# Autobiography of
# Henry O. Little, Sr.

## Preface

Henry O. Little died in 1990 at the age of 88. He was survived by seven children and many grandchildren.

This autobiography was dictated on tape and transcribed by his son John (john@floridalittles.org)

*From left, Henry, Bob, James, Emily, Dorothy (c 1911)*

His parents immigrated to California from Great Britian shortly before he was born in 1901. The family moved to Canada when he was a year old. He spent all of his childhood and teenage years in various villages in Manitoba and Saskatchewan.

He attended the University of Manitoba and graduated from its medical school in 1929. He served as a country doctor in Manitoba for a number of years and then in the mid-1930's he traveled to London to study ophthalmology. He moved to New York City just prior to World War II. He married Jane Hoffmann in 1944. They moved to upstate Columbia County where he set up a medical practice with his brother Bob in Hudson and raised 7 children.

## ANCESTORS

The Littles originally came from the Scottish Highlands of Fifeshire not far from Edinburough. In Ireland, the catholics and protestants have always had the habit of massacring each other. In 1653 the catholics pulled off a massive massacre with torture disposing of about 150,000 protestants. At that time, Cromwell was a dictator in London. England was going through what is now called their civil war. James I, son of Mary Queen of Scots, became king on the death of Elizabeth I in 1603. He and his son Charles I didn't believe in Parliament and tried to run the country with the idea of their having the "divine right of kings" they didn't bother with parliament. They were devout catholics.

Cromwell was a puritan. He was a farmer from northern England who was a member of the House of Commons. He and his followers in parliament decided to arrest King Charles I. They had a trial in Westminster Hall, a remarkable building beside the House of Parliament. The hall was built by William Rufus, that is William II, the son of William the Conqueror in 1090. It is 250 feet long, 70 feet wide with without a central support and can seat 2000 people and has very good acoustics. Here they tried poor Charles I. On a cold morning on January 30, 1649, in front of a big platform the banqueting hall in Whitehall they had his head chopped off so a large crowd could watch.

Charles' eldest son was Bonnie Prince Charlie, age 19. Two years later in 1651 he raised an army of

Loyalists and others but was unable to defeat Cromwell at Worcester. After the battle, Cromwell and his men scoured the country looking for him. For the first two days he lived and slept in big Oak tree near Worcester with one of his loyal friends. Cromwell's men were looking up into the trees but missed him. That tree is still called the "royal oak". Charlie was finally able to escape to France. In France, he still had to keep hiding from Cromwell. Although he was the first cousin of Louis XIV the King of France, he had very little money. During the nine years that he was there he fathered fourteen children from seven of his girlfriends. Hence, he is known to us a Bonnie Prince Charlie.

On hearing of the massacres in Ireland, Cromwell decided to apply the final solution. That is, he decided to kill all of the catholics in Ireland. He proceeded working from the north. He managed to dispose of nearly all catholics in that part of Ireland that is now known as Ulster (the six northern counties). His purpose was to populate Ireland with protestant immigrants from England and Scotland. To a large extent he succeeded. At present there are one million presbyterians and a half a million catholics.

For some reason Cromwell evidently had to hurry back to England so the destruction of catholics stopped. The six counties in the north are predominantly protestant and the twenty six counties in the south (now called the Republic of Ireland) are predominantly catholic. The Irish Republican Army think that by terror and massacring that they can persuade the British to give up Ulster. They are having a bit of difficulty. In fact, the British government keeps thousands of their soldiers stationed there to protect the half million catholics because it would be very bad for their health if the one million protestants decided to eliminate them.

Cromwell died in 1658 and his son Richard took over. He was, however, entirely unable to manage the job so the British Parliament called Prince Charlie to come home from France and he was restored and made king in 1660.

In Ulster, when Cromwell had disposed of an unfortunate catholic he was usually unable to find a puritan to take over his farm. In that case he was willing to accept a fellow if he called himself a presbyterian. Presbyterians from Scotland and puritans from England both were followers of John Calvin, a leading protestant reformer from Switzerland. A certain Jimmy Little from Fifeshire in Scotland acquired land in this manner.

That branch of the Littles had always named their eldest son James without a middle name and after a couple of hundred years, the direct descendant of that Jimmy Little was Jimmy the sixth and he lived in Belfast. In the village in County Down where they came from a large proportion of the people still have the name Little. James the sixth went to fight in the Crimean War (1854- 56). His brother Bill was one of the two hundred survivors of the famous charge of the light brigade. When the war was over, James Little was transferred to Gibraltar where my father, James the seventh, was born. They were transferred to Barbados and then to Halifax. Finally he retired from the army and returned to Belfast. He died when my father was twelve.

Being the oldest son, my father got a job as clerk at Sinclair's hog packing factory probably for five or six shillings per week. He worked there as a clerk for seventeen years. By that time he had acquired his Bachelor of Arts degree from Trinity College in Dublin, which is about equal in stature to Oxford and Cambridge. On six shillings a week you don't go to college, and he didn't. In fact, nobody needs to go to college if they want to read. He just read everything that they teach in college and hired tutors. He had a remarkable brain. He also studied theology and was ordained a presbyterian minister in University Road Presbyterian Church in Belfast. On February 8, 1896 he married my mother, Emily Marie Reynolds. He was about 31 years old at the time.

After my brother James the eighth had died at eleven days old, my parents went to California as missionaries. My father went first, and the following year, my mother sailed to Halifax and took the train to Vancouver and met my father there and they took ship down to San Francisco where my father studied some theology at Berkeley College across the bay and became the minister in the Village of Concord, now with 150,000 people.

My mother's father was an orthopedic surgeon in Liverpool by the name of John Boyd Reynolds. He was a partner of Hugh Owen Thomas. Dr. Thomas is considered to be the father of orthopedic surgery

for the world. My mother was born in Liverpool on March 2, 1864. Her mother's maiden name was Emily Marie Mappin. The Mappin family were Huguenots that had escaped from France in 1641. They had brought the secrets of making knives and forks with them to their new home in Sheffield. Prior to that even the best of people ate with their fingers. That is why finger bowls became popular because people were continually wiping the grease off of their hands and wiping them on napkins. The Mappins developed the knife and fork industry in Sheffield making it the world center for cutlery. The Mappins were also in the steel business.

In 1845 many thousands of people were dying of starvation in Ireland because the potatoes had a blight that year. Life in Ireland, at that time, depended on being able to get potatoes. My grandfather, Dr. John Boyd Reynolds, at the age of 20, sailed across to Liverpool like almost a million other Irish did at that time, causing Liverpool be referred to as the "capitol of Ireland".

My grandfather was born and grew up in Dublin Ireland. He had learned how to be a bone setter and surgical instrument maker from his father, James Reynolds. His Elder brother James had died in his youth. His cousins in Dublin used to tell me that my grandfather had been a cousin Viscount Bingham, the Earl of Lucan. The Bingham family, I presume, still own County Mayo in the west of Ireland. In the Crimean War, Lord Lucan was the officer in charge of the famous light brigade.

After traveling to Liverpool he met Dr. Hugh Owen Thomas, a Welsh bone setter who had acquired an M.D. degree in Edinburgh, his bone setting brothers and father having chipped in to pay the expenses for the two year course.

At that time the world's only commercial railroad ran from Liverpool to Manchester. It had been built in 1830 by the famous engineer named Brunell. My grandfather didn't have the means to afford the fare on the railroad so he had to walk the 40 miles to Manchester. On the way a bargee, with his horse drawn barge, let him ride for a while in the barge. In Manchester he didn't find anything interesting so he walked south to Birmingham. There he called on a man named John Mappin who dealt in surgical instruments hoping that he could get a job. He was told that there was no work for him. As he stood interviewing on the front porch, the gentleman's daughter, age eighteen, was standing in the hall. She overheard the conversation and was able to get a look at the young man, my grandfather. John Mappin had thirteen children in all. His daughter in the hallway was rather frustrated at the time since she and her sister had arranged to have a double wedding with two young doctors. Her young doctor, however, had recently left this world due to an attack of small pox. She thought John Reynolds did not look too bad so as he was walking away, she climbed out of a window and ran after him. She caught up with him and they both walked back to Liverpool and had eighteen children.

My grandfather become became the partner in orthopedic surgery of Dr. Hugh Owen Thomas. Dr. Thomas is considered to be the father of modern orthopedic surgery. They had quite an active practice.

My grandmother, Emily Mappin, married my grandfather, Dr. Reynolds in 1846. After their marriage my grandparents had eighteen children. None of whom died in infancy, but three died in one day from diptharetic scarlet fever, as they called it.

Their first child was uncle Bill who married a girl with a little money at the age of twenty and lived in Berkenhead, one of the residential suburbs across the Mersey from Liverpool. After eight years they had been blessed with seven sons and a daughter. My grandparents were married in 1846. The three children that they lost died on the fourth of February, a day that remained a day of sadness until she herself died on the fourth of February in 1881.

My mother, who was born March 2, 1964 also continued to look upon the fourth of February as the black day of the year. Even more so after we lost my little brother Fred on the fourth of February, 1909.

In 1882, I believe, My grandfather married a widow of Scottish decent whose maiden name was Polly McEcheran. She had been married for twenty years and had no children. She promptly increased the number of my grandfather's children to twenty-two by adding Aunt Edith, Uncle Charlie, Aunt Alice, and Uncle Fred. After seven years in general practice in Manitoba and the prairie in Saskatchewan and deciding to study eyes in England, I, with my mother, sailed to Liverpool where we docked at the landing stage on the 22nd of September, 1936. Welcoming us were mother's sister Jessie, a year

younger, her brother John, a bachelor who was older, and his brother Bob, who lived in Manchester, plus Uncle Charlie. Also there were Aunt Jessie's daughter, Mrs. Donald McDonald. Uncle Fred had died that year in Alberta from blood poisoning that he had acquired from picking at an ingrown toe nail, leaving an only child, twelve year old Vincent.

My mother and I stayed at a residential hotel across the Mersey in Wallasey, near to where Uncle Charlie lived. Wallasey, like Birkenhead, was one of the bedroom towns across the Mersey from Liverpool. While going for a walk in the evening with Pauline, Charlie's sixteen year old daughter, she stopped to talk to a girl. When I asked her who her friend was she said "oh, she's me cousin" in a typical Lancashire accent. And I said "well if she's your cousin she must be mine too". And she said "that's right". "Well how come she is your cousin", I asked. "I don't know, she's just me cousin". So her father Charlie informed me that young lady was a descendent of Uncle Bill, married at least eighty eight or eighty nine years previously. This young lady apparently was a fifth generation descendent Uncle Bill's second son Sydney. So I remarked to the young lady "I must have quite a number of cousins in Berkinhead" and she answered "rather".

It appears that Uncle Charlie had heard some rumor that my grandfather was not actually the father of that second batch of four children and that their real father one of the men that used to deliver groceries at the back door of the house where the children lived.

It would have been inconvenient for my grandfather to have some of his many children invading the rooms so he had purchased the house next door where the family lived and the children very seldom saw their parents. So Charlie began to consider himself and his living brother and two sisters as being illegitimate. As a result, he would have nothing to do with any of Uncle Bill's descendants.

In April of 1985 when I was invited to present a paper at the Ophthalmological Society of the United Kingdom in Yorkshire, my cousin Jimmy from Plymouth drove us up through Liverpool. We met Pauline whom I hadn't seen for fifty years. She had two grown sons in their forties and was still living in Wallasey across the river from Liverpool. They call their home the Orchard. To substantiate the title, in their back yard paved with flat stones, they nurtured and maintained a little apple tree about four feet high plus a couple of other small fruit trees. Pauline arranged for Jimmy, his wife Edna, and a friend to stay at a small local hotel.

In the morning, going through the wonderful Mersey tunnel into Liverpool, we headed west to Manchester but circled north of the city, since it was such a vast area, and drove on to Sheffield. As I mentioned, my grandmother's father was John Mappin. The Mappin family originally migrated from France as Huguenots and escaped the catholics to England in the year 1641. That was in the reign of Charles I, before he had his head chopped off.

The Mappins had brought with them the secrets of making table knives and forks, especially forks. Prior to that, no matter how grand a dinner you had, whether he was the duke or the king's uncle, you used your fingers to eat. That is why finger bowls and table napkins were used, so that you could always be rinsing off your fingers. As a result, Sheffield became the cutlery and knife and fork center of the world.

When I was in Sheffield, I was in hopes of meeting someone who could tell me something about the family, but my cousin Jimmy wasn't interested so we met a friend of his there and had a very fine dinner in the Trust House Forte Hotel. It seems that a fellow named Forte had come over from France at about the time that I first went to Liverpool and started a little ice cream store but at the present time he owns and operates 800 of the largest hotels in the world plus a lot of smaller places such as the Little Chef Restaurants situated along various back roads (not the big highways).

Jimmy Reynolds arranged for us to stay in a very nice hotel but I failed to meet anyone connected with the Mappins. The next day we drove up to Harragate in Yorkshire where the ophthalmological convention was being held. It is really a remarkable place. It is the garden center of England and in about 1841 it became a spa. When the convention was over, Jimmy drove us back to Plymouth, his home. We very much enjoyed fish dinners at the Little Chef Restaurants on the 400 mile journey.

Jimmy's grandfather (also named Jimmy Reynolds) was the 18th and youngest son of my grandfather and grandmother. When my grandmother died, young Jimmy had to leave home and join the British

Navy at the age of 13. He served for twenty one years making his home in Plymouth, in Devonshire where he had one son, Jimmy Jr. Jimmy Jr was a big handsome fellow who became a policeman. He was considered to be the best tenor singer in Devonshire. With his wife Myrtle, they brought Jimmy III into this world in 1934. A couple of years later, Thelma was born.

Being interested in his ancestors, Jimmy (III) went over to Dublin to see what he could discover in the family tree. He found that he was actually Jimmy VIII and not just Jimmy III.

The second world war came on while Jimmy was just five years old. Like many of his neighbors, they acquired a garden plot in two square mile Ganna Park, which was nearby, so that they could grow some food.

Jim is now a big handsome fellow, over six feet, and has several times come to visit us here in Hudson. He plans to return again next spring. His daughter Julia, about twenty-one, is just completing her nurses training in the Exeter Hospital. Joanne is finishing high school, and Jimmy IV (that is Jimmy IX), helps his father in the real estate office where his father appears to be mighty successful judging by the way that he lives. He owns a fifty four foot mahogany hulled cruiser, is a master in the masons, has five or six cars, and when I was there in 1985 he took the whole week off to drive me up to Harrigate in Yorkshire to an eye meeting where I was presenting a paper. He claims to have converted a building next to the lodge hall into a first class restaurant. Jimmy does love to eat. The evening before I left Plymouth in 1985 Jimmy and his wife Edna, and Thelma and her husband Peter had dinner in a small restaurant beside a large picture window looking out over the harbor. Right below the window and across the street was a monument marking the place where the Mayflower had sailed from Plymouth in the year 1620.

One hundred years ago war was considered to be a legitimate outdoor sport. When there was a battle between two nations, other countries would be hovering on the horizon watching, for instance, a sea battle taking place. That evidently was happening when Jimmy's grandfather had a photograph taken in Yokohama Japan while he was in the British Navy. During one sea battle ships from the British, American, and German navies were observing the action from a distance. The German admiral sent a flag message to the British, "what would you do if I cleaned up on that little American navy?" "Try it and see" was the British reply.

Just before leaving Plymouth in 1985 I took the train up to Bristol, about a two hour run on the British Railway. What interested me most was the small size of the diesel locomotives that they used. A little red engine that you could put in a good sized living room. The trains there all travel at an average of 125 miles an hour and exactly on time. Bristol is rather a beautiful city on the south side of the bay with Cardiff in Wales on the other side. The river Avon enters through a very deep gorge in the rocks and over that gorge Brunnel, the amazing engineer, built a bridge. He also at that time, one hundred and fifty years ago, built the Great Western Railway from London to Bristol and the station with a large glass roof is still intact and the name of it is Temple Meads. On leaving Plymouth on the morning of May the third, I took a Dehaveland (made in Canada) jet prop plane carrying about fifty-four passengers. When the plane had reached cruising altitude those four propjet engines made only a very slight hum, almost silent. When one boarded a plane, you just took two or three steps to the rear right into the corridor of the plane whereas in ordinary planes you have to do a long flight of steps or use a snorkel or whatever they call it. London's Heathrow Airport is becoming quite large with four terminals and handles about 38,000,000 passengers a year. I boarded a Boeing 727 for Iceland where during a stopover, I added to my collection of Icelandic woolen sweaters, which is a special kind of wool. From Reykjavik I boarded a DC-8 for Kennedy Airport. From where the limousine took me up the west side of the Hudson to Catskill where my daughter picked me up and drove me home.

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# BOYHOOD

I was born in the village of Concord in California on May 6, 1901. As my mother used to say, it was a village of a thousand people with eleven saloons. I believe that they were very happy in the village. My father was well accepted as pastor by the congregation of the Concord Presbyterian Church. In later

years, the church burned down with a loss of all records. This caused problems when I sought to prove my U.S. citizenship after I moved from London to New York in 1938.

My father, however, wanted to be under the British flag again so he decided to drag us up to prairies of Canada. We left in November of 1902 when I was a year and a half old.

We changed trains at Mission Junction in the Kicking Horse Pass in British Columbia. They tell me that as the passengers were descending from the American train I stood at the bottom and, like I had seen my father do with the congregation coming out of church, I shook hands with everybody. They said I looked kind of cute. We traveled by Canadian Pacific east across the Canadian prairies to Winnipeg and then forty miles southwest to a village called Sperling, about twelve miles eat of the village of Carman in Manitoba. I remembered nothing about the place but they tell me that one day on the main street I was out in the middle of the road and a heavy team of horses pulling a grain wagon were in a run-away. They apparently ran right over me, a horse on each side, and I wasn't injured the slightest bit since I went between the wheels of the wagon and each horse avoided stepping on me.

One winter evening, they tell me, I was with my father when he went to visit a parishioner five or six miles from the village. While saying goodby to the gentleman, the fast team of horses dashed away towards home, leaving my father talking to the farmer. The land there, part of the floor of ancient Lake Agazzi, is dead level. As the team galloped away, they could see the kerosine lamp attached to the front of the sleigh as the team galloped towards home. The farmer immediately hitched one of this fast teams and followed the runaway sleigh into Sperling where they found me on the floor of the sleigh under the fur robes announcing "me came home in mine sleigh".

The following summer, on August 14, 1903, my brother Robert arrived. Named after Robert Waddell, his nick name being "Yankee Bob". They arranged for Dr. Cunningham to drive his horses the twelve miles from Carman during a very severe thunderstorm. The topsoil on those glacial plains is four feet of the stickiest mud in the world. Dr. Cunningham had to plow through it with the wheels up to the axles in mud. Bob was a twelve pounder and has been big ever since.

Dorothy Little 1920

We moved to a tiny village named Hilton (no longer in existence) which was southeast of Brandon on a branch line. My first recollections of living in this world occurred in this village. It happened one afternoon, I was riding with my father in a two wheeled cart. The tongue of my toy wagon happened to fall forward and hit the horse, causing her to run away. The cart upset and my father broke his arm.

Also in the village there was another kid called Francie Bridon who many years later I met in Saskatchewan where he was making big money as a metallurgist.

Once I came dashing home from Sunday school shouting "lights a bites a men", repeating something that I had heard in Sunday school. They told me later that what I was trying to say was "In him was the light and that light was the life of men".

Three weeks after my sister Dorothy was born on May 13, 1905, we had to move into Saskatchewan.

We boarded the Canadian Pacific train at Brandon on a very hot evening during the fist week of June. We traveled west to a town called Wolseley where we had to be driven seven or eight miles north into the Que Appelle valley where, through some misunderstanding, they did not know that my father was to arrive there. But the people treated us very well and we stayed with a family named Ellis. The place was called Ellisborough located in that beautiful valley.

One evening that summer, my fat brother Bob wandered away from the house. It became dark and we could not find him. The neighbors formed a big gang and marched hand in hand looking for him. At about eleven o'clock that night they found him up the south bank of the valley sound asleep lying on a pile of dirt where a coyote had dug his den. He was just fine.

Some months later we were transferred to the Town of Balcarras on the north side of the Valley where we remained for over a year.

Since Saskatchewan was made a provence that same year (1905) it was still pretty much pioneer country. Very little land had been plowed or cultivated. It was like one big park. Early in the spring, thousand of square miles were blooming with the purple crocuses. By July 1st, the tiger lily was in full bloom. Mile after mile on the prairie you could see the glow of those lilies. At present, no wild lilies have been found for many years. Today, one third of Saskatchewan produces half as much wheat as the entire United States. No place produces the amount of number one grade wheat that Saskatchewan produces. Saskatchewan at present, however, is suffering from hard times. The price of wheat is very low. The same is true with oil. They estimate that the ground in northern Saskatchewan and Alberta contain enormous reserves of Oil.

We returned to Manitoba in 1907 and in the evening of February 29 (leap year 1908) my father was at a winter carnival at the rink and my mother asked me (I was 6 1/2 years old) to go and get him. When I reached the rink after about a mile's walk in the dark, I was afraid to approach the ticket counter so I returned home and found my mother in great distress. She threw on a coat and dashed out and got Mrs. Rankin, a neighbor. Pretty soon Dr. Tisdale arrived and before midnight my brother Fred was born with the prospect of having a birthday once every four years (it was still February 29th).

The Village was named Baldur, an Icelandic name with a large settlement of Icelanders. I sat in school with Ralph Fowler, the only kid I couldn't put down of my own age. He later became a famous hockey player and vice president of the International Paper Company.

My father also preached at Ninette, a village in a beautiful setting at the north end of Pelican Lake, about a mile wide and twenty miles long with well forested hills on both sides and bountiful with fish. A few years later Manitoba sanitarium for tuberculosis was built in the valley.

That fall, we moved to the very small hamlet of Dunrae, about twenty five miles to the west. On February 4, 1909 my little brother Fred died in his mother's arms from convulsions. Big for his age, he was a wonderful little fellow. My mother's youngest brother Fred, who at aged 19, happened to by there at the time and with his 75 cent Brownie camera, took some photographs of his little nephew and namesake after he had died. Years later, when I was in my final year of medical college, I was making rounds in the Children's Hospital with a group of students when the pediatrician leading the group presented a little boy who was recovering from convulsions. He told us that it was due to rickets (lack of calcium). All that he needed was cod liver oil for its vitamin D. There being plenty of calcium in his system but it could not be utilized without vitamin D. If only the young doctor had known this when my little brother had died. The photographs uncle Fred had taken after the little fellow had died showed the slight swelling on either side of the head and on his forehead called bosses which is a sign of lack of calcium.

In July of 1909 my father switched congregations and became a methodist. In our little buggy I grove a good many miles with my father to a place called Sidney on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. On the long drive we went through sand hills where nobody lived. We crossed the Assinaboine River on a ferry. The man turned the ferry one way and you went south and then turned the ferry the other way and you went north. We arrived about ten miles south of Sidney with some people who were part of his future congregation. Sidney is situated on the eastern brow of the Assinaboine delta. When the ice was melting during the ice age, a huge river was formed which ran through Alberta

and Saskatchewan now called the Q'Appelle valley. and it entered Lake Agazee near Brandon, forty miles to the west. That became the apex of the delta which extended for about seventy miles south east towards the village of Carman and northeast to Neepaw and the lands at the edge of the delta drops so that the hills between the railroad and the next village east was quite a climb for the trains. The tracks rose about 50 feet to the mile. The freight trains used to require an engine called the Austin Pusher to help them up the hill. On his return back to Austin the engineer used to allow young fools like me and others to ride his engine down to a crossing near Moose Lake where we could go swimming. To return home, the trains returned slowly up the hills despite the pusher and we used to jump on the side of a box car and hang on to the iron ladders. Looking back, it is amazing to me how any of us survived.

After two years, we moved to the Village of Oak River. It was a very prosperous farming community. We Stayed there two years and then moved up to a village in northern Manitoba called Minitonas just north of Duck Mountain Forest Preserve (a million acres of unsurveyed country which had been preserved for growing trees). It was in the Swan River Valley which had very rich soil not far from Lake Winnipegosis.

We moved to Minitonas in the first week in July of 1913. My father and I rode in a box car, so that we could take care of our horse Kate on the way. Minitonas is actually on the ancient shore of Lake Agazzi at the foot of the Duck Mountains. The deep black soil is very fertile just like it was a Sperling. when Charlie Gilroy and I rode our horses four miles north to Hugh Danard's Corner, we faced a virgin white poplar forest. The white poplar trees seen in most places are just another stunted tree, but here, in that rich land, those trees grow seventy or eighty feet high. There is almost no underbrush except for the Saskatoon berry tree and high bush cranberries. You could ride your horses between those huge trees. Their trunks were so large that we were unable to put our arms around them.

No one lived any further north. Not long ago I remarked to an admissions clerk in the big Royal York Hotel in Toronto telling him that I used to live in Canada, and he said "where", and I said "Manitoba". He said that he was also from Manitoba, so I asked him "what town?" He said "Minitonas" telling me that his grandfather, in 1916, had taken out a homestead thirty miles north of the village and that his folks still lived there. By that time, you see, the war was on and the price of wheat was up to three dollars and a half so the country filled up with settlers rapidly.

We enjoyed living in that village for the next three years. One thing that I happen to remember was the abundance of wild raspberries for the first two or three years that we were there. About the turn of the century a huge forest fire had burned the timber down entirely, and in the burned out area you never saw such raspberries, growing six feet high with large berries. Many folks would go out with their baskets and pans and pick enormous quantities of raspberries. The forest fire happened in unsurveyed territory called the Duck Mountain Forest Preserve and there was great danger of getting lost. So just in case, when we went picking the berries we would hang a jacket or something on a remaining tree so that we could find each other.

Also, there were many holes dug in the ground because a year or two previously there had been a gold rush. A man's house had burned down, I think that his name was Elliot, and some jewelry and rings had melted and some people from the city found bits of gold in a turkey. They found out that it came from Minitonas so everybody went wild and thought that there must be gold in Minitonas so they were digging holes everywhere. Although they weren't very deep, there was always the danger of falling in and they were dangerous for young people.

Our neighbors in the village constructed an outdoors skating rink where they played hockey. One afternoon we played a team from the nearby village of Swan River. The Swan River team had a real expert hockey player by the name of P.J. McKay. We used to slam the side boards and shout in unison "PJ, PJ, he's no good, all he can do is bucksaw wood". Another time we played against Swan River at their town on the river, a clear piece of ice, and it was remarkable how bright the moonlight was in those parts. So on the twelve mile ride home, in an open sleigh, the man who had the team was a Mr. Coons. He had a fine tenor voice and he used to sing most of the way home. We all had a wonderful time.

The next year the war started and the price of wheat went sky high. The land quickly filled with settlers, homesteading as much as thirty miles north of Minitonas.

We had a great time living there and after three years we moved down to southern Manitoba. In July of 1916 we moved to the Village of Napinka which was wide open prairie country. A mile north of the village, the Souris River, in a moderately deep valley flowed northeasterly to flow into the Souris River. This valley was sort of unique. The valley floor was well wooded and it contained a surprisingly large variety of birds. This was probably due to the fact that it was located in the great migratory flyway in the center of the continent. The migrating bird flying north in the springtime, come up the Mississippi and bear left up the Missouri. At the great bend of the Missouri near Garrison North Dakota the birds can look north from their flying heights and see the wooded valley of the Souris river which actually had been the channel of the Missouri before the melting ice of the glaciers had formed a moraine which diverted the Missouri River south into Mississippi. My brother Bob, at that time aged 13, became very interested in birds and became quite an authority on them.

After summer vacation I began studying in grade ten in the three room school. The girl in the seat in front of me was Helen Wight who was about my age and played the foot pedal organ in my father's church. It happened that was a most remarkable person. Her father Edgar had a fairly large wheat farm a couple of miles south of the village. That spring, he purchased a new NcGlaughlin Buick car. At that time you could count all the cars in the area on your fingers (most of them were Model T Fords). This McGlaughlin Buick almost bankrupted the Wight family because that was the year of the rust, a fungus disease that attacks wheat. The wheat rust wiped out almost the entire crop of western Canada that year. Her frail little mother had three other daughters. Bessie, older than Helen, Winona and Carol and a baby brother named Lawrence. Helen, now a widow who lives near Worcester, Massachusetts, shows no sign of aging except for her hair. she is active in a Unitarian church and recently, following a bazaar, she invited the congregation to her home to hear her play the piano. Twenty couples arrived and paid $20.00 each to hear her play. She has a big rugged son named Barry. Her grandmother died at the age of 106 and her own mother at the age of 105 a few years ago.

