

# MEDICAL MEMOIRS

Of 50 Years in Kalamazoo



*By Dr. Rush McNair*



## **A P O L O G Y**



At the time the Kalamazoo Gazette was planning its Centennial Edition, the editor asked me to write the story of the Kalamazoo County doctors. Complimented by his request I accepted. Later when I began to seriously think of the task and found that doctors had been coming into Kalamazoo County for over a hundred years and that much of their records were few and far between, I realized that I had promised more than I could perform.

I asked the editor to cut down my assignment to writing personal reminiscences of my fifty years practice in Kalamazoo. To this the editor kindly consented and fortunately appointed Mr. Ross Coller of the Gazette Staff to give help concerning dates and incidentally unravel some involved compositions. The type and illustrations used are furnished by The Gazette.

This booklet is the keeping of my promise.

RUSH McNAIR.

**To the Memory  
of the  
Doctors of Medicine  
of whom  
These Reminiscences  
are written.**



# Dr. Jerome M. Snook

# Dr. William T. Stillwell

This essay is neither biography nor history . . . it is reminiscence!

I am informed that in reminiscence, it is forbidden to discuss the living, but the editor suggests that in relating episodes, I name the actors therein. This I will do insofar as is medically proper.

It has been in many ways a pleasure to live over again the days of half a century ago. To me, the sole survivor of that time, has fallen the privilege of bringing before you the doctors of 1887, that I may display to you a unique and precious rosary. I count each bead unto the end . . . to each a cross is hung . . . and from the years I hear the tolling of a bell.

## WOULD SHARE HONOR

I note that I am referred to as the Dean of the Doctors in Kalamazoo. This may not be correct.

Dr. A. H. Rockwell graduated four years, and Dr. Edward Ames 13 years, before me. It is only that I began the practice of medicine in Kalamazoo two and one-half years before the former and five years before the latter, that I have been called "dean."

I am not so anxious to be counted old that I would rob any doctor of such honors. That generous am I!

## EACH SUI GENERIS

Upon meeting the Kalamazoo doctors here in April, 1887, I was profoundly impressed. They were well educated, largely experienced, having a high opinion of the necessity and dignity of their profession, earnest in purpose, honest to the public and faithful to their patients. And withal, I thought them most likeable men and I sought their goodwill and approval.

Very forcibly I noted each and every one was sui generis. Each doctor had his own characteristics and these were accentuated by his almost solitary companionship with himself. In the long horse-drawn rides by day and night he thought out and set in order his own theories of disease and chose his remedies. Thus it came about that he was self-reliant. He built fortifications about himself and alone he faced all men. He was inclined

to be suspicious of other doctors and watchful of them. A consultation of doctors was an armed truce. Did a doctor wish to express a criticism, he could do so by raising his eyebrows a little, or by biting his lip. Each watched the other for treachery.

## GOSSIP NOW OUTWORN

I found later that this Ishmael-like attitude was due to the former frequent instances of mal-practice charges made against every doctor one time or another. The doctor who had suffered such ignominy lay in wait for the doctor he thought had instigated the charges and planned to wreak vengeance.

There were no movies or automobiles to furnish the people amusement and relaxation. There was more gossiping concerning doctors than of any other class of men. Every family had its doctor and of every other doctor it was often said: "He could not doctor a sick cat for me." And people carried tales to doctors of what other physicians had said about them. The most innocent allusion of one doctor to his fellows was a foul slander when it reached the doctor referred to.

I think gossip about doctors was then a thousand times more besetting sin than now.

## DR. JEROME M. SNOOK

At the time of my arrival here 50 years ago, it was customary for a new physician to make "courtesy calls" upon the established doctors in the community.

The first doctor on whom I called was Dr. Jerome M. Snook.



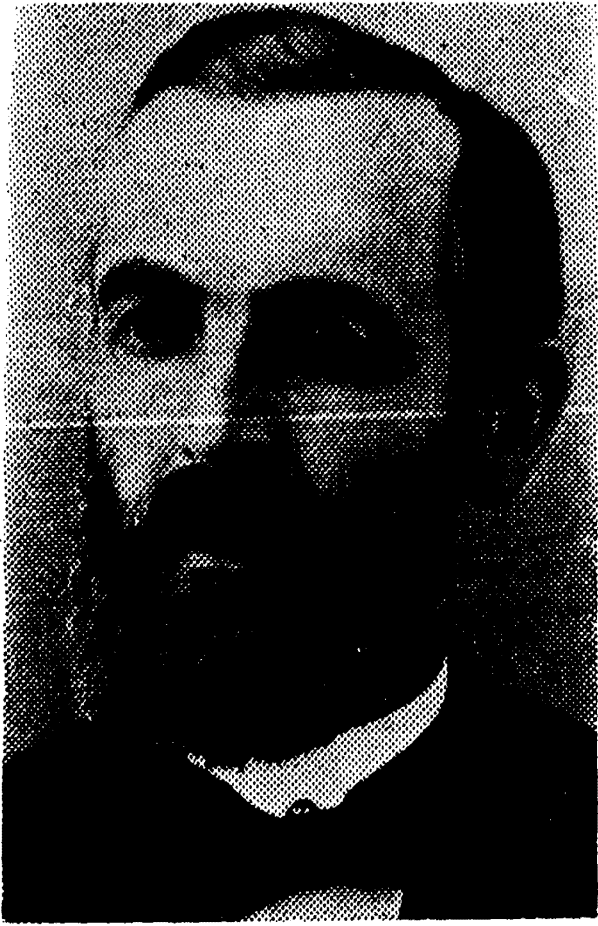
DR. JEROME M. SNOOK

Dr. Snook died at his home, 614 South Burdick street, at 57, July 8, 1902. He was born in New York Nov. 29, 1845, but the family soon came to Orangeville, Mich. Snook came to Kalamazoo College as a student in 1865. After two years he entered business, but in 1873 was graduated in medicine at Ann Arbor. April 30, 1877, he married Julia Hitchcock, niece of Dr. H. O. Hitchcock. Mrs. Snook will be 91 on Sept. 29 and lives at 2352 Midvale Terrace. One son, Alfred H., survives and resides here. A son, Frederick, died in infancy, and a daughter, Miss Helen, died at 28 in 1907. The above photo was taken in 1875.

He gave me a critical going-over. His black prominent eyes bored holes into the very gizzard of me. He concluded that I was hardly in the physical condition to practice medicine and said that I should take a dog, gun and tent and camp out for awhile. I replied that my financial condition would not permit of such a benefit and that, as a matter of fact, if I went into the wilderness, I would prefer "a book of verse, a jug of wine and thou." The doctor smiled and said: "That would be a good way, too."

## IGNORED OWN ADVICE

Dr. Snook, however, did not take his own good advice as to recreation. He worked day and night with almost no surcease.



**DR. WM. T. STILLWELL**

Dr. Stillwell succumbed to bronchial consumption Jan. 19, 1890, at his home at East Main and Edwards streets, aged 63. Born Oct. 2, 1826, he had come to Comstock at 28 in 1854, and in 1868 had established his practice in Kalamazoo. At his death he was survived by his wife and a daughter, Mrs. C. H. Hinman of Battle Creek. He had practiced medicine in the county for 36 years. Officiating at his funeral was the Rev. C. P. Mills, then rector of St. Luke's Episcopal church. The six men who bore his body to final rest at Mountain Home were all well known here: A. C. Wortley, W. S. Lawrence, Tabor Skinner, J. L. Sebring, Edward Woodbury and Romine H. Buckhout.

Thus he shortened his years, I thought.

He was very direct, clear and precise in his statements and demanded the same from others. Two professors of the practice of medicine from different colleges addressed the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine. Dr. Snook noted that Dr. Herrick of Rush Medical College spoke calmly and very definitely. The other guest spoke more volubly . . . gave the rules, and at equal length, the exception to the rules; and likewise the exceptions to the exceptions. Dr. Snook expressed himself vigorously in favor of the first.

One of Dr. Snook's frequent expressions was: "I have practiced medicine 12 years and I think I

ought to know." Of course, he would advance the numerals given as his practice gained with the years. I recall that I agreed with him and felt that I, too, would be wise in the ways of medicine after I had achieved 12 years in practice.

#### **WHEN SNOOK RELAXED**

I recall only one instance when Dr. Snook relaxed. Half a dozen of us went to Battle Creek for a medical dinner. Postprandially, we were called upon to speak. I have not the least recollection of what I said, but I remember what Dr. Snook said. The doctor arose and expressed his pleasure over the privilege of being present. Then he spoke of coming to a medical meeting in Battle Creek 10 years before, and how on a telegraph wire that spanned the street, he had seen a rag hanging. Five years later he had seen the same rag dangling there, somewhat frayed and colorless. Today he looked for the rag . . . and it was gone. He voiced his disappointment.

The doctor discussed the rag from all possible angles. It was all so droll and the Battle Creek doctors received it with all varieties of expressions on their faces. They acted as if they had been let down, but I well nigh laughed my head off.

Dr. Snook died at 57 years of age.

#### **DR. WILLIAM STILLWELL**

I next called on Dr. William T. Stillwell. His home and office stood where the Kalamazoo Pant Company now is located at East Michigan avenue and Edwards street. Dr. Stillwell was tall and gaunt. His forehead was wide and high, his hair thinning. His face was be-whiskered and pale. When he smiled he showed his front teeth and gums as if he were grimacing.

There was a hectic flush in both cheeks and his overbright eyes made me note how he tried to control a cough.

#### **SQUIRTING CUCUMBER**

"What is the newest remedy for dropsy?" Dr. Stillwell asked, and then he added, "Is there anything

better than the squirting cucumber?"

By answering his own question he had saved me. Then I told him that my doctor father, years before, had told me of this drug, and its funny name made me remember it. It is a plant that grows to a pod. Then I recalled that Clutterbuck, an English house, was making a tablet of the squirting cucumber and calling it *Elaterium*, and I told the doctor I would bring him some. Later, I called back. The hectic was brighter. His eyes were glow lights in the dark. He sat in a pillowed chair, his finger on his pulse, a thermometer under his tongue and a spit cup on the desk beside him.

#### **A DOCTOR DIES**

In a prolonged death agony such as comes in tuberculosis and cancer, the doctor suffers more than other mortals.

Others may be diverted from contemplation of the inevitable. They may be led to take interest in certain efforts for relief. If it is to be death from heart disease, the patient is comforted when told that his heart will last him as long as he lives. He is congratulated on what a wonderful pulse and temperature he has . . . and thus cherishing hope, he is given some hours of pleasurable sensation.

But the doctor himself is undecieved. It only remains for him to prepare to live the grandest of his hours . . . his last. He may, in a way, practice self-hypnotism, as such efforts induce a certain euthanasia. He will appear untroubled and unvexed. He will accept kind care and expressions of love without excess or humility of thanks. He will be most thoughtful for the feelings of others. His greatest regret . . . that dear ones are suffering with him. Kindly and sweetly, he closes his eyes. He is submerged in a vast and endless beatitude.

# Dr. Harris B. Osborne

Dr. Harris Burnet Osborne's years in Kalamazoo were marked by great activity. Eminent in medicine and surgery, his skill was showered upon rich and poor alike. To present a bill to a poor man, that he just could not do.

Dr. Osborne served on the the U. S. Pension Examining Board, was a trustee of Kalamazoo State Hospital, active in the G. A. R. and Loyal Legion and was president of the original staff of Borgess hospital. The nurses' home of Bronson hospital in East Lovell street, bears his name.

He was born at Sherman, Chautauqua County, New York, Aug. 11, 1841. At the age of 14 he went to Kane County, Illinois, to live with his sister, the wife of Dr. Samuel McNair. There he made his home for the next seven years, receiving a good common school education, attending Elgin Academy and Jennings Seminary at Aurora, Ill. He began his study of medicine with his brother-in-law, Dr. McNair.

## RECALLS OLD MEMORIES

These memories begin, in the main, with my coming to Kalamazoo in 1887, but my memory of Dr. Osborne carries me back over 26 years more. He was 19 years old when my twin brother and I were born. My mother told me that at our birth my doctor father busied himself at the barn and office and that, under her direction, Osborne dropped chloroform on a handkerchief and handed it to her and that five minutes before the birthing, my doctor father nonchalantly walked in. A doctor would say Doc Sam gauged the time pretty correctly.

My brother, more frail than I, fell mostly to my mother's care. The big boy, Osborne, looked after me. After I came to Kalamazoo Dr. Osborne would sometimes recall how as an infant, I would crawl at night into the bosom of his shirt and that he would dream it was raining and that the roof leaked. Back in our Illinois home we had a bell-shaped device of brass that could be fitted into the chimney of a kerosene lamp. On this, in the middle of the night,

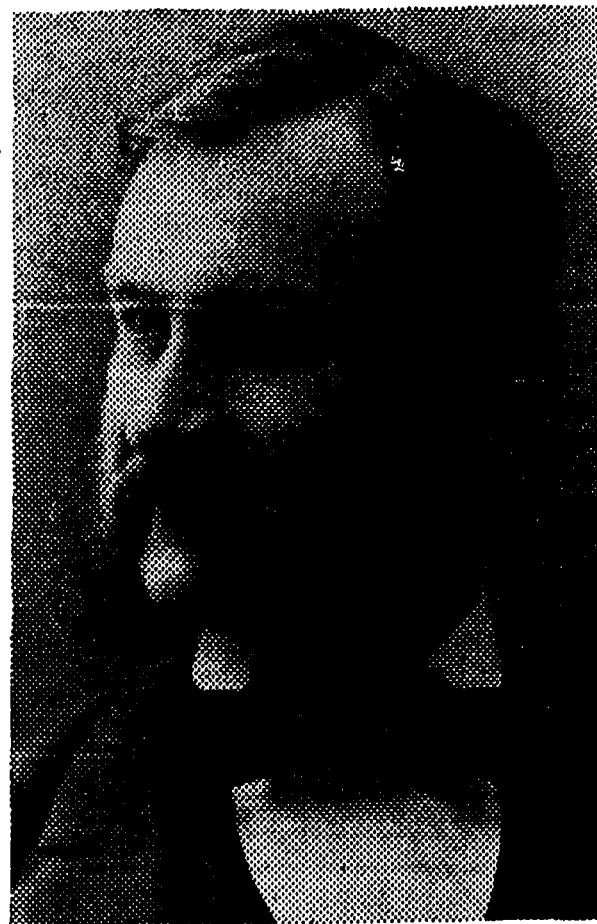
my uncle would warm me a cup of milk.

## ENTERS WAR SERVICE

In 1860 Osborne entered the medical department of the University of Michigan, but with his course yet unfinished he enlisted in 1862 with the 113th Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

At the beginning of the great campaign down the Mississippi against Vicksburg, Osborne knew, as did every soldier in the Western armies, that thousands would die before the great Confederate fortress could be taken. Osborne's diary of these days has been studied by Lloyd Lewis, author of "Sherman, Fighting Prophet," and in it the author found many facts of historical value. Here follows the dedication of this diary as written by Dr. Osborne:

"DEDICATION—this is my first attempt to record the passing events of my days and I feel incompetent to the task. But with a resolve to do all I can to faithfully record all my acts, and the acts of others that shall come under my notice worthy of memory! Should I fail, or not be allowed to carry out my resolve by the power of a will greater than mine, I will leave this for friends to forward to my dear and loved sister Ann and brother, Dr. Samuel McNair, Blackberry Station, Kane County, Illinois. Signed, Jan. 7, 1863, H. B. Osborne of 113th Regiment, Illinois Volunteers."



DR. HARRIS B. OSBONE

During Dr. Osborne's 35 years as an outstanding leader in the medical profession of Kalamazoo, he became an "institution" in families which are almost numberless. He was a brother of Attorney James W. Osborne and of the Rev. David C. Osborne . . . the latter, father of Dr. Donald Osborne. Dr. H. B. Osborne was married Oct. 29, 1868 to Annetta Ames, sister of Dr. Edward Ames, at Kaneville, Ill. Mrs. Osborne died Oct. 29, 1913 . . . on her 45th wedding anniversary. They were members of the Congregational church. After 35 years of medical practice in Kalamazoo, Dr. Osborne died Oct. 7, 1916. His funeral was held from his home, 122 East Lovell street . . . the residence now serving as the Nurses' Home of Bronson hospital.

## QUALIFIES AS SURGEON

At the Battle of Chickasaw Bayou, Osborne raised his six feet four inches, standing on a log to get a better shot, and a Confederate bullet zipped through his leg, striking neither bone, nerve, artery or other important structure.

At the battle for Arkansas Post, on the field he stopped the hemorrhage from a wound which a general officer had received. The officer noted his surgical skill and for a time Osborne was detailed to hospital service. But he carried a musket through all the battles up to the siege of Vicksburg. Then he was ordered into hospital service. He obtained a short furlough, came to Chicago for a month's medical lectures and passed the

army examinations as assistant surgeon.

It is vivid in my mind how this handsome soldier, uniformed in the immortal blue of the Union army, big brass buttons and shoulder straps, came into the house past midnight. Hardly pausing long enough to greet my father and mother, he hurried to the bed where the little twins were awakening and calling to him.

#### **HONORED AT VICKSBURG**

With the surrender of Vicksburg, Osborne was made post surgeon and health officer of the City of Vicksburg, serving until 1867 . . . a wonderful record for an Illinois soldier boy!

After taking his medical degrees in Bellevue Hospital Medical College and the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City, Dr. Osborne practiced at Chautauqua, New York, until coming to Kalamazoo in 1881.

In later years he recalled those stirring war days . . . how he once went out from Vicksburg on an exchange of prisoners. The Confederate soldiers he took out were sleek and well fed. From the dirty ragged, half-starved, vermin-infested Union prisoners, a soldier cried out to him: "Well, Burnet Osborne! I'd rather see you than God." In these same post-war years it was disclosed that Surgeon Osborne had made warm friendships among the inhabitants of Vicksburg, for long after the war a number of old Confederate families came to Kalamazoo to tell him of their regard and gratitude.

At one time in the army hospital days, supplies were coming slowly. The sick were suffering acutely and Surgeon Osborne requisitioned in vain. So he went down to headquarters. His personal requests received little attention and he was about to give up the contest. An officer who was standing unobtrusively near came up and asked what was wanted. An explanation was made and the officer said: "Give the surgeon what he asks." The officer was General Ulysses S. Grant.

#### **HE MAKES TWO CURES**

I remember a boy who was brought from Prairie Ronde to Dr. Osborne. The lad was suffering from epilepsy of increasing severity. Dr. Osborne made a thorough examination but found nothing until he noted a hard bunch in the boy's left hand. He inquired about it and the people said the bunch had been there for seven years. The boy said that just before each seizure he had a strange feeling

in the palm of this hand, that the sensation ran up his arm and that was all he could remember.

Under anesthetic the doctor opened the hand. In it he found surrounded by mucus, an osage thorn almost three-quarters of an inch long. Then the people remembered the boy had complained of hurting his hand when crawling through an osage hedge. The lad had one slight seizure after the operation, but never another.

A baby was brought to the doctor. The child had eaten nothing for a week and looked very badly. When the child attempted to swallow anything he cast it up and then cried. This was many years before the X-ray. The doctor put his long finger down the baby's throat until it entered the esophagus and he touched a hard object. With a curved forcep he reached down and pulled out a nickel five-cent piece. The nickel was all the money there was in sight . . . and the family took it home for a keep-sake.

It was natural for Dr. Osborne, wishing to repay my father and mother for what they did for him, to more than repay them with infinite kindness to me. To those who knew him, I do not need to say that Harris Burnet Osborne never did one mean or low act in all his life. To all, he was forgiving and helpful. The wife or children of a man who had not been honorable with him might come and ask for money to buy food and clothing, and he never could turn them away.

In his home never was he impatient or unkind, and he was frequent and effusive in his expression of love.

There was but one thing that would arouse him to unquenchable anger and that would be a careless word or a threat uttered against the United States.

#### **SKILLED AS SURGEON**

One time I staged a scene. The patient, a lady, and the operation an amputation mid-thigh for a destroying disease of the bone. I invited all the doctors the operating room would hold. I had asked Dr. Osborne to "assist" and he stood opposite me. He appeared careworn, a bit ill and saddened. When all was ready, I picked up the longest knife, for it was a large thigh, handed it to him hilt first, and said: "Please do the amputation, doctor!"

The change in his face and form was almost miraculous. He stood

up straight, his eyes were alight, his face took on the picture of masterly confidence. He was again the surgeon of the army hospital in Vicksburg. Lightly grasping the thigh and measuring lengths and circumferences with his eye, with one curved sweep to the right, another to the left, the bone severed and arteries tied . . . he brought the flaps together and their edges met with mathematical exactness. None present had ever seen such artistry.

I once asked Dr. Osborne: "If you had your choice of your life's work, what would it have been?" He said: "I had wished to be an etcher."

#### **HAD MANY TALENTS**

Dr. Osborne possessed many talents. With pencil and crayon he could illustrate his statements; he could draw an anatomical form, could sketch animals and human faces. He could play almost any musical instrument and in singing he could take any part from a falsetto to bass. He was also a ventriloquist. So perfect was his memory that to the day of his death he could have passed any college examination in anatomy.

When he was in Florida winters, he would sit in a boat on the Indian river, give the call of birds and they would fly down and perch on his boat. He would feed them and converse with them. He knew their habits and their natures. Each season he would recognize his bird friends of former years.

#### **WOE WAS DISPELLED**

If Dr. Osborne told a story or sang a song, he unconsciously took on the language of the listener. If his auditors were German, he was one of them. If of the Chosen People, he out Jewried the Jew. His Irish brogue was of the best.

When Dr. Osborne entered a home where there was discouragement or despair, his treatment met the situation. He would sit down at the parlor organ or piano and sing humorous songs, often improvising words to fit the occasion. Then would come a folk song, then a patriotic air or one of the grand old hymns to raise the sick soul to bravery or exalt to ecstasy.

Leaving, he would pour out a dish of pills, pick up his slouch hat from the floor, make a sweeping bow, put an extra dent in the old hat as he jammed it onto his head . . . and the sick had forgotten his woes.



# Horse and Buggy Days

There are just four motions to unblanket a horse:

1. Grasp the midpoint of the rear border and draw it forward to the midpoint of the front border.
2. Grasp the mid-rear of the fold and lift forward, up in line with the front border.
3. Loosen the neck buckle.
4. Grasp the blanket thus folded with both hands at midpoint, and as the blanket is lifted, let the two halves fall together.

To blanket a horse—reverse these movements! All this can be done in less time than it takes to tell it. The formula applies to calls made by doctors here from 1887 to 1903.

## MERCURY BELOW ZERO

It is January; the temperature is well below zero and it is a "dark and stormy night and the snow is falling fast." Dress in all the warm clothes you have. Light your lantern. No electric buttons—they are a decade in the future! A shovel is at the back door and with it the deep snow can be shoveled away from the barn door.

Upon entering the barn, the horse may be heard lurching to his feet with a groan. To put the frozen bits into the horse's mouth is an act of cruelty. One can ease his conscience on this point by noisily blowing his more or less hot strong breath upon the bits. It is more decent that the bits be immersed in warm water. The horse will appreciate this. By the time the horse is hitched to the cutter and out doors and the doors have been closed, it occurs to the doctor that he is shivering. He tucks the blankets around him and says "Giddap." And—as the little girl said: "Now, good-by God, I'm going into the country."

## HORSES WERE FAITHFUL

I can hardly realize it now that the first 15 years of my practice were horse and buggy days in summer and the horse and sleigh in winter. They did not seem so bad then and as I look back upon them, I remember the pleasures rather than the pain of them.

It was a good horse that could keep a pace of six miles an hour day after day. If I got up at six in the morning, drove out to the Long Lake region, attended the sick and accepted an invitation to breakfast

at old William Campbell's, it was ten o'clock before I got back to town. A doctor who had three or four country calls of four to eight miles, adding his office hours, afternoon and evening, had done a full day's work. Nowadays in his auto, the doctor can gaily do the same work in a fourth of the time.

In winter the roads were full of drifts and often one had to drive over the old rails of a fence and through the fields, dodging back and forth. Yet there was adventure to it that made you forget the weariness of it. We had strong heavy cutters and good horses. We wore flannel underwear, far heavier than now and overcoats with high fur-lined collars and a fur cap on our heads. We had warm mittens on our hands and heavy blankets or a buffalo robe around our feet and legs.

## CUTTER UPSIDE DOWN

Of course, there was not so much fun in crawling out from under a cutter upside down in a snow bank, unhitching the horse and getting him on his feet again. But if the family of the sick spoke kindly and expressed their confidence and gratitude and maybe set out a cup of coffee, we felt wholly rewarded.

Even in the city itself, in deep snows, the doctor might not be able to drive anywhere near his patient's house. He would hitch his horse at the last point he could reach and flounder through deep snow the rest of the way. I remember that I wore light hunting rubber boots over my shoes and half way up my thighs.

We loved and well cared for the brave horses that took us day and night through rain and sleet and snow, through deep mud and drifted roads that none but we could get through. You cannot grow

sentimental over an automobile, but you could have profound affection for the faithful horse which accompanied and led you through. You felt complimented when he looked upon you with his big brown liquid eyes and trustfully laid his head on your shoulder and nibbed at your lips.

## A NIGHT ADVENTURE

Neither the worst nor the least of my adventures was this! It happened eight miles southwest of town in sight of the Brook schoolhouse, past midnight. The moon was shining brightly and the air was beautifully cold. The way led over a fence and across a field. My horse took fright, whirled and threw me out. The horse started to run, but fortunately had stepped a hind leg over a thill which caused him to run in a circle. As he was finishing his second round, I called to him and he came to me. Plainly as speaking, he said he was very sorry that the quick dark shadow that passed over the glittering snow had stampeded him—but for heaven's sake, please help me get my leg back over that thill, for I am being skinned alive.

I petted him and told him that since he had not abandoned me and run home, all was forgiven. I pawed out the snow scooped up by the cutter top. We made another grand circuit to pick up the medicine box, emergency satchels, blankets and robes, and so, on happily home. It was the end of a perfect day.

## HORSE NOT FRIGHTENED

I must apologize to this faithful old horse for having said he was frightened. This was not correct, for he knew no fear. Rather, he was startled. After a hard day, he was probably half asleep, as I was. A white owl moping in the tower of the schoolhouse nearby, had been startled from this bower and had taken Fritz by surprise.

"The moping owls does to the moon complain

Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,

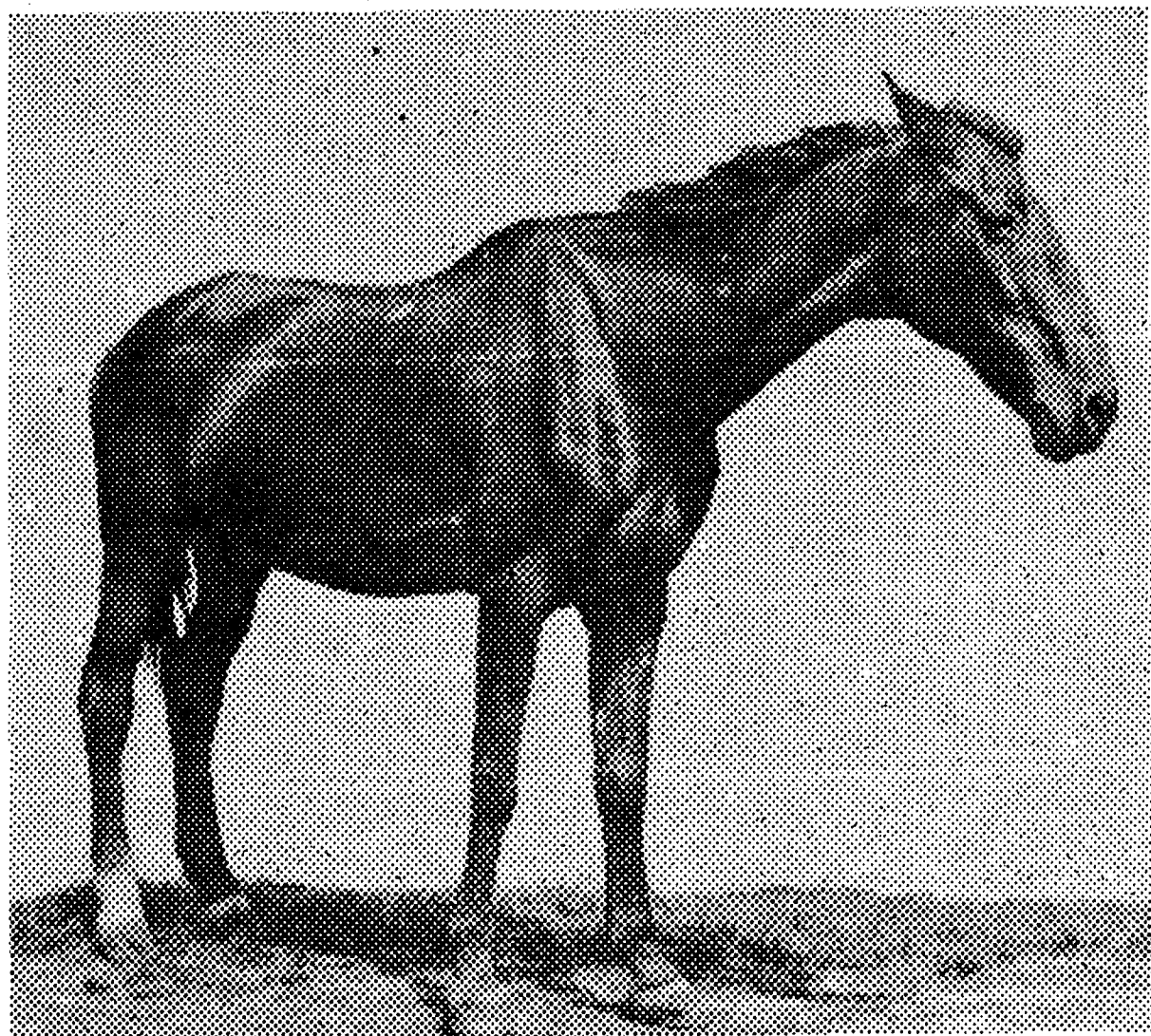
Molest her ancient solitary reign."

My horse had disturbed a solitary reign. It is possible that the owl hurled an epithet and that the horse had taken off in pursuit of this upstart.

## WADING THROUGH MUD

The mud of the late winter and early spring was not less to be dreaded than the snow drifts of winter.

One midnight, a messenger came from old Hosea Douglas, 12 miles out in Texas township, asking me to make the drive. He said it had



"Old Fritz," the horse that took Dr. Rush McNair over many a mile, is believed to be the only steed that ever bit an elephant . . . and that in an era when horses were supposed to be afraid of elephants. Fritz is shown here as he appeared in the retirement of his declining years at the Richard Ryder farm out East avenue at the Comstock road.

In his tribute to the faithful horses which carried Kalamazoo doctors to the sick and dying, Dr. McNair has selected "Old Fritz" as typifying the horses driven by all medical men. Dr. McNair bought this horse from George Neumaier, old-time brewer.

"Fritz was both intelligent and fearless," Dr. McNair recalls. "I never saw him when he was tired—or at least when he would admit fatigue. For a time he was driven by Dr. Donald Osborne and he pulled up in Main street here to watch a circus parade. When the circus man warned folks to watch their horses because the elephants were coming, Dr. Osborne shouted back advising the

circus to keep an eye on its elephants.

"A big bull elephant came along and swung his trunk toward old Fritz, but instead of being frightened, the horse lunged forward and snapped at the elephant's flank."

It was this same horse that Dr. McNair was driving when he was overturned near the Brook school-house—as related in his reminiscences today.

"I drove several horses," Dr. McNair said, "and I remember how exhilarated it made me feel that I was able to keep four horses busy—a team for country drives in the morning, a horse for afternoon calls and another for evening work."

taken him two and a half hours to get through on horseback and that he and his horse were exhausted and would not go back until morning. The messenger said he had engaged the liveryman, Duke Waud, with a team to take me out.

Duke soon, arrived with a top buggy, plenty of blankets and a fine team of horses with their tails braided and tied high. And this is another lost art among the doctors—the braiding and tying up of a horse's tail—an art gone

to join the old doctor's act of diagnosing fractures by the sense of touch and the naked eye; diagnosing typhoid by the sense of smell and the same naked eye, and miraculously applying obstetric forceps upside down to the baby's head, wrongside up.

#### RELATES ADVENTURE

Duke was optimistic and entertaining. He told of the adventures he had gone through in conveying older doctors over such roads at night. One trip was with old Dr.

George J. Longbottom, five miles in the wrong direction. Another was with Dr. J. Adams Allen, later president of Rush Medical College, whose face, whiskers and dignity were plunged into icy water and mud when the buggy lurched and nearly tipped over.

But this was a raw cold night, too. Not cold enough to freeze the road and hold a horse up, but just enough to trip the feet and cut the ankles and let the horses down half knee-deep. The road was a morass 12 miles long. At no time could the team go faster than a smart walk. It was slush, slosh, slush—deep, deeper, bottomless at times. Our time was two and a half hours. The patient, a frail man in middle life, was desperately ill with a pneumonia added to a developed tuberculosis. He survived the former, but in another year had succumbed to the latter. It was mid-forenoon when we got back to town.

#### BICYCLE DAYS, TOO

In my excitement over the horse and buggy days, I had wholly forgotten the bicycle days. The bicycle gradually helped to ease the night work of the horses.

In good weather it was often the preferable vehicle for city calls. I must have owned half a dozen bicycles. It was the bicycle which helped to bridge the decade from the horse to the automobile.

Morris Blood invented a carrier for the bicycle. It would carry a medicine case and an emergency bag or an obstetric roll and the hypothetical baby which the doctor was scheduled to bring. Ruth McNair Gilmore reminds me, too, that more than once she was a passenger in this carrier. A stock company was formed to make and sell this carrier. I put a year's salary into it and it is there yet.

#### GETS CRACKED RIB

One night I rode my bike off a bridge, down ten feet and over a dry ditch in East Walnut street. I struck the gravel, empty cans and bottles and looked up just in time to see the bicycle coming down to deal me a cracked rib.

On a very hot night, dressed only in a sleeveless short shirt, pants and slippers, and turning homeward from far out North Park street, I heard a bicycle tinkle behind me. It was Dr. Cornelius VanZwaluwenberg attired in a nightshirt, pants and slippers. As he passed me his shirt-tail was waving behind him. I took after him only wanting to clutch the hem of that garment—but "Van" put on a burst of speed and disappeared like a ghost in the dark.

# Dr. Foster Pratt

Dr. Foster Pratt, a swart, black-maned Viking . . . or rather, a Thor, surviving a thousand years after his tribes had ruled the earth and gone their way!

He was born in New York state in 1823, the son of the Rev. Bartholomew Foster Pratt and Susan McNair. At the age of 17 he was a teacher, in 1844, principal of an academy and in 1847 the head of an academy of Moorfield, Va.

Dr. Pratt received his medical degree from the University of Pennsylvania in 1849 and practiced medicine in the valley of Virginia for six years. He came to Kalamazoo in 1856. His striking carriage, his medical, surgical and forensic abilities quickly gave him leadership.

## **BROUGHT VAN DEUSEN HERE**

In 1859, Dr. Pratt was a member of the Michigan Legislature. Other legislatures had purchased the land upon which to build a hospital for the insane at Kalamazoo, but it was Dr. Pratt who obtained the first appropriations to begin a building program. Dr. Pratt secured from an eastern institution Dr. Edwin H. VanDeusen and together, these two men formed plans for the buildings and organized the hospital. He was always thereafter a member of the board and more than any other man, directed the character and policy of the institution. Dr. Pratt was very determined that politics should never enter into this hospital and this most desirable plan has been followed.

Dr. Pratt was a stalwart champion of Dr. VanDeusen when relatives of an asylum patient, Mrs. Nancy Newcomer, sued Dr. VanDeusen in 1878 for holding in restraint an allegedly sane person. At the first trial the jury gave a verdict of \$6,000 against Dr. VanDeusen. At a second trial, fortified by a decision of the supreme court, the circuit judge threw the case out of court. In a malpractice case concerning an ununited bone fracture, Dr. Pratt testifying for the defense, showed that the want of union was due to the excretion from the body of bone-making elements.

## **READ MASTERFUL PAPER**

In 1878, in his exaugural address as president of the Michigan State Medical Society, Dr. Pratt

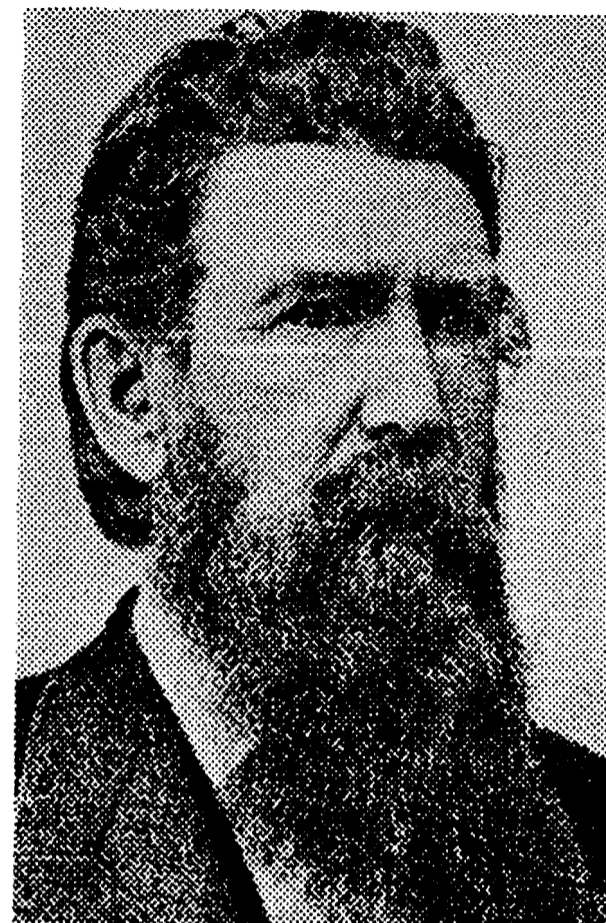
delivered a great oration, worthy to appear in any treatise on forensic medicine. I think it is the greatest single contribution of any human mind to this subject. The oration is published in full in the "History of Michigan Medicine," and is worthy of the study of all doctors and lawyers. The distinguished author of this history, Dr. C. B. Burr, heard this oration delivered and was so impressed thereby, that he turned to the study of psychiatry and became the head of the Alma Sanitarium and one of the specialists of renown. In this history, the index has 44 references to Dr. Foster Pratt.

So long as I knew Dr. Pratt, he did not keep an office. He received patients at his home or discussed ills with patients on the street or in the lobby of the Burdick House, and at their homes. From his street consultations rose the oft-quoted joke: "It costs \$5 to shake hands with Dr. Pratt on the street."

## **USED OATHS RARELY**

I served not less than five years with Dr. Pratt on the U. S. Pension Examining Board. He was always dignified and masterful, affable in his lighter moments. He rarely uttered an oath. A man so gifted and powerful as he did not need profanity to emphasize his views. If he told a story that had smut in it, never did he exceed the limit of medical propriety.

We were examining a pensioner who had served with Custer's Michigan Cavalry Brigade. At Winchester where Phil Sheridan sent Early whirling up the valley, a Confederate shell exploded under the cavalryman's horse. It blew the horse and saddle to smithereens and took more toll of the soldier than would have the most ferocious rabbi. It was up to us to estimate the disability and



**DR. FOSTER PRATT**

the commensurate pension. Dr. Pratt soberly suggested that "we leave it to U. S. Senator Stockbridge, for the senator is not only patriotic, but grows whiskers on his face, neck and chest and his virility is highly spoken of."

## **WAS ABLE ORATOR**

It is no exaggeration to assert that not a half-score of orators in all America could be rated higher than Dr. Pratt. He had the voice, the physique, the black flashing eye, the natural attitudes of body and limb and the hypnotism that are the orator's gifts. He appealed to reason rather than to sentiment. His argument was as logical as a demonstration in mathematics . . . yet, when he pleased he could make a heart appeal that was irresistible.

Coming from Virginia, a slave state, Dr. Pratt's political views often clashed with his neighbor's here. He was too proud and brave to offer explanations. He told me that early in the Civil war he had occasion one evening to go to the encampment of soldiers on the Fair Grounds. He became aware that he was being followed. The doctor had a long pocket knife, which he opened and held so that the moonlight was reflected from it. He closed the blade with a loud snap and he saw the cowards run, thinking he had cocked a pistol.

Tired of accusations, he made a dramatic answer. He suggested the raising of a regiment of Democrats. Thus was formed the 13th

Michigan Infantry with Charles E. Stuart as its Colonel. Nearly all of its officers and many of the privates were Democrats. It was one of Michigan's great fighting regiments and Surgeon Pratt saw every battle from Stone River to Atlanta, from Atlanta to the sea and from the sea to Bentonville and the grand review in Washington. He was at the bloody battle of Shiloh or Pittsburg Landing.

Years after Dr. Pratt's death, I was called to see one of the soldiers of his regiment. The soldier was old, gray, wasted and broken and death was coming on apace. He said that many people thought Sherman's march up through the Carolinas in February was a gala affair. But he said the soldiers had suffered terribly; that it was February, and that as an axe man he had stood and marched days and nights in icy water up to his waist, corduroying the miles of roads to take the army through. He said he called on Surgeon Pratt many times and the prescription was either quinine or "Drargyrum." And that many of the men gave the surgeon the title of "Old Drargyrum." I asked if he knew what drargyrum was and he was surprised when I told him it was calomel.

#### FOUGHT SMALL-POX

Surgeon Pratt told me at one time small-pox broke out in camp. The soldiers were greatly frightened and to show the boys how little danger there was, Surgeon Pratt carried a stricken soldier over his shoulder the full length of the camp to a new isolation camp.

I was amused to hear Dr. Pratt prescribe for the old and disabled veterans who came before the Pension Board. They would ask what they should do for their weakness and weariness, for their dizziness and shortness of breath, for their digestion distresses and their discouragement. Dr. Pratt's prescription was always the same. "Take a drink of whisky every day. I don't mean a sip . . . take a good big drink."

#### MAY TRY PRESCRIPTION

This prescription jarred me a bit, but I later thought differently. My own doctor father did not know the taste of tobacco and never took whisky. But when it came to the last year of his life, not every day, he would take whisky in a bowl of milk. I suppose it eased down his blood pressure, gave him a sense of well-being and nepenthe. He got the best brand that I could find.

If I should live to be elderly, I may adventure an intensive study to find out what the remedy will do for me, and between doses, I will read Cicero on "Old Age," and the 90th Psalm.

#### PLEADS FOR CAUSE

I once heard Dr. Pratt make a public plea for a cause. He stood, a noble figure, powerful and thrilling of voice, happy in his phrases, timely with his climaxes each rising ever higher. He appealed to reason, but he spoke also to the heart until he felt them throbbing with his own. His great brain was regnant and the neurons of his arms and hands and body kept pace. All his reserves and origins poured into his blood their flood of art and beauty and compelling hypnotism.

The next day I met him at the pension board. I was unstinted in my compliments to him and I saw that he was pleased. Then I said: "Doctor, you left out just one thing." He raised his eyebrows. I got to my feet and tried to imitate one of his attitudes and with all the orotund I could command, I declaimed from Macaulay: "And Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa." And thus I got a laugh out of the old boy.

#### TIRED OF TRIVIALITY

Dr. Pratt was sometimes spoken of as being lazy. Doubtless the thousand and one daily trivialities of medical practice failed to attract and often made him weary. "Little Willie's bowels have not

acted for three days." "Uncle Si has invented a new truss for the horrible rupture in his 'grine.'" "Plump Aunt Zubie has eczema at her belly-button."

But Dr. Pratt, from a parsimonious, rural Legislature could wring an appropriation of \$100,000 to build the first hospital for the insane in Michigan; as postmaster of Kalamazoo he could organize the office on an efficient basis; as a sanitary engineer he could lay out the first sewage system for Kalamazoo. He could raise a regiment of soldiers to march to Chickamauga, Atlanta and the sea. He could utter the greatest formal oration ever made before the Michigan State Medical society. He could go into court and prove to a jury that a good doctor was not guilty of malpractice. And in 1867 in a Fourth of July celebration, he could expound and glorify the Constitution of the United States and for two hours, hold a great audience enthralled, exalted and in adoration.

Dr. Pratt was an omnivorous reader. He had read history and learned its lessons. He had reached the years of three score ten and five. He was able and active. His great brain was yet enthroned.

Of a night he read later than was his custom . . . so late, that his good wife came to him and spoke. He was not there to answer. He had gone to his long rest!

## Dr. Albert B. Cornell Dr. Joseph Sill Dr. Joel Partridge Dr. James S. Ayres

My recollections go back to four of the doctors in practice here when I arrived in Kalamazoo in 1887 and they are grouped here because they had the common interest of homeopathy. These men were Dr. Albert B. Cornell, Dr. Joseph Sill, Dr. Joel Partridge, and Dr. James Stewart Ayres. The "regular" doctors had the Academy of Medicine and the homeopaths had a little "heaven" of their own.

Dr. Cornell was a handsome, courteous, kind and faithful physician. He was a modest, engaging man with a pleasant smile. The

son of a still earlier physician, Dr. Joseph R. Cornell, he was born in Kalamazoo, June 22, 1843. His wife was the more beautiful mother of a beautiful daughter. They moved in the highest social circles of the city and had a beautiful home, were well dressed, and prosperous.

#### MET TRAGIC DEATH

Mrs. Cornell met a tragic death in a railway crossing accident in Portage street, July 26, 1913. She was 64, formerly Sarah E. Edwards, a native of Montgomery County, New York. At that time Dr. Cornell had been in Borgess

hospital for two months and had suffered three strokes of paralysis.

In his active days, Dr. Cornell was working hard and had a host of faithful clients. Had he died in those good days the whole city would have mourned and his funeral would have been ceremonious and sensational. But the years were marked against him and hard times came a knocking at the door. Because he had been very kind to them, the Sisters of St. Joseph cared for him as if he were their own. At the hospital, Dr. Cornell suffered stroke after stroke, but he was there more than four years before death came Sept. 3, 1917. He was one of six brothers and was survived by two: Oscar D., and Horace F. Cornell. His funeral was from the home of his nephew, George H. Cornell. The Cornells' only child is Mrs. George H. Fish of Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

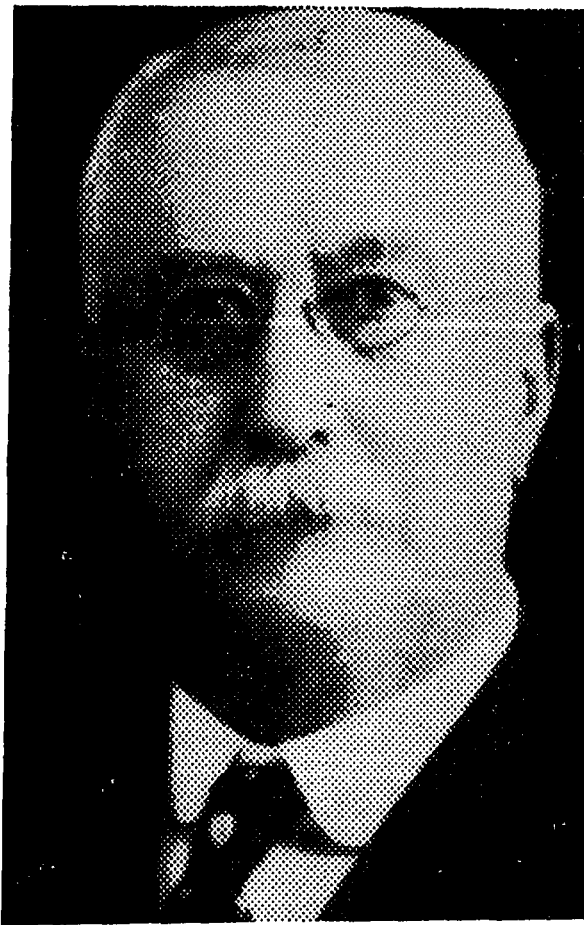
Dr. Cornell was always an exemplary gentleman and neither drank nor smoked. He remarked, however, that he thought a man foolish if he drank whisky before he was 50, and worse than foolish if he did not consume a little after 50.

#### **SILL AND PARTRIDGE**

I called on old Dr. Joseph Sill in his home at Sill Terrace, now the Prange apartments. He was a sedate, quizzical old boy with a gentle kindly philosophy all his own. He gave me the impression that he was not worried as to his past, present or future. He had a pleasant little smile that made you forget his four score and more of years.

Dr. Sill was probably Kalamazoo's first dentist as well as an early physician. Born at Buffalo, Oct. 8, 1821, his family came to Jonesville, Mich., when he was 15. Dr. Sill conducted a dental office here in 1845-6, earning the money to study medicine. He graduated in 1847 and practiced at Jonesville until he returned here as a physician in 1851. He prospered as a business man and built the pretentious Sill Terrace in 1869. It was the city's first apartment building. Dr. Sill had graduated in regular medicine but after practicing a few years he took up homeopathy, and he said he could cure more people than formerly and leave a sweeter taste in their mouths. His brother, Dr. Sidney Sill, practiced dentistry here; another brother, Prof. J. M. B. Sill, was superintendent of the Detroit schools and head of Ypsilanti Normal and a sister was Mrs. William B. Clark of Kalamazoo.

Due to an injury suffered in a

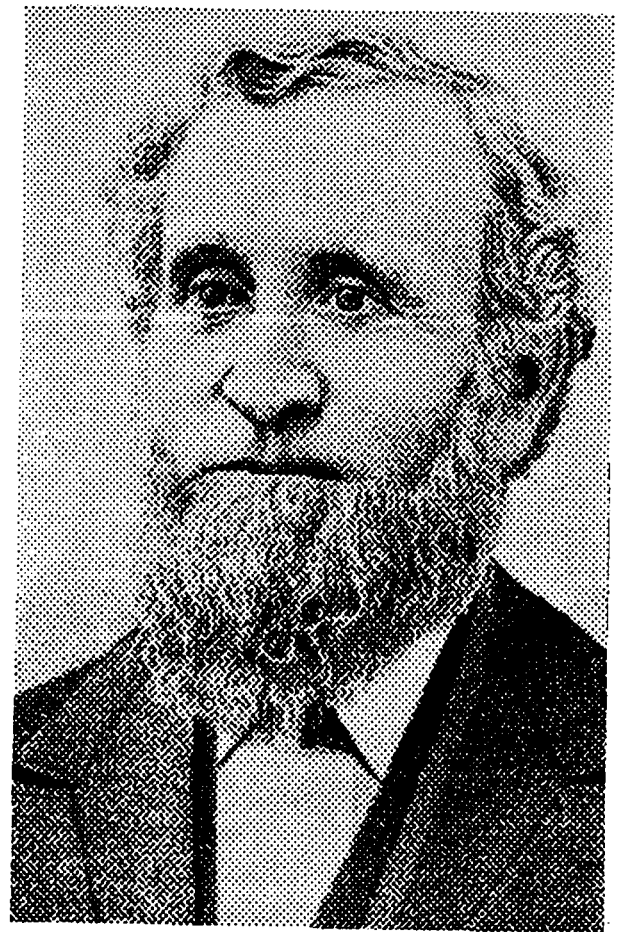


**DR. A. B. CORNELL**

In 1887 the line between the Regulars and the Homeopaths was still distinctly drawn. Less distinctly was the line drawn to separate the Eclectics.

Popularly the Homeopaths featured tasteless or agreeably sweet medicines in infinitesimal doses; their slogan "Similia Similibus Curanter:" "Like Cures Like."

The Eclectic School laid down the precept that for every disease Nature supplied the curing remedy; it was up to the doctor to find the remedy.



**DR. JOSEPH SILL**

fall on the steps of Sill Terrace, Dr. Sill was an invalid for the last 12 years of his life. He died at 83, April 23, 1905.

#### **PARTNER WAS ACTIVE**

Dr. Sill had a partner for several years, a much younger man, Dr. Joel Partridge. He was as active as Dr. Sill was sedentary. Partridge got out and got around and knew pretty well what was going on about town. If a patient wanted Dr. Partridge, he first had to catch him. He was a good pal, I am sure.

Dr. Partridge persuaded Dr. Harris Burnet Osborne to go fishing with him. Far out in the country, coming to the top of a hill, a boy ran out of the brush and waved his hat. The doctor's horse whirled about and threw Dr. Osborne out. He was in bed for a week with a black and blue hip. Dr. Partridge came the next day and advised Dr. Osborne to take a half teaspoonful of tincture of arnica three times a day. Dr. Osborne thought that Homeopath Dr. Partridge had gone back on his school of medicine and its infinitesimal doses.

Dr. Partridge left Kalamazoo and disappeared from my ken. If

anyone knows of his fate, I should like to share their knowledge.

#### **DR. JAMES AYRES**

Old Dr. Ayres was the most spectacular of our sons of Hahnemann. Down Burdick street to his home at the corner of Walnut he drove . . . silk hat, coat of black broadcloth and his long, white beard trailing his progress. Sometimes when the "regulars" failed to cure a dysentery, Dr. Ayres would step in with his sweet granules of mercury bichloride and turn the trick.

His 35 years of practice here were ended just a week before his death, April 15, 1899. He was born in the Mohawk Valley of New York, May 13, 1821 and his grandfather, father and son all were doctors. He had practiced in Amsterdam, N. Y., before coming to Kalamazoo in 1864. Dr. James Nelson Ayres was his son, as was Andrus A. Ayres, both of Kalamazoo. His daughter was Mrs. Charles W. Bassett of Chicago.

The funeral sermon was by the noted Rev. John Gray and Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Leavitt sang "Rock of Ages." James Stewart Ayres was laid to rest at Mountain Home.

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# Dr. Robert H. Babcock

In earlier years, meetings of the Academy of Medicine were lively affairs. Nowadays a celebrity of great renown comes before us and reads a paper. Often it is a recounting of laboratory studies, interesting only to the man behind the microscope or retort and we mostly hesitate to discuss a subject so technical. Sometimes, on the other hand, it is an old chestnut in a new shuck. Anyhow, it might be discourteous to contend with a visitor.

In those yesteryears, the doctor's thesis was self thought out as his horse and buggy trailed slowly over the miles by day and night. The paper was original and unique. In the discussion of it we got excited and sometimes lost our tempers, but we always learned something. I noted that a paper offered by a doctor whose ability was rated as far from first class, sometimes taught me more than one written by a doctor of great reputation. The lesser doctor sometimes observed a truth which the greater had not noted.

## LIKES OLD SYSTEM

In recent years I have wished that the Academy would go back to the old way and furnish its own speakers. Every member is qualified to write and defend a thesis. Every member is qualified to express in what way he differs from the speaker. Thus we would take more interest in our sessions. Always, in our present modus operandi, Dr. A. W. Crane dozed or slept through every session. Think you he would have slept if there were an error to correct or a truth to defend? Again we would rally to the battle "as men flock to a feast."

In the decades of 1880 and 1890, the annual election and banquet of the Academy were celebrated with much formality. Sometimes there was a speaker from out of town, and usually a delegation from Grand Rapids or Battle Creek. Of our own men Doctors Osborne, Pratt, Hitchcock, Bosman, VanZwaluwenberg, LaCrone, Edwards, Ostrander, Belknap of Niles and Carnes of South Haven, were all orators of unusual eloquence.

## DR. CHASE SPEAKS

On one such occasion, old Dr. Milton Chase of Otsego, an Acad-

emy member and surgeon of the Sixth Michigan Infantry in the Civil war, made a hit. He was a handsome, white-haired, rosy-cheeked old man of sparkling eye and speech.

Dr. Chase told how he had hung out his shingle in Kalamazoo in 1865, but after two years had decided that Otsego was to be the coming city of the Kalamazoo valley and had moved thither. He told of spending a long day and night in a shanty in the woods at a birth. None other was present but the clod of a husband. The baby was born dead and the doctor put in another half day with nails and boards he could find, making a coffin, digging a grave, making a prayer and speaking words of comfort to the bereaved mother.

## NOTED BLIND DOCTOR

On another occasion, Dr. Robert Hall Babcock, the famous blind doctor of Chicago, was our guest. In the afternoon he had "read" a remarkable paper on diagnosis and treatment of diseases of the chest. He remained over for the evening's celebration.

