stopping the hemorrhage. This I did immediately.

The little girl had no place to go so we took care of her at the hospital. The mother had brought no extra clothing for the child and the result was that Martha dressed her in some of Helen's outfits.

The patient requested that I telegraph her husband at their home in Los Angeles, and tell him what had happened. Almost immediately a reply was received which urged us to "give my wife every attention and spare no expense."

After a few days the mother was again able to travel. She and her daughter continued their trip to Portalnd where they expected to visit with relatives. Later a bill was sent to the husband, to which

he paid no attention.

During the next several months occasional statements were sent to the husband. But it seemed that, in spite of the instructions he had given us, the husband had forgotten that we were to "spare no expense" in the care of his wife.

Some time after the woman left us, I admitted into our hospital a Los Angeles female patient who had been injured in an automobile accident. Her husband, an attorney, was with her and had not been injured. We happened to tell him something of the case of the former Los Angeles woman, and he suggested that we give him the bill for collection. We were happy to do this and three or four weeks later I received a letter from him, together with a check. The letter stated that, with much difficulty he had succeeded in collecting the bill in full.

It was just at daybreak one summer morning during the first world war, that the telephone got me out of bed and I was told to come to tunnel number thirteen just as fast as I could. A south bound passenger train had been wrecked there.

Hurridly I dressed and rushed to the depot where an engine waited for me.

There I was told that the wreck had been caused by the entire end of the tunnel caving in on the front of the engine as it entered the tunnel.

Possibly a mile before we reached the scene of the wreck, the block system showed red, indicating that the railroad was blocked by something ahead of us. We all knew that at least a part of the wrecked train was on the track and that there was no way that anythi else could have gotten between us and the wreck. However our engine immediately stopped and one of the railroad men got out and perched

on the front of the locomotive. Then, very slowly, we continued our way toward the tunnel.

"Is it necessary," I asked, "to waste so much time in getting to the wreck when we positively know that nothing but the wreck is causing the block signal to show red? Many people may be badly hurt and a few minutes delay could cause a lot of unnecessry suffering."

"The railroad rules are so strict about disregarding a red signal for any cause whatever, that I could be discharged if it was found that I had broken the rule. We will soon be there."

At that time such a strict adherance to this regulation seemed to me to be very extreme,and it might cause unnecessary loss of life. But later, when I had thought the matter over, I came to the conclusion that it is the only safe thing to do.

At the south end of the tunnel we stopped and walked along the track until we came to the locomotive, which was derailed but still upright in the tunnel. Large chunks of rock were scattered over the front portion of the locomotive and a pile of broken rock was in front of it.

With difficulty we were able to climb past the engine and we found that the baggage car and one mail car were also off the track but upright. The remainder of the long train stood on the track as though nothing had happened.

The engineer and fireman were badly bruised but not seriously hurt. A mail clerk had been thrown most of the length of a mail car but, fortunately he had no fractures and was not severely injured.

While I was examining the mail clerk, a man said to me, "Doctor, I am a Southern Pacific claim agent and just happened to be on this train. I wish you would go through the entire train with me, talk to every passenger and take care of anyone that claims to have even the slightest injury."

twenty passengers had superficial bruises, but it is wonderful how few had any injury whatever. All that claimed even severe bruises were willing to make a settlement with the claim agent on the spot. There were a few to whom he gave a small payment and they, in turn, signed a release form that he had, which stated that a satisfactory settlement had been made.

Some sort of a kittle filled with water, had been boiling on the range of the dining car when the accident happened, and the abrupt stop caused the boiling water in this kettle to be thrown onto the cook. The extensive burns which resulted were more serious than any of the other injuries which resulted from the wreck.

We managed to get the injured cook past the wrecked engine and back to the hospital, where we gave him first aid. The next day he was sent to the Southern Pacific Hospital at San Francisco, where he remained under treatment for some time. Ultimately he made a good recovery.

Approximately a year later I happened to meet the same claim agent and asked him if the Souther Pacific had experienced any trouble with the people who were injured in the wreck.

"Two or three law suits were started," he said, "but they were fairly easily settled due to the fact that treatment was offered to all the passengers so promptly."

So, in spite of the fact that train number 13 had been wrecked at tunnel number 13, the luck hadn't been as bad as it might have been.

It seems that railroads, like all other organizations which serve the public, have to deal with all sorts of people, desirable and undesirable.

It was about midnight, when I was called to the railroad station

to see a man who had been injured.

The depot at Glendale was located on ground which slopes considerably so that the front platform of the station was on the same level as the main railroad track, while the back platform was just far enough above the railroad siding so that the floors of the freight cars on this siding were on the same level as the platform. At one end of the station, near the back, steps led down from the platform to the ground.

When I arrived at the depot I found that a tramp, who had been wandering about in the darkness, had started down these steps and had fallen and injured his left arm. I took him to my office and X-rayed the injury. The radius was broken just above the wrist. The fracture was reduced and a splint applied, and after this was done another X-ray was taken which showed that the broken fragments had been placed in good apposition.

The patient was instructed to return in a day or two so that I could be sure that the arm was getting along normally. I forwarded the usual accident report to the railroad, but never saw the patient again. Later I informed the Hospital Department that the patient had never returned, which made it impossible for me to render a final report of the progress of the case.

About a year from the time the arm was broken, I received a telegram from the chief surgeon of the Southern Pacific, which asked if I still had the X-ray films of this patient's arm. The films were immediately mailed to him.

A month later a letter arrived in which the surgeon thanked me for the films. He said that the injured man had brought suit against the railroad company, claiming that he had been injured on railroad property, had been given incompetant treatment and that he had a

defective arm as a result of the accident and the poor treatment. The surgeon added that as soon as the X-ray films were shown, and a letter was read which I had written when I sent in the films, the suit was dropped.

This injured man was not am employee of the company and had no reason to be on railroad property except possibly because of a desire to steal a ride on one of the company's trains. Yet he would have been glad to obtain damages from the railroad for his injury.

So many experiences in connection with railroad work have been related that it may seem that the Southern Pacific had more than its share of accidents. But at that time traffic was very heavy over this part of the system. Also these experiences happened during twelve years of practice, in an exceedingly mountainous country where grades were heavy. It is noteworthy and really remarkable that in all of these accidents, none of the passengers carried by the company were among those who were seriously injured.

During the last fifty years, transportation has so changed that now it is hard for young people, whatever their occupation, to realize how much easier it is to get from place to place than it was during the early days of my practice.

At that time there were no pavements outside of cities and very little of it in most of them. Where pavement was found it was usually constructed of either cobblestones, cedar blocks or brick. Most of the rural roads were practically bottomless at least a third of the year, excepting in the portions of the country where the highways froze solid during the winter.

Automobiles were very scarce and those that existed were mechanically crude and non-dependable as well as unpopular on the

highways. Well I remember when the driver of a car had to reduce his speed to ten miles an hour or less when he approached a horse drawn vehicle, and if the horses seemed frightened, the law required that the car motor must be turned off and the driver of the car must assist the driver of the horses in getting them past the car.

In 1911, our druggist purchased a Ford touring car. I stood and looked at it and wondered whether or not I would ever be in such good financial condition that I could buy so wonderful a vehicle! But I comforted myself by thinking that the car would be very expensive to keep in repair and, besides, it could only be used a small part of the year because of the mud!

In western Oregon the winters are so wet and so warm that the roads rarely freeze and consequently become practically bottomless unless they are rocked or paved. While a team of horses and a buggy formerly were the ordinary means of transportation until autumn rains began, soon after the rainy season started the roads would be in such condition that one had best travel on a saddle horse. Even then one would often find it necessary to ride along the side of the road because the mud was so deep that even a saddle horse would find the going very difficult.

Many times I have ridden for hours in the night, when the rain was falling steadily. On such occasions my hat frequently has been brushed off by branches of trees that I couldn't see in the darkness, and at least twice I remember that my glasses went along with my hat, but were recovered by the use of a flashlight.

In 1913, when I was associated with Doctor Hewett, he purchased a Ford touring car and let me use it a portion of the time. At that time I noticed that during the summer some of the young fellows seemed to get over the country fast and echonomically with a motorcycle.

I asked Doctor Hewett what he thought of the idea of our purchasing a motorcycle and his reply, while blunt, was certainly to the point.

"It might be all right," he said, "but I think that one of those things would jolt your guts right down into your pants pockets!"

It was in April, 1914, when we purchased our first car, a used 1910 Ford sedan which has been described. This car we took to Glendale with us. Shortly after we located there I found that I needed an ambulance very bad, as the loggers were frequently seriously hurt when working in the woods.

The expense of purchasing an ambulance was prohibitive, so I bought an ordinary army stretcher. The top of our car could be let down and the stretcher placed across the backs of the two seats, and in this way the patients could be transported to the hospital.

The roads were so winding that I needed a better alarm than the old automobile horns which were in vogue at that time, so I purchased a siren somewhat like those used by amublances and police cars now. In spite of this, I was often delayed unnecessarily on the road when an emergency existed. There was no physician's insignia to put on cars, such as we have today, so I painted a red cross on a white background on the lower right corner of my windshield. This would look rediculous now, but it certainly did clear the way for me at that time.

In 1915, the idea of purchasing a motorcycle again appealed to me. From a friend I bought a used Indian motorcycle. Only a few months were needed to dampen my enthusiasm for its use.

With it I certainly could get from place to place quickly and echonomically, but usually I arrived covered with dust or spattered with mud. This objection should have been sufficient, but there were two specific experiences that made me abandon entirely that method of transportation.

The first of these happened when I was called on a confinement mid-afternoon in the summer. A basket had been attached to the handle bars, into which I placed my obstetrical bag and started on my call. The weather was so hot that I had my coat off and my sleeves rolled up.

About two blocks from our hospital, suddenly an enormous dog that I had never seen before, charged at me and sprang with a tremendous leap. I was knocked flat on the road.

The only injury I had was along both forearms, where the skin was peeled off in quite large areas. Fortunately, the dog ran away as soon as I fell. I managed to get to the drug store and there the druggist painted both forearms with tincture of iodine, and applied dressings, while I said uncomplementary things about the dog. Did that iodine burn!

Some bottles in my obstetrical bag were broken but the motorcycle wasn't injured.

When I reported the accident to the police I was told that this dog had attacked and bitten several people, but that those injured hadn't wished to do anything about it because of the unpleasantness it would cause.

The dog belonged to Mr. Bennett, who lived several blocks from our hospital. When I went to see him and related my experience, he seemed to think that it was a great joke, and laughed heartily. His attitude made me so angry that I said, "Mr. Bennett, the police tell me that your dog has attacked several people and should be killed. I'll give you ten days to get rid of it. If it is in town after that length of time, I'll shoot it, and I have told the police that I will. They approve of the idea."

"If you do that, you'll have one hot lawsuit on your hands right now."

"You might as well hire your attorney now and get ready for the lawsuit if you intend to keep the dog more than ten days, for I'll certainly shoot it!"

I doubt very much whether, after my anger was past, I would have carried out the threat. At any rate, a few days later the dog disappeared and that was the end of the matter.

My final experience with the motorcycle, while more dangerous, was not as disagreeable. It happened when I was going to Wolf Creek on a call, and was passing over the old, steep Wolf Creek mountain.

The road was a narrow dugway, cut out of the side of the mountain. I had passed over the summit and was riding at a very moderate speed down the steepest portion of the road, when the front wheel dropped into a deep rut. Automatically, I twisted hard on the hand grip which controlled the gasoline, in an effort to stop. The grip broke and my hand was released so quickly that, with the rubber grip still in my fingers, I was thrown off balance and suddenly the cycle and I pitched over the side of the road into the canyon.

It is wonderful how fast the mind works under such conditions! I turned completely over while in the air, and had a vivid view of the canyon while my feet were up and my head down, and I was flying through the air touching nothing!

That view is still as plain in my memory as though the fall had been yesterday!

The thought flashed through my mind, "Will I land on a rock or across a log, and will the motorcycle land on me?"

Again automatically, I spread my arms and legs out, and through sheer good lock I found myself sliding, face down and head up hill, in loose shale rock. In this position I slid along with the shale

for fifteen or twenty feet.

While I was still sliding I looked up, expecting to see the cycle tumbling after me. It was a great relief to see it caught in the limbs of a fir tree a short distance below the road.

After the shale and I stopped sliding,I picked myself up and looked for sore spots. None were found excepting a very few superficial scratches on my hands and some small holes in my clothing. My medicine case, which had fallen free of the motorcycle, I picked up and walked the remainder of the distance to Wolf Creek and made my call.

Shortly after this I disposed of the cycle. But I will never forget the wildness with which one of these vehicles responds, the suddenness with which it lunges forward when one feeds it gas. It is this which makes it very attractive to one who is young and vigorous.

It is regrettable that when a young physician enters the practice of medicine, or when any physician, old or young, moves to a community in which he has not been known, many of his first patients are individuals that are undesirable. Among them are people who never pay their debts even though they are able to do so, people who are narcotic addicts and come begging for some narcotic drug, and women who have become pregnant and wish to be aborted.

If a doctor is ethical and honest, the time soon arrives when a much smaller percentage of those who enter his office come to ask for any dishonorable or unethical treatment. But always there is an occasional person who wants narcotscs or wishes to be aborted. Examples of experiences with narcotic addicts will be told in another portion of this narrative.

The women who wish to be aborted frequently tell the physician such plausible tales that in his early practice he is often sorely tempted to help them out, although he knows it is morally and legally wrong.

For instance, a hard working woman who has so large a family that she and her husband are unable to support it decently or to give the children many of the advantages that children should have, will come and say;

"Doctor, I did everything I know how to avoid becoming pregnant, but here I am caught again. We just can't possibly decently support the family we have. It wouldn't be fair to our children, to bring another child into the world. I am only a few weeks along, so you can easily stop it. We will never tell anyone, and will take all the responsibility. Won't you help us out just this once?"

Or a mother brings in a daughter who has entered college a short time before they came to the physician's office, and the story is;

"Jennie has always been a decent girl and has never run around with undesirable boys. She has fallen in love with a fine young man and wants to marry him. But he doesn't want to be married until he finishes his education. If she goes on with this pregnancy, her whole life will be ruined. Can't you help us, just this time?"

Or a girl comes in and says;

"My parents are very strict. I love them both and would rather die than disgrace them. I can't understand how I was foolish enough to get into trouble - possibly it was because I had taken a cocktail or two more than I should at the party before he took me home. If I go on, it will nearly kill my parents and will ruin my life. Can't you put aside your rules just this once and help me out?"

Or: "Here I am again, pregnant. It is no one's business but mine. I don't want to marry the man and he don't want me. I have

the money to pay for what I want, and after all, that's what you are working for. I'll sign any sort of a statement you want me to, which will clear you if it is every found out. How about it, and what will you charge?"

All these stories and many others I have heard. So many abortions are done by unethical physicians, that when a woman becomes desperate and does some foolish thing in an effort to abort herself, then gets into trouble and has to be curetted because she has caused a dangerous hemorrhage, the doctor who cleans up the case is often suspected of being an abortionist although he is innocent of doing any wrong.

It is for that reason that, for the past few years, the ethical physician insists on calling consultation before doing a curettage, even if the uterus is curetted for some reason that is in no way associated with pregnancy. By calling this consultation, the physician better protects both himself and his patient.

If such a procedure on the part of the ethical physician was in vogue when we lived at Glendale, from 1914 to 1921, I had never heard of it. Moreover, as has been stated before, we were so far from other physicians that if a woman suffered a severe hemorrhage and I waited for consultation, she could be past all help before consustation was possible.

Late one summer morning a woman, accompanied by her husband, entered our hospital. She told us that she had no children, but that she was very eager to become the parent of one or more children. She had become pregnant and was very happy about the matter until, when she had been pregnant about three months, for no reason that she knew she began to have severe backaches. This gradually became worse until a mass of material had been expelled from the uterus, and she

supposed it was the product of the three months pregnancy. Her husband confirmed all that she said and I believe that she was telling the truth.

She was flowing very heavily, and had lost so much blood that she was pale and weak and her pulse had become abnormally rapid.

Immediately after an examination, I took her into the surgery. Ether was given and the uterus was curetted. Aside from blood clots, some small pieces of placenta were all that was found. The excessive flow stopped immediately.

When the effects of the ether had nearly worn off, she seemed to be unable to talk. At first I thought that the trouble was just hysteria, but when I asked questions, she persisted in making vocal sounds that formed no words.

I got a pencil and attempted to place it in her right hand, but found that the hand and arm were limp and useless. Further examination showed that her right leg, thigh and foot were in the same condition.

This was my first experience with a blood clot which, as a result of surgery, had caused paralysis by getting into the blood stream and lodging in the brain.

Wife and I were terribly alarmed, but quickly decided that the only thing to do was to have a conference with the husband and frankly explain exactly what had happened. Fortunately for us, when we told him that this was a thing that could happen in any surgical case, he was very reasonable.

We frankly admitted that no one could tell what the outcome would be, but that in case the patient recovered, the recovery would be very slow.

This patient did survive and very gradually improved. A year

later she walked with only a very slight limp. The right hand and arm seemed to be quite normal again, but her voice never had quite the same tone that it formerly did although she could talk readily.

Some years later I had a second experience with paralysis caused by a blood clot during surgery. This time it was after a simple hernia operation, at the Dallas Hospital, Dallas, Oregon. Again the patient and I were both fortunate in the fact that the patient very gradually recovered.

One summer evening after office hours, I was just finishing playing a set of tennis when an excited voice called over the telephone;

"Doctor, please come quick. A child is choking to death!"

I managed to get the information that the child was on a farm near Canyonville, more than twenty miles from Glendale.

The speaker added, "Hurry, Doctor. It surely is an emergency!" And the phone was dead.

Many messages come to every doctor with the statemet tnat an emergency exists and often he finds later that such was not the case. However, any physician would much rather hurry unnecessarily many times than to loiter once and afterward regret it.

Recklessly I drove over the rough mountain road, and when I reached the farm house, I found a four year old boy who was resting quietly excepting that his respiration was irregular and noisy.

Before the parents could give me a history of the case, the child began to cough so violently and so continuously that he became blue and I feared that he would die before anything could be done for him. But suddenly he seemed able to get some air again and, exhausted, stopped coughing.

The parents then told me that he had been perfectly well until

the evening meal. At that time the child had been eating sweet corn and his mouth was full of it when something was said that caused him to laugh heartily. He inhaled quickly and violently and drew some of the corn down into his trachea and lungs.

Immediately a doctor from Roseburg was called, who examined the child. The parents maintained that this doctor had regarded the case as hopeless, and had returned to his home without rendering any treatment. That statement is hard to believe . It would seem to me much more likely that there had been some sort of disagreement between the parents and the physician.

How much corn, I wondered, had been drawn into the respiratory system of the patient, and how far? It seemed to me that there might be a reasonable chance of the child recovering if we could get him to a hospital, under constant supervision.

So I loaded him, together with his mother, into my car and started back to our hospital.

Along the way he had several more severe paroxysms of coughing and by the time we arrived at our destination, I was inclined to agree with the prognosis that the parents had told me the Roseburg doctor had given. These paroxysms of coughing brought up no corn, and each attack would be so severe and would last so long that I feared that the child would surely die.

When we arrived at the hospital, the boy's condition was so poor that I decided that an immediate tracheotomy was the only treatment that could possibly keep him alive.

He was taken to the surgery immediately. But before we could get anything serilized, he coughed again,- this time until he lost consciousness. His condition became so bad that I dashed some iodine onto the anterior surface of his neck, dipped a scalpel in

alcohol and, without the use of any anesthetic, cut into the trachea just below the thyroid gland.

After two or three grains of corn had been removed, the blunt end of a large rubber cathether was cut off, making it a very small rubber tube with both ends open. This tube was pushed a short distance into the trachea and fastened in place with adhesive tape.