In 1916 the war was on and almost all the younger men were off in the army. In the following spring of 1917 my father was transferred to the Village of Elgin, thirty five miles west of the Village of Napinka. It was a very modern Methodist church in a prosperous community. On Sunday morning he preached on Castle Hill, twelve miles to the south on land as flat as a pool table where you could plow a straight furrow in jet black land for as much fifty miles.

The following June I finished grade eleven in the Elgin school. A classmate of mine was Margaret McKinney who was the daughter of the Church of England preacher. Her sister was Florence McKinney who was married to Seph Sexton. The Sexton family had a large farm. When each of his three sons married Old Joe gave them three square miles of land. Old Joe retained several square miles for grazing his Hereford cattle. The lake on their property was so extensive that they used to take barge loads of cattle to islands where they could pasture. Seventeen years later when I was practicing in Saskatchewan I drove down that way and arrived at the Sexton home where they were having breakfast in their big kitchen. The youngest son Zeph was absent and his wife confessed that he had taken fifty heifers where there was pasture and that he had stayed there with them. This was 1934 at the height of the dust bowl. No feed of any kind was available. When I asked what did you do with the rest of the herd, the reply was that father Joe had shot them, three hundred of the best hereford cattle on earth. He had come from Iowa and hated mortgages and chose to shoot his animals rather than take out a loan. Even then it was uncertain that food could be obtained.

In the summer of 1918 my father had been preaching in the Methodist Church in Elgin, a village in southern Manitoba. The rest of us, my mother, my brother Bob, and myself lived in the parsonage next door. It was a very prosperous farming community with many fine people. I had attended the local five room school and had passed the exams for grade eleven in the month of June. My brother Bob was in grade nine while my sister Dorothy was staying with a distant aunt in Winnipeg called aunt Maggie where she attended school for grade seven. The village had a fine full sized skating rink. In those war years, however, there was no hockey being played because practically every young man had volunteered for the war.

My father did not do too well in the ministry in Manitoba. It might have been because he was a poor religious politician or because they resented a Britisher coming in and competing with the Manitoba graduates. Anyway, it was quite a struggle. In 1909 he switched over to the Methodist Church and went along a little better but still not too well. In the first week of July in 1918, upon returning from the

conference in Winnipeg, he had been fired, kicked out the church, and there we were.

We never found out exactly why my father had all these problems with the church but he had hinted a time or two that there might be some truth to the theory of evolution and this might have displeased the church fathers.

My father was able borrow one hundred and forty dollars from the only life insurance policy that he had. He struck out for northern Saskatchewan to try and sell life insurance. He did not make out too well. In desperation he became a teacher in a remote school on the edge of the wilderness in northern Saskatchewan where there was a "teacherage", that is a house where the teacher could "batch". That went on for years. He taught in different schools in different parts of Saskatchewan. My father's income in the various remote country schools that he taught in had earnings that were barely enough to live on. As a result, he was unable to send us any money to help us to keep going. He used to come home to Winnipeg where we would put him up in a rented room since we were living in a very small quarters ourselves and did not have a spare bedroom.

We were turned out onto the street with no relatives or money and no place to live. We were sort of up against it. Its hard to describe what being in complete poverty and homelessness means when you live with very moderate means but still comfortable. I found a fellow who had an old shed where we stored our belongings. We sold our wonderful horse Kate and her son Prince for almost nothing.

My mother, who had turned fifty-four on March second of that year, went down to Winnipeg on the train to stay with my sister Dorothy who had been spending that year as a companion with distant Aunt Maggie. Aunt Maggie, who was a school teacher, was away at the time on vacation. Dora was just twelve when she went there. She was actually a Cinderella scrubbing floors and cleaning up after guests and that sort of things. During that year, however, she had completed grade seven in school.

It was summer vacation when this happened to us. Brother Bob, who became fifteen on the 14th of August that year, took a job on Tom Moffit's wheat farm and was paid one hundred dollars for the rest of the year.

I took a job with Percy Sparrow at $25.00 per month plus my keep. Thus our family was broken up until the first week in November when I moved back to Winnipeg to live with my mother, brother, and sister after having worked for Percy and then in a livery stable for the month of October.

My mother told us later that sometime in September or October she and my sister, while staying in aunt Maggie's apartment, were completely out of funds. They were walking on the street wondering if they should go to the police to see if they could get some kind of relief, when my brother Bob met them on the street with a check for $100.00 from Tom Moffit, the farmer that he had been working for during the previous three months. You had no idea how much that they were able to buy for that $100.00, including a suit for Bob for $10.00. It almost, you might say, saved their lives.

Percy Sparrow, about 25 years of age, had a square mile of the finest land and eighteen huge pure blooded Clydesdale horses. His farm was two miles from the village. One of my main jobs was harrowing a 320 acre field of his jet black land that was in summer fallow. He allowed me to use his new harrows which had a sulky with it that you ride on to drive the six beautiful purebred Clydesdale horses. In harrowing this field, I would ride in the sulky about a mile one way and then a mile back again. Being not accustomed to this kind of work I would become weary. The temperature each day would be about a hundred degrees and I would work from seven in the morning until noon and then again from one or two in the afternoon until about seven. The temperature one morning was 105 in the shade. As I was harrowing the field there happened to be a boulder that came within two or three inches of the surface of the ground. In riding Percy's precious new harrow I rode over the hidden boulder and broke or bent several of the spokes. Percy blew his top and demoted me to driving the old four horse harrow with no sulky. That meant that I had to walk a mile each way on big chunks of black dirt with the temperature close to one hundred from seven in the morning until noon and in the afternoon, from one o'clock until seven. It is amazing how your brain stops working. Under those conditions your mind is just like a vegetable or something. I became pretty exhausted.

The general opinion in the United States is that Canada is a very cold place. However one morning when I was working for Percy we decided to paint the barn and as the sun came up in five o'clock in the

morning the temperature was 105 degrees. Fortunately the humidity was never very high, but still that is mighty hot weather.

On the prairie the big event of the year was the Brandon Fair where they had the provincial exposition at the end of July. Percy took us in his Model T Ford the forty miles to visit the fair. The big feature their was demonstrating how tractors could pull plows. However I met a kid from Sydney where we used to live named Bob Hood and he invited me down to his place forty miles away so I took off. His family was away for a few days so we did some "batching". On of the things I noticed was about green peas. In Upstate New York you have to plant them as early as you can to get one crop in the middle of June. In Manitoba you can plant a series of plantings of peas like you do beans and they grow wonderful peas.

When I returned to Elgin I had been fired by Percy which was actually a relief. I very soon obtained a job with another farmer by the name of Tommy Wilson. He had sixteen very fine Percheron horses which are not as big as the Clydesdales but more for general purposes. He put me cutting barley on a hundred and twenty acre field a mile down the road from a quarter-spur mile where he lived. He gave me four quite young Percherons, that is two four year olds and two five year olds. These are highly spirited horses and the flies were a terror. The horses pulled a binder which was a big thing that has an eight foot cutting blade and cuts the grain and ties it in sheaves and drops them on the other side of the machine. Tommy insisted that on each round of the field I was to stop and oil and grease the binder. You throw it out of gear, but still, if those highly spirited horses ever took off, it would be bad for your health to have that binder run over you. In all the time that I was cutting that field, however, once I said whoa they stayed still in spite of the flies and the awful heat.

Tommy's wife and his daughter Rose, who was a bit older than I was, treated me very well, and at lunch time they would bring me quite a lunch, usually with a half a pie, either apple or rhubarb. At age 17, working twelve hours a day, I could do justice to any amount of food. When we quit for the day at seven o'clock I would drive my four horses over to where Tommy was cutting a field of wheat. He wasn't a young man, but he loved his horses and he had them wonderfully trained. He would hitch his four horses onto a wagon and attach my four to the front end of the tongue and gave me the two sets of reins to drive the eight horses a mile up the road to the barn on a straight piece of road. For half the way you could keep them at a trot but once they got within a short distance of the barn where they knew that there was plenty of oats and hay they all went into a gallop. You talk about your Ben-Hur chariot race, well you ain't seen nothin'. Tommy just sat in his glory there watching his wonderful horses.

During the later part of August and September, Tommy worked with a neighbor in partnership with a thrashing outfit so we thrashed all the grain. By the first of October there wasn't anything more for me to do so I obtain a job in Elgin working in a livery stable of man named Sid Naylor. In those days, very few people had a car so when they came to the village shopping they came with a team or a horse and buggy. My duty was when they came to our livery stable I would charge them fifteen cents. For that price I gave the horse oats. For ten cents the horse only got hay.

There were very few cartons in those days so when the weigh freight came through in the afternoon, they left the supplies for the storekeepers in wooden boxes. It was my duty to gather the freight off of the platform and deliver it to the different store keepers. I also was required to deliver fifty five gallon barrels of oil, gasoline, and axle grease to farmers where they were working on the land. To do this, I had the weigh wagon, which had small wheels that were not too high. We had the most wonderful team of Belgian horses, extremely intelligent and very easy to handle. When I first took the job it was all that I could do to push one of those four hundred pound barrels of gasoline over. It is amazing, however, how you can develop muscles at that age and within a very few days I could waltz a half a dozen of those cans onto my dray wagon and deliver them around the country.

By the end of October Sid didn't need me so much so I was unemployed again and decided to go down to Winnipeg to stay with my mother sister and Aunt Maggie.

My job at the livery stable ended on about the first of November. On about the third of November, before I left for Winnipeg, I took out a life insurance policy with Confederation Life called a "twenty pay life", that is I paid twenty seven dollars and fifty cents for twenty years and then the policy continued indefinitely. At the present time it is still in force. It will be seventy years next year. I paid in premiums less than five hundred dollars and today that policy is worth a considerable sum. I've left it in force so

that there is something to bury me with. I went into Winnipeg on about the sixth of November and obtained a job in the grain exchange branch of the Royal Bank of Canada at $37.50 per month. While I had been away from my family, however, the September school year began in Winnipeg. Despite our family crisis, however, my sister Dora was able to rise above it all and achieve remarkable success is a relatively short time. Dora had to go to the Mulvey School to take grade eight. After a few days of attending there the teacher in grade one became ill and the principal came to Dora and said "won't you please teach grade one?" Now Dora, just age thirteen, said "I'm not a teacher". The principal said "teach grade one". She did, and for a week or so received teacher's pay. When the grade one teacher came back, they said to Dora, "you're too smart for grade eight, go up to high school". So she went to the Kelvin Technical High School and began a course in being a stenographer. It seemed awfully slow though so we thought we might be able to raise the twenty dollars a month to let her attend the Success Business College in a nine month course. In three months she was working for the business college. Then she had a job for a short time in the YMCA. We happened to know a man in the Manitoba government named Hardiment, and he said "most people in the government are kind of stupid but they might take you anyway". So she took a job in the Department of Health. It is a unique system in Manitoba because in most places if a person loses their mind and is confined to a mental institution their will doesn't mean anything because your still alive so the government appoints a trust company to take care of your estate, whether it is ten dollars or ten million. In other places it is not long until your estate has died. My mother was a remarkable person. She had grown up in semi-luxury in Liverpool and you might say she had hardly ever washed a dish. She pitched in with that poor struggling preacher on the prairie for all those years and managed to keep us going. In the eleven years from 1918 until I became a doctor we were poor, by golly. I decided to become a doctor, maybe it was foolish, but I got through all right. When I got down to Winnipeg the first week in November (after working on the two farms and in the livery stable following my father's departure), my mother arranged to for us to board with some people named Dodds in another part of Winnipeg who allowed a couple of rooms for us. I wish we could meet those people again. They were wonderfully hospitable.

The first thing that I did upon returning to Winnipeg in early November was to try and find a job. I went down to the business district. The first place that I called on was in the grain Exchange. At that time this was the worlds biggest Grain Exchange with thirteen acres of floor in the building. I thought that I was going to be working for a prosperous grain broker. After a few days, however, I discovered that I was working for the Royal Bank of Canada as an office boy earning $37.50 per month. I got the job on the seventh but didn't go to work until the eleventh, that was the day that the war ended. Soon after I got to the office, I went out in T Model truck with a bunch of other fools and when yelling my head off, in rather chilly morning in a drizzly rain, and right away I caught the flu and nearly died. During the winter that I was in that bank I never really got completely recovered from the flu. I was coughing and spitting all the time.

Although this branch of the Royal Bank of Canada was a small office in the Grain Exchange, they did quite a business. At that time there were a great many grain companies (nearly all the wheat in western Canada came through Winnipeg). A grain company receives telephone calls from their grain elevators in the country so they knew how much wheat they had on hand. To pay for it they had to borrow money. For instance, the Norris Elevator representative would come and speak to our accountant and the accountant would say "well how much today?" The representative would answer "give me two". So the accountant would write a check out for two million dollars and have Mr. Baird the manager sign it and hand the fellow two million dollars. We would do this for quite a few companies so we had quite a good clearing at the end of the day.

Now there are only five grain companies and the Federal government takes care of the grain business mostly.

My brother bob had been working for about a month with the Hudson Bay Company. At that time they had their old store down near the Union Station and he worked for three dollars and fifty cents per week. He is sorry now that he didn't keep it up because the Hudson Bay store is something these days. He soon took a job in the Imperial Bank at thirty seven dollars and fifty cents a month. That was about the same pay that I was getting from the Royal Bank. We went along through the winter that way but for several weeks we were both so sick with the flu that we couldn't do much. I remember walking to church when we thought we were able to go and we sort of had to hold each other up we were so weak.

Being used to the fresh air out in the country I nearly suffocated in that hot office at the Royal Bank of Canada. On the ninth of April, 1919 I accepted a job in a survey party for the Canadian National Railway, surveying railroad lines in northern Saskatchewan. A wonderful outdoor life, and I became very strong. On September 9th, exactly five months later, I returned to the city and, of course, I immediately caught a cold again. All those five months that I lived in a tent I was perfectly healthy whereas I had a miserable sinus blockage and cold all the time that I was in that bank.

I, and the other members of the survey party, arrived by train in northern Saskatchewan in the town of Melfort. My mother and I invested almost all the money we had in Eaton's store to by a canvas sleeping bag for twelve dollars and a woolen blanket for about the same. In Melfort the ground was frozen and sleeping in a tent on that frozen ground was mighty cold. One of the other fellows was Bill Murdock. He was also cold so we pooled our sleeping bags and blankets and slept together and got a fairly good night's sleep.

We ran a survey line north into the wilderness of the Carrot River country. There were about eighteen of us in the party. I was a hind chain man, that is the chain is a steel tape one hundred feet long. The head chainman carried a red and white pointed bar. When the hind chainman reaches the stake that the headman put in, he yells "chain" and the head chainman stops and turns around and the transit man, maybe a half a mile behind on a rise of ground, lines them up and he then puts in another stake. That's how you survey a railroad line. Of course then the levelers come along and figure out how much dirt it is going to take and make the grade and that sort of thing.

The axman who removed the trees was a frail little fellow named Siddald. The chief saw that I was much more adept at swinging an ax so the rest of the summer I was the axman. I cut trees down all the time and developed a fairly good physique.

There was plenty of food. We got a half a carload of the best that money could buy because we were working for the federal government, the Canadian National Railway, but there was no fresh food. There were no potatoes, no meat. There were, however, plenty of what they called "Canadian National strawberries" (prunes). So, we ate lots of beans and bacon. For breakfast we had beans and bacon. For variety at supper we had bacon and beans and for dessert, we had "CNR strawberries".

One very chilly morning we were out on the line and we hadn't tasted a potato in two weeks. The leveler saw a log house on the edge of the woods in the distance and he said, "by golly, I bet those people have some potatoes". He and his assistant ran the half a mile over there with a bucket and brought back some potatoes with a sprouts a mile long and sort of soft and without peeling them we sacrificed what we were going to have for tea and threw them into the pail of boiling water over the open fire. Honestly, I have never enjoyed anything more than those potatoes that chilly morning on the line.

1919 was quite a hot dry summer so we suffered quite a bit from the heat. In fact, during April, the temperature would go quite high but chilly at night. The first camp we had was by a creek. The beaver had settled there before us. When they would fell a big tree at night, the crash would often awaken us. It was amazing the dams that they could build.

The wilderness land that we were surveying was once part of Ruperts Land which had been owned by the Hudson Bay Company. King Charles I, in the 1600s had decreed that any land in America that drained into Hudson's bay belonged to his cousin, Prince Rupert. This was a huge tract of land that took in about 25% of all of North America. In 1867, when the Dominion of Canada was formed, the Hudson Bay Company sold quite a piece of Rupert's Land to the new Dominion government. "The Bay" as it was called, developed trading posts all over the interior of western Canada. The first one that they built was on Hudson Bay near the mouth of the Nelson River. The second trading post was in northern Manitoba at Cumberland House. The third was at Fort Pelley in Saskatchewan and that was were our party was moved to in June of 1919 to run a survey line.

The fort was in a beautiful setting where the land slopes towards the Assinaboine River. The old Pelley Trail that was the only means of transportation for many years was up to four hundred wagon ruts wide. Not far from the fort there was a spring in the hillside where pure drinking water came out. Over the years so many travelers had stopped to water their animals that a deep gully had formed from the trail to the spring.

One fine morning while we were surveying we were following the trail and an Indian (Indians were the only ones living anywhere near there) on a handsome pinto pony decked with buckskins and beads from head to foot came along. He got within 25 yards of us and he put his hand up and yelled "Hi ya Scott, what in the hell are you doing here?" Scott was the head chainman and he couldn't believe his ears. He was four hundred miles from home and here was an Indian recognized him. It turned out that Scott had spent the whole First World War in the same company with this Indian. The Indian's father was a chief in that area and he must have preferred living the life of an Indian to being civilized.

It is really a shame that some historical society did not acquire Fort Pelley which, at that time, was still in pretty good condition and preserve the grass covered ruts of the old Fort Pelley Trail.

On the first week in September I returned to Winnipeg and immediately caught a cold. My lungs had been absolutely clear during the five months that I had been sleeping in a tent. I took a job in a furniture warehouse. I was in pretty good shape from cutting trees down all summer but this furniture warehouse was quite a challenge. Since I had the energy to take a chesterfield in a crate and stand the crate on end and back up against it and carry the crate up a flight of stairs. I only worked their a few weeks.

I then got a job in a trust company that stayed open on Saturday when all the banks were closed. I worked there for about a year and a half and I was getting $75.00 per month. Then my pay was increased to $90.00 per month. One Saturday afternoon a young fellow whose brother was the chief veterinarian for the government came into our office. I though they were reliable people. His story was that he was getting married and he needed more money. I cashed a check for him for $275.00. About an hour later he came back and he needed a little more money to I let him have another hundred, making me $375.00 in debt because both checks bounced.

At about that time I had myself a haircut on Portage Avenue at the corner of Kennedy Street at the usual fifteen cent rate in a temporary sheet metal building. I had known the barber previously from the Village of Elgin. In the conversation I mentioned that I had cashed bad checks for $375.00 and the future did not look bright because I was paying so much of my huge income to pay off my debt. At that time where the beautiful Hudson Bay Store is at present was just a big hole in the ground and you could look across Portage Avenue and see the Medical Arts Building. The barber remarked "well, why don't you become a doctor". I replied, "how the sam hill can I become a doctor I'm already $375.00 in the hole?" He said "those fellows don't act like millionaires but they seem to get along alright. Anyway, I sat there in that barber chair thinking and I made my mind up that come hell or high water I was going was going to be a doctor.

I figured that I might take a course in normal school and become a teacher and teach school and go to medical college on alternate years.

Getting in touch with the normal school, they informed me that they had a fifteen week course teaching people to be third class teachers qualified to teach in country schools. The course started in the fall so in the few weeks until then I went out to Napinka where my father had preached to work on a farm. My father had begun preaching in the first week in July 1916. The young lady that played the foot pedal organ was what I thought was the most beautiful and remarkable young lady that I had ever seen. The farm that I was working on was near her farm home we got together on several occasions. Seventy years later my opinion is the same. Now a widow, I have made several trips to Massachusetts to see her.

The days went by quickly and it seemed like no time before I was back in Winnipeg beginning that course in normal school. The main building for norman school is on William Avenue where some of the teaching was to take place. Our building, however, was an abandoned one room school in St. Bonaface away across the river. We were a class of fifty. Forty five young ladies, some of them French Canadian and different nationalities and five were men. There was John Stevens, a husky lad, fairly heavy who went in for distance running and John Sweet a very charming young man and two quite pleasant Ukrainian men. Part of our training in the main school on William Avenue was in dramatics. In a couple of plays that they had me in the teacher in charge of dramatics said before the whole four hundred students in normal school, that she considered me, Harry Little, the most natural born actor that she had ever had in her classes. Perhaps I should have gone to Hollywood.

The fifteen week course in normal school ended about December 31, 1921. I took a job teaching in a country school ten miles south of Oak Lake, which was the first station west of Brandon on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. I had a group of about seventeen or eighteen students. Some of them were French Canadians. I boarded with a family named Robinson, very nice people with several boys and a girl about fifteen. The first night there (new years eve) it was chilly and we went skating and playing hockey on a frozen pond near the house. I put on an extra pair of socks because it was 40 below zero but apparently it made my feet fit two tightly. Although my feet felt cold at first, they felt fine while playing hockey, but when I came in and took off my socks, both of my big toes were snow white and they sounded like they were made of wood when I tapped them on the floor. For the next month or two I had to wear several pairs of thick socks and moccasins in my mile and half walk to school.

I mentioned that part of the class was French Canadian. Their families resented them having to go to school and listen to a British Protestant teaching them. We had several fights but I was able to manage them. Pretty soon, however, I was fired. In going back to the city, I took another teaching job way up in the wilderness near the shore of Lake Winnipegosis. This lake runs north and south to the north of lake Manitoba. Each lake is about two thousand square miles in area. It is not really the summer resort type of lake because the beach because there is strip about two miles wide of hay land bordering the water the whole length (about 225 miles) of the lake. There is some farming beyond this but the only farm product that amounts to anything is hay. They were always coming around with petitions from the farmers who wanted to drain the lake somewhat to lower it so that they could get at the hay all the time because it used to flood when there was a north wind. At other times the fishermen would come around wanting to dam the outlet up and raise the level of the lake so that they could catch more fish.

I boarded with an English couple with a teenage son right on the edge of the hayland. I had to walk a mile to school. Most of the time there were two or three inches of water in this hay area. You think that you have seen mosquitos? Well forget it, if a white horse drove by in the road, his color was the same as mosquitos. To get the school, I wore combination denim overalls, tied twine around my ankles and my wrists and wore a bee keepers hat with a net over it in order to get to the school. On about the first of June, all of a sudden, no mosquitos. However if you looked up about twenty feet above you there was a ceiling of dragonflies that seemed like small airplanes. Dragonflies eat mosquitos. So for the rest of the summer there were no mosquitoes. However, there were black flies and plenty of other insects to bother you.

I had a class there of eighteen students and the average was attendance each month was exactly seventeen. The reason was that one family with five children in school had to leave one child home each day to take care of the five children too young to go to school. So only four of them came each day. One of the little boys was a genius at mathematics, he was only in grade two but if you gave him anything in mathematics he could do it. I would like to know what happened to him. I'm sure that he was a genius.

They closed the school on the first of August so that the students could go to work on the harvest. By the time that the harvest was over winter was setting in so they closed the school until the first of May the next year. The winters in those parts are such that children couldn't walk to school.

I went back to the city on the first of August. My first day there a smooth talking young fellow named Allard from Hartford Connecticut stopped at our home and my mother bought a six month subscription to MacCleans magazine for a dollar (he was working his way through college). While my mother was getting the money he asked "what are you doing young fellow?" Well I says "I just finished teaching school and I'm planning now to go out now and work on a farm". "On a fahm?" he says, "what do you make on a fahm?" Well I said "you get four dollars a day". He then asked "and how many hours a day do you work?" I said "maybe sixteen". "Ye gods" he said "come with me and you will make more than that in an hour". I said "nuts". "Come along anyway". So I went with him. He was right. So I didn't do anymore teaching school but I put myself through the seven years of pre-med and medical college by selling yearly subscriptions to MacCleans magazine which came once every two weeks. A subscription was three dollars a year or two years for five dollars.

# MEDICAL SCHOOL

I mentioned previously that I finished teaching school on August 1, 1922. While I was at home in Winnipeg a fellow got me started selling subscriptions to Mcleans Magazine. It turned out that for the next six summersthat is what I did in order to put myself through Medical College. Obtaining a M.D. at Manitoba Medical College required seven years of study. Two years in pre-med at the University of Manitoba, four years at the Medical College and then the final year, before you got your degree, as an intern at a recognized hospital. The tuition for the seven years was fifty dollars a year for each of the two years in pre-med and one hundred fifty dollars a year for the four years in the medical college. That is seven hundred dollars as the total fees for the seven year medical course (it now runs into thousands of dollars). We had very good teachers. The buildings for the University of Manitoba were partly the old courthouse and also a number of temporary buildings built in what is now Broadway, opposite the beautiful parliament buildings with the golden boy on the top carrying a sheaf of grain in one arm symbolizing Manitoba.


To begin work at the University I was required to have a language which I had not obtained when I went to small village schools in the country. They told me that I must take a language to go through medicine. They asked me what I would take, and I foolishly said "latin". While I was doing this for the first six months, up to Christmas, I was not allowed to take half the subjects and I had to crowd them into the second half of the year. The registrar told me "that's impossible, you can't do it". I said "I had to do it, I can't spend another year in this place". I took the courses and somehow I got through. It meant pretty stiff studying but I didn't have any money to do anything else so somehow I got through it.

My experience in starting at the University of Manitoba reminds me of one incident relating to my father's experience. My father had graduated from Trinity College in Dublin, Ireland. He was working at a hog packing plant in Belfast on a very small income so he actually didn't "attend" Trinity College, how could he on five or six shillings per week. He did what you do in college anyway, he just read books. He must have had quite a fertile mind because when he obtained his B.A. degree he had a vast amount of information, much more than my seven children do with their graduating degrees.

In my latin course was awfully boreing. I was required to translate this speech by Cicero in the Roman Forum from english into latin. I gave it to my father and he, in perfect handwriting, without going back to cross a "t" or to dot an "i", wrote continuously, all the time telling me the difficulties Cicero was having with his wife and what was going on in Rome at that time and without looking at it to check it, just handed it to me in perfect latin. He could also have done this same feat in Greek. In my father's day they must certainly have learned languages thoroughly.

I managed by the summer of 1923 to complete all of my subjects in first pre-med, and went through second pre-med just taking the regular subjects.

There isn't much to say about my social life during this period because I had very little money. In fact, it was a struggle to be able to get all we wanted to eat. As a matter of fact we didn't quite. It was only because my mother was such a good cook and so intelligent. She fed us a lot of "war bread", that is ordinary wheat flour bread with a bit of finely ground sawdust to give it bulk. Our health kept up, however, and the three of us and my mother lived in different apartments with very low rents because there wasn't very much money to go around with just my sister working, plus my brother earning $37.50 a month in

the bank and what I had saved from my magazine selling.

On June 1, 1924 I went back to magazine selling. That summer I traveled by train. I went out through Manitoba and Saskatchewan and stopped at different towns. It was quite an effort because you couldn't get to visit the farmers.