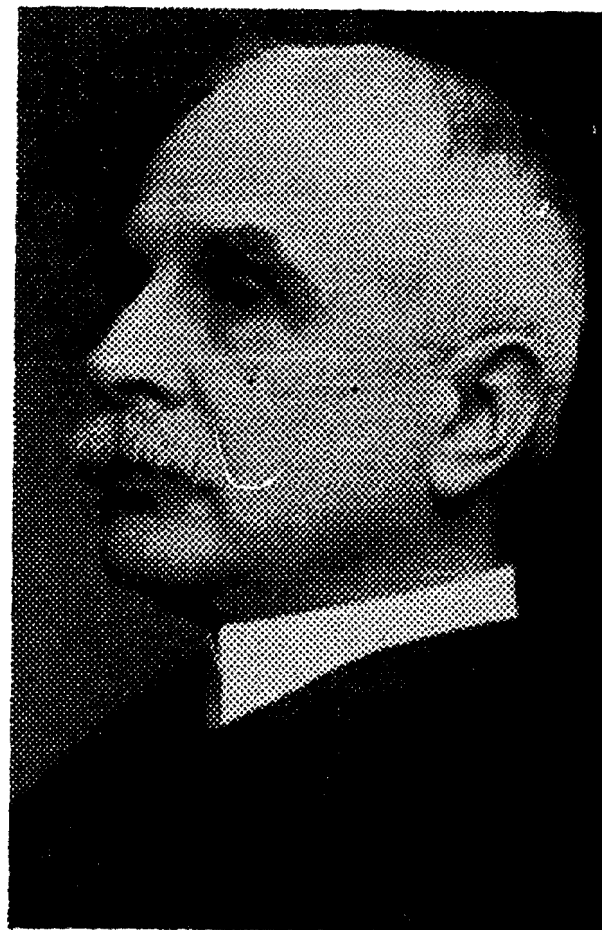
We had particular affection for Dr. Babcock. Although born in Watertown, N. Y., July 26, 1851, he had come to Kalamazoo as a small boy and grew up here, the son of Robert S. Babcock, one-time local bank president. At the age of 13 his eyes were destroyed by an explosion of gunpowder with which he and his playmates were experimenting. This accident was on April 12, 1864, and occurred at Church and Lovell streets, at the rear of the present city hall.

## HIS EDUCATION BEGINS

The sightless lad was trained first at the Institute for the Blind

in Philadelphia, entering that school in September, 1864. In the summer of 1867 he entered Olivet College and in September, 1869, enrolled in the freshman class at Western Reserve. There were interruptions in his studies due to ill health and at the beginning of his senior year he entered the University of Michigan. Babcock had received a tacit promise that the University would waive his study of higher mathematics, but when his course was completed his degree was refused because of this deficiency. Learning of this, Western Reserve gave Babcock his degree and in 1910, the University of Michigan more than made up for its previous action by awarding Dr. Babcock the degree of Ll. D.

Despite the handicap which many would have regarded as insurmountable, Babcock began the study of medicine in 1874, attend-



DR. ROBERT H. BABCOCK

This one-time Kalamazoo boy, blinded here in 1864, became a leading chest specialist in medicine at Chicago. Of his immediate family, only his sister survives . . . Mrs. Lilly Martin, Washington, D. C. Dr. and Mrs. Babcock had four children, of whom two survive: Prof. Robert Weston Babcock, Purdue University, and Mrs. Buckingham Chandler, 9 Indian Hill road, Winnetka, Ill. Prof. Babcock, has a son, Stanton; Mrs. Chandler has three daughters: Betty, Eleanor, and Celia. Two sons of Dr. Babcock died in infancy.

ing lectures at Ann Arbor. He finally received his medical degree at the Chicago Medical College and continued his studies at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York where in 1879 he was among the high 10 honor men in his class. Dr. Babcock was married June 12, 1879, to Miss Lizzie C. Weston of Montclair, N. J. He practiced in Chicago in 1879 and 1880 and then Dr. and Mrs. Babcock sailed for Germany, where the doctor studied for three years in Berlin and Munich.

#### **M'NAIR IN HIS CLASS**

At medical college in Chicago I was a member of Dr. Babcock's clinical class. Nearly always he began his discourses by telling us of something he "saw on his way down this morning." We studied his face in wonder over why he thus spoke.

The patient, stripped to the waist, Dr. Babcock by the slightest touch here and there to locate the position of the patient, began his examination, utilizing his marvelous tactile sense. By the rise and fall of the chest, by vibrations his fingers sensed, he discovered the slightest variations from normal. Then by percussion and listening with instruments of precision, he completed his unerring diagnosis. If a student were inattentive, Dr. Babcock somehow felt it, and turning his sightless eyes upon an idler, spoke a reprimand that was thrice a punishment from the uncanniness of his clairvoyance.

#### **WAS LEADING AUTHORITY**

Dr. Babcock occupied the chair of clinical medicine and diseases of the chest, College of Physicians and Surgeons; he helped organize the Post-Graduate Medical School of Chicago; was head of the South Side Free Dispensary's throat and chest department, Chicago, and was the author of many authoritative works on his specialty, diseases of the chest.

For the evening banquet of the Academy of Medicine here, I sought the honor to be Dr. Babcock's guide, informant and friend. I sat at his right, and was most solicitous that no ill should happen to the eminent guest while he was with me. Seated at the table, he rapidly and almost without discernible contact, located his plate, glasses and flatware. It was as

if beyond his fingertips there were invisible antennae or that the tactile neurons had vision also. Oysters on the half shell came first. He would not let me direct his fork as he picked up the morsels as neatly as any of us.

#### **CHAMPAGNE WAS SERVED**

At about half of our annual banquets we had champagne. It all depended upon the choice of the committee on arrangements. Sometimes, even at a "dry" banquet, a group at a particular table would arrange to have champagne served to them, but as a gesture to the committee, they would drink it from plain, thick white coffee cups. All poetry, romance and good taste were thus ruined and a few so sinned a second time.

This evening, it was champagne! I saw to it that Dr. Babcock's glass never stood empty. He told me that he was very fond of this divine liqueur. I will say for myself that I paid less attention to my wine glass and plate than I did to the great, brave man by my side. The dining finished, I noted that there was less litter about Dr. Babcock's plate than my own.

#### **RECALLED DAYS AS LAD**

When the speaking began the local orators did themselves proud. The honored guest was to speak last. Dr. Babcock arose. He had a carrying voice, remarkably clear enunciation with a musical sympathetic quality, as if struck on the strings of the heart. He spoke compliments of the Academy of Medicine, of its fame and its good name. He spoke of his boyhood days in Kalamazoo, of his pleasures and his wishes and the expanding desires that grew with the years. Of his great misfortune, he spoke not a word.

Then he began to speak of his father and mother, long sleeping at Mountain Home. How happy would his dear father and his dear sweet mother be if they only knew that their son had been called back to Kalamazoo to read a paper before a body of learned men!

#### **REACHES TENSE MOMENT**

There were no tears in his eyes nor in his voice, but the quality of his speech took on that of a dirge or lamentation. His body, though controlled, was tense and I could feel its vibrations. I drew nearer. I was fearful that, brav-

ing such heights of pathos, he would break. I steadied myself to sustain him if his control left him. I was sure that he could go but little further. . . . "Is it possible that the dead hear our voices? Do my father and mother hear me?"

Dr. Babcock had reached the height of human climax. To King Lear at the height of his greatest tragedy, Shakespeare brought Gloster and Edmond and Kent to sustain him and his hearers back to earth again. But Dr. Babcock, lone actor, descended from the heights by his own art, unaided.

#### **USES RARE ARTISTRY**

Thus he did! Without change of voice or expression, he told of a highly educated young doctor who came to town to practice his art. He had taken special courses in surgery of bone, but the days went by and no patients came. He had heard that the beautiful daughter of the richest man in town was a cripple from disease of the bone in her thigh and no doctor had been able to cure her. At last he was successful in being called on the case.

At the operation, he chiseled out the dead bone and in its place wired the thigh bone of a large dog. In a short time the maiden was able to walk again. Elation of the young surgeon was equalled only by the happiness of the rescued maiden. Suddenly out of a clear sky, a thunderbolt fell. The young surgeon was sued for malpractice. The plaintiff testified that although she could walk, she was unable to control her limb when passing trees and telephone poles.

Thus, the great doctor, orator, actor came down from the upper air by an act that Shakespeare would have loved. But what about the audience! I have never read but once of such destruction and that in the long ago . . . when a like blinded Samson pushed apart the pillars and the temple fell upon an audience of Philistines.

#### **IS BURIED IN KALAMAZOO**

Dr. Babcock won renown as a consultant and a specialist. Following his death in June, 1930, he was laid to rest at Mountain Home cemetery on July 1, beside the wife who had been his faithful companion for more than 40 years, and beside the parents he so fondly remembered.

Each Easter Sunday, a check comes to Mountain Home for flowers to be placed on their graves.

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# Dr. William B. Southard

## Dr. Orlo B. Ranney

William B. Southard and Orlo B. Ranney! I write of this twain of doctors, not only because they were alike good, modest and faithful doctors, but because beyond their professional devotion, they were lovers of Nature and Nature's God. Also, both loved the same woman...for Dr. Southard's daughter was the wife of Dr. Ranney.

Dr. Southard was born in Clyde, N. Y., August 10, 1822 and died in Kalamazoo, Feb. 21, 1904. He was graduated in medicine at the University of Buffalo in 1850, settled first in Angola, Ind., and later moved to Albion, Mich., and to Newark, N. J. before locating in Kalamazoo in 1862. His home was in West Lovell street, just east of St. Luke's Episcopal church.

The portrait of Dr. Southard here shown, is that of a younger man than I knew. As I knew him he was short and pudgy and much outworn. He walked with very short steps and with a sort of stumbling gait.

"Did you ever notice," asked Charles Dayton, the banker, "how Dr. Southard sits forward on the very edge of his buggy seat, thinking he will get there a foot or 14 inches sooner?"

### ENJOYED HEARTY LAUGH

Dr. Southard was one of the incorporators of the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine. At our medical meetings his attitude was sympathetic with every doctor. He had suffered certain private griefs that saddened his face, so that when something much amused him and he would throw his head back in a hearty laugh, it gave us much pleasure to view. But he had a reserve of much learning and a developed philosophy. He had a quiet wit all his own and his manner was kind and paternal.

He loved to recount that "under the oaks" at Jackson he had helped form the Republican party. For this, God be thankit. I heard him tell several times of an adventure he had one winter:

One bitter cold night as late as 1875, there was a loud knocking at the door about midnight and as Dr. Southard answered it, a man said: "The wife of the man I work for is awful sick. I guess she's going to die and he sent me down to get you."

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### EIGHT-MILE DRIVE

The doctor hurriedly dressed and they started on an eight-mile drive over roads which due to drifts, were almost impassable. Twice during the trip the sleigh turned over and dumped them out and it was nearly 4 a. m. when, nearly frozen, they reached the destination. When they went inside, the husband said: Well, you've been so long coming, my wife's better now and of course I can't pay you for the visit because she's pulling through without any medicine."

There was another little story Dr. Southard loved to tell.

### PAYS FOR OWN BIRTH

"I'll wager I have had an experience that few other doctors ever had," he would say. "Did you ever have a man come to you and pay your fee for services at his own birth? Well, a young man came to my office and asked if I had been paid my fee at his birth. I remembered that I had not. 'All right,' he said. 'How much is it, with interest to date?' I told him, and he counted out the cash."

Then Dr. Southard would add - - "I think Charles B. Hays is the finest young man in this town."

All of Dr. Southard's 54 years of practice were of those long and wearisome horse and buggy and horse and sleigh days. And he worked hard, continuing up to within two days of his death. But I have said he loved nature and when he could he stole away to

his farm with its apiary, orchards and vineyard, and there, with his feet upon the good earth, his body and its arteries and nerves lost their tension. There he breathed a different air than the sickroom and Nature gave him of her vitality and her perennial rebirths of life.

### AUTHOR HAS CRAVING

Let none think I do not have such craving - - - Ho wilderness, enow! A book of verse, a flask of wine and thou - - - or rather, Thee, my darling!

Dr. Southard was president of the Academy of Medicine in 1891.

Dr. Southard had one son, Dr. Eugene Southard, born in 1857, graduate of Rush Medical College, who died here in January, 1897. He was survived by his wife, who died March 19, 1907, and three daughters: Mrs. Augusta Bloom, who died Dec. 31, 1929; Mrs. John McKee, whose death occurred Sept. 14, 1934 and Mary E., who married Dr. Orlo B. Ranney and now lives at 735 Academy street.

I saw Dr. Southard in his casket - - - it was the face of a saint.

### DR. ORLO B. RANNEY

Dr. Ranney was born in Madison County, New York, Dec. 30, 1847, and died in Kalamazoo, Sept. 12, 1934, at the age of 86. I had the melancholy but fraternal honor to be one of the bearers of his body.

I first met Dr. Ranney when he gave chloroform at an outdoor night lamp-lit amputation of an arm. It was a railroad accident and the site of the operation was a front dooryard in North Westnedge avenue. Thereafter, and for many years, I saw and heard of Dr. Ranney giving anesthetics many times. He was considered a brave man so to do, for many doctors feared so to act since every once in a while a victim died on the operating table. Dr. Ranney did not appear perturbed, but I noted he tended strictly to business and I never heard of his suffering an accident.

### BUILDER OF VIOLINS

Dr. Ranney had another artistic bent. He was a builder of stringed instruments. He made and repaired violins. If a violinist noted that his Stradivarius had developed a limp, Dr. Ranney could put it on its feet again.

Dr. Ranney did his part in general city practice. But I think he best liked country practice. And I suspect that a part of this favoritism was due to the fact that he thus could often choose a route which would bring him past his farm or apiary. For these attract-



ed him most. He loved the peace and quiet of it; to see things grow, fruits and grains; to study the honey bee and help him build his house and store his food for the frozen months. He saw all nature, fecund and eternal. He heard the Creator in the thunder and in the storm. Thus, withal, he became a part of nature.

#### TO MICHIGAN IN '63

Dr. Ranney parted his auburn hair far over on one side. His blue eyes were deep set; his face was clean shaven except for a heavy, wide fierce mustache, a la Custer's cavalrymen. He was a hard worker and wholly faithful to his clients. He was the son of Anson Ranney, a farmer who settled in Comstock township in 1863 when Orlo Ranney was 15. The young man attended Kalamazoo College and the University of Michigan, but was graduated in medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Keokuk, Ia., in 1877.

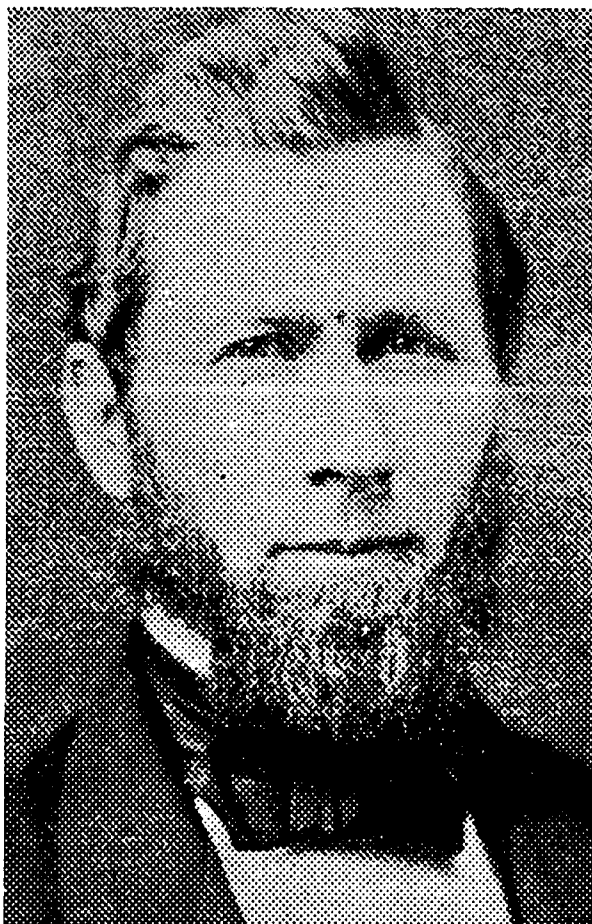
Upon his death here in 1934, Dr. Ranney was survived by his wife, two daughters and a son. The family is still united, for living with Mrs. Ranney at their home in Academy street, are the three children: Mrs. Marion Leighton, Miss Bernice E. Ranney and Maurice O. Ranney. For many years Dr. Ranney's office was at Main and Burdick and later at the northeast corner of Main and Rose.

Some brother doctors condemned Doctors Southard and Ranney for this running away from medical service. Possibly some think I am an ass for writing reminiscences when I should be poring over the latest in medicine and surgery. I think I will get even with them by writing a few text books myself.

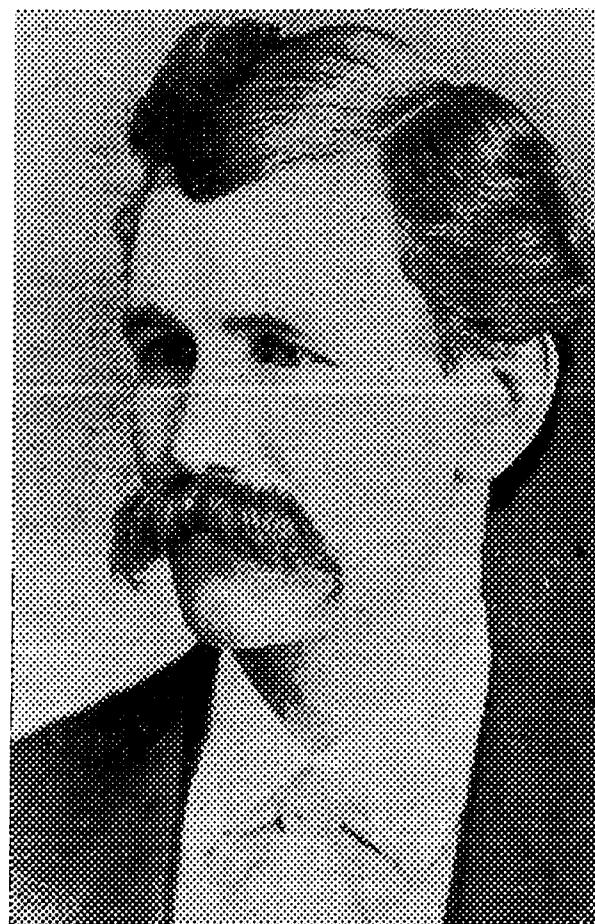
#### LIVED TO OLD AGE

But I noted that this twain of doctors were more natural, sweeter and cleaner and lived a score of years longer than those who 24 hours a day without cessation mingled with fevers and chills, constipation and diarrhea, diseases of the urinary system, fits, malingerers and ungrateful responses to services rendered.

I cannot but speak of my own doctor father. You would never guess his dearest relaxation. It was to trim and graft apple trees. We, the family, had fair warning when the spell was coming on, for he would have us all kneading and pulling grafting wax for several days. So the poor man about 2 p. m. with grafting wax, saw, chisel



DR. W. B. SOUTHARD



DR. O. B. RANNEY

These two Kalamazoo doctors, each of whom survived more than 80 years, found time for such activities as bee culture and violin making in addition to long hours spent in medical practice. In his article today Dr. McNair raises the interesting question as to how much their hobbies may have added to their years and to their enjoyment of life.

and mallet and a bundle of grafts would disappear, and up to his farm. When it grew too dark to work, he would come down out of the tree, very tired but very happy. His pants were torn, his hands and face lacerated, with more leaves clinging to him than did Adam bear when he came down from the apple tree with the naughty, naughty, naughty sin in his hand.

But while my father was gloating his pleasure in the trees, things were not so easy at home. Men, women and emotions and not less than one and sometimes three young mothers with sick babies were waiting for the doctor. My mother knew what to do, but she had to entertain and feed the patients in addition.

#### FADS ARE VINDICATED

Little do the doctors and the public today realize what the doctors of 50 years ago endured. No hospitals, no telephones, few experienced nurses, no paved highways, no microscopical or X-ray laboratories. The doctor carried the awful burden of human life on his own bending shoulders. Because there were no telephones and few experienced nurses the doctor had to make very many night calls. A family did not consider that they were very sick or

had a good story to tell of it afterwards unless they could recount how many times at night they had to send for the doctor.

The doctor faced death by himself alone. "To every man upon this earth death cometh soon or late." The doctor must witness the death of a father of a family leaving his wife and little ones. Or the death of a young mother leaving her little brood. Or the death of a long wished for and beautiful baby.

The doctor's soul was wracked to the utmost. And in the midst of his crucifixion another like torture was always at hand. It is little wonder that in those days doctors sometimes took to alcohol or narcotics to benumb their suffering. The doctor well knew, too, that if he did thus surrender he was lost. Each of us knew that. Nothing could save his own morale except he had an absolute command over himself or could find strength in prayer to Almighty God.

Today Doctors Southard and Ranney stand vindicated in their retreats to Nature, where as I said, they cast off somewhat their burdens and gathered from Nature new strength and courage and the inspiring promises of Hope.

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# Dr. Herman H. Schaberg

# Dr. Irwin Simpson

Doctors Herman H. Schaberg and Irwin Simpson were placed here side by side for no other reason than the fact that we found an excellent portrait of each. But when I come to review their lives, I find that they are the most dramatic twain that I could have chosen. Each was a superb actor and never forgot his lines.

Dr. Schaberg was born in Rotterdam, Holland, May 16, 1848. Like the Irish Simpson, he too, came from a fighting race. Brave little Holland never assailed its neighbors to take land and wealth, but took the sea for antagonist.

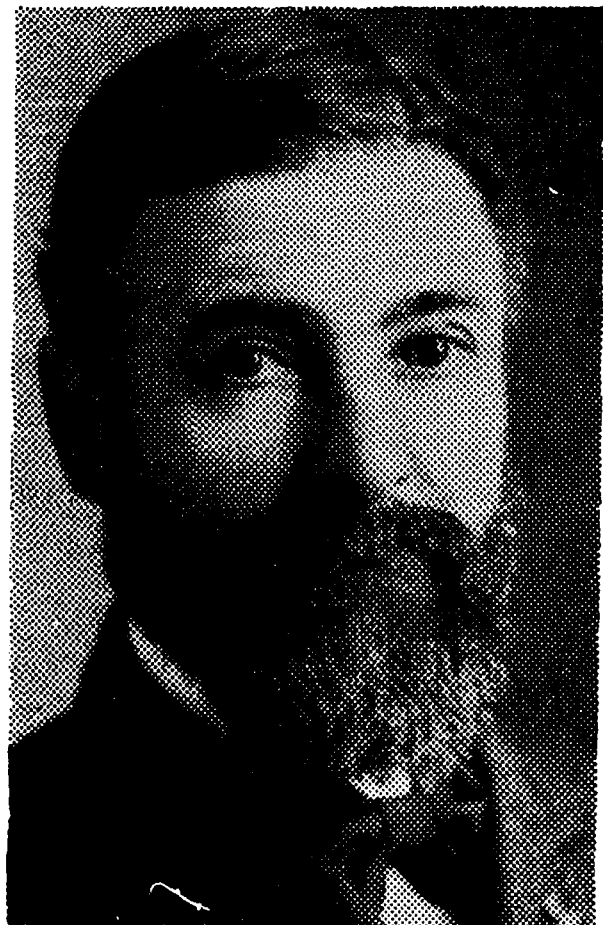
Byron wrote: "Man marks the earth with ruin; his control stops with the shore." The great poet had forgotten brave little Holland and her war against the sea, daily and nightly, year in and year out, pushing her domain far out into the depths of the sea.

If Dr. Schaberg had not been so aggressive and sought to do the impossible, he would have lived many more years. This national valor was in his veins and he thought that he could overcome nature.

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## WOULD ARISE EARLY

In busy seasons, Dr. Schaberg would rise in the middle of the night and start out to visit his patients, knowing that by the time he had seen them, other patients would be calling at his office. Several have suggested to me that I must tell of Dr. Schaberg's driving down Burdick street. I told them this had already been written:



DR. H. H. SCHABERG



DR. IRWIN SIMPSON

Few doctors in Kalamazoo were better known or had a larger practice than did Herman H. Schaberg, a native of the Netherlands. Dr. Irwin Simpson, born in Ireland, left Kalamazoo in 1894. At Niles, Mich., March 30, 1901 he "passed from this troublesome world to the rest of paradise—well-liked, honest, sincere, loyal, skillful and a resourceful physician." At Niles he was president of the Trinity Episcopal Men's Club of which Ring and Rex Lardner were members.

Down Burdick street, in a cloud of dust, came Dr. Schaberg. His little team, one horse trotting, the other galloping . . . with one always a neck ahead of the other! The doctor, half sitting and half standing, held the reins loosely in his hand. He carried no whip, for the horses were as glad to turn homeward as the doctor himself. They had been under harness for many hours and wanted to get their ration of oats. Also, they knew that the doctor's office had been filled with waiting patients for an hour or more.

## BOUNDS INTO OFFICE

When he arrived at the office, the doctor was out of the buggy and half way to the office before the stable boy took charge of the team. Inside the office Dr. Schaberg was already busy prescribing for two or more patients at the same time.

James J. Plating tells me that as a boy of 15 he worked for Dr. Schaberg. He was due at 5 a. m. When he arrived, more often than not, the doctor had either set out on his calls or had not yet returned from night trips. I said to Jim, "Look me in the eye and tell the truth! Did you ever wash Dr. Schaberg's buggy?"

"Y-y-yes!" he replied.

"How many times . . . once?" I asked.

"Well," replied Jim, "the doctor wasn't so particular about that, but he did want his horses well fed and given good care. And he was the finest man I ever worked for."

## NIGHT OFFICE HOURS

I had been in practice about a year when I was called to the home of Charles Schilling who lived diagonally across the street from Dr. Schaberg in South Burdick street. Dr. Schaberg had gone to Saugatuck for a visit, where there were relatives in town and fish in the lake. Schilling told me that he always went for medicine at the doctor's 2 a. m. office hour instead of at 2 p. m. It was not easy for me to believe this story.

But not long afterward, being out on a night call, and walking toward home at 2 a. m., I came by Dr. Schaberg's residence. It was summer and several patients were taking it easy on the lawn and through the windows I could see the office was full. I had heard that the doctor was quick-tempered and impatient, but I thought I would risk making a call. As I entered the office door, he came out of his private office, took my hand and led me into the parlor.

"I will soon have these people out of here," he said and laid out some newspapers and books for me. Office hours were adjourned in a very short time. The doctor came and poured out something in glasses which was conducive to loquacity. He played and sang for an hour and I was amazed at the fine quality of his voice. Thus was sealed a little friendship that was most gratifying to me forever after.

#### WASHES HIS HANDS

At the hospital or private home where an operation was to be performed Dr. Schaberg would pull off his stunt that astonished all of us. He would wash his hands in boiling water. During this process he would have on his face an expression of extreme pleasure and satisfaction. We often tried to figure out whether he was acting and possessed of most extraordinary self-control.

I have discussed this unusual feat of Dr. Schaberg's with Dr. Edward Ames, who was more closely associated with Dr. Schaberg than any of us. "How do you account for it?" I asked Dr. Ames. "The only explanation I can make is that Schaberg worked so hard with so little rest that the tactile nerves lost their conduction."

#### BUMP DOES THE TRICK

Mrs. Henry C. Sytsma told me that her mother bore seven children. Dr. Schaberg was in attendance at one birth; Dr. William B. Southard and Dr. Jerome M. Snook at two each and Dr. Homer Hitchcock and Dr. Cornelius Van Zwaluwenberg at one each. She said that her mother's largest baby, weighing 13 pounds, was the one born when Dr. Schaberg was on the case. Difficulties were encountered, but Dr. Schaberg gave the mother a good, lively bump with his knee, with the result that it was the easiest birth of the seven.

I know the point on the chin to reach for a knock-out and the nerve under the eyebrow to press in bringing a hysterical person out of a swoon, but I do not know the place on a woman's back which bumped with the knee will assure quick delivery. Dr. Schaberg never revealed his secret.

Dr. Schaberg came to Kalamazoo with his parents as a youth. He attended both Hope and Kalamazoo Colleges. He worked first as a clerk in a grocery store, but became interested in medicine and to get the atmosphere of medicine, clerked in a Kalamazoo drug store



Here is Dr. Irwin Simpson at the reins, with the buggy standing in front of his old home at 121 West Cedar street. The residence and even the barn are still intact, though the doctor has not lived there for 43 years. The boy seated in the buggy beside Dr. Simpson is Joseph M. Wilbur, who now lives at the Plantation in Moore Park, just north of Three Rivers.

for eight years. He was 30 years old when he was graduated in medicine March 5, 1878, at the Detroit Medical College.

On May 31, 1881, Dr. Schaberg married Miss Nellie VanHeusen. During his successful practice here, Dr. Schaberg built the fine residence at the northwest corner of South Burdick and Vine streets. They had one daughter, Miss Edith Schaberg, who is now Mrs. Gordon L. Stewart. Dr. Schaberg died at 54 on April 24, 1903. He did the work of two men and lived little more than half of the time that should have been his. He was active as city health officer, member of the school board and as a valued member and in 1901 as president of the Academy of Medicine.

#### NATIVE OF ERIN

Dr. Irwin Simpson was Irish born in 1843, near the city and in the County of Sligo, of an Episcopalian family. He was rarely gifted by nature in face and form and wit. He was a wild Irishman for you! Quick at repartee, erratic, in anger at a flash, but the next moment melting to forgiveness. It was said of him in Niles where he began his practice, that he was the handsomest man in town.

His cheeks were like the red, red rose; his eyes blue, and black curls fell over his wide, white forehead. He had attended college in Dublin and came to the United States when about 20 years old. He first lived in Peekskill, N. Y., where he found employment and earned the funds to pay for his

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medical studies at the University of the City of New York, where he was graduated at 35 in 1878. He came to Niles, Mich., and then to Kalamazoo. At Niles he had performed a remarkable surgical operation. A young man, a Swiss, attempting suicide on the right of way of the Michigan Central had disembowled himself with a knife. Everybody except Dr. Simpson, thought it meant death, but the doctor took the young man to his office, cleaned out the gravel and cinders, sewed him up and the man lived.

#### SIMPSON IN ACTION

I first saw Dr. Simpson in action during my first summer in Kalamazoo. A messenger came from down West Cedar street saying that a young woman had taken laudanum and was dying. Dr. Harris B. Osborne and I arrived at the same time with Dr. Simpson. We learned that the girl had walked past the fire department and that one of the laddies had spoken "cruelly" to her . . . claiming that she had been walking on the river bank with his rival. So the young woman had gone over to "Path D'Arcambal's drug store, bought some laudanum and gone home and taken it. The girl was "dead to the world" all right.

Dr. Osborne fixed up an emetic in a hypodermic syringe and handed it to Dr. Simpson. But the girl aroused and began to throw her arms about and would not let the doctor act. Finally he said to her, "Will you let the young doctor give it?" Out of the corner of her eye she saw that I was not at all formidable and nodded her assent. But when I made the attempt, she struggled again. She held still just long enough for me to shoot it into her shoulder. Then

all we had to do was wait for the medicine to act.

#### SWEETHEART ENTERS

Then it was announced that the cruel sweetheart wanted to come in. Simpson said: "Dr. Osborne, you go out and do the sob act, then I will go out and give him hell."

So Dr. Osborne drew his face down, moistened his voice with tears: "Oh, you are the boy who has broken this poor girl's heart. She is nearly gone now, poor child, and only breathing once in a while. Oh, if one would only realize how cruel words burn and kill young hearts . . . too bad! We are doing the best we can to save her."

Then Dr. Simpson took his turn: "Of all the cowardly, dirty things I have ever seen, this is it! To break a pure, innocent girl's heart. What do you think of yourself, murderer! It's a long time you will be in purgatory and hell has a place for such as you."

By this time the boy was weeping bitterly. Simpson led the boy in and the dying one aroused herself to her feet. Staggering, she threw her arms around his neck and buried her face in his bosom . . . and then the emetic acted. The reader may finish this scenario to suit himself.

#### APPEARS IN UNIFORM

In his photo reproduced here, Dr. Simpson appears in the uniform of the Kalamazoo Light Guard. Often the guard, 75 to 100 of them, made parade. Uniformed in the immortal blue of the Union, with burnished arms perfectly aligned, drums fluttering, all under the flag, they were a pretty and a moving sight. And not a prouder or more marital figure than Surgeon Simpson. He rose to

the rang of captain and was the second highest ranking medical officer in the Michigan regiment.

Dr. Simpson left Kalamazoo in 1894 and practiced in Chicago for four years. He then moved back to Niles, where he had many friends. He spent a year in Ireland, also, where he had a brother and other relatives, but again returned to Niles, where he died in 1901, at the age of 58.

#### OBTAINS HIS DIPLOMA

I am indebted to Joseph M. Wilbur of the Plantation at Moore Park, a step-son of Dr. Simpson's for entrusting to me the diploma received by Dr. Simpson upon his graduation from medical college, which I shall turn over to the Academy of Medicine. Also, a framed enc scrolled series of resolutions by the staff of Borgess hospital presented to the doctor in 1894 upon his departure from Kalamazoo. This is signed by members of the staff: Doctors H. B. Osborne, Adolph Hochstein, H. H. Schaberg, Stephen D. O'Brien, O. B. Ranney, O. A. LaCrone, J. W. Bosman, Edward Ames and the dean of St. Augustines, the Rev. Frank A. O'Brien. This souvenir I will present to Borgess hospital.

"A very worthy physician of this city, and widely known to members of the parish, leaves us to enter a larger field at Chicago," said the Augustinian when Dr. Simpson departed from Kalamazoo. "He had ever been the kind friend of the poor and will be missed by a large number who felt they always had a friend in him when in trouble. Very few know, or ever will know, his many kind deeds to the poor and the needy. He will be remembered by many a member of this parish in their prayers. Many will be the blessings that will follow him."

# Dr. Homer O. Hitchcock

# Dr. Ira W. Fiske

I wonder at the number of people who have spoken or written to me concerning these reminiscences. It is gratifying to realize how greatly the older doctors are still held in reverent memory.

I have no confidence that I can rise to the height that was suggested in *The Kalamazoo Gazette* a week ago. But the sacredness of my purpose is present in my mind.

I spent the summer of 1886 in the office of Dr. Harris B. Osborn. He with Doctors Homer Owen Hitchcock and Ira W. Fiske, composed the U. S. Pension Examining Board. I copied their certificates of examination and thus each Wednesday I met them.

## WERE ONCE PARTNERS

For several years Doctors Hitchcock and Fiske were in partnership.

The large portrait of Dr. Hitchcock which hangs on the wall of the Academy of Medicine, shows a dominating, intellectual figure, conscious of his high reputation, victor in many a contest, confident of the future. It is appropriate that a great rolling fur collar like a robe of state falls about his shoulders.

Of him, thus enthroned, I write:

Dr. Hitchcock was a heavy-built man just short of corpulency, his face wider at the wings of the nose and narrower of forehead and chin. Or did his side whiskers accentuate the proportions? He was aggressive and more aggressive, always sure of himself.

A highly cultured gentleman was Dr. Hitchcock. He was a leader in all community betterments. Patriotic he was, too. When Kalamazoo set out to raise its first regiment for the Civil war, his contribution of \$100 was one of the first. He examined hundreds of volunteers and himself volunteered to practice his art in the base hospitals.

## LEADER IN PRAYER

Dr. Hitchcock was religious and formally so. Of every Sunday morning when the doctor led his family down the aisle to a seat well up front in the Congregational church, it was notice that services might now begin.

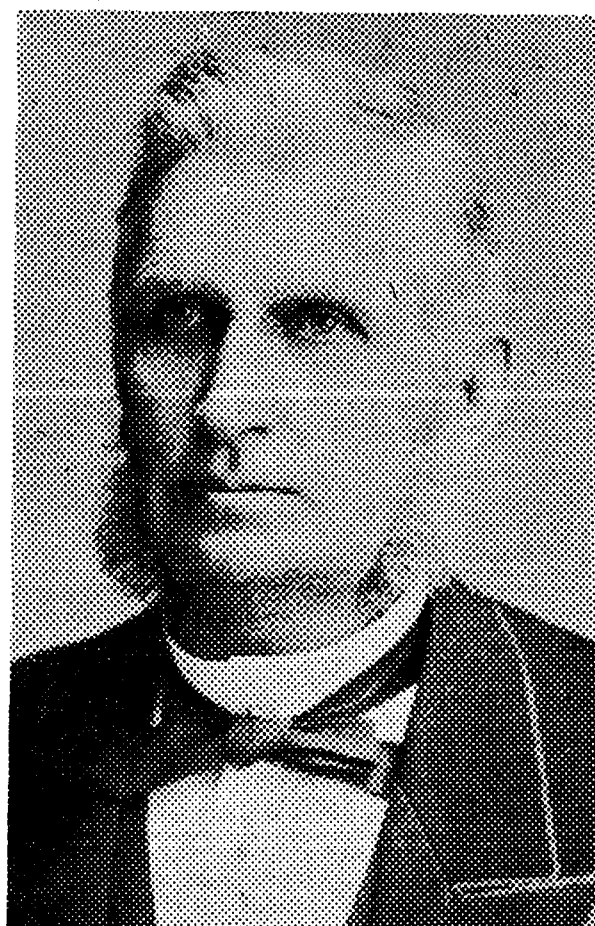
Once in public I heard him in prayer. At first he painfully stuttered and stammered. This, unconsciously on his part, may have at-

tracted the attention more quickly of Deity. Then the limp of his voice passed on and he broke into eloquence, fervid, logical and convincing. His body vibrated with the throbs of his heart and with his final amen there were in his words a sob and a sacrifice. Verily, there was nothing else for heaven to do but answer this mortal appeal. Dr. Hitchcock stuttered in his speech but with the sharp glittering blade in his hand, he was sure, artistic, classical.

## NATIVE OF VERMONT

Dr. Hitchcock was born in Westminster, Vt., January 28, 1827. In 1851 he was graduated from Dartmouth College, "being chosen to deliver one of the orations—and undeterred by his unfortunate habit of stammering, successfully acquitted himself." He was given to Latin quotations when he could thus more succinctly express himself. In 1871 he was president of the Michigan State Medical Society and in 1885, president of the Academy of Medicine. In 1873 at the request of Governor John B. Goode, he organized the State Board of Health and served as its president for the next four years. Dr. Hitchcock died Dec. 7, 1888.

In the summer of 1886 at the North Westnedge avenue crossing of the Michigan Central railroad, a young man was struck down and his right arm mangled to his shoulder. In the front yard of the house on the east side of the street an operating table was hastily built of boards supported on boxes and barrels. And here under lighted lamps and candles, Doctors Hitchcock and Osborne with Dr. Orlo B. Ranney giving the chloroform, amputated the



DR. H. O. HITCHCOCK



DR. IRA W. FISKE

arm. It was a weird scene. A cloud of beetles and moths and other insects fell all about the operating table. Locomotives in passing were blowing their whistles and showering down soot and cinders. Several hundred people crowded about the scene. At the end of the operation, Dr. Hitchcock asked for a drink of water and a cup was handed him. Some joker, knowing the doctor's strict temperance views, called out: "Doctor, there was whiskey in that cup." Stuttering, the doctor replied: "Th-th-that's all-all r-r-right, if it was a l-l-long t-t-time ago."

### LIFE WAS SACRIFICED

Just a few days ago Fred Scheid told me more of this accident; that the young man died that same night; that one of his legs also was crushed. The young man's name was George Vick, 22, employed by the Michigan Central. He died a hero's death, endeavoring to rescue a friend, George VanSchoten, who in attempting to catch a ride, fell and was being dropped by a car. In attempting to extricate Van Schoten, Vick slipped from a high pile of cinders and fell under the wheels. VanSchoten was not injured.

In the earlier years of the Civil War, Dr. Hitchcock was treating a young man for disease of the heart. The doctor's bill for services had mounted to a considerable sum. The patient was a horseman and, knowing that the doctor had need of another horse, he suggested that he knew of just the horse that the doctor needed and that he would be glad to do the bargaining. He soon arrived with the horse, for which as the doctor thought, he asked a rather fancy price, but the man offered to turn the horse in at a very great bargain if the doctor would give him a receipted bill and the balance in cash.

The doctor accepted the offer and the horse, but soon learned that the wonderful animal was balky and no good. The negotiator would do nothing about it.

Not long thereafter, came the war draft and the horseman drew an unlucky number. He knew that having heart disease and Dr. Hitchcock being the physical examiner for the war department, he would be certified as unfit for service. So he came to the doctor with all confidence. The doctor gave him the once-over, slapped him on the back and told him he was on his way to war. In consternation, the unwilling recruit expostulated: "Why, Dr. Hitchcock, you know you treated me for heart disease . . . don't you remember it?"

"Y-y-y-yes," said the doctor, "b-b-but that was b-b-before you s-s-sold me the horse!"

### SON WAS PHYSICIAN

Dr. Hitchcock came to Kalamazoo in the fall of 1856. On September 16 of that year he had married Fidelia Wellman of Cornish, N. H. She died December 8, 1874, leaving two sons and a daughter. On December 25, 1875, Dr. Hitchcock married Kate B. Wilcox of Orford, N. H.

His daughter is Mrs. S. O. Hartwell, the wife of a former superintendent of schools in Kalamazoo and now head of the public school system in St. Paul, Minn. One son was Dr. Charles W. Hitchcock, who became a noted Detroit physician and psychiatrist, and was one-time secretary of the Michigan State Medical Society. The son was born in Kalamazoo, July 26, 1858, and died at Detroit, Nov. 27, 1926.

### YEARS BRING CHANGE

In the beginning of my reminiscences, I obtained the photograph of Dr. Hitchcock which is herewith displayed. It is of a different man than the one I first described. The old confident, conquering warrior's lines are changed. Does not the reader see therein with me, an expression of wonderment; what is this all about; what has the world brought me; where are my old dear friends, that they may gather about me; what will the morrow bring to me?

I got a message from Dr. Hitchcock asking me to go with him and give a little help on a case. I felt highly honored so to do. We drove down East Main street, his old horse not wishing to go faster than the slowest trot. The doctor took his whip and touched the animal up a bit, but there was no response. Then the doctor lost patience a little and gave the horse a good resounding whack, but the horse only signalled protest with his ears and did not change his gait. The doctor put the whip back in its socket, made a sweeping gesture of resignation to the horse and with his head a little bowed, quoted: "Otium cum dignitate!"

Often I have thought of it since: the old doctor, death for him but a few months away; the old horse, the old buggy, and the buggy whip in its socket on the dashboard, its lash gone and its tip splintered into a thistle of slivers.

So it is forevermore: horses and buggies and doctors pass away. So do trees and flowers and beautiful children, and over the earth the sea shall roll again. Will it not gratify this great, reverent man and will it not please his relatives and dear old friends to have written of him, his own words: "At Rest With Dignity!"

### DR. IRA W. FISKE

Dr. Fiske had his home and office in the substantial dwelling erected by Dr. Joseph Sill where Dr. D. J. Scholten lives at 522

South Burdick street. This edifice has housed four generations of doctors that I know of. Dr. Fiske was short, broad and stout; alert and quick in action and grew the inevitable whiskers of his day. He was staccatic and vehement in his speech; had a hot temper that flashed red but burned out before too much damage was done. He was faithful, loyal and religious.

Dr. Fiske was born in New York in 1824 and came to Kalamazoo in 1864. He died Dec. 10, 1891. He had lost a daughter, Gracie, in 1870, aged 9, and a son, Arthur P. Fiske, died at 24. There is a grandson, Arthur P. Fiske, and a great-grandson of the same name, now living in Kalamazoo. Mrs. Walter C. Hall of Kalamazoo, the same age with Gracie, took the place of the lost daughter in the home and affections of the bereaved father and mother.

Dr. Fiske preferred country practice. He drove a finely built one-seated buggy in good seasons and a one-seated cutter in winter.

He went with me as consultant, four miles up the Gull road to old Robert Jickling . . . likely to die with pneumonia, but didn't. Dr. Fiske approved my treatment in the main . . . and this treatment, old even then and likewise beloved by him, is best to my notion now.

### DEATH RATE NO LESS

There is a medical publication called Hygeia edited by one savant, Fishbein . . . which originally translated into Latin means Pisces I. It is recommended that doctors place Hygeia on the table in the waiting rooms of their offices to teach the patients how they may suggest treatments to the doctor.

The March, 1935, issue of Hygeia says: "At present 32 types of pneumonia are recognized as responsible for 32 kinds of pneumonia. The physician must determine the coccic type and administer early and amply the appropriate serum."

Dr. Fiske does not need to sit up and take notice, for the death rate is no less now than in 1887.

### TANNING THE HIDE

Serum No. 27 or No. 31 having been given, then with diathermy, tan the sick man's hide and singe the pneumococci to a death jig in his air cells. Take a very moving picture of his inhaling gas in a tent and don't forget the funereally slow transport in a hearse-ambulance to the hospital.

Osler said that pneumonia is the old man's kind friend.

If said kind friend comes to offer me his services, I will put my strength against him thus:

I will ask for a soft bed in an atmosphere warm and fresh; plenty of cold water to drink; around my chest and neck a good thick, hot flaxseed meal poultice, sprinkled with mustard to my taste; good old Dover powder, plenty and more; perhaps an intra-venous glucose-saline solution.

Gosh, the thought of it makes me happy right now . . . and the malicious pleasure of it to see kind friends rushing around so unnecessarily! No digitalis, no strychnine, no whisky, no diathermy, no bag ballooned around my head. And last, but not least, dig me up, if you please, the old doctor . . . with whiskers, the vintage of 1887, who will tell me each morning how much better I look. And Dr. Ira W. Fiske, in heaven, will separate his lips in a little smile!

But the years are speeding away and I note that Dr. Fiske is arising frequently and going places, but not getting anywhere. Specialists advised a visit to a European spa, where he could mingle his own with the healing waters there. This he did, but he could not drown his troubles and he was glad to get home again. Then came a call to Florida to the rescue of Mrs. R. Tyler, a sister of Mrs. Fiske's. The doctor arrived thither and had just time to lie down to rest, when bang! With all the colors of pyrotechnics went an explosion in his brain. Apoplexy, it was called.

Ten days later his body was home for funeral and burial. A daily Kalamazoo paper said just this: "Ten physicians acted as pallbearers" but "burial was private at Mountain Home, with only relatives at the grave." Thus was the story of his burial three words briefer than that of Moses.

And the burial of Moses could have with equal truth been written of Dr. Ira W. Fiske . . . "the Angel of God upturned the sod and laid the dead man there."

## Dr. William Mottram

## Dr. Adolph Hochstein

My memory returns today to two capable physicians who were among the founders of the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine . . . Dr. Adolph Hochstein and Dr. William Mottram.

In making courtesy calls here shortly after my arrival in 1887, I came to the office of Dr. Hochstein in what is now West Michigan avenue. It was the tiniest office ever and by the same token, cozy. When the doctor composed his ample proportions in his desk chair and I rattled around in another, there was little room left for bystanders. The doctor had something to say and said it forthright.

He filled the little office with his voice to say I could render no better service to the other doctors than to persuade Dr. Harris B. Osborne to make reasonable charges for his services, cease to hand out such large quantities of medicine, and to present bills in a regular business-like way.

### LITTLE TO BE DONE

While my inclination was to defend my preceptor uncle, right or wrong, yet I felt there was justice in the doctor's criticism and agreed to see what I could do about it. But I further stated that Dr. Osborne was born that way and I was not very sanguine. There was some remark made about a man changing his habits by being "born again."

Dr. Hochstein and I got back to common ground when we agreed that we, as obstetricians, had best leave the concept of "born again" to the theologians, especially in the case of Dr. Osborne, who was six feet four inches tall and weighed 240 pounds.

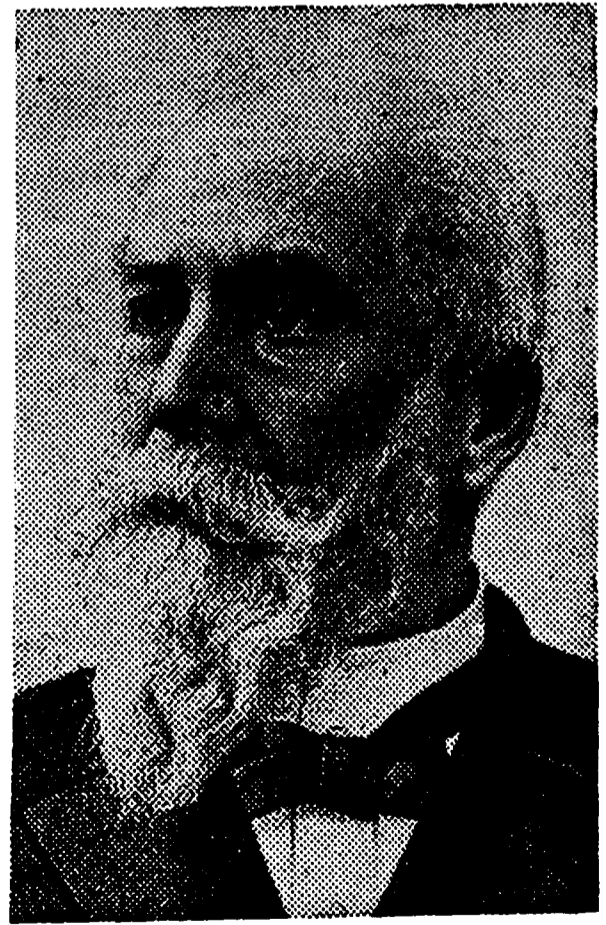
Dr. Hochstein wanted to discuss pathology, but as he spoke all the terms in German, I turned him back into the United States by pointing to the few drugs displayed on his shelves.

### WROTE PRESCRIPTIONS

There was a radical difference of view at that time as to the doctor writing prescriptions for the patients to take to the druggist, or for the doctor to furnish the medicines. Dr. Hochstein and a majority of the doctors preferred



DR. ADOLPH HOCHSTEIN



DR. WM. MOTTRAM



A wood carving of the head and face of Dr. Mottram. This carving forms the top center design of a large bookcase and cabinet which Dr. Mottram had in his home on the northwest corner of Burdick and Lovell streets. The cabinet as well as the entire residence, was finished in butternut and walnut. Workers came here from the Pullman Company, Chicago, to polish and finish the woodwork. The fine residence later became the property of Dr. McNair. It occupied the present site of the McNair block. The cabinet with its wood carving of Dr. Mottram is now at the McNair summer home at Gull lake.

prescription writing. But the public decided the matter by demanding that the doctor put up his own medicines.

Cholera infantum, a name which has disappeared from medical literature, was one of the most deadly diseases we had to meet. As the name indicates, there was vomiting and purging and high fever. Death to the baby came early with

convulsions or later by exhaustion. Treatment with drugs was wholly unsatisfactory. An American doctor named Lee went to Asiatic Russia where cholera was endemic, studied the disease, and invented a treatment. With a little tin funnel stuck into the open end of a soft rubber male catheter, I imitated the treatment; washing out the stomach through the

mouth and then the lower bowel. The new treatment worked like a charm.

#### TELLS OF TREATMENT

I read a paper on the subject before the Academy of Medicine and stirred up a lively discussion. Dr. Hochstein got up and with unction asked that inasmuch as I used the same tube for both treatments, whether I used the tube first in the stomach. I studied the doctor's impassive face intently to decide whether he was really seeking information or bent on a little fun with me. I decided it was the latter and replied that if the family was watching I washed out the stomach first, but if not, that it made no difference. The doctor smiled and appeared satisfied.

I repeat this little dialogue to illustrate further what I have said concerning the discussion of papers read in the Academy of Medicine in that day. The author of the paper had to watch his step. If he made a mistake in his pathology, Van Zwaluwenberg was on his feet, and cold as ice, pointed out the error. If the author did not speak very definitely and his statement took on the double entendre, Dr. Foster Pratt was on his feet with a demand for a definite expression. Nowadays we sit with open mouth in wonder and hunger and swallow whatever the visiting bird drops in.

#### GETS HIS LICENSE

On June 13, 1899, the Legislature of Michigan passed an act "to provide for the examination, regulation, licensing and registration of physicians and surgeons," "to practice medicine, surgery, and midwifery," in the State of Michigan. On March 22, 1900, Dr. A. W. Alvord of Battle Creek, representing the Michigan state board of registration, called the doctors of Kalamazoo County to bring their diplomas or other credentials and receive a certificate entitling them to practice. We made quite a procession, each fellow carrying his diploma to the rendezvous at the Burdick House.

When Dr. Adolph Hochstein's name was called, the doctor explained that he had been just on the point of taking medical examinations in the German university when called for military service in the Franco-Prussian War, in 1870, and instead, took the army examinations. He presented his credentials thereof. Dr. Alvord examined Dr. Hochstein's papers and replied: "Good and sufficient and very honorable to you, sir."



On March 26, 1912, Dr. Hochstein was tendered the first complimentary banquet ever given to a member of the Academy of Medicine. Included on this program were Dr. O. H. Clark, Carl G. Kleinstueck, David Levy, J. H. Crosby, Charles B. Hays, Dr. A. W. Crane, Samuel H. Folz, Rabbi Thurman and the program was closed with a talk by Dr. Hochstein.

Dr. Hochstein was born in Eastern Prussia March 13, 1845. He completed his medical studies in the University of Berlin and, after service in the Franco-Prussian War, began practice in Berlin. He came to this country in 1874, locating first at Grand Rapids, but came to Kalamazoo in 1876. Upon his death here September 12, 1913, he was survived by his wife and two daughters, Emily and Clara. Mrs. Hochstein died in 1918, but the daughters are still residents of Kalamazoo. Dr. and Mrs. Hochstein were married in Berlin in 1874.

#### **DR. WILLIAM MOTTRAM**

Dr. William Mottram was the Beau Brummel of the Kalamazoo medical profession. He held this primacy for 57 years and none since has approached his elegance. He wore black broadcloth throughout. His coat, long-tailed, and never the suggestion of a cut-away; his silk hat a la mode; his black boots always highly polished without a flake of dust. His rather long hair was inclined to curl and his full beard was immaculately white and clean.

Dr. Mottram advised his brother physicians that he held the theory that the sight of a neatly dressed doctor had a good effect upon the patient. His face, neck, and hands were perfectly groomed, polished fingernails included. He spoke a diction so careful, original, and appropriate as to suggest it was a studied patois.

#### **TRIBUTE TO DOCTOR**

Of Dr. Mottram, the Hon. Charles S. May once said: "His fine and imposing presence, his courtly bearing, his high bred and polished courtesy of manner, his gentle and reassuring voice in the sick room, which was half a remedy, will be long remembered."

Dr. Mottram rightly felt that all this make-up entitled him to a high salary. While other doctors were answering calls at \$1.50 to \$3 each, his fee was \$5 and plenty of people were glad to pay it.

Let none think that from his attire and professional manners that he was a weakling, a namby-pamby. He had a fiery temper, this old boy. I once heard him in the height of anger give expression to himself and I never heard a neater, more picturesque job of cussing. I was proud of him.

#### **WAS EARLY PIONEER**

Dr. Mottram was born in Gilbertsville, N. Y., in 1807. Educated academically and professionally, he began his practice of medicine on Nottawa Prairie in St. Joseph County in 1834. He represented that County in the Legislature in 1843 and was author of a law providing for taxation of townships for the support of public libraries. He came to Kalamazoo in 1850, residing at the northwest corner of Burdick and Lovell streets, where in 1859 he built one of the most beautiful homes in Kalamazoo. Here he dwelt until his death, July 2, 1891.

This Kalamazoo man was health officer of Kalamazoo for two years, an incorporator of the Academy of Medicine, and its president in 1887. In the address of welcome to the Michigan State Medical Society held here in 1889, Dr. Mottram mentioned that he had been in continuous practice in Michigan for more than a half century. He said "the mind can hardly grasp without study and review, the change and progress of 50 years." He pronounced the perfection of the microscope within the last 25 years as "the greatest of all inventions."

#### **CONSIDERS THE X-RAY**

It occurred to me that an answer to this statement, nearly another 50 years later, would be a tribute to Dr. Mottram. I asked Dr. A. W. Crane to write a comparison of the value to medicine of the microscope and the X-Ray. Had Dr. Crane lived a few hours longer his statement would have been his last effort. I then asked Dr. J. B. Jackson to take the place of his dearest friend. Here is the very admirable comparison, as written by Dr. Jackson:

"To make a comparison of the value to medicine of the microscope and the X-Ray is a difficult task. Today we make use of both these aids to such a large extent that it seems impossible to think of medical practice without them. Such a comparison would be like estimating the comparative value

of the printing press and the steam engine in this modern world. To the microscope we owe our knowledge of the entire realm of bacterial disease. The normal cellular structure of the human body has been revealed to us by it and our entire understanding of changes in cellular structure due to various disease processes results from its use. Modern medicine would be impossible without the aid of the microscope.

"The X-Ray has become essential in the diagnosis of changes in the human body that result from accident or disease. The whole method of treatment of fractures has been changed by this agent. Diseases of the lungs, stomach, intestines, gall-bladder, kidneys are demonstratable by the X-Ray. Almost no sort of disease process exists within the human body but that some understanding of it can be obtained by the X-Ray. In addition to a wide field of usefulness in diagnosis, the X-Ray has a wide application in the treatment of disease, especially in the treatment of cancerous growths. In this field its usefulness is rapidly increasing as we understand better the method of applying it.

"The physician would be at a loss to choose between these two agents of scientific investigation. He would be in the position of a father choosing between two worthy sons. If asked to choose one and give up the other, he could not do it. Each has a place and both are essential for modern medical practice. The microscope and the X-Ray have each profoundly changed our notions of the human body and to them in a large measure we owe the progress that has been made in the conquest of disease."

