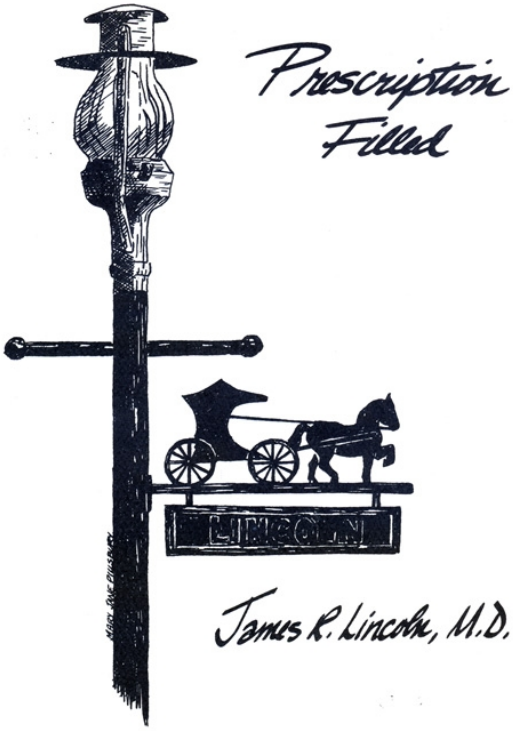

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Above all I wish to thank my wife Helen for her help and encouragement, which has made this book possible.

FOREWORD

The ninety years between 1891 and 1981 witnessed a greater number of changes in rapid succession more profound and far reaching than have ever been recorded in a like period of time. The internal combustion engine has made possible such divergent items as lawnmowers and airplanes. Gaslight and oil lamps have been replaced by electricity, which has given us everything from home appliances and illumination to the "Gay White Way" and modern night life. In the field of medicine surgery has progressed to the point where vital organs including the heart can be transplanted. Such things as insulin and antibiotics have transformed the treatment of disease.

Most remarkable of all the overpowering events is the landing of a man on the moon and his return. Had anyone predicted in my childhood that all this would happen in one lifetime, he would have been laughed at. It is my urgent desire to give an account of what one lucky man's life was like during this incredible period of time that impels me to record it between the covers of this book.

J.R.L.

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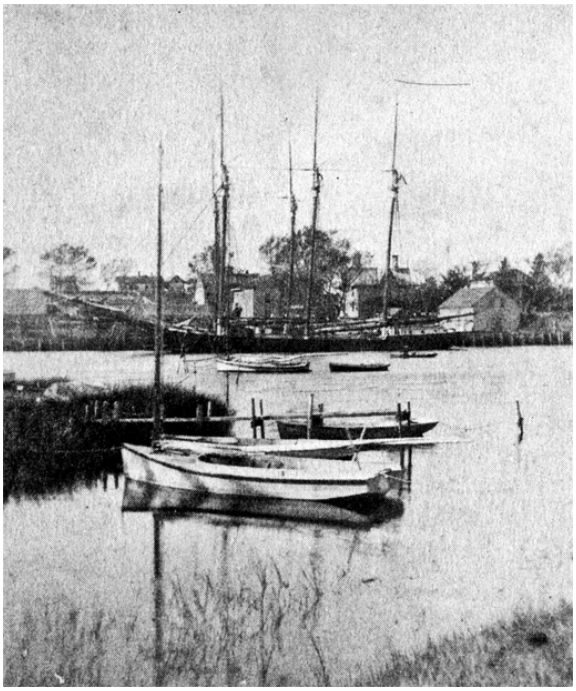


The Wareham River, looking from its southeast shore towards Main Street, Wareham, where the schooners are tied up.

Lincoln Hill's main saltbox home was built prior to 1710 by John Bump, and subsequently bought by Captain Rufus Lincoln of Taunton in 1799. A wing was added which includes the kitchen, two bedrooms, wood shed and carriage house.

CHAPTER I
BACKGROUND

1891 marks the beginning of the last 19th-century decade and the first of my life, giving me the privilege of having lived in two centuries. I was born in Wareham, Massachusetts in the old homestead on November 12, 1891, third child and second son of James Minor and Josephine Vermilye (Lott) Lincoln. My brother Preston Shepard and sister Helen Roosevelt Lincoln were born in New York City and envied my Wareham nativity.

My early life was a combination of Wareham summers and New York winters. Childhood memories include the farm as it was then with horses and all the farm animals, cows, pigs, chickens, etc.

There seems to be little of historical significance in the 1890's until the Spanish-American War, which I vaguely recall being discussed in family conversations. The Spanish fleet was hiding in Havana Harbor, Cuba, and there was much excitement on the East Coast, including Wareham, and fear of an attack. "There'll Be A Hot Time In the Old Town Tonight" was a popular war song. Admiral Dewey was the conquering hero. I can recall looking down from a hotel window on a parade in New York celebrating the American victory. Teddy Roosevelt and his Rough Riders were a renowned outfit, and the battle of San Juan Hill in which they fought stands out as a famous event. The winter of this conflict the Lincoln family spent in Wareham. Except for this interval, the old homestead was a summer home only.

Winter in Wareham was a glorious adventure to us young Lincolns. In the fall of '97 the family did not return to the New York house, and we had a full year of country life. The shortening days, early sunsets and chilly nights with frosty mornings were all exciting items in a new adventure. Owen, the hired man, officially Eugene Owen Sullivan, had worked for my great-grandfather, Minor S. Lincoln, and on one

occasion assured me that he, "reverated that man!" Owen was an important member of our family unit, caring for the animals, all of which he loved, bringing in the wood, milking the cows and countless other chores. He was a rather small man, so stoop shouldered as to be almost a hunchback. He was quiet and very good to us children.

I recall being told by my mother that I could get out of bed at 6 o'clock and being instructed in how to tell time. The hands of the clock would be vertical pointing in opposite directions. Lighting the stove was the first item of the day. Days were apt to start early with two children under ten in the house. My older brother, Preston, was away most of our Wareham winter. Mother was the cook. Breakfast was usually hot cereal, eggs and toast, with coffee for the adults and milk or cocoa for us youngsters. Vitamins had not been invented in the nineties and orange juice was not the indispensable source of Vitamin C which it now seems to be.

Father drove to the Post Office after breakfast, about one and one-half miles. He often used the "Gig", a two wheeled cart entered by a pedal in back and by lifting half the seat which was hinged on either side with a middle support. This type of vehicle was also known as a village cart, a handy rig. I was always glad to go for the ride when invited. There was no R.F.D., but the butcher, baker, and grocer made deliveries with horse-drawn wagons. A snow storm was cause for rejoicing and the inevitable snowman was always a popular figure.

Coasting was a new sport to us. Father built us sleds which he replaced with "store boughten" ones at Christmas. These were pretty exciting — bright and shiny, but the homemade ones proved better in some ways. The runners were made of wider boards and gave more clearance off the very uneven ground of the slopes on the hillside. To explore the fields with their blankets of snow sparkling white in the sun, which we were accustomed to seeing in the green of spring and summer, was a new experience. The woods were fascinating, white carpeted with bare brown spots where the boughs and pine needles had sheltered the ground below. White streaks marked the windward side of the trees after a snow storm, making an outdoor scene whose beauty was not lost on the young.

The big meal was at noon which came none too soon. "Snow ice cream," fresh fallen snow scooped up in a dish sprinkled with powdered sugar, was an occasional treat. Bed time came much too early after the always welcome supper. To see the cows being milked interested us a lot, though attempts to squeeze milk out of the cows' teats did not always work too well.

Memories of exciting things such as a new sleigh complete with buffalo robe are among the most enduring. The snow was so heavy one day that Father rode to the Post Office on horseback. Carriages were not well suited to heavy snow. He was not a horse lover, but had complete faith in old John, the white-faced bay, though I never knew him to ride at any other time. What a rare treat it was to be surrounded by the country with snow, woods and the farm animals.

In spite of the absence of all plumbing, heating, or electricity, we found rural winter far from the city streets a joy. All water was pumped from the well just back of the kitchen door. It was not until 1907 that the town water supply reached the drawing board stage and definite plans were completed for running water in individual dwellings and institutions. Even then the pipelines were very limited, and the more primitive system persisted in the outlying areas — including Lincoln Hill.

A slab of soapstone was heated and put in a canvas bag to warm the bed. Wood fires on the hearth and small stoves, one a soapstone stove, were the chief sources of heat. This primitive life, however inconvenient and devoid of the highly-prized luxuries of the later times, carried with it a certain enjoyment akin to the spirit of going camping.

Our parents presided over this rural winter of course, and it is now time to look back on them and on their lives.

My father inspired in us, his three children, a degree of affection and respect which has been a profound influence in our lives.

James Minor Lincoln, father of James Rufus Lincoln, about 1902.