That fall (1924) I entered medical college in first year medicine which meant we spent from nine in the morning until one with a lecture in anatomy and directing cadavers. We did the same all through the second year. We were very fortunate, we didn't realize at the time that the professor of anatomy was Dr. J.C.B. Grant, quite world famous, who wrote the bones and joints, section of the revised Gray's Anatomy. He walked around the directing room as if his liver was made of ice, no sense of humor, just cold anatomy. All the time, however, he was studying each student and at the end of the two years he gave me a grade of 97% in anatomy. He must have taught us fairly well because years later, in 1939, they wouldn't accept my Manitoba M.D. licence in New York so on ten days notice I took the exam. At the time I was living in a New York hotel room not knowing anybody in town. There were very meager library facilities in medicine in New York. None the less, I paid the $150.00 fee and went trying the exams anyway. I found that the twelve three hour papers, covering everything that I had learned in medical college in seven years, was quite elementary and I had no trouble passing at all, in fact, I did the three hour paper covering anatomy in one hour and twenty minutes. Therefore, you can understand why when I first went to London in 1936 they made me a house surgeon in the worlds most famous eye hospital. They said, "now you will have to have your licence to practice in London", so I went to the British Medical Association and the man there said "where are you from" and I answered "Manitoba". He said "show me your certificate", and said "there it is", and he said "that will cost you twenty five guineas", so I gave him a check, and he handed me my licence and said "there you are", and I remarked "that was easy" and his reply was "my dear young fellow, you will find that it is not always that easy" and I said "why is that?" "You're from Manitoba" he said. "Well what does that have to do with it?" He then said "didn't you know, Manitoba is the only medical college west of the Atlantic Ocean that we accept doctors from".

In the medical college, as I just mentioned, we finished anatomy dissections at noon. We would then dash down to the recreation room where we went across the street to Hadad's and had a sandwich. We had to be back in the physiology lab at two o'clock to work through until six in lab directing animals and sometimes birds. So we put in a solid eight hour day for two years in Manitoba Medical.

On June 1, 1925 I went out on the magazine trail by train. On one trip, while going through Saskatchewan I got as far as Prince Albert on the North Saskatchewan River. On the main street I found a young lawyer in an upstairs suite with just a kitchen table and camp chairs with an oily floor. His name was Jack Diefenbaker, who later became one of the best and most loved Prime Ministers that Canada ever had. At that time he was just starting out as a lawyer. He looked quite thin because he was just recovering from a extensive gastric operation. He said that he was too busy to talk to me but that I could go along with him. He had to go down to Wacaw. That was where his father had come from Ontario to homestead. His father had been a teacher in Ontario and when his son arrived he didn't think that he would be able to afford to put him through college on his job in Ontario so he had taken up farming in Wacaw, twenty five miles south of Price Albert. During the journey he was very impatient with his T Model Ford which could only go twenty five miles an hour. We talked politics most of the time. He was a very pleasant fellow. He was just a couple of years older than I was. Years later the old unpainted farm buildings on his father's farm were moved into Regina, the capital of Saskatchewan, and they are now a shrine.

On my way back to Winnipeg on the Canadian National Railroad, I stopped at a village called Wadena where I sold a few subscriptions. I called on the local thirty five bed cottage hospital where I met Dr. Rollins who grew up in the town of Balder where I had lived as a kid and where I first went to school. I was about to enter my third year of medical college but up until that time I had not seen any surgery. Dr. Rollins performed a tonsillectomy under local anesthetic. The patient, needless to say, was a little uneasy and I, like most greenhorn students do, passed out. The nurses, however, revived me.

I then went on to Winnipeg where on August the twenty third I bought a 1923 T Model Ford touring car with side curtains but no self starter and no foot feed. I then struck out on the magazine trail again and headed for southern Saskatchewan where a classmate of mine named Victor Milians lived in a place

called Carnduff. I stayed there at his home while I canvased the district around there and the neighboring villages and was quite successful in obtaining many subscriptions.

I canvased west to the town of Estivan, a fairly good sized town of perhaps 3,000 people. A Dr. James Creighton operated his own private hospital. His one hundred bed hospital had burned down so he had rebuilt a seventy bed hospital and had several young doctors helping him including Dr. Frank Walsh who married the daughter of a good sized farmer who grew 3000 acres of wheat. Dr. Walsh, after his marriage, had gone to Baltimore and done post graduate work in neurology of the eye at Johns Hopkins Hospital and became world famous and wrote a book on neuro-ophthalmology which sells for fifty dollars. Dr. Creighton did quite a bit of surgery, in fact, he probably did as much surgery as any doctor anywhere since he was the only surgeon in his own hospital. The district thought a great deal of him.

One afternoon I was taking subscriptions about twenty five miles from Estivan and I drove my T Model Ford across the field where a farmer was operating a binder. The farmer said "I would like to get your magazine but I haven't any money, you see, I'm paying for my operation". I asked "what is the operation?" He said "oh, I don't know, something or another", and I said "was it a gall bladder?". "Yeah", he said, "it was a gall bladder". I asked "well, where did you have it done?" and surprisingly he said "why Jim done it", that is Dr. Creighton. There are not many places where an outstanding surgeon is referred to by his first name twenty five miles from the hospital.

Bob Hood and his family had a 320 acre farm near another village on that line called Glen Ewen. He had arrangement with the Staple brothers, who had a big farming operation growing 2000 acres of wheat, to do his thrashing. The Staple brothers had a large number of horses (there were practically no tractors in those days). The would drive into Hood's place during the night, tramp down the fence and brought the machinery in. The Hoods would wake up in the morning just in time to see the outfit pulling out of the farm having done all of the thrashing during the night. Now this Bob Hood was a brother of Jim Hood from the little village of Sydney where I used to live.

It was getting near college time and Vick Milians, where I had been staying, agreed to ride back to Winnipeg with me but he said "I'm not going to ride that wreck unless we have a foot feed in it". So for five dollars he went and put a foot feed in. We thought nothing of driving those four hundred miles on prairie trails (there were no highways in those days) back to the city.

Vick has been dead for a number of years but until recently I had been writing to his sister who is either a grandmother or great grandmother. She says that the oil well in her back yard helps to pay the taxes in the Village of Carndoff.

At the beginning of the third year in medical college, about thirteen of us made rounds in the Children's Hospital. A young pediatrician named Bruce Chown showed us a year old baby who was recovering from convulsions. He informed us that convulsions was usually due to rickets, which is caused by a deficiency of calcium in the blood stream. Actually, there is no deficiency of calcium in the diet, but the body is not able to utilize this mineral without the presence of vitamin D. Vitamin D is produced by the ultraviolet rays from the sun. In the spring, a child is liable to lack sunshine and this little boy was an example. Just a little bit of cod liver oil had saved his life. I pricked up my ears because my little brother Fred had died when he was eleven months old from convulsions and it was interesting that his photograph taken by my uncle with his brownie camera showed the swellings on each side of his head and on his forehead called "bosses". That made me realize that little Freddie might have been alive had they known about cod liver oil in those days.

This Dr. Chown's father was the Archbishop of Rupert's Land. Even today the Archbishop of the Church of England for the Dominion of Canada is still called the Archbishop of Rupert's Land. Way back in 1660 King Charles II, previously Bonnie Prince Charlie, had granted all of the land that drained into Hudson's Bay to Prince Rupert, his first cousin. That took in roughly one quarter of the whole North American continent including most of Canada and a number of the states.

In 1867 the United States purchased Alaska for something like six million dollars. At that time the Dominion of Canada had just been formed by the fathers of confederation in Prince Edward Island. In that same year the American Counsel from Minneapolis happened to be in Winnipeg. They had built a

railroad from Minneapolis to Winnipeg before the Canadian Pacific was built. He figured out that Rupert's Land, which is now a part of Canada, might also be bought the same as Alaska was. In actuality, he nearly did buy it. There wouldn't have been any Canada if that had happened. Sir John McDonald, however, the new prime minister of Canada, got word of it so he wired an urgent message to Winnipeg to hold off and don't sell it yet. The prime minister then came west and bought Rupert's Land for Canada. They bought something like a million and half square miles for something like fifteen million dollars, which wasn't too bad a price.

We continued our college training until the end of our fourth year but were not give our M.D. degrees until we had spent another year as an intern a recognized hospital. I was appointed at the Misericordia Hospital that was operated by the Grey Nuns, a sisterhood that had been organized over two hundred years ago in Montreal by society girls who thought that something should be done about unmarried mothers in Montreal. They started the Hospital of the Pleading Heart, that is Misericordia. I has grown into a big institution with hospitals in New York and the one in Winnipeg which has become quite extensive and modern. All the Misera hospitals operate a creche, that is, unmarried young ladies who are expecting are admitted and as they are, they lose their sir name and are assigned a new first name and that is the only name that they have. These girls were then assigned to one of the five resident interns as they came in. My first patient was "Veronica". She wasn't too intelligent. One of the sisters came running to me saying "oh there is something terrible going on in Sherbrook Street, you'd better run out and see what you can do". So I hurried out onto the street which runs on the east side of the hospital. Veronica had a problem, that is, she had developed pains and couldn't imagine what they might be and she took the street car, and getting off of the street car in front of the hospital she proceeded to have her new born their on the street. She came along fine. The interns took care of these patients and their babies after they were admitted. So I had to treat Veronica and her venereal disease and the baby. He was a fine little fellow. One of the effects of having gonorrhea is that the child gets his eyes infected and this causes ophthalmia neonatorum as they call it, but the little boy escaped it.

On another occasion during the first week in May of 1929 a woman on the fourth floor of the old hospital had gone mental. She was a thyroid case and she wanted to commit suicide so she climbed out the fourth floor window where there was a wide window sill but she lost her nerve. I, being a bit foolhardy, climbed out on the window sill and struggled with her to prevent her from falling. It was four floors up and the ground was frozen and it would have been hard landing. I was in fairly good shape, however, so I had a nurse hand me out a bottle of Chloroform and I knocked the top off against the stone wall and pulled up her nightgown and soaked it with Chloroform and she passed out right there on the window sill. With the help of Jack Whitiker and some nurses we pulled her in. I was displayed on the whole front page of both daily papers in Winnipeg in a big feature story.

I graduated and received my M.D. on about the first of June, 1929

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# PRACTICING MEDICINE IN CANADA

On the first of June 1929 at the graduation exercises of Manitoba Medical College in the Old Walker Theater in Winnipeg, I was handed my diploma in M.D. making me a qualified Medical Doctor. After graduating I thought I might get started in practice in Winnipeg. Dr. Bill Creighton (the brother of Jim the man who had his own hospital in Estivan) and also a Dr. Bedford, a skin specialist, let me use his rooms in off hours. I saw a few patients. I could give anesthetics at the Misericordia. I also became a resident intern in the Military Hospital at Deer Lodge. I mainly just slept there and was on duty at night.

I had sold my old 1923 T Model Ford for $75.00. My brother and sister chipped in and we acquired 1929 two door Ford with glass windows which was quite a new thing in those days. It enabled me to drive into the city and see patients at the offices mentioned and also to get to the Misericordia. I also acquired a patient. Her name was Effie Waugh. Her father had been the mayor of Winnipeg and was the man who established the aqueduct which supplies Winnipeg with the finest water. She was suffering from chronic tuberculosis.

One evening I drove a couple of nurses from the hospital into the city to do private duty at the home of Sir John Odler who lived in a mansion in a very rich suburb. Sir John was the brother of Sir William, the famous father of modern medicine. When we arrived at his mansion in an exclusive neighborhood, a butler came dashing down the stairs shouting "is Dr. Little there?" I replied, "yes, I am Dr. Little". He informed me that they had had an urgent call from Effie Waugh's home to go out their immediately. After a fast trip I found that Effie had just died. I had called at Effie's the house just before I had gone into the city and she remarked that her kittens were worse that evening. By "kittens" she meant the bronchitis, a word that she had heard so many time since she had had lung problems since she was a little girl.

I continued to stay at the Deer Lodge Military Hospital as a resident intern. In the mornings I would drive into the city to see private patients in Dr. Creighton's and Dr. Bedford's office and also to give anesthetics and to answer emergency calls at Miseria Cordia Hospital.

Robert Little

By December the first I wasn't making very much and there didn't seem much chance of getting established in the city so I arranged to purchase a doctor's practice in the village of Manitou, a very prosperous village about one hundred and twenty miles south and west of Winnipeg a few miles from the border of North Dakota. I rented a couple of rooms from the local dentist for practicing in and I boarded at Mrs. McNamara's home. She had a fairly active Irish sense of humor and I remember one of her stories about a young man who went to church one day and upon returning the folks asked him what was the subject of the minister's sermon. He replied "floating kidneys". They said "well that's ridiculous, you don't have a sermon on floating kidneys". He then said" yes that's right, oh, pardon me, no, "loose livers".

I did not have an overly active practice but in my six months in the village we helped five or six pairs of twins into this world. The dentist (where I had my rooms) had three or four year old daughter and some people were talking about someone having a baby and she remarked "they should have gone to Dr. Little, he'd have got you twins".

The young fellow who owned the drug store was also musical. He taught music at the normal school, led the band, and he played the pipe organ in the United Church where I sang (although I'm not a singer).

It was quite a progressive village and they decided that they should have a skating rink. They had a meeting in the village hall one afternoon and they announced that the rink would cost about $12,000. One of the local farmers (I guess he must have been fairly prosperous) stood up and said "I think I'll take a couple of shares, my wife can take a share for $6,000 and I'll take $6,000. Before spring arrived they had a full sized hockey rink.

In January, we had a real Manitoba blizzard. When it was over there was a lot of drifting snow. The other doctor in town had an emergency call to go twenty five miles right down to the border of North Dakota for a little child who apparently had an obstruction of the bowel. It was a baby

about six months old. I volunteered to go. The livery man had lived in that area and fortunately knew the way. The roads were obliterated by the drifting snow and some places we drove over snow that was forty or fifty feet deep. We finally arrived at the place (the trip had taken us twelve hours). There was no possibility of getting the little fellow to a hospital. It was forty below zero and the roads were blocked so I under took to do a an abdominal operation. The operation went fine. He had what they called an intussusception, that is the bowel sort of enveloped itself like turning a sock inside out. I straightened the bowel out and it seemed to look viable however he died a few days later.

One of the features of western Canada is the intensity of the sunshine. It was five hundred miles north of the latitude of Hudson, New York so that the days are longer and the low humidity is the result of the prevailing westerly winds which come from the other side of the Rocky Mountains off the Pacific Ocean where the water in warm due to the Japan Current. The high humidity air is forced upward over the mountains so that it precipitates giving British Columbia a hundred inches and along the coast range up to a hundred and sixty inches of precipitation a year. When that air descends down upon Alberta, Saskatchewan and then Manitoba it has very little humidity so that snow melts very rapidly when the sun does shine.

That March I took off a few days and was home in Winnipeg. I thought that I might be able to get our new car back out to Manitou in spite of the fact that out on the prairie south of Winnipeg the snow was six to eight feet deep. However they kept the main road to Minneapolis open with huge snow plows with a propeller on the side that blew the snow away. The grade of the road was perhaps six feet high and the snow on each side was just as high as the bottom of the propeller that blew it (there was a lot of snow!). The land was absolutely flat from Winnipeg to the American border and about every mile or two they had dug two ditches going to the west. They dig a ditch about twenty feet wide and throw the dirt on the north side and hundred feet or more south of that another ditch where they throw the dirt on the south side. That makes a channel between the two banks of dirt perhaps two hundred feet or more wide to carry off the spring runoff. When I went down on the first of April there was at least seven feet of snow on the level prairie. Ten days later when I came back I didn't have to travel on the main highway because the roads on the prairie had opened and the farmers had a lot of their wheat planted. It is extremely rich soil, being the bottom of ancient Lake Aggazzi so that the topsoil was perhaps four feet thick.

My practice in Manitou was still pretty slow. My mother had spilled some water on our kitchen floor and she had thrown a newspaper on it to dry it up. She noticed a "doctor wanted" advertisement. She sent me a clipping of it and it seemed interesting. It was an add for a municipal doctor in Saskatchewan. A "municipality" in Saskatchewan is 324 square miles. A municipality could hire a doctor on a salary to take care of all of the people in the area. I accepted this job in the municipality of Emerald number 277 which is about one hundred miles north of Regina. The name of the town was Wishart.

The summer before that, Wishart was nothing but a pin in a map on the branch line running from Foam Lake. Two enterprising Englishmen, Ben Jeal (who operated village store just made of clapboard with lean-to on it which acted as a post office) and Herman Collingwood (who operated the new lumber yard) bought about ten acres from Alec Kowalski who owned that land and laid out a townsite beside the railroad line which had just been completed in 1928. They sold lots to other businessmen and residents and a new village was born.

At that time the Village was 20 miles south of the Canadian Pacific Railroad and 20 miles north of the Canadian National. Not more than 10-15% of the land had been plowed with the remainder being beautiful rolling prairie park land. There were thousands of grassy ponds called sloughs surrounded by

small white poplar and willow trees. Alec Kowalski estimated that before the arrival of the white man a square mile of land contained 240 acres of water and 400 acres of some of the worlds finest food producing land. When I visited the area in 1978 for Wishart's 50th anniversary, literally every square mile of dry land was under cultivation. The number and size of the sloughs had been greatly reduced as the farmers cultivated them to the edge of the water during the dry summers. The sloughs tended to shrink as the cultivation of land was extended.

In those days, however, It was really pioneer country. The roads left much to be desired. There had never been any modern road equipment so the roads were prairie trails and where you had to cross a slough was just a black dirt grade which became axle deep mud whenever it rained. I soon discovered that pioneer people are a different type of person. No matter what their race or religion they were just one big brotherhood and would do anything for each other. In all the hundreds of times that farmers pulled my car out of the mud with their horses, or got me out of snowbanks in the winter, would they ever accept a penny. When the roads were especially bad there was no lack of volunteers for fellows to come along in a car to pull me out if we got stuck.

I made a trip by train to the village of Elfros near the municipality. When I arrived there was no place for me to practice but they did have five new big grain elevators. In those days, before electricity, each elevator had to have a powerhouse (which also served as the office) to operate the machinery. One of the elevator operators named Olson arranged to let me use his engine room next to the elevator as my office. This was not very convenient. There was no running water and the only furniture was a table and chair. Despite this, I was able to take care of people. Somehow you can make things do. It was a brand new building, it was clean, with a desk where Oly did his book keeping right beside the big one cylinder gasoline engine that drove the machinery of the grain elevator. There actually was not a great deal of need for a fully equipped doctor's office since most of my work was making house calls around the 325 square miles of the municipality. My salary for a 24 hour day (7 days a week) was $12.50, or $4,500.00 per year which in those days seemed like quite a handsome salary.

One morning I was called upon to do a little surgery in my newly acquired "office". An 11 year old girl form a family of 15 children brought her four year old brother to see me. A horse had kicked the little fellow in the face and had opened up a big gash on his cheeks so that you could see his back teeth through the wound. I had a pail of water and a wash basin and I washed the manure and debris from the wound. Now this little Ukrainian fellow was just four years old and without anesthetics. He allowed the doctor to put eleven sutures in that wound and he didn't bat an eyelash. He cooperated completely. Four days later I saw him again and the wound was quite healed. There was a very slight (not at all disfiguring) scar left. These children lived in the rough. They were a part of family of fifteen children.

Sam Webb, the municipal Reeve, James Meakes, the secretary, and six counselors arranged to have the old meeting house moved from the prairie and placed on the main street in the new village. They arranged to sell me the lot on which it was placed. They also sold me two additional 50 foot lots on either side of the building. It was just a rough building about eighteen feet square with a pot bellied stove. The building did not lend itself very well to being a doctor's office so I had a house-office combination constructed to the rear of the meeting house. I used the meeting house as a waiting room.

I practiced in Whishart for six years. From the first day I was quite busy delivering babies. During that time the birth rate was so high that half of the population was under the age of 15. I was required to periodically examine over 2000 children, keep them vaccinated and inoculated with diphtheria antitoxin. During a cold spell one winter a case of smallpox occurred in the next municipality requiring I had to do a rush job in getting all of the children and others vaccinated. One afternoon I visited a two room country school. There were 86 pupils in one room and 35 in the other. I vaccinated a total of 120 children. Two seventh grade girls swabbed arms with alcohol while the doctor vaccinated and injected the diphtheria antitoxin. The whole job took an hour flat. I had to work fast while my teamster, Spence, kept the horses moving in the 40 below zero weather. There was no barn in which to put the horses for shelter.

Among the more than 700 babies born I only once took a patient to the hospital at Saskatoon for a Caesarean section. During the six years that I practiced in Wishart, I did not encounter a single patient with diabetes. I also encountered very few cases of any kind of cancer or heart disease. In the 700 child births not a singe mother developed a temperature or any other signs of infection, and none had

thrombosis. This led me to believe that good health might be associated with nutrition. Practically everyone in that rural region drank unpasteurized milk (which contains natural vitamin B producing bacteria). Their bread was made from the world's best wheat and their beef cattle were fed from the products of the same rich land.

At first deliverying babies in those conditions seemed rather quite out of place, that is, I had been used to working in a modern hospital and to have to go through the same process in a log house with a dirt floor and a low feather tick bed with a doubtful supply of water and nobody to help me but an old lady who couldn't speak English. Besides that, in most houses there were bed bugs crawling all over the ceiling. However, I soon got used to it. It is wonderful what you can do if you have to.

I encountered several cases of convulsions that occurred during the later months of winter, usually in little boys about a year old. They all responded, within a few minutes, to an administration of cod liver oil, which is the best source of vitamin D in the winter. The boys were suffering from rickets which is caused by a lack of calcium. Calcium cannot be utilized by the body without the presence of vitamin D in the bloodstream. The ultimate source of all vitamin D is the ultraviolet light of the sun (or ultraviolet lamps). During the long winter the boys had not been out in the sun and therefore they had developed a vitamin D deficiency.

Hospital facilities were not actually the best. Thirty five miles to the north across the Greasy Mud Flats, between Great Quill Lake and Lesser Quill Lake was the village of Wadena where Dr. Rollins was the surgeon and (as I have mentioned previously) that was where I fainted while Dr. Rollins was removing some tonsils, however, he had a wonderful personality. Otherwise we could sent patients by train one hundred miles to the east to Yorkton on the Canadian Pacific (twenty miles to the north) or we could take them twenty miles to the south to the Canadian National where is was one hundred miles to Melville. Another hospital was Regina one hundred miles to the south but there was no railroad connection that way, so you could only get there in the summertime. One hundred and eighty miles to the northwest was Saskatoon reached by the Canadian National to the south (a non-stop express train) or on the Canadian Pacific to the north, (a local train).

We got along quite well despite these deficiencies. We did, however, have a few desperate cases. One forty below zero night I was called to see Tommy Christie about twenty miles southwest of town who I had never seen before. He was in very bad shape so we phoned the dispatcher on the Canadian National and told him that we would like to board his train. He said that the train would have to stop at Touchwood siding to get water at three o'clock in the morning and we could put him aboard the baggage car there. We drove the fifteen or twenty miles in a sleigh with Tommy. Getting him into the baggage car was quite a proposition since the grade was about twenty feet high. We had him on a stretcher, in that 40 below zero weather, and managed to get him into the baggage car. I climbed in to go along with him. This train was an express that only stopped at divisional points and it did stop when need be at Touchwood because the water was so good. One of the problems in running steam locomotives on the prairie is that the water is so full of alkali which clogs up the tubes in the boilers of the trains. The baggage man on that car had been on duty, I believe, ever since that railroad had been built in 1908. He traveled all the way from Halifax to Vancouver. It was amazing to me how he could tell where he was with the train going ninety miles an hour with the windows frosted up with an inch of hore frost that you couldn't see out. I would ask him "where are we?" He would say something like "in a minute or two we will be going through Nokomas. So in a minute or two we would hear clickity click zing boom and that would be the switches of Nokomas. He could do the same at every village on the line. We got Tommy to the hospital but he died on the table. He was full of cancer. His widow wrote to me and we corresponded for years after that.

On another occasion I was called to Lestock on the Canadian National twenty miles south of Wishart because a lady was having a lot of bleeding. I found that she had what is called a placenta previa, that is the afterbirth came first and the bleeding was such that is was soaking through the mattress and was trickling out into the living room because the floor wasn't too level. The woman was unconscious. I revived her with an intravenous shot of adrenalin and pituitrin. It was almost a fatal dose but it revived her. I proceeded to deliver this baby. I had to tear open her cervix of the uterus with my hands and plunge my hand through the placenta and reach up to the region of the woman's liver and grab hold of the baby's foot and drag his leg down which then acted as a cork. I did deliver a ten pound little boy right through the placenta which I removed afterwards. I gave the woman medication and put tight

dressings on and left her. She seemed to be alright. About a week later, however, I had a desperate call in the middle of the night that the woman was bleeding again. I drove my Ford down that prairie trail and they were amazed at how quickly I got their. I had just pulled a pair of work pants over my pajamas and I had bare feet with bedroom slippers. We decided that we would have to send her to Regina to the Hospital because this time she was really out. Again, I did revive her on adrenalin and pituitrin. At about four o'clock in the morning, I called a man named Alec Hamilton, a grain elevator operator in Wishart, and I said "Alec, get out your 1928 Chevrolet and remove the right front seat so that we can put a stretcher there and get down to Lestock as fast as you can". "OK Doc", which was his usual answer and, by golly, he got there in very short order because he had to come from ten miles beyond Wishart, that is, he had a thirty mile drive. When he got there I said "Alec, we're taking this girl to Regina and we want you to stop every fifteen minutes so that we can give her another shot of petuitrin". "OK Doc". So we went to Regina and he never asked who was going to be paying for the gas or his time. Anybody in my municipality would have done the same. When we got to the hospital they were unable to find the vein where I had given the injections before because the petuitrin and the adrenalin had squeezed practically all of her blood just into her heart and lungs. However, the woman still kept saying "what are you bothering for, I'm all right". Eventually we managed to cut down on the vein and her big French Canadian brother came along and gave her three pints of blood which didn't cause him to bat an eyelash. She revived and got along. However, here I was in a big fancy hospital with my pants pulled over my pajamas and bare feet and bedroom slippers but nobody paid much attention.

I managed to drive the hundred miles home. But when I was two or three miles from home there was a muddy grade across a slough so I decided that I would slam bang through the slough. Everything went fine, I heard a kind of a crash but I stopped at the other side to see what was the matter and the car wouldn't start because a bolder in the slough had knocked the battery off the car so I had to walk home and get another battery. I had to go out again to see a little boy who was coughing a lot, about twelve miles south of town. When I got their, I found that the little eight year old boy had died. It is awfully hard when you are just their with few things in your bag to diagnosis what a fellow died from, however, the mother said that this other little boy is coughing just the same. I took a look at him. I had interned in the diphtheria hospital at one time and so I recognized it as diphtheria. I got him in to my car and dashed off for Regina and got him where they could put a laringo scope down and dilate his larynx so that he wouldn't choke. I got back to the farm where the little boy had had the diphtheria, a patient dropped in with a daughter who had an appendix. I drove her one hundred miles east to the Yorkton. The mother rode in the back seat and was car sick all of the way vomiting all over the place. We finally got her their and got the appendix out.

The doctor in Yorkton was named Dr. Houston. He had grown up on a farm. You may not know it but before the white man came 85% of the ducks that flew the skies of North America were hatched around those millions of sloughs in Saskatchewan. This was in the fall of the year. We got to Yorkton in the afternoon and Dr. Houston said "I probably won't be back by the time that you leave because we are going duck hunting". However, we sat and talked to his Icelandic wife around the breakfast table and we were rather slow in getting out and Clarence arrived with 140 mallard ducks that he had shot.

On another occasion (when I hadn't been to bed for three days) I had taken an emergency case to Regina and they talked me into going to the fairgrounds to watch a show. On the way home I had fifty miles of modern graded gravel road but when I turned off I had fifty miles of prairie trails before I reached Wishart and believe it or not I must have slept the whole fifty miles. I had at that time a mongrel dog that was only a pup. He was half Chesapeake and half Irish Setter. He was a one man dog and he knew my car when it was coming. I was arriving home at about three in the morning and his barking woke me up just before I drove through the front gate. I opened the gate and I fell asleep again and nearly drove through the end of the garage.