I saw Doctor Mottram as he sat, a cold spring day of 1891 in his beautiful home, awaiting July suns and death. A few fagots burning in the fireplace insufficiently warmed the room. All looked so bare and meager.

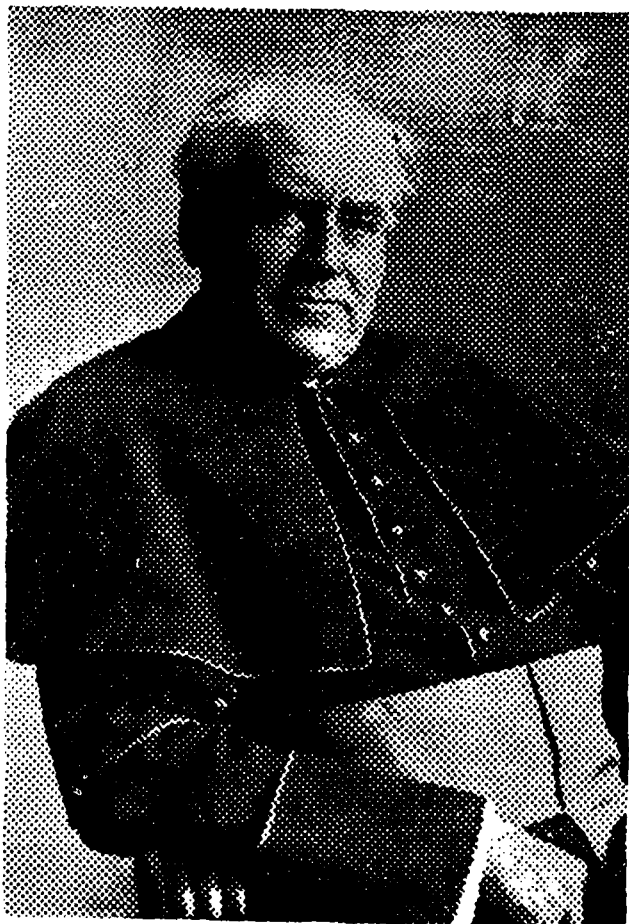
"My mind to me a kingdom is:"

There sat he, never the crowned king more than in this hour of solitude; albeit goods and power, peoples, health and kin were his no more, suing for no favor or mercy, having no thought of surrender, calm of voice, steady of eye, he, himself alone, Doctor William Mottram.



**BISHOP BORGESS**

These two men were responsible for providing Kalamazoo with its first general hospital in 1889. When the need of a hospital was pointed out by Father O'Brien, Bishop Borgess' gift of \$5,000 was the first for the new institution and the hospital was named for him. Sisters of St. Joseph who came here to open the hospital will soon complete 50 years of service in Kalamazoo. Bishop Caspar H. Borgess and the Rev. Monsignor Frank A. O'Brien are both buried at Nazareth, near Kalamazoo.



**REV. F. A. O'BRIEN**

## General Hospitals

Kalamazoo's general hospitals have come into existence since I began my medical practice here half a century ago. Today both Borgess and Bronson hospitals are accorded the highest rating by the American College of Surgeons.

Borgess hospital, founded in 1889, has the honor of being the pioneer general hospital of Kalamazoo. Previous to its establishment there was no place fitted for the care of the sick. Accident and emergency cases were sometimes taken to the county jail. It happened that the Rev. Frank A. O'Brien, then pastor of St. Augustine's church, was called to the jail to administer the last sacraments to a dying man. The man was guiltless of crime, but as a charity patient had been forced to seek care in the jail because there was no hospital in Kalamazoo.

Bishop Caspar Henry Borgess was advised of the local situation by Father O'Brien and was determined that Kalamazoo should have a hospital. The first aid for the new hospital was a gift of \$5,000 from Bishop Borgess.

### BUY WALTER HOME

The James A. Walter home in Portage street was purchased and remodeled. On July 6, 1889, the Rev. O'Brien welcomed to Kalamazoo eleven Sisters of St. Joseph to take charge of the hospital.

In November, 1889, the hospital was opened to receive its first patients. From a 20-bed hospital it grew rapidly to 100 beds. Twice the hospital was enlarged and about 3,000 patients were cared for annually. Dr. William Mott-ram was appointed dean.

A staff was named also, the members of which were Doctors Edward Ames, John W. Bosman, Adolph Hochstein, Oliver A. LaCrone, Stephen D. O'Brien, Harris B. Osborne, Orlo B. Ranney, Herman H. Schaberg, and Irwin Simpson. Dr. Osborne was chief of staff.

### REQUIRED MUCH WORK

The staff and all the doctors set out to make the enterprise a success, but it took much effort to do so. Many people had an idea that one only went to a hos-

pital to die. They dreaded to leave home and trust themselves to strangers. And as to women going to a hospital for childbirth, it seemed that they could not bring themselves to do so. But everyone who tried out the new idea came back to proclaim their appreciation and the kindness and the goodness and the efficiency of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

In 1916 crowded conditions of Old Borgess Hospital necessitated the building of a second hospital. A site on Gull road was purchased and a unit was built and completed and ready for patients in the fall of 1917.

### BUILD UNIT IN 1928

A new unit was built in 1928. In October, 1929, amalgamation of Old Borgess and New Borgess hospitals took place and the institution now known again simply as Borgess hospital has a bed capacity of 350.

Of the Sisters of Borgess hospital I have not the art or gift to write as I wish.

I must say that they are the noblest of women. They are the bright consummate flower of the great Roman Catholic church; the bright consummate flower of all Christendom. Everyone knows their devotion, but only the doctors know their immeasurable kindness, their immeasurable understanding. Do you take your worries and sorrows to a Sister expecting and fearing a deserving rebuke? The Sister looks way beyond and tells you that you are good and deserving and loved. And she lays her hand on yours and there is absolution and blessing in the touch and in her eyes you read a prayer. And the Spiritual is glowing upon you.

### LOVE FOR LITTLE BOY

There was a little boy whose name was Noel. He loved Sister Euphrasia as he loved none else, I think. And Sister Euphrasia loved him not less, I know.

Sister Euphrasia said that she would take Noel in her arms again.

On December 24, 1896, a deed was made by Henry Brees to Doctors Edwin H. VanDeusen, Harris B. Osborne, Cornelius VanZwaluwenberg, Rush McNair, John W. Bosman, and Oliver A. LaCrone, conveying for a hospital site a piece of land 75 feet in John street and 100 feet in East Cedar street.

On December 19 of the same year had been recorded a deed from Mary C. Miller to Cornelius VanZwaluwenberg as trustee for

himself and the other five doctors . . . a frontage of 40 feet in John street, for a consideration of \$2,395.59.

#### INSTITUTION OPENED

Deeds from Herbert H. Everard followed immediately for two lots, one on either side of the Mary Miller lot, increasing the John street frontage to 193 feet.

An old, moderate sized house on the Mary C. Miller lot was made to do for a hospital. The house would accommodate 12 patients and by crowding, 20 could be cared for.

The Kalamazoo Hospital Association was formed with Dr. Edwin H. VanDeusen, president, and Dr. John W. Bosman, secretary. The name given to the institution was the Kalamazoo Hospital. Miss Jessie Yancey, graduate of Mercy Hospital, Chicago, was appointed superintendent. The nurses were Mary Legge, now Mrs. F. B. Clark; Minnie Johnson, over across the river in Sherwood Rena Koster, now Mrs. Rena Bosker; Elizabeth M. Pyle, now Mrs. Charles A. Dayton. All are now living in Kalamazoo or vicinity, except Miss Yancey, who died in 1905.

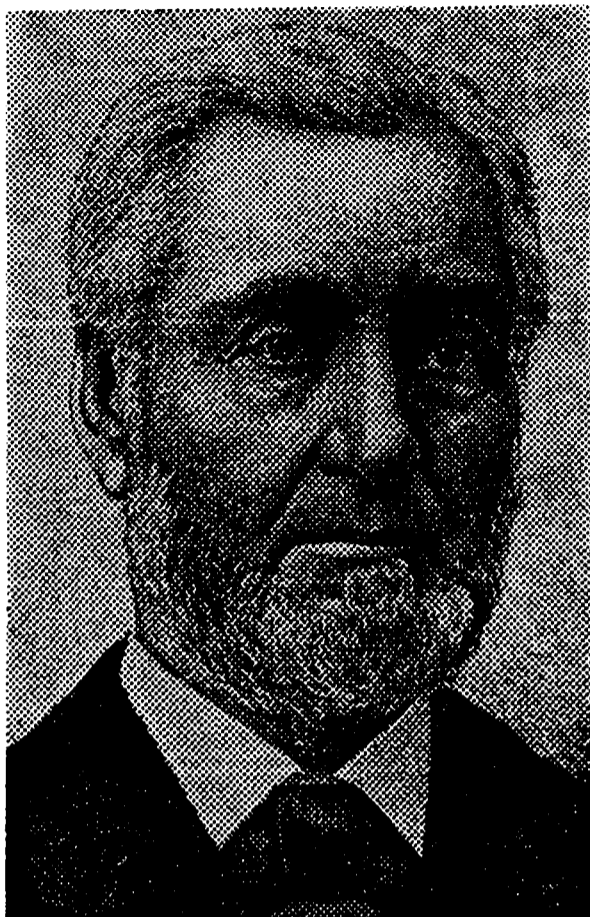
#### REORGANIZED IN 1905

In 1905 the hospital was reorganized and, due to some technicality, it was necessary to change the name. The chief benefactor, Henry Brees, was forgotten and the name Bronson was adopted. A new hospital building with 46 beds was erected. Of the building committee, Dr. William E. Upjohn was president and Edwin J. Phelps, treasurer.

The contribution of Henry Brees had made possible the building of the hospital and sometime the misnaming should be corrected. Brees built and occupied as his home the three-story brick residence in East South street now forming a part of the Elks Temple.

Brees was a member of St. Luke's Episcopal church. He said there are two objects to which he loved to contribute . . . a hospital and his church.

Brees had passed four score years; he was of spare build, his tall form was somewhat forward bent, his face was pale, his eyes kind and speaking benevolence. His voice was pleasant, assuring, and winning. He spoke, too, as one having authority. He was generous, modest, kindly, bearing no ill witness, wholly religious and devoted. He had the Christian



HENRY BREES

It was this Kalamazoo pioneer's gift of land at Cedar and John streets which made the beginning of Bronson hospital possible. The value of this land was represented by the water rights and the ground on which was built the first units of the Bryant Paper Company. Brees made a fortune in Mexico prior to the Mexican war.

faith of a little child. Henry Brees died May 1, 1897.

In his last days it gratified Brees to know that land and water rights which he had possessed became the site of the Bryant Paper Company; that land which he possessed, by his generosity, became the site of the Kalamazoo postoffice, and that, lastly, more than all else was he grateful that on land which he had given there should rise a hospital dedicated to the ways of Christianity.

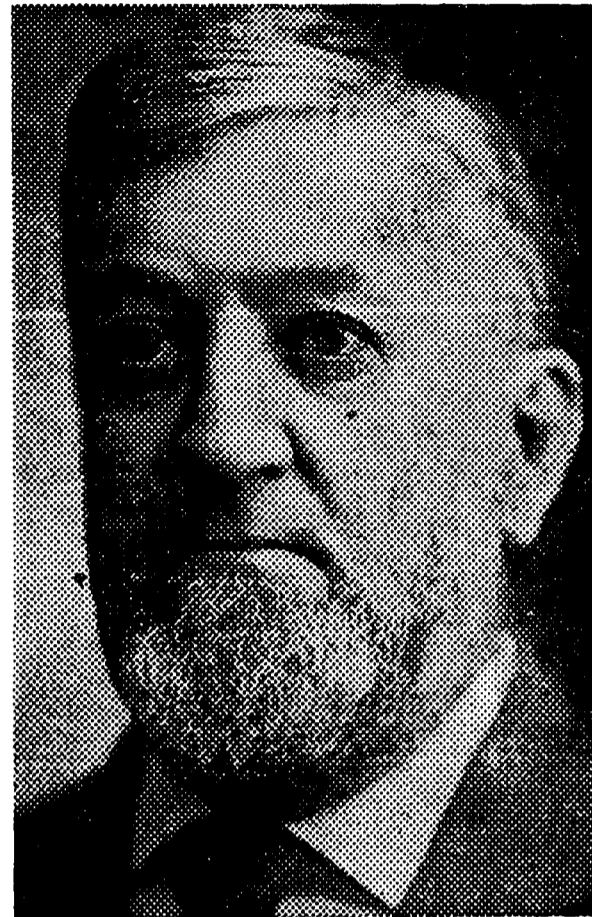
#### METHODIST HOSPITAL

In 1920, Bronson Hospital was taken over by the Methodist church and was named Bronson Methodist Hospital.

An addition was made to the hospital which with equipment cost \$113,000. The bed capacity is now 111, with 30 bassinets for newborn babies.

#### ST. ANTHONY'S HOME

St. Anthony's Home and School for mentally deficient children was established in May, 1899, by the



DR. CHAS. T. WILBUR

This Kalamazoo physician in 1883 opened the Wilbur Home which still exists as an institution as a home and school for the feeble-minded. He had previously been associated with a similar institution in Massachusetts, the first of its kind in the country, and later was superintendent of the first home for the feeble-minded opened in the state of Illinois.

Sisters of St. Joseph. The home was opened a half mile north of Nazareth and was incorporated in May, 1911.

The present extensive buildings east of Kalamazoo in Highway U. S.-12 were occupied in 1911. The institution has cared for nearly 1,000 patients, some remaining from 10 to 25 years. The home and school will be closed in the near future.

#### DR. CHARLES T. WILBUR

Dr. Charles Tappan Wilbur was born March 18, 1835, in Newburyport, Mass. At an early age he became associated with his brother, Dr. Harvey B. Wilbur, in the School for the Feeble Minded at Barre, Mass. This was the first private school of its kind in the United States and "was founded on the idea of furnishing a home-school for unfortunate children, where at all times they would be under the care of instructors trained for that particular work."

Dr. C. T. Wilbur was graduated at the Berkshire Medical College

in 1860. During his student years he had experience in the state schools of Connecticut, New York and Ohio. He served through the Civil war as surgeon of the 59th Ohio Infantry. In 1867 he organized at Jacksonville, Ill., the first institution in that state for the feeble minded. When this hospital was moved to Lincoln, Ill., Dr. Wilbur was its superintendent and remained as such until September, 1883.

#### FORMS HOME HERE

In 1883 Dr. Wilbur instituted the Wilbur Home in Kalamazoo which he conducted until the hour of his death August 19, 1909." In 1908 he had been appointed as trustee of the Michigan Home and Training School at Lapeer.

Dr. Wilbur was very forceful, energetic and enthusiastic in his special medical work. He was much devoted to the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine. I well recollect a paper he read before the Academy on epilepsy and another on the subject of training the feeble mind. That doctors of medicine devote their lives to the benefit of the insane and feeble minded is one of the glories of our Christian civilization.

#### DOCTORING DANGEROUSLY

In the doctors' waiting room in Old Borgess, Dr. Francis J. Welsh and myself were discussing the two attacks made upon Dr. Welsh. In each instance he was set upon by two robbers in his own doorway when returning from night calls. I had seen the doctor the day after one of the attacks, trying to take it easy in bed while nursing numerous bruises.

The doctor's attitude was not all sadness, for he was a husky boy and owned a pair of dukes trained in boxing. And what man of Irish blood does not enjoy a fight against odds!

Meanwhile three other medical men dropped in and listened.

#### MAKES NIGHT CALL

Then I told my story. I had been much worried over sickness in the family of Irving Stimpson street. Also, there was a sick baby in the family of Irwin Simpson, living in the Doyle building in East Main street.

It was about 1 a. m. there came to the block and up the stairs in the dark. But I well knew the way and finding the back door of the apartment unlocked, I walked in. As I stumbled through the rooms I thought it strange that there were no lights burning. When I reached an open

doorway I saw a little light shining from the bedroom.

#### JUST MISSED BULLET

I called out and Simpson, recognizing my voice, answered me: "What are you doing here this time of night, doctor? The baby is much better."

Then I realized that the call was from the Stimpson home a telephone call, as I understood, from Irwin Simpson's. I walked across the river where the necessity was very great and I hurried to go. Simpson took time to tell me that it was just as well for me that I called out when I did for he had reached under his pillow for his six-shooter.

Each of the other three doctors was bursting with a story, but Dr. Paul Butler beat them to it. And this is what Dr. Butler said:

"I was practicing up in the Alamo region. There was an epidemic and I had had but little sleep for many nights and I was well nigh exhausted. This night I was far from home and it was after mid-

night. I threw the lines over the dashboard knowing that my faithful horse would take me safely home. I doubled up on the buggy seat and in a moment was dead asleep. All at once I awoke with a start and a fright. The horse had stopped. The night was utterly dark. The buggy was trembling, swaying and almost upsetting. I knew it was an earthquake. I hung on desperately. The buggy swayed and pitched more violently and, from beneath the earth was rumbling and grinding and there were groans that could not be uttered.

"Finally my eyes saw more plainly. My horse, half asleep had walked over a cow asleep in the road and the cow was under the buggy, trying to get up."

A heavy silence fell upon us. None spoke at all. We soon drifted apart. There was the feeling that Paul had let us down with unnecessary heartlessness.

The next day, Dr. Thomas Van Urk growled: "Paul is the hero of his own adventure."

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## Dr. Ezra C. Adams

## Dr. Charles H. McKain

## Dr. H. B. Hemenway

Dr. Ezra C. Adams, possessor of the first letter of the alphabet, was the first signer of the constitution of the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine.

He was born in Collins, Erie County, New York, July 14, 1823. At the age of 18 he began the study of medicine and received his M. D. from Willoughby Medical College at the age of 22. Dr. Adams practiced for several years in Ohio and New York, but in 1854 came to Cooper Center, Kalamazoo County, which . . . and the near vicinity . . . was his home for the rest of his life.

I met Dr. Adams but once, for he died Dec. 1, 1887. He was a handsome man, very alert and quick in action; scintillatingly brilliant. A large portrait of him is hung in the Academy of Medicine. He was twice elected to the house of legislature from Kalamazoo County and while a resident of Plainwell, he was village president. In 1885 he was appointed to the U. S. Pension Examining board at Allegan.

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#### RECALLED BY MANY

I have received many letters from older residents telling me anecdotes of Dr. Adams which they thought should appear in these reminiscences. I feel the same way about it:

"Dr. Adams caught much sleep while riding at night, trusting to his horse to know the way."

"His professional services were open accounts, seldom settled in full. When hard pressed for money he would leave word with a family to please send him down a ten

or a twenty. When one woman wrote him that her husband drank up all his earnings, that her children were without sufficient clothing, but offered her sewing machine in payment, it broke his heart and he wrote the woman a receipt in full and an apology for having asked for the money."

#### WAS "OLD FAITHFUL"

F. B. Fisher of Kalamazoo writes, "We called Dr. Adams 'Old Faithful,' for regardless of snow-bound roads, over fences, through fields in zero weather, he never failed us, though it might be one or three o'clock in the morning. We once lost a valuable horse with pneumonia and six more horses were ill with the same disease. Dr. Adams made it clear that he was not a horse doctor, but he came and prescribed and brought them through."

All this sounds like what has been written by my own father. I remember that his remedy was fluid extract of Jaborandi. I wonder what medicine Dr. Adams gave.

Very few of those now living, who were born in Cooper or Alamo township or in Plainwell, during the 60's and 70's will ever forget Dr. Adams. It is the old story repeated almost monotonously: the country doctor, long years of

most exacting service, many sorrows, few joys. When the fatal day came for Dr. Adams, the Allegan and Kalamazoo doctors gathered to the rescue. Dr. Bills of Allegan and Dr. H. B. Osborne correctly diagnosed: cancer of the pancreas.

#### M'KAIN WAS SKILLED

Dr. Charles H. McKain was handsome of face, ingratiating in manner, modest in professional discussion. With his five feet four of stature, he stood straight as should the soldier that he was . . . for he had served as a surgeon with the U. S. Regulars.

His hands were small and artistically sculptured. It was a pleasure to note through what small incisions his deft fingers could work.

Thirty-nine years ago I assisted him in several intestinal resections for malignant disease. Hubert VanHousen, employed at the Methodist hospital, reminds me of this. And Dr. McKain did many other major operations. I was with him at a Caesarian section over 30 years ago. The woman was pre-doomed, but the operation saved the baby.

#### STUDIED IN EUROPE

Dr. McKain's surgical and medical practice took him over an extensive area. He made post-grad-

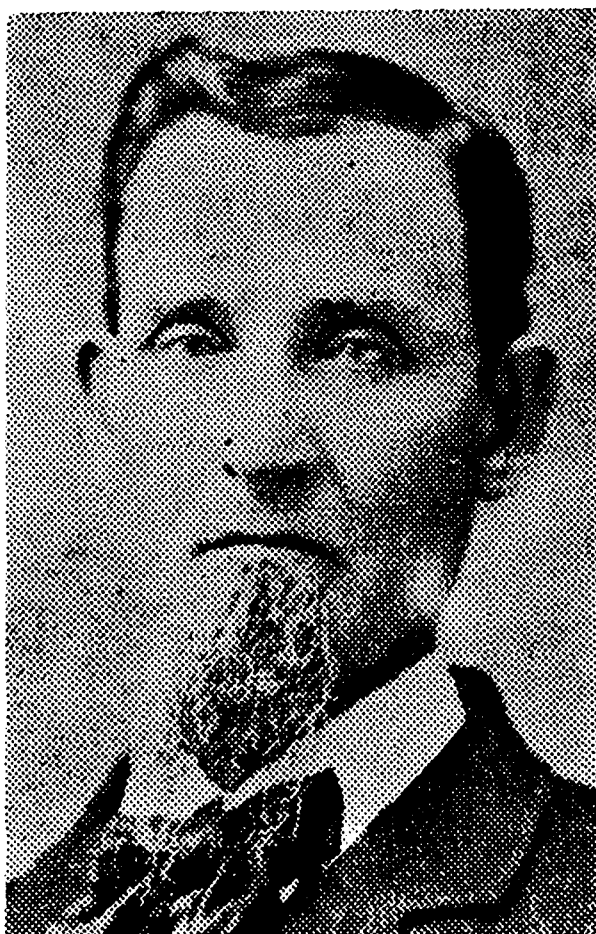
uate studies in Edinburg, Paris and London.

He was born in Pavilion township of this county, Nov. 17, 1851, and lived three score and ten and four. He practiced medicine in Vicksburg for 43 years. Dr. McKain studied in Kalamazoo College and then at the University of Michigan where he received his medical degree in 1878. In September, 1882, he was married to Helen Dorrance, who survives him.

About two years before his death, Dr. McKain came down from the operating room of Old Borgess hospital. His car was parked in a row of autos in Spring street. As he stepped between the cars, a machine recklessly driven from Portage street crashed into the line of cars, pinning Dr. McKain between. The injury was severe and almost fatal at the time. I am sure that it was eventually his death blow.

#### ADVICE ON SURGERY

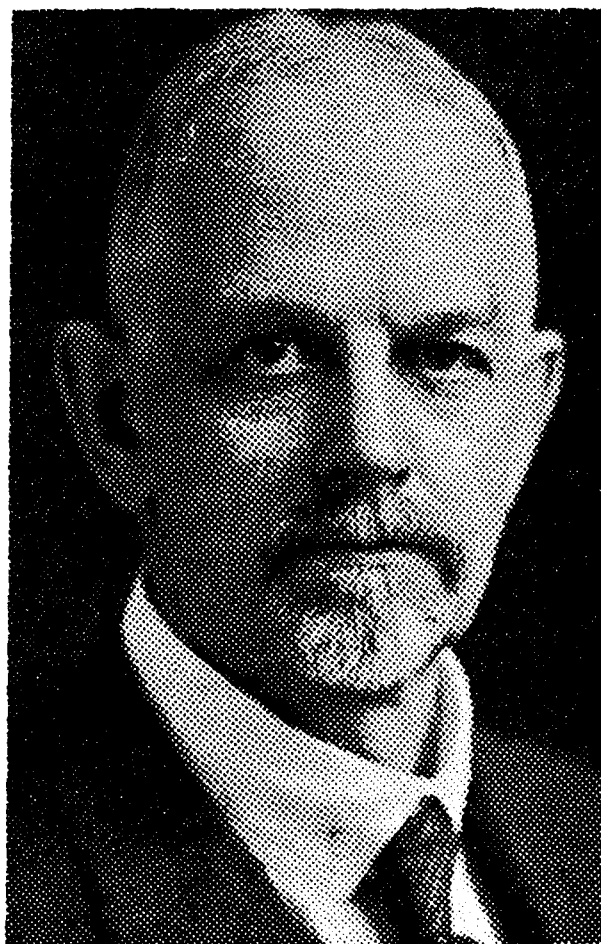
While in the hospital I had opportunity to hear him express certain professional ideas. He said medicine has many branches; two of which are internal medicine and surgery. And that surgery itself has many branches, of which one may be spoken of as the study of the principles and practice and



**DR. EZRA ADAMS**



**DR. C. H. McKAIN**



**DR. H. B. HEMENWAY**

These three physicians, reviewed today by Dr. Rush McNair, were included among the incorporators of the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine here in 1883. Dr. Adams settled at Cooper Center and practiced there and in Alamo and at Plainwell. Dr. McKain practiced at Vicksburg for 43 years. Dr. Hemenway distinguished himself here during the 80's and later achieved wide fame in Illinois.

the other as operative surgery. Dr. McKain felt that the principles and practice of surgery came first, for there are many other ways of treatment of surgical diseases than the knife. And he deplored that operative surgery was in a way to take over the whole field of surgery.

Dr. McKain was pleased when I told him that my doctor father had said the same to me, and I told him that my father felt the distinction so keenly that the sign which hung at his office door read: "S. McNair, Physician and Medical Surgeon." He had studied surgery under Dr. Daniel Brainard. But he felt a modesty over making claims and wished to show that he practiced surgery under the aegis of medicine.

#### SIGN IS RIDICULED

I told Dr. McKain, too, that when I was a boy, a pair of doctors drove through our little town and when they saw my father's sign, they studied it. Then they began to laugh. I asked my father why they laughed and he said it was because they had no brains.

Dr. Harris B. Osborne had told me that Dr. McKain was one of the best-read men in Michigan. Of the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine, Dr. McKain was one of the incorporators and in 1902 was its president.

At Dr. McKain's funeral there were many of his doctor friends to honor and mourn him. In the casket lay the mortal of him. A large diamond flashed from his bosom and on his eyes were set large, thick, tortoise shell glasses, more formidable than those which were adjusted to the face of Dr. A. W. Crane in like surroundings so recently. Of a man far less valuable to the world than Dr. McKain was written:

"Now with larger other eyes,  
He scans all earthly mysteries."

#### DR. H. B. HEMENWAY

Dr. Henry Bixby Hemenway was born in Montpelier, Vt. Dec. 20, 1856, the son of Francis Dana and Sarah Louisa Bixby Hemenway. The father was a member of the faculty of the Garrett Biblical Institute of the Methodist church at Evanston, Ill.

Dr. Hemenway received from Northwestern University, A. B. in 1879; M. D. in 1881, and A. M. in 1882. He practiced medicine in Kalamazoo from 1881 until 1890. and was an incorporator of the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine; health officer of Kalamazoo in 1884 and 1885; secretary of the U. S. Pension Examining Surgeons, 1887-90.

After leaving Kalamazoo, he was on the teaching staff of Rush Medical College and the College of Physicians and Surgeons, 1893-1900 and a member of the staff of the Illinois State Health Office the last ten years of his life.

#### DESIGNED ACADEMY SEAL

To the organization of the Academy of Medicine, Dr. Hemenway gave more time than any of the others. He designed the seal of the Academy: "The seal shall consist of a representation of a compound microscope and an open book leaning against the same, resting upon the number of the year of our incorporation in Roman numerals, all being surrounded by a band bearing the words 'Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine.' And for good measure, Dr. Hemenway added the rising sun illuminating the scene.

Dr. Hemenway was up-to-date, energetic and constant to his duties as a practicing physician. But the historical, medico-legal, statistical and public health branches of the medical profession the more attracted him. These divisions of medical service are of increasing importance. I think his last 10 years of service in the division of vital statistics in Illinois were the most satisfying to him of his service of 50 years.

#### NATIONALLY FAMOUS

Dr. Hemenway was nationally recognized as an authority on the laws of public health and administration. In my preparatory studies at Northwestern University I had met him and when I came to Kalamazoo, he extended me many courtesies.

Dr. Hemenway died at Springfield, Ill., Jan. 1, 1931 . . . the last of the incorporators of the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine.

## The Veiled Baby

During the early days of my medical practice there were many superstitions as to child birth. This is the story of a "Little Bit of Eden in Kalamazoo."

If a baby were born with a part of the birth sac stuck to its face, looking like a veil, some of the older people carefully saved it. They tacked it on a board, let it dry and preserved it as a family treasure. This veil was known as "the caul." Its presence meant that its baby possessor would come to great fame: perhaps a great doctor . . . or better yet, a great

preacher. The sailor believes that none so born will ever drown at sea.

#### ANOTHER NIGHT CALL

One night in the wee small hours, in the north part of Kalamazoo, was born a beautiful baby. Everything was as it should be. The baby was very welcome; the neighborhood nurse did her part well and all was neat, clean and promising. In the afternoon I called at the house again.

I found that all was well, except that the nurse had noticed the baby munching its lips. She examined and drew from the baby's mouth a little green leaf. This leaf was of heart-shape, smooth of edge and three-fourths of an inch in diameter. The stem was a little curved and about three-fourths of an inch long.

There were no potted plants or bouquets in the house and there was no child to put a leaf in the baby's mouth. Neither the father nor mother nor nurse could explain how the leaf got there. It looked like no leaf I had ever seen before. It was surely a mystery.

#### GIVES HIS EXPLANATION

I had other worries and the next morning I had almost forgotten the incident. But when I made my forenoon call, the neighbor women crowded the front room. They were discussing the phenomenon of a baby born with a leaf in its mouth. The ladies, at a loss, demanded of me an explanation. Nowadays it bothers me not to say "I don't know." But at that time I felt that for a young doctor to confess ignorance might ruin my reputation forever.

So I said: "Ladies, I will offer you an explanation and it is Scriptural. You remember how Adam and Eve were dressed in the Garden Eden, and you have seen pictures of them reposing on leafy banks, under leafy bowers. Do you think it possible that there Mother Eve received a little leaf; that this leaf has passed down through the generations of her daughters and now appears in this baby's mouth?" In the hot argument that followed, I made my escape.

#### SCENE IN COURTROOM

Forty-four years later in the circuit court room in Kalamazoo, sat alone a poor waif of a girl, the picture of woe and despair. She was under the accusation of killing her own unfathered baby. So low her head was bowed as to rest between her collapsing breasts.

The state of Michigan had sworn that to the back of the dead babe were frozen blades of grass,

a few weeds and leaves, but none had adhered to any other part of the body.

I remembered then the baby born with a leaf in its mouth and I testified that a living babe, so placed as this child, would have gathered between its toes and fingers, or in the grasp of its fists, blades of grass, bits of weeds and leaves and that if so much as a blade of grass, or a little weed stalk or leaf had touched the baby's lips, the act of suckling would have been set going and the leaf or weed would have been found between the baby's lips or in its mouth. But the hands, feet, lips and mouth were empty and therefore had not moved at all. For this reason it was apparent that the baby was dead when laid upon the ground . . . that it had been born dead.

#### TRAITS OF MAMMALIA

There are other facts which should not be forgotten in such tragedy. There are other mammalia than the human. And no animal fights more savagely for its young than does the mammalian mother. But I have seen a cow with her horns drive away a newborn calf. I have seen a cat that killed her babies and laid them in a row, then fawn and purr over them with a look of hell in her eyes. A sow will sometimes kill and eat her progeny.

What do we do in cases of this kind? We send for the veterinarian and in two days the cow will coax the calf back to her bursting udder; the cat, serenely happy, softly purrs when her unslain blind babies with unerring instinct search for nourishment amidst her fur; the sow will placidly grunt as the little pigs root against her belly.

But we humans turn against the female of the species when she has killed. We forget the hours of her shame, her fright, her untruthfulness. We forget that there has been no prenatal care and that her body is full of toxins . . . the excretions from cells of her own body and that of the unborn baby. We forget that all mammalia in the state of nature, have the instinct to bear their young in secrecy. And the young woman, alone, in a midwinter's night, on a strange road, frenzied with fright and agony, none to answer to her screams, fainting from loss of blood . . . till she sinks in a merciful swoon of forgetfulness.

We are humane to our domestic animals, but our own daughters . . . we torture them!

## Dr. Donald MacLeay Dr. James M. Elliott Dr. George R. Hyde

The terrain in Southern Barry County, over which Doctors Donald McLeay, James M. Elliott and George R. Hyde rode, is very beautiful in spring, summer and autumn. Much of it is hilly with ravines and valleys and frequent creeks and lakes.

In these pleasant months with grasses and grains verdant or ripe and flowers blooming with all colors and, later in the fall, with the frost-painted gorgeous colors of leaves on bush and shrub, on vine and tree; elderberry, plum, wild cherry and grape, crab apple . . . then bounteous nature stages such scenes and gifts.

But in winter months when deep snows fall and the winds howl and blow whither and when they listeth, the ravines and valleys and winding trails and roads are buried full deep in snows. Then the traveler must fight his way across fields and over fences from which in part the snow has blown away. Then for many days at a time farm homes are isolated. Heavy, strong teams of horses or oxen hitched to bobsled and aided by hand-wielded shovels at length would break through.

#### WINTER HARDSHIPS

Once, as a passenger in a bobsled, we followed a trail broken through deep snow by a team dragging a huge iron kettle, held upright. Thus there was no territory from which the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine drew its membership which presented such severe winter hardships as this. Doctors McLeay, Elliott, and Hyde were men of unusual physical vigor and bravery and of exemplary habits.

But the toils and exposures of the bitter cold, winter after winter, and the bottomless mud roads of spring wore down these valiant men. Each by nature was entitled to four score and more of years, but only McLeay attained 80. Elliott died at 64 and Hyde at 55.

#### SCOTCH PHYSICIAN

Dr. Donald McLeay, strikingly distinguished in appearance, of olive complexion, dark iron grey hair, eyes dark brown, deep set and hypnotic; above average height, square shouldered; withholding as in a leash, his thoughts and sentiments, impatiently until his time came . . . then releasing them in a flash of impassioned speech. Then his face flushed, dark eyes blazed, his gestures were expressive and vigorous. His broad Scotch-English, in a new dialect, pouring forth so impetuously, tested the quick hearing of the listeners.

McLeay had the pride and the loyalty to his family, his clansmen, the medical profession and his religion . . . as the Scotchman has.

#### MALPRACTICE SUIT

At one time Dr. McLeay came to Kalamazoo to tell the doctors that he was threatened with a malpractice suit. The burden of his story was that he wanted us to appreciate that there was no malpractice on his part, and that, if he could feel that he had the moral support of the doctors, he would fight the suit through with confidence and good heart. It appeared that McLeay was called at the final stage of a child's birth. The attending physician, after many hours of most gruelling exertion, had seated himself on the floor, and the forceps had slipped

their hold and flew out of his hands and out of an open window. The doctor fell backward and bumped his head on the floor.

Dr. McLeay had finished the job and done some of the necessary repair surgery. Dr. McLeay said that the plaintiff, if he did go to law, could not get much, for "the other doctor had nothing and I have damned little more." We vowed to Dr. McLeay our faith and comradeship and assured him that we were for him. So McLeay went home with his heart beating defiance and repeating to himself the old Scotch challenge: "Wha òaur meddle wi' me!"

#### GRADUATE AT DETROIT

Dr. McLeay was graduated at the Detroit Medical College in 1872. He was born at Dorneh, Scotland, March 1, 1841. With his parents he came to Canada and settled in Stratford. Here in 1867 McLeay taught school and in the following year attended the Royal Dominion Business College. He began the practice of medicine in Prairieville in the year of his graduation, 1872.

On June 2, 1873 he was married to Ella D. Collier. There were three children: Donald R. McLeay, deceased; Sarah B. McLeay Hughes and Alexander M. McLeay. Dr. McLeay was an artistic penman

and a profound student of classic literature. Mrs. McLeay died Dec. 6, 1918, and Dr. McLeay succumbed May 24, 1921.

And so the fates decreed that this great learned man, sensitive and appreciative, a Scottish bard at heart, should live out his life in narrow scenes. But he had Bobbie Burns and Sir Walter Scott by his side.

"Come hither Evan Cameron, come stand beside my knee,  
I hear the river roaring down toward the wintry sea;  
I hear the pibroch wailing amidst the din of fight,  
And my dim spirit wakes again upon the verge of night."

#### DR. JAMES M. ELLIOTT

It was almost pathetic to note with what joy and hunger the country doctors came to the meetings of the Academy. It may have been months since they had met any of their brother doctors and to meet with their own kind and to exchange problems and worries and receive sympathy, encouragement and approval, gave them great pleasure.

Few, if any, of the city doctors were more constant in their attendance than was Dr. Elliott. He usually drove the 10 miles from Hickory Corners to Augusta and

then by train to Kalamazoo. Often McLeay drove the eight miles from Prairieville to Hickory Corners and then accompanied Elliott to Kalamazoo.

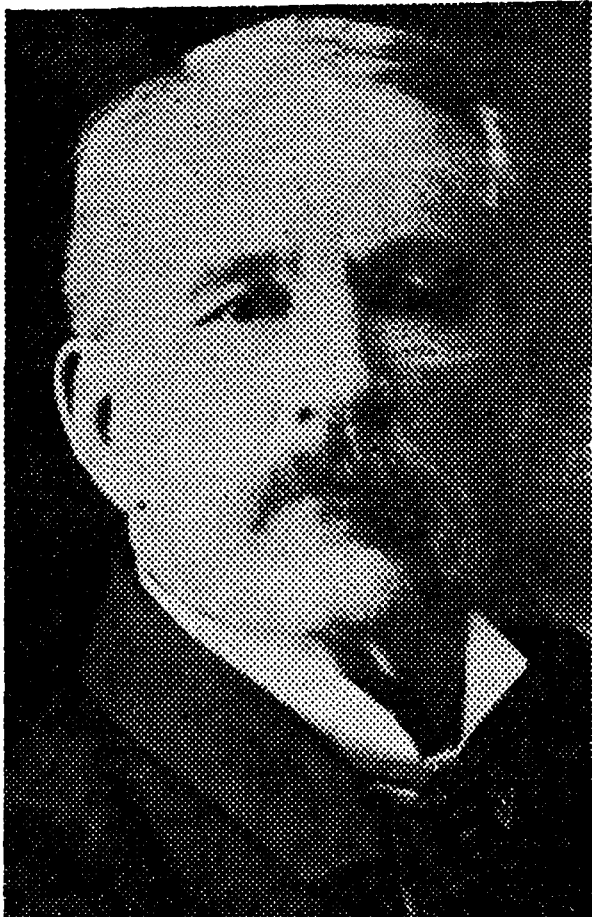
#### HAD FRIENDLY SMILE

Dr. Elliott possessed an expansive smile which grew as he greeted his doctor friends. And his friendliness was so fetching that he drew us all into his circle. After the evening session there was a wait of two or three hours for the 1 a. m. train and Elliott, McLeay and two or three other wideawake M.D.'s would adjourn to a hotel lobby for a smoke and more discussion.

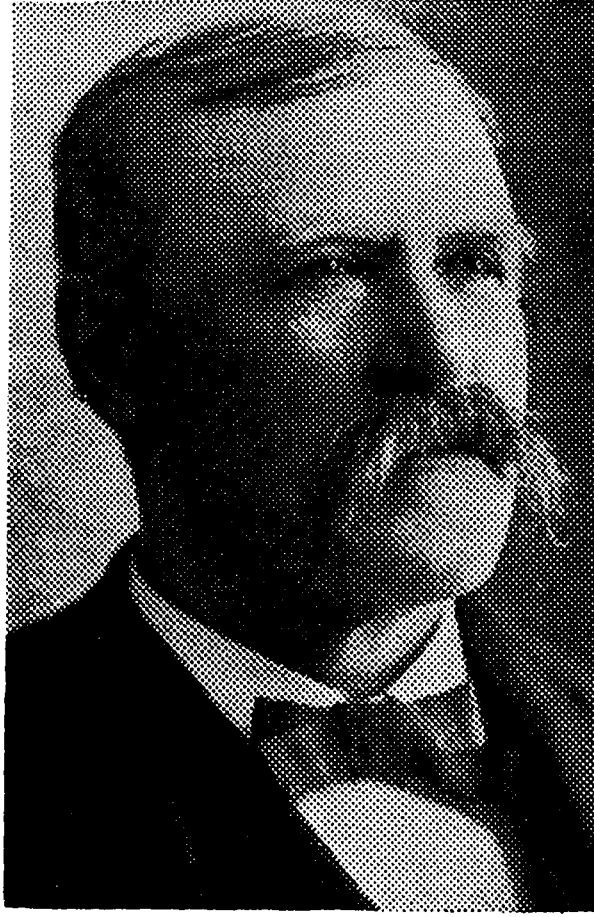
This physician was born at Yankee Springs in Barry County, Sept. 4, 1846. In 1863 he entered Kalamazoo College and studied three years. In 1866 he studied a year in medical school at the University of Michigan and then enrolled in Long Island Medical College where he was graduated in 1868. He practiced in Hickory Corners until 1908. He then located at Battle Creek, where he died in 1910.

#### GIANT IN PHYSIQUE

Dr. Elliott possessed a physique of giant strength. His eyes were blue; his hair and mustache of the "Ole Bill" type, were blond. In repose his expression was seri-



DR. DONALD MAC LEAY



DR. J. M. ELLIOTT



DR. G. R. HYDE

These three Barry County physicians, typical of the old-time country doctor, were all active in earlier years in the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine. In his reminiscences today Dr. McNair tells many of his recollections of these men and the hardships they faced in faithfully serving their patients for many years in the horse and buggy days.



ous; with his fellows, as I say, his expression was winning. Were he fighting mad I would not like to have been compelled to meet him. Were I to name the member of the Academy who was most faithful in attendance and at the greatest exertion and outlay to overcome in so attending, I would quickly name Dr. Elliott.

In 1897 when the Academy elected a president, it was the unanimous feeling that, more than any other, Dr. Elliott deserved this honor. Doctors Elliott and McLeay were charter incorporators of the Academy.

Dr. Elliott was well educated and experienced. Not only was he able to interpret conditions he observed, but he could clearly describe the same by voice or pen. The papers that he read before the Academy were always listened to with respect and appreciation, for he spoke from an educated and accurate experience.

Dr. Elliott is survived by two sons: Fred H. Elliott of Hickory Corners, and Dr. James A. Elliott of Battle Creek.

#### **DR. GEORGE R. HYDE**

One mid-December night, the coldest of the month and one of the coldest of the winter, I started for Prairieville at the call of Dr. Hyde. I drove an enclosed, cloth-covered Cadillac. When I reached the top of the hill where Borgess hospital now stands, the fog was so dense I could not see the road ahead. I raised the windshield, for the ice was frozen thickly upon it.

The road was a glare of ice. The lights of Richland located the town. At Milo I turned east and then north. I drove and drove until it seemed I must have passed Prairieville. The fog had partly lifted and a rabbit hopped into the glare of my headlights, sat up and wig-wagged with his ears that all was well; the little, timid living road guide of the night, to a weary way-worn traveler. May his tribe multiply as only such tribes can. May they live out their brief, uncertain lives far from the madding crowd. May none of his sons seek city life. I drove safely ahead as guide timidus had directed. And in a few minutes, passed through the little town to Dr. Hyde's.

#### **MAKE SECOND DRIVE**

On my arrival, Dr. Hyde got his horse and cutter out and we drove

through the narrow, winding roads of snow and ice, six miles to a little farm house where the wife lay on the floor with a strangulated hernia. We soon got the kitchen table lined up; the operating bundle supplies by Sister Hildegard untied; the teakettle at high pressure to sterilize plenty of water.

At six o'clock in the morning we were back at Dr. Hyde's home to a breakfast of homemade sausage and buckwheat cakes; hot coffee with an egg in it . . . all the best ever.

In February and March, 1908, in Cressey, Miss Edith Pond, a trained nurse from Kalamazoo, was looking after two typhoid patients in one family. Both patients were suffering hemorrhages. The roads were so blocked with snow that there were three days when Dr. Hyde could not get through. On the fourth day when the doctor arrived, he was so frozen that it took the nurse an hour to thaw him out.

#### **USED THE TELEPHONE**

There was a local telephone by which Miss Pond could talk with Dr. Hyde at a stated time each day. On one of the blockaded days, the nurse phoned the doctor that the patients were worse and asked what she could do. The doctor replied, "Just do the best you can" This she did, and both got well, though the fever ran for eight weeks.

Dr. Hyde seemed a tireless, sleepless worker. He kept three or four horses worn to the bone and himself sustained by vim and miraculous nerves of steel.

There was one way into this Little America of the Michigan winter. There was a train out every day at 6:10 a. m. on the C. K. & S. railroad. The Kalamazoo doctor could detrain at Kalamazoo Junction, Cressey, Milo, Crooked Lake, Delton or Cloverdale, meet the local doctor, make a 10-mile drive or even do an appendix or hernia operation and catch the return train.

In the late spring of 1910 came a telephone call from Dr. Hyde. "Is the case medical or surgical?" I asked. "Medical," was the reply. The patient was a baby about one year of age, and had been sick four days. At Battle Creek, the baby had been given anti-diphtheria serum. The child was almost unconscious, breathing la-

boriously and had been unable to take nourishment for three or more days. It appeared that the baby might die at any moment.

There was a huge abscess in the baby's throat. To have opened it would have meant quick death, for the pus would have been drawn into the lungs.

There is an old saying that if you keep anything seven years you will have use for it. Seven years before, in Edinburgh, Mr. Stiles (in Scotland the surgeon is spoken of as Mr.) of the surgical faculty, had demonstrated an operation he had invented whereby a throat abscess could be opened by a dissection through the side of the neck. The baby was so nearly unconscious that only a few drops of chloroform were needed. To say there was a teacup full of pus sounds incredible, but so it was. I wish the patient, now a man of 27 years, would make me a call.

#### **NAMED PROBATE JUDGE**

For the fall elections of 1916, Dr. Hyde offered his candidacy for probate judge of Barry County. He had a large experience in legal affairs and had taken much interest in politics. His opponents objected that Dr. Hyde had plenty to do in his own profession and was so well fixed financially that he did not need the office. Dr. Hyde's reply was that he needed a rest from his practice, but that he was not running on the poverty ticket. Dr. Hyde was elected Nov. 7, 1916, and established a home in Hastings.

But week-ends he could not resist the calls of old friends. There was an epidemic of influenza and pneumonia. He took it with him on his rounds, experienced a fever for three days, then lay down and in three days more he died on Nov. 14, 1918.

Dr. Hyde was born in Shakespear, Ontario, March 6, 1863. He attended Upper Canada College in 1879; Pickering College in 1882 and was graduated at Bellevue Hospital Medical College. Dr. Hyde is survived by his widow, three daughters, and two sons.

He was a trim built, muscular athlete, above medium height, a shock of light brown hair, blue eyes, clean shaven, quick and apt in repartee and a natural leader of men.

# The Upjohns

The name of Upjohn has held a prominent place in Kalamazoo County medicine since Dr. Uriah Upjohn arrived on Gull Prairie in June 1835 . . . and it is a name destined to carry on through generations to come.

I met Dr. Uriah Upjohn but once. He had then practiced his profession in Richland, at Galesburg and in Kalamazoo for 52 years. The father of 12 children and a veteran of all the trials and experiences of the pioneer country doctor, he was the exemplification of the grizzled, self-reliant medical practitioner. The names of his sons and daughters, all educated in medicine or related sciences, were already well known in Kalamazoo.

My meeting with the patriarch of the Upjohns was soon after I had begun my medical practice here with Dr. Harris B. Osborne. Frederick L. Upjohn was the only non-medical graduate among four sons. At the laboratory of the Upjohn Pill and Granule Company, Fred was severely poisoned in the making of atropine. He was taken to his home in the 600 block in West Cedar street and the doctors hurried to the rescue. When Dr. Osborne came back to the office he said he thought Fred would pull through, but that he was not yet out of danger.

## SUGGESTS A REMEDY

I asked if pilocarpine, the physiological antidote, had been used. Dr. Osborne said it had not and asked me to go to the Upjohn home prepared to give the remedy. I found Dr. Uriah Upjohn alone with Fred. When I explained my mission, the old father doctor said he thought Fred would recover without any more medicines.

I had a little visit with Dr. Uriah and judged him to be a very clear-headed and masterful man.

Only two days later, I did get a chance to use my pilocarpine. Fred Cellem, always an alderman or holding the job of city clerk from the "bloody first" a student of medicine for a year in his youth, tried to doctor away night sweats and took an overdose of belladonna, the mother of atropine.

## FOUND IN A HEAP

Fred was in a heap at the foot of the office stairs. His eyes were dilated and ready to pop; his tongue, a dry chip in his mouth.

We got Fred onto a cot, shot him with pilocarpine and soon he was thankful and happy.

Dr. Uriah Upjohn became a member of the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine March 31, 1885, then giving his residence as Richland. He was then 74 years of age. He had received his medical degree from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City March 25, 1834, with highest recommendations. For a year he practiced at Brighton, N. Y. Coming to Richland in June, 1835, he began his practice over a large area of wild country in that section. In 1841 he was joined by his brother, Dr. William Upjohn, who became a member of the first board of regents of the University of Michigan and served through the Civil War with the Seventh Michigan Cavalry. Dr. William Upjohn located at Hastings, where he died at 80, on August 2, 1887.

Dr. Uriah Upjohn was born in Glamorgan, near Cardiff, South Wales, Sept. 7, 1808. His brother was born March 4, 1807, at Shaftsbury, England.

As a part of medicine, Dr. Uriah made a study of botany, with special reference to medicinal plants growing wild in Michigan. He was thus able to make medicines from leaves, roots and barks, fresh from nature's laboratories. He made a study of geology and was always picking up bits of rock and identifying them with the geological ages of the world. And, by reason of their use in medicine, he was actively interested in minerals. Astronomy was the third of his extra-medical studies.

In his many uncounted nights of solitary service to the sick, Dr.

Upjohn studied the heavens and noted how the celestial panoramas changed from night to night. Did to him the heavens declare the glory of the Creator?

## SUCCUMBS HERE AT 88

Dr. Uriah survived to the age of 88 and died November 23, 1896 at his home, 604 West Cedar street. At the funeral service, Nov. 25, the officiating pastor was the Rev. Levi Master, assisted by the Rev. John Gray. Burial was made at Mountain Home. Many tributes were written of him, one during his lifetime by Lucinda Hinsdale Stone and a splendid memorial after his death by the Hon. Charles S. May.

On September 15, 1837, Dr. Uriah married Maria Mills, the youngest daughter of Deacon Simeon Mills of Richland. The Mills family were among the earliest pioneers, having arrived in 1831. Mrs. Upjohn had succumbed February 17, 1882, in her 60th year.

## TWELVE CHILDREN

Of the 12 children of Dr. and Mrs. Uriah Upjohn, all but one survived to adulthood. Lawrence, born in 1855, succumbed February 19 of the following year.

Mary Northcote, second eldest child, was the last of the family to die, surviving until April 3, 1936. She was born June 18, 1840, and became the wife of William P. Sidnam of Hastings. A son, William N. Sidnam, survives.

Helen Maria, eldest child, was born Feb. 24, 1839 and became well known here as Dr. Helen Upjohn Kirkland, the wife of Hugh Kirkland, also a member of a pioneer family. She died Dec. 5, 1901.

Alice Upjohn, born Nov. 15, 1841, married the Rev. Wright Barrett and was the mother of Dr. F. Elizabeth Barrett and Franklin Upjohn Barrett, both of Kalamazoo. Mrs. Barrett died April 14, 1920.

## NOTED PHYSICIAN

Dr. Henry U. Upjohn was born July 22, 1843, and died Jan. 2, 1887, shortly after participating in founding of the Upjohn Company. His wife was Millie Kirby, the daughter of William G. Kirby.

Virginia was born Feb. 7, 1845, and died at the age of 25 on July 8, 1870 while the family was living in Galesburg. She was a graduate of the University of Michigan.

Amelia, born June 22, 1848, became the wife of Dr. A. B. Campbell and lived at Canal Fulton, Ohio. She died there at 27, leaving an infant son, Archie, now a resident of New Jersey.

Sarah, born Feb. 17, 1850, became the wife of the Rev. John Redpath, a missionary to the Indians. She died April 28, 1908. A son, James N. Redpath, survives.

Ida, born September 20, 1851, died at 24 on April 26, 1876. She had married James Hayward.

**LOCAL LEADER**

Dr. William E. Upjohn was born June 5, 1853. His first wife was Rachel Babcock, the daughter of Dr. I. J. Babcock, Kalamazoo druggist. Later, Dr. Upjohn married Mrs. Carrie Sherwood Gilmore. Dr. Upjohn died here Oct. 18, 1932.

Frederick Lawrence Upjohn was born May 19, 1857, and though non-medical in his college training, was associated with the Upjohn Company until 1907. His last connection was as New York manager. After leaving this company he was in business in New York and died at his home in Huntington, L. I., Dec. 1, 1917.

Dr. James T. Upjohn, the youngest child, was born Nov. 29, 1858. He became a leading resident of Kalamazoo and died here January 18, 1936.

**ALL COLLEGE-TRAINED**

The sons and daughters of Dr. Uriah Upjohn were all educated at the University of Michigan. During the college year of 1871, eight of the children were in college at the same time. Dr. Uriah rented an entire house and furnished it. The girls occupied the lower floor and kept house. The boys lived upstairs, together with a few roomers taken in by the group.

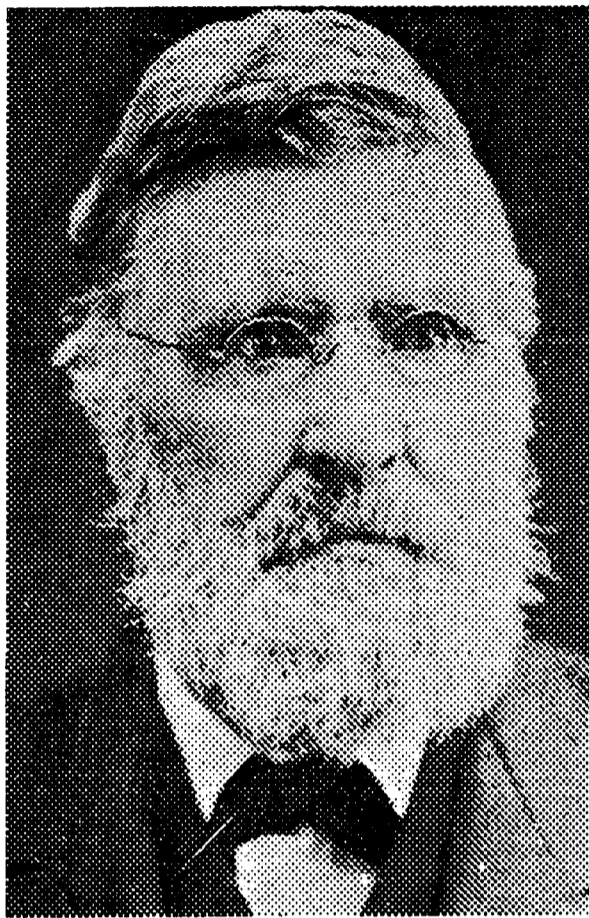
These eight students were Helen, Mary, Henry U., Virginia, Amelia, Sarah, Ida and William E. Upjohn.

Two of these girls were among the first women graduates of the University of Michigan. In 1871 they were presented with their diplomas in pharmacy by Dr. James B. Angell. They were Mary, later Mrs. William Sidnam and Amelia, who became Mrs. A. B. Cornell.

**FRIABLE PILLS**

When the beginnings of the Upjohn Company were made here in 1886, they introduced the friable pill.