I cannot hear the word father without a touch of emotion. He was born at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania in 1854, the son of Preston Shepard Lincoln and Annie Eliza Moore. He lived in New York City and attended the College of the City of New York which he left to take a job with the Clyde Steamship Co. Coastal steamers were near their peak at this time, and W.P. Clyde was a family connection. It was here that father got most of his engineering education.

He became a skilled draftsman and participated in designing Clyde Line ships, including the Iroquois. He was a member of the American Society of Naval Architects and Engineers. He retired young because of ill health to devote himself to genealogy, his hobby. He published two books, The Lincoln Family of Wareham and The Papers of Captain Rufus Lincoln. Rufus Lincoln was a veteran of the Revolutionary War, a native of Taunton who moved to Wareham on his return home, purchasing in 1799 the land since then known as Lincoln Hill.

Father was above all a man of character, a gentleman of the Victorian age. An engineer by profession, he enjoyed his varied assortment of tools, which included such things as a foot power lathe, and a drill press. His library of some 3,000 volumes, largely history and engineering, was his pride and joy. A leading characteristic was his fondness for children. No waif he saw on the street was beneath his notice.

My mother was born May 6, 1855, in Potsdam, New York. She was the first child and only daughter of Jerome and Salina (Ward) Lott. They moved to New York City, where a son, George Bayard Lott, was born

in 1857.

Jerome Lott is a shadowy figure to me, but he apparently did not qualify as a husband and father. A separation resulted, one which eventually spanned the continent.

Shortly before the beginning of the Civil War my mother and her little brother Bayard were taken by my Grandmother Lott to visit relatives in the far west. Railroads had not yet crossed the continent and they went by way of the Isthmus of Panama. Wild animals were abundant in some areas and I remember hearing tales of "Aunt Jan and the bear." This was exciting for me as a little boy hardly able to read. It did establish the fact that interesting and even dangerous animals could be seen outside of zoos.

This was a time 10 years before the renowned Golden Spike was driven, the spike that signaled the completion of the Union Pacific and Central Pacific Railroads linking the Atlantic to the Pacific by rail. Before the railroad was completed, horses, mules and oxen were the pulling power to cross the Western plains, deserts and mountains.

My Uncle Bayard lived with an aunt in Kansas while mother lived with relatives in California. This period was apparently uneventful. A little girl does not keep much in the way of records.

In 1862, she returned to New York with her mother, crossing the continent by way of the Isthmus of Panama. En route, they stayed in Virginia long enough for my grandmother to take work as a nurse in a hospital. This temporary employment was readily available, owing to wartime conditions. The remuneration was certainly needed at this point.

General anesthesia had become available after 1846, when ether was first used in a surgical operation. Hospitals were taking on new aspects as modern surgery was evolving.

When they returned to New York City, it was necessary to cross the Confederate lines. I have in my possession a pass giving permission to Mrs. Salina Lott and her little daughter to do so. Mother has told of fording a stream in a carriage and of a horseman galloping by. A few rifle shots in the distance were the only sign of hostility. They finally arrived, penniless, in New York and went to live with my grandmother's older sister, Aunt Josephine Vermilye, at her young ladies' seminary in Armonk, in Westchester County. There my mother acquired an excellent education. Years later, when she helped me with my college preparation,. I found what an astute grammarian she was and how well versed in French and German. After grandmother Lott's death, mother and Uncle Bayard took up residence with her father's younger sister, Helen, Mrs. Richard Schell, but they both felt the stigma of poor relations. Uncle Bayard could not take it and went his own way. He married Cora McLellan of Denver, Colorado.

Mother remained with the Schells and was a great asset. She was a strikingly good looking young woman with many qualifications and made a pleasing dinner companion. The Schells entertained lavishly; among their notable guests was the famous Civil War cavalry general, Philip Sheridan.

Many household duties came within her realm, and after Richard Schell's death, she was all but indispensable as a companion to her childless and very self-centered aunt. So her 13 years in this luxurious home in New York City in the post-bellum era were a revelation of what wealth alone could not do. It was a valuable experience, culminating in a happy marriage which was to last for 32 years.


Josephine Vermilye Lott Lincoln, James R. Lincoln's mother, circa 1880's.

She presided over a home that included my older brother, Preston, my sister Helen, and myself. My brother became a lawyer. He was possessed of a fine mind, but had a strong tendency to the theoretical rather than the practical, a dreamer and a bookworm. He had no interest in taking me to the ball game or the races, but we enjoyed the old swimming hole together. The day I learned to swim was one of my biggest and best.

Siblings: Preston Shephard Lincoln (1886-1971), Helen Roosevelt (1890-), James Rufus Lincoln (1891-).

He enrolled at New York University with the Class of 1909 and took his law degree there as well. He earned a J.D. degree at Stanford. A devout Episcopolian and a lay reader, he was also deeply interested in all that was military, or that involved wearing a uniform. He enlisted in the Naval Reserve and happily spent his vacations on the cruises this entailed.

He was associated with W.S. Youngman in Boston for a few years, then practiced in Wareham until World War I. He married Eleanor Ashbrook in 1917 before leaving for overseas duty. He retired with the rank of Lieutenant Commander after 50 years of service in the Reserve and on active duty, and was honored by a medal and certificate presented by the governor. He celebrated his 50th Wedding Anniversary and was survived at his death at 85 by his wife, a Licensed Practical Nurse now living in California, and three children, two sons and a daughter, all married.

My sister and I were close companions in our early years and have always been important to each other. She attended Barnard School for Girls and took singing lessons, which were a source of great satisfaction, as she had a soprano voice with potentialities. This was cut short by her marriage June 7, 1911 to Theodore Russell Ludlow. He was an interesting man. He studied law at Columbia University, where he was a classmate of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. After graduation and a year in a law office, he gave up the legal profession and attended the Episcopal Theological Seminary. He married my sister on the day of his graduation. He signed a five year contract with the Board of Missions, and they sailed for China on the SS Tenyo Maru. It took three weeks to cross the Pacific, and on arrival they were greeted with harrowing experiences. Local unrest

and revolt saw violence on every hand; the heads of decapitated victims were impaled on the gatepost as they entered Wuchang. At one point a Chinese soldier seized my sister and, backing her against a wall, held a gun to her head. Fortunately she was rescued; her fortitude was great, but the incident is one she has never wanted to talk about.

On one occasion, while engaged in famine relief work, the Ludlows were housed in a small shack surrounded by open fields. It was rumored that there was a supply of grain stored in the shack. Hordes of hungry famine victims surrounded the building, milling around it during the night. My sister sat with a revolver in her hand as a means of deliverance if worse came to worst.

The contract with the Board of Missions included teaching at Boone University in Wuchang. This meant living on the compound and contacts with the surrounding area. My sister was impressed and depressed by the desperate poverty, the scarcity of food and fuel and the hardships encountered.

Theodore Lincoln Ludlow was born November 11, 1913. At the end of a year, his health was endangered and he and his mother returned to the United States. I took the trolley to Middleboro to meet the train on which they arrived on a Sunday morning in the spring of 1915. Young Theodore proceeded to, attending Williams College and then the Episcopal Theological Seminary, following in his father's footsteps. He presently is Pastor of a parish in Newark, Delaware. James Minor Ludlow was with the State Department for many years before his death in 1973. Ogden Roosevelt Ludlow also went into the ministry, and is now living in Renovo, Pennsylvania.

My brother-in-law served as a chaplain in World War I. He was of great value because of his knowledge of Chinese. This facilitated relations with the Chinese labor battalions serving with the Allies. He later became Dean of the Episcopal Cathedral in Topeka, Kansas. At the time of his retirement in the late 1960's he was Suffragen Bishop of the Diocese of Newark, New Jersey. He died in Wareham in 1961.

My sister, in good health at the age of 90, divides her time between her house, built by Rufus Lincoln, Jr. on Lincoln Hill, and her oldest son Theodore in Newark, Delaware.

A streetcar on the New Bedford-Onset line on Main Street, Wareham, near Thompson's store.

CHAPTER II
EARLY MEMORIES

Summers in Wareham highlight the happy recollections of my first 18 years. Building of the New Bedford and Onset Trolley electric railroad, which joined with the Middleborough branch at Chapel and Main Streets, was an important event in local history. In the summer of 1901, at age 9, I remember watching tracks being laid in front of the house on Lincoln Hill and the rebuilding of the stone wall across the road. The electric cars played a considerable part in Wareham life during the first quarter of the 20th century. The Middleborough branch, with a terminus near the railroad station in Monument Beach, came through the woods in South Wareham and down Main Street from what is now Tobey Road. It shared the tracks of the New Bedford and Onset Railway from the point where they came in from New Bedford on what is now Route 6. At the foot of Chapel Street there was a siding where the cars would wait for a clear track from this point down.

A ride on the trolley car was one source of entertainment and their speed, which must have exceeded 30 miles an hour at times, seemed exciting. This facilitated New Bedford traffic. I can remember when a round trip to that city took all day, including errands or social calls. Many men from Wareham were employed on the railway; Trundy, Chase, Ruggiere, Coyne and Nicholson are some of the names that I remember. Bell ropes were used to record collection of fares. Some skeptics referred to the "short arm" of conductors who failed to reach this overhead apparatus.