On another occasion we had a very desperate case. A neighbor named John Dick rushed into my place while I was having a late breakfast on a Sunday morning at about half past nine. He said that Mary, his wife, was terribly sick and that I should come over right away. I asked if I could finish my coffee and he replied that I had better come right away. I did go and there was Mary and I diagnosed a ruptured ectopic. That means that she had become pregnant and the fetus had become attached to some organ in her body (possibly the liver) without reaching the uterus. It had ruptured. It meant that her life expectancy was not more that ten or twelve hours unless she got operated on. It was one of those winter mornings with a strong northwest wind, not snowing, but forty below zero. This girl had to

have an operation or she was a gone goose. In those days there were no airplane routes or airports, however I took a chance and I called Dr. Alexander in Saskatoon who was a famous surgeon. I said "now here's this girl with a ruptured ectopic and we've got to get her to the hospital somehow, is it possible that there is an airplane around Saskatoon?" And he says "son of a gun there was a fellow named Campbell here last night, he's a bush pilot, and he came to Saskatoon because he was exhausted from chasing the Mad Trapper". This trapper had murdered his buddy and was running off with his dog team. He traveled two thousand miles with his team before they eventually got him. The pilot was just resting up that Sunday in Saskatoon. I said "do you think you might be able to get him?" and he says "I'll through on a coat and go into town and look around the bars and see if I can find him. And believe it or not, inside of a half an hour, he had Campbell the pilot on the phone. I told how we had a girl here who would die if she wasn't operated upon within ten hours and asked him if it would be possible for him to come down and get her. He asked "whereabouts are you?" "Well, we are about one hundred and eighty miles to the east and slightly south and you follow the Canadian Pacific Railroad east until you see a large lake to the north, that's Quill Lake, and you angle south for about twenty to twenty five miles until you see our five elevators projecting up through the ground blizzard". Although it wasn't snowing, when it is forty below zero in a strong wind, it was like a ground blizzard. He said "do you have a landing field there?" Well I said there is ten acres....", he said "that's no good". I then said Mike Dobranski has a hundred and sixty acre field just east of the village just north of the railroad line and you can land there and there is a sleigh trail there running across the field and we will be waiting for you there at two o'clock". I asked him how much it would cost. He said that it was one hundred and eighty miles and that he charged twenty five cents per mile and that therefore it would be ninety dollars. I said "alright, we'll have it for you when you get here". I then phoned Herman Collingwood in the lumber yard and Don Lai Sue the Chinaman in the restaurant and Arnie Jacobson who owned the hardware store. In 1932-33 money wasn't plentiful and I told Herman that we needed ninety dollars when this fellow got here with his plane. He says "OK Doc". It wasn't long before Herman calls back and says "everything is fine Doc, we've got the ninety". That fellow soon landed on this skies right near that sleigh road across the field. That little plane you could practically put in your living room, you would think that it was home made with canvas wings. The fuselage looked as if it had been made from the plywood that radio sets were shipped in. The plane had a rough plank floor and little stick in the front for guiding the plane. The dashboard consisted of a piece of hay wire with a loop on the end sticking through the front. It didn't look altogether airworthy. Anyway, these bush pilots are famous for their safety and I asked him if nurse Watson could go along. She had just arrived the day before from training in the hospital and driven twenty miles in that cold weather to see her mother. She volunteered to go along. The pilot said "well, I guess she can go, we burned quite a bit of gas coming down but I think we can make it. So Mary, the patient, and Nelly Watson just laid on blankets on that plane floor and away they went. I heard that they had managed to land their plane by a street in Saskatoon where they had arranged for an ambulance to be. Dr. Alexander operated and he said that there had been five quarts of free blood in her abdomen and she lived. The sequel to this story is that about a year or so later, in the summer time, Mary apparently developed a ruptured ectopic (this time on the other side). That time, I bundled her into the back seat of my Ford car and drove her across the mud to Wadina where Dr. Rollins took care of her. In the front of the hospital there was a flight of steps. Mary weight about one hundred and forty or fifty pounds but I managed to lift her and carry her up the steps. The nurse on the main floor said "her bed is upstairs". So without hesitating, I carried her up the stairs and laid her on the bed, and the nurse, in a husky voice, says "what a man".

About six months after my arrival in Wishart arranged to join Elfros' Masonic Lodge, number 145. That was a town about twenty miles north on the Canadian Pacific. We arranged for a farmer named Hughie Cossar to instruct me. The three of us (Spence, my driver, Hughie, and I) rode the sleigh on a moonlit night with it forty below zero in January to Elfros to take my first degree. Because of the low humidity, the moon is a factor in your social life. There is very seldom a cloud in the sky and the moonlight is particularly bright. As a result, the Masons always had their lodge on the Monday on or before the full moon. I got my second degree in February. It was also forty below zero on a clear moonlight night. It was amazing that even in that weather practically every member of the lodge was present to see me get my degree. The third degree was given to me in April and Hughie and I got there in my Ford. Not long after that Hughie died from complications of a gall bladder condition. His widow Mary corresponded with me until she died a few years ago. His daughter Edna called me the other day from Indian Head Saskatchewan where she is now living. She was born, I believe, in about 1913. We are good friends and that is all. Her mother had a sister, Mrs. Gillespi, who had one daughter named

Margaret who at the age of five, no bigger than a two or three year old, she was what you call a cretin, caused by a lack of some vitamin, and when this was given to her, she, all of a sudden, grew into a normal sized young lady. When her aunt Edna called me recently she said that Margaret was a grandmother and was doing just fine.

Jim Neely acquired his homestead in 1882. One 100 years later, in 1982, his great great grandchildren reaped 55 bushels to the acre of the world's finest wheat. No chemical fertilizers had been used. They do, however, use some herbicides and nitrogen.

While driving in the winter, the doctor on several occasions drove past a group of wild horses, their hair about 10 inches long. The horses subsisted on whatever they could nibble from the prairie by digging down through 3 or 4 feet of snow with their hooves. They looked perfectly healthy with no signs of malnutrition. This led me to believe that malnutrition is one of the great causes of ill health among humans.

My salary of $4,500 per year by today's standards seems like a fairly small income for a doctor taking care of 4000 people. Most people believe that the great depression of the 1930's was the result of the market crash in October 1929. It actually did the opposite by bringing in a period of deflation whereby the value of the dollar increased and the price of everything was reduced. The fact is that the purchasing power of the dollar was the greatest it ever had been or ever would be. The biggest reason for calling it a depression was the simultaneous occurrence of the dust bowl era involving most of the farmland in the western United States extending northward into Saskatchewan to about 50 miles south of Wishart. Money and jobs were, of course, scarce but one could buy the finest stall fed beef for 15 cents a pound. Lumber and all other commodities could also be purchased a very low price. The depression actually began in March of 1934 when President Roosevelt introduced inflation. He took the United States off of the gold standard and reduced the value of the dollar to 60 cents by increasing the value of an ounce of gold from $20.00 to $35.00. In other words, he began robbing the treasury. When Roosevelt became president in 1933, the American national debt was three billion dollars. At present it is two trillion dollars (i.e. 2000 billion) and still increasing. When you consider that the purchasing power of a dollar is about 10% of what it was when I was in Saskatchewan, the purchasing power of my $4,500 per year would be equal to $45,000 today. This explains why I was able to keep my head above water financially while sending $100.00 home each month to help my bother Robert go through medical college.

There was not much social life in those days. I did keep company, however, with a quite a pretty doctor's daughter named Marjorie who lived in a village about forty miles away. We more or less went steady for about five years while I was practicing as a municipal doctor in the Whishart area. We were just friends.

Majorie and I started going together pretty much by chance. One evening in December 1930 I was busy with a maternity case on the southern edge of my territory. There was about a foot of snow on the ground. This family lived very primitively. Their name was Falster. This lady was the daughter of Mrs. Eddy Mckay who had twenty four children. One of her daughters, Mrs. Matthews, had sixteen children and another sister had fifteen, and this was Mrs. Falster's fourteenth baby. The delivery was not going well. I decided to give her an injection of pituitan to hurry things along. I required a small inch and a half long needle but the one that I had was plugged up. Being as how I was only fifteen miles north of the village where Marjorie's doctor father lived, I decided to drive down there to see if he had a inch and a half long needle which he did. While I was there I stayed a little while and got acquanted with Marjorie. She played the piano and I sang a little bit. She was a lovely young lady of seventeen. So, for the next five years, Marjorie was my girl friend.

There wasn't much you could go to. We'd go to country dances, go over to her place and sing a few songs, drive around the country in my car, and that sort of thing.

On June 3, 1936 my brother Bob had graduated from Manitoba Medical College. I had been sending him a little bit of money each month get him through. Now that he was out of medical college and was going in to be an intern in Winnapeg I didn't have to send as much money home so I resigned. Marjorie and I did not have any definite understanding about our future or concerning possible marriage. All I wanted to do was to get away from the country so I went to Winnapeg and tried to get started in

practice there. Later that summer, I left for England where I planned to study ophthalmology.

After I left Whishart Marjorie went away to Vancouver to be a nurse. I happened to be able to go back to Wishart sometime that summer before I went to England and I thought that we might get married and she could go to London with me, but she had already gone to Vancouver so nothing happened.

I had been thinking about taking post graduate work in eyes for several years. I had been doing refractions in Whishart and I thought that I knew something about eyes. When I did get to London, however, I found out how really ignorant I had been.

During June, July, and August I became an intern for private patients at Winnipeg General Hospital. The leading surgeon at that time was Dr. Neal John McClean. His assistant was Paul T.H. Thalikson, an Icelander. Also they had Art Hay and Bert Stuart, who graduated a year ahead of me working with them. I often used to assist them. Once or twice Dr. Thalikson would remark that if I became proficient in eye work I might come and work with them. However, when I got back from England two and a half years later I got stopped in Manhattan where I remained. I didn't know that Dr. Thalikson by that time had a pretty active clinic, that is, his clinic consisted of building with eleven floors, very modern, and maybe one hundred and fifty or two hundred expert doctors (he only took the best from London) working in his clinic. I didn't see him again for some years until the centennial of the medical college when he was the chairman for a group of doctor graduates from Manitoba that had graduated prior to 1932. He was almost ninety and he didn't look a day older than when I had last seen him fifty years earlier.

The summer of 1936 was unusually hot. From July 3rd to the 13th the temperature was over 100 degrees each day. On July 11th of that year thirty-six very healthy young men died of heat prostration. It was during that summer that I applied for and was accepted for the study of ophthalmology at Moorfield's Hospital in London England.

My mother and I took the Canadian Pacific train from Winnapeg on the 15th of September, 1936 for Montreal at 6:30 in the evening. We arrived in Montreal at 11 o'clock on the morning of the 17th of September where we boarded the Canadian Pacific liner the Dutchess of York for our trip to England.

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## JOURNEY TO ENGLAND TO STUDY OPHTHALMOLOGY

I still didn't see much prospect of getting started in Winnipeg so my mother and I took a CPR train to Montreal at 6PM on September 15, 1936. Where we boarded a ship called the Dutchess of York and spent two days sailing down the St. Lawrence. It was quite eerie to be sitting on the deck and your view on each side was the farms with cattle and farm buildings until you got to where the St. Lawrence got wider. It was dark by the time we reached Quebec City. The next day the Gulf was so wide that you would think that you were out at sea.

It seemed strange to be traveling on the decks of a 20,000 ton ocean liner for two days with nothing on each side but Quebec farmland as we cruised down the St. Lawrence River. On Sunday the 17th at 1:00 P.M., on entering the dining salon for lunch, we could see through a porthole that the ocean on either side was going sightly up and down indicating that they had just passed through the strait of Belle Isle north of Newfoundland into the Atlantic Ocean at the 52nd parallel of latitude. It had taken us 49 hours (Allowing one hour for a time zone difference) to travel that distance from Montreal. At that time we were already more than halfway to Great Britain and we had only just then entered the Atlantic Ocean! On the nineteenth, two days later early in the morning (say at seven o'clock) we were anchored in the Clyde near Glasgow, at a place called Greenick. There being no docks at Greenick, they loaded and unloaded the freight by the use of small ships called lighters.

When you look at a map it seems a long way across but the Atlantic is actually quite narrow in the north. It is the route that commercial jet aircraft take when you fly from Kennedy Airport in New York at say 8:30 in the evening. By eleven o'clock you look down to your left and there is the lights of Halifax because you are still flying over land. However, they then turn east just before they reach Goose Bay

Airport in Labrador and cross the ocean to Heathrow outside of London. It was also the route that Harry Hawker, who the British credit with being the first man to cross the Atlantic, used on his historic flight. His little open cockpit plane was so iced up that he had to land beside a freighter within sight of Ireland. Also Lindberg flew the same route. Nobody when they go from New York to Europe go straight across the Atlantic. They all take the northern loop which is really much shorter.

In the after noon we sailed across the Irish Sea to Belfast. We Anchored in Belfast Harbor in the afternoon of September 21st. There were no docks big enough here either to we had to exchange passengers and freight from small vessels. We took on a bit of freight there and towords evening we headed south through the Irish Sea and we arrived in Liverpool on the morning of September 22nd.

At the Liverpool landing stage early in the morning to meet us was my mother's sister Jesse, her daughter Gladys and her husband, whose name was McDonald. Also there were my mother's two brothers from Manchester, John and Bob and a half brother named Charley who lived across the river in Wallasley, one of the bedroom suburbs of Liverpool. Believe it or not, at that time seven of my grandfather's children were still alive 90 years after he had been married. Four of them were from my grandmother who had died in 1891. After that he had married a Scotch gal by the name of Polly Mckechern who had previously been married for 20 years and had had no children. After she married my grandfather, they had four children, two sons and two daughters. The youngest one, Fred, had died just the year before.

**MEETING MY ENGLISH COUSINS**

My mothers's parents were married in 1845 and when we docked at the Liverpool landing stage on the morning of September the 22nd just 90 years later, three of their sons and a daughter were there to meet me while other daughters were living elsewhere in Great Britain (Alice Danby was in London and Edith Parkes was in the Isle of Mann). In other words, seven of my grandfather's children, including my mother, were still around 90 years after my grandparents had been married. Those children who descended from my grandmother were uncle John, uncle Bob, aunt Jessie, and my mother. Those who descended from my step-grandmother were aunt Alice, aunt Edith, and uncle Charlie.

At the time of their marriage, the textile industry was in full swing. Liverpool was a very busy port. Now it is a depressed area with 28% unemployment. The cotton and woolen mills having nearly all closed down due to labor unions which are killing England just as they are the United States.

BRIEF STAY IN THE LIVERPOOL AREA

My cousins in Liverpool introduced me to Dr. Bernard Chavasse, that's a French name, his ancestors were Huguenots. He was considered to be the leading eye doctor for the north of England, also considered the most brilliant medical student that there ever had been in England. His anscestors were French Huegonots. I spent that afternoon with Dr. Chavasse in his little car while he visited clinics and hospitals. He suggested that to learn about eyes you're better to go to London since they did not have the proper facilities in Liverpool.

While in Liverpool we stayed in Sawduff Hotel in Wallasey near where uncle Charlie lived. One afternoon, I was walking around town there with his daughter Pauline and she stopped to talk to another girl. When I asked her who was her friend she said "I don't know, she just me cousin". Any way, I found out from Uncle Charlie later that this friend was a grand daughter of Uncle John, that is my eldest uncle, my grandmother's oldest son. He was a Herculean sort of fellow, very strong, and he married Emily Marie Mappin, who was also from a Huguenot family and in eight years they had eight children, seven of them boys. Those eight children all married and had many descendants for four or five generations. This young lady whom we had met in the street was descended from cousin Sydney. I said to this young lady, "I must have a lot of cousins in Birkenhead" where she lived, and she answered "rather". Those eight children all married and they had many decendants for four or five generations. I have never been able to get into contact with any of these numerous cousins. In 1985 Jimmy Reynolds was driving us up to Hargate. In Wallasey we were able to locate uncle Charlie's home, but since he had left this world we just had his wife. His daughter Pauline was there. She had two sons in their forties. I asked her about this young lady we had encountered in 1936 when we were out for a walk and she had no recollection of it. What I believe is that some of the family had come to the conclusion that my

grandfather was not the father of this second batch of children so that uncle Charlie was not really my uncle. But this made no difference to me. It was interesting, they had a very nice home and they called it "the Orchard". At the back of their house with the flag stones to walk on was a little apple tree about five feet high. That is why they called the place the Orchard.

While we were in the Liverpool area, we got out the telephone book. The listings included the bedroom cities south of the Mersey. When we came to Birkenhead, where uncle John had lived there were four pages of Reynolds. Its only a small suburb. It is unusual to have four pages of the same name even in a big city. It stands to reason, therefore, that some of those Reynolds' must have been descendants of uncle John. I am still trying to find out something about them.

## OFF TO LONDON

On the 30th of September, 1936, my mother and I took a fast train to London, a distance of two hundred and forty miles on the LMS line with one stop at Crew. We made it in exactly three hours to Houston Station in London. In that huge old fashioned station with the glass roof, the taxis could drive right along side of the train, so you had no trouble transferring your luggage. I asked the taxi driver if he could take us to somewhere Moorfields Eye Hospital. He had never heard of the place so he asked the taxi driver behind him in the ramp if he knew anything about it. He said that he had never heard of it but he knew where "Moorgate" was. "Well", I said, "take me there, maybe that's near it". The taxi ride turned out to be a sight seeing tour of London. I think he drove us all over the place knowing that we were strangers. We finally got to a place called Charter House Square, which is right in the east near St Bartholemuel's Hospital. The taxi driver said that he thought that this was near Moorgate. There are wonderful sycamore trees growing in this square.

They say that perhaps a contributing factor was that at the time of the black death they chucked 50,000 bodies into a big pit there as they hadn't time to dig graves. There was a small hotel there. The land lady said that she knew there was a Moorfields Hospital nearby. They had a suite for my mother, but for me they gave me the porter's bedroom and he would be back in couple of days so I wouldn't be able to stay long. I told my mother that these temporary arrangements would have to do and that we would find another place to stay the next day.

We left our baggage at this little hotel and had the taxi driver find his way, through inquiries, to Moorefield's Eye Hospital were we arrive just before they were closing at 5 o'clock. After I had arranged to join a class of about 75 people for a course in opthalmology from Sir John Parsons, at that time England's leading ophtalmologist. After we had registered and were ready to go back to the little hotel, for the life of me, I could not remember that name Charter House. So I had the clerk rattle of the name of a number squares and when he said "Charter House" I said "that is it". We went back and got our luggage and then had something to eat at a small restarurant.

After we ate, we took a tram car (a double decked street car), which had a terminal nearby. I had obtained an advertizment from the Daily Telegraph. All that I could make out was that there was an apartment located at 577 Camden Road off Hollaway NR. NGS. HD. I didn't know what that meant but I just told the tram car conductor that I wanted to go to 577 Camden Road. He said "Well where is it?" I said "well here is the ad". So he gets it out and says "well why didn't you say so". You see what it meant was that it was off Hallaway Road near the Nags Head. In England you never tell a person what direction it is or where you are going, just give the name of the nearest pub. Well, on Halloway Road there is a big neon horses neck sticking out and that's the pub called Nag's Head. However, he said that that would be "thrupence", that is, three pennies. As we were going along Halloway Road, there were not many people in the tram car but when we get near he says "here it is, there's the Nags Head". We got off and had to walk a few hundred yards to 577 Camden Road where we saw the house and we talked to the owner. We took a flat on the second floor. We stayed there during the winter until 1937. It was within walking distance of Moorefields Eye Hospital, the first eye hospital ever built in the world. It is still considered the most prestigious and progressive.

## STUDIES AT MOORFIELDS

On the morning of October the 1st I began a six month course in ophthalmology at Moorfields Hospital, history's first eye hospital, under Sir John Parsons, England's leading ophthalmologist. Six months later

in April, I took and exam for a degree called the DMOS in Examination Hall in Queen's Square. I finished at five o'clock in the afternoon so I took the tram car back to Camden Road. In the evening, at about eight o'clock while I was having supper with my mother, someone came climbing up the stairs and it was the postman with the results of my examination. I had just finished the final quiz just three hours previously. This was an example of how rapidly the London Postal Service can deliver mail.

There were 75 other students in the program. The students were allowed to attend the outpatient clinic where they treated from 800 to 1200 eye patients each morning Monday through Saterday. By giving the hospital $250 (fifty pounds) for keeps you had the privilage of being in the hospital and being in the clinics. There were four surgeons and you could be in there rooms. Each surgeon had a room where about eighty patients could crowd in. You were able to see a lot of interesting eye cases because all of these patients are sent their by doctors and 1200 patients is a lot of patients. We were just there for the mornings and in the afternoons I attended the Central London Eye, Ear, Nose, and Troat clinic on Judd Street. At that time, I didn't think that I was just going to be an ophthalmologist, I figured that I was going to be an eye, ear, nose and throat specialist. So, a group of us went to the clinic every afternoon. One fellow owned a car, I think he was an Englishman, and a big black fellow from Oklahoma and a pretty little chinese woman named Wong. All together there five of us who went each afternoon to the Judd Street Nose and throught Hospital. I did learn quite a bit about nose and throat.

At Moorfields Eye Hospital, the patients come through from the back someplace and the first person that the meet is a "sifter". Like sifting floor, the sifter sorted the patients out. Each surgeon had a couple of sifters. Dr. Harold Riddly was the registrar who managed the outpatient and saw to it that things ran smoothly (this was the same Dr. Riddly who first did a lens implant following a catarac operation later on in 1949). One morning he said "I say Little, would you like to be a sifter?" I said "well yes, what does it involve?" "Well" he said, "we give you two quid each morning (that's ten dollars) and you sift the patients, that is, you decide what they want. Now each patient comes along and goes past the high desk that you are standing at and if they need a test for glasses, you give them a yellow card. If he has to see the third house surgeon you give them a red card. An if he needs to see the trachoma department you gave him a very dark red card. And if it seems serious, a blue card for the head surgeon, Dr. Foster Moore. Dr. Moore was also the chief ophthalmologist at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. He was considered to be London's leading eye doctor.

I finished my six month course of lectures from Dr. Sir John Parsons on the first of April.

## HOUSE SURGEON

Every morning I did sifting. One weekend the third house surgeon wanted to take the weekend off so Harold Riddly came to me and said "say Little, would you take care of the casualty department, the house surgeon isn't going to be there". The third house surgeon was in charge of the casualty department at that time headed by Dr. Zaporkin who was a half moslem from India. Occasionally, when he took off a weekend, they had me take charge.

Actually, it was quite a busy place with fourteen nurses assisting me. On a large table with a water proof top perhaps a dozen patients could sit around it hot bathing their eyes. Different jobs were assigned to those fourteen nurses. A lot of patients went through the casualty department. In fact, there were three benchs with about dozen people on each and they kept sneaking along each bench until the next one came to the doctor in charge, which happened to be me that weekend. So I had a little experience in treating eyes.

Through this job they got to know me around Moorfields, all the result of Harold making me a sifter. After two or three months I was visiting the Royal Westminster Hospital in the West End where they asked me to become a house surgeon beginning on May 1, 1937. I heartily agreed. When told that I would have to have my license to practice in England, they referred me to the British Medical Association Office in Tavistock Square. There the man in charge said, "show me your certificate". Upon seeing that I was a graduate of Manitoba Medical College, he said, "that will cost you 25 guineas please." I wrote a check and on handing him the license he remarked "that was easy", to which the man replied, "my dear young fellow, you will not always find it that easy". Asking why that was, the man said, "your from Manitoba". I asked "so what?", to which the man replied, "didn't you know that Manitoba is the only Medical institution west of the Atlantic Ocean that we accept doctors from?"

TRAVELS TO IRELAND

My six months course of lectures by Sir John Parsons ended on the first of April. Before beginning my 18 month service as a resident house surgeon in the Royal Westminster branch of Moorfield Eye Hospital my mother and I arranged to go visit my cousins in Ireland, in what used to be called Kingstown before 1921 and what is now called Dun Laoghaire about ten miles south of Dublin (the town is actually the port for that city).

We took the train from London to Hollyhead in Wales and then took the steam packet to Dun Laoghaire where we visited our cousins on my grandfather's side for two weeks. My cousin Ethel was a widow. Her husband, a captain of the Irish Lights, had been lost at sea. The Irish Lights were responsible for caring for all of the light houses around the stormy rough coast of all of Ireland. They had two daughters, Noreen, 21 years old, and Doreen, about 18, both very pleasant blond young ladies. During this visit we frequently went into Dublin in a 7 horsepower Ford owned by cousin Ethel's boyfriend. We all crowded into that little car to go dancing nearly every evening in Dublin. The people there really enjoyed dancing. We also made trips in Mr. Irish's car to different places around the city which were all very beautiful. We went to Lord Powercor's estate and paid a shilling. He is the man who operates the Irish Sweepstakes. We also went to a place called Bray. Wherever we went the people were very pleasant and it was beautiful scenery.

While we were visiting Ethel, my mother and I took a trip up to north to Belfast were my father's people had originated. We visited Uncle Harry who was my Aunt Jessie's husband (Aunt Jessie was my mother's sister) and their daughter Marie Kincaide. Also, Harry Hembry Jr. was Jessie's son. It is common knowledge that Ireland produces linen, so Harry Kincaide, Marie's husband, invited me to visit one of the smaller mills in Belfast called the Blackstaff (where they make 90% of the world's linen is made). They had about 1000 employees, mostly women, making the linen. It was interesting to see how bales of flax, very rough looking hay actually, go through the process which is a long trip and ends up as the finest linen napkins and table cloths. I had been under the impression that they made linen in Ireland because the climate there was so suitable for growing flax. Harry informed me, however, that all of the linen grown in Ireland would keep their mill going any one day until eleven o'clock in the morning. I said "where do you get your flax from?" "Oh" he said, "Russia, and also from Europe". "But", he said, "the best flax in the world can be grown in Manitoba where you come from". "Well", I said, "could I go back to Canada and make linen?" "Of course you can", he said, "but you would have to take those thousand girls with you that know how to make it". The linen fibers go through many processes before the rough bale of flax becomes a luxury table cloth. In one of these rooms everything has to be soaking wet. In their bare feet, the women wear burlap dresses and rush around changing looms or something like that and the process goes on. In a fairly advanced stage of the process, the spans of linen fibers is nothing but an inch wide white band that looks like a bit of tape which is slowly moving. In one room eleven machines, each worth over $100,000, just look like a black box about a foot each way and four or five feet high. A frail looking Irish girl was taking care of them, but she had to be smart. She had to notice if anything was going wrong in one of those eleven machines. The white band that looked like a bit of tape was actually thousands of fine linen fibers passing through.

In about 1920 when Ireland obtained "home rule", that is, it broke off from being part of the British Empire, the northern six counties, called Ulster, remained loyal to the United Kingdom. The population of Ulster is estimated to be about one million protestants, mostly Presbyterian, and a half a million catholics. The Irish Republican Army is a group actually outlawed by the republican government in Dublin, yet they have been trying for the last eight or ten years to force the British to give up Ulster and let it join the rest of Ireland through terror and murder. The British government maintains 17,000 troops in Ulster for to restore peace and to protect the half million catholics who might be slaughtered if the Presbyterians were left to take care of things themselves. The IRA does not appear to be making much headway, but they still continue their murdering and bombing in Presbyterian areas.

The climate in Ulster is a lot cooler than it is in the south of Ireland. The southern coast of Ireland is almost semi-tropical. Palm trees grow there. The fact is, however, that the industrial six counties of Ulster have several times the wealth of the twenty six counties of the south. This is one factor that is bothering the IRA. They think that if they could get Ulster to be part of the south they would have much more prosperity. In that case, however, the industries in the north would probably move out.

Harlan and Wolf of Belfast was for many years the world's largest ship building yard where they built the Titanic and the Olympic. During the last war they produced four aircraft carriers. Belfast also has the world's largest rope making factory and many other industries. In a previous chapter we told how Ulster became presbyterian during Cromwell's time in the 1650's.

## LIFE AS A HOUSE SURGEON

We returned by train to my cousins in Dun Laoghaire before continuing on back to London and to begin being a house surgeon in the Royal Westminster Eye Hospital on May 1, 1937 for an 18 month course ending on the 31st of October, 1938. I didn't realize at the time that becoming a house surgeon in a hospital like that was quite an honor. They had the whole world to choose from and they pick you because they think that you are capable but also because they think that you are better class.

When I arrived in London on October 1, 1936 the British Pound was worth $5.06 in Canadian money. The British had pretty much recovered economically from the enormous spending of the first world war eighteen years previously.

As a house surgeon at the Royal Westminster Hospital, I was on duty every day from nine in the morning until nine at night with every third weekend off. As a result, I didn't have much time for "getting around". One interesting type of social event would be a reception at a place like the Colonial Office in Whitehall where they would have an immense table with every kind of food and drink on it and all that you could consume. What interested me most was that I received so many invitations to take a week or so off and be invited to one of their palatial homes. It is so different in this country. When I was in New York for six years, for example, I had practically no invitations to private homes.