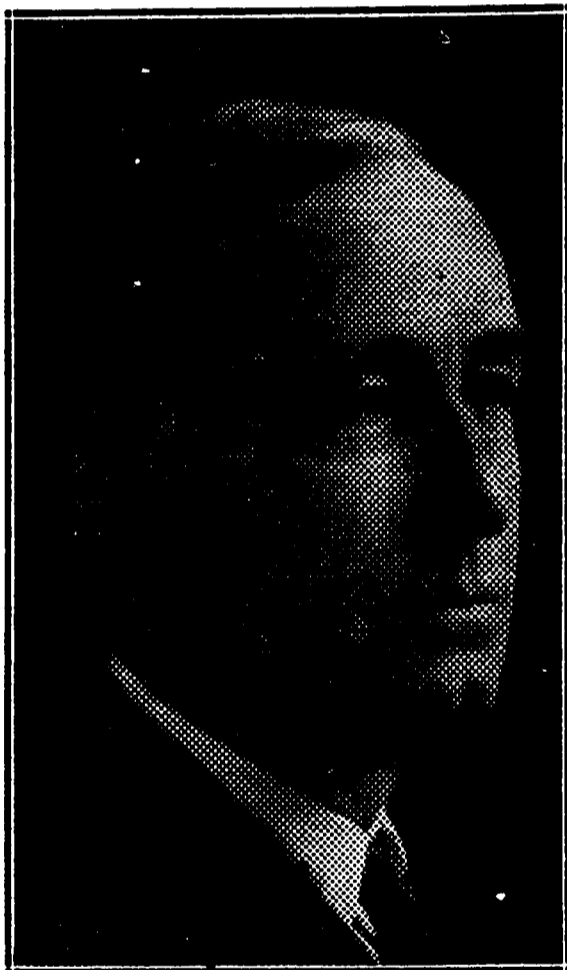
Prior to the Upjohn method of making pills, they were produced by mixing the several ingredients in a paste or mass and then rolled into sheets. These sheets would be cut into cubes and the cubes rolled into globes. The Upjohn method was to roll the pellets as a snowball grows, by accretion. This new pill was sure to be brok-



**DR. URIAH UPJOHN**



**DR. WM. E. UPJOHN**



**DR. JAS. T. UPJOHN**



**DR. UPJOHN-KIRKLAND**

Dr. Henry U. Upjohn, fourth of 12 children and the eldest son of Dr. Uriah Upjohn, died in Kalamazoo at 43 on January 2, 1887. He was an inventive genius as well as a skilled physician and had a dominant role in the founding of the Upjohn Company. His wife, Pamela Kirby, was the daughter of William G. Kirby, pioneer settler in Charleston township.

en down quickly and dissolve in the stomach.

Often the old dry, tough mass pills passed through the alimentary tract undissolved. The new company's agents sometimes carried such used pills, perfumed to

conceal their intestinal tour, but to show the doctors that such a pill could be driven into a soft pine board without breaking. The label on the new pill showed the pill being crushed to a powder under the pressure of a thumb.

### HENRY U. UPJOHN

The Kalamazoo Gazette of September 1, 1936, in a feature entitled "History of Michigan," carries a very good likeness of Dr. Henry U. Upjohn, eldest of the four brothers, and says:

"Henry Upjohn of Kalamazoo was a well known man before he studied medicine and entered the business of compounding pharmaceutical products. He is credited with the invention of a corn planter, a feed cutter, a self-tying knot arrangement for a binder, a self-raking accessory for the reaper and a tinware rolling mill." He sold the self-tying knot to Cyrus McCormick for \$1,500.

I met Dr. Henry Upjohn at his home and office where the post-office building now stands in the summer of 1886. He and his brother, William E. Upjohn, had recently completed the invention of an electric clock. The next summer when I came to begin my practice here, I found that Dr. Henry Upjohn had died of typhoid fever January 2, 1887, and that Dr. William E. Upjohn was active in the laboratory producing in mass production, pills more perfect than ever had been made. Thus was begun what is now one of the great industries of Kalamazoo.

Dr. Henry Upjohn was active along many lines. He cultivated 10 acres of celery on the north side and is said to have been one of the first growers in that section.

### HELEN UPJOHN KIRKLAND

Helen Upjohn completed her medical studies at Ann Arbor in 1872. She married Hugh Kirkland Nov. 19, 1875.

Dr. Uriah Upjohn, his son Henry U., and daughter, Helen Upjohn Kirkland, had their offices on the upper floor of a two-story building where the American National Bank building now stands, when I first knew them. The wife of Dr. Henry Upjohn also took up the study of medicine. She did not intend to practice to the extent of making calls, but wanted to be able to work with her husband in his office. This praiseworthy and agreeable purpose she carried on for a time, then babies began to arrive and she had more than enough to keep her home.

One of the sons of Dr. and Mrs. Henry U. Upjohn is Dr. Lawrence N. Upjohn, now president of the Upjohn Company. Henry Upjohn, hardware dealer here, is a grandson of Henry U.

### DR. JAMES T. UPJOHN

Dr. James T. Upjohn, youngest

child of Dr. Uriah Upjohn, died at 77, January 18, 1936. He was graduated in medicine at the University of Michigan in 1886, and soon thereafter entered medical practice here. He joined the Academy of Medicine January 24, 1887.

When I came to Kalamazoo in April, 1887, I met Dr. James T. and saw him frequently on the street with a little medicine roll under his arm. Soon I learned he was quitting active practice and taking up certain duties in the Upjohn Company. One less competitor, I thought . . . and good luck to him!

Years later, as a member of the upper house in the Michigan legislature, he was active in promoting all health laws and all legislation to raise the standard of medical practice and the protection of medical men.

### DR. WILLIAM E. UPJOHN

Strictly speaking, I have but one medical reminiscence of Dr. William E. Upjohn.

On a certain evening, long ago, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. McKinstry were expecting their son, Mark. But the evening wore on. The expectant father was much worried. At that time Dr. W. E. Upjohn lived at the corner of Park and Vine streets and McKinstry asked if he might invite Dr. Upjohn to the party. Dr. Upjohn arrived, assumed a complacent and encouraging attitude, and did us all good. And just as welcoming preparations had been completed, Mark arrived vociferously.

### PERSONAL REMINISCENCE

"At one time there came the death of a little boy\*. This little boy was very dear to his father. In fact, the father idolized the child. About the boy the father had built all his plans for the future. And too, the father had vowed many times that he would so watch over the boy that no ill could come to him.

"And then, before the father could realize, death came. The little boy was dead.

### GRIEF MUST BE BORNE

"There is no way to assuage such grief. There is no thought, no word that can lessen it. It must be borne, or the bereft one must perish.

"How may it be borne? Only by the power of will? But what if the will and strength and endurance are gone!

"There remain only the cells of the body. They live when all else

\*Rush Noel McNair.

is lost. The hands will clench. The jaws will set—savagely set. The heart beats on; breathing pursues its way. The cells of the body, says Carroll, are eternal. And the neurons and the vital glands likewise pursue their way.

"From afar come sweet, happy thoughts; the heart beats on in its honest way. 'Who is the friend of mine, who is in woe? I am sorry for him. I am so fortunate myself! The world is so kind! Let me enjoy this happy hour.'

### DREAM FADES OUT!

"And then the dream fades away. It is not my friend who is broken forever more. It is myself and I cry to the rocks and hills to fall upon me. Good pious folks with kind intent will quote:

"O, Death, where is thy sting;  
O Grave where is thy victory?"

"Will anyone tell me where in all the days of men on this earth; where in all nature there is a sting like unto this? And where in all the days of man, where in all history is there such a victory as death wins? No mercy . . . and the body of the slain is destroyed"

Dr. William E. Upjohn said:

"A man who has suffered a great disaster, his fortunes fallen away and his friends departed, may rise again and take up his way. But he has not won a victory.

"But the man who has lost his fortune and friends and kin, who has lost all: place and name, all doors shut against him, who is naked and bowed to the dust . . . if such a man can rise, can come back to his place, such a man has won a victory."

My friend said that the words of Dr. Upjohn profoundly impressed him . . . that they helped him to struggle back.

### MET IN CALIFORNIA

In the winter of 1930, Mrs. McNair and myself spent a few weeks in California. We called at the home of Dr. and Mrs. William E. Upjohn and there was no refusing their kind invitation to be their guests, and the days were five.

Dr. Upjohn freely spoke of his hope that the Upjohn Company might always have as its head, one bearing the family name.

He recounted how he had urged Frank H. Milham, during his presidency of the Bryant Paper Company, to put into training and into place of responsibility the man he would wish to be his successor.

He regretted that he had not had the opportunity in early life to make a study of the beautiful arts, since they appealed to him so deeply.

But Dr. Upjohn became self-taught and collected objects of art the world over. He studied landscaping and grasses, flowers, shrubs and trees. In California and at Brook Lodge, he indulged his artistic fancy.

He told me his beliefs as to religion. These thoughts being sacred to him, are sacredly confidential with me. I was profoundly impressed by his views as to life, death, time, and eternity.

I felt honored that he would reveal to me his inmost thoughts . . . spoken with such candor and simplicity.

Dr. Henry U. Upjohn succumbed to typhoid fever at his home on the present site of the Kalamazoo post-office on January 2, 1887, after a medical practice of only 15 years. He was born July 22, 1843. After his untimely death, his brother, Dr. William E. Upjohn went on to become the distinguished head of the Upjohn Company, an enterprise which had been established as the Upjohn Pill and Granule Company before the death of Henry.

Shortly after his graduation in medicine at the University of Michigan, Dr. Henry Upjohn was married in December, 1872, to Pamela Kirby, known here as Millie Kirby Upjohn. Mrs. Upjohn was born in Saratoga County, N. Y., Sept. 28, 1852. At the age of 6 she had come to Charleston with her parents. She attended the Richland Seminary, was graduated at the Michigan Female Seminary here, and later took up medical studies at Ann Arbor to be able to assist her husband in his work.

Mrs. Upjohn survived until Dec. 26, 1920, when she died at her home, 617 South Park street. The five sons of Dr. and Mrs. Upjohn were all here for the funeral serv-



**DR HENRY U. UPJOHN**



**MRS. H. U. UPJOHN**

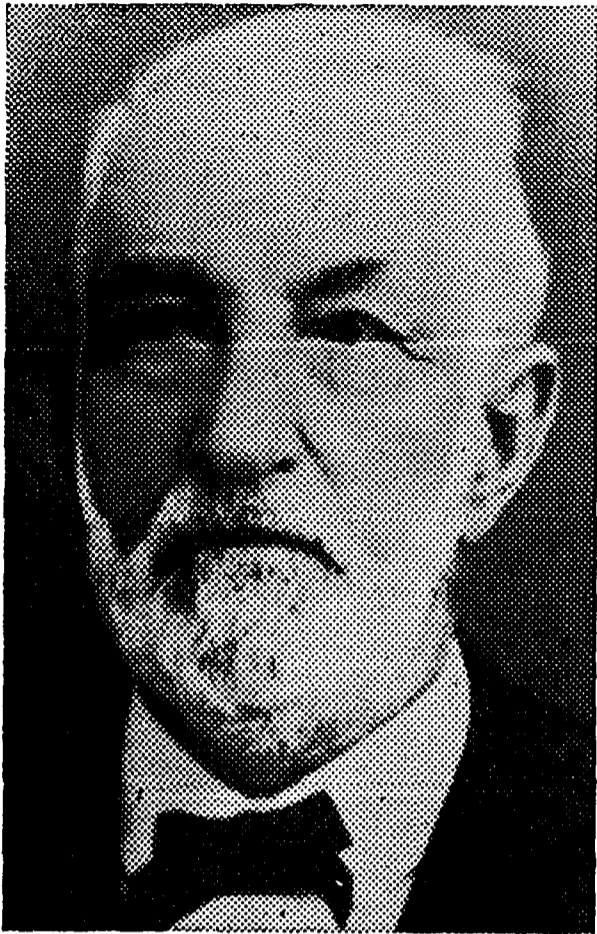
ice of the mother: Dr. Lawrence N. Upjohn, now president of the Upjohn Company; Hubert S. Upjohn, now in California; William Kirby, representative of the Upjohn Company in Kansas City; Donald H., now engaged in the culture of gladiolas at Salem, Ore., and U. Carlyle, resident of San Diego, Calif. An only daughter, Ida Rowena Upjohn, died of diphtheria at the age of 8 on Feb. 3, 1885.

Three grandchildren of Dr. H. U. Upjohn now reside in Kalamazoo. Dr. E. Gifford Upjohn and Mrs.

Rhoda Cookson are children of Dr. L. N. Upjohn and Henry L. Upjohn, hardware dealer, is the son of U. Carlyle Upjohn.

Upon the death of Dr. Henry U. Upjohn in January, 1887, the Academy of Medicine spread resolutions upon its record which read in part:

"The city meets in his death no common loss . . . a physician well educated, judicious, honest and faithful, and a citizen pure and upright in character as he was earnest and intelligent in his enterprise."



DR. JOSIAH ANDREWS



DR. L. G. WOODMAN

**Dr. Josiah Andrews**  
**Dr. Lucius C. Woodman**  
**Dr. Carter S. Van Antwerp**  
**Dr. John M. Rankin**  
**Dr. Edwin B. Dunning**

This quint of doctors served in the Union Army in the War of the Rebellion . . . Andrews, Dunning, Rankin, Woodman as surgeons and Van Antwerp as a soldier in the ranks. With the exception of Dr. Woodman, all were among the incorporators of the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine.

In the Academy, the Kalamazoo members though in the large majority, have always been ready to bestow honors upon the Van Buren County members. The first president of the Academy of Medicine was Dr. Josiah Andrews of Paw Paw.

Dr. Andrews was born at Metz, N. Y., June 28, 1812, and died at Paw Paw August 26, 1886. He was educated in Cazenovia Institute, graduated with high honors from the medical department of the University of New York in 1838. He moved to Paw Paw where he practiced until volunteering for service in the Civil war.

**WENT TO LEGISLATURE**

In 1846, Dr. Andrews was elected to the State Legislature. In 1847 he married Mary Ann Dickinson and to them three children were born, now all deceased. A daughter, Emma Andrews Baker, died a year ago in Chicago, leaving four sons and two daughters.

In 1861 when the Rebellion began, Dr. Andrews became surgeon

of the 3rd Michigan Cavalry, the lamented Dr. Woodman serving as his assistant. After three years of skillful and honorable service he was commissioned by President Lincoln as staff surgeon of the U. S. Army and served with Mead and Grant until Lee's surrender at Appomatox. He was then transferred to duty in the general hospital of the Sixth Corps at City Point, Va., and was mustered out in July, 1865. In 1869 by appointment of President Grant he became collector of internal revenue for this Congressional district and subsequently for several years was president of the pension board.

Dr. Andrews' portrait shows him to be a brave, able, energetic and masterful man. I saw Dr. Andrews but once and that was a few weeks before his death. He was pale, thin and weak . . . nearing the great adventure of death.

**DR. LUCIUS C. WOODMAN**

Dr. Lucius C. Woodman was commissioned assistant surgeon of the 3rd Michigan Cavalry on September 7, 1861. The military service of Dr. Woodman remarkably paralleled that of Dr. Andrews. The two surgeons served in the Army of the West, mainly in Tennessee, Mississippi and later in Alabama. The 3rd Michigan saw service in 10 states, occupying more territory and traveling more miles than any other regiment that left Michigan. The regiment was present at the surrender of General Richard Taylor and the last Confederate army.

As with Surgeon Andrews, Woodman was promoted to the Army of the Potomac, as surgeon of the 11th Michigan cavalry. He was captured at Saltville, Va., in 1864 and sent to Libby Prison. He was soon exchanged, however, and promoted to chief surgeon of the Second Cavalry Brigade.

**RETURNS TO PAW PAW**

Dr. Woodman was discharged from service at Detroit, August 9, 1865. He then returned to Paw Paw and was active in the practice of medicine until his death, April 12, 1883.

This Paw Paw physician was the father of two sons. One died in infancy. The other is Lucius Andrews Woodman, still living in Ontario, Calif. Doctors Andrews and Woodman were active also in the VanBuren County Medical Society from 1856 until 1880.

**DR. C. S. VAN ANTWERP**

Tall, slender, pale, dignified, ascetic, Dr. Carter S. VanAntwerp always clad in a long-tailed black coat, buttoned high with choker

collar and black tie, always looked the clergyman rather than the doctor. If amongst the offices of the Academy of Medicine there had been a chaplain, Dr. VanAntwerp by common consent would have held the honor permanently.

I am not writing lightly of this revered brother doctor. I am told that in his prayers he did not forget to intercede for his fellow doctors and the Academy of Medicine. He was an earnest, devout man, following the footsteps of Christ. And such a man is always rendered respect and homage. Should a kind providence send us another like unto Dr. VanAntwerp we should know the better how to appreciate him.

#### BORN IN NEW YORK

Dr. VanAntwerp was born in Hume, N. Y., March 21, 1847. He passed his boyhood in Illinois and Iowa. He entered Oberlin College, but in May, 1864, at the age of 17, enlisted in the 150th Ohio Infantry and took part in the defense of Washington against Early's raid and remained in active duty for the remainder of the war.

He graduated in medicine at the University of Michigan in 1872 and practiced first at Orland, Ind. On Dec. 31, 1885 he was married to Miss Carrie L. Clapp of Niles, Mich. VanAntwerp came to Vicksburg in 1877. He became a partner in the drug business with O. B. Dunning and also entered medical practice. He was active on the

school board as president and secretary for many years and taught in the Sunday school of the Congregational church. Dr. VanAntwerp and Dr. Charles H. McKain were rivals in medical practice, but were firm friends. VanAntwerp was always faithful in his attendance at the Academy. He died Oct. 4, 1909.

#### DR. JOHN M. RANKIN

Dr. John M. Rankin was born Feb. 12, 1833 in Franklin County, Pa. He was educated in the district schools and at Millwood Academy. He began his study of medicine in Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, in 1855. In 1863 he was graduated at Rush Medical College, Chicago. He then practiced for two years in Clarion County, Pa.

It was in Clarion that he enlisted in the 11th Pennsylvania Infantry. Dr. Rankin was with the Fifth Army Corps in Virginia and was at the battles of Hatcher's Run, Five Forks and at Appomatox. Thus in an army service of less than a year, he took part in the great final battles of the war.

#### LOCATES AT RICHLAND

Dr. Rankin moved to Arcola, Ill., where he practiced until 1870. He then moved to Plainwell, Mich., and in 1872 settled at Richland. Here he was the able physician, good counsellor and friend to that community. At the Academy sessions, Dr. Rankin was a constant attendant. He was married in 1858 to Miss Kate Sharp, in Pennsyl-

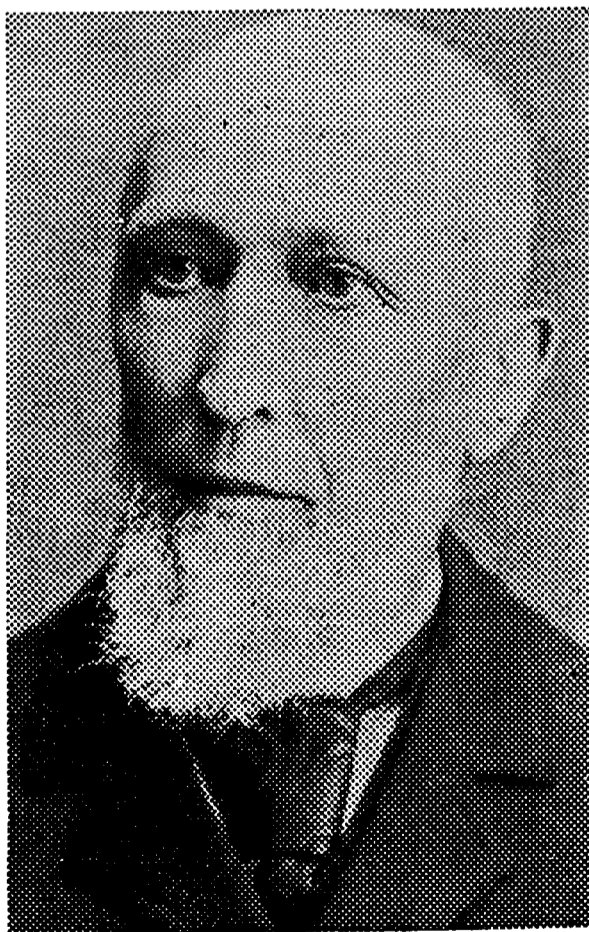
vania. There were three sons, Edmond, Charles and James. James, a graduate of Northwestern University, is practicing medicine at DeKalb, Ill. Dr. Rankin was again married in 1873 and there was one son, John M. Rankin, who died in 1900. His third marriage in 1881 was to Miss Martha A. McClelland, and to this union two sons were born: William W. Rankin of Kalamazoo and Harry M. Rankin of Reading, Pa. Dr. Rankin died March 28, 1909, in Kalamazoo.

#### DR. EDWIN B. DUNNING

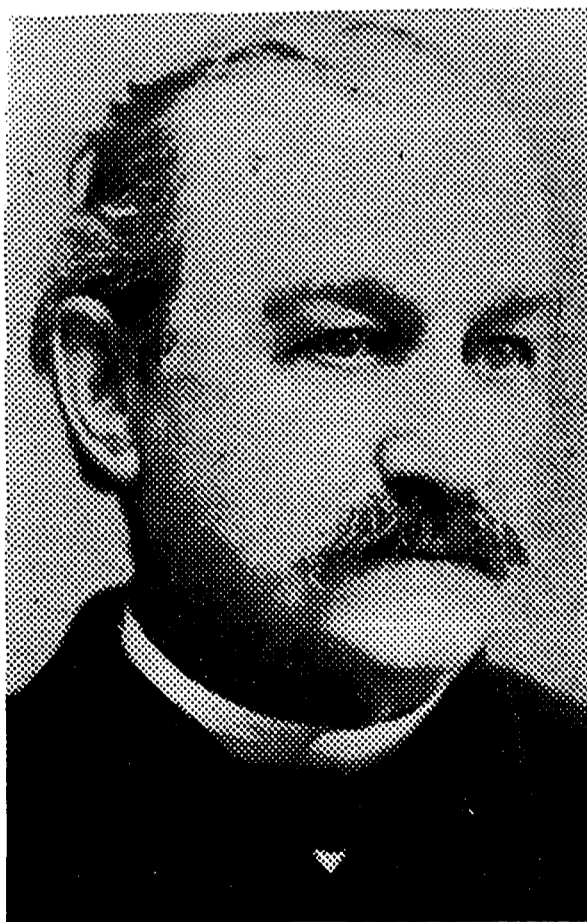
Dr. Edwin B. Dunning was born in 1830 and during his active career became well known in Kalamazoo and in his home county of VanBuren. He was graduated in medicine from the University of New York and during the Civil war was in charge of the General Hospital at Alexandria, Va., for three years.

He came to Michigan in 1876 and practiced at Mattawan for a time, before moving to Paw Paw. He was a member of some of the older medical societies in Kalamazoo and was active in the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine. At the Academy meetings he both read papers and discussed the papers of others.

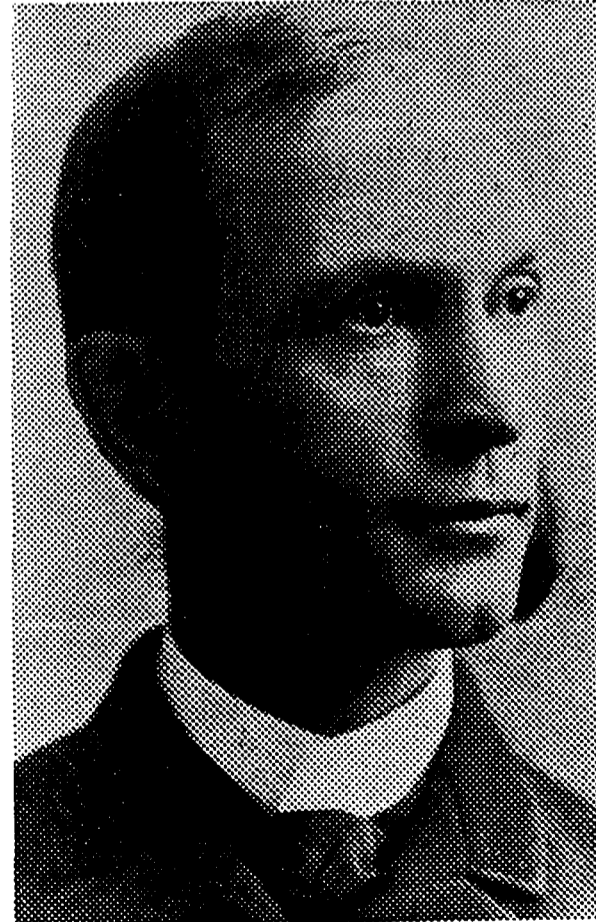
Dr. Dunning had two sons: James, who died a few years ago, and Frank Dunning, now living in New York City. Dr. Dunning died in 1894 at the age of 64.



DR. JOHN M. RANKIN



DR. E. B. DUNNING



DR. C. S. VAN ANTWERP

# Dr. Cornelius Van Zwaluwenberg

## Dr. John W. Bosman

I am wishing that this Sunday morning will be so beautiful as that one 48 years ago . . . a morning of late spring or early summer .

Dr. Cornelius VanZwaluwenberg and I were returning from a call upon a man mortally ill. We approached one of the Reformed churches.

The congregation was raising its voice in an old historical Dutch hymn, a psalm of David, "Van" stopped his horse. Profoundly moved, Van said, "It thrills the soul of me."

Meanly wanting to plague him a bit, I said: "They are just going up and down the scale."

"These are my people singing, and it is a part of me," he replied. And so it was . . . the whole congregation in deep-throated, joyful outburst, lifting their voices in love and adoration to the Creator.

### HAD BEEN TO WORSHIP

How could the voices from the little church so fill the air, the earth and the heavens and raise the listener to their own ecstasy? We fell under the spell of it and listened. At last the song died away, the pealing organ sighed to silence. But the air was still vibrant and echoes came from around, beneath and above us.

I found my hand on "Van's" shoulder. "We have been to church," I said.

"Yes, and worshipped," said "Van."

### MICHIGAN CLASSMATES

VanZwaluwenberg and Dr. John W. Bosman were of the same graduating class, 1885, Medical Department, University of Michigan. They had been classmates, too, at Hope College. Bosman's father wished him to be a preacher.

Bosman shone in the literary societies with essays and oratory.

"Van" was brilliant in the classroom, the steady grind of the curriculum.

Brave little Holland was the fatherland of their parents.

### BOSMAN BORN IN ZEELAND

Bosman was born in Zeeland, Mich., April 15, 1861, in a family of 11 children.

VanZwaluwenberg was born in Pavilion township, Kalamazoo County, Nov. 17, 1862, the son of Ryer and Sarah Kools VanZwaluwenberg. There were four sisters. One became the wife of Dr. Kremers of Holland. The others married preachers. "Van" had two broth-

ers, Abraham, a metallurgist, and James, now deceased, professor of Roentgenology at the University of Michigan.

When I came to Kalamazoo, I soon met this twain.

Dr. Bosman knew everybody, and everybody knew him. He was a striking figure, tall, gracious, of winning manner, endowed with a voice of such quality that the passerby would stop to listen. "Van" was more reticent, wholly devoted to his profession; what should be said, he spoke clearly, sententiously and with the voice of authority. The friends he made he kept and as time went by these friends the more clung to him.

Bosman was the more spectacular; "Van," a sure refuge to those in woe. "Van" was in dead earnest, single of purpose, self-disciplined. Bosman, in his way, possessed devotion also. He picked knowledge at sight and shone in his hours of conviviality with kindred souls. He was the prince of good fellows, charitable, and forgiving.

### MUTUAL AFFECTION

In one way they were alike. Each had an affection for the other. On Bosman's part the affection was founded on admiration and trust; on "Van's" part, on sympathy and faith in Bosman's generous heart.

In the medical school "Van" had carried a high scholarship. Toward the end of his freshman year, "Van" wandered into the senior quiz class one day. The clinician asked to have named a certain anatomical structure but none could answer. The clinician turned to "Van" and said: "You tell them," and he did.

Beginning the practice of medicine, I soon noted "Van's" learning and good judgment. In critical cases, we called on the older doctors for advice. It often happened that the patient was unable to

pay a consultation fee and in such cases "Van" and I agreed we would call on each other . . . when the patient would so agree. In this arrangement I had the better of the bargain, as I could get more out of "Van" in a half hour than I could from a book in two hours.

### RESULT OF GOSSIP

The reader may remember that in my first reminiscence, I told of how gossipers often made enmities between our doctors.

One day I met "Van." His face was flushed, the Dutch delf blue eyes were gray and his pompadour bristled.

"What's this I hear! What's this I hear Dr. McNair has said of Dr. VanZwaluwenberg?" he demanded.

I thought at first to joke with him, but I saw he was too angry for me to risk that.

"Van," I said, "I have a great advantage over you." But he only kept repeating "What's this I hear," etc. And I repeated my statement.

"If Dr. McNair has it all over Dr. VanZwaluwenberg I would like to know it," he said after his curiosity had been sufficiently aroused.

"Not two weeks ago a fellow told me of certain things that Dr. Van had said about me," I told him. "I looked the tale-bearer in the eye and said: 'Dr. VanZwaluwenberg is a gentleman and my friend. He never said it.'"

"Van" looked at me puzzled a moment. Then his pompadour fell, the delf came back to his eyes, the red anger faded and "Van" put out his hand. And this was the first and only time I ever scored on "Van."

In his medical work, Dr. Bosman exerted himself to well serve his sick. He could not bear to see a patient suffer for necessities that he himself could furnish. He was particularly kind to old people and to children. His surgery he always did well.

Bosman was very devoted to the horse he drove and to "Jimmie," the dog that always accompanied him. "Jimmie, go and kiss the horse," Bosman would say. The horse would put his lips down to meet Jimmie's kiss. Then the rest of us would take our turn and repeat "Jimmie, go kiss the horse," until Bosman would ring the curtain down.

Jimmie's death inspired his master to sentiments as beautiful as they are restrained. I am sure the page on which this was written was splashed with many a tear.



"End of a Virtuous Life Came This Morning—Jim Crane, who for the past 13 years lived at 627 South Burdick street, died at his home from an overdose of morphine kindly administered at the home of his master this morning at 11 o'clock.

"For years he was the most popular advance agent for his master's carriage and he made himself so valuable in this position that no one ever succeeded in displacing him or disputing his rights.

"He was a friend to everyone and everyone seemed to be his friend. Children, women and men all loved to pet him and all spoke kind words to him. He showed his appreciation by the continued wag of his tail. He was especially devoted to his master's horses and until old age and paralysis came upon him, he was constantly in their company.

#### NO VICIOUS ACT

"It is not known that in all his life he ever exhibited a vicious act. While always courteous and kind to rich and poor and dogs of all breeds and denominations, he was never known to have any close friends or chums with whom to idle time away. He attended strictly to business, and, like Russell Sage of New York, he never took a vacation. He was self-appointed '400.' He was naturally proud, but never haughty and while mingling with the world, was not of it.

"Jim Crane was buried at White's Lake near his old associates, Tug and Dick, with the usual ceremonies incident upon such occasions. The heart of his master and family is sad, for they and everyone will miss Jim Crane . . . the good, honest, faithful, happy dog.

"Jim Crane was owned by Dr. J. W. Bosman."

#### WAS ABLE SPEAKER

Dr. Bosman possessed the gift of public speaking and the hypnotism which orators have. "I love to hear Bozzie speak," said Van Zwaluwenberg. "It thrills me . . . but I wish Bozzie would not do this or not do that." And Van worried.

"Do not worry about Bosman," I advised Van. "I prophesy that he will end his career as a preacher in a pulpit." For I thought the natural charity of his heart and the memory of his devoted father's wish would so bring it about.

And I was more than half right, for Bosman in his last years joined two churches and the pastor of one and the priest of the other vied for the credit of his



DR. CORNELIUS VANZWALUWENBERG



DR. J. W. BOSMAN

These two Kalamazoo doctors, both of Dutch descent, gained wide prominence in Kalamazoo. They were members of the same graduating class at Ann Arbor in 1885. Few doctors were better known or more popular here than Dr. Bosman, who died in 1934. Dr. Cornelius VanZwaluwenberg moved to California in 1900 where he achieved additional honors in surgery and research. He died in 1935.

conversion. Both preacher and priest were mistaken . . . it was but the evolution of Bosman's soul which, being completed and come to flower, turned to God: "as effortless as woodland nooks send violets up and paint them blue."

Dr. Bosman died Jan. 16, 1934, at his residence, 423 South Burdick street. His funeral was ceremonious: flowers everywhere, candles burning on altars, a frocked Episcopal priest reading prayers and speaking eulogies . . . a congregation of sad-faced men and weeping women . . . a transfiguration for which he had prayer.

#### A CLEVER SURGEON

I had put VanZwaluwenberg down as the coming surgeon of Kalamazoo. He had anatomy and the principles of surgery at his tongue and finger ends. He was calm, sure, and accurate. "Van" was the first of us to resect the upper jaw, the pylorus of the stomach and the head of the colon.

The last operation was for a malignant growth and "Van" joined the small and great intestine with a Murphy button.

I have just called telephone No. 2-7176. "How old were you Harold, when 'Van' operated on you?" I asked. "Five years old," he re-

nights, that he might seek out plied. "What year was it?" I inquired. "1899." "How long did you carry the button?" "Six months . . . until May 11, 1900." This operation was done in a little house in the second block in East Walnut street.

VanZwaluwenberg was president of the Academy of Medicine in 1899 and Bosman in 1905. Both had been members of the U. S. Pension Examining Board. "Van" was city health officer two years. These doctors were two of the five founders of Kalamazoo Hospital, now the Bronson-Methodist hospital.

"Van" moved to California in 1900. He soon had made a high reputation as a surgeon throughout the West Coast. But it was as a research student and a discoverer that he made his great contribution to medicine.

The same beneficent, clairvoyant Providence that took from Edison the noise and clamor of the world, that sent Bunyan to prison to write "Pilgrim's Progress," that took from Milton mortal and gave to him celestial vision that he might behold "Paradise Lost" laid VanZwaluwenberg low for long, long seasons—long days and longer

---

and set in order the solutions of medical problems.

#### SCIENTIFIC WORKS

I will mention but three of these triumphs.

In 1931 he published "Hydraulic Vicious Circle as It Develops in the Intestine." In 1926 he had published "The Cause of Acute Appendicitis," and the Hydro-Mechanics in Acute Appendicitis." He actually measured the hydraulic and blood pressures in these disease areas. These studies give VanZwaluwenberg place in surgical text books the world over.

In May, 1933, "Van" published "De-hydration in Heat Exhaustion and in Fatigue." Practically, this was the explanation of heat stroke and sunstroke and their prevention and cure. "Van" went to the site of the building of Boulder Dam. He demonstrated to the contractors how death from heat strike could be prevented or cured. And so, forevermore, in the steel mills of the Gary's, the Pittsburgh's and the Ruhrs; on the deserts of the Death Valley and the Saharas, who will compute the lives that VanZwaluwenberg will save?

#### DEATH WAS SUDDEN

Dr. VanZwaluwenberg died suddenly July 23, 1935. He is survived by Mrs. VanZwaluwenberg and three daughters.

Will the reader bear with me if I repeat from a letter written by Mrs. VanZwaluwenberg, referring to my relations with "Van:"

"You have always been a true friend!"

For this allows and gratifies me in bidding farewell to "Van" to say:

"Bold, cautious, true, and my loving comrade."

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## Typhoid Fever

The summer of 1887 was filled with sickness. Day after day, the hot merceless sun poured down and, too, there was a drouth.

Kalamazoo skies took on the color of burnished brass. The earth was parched and dry. It verily seemed as though a pestilence filled the air. Almost every home had its sick: dysenteries, sanguinous in character, and cholera infantum amongst the babies and typhoid of severe character kept the doctors going day and night. In many homes several were sick at the same time or each member felt ill in turn.

#### NO END OF WORK

Of a midnight I was riding with Dr. Harris B. Osborne. The doctor was well nigh exhausted and I plenty weary. "Well, now we can go home," said the doctor, but at the next corner, Charlie, the horse turned down a street. The doctor spoke sharply and jerked on the bit but Charlie went on a little further and stopped in front of a house.

"Look at that horse," said Dr. Osborne, "I would have forgotten this house and he has saved me a night call." The doctor got out of

the buggy and petted Charlie, explaining that he was sorry that he had jerked on the bit.

#### WATER FROM WELLS

At that time I think a third of the population was using water from their wells. On the same lot would be an open privy. It was a strange thing that most of these householders believed that their own well water was more pure and colder than the city supply.

A number of times I have had such householders go out and pump water and then offer me a glass to prove the high quality of their home supply. It may have been imagination but I often thought I could detect an odor to this clear cold water and I could not bring myself to drink it.

#### MANY TYPHOID VICTIMS

There was much typhoid among dwellers of the celery fields. Dr. H. H. Schaberg battled for the term "typho-malaria." And many the battle was waged in the Academy of Medicine as to the correctness of the term. Fred Hanes of Phelps avenue had a run of ty-

phoid from mid-August until mid-January and lives to tell the tale.

The old celery growers' water supply was usually from a barrel sunk in the marsh. In nearly all the homes of the older Hollanders the coffee pot simmered on the stove all day and those who drank mostly coffee escaped the typhoid.

Typhoid was also a frequent disease throughout the farming country around Kalamazoo. The only death that I saw from typhoid perforation of the bowel was that of Meade Hill out in Texas township.

#### RECOVERY WAS USUAL

Most typhoid cases, sooner or later, recovered. It depended mostly on whether the patient began treatment early or late. The "ambulatory" cases generally died. They were the stricken who kept up so long as they had the strength and when they finally gave up and went to bed there was nothing left for them to do but to die.

As rapidly as the city would stand back of the health officer the use of city water and sewage was enforced. And finally, say about 1910 before we hardly realized it, typhoid fever, dysentery and cholera infantum has disappeared.

# Dr. Orrin F. Burroughs Jr.

## Dr. Peter H. Onontiyoh

## Dr. Cicero M. Stuck

## Dr. Charles W. Huff

Dr. Orrin F. Burroughs, Jr., took to the medical profession naturally, as did also a younger brother . . . for the father at Galesburg, Mich. was a practitioner of medicine many years. He will appear in these columns soon.

O. F. Burroughs, Jr., was a large, powerful man, active and athletic and professionally prepared to meet any emergency. He took the hard life of the country doctor philosophically and uncomplainingly and, as a matter of course, for he had seen his father so do. He had originality and did not hesitate to try out new theories.

One time Dr. Burroughs and I were doing an appendix operation in Allegan. Dr. Robinson, the head of the hospital, stepped into the operating room and with much gravity said to me: "I want to speak to you a moment when the operation is ended?"

"What's on his mind?" I asked Dr. Burroughs, in apprehension. I thought I heard anger in his tone and wondered if he were going to forbid me the hospital. After the operation Dr. Robinson appeared and walked me down stairs and through several rooms. Then he shut a door, put out his hand and said: "Dr. McNair, you did me a great favor and I want to thank you for it." I replied that if I had done him a favor I was glad of it, but that I did not recall it.

### ENDED MALPRACTICE SUIT

Then he told me that I had stopped a suit for malpractice against him. I remembered! A man who from accident had suffered a dislocation and fracture of a knee . . . the bones sticking through the skin . . . was suing the doctor because there was a shortening of the leg and a stiff knee. After a thorough examination I told the plaintiff that the doctor had saved his life that the leg, though shortened and immovable at the knee was far better than any artificial limb.

And I advised him that he would think a whole lot more of himself if he would go to Dr. Robinson, pay his bill, thank him and apologize for the wrong he had begun to do. The doctor said that the man had done all that I told him to do. Dr. Burroughs was much

pleased that our fears of Dr. Robinson had been groundless.

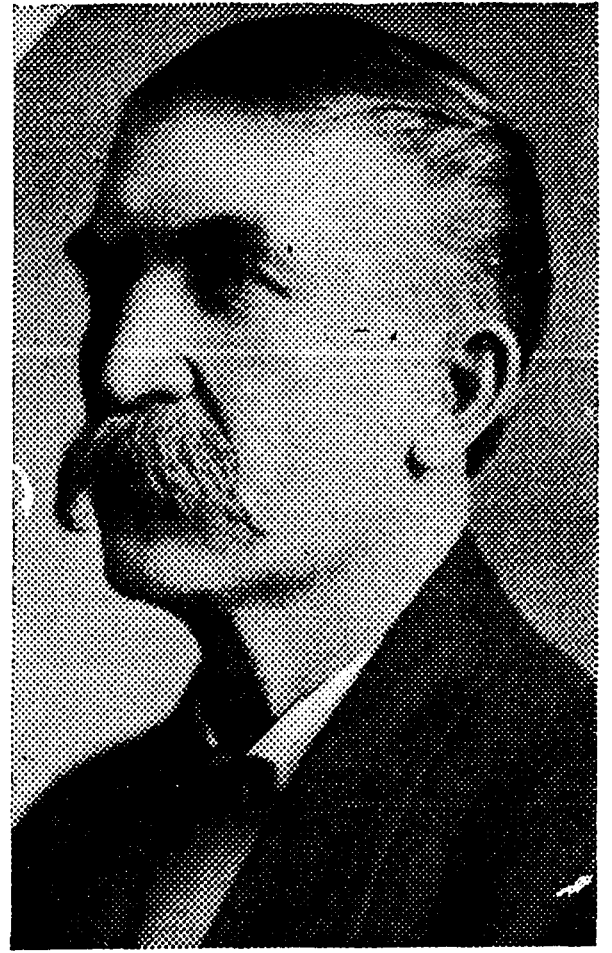
### NATIVE OF GALESBURG

Dr. Burroughs was broad-minded, charitable. I never heard him complain or speak ill of another doctor. He was born at Galesburg, March 9, 1859. He studied two years, 1879-81 at the University of Michigan, then a year at Rush Medical College where he was graduated in 1882. He loved the practice of medicine and felt great affection for his patients. And his years at Plainwell were 43, and all without fear and without reproach.

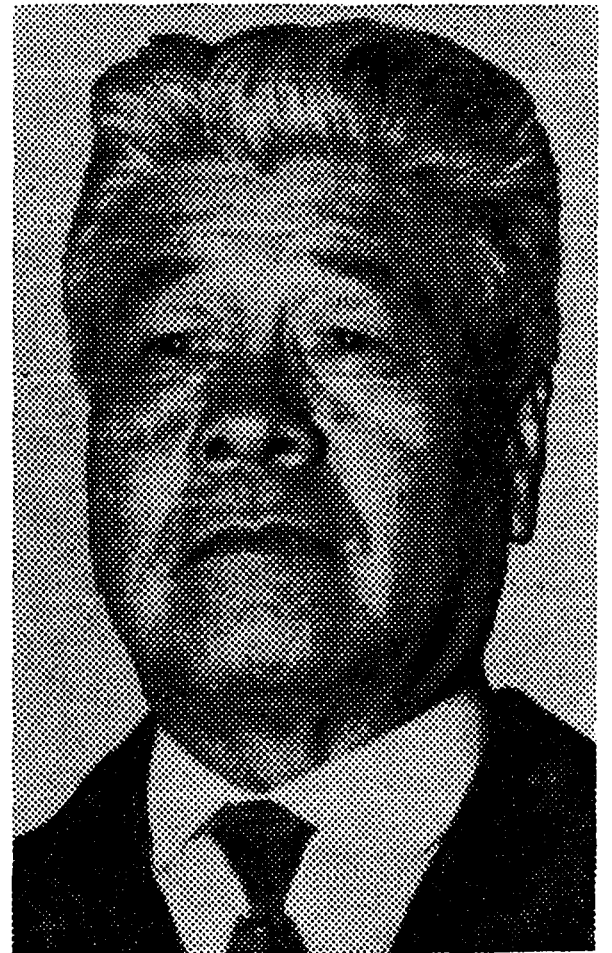
He was married to Effie Harris of Otsego. Their descendants are Charles Harris Burroughs, Otsego; Mrs. Bell Maxwell, Kalamazoo, and Fred Cash, Walter Hodges, Mrs. Helen Lent, Mrs. Doris Allen, all of Plainwell. Several years following the death of Mrs. Burroughs, the doctor was united in marriage to Eva L. Brown of Plainwell, who survives him. The last years of Dr. Burroughs was invalidism. And the more disabled he became, the more he wanted to practice his profession. And the more he relieved the woes of his patients, the more he relieved his own. Dr. Burroughs died at Plainwell, April 24, 1928.

### INDIAN DOCTOR

Dr. Peter Henry Onontiyoh, whose English name was Martin, was born in Tuscarora township, Brant County, Canada, Nov. 3, 1859, on the Six Nation reservation. He was the fourth of nine children. His early life was spent on his parents' farm and he went to Indian school. When he was 13



DR. CICERO M. STUCK



DR. P. H. ONONTIYOH

he went to the Mohawk Institute at Brentford where he remained two years. He then returned to the farm, but continued to study under the tutelage of the Rev. Mr. Barr, resident Episcopalian minister. The lad walked three miles daily to these recitations.

The Rev. Barr interested the young student in the ministry and for further study, he applied to the Rev. Chance of Tyrconnell, and this pastor started him in Latin. After this came the chance to teach school among the pagan Indians of the Onondaga tribe. This



**DR. CHAS. W. HUFF**



**DR. O. F. BURROUGHS**

necessitated his speaking six languages.

#### **TAKES UP MEDICINE**

The resident physician at the school interested Onontiyoh in medicine and later he entered the medical department of the University of Buffalo. He was graduated in February, 1885. The young man then bought a ticket for as far west as his money would permit and arrived in Plainwell, late that same year.

In 1887, with \$10 capital, he and Lillie B. Steele were married. And Miss Steele was as blanché as Dr. Onontiyoh was copper. Her skin was of the whitest, her hair the blondest and eyes of lightest and fairest blue. It is said that Nature loves contrast rather than likeness. Nature must have smiled approval.

#### **TOOK UP RESEARCH**

Even during active practice, he was much interested in historical research regarding early land grants and Indian treaties and he had collected quite a number of rare books on these subjects. Another subject which held his interest was the relation of early Indian signs with Masonic signs. He had also compiled a geneological table of his family among whom are Thayendenaga, known to American history as Captain Joseph Brant; Pauline Johnson, the poetess, to whom Seattle erected a statue; Dr. Peter Oronhyatekha, reorganizer of the Independent Order of Foresters.

People came from far distances to consult the "Indian doctor."

They had the belief that he possessed a certain occult instinct in diagnosis and an inborn knowledge of "nature's remedies." Dr. Onontiyoh did not disabuse their minds of this confidence in his clairvoyance. He "made medicine" of aboriginal tastes and flavors . . . a radical contrast to the pink and lavender perfumed and tasteless tablets of the pale face doctors.

#### **STANDARD COMBINATIONS**

The doctor told me that he had standard combinations of medicines: a half pint of fluid medicine and 24 powders, all for a dollar. His daughter writes:

"I will testify that after tasting his medicine one would get better by choice. It was always powerful and bad-tasting."

Dr. Onontiyoh was optimistic in disposition, smiled often and showed a row of white, sturdy teeth. He died suddenly and unexpectedly Jan. 18, 1924 "after spending his first day in bed during his 35 years of practice." On the reservation, his family was in line for the chieftainship and his youngest brother is now so honored. Three of his children are living: Dr. Leon Wade Martin, M. D. at Michigan, former assistant to Dr. DeLee at Chicago and a member of several obstetrical hospital staffs; Helen, wife of Willis Brown and Lnor Onontiyoh West, Plainwell. There are three grandchildren, two blondes and a brunette, "which seems to make the Indian strain on the wane."

#### **DR. CICERO M. STUCK**

Dr. Cicero M. Stuck was born in Otsego, Mich., Nov. 12, 1854, the sixth child of Henry D. and Sarah Stuck, in a family of 13 boys and one girl. He graduated from the Otsego high school in 1870. In 1878 he entered the University of Michigan and the following year he went to the Bennett Eclectic Medical College, Chicago, graduating in 1881.

He practiced in Hopkinsburg, Mich., with his brother, Dr. Lafayette F. Stuck; then went to Byron Center, Kent County, but in 1886 located at Plainwell and practiced there until his death, April 3, 1930.

#### **HONORED BY VILLAGE**

Outside his professional services, his townsmen called upon him for 28 consecutive years of service on the village council.

Dr. Stuck was a man of great physical strength and quickness. He loved a practical joke whether he gave or took. He was very sympathetic, all wrapped up in the worries or ills of his patients. Their troubles he made his own and suffered with them. He was of that cult of doctors who could not compute their services in dollars and cents. I have heard his patients speak about money; making a payment. Dr. Stuck was likely to say, "Now, now, brother; I haven't asked you for it have I?" Or he might say, "Now sister, forget it for a while, won't you?"

#### **LONG DISTANCE CALL**

Long distance, from Plainwell; Dr. Stuck calling: "I'm up against a brick wall. Can't get over or under it. What shall I do?"

"Send for me," I would say. Then Dr. Stuck replied: "Well, don't let the grass grow under your feet. Get down here as soon as you can."

And so I served with him, the best I had. Once on a morning train to Plainwell, Dr. Stuck met me at the station. He had been out all night and every nerve in his body ached. He was sore all over, exhausted and in a discouraged mood. As we drove into the country the doctor's horse showed weariness too. He sort of stumbled along. In the road were many rocks. Every time the buggy struck one, Dr. Stuck winced, for it jarred and hurt. "There's one we missed," he said. "Shall we go back and try again?"

#### **CASE OF HYSTERIA**

A woman who from time to time threw a fit of hysterics, always called Dr. Stuck. He had sympathetically done all he could to

teach the patient self-control. But to no purpose. Then one day she threw a particularly big fit. She had chosen an unfortunate hour, for the doctor had lost much sleep for several days, was exhausted and full of nerves himself. He found the lady doing her act never so spectacularly. The doctor grabbed an empty bucket, pumped it full of cold water and dashed the whole dose or douse over the patient. As she jumped up screaming and ran, the doctor said: "I guess that will hold you for a while." Then he jumped into his buggy and so away.

At the hospital there was a long and tedious unsatisfactory operation. We were operating against fate. One of those times when everything goes against the surgeon. Nobody had anything to say. If anybody had spoken, it would not have been cheerful.

#### MORALE IS RESTORED

The onlookers were tired and their nerves all raw, and their backs ached, also their feet. Finally the operation was ended. Of the doctors present were Dr. Stuck and Dr. Della Pierce. Dr. Pierce was much interested, had leaned forward and stood her tallest, the better to see. Dr. Stuck gave her a resounding whack across her shoulders and demanded: "How is your spinalbygolly?" Everybody burst into a laugh and our morale came back.

In 1898 Dr. Stuck lost a little son, Ora. His medical friends had gathered to save the little boy. All that was left for them to do, however, was to sympathize with the bereaved father and mother. And on like mission, came the whole community. For they themselves had felt this great hearted doctor's sympathy in their days of woe and had been comforted thereby.

#### STATUE STILL STANDS

In the Plainwell cemetery the grave of this little boy is marked by a white marble statue, sculptured in Italy . . . a striking resemblance . . . standing there night and day, in sunshine and storm, so beautiful and so pathetic.

Dr. Stuck finally did what all brave people do. He stood up straight again. And he did what all people must do who live on into the years . . . bear the loss of their kindred and their dearest.

Dr. Stuck's creed of life was found in his own handwriting: 'Friendship is the only thing in the

world concerning the usefulness of which all mankind are agreed."

Mrs. Stuck was an invalid in the later years of her life. Dr. Stuck was consoled and proud that a son had taken up and carried on in honor of the family name in medicine, Dr. Olin H. Stuck of Otsego.

#### DR. CHARLES W. HUFF

Tall, slender, erect, of aristocratic bearing, of fair complexion, well and becomingly whiskered in the mode of the day; serious of countenance, his high, wide forehead announcing his intellect . . . this is Dr. Charles Wright Huff.

His long, slender delicate fingers and hands were those of an artist. He was reserved in manner until he had taken the measure of the strangers; then giving silent approval by a little nod of the head, sealing a friendship by graciousness and trust and never by offensiveness.

I wish I had my 50 years of medical practice . . . one-third of it in the horse and buggy days . . . and the young man Charles W. Huff in 1870 had come to me and asked my advice; should he study medicine and undertake the practice of it in a small town and country? I would said: "I am in doubt that your rather frail physique will carry you through; courage aplenty I do not doubt you have, and devotion in excess, but I misdoubt you have the adequate bone and brawn.

#### PICTURED AS ARTIST

"I read you to be artistic in your nature. Have you ever considered architecture? And those delicate hands of yours may have been fashioned for sculpture. And, too, I have read some of your writings. I think you would meet success in literature. But if you still wish a career that touches medicine, why not take up voice study? You possess a voice of a range and timber that is a pleasure to hear. You could fit yourself to teach speaking; you could teach young collegians declamation and debate and oratory to those who plead to juries, to congregations or to the open air political crowds."

Of such stuff dreams are made. Another dream is that if Dr. Huff was beginning the practice of medicine today, it would meet my approval that he choose the village, country practice. The automobile has done more for the country doctor than for the city doctor. Now,

the country doctor, with paved roads cleared of snow in winter really lives in the suburbs. He can get to town in less time than the Chicago or New York doctor can get from his home to his downtown office.

And the facts are, Charles Huff was born near Cambria, Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, March 2, 1850. He studied in the State Normal school and taught school. June 9, 1871 he was united in marriage to Miss Eliza Fitzgerald. To this union three children were born: Harry M., Fred S., and Annetta.

He was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania. In 1879 he came to Michigan practicing at Kendall and Goblesville.

Dr. Huff always was solving problems of medicine. He put many a question to his fellow doctors. He took his profession very seriously and read papers before the Academy of Medicine that aroused the interest of us all. He took great interest in the education of his children and was solicitous that they should successfully meet the problems of the world.

#### WEDS SECOND TIME

Mrs. Huff died Oct. 18, 1900. In June, 1904, Dr. Huff married Marie R. Redlin at St. Louis, Mo. To this union, Frances Huff was born.

Huff was the first president and member of the board of trustees at Gobleville; was a member of the U. S. Pension Examining Board. Upon the death of President McKinley, Dr. Huff delivered a memorial address of unusual eloquence.

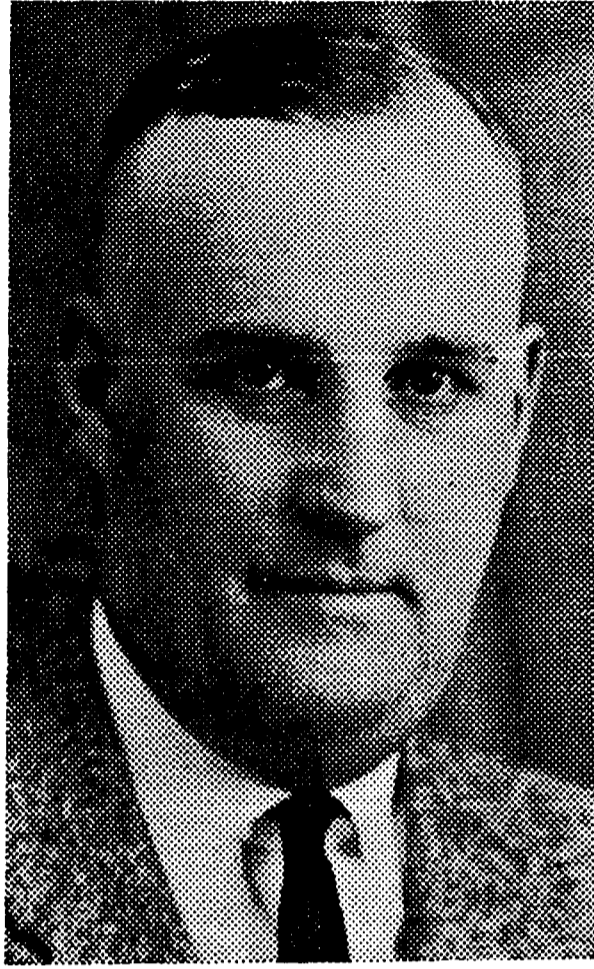
The Gobleville region was the native heath of Doctor E. D. Sage. One day in his student years Sage called on his good friend Doctor Huff. The doctor gave the student a little clinic. The patient, a lady, was examined, diagnosed and Doctor Huff was putting up some medicine—but had a little trouble to find the drug he most desired.

Sage suggested to the doctor that he might save time in finding the special remedy if he arranged his medicines in alphabetical order. "That might be," said Doctor Huff, "but I never give it till I find it." Doctor Sage thought the answer settled the question.

Dr. Huff died at Gobleville, March 31, 1909. I attended his funeral on the Sunday following.



OLIVER A. LACRONE



GEORGE T. BRITTON

- Dr. George T. Britton
- Dr. Oliver A. La Crone
- Dr. Stephen O'Brien
- Dr. John Fletcher
- Dr. Austin W. Alvord
- Dr. George Emerson King

Although a resident of Battle Creek, Dr. Austin W. Alvord was a member of the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine. He was a fine-looking man, keen, witty, learned, and of unusual gift in public speaking.

The reason that Dr. Alvord joined the Academy of Medicine was his great respect and liking for the old Kalamazoo doctors of the Academy. He attended the meetings faithfully, read valuable papers, was frequent in discussions and was one of our favorite after-dinner speakers. And the Academy felt honored by his comradeship.

Dr. Alvord was born in Chester Mass., Feb. 3, 1838. At 14 he entered Oberlin College and was there four years. He was a student in the literary department at the University of Michigan and then took two courses of medical

lectures. This was followed by a year as superintendent of schools at Oswego, N. Y. He was then commissioned captain of Co. H. 109th New York Infantry and was in service for two and a half years

and was in many battles. After the war, Dr. Alvord resumed his medical studies at Ann Arbor and was graduated in 1868.