Among the reasons the new electric trolleys were well received was the state of roads at that time. James Warr was in charge of town roads in the 1890's. I do not remember him personally, but I have a vivid recollection of the oyster shell surfaced roads of that time. The shells were a vast improvement over the sand ruts that characterized many roads away from the town area. Wagon wheels would sink into the sand, making for very heavy going and slowing most horses to a walk.

The slag and iron wastes from the Tremont Nail Company and the horseshoe factory were also used for surfacing roads. Black from its high iron content, the slag could be broken into small particles to produce a hard road surface. The road from Lincoln Hill through South Wareham and Tremont was surfaced with slag.

The fact that the road surface changed from oyster shell to cinders at the crest of Lincoln Hill in front of my house gives credence to the contention of my father that this was the dividing line between Wareham and South Wareham. The boundary lines of East, West, and South Wareham are vague and ill-defined, even controversial. James Warr was, in any event, known as the road-master. He lived in a big house at the lower end of Main Street on high ground overlooking the river. He was a great horse lover. He had a half-mile track and at one time owned horses with good records in harness racing. His two sons, James and William E.C. Warr, were my contemporaries, but somewhat older. I never knew the former, though Bill Warr and I became well acquainted. He built the first Warr moving picture theater before World War I; it was prospering when I came to Wareham in 1943. It finally succumbed to television competition and rising maintenance costs. I look back on the movies I saw at Warr's Theater with nostalgia.

Because Wareham was only our summer home, my childhood memories of life there were paralleled by memories of life in New York City. Public schools in New York City in the 1890's had not earned my father's approval. My older brother had attended two private schools, one a private school near our home on Lenox Avenue, the other a military academy, a boarding school in New Jersey.


James R. Lincoln at eleven years of age in 1902, in the uniform of the Barnard School for Boys.

My own education began at home. My ABCs were taught by my mother's aunt, Josephine Vermilye, who had been head of a young ladies' seminary in Armonk, New York. In 1900, I was enrolled in the Barnard School for Boys at West 125th Street, New York City. My home tutoring, though thorough in the fundamentals, did not fulfill the requirements for second grade. I was, therefore, older than most of my classmates. The headmaster and founder, William Livingston Hazen, named the school for Professor Barnard of Columbia University and managed it so well that it has enjoyed a long and successful career. It has merged with the Horace Mann School. I attended Barnard School from 1900 to 1910. I consider the instruction it afforded to be of first quality. The names of Miss Metz, Miss Poore, Miss Stevens and Miss Kearns still represent personalities I recall with much respect and affection. These were teachers I encountered in Grades 1-8.

The teachers in Upper School (Grades 9-12) were men. They all deserve more space than can be given here. Mr. Barber taught math, physics, and chemistry. He was a quiet, alert man; quick-witted, even sarcastic at times, a good teacher and a man of character. Mr. Dubriel in languages; Mr. Messer, a strict, scholarly Latin teacher; Mr. M.N. French; Mr. M.D. Graves in English; and Mr. Patterson, a capable and popular teacher who taught German, were among those whom I best remember, and I am still reminded of things I learned in their classes. All classes were small, and the individual attention given pupils was a valuable contribution Barnard had to offer.

Horses played a role in my New York childhood that autos play for today's children. Accidents took their toll, especially on icy pavements. Horses fell and broke a leg fairly often and were shot where they lay to be converted in due course to baseball covers, hair mattresses, and glue. Such carcasses were gruesome sights, at once fascinating and repellent to a child.

Horse manure was a major problem. Street cleaners with brooms and ash cans on two-wheeled pushcarts were ubiquitous. There was an element of pollution involved. The tetanus bacterium has long been known to thrive on horse manure. A characteristic sign of tetanus infection is muscle spasm, the contracture of voluntary muscles which cannot be relaxed. This is so pronounced in the facial muscles that the infection

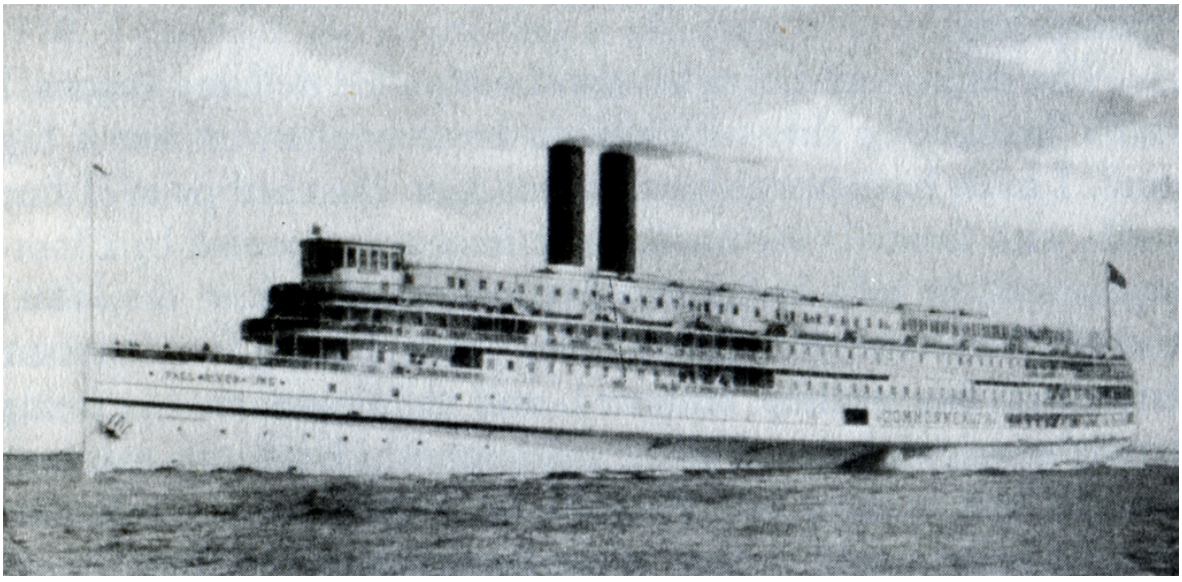
acquired the name "lockjaw."

Because of the affinity of the tetanus bacterium for horse manure, an additional element of risk was added to city life as well as to life in rural regions. Tetanus was a serious problem in World War I. After a long series of experiments and research, an adequate inoculation protection against tetanus was devised and mortality drastically reduced. This nearly complete elimination of a potent source of infection has been a forward step in sanitation and health protection. The fact is that one form of pollution, the tetanus germ, presents much less of a threat than it did in the days of equine ubiquity.

The majority of horses on the street pulled delivery wagons. I once "hooked" a ride with the driver of one, which was a big thrill. I must have been an early teen-ager. Matched pairs of fine horses with liveried coachmen, sometimes accompanied by a footman, could be seen in fair weather in Central Park in the 1880's and 1890's. Mother has spoken many times of going for afternoon drives with her wealthy, widowed, and childless aunt, but being utterly miserable for want of the attention which a happy marriage brought her in later life. Magnificent Percheron or Clydesdale draught horses could be seen at the breweries on the West Side as late as the days prior to World War I.

On the Upper West Side there was a stretch of roadway known as the Speedway, maintained for the purpose of driving fast horses of wealthy men. Thomas W. Lawson is one of these who comes to mind. He was noted as a financier. Lawson was representative of those whose economic status made possible their prominence in the world of equitation and high fashion. There were many private stables on the side streets of mid-Manhattan which afforded living quarters for the coachman-groom. These were upstairs over the horse stall-carriage house complex.

One place where horses were kept in East 38th Street was known as the Lincoln Stable. This became the Lincoln Garage; the proprietor and his two sons were very likeable Irishmen. I kept my car there for a number of years when my office was at 63 Park Avenue, on the corner of 38th Street. A print hung on the wall, showing a jockey kneeling beside the horse he was about to ride, a picture of supplication. The title was The Jockey's Prayer. This was once a highly valued print but anachronistic in that place at that time. The passing of the horse was a gradual process. Horseback riders, rodeos, and the race track will keep the horse in the public eye for the foreseeable future, but his place as an indispensable part of community life lost its hold between 1900 and World War I. Even in the days of gasoline restriction of 1917 my use of a horse and carriage seemed remarkable to many people. The first horse I ever owned I bought in 1926.



SS Commonwealth, Fall River Steamship Line, "the Fall River Line".

The link between my New York and Wareham childhood was the Old Fall River Line. We left Lincoln Hill in a carriage and took the train at South Wareham. At Middleborough the conductor would announce, "Change for Attleboro, Pawtucket, Providence, Fall River, Newport, and New York." This involved another train for Fall River and the boat. The sidewheel steamers of the Fall River Line included the Puritan, the Pilgrim and the Priscilla. A slightly larger and more modern ship, the Commonwealth, was added about 1910. These were impressive and glamorous craft, or so it seemed to a sub-teen-aged passenger.