The Royal Westminster branch of Moorfield Eye Hospital is located in the center of London across Oxford Street from the British Museum. For the first six months as third house surgeon, I received $50.00 per month and my keep. There was plenty to be done around the hospital. In the afternoon, 300 outpatients were treated 6 days a week.

In the hospital we treated about three hundred patients each day in the out-patient clinic. We also did surgery. In the mornings we did our rounds. It was interesting how qualified the nurses are their in that I was able to see up to fifty odd patients in a morning without the slightest difficulty, not having to go to the floor office to do any writing because the nurses are trained so that if you tell them to do something they always remember it. As a result, the nurses took care of all the details.

A new profession was developed at the Royal Westminster Hospital call orthoptics, that is, straightening crooked eyes. It all began because of a young wing commander named Livingston, from Vancouver, B.C. As a pilot in the Royal Air Force during the First World War. He had noticed that some pilots had difficulty in landing. They couldn't seem to judge distance. He figured that there was something wrong with their "3-D", that is their distance judging. He worked on it and studied it along with a young lady by the name of Mary Maddox whose father had developed the "Maddox rod" and "Maddox wing", a pioneer in binocular vision checking. In 1929 Wing Commander Livingston and Mary Maddox opened an Orthoptic training center in the Westminster. The profession calls cross-eyed people, that is strabidimus, a muscle problem. There is actually nothing wrong with the eye muscles, the difficulty is that the very complicated binocular vision center in the brain has been unable to function because of a gross refractive error. With the machines that Wing Commander Livingston devised and by other means, they found that they were able to straighten grossly cross-eyed children through trainings. Just operating and making the eyes look straighter does not restore binocular vision. The vision in the eye that was crooked remains deficient and is called amblyopia.

Twenty two years later, in 1959, at an eye meeting in Roanoke, Virginia, air marshall Sir Phillip Clairmont Livingston noticed the name "Hudson" stuck on my lapel. Quite excitedly he informed me that his folks came from Germantown, a village a few miles south of Hudson. In 1666 the Dutch government gave the British control of the settlements in New York's Hudson valley in exchange for part of the Dutch East Indies. Being accustomed to large estates in England, the British government created a number of large manors, mostly on the east bank of the river. The 180,000 acre Livingston manor extended from 12 miles along the shore of the Hudson easterly to 22 miles bordering the state of Massachusetts. 110 years later the Phillip branch of the family remaining loyal to the British fled to

Canada where air marshall Sir Phillip Clairmont Livingston grew up in Vancouver. In general it appears that eye doctors are not too enthusiastic about orthoptics. In the first place it doesn't make them any money and they don't like handing their patients over to an orthoptist who is not a doctor. There is a lot to be said, however, in their favor.

Dr. Kieth Lyle, at the Westminster, was the leading exponent of orthoptics and wrote a good sized book on the subject. I was with him a lot and we used to have to do surgery on eye muscles, mostly on patients aged six and a half to eleven. Younger than that, children do not have the intelligence to work at orthoptics and after age eleven, the program does not work. We got so that we could do operations quite rapidly. We had an anesthetic called evipal which was given intravenously. The patients remained asleep for about seven or eight minutes so we had to get the surgery done fairly rapidly. I became able to do a splint operation, that is, operating on cross eyes, in five minutes. I became fairly proficient at it, and later, while I was practicing in New York, they house surgeon who followed me, John Pockly from Australia, told me that the consensus of opinion around the Westminster was that I was the best natural born surgeon that they could remember having around the place.

In my final six months at the Westminster, I became the private house surgeon to Sir Richard Cruise who was surgeon oculist Queen Mary. He was quite a smooth cataract surgeon. All of his patients did very well post operatively, although he had never done an iridectomy which nearly all surgeons perform.

As house surgeon in the Royal Westminster Eye Hospital, I did not have a great deal of free time to enjoy the social activities of that great city. People visiting there for a short time are actually not too familiar with the vast social activities taking place and many people, especially Americans, do not agree with Britain's class distinction. I was not informed when I became a house surgeon at Westminster that I was definitely upper class even though with my income as a senior house surgeon, I did not think that he could afford 16 quid ($80.00) to attend parties at the Dorchester, rather ritzy affairs.

SOCIAL LIFE

Being interested in participating in the social life of London, I had my cousin Reggie Marsden (who was in the textile business) arrange to have me meet a representative of a large men's clothing manufacturer at their fitting rooms in Soho Square. I was able to order a custom made tuxedo made out of the very best materials for 5 pounds, that is, a little over $25.00, and tails that had to be worn with a white tie for six pounds (that is $30.00). At present you would not be able to purchase either of them for over $1,000 a piece.

One did not go out in the evening without wearing a tuxedo or tails. Short of funds as I was, I was unable to become involved in the extensive social life of London. Dancing at the Dorchester in Park Lane was the thing to do. Even in those low cost days, however, taking a girl out for a dinner and dance at the Dorchester would cost you sixteen quid, that is eighty dollars or more. I realize, upon looking back, that I shouldn't have been quite so miserly. It was not until one of the girls from the Westminster Eye Hospital came to work for me in Hudson that I was informed that I was considered to be one of London's ten most eligible bachelors. I might possibly have married a duchess or something like that thus eliminating my need for earning a living. Aside from cousins, I took a girl out only once in the twenty seven months that I was in London. She was a beautiful girl, her father was an ophthalmologist in Guilford, a place somewhat resembling Scarsdale outside of New York, the geographical center of wealth in the country. Her brother was on the all-star English Rugby team. In London, she lived with a group of the orthoptic girls from the Westminster in Queens Square in a house that was originally the home of Lord Clive of India. The group had arranged for a party to go skiing at St Mauritz in Switzerland. By boarding a train at Waterloo Station, going to Dover, then on a ferry across to Calaise, and across France to Switzerland. From there, you would take a vertical railway up the mountain to St Mauritz which is next to a place called Tontrizino, where the party was going to stay. You would stay for two weeks, and be fed the best of food. They would supply you with skis, show you how to ski, and then drag you up the mountain and then you would take all afternoon to come down again. You would take the ventricular railway after two weeks and then back to Dover and Waterloo Station. The whole two weeks cost $100.00. Well like a damn fool I decided that it would be more important to write this exam that I was taking working towards my DMS degree. I failed the exam anyway and I missed having the time of my life. John Pockley from Australia, who I gave my ticket to, married the heiress and had

three children (she eventually left him in Australia and came back to London). The strange thing to me about this episode was that from that day on, my mind had an absolute blank as far as Rosemary was concerned. I never thought of her at all. My brother came back from his trip to the Falkland Islands and we had a lot of fun together and went on a fishing trip to Scotland. It never occurred to me that I should have followed up with Rosemary.

The gathering at Lord Clive's home was in February of 1938 and with my mother, we sailed for New York on December 15, 1938 arriving on December 22, 1938. I obtained my licence to practice in this state by writing twelve three hour papers about everything that I had learned in medical college thirteen years before. I was on the staff of the Manhattan Eye and Ear and St Luke's Hospital. After five and a half year, in the spring of 1944, Jane and I were married. It appears that it might be prophetic that it is, as they say, there is a destiny which shapes our ends, rough hue them as ye may. We had seven children in the first twelve and three quarter years of our marriage demonstrating during their thirty six years of college that they have a remarkable concentration of brains. some unseen power must have made my mind go blank regarding Rosemary for nearly a whole year before leaving England. She wrote me once while I was in New York just before the war began. she was living in Toronto but she rushed home just before hostilities began. She married a doctor. She has a family and sent me a card this last Christmas.

## BOAT TRIP ON THE THAMES

Johnny Evans was a young doctor working in the out patient clinic who had an old sail boat, about twenty feet long, called a cat boat. He invited my brother and I to go for an overnight sail with him. He kept his boat near Greenwich. It was a very calm evening, so we had to use his little auxiliary motor to make headway. We sailed down the Thames and had no difficulty. It was pitch dark by the time we got near the English Channel. There are extensive mud flats when the tide was low but this evening when we arrive, the tide was apparently fairly high. In the pitch dark, Johnny says "we'll throw out the hook here". Now I don't know how he could tell but he really was anchoring in small river that ran into the Thames. There we slept the night. We awoke to a bright sunny morning in this little river and right opposite was a building which apparently was a pub. It was on the edge of what they call Canby Island. Several hundred years ago the Dutch had built a dike around this area which is below sea level. They kept it dry by opening the drains when the tide was low. We went up and had some breakfast at the pub. While we were eating, Johnny gave a shout and I said "what's the matter?" He said "its turning". I said "what's the matter with that?" He had noticed that tide was turning and we had to hurry and finish because we didn't want to go back up to London against the tide. There wasn't a ship in sight but by the time we got started you would think all the ships in the world were there. There were ships from Japan, Russia, and every place else. One of the features was the "sailing barges". They were just an ordinary barge but each had a huge red sail. They could travel fairly rapidly, in fact, they could travel faster than our little boat could. The rules of the sea are, however, that a sailboat always has the right of way. So with our little boat we sailed out into the traffic. At one point we sailed into the path of an oncoming Japanese ship. You could see them waving their fists and shouting but we couldn't hear a thing but they had to throw it into reverse and let us pass. Johnny had a lot of fortitude and didn't scare easily. A couple of years later Johnny died at Dunkirk during the war. He was a great fellow.

## FISHING TRIP TO SCOTLAND

Mr. Frances, a stockbroker in his seventies, had settled his estate with his children and left himself about a million dollars which he thought that he would be able to live on. My brother Bob had met him on the Queen Mary as he came to England from Canada. Mr. Frances invited the both of us to go salmon fishing in Scotland during my vacation in the summer of 1938. The train, called The Flying Scot, leaves King's Cross Station on the L.N.E.R. at exactly ten o'clock in the morning and arrives at Waverly Steps in Edinburgh at exactly five o'clock. The distance between the rails on almost all railroads is something like four feet eight and two thirds inches (this is the so called "standard gage"). That was the gage of the Rocket, the name of first locomotive invented by George Stevenson and driven over the actual road bed that we were passing in The Flying Scot rather slowly because the land in that area is fairly uneven because of the ancient mines collapsing and effecting the level of the roadbed. They served a very reasonable priced lunch on that smooth running and very silent rubber suspended train. For a shilling, at four o'clock, we had afternoon tea. They served as much sandwiches and cake as anyone could eat.

Arriving in Edinburgh we had perhaps two hours or more to wait before we caught the train Inverness to the north. We wandered up the hill towards Edinburgh Castle. Half way up this thousand foot high hill, they had burrowed a tunnel like a ground hog hole into the solid red granite. In this cavern they had carved of the names of all the young men killed in the First World War. It was rather a sickening sight to think that 250,000 men out of the one million boys who had volunteered from Scotland's total population of five and a half million gave a mighty good account of themselves. The Germans called them the ladies from hell. In their kilts, they couldn't they were human. Continuing up the hill to Edinburgh Castle, we landed in the midst of a gang from Hollywood that was making a movie about Mary Queen of Scots. Somehow I lost track of my brother. I looked around and finally I saw him. The leading lady in this movie was a luscious blond. She was sitting in a beige colored convertible Cadillac and there was my brother Bob leaning with his elbow on the side of the car giving this woman the old Canadian line. Of course there were many people in a circle and a bunch of cops trying to keep them back from getting too close to the blond actress for her autographs.

In Edinburgh in this northern latitude it was still broad daylight at seven o'clock as we made our way down to the station to take our train to Inverness where we changed trains and continued on up north to Rogart. That is where Edney, Mr. Frances' valet, picked us up and drove us seventeen miles to the "Shooting Box" at Ben Armine. "Box" is really not an appropriate name, it was really a fine old stone house situated on 20,000 acres of what they called "deer forest". Now there wasn't a single tree on the place, but in ancient time times there must have been, perhaps in Roman times, because the peat there is about ten feet thick. Mr. Frances rented the place for $35.00 a day, but that was only the beginning. He had to pay salaries of the staff, that is the valet's wife who worked in the dining room, Mrs. Adams was the cook, and her helper. In the kitchen they didn't have a cook stove or an electric range. Instead, they had a big fire place with a peat burning fire, which has never gone out since before the battle of Waterloo because the Duke of Wellington used to come to this shooting box and it was the favorite hunting area for the future King Edward VIII and his brother George IV. Running through it was Brora River, which is the best salmon river in Scotland, so they told us. The Duke of Sutherland at that time owned a great deal of the north of Scotland and the next shooting box was rented by a gentleman by the name of J.P Morgan. The name of that shooting box was Ben Claybrick ("Ben" means mountain).

During the hunting season, Dunrobin Castle, facing the North Sea, is the residence during the hunting season of the Duke. It was quite a large building dating back to before the days of William the Conqueror. Visitors to the castle are not allowed to take photographs because even snapshots of the priceless paintings in the castle might be marketable. On one floor, the entire floor is covered by a Sutherland tartan, sort of a blue colored thing. They must have woven it right there on the floor. The castle has a very large living room facing the east and it has three sort of conversational alcoves with priceless tapestries on the walls behind them. There is a dining room with a very long and highly polished table for state occasions. In a little room to one side is a dining room where the Sutherland family may eat. Facing east towards the North Sea the side of the hill is beautifully landscaped with about three terraces. Down at the bottom is a dock where the Duke's private little boat is, it was like an ocean liner about three hundred feet long. To the west, at the back of the house, they have created a hedge of maple trees about forty feet high and extending for about a quarter of a mile. The space between the hedges on each side is very white small crushed stone. On the left side there is an opening in the hedge through which one could see the Duke's brightly painted train and engine which was red with the word's "Duke of Sutherland" painted in gold letters on the side. The Duke could take his own train the 700 miles to London any time that he felt like it.

In his study, the Duke had a wooden panel about a foot square showing his family tree. It had himself at the center and radiating in all direction were his ancestors. One was Henry Stuart who was the husband of Mary Queen of Scots (later becoming Lord Darnley) and the father of James VI of Scotland and James I of England, the first of the Stuart Kings. Members of the nobility were among his various ancestors.

While we were there, the Duke sold Sutton Place to an oil man named Getty. It was the first large country mansion built truly as a home, not part fortress with a moat about it. It is in Guildford near London.

Bob and I were invariably accompanied by a gilly who carried all the equipment, including something to

eat and cider. He also fixed the worms on the hooks for us. All we had to do was to sit and hold the line and fish. In catching salmon you have to wait quite a while before you get a bite. Salmon always put up a good fight. It usually took fifteen or twenty minutes to tire the fish down. After the fish was tired and near the edge of the pool, the gilly would get him out with the gaff.

One Thursday morning the itinerary said that we were going salmon fishing and it was raining (I mean it was really raining). I said to Jock our gilly, "you're not going fishing today are you" and he said "why not". So I said "it's raining like the devil" and he said "its a wee bick o' mist". So we went fishing. I never got so soaking wet in my life.

On another occasion, I felt a little nibble on the end of my line and I gave it a jerk and caught a twelve pound salmon by a fin. Jock McKay, in great excitement, screamed "you can no fowl em, you can no fowl em". "Why" I said, "what's the difference?" "Aye, you don't fowl em". It took a long time to tire him out but we finally had him gaffed. So it appears that I had discovered something. He always said that there were plenty of fish in the pool and he was right because they were down deep and down there in layers apparently. I caught him on the fins because I let the hook go down fairly deep so I let it go deep again and caught another one by the fins. Jock nearly had a fit. He never took us to the salmon pool again.

One was able to develop a fairly hardy appetite in that cool northern climate. Our dinner took quite a while to prepare and it invariable had freshly caught salmon just as a sort of an appetizer and the roast beef and whatever else there was. Of course there was always a different kind of wine. You never ate a meal there without wine. After dinner one evening, it must have been about eleven o'clock but still broad daylight, we went around to the front of the old stone house facing the west, the gillies, actually four of them, were sitting there on the grass beside the house. Old Jock Mckay, the head gilly, was saying "aye, he's a royal, we'll save him for the Duke". Another gilly said, "he's nay a royal", and Jock says "yeah, he's a royal, here take the glass". Each of these fellows carried a $300.00 telescope and they could have that thing up and in focus in a split second. The other gilly looked up a and says "aye, he's a royal, we'll save him for the Duke". I said, "what the sam hell are you guys looking at?" He answered "aye there is a fine stag on the face", the side of a hill is never called a hill, it is called a "face". "He's a royal". I said "what does that mean?" He answered "he's got ten pints (i.e. points), we'll save him for the duke". I kept looking (I had pretty good eyesight at that time), and I couldn't see anything over there. He said "here, take the glass". After trying to get it focus on the right spot, I finally see this big bull moose looking at us from beside this big rock. It demonstrated to me what fabulous eyesight those highlanders have. They, of course, had been gillys for generations and had been watching stags all their lives. On their 20,000 acres of land they estimated that they had 600 does and 400 stags, that is a 1,000 head of deer. They got so that they knew almost every one of them.

One afternoon, Edney drove us, along with Mr. Frances, into Rogart, seventeen miles away, the village where we had landed. We had lunch at an inn. When we had finished eating, Mr. Frances went to a phone and sat there mumbling something into it. After that we went out and looked at the village. What was interesting to me was that the an elderly couple had a weaving mill where they wove woolen cloth. They got wool from the various sheep herders and they mixed their different colors (black, brown, white, etc.) and that was the color that the cloth came out at. For power, they had an old fashioned water wheel. The water came from a little brook which was carried down to the wheel by a homemade plank runway. They could make you a piece of cloth and you could take it down to another village and have it made into plus fours, like the gillies were wearing. It was woven so tight that one could actually sit in water and not get wet.

I mentioned earlier that Mr. Frances had settled his estate with his children and left himself just a million dollars to live on and he did pretty well. That day in Rogart where we had lunch he had used the telephone. A few days later he said "damn it Bob, when I made that telephone call I earned $10,000, what can we do with it. He was always trying to get rid of his money. Another time he bet on a horse named Epigram in the Derby or the Grand National. And one time Epigram won some money. So for sometime after that, when he bought Bob anything, Bob would say "you should pay for that" and he would say "It's alright, you just say `Epigram'". He spent Epigram's money several times over.

They also had grouse on the shooting box. Mr. Frances rented a couple of bird dogs for $275.00 just for the two weeks. On our return to the city we took a train from Inverness to Glasgow. We arrived at

about ten o'clock at night. On the way we had met a young Scotch lad wearing his quilts. He said he was going over to Ireland to visit his sweet heart. We were a little bit late arriving and to get from the Inverness train we had to hurry to the LNS train to London. It was true that on a Saturday night Glasgow was just going round and round because it was very crowded. If it hadn't been for that young lad going to see his sweet heart and his bright colored kilts which we could see as he was running we would have missed that train. The LMS train goes non-stop from Glasgow to London also in six hours.

## SERVICE IN THE BRITISH ARMY AND MY MOVE TO NORTH AMERICA

In September of 1938 I was still a house surgeon at Westminster. The Munich negotiations had collapsed and we were expecting Hitler to start bombing. A number of us in the hospital gathered in a room on the second floor overlooking Oxford Street actually disappointed that Hitler hadn't started the show.

I completed my training as a house surgeon on October 31, 1938. On that day I had lunch with a young eye doctor named Phillips. That evening he called me and said "I say Little, are you going stay in this country or are you going back to America?" I said that it was great to be free. He then said "I know, but what are you going to do?" I replied "I don't know and I don't care". "Well", he said, "they want an eye doctor in the war office, are you interested?" "Well I don't know anything about it". He says "go and see Colonel Frost in Whitehall, its near Old Scotland Yard". So the next morning at ten o'clock I went to see the colonel. The sergeant introduced me and I said "they tell me that you are looking for an ophthalmologist here". "Is that so", he said hardly looked up. "Well that's funny", I said, "they told me that you are looking for an eye doctor". "Is that so". "I had lunch the other day with a young eye doctor named Phillips". At that he said "oh pardon me, do you know Phillips? I'm so sorry, won't you sit over there (they-ah)". "And" I said "what will I do?" He shot back "You'll find out". I didn't find out until a few days later. The War Office had made me the chief ophthalmologist for the whole British Army, the British Navy, and the Royal Air Force. At that time, the Empire had a billion people. It extended all the way from Sydney Austrailia to Singapoor to Saskatoon or to Soho Square in London. Officers and men came to me from as far away as Singapore and Australia and we had a beautiful set up for ophthalmology in the Great Millbank Military Hospital.

As a result, on November the 1st, 1938, the war office made me the ophthalmologist for the whole British Empire. This was about the biggest job that the British government could offer an eye doctor and no one ever turns it down so they bothered to ask me if I wanted it. Morefield's Eye Hospital, the world's most progressive, must have told them that this man Little was alright and that he was the best eye man available.

In my new job I spent the mornings in a small building in the War Office working with a group of physicians doing physicals on young public school boys applying for admission to Sandhurst, the British military college for training to be officers in the British Army and Air Force. Now "public school" in England does not mean that it is free. The public schools belong to a very exclusive group of people in the aristocracy.

All officers in the British Military are automatically made aristocrats when they are made officers. I checked the eyes of these young men just before I turned them over to Col. Frost who spoke to them for just a few minutes and was able to decide whether they had the guts or the personality to be British Officer. One morning, the last patient that I say a noon was a very handsome young, in fact, I feel that he was the most handsome young fellow that I had ever seen. His name was John Younger. He gave his address as Twin Pines, Scotland. I said "is that a village?" and he said "no, that's the name of our home". I said "will that address find you?", "oh, yes", he says. He went to get back into his clothes and when he had left I mentioned to Col. Frost that this fellow had just gave his address as Twin Pines, Scotland. He said to me "don't you know who he is? He's John Younger and his family has the biggest distillery in Scotland". A year or two later I read in the list of casulties that Major John Younger lost his life defending Tobruk in North Africa.

After lunch I did consulting work in Millbank Military Hospital situated on the embankment just west of the Tate Art Gallery not far along the embankment from Westminster Abby. I was able to walk through the Tate on the way to the Millbank Hospital but I never had the time to stop and look at the world famous paintings.

In Millbank there is a small room called the "Trophy Room". On the wall, stuck on with a piece of tape, was a short bamboo swagger stick that officers carry when they are in their "pinkies", that is their fancy dress. Under the stick was a faded yellow card stating that this stick belonged to Major Chevasse who was last seen in no man's land during the First World War looking for the body of his brother. In a previous chapter I mentioned Dr. Bernard Chevasse who was considered to be the leading eye doctor of Northern England. So two of his brothers were killed during the First World War (a third brother was also killed during the war). There actually were four boys in the family, two sets of twins. That's where England was paying the price. Those were three men, Bernard Chevasse, considered to be the most brilliant medical student that they had ever had in Britain, and his two brothers were also killed in the First World War. The surviving twin later became the bishop of Liverpool. Liverpool cathedral is considered to be the world's largest protestant cathedral.

Millbank is a military hospital where doctors are trained to me medical officers in the armed forces. For certain hours every day while in Millbank, all of the staff was required to wear gas masks to get used to wearing them. Actually, the war was only another eight or nine months from starting.

Col. Frost was actually a remarkable person and soon was a great friend. On Armistice Day, November the 11th, Veteran's day to us, Col. Frost, with some of the doctors went on the roof of the small building in Whitehall, directly opposite the Cenetaff, a limestone monument in the center of the street in remembrance of the two million British who died in the First World War. When the siren was heard at 11:00 the silence was so complete that when a 21 gun salute was in progress at Windsor, 20 miles away, the numerous pigeons in Tafalgar Square, a block up the street, flew thinking that they were getting shot at. No one in the street took a single step. Colonel Frost, the chief of the group, drew our attention to some kind of movement in Tafalgar Square. Soon a black Rolls Royce came down Whitehall and stopped at the Cenetaff. A young soldier in a dark blue uniform stepped out of the front door of the car carrying a black laurel wreath which he presented to a tall gentleman from the rear seat. The man wore a blue navy great coat with no insignia on it. He walked a few paces to be opposite the Cenetaff, as a member of the Masonic Order made a sharp right hand turn. On reaching the Cenetaff, he placed the black wreath at its base and removed his hat for just a few seconds, bowed his head as if in prayer and then returned to the back seat of the Rolls Royce, probably the only person that took a step in Britain during those two minutes. It was King George the sixth, ruler of about half the world's population including a half a billion people in India. I was greatly impressed by such a simple ceremony.

One day soon after I started working as chief ophthalmologist for the British Empire a meek young fellow came to me from an office there and asked "is your name Little? Well how much money do you make?" I said "I don't know". He said, "you don't know? Well how long are you going to stay here?" "Well, I'll try it for six weeks to see how it goes". That son of a gun wrote down six weeks. About six weeks later a Major Monroe came along from the middle east and says "move over Little, I'm it". So I lost my job. I was at loose ends and didn't think that I could start up a practice in London without any money. What I didn't know and I didn't realize that I was considered to be one of the top ophthalmologists in the British Empire. So I decided to head back to Saskatchewan or Winnipeg.

I sailed with my mother on the Empress of Britain. The ship was about the size of the Titanic and was considered to be the most luxurious ever built. It was owned by the Canadian Pacific Railway. She was sunk by a U-Boat less than a year later, killing 300 children being evacuated to the United States because of the war.

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## MY PRACTICE IN NEW YORK CITY

On December 15, 1938 my mother and I sailed from Southhampton to New York on a ship called the Empress of Britain. We planned to go on from there to Saskatchewan which is where I had planned to return to all along.
In Southhampton that day the weather was so mild you would have thought that it was summer. Roses were in bloom and the temperature was quite warm. That night, however, after we had stopped to pick up passengers at Cherbourge in France, the weather became rough. As a result, I was sea sick for the

next three days and I have no clear recollection of very much that went on the ship. On the fourth day, we went to one of the ship's restaurants. There were only two or three waiters working and hardly any passengers their for breakfast. Sea sickness is not that hard to endure because you just pass out when you get sick and have no consciousness and you feel very weak when you get back on your feet.

On the fourth and fifth days we were apparently in the Gulf Stream and the weather was mild and we enjoyed being on the deck. But there were still very few people around. We arrived in New York at a dock on the Hudson River on December 22nd and the temperature was 22 degrees fahrenheit.

After booking rooms for my mother and I in the Hotel Picadilly, I got in touch with the Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital and there met Dr. David A. Webster who at that time was the chief surgeon director of the hospital and one of New York's leading ophthalmologists. Dr. Webster was from Nova Scotia. His only son had died of typhoid a year or two before. He proposed to me that I work with him at his office on 54th Street until he retired and he would turn his practice over to me. At that time he was 52 years of age.

He had one of the best practices in New York City. His offer sounded good to me but first I had to get up to Winnipeg to see about the things that I had left in storage and to see how my sister was. Mother and I went by train and on the way I stopped and spent a couple of days in Toronto where I met Dr. McCullagh who was Toronto's leading eye doctor. He offered to make me the chief eye doctor for the East Toronto General Hospital. I foolishly choose to stick with my original plan. He was very disappointed when I told him that I had arranged to stay in New York. With tears in his eyes he said "we'd love to have you stay in Toronto and we will make you chief ophthalmologist for the East Toronto General Hospital".

We continued on our way to Winnipeg on the Canadian Pacific for the 1,500 mile journey where the temperature was a gusty 40 below zero. It has made me wonder how I withstood such weather all of my life from the time that I was 18 months old until I was 35 and left for London. I was so satisfied with my idea of taking over Dr. Webster's practice that I forgot to get in touch with Dr. Tharleson, who I mentioned before, I used to assist when I was in Winnipeg for a short time. Well Dr. Tharleson developed a clinic of his own and he has a building on St Mary's Street, eleven floors, and employed from 150 to 200 doctors, all specialists trained in England. I found out later that he was very disappointed that I didn't go to see him. He would have made me his chief ophthalmologist.

I found the furniture and the other odds and ends that I had left in with the storage company was all there except someone had stolen my microscope, which I had foolishly left sitting out by itself.

My sister Dorothy was still working for the Manitoba government in Winnipeg. My mother decided to stay with her until I found a place to live in New York. So I went by myself to New York and on the way on the train I met a young lady about 30. She lived in New York. Although I was thirty seven and had been practicing for ten years, including six years that I was a municipal doctor in Saskatchewan, where I helped close to 1,000 young boys and girls into this world, I was not very experienced with the ladies. This young woman ended up visiting me in room at the Hotel Pickadilly where after a "quickie" episode she remarked "how did you ever learn how to make it feel so good". I heard later that she had gotten married a few days later.