The patient then seemed to begin to breath easily, although with each breath one could hear the rush of air as it traveled thrugh the tube, in and out of the lungs.

Our patient soon regained consciousness and was taken to bed. But there he rested quietly only for a very short time. Soon he went into another terrific paroxysm of coughing. To relieve this, the tube had to be pulled out of the trachea and it was found that more corn had lodged against the end of it, because the kernels were so large that they couldn't pass through it.

It was certain that the patient couldn't recover with the tube placed as we had arranged it. Our only choice was to keep open so large an incision in the trachea that the corn could pass out readily when the little fellow coughed. In order to do this, the opening was enlarged and each side of the cut was stitched to the skin, in this way holding our incision wide open.

Many times during the next two days it seemed to us that the child couldn't live. An unbelieveable amount of corn was coughed up and each time the patient coughed, one would hear the air rushing in and out through the opening we had made, making a noise almost like a small steam whistle. For a week we thought that pneumonia surely would develop as the result of the intense irritation that his terrific caughing caused, and it is a mystery why it didn't.

After the week had passed, at last it seemed that the cough had

stopped permamently, and the stethoscope no longer picked up any faulty chest sounds. The stitches which held the trachea open were cut and it dropped back into place without being sewed together. The repair was completed by a few stitches which were put into the skin.

The eighth day, the patient seemed normal and was sent home. Some time later I received a letter from the father which said that the lad seemed to be in perfectly normal health. A check was enclosed. No doubt the recovery was complete, as nothing more was heard regarding the case.

Many things experienced by the wife and I in our work, have been neither tragic, nerve racking nor particularly serious. A certain number of them have been even ludicrous. Naturally this had to be true, as we have had to deal with all types of people.

One of the most striking cases of the latter type was that of Mrs. Golden. Her case was sometimes rather irritating and bothersome, but as I look back at the experiences I had when we cared for this woman, to me many of them have a very humerous aspect. I really would have missed quite a study in psychology had I not cared for her.

Her husband was a genial, middle aged fellow. He had a general store which was somewhat like the old country stores we frequently read about but which it seems, seldom exist now.

To one going into his place of business, thing would appear to be in utter confusion; a chunk of sausage might be on the counter close to a pair of shoes; the shoes could be found nestling against a bolt of dress goods, while the dress goods would possibly be in close proximity to a partly sold, large, circular cheese.

In spite of the seeming confusion, if a customer asked for any article in the store, be it hardware, dry goods or groceries, Mr. Golden had the uncanny talent of puting his hands on it almost immediately.

He was quite a character himself. To illustrate;

A few years before we went to Glendale, there had been a physician in our village who, when he left town, owed bills at prectically every store.

"How much did Doctor Nearer sting you, Will?"I asked Mr.Golden one day.

"Not a penny."

"How did you manage to come out even with him? You seem to be the only person that did."

"Well Doctor," he told me, "you know Doctor Nearer was a great fellow to put on a big front. He would often get a group of men around him and then proceed to spread the bull pretty thick.

"When he would get a fair sized bill with me, I would wait until he was blowing off before a bunch of men, and then I would walk up to him and say, loud enough for everyone to hear, 'Doc, when are you going to pay me that seventy dollars you owe me? I need the money and I'm getting tired of dunning you for it.'

"That would always break him down so he would pay me within a day or two."

Shortly before we moved into Glendale, the first Mrs. Golden had died following a confinement which had been supervised by a socalled midwife. This left the husband with several small children and he found it necessary to hire a woman to take over the care of his household. This woman was nearly six feet tall and I would judge that she would weigh nearly two hundred pounds. She was good to the children, and in spite of the fact that she had an ungovernable temper, they liked her.

After she had worked for Will for a time, she doubtless thought that she should have a permanent home with the family. At any rate, in 1915 she came to my office and told me that she was pregnant and wanted an examination to confirm it. She said that she was busy making baby clothing during her spare time and that she wanted to be married.

I gave her a check over and told her than I couldn't give her a positive diagnosis of pregnancy, - that I could find nothing that would justify such a positive diagnosis. Immediately she flew into a rage and plainly told me that I was a "rotten doctor, just another quack, and didn't know anything," and left my office.

A few days later Martha and I went to the 1915 Worlds Fair at San Francisco and were gone two weeks. Shortly after our return, a friend said to me, "Have you heard, Doctor, how Will got hooked while you were away?"

"What do you mean 'got hooked'? What happened to Will?"

"A day or two after you started on your vacation, the woman who works at his home told him that she was pregnant. She said that she had wanted to be sure about it before she told him, so she went to you for an examination and you told her that she was in a family way and that she and Will ought to get married right away."

"Now, isn't that something?" I said.

"She did come to me for an examination and I told her that as far as I could tell, she wasn't pregnant. She was unreasonably peaved and left my office in a rage after she had called me a lot of uncomplimentary names."

"Anyway, Will married her. She sure is Mrs. Golden now!"

As far as I know, she never did have a child and I knew her for more than five years after that time. But she did have a home.

From that time until we left Glendale, she would have an occasional burst of temper that was tremendous.

For instance, one night about 2 A.M., I was called to see her. I found her seated in a rocking chair. A bathrobe had been pulled over her gown and she rocked violently, and chewed as though she were masticating a mouthful of tobacco. But as far as we could see, she had nothing in her mouth.

When she saw me, she thrust out a bare leg and I saw, all along the front of it, bruises that could have been caused by a severe beating. The other leg had the same appearance.

"Well, Doc," she cried, "tell me, if you can, what did that."

Will was standing directly behind her, grinning from ear to ear.

I thought for a minute, then said, "I wonder if it could possibly be that you have purposely battered your legs against something when angry and that now you are looking for sympathy?"

Will immediately nodded his head in confirmation while she yelled, "I think you don't know a dammed thing about it. Get to hell out of here, as fast as you can!"

"O. K., I'll be on my way, Will," I said. "This call I'll put on the books and you can pay for it whenever you find it convenient. I'm sorry that I have to charge you for a call that was unnecessary!"

When I left, Mrs. Golden was still yelling things at me that shouldn't be printed.

Some two months later I was called to the same home again, this time by the police. It was requested that I come immediately. Again, it was about 2 A.M. when I received the call.

This time I found the patient dressed the same as before, seated in the same chair, and around her were seated four or five men, Will included.

"Will called me about eight o'clock this evening," the police said, "and reported that his wife was trying to commit suicide. She told him that she would throw herself in front of the first train that came along. I found that she moved around too fast for me, so I called the rest of the fellows to help me watch her and keep her away from the railroad. We have been following her around constantly since that time and whenever a train comes through, she makes a dash for it. Can't you give her something that will quiet her down? We are getting mighty tired of it."

I opened my medicine case, pulled out a hypodermic syringe and got ready to give her a dose of morphine large enough to make her sleep for a few hours.

"I won't take that devilish stuff and you cant make me take it," she yelled as soon as she saw what I was doing, and went on raving furiously.

"All right," I told her. "I'll put things away".

Then I turned to the police and said, "Why don't you fellows let her go? She is too much of a coward to let a train hit her. I believe she is putting on a wild act because she is peeved about something."

With this, she became more wild than ever and more abusive.

I was so disgusted that, between her outbursts, I added, "I just can't help but wonder how much of a loss it would be if she succeeded in doing what she says she will."

Immediately after I made this statement, she became very quiet, and I left without giving her any medication or any further attention. The men followed me out and I suggested that one of them watch the door, for I could be wrong and we would all regret it if she did jump in front of a train. But I suggested that whoever did the watching should be careful not to let her see him.

The next day Will told me that she called me many more things after I left, then quietly got up and went to bed.

In the winter of 1918, there was a heavy fall of snow at Glendale, which tore down much of the local electric line and left the town without light or power. The power company immediately sent a group of men to repair the damage. When the days work was over, many of these men frequently dropped in at a confectionary and pool hall called "The Smoke House", which faced the railroad. Across the track from the Smoke House, a little more than a block from it, the back of the Golden home and store could be seen.

One evening shortly before dark, the men who were repairing the electric line stopped at the Smoke House as they came from their work. One of them happened to look across the track and there he saw a woman in the back yard of the Golden home, who was rolling in the snow and kicking. He also saw in the door of the home, a man standing and watching the woman but seemingly making no effort to help her.

"What's going on over there?" the lineman asked the clerk.

"Oh, think nothing of it,"the clerk said with a shrug. "It's just the old lady having another of her fits of temper!"

"But," the man said, "It isn't right to leave her out there rolling in the snow. She might get pneumonia."

After several of the men talked things over for a minute or two, three of them went over to see what they could do to help.

"Is that your wife?" one of them asked Will, who was still standing in the door.

"Yes, it is."

"Why don't you take her in the house?"

"She won't let me."

"What's the matter with her?"

"She's crazy!"

"Shall we take her in for you?"

"Sure, if you want to."

So they picked her up and started for the door. Immediately she seized the arm of one of the men and bit it severely. He yelled and they dropped her.

"I guess," one of the men said, "this is your affair after all!"

Then they returned to the Smoke House and shortly afterward they saw her get up and walk into the house unaided.

Many more instances of such bursts of temper by this woman could be related. Fery frequently I was called to see her, but I have no remembrance of ever finding her really ill. And usually when I met her, she was very pleasant and agreeable.

Four or five years after we left Glendale, we were told that she "took off without warning," with some drifter who came through town, and was never seen there again. But during all the time that she lived in the Golden home, she was good to the children, took good care of them, and they were very much disturbed when she disappeared.

These experiences with Mrs. Golden bring to mind the conduct of a very different sort of woman who came to me as a patient at Glendale.

This woman lived at the sawmill camp of Reuben, a few miles from Glendale, where George Jennings asked me if dropsy was catching. The camp included quite a group of houses in which the workers and their families lived.

This patient came to my office three or four times for trivial ailments, such ss a cold or sore throat. She was small. Likely she weighed a little over a hundred pounds. Her hair was black and

her eyes were dark brown and snappy. She was extremely neat and always well dressed, and appeared to be very intelligent.

With her husband, or sometimes without him, she came several times. The husband was a fine looking, well dressed chap and had a very pleasing personality.

One summer day, toward the close of office hours, this woman came to my office alone. She told me that she had been suffering from a severe headache, but that it was improving. Further, she said that her husband had decided to quit his work at the mill at Reuben, and that he had been offered employment in Alaska and had gone there to look over the situation.

When the time came to close my office, the office girl left but the woman remained and talked on and on. She became so familiar with her talk and actions that I became suspicious of her and told her that I had a call to make and would have to leave.

Even after I had excused myself, I had to get my hat and get out of the office and wait for her to come out before I could close the door. But at last she left.

Two or three days later, on the street I met a worker who lived at Reuben.

"By the way," I asked him after we had talked together for a few minutes, "what do you know about that pretty little Mrs. Jackson who lives in your camp?"

"She's all right I guess. What do you want to know about her?"

"I wouldn't want to misjudge anyone and it would be very obnoxious to me to cast any reflection on the reputation of any decent woman. But somehow I wondered whether or not she is entirely straight."

"Well," he said, "We call her the 'thousand dollar kid' out at camp. We can't prove it, but there is a persistent report in

camp that she hung around one of the men who only is at home week ends, and that she told him that her husband was in Alaska. A night or two after she had told him this, the husband walked in and found them in bed together. She and her husband are said to have told the man that they would hush the matter up for a thousand dollars, and rather than have his home broken up, the man dug up the money."

"Have you seen her husband lately?"

"Sure. I see him every day."

"Has he been away recently?"

"Not for several weeks."

"Well, just keep your mouth shut," I told him. "I don't want to stir up any trouble, but she told me the same story about her husband being in Alaska the last time she was in my office, and I was a little suspicious of her."

That evening I told Martha about the affair.

It was not more than two days later that I met her husband on the street.

Three or four weeks after this, when Wife was reading the Orgonian, she looked up and remarked, "Your little friend made the headlines."

"What little friend?"

She then read an article which stated that Mr. & Mrs. Jackson, who had the same initials as my "friends" claimed, had been arrested for blackmail.

She and her companion were in Seattle, the article said, and again they had tried the same old story about the husband being in Alaska. The party they had attempted to trap had become suspicious and in some way he had planned things so that they were

investigated by the authorities.

It had been proven that they "pulled the same stunt," as the paper put it, in various places and that her companion was not even her husband, but that they traveled together and divided the money they made on a fifty-fifty basis.

Jim Hayes was a good policeman for a small town. He tended strictly to business and seemed to be very competent.

It is true that he had been a hard drinker several years before he became a police at Glendale. But he had stopped using liquor excepting once every year or so. At those times he would break over and drink so excessively for a few days that he would end up with a case of delerium tremens. During the entire period between these spells, he was capable and dependable.

It was during the summer of 1919 that I last had him as a patient. The report at that time was that he had been consuming large amounts of lemon extract and "canned heat" and various other things that intoxicated individuals then consumed when they ran out of locally distilled liquor. When he came to me, I took him to our hospital as usual and did my best to get him back to normalcy as rapdily as possible.

Three or four days later he seemed to be his usual, reasonable self and was eager to get back on the job.

Shortly before noon he was dismissed from the hospital. When he left, he said that he would go down to a local restaurant and get a good meal, then go on duty.

He went directly to the restaurant, sat down at the counter and ordered a meal. While waiting for it, he chatted with a friend who sat next to him, and this friend afterward said that Jim seemed

to be feeling fine. He acted and talked as he usually did.

A car pulled up and stopped in front of the restaurant. As it stopped, Jim turned to his friend and said, "Here they come now, after me. I've got to get out of here."

Without another word, he left the place so rapidly that he neglected to pick up his hat. He walked across the railroad tracks and went on to Cow Creek. Seemingly without hesitation, he waded through the stream and went into the forest which was not far beyond the creek, and disappeared.

When it became known that he was gone, a party went to hunt for him. They found that after he got into the woods, he removed parts of his clothing and left them along the way, until he must have been practically naked.

His brother, Elmer Hayes, who also lived at Glendale, had some hounds brought in from one of the neighboring towns, but ~~b~~ out the time they started on Jim's trail, it began to rain and soon the trail was lost.

That was the last that was ever seen of Jim. No trace of him ever was found. I have never known of another case in which liquor so effected an individual that, several days after its use had been discontinued, he became as deranged as did Jom.

Was it caused by the liquor, the lemon extract, the "canned heat," or what?

The telephone called just at dusk one evening in September.

"I am using the forestry telephone at the mouth of Mule Creek," the speaker said. "Young Mr. Billings has had a bad fall and has either dislocated or fractured his right shoulder. Can you come out right away?"

The Billings lived in a large house at the junction of Mule Creek and the Rogue River. To get there I had to go by rail the fourteen miles to West Fork, where I could obtain a saddle horse and travel twenty-five miles over a rough mountain trail.

At that time I had been working unusually hard and had lost considerable sleep, so was very tired when this call came. Reluctently I put into my emergency bag a can of ether, some bandages and other things which I might need, and went to the depot. There I found that a light engine was going from Glendale through West Fork in a few minutes.

After I had climbed into the cab, I found a seat back of the engineer and rode to West Fork. On the horse that I hired there, I followed the trail all night. So many hours on this trail were necessary because of its extreme roughness and steepness. The horse was able to travel only three or four miles an hour.

The sun was just coming up when I arrived at the Billings home.

The patient was found to be generally bruised and battered, but he had no serious injury except a downward dislocation of the right shoulder. He had fallen over a low cliff and had landed on a steep slope in loose shale rock. With the shale, he had slid a considerable distance and had been battered and bruised and was nearly covered by the loose rock by the time he reached the bottom of the slope.

I found that he was so very muscular that I was unable to reduce the dislocation until I had given him enough ether to relax his muscles. When the ether caused him to loose consciousness, he relaxed completely and things slipped into place fairly easily.

After the shoulder had been cared for, I was told to come to the dining room where a good breakfast of ham, coffee, eggs and hot cakes was waiting.

As I sat down at the table, the thought of food nauseated me. When I tried to eat, the taste of the food only caused me to gag and strain. The people were much concerned until I told them that on several other occasions, when I was exceedingly tired, I had experienced the same sort of illness, and that all that was needed to cure it was a few hours of rest. Immediately they took me to a good bed and soon I was sleeping.

When I woke, about two hours later, I felt much better and returned to the dining room. One of the men came and asked me if I didn't think that a good, cold bottle of beer would pep me up a little. I told him that it was a little early in the day for it, but I believed I would try it. He disappeared for a moment, then brought me a bottle that was wet and really cool.

When I asked him how it was kept so cool, he told me that the beer had been brewed at home and that several bottles, with a string attached to each bottle, were let down into a deep well. When a bottle was wanted they only had to pull up one string, and there was the beer, just right for consumption.

"Besides," he said, "If some prohibition officer would become inquisitive and would go to looking over the place, he would never find the bottles in the well!"

Ordinarily I don't care much for beer, but that bottle tasted wonderfully good. And immediately a fine breakfast followed.

After I had eaten heartily, I started back to West Fork, where I arrived late in the afternoon. There was no train to Glendale for two or three hours, so I ate my evening meal at the little boarding house, and afterward caught a freight train which arrived at Glendale at late twilight.

At the Glendale station I was met by an elderly man, Mr. McGee,

who told me that a deer hunter had been shot through the right shoulder and needed help. The wounded man had been carried out of the forest, to the place where the road ended at the head of Cow Creek, thirty-four miles from Glendale. Mr. McGee said that the man's condition was such that they had been afraid to move him further, and asked me to go and see him where they had made camp.

The road along Cow Creek was hilly, narrow and rough. I told Mr. McGee that if he would drive my car I would go and see the injured man immediately, but that I was so tired that if I drove, I was afraid I would fall asleep while driving. He said that he didn't know how to drive a car, so I consented to do the driving if he would sit beside me and would do something to keep me awake if I seemed to be going to sleep.

Several times during the trip my passenger nudged me and said, "I don't think you are asleep, Doctor. But would you mind driving a little further from the edge of the road?"

When we arrived at the camp, I found the patient resting on the ground, between two robes which had been taken from cars. He was in much pain and very weak from loss of blood, but the hemorrhage had stopped. The bullet had gone entirely through his right shoulder, a very little below the collar bone and had barely missed the sub-clavian artery. This artery is of such size that had it been torn or punctured, the patient would have bled to death in a short time.

The road was so rough and the condition of the patient so poor that I thought it best to relieve his pain with a hypodermic of morphine and let him rest quietly until morning. Likely by that time he would have recovered somewhat from shock. So I cleaned and dressed the wound as well as I could, directed him to drink lots o f water, then rolled myself up in a blanket that I carried as a robe.

Almost immediately I was asleep.

Only once during the night did I awaken. This was when Mr. Springer, on whom we had done a mastoidectomy some months earlier, covered me with an extra blanket and tucked it around me.

In the morning the patient seemed to have grown stronger and was able to take a little broth made from venison, cooked over the camp fire.

The men told me that the patient, with two other hunters, all clad in red shirts and red hunters' caps, had made a drive and then had sat down on a large log in a little canyon, to rest. Another hunter, not one of their party, came over a ridge above them and in spite of the garb that the hunters wore, he immediately shot when he saw something move.

The man who did the shooting was an old woodsman, used to the mountains. When he saw what he had done, he came to the wounded man immediately, threw down his gun and said that he would never hunt again. But only a few months afterward the rumor reached me that he had so far changed his mind that the patient had to bring the matter into court before he could collect any damage for the expense the injury cost him and for the time lost.

We laid the wounded hunter in the back seat of my car and brought him to our hospital. He slowly improved and ultimately made a good recovery and was dismissed from the hospital in about a month.

Shortly before he left, Wife said to me,"George, I wish you would do your hunting out of season!"