The Fall River Line was one of several companies operating sidewheel steamers between New York, Fall River, Providence, and New Bedford. These were well-appointed and comfortable. A good night's sleep, a good dinner and breakfast and such sights as the great connecting rods moving rhythmically back and forth all held the interest of the passengers. Because my father was a marine engineer employed for some years by the Clyde Line, we three young Lincoln were occasionally invited to the pilot house with him, very memorable occasions indeed.

Horses were as vital a part of the community in Wareham as they were in New York. Blacksmith shops were for horses what garages are today for cars. Wareham had some memorable ones. In the early 1900's Angus Nicholson had a forge near Loring's livery stable. This area later was occupied by Ben Sisson's garage. This was a Ford agency in the days of the Model T and supplanted Loring's livery stable. Sam Loring's stable, Will Loring's harness shop, and Nicholson's forge formed a complex of allied industries important in rural life.

A blacksmith shop next to the then Hennesy home was operated by Woodside Simmons. The building has been replaced by the Gateway Bus Line garage. Simmons' shop was just under a mile from the old house on Lincoln Hill and thus nearest home. It was fascinating to watch the old, worn shoes taken off. Occasionally, a horse "cast a shoe," which was consequently missing when he reached the smithy. It took a skilled hand, still does, to trim the hoof and fit a new shoe by shaping with fire and anvil.

The shoe was selected from the stock on hand of the right size. While still hot it was applied to the prepared hoof, giving off a characteristic odor somewhat akin to that of broiling meat. After temporary contact to insure accurate fitting, the shoe would be reheated to proper temperature and dunked in a tub of water standing near the anvil to give it the suitable tempering. The seven nails used to fasten the shoe to the hoof were the crucial points. It took great skill to put them in just the right spot not too near the quick. A misplaced nail can lead to infection and the destruction of the horse, a major tragedy.

Various repair jobs involving iron work were part of the blacksmith trade. This included the resetting of tires on carriage and wagon wheels. Wear and tear, wetting and drying, and heat and cold eventually loosen the metal tire on the wooden felloes of the wheel. Resetting requires removing the tire and "taking a tuck" in it to reduce its circumferential length to fit snug on the felloe. A calibrated marking tool measures the desired length by marking on the inside of the tire the number of revolutions made by a little disc or wheel on the end of a handle; the smith would carefully note this number and shorten the tire circumference as indicated. The repairs done by a blacksmith often required woodwork as well as metal, and a shaft of a carriage or wagon wheel replacements called for skilled workmanship.

The last of the Wareham blacksmiths was Walter Rowley in West Wareham. Mr. Rowley was a man of unusual character. He was still shoeing horses in his seventies. A man of great intelligence and deeply religious, he would stand by his anvil with one hand on the lever which operated the bellows to activate the fire and in which the iron to be forged was brought to the proper temperature. With the other hand he turned the pages of his Bible, to which he was devoted. I never knew a man as well-versed in biblical history nor more steadfast in his belief. He might well have served as the model for Longfellow's character — "A mighty man was he with broad and sinewy hands." The poem notes, "On Sunday he goes to church." A

Rowley memorial room in his church in West Wareham still keeps his memory warm.

The coming of the electric railway in 1901 signaled a time of change in Wareham. For many years the town office consisted of a small white house in High Street between Chapel and Sawyer Streets. The front half of the house contained desk room for the town clerk, who at the turn of the century was William Taber. The back half of the building was the jail. One town character is said to have arranged a sale of liquor while confined there. This building was moved, soon after the advent of the street railway, to its present site on Main Street. The resulting appearance was similar to buildings then known as grain elevators in the corn belt of the Midwest. An unusual, but not at all unattractive building, this house now stands opposite the Congregational Church rectory.

Charles "Charlie" Bates succeeded Taber as town clerk in 1902. He and my father were good friends and spent long hours in the town office. Several volumes of town records copied in father's handwriting are in the Wareham Free Library.

Bates was a rugged individualist, a New England Yankee, with a characteristic conservatism. A Latin teacher by profession, he combined mental activities with a proficiency in baseball. Few could throw the ball as far as he. Though bland in manner and appearance, he was inflexible to a degree concerning any matter on which he had taken a stand. His ability and loyalty were universally respected. He held office for fifty years, beginning in the modest quarters on High Street and moving up to what is now the "Old Town Hall" in the pre-World I era and finally into the imposing structure of the present Town Hall, in late 1938. This building, acquired by the town through federal funding, and the Work Progress Administration (WPA), was thought by many to be a white elephant at that time. The 50 years of Charlie Bates' regime (the Bates clerkship, 1902-1952) constitute an eventful period in the history of Wareham.

THE IRON HORSE

The Iron Horse — apt nickname for the steam locomotive — is a symbol associated with fond memories. By the time tracks from Boston reached Wareham in 1846, the glamorous era of the stagecoach had come to an end. Minor S. Lincoln was the second owner in the family of the old homestead and was a director of the railroad.

He built a magnificent barn on the hill near his house. There were stalls for six horses and a tremendous hay loft. The size of the timbers in the building is in keeping with the mid-nineteenth century. Offers to purchase it, in recent years, for the material, are an indication of the value of such lumber. The stately monument stands well into its second century, a tribute to the craftsmen of past generations. The masons and stoneworkers of those days have left an impressive record of their expertise. Thus it is interesting that the same man who left this memorial to "the age that is past" was active as a railroad director in the "age that was waiting before."

The impact of the Iron Horse on the various communities it so effectively linked from the middle of the 19th century to the middle of the twentieth presents a fascinating picture of the times. The train whistle evoked an emotion all its own and stirred the imagination, wanderlust, thoughts of faraway places, and an escape from daily routine. The arrival of trains was an important matter. Travelers from far and near were welcomed by friends and relatives with eagerness and were picked up with the family carriage. There was something very humanly satisfying about railroads, trains, and travel by rail. But there was an element of danger involved. Grade crossings caused many deaths. Horses took fright fairly often. Runaway accidents accounted for deaths more times than we realize nowadays with death on the highway being as routine as it is.

In Wareham the railroad station of brick has been replaced by a "comfort" station located in back of the building now known as the Decas Block. This still functioned into the sixties.

The fare in the early 1900's was about $1. A "whistle stop" or "flag stop" at South Wareham picked up passengers if the flag was put in the place designated, where it was clearly visible from-the locomotive cab. Those with tickets to that station would alight. The South Wareham depot was a small building, consisting of a fairly large waiting room with a typical old-fashioned pot-bellied stove. A small office adjoining faced the station platform and tracks. A shelf or desk held the telegraph instrument. The mysterious messages clicking away were a source of wonder. There were freight cars on the side track whose doors were sealed by a wire loop, both ends of which were put through holes in a small disk of lead. When clamped by a tool resembling a small pair of pliers, they prevented the doors being opened without breaking the seal. These seals were kept by the station master in good supply.

The station master at South Wareham was "Will" Snow, a small, slight man with a good-natured Yankee alertness about him and a businesslike manner. To me the most important thing about him was the bay mare he drove. She was a good road horse, keeping up a brisk pace for a distance of several miles. Five to ten miles per hour was quite a speed in a light carriage drawn by a horse which was putting a lot of energy into it. The roads were not built for rapid transit in 1900-1901, but it was fun. The rhythm of rapid hoof beats augmented the mild but pleasant excitement.

The lazy whistle of the afternoon train from Boston, a handful of people either greeting an arrival, or seeing someone off, or taking the train . . . this would be a busy day in South Wareham.

In the matter of trains, there was one item, the "Dude." This train was made up of parlor cars. It ran between Hyannis and Boston with limited stops. It was supported by wealthy businessmen with homes in attractive, exclusive areas such as those in Indian Neck in Wareham. A special form of ticket was required, approved by them. A private little depot called "Tempest Knob" station near Indian Neck Road was used by the Dude only. It stopped again on the way to Boston at Tremont where the Marion, Mattapoisett, Fairhaven and New Bedford Branch joined the mainline. It is many a year since this once famous train made its last stop at Tempest Knob. The little box-like building itself is gone with the wind.

THE AUTOMOBILE

Of all the developments in the years from 1875-1975, the automotive industry is to me one of the greatest. The steam locomotive had reached a degree of perfection before 1830, and from 1869 trains crossed the continent. In 1903 heavier than air "flying machines" were "off the ground." On the road in increasing numbers, the occasional "horseless carriage" of the gay 90's had established itself as the "automobile" and was taking over the highways by the second decade of the twentieth century. Roads and tires were serious problems in the World War I era.