I discovered that the New York Medical Board would not recognize my M.D. certificate from Winnipeg in Manitoba. Not acquainted with anyone else in New York, living in a hotel room in the miserable cold and high humidity of New York, Since I had made up my mind that I was going to practice in New York, I decided to pay my $150 and take the examination. I took the test on the 9th of January. It had been 11 years since I had left medical college and it had been 13 years since I had examined an anatomy book. I had to write 12 three hour examination papers about every thing that I had learned in Medical College. I passed all the examinations without the slightest difficulty. This was attributable not so much to my intellect as to the thorough training in medicine I had received at Manitoba. Perhaps this was the reason why Manitoba was the only Medical College west of the Atlantic Ocean that the British Medical Association would accept doctors from. At my oral exam at Presbyterian Hospital, when I informed

them that I had been a house surgeon at Morefields they didn't bother asking me any more questions. After a considerable amount of time I finally obtained the results of my exams and I was given my New York license.

I soon discovered that I was not an American Citizen. Although I had been born in California I had lived in Manitoba since the time when I was 18 months old. They said "you must have voted in Canada". And I said "what does that have to do with it?" and they said that I had lost my citizenship. So I said "I'm not a Canadian, so what am I" ? It dragged on for months. I had to go to the immigration place on Ellis Island once. Someone had left my file on the table (it was about three inches thick) and I thumbed through it and there were reports from almost every part of the United States saying that he had not been in jail here, and that sort of thing. It must have cost the taxpayer a bit of money to make all of those investigations. Finally they told me that I was an American because some little girl had the same experience and had been in Sweden for some time and they granted her American citizenship, so I became an American. This whole process took about nine months.

I was appointed right away to the surgical staff of the Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital and St. Luke's. I was allowed to do surgery but not having very many patients I did not do much.

I was obliged to attend the outpatient clinic at the Manhattan for three afternoons a week and one afternoon a week at St. Luke's. If one of the staff did not attend the outpatients clinic, he lost his privilege of being allowed to operate. So a great many men on the staff would dash into the out patient's clinic and see just two or three patients and then get out as fast as they could. Six years later, when I left the hospital and moved up to Hudson, Ms. Munroe, who kept track of the attendance, informed me that in those six years I had spent three times as many hours working in the out patient's clinic as any other doctor.

I was also on the staff of St Luke's Hospital, a general hospital near the Hudson River a short ways south of the George Washington Bridge. I attended their outpatient clinic once or twice a week.

Dr. Webster had a very pleasant office in the Medical Chambers Building at 140 East 54th Street. The building had been built and designed by doctors. He allotted the large extra room there for my use. It was very up to date and practical. A year or two before I arrived he had had another Canadian who occupied the extra room in his office which was the perfect sized set up for an eye doctor. I went to work for $300 per month, which seemed pretty good pay at that time. That would be the same as $3,000 per month today.

I worked along for several years. In the later part of December 1940, while Dave was down in Florida, I foolishly took off and flew to Vancouver to see my old girlfriend Marjorie. When I came back, or soon afterwards, Dr. Webster had fired me so I was back on the street again. I had paid for the trip by cashing a life insurance policy that I had with the Sun Life of Canada. I previously had been going quite steady with Marjorie for about five years while I had been practicing as a "municipal" doctor in Wishart Saskatchewan. I spent a very pleasant ten days in Vancouver (acting most honorably towards Marjorie). At the end of my visit, Marjorie drove me to the airport. I took a Fairchild 15 passenger plane and flew over the Rocky Mountains all the way to Toronto. The nurse/hostess on the flight was Ms. Maine, a graduate of Winnipeg General. There was only a single pilot. The same plane with the same crew crashed east of Lake Superior just exactly a month later with all lives lost on board. Because I lost my job I took an office in the same building on the floor below and set up a practice by myself. Business was rather slow. I was still good friends Dr. Webster, but my plans for taking over his practice didn't quite materialize. My brother Bob became an intern at the Manhattan Eye and Ear taking a thirty month course in ear, nose, and throat.

I discovered that there was actually very little social life in the city. I became a deacon in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church on the corner of Fifth Avenue and 55th Street, a church which Dr. John Bonnell, who came from Winnipeg, had built up through his remarkable preaching. Dr. Bonnell's church in Winnipeg had been the Westminster Presbyterian Church, the finest church building in western Canada. Each Sunday he filled the congregation with about 1500 people. When the church became filled up they put the overflow into the sunday school at the back of the church and into the Tivoli Theater on the other side of the street. He literally filled all three of those auditoriums twice each Sunday (11 in the morning and six in the evening) for six years. Dr. Bonnell had quite a personality and

was a wonderful man. His full name was John Sutherland Bonnell but people who knew him well just called him Sid. He was a native of Prince Edward Island. He built up this church to be the wealthiest Presbyterian church in the world. After I became a deacon and had to do ushering I had to very careful not to let anyone sit in a certain seat here and there because important people were paying a pretty good price to sit there.

Dr. W.W. Kennedy, an obstetrician, was on the consistory of that church with me. He he used to come to the church every Sunday with his family. When Jane was about to present us with Jimmy, our eldest son, we arranged with Dr. Kennedy to take care of her of December of 1944. I was earning so little from my practice in the Medical Chambers that I had to have my brother pay the hospital's fees for taking care of Jimmy. Dr. Kennedy's daughter later married Mr. Whipple who later was the administrator of the Columbia Memorial Hospital here in Hudson.

I also attended Dr. Webster's church, the Church of the Divine Paternity on the west side of Central Park where we played badminton also went on picnics.

I joined the Canadian Society which met in the club rooms in the Waldorf Astoria of the Canadian Club. They had meetings and I met interesting people. I am now almost becoming an old timer in the society. It is interesting to observe how many Canadians are big shots in New York.

Rev. Dr. John Sullivan Bonnell ("Sid") was president of the society one year. Back in Winnipeg he was pastor of Westminster Presbyterian Church where he filled sanctuary seating 1200 people and also the sunday school department and also the Tivoli Theater across the street twice every Sunday for six years. His only son, upon completing high school, volunteered for the American Army. He was, however, so near sighted that he actually could not quite pass the test but I managed to squeeze him through anyway. After the first day of battle in Italy he sent word that he had a slight wound and that he would be alright. Actually a piece of shrapnel had entered his body and it was a very serious wound. He managed to live through it and later became a preacher. His three sisters married preachers upon their return to Canada. Dr. Bonnell built up Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church to such as an extent that it became known as the wealthiest Presbyterian church in the world. As an usher, one was required to retain certain seats in certain pews for very important individuals. The church was built in 1875. Possibly because of its curved ceiling the acoustical effects were quite remarkable. Away at the back of the gallery one could almost make out what a person was whispering at the pulpit. At the rear, an eleven story annex with a beautiful chapel had been bequeathed be a lady of means with the strict understanding that a swimming pool was not to be included in the building.

My younger brother Bob, after completing a 30 month residency in ear, nose and throat at Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital, took over a practice in Hudson, New York. Beginning on the 1st of August, 1943, I traveled up to Hudson for one or two days a week to help my brother.

My mother and I lived in a spacious new four roomed apartment in the Forest Hills section of Queens. It was in a brand new building. The subway ride cost me a nickel and would take you to the corner of Lexington and 53rd Street whereas my office was at the Medical Chambers on 54th Street, just around the corner. It was the perfect medical building built by doctors which has since been torn down to construct a huge many storied monstrosity of an office building, one of many such eye sores of glass and steel which have are making Manhattan such an unpleasant place to live in. Beside nickel subway fares, one purchased a Herald Tribune for two pennies or the New York Daily News for about the same and ice cream cones for about a nickel. Food, in general, was much cheaper, but they called it "the depression" but actually the dollar was worth a lot more and the real depression didn't start until a certain president took us off the gold standard and started robbing the treasury giving us a national debt of three trillion dollars. The purchasing power of the dollar is down to about four cents.

Early in 1944 Dr. Webster did a cataract operation on a man named Theodore Hoffmann. I had met his daughter Jane and as she was leaving the medical building after visiting her father, I asked her where she was going and she said that she was going up Lexington Avenue. I said that I was going that way and I said that I would take her along. So I drove her up Lexington and I became acquainted with her. I got to know her a little better. Her parents were German. Her brother Ludwig was the chief engineer of construction for the United States Maritime Commission.

On May the 10th, four days after my 43rd birthday, Jane and I were married at a little Lutheran church in the Bronx, just a few friends of the family being present. We spent our first night in a large hotel on upper fifth Avenue which has since been torn down. Before leaving for our honeymoon to an inn at Buckhill Falls in the Pocono Mountains of Pennsylvania where we enjoyed perfect weather. The place was opeated by a religious group and no alcohol was permitted. It is amazing how many drinkers came there to sober up.

When little Jimmy came along we decided that New York City was a poor place to bring up children. By that time my brother had started practicing in Hudson and upon visiting him the climate was pleasant, the air so clear, and the people so friendly that in March of 1945 I decided to give up my practice in Manhattan and move up to Hudson.

DORA AND BOB: NEW YORK 1938-1945

A last will and testament has no effect because you are still alive. The government appoints a trust co. to manage you estate. In most case it isn't long before your estate has more or less disappeared because the trust company charges such high fees for people to inspect you property or for a farmer to by a new horse and so on. However in Manitoba when one becomes incapacitated due to his mind, the Department for the Estates of the Insane, which is part of the health department takes over. In the great majority of cases, if you do return to private life your estate is in better shape than if you had been running it.

My sister had a phenomenal memory and the keenest eye sight. She very soon was running this Department for the Estates of the Insane, something like 300 estates. For many years she did this until, years later, when I had practiced medicine and been in London, had been trained and been an ophthalmologist in New York City. She decided to move down with us. The people at the department where she worked said "you can't leave us, we can't get along without you. We'll make you any job, we'll make you minister of heath or anything else". Dora came down to New York anyway and right away she looked for a job down on Wall Street and the first place she walked into he said "yes, we need a clerk here". So she went to work thinking she was going to be in some wealthy stock broker's office. It turned out, however, that this was the British Purchasing Agency. The agency was a fake. It was the worlds most fantastic spying system of all time.

Very soon afterward, the agency moved up city to Rockefeller Center and took over 31 floors of the RCA Building. You would think that would cost an awfully lot of money, but it cost them nothing for the next six years. The Rockefeller family, which owned the RCA building, charged them nothing because Nelson was in on the spy ring.

The British spy network was a fantastic organization. Dora wasn't there very long before she began advancing in the organization. She had remarkable eyesight and her brain was like an IBM machine. Soon she had 300 people working for her including a niece of Winston Churchill and various people from the upper class in England.

One Saturday morning in May, I undertook the responsibility of becoming married to Jane at a very private wedding in the Bronx. It was just Jane's father, her brother, his wife and their two sons, my mother and my brother, and my sister. The following monday when Dora went up to her floor in the RCA building the guard said "the chief clerk wants to see you Ms. Little". The chief clerk said "we're sorry Ms. Little we cannot let you in, your brother married a german. They have a spy system alright, my sister was out of job. She held it against me but she got over it after a while.

My brother Bob spent thirty months as a resident in the Manhattan Eye and Ear studying ear, nose and throat. Bob then took over a practice in Hudson. I visited him on two or three occasions. The air was so clear and pleasant and the countryside was so nice and such a fine lot of people that I gave up my practice in Manhattan and came up to Hudson in the spring of 1945 and I'm still here.

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# LIFE IN COLUMBIA COUNTY

On August 1, 1943, my brother Bob took over the practice of a doctor who had died the year before in Hudson, New York. I came up two or three times a week to help him. He was pretty busy. Bob had a misunderstanding with the eye doctor's widow and she jacked up the price of the place by a few thousand so they became mortal enemies. Bob therefore arranged with Dr. Levine's father, who was a contractor, to take over the first floor of a building close to the corner of fifth and Warren Streets which previously had been a movie house. Because it had been a theatre, the floor was higher in the back that it was in the front so they had to saw off all of the timbers underneath and make the floor level. Bob drew up a plan for rooms in order to make the building a very convenient and spacious doctor's office.

After a short time, the air felt so good in Hudson, I decided that I would eventually like to move north and practice with Bob.

I met Jane in New York when I offered her a lift from my office at 140 E. 54th Street to her home in the Bronx. Her father was one of my patients. It proved to be a prophetic event because not too long later we were married.

It was a very private wedding at a lutheran church in the Bronx on May 10, 1944. Her father invited us to dinner at the Roosevelt Hotel. Also attending was Mr. Hoffmann's son Ludwig, the chief engineer for construction in the United States Maritime Commission, with his wife Helen and his sons Theodore (age 9) and Ludwig Jr. (age 7). My mother, Mrs. Emily Marie Little, was also there. Everyone had a good time. After having something to eat in a hamburger joint, Jane and I spent our first night in a large plaza hotel on the corner of 5th Ave. and 59th Street, since torn down to make a still bigger building. The following day we struck out in my 1941 Mercury for the Buckhill Falls Inn in the Pocono Mountains of Pennsylvania where we stayed for two weeks in perfect weather.
Intoxicating drinks are not permitted at the Buckhill Falls Inn. It is quite a large organization, very clean and the food was excellent. Apple blossoms were in full bloom. We did a great deal of hiking and enjoyed our stay there very much.

On our way back we passed through the Delaware water gap where the Delaware River breaks through the Appalachian chain which extends from Quebec City down to Birmingham Alabama. We visited Stroudsburg where the original Newberry Five and Dime is located. Then we got to Port Jervis and followed the old abandoned canal back as far as Kingston and then to Hudson. We rented an apartment in a house owned by the Kells three or four miles east of Hudson on highway 9H. We remained there until winter time.

The most popular music on our car radio was songs by a young fellow by the name of Frank Sinatra.

While living on 9H that summer I discovered a few raspberry plants which had survived in an old garden. One afternoon, Mr. Kells came along with baskets and buckets thinking that he was going to pick a bountiful crop of raspberries. He had to be satisfied with a handful or two of the berries. Johnny Hotaling had just been married that year and come September we heard a lot of happy voices in the orchard across the road while they were picking apples.

Jane was expecting and we decided that she should be taken care of in New York by Dr. W. W. Kennedy, a leading obstetrician and a person whom I knew quite well as a member of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church. The day before we drove down to the city about ten inches of snow had fallen. The Taconic Parkway, at that time, ended where Highway 55 now runs from the east into Poughkeepsie. On the one hundred and twenty mile trip into the city we saw, at the most, about a half a

dozen cars. Practically all of the filling stations were closed for the duration. No snow plows or salt had been used on the roadway and yet we experienced no great difficulty in making our way in the ten inches of freshly fallen snow. On the morning of December the 23rd, unable to acquire a taxi because of the piles of snow, Jane and I took a streetcar on 3rd Avenue for several blocks which took us as close as we could get to the 14th floor nursing home on Madison where she planned on being taken care of. Instead of moving back to Mrs. Kell's apartment in Claverack, we were able to sublet a very nice apartment bordering Gramercy Park, at 19th Street. Where Jane and I did our best to learn to take care of little Jimmy.

In March of 1945, we rented a brick cottage in Greenport, New York, just outside of Hudson. While living there on August 14, 1946 our son Harry Jr. arrived with the aide of Dr. Mambert, entered this world at the Hudson City Hospital on August 14, 1946.

In the summer of 1946 we purchased the old Bristol house on Highway 9H in Claverack three miles from Hudson opposite where the Agway store now does business. The previous owners had left a beautiful crop of strawberries in the backyard. A lot of work had to be done on the house before we could move in. We replaced the grass mats on the second floor with hardwood and discovered that the plaster on most of the walls was being held up by the wall paper that covered them. We acquired a good deal of sheetrock to be installed. We replaced the old coal burning furnace in the cellar with a kerosine burner with a blower for the hot air. While there, we did a paint job on the house, put on a new roof insulated the attic floor with rock wool and made the barn into a three car garage with overhead doors, plus a few other improvements. Finally we were able to move into the house in March of 1947.

We lived in there in Claverack until December 7, 1960 when we moved to a big house in Kinderhook called the Gables. By that time our little brood had increased to seven. We used to wonder, what with living so close to highway 9H in Claverack, how they all survived. More that once, a truck driver would bring in one of our little boys whom he nearly run over. Little Harry once thought that it was a lot of fun throwing stones at cars that went by. The owner of such a vehicle only asked that we pay for replacing the windshield. Our five little boys were cute with their fair hair, Harry being quite curly naturally.

We attended the Dutch Reformed Church where I sang in the choir
and became an elder. It is one of the oldest Dutch Reformed
Churches in the Hudson Valley being organized in the year 1716.
The present brick building was put up in 1767.

Before the turn of the century a multi-storied wooden college building stood directly opposite our place on highway 9H. In those days, the congregation in the church used to be a full house quite often. At present the balcony in very seldom occupied. The college had a large drill hall with a hard wood floor, and while being occupied by Agway, the place was burned down. In back of the college and drill hall, an artificial lake was formed by damming up a small creek. Around it, they had a track for racing. It is now just a swamp. That's progress.

Hudson is a community of eight to twelve thousand people situated on the east side of the Hudson River about 125 miles north of Manhattan opposite Athens which is about five miles north of Catskill. Hudson is the administrative center for Columbia County which extends along the Hudson River bounded on the south by Dutchess County, on the north by Rennsalier County, and on the east by Massachusetts.

The Hudson Valley was originally settled by people from Holland. In about the year 1664 the Dutch lost their American holding to Great Britain in exchange for the Dutch East Indies, which actually were far more productive. The island of Java alone supports forty million people.

The English, who were used to large estates in Great Britain, divided the land along the Hudson River into estate (or manors) and gave what is now Columbia County to a young poverty stricken Presbyterian minister's son from Linlithgo, somewhere near Edinburgh, Scotland. His name was Robert R. Livingston. He was actually Lord Livingston and had a seat in the British House of Lords.

Columbia County is roughly about 600 square miles. It is largely agricultural whereas Dutchess County to the south is really part of the Appalachian chain and it southern part is quite mountainous. Columbia County's agriculture goes into fruit growing and dairy farming. The county produces some of the finest apples, pairs, plums, peaches, grapes, cherries, etc. There are some large dairy farms. One of my patients from Kinderhook milks 287 cows three times a day and has all together 400 animals.

On our arrival in Hudson in 1945 Jane and I and little Jimmy rented a house in Greenport. In 1947 we bought a house in Claverack, three miles out of Hudson where we stayed until 1960, at which time we moved to a big house in Kinderhook called The Gables.

The Gables had been built in the year 1721. It had been built by sea faring men and walls were quite solid with 22 inches of solid masonry. It was an ideal house for a growing family. The house had fifteen total rooms including eight bedrooms and five bathrooms. The front part of the house was the oldest. The three first floor rooms in that part had heavy hand-hewn 16" deep beams holding up the ceiling. The beams were twenty five feet long. Each of the three rooms had fire places and 12" wide chestnut planks for flooring. The dining room was 24 feet by 24 and there were two other rooms 24 feet one way. That part of the house extended for seventy feet. An addition on the back had been constructed in 1924. The this newer part gave us a kitchen with additional bedrooms upstairs.

The Gables had about twenty five acres of grounds. There was a very nice tenant house which had about three hundred feet of outer wall with vertical siding of clear yellow pine from Georgia. It had a 34 foot living room, a kitchen and two bedrooms. It had a 30 foot square play room in the back with hardwood floors and a huge fireplace. There was a large room below the playroom that was used as a shop.

Tommy and Johnny had horses (we had as many as five one winter). We had our own cow. The first one we called Pricilla. We would raise the male calves to chop up to put in the freezer. We also kept pigs and chickens.

Poor Jane died of a stroke at the age of 56 on January 24, 1973. Freddy, the youngest, and Elizabeth were still in school. Elizabeth was just finishing high school. Jane had arranged for all of them to go to college. The children spent a total of thirty six years in some of the best college. When their mother died they all came home. Jimmy from North Carolina where he was working with Credit Bureau, Inc., Harry from Sweden where he was studying 450 miles north of Stockholm, John from Albuquerque were he was doing graduate work at the University of New Mexico, Tommy from the University of Toronto, and Mary from Ithica College. Jane's brother Ludwig drove up from Washington, D.C. with this wife Helen and their two sons and granddaughter Paige, who was age 9.

In 1978 we moved into Hudson. For a few years we lived in a rented place on Allen Street with an office on Union Street. In 1980 we began practicing at our present address on Warren Street. It is a one hundred and fifty year old house with fourteen rooms and five baths. The building is the ideal setup for treating eyes with an office area on the ground floor plus a one room studio apartment where I reside.

When we lost Jane in January of 1973 we had acquired a remarkable group of children, five sons and two daughters. They are remarkable in different ways. Physically, they were as perfect as they could be. Of the five boys the smallest was Tommy, but he is six feet and weighed one hundred and ninety pounds. Jimmy, the eldest is about 6'3". Harry, the second, is about 6'5" as is John, third child. Freddy, fifth son is about 6'2". Mary, born in May of 1952, is very pretty with dark hair and blue eyes. Elizabeth is about six feet, on the slim side with wonderful blond hair, blue eyes, and is very strong, like the rest of them. Collectively, they received thirty six years of college education is fifteen different Universities.

Jimmy was born on December 23, 1943 in Manhattan. After graduating from Ichabod Crane Central School in Valatie in 1963 he went to the State University of New York at Plattsburg. After graduating he joined the Army. He thought that he would be able to go the Vietnam and see the world and all of that. The authorities at Fort Dix where he went to train, however, noticed that he had a remarkable faculty for noticing things. Jimmy would be able to walk into the house and go through a few rooms and come out another door and be able to write down twenty things that he had seen in the few minutes that he had been there. So they put him into Army Intelligence and based him at Fort Benning Georgia for the entire three years that he was in the Army.

After serving in the Army, he went to work trying to sell life insurance. But Jimmy was not the slap happy type of person who would be successful as a life insurance agent so didn't do very well. At a party up in Albany he met someone who worked for the retail credit bureau who suggested to him that he join their firm. They would train him for about nine months and then he would have a job. His experience in Army Intelligence helped him to get the job. He was put in charge of their office in Raleigh North Carolina with in three months after starting to work for them. He now is with the same company as an executive with a pretty good salary.

He divorced his first wife. He is now married to Betsey Caldwell who is an executive with Chase National Bank and is making good money. They have a daughter Laura born on July 12, 1986. They had a nice place in Atlanta but they have recently transferred to Jacksonville, Florida.

Jimmy is about 6'2". He never went in for strenuous athletics but he demonstrated in July of 1971 that some people's body's are better put together, that is, there tissues are held together with better cement. He and wife Libby, with a friend and wife in the back seat, one Sunday afternoon, were trying to get to a clambake and were on a back road driving west from Styvestant Falls looking for Highway 9H. There was a sign that said 9H but there was no way of telling where is was because of bushes on the side of the road. They discovered where it was when a nice new Mercedes-Bentz traveling at sixty miles an hour hit them broadside right where Jimmy was sitting. He was pushed to the middle of the car. The car was a complete wreck, yet Jimmy walked away from it with only a few scattered pin point hemorrhages in his skin on his left side. I believe that any ordinary person would have had a collapsed lung on that left side and perhaps have done severe damage to his heart. Jimmy experienced no difficulty afterwards.

Harry was born in August of 1946. He is six foot five and the picture of masculine physique. At age 14 when he entered high school at Ichabod Crane Central School they put track shoes on him for the first time and running around the track he broke the county school record for the mile which may not still have been broken. My brother Bob talked him out of being an athlete, otherwise, I'm sure, he would have been the top mile runner in the 1968 Olympics. My brother Bob told him that is not good to be an athlete because it might strain his heart, so he never went in for track very strenuously. When he was at the University of Virginia, however, they talked him into putting a pair of running shoes on going in a cross country race. After a while he was not able to see anybody around, not knowing that he was ahead of all the rest except for one fellow up ahead which he didn't know about and could easily have overtaken.

At the University of Virginia he enrolled in a class taking chemical engineering. He was very good at

chemistry but after a year he considered the studying a little bit too strenuous and he didn't think he could continue with it so he decided to take something else. He switched to business administration even though he didn't have much interest in this subject. Harry had fairly poor grades until his uncle Bob prescribed +75 eye glasses in his fourth year at Virginia which made reading less strenuous and his grades improved and he graduated.

Harry was in the Navel Reserve Officers Training Corps at Virginia so after he graduated he became an officer in the Navy. He wanted to be a Navy flier. He joined a group at the navel air station at Pensacola, Florida. After two of his friends lost their lives and after his own solo flight, where his instructor on the ground ordered him to push the stick forward and count to ten (that meant flying straight down under power for about three miles and then leveling off) he came to the conclusion that this was not good for his health and decided to go to sea.

After some training at the Philadelphia Navel Yard he was sent to Bahrain in the Persian Gulf where he spent a year. Bahrain is an island of about two hundred square miles without a blade of grass on it, nothing but sand, where the temperature in the summer reaches one hundred and ten degrees. There he was a on his ship the Valcour. He was the only unmarried officer on the ship with perhaps one hundred and eighty young fellows many of whom had never been away from home before, and no place to go but a piece of desert. He did his best to keep them occupied and happy. One thing that he did was to arrange a rugby match with a British base not far away. In the game his four upper front teeth were knocked out. The crew were not too happy with the other seven officers, but the thought the world of Harry. The men came to respect him very much and would do anything for him. He had planned to make a career of he Navy but after the year in Bahrain the captain of the ship gave him a very bad report saying he'd never make an officer. He was then a lieutenant junior grade and obtained an honorable discharge. In my opinion, they discharged the finest natural born officer perhaps that the american navy had ever encountered.

Harry then said "to heck with the United States" and went to Sweden. In Stockholm he studied the Swedish language for four and a half months at the University of Stockholm. He then bought a new Saab car which I had ordered here. He picked the car up at the Saab factory in Sweden. While he had the car he went tooling around England for a while.

He found that in Guildford in Surry the University of Surry was giving a course in nutrition. Knowing that I was interested in and he had seen how it worked he went in to talk to them not expecting to be admitted because it is very difficult to obtain admission to any college in England and the University at Surry was one of the most exclusive. He spoke to Mr. Dickenson in his office for a few minutes and Mr. Dickenson stands up after a few minutes and says "all right, we'll take you, lets tell the Registrar". The Registrar said "sir, don't you understand that we are filled up?", to which he replied, "of course we are filled up, but take him in". He must have been considered the better class when they accepted him at the very exclusive University of Surry just by speaking to one of the directors.

Before he actually enrolled at Surry, however, he decided to go to a University in Sweden. He took a year in advanced organic chemistry at the University of Umea, four hundred and fifty miles north of Stockholm right near the arctic circle. After completing the curriculum, he passed all of the exams (in Swedish!).

While at Umea he had his bicycle with him and he believed in drinking raw milk so he used to ride his bicycle to a farm three or four miles away to get the raw milk. He told us that the family on that farm had been there for a thousand years. Originally they were fishermen right there on the northern arm of the Baltic Sea but since the land had been rising due to the retreat of the glaciers. Now their land is fifteen kilometers from the sea. While he was there he met Leila, a girl from Finland across the bay. He became engaged and got married. Harry has been living in Finland ever since. The Finns believe, and it seems to be a fact, that no one can learn to speak the Finnish language unless they were actually born there. So after all these years Harry is still not completely fluent in Finnish. When he came over to this country recently and spent part of the winter with my brother in California, he took lessons in the Finnish language.

Harry likes living in Finland very much, the people are neighborly and rugged. He doesn't have to use much money. He is a genius at many things and one is just tinkering around the house. He has a very

large log house built fifty five years ago. Originally it was a school with two rooms, each one forty feet each way with twelve foot ceilings. There is strip along each side for utilities so each class room is about thirty feet by forty. Besides the school house part there is an upstairs and downstairs apartments built for the teachers. Harry is building a spiral stairway so that they will not have to use the outside stairs. On the outside of the logs there is vertical siding of twenty six feet long pine boards each more than an inch thick which surround the whole house (similar boards in upstate New York would cost two or three dollars a foot. There wasn't any heat in it so he arranged to have a dynamiter who lived across the road to dynamite a trench down to the well because underneath the topsoil in that part of Finland is the hardest granite in the world. It doesn't lend itself to a pick and shovel. He gets water from this well that is in the solid rock about seventeen feet deep and has a spring of pure clear water. He brought an electric water heater and other things from this country. For heat he has a little tiny furnace about thirty inches long and twenty inches each way which he uses to heat water for the radiators. The apartments are heated with very little fuel. All that he uses in that little furnace is a few short sticks of birch. In Finland the only trees that grow are birch and spruce and a special kind of pine. He can cut enough birch on his two or three acres to provide all of the fuel that he needs (he has no fuel bill).