"What's the big idea? Do you want to get me in bad with the police?"

"I'd rather have you risk the police than the woods full of fools! You know that every year, during the hunting season, you

bring in someone that has been shot, or you call the coroner."

The result was that I was persuaded to stop hunting deer. Instead, I equipped myself thoroughly for fly fishing for trout and steelhead. Never have I regretted it.

Still, there seems to be some danger whatever one does. Shortly after the injured hunter was dismissed from the hospital, a man was brought to me who had been slightly injured by a hunter. He was wearing an old black suit.

This man told me that he had been fishing along Cow Creek when suddenly a bullet pierced his arm and he heard the report of a shot. Quickly he threw himself down behind an old log.

"Come on, fellows," a hunter cried as he fired a second shot. "I've got a black bear!"

A cry from the fisherman stopped the shooting. Fortunately, the second bullet missed the victim entirely.

The same autumn another man was brought in with his right side plastered with shot. He said that he was a Southern Pacific section worker and that he had been shot during the noon hour while he was not working. When he was eating his lunch,he had seated himself on a dirt bank by the side of the railroad. Suddenly, from a short distance away, a boy hunter shot him with a shot gun.

The boy declared that he thought the man was a bear. Fortunately the distance was such that none of the shot penetrated very deeply.

It seems incredible, even in the face of such evidence, that even an inexperienced boy would be foolish enough to shoot at a bear with a shot gun!

In order that one might better understand the experiences which

happened in the Rogue River district, it is necessary that a brief description of the few trails which penetrated this region, be given.

As has frequently been said, this country is extremely rough and mountainous. Or, as one of its inhabitants said, "It is mostly on edge". Heavy forests exist everywhere and the few brush ranches that at that time were in the region, were many miles apart. No roads penetrated that portion of the country and no boats were then used on the wild and treacherous Rogue River, so that the only way to reach these widely scattered ranches was by trail.

Even at that time, a road did extend from Grants Pass, down the river twenty-five miles, toward the coast. Here this road ended and the Rogue River Trail began. This trail followed the river through many miles of a long, deep gorge, sometimes hundreds of feet above the river, again down close to the bank of the stream.

The Rogue River Trail was said to be ninety miles long, and passed three remote inland postoffices, none of which could be reached at that time otherwise than by trail. Thirty miles down from the end of the Grants Pass road, was the Marial post office. Many miles further down the river were Illahee and Agnes. At the coast, where the Rogue River empties into the Pacific Ocean, on the coast highway, is the town of Gold Beach.

Let us return for a moment to West Fork, which has been described before. One who wished to travel to the coast could start by trail from this railway station, taking the only trail that extended west.

Two and a half miles west of West Fork, this trail divided. The right fork followed along West Fork Creek, past the beautiful De Varney home where I had found the wounded prospector, then on through Eden Valley and finally arrived at the logging town of Powers. At Powers the trail connected with a primitive, steep and

rugged road that extended on to the Pacific Coast, reaching it at Coos Bay.

If one turned to the left where the trail divided, two and a half miles from West Fork, one could cross West Fork Creek on a log bridge and immediately he would begin to climb a long and fairly steep slope. At Nine Mile Spring, he would reach a large table land and would follow along this for some miles. Then, by going ahead on the main traveled route, he would ultimately have to descend steeply for about twenty-five hundred feet,and would come to the regular Rogue River trail at the mouth of Mule Creek, near Marial post office.

Just before the trail started the steep descent that took one to Marial, a small trail took off to the left, and after it has passed close to the cabin of one of the pioneer characters of this country, Hathaway Jones, it also descended and joined the Rogue River trail a few miles up the river from Marial.

In order to reach the Rogue River by either of these routs, one traveled twenty-five miles from West Fork. The cabin of Hathaway Jones was sixteen or seventeen miles from the last human habitation on this route.

In his remote cabin, Jones dwelt with his wife, a young daughter and a younger son, far from schools, markets or human beings. The family lived very simply on their little brush ranch. In order to earn funds with which to purchase things that couldn't be raised on the ranch, Jones frequently had to go "outside" and work for a short time.

He was a slender, tall, wirey man with black hair and dark eyes, and a hair lip that never had been repaired. His speech had the typical defect that usually is caused by a hair lip and cleft palate.

He was known far and wide for the wonderful stories he told at every opportunity, concerning his adventures with mountain lions,

wild cats and bear. He was harmless and reliable, and this reliability covered everything except his wonderful tales. Even these were harmless, but they were so tremendously overdrawn that no one who knew the man and the country could possibly believe them.

For instance, he told me how his ten year old daughter and six year old son were on the trail one day, some distance from the cabin, when a cougar began to follow them. The children became terrified and started to run, and the cougar immediately gave chase, growling and snarling and showing its wicked white teeth. The daughter realized that the cougar could soon catch them, so she told the little brother to run for the cabin as fast as he could. Then she pulled an ordinary pocket knife from her pocket, opened it and stood her ground.

The cougar stopped and watched her until he saw the knife, then turned and ran into the forest at full speed! Both children arrived at home unharmed.

Hathaway also told of the great richness of the soil on his place. The only trouble with the ranch, he said, was that every foot of it was steep. He planted potatoes on one of the slopes on the mountain side. When he dug the potatoes, he saved those from the best hill and was intending to take them to Grants Pass to show the people there how rich his soil was.

As he dug, he put the potatoes into a bushel basket, and those from this one hill filled the basket heaping full! Unfortunately, the basket slipped out of his hands and the potatoes rolled so far down the mountain that they were lost! He never could find another hill of potatoes that equaled this one!

Another character that was well known in this country was Dutch Henry.

If the trail were followed past the cabin of Hathaway Jones, on

down to the river, one could travel about four miles up the regular river trail and would then come to the "Dutch Henry Trail." This was very narrow and somewhat indistinct, and wound back and forth across the face of the mountain, with many switchbacks to gain altitude. Eventually it arrived at another small table land. Here in this solitude was the ranch of Dutch Henry.

This individual was entirely different from Hathaway Jones. His speech and name indicated that he was German, and he was never called by any other name than Dutch Henry.

He was short, rather stocky, and in spite of his advanced age he was still a powerful person physically. He was quiet and never spoke of his past. Possibly it was partly for this reason that a story had become prevelent that, somewhere in the past he had been in a fight and had killed someone, after which he had fled into the wilderness and had settled here and was never found by the authorities.

From the age and appearance of his orchard, it is certain that he had been located at this place many years. He had entered his ranch as a homestead, but had never proved up on it, thus evading the payment of any tax on the property. The ranch reverted to the government at the time of his death.

It was reported, and I believe rightly, that he once sold some of his cattle to a Grants Pass butcher. When the butcher, with one or two helpers, all on horses, came after the stock, they turned it loose and attempted to drive it through the forest on the open trail. The stock proved to be as wild as deer and took off the trail in every direction, and was soon lost in the forest.

The butcher asked Dutch Henry if he could get the cattle into the corral again. Upon receiving an affirmative reply, a certain

day was appointed for his return. When the day arrived, the cattle were again in captivity, as agreed. The butcher came on schedule, but this time he brought with him several pack horses and a rifle, and proceeded to shoot all the cattle and load them on the pack horses. Only in this way was he able to succeed in getting his beef to Grants Pass.

The first time we saw Dutch Henry, he was brought to our hospital late one evening by a local merchant, Fred McGregor. Henry had a badly infected foot and wanted to be admitted to the hospital for treatment. We gave him a room and he looked so shabby that we asked Mr. McGregor privately whether or not Dutch was in any way financially responsible.

"I wish I had half the money that that old boy has," was the reply.

After this patient had received treatment for two weeks, and had recovered, he left our hospital. Before he left, he told us that he didn't have a dollar, and that,"Hospitals are for the purpose of taking care of sick folks, whether they have any money or not!" And that was the extent of our payment, excepting the consciousness that we had cured a very bad infection.

That was the only time I saw this individual excepting once when the circumstances were very different.

Just at dusk one August evening, a call came over the forestry telephone, again from Marial. The wife of Mr. Craven, known as Red Craven, was having a hemorrhage after she had a miscarriage, and badly needed help quick.

I threw the necessary instruments and some chloroform and ether into a bag and hurried to the depot. After a few minutes wait, I caught a north bound freight train to West Fork, where Tim Berry had horses for rent.

From past experience I knew that Tim had a mule named Blondy, that had a good gait, was more sure footed than a horse and was a fine and trustworthy animal. I asked Tim for this mule and he let me have her.

I bought four miners candles and a five pound lard bucket, with which to make a trail light, and with Blondy for transportation, started out in the darkness.

The person who called me told me to go through the Hathaway Jones place and there to ask Hathaway how to get to the Dutch Henry cabin. There Dutch would direct me on to the Cravens.

I traveled as fast as the mule could over such a trail, and about midnight came to the smaller trail which led to the Jones ranch. After I had followed it for a couple of miles, I came to a place where, a few hours before, a forest fire had burned across the trail. In spite of the fact that the active fire had been put out, the ground was still covered with live coals and the smake was still thick.

It was impossible to go further on this trail, but I could go back onto the regular trail to Marial and up the Rogue River trai,, and in this way reach the Dutch Henry trail and ultimately reach my destination. But I had never been on the Dutch Henry trail and wasn't sure that I could find it without further instructions from Hathaway. Besides, to go that way would be much further and would take much longer than it would take to go as I had intended, if only I could get around the smoldering portion of this trail. I hated any delay , for fear that Mrs. Craven's condition would become hopeless. If, in the darkness, I left the trail and tried to go around the burned area, I could easily get lost in the forest.

Suddenly it occurred to me that I must be within a mile of the Hathaway Jones place and that he had several dogs. I shouted as

heard, faintly in the distance, the andwering bark of the dogs. With this to guide me, I decided to leave the trail and make an effort to work my way around the hot portion of the burn.

After I had left the trail, I would travel for fifteen minuets or so, then stop and shout and get my reply from the dogs. In this way I gradually managed to work my way around the smoke and coals, and finally got back on the trail again. Then I was very close to the Jones home.

As I neared the cabin, old Hathaway came charging out.

"What the hell do you mean, making the night hidious with your noise? I've heard you yelling for the past hour, and I can't sleep!"

When, in the darkness I told him who I was and what the situation was, he immediately became quiet and obliging and gave me detailed information as to how to reach the Craven place.

"After you reach the regular Rogue River trail," he said, "travel up the river about four miles, then take the first trail that turns off to the left. In fact, that's the first trail that you will see that turns off the Rogue River trail. This will lead you right past the cabin of Dutch Henry and Red Craven's ranch is a mile or so further, on the same trail."

Through the night I traveled on and at last reached the Rogue River trail where it was far above the river. About four miles further, I found the narrow, indistinct trail which I had been told led to the ranch of Dutch Henry. As I ascended this, I had to switch back and forth over and over, following the trail that had been dug out of the face of an almost vertical, high cliff.

At last, as dawn was breaking, I came to the top of the cliff and found myself on a high table land, where the traveling was much easier. After another twenty minutes, I was pounding on Henry's cabin door, in order to make sure that I was on the right trail to the Cravens.

Henry invited me in to breakfast, which he said he would get immediately. He lived in a small, one room log cabin where sanitary conditions were such that I had no desire to eat there, although I did appreciate his kindness and was very hungry. I excused myself by telling him that Mrs. Craven was very sick and that I should get there as soon as I could, - which was true.

After I had declined the breakfast, Henry handed me a little watermelon and asked that I take it to the Cravens with his compliments.

I was so ravenously hungry that as soon as I got out of sight of the cabin, I stopped, cut the melon and gobbled the edible portion of it, with much relish.

Thirty minutes later I arrived at the Craven cabin. I found Mrs. Craven white and weak from loss of blood, but still in far from a hopeless condition. The bleeding had been very slow, but was still continuing.

Another woman was present. Where she came from or who she was, I have no idea. She had water on the stove, boiling, and I soon had my dilator and curette sterilized.

As in many other instances, here it was necessary to use chloroform as an anesthetic, as the fire in the stove was so close that the use of ether would have been dangerous.

With the help of the woman and Mr. Craven, I placed the patient crosswise on the bed, had the woman and Mr. Craven support her knees, and put her under the chloroform as deeply as I thought was safe. Then my hands, which I had already scrubbed, I bathed with alcohol and sipped them into sterile gloves and hurridly curetted the uterus.

The patient had told me that the foetus and placenta had come away the previous day. The curette brought away some small pieces of after-birth which had remained in the uterus, which no doubt

caused the bleeding.

After we had made the patient comfortable, the visiting woman cooked us a good breakfast, which I enjoyed immensely in spite of the recent watermelon episode. Examination of Mrs. Craven showed that the bleeding had stopped, but I remained there until about 10 A.M. in order to be sure that the patient would have no more trouble. By that time her condition had improved so much that I prepared to make my trip back to West Fork.

Mr. Craven told me that many years before, even previous to the time the regular Rogue River Trail was made, Dutch Henry had slashed out a little trail across the mountains, directly to West Fork. This trail was much shorter than the way I had come, and passed not far from his house. No one had traveled it for a long time, but he had no doubt that I could return to West Fork over it and in this way save several miles of travel and much time. He then took me a short distance from his cabin and showed me where to start on my return trip.

For three or four miles the going was good and the old trail was easily followed. Then the way began to become less and less plain where the underbrush had covered it, until I came to a place where a fire had burned across the mountain a year or more before, and I simply couldn't see any trail whatever. However, Blondy, the mule, didn't show the least hesitation, but went right along at a brisk walk, even turning sharp corners here and there in the dead vegitation where I could see no faintest sign of a trail.

Soon I was entirely lost. I didn't know the way either forward or backward, so decided to give Blondy a free head, in the hope that she would know her way home.

Many times I have marveled that she could have known her way.

But after about five hours of travel, during which she showed no hesitation at any time, suddenly I was much relieved to see a railroad in a deep canyon, so far below that it appeared like a toy railroad. Not a building was in sight. I wondered how we could ever get down to the railroad, and if we did get there, how I would be able to get Blondy back to her home at West Fork.

Suddenly the mule started down the side of the mountain, where I could see some slight treaces of the old trail in some places. The going was so steep that I had to lean far back in the saddle, while the mule switched back and forth across the face of the cliff. Even here the trail was so obliterated that often I would have had no idea which way to go. And in spite of the fact that this animal had always proved to be so sure footed, I was much alarmed for fear she would make one slight mis-step and we would plunge, together, hundreds of feet down the face of the cliff.

After we had gone back and forth time after time, always working our way a little further down, we came to a place where I would look along the railroad for about a half mile. There I saw the little West Fork station!

When at last we reached the railroad, I looked back up the cliff over which we had just come down, and it seemed impossible that we could have traveled down over it.

The remainder of the trip was easily made.

About a week later I received word that Mrs. Craven was rapidly regaining her strength. Dutch Henry I never saw again, but some time later I heard that he had died. Hathaway Jones I did see once more, about a month after my trip to the Cravens, under such circumstances that I was glad to see him.

There dwelt at Glendale an old man by the name of Williams, who always had been active. But old age had caught up with him to such an extent that he thought life was not worth living. So one day he took a good, hearty drink of formaldehyde.

When I was called and was told what he had done, hurridly I grabbed a stomach tube and rushed to him. I urged him to drink a glass of water and while he was drinking it, I gave him a hypodermic of a tenth of a grain of apomorphine. Apomorphine would cause violent vomiting in a very short time. Then, as rapidly as possible I got the stomach tube down him and began emptying the stomach and washing it out with more water.

Meanwhile he had changed his mind and decided that he wanted to live a little longer, so he became quite cooperative.

After I had done what I could, and after he had vomited repeatedly, he seemed to be in fair condition. A very sore stomach for a few days resulted from the action of the formaldehyde, but the patient gradually recovered.

This man's son had a ranch at the head of Cow Creek, thirty-four miles from Glendale. About six months after the father had taken the drink of formaldehyde, the son came into my office.

"Doctor," he said, "my father has been spending the past six months with me at my ranch. Yesterday he died."

"How long was he sick?"

"About a week."

"Did a doctor see him during his sickness?"

"No."

"Why wasn't a doctor called?"

"I wanted to call one, but he wouldn't let me."

"That means that the coroner must go to your ranch and make a post-mortem examination."

"Oh no. I brought him in with me.

"Where is he?"

"Out on the street in my wagon, on some hay."

So the coroner was called, a post mortem examination was made, and the cause of death was found to be pneumonia.

Even at that time, in as primitive a region as the Cow Creek Valley then was, it seemed to me to be rather an extraordinary occurrance for a man to place his dead father in a wagon, "on some hay," and haul him thirty-four miles to town in order to report his death.

On the trail that leads from West Fork along West Fork Creek to Eden Valley and on to Powers, Oregon, a family had recently homesteaded a few acres of land and had built a log cabin close to the trail. Not long after the cabin was built, the wife of this rancher came to our hospital for a confinement. In this way we became well acquainted with this family.

One evening I was called to go to Eden Valley to care for an injured man. Eden Valley is a beautiful, heavily forested valley twenty-five miles from West Fork by this trail.

I caught a train to West Fork, and at the boarding house there I ate an early supper before I started on my trip. For this meal I had roast beef, and at my request I was given an outside cut.

Once more I rode my favorite trail animal, Blondie, and left the boarding house a little before dark. Less than a mile had been traveled when suddenly I began to have intense abdominal cramps. A few minutes later I began to vomit violently. Rapidly my condition became so much worse that the pain and vomiting were repeated every few minutes.

When I first became sick I got off the mule each time the nausea

returned, but soon the illness became so bad that I was afraid that if I got off, I would be unable to get back into the saddle, so I remained on the mule.

When about nine miles on my way, I decided that I had best go, as rapidly as possible, to the nearest place where I could get any sort of care. This place now was the little cabin of the rancher whose wife had been our patient recently. Their home was about eight miles further toward Eden Valley.

By this time the straining in an effort to vomit had become almost constant,and the pain very intense. I knew that I couldn't have appendicitis because my appendix had been removed surgically several years before this time.

It was nearly ten o'clock when, at last, I arrived at the cabin. At the door, I told the woman that I was terribly sick and asked if I couldn't stay there until I was better. She said that they had no extra sleeping quarters, but that she would spread a heavy quilt back of the stove, give me a pillow, and that she would keep the fire going.

I threw myself down on this makeshift bed and continued to vomit and strain until 1 A.M., when I decided that I could stand no more pain. With my hypodermic I gave myself a quarter of a grain of morphine, the only dose of any narcotic I have ever given myself.

During all these hours of sickness, I had no bowel movement and felt sure that if I could get my bowels to move thoroughly I would get relief. While I was taking the hypodermic I told the woman that if I only had a fountain syringe and could take an enema, I believed I would improve immediately. She told me that she had nothing of the sort in the home.

As soon as the action of the morphine put me to sleep, she hurried up the trail to the DeVarney home, which was about a mile from her cabin. There, over the forestry telephone, she called my

wife and told her that I was very sick, and repeated what I had said about a fountain syringe.

Wife telephoned West Fork and it happened that Hathaway Jones was spending the night there. When he was called to the telephone, she told him the circumstances and asked if he wouldn't carry a fountain syringe over the trail to me, if she could get one to him at West Fork.

"I can go in the morning," he replied. "But I don't want to travel over that trail at night."

"The Doctor goes over that trail anytime, night or day, to help sick people," she said. "Why shouldn't someone do this much for him?"

After he heard this argument, he consented to make the trip. Wife sent the fountain syringe to West Fork by the conductor of a freight train. Jones brought it to me as fast as he could, and arrived in the morning just as the effects of the morphine was wearing off. That was the last time I saw Hathaway Jones.

Whether or not the syringe helped, I don't know. But when the effects of the morphine were gone to such an extent that I was well awake, I took the enema, and had no more pain.