Two popular songs of prewar days are indicative of automobile status. One dealt with mechanical deficiencies, "He Had to Get Under, Get Out and Get Under to Fix Up His Little Machine." This was a futile gesture in many cases, but was not an uncommon sight at the time. "Keep Away From the Fellow Who Owns an Automobile," was an admonition to young ladies who might be in peril of having to walk back. Another popular song of about 1907 also referred to the roadside misfortunes to which motor cars of the primitive period were heirs. Those driving horses liked to call out as they passed an immobile automobile, "Get a Horse!" This song rendered by the chorus at the Hippodrome was worded, "Get a Horse, Get a Horse, Shake your Ought-to Know Better, You Ought to Get Her a Horse." The Hippodrome, little more than a memory for nearly half a century, was a theater at 44th Street and 6th Avenue, built about 1907, which staged impressive spectacles. One of the most memorable was a singing chorus descending a flight of stairs down into and under the water, where they disappeared into a big tank.

To change a tire by the roadside was a major operation. Demountable rims were an invention of 60 years

ago or more. The rim and tire were attached to the wheel by half a dozen bolts and came off in one unit to be replaced by a similar one, the spare, carried on the front of the running board. A depression in the mud guard or fender beside the engine supplied a secure and convenient location. But tires of the old days were not the hardy specimens of today. Speeds of 30 miles an hour on the existing roads were apt to result in a flat tire. An instance reflecting the rate of speed changes in the intervening years is the fact that I got a ticket for doing 30 miles per hour in Central Park in 1922 at 1 A.M. I received my first driver's license in 1912. The only requirement was an affidavit that I had driven 100 miles.

Roads remained for many years an unsolved problem. Dirt roads, crushed stone surfacing called Macadam as late as 1906, or gravel roads sprayed with oil to lay the dust, were variations over the prewar years and later. A tar product, not a regular asphalt, was a precursor of the modern hard and durable highway. In the early years of automobiles, circa 1906, the effect on horses' hoofs was a consideration, but caused no serious difficulty. In the present age, when signs on super highways prohibit the use of them by horses, it is interesting to recall that a couple of generations earlier the roads were extensively used by horses, and in some places motor vehicles were excluded.

CHAPTER III
COLLEGE YEARS

One summer morning in 1910 a letter arrived at Lincoln Hill in Wareham. It contained the good news that I was admitted to Harvard College, Class of 1914, an acceptance that represented the fulfillment of my first major ambition. This ambition was stimulated by an interview in my freshman year at Barnard with Walter Sylvester Hertzogg. He was an energetic, loyal, and devoted recent Harvard graduate who called at Barnard for the purpose of interviewing anyone interested in going to Harvard. He followed up our discussion with an invitation to visit New York's Harvard Club, which made an impression on me.

What makes people choose the college they do? This seems to be a process somewhat similar to falling in love, largely dependent on sentiment and emotion rather than intellectual consideration. It is very human to reach a conclusion and then rationalize. This may well have been the case in my decision to go to Harvard. One factor is certain — it was a matter of "swimming upstream." Harvard had a reputation of being hard to get into, but a "snap" once you had been admitted. There was great freedom of activity under the Eliot administration. The College Entrance Examination Board had been established shortly after the turn of the century. A large number of colleges accepted applicants who had passed examinations offered by this board. Harvard was not one of them. Subjects were rated by a system of points. For example, Elementary Latin was 4 points, elementary algebra and geometry were so many points each, etc. A total of so many points or credits, 26 as I recall, was required for admission.

The joy of living the rest of the summer was enhanced to a degree. Everything around me seemed to increase in importance, especially the trip to Martha's Vineyard by the Wareham Town Baseball Team. Percy Waters was the manager, reliable Tony Dolphin was the catcher, a man named Baker was hired as pitcher for the occasion; Ed Coyne on second, Johnny Kiernan, shortstop; Oren Vose, third base. Gene Ellis, Harold Lary (at that time attending Amherst College) were also in the lineup, which constituted a compatible and congenial bunch. We did not fare too well on the scoreboard as I recall, but it was fun.

The early summer of 1910 was highlighted by the historic Jeffries Johnson boxing match on the Fourth of July for the heavyweight championship. Johnson won the title. The defeated Jeffries was a popular figure and many a Warehamer watched the daily press anxiously for reports on his condition. There were rather bitter racial feelings. Regaining the title by a member of the white race assumed surprising importance. The search for a successful contender was a topic of conversation, and the term "white hope" was a familiar one. It was some years before Jess Willard took the title from Johnson. The impassioned feeling has faded out and now it is scarcely known to have existed.

However joyous the news from Harvard, there was heavy going ahead. I had succeeded in gaining admission on the basis of three years in preparatory school. At the end of the first year of high school, termed Upper School at Barnard, I resolved to condense the next three year's work into two and to get into college a year ahead of schedule. Entrance examinations in June enabled me to be admitted, but with requirements for full standing lacking three credits. These were referred to as conditions. They could be satisfied by examinations taken just before the opening of the fall term of the academic year. An attack of jaundice prevented my taking the examination and I entered college with three conditions, the maximum possible.

I had never been away from home before. None of my classmates went to Harvard. There were only two men I knew, and to be surrounded by members of the class greeting friends and schoolmates gave me a feeling of loneliness. To achieve what I most had wanted and then to suddenly find myself isolated made me feel as though I were starving in the midst of plenty. As I sat between two strangers at the first meeting of the Class of 1914, this group of privileged young Americans inexplicably became a strange looking assortment of individuals. Attempts at making contact were pleasant, but mild in contrast to the enthusiastic greeting of friends at the end of summer vacation.

The first meeting of the first course that I remember was zoology. The opening sentence was "Animals in general behave in accord with what is best for their continuous existence." This was to be the first guidepost to my choice of medicine as the sphere of my endeavor. This popular course was a good grounding in the fundamentals of animal life. The large lecture hall and a great number of students were a bit overwhelming. There were less than a dozen members in my class at the Barnard School. This wonderland of Harvard was structured on a heroic scale, imparting a feeling of awe, or something very like it. Lecture courses such as this were a contrast to the rather informal discussions in the small groups of previous schoolings.

I was thankful for the grounding those classes had given me. I remember all the teachers at Barnard with respect and a sense of gratitude. At all events, college presented a problem of adjustment. The wide expanse of the far-famed, much-beloved university seemed to typify the diversity of opportunity it offered. Not only that, but it also offered an "in depth" quality, signified by the extent to which it was made possible to develop in almost any line of intellectual activity. The old elms in the yard, the time-worn buildings and brick walls all bespoke an antiquity and appropriate dignity. A sense of gratification, of being "in" and on the right road, was tempered by a feeling of homesickness.

I found my way to the Weld Boat House and took out a wherry on occasion. I was glad to join the applicants for freshman crew. I was overjoyed by a promotion, but the boat which was my new assignment was soon eliminated by the stiff competition. Ed Streeter and Lev Saltonstall are two of the individuals who stand out as highly valued contacts in this endeavor, which was a worthwhile effort even though there were too many competitors who were too good for me. I still wish I could have won my numerals. Those days in the lounge at Newell Boat House and incidental "bull sessions," peptalks by a coach, and the gratification of being a part of Harvard athletics, are memories of great importance to me.

My freshman year quarters were in Drayton Hall on Boylston Street. Comfortable and conveniently located, they lacked the glamour of "Gold Coast" dorms, and the contrast stirred an unreasonable discontent. My first attack of homesickness caught up with me. Reality did not measure up to dreams of "Bright College Years."

The Gold Coast dormitories were so called because of the wealth and prestige of their occupants. These included only a few of the men I knew well. Tales of snobbery at Harvard in my day emanated largely from this area. The definition of a snob varies, but I recall one story of a Harvard oarsman being asked about a fellow member of his crew. “Oh, I wouldn't know him, he rows bow." The story may be far-fetched, but it is

an indication of what some people felt about Harvard. But ever since my earliest contacts with Harvard, there has been an official policy of welcome to all who knocked at the door. One of my most popular classmates who later achieved high standing in academia worked his way through college and law school. I had my share of rebuffs, of course, but did not feel that I lived in a snobbish atmosphere. A contemporary and close friend of mine, a Harvard Medical School graduate who was very successful in the practice of his specialty, was bitterly disappointed when his son, with an excellent record in Harvard College, was refused admission to Harvard Medical School because the quota of Harvard applicants consistent with the distribution requirements was already full.

The Harvard Union with its dining hall (slightly more expensive than Memorial Hall, "Mem") was a pleasant, comfortable place. It had the character of a club. There was a varied assortment of literature in the reading room, which also afforded a propitious area for studying. Approaching with the autumn dusk, dinner time brought some consolation which goes with a healthy, young appetite.

Weekends in Wareham helped allay homesickness. Drives through the country roads in the midst of gorgeous red, yellow and russet foliage were memorable experiences. Traffic problems did not exist and the term "traffic light" had yet to be invented. The snow at Christmas time brought out the sleigh. The "fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh" has been commemorated in song and story. For us horse lovers, this is no exaggeration. The smoothly gliding vehicle with the musical note of the bells that "jingle all the way," the brisk outdoors and sunshine on the snowy fields and snow laden tree branches constitute a happy interlude.