**LEFT FOUR CHILDREN**

This Battle Creek physician was married to Miss Eliza Barnes in 1861. She died, leaving a son, William Ray, who became a dentist, and a daughter, Grace, who married Thomas J. Kelleher, a former Battle Creek drygoods merchant. In 1878, Dr. Alvord married Miss Fannie R. Little, and there were two children: Louise and Max Barrows.

Dr. Alvord was president of the Michigan State Medical Society in 1899 and a member of the first Michigan Board of Medical Registration. He was eminent in operative surgery.

**DR. JOHN FLETCHER**

Dr. John Fletcher was born in Thamesford, Ontario, Canada, Nov. 21, 1852. He was an ambitious student and fitted himself to teach school. In frail health, he took up a tract of land in Manitoba and in three years he had regained his health. Then for 14 years he taught school. Taking up the study of medicine, he was graduated at the Michigan College of Medicine in Detroit in 1897. At the age of 45, coming to Kalamazoo he early was appreciated for his medical skill and devotion and soon was working far beyond his strength.

One time Dr. Fletcher and I met to write out a statement of importance. I saw right away that he was a highly educated man. He was not satisfied until he had selected just the right word.

"I reckon you have taught school," I said to him.

"Pretty near a score of years," he replied.

And in his daily conversation he was as word exact as with a pen. In every way his exactness, his honesty and honor were so apparent that "Honest John" Fletcher became his appellation. Dr. Fletcher never asked or allowed anyone to choose his friends for him. Those who were so chosen were entitled proudly to look any man in the face. The love that men bore him was of a great and sacred quality.

In winter Dr. John wore his big Canadian fur overcoat and a fur skull cap and looked "the bear that walked like a man."

"His ideals were high and in following them in his profession, he knew neither the rich nor

the poor and his heart beat ever in tender sympathy for the suffering and among them he labored much as a missionary would among the lowly."

#### RECALLS KINDNESS

It is as vivid in my mind now as it was 30 years ago when he did me a great kindness. Dr. Fletcher died June 22, 1913. He is survived by Mrs. Fletcher, nee Eva Hogarth, to whom he was married in 1883. and daughters; Helen M. Fletcher Chisholm and Muriel Vera Fletcher Miller.

One day in the operating room of Old Borgess, anno 1907, Dr. Fletcher announced that a young doctor, just graduating, was coming to share his practice. We took Dr. John in hand and warned him that an old doctor who took a young doctor under his wing soon found himself out of patients, and the young doctor had taken over the same in triumph. We asked him what he would do "when the rent came around." Dr. John urged us not to worry; that the new doctor was a Kalamazoo boy --- Tom Britton, by name --- and that he was not of the breed we were talking about.

#### DR. GEORGE T. BRITTON

When we came to know Dr. Tom Britton, we found that Dr. Fletcher had spoken truly. And few doctors, I think have ever won or deserved the love of his fellows more than Tom Britton.

Of him, I hope the wonderful character photograph herewith displayed will be discernible in

full on the printed page; the handsome, ideal face of him; the noble head, kindest eyes of sympathy and clairvoyance. Will there be one of his old dear friends who will this behold and keep back the tears!

Tom was a big, good-natured fellow, six feet three inches in height, unassuming, modest, careless of his attire, seeking no station for himself but passing over to others favors and honors to which he himself was the more entitled.

#### DEVOTED TO PATIENTS

The rest of the doctors often spoke of night calls at the hospital, when always down the corridors in the dim light came Tom, humming a little air. These were the final calls of the day and he was trying to build up his patients' strength against the morrow. Thus I do not need to tell the reader that Dr. Britton, never thinking of himself, gave to his patients every ounce of his devotion. To meet him was to bask in sunshine and feel a sense of security and new courage and faith in your fellow man.

On one occasion, Dr. Britton asked me to operate on one of his patients; an old friend of his boyhood years, ill for many months with pus in his chest. The man had refused operation until this moment and now his condition was so desperate that Tom could not bring himself to turn his scalpel upon him. The man was emaciated, gasping for breath, pale

and bloodless. His hair was dry and ready to break like a dead stick.

#### DOES PATIENT "GOOD"

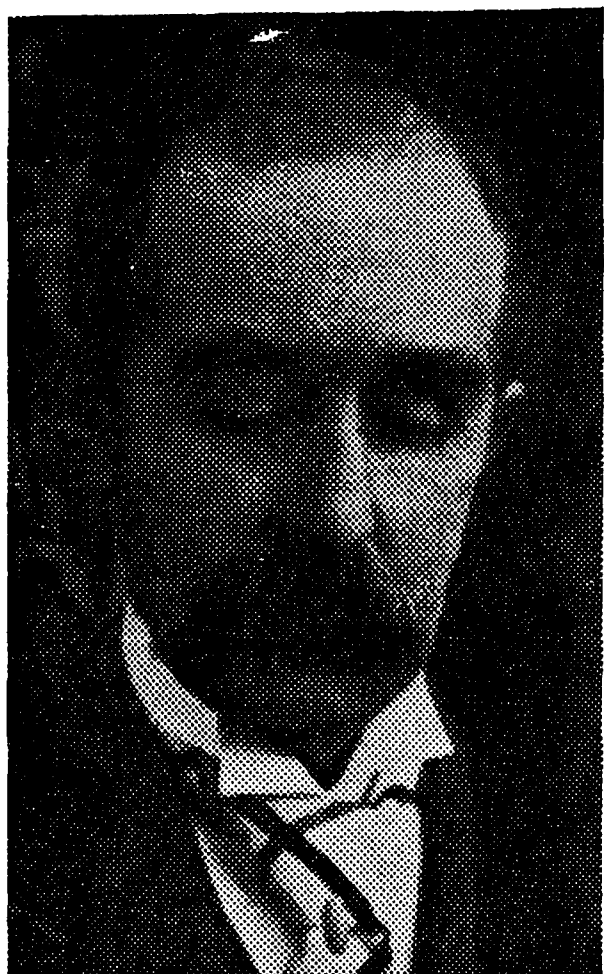
I said to Dr. Beebe, "Push the anesthetic as rapidly as you dare and the moment there is primary anesthesia I will resect a rib." A half dozen other doctors gathered around. Beebe did his part perfectly and in as little time as it takes to tell it, a rib was resected and pus was gushing out. Then it was noted that the man's heart had stopped; likewise his respiration. Some attempts to resuscitate did no good. Poor Tom Britton's face grew long and pale.

Dr. Sage who loved Tom and was never without his quick wit, and desiring to comfort Tom, said: "Tom, if he don't live 30 seconds you have done him good." This kind observation, whatever it did to Tom, cheered the rest of us. Then someone suggested raising the man's head and he began to breathe again. Then we noted that he had a spinal curvature and could not breathe with his spine straightened out. Once in a while thereafter, we used to greet the doctor with:

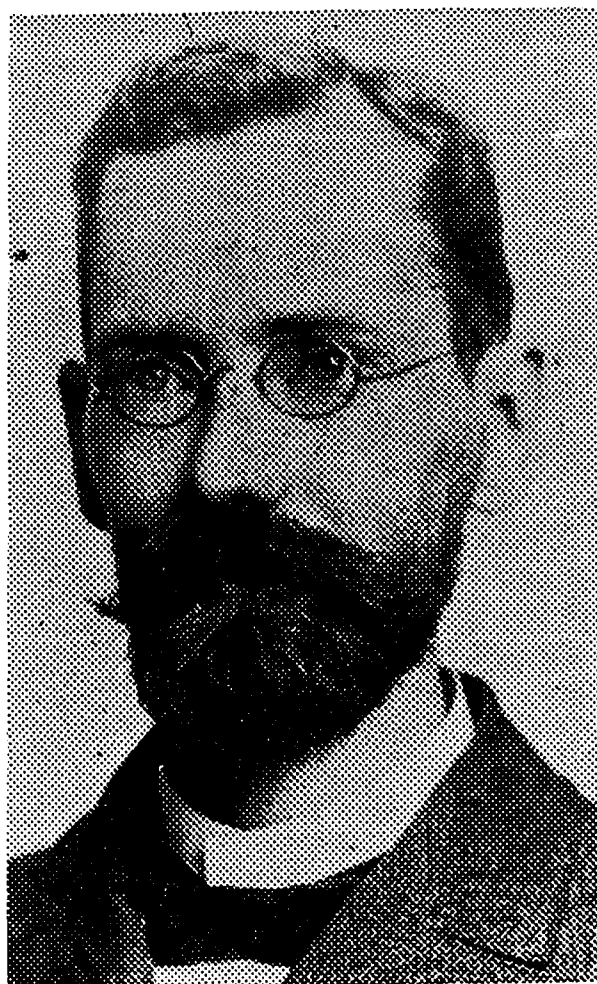
"If he doesn't live 30 seconds, Tom, you have done him good"

#### DONATED SUNDAY FEES

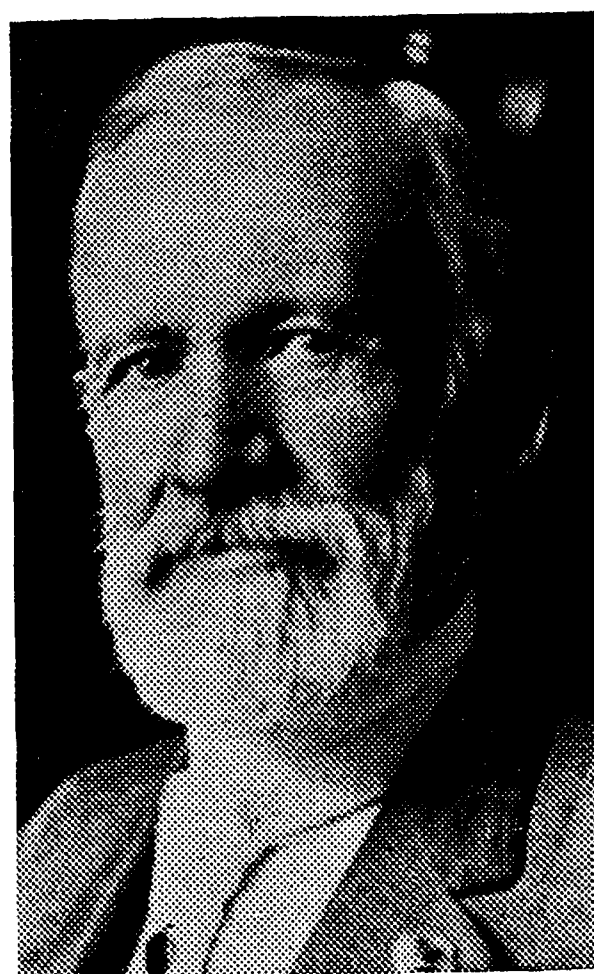
Besides the great amount of charity work Dr. Britton did and the open subscriptions he made for the same purpose, he laid aside in a bank all fees he earned on Sundays to aid the special needy and distressed.



DR. JOHN FLETCHER



DR. STEPHEN O'BRIEN



AUSTIN W. ALVORD

Dr. Britton was born June 15, 1878 at 220 West Vine street, the son of George and Maria Fee Britton. He was graduated from high school here in 1896 and the Detroit Medical College in 1906. He stood highest among the four honor men of his class.

After two years of internship in Harper Hospital, Dr. Britton came to Kalamazoo. Competent to do surgery, Dr. Britton preferred medical treatment.

#### MARRIED IN 1909

Dr. Britton was united in marriage to Margaret Munroe, Sept. 22, 1909. She died June 16, 1917. On August 30, 1924, Dr. Britton and Leoti Coombs were united in marriage. The son, George Thomas Britton, 23 years of age, is a second-year medical student at the University of Michigan and the daughter, Jane, age 11, attends Western State Teachers College Training School.

The years went by and Dr. Britton toiled and served and gave of his life the greater part. Then came the fatal days. Dr. Britton asked me to visit with him, a preacher, the pastor of the church with which Tom communicated, in the crisis of a pneumonia. The doctor had been with the patient almost constantly for nights and days for a week. I looked at the stricken man and said that he had the barest chance for his life.

#### DOCTOR ILL HIMSELF

And I said to Tom: "Doctor, I have noticed for several weeks you were looking ill. You must not stay in your patient's room so much. You are in great danger. Get out into the fresh air a bit, and get more rest."

Next day I heard that the preacher had weathered the crisis. The next week, Dr. Britton was down with a malignant pneumonia. I went to call on him. There sat Dr. F. A. Pratt, his eyes suffused with tears and his voice faltering. Dr. Francis J. Welsh sat there, a red anger possessing him. I read in his face: "Who is this demon of evil tearing at the throat of my dearest friend? If only I might get my throttling grasp upon him!" Poor Tom, rolling and tossing, restrained lest he arise to get his medicine and go to the rescue of his patients at the hospital. Alas! Poor Tom. As has been said: "He saved others; himself he could not save."

#### GEORGE EMERSON KING

Dr. George Emerson King was born Feb. 21, 1860 at Erie, Pa. He received his degree of Doctor

of Medicine from Western Reserve Medical College in 1882. Thus at 22 he began the practice of medicine at Mattawan.

King joined the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine July 28, 1885 and was a frequent attendant. He was a very interesting and an interested observer.

Dr. King often spoke of "a natural born" doctor. He seemed to me to be the personification of such a one. He had an unusual intuition in diagnosis and he studied and thought much. There was such sympathy with him and elements of rescue that the people clung to him with hooks of steel. Whether he was a bachelor or a grass-widower, I am not sure but that he himself had forgotten.

#### WON CORDIAL WELCOME

He was received into every family as though he were a member thereof. It was perfectly natural to him and gratifying to the housewife if he prowled through the cupboard or was sizing up of what the next meal would consist. And such was his way that the eyes of the maiden grew large and the color came to her cheeks.

But King had such a way, too that men were not less devoted to him as men are devoted to one another. Men saw in him something that they wished themselves possessed. I may say all this more briefly: whoever it might be, old or young, men and women, he won their confidence and trust. But it was a strange thing: all souls who fell under the sway of his charm felt that King needed them; their service, their protection, their love. Few have I met who could win and command such devotion as he.

#### MOVES TO CHICAGO

Far and near, day and night, summer and winter, King practiced the healing art. Having prospered at the end of ten years, he thought he would try his fortunes in a large city. He studied the speciality of eye and ear for a year and set up an office in Chicago.

Within a year, King was back in Mattawan broke and in debt. Old Danny Rix loaned him a horse. I loaned him my father's obstetrical forceps. The four seasons had not waxed and waned until the doctor was prosperous again. He purchased the farm which is now the Pretty Lake encampment.

There came a bitter winter with deep snows. A farmer found King one morning at daylight, his horse and cutter stuck in a drift and King wandering around confused

and half frozen. King was never himself again.

One scorching day the next summer, I had a call to the Hotel Reynolds in Kalamazoo. There was King, disheveled and unshaven, wholly unconscious, breathing with difficulty, his face swollen to the bursting point. LaCrone and I took him to the hospital and opened a vein in his arm until his pulse softened. At 5 in the afternoon his temperature was 105. At 8 o'clock when he died, his temperature was 108. Two hours later a nurse took the temperature of his body and it was 110.

A few of us went to the funeral at Mattawan. Three old ladies, their voices choking with tears, with the help of an asthmatic little organ, sang every verse of Rock of Ages. Three times in my boyhood had I heard this sad, noble, stately hymn at the death of children of my father and mother. I felt that I must scream. Every word of it tore open old wounds in my heart. And there in a sealed casket at the altar a great man lay, the body of the great dead. The preacher, good kindly soul, talked long of Paul and Timothy, Lake Tiberias and Gethsemane.

#### WAS KIN OF EMERSON

Most of it passed my ears unheard for I found myself gazing fascinated. There sat the mother of Doctor King. Her long furrowed pale face and long nose, as though the great poet and philosopher and near blood relative, Ralph Waldo Emerson, had descended from a portrait. Statue-like she sat, not more did she move or change expression than sits James McNeill Whistler's "Mother." The same face, the same pose, even to head and foot, the same untroubled looking-onward, Mother. My eye's deep retina will carry this image forever.

We were part of the procession that drove the three miles north to the grave on the Paw Paw road.

#### DR. OLIVER L'CRONE.

At the cemetery after Dr. King's burial, and everybody else gone, Dr. Oliver A. LaCrone complained of suffering certain ills and he was alarmed. Dr. A. W. Crane and I gave LaCrone a once-over and our hearts sank, for we saw he was doomed.

A month later, LaCrone went over to Chicago and to the Mercy hospital. On Saturday, July 13, the great surgeon John B. Murphy buttoned LaCrone's gall bladder



to an intestine. LaCrone died July 18, 1907, a month and a week after King, and was buried in Mountain Home cemetery, July 21.

Dr. LaCrone was born at Springfield, O., Dec. 21, 1859, the son of Peter and Sarah Evans LaCrone. He was graduated at Oberlin College and then from the medical department of the University of Michigan in 1886. Dr. LaCrone began his medical practice at Berrien Center, where he had taught school before going to medical college. On Dec. 27, 1883, he had married Imogene Mars of Berrien Center. In 1889 and 1890 the doctor was an assistant professor at Anr. Arbor and then came to Kalamazoo to establish his practice as the first Kalamazoo specialist in the eye, ear, nose and throat. Mrs. LaCrone died March 12, 1891, leaving two sons, Mars and Frank Ward LaCrone. He subsequently married Evelyn Walbridge of Kalamazoo, who survives him.

#### **PRESIDENT OF ACADEMY.**

The appreciation and trust that the doctors felt for Dr. LaCrone was evidenced by his election to the presidency of the Academy of Medicine in the fifth year of his membership.

#### **DID MUCH SURGERY.**

LaCrone did many operations and patients wore a trail to his door until he thought he was entitled to a vacation. He went up into the far Northwest for a month or more. When he came back it was whispered that he had made some wonderful investments, each one a fortune. I heard, too, that he had allowed Dr. J. W. Bosman and a few others to participate. I was a little jealous, for I felt that I had proven myself one of his best friends and I wondered why he had forgotten me. Maybe something in my manner betrayed my cupidity, and LaCrone opened the door so that I got in on the ground floor.

So to this day, I am part owner of a mountain of gold in Oregon, at 25 cents a ton; and vast tall timber lands in Washington, on which grow no trees.

But before the heavens had wholly fallen for Dr. LaCrone, and before his great and final exit, LaCrone was happy in the illusion that should anything happen to him, the security of his family was sure. Dr. LaCrone was one of the five founders of the present Bronson Methodist hospital.

#### **STEPHEN D. O'BRIEN.**

Dr. Stephen Douglas O'Brien was born in Kalamazoo, Nov. 12, 1860, the son of Michael O'Brien

of County Kildare, Ireland, and Jane Talbot O'Brien, born in County Kilkenny, Ireland. He was tall, erect, slender, his skin was very white, his eyes blue and his vision corrected with thick lenses. His hair was fair, thick and wavy. His expression, dignified and grave.

Dr. O'Brien was graduated from Kalamazoo high school in 1878, having the purpose to study medicine, he worked in a drug store over four years, thus becoming acquainted with medicines in their various forms. He was graduated from the Detroit College of Medicine in 1886 and joined the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine Jan. 25, 1887. He was a member and secretary of the original staff at Borgess hospital.

#### **FIRST CATHOLIC DOCTOR.**

Dr. O'Brien was the first member of the Catholic church to practice medicine in Kalamazoo. And for that reason and because of his amiability, he received special favors from the rest of the doctors. If Dr. O'Brien particularly favored any of the doctors, they would be Edward Ames and Oliver A. LaCrone. He was very courteous in manner and had a friendly bearing. He possessed a very impressive voice, strong and resonant. One wondered how from so frail a body and so slender a neck, such volume of voice could come.

At one time in the Academy. Dr. Irwin Simpson, Irish born, read a paper, taking note of the all too-frequent pulmonary disease amongst the Irish of the second generation. I looked across the room at Stephen O'Brien and hoped that no ill would come to him. We all felt that the horse and buggy and sled travel and the night work would test his strength to the utmost. On every hand Dr. O'Brien made and kept his friends.

Dr. O'Brien had his share of Irish wit and could hold his own in raillery. Because of our regard for him and because the name of the hero, Shamus O'Brien, seemed to fit, we usually referred to him as Shamus.

#### **MEDICINE AND RELIGION.**

Shamus was equally loyal to medicine and religion. At one time, faced with the problem of death for a patient or to do an operation over which his conscience was not at ease, he asked the three consulting doctor friends to touch the surgical instruments that they might share the responsibility. The three doctors, appreciating Dr. O'Brien's strict honor, were pleased to add their authority. The patient lived and

Shamus felt that heaven had approved.

Shamus was called to see an elderly man in frail health who had become suddenly very sick, and in the next morning was dying. Later in the morning the widow was telling about it:

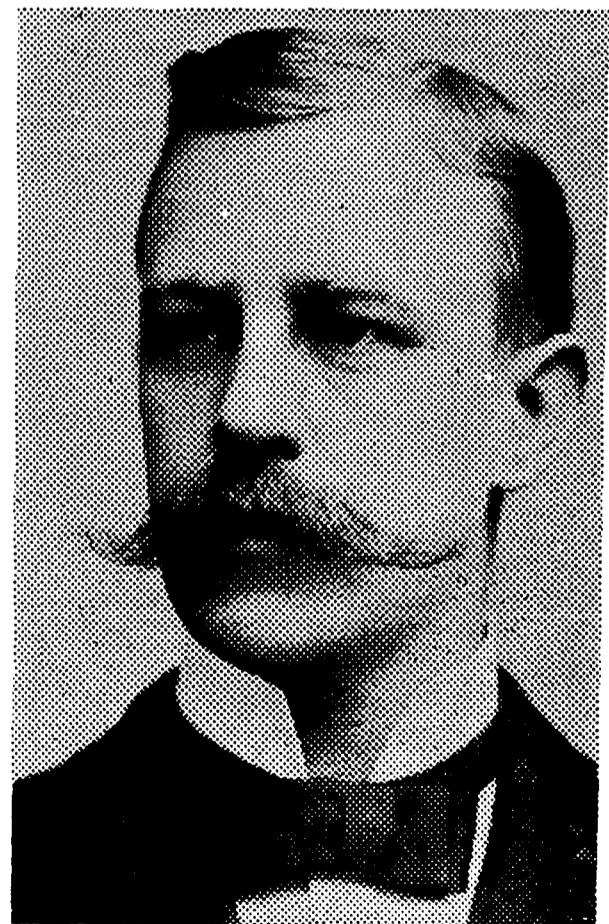
"I sent for Dr. O'Brien and he came, and he sat there and looked at poor Dan for a long time. He gave Dan some medicine. And he said nothing about Dan---not one word to me. And in the morning poor Dan was dying. Tink of that! Poor Dan dying and I a widow and did not know it. And I was weeping and wailing and I said to Dr. O'Brien, 'Why didn't you alarm me of poor Dan?' And what do you tink he said to me, and I a widdy and weeping, and I said to him 'Tell me, why didn't you alarm me of poor Dan?' And he said: 'Because I did not have my alarm clock with me.' And wasn't that an awful thing to say to me?"

I long say that within Stephen O'Brien there burned a bright flame. Would this flame inspire a more vivid and brilliant vitality or would it consume to ashes the body on which it fed?

#### **ILLNESS WAS BRIEF.**

Dr. O'Brien final illness was brief, and as we feared, a disease of the lungs. Dr. O'Brien died March 2, 1899, and the doctors have mourned him many an hour.

The Academy of Medicine held memorial services. The chief address was made by a cousin, Dr. W. H. Haughey of Battle Creek, a member of the Academy.



**DR. GEORGE E. KING**



**DR. GEO. D. CARNES**

Dr. Carnes was a prominent physician at South Haven for many years while Dr. Haskin gained equal prominence at Lawrence. Both were active in the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine. Dr. Haskin died at 83 in 1910.



**DR. A. S. HASKIN**

**GRADUATED IN 1876**

Dr. Carnes was graduated at the Detroit Medical College in 1876. Upon the advice of George V. Hilton, later a practitioner of medicine in Van Buren County and in Chicago, Dr. Carnes settled at Covert. This lake section of Van Buren at that time was a wilderness with a number of Indian inhabitants and Negroes who had taken the underground railroad for Michigan before the Civil war. Lumbering was the main occupation of the people and there were many forest fires.

Dr. Hilton, who had been practicing in South Haven, moved to another part of the county, and in 1883 Dr. Carnes established himself in South Haven and practiced there the rest of his years. In 1886 he joined the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine and in 1890 was elected president . . . the most rapid promotion, I think, that the records of the Academy show.

**WAS CAPABLE DOCTOR**

And Dr. Carnes well earned all his honors. He was an unusually clear, definite speaker and all that he said was intently listened to. At one time he told me that it was the greatest pleasure and privilege of his life to meet with the doctors of the Academy.

On October 25, 1875, Dr. Carnes was married to Miss Lucy Edson. Of the family Dr. Carnes died August 1, 1924. Also deceased are Mrs. Carnes and a son, Thomas. The daughter, Eva, is living in Kalamazoo.

**DR. ALBERT S. HASKIN**

Dr. Albert S. Haskin was born in Essex County, New York, Sept. 15, 1827, the fifth of a family of 10 children. In boyhood he spent five years in Vermont, then moved to Indiana, and came to Cass County, Mich., in 1848.

He entered the medical department of the University of Michigan, and taught school for a year, graduating in medicine in 1857. He then came to Lawrence, where he practiced medicine until his death.

The field of his practice when he began was almost a wilderness. In the earlier years he rode horseback with saddle bags. He told me that in the spring when the water was high he made many a country call on foot, traveling by jumping from the tree roots and over logs. In this area in 1864 there was an epidemic of cerebrospinal meningitis. The doctor himself took the disease and was invalided for a year.

**CONTRIBUTED IDEAS**

Dr. Haskin was a large man of great physical strength. He was a

- Dr. George D. Carnes
- Dr. Albert S. Haskin
- Dr. George M. Cornish
- Dr. Isaiah E. Hamilton
- Dr. Francis J. Welsh

My memories return today to five physicians, one a Kalamazoo man, the others from nearby communities, but all of whom were active in the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine. These men are Dr. Francis James Welsh of this city; Dr. George D. Carnes, South Haven; Dr. Albert S. Haskin, Lawrence, and Doctors Isaiah E. Hamilton and George W. Cornish, who were warm friends during the years that both were in practice at Lawton.

Dr. George D. Carnes was born on a farm near Pomfret, Vt., in 1851 and was educated at a Normal school and the University of Vermont.

He came to Illinois at the time of the great Chicago fire in 1871 and saw the city yet burning. He and his brother got positions in teaching country schools and thereby earned money that took George

Carnes to medical school and his brother to law school.

The brother became prominent in law and served several terms as circuit judge of the Sycamore-DeKalb circuit of Illinois. My father greatly admired him.

very faithful attendant at the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine, often in discussions contributing valuable ideas from his experience. He gave the impression that he had thought out and organized what he had gained from books and from experience. He was active in village and county affairs and in politics. He was also a member of the National Bee Keepers' Association.

This physician was highly respected for his medical skill, his public services and in his leadership of all agencies for the betterment of his fellow citizens.

In studying Dr. Haskin I felt that he was the ideal type of the brave strong men from the Eastern states who won and held the West for freedom and liberty.

The late Judge Alfred J. Mills told me that at one time he was defending an accused. The evidence appeared to be much against his client, but the judge knew the man was innocent. Of the jury of six, Dr. Haskin was the only one who voted to acquit. Later the man was exonerated and Judge Mills thus concluded that the doctor had an acumen six times higher than the average.

#### TWO LAWTON DOCTORS

Dr. Isaiah E. Hamilton and Dr. George W. Cornish practiced medicine separately, not as rivals, but as sincere collaborators for 14 years at Lawton. Such friendship and respect between village doctors are rare enough to be recorded.

Dr. Cornish would speak out plainly: "Hamilton said this, and Hamilton said that," and right then the matter was settled so far as Cornish was concerned. Dr. Hamilton spoke more sedately and with great respect in his voice: "Dr. Cornish said this, and Dr. Cornish said that," and that ended the matter.

The people of Lawton were happy to hear each doctor speak so well of the other. This little fraternity of two members thus gave great prestige to each amongst their fellow citizens and won the respect of the surrounding medical men.

#### WERE CLOSE FRIENDS

Dr. Cornish was tall, rangy, loose-jointed; Dr. Hamilton was of medium height, compactly built.

I am sure that to link their names in reminiscence would meet the approval of each if he could have his say.

Dr. Cornish was born in Porter township, Van Buren County, Feb. 21, 1860. Dr. Hamilton was born at Grandville, Mich., Sept. 24, 1863. But Hamilton was graduated in

medicine at Bennett Medical College, Chicago, in 1887, while 12 years later, Cornish graduated at the Detroit Medical College at the age of 39.

#### STUDIES INTERRUPTED

Cornish had graduated from Lawton high school in 1881 and at the Ypsilanti State Normal in 1889 and then entered the medical department of the University of Michigan. But an older brother, Edward, was permanently invalided by an accident on the home farm and George loyally and bravely gave up his studies to come home and care for the brother and the parents.

Then the Van Buren people interceded and elected Cornish as county superintendent of schools. At the close of the term his friends persuaded him to take up again his medical ambitions and he entered the Detroit College of Medicine.

Dr. Cornish died August 8, 1913, having practiced medicine only 14 years. He married Catherine Smith Robbins in 1905 and during his career as a doctor, was several times president of the village and of the school board. Both Hamilton and Cornish took postgraduate medical courses, the former in Chicago and the latter in New York.

Dr. Hamilton attended high school at Grandville and was later graduated from the Normal and Scientific School at Morris, Ill. Meanwhile, he was reading all the

medical literature he could get his hands on.

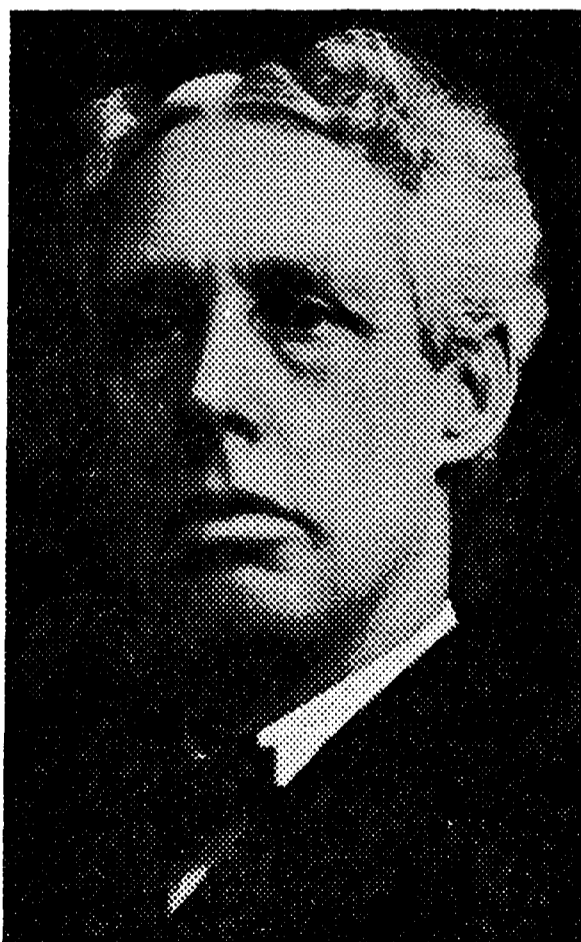
It was often remarked of Dr. Hamilton that he bore a striking resemblance to President William McKinley. He was dignified, self-contained, and slow to speak. It was a pleasure to see him and hear him laugh. He had the air that to laugh did not tally with his professional good form. But when something struck him as irresistibly funny, his lips would compress, concentric rings would appear in front of his ears, and finally he would surrender to a hearty laugh . . . then back his face would go to a mask.

#### WAS ALWAYS NONCOMMITAL

In expressing medical opinions, Dr. Hamilton was very guarded. Dr. George Emerson King, who met Dr. Hamilton many times, had his heart set on making Hamilton commit himself outright. So King took Hamilton to see a typical case of measles . . . determined to make Hamilton say "Measles." But the best that King could get Hamilton to say was: "It has all the appearances of such."

One of Dr. Hamilton's fellow citizens said of him: "His quiet self-reliance, his trustworthiness, his faithfulness to anyone entrusted to his care, soon won the confidence of the people."

I met Dr. Hamilton many times in consultations and surgical operations. He was usually calm and



**DR. GEO. W. CORNISH**

**DR. I. E. HAMILTON**

Doctors Cornish and Hamilton practiced medicine at Lawton as friendly rivals and the warmest of personal friends for a period of 14 years.



**DR. AND MRS. FRANCIS JAMES WELSH**

Dr. Welsh was probably the only Kalamazoo man who was a graduate in both law and medicine. He was born at Greenfield, Pa., May 3, 1871, and died at 60 in Borgess hospital, June 16, 1931. He received both his degrees at the University of Michigan, law in 1893 and medicine in 1896. Mrs. Welsh died in Kalamazoo on March 20, 1937.

masterful, but sometimes, more laterly, he appeared exhausted and worn.

Dr. Hamilton's years of practice were about equally divided between the horse and buggy and the automobile days. He worked unsparingly and paid the price thereof with his life. On July 25, 1894, he had married Miss Florence White of Lawton. Mrs. Hamilton was invalided the last 10 years of her life, much to the doctor's worry. But the doctor himself

took a rapid decline and died May 12, 1926.

When Hamilton realized he was seriously ill he consulted specialists and visited laboratories in a fight for life. When he realized there was no hope of recovery, he asked me to see him through to the end and asked that I prevent him from suffering needlessly. This sad and depressing service I sacredly performed. After his death, Mrs. Hamilton asked me to help myself to any of Dr. Hamil-

ton's books I would choose. He had many up-to-date books and there were many that I really wanted, but I had a sentiment about the matter that I myself cannot understand. I could not take the books from the office or home of the man of whom I thought so much, without his personal expression. I think it was a feeling that I should not pillage a home when the master was away.

#### **FRANCIS JAMES WELSH**

When I was asked to write these medical reminiscences, I had in mind to write only of the elderly doctors of 50 years ago. The perspective of memory was narrowed with the years and the episodes of their lives were of measurable numbers.

At this moment, I find myself writing of Dr. Francis James Welsh and memories which would fill a book are in my mind. Dr. Welsh came to Kalamazoo in 1891, four years later than myself. I witnessed his rise, his physical decline and death, six years ago. I was on intimate terms with Dr. and Mrs. Welsh and thus know much of their daily lives. I spent many social evenings in their home; have partaken of the hospitality of their table. With Dr. John Fletcher I was present at the birth of the daughter, Pauline; attended both Dr. and Mrs. Welsh as medical advisor in their long last and most painful illnesses and witnessed how death finally came to each.

#### **LIBERAL IN VIEWS**

Of all the reminiscences I have of them, I write but a sentence here and there. Of Dr. and Mrs. Welsh I may say that I never met people who viewed others in a more charitable and broad-minded way. Mrs. Welsh, so recently gone from us, is the more in my mind at the moment. Of all the ways by which woman can do her part in this world, Mrs. Welsh was a queen . . . the wonderful, beautiful woman.

And the afflictions that were heaped upon her, one after another, at the very time she became ill herself . . . can anyone conjure up worse sorrows than came to her! Through it all, she kept full dominance over self. This she did in part from an inborn high serenity of soul and in part from the consolation of her boundless Christian faith.

#### **QUARRELED AT START**

The first time I met Dr. Welsh was to quarrel. He was extremely sensitive, and I, probably very dense. But as time went on we be-

came more and more devoted friends. When we met professionally it was to sustain and protect each other. Dr. Welsh did very careful surgery, neat and painstaking to the last stitch. He would not undertake a surgical operation till he had assured himself that medical treatment alone would not avail.

Dr. Welsh was very strict in his action in borderline cases. He would have nothing to do with surgery that might in any way conflict with child-begetting or child bearing. In one case where Father Vismara came in to advise, at my request, and practically ordered immediate operation, I replied to the priest that I was surprised and pleased at the position which he took. Father Vismara said that Dr. Welsh was more strict to the letter of the rule than the priest and added that all the Church demanded was that the doctor use his best and conscientious judgment.

Dr. Welsh told me that he received as much in fees from non-Catholics as from his churchmen. Protestant people admired his

strong religious sentiments and his skill, his very evident sympathy, and they trusted him wholly.

And, too, Welsh did not undertake to criticize or admonish people outside his church for their errors. Welsh told me that he had lost some friends within his own church for taking members to task for their errors, he wanted his churchmen to live wholly according to the laws of good Catholics and set a good example to others. These same people would doubtless humbly accept admonition from the priest . . . but not from the doctor.

Dr. Welsh was a brilliant orator. He wrote well and gave much play to his imagination. He wrote little stories in which the good, and true, and the beautiful triumphed in the end over all misfortune. He wrote some pretty and excellent verse.

As a boy and young man he told me he loved to go up into the Pennsylvania mountains to wander about as he pleased and to lie on his back in the sun watching the clouds and the heavens, and dream.

At that time he spent many a night alone with the big pumps at the anthracite mines. In the clanking and whirring of machinery in the middle of the nights, he watched the shadows play and the ghosts flit and the fairies . . . the little people . . . dance and troop. Thus in later life his mind was filled with dreams . . . with images, imaginings and far visions.

#### WAS FREQUENTLY ILL

Although strong, quick, active and daring, Dr. Welsh had many sicknesses. In middle life he looked 10 years older than his age. He felt that life for him would be brief. We had many a heart-to-heart unburdening. We found that in all basic things we felt almost the same.

When I lost the little boy, Noel, Dr. Welsh and I were trying to talk about it as we sat in his car in the dark. Dr. Welsh said that if he could bring that little boy back he would give every dollar, everything he owned.

And I knew he would have done as he said. So I loved this great, noble, and generous man.

## First Patient to Die

After coming to Kalamazoo in April, 1887, I had held a chair down in Dr. Harris B. Osborne's office for about a month, when a call came to see a man who had fallen on the floor in the Dickinson block in North Burdick street. I hurried to the place and found a circle of men surrounding the fallen man.

John C. Goodale, the undertaker . . . they call them morticians now . . . who through some lucky telepathy, was present, got me through the crowd. I had hurried and my heart was beating so loudly that I could hardly tell whether the fallen man's heart was beating or not. Finally, I said: "He is dead."

As I pushed my way out of the crowd, I heard someone say: "That Doc don't know what he is talking about; the man isn't dead." This remark rather floored me and as we walked along, Goodale saw that I was worried. I was worried, too, lest I should have been mistaken. In about an hour Goodale came up to the office and said: "Don't worry, doctor, the man has a quart of embalming fluid in him." Before I realized what I was saying, I jumped up and shook his hand vigorously and said: "Thank you so much."

#### FIRST PATIENT DIES

The first patient to die under my dispensation and everything connected therewith I can never forget. His home was in Portage street.

The patient had typhoid fever of ten days' standing and was, I thought, doing very well. On this day his wife said to me that she did not think he was very sick and that she did not think I needed to come every day . . . especially since I did not change the medicine and only looked at him. I told her I had laid out a course of treatment which I would follow unless complications should arise, and that I felt I should come every day to note any change for the worse.

#### CALLS WERE STOPPED

She stuck to her opinion and I, gathering the idea that she thought I was trying to run up a bill, agreed to drop out a day provided she would warn me if there should arise any ill symptom. On the second day, not having heard anything, I started to make the call. Turning into Portage street from Main street, my horse slipped on the greasy pavement and fell. A dozen men ran out to assist me and

with them a fellow who began to curse me, saying that he was the brother of my typhoid fever patient and that the man was dying.

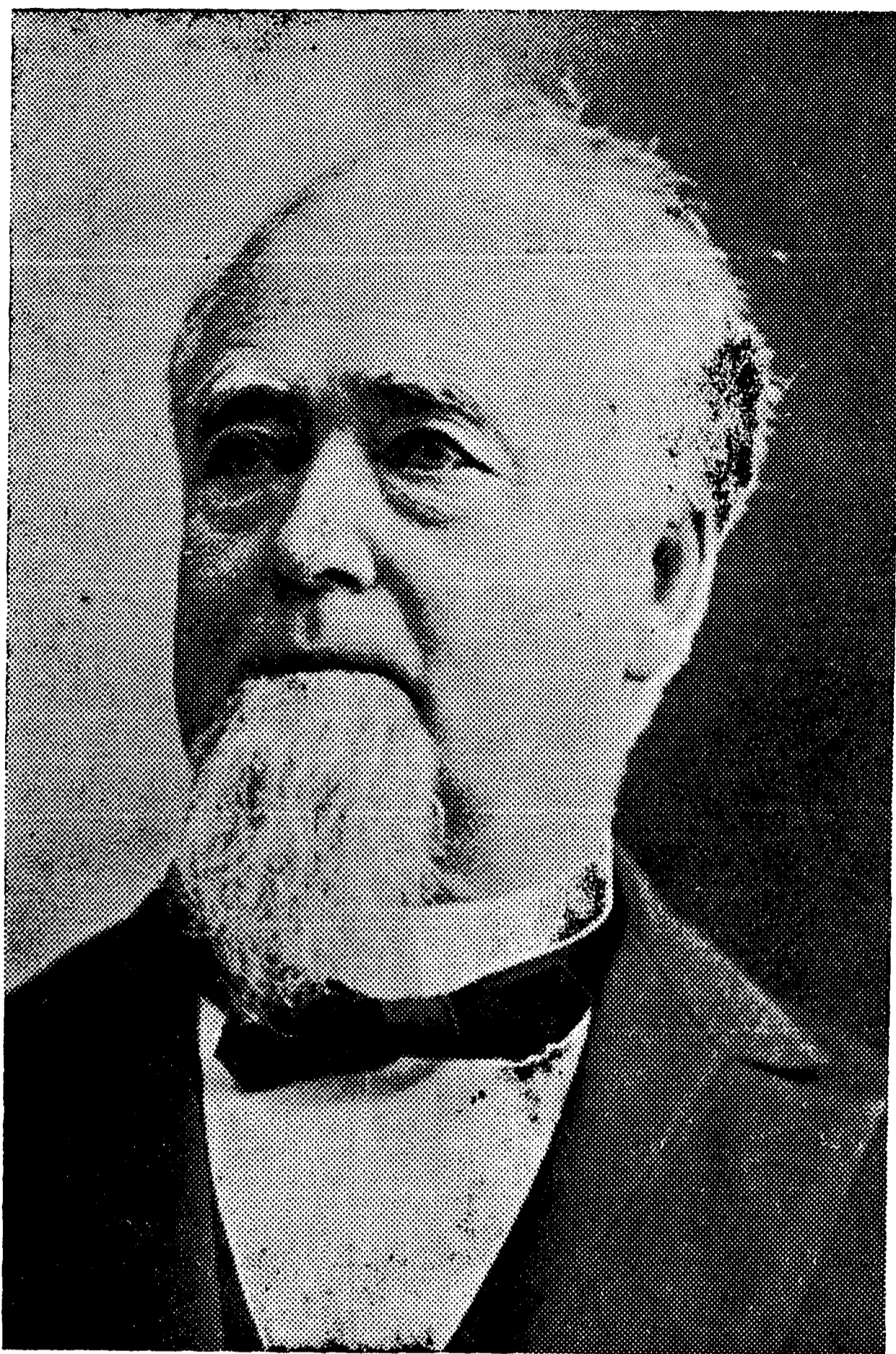
I explained to him my agreement with the wife. But the more I explained, the more he cursed. Losing my patience I ordered him to shut his mouth or I would do so and so and so and so. I got to the house and found that the man was dying and finished within four hours.

#### PROVED REAL TRAGEDY

Weak, defeated, shaken, saddened, and broken by the tragedy, I got to the office. Oh, the poor widowed mother and the fatherless children! And before I knew it my head was down on my arm and I was weeping, not wholly in silence.

Fireman Charles H. Russell, always a good friend, happened in and rendered first aid. Then came the doctor uncle who finished the resuscitation.

Three weeks later, when I heard that the widow had abandoned the children and run away with another woman's husband, I felt that the dead man was not so unlucky after all.



DR. EDWIN H. VAN DEUSEN

## Kalamazoo State Hospital

The presence of the Kalamazoo State Hospital has been a distinct benefit to the members of the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine. Doctors Edwin H. VanDeusen and W. L. Worcester were among the incorporators of the Academy and during the years which followed, later members of the Hospital staff have been active members.

These specialists in diseases of the nervous system have from time to time contributed papers to the Academy on their special work, these papers describing different types of mental disease and also reporting the results of laboratory studies.

Once or more each year, the members of the Academy have been invited to special sessions

at the Kalamazoo State Hospital wherein some of the patients were shown . . . illustrating different types of mental derange-

ment. There was one such session where patients were given the privilege of addressing the doctors. The staff had picked out such ones as were typical of certain derangements. These patients appeared to enjoy this chance to unbosom themselves. From these statements it will appear to the reader proper that I assert that the members of the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine are particularly versed in psychiatry.

### POLITICS LEFT OUT

It should be proudly stated that the Kalamazoo State Hospital has never been made the victim of politics. In some states such hospitals have become sadly disorganized by political invasion. Dr. Foster Pratt, who as a member of the Michigan legislature, won the appropriation to erect the original buildings and who was for many years a trustee, preached the doctrine: "Hands off the physicians."

It is possible here to include in reminiscence only a few of the many physicians, both men and women, who have contributed to the success and the development of Kalamazoo State Hospital. To all, however, must go full credit for their contributions in bringing this hospital to its present high standing in the country.

### DR. E. H. VAN DEUSEN

Dr. Edwin H. VanDeusen, A.M., M.D., was born in Livingston, N. Y., August 29, 1828, and died at Goshen, N. Y., Feb. 9, 1909. His parents were Robert N. VanDeusen, merchant and miller, and Catherine Best, daughter of John Best, a farmer of Columbia County, New York.

VanDeusen attended district school during his boyhood and then took a preparatory course of three years at Claverack Academy, now known as the Hudson River Institute, after which he entered Williams College, graduating at the age of 20. The degree of Master of Arts was conferred on him three years later by Williams. In 1848 he entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons at New York, graduating two years later. He then accepted a post on the staff of the New York Hospital, where he remained three years.

### WEDS CYNTHIA WENDOVER

On July 22, 1858, Dr. VanDeusen married Miss Cynthia A. Wendover, daughter of John Thompson Wendover, Esq., merchant at Stuyvesant-on-the-Hud-

son. They had one son, Robert T. VanDeusen, born April 6, 1859, who lived into middle age. Mrs. VanDeusen died July 6, 1919. Both Dr. and Mrs. VanDeusen are buried here in Mountain Home cemetery.

In January, 1856, Dr. VanDeusen, first assistant at the New York State Lunatic Asylum at Utica, was appointed medical superintendent of the Kalamazoo State Hospital with the understanding that no salary should be attached until his services were required as medical superintendent proper. Nevertheless, he gave much attention to the completion and equipment of the Asylum, though he did not assume his full duties until October, 1858.

#### SPENT HIS OWN FUNDS

Prior to assuming his duties here, Dr. VanDeusen made many trips from New York to Kalamazoo at his own expense. When the Asylum was finished there were insufficient funds appropriated to equip the wards properly and the doctor was instrumental in getting citizens of Kalamazoo to donate to a fund for this equipment. He also donated liberally from his own funds.

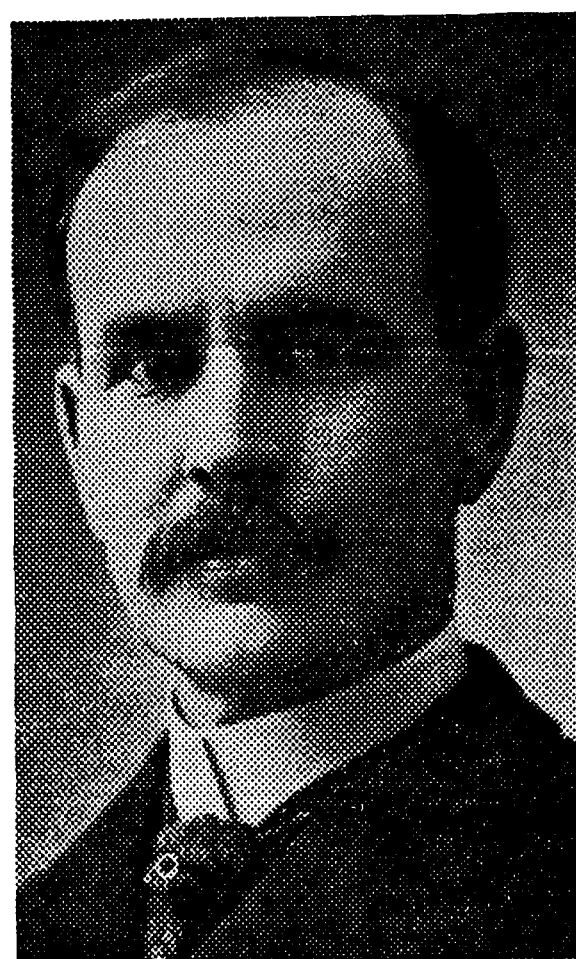
During the last four years of his connection with the Michigan Asylum, Dr. VanDeusen was occupied in adjusting and perfecting the internal arrangement of the plant and in thoroughly reorganizing the institution. His administration had been an exceedingly arduous one and the tremendous activities and responsibilities of 20 years had so affected his general health that he, much to the regret of the board of trustees, felt obliged to retire from the service. What he had accomplished cannot be easily estimated. Counseled and sustained by his board, made up of prominent, influential citizens, he practically completed and organized two hospitals for the insane and was a prominent factor in establishing and locating two others . . . at Pontiac and Traverse City. In a masterful way he had overcome the embarrassment and difficulties of pioneer days and long before his retirement in March, 1878, there had been created an enlightened public sentiment which resulted in the present comprehensive system of provision for the insane of the state.

#### WAS CAPABLE WRITER

Dr. VanDeusen was a capable medical writer and contributed much to medical literature. His



DR. HERMAN OSTRANDER



DR. WM. M. EDWARDS

most original paper was the description of a disease entity which he called Neurasthenia. The term was accepted by the medical profession and is still used today. The description of the disease has not changed much from that in the doctor's original paper.

I early became acquainted with Dr. VanDeusen and was more or less in contact with him while he was here.

Dr. VanDeusen was a very agreeable person to meet. He was very friendly, modest and approachable, assuming no airs that his learning and his high standing might have built up around him. His attitude was that of friendship, his voice was of a quality, winning, sympathetic and very pleasant to hear. He dressed very neatly and his presence was fragrant.

#### FACED MANY ORDEALS

Dr. VanDeusen had gone through certain ordeals in which he learned the value of friendships and he himself never forgot an old friend. One morning I stepped into a store in Main street where Dr. VanDeusen was talking with the proprietor, a man much broken down physically and in fortune. My errand was very brief and as I stepped out Dr. VanDeusen walked with me, but I noted he shook hands with his old friend and I saw in the friend's hand there was left a piece of the "long green." Dr. VanDeusen said to me that when, years ago, he was in a world of

trouble over hospital litigation, this old friend had stood by him, a tower of strength, and the doctor added that whenever he walked down in the morning he always stepped in to greet the old true friend.

In the earlier years Dr. VanDeusen attended the sessions of the Academy of Medicine. He was always thinking of what he could do for the benefit of the Academy. He was always greeted by the members as the great man of the Academy . . . its uncrowned king. Everyone knows of the gift to Kalamazoo of the public library by Dr. and Mrs. VanDeusen. The doctors best remember that rooms in the library building were given to them in perpetuity. Later Dr. and Mrs. VanDeusen presented the beautiful Parish House to St. Luke's Episcopal church.

#### NOTED NEWCOMER CASE

One of the most famous medico legal cases ever tried in this County was that of Mrs. Nancy Newcomer vs. Dr. VanDeusen. The doctor was sued on the grounds of "false imprisonment assault and battery." The plaintiff alleged that she was sane and falsely was confined to the State Hospital. Dr. Pratt, the black-maned lion, led in the public defense of Dr. VanDeusen. A majority of the public sided with the plaintiff.

To the hurt of the whole profession there had been several malpractice cases against doctors; and stories going about, too, that



DR. WM. A. STONE



MRS. W. A. STONE

sane people were often confined in hospitals for the insane. Many people looked upon every doctor as a potential body-snatcher. The trial of the case took two weeks, cost thousands of dollars, and the jury found for the plaintiff, assessing damages at \$6,000. The case was reviewed by the supreme court, a new trial ordered. At the second trial the judge ordered the jury to bring in a verdict of no cause of action.

#### DR. PRATT'S ORATION

Dr. Pratt grew eloquent before the Michigan State Medical Society in defense of Dr. VanDeusen at this time (1878).

"And who is the victim?" Dr. Pratt asked, in his summation after a judgment had been returned against Dr. VanDeusen. "Who is it that 'without the imputation of any intentional wrong,' stands today before the American medical profession and the American people as the first and only victim of the popular vengeance against these asylum tyrants?"

"While yet very young, he was found standing in the very front ranks of asylum experts in the East. He was nominated by your Governor and confirmed by your Senate as the medical superintendent of the Michigan Asylum for the Insane at Kalamazoo. He made the plans for the building, he supervised much of their construction, and in 1859 he put the institution into operation.

#### PAYS GENUINE TRIBUTE

"And now, after 20 years of self-sacrificing, self-denying labor, without a suspicion of cruelty, without a taint of unworthy or unkind action upon his official skirts; proved to be pure in impulse, pure in thought and pure in action; tender and sensitive as a woman in the presence of affliction, though cool and brave as a man in action; admirable as an organizer; brilliantly successful in administration; distinguished by his scientific attainments and his many virtues of head and heart; now and above all else (in his retirement from labors that nearly cost his life), he is blessed, and with heartfelt blessings, by the thousands who have been restored through his agency to home, to friends, to usefulness, to reason.

"Such is the man, such the physician, and such the State officer and such the philanthropist who, having passed through the fiery furnace of 20 years of official life, without so much as the 'smell of fire on his garments,' and without intentional fault or the imputation of it, now becomes the first victim in this enlightened country of a vulgar prejudice against asylums."

#### DR. GEORGE C. PALMER

Dr. George Culver Palmer was born Dec. 27, 1839 at Stonington, Conn. He studied three years in

the literary department of the University of Michigan and there also took the degree of M.D. in 1864. He immediately joined the staff of the Michigan Hospital for the Insane at Kalamazoo and March 1, 1878, succeeded Dr. Van Deusen as superintendent. He resigned June 1, 1891 and became the director of Oak Grove, a private sanitarium at Flint.

In 1878 the board of trustees of the Asylum in a jocular mood, presented to Dr. Palmer a resolution that "he should get married." Dr. Palmer did not act upon the resolution until several years later, when he married his accomplished assistant, Dr. Mary S. McCarthy. Dr. Palmer died August 17, 1894. As assistant and superintendent, he served 27 years at the Asylum and his associate and successor Dr. William M. Edwards in his first report paid an eloquent tribute to Dr. Palmer. I met Dr. Palmer but we did not become acquainted. He was a handsome man of attractive manners. In a beautiful carriage, driver, glittering harness, dashing team of roadsters and himself of ample proportions and gracious manners, people stopped to look and admire Dr. Palmer.

#### DOCTOR IS KILLED

Dr. Edward A. Adams was a competent assistant superintendent under Dr. Palmer. He was a thorough-going, conscientious gentleman; impeccable, of exquisite refinement and beloved by all his associates. It was a dreadful tragedy when a murderous patient struck him down with a knife thrust on January 8, 1882. How this piece of steel came into the maniac's possession none knew.

Dr. Pratt told me of this tragedy; that the killer had for days been sharpening a piece of steel on his stone window ledge to razor sharpness; that running up behind Dr. Adams he stabbed him in the right side, piercing the pleura, border of lung and liver. No surgical attempt at life-saving was done.

#### DR. W. L. WORCESTER

Dr. W. L. Worcester, a member of the Michigan State Hospital staff was of medium height, square shoulders, spare build, blue eyes, blond hair and short bearded. He always had the mien and attitude of a thinker. Walking he carried his arms behind him, hands clasped and head bowed, preoccupied with his thoughts, and unaware of the presence of others.



Another in characterizing Dr. Worcester wrote: "Down-East Yankee, perfect specimen. He was angular, abrupt, plain-spoken, learned, religious, conscientious."

His contributions to the deliberations of the Academy were marked by their progressive character and many of his ideas and fact-findings were original. He was the first to bring before the Academy microscopical specimens prepared by himself. The first was of lung tissue with tubercular bacillus. Dr. Worcester spoke caustically and none wished to controvert him. He often entered into the discussion of cases reported and his was usually the final word. He accepted a call to the Arkansas State Hospital for the Insane in 1889. On Dec. 27 that year his membership in the Academy was changed to the honorary list. Dr. Worcester died at Danvers, Mass., June 9, 1901 at 56.