After a couple of hours rest, I went on my way to Eden Valley. There I was much disgusted to find that the injured man had received such a slight injury that he could have come to Glendale for treatment easily!

Only once more before we left Glendale, did I travel this same trail.

Early one summer morning the call came, over the forestry telephone as usual. Sixteen miles out on the trail, and about a mile from it, there had been quite a forest fire. While severel men, mostly fire wardens, were fighting the fire, an old dead tree that

was burning, suddenly fell and hit three of the men.

One of them managed to get out of the fire in spite of the fact that he had a badly injured shoulder. But the other two were unable to free themselves, and the fire went over them. It is not certain whether the fire killed them, or whether they had been killed by the falling tree.

I was called to take care of the injured man, and was told that there would be someone to meet me where I was to leave the trail.

Again I rode Blondy from West Fork. When I had traveled sixteen miles, I found no one where I had been told that one of the men would meet me. Slowly I went back and forth for a short distance along the trail and finally found a place where the grass had been trampled slightly and the fern had been broken in places, so turned off the trail there.

The mule and I, by watching the fern closely and by following fresh tracks that were here and there in the dirt, came to the scene of the fire after we had traveled about a mile from the trail. The men were surprised to see me so soon and said that they had expected to meet me but that they had thought I wouldn't get there until considerably later.

The fire was out except for smoking spots here and there.

I did what I could for the shoulder of the injured man and arranged to see him again the next day at our hospital. The other two men were lying where they had fallen, their bodies badly burned. It was really a hideous sight.

I told the fire fighters that I would report the circumstances to the coroner at Roseburg as soon as I returned home, and that they could call West Fork and find whether or not the coroner thought it necessary to come out. They then took me to a tent and gaveme a fine venison feed. After I had eaten heartily, I started for home.

A mile from West Fork I met a trapper who told me that he had killed a big cougar that morning and had skinned it. He invited me to come in and see the hide. I have never seen another cougar skin as large as that one was.

The trapper asked me if I liked panther meat, and I told him that I really didn't know, because I had never tasted it.

"It is really fine meat," he said. "It is light colored and tender like pork, and tastes much like pork. I'll give you a piece of tenderloin to take home and try."

He cut a nice piece and put it into a little cloth sack.

As I went down the trail, every time I would think of eating cougar meat I would imagine that I could hear a cat squall! The further I went, the more I disliked the idea of eating it. When I got off the train at Glendale, I went to a little chicken yard that we had, and shook the meat out of the sack into the yard.

A week later I was attending the Masonic Lodge at Roseburg, and there I was introduced to a man who said, "Are you the doctor that went out where the fire had burned over two of the fire fighters?"

"I went out with the coroner," he continued, "and the sight of the men was horrible! I went just for the trip and I'll never forget it!

"As we came back, just a short distance out of West Fork, we had a wonderful venison feed at the cabin of a trapper. Of course he called it cougar meat, because it is out of the legal deer hunting season. But was it good!"

"Did you ever eat venison before?" I asked him.

"No, I never did."

"Was the meat light colored like pork?"

"Yes," he said.

I broke into a hearty laugh. He was puzzled and asked what the

joke was. But I didn't want to spoil his memory of the "fine venison feed," so I began to talk of other things that he saw on the trip. No doubt he still thinks that the venison feed was wonderful!

December 15th, 1918, Martha presented me with another daughter, Frances Harriet. She is still our youngest child. In spite of our having experienced so many unusual occurrances when at Glendale, we still consider this event the most important thing that occurred during our residence there.

MY CHRISTIAN SCIENCE FRIENDS.

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During all the years of my practice I have had but few arguments with the Christian Scientists. With me, the belief has persisted that every individual has a right to his own opinions, religious or otherwise, as long as these opinions or beliefs do no harm to those around him.

Most of the incidents that have happened between those of that belief and myself, have seemed to me to be rather amusing so far as the outcome is concerned, and I hardly know who has been the winner in the few discussions that have taken place.

Shortly after we located at Glendale, there was a wave of local sensational talk about "divine healing." Not all of it,however, was specifically under the head of Christian Science.

One evening I dropped into the Presbyterian church when the sermon was partly over, and heard the minister make some statements which, in my opinion, were extreme and belittled the practice of medicine.

I was surprised when suddenly the speaker said, directly to me, "Don't you think that what I have said is true, Doctor Knott?"

"I will much appreciate it," I replied, "If you will give me a few minutes to reply. I would hesitate to give a brief positive or negative statement in answer to your question."

After another four or five minutes the minister said, "We will now hear from Doctor Knott."

"Curiously enough," I began, "A few months ago I began to receive through the mail, copies of the Christian Science Monitor and

Sentinal, but whoever sent them to me didn't put sufficient postage on them. At first I thought it was a good joke to make a medical man pay postage on Christian Science literature which was sent to him, not at his request. But as time went on, it became tiresome. So I wrote to the Sentinal at Boston, explained the situation to them and asked if, in case they knew who was the sender of the literature, they would tell him to please pay the postage, as I was not interested in the literature.

'Besides,' I wrote, 'I don't believe as you people do, and I have an offer to make you.

'I understand that you don't believe in the power of drugs. If that is true and if you will pick out one of the most faithful and devoted members of your church and will let me fill my hypodermic with whatever drug I wish and inject it into that person, - if after this is done that individual is alive a year from that time, I will join your church.'

"The reply was very courteous. The writer stated that he regretted that I had been bothered, and I received no more literature. But in the reply, no reference was made to the offer I had outlined. And of course such an offer was really nonsense, because, had my offer been accepted and had I been consciousless enough to follow out my part of it, I would immediately have been taken into our courts and tried for murder or manslaughter.

"I certainly believe," I continued, "that God is capable of healing the sick if He so desires. However, I also believe that we are expected to use our own intelligences in this regard, the same as we are in regard to other things. The farmer may be an earnest Christian, but if he depends on the Lord to produce his crop and makes no effort himself, he will certainly be disappointed.

"Picture, if you will, a scene at Johnstown at the time, many years ago, when a dam broke there and many people were drownd. Imagine

an old lady, an earnest Christian, sitting in her home reading the Bible when the alarm was spread that the dam had broken and people were warned to flee for their lives. Do you think, had she sat still and said that she had absolute faith in the Lord, and that He would take care of her - do you think that the Lord would have taken her bodily out of the way of the flood and saved her life? Or would she have been expected to cooperate and do all that she could to save herself?

"It seems to me that it is not a question whether or not the Lord would have been able to save her without her help. No doubt He could have done so. But rather, He would have expected her to use all the intelligence and effort He gave her the ability to use, in an effort to save herself. And the penalty for her not doing this would have been the loss of her life.

"To me, it seems that the same principal holds true in the practice of medicine and surgery. In this work we should use all the knowledge that God has given us and in addition we should ask God to direct us in what we do and to help us to bring about the recovery of our patients."

As I sat down, the minister simply said, "It is getting late. We will sing a humn and be dismissed."

Particularly in another experience, I am still wondering whether the joke was on me or on the patient.

People by the name of Forge came to me with the request that I care for Mrs. Forge in confinement. They were excellent people, ethical and intelligent, and they told me frankly that they were Christian Scientists. Mrs. Forge reported to my office regularly for blood pressure readings and urinalysis, which was exceptional at that time.

The Forges lived on the second floor of the local bank building, the same building in which my office was located. I was called promptly when the confinement began.

This was the patient's first confinement and from the very beginning of it, things progressed very slowly, - even very slowly for a first confinement. When the mother had endured heavy labor pains for twelve hours and progress seemed to have gradually practically stopped, Mrs, Forge began to show signs of exhaustion. The pains became weaker and less effective until they seemed to accomplish nothing. In spite of this, all I was permitted to do was just to be there quietly waiting to deliver the child when and if it came.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when I told the family that I wished they would call a doctor from Grants Pass or elsewhere, and put the case in his hands, as I didn't care to continue on the case and take the responsibility that went with it, and have my hands tied concerning the treatment of the patient. I assured them that I would remain on the case until another doctor would come. With that, I left the room so that the husband and wife could talk the matter over privately.

It was only a very few minutes later that I was told to go ahead with whatever treatment I wished and that they would not call another doctor.

Pituitrin, a drug which increases the strength of uterine contractions, had come into use shortly before this, and before its power was fully recognized, there were a few cases in which considerable harm had been done by its administration in too large doses.

I put two drops of this drug into my hypodermic syringe and gave it to the patient. In a very few minutes, the labor pains became heavier, and after about an hour, we had a fine baby girl.

"Well," I thought. "That is once when they will have to acknowledge that drug therapy has some things in its favor."

But I was mistaken.

The next morning when I came to my office, a friend said, "I hear that the Christian Scientists gave you a little lesson last night."

"Just what do you mean?"

"It is reported that at about four o'clock last evening you wanted to give up the Forge confinement. So Mr. Forge went to the depot and sent a message to a Christian Science practitioner at Grants Pass, asking for an absent treatment, and within about an hour the treatment worked so well that the baby was born!"

"A person just can't win," I said, with a laugh, and told my friend just what had happened.

The whole story was soon noised about town and created quite a laugh. And it is likely that many people still wondered whether the absent treatment did the work, or whether the hypodermic of pituitrin caused the pains to become more regular and harder and brought the child into the world, or whether the woman would have given birth to the child normally without either the pituitrin or the absent treatment.

My third, and I believe my last unusual experience with Christian Scientists was brief, extremely regrettable, tragic, and I believe unnecessary and avoidable even in those days.

Toward noon one day in 1916, I was called to the sawmill village of Fernvale, five miles from Glendale, in an emergency.

"There is a woman here in confinement who is having convulsions and is unconscious."

I hurried to Fernvale and there I found Mrs. Wilkinson unconscious,

but partly roused every few minutes by heavy uterine contractions. The entire right side of her face was badly burned, also one forearm and hand. Her husband told me that the burns had been caused by her falling against a very hot stove while she was having her first convulsion.

I hadn't known that she was pregnant, and asked why she hadn't come in for pre-natal care.

"She is a Christian Scientist," he said. "I am not and I did everything I could to get her to come and see you, because she has been feeling very bad lately. Awful headaches."

He further said that they had several children and that she had gotten along all right in her previous confinements, without the help of a doctor.

Examination showed that the uterus was well dilated and that the child would soon be born. The mother needed no anesthetic as far as the pains were concerned, as she wasn't conscious of pain or of anything else.

With much difficulty, because of her mental condition, I was able to get a small dose of epsom salts down her. In this way I hoped to reduce the toxemia. Shortly after she took the salts, she went into another convulsion and during this convulsion her child was born.

The mother never regained consciousness and died about five minutes after the birth of the child. Artificial respiration was given the baby, but it refused to breathe and its heart stopped beating shortly after the mother passed away.

After I had done all I could to help the husband, I went home. On the way I was thinking constantly of the unnecessary sacrifice of the lives of the mother and child, and of the loneliness of the

father, left with several small children, - and of the burden that was unnecessarily placed upon him. How helpless I had been on the case!

When I reached home, for the first time in my practice of medicine, I broke down and sobbed like a child.

And so, again may we say that we all have the right to believe what we please and to put in practice our beliefs, as long as it does not injure others!

ROGUE RIVER.
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Shortly after we located at Glendale, I began to hear about the wonderful fishing on Rogue River. Before this, I had become used to ordinary trout fishing with an artificial fly, but when I was told that the fall run of steelhead in the Rogue River would hit a fly, and that these fish weighed all the way from two or three pounds to twelve or even thirteen pounds, I became eager to try this sport.

It was further claimed that when a steelhead was hooked, a terrific fight ensued, much like the angler encounters with a large rainbow trout only much more strenuous, because the steelhead is an ocean going fish and develops tremendous strength.

Also I learned that the steelhead is really an ocean going rainbow trout; that if a young rainbow trout goes into the ocean, he will become a steelhead, while if he remains in fresh water he will always be a rainbow trout. The steelhead always come into fresh water to spawn.

During my first autumn in Glendale, I often went to the Rogue with experienced fishermen and tried for steelhead. Those with whom I went were entirely fly fishermen and could handle an artificial fly wonderfully well. Gradually I improved my accuracy and the length of my cast. But while I could catch plenty of trout, it was not until late October that I hooked my first steelhead.

To become a confirmed steelhead fly fisherman, it is only necessary to use light tackle and get one of those fellows on the end of your line.

When I prepared for this type of fishing, I put on light weight waders that came well above my waist, and over them I pulled heavy woolen sox and regular loggers sharp shod boots. Then I would wade out into the fast water as far as possible and begin casting.

Is the Rogue River wild! Also, is a steelhead wild! He is so wild that he is seldom found in quiet water.

Because of the wildness of the Rogue, in spite of carefulness we fishermen would occasionally slip and fall into the turbulent water and would have to fight our way to shore.

My favorite rod was a six ounce jointed bamboo, on which I placed a Hardy reel. On this reel was ninety feet of double tapered line, back of which was spliced two hundred feet of twenty pound test black silk line. On the tip of the line was a six foot, ten pound test leader, and the fly that was used most often was either a royal coachman or a bucktail royal coachman. However, at various times many other flies were used.

It is hard to describe the battle which takes place when a steelhead is hooked with this sort of tackle. The instant the fish would strike, the reel would shriek with intense action and the line would begin to disappear from the reel with tremendous speed. The angler would have the break on his reel tightened as much as he thought the tackle would ordinarily stand, and in addition would put as much pressure on the outgoing line as he dared without danger of loosing his catch.

After the fish had run at a surprising speed, for an indefinite distance, it would leap out of the water from one to six feet, and the instant it again was submurged, it would start in some other direction at the same terrific speed.

Sometimes it would go to the bottom and sulk, or it might keep up these long runs one after another until it is exhausted.

I have hooked steelhead that would go further in their first run, than all the line I had would permit. I would either loose the fish, or would have to get out of the water as fast as I could and run along the bank. Again, the first run may be only thirty or forty feet. After the first run, the steelhead often would turn and come right back at the angler, when it is necessary to reel line in with all possible speed, in order to keep a tight line; for a loose line usually means that the fish will get away.

After the steelhead is entirely worn out, he may gradually be brought in.

Zane Gray is reported to have said that this fishing is the wildest, most attractive fresh water fishing in the world. He and his party were often camped near us. Both they and we much preferred to wear waders and go into the river rather than to fish from a boat, and both they and we considered fly fishing with light tackle to be by far the best way to get the maximum thrill.

I have seen very large steelhead caught in the winter runs on heavy tackle, salmon eggs being used for bait. These fish will not strike a fly. I have never cared much for this sort of fishing.

The largest steelhead I ever saw caught in the fall run, was caught on light tackle, with a fly,and weighed a little over thirteen pounds. My record steelhead was ten pounds and three ounces. However, about a six or seven pounder usually gave the most violent, snappy fight.

Late in September, 1917, I found a doctor who consented to take my practice temporarily, and I went by trail to a remote portion of the Rogue. I reached the river at the mouth of Mule Creek, approximately sixty miles below Grants Pass, twenty-five miles from any road. A Mr. Corwin was then operating a placer gold mine there. On my trail trips in my professional work, I had become well acquainted

I rode the same mule that I had hired so often before, Blondie.

When I reached the river, I could see Mr. Corwin's home, a small log cabin, just across the stream. After I had announced my arrival by several lusty shouts, Mr. Corwin and one of his helpers came across the river in a row boat. They told me that there was a small, fenced pasture near the cabin, where I could leave the mule.

"Can the mule swim?" one of the men asked.

"I don't know," I replied. "I never saw a dog that couldn't swim and I think that a mule has about as much sense as a dog, so let's try."

We took off the saddle and put it in the boat, and left both the bridle and halter on the mule. The two men got into the boat and while one of them handled the oars, the other held the halter rope and the bridle reins. I went back of the mule and urged her to go into the water.

After I had tried for some minutes to get her well into the river, suddenly she seemed to gain confidence and walked forward a few steps, then stepped off a ledge into deep water.

Can a mule swim!

This one came up and started for the opposite shore so fast that the boatmen could hardly keep up with her! She swam with her back and much of her shoulders well out of the water, higher than I have ever seen a horse swim! And in a surprisingly short time she was across the river.

The cabin had only crude bunks in which to sleep, which were hard, but which seemed comfortable to me after the first night.

One morning I was awakened suddenly by some noise, and listened intently.. Something was going tap-tap-tap again and again. I looked around and found that I had overlsept and the men had gone

to work. The outside door had been left open. Close to my bunk a little animal, with white streaks down his back and with a bushy tail, seemed to be playing around. I watched it for a minute or two and decided that it wasn't doing any harm, so I left it alone. How very fortunate! It seemed to frisk about in the cabin for a time, then out the door it went and I saw nothing more of it. Later in the day, I told the men about it.

"Sure," one of them said. "It comes in almost every morning, and keeps the mice away. It's a civit cat and if one bothers it, it will act just as a skunk would act and will leave the same odor. It's mighty lucky for you that you didn't bother it!"

That was my first introduction to a civit cat.

The trip was a wonderful one. I could catch so many steelhead and there were so few of us to eat them, that I would have to turn most of them loose.

One day, after the men had gone to work, I decided to go over to Fall Creek, a place that the men had told me about, and fish for trout. They said that as far as they knew, no one had fished there that year. It was about mid afternoon when I started, so I left without seeing any of the fellows and none of them knew where I had gone.

Usually I didn't carry my creel with me when fishing for steelhead, because they were so large that they couldn't be put into it. But as I was going after trout, I picked it up and started.

Fall Creek, I had been told, was so named because a series of very high waterfalls were there, one a short distance below the other. Nearly all of these falls were located only a mile or two from where the creek empties into the river.

When I came to the edge of the canyon wall, where I could

first look down upon the creek, I was amazed and delighted! The beautiful stream was far below me, in a deep canyon, and each of the series of falls that I could see, seemed to me to be fifty to seventy-five feet high. For a long time I stood admiring the wild beauty of the scene.

After I had viewed the wonderful panorama, I began to wonder how I could get down the canyon wall, to the creek. I could see no place where one could go down except by traveling down a very steep slope which was covered with loose shale rock, with just occasionally a scrubby oak sticking up through the loose shale. In spite of the fact that I knew that the whole mountain side might slide with me, I decided to try to go down that way.

Although I knew that loose shale made a very uncertain footing, I certainly had not anticipated how completely and suddenly the side of that mountain would move! I had gone only a short distance down the steep slope when it seemed that in an instant, without warning, everything around me began to slide and I was carried faster and faster downward. I was thoroughly frightened for fear I would be covered with loose shale and injured to such an extent that I couldn't get out. Fortuantely, I was carried helplessly along, close to one of the stunted oaks, and as I passed it I managed to grasp a limb and succeeded in clinging to it.

My trousers were torn and I was somewhat scratched and bruised but not badly hurt. In fact, I didn't think of being hurt, I was so excited by my slide and by what appeared to be almost the whole side of the mountain, sliding down the canyon wall amid a dense cloud of dust. I wondered just where I would have been had it not been for the oak!

After the slide was over and the dust had cleared away, so

much of the shale had been carried down that the footing was better and I was able, by being careful, to work my way down to the creek. There I found the trout fishing to be so good that it soon ceased to be interesting. In order to catch a nice trout, I only had to stand back of a rock and drop a fly into the water and I would have a fish eight or ten inches long. Soon I had all the trout I wanted.

As I fished, I looked around and decided that I had never seen any more magnificant scenery. The portion of the stream that I was able to fish was about a hundred yards in length. Above was a waterfall fifty or more feet in height, over which the water plunged and roared. Below was another fall, of still greater height. I wondered how the fish ever got into this portion of the creek, between the two falls.

As I continued looking, still drinking in the beauty, suddenly the thought struck me, "Just where am I going to get out of here?"