While Harry was in the navy at Pensacola he bought a junked 1958 Jaguar for $400.00 that had been sitting in the Florida weather for ten years. He dragged it to Kinderhook, restored it to mint condition, and took it with him to Finland. He could sell it anytime that he wished for $30,000.00. It is the only Jaguar XK 150 in Finland. The local owners of Jaguars think that he is a car nut but he isn't, he just likes that car. It has a very complicated motor so a couple of years ago he went over to England to the Jaguar factory in Coventry. An expert there explained to a group of fellows how to take a Jaguar motor entirely apart and put it together again. He went back to Finland and just did that and after he put it back together he tried it out on an airstrip near his home just to see how it would purr along. He didn't want to go too fast but he got up to 145 miles per hour.

Their daughter Helena was born on April 14, 1980. She is now about seven. In Finland they don't start school until about age seven. They do not have buses but a group employed a taxi. The educational standard in Finland is considered the world's highest. Little Willie Henry entered this world on March 2, 1984. He is absolutely blond and is a big fellow for his age. He is three and a half but could pass for a five year old. They had a race of about twenty kids and he had no trouble beating the rest of them.

Where he works in Finland as an Optician, during his lunch hour he goes swimming in the university swimming pool, which is one hundred and fifty feet long. The first time that he tried it was all that he could do to swim the one hundred and fifty feet (the length of the pool). Inside of a few weeks he was able to swim eleven laps, that is, a kilometer in something like twenty two minutes. Since he started swimming he has gained ten pounds of muscle.

People in Finland could never quite comprehend how he could live in a big house in Koukorou, have three cars, including a Jaguar worth $30,000, and take maybe four months off in the winter to go and visit my brother in California where the climate is a little milder.

About two years ago he happened to meet the man who invented the grind your own coffee grinder. Harry got the man to ship coffee grinders to him in Finland where he endeavored to have people buy them. Each machine was to be sold for about $700. It happens that the people of Finland are the world's greatest coffee drinkers. So when Harry approached them to sell them these coffee grinders there turned out to be a great demand. In fact, every hotel and bus stop in Finland was anxious to have them. Harry's only problem was raising enough money for him to get a hold of enough machines. At present he tells us that he is taking in lots of money and has just sold machines to just about all of the places that want them. He supplies all of these machines with a constant supply gourmet quality coffee. He still has his big house in Koukorou but he has bought a house on the southwest corner of Finland called Turku. He has purchased his own roasting plant. He buys coffee beans by the ton. He is opening up whole new markets for gourmet and flavored coffees.

John Mappin was child number three. He was born on December 9, 1947. He is six foot five but not quite as athletic as Harry partly because when he was in school in Kinderhook he broke his ankle on a rainy day while riding his horse in a gymcanta. It was a pretty bad break and he had to have a lot of hardware put in (bolts and screws and a piece of steel going into his fibula) so he didn't continue with athletics. When he went to the University of Alabama he was in ROTC (Reserve Officers Training

Corps) and was very conservative but later he became quite liberal among all those southerners. As a result of his beliefs he dropped out of ROTC and was forced to do an extra semester because of the ROTC credit he had lost. He was immediately drafted after graduation (it was the height of the Vietnam War). At his draft physical he pointed out the condition of his ankle and they kept him an extra day for x-rays. As a result, he was rejected for military service. They examining doctor asked him how he had gotten through the ROTC physical to which he replied that he had never specifically pointed it out to him.

Just before the beginning of his last semester we got a call around supper time. It was John calling from Chicago. I said "what the sam hell are you doing there". He responded "well, I'm hitch-hiking to Alaska". He had some Argentine friends who had read that the streets in Alaska were paved with gold. John decided to go up there first and they would meet him there later. While he was in Ohio the cops picked him up. They said "you can't hitch hike on this freeway". Well Johnny had no sense of fear so he chatted with them and kidded them and went along and after a few miles the cop said "you can get out here, you can hitch hike here. When he got to Alaska, his Argentine friends never got there so he hitch hiked for several thousand miles around Alaska. Everybody he met there had but one idea, to make money so that they could get the hell out of Alaska. Now they don't tell you that about Alaska too much.

John is a very personable type of fellow and the next year he hitch hiked from Alabama to Vancouver. Several of his rides made him a house guest for a day or two before he struck out again.

After graduation he took a job teaching in an all black school in Greene County Alabama. Greene County, one of the poorest in the country, is 85% black. Since Tuscaloosa, only 35 miles away, was national headquarters for the Ku Klux Klan, you had to be careful. While there, John lived in a shack in a cotton field about eight miles from town for which he paid ten dollars a month rent.

In 1972 he spent six months at the University of New Mexico doing graduate work in Latin American Studies.

In 1975 he enrolled in Gonzaga University School of Law at Spokane Washington. He graduated in the top 10% of his class. When he was through worked for a legal services program providing free assistance to poor people in Huntsville Alabama. Two years later he moved to Tuscaloosa where he worked with another legal services program.

John specialized in what they call "community economic development" also known as CED. This involved providing legal assistance to non-profit corporations that were engaged in the development of affordable housing and starting businesses in the low income community. In 1984, the National Economic Development and Law Center, at their annual convention, presented John with their "CED Attorney of the Year" award. This meant that John was the best lawyer in that category out of 6000 legal services lawyers nationwide. The next year he moved to Miami to work with the legal services program there. He has continued his work in CED being the corporate lawyer for about 27 community based organizations.

John was married to Winifred Hockbert, a doctor's daughter, in 1974 but they divorced in 1981. They have one son named Jesse who was born on August 1, 1975. Jesse is a big huskey fellow who loves sports, is very bright, and does very well in school. Jesse is now living with his father in Miami. Jesse is a very capable catcher in the local youth league baseball program.

On January 23, 1988 John married a Puerto Rican girl by the name of Gail Rui z who was also a lawyer. They got married at a quite an elaborate wedding in a Spanish speaking Catholic church in Bridgeport Connecticut. Freddy and Michele drove Elizabeth, Seth, and I over to Bridgeport in his van taking his "canned" orchestra with him. The trip took us just a little over two hours taking the Taconic Parkway to Interstate 84 opposite Newburgh and then proceeding east to Highway 7 in connecticut and then south to Bridgeport. After a very good lunch at a restaurant, Freddy took us around to where the reception was to be held after the wedding and set up his orchestra equipment. The wedding in the church (where Gail had been baptized) was quite elaborate with the priest, assisted by a young deacon, performed the ceremony and a professional singer supplied music. After returning to Gail's mother's home to dispose of the wedding gown, etc., we all went over to the restaurant for dinner and dancing at about five o'clock. The guests, filling all but one of the round tables, were mostly Gail's aunts, uncles,

and cousins. They all enjoyed dancing to Freddy's rock and roll music until about 9 p.m. when we went back to Gail's mother's home. After we got there, we sat around eating chicken and drinking beer. we set out for Hudson something after 11 o'clock on a pleasant clear night with dry roads with the temperature just below freezing. We arrived home in Hudson at about 1:30 p.m. The wedding occurred on Saturday, January 23, 1988. John and Gail had to be back to work in Miami on that following Monday. They took a bus to LaGuardia Airport and flew from there. John is doing a lot of work in typing on his computer from the cassette tapes that I am sending down to him.

John and Gail have a daughter named Cristina Marcolina Little who was born on August 24, 1989. Cristina was had an identical twin sister who unfortunately was stillborn. Cristina is growing rapidly and is a very bright little girl.

Tommy arrived in this world on March 20, 1949. He attended Claverack School. When we moved to Kinderhook in 1960, he continued in Ichabod Crane School and when he got to high school at the age of fourteen he weighed 190 lbs. and yet he was one among 800 students who was able to climb a fancy rope to the ceiling of the gym, thirty or forty feet up, without using his feet. After he graduated from high school in 1967 he attended Tufts University in Boston where he was on the deans list and also he was appointed the captain of the senior track team. Track men as runners, as rule, are tall slim fellows. Tommy, however, had such tremendous energy that there were few students in Massachusetts who could run as fast. His best time, I believe, was 9 minutes, 43 seconds for the two mile run. There were only about six men in Massachusetts who could run as fast as he could.

In July of 1970 he married Libby Brown who was from Kinderhook and they now have three daughters. The eldest is Molly, Nelly, and Kattie.

In 1971 we drove to Boston to Tommy's graduation from Tufts University in pre-med.

Tommy wanted to be a doctor but perhaps because he was the wrong color he was unable to get into a medical college so he took up theology. He attended the University of Toronto at Wycliff College. The University of Toronto has six theological colleges. There Tommy was elected Mr. Everything, that is he was the most all around fellow in the class. He did learn to play hockey pretty good. He came home when his mother died and worked here in my office for a couple of years and finished his theology course in a college in Massachusetts. He then went into being a missionary. He ended up going to Afghanistan. It was as Kipling said about the charge of the light brigade, "into the jaws of hell". He is very careful about what he says and he is still there. Since they have lost so many missionaries and doctors, he is now superintending a one hundred bed eye hospital in Kabul. He works for the C.B.M. meaning Christian Blind Mission. It was founded in 1908 and its headquarters are in Frankfort Germany. It employs three thousand missionaries. They have over one hundred eye hospitals and eye clinics in places where other organizations are not present. He has no training in running a hospital but he runs it anyway. At the same time he helps treat three hundred eye patients a day in the clinic. He runs the pharmacy, although he has no training in pharmacology, and he also teaches young doctors ophthalmology, although he never went to medical college. He also installed the lens grinding system where they grind edges and surfaces. This last July they gave him a vacation so he went to Kashmere in the Himalayan Mountains in India. The missionary organization that Tommy works for arranged for Molly, his eldest daughter, to attend an exclusive girls school in the Himalayan Mountains about ninety miles north of Delhi. They must think that Tommy is a pretty good fellow because you don't go to those kinds of schools for nothing. A few days ago he telephoned us from Singapore, that is twelve time zones. He was there on some business for the hospital. We miss him very much but we hope that he will come an visit in another year.

Our daughter Mary joined us on May 27, 1952. She was a very healthy little girl who had blue eyes and as she grew up developed quite dark hair. She attended Claverack School which was just a short walk from our home on highway 9H until we moved up to Kinderhook in 1960 where she continued. When entering her senior year they had the Junior Prom. She was put at the head of the line as being the prettiest girl in the class. Her mother arranged to have her study physical therapy at Ithica College. She did very well at her class for two years. Then she went off with a young fellow and we didn't hear from her for some months. finally she got a ticket from my brother Bob to come back home. She arrived in Kinderhook on the sixth of January in 1973. Her mother died during that same month on the twenty sixth. Mary has since married Ronald Martin. Ron worked for a number of years on the Railroad. He

now owns his own dairy farm. They and their four children live in Waterville, about 15 miles south of Utica, New York.

Elizabeth arrived on March 14, 1955 and grew into a tall nearly six foot young lady with blond hair and very strong. In 1972 she tried for the olympics in the half mile run for women. There was only one girl in 27 counties that could run as fast. The only training she ever had, however, was running for the school bus each morning. She did run a little bit with her brother Tommy but she never really seriously trained. When she tried for the national team in New Jersey there were several runners from the big cities that out did her. I'm sure that if she had really trained she might have been a winner.

Elizabeth went in for horseback riding and won several trophies at local meets. She developed broad shoulders from pitching bales of hay into the hayloft.

Her mother arranged to have her admitted into Ohio State University to study veterinary medicine. She did very well and at the end of her second year a young lawyer wanted to marry her. In 1976 he got her to quit college and they had quite a big outdoor wedding at the Gables, our home in Kinderhook. The weather became a little inclement so they finished the celebration indoors. About one hundred forty five friends were there, but the house was quite capable and could have entertained a good many more.

Elizabeth eventully divorced. She had one child of this marriage, a boy named Seth.. She enrolled in Cornell University. In the two years that she was there she was on the deans list. When she graduated in 1984 the faculty had a special reception just to give Elizabeth a special citation because she was such a brilliant student.

After graduation she started her own landscaping business. With our 1985 Ford Escort she got around and did her landscaping business.

On Thanksgiving evening she had a head on collision about two miles north of Hudson. She came within a hundredth of a second of leaving this world. I she had turned to the right five inches less than she did, she would have gotten the full force of the other car and it is very unlikely that she would have lived. She used the insurance proceeds from the Escort, and borrowed a bit from my brother in California and John in Alabama and she paid $11,000.00 cash for a new Ford pick-up truck which she proceeded to use in her landscaping work.

She had such good standing at Cornell that Elizabeth decided to get her doctorate in plant pathology. She has enrolled at the University of California at Davis. Freddy arrived in the early hours of November 15, 1957 shortly after midnight. He has grown into a 6'2" young man and weighs something over two hundred pounds. He is a radio announcer in Plattsburg, New York (about 50 miles south of Montreal). He is married to Michele who is a French Canadian. Although I never heard of Freddy going to church very much, she decided that they would have their wedding in an Episcopal Church, which is sort of half way (since she is catholic) and they had their reception in entertainment rooms of the Catholic Church and there was quite a crowd. Michele's father has about seven brothers and everybody in the community knows the family. She is a wonderful girl and very bright and just recently obtained her master's degree which enables her to make a pretty good income working for the State University of New York at Plattsburg. Freddy has never gone into athletics however he has begun making a little extra money by supplying the music at weddings and dances with an electronic system of music. He charges $250.00 for an evening.

As I mentioned above, they are possibly the greatest concentration of brainpower in any family anywhere. Three of them were on the dean's list in their universities and Harry, although not obtaining high marks in college, has a most remarkable intelligence and dexterity. He is an expert in so many things, especially automobiles. When he was training to fly with the Navy at Pensacola, he bought himself a Jaguar which had been sitting outside in the Florida weather for ten years, he top had rotted off and it was a mess but he dragged it up to Kinderhook to work on it. He now has it in Finland and he can easily obtain $30,000.00 for it.

I am now also the proud grandfather of seven little girls and five boys scattered around bit. Jimmy has just one little girl born July 12, 1986 named Laura in Atlanta. Harry, number two in Finland has Helena, born April 14, 1980, and is just beginning school. In Finland they do not have kindergarten because

they don't think children have brains enough to go to school until age seven so she is just beginning. They have the highest standard of education in the world and they don't have school buses, but where Harry lives they have a cooperative taxi arrangement to get them to school. Number three is Johnny. He just has one son named Jesse. He is an attorney with legal services in Miami at present. Jesse was August 1, 1975. He has just turned twelve. Number four is Tommy, a missionary and administrator of a one hundred bed eye hospital in Kabul, Afghanistan. Their eldest daughter is Molly, born March 24, 1974. The CBM (Christian Blind Mission) the biggest sight saving organization in the world has volunteered to send her to an exclusive private school in the Himalayas, 90 miles north of Delhi. Her sister Nelly (aged eight) and Katie (aged four) will be staying on in Afghanistan. Its a risky place. The Russians are nice people and where ever its a nice place to walk across the fields or in a nice part, they have little land mines that if you step on them they blow the little girls and boys legs off and toys that are picked up can blow your face off. Needless to say, Tommy and Libby are very careful. Mary, number five, has four children. Chester, the eldest, was born June 14, 1973. He is age 14 and has just entered high school. He is about six feet tall and quite athletic but he isn't going in for any special sport as yet. His brother Robbie arrived May 21, 1980. He is seven and is entering grade two in the Claverack School. He is very bright and strong. His sister Emily arrived on April 18, 1984. She is four and quite pretty. She is healthy and can run like a deer. She will not start kindergarten for another year yet. Her last arrival was Sarah Jane, born March 15, 1987. She is five and a half months. She is going to be pretty with big blue eyes. Her hair is coming in fair. She has a wonderful smile and growing quite fast. Elizabeth is divorced and uses her maiden name as does her son Seth, born September 21, 1976. He is age eleven and is in grade six in the Middle School. He is somewhat big for his age with quite a keen intelligence. Actually you would think that he had the brains of an adult. He is very healthy. They say that Freddy's wife Michele is not likely to have children. However, we have quite a troop with the seven children and twelve grand children.

After Jane died in January of 1973, Jimmy returned home from Carolina and Harry from Finland, he arrived in Albany with two feet of snow on the ground and a little trouble getting the old Lincoln down to Kinderhook. Tommy was studying theology at Whitcliff College at the University Toronto. Elizabeth and Freddie were still going to school in Kinderhook. Jane's brother Ludwig, the chief engineer for the United States Maritime Commission, and his wife Helen came up from Washington. His son Ted and his wife Martha, along with his daughter Paige came up from Alabama. Ted was a Judge in Union Springs, Alabama. The funeral was postponed over a weekend because of the blizzard. There was a fairly good crowd attending at Bates and Anderson's Funeral Parlor. We had her body cremated. Tommy and his family decided not to return to Toronto but to remain and help us in the office as an optician. He stayed about two years.

Looking back, one has to believe that Jane was a wonderful person to feed and cloth those seven children. When Freddie, the baby, was born Jimmy, the eldest, was still three weeks short of being thirteen years of age. She must have been a good dietician to have raised such a strong, healthy, and physically fit group of children. They also have turned out to have, in my opinion, one the greatest concentrations of brains in any family.

We have enjoyed living in the Hudson area for the past 46 years. The climate is good and there are wonderful people living here. My brother and I have treated around 120,000 patients (Bob left me and went to practice in California in 1961). Nine years ago I acquired this big house with 14 rooms and five baths. It is ideally set up for practicing medicine. Since then my practice has sort of faded away, I guess I have gotten to become a bit old. I have had six major operations. With my seven wonderful giant sized children and my thirteen grandchildren I enjoy living and I will keep it up as long as I can.

# THE ART OF MEDICINE

In my six years practicing in Manhattan, plus the forty two years here in Hudson, I have found that nutrition plays a very significant role in treating many eye infirmities.

**My Medical Experience**

I feel that I was fortunate in having the quality of training that I received. After graduating from Manitoba Medical College in Winnipeg, I practiced seven years in general practice on the Canadian prairie and then went to London where I joined a group of about seventy five doctors taking a course in ophthalmology from Sir John Parsons, the leading ophthalmologist in England. After a couple of months they asked me to become a house surgeon in the Westminster branch of Moorefield's Eye Hospital, which is oldest and generally considered to be the most progressive and outstanding eye hospital in the world.

During my first thirty years of practice in Hudson I was the only ophthalmologist practicing in five different counties. Now there are six or seven right here in Hudson besides someone in Catskill and Reinbeck to the south and other places.

**Ophthalmology**

Ophthalmology is the term used by the medical profession for the study of eyes, the treatment of eye diseases, the study of its anatomy and its association with the brain and nervous system. It is estimated that it requires a third of one's brain to operate the eyes. It is the organ of sight, that is, it lets us know that there is light instead of darkness. The source of all light, of course, is the sun. Only 10% of the sun's rays produce visible light (i.e. 90% of the rays are invisible, such as heat, and ultraviolet). When the beam of the sun's rays enters the eye it passes through front surface of the eye called the cornea. Then, four millimeters deeper, through the lens, and then right through to the back of the eye where we find the retina, which is similar to the film in a camera. The normal retina contains many photo-electric cells that we call the "rods" and "cones". The rods are sensitive to dim lights (like at night) and are scattered away from the center of the retina (which is called the macular or spot). Around the macula are clustered the cones within a diameter of about seven millimeters. Within that circle of seven millimeters it is estimated that we have half a million photo electric cells sensitive to bright light and colors. Each cone and each rod has to be connected by wires which we call nerves. These clusters of nerves pass back to the brain. A half a million of these little wires from the macular area of the brain carry a small section of the view that you are looking at. It is like a jigsaw puzzle with a half a million pieces. The brain has to sort them out and make it into a picture then send it back to the eye again through a separate set of nerves to form a picture to be projected by the eye.

Nature has given us a fairly efficient technological instrument. From the time the beam of the sun passes through the eye to the retina, and the half million cones send the jigsaw picture back to the brain through a half a million little nerves, and the brain sorts out that jigsaw puzzle, and refers it back to the eye, the whole process takes three tenths of a second. In addition, the eye has to have other nerves. For example, when a bright light shines, the pupils have to contract and in dull light they have to open up.

The optical system is connected with the rest of the brain so that when we see a certain object, say a dog, the word dog is referred from our ears, or we see a picture of a dog in our mind. All of this requires millions of little nerves working all of the time.

The nerves in our body run at a very low voltage. They estimate that the nerves operate on six one millionth of a volt. Each nerve has to have three layers of insulation using fat. Every cubic millimeter of our body is supplied by these nerves. A cubic millimeter of muscle, anywhere in your body, requires four sets of nerves from the brain in order to function. When you bend your knee, it requires a stimulation of your muscle cells on the back of your leg above your knee to contract and at the same time the muscles in the front of your leg attached to your knee cap have to expand. That is just two sets of nerves. It also needs a set of nerves that are required by the proprioceptive sense, which you

probably have never heard of, but it is a very important thing. When we test people for syphilis, we have them touch their nose with their index finger with their eyes shut. In other words, they have to know where their arm is. In one form of syphilis you lose this ability, that is your proprioceptive system is injured.

In addition to that, you have to have a sensory nerve, the same as a pain nerve. This is what keeps your muscles alive. When you develop polio there is a destruction of the nerves from the front side of your spinal cord. That is the part that gives us sensation so that we can feel pain. You wonder why a muscle has to feel pain. It so happens that if the sensory pain nerve is cut off to the muscle, as it is in polio, the muscle cells die. It's not paralysed, it just degenerates.

They tell us that the body is carefully and wonderfully made. The amazing thing is that this electrical system, in the most the of us, keeps functioning for a lifetime unless something happens, such a stroke which cuts off part of the brain due to a blocked artery or a hemorrhage.

Ophthalmology is a vast subject. The most famous book was written by a scotsman named Sir Stuart Duke Elder consisting of fifteen volumes costing fifty dollars each, with nothing in it about surgery. This gives you an idea about how many things can go wrong with our eyes. Our very capable legislators, of course, have not been well versed in this subject. Many have the belief that there is nothing to it other than selling a pair of glasses or doing a cataract operation. They see no reason to have to go to a medical college and learn about how the body is made and to spend two or three years in an eye hospital learning about ophthalmology. As a result, they license people called "optometrists" who possess very little knowledge about the eyes yet advertise that they offer complete eye service. The enormity of their lack of knowledge is sometimes quite amazing.

**Problems With "Modern" Ophthalmology**

You would think from the advertisements that they have in the local paper that ophthalmology was entirely a surgical specialty. This all appears to be the result of President Johnson's act in 1966 of tacking the fees for eye surgery onto Medicare so that the surgeons now are paid $2,000 or more (whether the patient has the money or not) for performing a cataract extraction, the fee being higher if an interocular lens in implanted. I discontinued doing cataract extractions in 1974 because I had so few patients that required surgery after my medical treatment which consists of taking a tablespoon full of Icelandic cod liver oil each morning, a reliable B and C tablet, refraining from smoking, eating whole wheat bread and getting plenty of vinegar. Many patients are having extractions performed on perfectly useful eyes. At the age of eighty six and a half I have known for about fifteen years that I was developing cataracts (they were more advanced in my right eye. I am continuing to practice, however, and I can read the finest print without glasses and I can also see distances without glasses. I am unable to explain it except that it must have been in the developing cataracts that nature has a way of making up for the loss of vision. It is not unusual for anyone of the local ophthalmologists to perform ten or fifteen extractions in a week working in Hudson, Catskill or Reinbeck. Without the handsome fees that they charge for their office practice, their poor wives would have to struggle along and go shopping, maybe buying a second Mercedes on twenty to thirty thousand dollars per week... too bad. Too bad it is for the taxpayer.

It appears to me that ophthalmologists in this country are not too adequately trained. An ophthalmologist is supposed to have an M.D. from a qualified medical college. Then spend three years in an eye hospital studying ophthalmology. Here in New York, Albany Medical Center has resident ophthalmologists who spend perhaps three years there studying ophthalmology, but it is not an eye hospital. As a result, they don't get an awful lot more training than they would get by hanging around the average ophthalmologist's office. One of the local doctors, for instance, is absolutely incapable of doing a simple refraction to get people glasses.

**The Benefits of Nutrition**

Soon after beginning practice in ophthalmology in Manhattan I found that nutrition could play a very important role in the treatment of many eye conditions. Beginning in January of 1939, I practiced in the offices of Dr. David A. Webster, the surgeon director of the Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital. I was on the surgical staff of the Manhattan and St. Luke's Hospital where we attended outpatient clinics on

alternate afternoons. When I moved to Hudson six years later, Ms. Malone, who had recorded the attendance of the doctors in the outpatient clinic, informed me that I had spent twice as many hours in the clinic as any other doctor. One of the hospital rules was that a doctor would lose his operating room privilege if he failed to serve in the outpatient clinic. So nearly all to the other fellows spent as little time as they could get away with in the outpatient clinics. It didn't concern me to any great extent. I enjoyed working in the clinic and actually learned a lot about ophthalmology while there. For example, I first learned their that vitamins could be a big factor in treating iritis, also called uveitis.

While working in the outpatient clinics I saw a Black girl named Kissy who was age 15 (but who looked age 9) and had a right shrunken blind eye. When asked what had happened to her eye she said "it had lumps on it just like my left on now has". I said "what did they do". She said "they gave me drops, but the eye just went blind". I made a diagnosis of phlyctenular keratitis as also seen on the white of her eye. I had read some place that cod liver oil was a good treatment for this. The girl got some oil in the pharmacy. It was amazing how in few days those lumps had disappeared. In addition, she kept coming to me, she, almost overnight began to look like a fifteen year old girl (she had looked nine). This was 1941, she got a job at $90 per week in war factory, which was good money in those days.

In the forty-nine years since I first started practice in New York City, my belief in the role of nutrition and vitamins in the therapeutics of treating eye diseases has been confirmed. In fact, I have come to believe that my discoveries are perhaps the biggest advance in the treatment of eye disease in the past century or more.

As can be seen from the paragraphs below, I have discovered that intravenous injections of vitamins B and C can cure a great many eye diseases, principally herpes ulcers of the cornea. In addition, it is a 100% cure for uveitis, that is iritis, diabetic retinopathy, and diabetic abscesses of the feet. It also cures recurrent erosion of the cornea and acute attacks of glaucoma where the tension in an eye that is being treated with drops suddenly goes quite high. It has brought the pressure down to normal or below normal in every case that it has been tried on. It is also effective against chronic inflammation of the lids (leperitis) which, after injections, did not require an operation and were cured.

They tell us that vitamins B complex and C are produced synthetically in the lower intestine if the contents of the colon has a PH for acidity. The most remarkable fact noticed in treating eye diseases with intravenous vitamins B and C is the small amount that it takes. We are said to have about ten quarts of blood in our body. An injection of Solu B contains about ten milligrams of vitamin B2 (riboflavin). When mixed in with the blood that equals about one part per million. It seems like an impossible fact that injecting one millionth of our blood volume with a vitamin can have any effect, especially when our colon is producing vitamin B when our bowel contents are acidic. One factor that tends to maintain lower bowel acidity is the consumption of raw, unpasteurized milk which contains (no matter what mammal it is taken from) a bacteria called the lactic acid bacillus (lacto bacillus acididofolus). In modern society we almost insist that everyone drink pasteurized milk because the pasteurizing (i.e. heating the milk to 140 degrees) kills bacteria. They say that in doing so that you kill the bacteria for tuberculosis, ungulen fever, and typhoid. However, in the 62 years that I have been practicing medicine I have yet to see a case of typhoid fever. While I was a "municipal" doctor in Saskatchewan nobody drank pasteurized milk. Practically all of my patients were farmers who drank milk directly from their own cows. During the six years that I practiced there there was not a single case of diabetes (i.e. urinary sugar) from the 4000 people in my district. Nowadays, in the age of universal pasteurization, almost everyone you meet has friends that are suffering from diabetes. They question then is why are we pasteurizing milk. They have not have a case of ungulen fever in New York State for years and every cow in the state is checked twice a year for tuberculosis.