A. Lawrence Lowell had been president of Harvard one year when the Class of 1914 entered. I can recall an item in a New York paper captioned "Soft Snaps at Harvard Ended." This signified that the choice of elective courses would be more controlled under the new president's administration. Lowell was a man of engaging personality. I remember his walking through the yard one day and stopping to chat with a group of us. I was impressed by his friendly attention to us youngsters; I recall at a meeting of the Debating Society, his clarifying a point of parliamentary law. I have pleasant memories of the early part of his long, successful presidency from 1909-1933.

Of those recollections, an important one is the prowess of the football team under the coaching of Percy Houghton. Yale had had a long series of victories under Walter Camp, whose renown long outlasted his job at Yale. Camp had a Yale win in the year the stadium was new. The Harvard-Yale games of 1910 and 1911 resulted in scoreless ties and, in 1912, our last visit to the old stands in New Haven, the Crimson triumphed. 1913, 1914, and 1915 were all Harvard victories. Yale won the 1916 game, which was the last until World War I ended. The next contest was 1919. Harvard lost its supremacy, but maintained a reasonable record. Of all the Harvard-Yale games, that of 1922 stands out preeminently. The French Premier Clemenceau was on a diplomatic mission in Washington. He was an honored guest at the game, which was played in the Yale Bowl. Accordingly, he was on the Yale side during the first half and was escorted across the field during the intermission. The Harvard song, at least three generations old, sung to the tune of "The Marseillaise," was played with great fervor. The figure of this distinguished statesman plus the two great American universities engaged in this annual contest of great importance to the collegiate sports world were more than impressive. Harvard won!

The undergraduate years of the Class of '14 were peaceful ones at Harvard; a process of evolution rather than revolution was the order of the day. Little did we realize that these were "prewar years."

In the spring of 1912, the conditions under which I was admitted to Harvard were not completely removed. I was a candidate for business manager of the Harvard Crimson. Scholastic standing suffered and I received an invitation from the Dean to visit his office at 4 University Hall. "U4" was a well-known address. I was greeted by the Dean with the words, "Mr. Lincoln, I was afraid I should see you here this morning." I was briefly questioned regarding my family, my ambition in life, my views on morality, and so on. It was agreed

that my activities should be independent of Harvard until such time as I could produce evidence that I was qualified to rejoin the student body.

As I walked down the steps of University Hall, trying to make believe I was glad I didn't have to spend the afternoon in the lab, I was hailed by a friend named Loud, contemporary though not classmate.

"What are you doing here?" was his greeting.

"I just got fired — I get the day off," I answered, making an all-out effort at insouciance.

"OK — looking for a job? Come with me."

He was a reporter on the Boston Journal and was on his way to work. So we went together to see the management and get an interview. A man named Wingate was manager of the newspaper. His son, Dana, was one of my classmates, which was a source of interest on his part until he learned I was not expecting to pursue a career in the newspaper world. Mr. Fairbrother was the City Editor and gave me a friendly, if not cordial, greeting. I was assigned a space and a typewriter which I used with more will than skill. There were several men on the Journal staff I am very glad to have known, notably Mr. Brown, the Night Editor, who later went with the Brooklyn Eagle. They all treated me well. It was fun having free admission to various functions including, on occasion, dinners.

Assignments of importance are not often given to the junior member of the staff. I found my job a pleasant one but not high-paying, nor was it as full of interest as I had hoped. A "sugaring off" party of the Boston Vermont Society was a happy occasion. Maple syrup was featured. It appeared in different forms, one being poured over cracked ice — a tasty dish. A new experience is good to have and this was a memorable one, predominantly enjoyed by the junior generation. On another occasion, I was to cover a talk on China at a private home, a fashionable address. I had reason to anticipate a lecture on China, then in the throes of bitter civil war. To my overwhelming embarrassment, on arrival I was informed that this was a private affair. The press was not welcome.

A more successful assignment was attending a divorce trial involving a well-known professional couple, Judge Quinn presiding. His son, Tom Quinn, was a fellow member of Pi Eta Club and my good friend. All reporters were required to contribute two "insiders" daily. These were items of interest about personalities or incidents indicating special knowledge or intimacy. Those published appeared in a column entitled "On the Inside." My comment that the case was of particular interest to the many Harvard men who knew the judge's son, was well received. I don't remember the results of the case, having gone on to other activities before the final decree, but I vividly recall the wife's discomfiture at explaining or avoiding the explanation of exactly what her husband forced her to do.

One of the most important happenings during my association with the Journal was the opening of the Harvard Square to Park Street Subway. "Eight minutes to Park Street" was the byword in Cambridge. The joy of a quick smooth trip with only three stops was worth more than passing comment. Horse-drawn traffic continued to hold above ground while a more successful alternative was beginning under it.

Teddy Roosevelt, a popular Harvard alumnus, had left the White House and gone hunting in Africa. This implied a refutation of any importance of the coincidence that the acronym TAFT stood for "Take advice from Teddy," referring to the name of the succeeding president, William Howard Taft. The candidacy of Woodrow Wilson was on the rise. A Cambridge rally in late 1911 claimed a degree of attention. Taft was not monopolizing the front page. Teddy, just back from Africa, re-entered the political arena; he organized an independent party. Asked by a reporter how he felt — he was never lacking in vigor — he replied, "Like a bull moose." There-upon his party became the Bull Moose Party, which effectively split the Republican

vote, preventing Taft's reelection. In the spring of 1912, when I was still a reporter with the Journal, I was given the assignment of covering the departure from Back Bay Station of President Taft on an evening train. Only the security guards were in evidence. I got a closeup view of a distinguished portly gentleman with white moustache. I did not get an interview and the Bull Moose Boston Journal, identified as the "only Roosevelt paper in Boston," failed to give my sparse comments much space.

My newspaper connection, brief as it was, contributed much to my overall education. Although a nickel would buy a cup of coffee, a glass of beer, a trolley fare, even a cigar, and a quarter was the price of a dinner — a dollar table d'hote was something special — and living costs were in proportion, I found $5 a bit meager for a week's expenses. Green as I was, I had failed to impress the Journal management with my potential. I finally mustered up enough courage to explain the situation to the City Editor, that if I was getting all I was considered worth I'd have to leave. His answer was a question, not unexpected, "When do you want to go?"

Again I found myself "running unattached." It seemed to me at this point that Boston and environs were not the place for me, though I felt sure there was a place somewhere. Vivid memories of happy school days in New York, when I was finishing college prep, were among the influences which impelled me to go to the big city that seemed to overflow with opportunities. I packed my bag and boarded the Fall River boat for New York. It was a calm night on Long Island Sound. I spent an hour writing letters and trying to figure out what was coming next.

I was surprised and horrified to learn in the morning that the Titanic had sunk during the night, an overwhelming disaster. I could not find the name of anyone I knew on the list of those missing, but was naturally much disturbed.

I found lodgings with a pal on the lower West Side who had been studying pharmacy when I left for Cambridge.

An attempt at selling automobile tires did not turn out too well, so I finally decided to go to sea. At least, I would have board and lodging. I started at the foot of Broadway and visited every steamship company along the way with no results until I reached the Hamburg-American Line. Here I was courteously received. The man behind the counter was named Phillips, as I was to learn later. He looked me over, noting that I was well dressed. The first question was, "What kind of a position are you interested in?" When I said I wasn't fussy, I'd take anything that was a job, he looked skeptical or perhaps surprised, but he seemed interested. He later told me that my general appearance and eagerness to get on a ship suggested that I needed to get out of the United Sates.

The SS Augustus Wilhelm, otherwise known as the "Disgusted Wilhelm," sailed on a Saturday morning. Once on board, I seemed to be in the midst of confusion. I was required to wear a white coat and was assigned a bunk in the "glory hole," which turned out to be a large space below decks at the stern. The deck departments were quartered here and I had no difficulty in getting along with them. I can remember some of these characters. One was an intelligent thick-set man of early middle age. He spoke English well. He had a sense of humor and taught me some German phrases and expressions which opened up the funny side of things; not good for a laugh if you did not know any German. There is much I might have learned from my fellow crew members had it not been curtailed by an attack of homesickness.

The sight of flying fish created the illusion of land that seemed a degree nearer home, however remote. When we actually did sight land — the Island of Jamaica — it was cause for rejoicing. Shore leave in Kingston was not exciting. I made the acquaintance of one of the passengers. We hailed a cab and asked the driver, a pleasant spoken black, to show us some interesting spots in town. He landed us promptly in front of a brothel. The passenger and I, with mutual surprise, inquired of each other what his attitude was. This was

definitely not our objective. It was mid-evening. There was no Gay White Way. The circumstances were not conducive to a very exhaustive exploration of Kingston and our tour of the town was a pleasant drive through a tropical city totally strange to us.