I soon saw that I could go neither up nor down stream, as the canyon walls were straight up and very high on both sides of each waterfall. The creek was so deep and swift that I couldn't cross it, and back of me was the shale mountain that I had managed to come down in such an undesirable way. The only way out that I could see, was to go up some part of that same wall of shale!

After I had looked around for some time, I found a place where the wall was particularly steep so that less loose shale had collected on it. But the footing was miserable, because the wall itself was composed of pieces of shale, many of which were hanging loosely in place.

Heartily I wished that I had told the men where I was going, for I knew that they would have no idea where I was. And should I

not return to the cabin, they would likely never think to look here for me. But in spite of this, I could see no way out other than to try to climb that miserable shale wall.

I unjointed my fishing rod and tied the joints together with an old piece of fishing line, then tied the rod securely to my creel, and took the reel off the rod and put it in the creel. Then I arranged the creel straps in such a way that the rod and basket both were placed on my back, well up between my shoulders. With this preparation, I started to work my way up the canyon wall.

When I had gone only a little way, I found that the only way I could get footing was to take a heavy hunting knife that I carried with me, and carefully dig out loose pieces of shale. In this way I could make enough roughness so that I could get a toe hold. Each time I took a step, I was afraid that the rock under my toes would crumble or slip and that I would fall. And constantly I feared that the knife would break and leave me helpless.

After I had progressed about half way up the canyon wall, the going became so bad that it seemed to me that I could go no further. I thought that the best thing for me to do was to go back down to the creek.

"Possibly," I said to myself, "I can still find a better way out when I get to the bottom of the canyon again. Or, if I am unable to get out of here, when the men find that I don't return to the cabin, they might hunt for me and find me here. How I wish I had told them where I was going! Likely they would never think of looking here for me. But my chance of getting out in one piece will be better if I can get back to the creek and try some other way, than it will be if, in trying to go up this way I fall and am badly hurt."

When I attempted to start down the shale wall, I could find no footing. One look down over my shoulder showed me that I had come up so far that a fall might easily cripple me so seriously that I would be helpless. Likely, if this happened, it would be the end of me!

I was quite badly upset, but said to myself, "Quiet down and take it easy. Excitement and anxiety are the worst things that can happen in an emergency. Take it very slowly and carefully and do your best to work your way up."

So, very slowly indeed, step by step, I worked my way carefully up, constantly avoiding putting a strain on the knife and placing my toes as solidly as possible each time I took a step upward. It was deep twilight when at last I reached firm footing.

When I got back to the cabin, supper was over and the men were getting ready to start out on a hunt for me. They thought that I had likely become lost in the forest, near the river.

I will never forget what Mr. Corwin said when I told him what had happened.

"Doctor, you did a dammed foolish thing when you went where you did without telling some of us where you were going. If you had fallen and broken a leg, you couldn't possibly have gotten out of there and we never would have found you. Always, without fail, tell us if you are going to leave the river and go any other place than the river to fish."

He addied that the "shale bluff" was so difficult to climb that he knew of only one other person that had succeeded in climbing it.

For more than thirty years I have insisted on going to the

Rogue River for two weeks in late September or early October to fish for steelhead. There is no other place on earth I would rather go for an outing, were the fishing what it was for many years.

The wild beauty of the scenery is still there, but it is very regrettable that the fishing now is such that there is no longer much attraction so far as fly fishing for steelhead is concerned. The advance of civilization together with the tremendous shift of population into Oregon, has spoiled it, as it has much of the other wild life in the northwest.

THE MALPRACTICE CASE.

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It was in 1918 that Mrs. Lehman came to me for an examination and I found that she had an enlarged uterus caused by a tumor that probably was a cancer. The body of the uterus was approximately the size of a small grapefruit and the patient had suffered and was suffering such a great loss of blood that I considered immediate surgical treatment imperative if she were to live long. She entered our hospital a few days later and the tumor was removed. She made an uneventful recovery.

This patient lived on a little brush ranch ten or twelve miles from Glendale, well up in the mountains. At the time of her operation, she had no money whatever, not even anything to apply on her hospital bill.

About a year later, in the winter, I was called to her home to see her. I plowed through the mud with chains on all four wheels of my car, and found her bedfast, with cloths that were saturated with blood, wrapped around her right wrist.

She told me that her ten year old son, when he happened to look out the window, had seen a deer with a nice set of horns. As the animal was close to the house, he hurridly took the .22 rifle and shot at it, wounding it. Mrs. Lehman heard the noise and hurried out to see what was happening.

The deer, instead of trying to get away, lowered his head and charged at the boy. The mother rushed toward the animal, shouting and waving her arms as she ran, in the hope of keeping it away from her son. The deer wheeled, charged at her and knocked her down

forcibly. It then turned and disappeared into the forest.

I wanted to take this woman to the hospital immediately, but she said that she was so sick that she couldn't go then, and asked that I do all that I could for the arm without moving her. She assured me that she would come to our hospital the next day, for X-rays and for whatever further treatment that was necessary.

I found that she had a compound, cominuted fracture of both bones of the forearm, just above the wrist. That is to say that both bones were broken and splintered, and the broken ends had been driven out through the skin, into the dirt. The whole wound was mixed with mud and dirt.

I had no anesthetic with me, so I gave her a hypodermic of a half grain of morphine. And as soon as she became semiconscious, I swabbed the wound out with tincture of iodine as thoroughly as I could, removed all the mud and dirt that I could find, then placed the bones as nearly in normal approximation as possible.

After I had placed a sterile dressing over the wound, I applied yucca board splints to the forearm, extending them from just below the elbow, down nearly to the tips of the fingers. These splints were placed, one on the posterior surface of the forearm and the other on the anterior surface. Over the wound, openings were made in the splints so that any drainage from the wound could get out.

Again I offered to take the patient to the hospital. Now she was only semi-conscious, due to the effects of the morphine, but her husband promised to bring her to the hospital without fail, not later than the next day, so that we could get the needed X-rays and could take better care of the entire situation.

Instead of the next day, it was three days before I saw her again. Then a foul discharge was coming from the wound and the arm was swollen and very painful. X-rays showed that the bones

had been more badly shattered than I had thought.

We took the patient into the surgery, gave her some ether and again cleaned the wound thoroughly. The bones were placed as well in line as possible and a fresh, sterile dressing was applied to the wound. The same splints that were used before were replaced in their former position on the forearm after the openings for drainage had been enlarged.

When we were taking the patient from the surgery, I told her husband, who had been in the surgery with us, that the case was very serious, that infection was already present, and that no one could tell what the outcome would be. I strongly advised that his wife be taken to some good bone specialist, and suggested Doctor Dillahunt or Doctor Otis Aekin of Portland.

Later, when his wife was fully awake, the husband talked the matter over with her and informed me that she refused to go elsewhere for treatment.

Mrs. Lehman remained in our hospital for about two weeks. The discharge from the wound was fetid and stinking. We had no such remedy as penicillin or the other things which we now have with which to fight infection. At the end of the two weeks, in order to save expense, she went to the home of a woman a short distance from our hospital, and there I cared for her. I dressed her arm daily for a long time.

It seemed that the condition of the arm was fairly good for a time, in spite of the infection. But one day I suddenly noticed that the bones were somewhat out of alignment. I couldn't understand how this had happened, and she said that she couldn't understand it either. However, rather than to run the risk of stirring up the infection again by attempting to remedy the misplacement at that

time, I decided that it would be best to wait until the infection had cleared up entirely. Then, if it was found necessary, the bones could be operated and re-set without danger that the infection would threaten the life of the patient or again complicate normal recovery of the arm.

Before the patient went home, she was instructed to return soon and that then we would make further arrangements as to treatment, should more treatment be found necessary.

Many months passed without any word from the patient.

One afternoon a man entered my office and served me with a subpoena, which ordered me to appear, not in Douglas County where we lived, but about two hundred miles away, in Oregon City, only a few miles from Portland. I was named as the defendant in a suit which claimed malpractice and demanded damages in the amount of ten thousand dollars. It stated that the suit was being brought by Mrs. Lehman.

My first thought was, "How typical of a certain class of people! I have removed the malignant uterus which threatened her life. I have not bothered her about the bill for that work and she has paid nearly nothing on the hospital bill and nothing whatever for her surgery."

I had sent her no statement for the hospital and surgical bills which she owed for the care of the arm. Now, in spite of the fact that I had done the very best I knew how under very difficult circumstances, and in spite of the fact that she had not followed any of my instructions after the arm was broken, she was starting suit against me!

Her attorney, I found, was Mr. Earl C. Latourette, of Oregon City. He was to be assisted by Attorney Brownell. Mr. Latourette's brother had married a Glendale girl and I had met him a few times.

when he was visiting at Glendale.

As far as I could see, the suit was called in far away Oregon City so as not to inconvenience the attorneys. It was my opinion that the whole thing was just a "frame up." I believed that Mr. Lauterette and the patient thought that I, being a small town doctor, had neglected to carry medical indemnity insurance, and so would be a source of easy money for both of them. If such was their belief, it was a mistaken one, for I was covered with medical indemnity insurance by the Aetna Insurance Company.

Martha and I worried very little about the case. We were instructed by our insurance company to appear in Oregon City long enough before the trial began to enable us to have a conference with our attorneys. Our lawyers were Mr. Senn and Mr. Ekwell, of the firm of Senn, Ekwell & Recken of Portland.

The trial was to be held under the direction of Judge Campbell of Oregon City.

Besides the protection I had with the Aetna Insurance Company, I carried medical indemnity insurance with the Oregon State Medical Society, but at that time this organization moved so slowly that their protection proved to be worthless to me.

After we arrived at Oregon City, Martha and I found that Attorney Dimick was to be associated with our other legal help in this case.

Early in the trial, Martha and I were amazed when two witnesses, that were brought onto the witness stand, swore that I had applied "side splints" to the injured forearm. That is to say that I had applied splints to each side of the arm rather than to the anterior and posterior surfaces, as is always done.

When I was called as a witness, I said and I still maintain that if anyone ever applied a so-called "side splint" to a forearm,

I had never seen such an application and did not so apply the splints to the arm of this patient. I had never even heard of splints being so applied.

Wife and I were our only witnesses, because we had thought that there would be no doubt whatever about the testimony of all the witnesses being honest, and we had made no attempt to obtain other witnesses.

In the selection of the jury, one or the other side objected to so many of those called for jury duty that available material was exhausted when only eleven had been selected to act.

"Go down on the street and bring another up," Judge Campbell directed.

Afterward I was told that the man who was brought up from the street was taken from a wagon load of manure that he was hauling. It is certain that during most of the trial he sat with a vacant smile on his face. I was also told later that another of the Jury members was a Christian Scientist.

While on the witness stand, I also tried to bring out the fact that I had advised the injured woman and her husband to have a specialist on the case, but the court ruled that such evidence was to be "stricken out because there was not conclusive evidence that the patient had fully recovered consciousness when so advised" - this in spite of the fact that the husband had told me that he and his wife talked things over between themselves and decided not to go to a specialist.

I further testified that when the patient was treated at our hospital, the splints originally used, after they were thoroughly cleaned, had been replaced in the same position in which they had been placed when I first saw the patient. I called attention to the fact that Martha had been with me when the splints were removed

and replaced and that she would know whether or not they had been properly placed.

On the witness stand Martha confirmed all that I had said, in spite of persistant efforts on the part of the attorneys to confuse her.

Doctors who were called to testify found no fault with the treatment I had given the case, providing the splints had been properly placed. But under the continued hammering of the plaintiff's attorneys, one of the doctors admitted that he was glad that the wrist belonged neither to him nor to a member of his family.

I can agree with that statement in the event of any broken wrist.

The trial dragged along for nearly two days.

In the closing speeches of the attorneys, Mr. Brownell, one of the attorneys for the plaintiff, became very abusive. He said that I was not only unfit to be called a doctor, but that I shouldn't even qualify as a "bone setter." He explained that by the term "bone setter", he referred back in history to the time when barbers dressed wounds and even attempted to set broken bones, although they had never received any instruction in this work and were absolutely without skill.

"But," he affirmed, "Most any of them would have done a better job than this socalled doctor did."

The abuse continued to such an extent that I asked Mr. Senn whether or not there was a way to compel an attorney to stick to the facts. I found that an attorney seems to have the liberty to hand insults to a defendant in the court room, which is supposed to be the place where injustice is ruled out, which would not be tolerated elsewhere; and seemingly with utter disregard to facts.

I greatly regret to say that, in this trial I lost much of

our attorneys, and still have not found reason to change my opinion. And I also greatly regret that a tremendous percentage of the people to whom I have expressed this opinion, heartily agree with me. Before this time I had been of the opinion that the court room was the one place to which one went for justice. But in my experience, it had seemed to me to be a place where, for the prospects of a good fee or for the sake of an attorney's professional reputation, many lawyers carry on a legal battle in which they try by fair or unfair means, to win a case, be their side just or unjust.

At last the case went to the jury, which withdrew. It was out for a long time, and when it came in a verdict of "guilty" was rendered and damages to the plaintiff in the amount of $750.00 were recommended.

Mr. Senn asked me what I thought about the verdict.

"If I am guilty of malpractice," I replied, "the plaintiff should have much more than $750.00. If I am not guilty, she should have nothing. Since I feel that I am not guilty, I ask that the case be carried up to the supreme court."

Records show that the attorneys for the plaintiff tried very hard to cause the Supreme Court to refuse to allow the case to be appealed, but were unsuccessful in their efforts.

Nearly a year passed before the case was brought up before the Oregon State Supreme Court at Salem.

I went and listened to the attorneys' arguments and was surprised that none of the abuse, which had been so prominent in the trial at Oregon City, was used. No doubt this was because the justices of the Supreme Court were much more intelligent than were the members of the jury at Oregon City, and the attorneys knew that such abuse would fall flat before them.

Not long after this I received word that the Supreme Court had reversed the decision rendered by the jury in the lower court.

It was stated that there was a conflict of evidence as to how the splints had been placed at the hospital. But evidence given at the time of the trial had confirmed the statement that yucca board splints, when wet, could be moulded to fit an arm or leg. Therefore the court could see no difference whether the splints were called "side splints" or anterior and posterior splints. No other fault had been found with the treatment rendered.

Also it was stated that a part of the evidence that had been ordered striken out by the lower court, should have remained as evidence. Further attention was also called to the fact that the law provides that a surgeon should render treatment which would compare favorably with that given by the average surgeon under like conditions, and that this seemed to have been done.

After a few months, we were again ordered to appear in Oregon City, to fight the case through the lower court once more!

Immediately I began to look for people who had seen the arm when it was in splints, and who had been present at some time when I dressed the arm.

I was much surprised when a little lady came to me voluntarily and told me that she had been an observer when a man who lived at Wolf Creek, a farmer, had removed the splints while the arm was still being treated by me. She said that after he had looked at the injury he remarked that a good job had been done. He then replaced the splints.

That explained why the bones had suddenly gotten out of their proper position when both I and the patient had remarked about it.

We also found several people who had seen the splints as they had been applied at the hospital, and all agreed that they had been applied to the anterior and posterior surfaces of the forearm.

Mr. Senn had a copy of the proceedings at the first trial. When the witnesses for the plaintiff went on the stand, one after another forgot how he had testified before, and became badly tangled during the cross examination.

The testimony that the splints had been removed and re-applied by a man who was not a doctor, and that this had been done without my knowledge, seemed to show the ultimate in unreasonableness so far as holding me responsible for the condition of the arm was concerned.

The attorneys for the plaintiff called onto the witness stand an old doctor who seemed to be so nearly intoxicated that he walked with difficulty, and when he spoke it was with the slur of speech so common in one mildly intoxicated. During his testimony the proceeding seemed to me to be so ludicrous that I, together with many of the people in the court room, laughed.

Again the concluding talk, with the usual abuse, was given by Attorney Brownell. In this talk he said in substance that the good doctor had risked his life to come to the court to testify, because he knew that it was the honest and necessary thing to do; that the doctor had so bad a cold that he was on the verge of pneumonia and should be resting in bed at home. In the face of this great sacrifice and effort, "Doctor Knott, seeing him suffer, laughed in his face!"

Even the jury members could hardly keep down the smiles, the condition of the witness had seemed so apparant.

"What a farce it is," I thought. "And carried on in the name of justice!"

The jury was out about fifteen minutes. It then brought in a verdict of "Not guilty."

When court adjourned, Attorney Lautorette came to me, and I understood him to say that he wanted me to know that he had not been out after me; that he had been out after the insurance company. I turned away without comment.

As I look back over the experience, I can see one bright spot. The trial cost me considerable time and worry and also disturbed Martha greatly. But the financial side of it cost us not one cent because the insurance company stood by according to their agreement.

The cost of the case going through the lower court twice and the supreme court once, must have been considerable. I know that the plaintiff couldn't pay these costs. Who did pay them?

That is the bright spot.

OUR LAST STAND.

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Late in 1921, Doctor F. G. Hewett, with whom I had been associated at Yoncalla, wrote that he had more than he could do and asked that I come to Independence, Oregon and enter into a partnership with him there.

Our hospital was paid for, we had built a very comfortable home directly across the street from our hospital and we were very content where we were. However, I decided to look over the Independence territory before I refused the offer. With this in view, I made a trip to Independence one week-end and was very favorably impressed with the town and its surrounding country.

Independence is located in the heart of the Willamette Valley, only twelve miles from Salem, the capital of our state. There I would be close to other doctors, and not so terribly isolated as I had been at Glendale. Various schools of higher education are only a comparatively short distance from Independence. Our daughters were growing up and in a few years would want to attend some of these neighboring colleges.

Still, we were so well satisfied at Glendale that I couldn't make up my mind positively as to what we should do. So the following week, both the wife and I looked over the Independence territory. The result was the same. We couldn't be sure what we should do.

I told Martha that I would go to Myrtle Creek and Riddle, the two nearest towns north of Glendale, and offer to sell our home to doctors there. If I made no sale, we would remain where we were. This plan was carried out and we sold our home to Doctor G. J. Fawcett

We still wondered whether or not we were doing the right thing, but prepared to leave Glendale just after Christmas, 1921.

When we told the Glendale people that we were going to move to Independence, we were surprised to be asked repeatedly, "Why are you moving there, of all places? It is the toughest, most undesirable town in Oregon. When Salem voted itself dry, Independence remained wet and there is more drunkenness and more undesirable things there than any place we know of!"

However, we packed and shipped our household goods and drove to our new location in our cars - for we now had two cars, a Nash touring car and the little Ford "hearse". Before we left our home at Glendale, Wife broke down and cried and I felt like it.

Our hospital we rented, and a few months later it was sold and became a hotel.

We found the people of Independence, like those we had known elsewhere, mostly fine people with the usual mixture of undesirables. The population was then something over twelve hundred, but the surrounding country was very thickly populated in every direction, due to the type of agriculture carried on there.

The town is situated on the west bank of the Willamette River, and at that time it was said to be, and likely was, the "hop center of the world." More hops were said to be grown in this territory at that time than in any other like territory.

This type of agriculture brought many migratory farm laborers here from early spring until hop picking started. When the harvest began, at least ten thousand pickers were employed near us. They came from everywhere. Two and a half thousand of these pickers were employed at one place - the E. Clement Horst Company's ranch

which was said to be the world's largest hop ranch.

Many of these migratory workers were fine people, but there was quite a percentage of them that were shiftless, unreliable and in many ways undesirable. Doubtless this fact is what gave the town so hard a name throughout the state. This undesirable portion was composed of individuals who were usually unsanitary and dirty and who would avoid paying for anything they could get without immediate payment, such as groceries, clothing, and often doctor bills.

We found the whole social and echonomical structure so different from any we had experienced in the past, that after we had been in Independence a few months, we heartily wished ourselves back in Glendale.