#### **DR. WILLIAM EDWARDS**

Dr. William Milan Edwards, born in Peru, Ind., in 1855, was the third superintendent of the State Hospital. He attended Smithson College at Logansport and in 1884 received the degree of M.D. from the University of Michigan. He came immediately to join the hospital staff here and became superintendent in 1891, succeeding Dr. Palmer. Dr. Edwards knew that his heart was disabled, but ignoring it, "he conducted the affairs of the hospital with brilliant success."

Because Dr. Edwards and I were members of the same college fraternity, Phi Kappa Psi, we felt much interested in each other. I greatly admired him. He possessed a suavity and grace that impressed guests with the feeling that their presence conferred constant favor. I noted that he treated the hospital patients with the same distinguished courtesy. He was the typical gentleman of the old school.

#### **ASYLUM GROWS BIGGER**

Dr. Edwards took up the work laid down by Dr. Palmer. Dr. William A. Stone, promoted from the Northern Michigan Asylum, received the appointment of assistant superintendent. The Asylum in the next 15 years maintained a steady growth. Its population increased during that time from 1,000 to 1,700. During Dr. Edwards' administration the colony cottage system was advocated. This system was written up and published by Dr. Edwards and was

quite the vogue for a number of years. Dr. Edwards was a close student of the methods of other institutions in this country and in Europe. He made use of many ideas he thought would be of advantage in his field of work.

On August 11, 1897, Dr. Edwards and Emma A. Merritt were married. On Sept. 4, 1898 there was born a son. He was a frail child and died May 10, 1902 . . . a crushing blow to the parents.

#### **HAD MANY PROBLEMS**

At one time I asked Dr. Edwards concerning a feature of insanity. He laughed and said: "Don't ask me about insanity, for I am studying coal, gas and lights, fuel, electricity, plumbing, water supply, fire protection, farming, dairying and the commissary." I stuck to my question until he answered it. And for the first time, I realized the vast amount of detail the superintendent must face.

At one time during the superintendency of Dr. Edwards it was alleged that a patient was kept at the hospital despite the fact that he was wholly sane. Such episodes do not happen now so often as formerly. The matter got before the State Legislature and three members were sent here to investigate. Dr. Edwards greeted the committee with great courtesy. He asked if the committee wished to examine the patient privately. This the committee desired to do. The patient was kindly ushered in.

#### **FOUND WEAK SPOT**

Come luncheon hour: Dr. Edwards invited the committee to the dining room. The committee could hardly wait to tell Dr. Edwards that the patient appeared to be a very well informed and level headed man. Dr. Edwards told them that their first impression was correct, but asked if they had discussed religion.

The committee meeting with the patient after lunch, brought up the subject of religion. The change in the patient was very spectacular. He leaped to his feet, face and body contorted and he wildly shouted that he, himself, was Jesus Christ, arisen from the dead, come to judge the world. The committee hastened to agree that the man was just where he should be . . . in a hospital for the insane. Congratulated by the committee, Dr. Edwards bowed the gentlemen out

with the same distinguished manner in which he had received them.

On April 11, 1905, Dr. Edwards was under treatment at the University Hospital and died there April 26. Mrs. Edwards at this date has just completed 25 years of teaching in the schools of Kalamazoo.

#### **DR. ALFRED I. NOBLE**

Dr. Alfred I. Noble was formerly assistant in the Worcester, Mass., State Hospital. He was a man of "high ideals, possessed a wealth of tact, diplomacy and genuineness." He was a New England product, tall, erect, handsome, impeccable in dress and demeanor. He died after a brief period of service, leaving upon the institution an impress of dignity, poise and punctilious performance of duty.

Dr. Noble arrived at the Asylum Dec. 29, 1905. He was instrumental in abolishing all restraint at the hospital. He was extremely interested in the study of mental disease from the standpoint of pathology. He was instrumental in erecting a special building which has since been used as a laboratory. He also placed in charge of the laboratory, a doctor skilled in pathology.

#### **BROUGHT 8-HOUR DAY**

Dr. Noble was interested in the welfare of employes and was the first to advocate an eight-hour day for nurses and attendants. During his term, funds were obtained from the Legislature which made possible the eight-hour schedules. The shorter hours were abolished a few years later, however, because the Legislature failed to provide the funds.

This former superintendent was born in Massachusetts in 1856. He was stricken suddenly just after attending a conference in Pontiac. He had started his return journey to Kalamazoo but went to the Hotel Tuller in Detroit where he died Jan. 20, 1916.

#### **DR. HERMAN OSTRANDER**

Dr. Herman Ostrander was born in Ypsilanti, Mich., July 6, 1856. He was graduated from the medical department of the University of Michigan, 1884, and for four years practiced in Lansing, serving the last three of these years as physician to the State Industrial School for Boys.

In 1888 Dr. Ostrander came to the Kalamazoo State Hospital. He was married to Miss Jessie M. Strickland and to them was born a daughter, Jessie. She is a grad-

uate of the University of Michigan and later won the degree of A.M. at Columbia University. At San Diego, Calif., she is doing consultations in child psychology.

Dr. Ostrander had rare tact; the happy faculty of never doing the wrong thing at the right time or the right thing at the wrong time, but always the right thing at the right time. Thus he was a good man to manage and direct an institution and a good man to trust in an emergency. He attracted all who came under the charm of his personality.

#### WEDS SECOND TIME

For several years Dr. Ostrander had been a widower. On Jan. 10, 1894 he married Miss Annie A. Powell of Peoria, Ill. Mrs. Ostrander died June 23, 1928. Dr. Ostrander's forbears came from England to America in 1635. A brother, Russell C. Ostrander, was a member of the supreme court of Michigan.

Upon the death of Dr. Noble in 1916, Dr. Ostrander was appointed superintendent. His greatest achievement was the building up of an occupational therapy department which is second to none in the United States. Dr. Ostrander served as president of the Academy of Medicine in 1903 and was also president of the Michigan State Medical Association. By reason of failing health he became emeritus superintendent Jan. 1, 1930 and was succeeded by Dr. Roy A. Morter. Dr. Ostrander died in Florida, March 21, 1932.

#### DR. WILLIAM A STONE

Dr. William Addison Stone, psychiatrist and alienist, specialist in nerve disease, was the eldest son of William Augustus Stone and Caroline Lamb Stone. He was born Dec. 15, 1862 on his father's farm near Washington, Macomb County, Michigan. Dr. Stone traced his family back through a line of soldiers in the Revolution, King Philip's War and the French and Indian Wars to the arrival of John Clark Stone and their five children, who came from London, England, in 1635. He could further trace his ancestry back to Symond Stone, Essexshire, England, 1506.

Dr. Stone attended the public schools and Romeo high school

and in 1885 was graduated at the University of Michigan. He practiced a year with an uncle, Dr. Addison Stone, who was a surgeon with Custer's Cavalry Brigade, and was then appointed junior physician at the Traverse City Hospital. There he and Dr. Chad-dock made the first English translation of Krafft-Ebing's "Psychopathia Sexualis." In 1891 Dr. Stone became assistant superintendent of the Kalamazoo State Hospital. He organized Brook Farm, where trustees who had lived on farms could help raise the fine herds of cattle and much food for the hospital. Due to his initiative, Colony Farm, out Osh-temo way, was organized for both men and women patients.

#### WEDS A PHYSICIAN

On June 20, 1898, Dr. Stone was united in marriage to Harriette Osborn McCalmont, M.D., who was also a member of the State Hospital staff. In 1910, Dr. Stone resigned his hospital connection and was active in consultation in diseases of the nervous system and general psychiatry. During the World War he was active in helping to organize and assist the government in raising an army. Throughout he was a member of the medical advisory board for the selective draft service. Myself a member of a selective draft board and having knowledge of all the labors incident to raising an army, I will attest that Dr. Stone was more active, effective and able than any other officer in Southwestern Michigan.

Every officer in our local service did his duty with enthusiasm and patriotically. But Stone was so willing and able and eager that the rest of the corps felt that it was for the good of the service that he be given full rein. To the service he gave his full time. Mrs. Dr. Stone was not less active and patriotic. Their home was open day and night: food, clothing, money, father and mother, good advice and love . . . anything a soldier boy had need of.

#### ACTED WITH EXACTNESS

In his mental processes, Dr. Stone acted with mathematical exactness. No whim or conceit, predilection or sympathy or dread

prevented him from his conclusion in pure reason. I said on many occasions that I never saw Dr. Stone make a mistake in diagnosis, in judgment. Men often view things through their emotions, their whims, their prejudices, their heredities, their appetites. If their blood is hot, they see red; if their bile is pent they see yellow; if their phlegm is like unto that of the alligator, it takes all day for their unwinking eyes to dimly see what they are looking at. Few are they who see things as they verily exist . . . but such was the clear vision, such the pure reason of Dr. Stone.

He was consulted by courts and judges in medico legal questions. His advice was sought and accepted by State executives in matters of hospital management and betterment.

#### RECORD OF MRS. STONE

Harriette Osborn McCalmont was born in Franklin, Pa., Jan. 13, 1867. Her father was Samuel Plumer McCalmont. Her mother was Harriette Osborn, a sister of my mother. Mr. McCalmont was a forty-niner to California, a lawyer and largely interested in the Pennsylvania oil fields. In the Republican National Convention of 1860 he was active in swinging the vote of Pennsylvania and the nomination to Abraham Lincoln.

In the exciting days just before Civil War, the flag of the Stripes and Stars had been torn down. McCalmont hung out a flag in front of his office and let it be known that anyone who tore it down would be shot on sight.

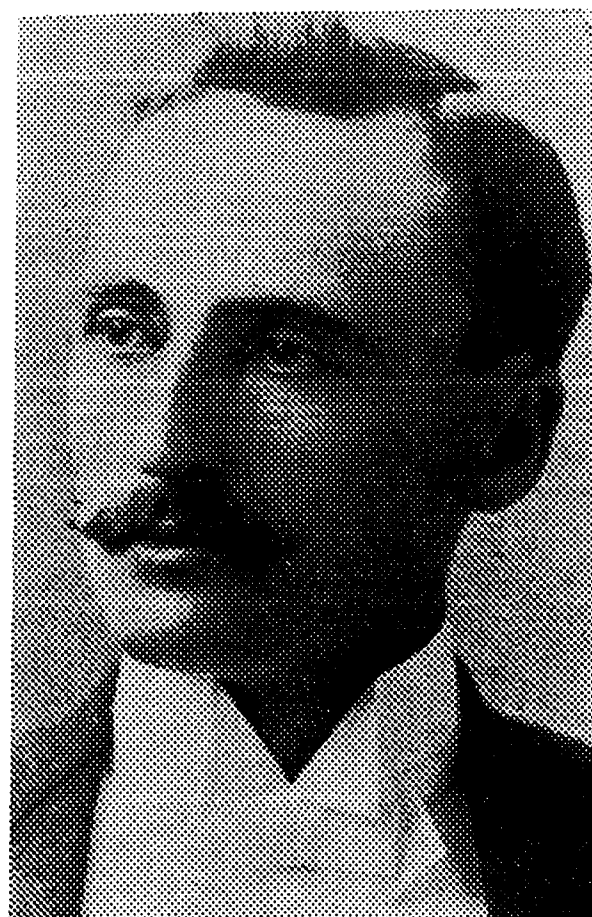
Harriette McCalmont was a graduate of the Women's Medical College at Philadelphia in 1890. For several years she gave gratuitous service in the Boston Dispensary. She was a member of the staff of the Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane at Warren two years and joined the staff here in 1896.

Dr. W. A. Stone died Feb. 24, 1924 and Mrs. Stone March 8, 1931. They are survived by a son, William Addison Stone, Kalamazoo architect, and a daughter, Mrs. Helen Stone McColl.

Dr. Harry Benj. Southworth  
 Dr. James E. Maxwell  
 Dr. Matilda L. Towsley  
 Dr. Priscilla Adell Pierce  
 Dr. Milton Chase  
 Dr. Leander Peter Fernandez  
 Dr. Frederick Shillito



DR. B. H. SOUTHWORTH



DR. JAMES E. MAXWELL

In my first reminiscence I wrote: "It has been in many ways a pleasure to live over again the days of half a century ago. To me, the sole survivor of that time, has fallen the privilege of bringing before you the doctors of 1887, that I may display to you a unique and precious rosary. I count each bead unto the end . . . to each a cross is hung . . . and from the years I hear the tolling of a bell."

With today's reminiscence, I have written of six and twenty of the original members of the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine and 30 later members.

I feel a pride and inspiration that I have lived some of my years with these devoted men, but my heart heavily feels the stroke of the tolling bells, sadly feels the vibrations of the funeral bells.

#### TRACES CHARACTERISTICS

I wrote: "Each doctor had his own characteristics and these were accentuated by his long, solitary companionship with himself. In the long horse-drawn rides by day and night he thought out and set in order his own theories of disease and chose his remedies."

In that time the whole relationship lay between the doctor and the patient. Now the relationship between the doctor and his patient is vastly different. Let me explain!

The automobile, heated to parlor warmth in winter, paved highways, snowcleared, electric-lighted roads, turning night driving into that of day, have redeemed the doctor from the wilderness. Laboratories making for the doctor a multitude of researches, with retort, microscope and X-ray; the electric cardiograms traced by the heart itself; the electric cautery knife that cuts deeply but draws no blood; the mechanisms that measure the metabolism of cells of the body . . . all these, and more, are arrayed to the doctor's aid.

#### YEARS OF PROGRESS

In no thousand years of history has the medical profession so much personally benefitted as in these last 50 years. What was before, in the way of comfort for the doctor,

is almost as "One with Nineveh and Tyre."

The old personal confidence, trust and affection that the patient had for the doctor of 50 years ago, is gone. The patient's confidence, trust and love must now be apportioned among the doctor and his robots. Now the patient may have more trust, confidence and affection for the X-ray machine than for his doctor. I am not sure that the doctors of 50 years ago would give up the mutual trust, obligation and affection that in-



**DR. MATILDA TOWSLEY**



**DR. DELLA PIERCE**

terbound themselves and their patients for all the benefits that this day could bring them, for theirs was a relation neither for barter nor for sale.

**DR. BENJAMIN SOUTHWORTH**

Dr. Harry Benjamin Southworth was born on a farm near Reading, Mich., Nov. 1, 1878 and died Jan. 3, 1924. He was the son of Leander and Emily Southworth. Graduated from the Reading high school in 1894, he then attended Alma College for a year, after which he enlisted in the Spanish-American war. He was stricken with typhoid fever, which was the primary cause of his death and of invalidism his last four years.

In 1899 Southworth entered the medical department of the University of Michigan, but was graduated in medicine at Rush Medical College, Chicago. At Ann Arbor he was a member of Fielding H. Yost's first winning football team . . . the squad called the "point-a-minute" eleven.

**PRACTICES AT SCHOOLCRAFT**

Dr. Southworth began practicing at Schoolcraft Aug. 11, 1903. On June 14, 1905 he was united in marriage to Kathryn Nesbitt.

The doctor always appeared young by reason of his gaiety, good fellowship and fondness for sports. Everybody liked him, respected and trusted him and felt great confidence in his medical skill. To Dr. and Mrs. Southworth were born two sons and two daughters.

Mrs. Southworth is living at Schoolcraft where the doctor-son, Maynard, carries on his father's good name and service.

Dr. James Edward Maxwell, son of James E. Maxwell, Sr., and Mary Conway, was born at Decatur, Mich., Nov. 22, 1864. He was graduated at the University of Michigan school of medicine in 1892. The same year he began the practice of medicine at Decatur where he practiced until his death, June 11, 1933.

He had a decade or more of horse and buggy and sleigh, village and country practice in an extensive territory. Aside from his professional work he became an extensive grower of mint and celery.

Dr. Maxwell was an active member of the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine and its president in 1914.

At Dr. Maxwell's funeral I noted: Doctors Adams, Balch, Barnabee, DeWitt and Koestner of Kalamazoo; McNabb, Lawrence; Young, Lawton; his brother, J. C. Maxwell, Paw Paw; his nephew, James H. Maxwell, Ann Arbor; George W. Mahoney, who began his practice in Decatur and who is now an eminent specialist in diseases of the eye, Chicago; Dalton K. Rose, member of the staff of Washington University, St. Louis, Mo., son of the late Dr. Gilbert L. Rose of Decatur. And this shows that those who knew him longest and best, loved him the most.

**DR. MATILDA TOWSLEY**

Matilda L. Towsley was born in Niagara County, New York, on a farm, Feb. 12, 1831, the daughter of Wealtha Dean and William Towsley. She was educated at the academy in Lewiston, N. Y., graduated from Milton College, Milton, Wis., in 1860 and from the Women's Medical College, Philadelphia, in 1869. For a time Miss Towsley taught school in Wisconsin and after her graduation in medicine, she did hospital work in New York and Boston.

Dr. Towsley came to Kalamazoo late in 1869 and practiced here until 1905. During these years she resided at 809 South Rose street, and continued this as her home until her death April 2, 1915. She was one of the incorporators of the Academy of Medicine and was a constant attendant. Her practice was mainly devoted to the treatment of children.

**DR. DELLA PIERCE**

Dr. Priscilla Adell Pierce was born Feb. 13, 1854 at Grandby, Oswego County, N. Y., the daughter of Jonathan and Celista Burnham Pierce. She attended Fallay Seminary, Fulton, N. Y. Miss Pierce then taught school in Mt. Pleasant and Muskegon, Mich. In 1877 she was graduated at Albion College and from the medical department of the University of Michigan in 1890. She organized the Training School of the Woman's Hospital, Saginaw, in 1891 and began her practice of medicine in Kalamazoo in 1893. She was very active, particularly in the treatment of women and children. It was a wonder to the doctors that so small a woman could do so much work.

At one time there was a meeting to raise funds for the Bronson hospital. In making a pep speech, Dr. J. W. Bosman said . . . "and here is little Dr. Della Pierce with a subscription of \$250. If it were all in silver dollars and piled one on top of another, it would make a column taller than herself." Dr. Pierce was active in the Academy and all organizations for the upbuilding of the community. She was fond of classical literature and gifted in versification. She died May 9, 1935 at 81.

**DR. MILTON CHASE**

Dr. Milton Chase was born in Monroe County, Mich., Sept. 1, 1831. He received his primary education at Ceresco, Wis. His father had donated the land on which to erect Brockaway College and in that institution young Chase took a course of study. He entered the

medical department of the University of Michigan in 1858 and was graduated in 1861.

In an earlier reminiscence I spoke of Dr. Chase. He was an original, following out his own ideas. This is shown in that during the August following his graduation in medicine, he entered as a private in Co. A, 6th Michigan Infantry, under Col. F. W. Curtenius of Kalamazoo. He served only one day's duty as a private, for he was discovered by the Colonel and on arrival in Baltimore he was appointed assistant surgeon of the regiment and continued in the service until Aug. 8, 1864. His regiment was on duty in New Orleans after its capture.

#### **PRACTICED IN KALAMAZOO**

Dr. Chase was married to Miss Elizabeth P. More of Ypsilanti in January, 1865. He practiced medicine in Kalamazoo two years, then moved to Otsego, Mich., which city he thought had a greater future. He practiced there for 50 years, served as justice of the peace for seven years and was for many years health officer, holding this post when 80 years of age. He was active, too, as a member of the Michigan Board of Health. And just to show how it should be done, he served a term as fire chief and another as village marshal.

Dr. Chase died in May, 1924 in New York. He was a member of the Allegan County Pension Examining Board, the GAR and the Loyal Legion. He was an incorporator of the Academy of Medicine. This physician was of distinguished appearance, an unusually eloquent speaker and he had a rich treasure of medical lore and general knowledge.

#### **DOCTOR FERNANDEZ**

Dr. Leander Peter Fernandez was born in Boston, Feb. 27, 1871, the son of Manuel and Margaret Wood Fernandez. He was a graduate of Harvard and took his medical degree in 1896 from the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore. Fernandez had been on the stage and had won a promising dramatic future. He was a friend and fellow actor with David Warfield, who made "The Music Master."

At Woonsocket, R. I., Fernandez was playing the role of Romeo in a modified "Romeo and Juliet." Our Romeo was on a high balcony pleading with Juliet who stood on the stage below. Romeo threw himself far forward in a passionate appeal and the balcony gave



**DR. FREDERICK SHILLITO**



**DR. L. P. FERNANDEZ**

way, crashing to the floor and barely missing Juliet. The thundering applause of the audience had no charm for Romeo. He crawled out of the wreckage, packed up his belongings and bought a ticket on the first train for New York. This ended his dramatic career.

#### **CAME HERE IN 1897**

Dr. Fernandez came to Kalamazoo in 1897. Some of the public thought him too gay, careless and carefree. It was only the doctors who knew him for what he was: learned and of excellent judgment. His stage career had developed in him a quick and retentive memory. To a friend his devotion was without limit. He was a wonderful entertainer and story-teller, in imitations, in recitations of poetry and prose, in repartee and invention of situations.

Fernandez was very patriotic. When the Spanish-American war broke out he tried to get into military service. A few patriots of the moron type were suspicious of his loyalty. They did not know that several high officers of the American Navy bore the name of Fernandez and that the great Farragut himself was of Spanish ancestry.

#### **MARRIES IN KALAMAZOO**

Dr. Fernandez and Miss Katherine Waterbury were married in Kalamazoo Dec. 25, 1901. Dr. Fernandez practiced in Eau Claire, Berrien County, from 1912 to 1916. He volunteered for the World war

and was commissioned as assistant surgeon in August, 1917. Dr. Fernandez was stationed at Camp Dix and Camp Benjamin Harrison. Following the war, he was on the staff of the American Legion hospital, Camp Custer, September, 1923 until June, 1927. This was just the place to add lung trouble to an old stomach lesion.

This physician died March 24, 1928. Mrs. Fernandez is still living at Manitou Beach, Mich.

#### **DOCTOR SHILLITO**

Dr. Frederick Shillito was born April 25, 1857 at Espyville, Pa. In 1880 he received the degree of A. B. from Allegheny College and later took his Master of Arts degree from the same college. He received his M. D. from the Kentucky School of Medicine in 1882 and from Rush Medical College in 1890. Beginning in 1880, he practiced a year at Mattawan and then moved to Marcellus where he practiced until coming to Kalamazoo in 1902.

In looking up the record, I find that Dr. Shillito was one of the earliest members of the Academy of Medicine. And that he was also a member of the Kalamazoo Medical Association, predecessor of the Academy. Twenty years of his practice was in what now seems a mythical age . . . the horse and buggy, no hospitals, no telephones, no nurses, no laboratories.

One time Dr. Shillito was speak-

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ing of those hard years and told how when his team of roadsters was exhausted, he gave each horse a box stall for a week or two of rest. Then Dr. Donald Osborne broke in and said the horses had been so long under motion that they stood in the stalls automatically cantering up and down all night. And Dr. Osborne got to his feet and showed just how the horses did it. Shillito said: "Look at the damp-fool," but he joined in the laugh at his expense.

But Shillito could lighten his hours by making a little comic reference. He was apt to quote the wit of the witless Mrs. Malaprop of Sheridan's "Rivals." Shillito would say: "You go ahead and I will precede you!" One of his characteristics was his steadiness and imperturbability. In great crises panic-stricken, but steadily and confidently commanded all the resources of his art.

To a world of woe and suffering he showed a placid and a benign face. To words of discouragement and despair, he replied with expressions of hopefulness and a stern call to courage. In the 34 years I knew Dr. Shillito, I noted that his devotion to his profession never grew less nor faltered.

Dr. Shillito died Jan. 7, 1929. The day before, he was vigorously active and for this day, before the dawn of which death came, he had planned major surgical and medical service. In 1915 Dr. Shillito was president of the Academy of Medicine. He was also past president of the Tri-State Medical society. Mrs. Shillito is living in the Kalamazoo home. The daughter, Margaret A. Reeves is in South Orange, N. J., and the son, Dr. Fred H. Shillito is in New York City.

asked if she gave a reason. They said the nurse complained that I exposed the patient and she would stand for none of that. I told them to tell the nurse that I said "Please, she must come, that she must tell me what I should do," and then I added, that I liked her work very much.

#### OLD NURSE RELENTS

The nurse relented, came and I explained to her the reasons of my conduct. We gradually built a friendship. I respected and liked her very much. She was neat and painstaking and masterly and as time went on she accepted my suggestions and allowed no one to criticize me. This nurse was along in years, her face, pale and wrinkled, but she had a high forehead, a well-shaped head and eyes of violet blue. When as a colleen she bade old Ireland good-bye, she must have been a beautiful woman. We met at births many times.

Whenever I came to a new family and found her there I felt at ease that we would carry through successfully.

The years came and went, and I realized the old nurse was wearying. I did my best to lighten her work and responsibilities. She was working her heart out for a pittance, for she had need to earn. I was saddened to note that her hands were thinning and trembling, that her big, blue, beautiful eyes were dimming.

#### NO LONGER ABLE TO WORK

I missed her for quite a while then she called on me to say that she was no longer able to carry on. I tried to think up something that I might do for her.

Next I heard that she was very ill. I called to see her. She lay on a little cot. I held her hand, with my finger on her poor, weak, fluttering pulse. We talked of the hours we had served together and laughed over some of our experiences: experiences that only doctors and doctors and doctors and nurses may talk about. Then we remembered the babies who had died: the dear beautiful little angel waifs so soon to go back to heaven, leaving us to sigh and the mother and father to weep and long mourn.

As I watched I saw her heart showed weariness. I arose to go. I pressed her hands good-bye. I had almost reached the door and she called to me: "I will be lookin' for you in heaven, docthur!"

I stopped, turned and went back and leaning over her: "May I kiss you on your forehead, dear?" I said.

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## The Faithful Nurse

Up to the time when the hospital was founded here, all child births were in homes. And even after the hospitals were opened people were slow to avail themselves of such benefit. And it is only in comparatively recent years that the maternity rooms of the hospitals have become appreciated for what they are.

The home birth service was the most exacting and exhaustive of the doctor's work. A birth seance lasting from one to three days meant the loss of much sleep to the doctor and a test of his physique and morale. Often the doctor had to do the work that nurses now would do, and often did the complicated surgical repairs with few or none of the aids that now seem indispensable.

I feel that in medical reminiscences of 50 years ago, the good faithful nurse should not be forgotten. There were a number to whom I wish I could pay the honor that they so richly deserve. I will tell you of but one and in honoring her, honor all. I select this nurse because she was the first with whom I came in contact.

I had been in practice but a few weeks when a man came hurrying about town looking for a doctor. He found none available at the moment but myself. I hurried to

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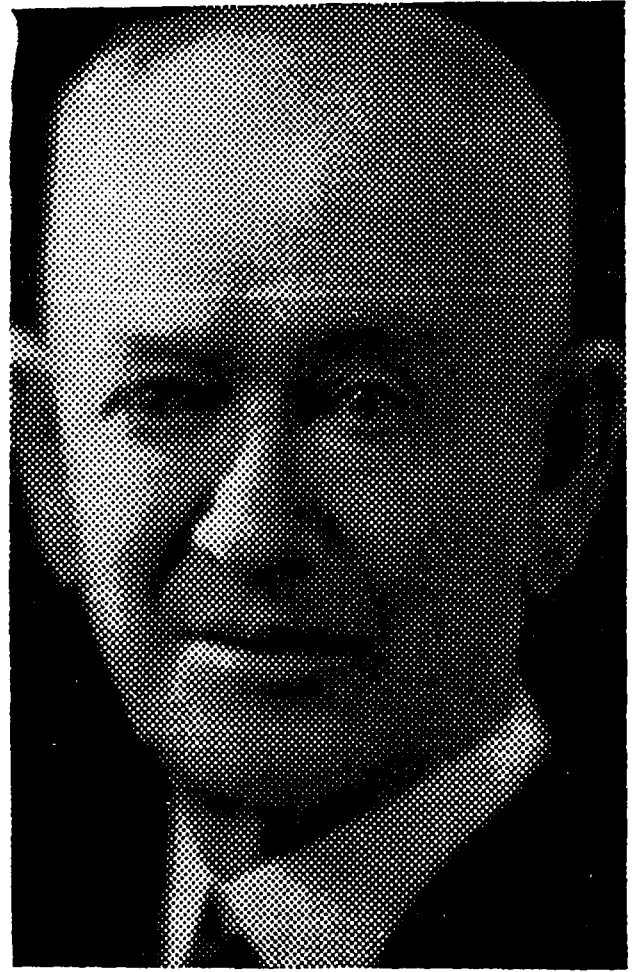
the home and as I entered the front door, I saw a woman, with a quick glance and a toss of her head disappear out of the back door. The baby had arrived and was partly dressed. The mother was in a bed in the living room. The string that had been tied around the birth cord was also tied to her thigh, I asked why this tying, the answer was that the cord was tied to the mother's thigh so that it could not slip back whence it came and cause the mother's death.

#### 'BEARDLESS BOY' CAME

I finished the attendance and got away in a satisfied way. In the afternoon the man of the house, the original messenger, came to the office laughing and said: "What do you think the nurse said about you? She said: 'I had everything attended to and I know my business, but you would have a doctor. And who came but a beardless boy!' So I, I left the house." In the two after calls I tried to propitiate the nurse, but she preserved a cold and haughty dignity.

The next I heard from the nurse was from a family who had engaged me to attend a childbirth, and that the nurse said she would not come if I were to be there. I

Dr. Nelson Leighton  
 Dr. Bruce Leighton  
 Dr. Simeon Belknap  
 Dr. Fred R. Belknap  
 Dr. Gilbert L. Rose  
 Dr. Ezra C. Plamer



DR. NELSON LEIGHTON

Fifty years ago the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine drew its membership from a larger territory than now: Allegan, Prairieville, Battle Creek, Three Rivers, Marcellus and South Haven were the limits.

Today I write of Dr. Nelson E. Leighton who came the 33 miles from Hopkins, though Grand Rapids was seven miles nearer to him; of his son Dr. Bruce R. Leighton; Dr. Simeon Belknap, who came the 50 miles from Niles, and his son, Dr. Fred R. Belknap. And fresh in my memory are the personalities of Dr. Ezra C. Palmer, of Hartford, and Dr. Gilbert L. Rose, of Decatur.

These memberships were tributes to the high reputation, the valor and the virtues of the old members of the Academy.

**NATIVE OF NEW YORK**

Dr. Nelson E. Leighton was born in Sodus, N. Y., March 2, 1848 and died at his home in Hopkins, June 30, 1930. He received his higher schooling in the Sodus Academy and then taught school for 10 years. He attended the University of Michigan but received his medical degree from the Long Island Medical School and Hospital in 1881. Still later, he took postgraduate work at Rush Medical College.

In October, 1878, he was married to Miss Frances Butler in Kalamazoo. His half century of medicine was spent in Allegan County and half of his years was of the horse and buggy and sleigh days and all in country practice. He was a church communicant; for 22 years a member of the Allegan U. S. Pension Examining board; held a high degree in Masonry and became a member of the Academy in 1885.

Dr. Leighton was active, alert, more often than not bearing a smile on his face. He also appeared intent of purpose, having no time to waste. In 1920 Dr. and Mrs. Leighton were called upon to bear the supreme affliction in the death of their doctor son, Bruce R. Leighton. Twice in later years I met Dr. Leighton. The old smile, good cheer and intent of purpose were gone from his face. In their stead were pallor, sadness and grim determination. The golden wedding anniversary of Dr. and Mrs. Leighton was formally celebrated by the whole community.

**SON BORN IN HOPKINS**

Dr. Bruce R. Leighton was born in Hopkins, March 23, 1883. He was graduated at Kalamazoo College and received his medical degree from Western Reserve Medical School in 1912. Dr. Leighton began the practice of medicine in Kalamazoo and for a term was city health officer here. On May 10, 1919 he was married to Miss Marian E. Ranney, daughter of Dr. Orlo B. Ranney and a granddaughter of Dr. William B. Southard.

This local physician was of a sunny disposition and very popular with his young contemporaries. He was, perhaps out of reverence for



DR. BRUCE LEIGHTON

his doctor father, very deferential to the older doctors. Thus all doctors mourned the loss of this cultured gentleman, when death so untimely took him from us Jan. 24, 1920.

**ABLE NILES DOCTOR**

Dr. Simeon Belknap, an incorporator of the Academy and president of the Academy in 1896, was constant in his attendance at all meetings. He was a doctor's doctor. All the profession naturally



**DR. SIMEON BELKNAP**



**DR. FRED R. BELKNAP**

took to him and were very proud to be associated with him. I never met him when he was not intensely studying some problem of medicine. He was a resident of Niles for 36 years and his primacy was accepted by all his fellows in Berrien County. I met him many times at Academy meetings and always listened carefully. All members felt complimented when they met with Dr. Belknap's approval.

Dr. Belknap was born Oct. 16, 1837 at Barnard, Vt., of an ancestry of Puritans. In 1861 he married Miss Addie Rice, whose father was superintendent of schools in Cincinnati. Belknap's early education was received at the Royalton (Vt.) Academy and he was graduated at Castleton Medical College. He practiced in Vermont until 1872 when he came to Niles. For 11 years he was a partner of Dr. E. J. Bonine. Then he and his son, Dr. Fred R. Belknap practiced together. For 34 years Dr. Simeon Belknap was a member of the U. S. Pension Examining board and also surgeon for the Michigan Central railroad. On July 14, 1908, at three score years and ten and one, this great man died.

#### **ANOTHER DOCTOR SON**

Dr. Fred Rice Belknap was born in Rochester, Vt., Nov. 27, 1862. At the age of 10 he came with his parents to Niles. From Norwich University at Northfield, Vt., he received the degree of bachelor of science. After two years at the University of Michigan he went to

Bellevue Hospital and Medical College from which he received his degree in medicine. He took special courses at the University of Berlin and in the London School of Gynecology.

Dr. Fred Belknap was also a member of the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine. He was appointed a member of the Michigan Board of Health in 1897 and served six years. Dr. Oliver A. LaCrone and Belknap were chums in student days and when they met at sessions of the Academy they closely fraternized. In April, 1902, Dr. Belknap moved from Niles to Benton Harbor where he practiced until 1922, when ill health forced him to retire. He passed away March 5, 1932.

#### **DR. EZRA C. PALMER**

Dr. Ezra C. Palmer was not a pretty-pretty. He was a little forward bent and got over the ground with a mincing and a shuffle. His hair was blond with a curl at the tips and thinning on his crown. His nose was tipped spherically. His lips were thick and he spoke none too distinctly.

But who looked into his eyes saw the benevolence, the kindness and the charity, fell under a certain hypnotism of which Dr. Palmer himself was unaware. His voice, too, spoke benevolence, kindness and charity. And there was a quality in it, a timbre of old primitive folk song, never written, that made one's breath go tense, the heart throb and the blood beat in

the temples. I never met another who had such affection for every one of his medical brethren. He took every doctor to his heart and gave him his confidence, his loyalty and his whole devotion.

#### **MEETS TRAGIC END**

The years went by and there came a request that I visit Dr. Palmer. When I arrived Dr. Palmer lay in bed. In a front room in consultation were Dr. George Carnes of South Haven, and Dr. O. M. Vaughan of Covert. They told me that the doctor had developed a form of Bright's disease and that they felt there could be but one termination.

After a visit with the doctor I came away much depressed. I made two other visits within the next few weeks. Dr. Palmer asked "Do you think Dr. Harris Burnet Osborne would come and see me?" I answered that the doctor would wish to come and that I would bring him down.

I will never forget the scene when Dr. Osborne came into the room. Palmer roused himself from his beginning coma, raised his head and shoulders upon pillows, grasped Dr. Osborne's hands in both of his and clung to them through the whole visit. Both doctors were under much emotion. Finally, said Dr. Palmer, "Dr. Osborne, do you remember the comparison that Dr. Rose made at that autopsy over in Keeler township?" In recollection, both doctors laughed until tears ran down their faces. I, too, was profoundly moved and did not withhold all my tears. The dying doctor . . . death for him only a few weeks away . . . and his old friend, two men of nobility and purity, moved to laughter over the wit of a ribald joke . . . so human, so very human, so wholly lovable and so natural.

#### **LANGUAGE OF DOCTORS**

Let it be remembered that doctors have a language all their own. It is spoken by no other people. Sometimes in this language things are said which may not be translated. The older doctors spoke this language more classically than the moderns. And, alas, this language is now almost one with Nineveh and Troy.

Smut is like ambergris. Ambergris, a foul appearing, malodorous mass ejected from the intestinal tract of the whale, is found floating on the sea or cast up on the shore. It is worth from \$20 to \$100 a pound, for the wee-est bit of it is the spirit of the most exquisite perfume. And ninety-nine parts of wit added to one part of smut



makes a combination unexcelled in all literature.

In his Gettysburg address, Abraham Lincoln spoke in the language of the heavenly spheres, but in his pleas to a jury or in a political appeal to the men of Illinois, he often, and in the best of taste, made use of ambergris. And long after the grateful odor had left their nostrils, the great truth that Lincoln had uttered was graven on their souls.

Dr. Ezra C. Palmer was born in New York state, the son of Henry R. and Margaret Plantz Palmer. He died at Hartford, Mich. Sept. 17, 1909 at the age of 59.

#### DR. GILBERT L. ROSE

He who looked upon the portrait of Dr. Gilbert L. Rose does not need to be told that here is a great man . . . the noble and thoughtfully poised head; the keenness and kindness of his eyes; the fine features on his face, as if chiseled in Parian marble; the deep vision of his gaze; the giant shoulders, fit to carry the woes and tribulations of a world.

Dr. Rose was born in LaPorte County, Indiana, July 21, 1853. He attended the LaPorte public schools and at 17 entered the medical department of the University of Michigan. In 1874 he was graduated at the Cincinnati College of Medicine.

On Aug. 1, 1876, Dr. Rose and Mary E. Kelly were married. There were born two sons, Max Donald, a business executive in New York City, and Dalton Keats, member of the faculty, Washington University, St. Louis, Mo. From 1888, for four years, Dr. Rose was associated in practice with Dr. George W. Mahoney, now professor of ophthalmology, Loyola University.

#### HORSE AND BUGGY ERA

Dr. Rose's practice was all in the horse and buggy era. On Jan. 5, 1907, after 33 years of the severest stress and storm, the deep roots of his life were torn from the earth and his great form crashed to the ground. Dr. Rose's funeral was held in the town hall of Decatur. All the forenoon, old friends of county and town filed through to gaze and the time was all too brief for all who came.

I heard Dr. Reuben Peterson,



DR. EZRA C. PALMER



DR. GILBERT L. ROSE

member of the faculty of the University of Michigan, pronounce an eloquent tribute on his dear friend and brother doctor . . . "and were everyone for whom he did some loving kindness, to bring a blossom to his grave, he would sleep tonight 'neath a wilderness of flowers."

#### RECALLS NIGHT RIDE

Dr. George E. King of Mattawan recalled a ride he took with Dr. Rose. The two doctors spent the night far out in the country at the bedside of a man on the verge of death. Midforenoon, a hot day in midsummer, the two doctors were dozing as the horse chose the homeward road. A front wheel ran into a "pitch" hole throwing the two doctors forward. The front axle broke and the two doctors found themselves under the heels of the horse.

King scrambled out and sat on a rock, while Rose, as soon as he could catch his breath, proceeded

to express himself. It is said that the wrath of a good man is the most terrible. Rose burned up the horse, the buggy, the road and even the dust and ruts, night work of doctors, the whole doctoring business, cursed the day he was born and that he should be condemned to set the affairs of this lost, vermin-infested world aright. King said he laughed almost to exhaustion.

General Horace Porter tells of General U. S. Grant who, during the two days of horror in the Wilderness, gave orders, as always, in a calm quiet voice, but when the army was on the march to the slaughter of Spotsylvania and Grant saw a teamster beating a horse over the head with a whiffletree, lost all control and tore loose with such a lurid cursing that the astounded staff forgot to record it.

Thus was a classic lost to literature. Thus, likewise, was lost the classic of Dr. Rose.

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# Death of the Wicked

## Red Light District

### First Baptism

During my earliest days in medicine, I had a wish to see how the wicked died. I had been taught, believed and had actually viewed pictures of the scene: how when the wicked were dying, they were horror-stricken, fought to their utmost, to their last gasp against death. And when their dying eyes beheld Satan pitchforking sinners into hell, they wept and writhed and screamed.

In my elementary school days there was a boy who was a wonderful declaimer. He recited "The Death of Benedict Arnold," who, when, as the declamation went, saw himself about to be hurled into that hottest of hells to which traitors are condemned, cringed and fought, his tortured body giving every expression of agony. He saw Washington and his Continentals, the soldiers he had led when he crushed Burgoyne, leering and pointing the finger of scorn upon him. The scene came to me at night in the horror of dreams.

#### RECALLS LOCAL DEATH

An old man came back to Kalamazoo to die. Here he was born and spent his earliest years. I was told that he had been very bad; a criminal with many years in jail; that he had performed almost every wicked act not excepting murder, and now, old and enfeebled he, with the strange instinct akin to that of some fish or animals, came back to the place of his birth to die.

In size he was below average. He was furtive and a little dazed. He spoke softly and was not at all intrusive. He appeared always going somewhere . . . nowhere in particular . . . anywhere! He appeared harmless and uttered no word of evil. He was weak and childish. Distant relatives themselves in straightened circumstances, gave him food and shelter.

#### COMES TO FINAL HOUR

I saw him in his last hour. There was no expression of regret or fear; no expression of wish for forgiveness, no plea for mercy, no drama. He lay on a little cot, none too clean. He mumbled a little and tried to turn his body to find ease. I listened and watched his lips intently to catch any dying word.

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From his lips something less than a faint whisper came. I was wishing that he would, be it ever so faintly, lisp "Mother!" "Christ" even as the story books would write it. I was disappointed.

Any consciousness quickly and wholly left him. His mouth fell open, his upper plate of teeth dropped. The slightest gasp and he was, as we say, dead. From this demonstration, I was persuaded that his death was only a physical and not a spiritual parting. I had the feeling that his soul, spirit, ghost, had departed from him long ago.

\* \* \*

I am wondering why, at this moment, there intrudes to my vision the figure of the playing boy who hurls to the floor his full strung top and, with animating string in hand, watches and listens to the whirling whirring toy till it slows, drunkenly reels and falls, silent, quiet and inert, all mechanical and axiomatic.

\* \* \*

#### FIRST BABY ARRIVES

My first case of childbirth was May 6, 1887. The parents, Mr. and Mrs. Woodward, colored, lived in Seminary street. It was also their first baby. The little home was neat and in very good taste. The young woman was neat and comely and the young man conducted himself to win my respect. I noted he had lost one hand at the wrist. On departing, I was handed \$2, which I honestly thought I had earned.

In the doctoring business there

is always pain after pleasure, disaster after triumph. And three weeks later a maiden on the third floor of the Michigan Female Seminary just across the street on the hill, very early in the morning heard a noise at her window. She sat up in bed to look and a dark face arose above the window sill. Out of bed she jumped screaming, out of the door and down the hall.

The alarm was sounded and the caretaker seized the papa of my first baby for, with but one hand, he was very slow in making the descent. Lotharios later told me that the descent from this rendezvous was much more difficult than the ascent.

Well, the law is the law, and every conviction and punishment is another notch on the officers' gun. So the colored boy was put behind a stone wall he couldn't climb for a plenty long time. And the poor little mother gave up the home and with the baby in her arms, went out looking for a job. If I could have set the punishment: in the first place I would have knocked off 50 per cent for a fellow who with one hand took such a risk of life and limb that he might pick up a bit of clothing for the Missus, or some trinket or loose change for the baby. Then I would have decreed one very, very loud resounding whack on papa's one and only wrist and a very, very stern command: now, you boy, don't you dare to ever leave your home at night again.

#### THE RED LIGHT DISTRICT

In medical memoirs of 50 years ago, the venereal situation should not be passed in silence. There was a well-defined "red light" district with half a dozen red lights showing the way to hell.

Madame Net Warner's place was the more aristocratic and Big Mary's was the larger and more popular. When Madame Net came up town she rode in a hack with some of her staff. It was necessary to patronize the dress shops for lingerie and cosmetics; the drugstore for lysol. While the hack in which part of the entourage was waiting at the store front to take a look-see at the occupants, more or less politely jollied the hack driver.

If the driver on the box were "Al," he closed his eyes and dropped his head, appearing to sleep. If it were the hackman "Nosey," he stood his ground with the hecklers.

#### WORD AS GOOD AS GOLD

When Big Mary came to town she plodded her bulky way. She

was a large muscular woman, able to act as her own bouncer. In business transactions, Big Mary's word was as good as her gold with any of the merchants. She was sometimes accompanied by her niece, 17 years old and growing to family stature. Over this girl, Big Mary watched with the eyes of a loving lynx.

The niece took typhoid fever, a rather long run of it, and I had the honor to be called. Mary was very much worried.

"I'm trying to bring that girl up a Christian," she said, "damned if I ain't."

And every Sunday she read to her niece from the Bible that lay on the little table at the head of the bed. The girl herself was neat and modestly behaved. Mary saw to it that she had every comfort. The girl in good time got well and I understood that she later married a decent fellow and moved away.

#### LIGHTS ARE DIMMED

A wave of reform swept the city. The red lights were dimmed and the denizens scattered to apartments on the main streets. Many people thought the situation was worse than before.

If Big Mary could arise and come back to view the site of her caravanserai, I think her eyes would pop. She would see several red pillars tipped with mazdas and by night a purplish red neon light shining above all. It would be Mary's first view of a gasoline station.

Venereal disease is not a pleasant subject for reminiscence, nor for any type of writing.

Fifty years ago there were many syphilitics taking no medical treatment, or at best prescribing for themselves with "patent" medicines at drug stores. Some of these unfortunates carried horrible ulcers on their faces, scalp or body, calling it "scrofula." Often these demanded and received much sympathy. They treated too little with any doctor to get cleaned up. They made some claim to aristocracy because they had "the social disease."

#### TRIALS AT BIRTHS

No more heart-rending trial came to the doctor than to preside at the birth of a syphilitic baby. The doctor could do little or nothing in the way of control of the disease.

Now, at this very present time, the people of the United States are awakening to the awful scourge of venereal disease. Add together all the dangers and possible disasters that threaten our nation, venereal disease far exceeds them all . . . and the disease is preventable.

We, the people, have never been hesitant to isolate and quarantine small-pox, but it takes all our courage to inconvenience big-pox. The iron, ruthless rules that govern the isolation and treatment of small-pox must be used against big-pox. Even sterner, lifelong continued control will be necessary. Medicine and Law must bear the brunt of the fight . . . but to win, the whole people must do their part.

Will it be then that all are clean, or will he let his day of redemption pass and we cry with the evangelist in his despair: "And he which is filthy, let him be filthy still?"

#### MY FIRST BAPTISM

It was on Parsons street, a raw, cold, moonless night. In the borning there had been no progress for several hours despite violent laborings and I noted that the baby's heart was weak and slowing. I said that baptism should be done at once.

As a small boy at home, I had learned such a lesson. For Mrs. Crow came climbing fences, weeping and wailing and beating her breasts to tell my mother that her baby was dead and she could hear the baby crying before the gates in the outer darkness; that the winter had been long and cold and now that the roads were impassible with mud and the priest had been ill and not able to drive the 12 miles from St. Charles.

My mother received Mrs. Crow in her arms, for she too had lost babies and knew. My mother was the good angel of the little community. She reminded Mrs. Crow

that Christ said "suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." And down on their knees the two mothers kneeled and my mother prayed until a great promise and happiness came to them. Then my mother, very practical, brewed a cup of tea and while Mrs. Crow sipped the tea and ate the toasted homemade bread, my mother combed her hair and pressed cloths wrung out of cold water to her forehead and face, and spoke soothingly. Then my mother and Mrs. Crow, weeping happy tears, went home to lay the baby out pretty and comfortable. My brother and I were very proud that our mother could do such a wonderful thing.

#### ARRANGED FOR RITES

I had said I felt the baptism should be done at once and the mother in the Valley of the Shadow said she wished me so to do. Sterilized water was at hand. My only hesitation was that I, so conscious of my wickedness, should undertake such holy rites. I asked Mrs. Fitzgerald, the kind beautiful sweet-voiced neighbor, would she please lay her hand upon my bare arm when I repeated the words, and thus hallow the act. And I, touching the baby's head with my fingertips, pouring the water and repeating the words of baptism, Mrs. Fitzgerald with her hand on my arm, was intoning a prayer, in a low, all-reverent voice. This done, an exaltation filled the room and, inspired to our lungs, made strong our very hearts. The way was quickly made easy and a son was born.

Within the last year a uniformed member of the staff of a city department came to inspect the furnace at my office. I thought I recognized his family features and I asked his family name . . . was it Linihan? Then I told him the story of his mother and then of the baptism. He replied that his mother had many times told him about it, and that he was the boy who was doctor-baptized.

I was wishing that he had such regard for me as I had affection for his father and mother.

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**Dr. Robert Morris Gibbs**

**Dr. A. Douglas Lake**

**Dr. Ralph P. Beebe**

**Dr. Harlan S. Smith**

**Dr. Freeman Hall**

Today I am writing of five former Kalamazoo physicians and one, a former resident of Schoolcraft, all members of the Academy of Medicine in their active years. They are Doctors Robert Morris Gibbs, Alexander Douglass Lake, Ralph Palmer Beebe, Freeman Hall, and John H. McKibben, all of Kalamazoo, and Dr. Harlan Stephan Smith, formerly of Schoolcraft.

When I came to Kalamazoo in April, 1887, Dr. Robert Morris Gibbs was a guest in the office of Dr. Harris B. Osborne. Dr. Gibbs was of the tallish slender type, clean shaven as I knew him, except for a little pet mustache; blonde of hair; high, wide forehead; narrow, short, sharp nose and a short up-curved upper lip which was perfect to express disgust, derision, or scorn. His vision was corrected by thick lenses. He was all nerves and brains: seeing, hearing and appreciating everything. His actions and

reactions were of lightning quickness.

#### **A PURE SCIENTIST**

Dr. Gibbs had misadventured into the domain of medicine by reason of his love for nature. He was a naturalist born. He spent most of his days in studies in fields and woods and on lakes and streams. He had studied the ways of the

larger animals, of the tiniest ones, and he had learned the ways of birds in their nests and in the air. He had studied fishes and insects. Had he wholly applied himself to the studies for which nature had endowed him, and had his health permitted, he would have been another Audubon, Fabre or Mendel.

His studies of the animal kingdom led him to study the human. He had grasped the essentials of medicine, but the practice thereof irked him. To be a student of all nature gave him more pleasure and content than to dwell in the narrow, harsh world of the genus homo. His devotion to nature was that of a zealot to religion. He wrote narrative and scientific articles for "Forest and Stream," "Rod and Gun," "The American Angler," and other like magazines. He also contributed to the high scientific publications.

#### **HAD FINE SPECIMENS**

Dr. Gibbs contributed artistically mounted specimens of flora and fauna to the museum of the medical school of the University of Michigan. He received from the Smithsonian Institution \$3,000 for a mounted ornithological collection. He held the chair of natural sciences at Kalamazoo College for several years.

This local physician was one of the incorporators of the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine. In the records of the Academy for March 12, 1889, it is written by the secretary, Dr. Cornelius VanZwauenberg: "Dr. Morris Gibbs read a highly interesting paper on the development of the opossum, particularly touching the comparative anatomy of the intra-uterine existence."

The study of comparative anatomy, physiology, ovulation, embryology are considered as leading to the higher culture in medicine. Not to speak impiously, it may be said that when the Creator invented the opossum, He abandoned most previous designs to build from nothing this strange ourie beastie. I feel that we should have compassion for this, one of the oddest and most lonely of God's creatures. Under the title of "Marsupialia" in the Encyclopedia Britannica may be found a part of the information given by Dr. Gibbs.

#### **INVALID 20 YEARS**

Dr. Gibbs' last 20 years were invalidism and he much sighed for death . . . long on the way. He succumbed Sept. 18, 1908, and in the same room in which he was born at 128 East Lovell street. Dr. Gibbs and Mae Murray were married on



**DR. RALPH P. BEEBE**



**DR. A. D. LAKE**

June 5, 1883. Mrs. Gibbs died Feb. 7, 1893. Two daughters survive and show the dark eyes and hair and rosy cheeks of their beautiful mother: Katherine, now Mrs. T. D. Mackey, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., and Elizabeth, now Mrs. Lisle R. Boylan, Kalamazoo.

Dr. Gibbs was the son of Charles Gibbs, Kalamazoo pioneer, who was born in 1817 at Livonia, N. Y. His mother was Catherine Hays, born in 1820 at Wilmington, Ohio.

#### LAKE AND MCKIBBEN

Dr. Alexander Douglass Lake and Dr. John H. McKibben were Canadian born. Dr. Lake took his medical degree at Trinity Medical College of the University of Toronto in 1884. Dr. McKibben took his medical degree at the Medical College of Indiana in 1887.

Doctors Lake and McKibben were also brothers-in-law, and they came to Kalamazoo at the same time. Dr. Lake was affable, a pleasant man to meet but rather reticent. Dr. McKibben was a good mixer and knew how to introduce himself. He had met with an accident which crippled a thigh and knee and he had to call up his physical control and courage to meet the pain and disablement of his misfortune. McKibben appeared to win the more friends but those whose fealty Lake had won stood by him most faithfully when misfortune came to him. Both doctors were successful in the general practice.

#### DIPHTHERIA EPIDEMICS

In former days in Kalamazoo there had been some devastating epidemics of diphtheria. But from April, 1887, to December, 1890, there had been few cases. At a medical meeting, I heard a young doctor say: "I wish I could see a case of diphtheria." Dr. Snook turned upon the speaker fiercely: "I have seen much diphtheria and I hope to God I never see another case. Don't ever make that wish again."

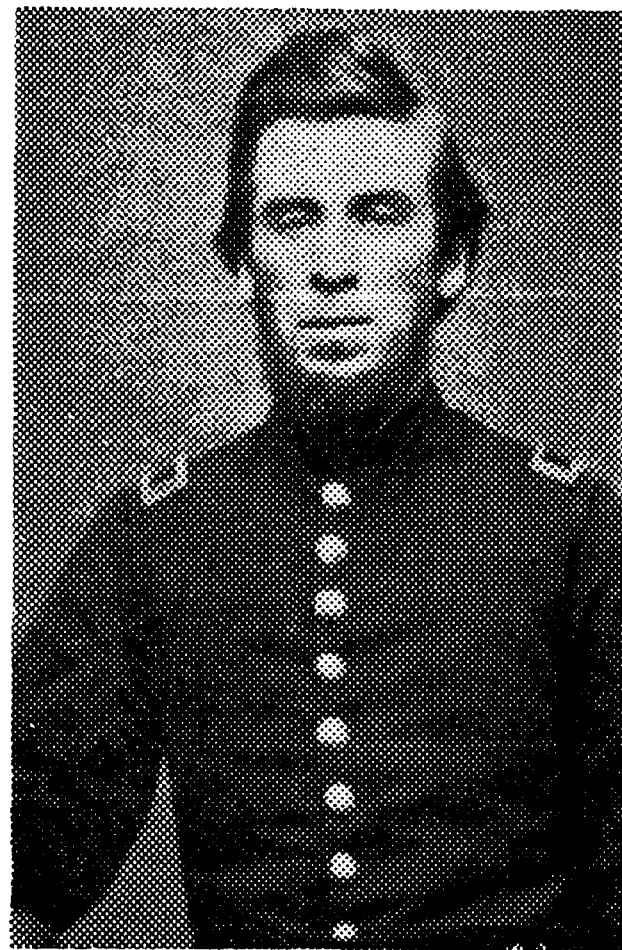
Then in December, 1890, came another epidemic. There were a number of deaths. This was only a year or two before the discovery of the anti-diphtheria serum. A family by the name of Foley, living in the Long lake region, lost five children. A family named Curry out East avenue road lost a like number. To the latter family Dr. Lake was called and he labored day and night in vain.

#### DISCUSS TREATMENT

A year before this I had met a Dr. McIlvaine of Peoria, Ill., and we discussed the treatment of diphtheria. We agreed from our ex-



DR. HARLAN S. SMITH



DR. FREEMAN HALL

perience that of all remedies, the bichloride of mercury, corrosive sublimate, was most likely to aid us.

I went with Dr. Lake to visit the last to die of the Curry children. When we got out of the buggy at the gate, the horrible odor of the disease struck our nostrils.

Walter denBleyker, now a doctor of medicine for 38 years, was then very ill with diphtheria. From Jan. 4, 1891, until the end of the month, Dr. denBleyker furnished the battleground for a fight to the death between deadly corrosive sublimate and the deadly diphtheria bacillus.

In visiting his cases at the Curry home, Dr. Lake drove by the denBleyker residence and heard that recovery was taking place. He asked me to go with him to visit the last of the five. People were afraid to go near the stricken home and the poor father, as each child died, buried him in the doorway.

#### SUCCUMBS TO DEFEAT

Dr. Lake could not understand why my case should get well when his family had met with such loss. The doctor was physically exhausted, humiliated in his own eyes, and beaten. He lost his morale and his courage. Of course, he knew what drugs would give rest and nepenthe from suffering. The reader must pause and think quite awhile before he could realize what Dr. Lake had suffered.