We were a few days in Kingston Harbor. I had several hours ashore one afternoon and enjoyed the scene of palm bedecked, quiet streets and parks. 0. Henry's tale, "A Leader of Men," came to mind. The story is that of a minor New York politician with ambitions involving a tropical isle. The description of the public square is summed up by a reference to the "desiccated fountain."

I was observing the comings and goings of a few members of the population. A rather gaunt black man seated next to me on the park bench confided in me that he was "despicable hungry." The copper coin of local currency I gave him appeared to be as meager to him as it did to me. He could hardly guess how near his plight I felt.

Life on board was chiefly long hours of waiting for the bell to ring. There were few passengers on this cruise. When one of them rang, the "bell hop" went to the stateroom to find out what was wanted. That meant calling the steward for that room, who was the one to collect the tip. The bell hop got an occasional piece of change, but not enough to augment his pay. On one of the rare occasions when a gratuity came my way, I was overcome with embarrassment. None of the passengers were people who made a lasting impression. This was late in the season, mid-spring, and those taking the trip were middle-aged people for the most part, not people with a career before them or behind them.

Our arrival at Cristobal marked a turning point in the tour. We had arrived at the Atlantic end of the Panama Canal. Shore leave was really stimulating. I had not realized that the Pacific end of the Panama Canal is actually east of the Atlantic end. Excavation was proceeding well, but at a point known as Culebra Cut (culebra is the Spanish word for snake), landslides gave lots of trouble and caused much delay.

Water-borne traffic was still in the future. The Panama Railroad was in good running order and it felt good to be on a train. The cars were not luxurious, but comfortable; the word luxury figured less prominently in 1912 than it does today. I found a two year old magazine, Scribners I think, with a story I had read by the family fireside, and suffered a mild recurrence of nostalgia. A young conductor on this train was a friend of the Mr. Phillips I had met in the Hamburg-American Line office when I had gone in looking for a job. We briskly discussed matters of current interest. He seemed glad to see someone from back home. The view from the window was interesting, with the canal on one side and the remains of old railroad equipment on the other. The unsuccessful attempt by the French a couple of decades before had left some rolling stock mouldering on the rusted rails in places along the hillside. I had the urge to go exploring, but of course got no further than that. The memory of that vast open ditch, sloping banks high above and construction operations going on in areas closely spaced will be with me as long as I live.

I have scant recollections of the last few days of the cruise. Strangely enough, the welcome sight of the harbor and signing off and going ashore, which I anticipated with such eagerness and impatience, are blurred and indistinct in my mind. A welcome home party by New York friends was surely one high spot, capped by return to home and family.

After the Hamburg-American Line cruise, I had matters to arrange with the college office. I had been able to get two jobs, such as they were. At least they were evidence of intent to be employed and produced recommendations. Mr. Phillips was very liberal in his letter to the dean, I applied for admission to French S4, a summer school course. Languages had always interested me. Acceptance of my application and approval by the college gave me a sense of security much needed. Members of that summer class included two men, my contemporaries, a few women somewhat my senior, and a dozen other people whom I scarcely recall. It was a congenial group with teaching, I thought, of top quality. At any rate, I got a B-plus for the

course and eventually was re-admitted to college. One of the reading assignments was Victor Hugo's Quatre Vingt Trieze and the vivid description of the cannon on board a naval vessel fixed various expressions in my mind. I remember to this day that de cloue means "unnailed" and that a word surprisingly like corned beef means horned cattle. I look back with pleasure on my six weeks in French S4. Whatever I may have learned has stood me in good stead on many occasions since then.

The novelty of a third major political party dominated the 1912 scene. Three personalities like Teddy Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson presented a colorful picture and seemed to stimulate more interest than the issues at stake just then. There was a degree of tranquility across the land, perhaps a calm before the storm. The public attitude was not that of apprehension.

The automobile industry was flourishing. The era of closed cars was still in the future. The Packard, Peerless and Pierce-Arrow were leaders in their field. The Stanley Steamer was a strong competitor of the gasoline engine. The Ford was still in the Model T stage and the Cadillac sold for under $2,000.

My life was too taken up with summer school to pay due attention to the national arena at the moment. Cambridge was hot. I was living in a rooming house on Mt. Auburn Street. Meals were mostly cafeteria, but satisfying. The high spots were weekends in Wareham. I was not one of the privileged minority who owned or had the use of an automobile, but the Friday afternoon train on the Boston and Provincetown Division of the Old Colony Railroad was as much fun as any flying carpet could be.

By the time college opened I had been readmitted. To be back in college again, making progress toward that degree, was the main thing in life. I was in my third year by then with arrears to be made up. I lived with three other men on the top floor of a house at 4 Storey Street. The quarters were comfortable, though far from luxurious, and the company was congenial. One roommate of German extraction returned to his home in Montana after graduation. There was friction between him and the Swedish member of our group over a girl in Somerville. The Scandinavian seems to have won for I believe it was he who later married the girl and went to Chicago. We all went our separate ways, but the 1912-1913 college year was a happy one. The autumn weather has exceptional. The Harvard-Yale football game was of prime importance to me for many years. 1912 was the last Harvard-Yale game we played in the old wooden stands, in New Haven, as I have mentioned.

The year 1913 was not a particularly memorable one to my recollection. New Years Eve in Wareham was a quiet affair, more an evening at home by the fire than bright lights, merry making, and noise. The home town presented no special problems or issues. The Wareham River flowed as peacefully as ever into Buzzards Bay. Woods and undergrowth reached the water's edge where Parkwood Beach is now. The present site of the Cape Cod Shipbuilding Company was then wild, and a wooden bridge spanned the river just above. The sound of horses' hooves on the planks beat an erratic sort of rhythm, now in unison, now sporadic. The town report indicates that building a new school in Onset was the major activity. The cost of education for one pupil per year was recorded as about $35, which showed a slight increase over 1912. There was much discussion about the possibility of increased business and financial progress to be derived from the Cape Cod Canal, which was under construction.

I was entering my senior year at Harvard that fall and Cambridge was the focus of interest. The Harvard Club of Boston dedicated its new building on Commonwealth Avenue on November 12, 1913. The club was of little concern to me as an undergraduate, but was a very important factor in my life after I became a member in 1916.

In Wareham horsepower was still going strong that year. It was my only means of transportation, except for a bicycle. I recall one beautiful summer morning when I was going fishing and was out of bed at sunrise, harnessing the horse. I was driving down the road, at last awake enough to enjoy the beauty of the dawn. I

caught up with the man who drove the butcher cart walking to work. As he got into the carriage I commented on the magnificent morning.

"Yep," he said, "It's coming out fine, looked threatening early this morning." I could have almost thrown him out.

Photograph taken by E. C. Palmer on a fishing trip with William Bodfish at Mary’s Pond, Rochester.

Fishing was more of an excursion in those days. Blackmore, Mary's Pond in Rochester, and Samson Pond in South Carver were well supplied with black bass, perch, and pickerel. A number of people had a trailer, consisting of a pair of carriage wheels with a pole to attach to the back of the cart. This trailer, carrying a rowboat or a canoe, was backed into the water and the horse tied to a tree by the edge of the wood to await the return of the fisherman.

The word traffic was hardly in common use in those days, but weekend motorists had begun to crowd Main Street and were to become a problem before many years had passed. When I entered college for my senior year on September, 1913, there were several undergraduates driving their own cars. Garages were thriving.

At that time, seniors were living in the Yard. My room was 57 Thayer North, shared with Ava Pool, whose family manufactured the Pool piano. One of these pianos was the showpiece of our living quarters, but neither of us could play it. Of the North Thayer group, five of us were to enter Harvard Medical School in the fall: Don Currier, Paul Gunby, Alan Winsor, Bob Nye, and I. The Thayer South group included "Rusty" McIntosh and Jim Conant, whose scholarly and unassuming manner gave us no clue that we were in the company of the next president of Harvard University. The members of this group were so compatible that they formed an association, celebrating the Harvard-Yale game with an annual dinner. The custom endured for many years.

The college clubs served meals, and we of Pi Eta thought our "eats" were pretty good. The club house on Boylston Street was built on a lot adjoining a small park which had been a produce market. In the past,

farmers from the surrounding countryside had driven their carts there, laden with farm produce to be sold. The brick clubhouse had a veranda overlooking this spot. The well-appointed building had a fireplace at either end of the lounge which ran the length of the house. There was a theater forming rear half of the structure where an amateur theatrical production was performed annually. The leading man in the show my senior Osgood Perkins, who was to have a distinguished career on the stage.