The school buildings were then antiquated and unsuitable, but the instruction was good. The school system was under the supervision of the Oregon State College of Education, which is located at Monmouth, less than three miles from us.

Things went fairly well with us until September. As we became acquainted, my work steadily increased. Because the roads were still very bad between Independence and Salem, Doctor Hewitt and I established a little hospital in a private home. Again Martha was called on to be surgical nurse when we had major surgery, but now the after care of patients was turned over to others.

In September hop picking began. When I went to the first "hop camp" where the pickers resided while the harvest was going on, I was both shocked and disgusted! Sanitary conditions were fearful! Outdoor toilets, not screened, were in common use and thousands of flies inhabited them and went from them to the peoples' tables. As a result there were hundreds of cases of diarrhea and intestinal disorders in the camps each fall.

The shacks in which people lived at the different ranches, differed in regard to suitability and sanitation, but many of the places for sleeping were wooden bunks on which a little straw was thrown. On this the pickers placed their bedding. The cooking facilities usually consisted of flimsy little portable sheet-iron stoves.

There were not nearly enough camp shacks to supply all the pickers and at many hop ranches tents were put up by the owners, to supply the shortage. I have been in some of these tents to see patients, and in a few instances I found that the people living in them were too indolent or lazy to carry out their urine and feces, but dug a hole in the corner of the dirt floor inside the tent, and threw the body excreta in the hole and scattered a little dirt over it to cover it until more excreta was thrown in.

Garbage cans were provided but usually they were not covered, and again flies would gather. At one camp I objected to this and was told that when covers were furnished, they were thrown away or destroyed by the pickers, so that it was not worth while to furnish them.

I had thought that some of the loggers at Glendale had living quarters that were undesirable. But they were palaces when compared with many of the living quarters I have seen in hop camps. And incidently, our association with the loggers at Glendale caused us to think of them as rather a rough lot, but under the rough surface they were generally good and dependable.

On the contrary, our association with hop pickers taught us that the two classes were sharply divided; possibly more than half of them were desirable and dependable, but the remainder were usually, as has been stated, dirty, unreliable and in most every way undesirable.

No doubt it was this portion of them that caused the hop camps to be so unsanitary, rather than any fullt of the owners of the ranches.

Also I found that many of the hop men, for whose benefit the pickers were brought into the neighborhood, didn't care to shoulder much of the responsibility for bringing them here. The first fall we were here, I was called repeatedly to see hop pickers that were sick or hurt, and was informed that "we carry insurance," and afterward found that the insurance simply insured the owner against legal damages and in no way protected the person who was sick or hurt. Some of the largest ranches really carried sick and accident protection, but the percentage that did not was so great that after two or three years of taking a tremendous loss in caring for these people, I decided that I had stood enough of it.

So, the first of September, about the time the harvest began, I went east for some post graduate work, at Chicago. I didn't return until hop picking was over, in mid October. Two doctors besides myself were then located in Independence, Doctor Irvine and Doctor Fawcett. When I returned from Chicago, the first time Doctor Irvine saw me he burst out with, "Those _____ & _____ hop men and pickers can't do this to me again. I'm getting out of town." A month later he was located at Myrtle Creek, Oregon.

After a few more months, Doctor Fawcett told me that the loss he took was too great for him to stand, and he also left this location. This left me the only physician in Independence.

The next autumn some of the hop men asked, "Doctor, are you going to leave us holding the sack again this fall?"

"Sure, I will unless insurance is carried to cover these workers. I will leave about the first of September."

I didn't need to go, for I found that nearly every ranch had insured their pickers before the harvest began.

My experiences at Independence have differed greatly from those at Glendale. Here, in a pinch another doctor could always be had in thirty or forty minutes in spite of the bad roads. However, I found it hard to adapt myself to the care of confinements in tents or hop shacks, with the women frequently in bunks filled with filthy bedding on a little straw.

There are now fewer hop ranches in this vacinity, and those that still exist, for the most part, have pleasant and reasonably sanitary places for their employees.

Now all our confinements, whether the patient is a hop yard employee or the wife of a permanent resident, are cared for by us at the Salem hospitals, none outside of hospitals. This change of conditions has occurred very gradually, through more than thirty years.

During our first few years at Independence, many of our confinements went to our little hospital here. As far as I know, one of these was the first Caeserean operation done in this county.

The mother was a little woman who had contracted tuberculosis of the spine. The usual resulting deformity had caused such an angulation of the spine that she was what is commonly called a hunchback. Also one hip had an opening which wouldn't heal and was discharging pus.

This woman became pregnant and Doctor Hewett had the case. When asked if he thought she could have a child normally, he said he thought that she could. However, when she was confined, a full night of heavy pains brought no result.

During that night the doctor made several pelvic examinations, and when morning came he decided that the child couldn't be born normally. More than twelve hours of severe pain had caused her to show signs of exhaustion, when the doctor asked me to take charge of the case and do a Caeserean section. I hated to do this, both because

of the greater danger of infection when operated after having had those pelvic examinations, and also because she already had the active infection of the hip. Both of these things made the case seem to me to be very unfavorable.

But it seemed that there was nothing else to do, so we took the patient to our little hospital and I delivered the child by the abdominal route. When I handed the baby to Doctor Hewett, who assisted me in the operation, he became somewhat excited so that when he gave the child to Martha, he was afraid that he had contaminated his hands. As a result, he gave me no more assistance, and Martha stepped in and helped me suture the uterus and close the abdomen.

Again the good Lord was with us, for the mother recovered without any complications. The child is now grown and has a family of his own. The mother died of tuberculosis a few years after her son was born.

My first call after we arrived at Independence, was at the Beaver Hotel. I had gone to Masonic Lodge and was called from there to the hotel, where I was taken to a room on the third floor. Here I found a man who was just crazy drunk.

The hotel proprietor, Moss Walker, was in the room together with several other people, and they were carrying on a conversation with the drunk man that was really comical. At times the patient was inclined to be so violent, that after I had examined him and found that his general condition was good, I gave him a hypodermic which quieted him.

Almost immediately after I had returned to the lodge, another call for me came, this time from the local plumber, Mr. Clifford McBeth. His wife was having a very severe gallstone attack. She told me that

their family doctor lived in Albany, and that she wished to go there if surgery was necessary.

The patient was given a hypodermic to take care of the pain temporarily and the next day I took her to Albany where she was operated successfully.

The morning after I made these two calls, my partner, Doctor Hewett, and the other Independence doctor, Otis D. Butler, met me at my office door and said, "Good advertising last night. Two calls at lodge for the new doctor. Honestly now, how much did it cost you?"

Dick Haley and his son operated a hop ranch across the river from Independence. I made several calls on people who were hurt on their ranch and Dick said that he carried no insurance but that he would pay me for my trips. This arrangement existed for many months and Dick paid me nothing, in spite of requests for payment.

One afternoon a member of the Haley family came into my office and asked to see my partner. When I heard the request, I said to my partner, "Doctor, they are irresponsible financially. I feel that I should tell you that it is likely you will never get a cent for taking care of them."

Only a few days later I was called to the Haley ranch to see a sick patient. While I was looking him over, Dick and his son both got into my car. When I went to the car, Dick said, "Doctor, get in here. We want to talk to you."

It looked to me as though there might be a real "rough house", but I climbed in and sat down by the side of Dick. As soon as I was seated, he said, "I understand that you have said that we are dead beats. Is that right?"

"Yes. Dick ...re. You have never kept any promi... finances. But I know how you c... you want to."

"...

"...

There i... d and we went in together. ...e entire amount, much of which was the... What a relief! Both to get the mon... ...ument with two men both of which we... more powerful than I!

I never had any further trouble with Dick.

The description of Independence as it was in 1921 should not be taken in any way as a description of our present little city. As the years passed, the hop pickers became more and more undependable. Many of them would work until they had a few dollars, then go on a drunken spree and cause trouble for the hop men.

Groups of the well known people of Independence had formerly picked hops each fall. They had considered it as sort of a vacation. But conditions became so bad that most of them quit helping with the hop harvest. Because of these conditions, the hop men began to have a very serious time getting their crops harvested each autumn.

The solution of this problem was brought about by the installation of mechanical hop picking machines. As a result, the pickers who now come to harvest the crop are but a few in comparison with the number that formerly arrived here.

Our little city has had a healthy growth and the homes are, on the average, much better homes. New school buildings have been

built and new businesses established, including two local sawmills, a shingle mill and a firm which manufactures farm machinery.

Since we located in Independence, the greater portion of the time I have been associated with other men of my profession. Doctor Hewett, with whom I entered into partnership when we arrived here, died of cerebral hemorrhage in 1924. After his death I was alone in my office until 1929, when Doctor Orban G. McConnell joined me.

By the time Doctor McConnell became associated with me, all the main highway between Independence and Salem had been paved. We could then easily reach the Salem hospitals in thirty minutes or less. The result was that we closed our little local hospital and both became members of the staffs of the Salem General and Salem Memorial Hospitals. We cared for all our major surgery at these institutions, and many of our confinements and other cases were treated by us there. One of us made the hospital rounds each morning.

While Doctor McConnell was associated with me, I was involved in another lawsuit. This time there was no claim of malpractice. The trial was the result of a disagreement which occurred between Doctor McConnell and one of his patients.

One afternoon I was taking an X-ray of a Japanese man who was suffering from an attack of renal calculi (kidney stones), when I heard sounds that indicated that a scuffle was going on in an adjoining room. Hurridly, I went to the door of this room and was followed by the Japanese, Mr. Chikuo.

When I opened the door, we saw Doctor McConnell and a local Chiropractor, Doctor Elliott, engaged in a rough and tumble, knock down fight. Neither of us who were spectators, said a word or took any part in the scuffle. Back of us a door was open into our waiting room, where several patients were seated, watching the

fight with much interest. Our receptionist came to the door, took one look, then calmly closed the door, in this way shutting off the view of the struggle from our patients.

After quite a round, in which some black eyes were obtained, Doctor McConnell gained the upper hand to such an extent that Doctor Elliott said he had enough and the fight stopped.

When I asked what was the cause of the trouble, Doctor McConnell told me that he had given professional care to Doctor Elliott several times. He had sent Doctor Elliott several statements and the doctor had come in just before the fight and said that he was not going to pay the bill. He claimed that professional ethics demanded that when one doctor cared for another, there should be no bill.

Doctor McConnell replied that this was true of medical men, but that it didn't apply when a medical doctor cared for a Chiropractor. This attitude on the part of both of them, ended in so hot a dispute that the fight was started.

Doctor Elliott claimed that Doctor MrConnell began the fight by striking him. Doctor McConnell maintained that Doctor Elliott was the one that started the struggle. He said that he, Doctor McConnell, saw that there was going to be trouble, so he started to pull off his coat. When the coat was half off, Doctor Elliott hit him in the eye as hard as he could. Doctor McConnell certainly did have a beautiful "black eye!" In spite of this, my partner managed to get out of his coat, after which in self defense, he finished the fight.

A few days later, Doctor McConnell and I were each served with a summons to appear at the Dallas courthouse at a certain date - that Doctor Elliott was bringing suit against us for assault and was claiming a considerable sum in the way of damages. We immediately ontained the services of a well known attorney, Mr. Oscar Hayter,

of Dallas.

Before we went into the court room I said to Doctor McConnell, "Whatever you do on the witness stand, Doctor, don't loose your temper. Every effort likely will be made to confuse you and to stir you up to such an extent that you will say something harmful."

"I'll do my best," he promised. "But it seems to me that we are up against such a rotten deal that it is going to be mighty hard for me to keep from getting mad if the attorneys get rough with me."

When the day of the trial arrived, the plaintiff's witnesses told of the battered appearance of Doctor Elliott when he left our office the day the fight had taken place. Doctor Elliott testified that the whole affair had been unnecessary, was an outrage, and that Doctor McConnell started it.

When called to the witness stand I confirmed the fact that there had been a fight and that I had witnessed it. When I was asked why I didn't try to stop it, "It would have been folly for me to jump into a struggle with two strong men, both larger, more powerful and much younger than I. So I simply stood aside and took no part in it."

When our Japanese witness was put on the stand, the conversation went something like this:

"Were you present in Doctor Knott's office when the fight occurred?"

"Yes."

"Did you see the fight?"

"Yes."

"Tell the jury just what happened."

"I only know that there was quite a battle."

"Can't you give us any more details of what happened than that?"

"No."

"Do you mean to tell us that you watched the fight and can't give more of the details of what happened?"

"Well, you see, I wasn't well. I had a hell of a bellyache!"

The audience roared with laughter and the judge hammered with his gavel to restore order.

When Doctor McConnell was called as a witness, he really had a hard time. I could see him move his hands and feet restlessly, and the color of his face changed from normal to violently red several times during his siege.

He was a man who would weigh at least two hundred twenty-five pounds, was more than six feet three inches tall, and powerfully built. On the other hand, Doctor Elliott was only slightly over average height and rather slender.

The attorney for the plaintiff asked Doctor McConnell;

"Didn't you start the fight because you are physically so powerful that you knew you could whip Doctor Elliott?"

The doctor constantly maintained that he didn't start the fight, that he only acted in self defense and that the size of Doctor Elliott and himself had nothing to do with it.

After the plaintiff's witnesses had finished their testimony, our lawyer asked the judge that "Doctor Knott be eliminated from the trial, as he had nothing whatever to do with the cause of the struggle and took no part in it."

The judge adjourned the court for fifteen minutes, and when court proceedings were resumed he said;

"The only statement that the plaintiff's witnesses have made concerning Doctor Knott's having taken a part in the fight was that he stood and watched it, with a smile. I know of nothing in our laws which says that it is not lawful to stand and watch a fight and to smile while it is going on. The trial will proceed, and will

involve only Doctor McConnell and Doctor Elliott."

So the trial went on hour after hour. To me it seemed that the closing argument of the plaintiff's attorney was rather rediculous. He drew a mental picture of Doctor McConnell as being an "enormous giant who attacked the poor little Doctor Elliott, with the certainty that the poor doctor would be unable to defend himself" - and what a heartless brute Doctor McConnell must be!

So on and on, the same old procedure. He continued to infer that Doctor Elliott should have much compensation in the way of damages.

The members of the jury seemed to be more familiar with this type of argument than sometimes is the case, for the final argument of the plaintiff's lawyer seemed to have little if any effect on them. After only a few minutes of consultation, the verdict was returned that Doctor McConnell was innocent of any wrong, and the case was closed.

After the trial, Doctor McConnell said to me, "When I was on the witness stand, the actions of the plaintiff's attorney made me so furious that if you hadn't warned me, I certainly would have lost my temper and would have told the attorney what I thought he was".

Some time later the bill which Doctor Elliott had refused to pay, was put into the hands of a collecting agency and was collected in full.

The financial depression which began in 1929 became so severe that, in spite of the fact that Doctor McConnell and I had plenty to do, our collections were very bad. Because of this financial

situation, in the summer of 1932 Doctor McConnell left Independence and located at San Jose, California. This left me alone until the summer of 1934.

Meanwhile collections had improved and the work had increased to such an extent that in the summer of 1934 I was so worn out that I became ill and was a patient at the Salem General Hospital. While I was there my family persuaded me to send a telegram to Doctor C. A. Fratzke, who is a nephew of Martha's, and ask him to join me here.

Doctor Fratzke is an alumnus of the College of Medicine, State University of Iowa, and had studied under several of the teachers who were members of the faculty of that institution when I was a student there. He had finished his interneship at the Southern Pacific General Hospital at San Francisco, in 1932 and had located in souther Iowa. However, before he located there, he seriously considered locating in one of the Pacific coast states.

When he received my telegram he jumped into his car and arrived here in just three and a half days. He has been associated with me here since that time.

Shortly before we closed our little Independence hospital, I was called across the Willamette River to see a sick woman, and found that she was suffering with an acute attack of appendicitis. She said that she had been sick for several days.

Normally this patient would have weighed about two hundred pounds. But at the time I was called to see her, she was approximately eight months pregnant, and had been without any medical supervision. She must have weighed then considerably over two hundred. Immediate surgery was essential, so I rushed her to our

hospital and, with Martha's help, removed a very bad appendix.

Due to the pregnancy and her weight, her abdominal distention was such that there was much tension on the stitches when the abdominal incision was closed. Two other things further complicated the case. In the first place, she had quite a severe bronchial cough. Also, she had several children, wanted no more, and frankly said that she hoped this child would be born so prematurely as a result of this surgery that it wouldn't live.

When the operation was completed, an abdominal binder was applied as snugly as we thought was safe. The patient's condition seemed to be good,but it seemed to me that she coughed more violently and more continuously than was necessary. Frequently I wondered whether or not she thought that in this way she could complicate the case to such an extent that the expected child might not live.

After ten days had passed, I removed the abdominal binder and took out the skin sutures. When the stitches were removed I was amazed to see the incision gradually break open and the intestines begin to buldge up at me! I grasped a sterile towel and packed it over the incision, then applied the binder snugly and took the patient back into the surgery.

With much difficulty I again managed to close the abdominal incision. The woman had become frightened, not for fear that something would happen to her child, but rather that something might happen to herself. After the anesthetic wore off, the cough seemed to cease entirely, and this time the incision healed normally. In another two weeks she was sent home.

Several of this patient's neighbors and friends came and talked to me about her case. It seemed that the general impression was that when she would be confined, the abdomen would again open and

she would die.

I tried to persuade the patient to go to the hospital for her confinement, but she refused. I will admit that when, about three weeks after she left the hospital, I was called to confine her in her home, I was worried about the case.

She had been told that she must call me immediately when labor pains began, and she was so worried about herself that she did so. Immediately I strapped her entire abdomen with adhesive tape. With this support she went through a normal confinement and we had a good, healthy baby girl.

The second day after her confinement, I went back to see her and found her sitting in a rocking chair, nursing the baby. The child is now grown, married, and has a family of her own.

This is the only case I have experienced in which a patient's "incision has broken open and the intestines are trying to come out," as was reported to me so many years before, after the appendectomy of George Jennings.

It was about the middle of a spring afternoon when a frenzied voice urged that I hurry to a house not far away. The person who called seemed to be under such stress that I dropped everything and rushed to the home I was asked to visit. As I ran up the stairs, a woman rushed out of a door near the top of the stairs.

"Doctor," she cried, "we have a young woman here who has had a baby. No one was with her when it was born. The afterbirth hasn't come yet. But we can't find the baby and the woman won't tell us where it is!"

"Where have you looked for it"?

"I've looked everywhere I can think of in her room and I'm sure she hasn't been out of the room since the baby was born."

She led me through the door where I had first seen her, and a glance around showed a good sized bedroom, rather scantily furnished. A wooden bedstead of the type that was so common fifty or sixty years ago - the upper end of which was very high - stood in one side of the room. A dresser, two straight backed wooden chairs and a small wooden table on which were some books, completed the furniture with the exception of one corner. This was curtained off from the rest of the room and hooks had been fastened to the wall, making the space serve as a wardrobe. On the wall near the only window in the room, hung a fair sized mirror.

As I began to search for the child, I said to a young woman who was resting quietly in the bed, "Are you married?"

"No. And I don't want the baby. I just have to get rid of it."

"She doesn't live here, Doctor," the lady who was searching with me interrupted. "She is working for her board and going to school. This noon she waited tables at a restaurant, and has been doing that work for her board right along. No one has known nor suspected that she was pregnant!"

I looked under the bed, back of anything that could be moved, and hurridly searched through the dresser drawers. No baby!

A glance back of the curtains in the corner showed some clothing hung on hooks, and a little pile of soiled things thrown on the floor in the corner. Under these I found a medium sized suitcase, tight shut. It seemed to me that a child couldn't live in that suitcase as long as it had taken me to get from my office to that bedroom and hunt as I had, but just to be

thorough in my search, I jerked the suitcase out and opened it. There before me, I was amazed to see a fully developed baby, blue and almost sufficated but otherwise normal.