What can a doctor do in such overwhelming grief? "Religion," a Frenchman has said, "is the hospital for souls which the world has wounded." The doctor must have help from sources outside himself. Can he cast his burden on the Lord? Here is something it is possible for the physician to do . . . this, if he himself, has lost a little son. For the doctor can call upon him so far away for help: Noel, my darling, please come to me; lay your head upon my shoulder, please lay your cheek against mine. Will you help me? Noel, you won't let me fail, will you? Will you make strong my so weak heart? Noel, will you be proud of me if I bravely meet this awful crisis?

#### FINDS GOOD SAMARITAN

Andrew Loughhead was the good Samaritan who took Dr. Lake to his own home and cherished and nursed him back to work-a-day again. But Lake gave up general practice and took up the specialty of eye, ear, and throat diseases, and went abroad to study.

When he came back to his office he labored only as a man in a daze. Other misfortunes came to him and he went back to the home of his birth there to suffer and die.

McKibben, at last his health giving way, sought recovery in the mild climate of California, in 1919. But death found him, too, and so he went the way of the world.

#### DR. RALPH P. BEEBE

Dr. Ralph Palmer Beebe was born at Odessa, New York, Feb. 27,

1854. He was the son of Albert and Mary Jane Murray Beebe. From 1874-6 he attended Cook Academy, Montour Falls, N. Y., and was graduated in medicine at the University of Michigan in June, 1880.

After his graduation he practiced medicine in Union City until 1893, when he moved to Kalamazoo. Here he remained in practice until his death, Feb. 18, 1930. From 1903 to 1905 he was health officer of Kalamazoo. He was a Mason and Knight Templar.

Dr. Beebe was above the average in weight and height and in his early manhood had been of gigantic strength. As a physician he took his work seriously, was earnest and honest with his patients, and won their confidence, his talents were not visible at a glance. During his last 15 years he specialized in anesthetics. His calmness and skill instilled confidence in both the patient and surgeon. As a diagnostician, he possessed unusual talents. Dr. Beebe was married Feb. 23, 1887, to Margaret C. Tuthill, who was born in Homer, Mich., Sept. 18, 1863. Mrs. Beebe died in Kalamazoo, Feb. 16, 1934. Their two children are Grace C. Beebe, librarian, and Ralph J. Beebe, Detroit.

#### **DR. SMITH OF SCHOOLCRAFT**

No one who ever met Dr. Harlan Stephan Smith could ever forget him. Tall and straight, his shoulders thrown back, his head high, a handsome man with big blue eyes that saw everything. He was masterful and quick to speak, and that with authority. His voice, sympathetic and kind where such was needed, and a voice of raillery to speak its intended purpose. It did not take him long to get acquainted with a stranger. His personality introduced him.

He was a charter member of the Academy of Medicine. His old friends to this day repeat his sayings, apt and pat, clairvoyant and cryptic. I first met Dr. Smith at the John Lee home in Prairie Ronde. A little granddaughter had been found unconscious in the stable with a badly fractured skull from the kick of a horse. A home operation put the child on its way to recovery. And in a number of other accidents, Dr. Smith and I worked together.

#### **CASE OF APPENDICITIS**

Dr. Smith brought little Edna Wells, suffering from an appendix abscess and peritonitis. "The fourth generation, doctor, the fourth generation!" Dr. Smith spoke these

words very impressively and I gathered the idea that this child's life was a very valuable and a very important treasure. She must not die! She represented more than the life of one little girl . . . she was a family, a class, a tradition, more than human. I fell under the sway, the command of Dr. Smith.

I did things I thought I could not do. It was all just as Dr. Smith ordained it. It could be no other way. So Edna got well at last and now is in her own home and is the mother of the children therein.

Dr. Smith was born in Mansfield, Cattaragus County, New York, April 7, 1844. He was graduated at Springfield Academy at 15 and then taught school, though many pupils were older than himself. At 19 he had charge of exchange of prisoners with the South for the war department, a task which permitted him to take up the study of medicine at Georgetown University. He was graduated in 1867. He first practiced at Ellicottville, N. Y., but in 1880 moved to Kalamazoo. After a year he located in Schoolcraft, where he died Sept. 19, 1916. In 1871 he was married to Sophie Skinner of Ellicottville. There were three children: Mrs. Charles D. Allen, Chicago; Miss Leslie Gifford, who died in 1918, and Dr. Stephan H. Smith, Pasadena, Calif.

#### **DR. FREEMAN HALL**

Dr. Freeman Hall, veteran of the Civil war, was born March 21, 1834, at North Gorham, Me., and died March 30, 1918, in Kalamazoo, where he had lived since 1883. He was married to Jane Marian Whipple, May 23, 1858, at Lewiston, Me.

Dr. Hall took the college course at Bowdoin College, Me., and began the practice of medicine at North Berwick, Me. In the first year of the Civil war he enlisted as surgeon with the 27th Maine Infantry and served to the end of the war. At the Campbell hospital in the city of Washington, where he was assigned part time, he had charge of the gangrene department and could tell stories thereof to make anyone realize that war is hell.

#### **HONORED BY CONGRESS**

As recognition of his military services, Dr. Hall was awarded a bronze medal by the Congress of the United States.

I met Dr. Hall many times. He was always in ill health; always bothered with a cough, sallow and frail . . . all the result of his military service. His portrait here

shown was taken at Portland, Me., in 1862.

One time I met him on the street and he looked up and down and noting the double row of telephone poles, he dryly remarked: "There is much complaint about cutting down the forests of Michigan, but it seems to me there is a lot of standing timber hereabouts."

#### **FATHER OF FIVE**

Dr. Hall was the father of three sons and two daughters. One son, Walter C. Hall, known to most of our citizens, served in the Kalamazoo post office nearly 50 years. The living son, the Rev. Dr. Ernest F. Hall, is secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions and lives in New York City.

In his later years, with an acre of land about his home, he indulged in his artistic love of cultivating beautiful flowers, his gardens being one of the sights of the city.



**DR. R. M. GIBBS**

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Dr. Abraham L. Van Horn

Dr. Frank H. Tyler

Dr. Edmond A. Balyeat

Dr. John F. Chapin

Dr. Andrew E. Forster

In my reminiscences of Sunday, April 10, those of Doctor Robert Morris Gibbs and Harlan Stephen Smith completed the charter members of the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine. And that was essentially the task I accepted from the editor of The Gazette. I have also written of fifty others.

My first recollection of Dr. Abraham Leonard Van Horn was his very musical ingratiating voice; a voice attuned to the delicate, over sensitive ear of the sick and the afflicted. Then I recall his handsome smiling countenance and the little good rogues dancing in each of his eyes. Thus he brought into the sick room, good cheer, happiness and the sweet promises of hope.

#### PRACTICED 62 YEARS

Dr. Van Horn practiced medicine 62 years and of the forty years I knew him it seemed as if his countenance never showed the advance of years. I never saw him when he was not too soon hurrying away and signalling a farewell. Dr. Van Horn was a religious man, his church he said "was the Holy Methodist of the shouting nearer-my-God-to-Thee days," growing more calm and quiet as fashions changed. He did not talk his faith he lived it.

In the Medical History of Michigan, Volume 1, there are five pages quoting an interview with Dr. Van Horn. It is therein stated that he was born in 1845 at Waterloo, Jackson County, Michigan, son of Benjamin Leonard and Eunice Ives Van Horn. At 22 years of age he was married to Miss Lucy Watkins, on Thanksgiving day, 1868, and he was graduated at the University of Michigan that same year.

Beginning practice in an extensive rural area he was the only Dr. who possessed or knew how to use the obstetrical forceps. In 1880 he was a member of the Barry County

Medical Society and living at Dowling.

#### FIRST APPENDICITIS CASE

Dr. Van Horn states that he was the first physician in the Otsego district to recommend an operation for appendicitis. This was prior to 1900 and he names the writer of this article as the operator. He further states: "When people in the community heard about it they were very much incensed and if the operation had not been successful the doctor doubts if he would have been able to stay in the community."

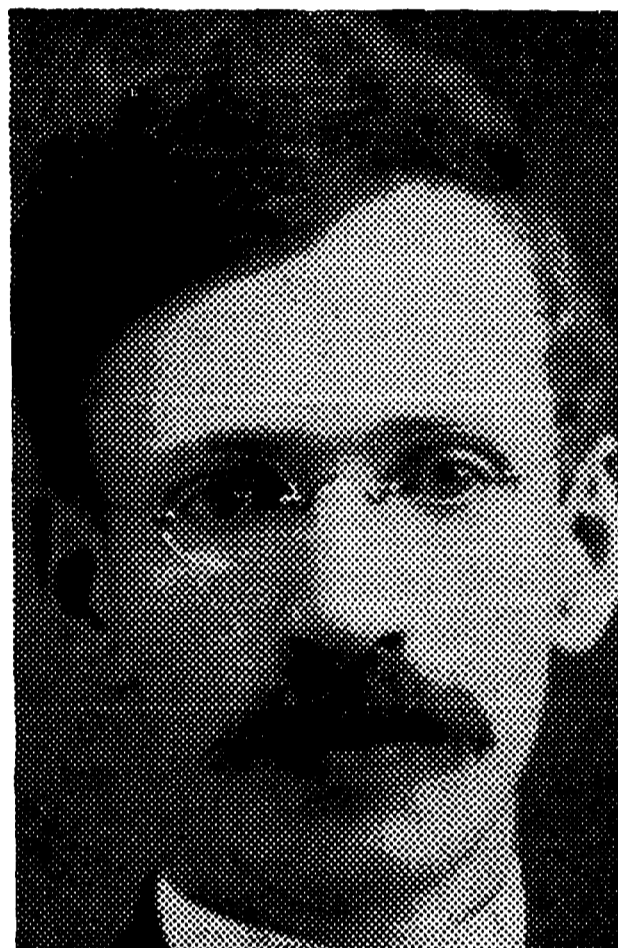
I do not recollect any threats. They may have arisen from the fact that the man had been treated for typhoid fever for a couple of weeks before we saw him, and was unconscious from pus in his blood. The neighbors may have thought we were cutting into the abdomen of a man dying of typhoid. The first operation was merely to give drainage to a huge abscess. Two later operations were necessary to close three fecal fistulas. The patient, Bert Knowles, the last I heard of him, was living in Battle Creek.

At first Dr. Van Horn used to make his calls on horseback but soon changed to horse and buggy. He kept seven or eight fast horses and it was his boast that he could always reach his patient before the return of the messenger that brought his call. He can remember driving to within one mile of a house but not being able to drive through the woods to the house, he

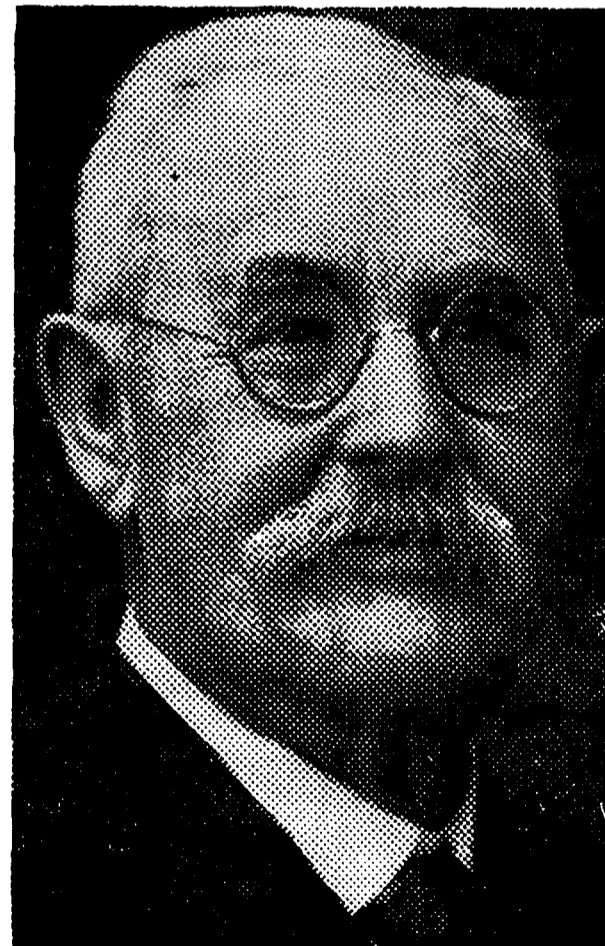
had to hitch his horse and walk through the woods and in doing so he came to a pond. The man who had sent for him offered to carry him on his back through the pond but the doctor refused and waded the pond. In the last decade of his practice his conveyance was the automobile.

#### HAD NEED FOR BRAINS

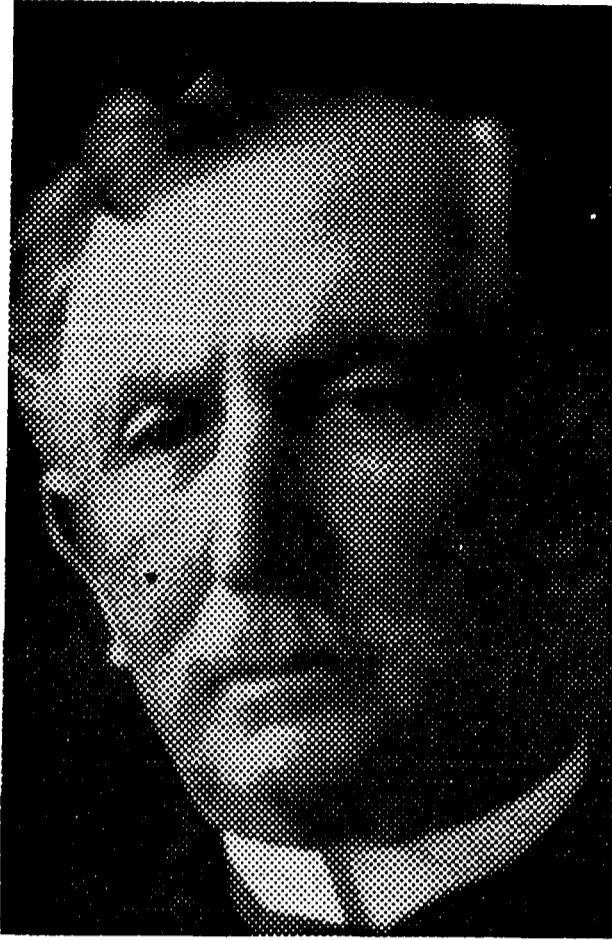
In the years of Dr. Van Horn's practice a doctor had really more need of brains than now. For then the doctor was held accountable by the patient and the community



DR. A. E. FORSTER



DR. A. L. VAN HORN



**DR. JOHN F. CHAPIN**



**DR. FRANK F. TYLER**

for his diagnosis, treatment and results. Now the doctor happily and at ease can often turn the matter of diagnosis over to the microscope, the chemical and X-ray laboratories. Behind these mechanical diagnoses the doctor can hide and be as wholly protected as if he stood behind the Maginot line.

Dr. George Emerson King used to tell of a doctor who called him in consultation and said "all I want of you is the diagnosis. If I know what's the matter I can treat him as well as anybody."

"Night work," said Dr. Van Horn," was taken as a matter of course. I even said I liked it." It becoming known that the doctor liked night work there was no end to it. The reason of this liking was, I think, his equanimity and his great good nature and that he was inspiring company for himself. Under the stars of a pleasant night, all the heavens aglow, he could behold how the heavens declare the glory of God and he saw Him in the storm and bitter cold, in the blinding drifts and barriers of ice, and marvelled how courage and strength and victory were given him.

In 62 years are there not 22,630 nights? And thus was it not that, in compensation, when at last the sands of his life had run out, he fell into a restful and comely sleep that passed into the kindlier sleep of death. This was Tuesday, May 20, 1930. Of his immediate family, there survives a daughter, Mae,

Mrs. George J. Shand of Kalamazoo.

#### **DRS. TYLER AND BALYEAT**

I always think of Doctors Tyler and Balyeat inseparably. They began practice in the same school of medicine. They were more than friends to each other. They moved in the higher church and social circles. They were faithful communicants and officers of St. Luke's Episcopal church. They were faithful to the minute to their patients. They were good and kind and forbearing, never an ill word or an ill wish to anyone. They gained the good will, and confidence, the respect of all with whom they came in contact. They did me many a kind act.

Dr. Frank H. Tyler was born August 28, 1855 at Nottawa, St. Joseph County, Michigan, eldest son of Ansel and Harriet Tyler. He died in Ann Arbor, University hospital, October 19, 1921. He had been a student at the Ypsilanti Normal school and a year at Northwestern. He took his medical degree at the University of Michigan in 1886. He practiced at Mount Pleasant and was there married to Esther Guillotte of Saginaw, in 1886. They came to Kalamazoo in 1892. The doctor did post-graduate study at Columbia University and founded the first mother's prenatal clinic in Kalamazoo. To Dr. and Mrs. Tyler were born three sons: Guy, who died June 14, 1937, Harold A. and Raymond E.

#### **DR. EDMOND BALYEAT**

Dr. Edmond A. Balyeat was born in Middlebury, Ind., in 1859. He took his medical degree at the Chicago Homeopathic College in 1882 and first practiced in La-Grange, Ind.

Dr. Balyeat was united in marriage to May E. Walton in 1885, and in the same year came to Kalamazoo, where he practiced until his death June 8, 1929. Mrs. Balyeat died June 23, 1935. Dr. and Mrs. Balyeat were buried in the Three Rivers cemetery.

In their student years both Doctors Balyeat and Tyler were students with Dr. Clark at Nottawa.

#### **DR. JOHN F. CHAPIN**

During Dr. John F. Chapin's membership in the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine, he listened to the oratory of the great men of those days. Dr. Chapin was one of the silent, appreciative, sympathetic listeners, without whom there would be no orators.

Dr. Chapin was born in Luzerne County, Pa., in 1838, received his medical degree from the University of Vermont in 1861 and practiced 18 years with his preceptor at Cambrai, Pa.

In 1880 he came to Schoolcraft where he practiced his art until his death, 15 years ago.

#### **BUILT ELABORATE CABINET**

Dr. Chapin lived the hard, exacting service of the village and country doctor of the horse and buggy days, that have been so much written of in these reminiscences. In his Pennsylvania practice he mostly made his calls on horseback, for it was a mountainous country.

Dr. Harter of Schoolcraft tells me that in this service, Dr. Chapin used an elaborately contrived cabinet fitted to the horse's back, in which he carried medicines, emergency surgical and obstetrical instruments, dressings and anesthetics. This cabinet had been used by Dr. Chapin's preceptor. Dr. Harter is wishing that this valuable relic may become the property of the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine.

#### **SUFFERS THREE TRAGEDIES**

Dr. Chapin's life story includes participation in a great tragedy, a greater tragedy . . . and an overwhelming personal affliction:

1. While practicing in Pennsylvania he was appointed by the state to act as a witness at the mass execution of seven of the "Molly Maguires" . . . poor misguided fellows.

2. He volunteered his services to help treat the 27,000 wounded



soldiers of both armies after the Battle of Gettysburg. This service was of a month's duration.

3. Three years prior to his own death, he was doomed to behold the death of his own son, Dr. Claude B. Chapin. Dr. John F. Chapin, taking his crushing sorrow with him, died June 13, 1923.

#### DR. ANDREW E. FORSTER

In the portrait shown here, Dr. Andrew Edward Forster's eyes, gentle and kind, are gazing full upon you, but his deep thoughts are far away. Dr. Forster was a handsome man with the delicate colorings of a girl, an auroral of golden waves and the face of a sculptor, an artist, a poet, and it was with the hand of an artist that he wrought surgical cures. He was a devoted, intense student of the cloistered type. When he talked medical science it was as if he were reading a classic.

In 1906 Dr. Forster located in Kalamazoo. In 1913 he did post-graduate work with the Mayos; in 1915, with Dr. John B. Murphy, and in 1918 with Dr. Austin Hayden, specializing in eye, ear, nose and throat. In 1920 with a picked group of 20 he took special work on the eye and in 1922 received his master of science degree from the University of Pennsylvania. In 1922 Dr. Forster went to Vienna to do special work on the eye. Here he did some of the first successful work in transplanting the cornea.

Becoming ill, he returned to Philadelphia, underwent a surgical operation as a final resort. On August 24, 1922 he passed away and was buried at McKeesport, Pa.

#### WAS MARRIED IN 1911

Dr. Forster was married to Helen Daley in June, 1911. Mrs. Forster and son, Andrew, are residents of Kalamazoo.

Dr. Forster gave 15 years to the intense practice of medicine in all its branches. I saw him many times when he appeared physically exhausted. He possessed originality. At one time he showed me how he was trying to build new lymphatic vessels to take the place of those destroyed by cancer.

How wicked is death to strike down a young man so scientifically prepared, who could have done so much for his fellows! How cowardly is death to strike down so gentle a soul: frail and unarmed except for the shield of his goodness and devotion!

# Dr. William H. Scott Dr. Herbert O. Statles Dr. Charles E. Doyle Dr. Frank B. Crowell

## Appendicitis

Of all the dread diseases of half a century ago, there was none more frightening than "inflammation of the bowels." When it was announced that anyone was so afflicted, a shudder went through the community. A few recovered but of these a large proportion suffered a later and fatal attack.

In 1887 there was no generally accepted treatment for "inflammation of the bowels," except that we all used some form of poultice or moist, hot dressing. Some doctors advised immediate and continued vigorous catharsis, seeking thus to cast out the disease.

Others advised a directly opposite course. This consisted of giving opium to its physiological limits; giving complete relief from pain; stopping all peristaltic action in the intestines; respiration was slowed to 10 a minute and the skin became moist. The patient dreamed and slept in peace.

#### INTESTINES 'SPLINTED'

Meanwhile, the intestines thus "fixed" or "splinted," as was sometimes said, became agglutinated; the healing power of nature built walls about the diseased area. This gave the pus time to burrow through into the intestine and so pass out of the body. Thus, recovery sometimes came about and often enough, too, so that many, including myself, considered this the better treatment. Watching this natural cure, sometimes I could prophecy the day of the pus evacuation.

Then happened a startling thing . . . a most graphic display . . . and a lesson. Jay Monroe, of the banking Monroe family, teller in the Kalamazoo Savings bank, was stricken with the dread disease. The whole city waited in horror. He was a man of 29 years, much respected and said to have been engaged to marry. For a week, day by day, word came that he was worse . . . and on June 10, 1888, came death.

#### DARED NOT OPERATE

The doctors knew in a general way what was happening, but dared not surgically interfere. They were obeying the not unwritten law of surgery: "Thou shalt not cut into the cavity of the intestines."

Following Monroe's death, The Kalamazoo Gazette at the time reported that "in the morning, as a last resort, an operation was performed. Apparently he had survived its effect but within an hour he had died."

At the autopsy, when the abdominal wall was laid back, behold a pool of pus! And in the pool lay the burst, rotten appendix and a concretion the size and shape of an almond, gray in color, which had sloughed its way through. It was a most graphic, startling and awful lesson.

#### BEGINNING OF OPERATIONS

How easy, I thought, it would have been, to cut through the abdominal wall, amputate the appendix and place a drainage tube.

From that day appendix operations were potential in Kalamazoo. But the public, at once, did not fall into the idea. Many vowed that they preferred to take their chances and that, if die they must, they would take all their anatomy with them. And, too, there was a statement went the rounds of the newspapers that when a man lost



**DR. W. H. SCOTT**



**DR. H. O. STATLER**

his appendix, he lost with it his morality.

As to who performed the first appendix operation in Kalamazoo and when, my records of the time are not at my elbow. In few, if any places in the United States was the operation done earlier. If any of my beloved comrades had so operated, I think I would remember and give myself the pleasure of naming him. Of course, it really makes no difference.

**FIRST DOWAGIAC OPERATION**

I well recall the first appendix operation performed at Dowagiac. The patient was the young daughter of Frank Essig, dental surgeon. She was the local reporter for The Gazette and The Detroit Free Press. The disease had progressed into the abscess, peritonitis stage. Recovery was difficult but eventual.

Nor shall I ever forget another operation at Dowagiac, a decade later. The patient was the son of Attorney and Mrs. James Kinnane. The father was Kalamazoo County born and had practiced his profession in Kalamazoo. Later, moving to Dowagiac, he became prominent in the Cass County bar. Mrs. Kinnane was of the Kalamazoo Blaney family.

The operation was a home affair. The front room was well arranged and the diagnosis had been made early and the young man was in excellent condition for the

operation. The patient had been under the good care of Dr. J. H. Jones who, if he had not chosen to be a doctor, could have been another Hamlet of the Edwin Booth quality.

Just as I laid my knife to the skin to start the incision, I heard a watch snap. So close to my ear it was that it sounded very loud. Out of the corner of my eye I saw a young priest by my side, returning the watch to his pocket. At the end of the operation, the last suture tied, the watch snapped again.

"What was the time, Father?" I asked.

The priest answered something like 15 minutes. Then I asked: "Father, before the altar, did you ever have any of your people snap a watch on you?" The priest laughed and answered: "I have, doctor, but did I bother you?"

"Not at all," I answered. "It may have speeded me up a bit and I am glad you are here."

The young priest was Father John Wall, now located at Jackson, Mich.

**FOUR FORMER PHYSICIANS**

I am recalling today some of the events in the lives of four former practicing physicians . . . Doctors William H. Scott, Herbert O. Statler, Charles E. Doyle and Frank B. Crowell.

Dr. William H. Scott was born Dec. 31, 1869 at Owens Sound, Ontario, the son of Thomas Scott, member of the Canadian Parliament. Dr. Scott studied medicine

at McGill University and there graduated in 1893. At that time he listened to lectures of the great Osler.

For two years he was ship's surgeon on the Boston-Liverpool line and came to Kalamazoo in 1897. He was thereafter in general practice and for two years was city physician here. He was a member of the choir at St. Luke's Episcopal church and 1st lieutenant surgeon, Second Regiment, Michigan National Guard.

**WEDS HERE IN 1902**

Dr. Scott and Miss Katherine Weimer were married June 25, 1902. As city physician, Dr. Scott met many poor people. He was greatly loved by these unfortunate people, for he attended them faithfully and showed the same courtesy that he would to the wealthy. For this, Dr. Scott was much honored by the other doctors and by the Sisters at Borgess hospital.

I came to know and be blessed by Dr. Scott's limitless sympathy in a great bereavement. He possessed a magical power. By the clasp of his hand, by the mesmeric gaze of his kind eyes, by a voice that gently uttered the commiseration of his heart, he could bring comfort and hope to a stricken one. I want to lay a perpetual little flower to his memory. Dr. Scott died August 14, 1911 and lies at rest in Mountain Home cemetery.

**DR. HERBERT O. STATLER**

Born in Bedford, Pa., in July, 1868, Dr. Herbert O. Statler was the son of Dr. James and Margaret Ewalt Statler. He came to Michigan at the age of three with his parents.

Dr. Statler received his medical degree at the University of Michigan in 1891. He took a post-graduate course at Johns Hopkins, was on the staff of the Kalamazoo Hospital and was instructor in the school for nurses at that institution for seven years.

He was united in marriage to Miss Helen Curtenius in 1898. Dr. and Mrs. Statler lived two years at Goshen, Ind., and then returned to Kalamazoo in 1900, where the doctor practiced his profession until his death, March 29, 1914.

**HAD SENSITIVE NATURE**

He was a handsome man, always exquisitely neat and elegant in his appearance and had the air of studious concentration. He demanded of himself mathematical correctness in diagnosis and absolute perfection on choice of his remedies. He was over-sensitive and, to criticism, or unsympathetic

appreciation, his reaction was to sense injury and pain.

His brother doctors considered Dr. Statler up-to-date in every way and progressive; recognized his faithfulness and worthy ambitions. The ideal doctor should have the hide of a pachyderm, for such he needs more than does any other professional man. Happy is the doctor whose derm is so thick that he feels not pin or needle pricks nor yet the thrust of bare bodkin.

Always, unfortunately, the great artist, the great doctor, wears the nerves of sensation on the surface. But did the doctor not have the finest tactile sense, he could not with his finger-tips touch the ills of his patients. What matters it that he who bravely strives does not often reach the height of his dreams? For, in the striving, he has accomplished much. What he has won is his and his people's.

#### **DR. CHARLES E. DOYLE**

Dr. Charles E. Doyle was a near giant with a physique of iron, fit to carry him a hundred years. His natural mood was gentle and kind. And he had an original philosophy of life and a smiling raillery that I thought would turn aside the shafts of worry, care and threatened worst disaster.

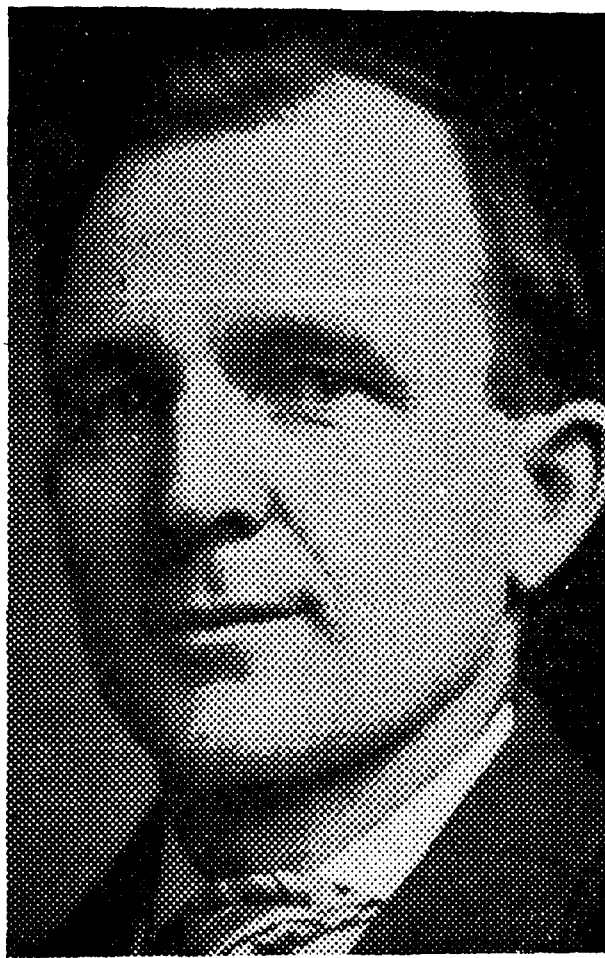
Dr. Doyle's first 17 years of his practice were in and about Augusta, the same territory whose trails Doctors Bovie and Fisher had blazed. And the roads and trails and horse and buggy days were the same, and the snows and drifts and storms of winter and the thawing deep mud roads of spring, were the same, likewise.

And the giant of iron, who toiled and served by day and night, and many times found himself the conqueror in bouts with death, found himself one day stricken and falling. The blow came from an unseen hand and this was in the 26th year of his service—in 1918.

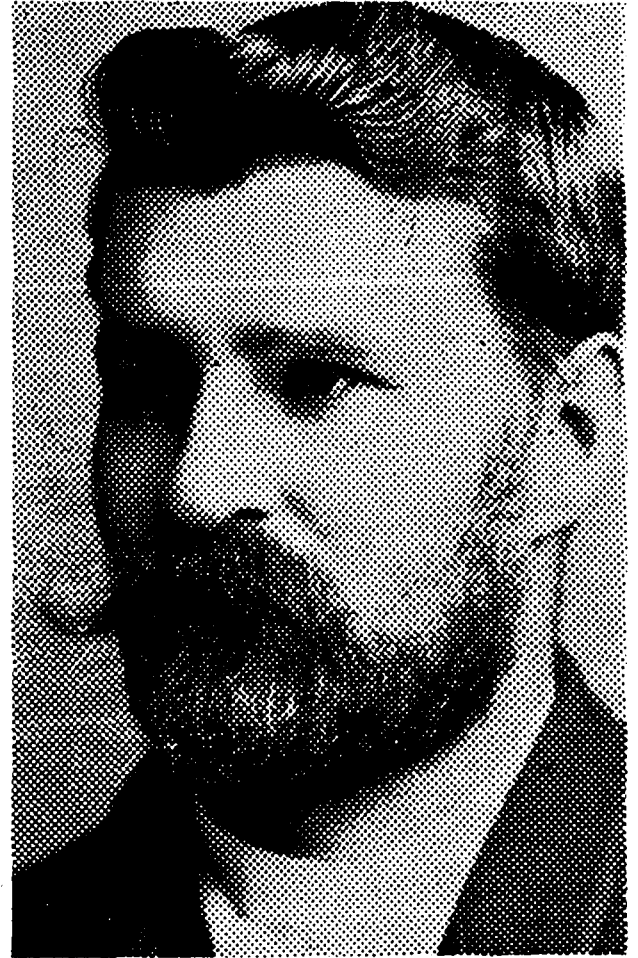
#### **BORN AT YANKEE SPRINGS**

Dr. Doyle was born August 25, 1862, at Yankee Springs, Barry County, Mich., the son of Richard and Altama Doyle. He was graduated at the Middleville high school; matriculated in the Detroit College of Medicine in 1890; received his diploma in 1893. His last eight years of practice were at Galesburg.

In 1886 Dr. Doyle and Miss Nettie L. Marshall of Hastings were married. Dr. Doyle is survived by his daughter and sons, Richard, Detroit; Dr. Fred Doyle and Mrs. Bess Doyle Griggs, Kalamazoo. Mrs. Doyle died Oct. 5, 1929.



**DR. F. B. CROWELL**



**DR. C. E. DOYLE**

In the good old days, the favorite place for holding medical banquets was the dining room of the American House. Here separate tables were set, each accommodating six or eight congenial banqueters. If there was a vacant seat at Dr. Doyle's table I hurried to it. For Doyle kept up a running comment and criticism and philosophical observations . . . all original, unique, fetching, that kept us highly entertained.

#### **HITS TRAVELING DOCTORS**

At one time Dr. Doyle read a paper before the Academy of Medicine calling attention to the many traveling doctors advertising miraculous cures, and he warned his fellows in the Academy that none should imitate these practices. Commending the doctor who strictly obeyed the Oath of Hippocrates, who made no boasts or vain promises, Dr. Doyle quoted: "No clarion blast nor trumpet bray Precedes him in his quiet way, He works in all humility."

The story is told of Dr. Doyle that one night at 2 a. m. a country call came. The night was very stormy and Dr. Doyle was very tired.

"How long has your wife been sick?" Doyle asked. "Four days and she is awful sick," was the reply. Dr. Doyle replied in a way that must have convinced the caller that he was making an unreasonable request, but surrendered and made the visit. Later Dr.

Doyle had the promise of his client that he would bring a load of hay. The time went by and no hay came. Doyle came home late one night and found the hay still had not come. So Dr. Doyle called up the farmer and told him he wanted the hay and wanted it now. The farmer protested that he surely would bring the hay the next day. But Doyle told him he must get up and bring it at once. Before daylight, the hay was in the barn. That a doctor ever got even in such a controversy is worthy of record.

#### **DR. FRANK B. CROWELL**

Dr. Frank B. Crowell was born in Paw Paw township, Van Buren County, March 24, 1869. He was graduated at Paw Paw high school and after teaching several years entered the Cincinnati Eclectic Medical College and graduated in 1897. In 1907 he took a post-graduate course at Loyola University, Chicago.

Dr. Crowell and Miss Cora M. Simmons were married Oct. 15, 1900. He practiced at Lawrence 33 years. The doctor was physically strong and alert and devoted every hour of his days to the study and practice of medicine. It was my good fortune to become very well acquainted with Dr. Crowell, and thus I had the opportunity of noting what a strong bond of confidence and sympathy existed between Dr. Crowell and his patients. As a recreation and to give him-

self a chance to exercise his talents in another direction, he became interested in agriculture and sought to improve the land, to see grain and fruits and animals grow.

#### CONFERENCE AT BORGESS

At the maternity rooms of Old Borgess hospital, I was in consultation with Dr. Crowell far into the night. It was a difficult and prolonged childbirth. Finally the baby was born and everything came about that he wished for. Like a boy, that he was at heart, he would celebrate. When we passed from the birth room, Dr. Crowell staged his act. He threw himself forward onto his hands and with his legs in the air, almost ran down the dimly lit corridor. A Sister came out of a side room and when she beheld an apparition walking on the ceiling gave a little cry and dodged back. The Sister forgave the doctor when she learned the cause of his circus act.

The people of Lawrence and his dear wife and children, with but a few days of warning, on February 12, 1931, were called upon to mourn the death of Dr. Crowell. He is survived by his wife and their three daughters: Mrs. Guy Wilcox and Mrs. Parker Riddick, Kalamazoo; and Alice June Crowell, at home.

This is April 20, 1938 and this reminiscence goes to *The Gazette* today. For the first time, I gaze upon the portrait of Dr. Crowell. A misgiving comes over me. Is he not questioning me?

"Have you forgotten my loyalty to you? Can you take time to mention that? And, for my dear ones, would it not be proper for you to say that we both knew that I had for years been carrying my death warrant with me, that I gave no heed to my own danger . . . that I gave my last full measure of devotion to the sick who had entrusted their lives to me?"

ado about so little. We are not a pack of killers to fall upon the one who stumbles and is dragged down. We want to ask George to give us the old hand clasp again.

Over three score years ago, in district school, Dell Gray, an older schoolmate, filled a fly leaf in the back of my Venable's United States history with quotations he loved. There was one in verse. I have never forgotten it and never quoted it before. I feel it may well have been written to Doctor Dan. And, from me there goes with it the throb of "the deep heart's core."

"Thy friend, the same forever,  
Yesterday, today and tomorrow.  
Thy friend, changeless as eternity,  
Himself shall make thee friends  
Of those thy foes transformed,  
Yesterday, today and tomorrow."

#### BORN AT ST. JOHNS

Doctor Eaton was born in St. Johns, Mich., June 5, 1879, the son of Ella M. Fulton and Charles H. Eaton. He graduated from the high school at Harbor Springs; two years at the Ferris Institute, then to the University of Michigan Medical School from which he received the degree of Doctor of Medicine in 1904. He interned at the University Hospital for two years.

On June 17, 1916, Doctor Eaton and Frances Dewey, daughter of Harriet Dyckman and Fred G. Dewey, were married.

Doctor Eaton began the practice of medicine in Kalamazoo in 1906. As his abilities became appreciated, his work and responsibilities were rapidly increasing. Then came the Great War.

#### ENTERS WORLD WAR

The martial blood of a soldier father surged in his heart and when the flag was unfurled and drums were rumbling and men marching, Doctor Dan went down to the sea in a ship and across the ocean to war.

It has become the fashion to condemn the United States for its entry into the Great war. It is forgotten that the great War Lord had practically declared war against us. We were attacked by incendiaries, and explosives were planted in our factories, our ships on the high seas attacked, American ships on the high seas sunk without trace. If the free countries of Western Europe were destroyed, Canada and the United States would follow. Ours was a heroic and noble effort and grandly historic.

Let the pacifists and the cowards prate on. If our country, our United States, or our sister nation Canada are warred upon, our pa-

## Dr. Dan H. Eaton Dr. Donald P. Osborne

Two medical men whose memories live in the minds and hearts of thousands of Kalamazoo residents are Dr. Dan Holton Eaton and Dr. Donald Platt Osborne. These two physicians were also close personal friends.

Dr. Dan, a broad-shouldered, deep-chested, stalwart, handsome fellow, florid and a bit freckled, eyes of blue, white teeth, a smile on his face that radiates good will and cheer and melts jealousy away, and a voice of which every note is kindness.

You all know him as well as I, but I am taking for myself the pleasure of introducing to the company, Dr. Dan Holton Eaton.

#### KINDNESS AND GOODWILL

Then all gather around him. There is kindness and good will in every heart . . . and good fellowship, too, and charity. And now it is remembered that, at heart, we have always been good friends, and life is sweet and this world is a good dwelling place . . . and shall be such all our days. We will gather and keep our good friends about us. There shall be good times. We shall sit beside deep, swift rivers. We shall see snow-capped mountains rising above the pines.

I will be more specific and

wholly prosaic and say that I have been present when some person, an old friend, perhaps, was under condemnation. None spoke well of him, none came to his rescue. The offense had been so unnecessary and inexcusable. Why should anyone go to such pains to bring disgrace to himself and distress to others? If one must do a dirty thing, why be so raw about it. Well, we are all through with him!

#### COMES TO THE RESCUE

Then Doctor Dan with a little deprecatory smile would say: "Now, George, I suppose, looked at the matter like this." And Dan would state a theory that sounded so simple, so plausible, so guileless and, with artistic appeal, belittle the error to such small proportions that we began to be a bit ashamed that we made so much

triot will arm and fall into ranks; they will man the gun decks of our ships of war; they will "rush to the battle as men flock to a feast."

The patriot reckes not of the aftertime whether he will be horrified or ignored.

#### WINS ARMY PROMOTIONS

In France Doctor Dan's services were so outstanding that he was given additional duties and higher rank.

Before Doctor Dan took ship to cross the sea he told me that on September 1, 1918, a little son would be born to him, and his name should be Dan, and, to the day, little Dan arrived. Now he is a cadet at West Point: he would carry on the military traditions of his family. And Dan II will honor his father and mother so long as he lives.

January 29, 1922, Mary Anne, the little daughter, was born to Doctor and Mrs. Eaton.

When Doctor Dan came home from the war he appeared somewhat exhausted and a little depressed, but he threw himself into his work with all his elan. And success and honors came to him and, in the height of good fortune . . .

On April 11, 1926, quick death came to Doctor Dan.

#### DR. DONALD P. OSBORNE

Dr. Donald Platt Osborne was a son of the Rev. Dr. David S. Osborne and Arvilla Hill, and the nephew of Dr. Harris Burnet Osborne. The Rev. Osborne was the second born in a family of 10 children. The third was my mother . . . Ann Osborne McNair. Between this brother and sister, a profound affection existed. Of the same quality of affection was mine for "Doctor Don."

Dr. Donald Osborne began the practice of medicine in Kalamazoo in the spring of 1903. He was born in Cleveland, O., Oct. 28, 1878. Following an academeical course, he entered the medical department of the University of Michigan and graduated in 1902. He interned as assistant surgeon at the U. S. Marine hospital in Cleveland.

#### MEMORIES ARE NUMEROUS

A flood of memories comes to me. I hardly know where to begin or end. Each of Dr. Osborne's thousands of friends will recall incidents more dear to them than any of which I may write.

Dr. Osborne had been a brilliant student. He was miraculously quick and accurate in diagnosis. He had divination and could read the thoughts of others. He was clairvoyant and prophetic. Thus, his



DR. DON OSBORNE



DR. DAN EATON

patients at first stood in awe of him. Later they also loved him. Never did they try to deceive him for they knew he could read their thoughts. He gathered about him a very large number of people whose loyalty and devotion knew no limits.

He was extremely sensitive to criticism. If he thought anyone was going to accuse him, he struck first; he struck fast, and hard, and bitterly, and the antagonist was kept so busy defending himself that he forgot his purpose.

#### HAD MUCH IN COMMON

"Doctor Don" and I had much in common. Had I searched for faults in him, I could see the same and more in myself. He had the old shouting, weeping, Methodist revival spirit inborn, and never would it down. For his mother's father, as well as his own, were Methodist preachers.

There was a street celebration and a limping, shuffling remnant of the GAR toiled down the street. Think of it, these broken, staggering ghosts of men were once of the best of the soldiers in the Union Army. Dr. Osborne, waving his hat, was shouting and hurrahing, and the tears were rolling down his cheeks . . . and did not I do likewise!

One day "Doctor Don" and I came into the office of Old Borgeess hospital. An old Irish lady was holding forth with wit and witticism. Everybody was laughing.

#### GLIMPSES "HOLY GHOST"

"For 23 years," she said, addressing Dr. Osborne, "I've had only three doctors: Old Dr. Osborne, young Dr. Osborne and Dr. McNair. Oh, it's just another case of Father, Son and the Holy Ghost."

"Where does the Holy Ghost come in?" I asked.

"Who but you, you pale t'ing," she replied.

I was visiting at "Doctor Don's" home one evening and we were talking family history. We were extolling our ancestors. Dr. Osborne's father told what a good, kind, noble Christian man his father was. I noted in the workings of his face that "Doctor Don" was framing a protest. He broke in:

"I don't think so much of your father, what did he do? How did he treat his family? He kept his wife raising babies, one every year until there were 10 of them. Then she gave up the struggle and died. Your father was a brute, a killer . . . that's what he was. I have no use for him."

#### FATHER MAKES PROTEST

The preacher-father's face was a study. He really wanted to laugh and was biting his lip cruelly. "Oh, Donald, you must not, you must not," he could only protest.

In a little while the old man got up and went into another room and I wager, had a good laugh all by himself, for he too was a son of Adam.

When Dr. Osborne was a boy of

17, he had a long run of typhoid fever. The doctors gave him up to die. His father, one of the great preachers of the Eastern Ohio conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, would not accept the doctors' terrible decree. He had prayed much; he would redouble his supplications. He retired to the most secluded room in the house and on his knees prayed that his darling boy's life be spared. He long wrestled with the Lord, like a prophet of old. He had indulged just one sinful habit: chewing tobacco. He chewed very little . . . one hardly noticed it. But some of the young preachers had assumed to criticize him. But he was presiding elder and had "something on" nearly all of them, so their plea that he abandon the habit and become wholly pure in the sight of God, moved him not.

But now, pleading for the life of his youngest, dearest son, he promised the Lord that he would separate himself from all things in the ways of the world that might stand between him and the Deity. In exhaustion, his prayers were answered and his boy was spared to him.

I never thought that Dr. Osborne had the strength and vitality that he appeared to possess. He had several severe illnesses. In his devotion to his patients he spared not himself. He gave all that was in him for his patient's sake. When a patient was in imminent danger, Dr. Osborne's attendance was almost constant. As time went on, at the end of every winter his vitality ran low and he would suffer a protracted influenza, and thus, at last he came to his death.

One morning, about 12 years ago, Dr. Osborne had been very ill and it was the latter part of winter. He called up and asked me to come over. This was an unusual request on his part and I realized that he was in trouble.

When I entered the room I saw that he was in great distress and much worried. He said: "I sent for you, for I want you to get Judge Mills over here as soon as you can, for I want to re-write my will. I wish you would look me over and tell me how much time I've got left."

I said to him, "Doctor, before I begin to look you over, may I ask you one question?"

"Well, what is it?" he replied, "and hurry up."

"Doctor," I said, "did you ever hear of a disease called spasmodic asthma?"

#### CASE IS DIAGNOSED

He raised himself up onto an elbow, threw his arm out the full length and snapped his fingers. "By God, you're right," he said. "I never thought of that, but every Osborne gets it sooner or later . . . and I've got it."

"All right then, doctor," I said. "Take some of these tablets you have here on your table which is as good medicine as you have in your whole drug store." In half an hour "Doctor Don" had forgotten all about Judge Mills and rewriting his will.

#### OPERATION AT BORGESS

At New Borgess hospital, I assisted "Doctor Don" in a major operation. The doctor felt that the condition was very critical and asked me to see the patient the next morning and take some of the responsibility. In the morning I stepped into the sick room. There were tears in the lady's eyes and on her cheeks, but she was trying to restrain laughter, lest it tear at her wounds.

She said, "Doctor Osborne was in here about 10 minutes ago, and what do you think he said?"

I replied that if I thought of the most impossible, unheard of expressions, I might guess it.

"The doctor did not even look at me," she said. "He stepped over to the mirror, looked therein, and began to damn the barber who had cut and ruined his hair. He roughed his hair all up and got it just to suit himself and vowed he'd get even with that blankety-blank barber. Without a word, he turned and went out."

#### DOCTOR PUTS ON ACT

She said she never would call him again . . . that she would not be treated so. I could but laugh at her and say that I had heard people make such threats before and that I would assure her that if she were ever in danger again, the only one she would send for would be Dr. D. P. Osborne.

Of course, as the doctor entered the room, with a flash of his eyes quicker than she saw, he knew his patient was safe. And the rest of his conduct was nothing less than superb acting. The doctor's purpose was to turn the woman's thoughts away from herself and give her something startling to think about.

I venture that for the next 24 hours, the lady thought of little else than the doctor's lurid speech and hair-disheveling act.

#### DOCTOR COMES BACK

But there was more in Dr. Osborne's thought than his patient realized. The doctor himself was not well. His nerves were frayed and his whole action was subordinate to his wish that to his patient he would appear masterly and confident. Had he gone into this sick room, showing his anxiety, his uncertainty . . . the patient would probably have read it in his face. I am sure that before the doctor left the hospital, when he had gained full control of his strength and morale, he returned to the room, the master of himself, and brought a message of hope which showed the patient his affection for her.

Dr. Osborne and Mabel Hoskins were married at Pasadena, Calif., May 18, 1918. The daughter, Elizabeth, was born July 31, 1919. Dr. Osborne developed a malignant scarlet fever and Mrs. Osborne contracted the same disease. Mrs. Osborne succumbed to this attack August 6, 1920.

I do not think Dr. Osborne ever regained his health from this ordeal. He worked very hard, and had many days of illness and suffering.

On January 16, 1934, Dr. J. W. Bosman died. "Doctor Don" was one of the bearers at the funeral. Across the aisle and a few seats nearer the front at St. Luke's church, was Dr. Osborne. I studied him. I knew that he had arisen from a sick bed to perform this service for Dr. Bosman. He was pale, his eyes very bright, flashing and crackling. He looked almost like a dying man at that time.

A little more than three months from that day, Dr. Osborne's funeral was held at this same church.

Dr. Osborne had been ill, but it was not realized that he was in any danger until the middle of the day on Friday, April 27. He was taken to Borgess hospital about 1 p. m. and died at 2 a. m., Saturday, April 28, 1934.

I last saw Dr. Osborne a little before midnight on this 27th of April. He was in an oxygen tent. I held his hand a moment when he aroused, and he said: "I knew you'd come."

"Doctor," I replied, "I have come to help make you feel better."

"I knew you'd do that," he replied. Then he shut his eyes. And not wishing to take one atom of his strength by his speaking, and filled with emotion, I pressed his hand good-by.

# Follies of 1887

Fifty years or so ago it was the habit of the poor people to flock to a new doctor. They had worn the old doctors ragged and hardened their hearts. And there was no "city physician."

I welcomed all-comers, for I thought they might teach me enough to recompense what I did for them. I was not so well-to-do myself, or so self-confident that I felt superior. And the gratitude of a poor family was just as sweet to me as that of the wealthy . . . even as it is now.

The poor family always had someone of better estate to whom they went to tell in an exaggerated way, what I had done for them, and often their benefactors sought me out. In humanitarian and religious ways, the poor have no less influence than the wealthy.

## GETS EPILEPSY CASE

I had not been in my office a week when a poor couple came in. The man said his wife had epilepsy and no doctor had helped her. They thought that a new doctor, fresh from college, would know the latest treatment. I did not disillusion them and tried to assume an air of wisdom that I did not feel.

Two days later the call came to 717 North Pitcher street. The street and number are irremovably chiseled on the granite of my dome. I arrived pronto and juggled materia medica till the spasms fell off. The next day she threw three fits, one of them at night. In fact, the more I doctored her, the more spasms she had.

## NEIGHBORS FLOCK IN

The good ladies of the Bethel Baptist church flocked in with food for the sick and the husband and children and looked after the house generally. But the fits were becoming more violent and the women could no longer restrain her. Then the men were called in. She knew when the seizure was coming and would throw herself into the lap of a "brother." If he saw her coming, he caught her on one knee. He could then throw the other leg over hers and with his arms, could hold her. Meanwhile, she buried her face in his neck and osculated his ear. Thus she clung until the seizure passed.

The kind woman whose husband was the handsomest, noted that the sufferer most frequently chose him as her rescuer, so the lady marched her husband home and told him to

stay there, and that she would look after the rescue. So the good ladies labored on, caring for and furnishing food for the family, and I was omnipresent, day and night, set on making a miraculous cure.

## THE END DRAWS NEAR

Everything must come to an end, and even fits lost their spectacular appeal to the good ladies and I was wholly exhausted and defeated. I said I had done all I could and that it was useless for me to try further. Then she got better.

In a week's time, the little daughter came again. "Mama is worse and it ain't fits, but she is in awful pain," the girl reported.

Touched by the appeal, I hurried to the relief. The condition was very bad. She could not empty her bladder and it was badly distended. I grabbed the proper instrument and relieved the pressure. But the bladder would not act. I was called morning, noon and night. She was getting worse and the church sisters faded away, weary and disillusioned. I too, resigned, and again she got well.

## AGAIN SERIOUSLY ILL

A week went by and I thought I was at peace. But of a morning, the little girl appeared: "Mama is awful sick and she wants you to come down."

I replied the best I could not to hurt the little girl's feelings, that I would not go any more. Then the girl started to cry and said, "Ma is in awful pain. She thinks it's rheumatism." So I surrendered and finally arrived at the bedside.

The patient was apparently very ill, and in bed. The left arm lay across her breast and was hugely swollen. Her eyes were closed but I thought not so tightly that she could not watch me. By this time I was suspicious. No fever, pulse slow, and did I ever see a rheumatism like this one?

## MALINGERER EXPOSED

The arm was not red but blue. Could it be possible that she had tied a cord around her arm! I tried to unbutton her neckband that I might see, but she modestly resisted. But I got just a peep . . . and there was the cord tied tightly around her arm.

I said nothing except to remark that it was a very bad case and unless relieved she might lose her arm. I had in my case a pill called "Little devils." One was a dose and two a diarrhoea. I gave her two, and told her to take two every three hours until relieved. She never sent for me again!

## VAGITUS UTERI

A strange phenomenon is the cry of the babe in the mother's womb. And difficult it is to explain. It is so rare that many doctors have never heard it.

It was in the birth room at Old Borgess hospital. Sister M. Constance sat on an uncomfortable stool, nodding. Not fully awake myself, I heard a strange little cry like the bleat of the tiniest goat. It seemed to come from nowhere, like a voice from the far away, or from the long ago . . . mysterious, uncanny. There was a pause and again the same little cry. Sister Constance heard it. And we called in all the nurses on the hall to hear, saying to them they might never have such opportunity again. The seance lasted several minutes.

## THE TOO-SICK LADY

Late one evening, a month after my arrival in Kalamazoo in 1887, a messenger, much excited came downtown looking for a doctor. I got the call and drove far down to the southwest part of town. It was an amiable lady, ill in bed with much soreness and pain in the abdominal region. I thought she was very sick and gave her opiates for her pain and did not forget to apply the hot turpentine cloths. For her bounding, runaway pulse, I put up a solution of aconite.

After I returned home, I was much worried. Would they make a mistake and give her an overdose of aconite and perhaps kill her? Might not the disease culminate and burn out her lower insides? I could not sleep.

## GETS EARLY START

I was up before six the next morning and was at the home before seven. There was no crepe on the door, so I felt reassured. I tried the front door but it was locked, so I rapped softly, not to startle the sick over-much. After a considerable wait the door opened a little. A lady gave me

the once-over and said: "She does not feel able to see you this morning," and then shut the door.

I drove back, much puzzled, trying to figure it out. By mid-forenoon a messenger boy came to say, "Doctor, why haven't you been to see Mrs. Blank?" I replied that I had been there, but could not get in.

Then I drove back to the house and repeated to the sick lady my apology, stating that I had come before 7 o'clock, but that a lady at the door said you did not feel able to see me."

"Oh, doctor!" she exclaimed, "was that you!"

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## One Death ❖ One Mourner

I had been in practice several years and thought I had learned and seen much, I became acquainted with a young man whose appearance and manners were prepossessing. He had taken the larger part of a high school course and his talent for mathematics had won him a place of responsibility in one of the city's industries.

I felt complimented by the friendship he showed me. Eventually, he confided to me that he was about to be married and he brought his sweetheart and introduced her to me. She was a beautiful girl and I felt they were entitled to the congratulations I offered.

In due and proper time they confided that a baby was on its way to them and would I take care of the expectant mother and the birth!

### BABY BOY ARRIVES

The baby was perfect . . . a sturdy little boy. I partook of their happiness.

Alas, in three months I was hurriedly called to see the baby. The sickness was such as 50 years

ago we saw all too often . . . convulsions following a few hours of indigestion symptoms. When the convulsions began, the young mother had smiled at the baby's rolling eyes and twitching eyelids. Thus invaluable time was lost. I called in two of the learned consultant fathers to no avail. Within 24 hours the baby was dead.

### DOCTOR IS OVERCOME

Gasping and broken-heartedly I tried to speak my sympathy. To the old, death is beautiful. The old man or old woman, so wan and wrinkled, but their faces showing the contentment, the sweet peace and rest now begun, since the Angel of Death, that supreme artist, had composed their countenances. For them, so soon will their dust return to the earth as it was!

But the beautiful baby, just from heaven come; trustingly come! And now all alone must find his way back to heaven. Sweet and dear it is to believe that he will feel about him the arms of Christ Jesus.

Ah, well, looking down upon the infinity of time and space: the

years that cannot be counted; the distances that cannot be measured; the few short hours of the baby, the few short years of the little boy . . . yours or mine . . . cannot be differentiated from the days of him with his three score years and ten!