I am led to believe that these types of injections of vitamins B and C in curing these diseases are the greatest discovery in ophthalmology. Taking these same vitamins orally has no effect on the diseases mentioned. This would seem to indicate that in passing through the stomach certain elements in the vitamin capsules is destroyed. I am led to believe that it is the riboflavin (vitamin B2).

Iritis, also called uveitis is almost as important as cataracts because it causes a great deal of blindness and the treatment that the medical profession uses has side effects that are worse than the actual disease in many cases. I have been able for the last forty years, however, to cure every case of iritis as well as many other types of eye conditions with intravenous injections of vitamins B and C. There is

something about injections that make them effective compared to taking vitamins orally. Giving the same ingredients in tablet form has no effect in nearly all cases. It would appear that some elements in the B and C injection are lost passing through the digestive tract, so only a fraction of the ingredients that are in a pill reach the blood.

The Food and Drug Administration (FDA) have take these injectable vitamins off of the market. It came in a double ampule with vitamins B complex and C in powder in one part and separated by a rubber plunger from a solution. By pressing on the one end of the ampule, the rubber stopper between the dry powder and the solution moved down and the solution mixed with and dissolved the powder. It was called Solu-B. Almost every doctor in the country was familiar with it. The FDA took it off the market claiming that it was "ineffectual". I had been injecting Solu-B or similar vitamin combinations intravenously and intermuscularly for the last fifty years since I first arrived in New York. I have found them to be most effective, and in many instances, almost miraculous.

Perhaps one reason the FDA took these products off of the market is because most doctors would only give it added to the intravenous solution that patients were getting at a bedside from a jar suspended from above and not giving it directly into the vein as I have been doing. A common side effect of such vitamin injections is to cause the face to flush with some dizziness, sometimes patients even faint. I, however, have given in the neighborhood of fifteen thousand such injections and that is the only minor side effect that I have observed.

I have found that vitamin B and C cures iritis, also called uveitis in which one eye can become quite painful. The back of the iris becomes adherent to the front of the lens. This union between the iris and the lens at the back of it can become complete around the pupil so that the fluid in the eye cannot circulate from the posterior chamber under the iris into the anterior chamber so that a condition called iris bombe occurs. This is very painful and intense glaucoma occurs and an iridectomy has to be performed. But when the iris is entirely stuck down to the lens it is very difficult to do an iridectomy. To make a diagnosis the use of a corneal microscope, also called a slit lamp, is required. I throws an intense narrow beam of light into the eye at any angle from right to left. This narrow beam of light is in the form of a slit, that is a narrow beam vertical. The width can be regulated and also the intensity of the light. The slit can also be reduced to a simple spot. The fluid in the anterior chamber is optically active, that is the beam of light directed into the eye can not be seen in the anterior chamber. If there is an inflammation of iritis, however, the anterior chamber is cloudy and the streak of light shows up in a manner similar to the way that a movie projector in a smokey theater shows up in the air. In this cloudy beam, if the active iritis is present, small white specs illuminated by the light are seen. They float up and down and across and can be different sizes with different apparent consistency. They are actually white blood cells and they are called KP or keratic precipitates. Their presence indicates an acute inflammation in the anterior segment of the eye which is red and painful. The adhesions that are formed between the posterior surface of the iris and anterior surface of the lens are called "adhesions". In the eye world the are called synechia, producing iris bombe which is a disastrous condition and many eyes are lost as a result.

Soon after I began practicing in New York City in 1939, I discovered that the best treatment for iritis was intravenous injections of vitamins B and C. Usually one injection cures iritis. Even vitamins taken by mouth helped. There is nothing about this treatment in any of the literature. Iritis is commonly treated with Prednisone, a steroid. It reduces symptoms but does not cure and has side effects when given internally such as gaining 40-60 lbs weight. The side effects are, in some cases, worse than the disease and, in any case. the iritis seldom is cured.

Iritis can rapidly develop acute glaucoma with quite high inter-ocular tensions. An iridectomy, that is, cutting a whole in the iris, is the recommended. My simple treatment, however, relieves every case of iritis.

Also, since I have been in Hudson I have cured a condition know as Hypopyon which is actually pus in the anterior chamber of the eye. Each time it cleared up on one intravenous shot of vitamins B and C.

I have also cured acute attacks of glaucoma with vitamin injections. That is, a patient is being treated with drops for glaucoma and during the night he suddenly has a very painful eye. I have had tensions up to 85 which were brought down to normal with one intravenous shot of Solu B.

Vitamin injections cure herpes simplex ulcers of the cornea. (also called dendritic ulcers). In spite of all the great advances in surgery and anti viral drops over one hundred thousand eyes are lost in the United States each year from herpes ulcers. One of the projects of the Lion's Club is sight saving. The principal way of saving sight they believe is corneal transplants. They use a donor from a recent fatality. The cornea is removed from the eye of the deceased and a button the same size is removed from the scars from the eyes of the patient who has had the herpes ulcer. The cornea is then transplanted. Statistics tell us that 80% of the corneal transplants performed are on eyes that have previously suffered from herpes simplex ulcers which have dense scars that corneal transplants are required to give them pure vision if the transplant takes. These operations have become pretty efficient and most of them are successful, but still, a good many are not. Herpes simplex ulcers of the cornea are not easily cured. In fact, they have to be treated for months with different anti-viral drops and so on. I discovered soon after I began my practice in New York fifty years ago that intravenous injections of Solu-B, or some similar B and C combination, cured 100% of the corneal ulcers caused by herpes simplex leaving only very faint and almost invisible scars. In the many herpes ulcer cases that I have treated in the past fifty years, there has never been one that has required a corneal transplant. In fact, one patient, who still comes to me after 35 years has had 13 herpes simplex ulcers on his left cornea, yet, in his 70's now, he is still able to operate a snowplow in the catskill mountains, an occupation that requires good eye sight and extremely fast reflexes.

I have sent reports to eye journals in London, Canada, and the United States regarding my innovative treatment of corneal ulcers. Every one of them has turned down my offer to present a paper. The reason is that they did not know what I was talking about. This a new and entirely different approach to the treatment of ulcers. None of them could believe that a single intravenous injection of vitamins could cure an ulcer of the eye. In spite of the corneal transplants and prolonged treatment with anti-viral drops, many thousands of eyes are lost every year in the United States due to herpes simplex ulcers. In 1960, the Ophthalmological Society of Great Britain invited me to present a paper at their annual convention in London on the treatment of herpes ulcers of the cornea. None of the distinguished eye doctors from all over the world on the floor of the Royal Society asked questions or discussed the subject and to this day the medical profession both in Great Britain and America do not attach any importance in general to the treatment of eye diseases with vitamins. I have not found a single word in the medical journals on the subject.

Another eye condition that responds miraculously to intravenous injections of vitamins B and C is called "recurrent erosion of the cornea". Without these injections it is an almost incurrable condition in that it responds very poorly to any other treatment. A young carpenter, a son in law of the secretary of our Lion's Club, had a recurrent erosion, very painful, and his eye was intensely red and the whole cornea was one big erosion just the same as if it was an ulcer. I gave him an intravenous injection of outdated Solu B and the next day the eye was completely healed and he went to work and had no trouble with the eye in the two or three years since then. My usual treatment for recurrent erosion is removing the loose epithelium with a cotton swab, instillation of 1% atropine and 1% yellow oxide of mercury ointment, a snug patch and an I.V. injection of vitamins B and C (the same to be taken orally each day), and cod liver oil before breakfast. Cauterizing with phenol is very seldom indicated.

Intravenous vitamin B and C also cure episcleritis in which one eye is intensely red and irritable. This condition responds within one day to an intravenous shot of Solu B or something similar. It appears to be associated with stress. I had a handsome young priest from a catholic church across the river in Athens with intense episcleritis and it responded right away. But then I got the story from him that the local kids had set his church on fire and burned it down. This was the stress, I believe, that caused him to have episcerlitis.

There is a condition called trigeminal neuritis. The trigeminal ganglion, situated somewhere near the ear, is the center that controls the pain nerves in the face. There are three parts to it. One part supplies the forehead, one the cheek region, and the other the jaw. The first symptom is pain which can be very intense in the region of the ear. The pain tends to subside then a herpes like eruption develops on that side of the face which eventually clears up. The sensation of pain or touch, however, is largely lost in area that is affected. I have found that an intravenous or intermuscular injection of Solu B or something similar, cures every case no matter what stage you catch it in even if it is just the pain to begin with (which is called tic douloureux). In one eighty five year old lady the injection cured her pain and cleared up the eruption in her face. She developed a pain in the area but after the injection it disappeared and

the feelings of touch and pain returned to that area. There is nothing in the literature about this and apparently no one else has discovered this simple treatment.

Vitamins also seem to be an effective treatment of arthritis. My most interesting patient was a retired executive in his late seventies who had agonizing arthritis. He could hardly walk for the pain in his ankles and his legs. He also had iritis in his left eye. We cured the iritis with a couple of shots of Solu B. He took the cod liver oil on a regular basis. Within a few months his arthritis had completely disappeared. He is now able to climb ladders and put his own storm windows on. He looks much better and feels fine.

Since the Food and Drug Administration has taken Solu B off the market we have no Vitamin B or C injectables available. I managed to get some Baroca C from Canada, but it comes in half strength at five times the price.

As far as I can ascertain, very few doctors ever order vitamins. The American Medical Association states that they are complete waste of money and that you can get all of the vitamins that you need in your food through a balanced diet, whatever that is.

So here we have these conditions: herpes simplex ulcers, recurrent erosion of the cornea, episcerlitis, and iritis which are very serious eye diseases, all controlled intravenous injection of vitamins. Not another doctor in the world, as far as I can tell, is using it. So it is actually must be one of the greatest advances in the history of ophthalmology. But here I have been practicing 62 years, and I can't be around much longer, and it is pity that so many hundreds of thousands, maybe millions of eyes are being lost every year in the world for the want of this simple treatment.

The big reason, it seems, why the profession discontinued giving intravenous vitamins Solu B was the fear of being sued for malpractice. When it is being administered the patient should be in a chair which can be reclined so that the patient becomes more or less on the horizontal. After the injection, the patients notice that their face feels hot and tingly and they feel a little bit faint. In the reclining position they are asked to breath deeply but not for too long because you can be over oxygenated. Smelling salts also help. A certain number of even the biggest and huskiest men faint. But as they stay reclined, they have all returned to normal. In my short fifty years of practice I have administered in the neighborhood of 15,000 intravenous and intermuscular injections of Solu B and similar solutions.

**The Treatment of Diabetes**

Diabetic blindness (diabetic retinopathy) is becoming the greatest cause of blindness besides the millions of people who are dying in the world each year on account of diabetes.

For the six years that I practiced in Saskatchewan I was the "municipal doctor", that is, I took care of 4,000 people in the municipality for a salary of $12.50 per day out of which I built my house and office, supplied the car in the summer time and paid a teamster to drive me with his horses and his sleigh in the winter. No pasteurized milk was available at that time. The fact remains, however, that in those six years actually taking care of about 6,000 people because outside of my municipality two or three thousand used to drift in because there was no doctor for a long way to the south and to the west. In the six years there were actually just two cases of diabetes both of which occurred outside of my territory. I tested everybody for diabetes. Both of these cases were in a state of diabetic coma. One of these patients lived 56 miles away across the prairie. The story that I got over the telephone was that he was "sort of dizzy". When I arrived after driving on trails across the prairie, he was unconscious and lying on the ground. You might think that it was difficult making a diagnosis. Well it is, usually, but I just happened to smell the breath of this gentleman and smelled just like acetone. He had acidosis (diabetic coma). The treatment was to give him an intravenous solution of glucose and saline and insulin. So I asked the family to jump in their Model T Ford and drive like crazy 90 miles to Regina where I had called them and told them to be ready for a diabetic coma. His family got him to the hospital on time and he recovered completely. Incidentally, when I sent a bill for this 112 mile trip (56 miles each way), they said "what did you do? You didn't do anything, all you did was smell his breath and send him to the hospital". Now I should have gotten something, shouldn't I for saving his life, however, that is the way one practices medicine on the prairie.

Ask any of your friends if they know of anyone with diabetes and almost all of them will say "yes, lots of

them". But on the prairie where they drank nothing but raw unpasteurized milk, if they drank milk at all, in six years there were just two cases of diabetes from 6,000 people. It seems obvious that if they allowed people to drink raw unpasteurized milk they would do away with an awful lot of diabetes. You see, unpasteurized milk has bacteria that produce vitamin B in your intestines after you drink it. These bacteria are very beneficial. It is all part of nature's plan to provide additional protection to young infants through their mother's milk. These vitamin B producing bacteria, of course, are killed during the pasteurization process.

Injections of Solu B can reduce and actually cure diabetic retinopathy. I had one case where a gentleman of 68 whose eye sight had been reduced to the point where he was unable to find his way out of my examining room because of the hemorrhages in both eyes. I was able to get a telephone call through to his medical doctor in Allentown Pennsylvania, two or three hundred miles away, and asked him to give my friend an intravenous injection of Solu B twice a week. "What the hell will that do?" was the answer. My response was to tell him "well, he's nearly blind and we don't know of anything else that will help and this won't do him any harm, and I wish that you would give it to him". So he says, "well, alright, I'll give it". In about three weeks or so my friend with the retinitis drove up from Allentown all by himself without any difficulty. The hemorrhages in his retina were disappearing. The intravenous injection were continued. He also took vitamin pills containing the same formula by mouth. A few months later, while visiting his son in Catskill, he developed what is known as insulin shock. He had been taking 40 units of insulin daily for the past 20 years. We reduced the injection from 40 to 20 units and he still had shock so he cut out the insulin all together and he went along with no symptoms of diabetes. In fact, unbelievably, we had cured a case of real diabetes. Insulin does not cure diabetes it just prolongs life a while. Every diabetic dies with his diabetes no matter what they do with pills or insulin.

I have also cured two cases of abscesses in the feet due to diabetes with intravenous shots of solu B. One 72 year old lady, who had been prepared to have her foot amputated the next morning in the hospital, was cured by three injections of B complex and C vitamins.

Whenever I have presented a paper on this subject, the reply always comes back that it is impossible and that I am a screwball or a crackpot or just a quack doctor and nothing has happened.

**Cod Liver Oil**

For the past twelve years or so, we have been dispensing LYSI Icelandic Cod Liver Oil by the ton. It sort of sells itself. We have had many dramatic cures with it and people feel much better in general.

In my third year in medical college a recently trained young pediatrician informed us that convulsions in children, mostly little boys, was cured immediately by administering a few drops of cod liver oil. Because the little fellow was suffering from rickets, which is a deficiency in calcium. There normally is plenty of calcium in the diet. But one is unable to assimilate this calcium if there is an absence of vitamin D. The best source of vitamin D is cod liver oil by mouth. The first day eye was in private practice I saved the lives of two little boys who were twins in the final stages of convulsions by a few drops of cod liver oil between the spasms of the convulsions. They were cured in less than a half an hour. I therefore began prescribing cod liver oil even before I graduated. When I became a "municipal" doctor in 1930 I used to buy large quantities of Newfoundland cod liver oil. The birth rate was fairly high and so half the 4,000 population of my district were boys and girls 14 years of age and under. I have continued administering cod liver oil since that time. I have noticed that if people take cod liver oil regularly very few develop cataracts, hair didn't turn grey, and they didn't lose hair, and they were in better health generally. One of my patients at the age of 86 operates a 33 sail boat. He sees 20/25ths in his left eye and operating a sail boat requires great skill and observation. I have yet to meet a single doctor who prescribes cod liver oil to his patients. Last summer a gentleman who claims that he was from the Department of Health in Albany called and me and told me that cod liver oil does not cure colds in children (in one of my advertisements for cod liver oil I had mentioned that it does). In my 62 years in the practice of medicine, outside of Saskatchewan, I have never met a doctor who prescribed cod liver oil. Well I wonder who did the research to make the claim that cod liver oil does not cure colds in children. As for myself, at the age of 89, I don't need eye glasses to operate this tape recorder. I can see perfectly except on the chart I don't see better than 20/30ths in my left eye and in my right eye I see about 20/40ths and I have had a bit of a cataract for 15 or 20 years in both eyes. I read perfectly

well without glasses. My son gave me a pair of +2 readers and it makes a slight difference but cataracts do a funny thing, they introduce a system of par focal so that you can see both distances and near without glasses.

As can be seen, I have been able to treat many eye infirmities with nutrition. In addition, I have been able to control cataracts. For this I suggest that they take a table spoon of cod liver oil each morning before breakfast and a reliable B and C tablet, quit smoking, and eat whole wheat bread. We now, suddenly, hear a lot about fish oil and its Omega 3 which controls cholesterol and reduces the risk of heart attacks. I have been dispensing the best cod liver oil to my patients, off and on, since 1926.

Cataracts, one of the greatest causes of blindness, is most prevalent in countries where there is extreme poverty such as India, Ethiopia, and third world countries, suggesting that nutrition perhaps is a factor in the cause. I have found that administering Icelandic cod liver oil and a reliable vitamin B and C pill, refraining from tobacco, eating oatmeal regularly and always eating whole wheat bread that practically all cataracts are arrested in their progress. Under this program when the number of patients requiring an operation was down to 4 or 5 a year, I decided to quit doing cataracts in 1974.

Ophthalmologists consider cataracts to be an entirely surgical condition. From my experience in solo practice I have found that many patients with lens opacities respond to vitamins taken by mouth. The progress of the cataract is arrested and vision, in a fair percentage, is actually improved.

The average patient, when informed for the first time that he or she has a cataract, becomes quite alarmed and asks "what can be done?" The usual reply is, "we will observe it from time to time and when it is 'ripe' we will do an extraction on the worst eye". A better diet, taking vitamins and avoiding tobacco is seldom stressed. It would appear that lens opacities could be a nutritional problem.

I performed my last cataract extraction operation in 1974, not because I was getting too old but because I ran out of patients with cataracts. I found that LYSI cod liver oil and Beminal vitamins by Aryst (vitamins B and C) arrested all cataracts.

**Treatment for AIDS**

As noted above, intravenous shots of vitamins B and C are effective in combating herpes virus. It is now established that the disease called AIDS is caused by a virus. Since I have cured thousands of ulcers of the eye and uveitis and other infections including diabetic retinitis, and diabetic abscesses of the feet, that this injection must be an antiviral agent. The new disease, AIDS, is caused by a virus so the only logical treatment that I can think of is giving the intravenous injections of B and C which are now unobtainable because the Food and Drug Administration has taken them off of the market (I presently obtain Beroca C in Canada). If it works, of course, it should be one of the most sensational discoveries of the century.

I have never had a patient who was suffering from AIDS. In order to test my theory, I would recommend the following treatment:

1. Intravenous injection of Solu B daily. When giving an intravenous injection of Solu B, have the patient lie down or sit in a reclining chair. Using a 5cc syringe and a #23 disposable needle inject the solution into the vein, slowly. Then keep the patient lying or sitting for 15 minutes. Should they complain of "butterflies" in the stomach or feel dizzy, tip the chair back so as to lower the head. Fan the head gently and have them take a few deep breaths.

2. One teaspoon of LYSI Icelandic Cod Liver Oil daily.

3. One Beminal 500 tablet (Ayerst) daily.

4. One Vitamin E capsule (400 units by Wilson and Wolfer) daily.

5. About 6 teaspoonfuls of clear white vinegar daily.

6. Drink raw unpasteurized milk where available (also, oatmeal and whole wheat bread.

7. Avoid penicillin or other antibiotics.

8. Avoid steroids

About 15 years ago, I noticed that my urine had the appearance of skim milk. I went up to the, "plumbers", or I should say, urologists in Albany and, after $300 worth of tests, they informed me that they thought that I had cystitis. Now that is marvelous, what else the heck could it have been. They gave me some new kind of high powered penicillin to take 250 mgs four times a day. After ten days the pus was pretty well gone but not quite, so that was the course in penicillin. Three days later the pus was back again. Now a little bell rang in the back of my feeble mind where 50 years ago, when I was in general practice on the prairie, a patient had cystitis. I gave him some cod liver oil and it got better. So I took three tablespoons of Upjohns Super D Cod Liver Oil and the puss has been absent ever since. I have subsequently found out that Upjohns Super D was actually cod liver oil from Iceland that we sell now as LYSI cod liver oil.

**Modern Hip Surgery**

After I had recovered pretty well from the pin in my left hip, I had a lot of severe pain in my right groin. So they said that it must be a hernia. Actually there wasn't any hernia, but they operated anyway. After the operation I was still having pains and one of the doctors in the group said "if I had done a hernia and it hurt that much this much later, I'd leave town". They went back and took a better X-Ray and found that my right hip joint was just rotting away. So they put me in the Albany Medical Center and the hip joint specialists did what they call prosthesis, that is they cut my femur off about half way down and put in its place a stainless steel replacement. They scraped out the diseased bone around the hip joint and put plastic in it and made an artificial socket then fitted the stainless steel artificial femur. That hip has been fine ever since with no more pain. So I got an extra operation thrown in, a hernia which I didn't have, but now I have a real hernia, on the left side, but I am getting tired of having operations.

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# THE HOFFMANNS

Theodore Hoffmann was the national chairman for the Steuban Society, the largest German-American organization in the country. He was a remarkable person. At a dinner that I attended of the Society in the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, the main dining room was quite crowded. As chairman of the meeting the main address by Mr. Hoffmann, besides the short talks, was quite eloquent and could not have been given by anyone except a highly educated man. To the best of my knowledge, however, he had never attended a college. Evidently quite strong as a boy, he had learned to swim by being thrown into the East River of New York. As he grew up, he became a lifesaver and won the Congressional Metal for lifesaving.

In about 1941 I was on the surgical staff of the Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital on 210 E. 64th Street in New York. Dr. David H. Webster was the chief surgeon director in the hospital. I, at that time, was working as an assistant to him in his office on 54th Street. About that year Theodore Hoffmann (my future father in law) had Dr. Webster remove a cataract from one of his eyes. Some months later Mr. Hoffmann had me do a cataract operation on his other eye. It unfortunately developed a detached retina which we operated on more or less successfully. One day at noon his daughter Jane, upon leaving the office was heading up Lexington Avenue and I offered to give her a lift. It proved to be a prophetic event because not too long later we were married.

In the spring of 1946, before we had moved to Claverack, Jane and I, with her father and little Jimmy, took a trip to Washington, D.C. to visit Jane's brother Ludwig, who was the chief engineer for the Maritime Commission. Parkways and thruways, at that time, were nothing but a gleam in government's eye. A trip to Washington was a long day's journey. Going through Philadelphia was endless red lights and the same was Baltimore and Washington. Finally we arrived at McClean Virginia in the evening, which is across the Potomac River from Washington. In fact, looking to the south and west, there was

nothing but open prairie. Its now all built up. Their house was just a hundred yards from the home that was later owned by Senator Bob Kennedy (there was always the sound of the happy voices of his ten children, now they are all grown up and gone). Ludwig, and his wife Helen, had two sons, Ted and Lud Jr. With a new home and built in garage, they had perhaps two acres of land where they did a lot of gardening. Helen, now a widow, lives there alone with the surrounding area completely built up with fine homes.

When the two Hoffamann boys finished high school, they both attended the University of Virginia. Ted later attended law school at the University of Alabama. He took up a law practice in Montgomery Alabama with an office next to Governor Wallace. He was quite successful and became a judge at about the age of forty in the small city of Union Springs. In the south, it seems, the people have retained the silly idea that some people are better than others. They call it class distinction, considered generally in the north to be very anti-American. The people down there voted Ted Hoffmann to be one of the six most gentlemanly lawyers in the state. He married Martha whose family had been the original homesteaders at a place called Fitzpatrick, 35 miles southeast of Montgomery where she had inherited 6,000 acres in the area called the "black belt" so called because of its very rich black soil. There son John, born in 1960, attended school in Union Springs, the county seat. The neighbors in that area had gotten together and built an ultra-modern, all white school where young John was a star player on the school's football team. When he graduated, he took up theology and became a Baptist minister. He also became the champion weight lifter for the State of Alabama. On July 24, 1964, his little sister Paige joined the clan. On May 23, 1970, three more little sisters arrived; Suzanne, Martha, and Norma. Martha and Norma were like identical blond twins, while Suzanne had darker hair and was half as big again as her two sisters. In 1986, their Cadillac was struck by a drunken driver killing little Norma at the age of 16.

In January or 1975, their father Theodore began having weaknesses in certain muscles. It became progressive and the diagnosis was made of amyotrophic lateral sclerosis (Lou Gehrig's disease). By the fall of 1976 he was pretty helpless. In October he wasn't expected to live much longer so I traveled down to Fitzpatrick to see them. He was just able to walk around and his speech was unintelligible, except to Martha.

Very frequently, Martha put on an English fox hunt. That's what I landed in that October of 1976. You would think that there were a lot of millionaires in Alabama when you saw all of the beautiful horses that arrived for that hunt (about 25 or so). It was a beautiful day so naturally the foxes "out foxed" them and they were not able to find one.

Paige, at that time, was just twelve. She was riding one of her own beautiful Thoroughbred horses. You could see that she and the hose were like one unit. Paige was a lovely looking young lady. Not having done any riding for forty years, I choose not to join with the hunters although they offered to supply me

with a beautiful thoroughbred. I went along in a pickup truck driven by a retired executive from the Parke-Davis Company who was a native of the south. We traveled at a distance off where we could see them. When I asked my driver friend how many cattle Martha had, he, in amazement said that he had never thought about how many cattle there were. I am unable to remember his name but a fellow from Georgia brought a little trailer where he could carry fifteen or twenty foxhounds, all of the very best breeds. I asked the man in the pickup truck what the guy with the foxhounds did for a living, he said "what did he do for a living? Nobody ever asked a question like that, nobody over there ever does anything 'for a living'". When we all returned to the Hoffmann's modern brick home, I found a man and wife busy preparing a lunch for us. I took them to be some hired help that Martha had acquired, later finding out that they were multimillionaires from Birmingham. Later that Sunday morning, Martha took Paige and the triplets along to Sunday School. I declined but now I wish that I had gone. Martha at the time was teaching school in Montgomery and drove me the thirty-five miles to the airport where I took a plane for Atlanta and from there in a Tri-Star 1011 plane with Rolls-Royce engines could take off in about half the length of the runway with very little noise. From the Philadelphia airport, I took a plane to New York.

Ted Hoffmann lived for about another year. His father Ludwig Hoffmann died of the same disease on April 16, 1985. Ludwig Jr. ("little Lud") lives in Montgomery, Alabama. He and his wife have one little boy who was born with a mental defect. Paige with her thoroughbred horse together are as a single unit. In 1986 she won the Miss Rodeo USA beauty pageant. In Alabama, the governor declared a Paige Hoffmann holiday. The governor presented her with a new Jeep and a gift of $5,000. Her mother, Martha, is now married to a veterinary doctor who goes in for race horses. Martha has given up the cattle business and has taken up race horses.

Jane's brother Ludwig was the chief engineer of construction for the U.S. Maritime Commission. In 1950 and 1951 he was in charge of the construction of the steamship United States in Newport News, Virginia. At that time his father Theodore, national chairman of the Stueban Society, was staying with them. We arranged with a private ambulance plane operator to bring her father up to Hudson in 1952 while our daughter Mary was just a baby and our eldest son Jimmy was just seven. In this little plane, there was just the one seat for the pilot, Jane, little Jimmy and the Baby, and right next to where Jimmy sat there was a door with just a hook on it and nothing else. The arrived safely, however, in Catskill, across the river from Hudson. Mr. Hoffmann was in the terminal stage of cancer of the pancreas. He stayed in Hudson until we lost him. There was a big funeral put on by the society in New York. We went down in our car to be there. By this time we has acquired a Ford from my sister. We needed the extra car now that five kids had joined the troop. While in New York the old Mercury developed crankshaft trouble. It was impossible to have it fixed so we gave it to the garage man for $10.00 and we had to get back to Hudson with the whole tribe in the Ford.