With the help of a very little artificial respiration, the child began to breathe. The woman took it, and I turned my attention to the young mother. In a few minutes the placenta had been delivered and the girl seemed to be in good condition

"Who helped you when the baby was born?"I asked her.

"No one. I wasn't sick very long and I tied the cord and cut it myself. When I was doing this, I heard someone coming, so I hid the child in the suitcase."

"Didn't you know that the baby would die in a very short time if you put it into the suitcase and shut out the air?"

"I never thought of that, honestly Doctor, until you found it and began to try to make it breathe. I don't want the baby but I never thought of doing anything to kill it."

"Are you sure that you don't want the baby? If you really don't,"I told her, "there are many couples that would be only too glad to get it. Likely we can place it in a very good home in a short time if you want us to."

The woman brought the child to the bed and placed it beside the girl. She looked at it for a minute or two, then said, "What a sweet little child. I thought I just couldn't keep it, but now I wouldn't take anything for it. I can't go on with my school work and take care of it, so I'll just go home to my parents and take it with me."

"Why don't you get married quietly and help its father make a home for it and for you?"I asked.

"I don't want to marry him. He refused to do anything about my being pregnant, and I just can't bear the idea of marrying that

kind of a man."

A few days later the mother left for southern Oregon with the baby, and I never heard of her afterward.

The mother instinct is strong in women that are basically decent, isn't it?

Two or three years before the second World War began, Doctor Donald H. Searing located in our neighboring city, Monmouth. When our country was drawn into the war, he was called into the army and remained there until the war was over.

Meanwhile, the practice of Drs. Knott & Fratzke had grown to such an extent that, when Major Searing was discharged from the army, we persuaded him to join us. He still maintains his home in Monmouth, but has been a part of our firm since the close of the war. Our firm is now known as the Independence Clinic.

Shortly after Doctor Fratzke joined me, I was told over the telephone, one summer evening, that Jay Mitoma, a Japanese, wanted to see me. The speaker instructed me to bring my obstetrical bag and to come to the Marion Hotel in Salem. There were then many Japanese workers in our hop ranches and Jay was well known.

I took my obstetrical bag and drove to the Marion Hotel. There two Japanese met me and told me that Jay was located on a hop ranch a few miles from Salem and that his wife was very sick. They asked me to follow them and they would lead the way to this ranch.

I found Jay and family in a very decent, comfortably furnished home. Mrs. Mitoma was approximately five months pregnant, but had been having hard pains for many hours. Jay said that he had called some doctor from Salem, and after the doctor examined his

wife, he said that he wouldn't care for her outside a hospital. Mrs. Mitoma refused to be hospitalized, and because they had formerly known me, they decided to call me.

I found the uterus well dilated and an immature child was lying crosswise in the uterus. After I had given the patient some anesthetic, I managed to get a foot and deliver the foetus feet first. The placenta followed immediately.

The child was dead and was so immature that in any case it would have died.

"Doctor," Jay asked when the case was completed, "do you like Chinese noodles?"

Very willingly I followed him into the dining room. There I found a bowl heaped with noodles, with strips of pork laid over them, a supply of soy sauce close by and a cup of liquid clear as water, placed near the bowl of noodles.

The liquid was really hot, not in temperature but in taste. Jay told me that it was a Japanese drink made of rice, called sacki.

I was really very tired and the hot noodles and sacki certainly warmed me up. That is the only time I ever indulged in this drink, but as the result of this one drink of it I feel that I can heartily recommend its ability to warm up the "innerds" and brace a tired person temporarily, whatevere its ultimate effect may be.

NARCOTIC ADDICTION.

Every member of the medical profession, if he has been in active practice for any considerable length of time, will have had more or less experience with narcotic addicts who are attempting to obtain habit forming drugs unlawfully, for their personal use.

At the present time, the spread of narcotic addiction among our population is causing great national concern. Not only has our nation a greater percentage of addicts of mature age now than ever before, but also a constantly and seemingly successful effort is being made to cause so-called "teen agers" to become habitual users of habit forming drugs. In spite of the efforts of our country to discover and break up so-called narcotic rings, still the percentage of our population that uses narcotics habitually, especially among people of high school age, seems to be increasing alarmingly.

Under the head of "Narcotic Addiction," a series of experiences with individuals who are habitual users of habit forming drugs, will be related. It is hoped that in this way the terrible effects of narcotic addiction can be pictured so realistically that those who read the discussion will forever avoid the use of anything that can possibly lead to the narcotic habit, and will use every possible effort to cause others to avoid the danger of the aquisition of such a habit.

No doubt, because of the enormous financial profit involved, narcotic rings will continue to operate, however severe the penalty may be made for members of such an organization if they are convicted.

At the time I entered the practice of medicine, there was no Harrison Narcotic Law. However, during my college attendance, the tragic results of the habitual use of habit forming drugs was pounded into all medical students so thoroughly that most physicians were as strict concerning the supplying or administering narcotics at that time as they now are.

In spite of this, there have been various times during the past years when I have been deceived by stories of addicts, and have innocently given narcotics when I shouldn't have done so. No doubt this has been the experience of every physician who has been in the practice of medicine long.

During our five years at Yoncalla, as far as I can remember, there were only three addicts who appealed to me for drugs. My work was in a rural community, and the type of people I was caring for are almost entirely free of the use of narcotics.

One rainy night during the first winter of my practice, I was spending a quiet evening at home when the door bell rang. When I answered the bell, a man who swayed like one who was badly intoxicated, stumbled in from the rain and stood, dripping, before me. He was shivering and soaked to the skin and the water which was dripping from his clothing formed little puddles on the floor.

Before I could say a word, he cried in a high, quavering voice:

"Oh Doctor, if you only knew how miserable I am, you would surely have pity!"

Sorry as I was for the fellow, for some reason the thought struck me immediately that he wished narcotics.

"You are going to ask for morphine and are trying to work on my sympathy before asking, aren't you?" I asked.

" Yes, Doctor, you are right. And when you know the circumstances, you surely will help me. I'm trying to get to Klamath Falls where I have a brother who is a physician and who has promised to take care of me and get me away from the stuff if I will come there. I would rather be dead than to go on this way. All I want is enough morphine so that I will be able to get to Klamath Falls."

"Your story doesn't sound reasonable to me," I said. "I doubt whether or not you have a brother at Klamath Falls. If you do have a brother there who is a doctor, one who would help you, he would come and get you instead of letting you wander around this way."

"That is right Doctor. But I am desperate and had to tell you something. I haven't got a cent and am hungry and cold and have been without any morphine so long that I'm having a severe diarrhea and feel terrible. If I don't get help from somewhere, I'll kill myself!"

"Possibly he is telling the truth," I thought. "He certainly is miserable and cold but I don't believe he has the nerve to kill himself. I wonder just what I ought to do? After all, he is a human being, pitiable wreck that he is."

No doubt I did the wrong thing.

"If you will promise to go to the State Hospital at Salem as fast as you can, and ask for treatment for your habit," I said, "I'll give you a hypodermic now that will help you for a few hours. When it wears off you can go to the police in any town on the way to Salem and tell them what you are trying to do. Likely they will help you get to Salem.

"Wife will give you some hot coffee and something to eat."

His thanks were profuse and I kept my part of the bargain. But as I look back on the incident now, after having had more

experience with these people, I have no idea that he ever attempted to get to Salem. And in case he did try to, and appealed to police along the way, it is highly probable that none of them believed him but did their best to get rid of him any decent way that they could.

At any rate, within a few minutes after the administration of the promised hypodermic, he was absolutely changed. His dilated pupils contracted, he grew quiet, and in spite of the fact that he was still cold and wet, he was pleasant and seemed much more intelligent.

Shortly after he ate, he left us and that is the last we ever saw of him.

Another evening a few months later, one more of the army of morphine addicts came to my door. This one was well dressed and warm, but his suffering for want of morphine was acute. Intestinal cramping was severe and his attitude, like that of the former case, was servile and pleading. Frankly he was begging for morphine without any excuse whatever, excepting the one so very commonly used by these people - that he was on his way to a hospital to be cured.

"Likely you won't believe me, Doctor," he said, "but if I am cured I can get a job playing a piano at a moving picture theatre or somewhere. I am an expert on the piano and can play either the standard classics or popular music."

I thought that this story was pure fabrication and I said so. But he continued to insist that he was telling the truth.

"I'll soon find out whether you are telling the truth or not," I told him. "I'll give you a small dose of morphine to steady your nerves. We have a piano and if, after the drug has taken effect, you will play for me and show that you really are an uncommonly good

musician, I'll let you have two more tablets to help you get to your hospital."

Imagine my surprise when, after the morphine took effect, he sat down at our piano and, without music, played beautifully two of our standard classics and several popular pieces.

Again, I kept my part of the bargain and he passed out of my life. Once more, as I look back on this experience, I feel that I did wrong in giving him any narcotic whatever. But by experience, I was rapidly learning that these pitiable narcotic wrecks don't all come from the lower strata of our people, but often originate from the talented, useful, intelligent portion of our population.

What a pity it is that one so talented should be so absolutely wrecked by such a habit!

My third experience along this line while at Yoncalla, was of an entirely different nature.

Two young men had come to our village and purchased an apple orchard. They lived quietly and after I made their acquaintance, I thought well of them.

Late one afternoon, after office hours, I heard quite a disturbance on our front porch. When I opened the door to see what was the matter, I found the younger of these two men arguing with his brother, urging him to come to the door. The brother, who was protesting violently, was holding back.

"Come in, fellows, and make yourselves at home," I said. "What's the big argumant about?"

"Jim is all tanked up and don't want to come to you in this condition. But we have to get some help somehow."

They came in and sat down. Before I could say anything more, Jim mumbled, "I don't mind the little devils that stick their heads

out, like those darting from behind that picture. But I hate the big ones that come right at me!"

"How long has he been this way, Jerry?" I asked.

"He started four days ago and has gotten outside of an awful lot of whiskey since."

"I didn't know he drank at all. Does he do this often?"

"About once every six or eight months. A few years ago, when he lived in Kansas City, he got to using morphine and got so he was entirely down and out. He couldn't find a job any more, and couldn't work if he found one. He was broke and was so far gone that he would lie or steal or do anything in the world to get the dope. If I shut him up where he couldn't get it he would go almost wild and would get so sick that I would be afraid he would die, so I would turn him loose. Before he used morphine, he was a steady worker, dependable and well liked.

"I did the only thing I could. I put him into an institution that treats these cases and he didn't get out until they thought he was cured.

"After he was discharged from the sanitarium, he was so much his old self that he said he would rather die than take any more of the stuff. Up to now, he has stuck to it, but every few months these nervous spells come on and it seems as though nothing but a spree will relieve him. He never stops until he sees snakes.

"Of course I can't give him any narcotics to help straighten him up. All that I can do is to get him to a doctor. Can't you quiet him down with something that won't get him back on dope?"

I went into the kitchen and put a tremendous dose of bromides into a teacup. When I handed it to him, I told him to drink it all. He looked into the cup for an instant, then yelled, "What the devil do you mean by asking me to drink that stuff? Look for yourself. See

the little devils wiggling in the bottom of the cup?"

"I'm sorry, Jim! I didn't see them before. Give me the cup."

Back in the kitchen I poured the medicine into a differently shaped cup and took it back to him.

"I looked carefully, Jim. There is nothing in this cup except medicine. Drink it!"

"O.K. Doc. If you say it's all right, then it must be all right! And down it went.

"Bad as these spells are," I said to Jerry,"They are so tremendously better than the morphine habit that I take my hat off to your brother for turning to liquor rather than to go back on morphine. Usually I hate to treat a drunk, but anytime Jim gets in this shape, bring him in and I'll do all I can for him."

Several other times before we left this location, Jim was brought to me in miserable condition. But as far as I know, he never went back to morphine, and aside from these periodic drunken sprees, he was a good worker and a very fine fellow.

At Glendale I had very little trouble with so-called "dope fiends." Much of my work was among loggers, and while many of them put the rough side out, they were basically a fine lot of men and the use of narcotics among those I knew, was absolutely absent.

Twice while I was at this location, my office was searched during the night, but what narcotics I needed were kept locked in a safe and neither time did the searcher succeed in getting the safe open. On one of these occasions, a hypodermic syringe was missing, but there was no drug with it.

By this time the Harrison Narcotic Law had come into being. This made it unlawful to give any sort of narcotics to an addict except in the treatment of the habit. The penalty for breaking

being, doctors are inclined to investigate more thoroughly those who seem to need narcotics, in order that they may be certain that the need is real.

One morning a well dressed and neat appearing man came briskly into my office and, after the remark,"Doctor, here is a little present for you," he tossed on the desk before me a well bound volume on the front page of which was stamped, "The Practice of Veterinary Medicine."

I took one look at the volume and said, "Thanks, but I can't use it. I am a M.D., not a Veterinarian."

"I know it, Doctor, but I thought it might come in handy for you some time. I can't use it either. What I really came in for was to have you write me a prescription for a little morphine. The book doesn't have anything to do with the prescription. I have the cash to pay and am willing to pay any reasonable price for it."

"Here is your book. There will be no prescription. I don't write narcotic prescriptions, except when there is a real,legitimate need."

"There is a real, legitimate need for morphine now," he said. "If I don't get morphine, I will soon be acutely, terribly sick. I have to have it to get along. I'm ready to pay for it, and it is no one's business but mine that I have to use it to keep going."

"Just what is the matter with you? Do you have a cancer or some incurable condition that gives you so much pain that morphine is your only way out?"

"No. It's just a habit I got into and, as I said, it's no one's business but mine. I don't want to stop it. I like it and can pay for it and you can supply it!"

"You don't know what you are talking about when you say that it's no one's business but yours. If you go on this way, soon you will be

a worthless bum. You'll get so you'll be unfit for any sort of work and will be such a physical wreck that you'll be a scourge to humanity and a burden to be cared for by charity. One had better be dead than that way, and you have the nerve to say that it's no one's business but your own! No prescription, and here's your book."

After he had called me a few vile names, he rushed out of the office without his book and nothing more was seen of him.

Some time later I gave the book to a Veterinarian.

Martha and I were invited to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tichnor, friends of ours, for dinner. While we were chatting before the meal was ready, there was a loud, persistant knock at the door.

After Mr. Tichnor had talked a minute at the door, he came in and said to me, "Doctor, two men are at the door and they say that they want to talk to you. They're a couple of mighty hard lookers. I've never seen either of them before."

"Are you the doctor?" one of the men asked me when I inquired what was wanted. "Come out and shut the door. We want to have a little private talk with you."

After the door was closed, the speaker said, "We have run out of morphine. Both of us use it and we are so sick that we can't possibly go any further without it. Give us enough so that we can get to the next town and we'll tell nobody and won't bother you again."

When I refused, they said, "If you won't give us any, we'll do anything to get it - break in anywhere or hold up anyone we think has it."

They seemed so insistant and so threatening that I would have been afraid that they would attack me if I hadn't been right at the door where I could call for help if I needed it.

Because I still refused to give them a prescription or the drug, one of them said said, "If we break the law and are caught, you will be to blame for our having to go to the penitentiary , and you can expect to hear from us plenty when we get out!"

"If I gave you either a prescription or the morphine, I would be breaking the law myself to such an extent that I might find myself in the penitentiary and I like the sunshine and fresh air too much to take such a chance.

"Your argument that I am in any way responsible for your condition is utterly foolish. You know perfectly well that I never saw either of you before and had nothing to do with your getting into this habit. I'm not in any way responsible for anything that may happen to you, whatever you do."

They became very abusive and I went in and shut the door. Shortly afterward they left and I didn't see them again.

At various times I have taken from habitual users of narcotics, such abuse as these uttered before they left - such abuse that I couldn't tolerate it from any normal person. I have taken it because the addicts have usually gotten so low that their words should mean nothing to anyone, and because it would be utterly foolish to lower myself to the extent of engaging in any sort of a dispute with one of them. Also any dispute might be very dangerous, for many addicts are so crazed by drugs or by the need of them that they will stop at nothing, even murder, and would use anything that came to hand - even a knife or a gun.

It was nearly time for me to go to my office one autumn morning in 1916, when a middle aged woman asked for me at the hospital.

"Doctor, I want to be admitted into your hospital as a patient."

"What's the trouble, Mrs. McLaughlin?"

"I may as well tell you frankly, and get it over. Several years ago I acquired the habit of using morphine. My husband had been using it for quite a while before I began to take it. It has practically destroyed him, and is destroying me. I want to be cured of the habit."

"But Mrs. McLaughlin, we never treat that sort of a case here. You should go to one of the institutions where the treatment of narcotic addiction is their specialty. I have never treated such a case and have never wanted that kind of practice."

"I don't know what to do if you don't take my case. My husband suggested that I come to you, and thought possibly you would make an exception this time under the circumstances, and take me."

"What are the circumstances and what does your husband do?"

"I thought you knew my husband. He said he was acquainted with you. He is a physician and I am a registered nurse. For several years after our marriage we worked together just as your wife and you are doing, and were very happy. But as the work grew heavier and my husband's responsibility became greater, he began to use morphine. In fact, he lost one or two patients who were very close friends of ours, and he was so stunned by the misfortune that he was unable to rest and started the use of small doses of morphine to relieve the nervousness and depression. Of course the habit grew,and in time his practice became less and less as people realized that he was a narcotic addict.

"After a time my husband's health and our financial condition both became so bad that I couldn't stand it any longer and, follishly, I began the use of morphine in an effort to get away from the worry. For several years we both have been unable to do without it.

"We have drifted from place to place in an effort to meet expenses. At each place we have done fairly well for a little while

but always the people find out in a short time that we are narcotic addicts and then our practice is ruined.

"Things have become so bad that for a long time now, my husband has been irresponsible. He will do anything to get morphine. Most physicians now know that he is an addict and he can only get the drug illegally; such as writing a narcotic prescription for a patient that doesn't exist, then getting it filled and using it himself. He has even been writing prescriptions for patients who are in pain, and telling these patients to bring him the medicine so that he can see that it has been filled properly. When the medicine is brought in, he replaces the little white tablets by others the same size and shape, which are not narcotic, and keeps the morphine for himself.

"Honestly, Doctor, my husband has gone so far that he isn't capable any longer of building up a practice, but drifts from place to place with only one desire: to obtain morphine for his own use. Until recently he has given me what I need to make me comfortable, but it has become so hard for him to get enough for himself that he has refused to share it with me any longer and I am suffering so much for the want of it that I don't know what to do.

"He is no longer a real husband. Our home, our practice, everything of value we possessed has gone in order to get a few more dollars to buy morphine. And at last he has told me that he wants no more of me, and now he is spending much of his time with women of doubtful reputation.

"Early this morning he told me not to come near him again, and he suggested that I come here to you. He said that you would take my case because you wouldn't refuse to care for the wife of a fellow physician, especially when she is a registered nurse.

"Possibly some member of your profession has been good to you in the past, and has taken care of you or your family when sick, without financial compensation. Now I am sick. I haven't a cent. I am not able to work and don't know what to do. Won't you please take me into your hospital and get me away from this awful habit?

"You may use any method you wish, however severe it has to be. If you take my case, please pay no attention to what I may say or try to do during the treatment. Take any necessary risk, for as far as my life is concerned, it isn't worth anything to me as I now am."

Just what should I do or what could I say? Both Wife and I considered narcotic addicts about at the bottom of human degridation. I couldn't even be sure that a word of this woman's story was true. I had never heard of her husband. But she seemed so sincere and earnest that I decided to talk the matter over with Martha.

The final result was that Mrs. McLaughlin was admitted as a patient.

Even then we didn't realize what an ordeal was facing us.