### VISIT OF SYMPATHY

I planned, so soon as I could get back my morale, to make a visit of sympathy to the young mourning father and mother. Then into my evening office hour the young people came. I was gratified to note how well and finely dispositioned they appeared.

The husband did the talking.

"Doctor, my wife and I have talked a good deal of how much you loved our baby and how badly you felt over his death. We have come to tell you that we have thought the matter all out. All the time my wife carried the baby we never went anywhere or took any pleasure. My wife loves to dance and so do I, and now we intend to go out with our friends and have a good time. In fact, we don't want any more babies and if she gets that way again, we will come to you and you will help us out."

### ONE MOURNER REMAINS

Then he looked at me questionably. There was a choking in my throat. I felt faint.

"The baby has one mourner yet," I told them. The young man stood up and said, "Doctor, are you sick?"

"Yes," I replied, "I am sick, and will you please excuse me . . . excuse me, please!"

I never saw the couple again. Friends afterwards told me that this couple had said they called on me to talk about the baby, and that I was drunk!



Dr. John H. Fisher  
 Dr. Orrin Burroughs Sr.  
 Dr. William Bovie  
 Dr. William MacBeth  
 Dr. Oscar Seeley  
 Dr. Eli H. Coller  
 Dr. George Pease

Of this septet of small town, country doctors: Burroughs and MacBeth of Galesburg; Bovie and Fisher of Augusta; Coller and Seeley of Climax and Pease of Fulton, the stories of their lives read much the same. All were born in the homes of pioneer fathers, every one of them helped to clear away the forests, plow the land and sow the grain.

Each one of them by his own exertion in every way, educated himself; therefore, each was brave, true, tireless and self-reliant. None asked for favors. Each sought only the opportunity to serve in the noble profession he had chosen for his life work.

Each one of them became well prepared to be the leader in his community; first in all good endeavors. Each was highly patriotic, loved and hallowed the Fatherland and to the flag fiercely vowed his life, his fortune and his sacred honor.

No disparagement is intended and none exists in the term: "Small Town Country Doctors." Fifty years ago, by choice, many of the most brilliant and bravest of the young doctors chose country practice knowing the great service they could thus render.

**DOCTOR JOHN H. FISHER**

Frederick J. Fisher, a son of Dr. Fisher, speaks of the service and sympathy rendered his father in

his last sickness by others of this septet. These doctors respected themselves, each the other, and were quick to the call of a brother doctor ill or in trouble.

The territory over which these doctors practiced comprises more than the eastern row of townships of Kalamazoo County, two townships north into Barry, a township or more south into St. Joseph and the western townships of Calhoun County. Thus on any day, each faced the same heat and dust of summer; the same mud and quagmire of early spring; the same bitter cold, the winds and the snow-blocked ravines and roads of winter, the same epidemics of season.

The neighborhoods in which these men practiced were mingled with the neighborhoods of all the rest, like interlocked fingers in the clasp of hands.

Can the reader realize it that each of these doctors had no better conveyance or better roads than did Surgeon Dr. Craig, 138 years ago, when he rode horseback in the raw December winds from Alexandria, Virginia, to Mount Vernon to open a vein in the arm of George Washington and ease him into the other world?

**ORRIN BURROUGHS, SR.**

The portrait of Dr. Orrin F. Burroughs, Sr., was taken in 1875

when the doctor was 48 years of age. I became acquainted with Dr. Burroughs in 1887 at the meetings of the Academy of Medicine of which he was one of the incorporators. When the doctor was 60 he appeared to me older than his three score. His hair was white, thinner, long and a little curled. He was a large man, heavy in his movements as became a conscript father. He spoke in a slow, dignified, strong, clear voice, diffidently but not embarrassed. His words carried worth.

Dr. Burroughs was born in Monroe County, New York, March 14, 1827. He attended the Lima, N. Y., Academy. He received the degree of doctor of medicine at the University of Michigan in 1854. Dr. Burroughs practiced in Henrietta, N. Y. for two years, came to Galesburg, Michigan, in 1856 and practiced medicine there until his death on April 16, 1906.

**WAS VILLAGE PRESIDENT**

In addition to his professional work he was president of the village, school director, county superintendent of the poor a score of years. Of his three sons, two graduated in medicine, the late Dr. O. F. Burroughs of Plainwell, and Dr. Arthur P. Burroughs, practicing in Los Angeles, California.

In the fall of 1864, Surgeon Burroughs went out for a two-months' hike: and it was from Atlanta to the Sea. He had for comrades 62,000 fighting men. One, William Tecumseh Sherman, was in command. Confederate General Joe Johnston said it was the greatest army since the days of Julius Caesar. An hour or two before sunset the hikers, sometimes referred to as raiders, had stacked their arms, parked their artillery . . . 60 grim field pieces and 600 ambulances.

**HAD "FRUGAL" MEAL**

For the last frugal meal of the day they have eaten roast turkey, chicken a la Maryland, fresh smoke house ham, sweet potatoes, fresh green vegetables from Massa's garden, and coffee. Each traveler had his blanket and perhaps an adopted feathertick. The fifes and drums were silent, but along the 60-mile front, the bugles sang truce and the Northern warriors slept. Somewhere amongst this host, another Kalamazoo surgeon, Dr. Foster Pratt, served.

Happily the morning awoke at the bugle call, with the scream of life and flutter of drums and the great army was Gone with the Wind. And, in the story of Liberty

and Freedom this army will march forevermore . . .

Dr. Orrin Burroughs greatly enjoyed this first, greatest and only time off.

#### DR. WILLIAM BOVIE

Dr. William Bovie was born Feb. 3, 1826 of a French speaking Hollander father from the Belgian border and his mother was Amy Gardener, a sister of the late Congressman Washington Gardener's father. On Nov. 4, 1850, Bovie received a diploma from the state of New York entitling him to teach in any district school of the state.

On March 25, 1858, he received his degree of M. D. from the University of Michigan. Later Dr. Bovie received a certificate in the department of chemistry from the same university. He served as assistant in the department of anatomy under Professor Corydon L. Ford and Moses Gunn. His graduating thesis describes an original method for setting dislocations of ball and socket joints and was quoted in text books for many a year.

#### OWNED JESSE JAMES' FARM

Dr. Bovie practiced medicine in Kansas for five years and was present at the birth of two of the Dalton gang who were years later shot while robbing the Coffeyville, Kansas bank. He bought and owned, until the time of his death, the farm of the famous Jesse James.

When Dr. Bovie came back to Michigan he practiced a while in Hickory Corners, and there he married Henrietta Barnes Thorpe of Yorkville. At home he loved to play and sing. He worked hard and had no use for a lazy man. His fees were very low and he was very generous.

Dr. Bovie died April 22, 1901 and was buried at the Yorkville cemetery on the shore of Gull lake.

A daughter, Mrs. Lance, tells a story of her father's practice: "He had to cross a big marsh on a very dark, cold and stormy night . . . an emergency call to a family on the farther side. There was only a wagon trail. He went horseback, got lost and had to get down on his hands and knees and creep along feeling the wagon rut and leading his horse. When he finally arrived he was told by a man from an upstairs window that the patient was better and they did not need him, and warned him to make no charge. He was not even asked in to rest or get warm and could not enter the gate because of an angry

dog. No doubt there is disconcerting static in the air nowadays, but it is not just the same human kind that rent and burnt the air when my father turned back again to cross the marsh."

A son, Doctor William Bovie, the second, is the inventor of the electric cautery knife.

#### DOCTOR WILLIAM MACBETH

Doctor William Lang MacBeth was born in Bradford, Ont., Aug. 25, 1844, the son of Andrew and Jane MacBeth, Scotland born. As a boy and young man he helped cut away the timber from his father's farm, plow the ground and gather the wheat. He completed the course of study in the Bradford grammar school, then attended the Victoria College of Medicine, Toronto, where he was graduated in 1870.

Dr. MacBeth came to Sherwood, Michigan, the same year and practiced there two years. There he was united in marriage to Rachel Jane Gwin on Sept. 17, 1871. From Sherwood, Doctor MacBeth moved to Prairieville, where he practiced two and a half years; then to Galesburg where he made his permanent home. He experienced the hard practice of the horse and buggy and the sleigh days throughout his years. He enjoyed the companionship in several fraternal orders. At one time I attended a dinner in the Masonic hall at Galesburg. Doctor MacBeth gave the cleverest speech of the evening.

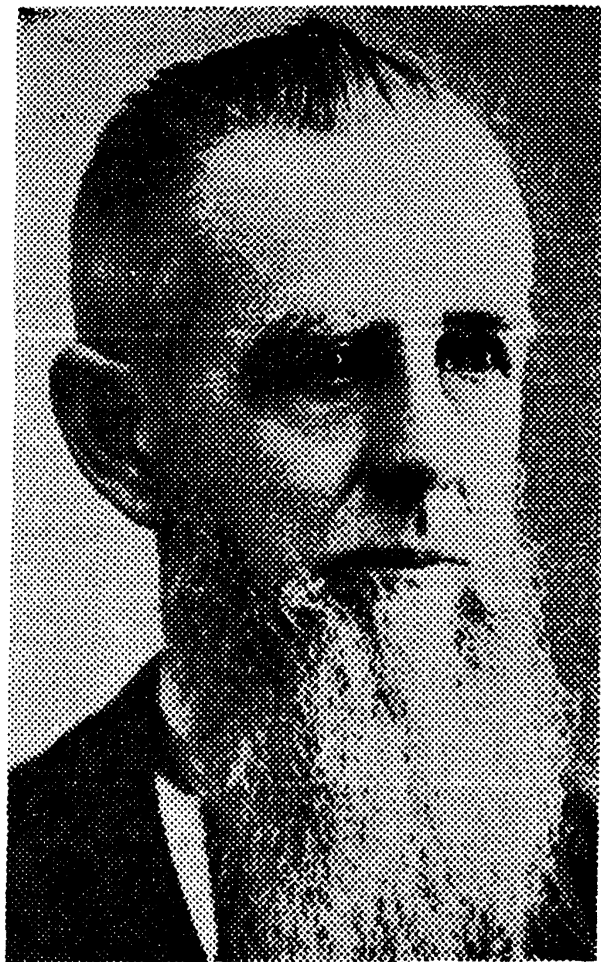
#### POSES FOR PICTURE

When Doctor MacBeth posed for the portrait here displayed, he never thought that one of his friends 40 years later would reminisce of him and publish the portrait. Had MacBeth envisioned such a resurrection, he would have transferred his 'kerchief', an angle showing, into his upper left pocket; he would have drawn the silk hat back into line with his front to avoid the present disproportion. Or, he might have chosen full dress, spiketail and all . . . the proud, classically handsome man.

Does anyone fear I may offend? Not at all, I am sure. For in life, he could give and take with experts. And now he has all advantage and safe in high Elysium, could borrow a thunderbolt of Jove.

#### SURVIVED BY WIDOW

Doctor MacBeth was a member of the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine. He died Feb. 18, 1909 and was survived by Mrs. MacBeth



DR. JOHN H. FISHER



DR. ORRIN BURROUGHS SR.

of Galesburg, and daughters: Nellie Mills Loveland of Paris, France, and Josephine Fluke, Boston. Mrs. MacBeth died Dec. 4, 1937.

And what about Doctor MacBeth this wild night; and Doctor Bovie groping his way out of dismal swamp with his fingertips? I know this: He would have left his silk hat on a silken satin pillow and donned a cap of Scottish plaid, knit waterproof, in colors of the Clan MacBeth, ere he ventured this Plutonian night.

In sleepless dread, MacBeth sat

by a dim light the night through. He heard his horse pacing to and fro and striking the manger and sides of his stall with his iron-clad hooves as he fought the terrors about him. MacBeth opened a door and called to the restless animal. In reply came a frightened neigh. Through the open door rolled billows of chill thick air carrying mysterious, fantastic and frightful forms and shivering MacBeth to the bone. MacBeth lit a lantern and hung it in the barn thinking thus to assure the frightened animal. But the horse kept whinnying and ceaselessly paced his stall. MacBeth fell to reciting from Shakespeare's Tragedy, "MacBeth."

"The night has been unruly  
where we lay,  
Our chimneys were blown down;  
and, as they say,  
Lamentings heard i' the air;  
. . . some say, the earth  
Was feverous, and did shake."

**DOCTOR JOHN H. FISHER**

Doctor John Harvey Fisher was born in Niles, Michigan, April 18, 1833 of a family of six sons and a daughter. His father, Daniel Fisher, Virginia, had come by covered wagon to Michigan and lived to 96 years. The farm won from the wilderness, bought from the government, was cut through in building the Michigan Central railroad.

Doctor Fisher studied medicine under Doctor Loomis of Niles, having as a fellow student, Doctor Bonine, father of Doctor Fred

Bonine. Doctor Fisher was graduated at the Eclectic Medical College, Cincinnati, in 1856. In 1866 he was married to Josephine Waring of Battle Creek. Doctor Fisher was an athlete, always ready to enter contests of strength. He was a great man of the community and always strove for the welfare of his fellow citizens.

**MET HIM BUT ONCE**

It was written of him: "His personality was genial and vivacious, especially cultivated and refined, full of the joy of living and interested in all the grand attainments of science and its great possibilities for the future. He was affectionate and loyal to his friends, cleanly and pure in his personal habits, honest and fearless in his belief."

I met Doctor Fisher only once, but often heard him much praised by the people of his community. His son says: "He was the best Dad any fellow ever had." Doctor Fisher died at 69, March 23, 1903.

**NATURE'S CHAOS**

The reader knows that when the primal elements of the earth, the heavens and the mighty deep are in flux and flow and the compass no longer finds the pole and curtains of the original darkness weigh down upon all that created is, human folk and all of the animal kingdom partake of nature's chaos.

Could Doctor Bovie tell of this night he would say that the air was of such dense black and sombre quality that as a pall or shroud it blackly draped the firmament. He knew, his faithful horse knew, every foot of this ground. But this night all points of direction were lost to the eye, lost to clairvoyance.

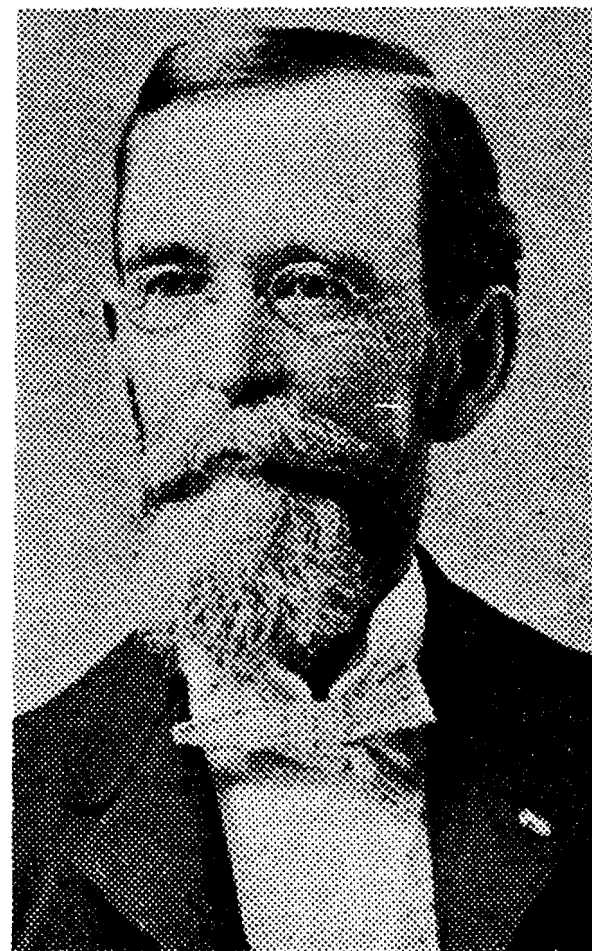
Such nights are historic. The ways of Nature go awry and human kind is prostrate and lost as when a volcano hurls a mountain into the heavens and a tidal wave crashes upon the shore of a continent: such night as fell upon the earth at the Crucifixion of Christ. And a like hour is this. Doctor Bovie with his fingertips is searching the way out of the dismal swamp and the frightened fool, hovering over a candle in the upstairs window, is gloating over the test she made of the doctor's credulity and honor. I will say that this is the very night that Doctor Fisher, on horseback, carrying a



**DR. O. F. SEELEY**



**DR. WILLIAM McBETH**



**DR. ELI H. COLLER**



This group picture, taken nearly 50 years ago, at Augusta, includes three of the doctors named in this book. In the front row is Dr. John H. Fisher. Just over Dr. Fisher's left shoulder is Dr. J. M. Rankin. Second from the right in the second row is Dr. William Bovie. The picture was taken on Dr. Fisher's birthday.

lantern, tallow-candle-lit, searched long for a hypothetical, lost patient on the hither shore of Gull lake, "in the misty mid-region of Weir." Flaming here and there, the bright marsh gases were burning: so thin are they that they burn without heat and burst into flame spontaneously. Toward each new flashing he turned his horse—thinking it a light from the pioneer's cottage. Then in the southwest he saw a door swing open and pour forth a brighter light and he turned his horse thither. But, as he watched, the scene shifted to the northwest. Then he knew it was the Jack o'Lantern, the Will of the Wisp, the ignis fatuus.\* Cold, confused, defeated, he sat his horse—walking aimlessly—until in the East the sable curtains slowly raised and in the gray before the dawn he gave rein for the homeward way. Whose and whence was the voice that had called him?

Was it a voice of this night or of the long ago coming down the long years? Was it a voice that had never spoken.

\*The stalk, branches and leaves of the "gas plant, dictamnus fraxinella" exudes a resinous or oily water that is so volatile as to spontaneously burn without injury to the plant.

#### DOCTOR OSCAR SEELEY

Doctor Oscar F. Seeley was born near Rochester, N. Y., June 12, 1832, the son of Elisha B. and Sarah Halstead Seeley. As a boy of three years, he came to the Michigan wilderness with his parents. Their first home was a cabin on the banks of the Kalamazoo river near the site of the present city of Plainwell. Indians dwelled in the neighborhood and their children were his playmates.

Seeley's first schooling was at the Old Branch in Kalamazoo under the charge of Doctor J. A. B.

Stone. When the Baptist College was opened in Kalamazoo he studied there for two years. He taught school for several years, meanwhile reading medical books. His medical college studies were at the Cincinnati Medical Institute.

#### LOCATED AT CLIMAX

This medical man practiced in Iowa and Indiana four years, then began practice at Climax, which he made his permanent home. He took a full course at Rush Medical College and received his degree in 1868. He was one of the incorporators of the Academy of Medicine and a member of the State and National Medical societies. Doctor Seeley and Mercy L. Sinclair, born 1836, were married March 12, 1857 at Schoolcraft. Mrs. Seeley died in 1899. There were four daughters and one son. Doctor Seeley was president of the Academy of Medicine in 1900.

Now what of Doctor Seeley and Doctor Eli H. Collier, partners at Climax, "on this night of all nights of the year?" For this is the very night when human emotions run high, uncertain and perturbed, that the involuntary mechanisms of the body, driven by the central neurons, touched by the finger of God, take on sudden action, and young mothers are weeping and wailing and laboring. And, in the storm and cold and darkness, the stork flies blind and low. It is best that Doctors Collier and Seeley be alert and ready, one to hurry north, the other south when they hear the swish of the stork's wing. And I beg of you, O doctors, listen so intently that fortunately you may hear the "vagitus uteri,"—the faint frail cry of the unborn babe in his mother's womb!

#### DOCTOR ELI H. COLLIER

Doctor Eli Holman Collier who began his practice 78 years ago, in 1859, at Fulton, was born in Canandaigua, N. Y., Aug. 13, 1834. As a youngster he accompanied his parents to Lenawee County, Michigan. He attended the medical school of the University of Michigan and established his practice only two years before the Civil war began. He served as surgeon of the 19th Michigan Infantry. After the war, Doctor Collier returned to Fulton. It was in 1872 that he moved to Climax where he was associated in practice with Doctor Seeley.

Subsequently, he moved to California and practiced two years near Los Angeles, but returned to Michigan, locating at Athens. He married Miranda Smith who died April 15, 1880 and shortly afterward, Doctor Collier was married to Miss Hettie Foote, then of Athens. He then moved to Battle Creek where he continued his practice until his death on Dec. 13, 1903.

#### 50-YEAR GRADUATE

Doctor Collier is survived by two sons and his widow, the latter now residing in Jackson, Michigan. The sons are Doctor Frank S. Collier, retired Vicksburg physician and Doctor E. H. Collier, dentist, of Battle Creek.

This year marks the 50th anniversary of Doctor Frank Collier's graduation in medicine at Ann Arbor. He received his diploma in 1887 and at once established his practice in Vicksburg, building a reputation as a skilled physician and surgeon. Associated with him in medicine at Vicksburg was his son, Doctor Russell J. Collier, Michigan Medical graduate in 1920.



DR. GEORGE C. PEASE

The father and son practiced together until Doctor Russell Collier's untimely death in May, 1928.

#### DOCTOR GEORGE C. PEASE

When Doctor Pease was graduated at Ann Arbor in 1875, he returned to his boyhood home intending to stay a brief time and locate in a larger city. Fulton residents immediately demanded his services, however, and he remained in that community until his death, Jan. 25, 1895.

Doctor George C. Pease was born in Troy, Ohio, Jan. 15, 1847 and was "brought up" his first 12 years in Ohio with McGuffey's reader as his guide. Coming to Michigan with his parents, he attended school in Wakeshma. His home was in the forest wilderness.

After two years of study in the offices of Doctors Collier and Seeley, he entered the medical department of the University of Michigan, "graduating with honors," March 24, 1871 . . . his bride being a sister of the wife of Doctor Eli H. Collier.

#### HAD FAST HORSES

From the little village of Fulton, Doctor Pease practiced over a large territory. He was a devoted member of the Academy of Medicine and was highly estimated by all the members. He kept a stable of fast roadsters and was famous for his prompt answering of distant calls. He took much interest in state and national medical and political questions.

His early death Jan. 25, 1895 at

48 years, was noted as a public and professional loss. An anonymous admirer deeply feeling the loss of so great and good a man, wrote: "He had not reached on life's highway, the stone that marked the highest point, but being weary for a moment and using his burden for a pillow, he lay down by the wayside and fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still."

Doctor Pease was a sturdy, florid faced man: quiet, reserved, open hearted, never boastful: a rock of refuge to the faint hearted and the sick.

"On this night of all nights of the year" before the little world of the Septet was wholly blanketed in Cimmerian darkness, Doctor Pease would answer a call out on the Leonidas woods' road. His vehicle was a two wheeled sulky; so high and short it was that it overrode the haunches of the horse. A wheel struck a stump and the doctor was thrown over the horse's head onto the freezing ground. How long he lay there he did not know—nor how he got home. He dimly remembered the whole night as a horrid dream.

As the night wore away came a call—relayed from house to house—and was to the town, Athens, and it is in Calhoun County, ten miles from Fulton and Doctor Pease. And a maiden dwelt there, and there she dwells forevermore. And likewise there was a Don Juan, even as in the Athens of Byron's day, and forevermore. And this night Don Juan would talk of naught but love and he pled: "Give, O, give me back my heart!" But the heavenly moon who keeps his course truly and draws the sea and maiden heart to high tide, was waning far and invisible. And the love in her heart fell back weakly and ill as the sea returned to his deeps. Then to Don Juan the maid spoke petulantly and turned away her face. And, lo! the leakage in Don Juan's scarred heart burst forth anew.

And that is why Doctor Pease in the gloom of early morn, with the speediest of his racing stable is hurrying to the rescue.

Don Juan's heart shall mend again.

And the maid? The moon will cast his spell forevermore and, at the hour, the ocean call up his tides and hot red blood will billow in the maiden's heart. "The cell," says Alexis Carrel, "is eternal" and the ovum forever awaits its guest.

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## Dr. George M. Braden

Dr. George Moore Braden died at his home in Scotts, Kalamazoo County, on Sunday, July 10, 1938, following an illness of three weeks. Had he lived until August 14th his years would have been four score and two.

Doctor Braden was the son of John and Rachel Camp Braden and was born at Strathroy, Ont. He came to Michigan at the age of ten years and graduated in medicine at the University of Michigan in 1883. Of the same class was the elder Dr. Mayo of the Mayo Brothers. Of his 54 years of the practice of medicine he was a resident of Scotts except for two years in Climax.

He was married to Alice M. Phelps, Ceresco, Michigan, Dec. 2, 1883, who died July 19, 1900. Of this union there were born five children, Mrs. Vivian Gemmell, Centralia and Mrs. Ruth Tice, Tacoma, Washington; Mrs. Christine Baker, Chicago, Mrs. Alice Jillson, Holland and Maxwell G. Braden, Vicksburg, Michigan. Doctor Braden is survived by Grace Grover to whom he was married June 5, 1901, and three brothers, Fred and John Braden, East LeRoy, Michigan and Benjamin Braden, Washington, D. C.

### HAD BEST ROADSTERS

Twenty-seven years of Doctor Braden's practice were of the horse and buggy and sleigh days. His horses were of the best roadsters that money could buy, with buggies to match and, by reason of his love for his faithful horses, he was loath to give them up for the automobile in 1910. A book, the usual country doctor's moving story, could be written of his lone adventures by day and night,

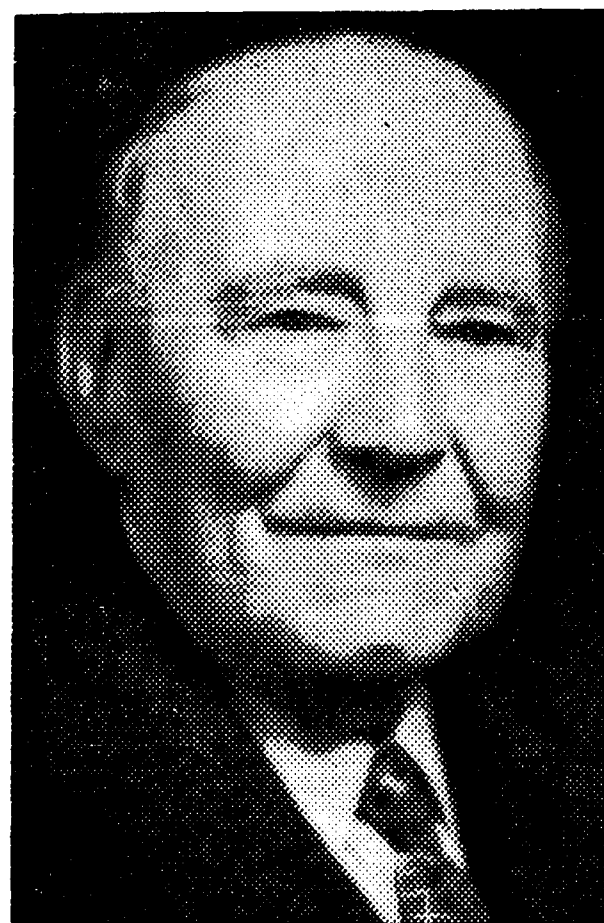
through the heat and dust of summer and the storms and bitter cold and the snow-drifted or thawing roads of winter. He was a man of remarkably strong and vigorous physique, broad shouldered, deep chested and his morale was high and fearless.

In 1887 I became acquainted with Doctor Braden at the meetings of the Academy of Medicine of which he was a faithful member, a regular attendant. In the Academy he spoke or wrote of many of his experiences and his theories.

For the benefit of Doctor Braden and the other members who drove long country distances, a bylaw was adopted by the Academy, Oct. 2, 1886, that the meetings should be set "during the full light of the moon."

Many years ago I met Dr. Braden in the Colman drug store and asked him how practice was going and for any of his experiences that might be helpful to me. The doctor replied that he was making an intensive study of tuberculosis of the lungs, and that he had worked out a remedy from which he was getting very encouraging results. I asked him would he give me his formula. He replied that the basis of the remedy was an emulsion of egg and codliver oil to which he had added some potent drug. This latter he said he did not want to announce until he had further experience. I mention this only to show that he was of an inquiring, independent, inventive mind.

About a score of years ago Doctor Braden began to curtail his practice to office treatment. He specialized in serum and other hypodermic medication. Pursuing his studies he invented a certain preparation of which he derived much



Dr. GEORGE M. BRADEN

satisfaction and many of his patients much benefit. In this line of endeavor he had sought the judgment of the late Doctor Augustus W. Crane. The doctor's innovations attracted much attention and by railway train, automobile and afoot the public wore a pathway to his door.

At this time he wisely placed on others the responsibility of driving his automobile. In winter he rode in an enclosed car, the front wheels of which were replaced with sleigh runners and the back wheels fitted out with endless caterpillar tread. He thus could make good time over the snow. The new transport upset only once in awhile.

With the death of Doctor Braden, the book of the original members of the Academy of Medicine is closed. Doctor Braden, even as the rest of these gallant men, practiced his art to the day he was death smitten.

Doctor Braden possessed an unusual, impressive speech. His voice was a deep baritone with the full gamut of musical notes. He spoke so clearly and with such concentrated force that his utterance was a fiat that few undertook to confute.

His portrait here shown is worthy of study. Such profoundly

significant lineaments are not often to be seen. There are power and vision and sureness and philosophical contentment. It is a countenance that a great sculptor would love to chisel into the granite face of a mountain. This portrait keeps re-appearing to my mind's eyes since I first looked upon it. It gives "the impression of intellectual power and passionless serenity" that so wonderfully the devotee artificer expresses in the statue of the great Buddha.

I called on Doctor Braden a week before his death, we met affectionately. The doctor knew that he was dying—little wonder that a learned doctor should have such prescience, when animals of the wilderness and many of the denizens of the ocean deeps have such ken.

The doctor was in great distress, he could not breathe lying down. He sat in a cushioned chair with a rubber tube in a nostril to feed him oxygen. A nurse sat watchful by his side to restrain him in his delirium. He muttered: "What's the use, why don't they let me die and get through with it."

I had read the nurse's report and the attending doctor's treatment.

When he aroused I contended with him that his distress in breathing; asthma I called it; might well be the result of the exuberance of the vegetation in this unusual verdant summer and that, under the wonderfully skilled treatment he was getting, this difficulty in breathing might pass away and he would be better. And then with a laugh he said: "It is worth all the trouble of dying just to have Mac here write me up." This strange witticism Mrs. Braden repeated to Dr. James B. Barnebee and me when we called just before the funeral. "How would it sound if I should quote what the doctor said," I asked her. "I wish you would so do," she said.

Doctor George Moore Braden has fallen in unto his long sleep, his long rest. Of what and where is the long sleep, the long rest?

From the cross Christ named it Paradise.

## Dr. A. W. Crane

The Medical Journal Club was in session on a certain evening in the fall of 1895. A member, perhaps Dr. J. W. Bosman, perhaps Dr. Augustus W. Crane, read a newspaper account of the discovery by Dr. Roentgen of the X-ray. Most of us received this announcement with moderate interest. Dr. Crane, however, was much moved by the discovery. Without realizing what it all meant to him, I am sure that this announcement claimed his interest more than any of us.

There was a time in the earlier years of our meeting, before the marriage of Dr. Crane and the Rev. Caroline Bartlett, when they honored me with their confidence and their misdoubts. Then long years of rare meetings and then, later on, a return somewhat of the old days of confidence.

### IS SMALLPOX VICTIM

In the second or third year of Dr. Crane's residence in Kalamazoo he came down with smallpox. It was a light case and Dr. Crane did not submit gracefully to the loss of



DR. AUGUSTUS W. CRANE

so much time. The city health officer, fearing that the doctor might not strictly obey the quarantine, stationed a policeman to patrol the front of 419 South Burdick street where Dr. Crane was rooming. This officialism was much more amusing to the other doctors than to Dr. Crane.

Dr. Crane was then taking whatever cases came to him: medicine, surgery, obstetrics. He startled the rest of us by prescribing teaspoonful doses of dilute hydrochloric acid, further diluted, of course; but confounded us by pointing out that the human stomach secretes much more of the acid in one digestive act.

### HIGH-SPIRITED, BRAVE

Dr. Crane was high-spirited, brave, impatient of conventionalities and restraint. He was quick tempered, relentless, forgiving not quickly. He was inclined to harbor the memory of a fault, but was an unrelenting partisan of that which he believed to be the right.

This Kalamazoo physician was a searcher for the truth . . . not the truth that satisfied others and received the sanction of custom and religion . . . but the real, abstract, immovable truth. However much Dr. Crane might value a friend, yet if it came to a surrender of any of his principles or beliefs, the friendship availed not against his loyalty to a theory or fact. Dr. and Mrs. Crane were never followers. There were leaders.

### MOST NOTED DOCTOR

Providence had been kind to Dr. Crane. And then in the midst of his pre-eminence and while the strength of years was yet with him, he was called away long before the evil days came in which he should say "I have no pleasures in them."

Dr. Crane was the most widely known of any of the Kalamazoo medical corps. He is also the only one to have a book written of him. Dr. William C. Huyser's book is

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ready for the printer and is the product of months of concentrated study . . . an affectionate tribute of a learned doctor to our most famous brother.

#### **HAD FEUD WITH OSBORNE**

I always regretted the armed truce that existed between Dr. Crane and Dr. Harris B. Osborne. How they got started wrong I never knew, but doubtless tale bearers

were responsible to some extent.

On Feb. 14, 1937, were published my reminiscences of Dr. Osborne. On that evening my telephone rang. It was Dr. Crane speaking.

"I have just finished reading your article on Dr. Osborne and my eyes are full of tears," he said. "I never dreamed he was the kind of a man you write of him to be, I am so sorry that I never came to know him."

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## Dr. Edward Ames

## Dr. A. H. Rockwell

At the beginning of these reminiscences I was apologetic in the matter of the term "Dean." There is really no such office in our own little medical world. Doctors Edward Ames and A. H. Rockwell each have the dignity of a decade more of years, lacking one, than I. If the honorary title of Dean is used, it should apply to these elder doctors.

In this series I thought I should not write of the living, but exceptions are worthily made for Doctors Ames and Rockwell.

It seems as if I had always known Dr. Ames. His father and my father were friends for years. They were those loyal men of Illinois upon whom the great arm of Abraham Lincoln leaned for support. Anti-slavery and intense loyalty to the government were their unchanging will.

#### **LEFT ILLINOIS AT 18**

Dr. Ames left Illinois when 18 to go to Sherman, Chautauqua County, New York, where Dr. Harris B. Osborne, his brother-in-law, was practicing medicine. It so happened that with my father and mother, I had arrived at the old Wells street railway station in Chicago. Watching the passengers from a train just arrived from the West, I saw Edward Ames and ran out to speak to him. He was on his way to New York.

With my mother, I was present at the marriage of Dr. Ames and Miss Annette Hoyt at her home in Illinois. A few years later, on a visit to Sherman, N. Y., I was prowling around Dr. Ames' room and found a Greek testament which he was reading. This gave me the desire to study Greek.

#### **TO KALAMAZOO IN 1892**

Dr. Ames came to Kalamazoo in 1892. I have always been honored

by his friendship, have received much good counsel and effective assistance. In all the years I have known Dr. Ames I have never seen him make a wrong diagnosis. In this art and the treatment of fractures of bones, I consider his knowledge so accurate as to seem uncanny. In making such examinations I never saw him cause a patient pain. He did it all by the keenness of his vision and the marvel of his tactile sense.

Dr. Ames is a man of iron constitution. During his active years he worked hard and incessantly. In his practice of 18 years in the state of New York. It was the horse and buggy in the summer and sleigh in winter. In Kalamazoo he used like conveyances for 10 years. Had not Dr. Ames suffered a severe hip fracture, he would now be in active general practice.

#### **IS NATIVE OF VERMONT**

This Kalamazoo doctor was born at West Rutland, Vt., January 29, 1851, the son of Charles and Adelia Ward Ames. When Edward was four years old, his parents moved to Kane County, Illinois, where his father bought government land. The son received his early schooling in the district, vil-

lage schools and at Jennings Seminary, Aurora, Ill. He took his first medical degree at Yale in 1874 and his second at the University of New York in 1881. He is a member emeritus of the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine.

Amongst the innumerable reminiscences of my experiences with Dr. Ames, I will mention but one:

#### **CALLS ON DYING PATIENT**

At one time Dr. Ames 'phoned me that a patient who had been ill but a short time was growing rapidly worse, and he thought she could live but a few hours. He asked if I would go with him to see the sick one.

We soon arrived at the house and found that the sick woman had died only a little while before we arrived. Dr. Ames was asking the family for some of the final details, when suddenly down the stairs came the husband, not fully dressed and in a state of uncontrollable excitement and anger. He accused the doctor of ignorance and neglect, charging that he was responsible for his wife's death. The accuser was swinging his arms and I thought he was going to strike the doctor. I watched the man intently and then I looked at Dr. Ames. He stood at ease with a little smile of benevolence and kindness and sympathy on his face and there he stood until his accuser stopped from loss of words and exhaustion.

#### **DOCTOR GIVES REPLY**

Then Dr. Ames replied: "I am glad you have spoken just as you have, for it gives me a chance to make some explanations to you."

The doctor ostensibly started his explanation, but switched off long enough to compliment the young man on some observation he himself had made, saying that it proved to him he was a young man of unusual powers of observation. Then the doctor started another apparent explanation, but immediately thought of another compliment. So it went on, Ames speaking kind words, sympathy and more compliments. Suddenly the young man put out his hand and said "Dr. Ames, I see it all now. I thoroughly understand my position and will you excuse my excitement. I realize now that you did everything possible for my wife and I will never forget what you tried to do for her and for me.



I want to shake hands and thank you again and again."

#### Dr. Alvin H. Rockwell

Dr. Alvin H. Rockwell was born January 7, 1851, in Trowbridge township, Allegan County . . . the same year, just 22 days before Dr. Ames was born. Dr. Rockwell was the son of William Henry and Polly Clark Rockwell. The father was killed at Brandy Station, Va., in 1863 and was buried on the field of battle by Confederate soldiers. He was a member of Custer's Michigan Cavalry brigade. The father left a family of his wife and seven children on a partially cleared farm.

Alvin Rockwell attended the Allegan County schools and took courses at the state university in biology, chemistry, and sociology. In 1874 he married Emily Marble, who died in 1878. The following year, Rockwell began the study of medicine with Dr. H. F. Thomas of Allegan, and in 1880 entered the University of Michigan where he was graduated as doctor of medicine in 1883.

#### PRACTICES AT MANCELONA

From 1883 to 1889, Dr. Rockwell, practiced at Mancelona, including an area that was more than county-wide. In 1886 he was married to Addie M. Thompson. In 1887 he helped organize and was the first president of the Northern Michigan Medical Society. In 1889, Dr. Rockwell located in Kalamazoo.

Kalamazoo was then under the mayor-alderman form of government. Following the spring election of 1896, Jonathan C. Adams, accompanied by William L. Welsh, came into my office and asked if I would accept the appointment as health officer. I replied that two terms as health officer of Kalamazoo township had taught me that I was not a natural-born health officer. They then asked whom I would suggest. I gave the name of Dr. A. H. Rockwell. I knew he had been health officer at Mancelona. My visitors then asked if I would see Dr. Rockwell and learn if he would like the office. I did . . . and he did.

#### FULL-TIME HEALTH POST

Dr. Rockwell served in 1896, 1898, 1909 and 1916 on a part-time basis. Then when the first full-time health post was created in 1918, Dr. Rockwell was named and served until 1932.

Too much cannot be said in reciting the beneficial services of the Kalamazoo city health officers. It fell to the health officers to enforce the ordinances regarding



DR. EDWARD AMES



DR. A. H. ROCKWELL

water and as to moving the privy into the house . . . that was a social error of unthinkable impropriety. But slowly and at last the health laws were enforced and thus were typhoid fever, dysenteries, and cholera infantum driven from our city.

Upon Dr. Rockwell's resignation he was able to report that since the organization of the city health and welfare department, the infant mortality rate had dropped from 111 per 1,000 babies to 62 per year.

#### MOVE TO POLICE BUILDING

In 1921 the offices of the health commissioner were moved to the city police building in East Water street. The quarters included a general office, office for the director, the city physician, the public health nurses, milk inspector, plumbing and sanitary inspectors and the city laboratory. In September, 1931, the department was moved to the new city hall.

Upon Dr. Rockwell's resignation as director of public health and welfare, the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine gave a dinner in his honor. Addresses were made by President Dwight B. Waldo of Western State Teachers College; Ex-Mayor S. Rudolph Light, Mayor Lewis Wright, Dr. A. W. Crane, and others.

### AMES FIRST DOCTOR TO DRIVE AN AUTO

Dr. Edward Ames was the first Kalamazoo doctor to drive an automobile in his medical practice. It was in August, 1902. This feat entitles him to mention in these reminiscences, despite all canons to the contrary. This original car was a Knox—a lever drive, air-cooled, equilateral, right angled parallelogram. In succession he wore out four of them and then the breed ran out.

It is misty in my mind that once there was a Titan, Prometheus, who, at great peril to himself, uplifted mankind; taught them the useful arts and even for them, stole fire from heaven; and that he thus aroused the wrath of Zeus who chained him to a rock on Mount Caucasus where the vultures tore at his side for ages, until at the appointed time, he was released by Hercules.

Or am I only day-dreaming! Was it not a Titan Dr. Edward Ames, who was so enchained with the eagles tearing at his thigh until the time he was released by the Vis Medicatrix Naturae—the healing power of his own nature—whose ancestral roots had deeply grown about the marble and granite of old Vermont, sending their trunk and branches ever verdant toward the skies?

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# Golden Anniversary

By **ROSS H. COLLER**  
Kalamazoo Gazette Staff

In his 77 years, Dr. Rush McNair has come to know men and to love mankind.

Fifty of these years he has devoted to the services of his profession in Kalamazoo and the close of this half century finds this eminent medical man in daily practice, fully abreast of modern medicine and keenly alert to the many things of interest in the world about him.

Dr. McNair has made his mark as a skilled surgeon and in addition to his extensive practice here, he has been called upon by physicians throughout this section of Michigan to perform difficult operations in many communities. He was the pioneer in the operation for appendicitis here, and among the first in the country successfully to perform this operation.

## **AUTHOR OF REMINISCENCES**

For the last seven weeks Dr. McNair has further distinguished himself as an author. He is writing most interestingly of the lives of those medical men in practice here when he came to Kalamazoo as a young college graduate in 1887. His skill as a writer has permitted him to picture most clearly the reverence that he holds for our medical fraternity of 1887, of which he is now the sole survivor.

It is my privilege to record here an expression of the respect and the gratitude that an entire community feels for Dr. McNair on this golden anniversary. Inadequate as the words may be, they convey a message of friendship and recognition of achievement . . . all too often deferred until it is too late.

## **AT HEAD OF CLASS**

This week marks the 50th anniversary of his graduation in medicine and when Dr. McNair returns to Northwestern University campus in June for his class reunion, this distinguished Kalamazoo physician and surgeon will receive the plaudits and the hom-

age of his surviving classmates. It was March 29, 1887, that Dr. McNair was graduated as valedictorian of his class . . . a proud young man . . . but courageous, as medical men must be.

Of the 44 graduates who received their diplomas at old Central Music Hall at Randolph and State streets in Chicago on that day in 1887, eight now survive. Dr. Ben Riese of Oakland, Calif., now secretary of the class, has notified Dr. McNair that "we will expect our valedictorian to make a speech." And this speech cannot fail to prove that through the years, Dr. McNair has carried with him the distinction and the spirit of the valedictorian.

## **SKEINS OF GOLD**

As "copy reader" during this series of medical reminiscences, I have noted that in his reviews of Kalamazoo medical men, Dr. McNair has found illustration of human qualities in the legends of mythology. I am reminded today of the encounter by Astolpho, illustrious knight of Charlemagne, with the Fates who spin, measure, and terminate the lives of mortals.

Each skein had its label of gold, silver or iron, bearing the name of the person to whom it belonged. Thrown into the river of Lethe, not more than one in a thousand of the labels floated and

numberless birds strove to snatch these tokens from the water. Usually they proved too heavy and the birds were forced to drop them into the river of Oblivion. But two beautiful, snow-white swans gathered some few of the names and returned with them to the shore, where a lovely nymph received them from their beaks and carried them to a temple on a hill. There they are suspended for all time upon a sacred column, on which stands the statue of Immortality.

## **SON OF A DOCTOR**

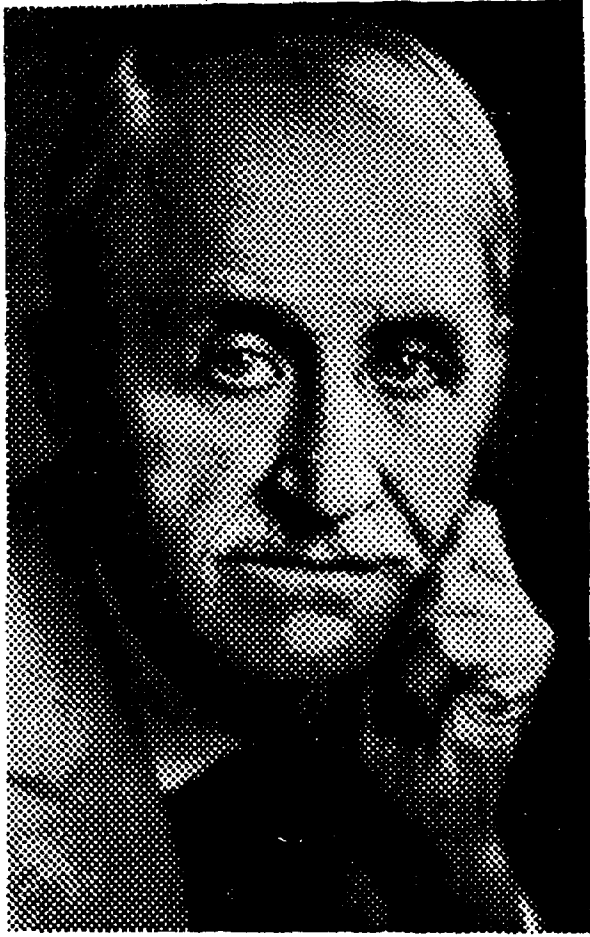
Rush McNair was born July 1, 1860, at Blackberry Station, Ill., the son of Dr. Samuel and Ann Osborne McNair. He was named for Rush Medical College at Chicago, where his father was graduated in 1859. A twin brother was named for an intimate friend of the father's, who spelled it "Rauch" but which was adapted as "Rock." In his own writings, Dr. McNair has recounted his close association in early life with Harris Burnet Osborne, the brother of his mother.

The parents lost two sons in infancy. Then on April 20, 1872, Rock McNair succumbed at 11 years to meningitis which followed a throat infection. This loss struck a major blow at the little family, the father never fully recovering. After the lad's death, the doctor father took to his bed and for several years was neither able nor disposed to resume his medical practice.

## **DEATH LEAVES A VOID**

Dr. Harris B. Osborne told of returning to the McNair home for a visit in later years and how he went for a long ride with Dr. Samuel McNair . . . how the bereaved father described his love for the lost son and of the ambitions he had held for him. The ride ended at the little graveyard where the father knelt . . . then losing control of himself, sobbed "Oh, give me back my Rockie," as he clenched the moist earth in his grief.

"I can tell you, too, that twins are different than other children," Dr. McNair has told me. "My brother and I lived lives of a common interest. We dressed alike and were always together. We knew that an invitation or a privi-



These two pictures of Dr. Rush McNair were taken at a 50 year interval—at left in 1937, at right in 1887.

lege extended to one included both of us. His death left a void in my life which 65 years have not erased."

Dr. McNair spent his boyhood in the Illinois community of his birth. Enrolling at Northwestern University, he was graduated in the Liberal Arts College in 1885 and completed his studies in the Medical College two years later. After spending a short time at his home, he arrived in Kalamazoo late in April, 1887, to join his uncle, Dr. Osborne in medical practice.

Establishing his office here, Dr. McNair soon proved that he had all the qualities necessary for successful medical practice. He was a welcome protege of Dr. Osborne, because Osborne himself had been reared as a youth and educated in medicine by Rush McNair's father. But the younger doctor was soon to outstrip the elder in accomplishment and fame as a surgeon.

#### FAMILY ACTIVE HERE

Besides Dr. Osborne, there were two other brothers of Mrs. Ann Osborne McNair who distinguished themselves in Kalamazoo. They were Attorney James W. Osborn and the Rev. David C. Osborne, father of Dr. Donald P. Osborn. Though an own brother, Attorney

Osborn, spelled his name without the final "e."

Back in Illinois, the doctor father, broken in spirit and health, abandoned his practice at the age of 73. Dr. Rush McNair built a fine residence at 120 West Lovell street, brought his parents to Kalamazoo and established them in this home. It was there that Dr. Samuel McNair died on June 30, 1898, at 75. His wife survived until 1908.

#### STUDIES IN EUROPE

In 1903 Dr. McNair studied in Edinburgh and Paris, consulting with the leading surgeons of Europe and adding thereby to his stature as the then leading surgeon of his community.

In Edinburgh he attended lectures in medical jurisprudence given by Sir Henry Littlejohn, who represented the British crown in important litigation and in many murder cases. It was Littlejohn who inspired Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in the creation of his character of Sherlock Holmes. The two men visited together frequently and Littlejohn was an adept in the powers of deduction along the lines which have become familiar to admirers of the detective in Baker street. In Edinburgh, too, Dr. McNair made the acquaintance of the noted Dr.

John Bell. In Paris he was permitted to study surgery under some of the most noted medical men of France.

#### TRAGEDY REPEATS

The doctor had lost his first son in infancy in March, 1890, a child affectionately named for the distinguished uncle, Burnet Osborne. His second son was born while he was in Edinburgh . . . Rush Noel McNair. Under much the same circumstances as his father had lost the twin son, Rock, Dr. McNair was crushed by the death of this devoted son at the age of 7 on August 16, 1910. It was an irreparable loss and though not forgotten, Dr. McNair talks about it very little. Through the years he has cherished the love and companionship of his only daughter, now Mrs. Ruth McNair Gilmore.

Dr. McNair was married thirdly to Patti R. Ruffner, February 28, 1924, at Chicago. By this marriage the doctor has an attractive and most capable step-daughter, Miss Virginia.

#### RENDERS BROAD SERVICE

Dr. McNair has rendered valued service on so many occasions that his contributions could not be recounted. He participated in the beginnings of the present Bronson hospital. As early as 1890 he was a member of the U. S. Pension Examining Board. On April 28, 1917, he was recommended for appointment in the medical corps of the 32nd Division, but barred from active duty by the age limit, he organized the medical staff of Selective Draft Board No. 2. When this board closed its books March 31, 1919, more than 2,800 men had been examined.

On Dec. 15, 1925, Dr. McNair was elected president of the Academy of Medicine. As his exaugural address upon retirement from this post, his topic was "The Truth, the Whole Truth and Nothing But the Truth." This paper was immediately recognized as a notable contribution to medical ethics and was published in the Journal of the Michigan State Medical Society in May, 1927. It is referred to, also, by Dr. E. D. Burr, author of "Medical History of Michigan," who mentions Dr. McNair in each of the two volumes of this historical work.

In some respects Dr. McNair is a strange man. He finds a thrill

---

of exhilaration in the flash of military arms and pageantry, yet if war came his sympathies and his heart would go first to those torn, maimed victims of shells and bullets; he is deeply moved by sentiment, yet has sternly faced the hardships, defeats and death itself in his medical experience, with the fortitude of a stoic. He has deep devotion for the Academy of Medicine and the Republican party. He is at the same time reserved and austere, but completely democratic. Like many of his medical associates in earlier years, as well as those among his contemporaries, his interests and his accomplishments are broader than his own profession. He is wholly the cultured gentleman, a lover and writer of fine poetry, a student of literature and the arts . . . a man who lives and enjoys the full life.

"I have learned that it is wise not to feel over-hurt by things that people say or do," Dr. McNair has observed, "or to harbor thoughts of hatred or revenge. In the long run this only puts unhappiness upon yourself. If you can learn to wait, you will find that time heals all wounds."

#### WITNESS FOR DEFENSE

"No matter how much you may have thought a person has injured you, and perhaps felt that he went out of his way quite a bit to do it, often I have had the surprise of my life to discover that this very person has spoken well of me and has gone out of his way to do me a favor."

Dr. McNair will always remember with satisfaction those legal criminal cases in which he has testified for the defense. Two young girls were aided to freedom by means of his testimony in cases of infanticide; one woman was acquitted of patricide and a physician cleared of manslaughter.

His one regret to this day was the conviction of Mrs. Eugene Burgess, held with her husband in a witchcraft murder in Kalamazoo. Dr. McNair was one of the very few in Kalamazoo to rally to the defense.

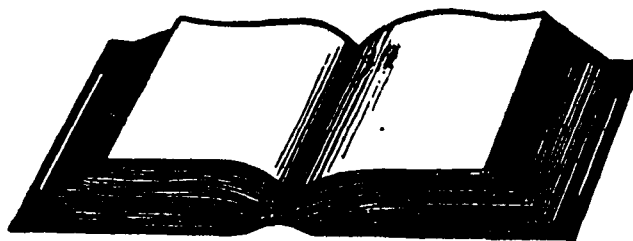
"Mrs. Burgess is now confined to the state hospital for the criminally insane," Dr. McNair says, "but in my belief she is neither a criminal nor insane. She should be restored to freedom."

Dr. McNair is a member of St. Luke's Episcopal church; vice-president of the National Society of the War of 1812 in Illinois, and a member of the Sons of the American Revolution.

#### HAS CARVED HIS PLACE

Many active years remain for Dr. McNair who has become so much a part of his home community. Through his reminiscences he is bringing back to memory many of those physicians who have been loved and revered in earlier years and this 50th anniversary of his own practice is quite properly made the occasion for a community's greeting to this great citizen.

My own acquaintance with Dr. McNair is not counted by years, but through contact with his kindly and generous spirit I have come to know that within his mind and heart "there are a thousand nameless ties, which only such as feel them know; of kindred thoughts, deep sympathies, and untold fancy spells which throw o'er ardent minds and faithful hearts a chain, whose charmed links so blend, that the light circlet but imparts its force, in these fond words . . . my friend!"



---

## PREDECESSORS OF THE KALAMAZOO ACADEMY OF MEDICINE

\* "The second semi-annual meeting of the Southwestern Medical Association of Michigan, was held at Kalamazoo on the second Tuesday of December, 1853, at the Court House.

Prior to 1866 unsuccessful attempts were made in Kalamazoo to form a medical society. That year came into being the Kalamazoo Valley Medical Society embracing in its territory Calhoun, Kalamazoo, Allegan and Van Buren counties. It shortly discovered "after a careful diagnosis that it had inherited the infirmity of its parents—too much territory—and the diagnosis was triumphantly vindicated by its speedy dissolution."

"February 11, 1868, the 'Kalamazoo Medical Association' was organized by Drs. Pratt, Hitchcock, Southard, Fiske, W. Mottram, Chapin, Johnson and Porter." It met monthly at the homes of its members, "whereby sociality is cultivated as well as science." In 1880 Dr. Pratt was president. Dr. Snook, secretary and treasurer.

The Kalamazoo District Medical and Surgical Association was organized February 27, 1878, with H. O. Hitchcock, president; B. Barnum, Schoolcraft, and E. B. Dunning, Paw Paw, vice presidents; I. W. Fiske and H. U. Upjohn, secretary and treasurer.

There were twenty members. Its president in 1880 was Dr. E. H. Van Deusen and its secretary, Dr. J. M. Snook."

\* P. 497, Vol. II. Medical History of Michigan. C. B. Burr, M. D. 1930.

## KALAMAZOO ACADEMY OF MEDICINE

The Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine Incorporates: thus establishing a more definite organization and acquiring certain rights: one of which is to possess buildings and land.

We the undersigned: H. H. Schaberg, W. Mottram, Foster Pratt, Adolph Hochstein, J. M. Snook, H. B. Osborne, O. B. Ranney, H. U. Upjohn, H. B. Hemenway, H. O. Hitchcock, W. B. Southard, W. T. Stillwell, I. W. Fiske, E. C. Southard and W. L. Worcester, of the town of Kalamazoo, C. H. McKain of the village of Vicksburg; E. C. Adams of the town of Alamo; G. F. Burroughs of the village of Galesburg; O. F. Seeley of Climax and J. M. Rankin of the town of Richland; all of the county of Kalamazoo and state of Michigan, do this day, in accordance with chapter one hundred and twelve (112) of the Compiled Laws of 1871 of the State of Michigan, hereby agree to associate ourselves for the period of thirty years into a society for literary and scientific improvement in the medical profession; said society to be known as the "Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine," whose office for business shall be in the city of Kalamazoo, County of Kalamazoo and State of Michigan.

Given this the twenty-seventh day of November, in the year eighteen hundred and eighty-three, in Kalamazoo, County of Kalamazoo and State of Michigan.

On the same date the above named doctors made oath to the above agreement, before Notary Public, Oscar F. Coleman.

January 29, 1884, all books, moneys, and other properties of the Kalamazoo District Medical and Surgical Association were turned over to the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine. On this date the above named doctors signed the new Constitution.

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