No more narcotic was given and the result of so abrupt a discontinuance of it caused a terrific reaction. At that time, as far as we knew, about the only substitute that could be used that was not habit forming, was Bromides. Triple bromides were given to this patient in an amount sufficient to keep her practically unconscious all the time. To get this result it became necessary to give her doses that were greater than I have ever known to be given, and we were continually on a terrific strain for fear such doses might be fatal.

Even with this treatment she would come near enough the surface

to cry out pitiously for morphine. She would beg and plead for it and often would threaten us with arrest and prosecution for holding her there virtually a prisoner, against her wishes. Many times I was called to the hospital during the night because of the continuation of that awful cry for morphine, always morphine.

The usual abdominal cramping and intense diarrhea which occurs in such a case so complicated our treatment that she rapidly became dehydrated. Her bed would have to be changed over and over each day. She would take no food and it was very difficult to get enough water into her system to maintain her. Intraveinous feeding and intraveinous supplying of moisture were practically unknown at that time. We attempted to furnish her with necessary fluids by giving a few ounces of normal salt solution with a colon tube, but her diarrhea was so severe that the solution would be expelled as soon as it was given.

At the end of a week, Martha and I both greatly feared that she might die at any time. We wondered what would happen to us if she died as a result of the treatment and the husband would drag us into court. But we both thought that it would be better for her to loose her life than to continue her existance in the condition in which she was when she came to us. So in spite of our dread of continuing the treatment, we decided to go on with it.

About the end of Mrs. McLaughlin's first week with us, a slender, well dressed man introduced himself to me as Doctor McLaughlin. He asked as to his wife's progress, then told me that in his opinion there was no chance of curing her.

"She has used morphine for eighteen years," he said, "and you never heard of an addict who used it that long, being cured."

My reply was that unless he, her husband, compleeed us to release her, we would go on with the treatment.

"All right. Go ahead. But it is hopeless and I haven't a cent with which to pay you. And I want you to know that I won't be responsible for any of the expense in the case. Is it all right for me to see her?"

"Certainly you may see her. But one of us will be present, to be sure that you don't give her any morphine."

"That's fair enough. I'll be at the hospital just after lunch."

He left and none of us ever saw him again.

I no longer have our hospital record of the case, it was so long ago. But to me it seems that for at least two weeks the patient was kept mentally confused or entirely unconscious, with bromides.

At the end of that time her demands for morphine were becoming less insistant. Through the entire ordeal, we had succeed in getting her to take very small amounts of water by attempting to get her to drink a little, every few minutes, even when she was unconscious. But in spite of this, she had lost an incredible amount of weight.

Gradually, as her cry for morphine became less, we cut down the size of the doses of bromides. As this took place, her desire for food seemed to become more normal, and very slowly the patient began to regain a little of her weight.

Approximately a month had passed before the bromides were entirely discontinued. But how pleased we were when, as she improved she ceased to beg for morphine! And one morning she said that she would never use it again. When I asked whether the appetite for it was entirely gone, she said that she still had to fight the craving for it, but that now she realized fully what an awful thing it had been and that nothing could cause her to go back to it.

In spite of this, we didn't allow her to go out of the hospital

for more than a month, and for some time after that one of us always accompanied her when she went out. But all of her resentment had disappeared and she always seemed willing to do as we wished.

She remained with us at least two months. In the meantime, we had learned that her husband's people were an excellant family and that they had been greatly concerned because of the doctors having acquired the narcotic habit. But possibly they were even more disturbed because he had also dragged his wife down with him.

When we contacted them they asked that as soon as we thought it advisable, we send her to them, and assured us they would do their best to prevent her return to narcotics. They sent us a small amount of money, possibly enough to pay the hospital expense of the patient during the first week that she was with us. They frankly told us that the doctor had made so many bills all across the country, that in an effort to pay them they had depleted their resources so far that they felt they could pay no more.

Our patient was sent to them and we are still gratified to know that she never returned to narcotics. She was most grateful and frequently expressed her thanks to us. It was about two years later that we were told that she had died of pneumonia.

We have never regretted that we took this case, but we never have treated another narcotic addict.

During the years that we have been in Independence, I have seen many times as many drug addicts as were seen by me in all my previous practice. Nearly all of these have been individuals who were drifting from place to place with seasonal agricultural workers.

The population here is much more dense than it was in our

previous locations. Also, as has been stated, for many years Independence was a great hop center. Each autumn, during the hop harvest, I have been approached by several habitual users of some sort of narcotics, whom I have never seen before, and occasionally one has appeared at other times.

No attempt will be made to describe my experiences with many of these people. I will simply tell of a very few cases which bring out unusually plain, how very difficult it often is for a physician to know whether or not the desired drug is honestly and legitimately needed.

Only once since the Harrison Narcotic Law was passed, have I knowingly given an addict any narcotic and on that occasion he received only one dose. This dose was given for a special reason.

One afternoon, toward evening, a roughly dressed man entered my office when no other patients happened to be present, and asked for a prescription for morphine.

"Doctor," he persisted when I flatly refused, "if you will just give me enough for one dose, I'll give it to myself intraveinously right here in your office."

"Do you have a hypodermic syringe? I asked.

"No. And I don't need one."

"How can you take any medicine intraveinously without a hypodermic syringe?"

"I've got a hypodermic needle and a medicine dropper and that's all I need."

"How much of a dose do you have to have to get results?"

"I've been taking it so long that it takes two grains to do me any good."

"I've heard that the stuff can be taken intraveinously without

a hypo, but never believed it. If you will take it right here before me, I'll break my rule just this once, just to see if it can be done. But there won't be any use of your coming back for more, because there won't be any more from this office."

"That's a deal. Give me the morphine."

I gave him eight tablets of a quarter grain each, which probably would he a fatal dose for one who has not been an addict for a long time.

He took from his pockets, the tin cover of the type of can that is often used for smoking tobacco, a dirty, large handkerchief, a medicine dropper and a hypodermic needle. Without cleaning anything, he placed the morphine tablets in the tobacco can cover, measured almost a medicine dropper full of water and squirted it into the tin cover. Two matches were lit and held under the tin cover, so that the solution was heated to such an extent that the tablets were soon completely dissolved. Then the solution was carefully drawn into the medicine dropper, which he laid on my desk in such a position that he could pick it up readily.

The dirty handkerchief was then twisted around his arm just above the elbow, and the ends were tucked under so that the handkerchief was held tight around the arm. This made the veins on the front of the elbow stand out plainly. He picked up the needle and plunged it expertly into a vein, so that blood began to drop out of the needle. Quickly he released the handkerchief, seized the medicine dropoer, tucked the tip of it into the needle where the syringe ordinarily would fit, and slowly squeezed the fluid into the vein.

This was all done so quickly and so very easily that he must have done it a great number of times, in order to do it so well.

When all the solution was in the vein, he pulled the needle out, flexed the elbow so that none of the solution and no blood could come from the puncture in the vein, then picked up the handkerchief and put it in his pocket.

After this, he licked the inner surface of the tin lid he had used, and also the tip of the medicine dropper, then without cleaning the things in any way he put them into his pockets.

"How can you keep from infecting yourself," I asked. "Don't you ever clean or boil the needle, dropper and tin lid? If I treated a patient without sterilizing the skin and cleaning up my things when I give a hypo, I would be afraid of a terrific infection."

"I never clean anything. That business of infecting yourself or getting air into the vein is a bunch of bunk. I've taken morphine like this for years and never got an infection. Look for yourself."

The arm was scarred but otherwise normal!

How can such a procedure be explained? It can't. It is a mystery how he avoided infecting himself and why in doing so he didn't scar the arm so bad that the needle couldn't be forced into the vein.

After I had examined the arm, he rolled down his sleeve, left my office, and that was the last I saw of him.

One afternoon a woman, neatly dressed, wearing expensive furs, entered my office. She appeared to be refined. I would have taken her to be the wife of some prosperous business man.

She told me that her husband had tuberculosis and that she was taking him from their home at Corvallis, to the State Tuberculosis

hospital which is a few miles east of Salem. This is a trip of about forty miles, over well paved roads.

"At times," the woman said, "my husband has very severe pains due to pleurisy caused by an advanced case of tuberculosis. At such times nothing but morphine will relieve those pains. We will both appreciate it very much if you will let me have a few morphine tablets to give him. He was very comfortable when we left Corvallis, but a few minutes before we got here his pain started suddenly, likely due to the motion of the car. He is suffering terribly."

"When you knew that he might have a severe attack at any time, why didn't you get a few tablets from your doctor before you left Corvallis?"

"My husband has had no severe pains for more than a week, so we thought surely that we could safely make this trip without bothering the doctor. We won't need to take any of your time. I have learned how to give his hypodermics, and if you will just let me have a few tablets, I can take care of him. I have rubbing alcohol and a bottle of distilled water in our car."

The story didn't sound reasonable. So I told her that I would go out and see her husband. If I found that he had tuberculosis and was in severe pain, I would give him a hypodermic myself.

She insisted that she would take care of him. She claimed that he didn't want anyone else to do anything for him.

" If he is as particular as that,"I told her, "the pain can't be too terribly severe. If it were really very bad, he would be glad to have it relieved, whoever gave him the treatment. It will take you less than an hour to get to the State Tuberculosis Hospital, where he can get relief. I won't give you any morphine for him unless I examine him."

She seemed to be very angry and lost her refined appearance as she told me that I was heartless and a disgrace to my profession. Still I refused to give her the morphine, and she left, seemingly furious.

The following day one of the state police from Salem happened to be in our town. I contacted him and told him of my experience.

"There was no sick man, Doctor, so of course she didn't want you to go out to see one," he said. "We think that even she is not an addict but that she goes from place to place and by telling some such story, gets a few grains of morphine. Likely she makes considerable money by selling it to addicts. We feel quite sure that this is her game, but as yet we havent enough evidence to be sure that an arrest would end with her conviction. So we are waiting and hoping that we can get more conclusive evidence soon."

Some years ago a man came into my office and asked hurridly, for one of my associates. He said that he was "in misery," that he had "kidney stones and had to have morphine or something equally strong to relieve the intense pain."

A urinalysis was done immediately and blood was found in his urine. The doctor thought that this certainly was a case in which morphine was really needed, and wrote a prescription for a few tablets.

Some days later the man returned and asked for more morphine. Another urinalysis was done and the urine was found to be normal. The doctor became suspicious. The man could have cut a finger slightly the first time he came, and in this way could have managed to put enough blood in his urine to make it show in a microscopic test. At any rate, this time the blood was not in the specimen voided.

After the doctor told the man that he wouldn't give him any narcotic, the patient continued to be very insistent. After has demand had been repeatedly refused, he became so abusive that the doctor stepped to the telephone and called the police. The man immediately left the office, before the police could arrive.

The following week, Attorney Bruce Spaulding, who was then our county attorney, came to our office to see me about some court procedure that was coming up.

"By the way, Doctor," he said as he was about to leave, "a man came to me a few days ago and told me that your associate has been furnishing him with morphine illegally and that it was his opinion that he wasn't the only one that had been so favored. We know that you fellows have always carried on a clean practice, so I did nothing about it. Do you happen to know anything about such a man?"

We found that this man, who had been ordered out of our office, had gone to Dallas, found Attorney Spaulding and signed an affidavit that he had been supplied repeatedly and illegally with morphine, at our office.

When I told our attorney about our experience, he said, "It is amazing how low addicts often become!"

We heard nothing more concerning the matter.

As has been stated, the Independence Clinic, of which I am the senior member, does all its surgical and obstetrical work at the Salem hospitals. In fact, we usually care for any of our patients who are seriously sick, at one of these institutions. One of us makes the hospital rounds each morning.

In the summer of 1946, one morning before I had started to

make the hospital rounds, I was called to the office. There I found a man who was medium sized, well dressed and very pleasant, but seemingly in much pain and very eager to see a doctor.

"I have a cancer of the rectum," he said, "that is so far advanced that it is inoperable. I know I can't live long, but while I do live there is no use suffering the awful pain the growth is causing. In order to deaden the pain, now I constantly need morphine. A few months ago the growth shut off my lower bowel, so my doctor did a colostomy on me so that my bowels could move and I could live a little longer."

By a cholostomy is meant that an opening is made, usually in the lower right side of the abdomen, into the colon. In such cases as he described, when a colostomy is done, the bowels move through the opening that is made, into a rubber bag which is made for that purpose and which ordinarily is worn constantly by these patients. In this way the bowel obstruction is relieved.

This man showed me the incision in the right, lower side of his abdomen, and loosened the colostomy bag that he was wearing, so that I could see the opening which had been made into the colon. I made a rectal examination and found a mass of something within my reach, which could have been a tumor of some sort, or heavy scar tissue. After the examination I certainly believed that the patient's story was true and that the need of morphine was real. So I wrote him a prescription for some morphine tablets.

Less than an hour later, when I was on my way to the Salem hospitals, I ovetook the same man. He was walking briskly and rapidly along the highway, not at all as one would expect a person to walk who had an advanced case of cancer of the rectum. This made me suspicious and again I contacted the State Police.

By them I was informed that such a person had been getting morphine from many of the doctors in Portland and Salem, and that as far as the police could find, he was not an addict. He was selling all the morphine he could get, to addicts.

It is certain that he had been operated for some sort of intestinal trouble. Possibly it was for cancer of the rectum, while it was still operable, and that the operation had been successful. This would explain the fact that a colostomy had been done, and that a mass of scar tissue would be found when a rectal examination was made, and still the man was well.

It is likely that he was arrested soon after I reported him, but I heard nothing more concerning him.

Another case, more recent, shows how a physician may be deceived concerning the legitimate use of narcotics, and how far people will go to get it either for their own use or to sell at an enormous profit to addicts.

In 1953, a logger, neatly dressed, clad in overalls and a leather coat, came into my office and asked for me.

"My mother, who lives in Spokane, Washington, has a cancer of the uterus that is so far advanced that it can't be operated," he said. "She has come to our home, which is a short distance from Falls City, for a last, short visit. She will go back to Spokane in a very few days, but needs a few morphine tablets to relieve her pain until she gets back to her doctor in Spokane."

Falls City is a little place about fifteen miles from Independence.

"Why didn't she get what morphine she would need while on this trip, from her doctor before she left Spokane?"

"She did get some, but her pain has been so much more severe than usual during the few days she has been with us, that she has used a lot more morphine than she thought she would. The last she had, she used this morning."

The man had a ruddy, healthy, wholesome appearance and there was something about him that inspired confidence. I would have been nearly willing to swear that he was honest.

"She knows that she can't live long, and she will need only a very few tablets to take care of her for the next four or five days. By that time she'll be at home again and can get all she needs from her doctor there."

"Technically," I told him, "it is unlawful for a doctor to prescribe a narcotic for a patient that he hasn't seen and examined. But it seems a pity and rather unreasonable to put you to the expense of my making a trip to your place when the condition has been diagnosed by a doctor, and there is no question about the medicine being needed. So I'll give you a prescription for a dozen tablets for her. That ought to do her until she goes home, if she goes in a day or two."

"That will be just fine," he said. "She intends to leave tomorrow, or not later than the next day."

I gave him the prescription and he left.

About three weeks later he again came into my office and asked me for another prescription for morphine.

"I supposed that your mother had gone home long ago. How does it happen that you're back for more narcotic when you said she would leave for her home within two days after I saw you?"

"She suddenly got so much worse and became so much weaker that she couldn't make the trip back to Spokane. She will be

with us until she dies, which can't be long. She is going to pieces awfully fast."

"How has she managed to get along so long with the few tablets that I prescribed?"

"She hasn't. I thought you knew that I have come to your office several times since you saw me. I missed you every time, and your partners have given me prescriptions for what morphine she needed."

I called for our records, and sure enough, that very thing had happened. My partners found that I had listed the case on the chart as one of inoperable, advanced cancer of the uterus, so assumed that I knew positively about the case. For that reason they had not hesitated to prescribe the amount of morphine that seemed to be needed.

"I'm sorry, but I can't give you any more morphine without seeing the patient. If she is going to stay at your home, I'll have to go there and examine her if she is too sick to be brought to our office."

"All right, Doctor. I have my car out in front. I'll take you out to our place and bring you back."

"I can't get away this afternoon. I'll give you a prescription for two or three tablets now. That will take care of her tonight and I'll come to your place the first thing tomorrow morning. Tell me just where you live."

He gave me detailed information as to how to go to Falls City and just the other side of town to make a left turn and about a mile from there I would find his house. He even gave me the name of a neighbor who, he said, was well known and could direct me to his home. He said that he hadn't lived there very long and I might miss his place but anyone would know where the neighbor lived and he would tell me where to go if I failed to find the right house.

Early the next morning I drove to Falls City. On my arrival there, I could find no road turning to the left, as he had described. Neither could I find anyone by the name he had given me as that of a neighbor.

At two service stations I was told that the owners of these stations never had heard either of a person by the name of the man I was looking for, or anyone bearing the name he had given me as that of a "well known neighbor."

At the post office I told the postmaster exactly what the situation was.

"I know," I told him, "that regulations are such that you can't direct me to this man's place even if you know where he is. All I want is to find out whether or not such a man is on the mailing list of this office. Can you give me that information?"

After a moments thought, the postmaster said, "All I can say, Doctor, is that I am very much afraid you will be disappointed in your search!"

Disgusted, I returned to my office.

The following morning Martha and I had occasion go go to Salem, and while there we called at the headquarters of the Oregon State Police. I told them all that had happened, and expressed much regret that I had let the man have any morphine.

"We don't blame you, Doctor," the police said. "We greatly appreciate your coming and reporting the case to us. Our frank opinion is that you will never see nor hear of this man again. It has been thought that there is some sort of a narcotic ring operating somewhere in this territory, but as yet we have been unable to get any further than a suspicion."

"What do you think would have happened to my husband," Martha asked, "if he had gone with the man when he was invited? Would this fellow have taken the doctor somewhere and have killed him?"

I said that I couldn't feature even a dope peddler unnecessarily adding murder to his record unless he was forced to do so to protect himself. The officer agreed with me and added that it was more likely that the man would have put me out of business temporarily and then would have disappeared with my medicine case, in the hope that it might contain narcotics.

At any rate, I never heard of the man again.

The years have sped past rapidly since we came to Independence. Here we have experienced a gradual transition from the more primitiv conditions under which we first carried on the practice of medicine and surgery, to conditions under which we have the advantages of modern and competent hospitalization of our patients, of the quick and willing assistance of specialists in every line, and of wonderful assistance in the way of modern drug therapy.

Work has been heavy and constant, but it has become so largely routine that the unusual experiences so common in my early practice are seldom if ever known.

Since these changes have taken place, Martha and I often look back over the years when conditions were so primitive, and wonder how the physicians and nurses of forty or more years ago were able to accomplish what they did under the circumstances that then existed.

Long since, Martha has ceased to be surgical assistant and sterile nurse, but she is still admirably filling her place as my wife and life partner.

We were right in thinking, when we moved to Independence, that our daughters would make use of the nearby colleges. "Little Helen" is an alumna of Oregon State College and of Stanford School of Nursing, and while she now has her own family, she still loves her professional work to such an extent that she still spends a portion of her time supervising at the Salem General Hospital.

Frances is an alumna of the Oregon College of Education and is one of the teachers in our city school. Both daughters and their families reside near us in Independence.

Now life's sun is getting near the western horisen for Martha

and me. Life has been good to us. Due to my advanced age and the kindness of my associates, I now work only three days a week at the office and no longer do any major surgery.

For the past few years, Wife and I have spent much time traveling and discovering how others live. We both love to do this.

When the complete sunset of this life occurs, I can only feel much gratitude to humanity for its kindness to us, and for the experiences of this life. And I will look forward with great interest to discover just what sort of a world my next sunrise will reveal.