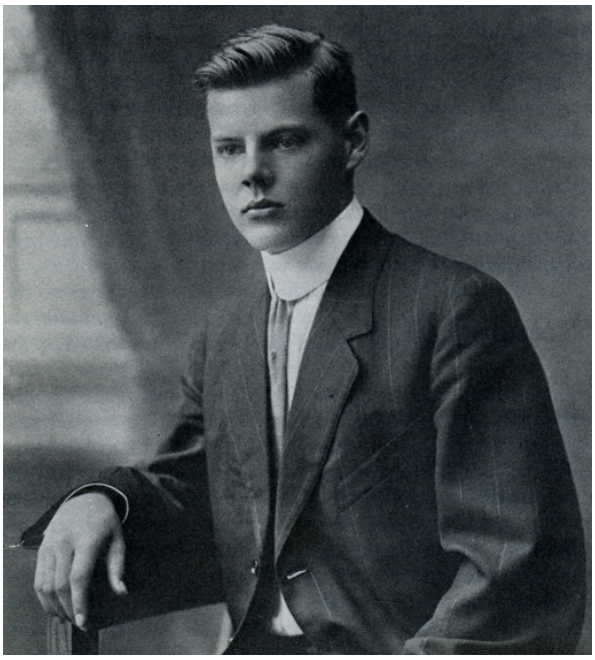
The summer of 1914 was to be a period in world history more important than we realized. Not long after we had said farewell to the scene of our happy college life, we were faced with the disturbing news that war in Europe had been declared. The announcement was given little serious attention by the American public. "It can’t last," was the comment frequently heard. The lives of most of us, including New England (Wareham especially) were not affected. In midsummer there was a pageant in Buzzards Bay, symbolic of "The Contented Life." My part in the act was riding a horse, loaned by Dr. Charles Gleason, who was a highly-respected citizen and active in affairs in Wareham.

An item of personal interest is that a Miss Helen Palmer, not yet in her teens, participated in the event. She rode in a horse-drawn carriage belonging to her aunt, Miss Maud Palmer, well-known in Wareham. Preposterous though it may seem, the little girl participating in the event was to be my bride.

An extensive celebration, including this pageant, greeted the long-awaited Cape Cod Canal opening. I stood on the dock absorbed in the enthusiasm of the groups of people enjoying the general picture of an important event. A tugboat drew up and made a landing not far from me and a number of men appeared and headed for the boat. One of them hailed me. I recognized him as a reporter from the Boston Journal whom I had known when I was on the staff. The man apparently in charge announced, "All aboard, members of the press, all aboard." Mindful of my separation from them, I reluctantly let the press boat depart before I realized that with an authorized reporter to vouch for me, I would not likely be prevented from going aboard. Too late, I realized I had "missed the boat." It still bothers me.

As the autumn days approached, there were frequent headlines in the media concerning the war. The Germans seemed to be getting more than their share of the breaks, rather depressing to most of us. On the sports page, there was news to cheer Bostonians. The Braves, Boston’s National League Baseball team, had come up out of the cellar and was on the way to leading the league. An outstanding player, rather diminutive but full of speed and skill, was "Rabbit" Maranville. He was a topflight fielder, noted for his so-called vest pocket catches and being fleet-footed on the base-paths. A newsboy with a sense of humor proclaimed, "Braves Win, Germans Lose."

CHAPTER IV
MEDICINE AS A CAREER


James R. Lincoln during his college years at Harvard, 1910-1914.

In that summer of 1914 we seniors became alumni. For many of us this meant finding a job or deciding on a future career. Those whose families had well established business firms and an opening ready for them seemed pretty lucky.

I have been asked many times why I chose medicine for my profession. The answer involves so many factors that no one of them tells the whole story. In the first place, my father made it clear that he was well satisfied to have me continue my education and was ready to help. In the second place, his father's brother, my great uncle Francis M. Lincoln, had an interesting career. After earning his M.D. at Harvard, he studied in Paris and practiced in New York until 1861. He was a surgeon in the Union Army and then practiced in Boston. He died in Wareham in 1868.

Thirdly and more important still was Dr. Charles E. Morse, our family doctor. He was a native Warehamer like me and also a graduate of Harvard Medical School. Incidentally, his activities involved driving a horse; hardly anything could have been more important to me as a sub-teenager. Moreover, the doctor is a respected member of the community, an interesting personality. He speaks with authority and stands ready to help at all times. Dealing with my fellow man at close range, repairing injuries and aiding the healing process, seemed to me the most constructive kind of a calling. It still does.

Nobody ever told me it was easy, but requirements for admission to medical school were less stringent than they are now. Surgery was just coming into its own. Anesthesiology was being perfected; it had advanced a long way since the famous Ether Day, October 16, 1846 at Massachusetts General Hospital, when anesthesia was first successfully used. The specialties were taking shape. The American College of Surgeons was founded in 1913. Bacterial infection, sepsis, sterility, and modern techniques in the operating room had become well-established facts and strictly observed rules.

As the summer of 1914 drew to a close, the big event of admission to medical school loomed large on the scene. There was a vague unrest, like the "rumble of the distant drum" as Omar Khayyam put it. Few were willing to admit that declaration of war in Europe meant anything nearly so serious as it turned out to be. In fact it was many months before the possibility of the United States being involved seemed at all obvious. Getting started in the study of medicine was a full time job and more absorbing than anything else. The first meeting of the Class of '18 was quite different from that of the 1914 college class in 1910. Don Currier,

Paul Gunby, Bob Nye, Carl Bullard, Alan Winsor, Rustin McIntosh, and Al Hyman had been my classmates for four years and continued to be in graduate school. There were many new faces and men from many colleges all over the country. Yale was represented by Bill Sefton, who was elected president. That day was the beginning of many associations that would continue to be important for many years.

My most distinct recollections of the last half of the first year are those that took place in the class of the late Dr. Walter B. Cannon, the professor of physiology. Our laboratory animals were frogs, which were particularly suited for the demonstration of nerve reflexes. The basic principles of human body functions were clearly presented. The course left me with the feeling of having learned something and of having stimulated my interest.
The chemistry course under Dr. Otto Folfin was given afternoons. He was an interesting personality, which added zest. He spoke with a drawl associated with an injury to the facial nerve; it enhanced his individuality. I look back on that half year with a feeling of satisfaction. Learning the distinction between fat, sugar, and protein was fascinating, even though we had not reached the age of insulin, which was to assume clinical importance in just a few years.

Identifying carbohydrates (familiar under the names of sugar and starch), and of fats and proteins as the three fundamental elements in nutrition presented new mental concepts to many of us. The process of digesting and the interaction of bodily secretions began to make clear many things previously vague or unknown. Chemical and clinical tests and assembling diagnostic data grew more fascinating as we learned more.

At the end of the first year, I connected with a job as a night clerk in a North Shore hotel, the New Ocean House in Swampscott. Night clerk was a calling quite new to me. It included bed and board far superior to the SS Augustus Wilhelm. A classmate was employed in another department, but our contacts were sparse. The guests were somewhat varied, but pleasant people. This was the summer of 1915, and "war stories" were beginning to boom. Some, if not many people, had more cash in hand than they had ever had before. Such was the case, I suspect, with one man who registered as "Mr. X and shofer." Chauffeurs have always been associated with those not economically disadvantaged. Automobiles were distinctly a luxury. Henry Ford’s Model T was becoming widely distributed. It became a common pleasantry that "there's no use passing a Ford because there'll be another one in front of you." Hotels were thriving on automobile traffic and vice-versa.

One of the pleasant things about my night clerk job was having all my daytimes off. It was fun to sail as I did with the Williams family who had a very attractive place in Marblehead. Dr. Williams was a distinguished ophthalmologist and one of the teachers with whom I had contact in medical school. His son Osgood was my classmate in college and a close friend. His sister Esther was a fine looking young woman. A graduate of Bryn Mawr, she was as intelligent and interesting as she was pleasing to the eye. She married Robert Apthorp. The name Esther Williams was not associated with the glamour of the movie world when I first knew them. Mrs. Williams, the mother of these two contemporaries of mine, was a woman I am proud to have known. She and I were drawn together at the time of her husband's death when Osgood was on active duty in World War I. Among her claims to distinction was that of having been secretary to Oliver Wendell Holmes.

However pleasant the days' doings, time had to be reserved for sleep. I found it hard to go to sleep at will and had trouble getting adequate rest. But this proved to be relatively minor. I did not realize it, but my father was never to see another summer. I was called home one day in August because he had developed signs of pneumonia and I was shocked at his appearance. He was in bed and very weak. His Vandyke beard was white. I had never seen him look like an old man before. He recovered from pneumonia, but succumbed to heart disease at the end of the winter. The season drew to a close. For the first time in my life, I was glad to have summer end.

Second year medical school was rather a challenge. We were getting deeper into the basic science of medicine. A very vivid memory early in October was the first autopsy I had ever attended. A morgue and a corpse could hardly serve to elevate the mood, but were no detriment to the learning process. The patient had died of "military tuberculosis," meaning that it was a widespread disease. A mental concept of this became anchored in my mind. Study of microscopic slides presented an angle on the diseased conditions in the bodies of patients we were seeing and were to see.

Bacteriology opened up a whole new field. To identify various kinds of micro-organisms and coordinate some of them with diseases was most enlightening. Professor Ernst was our bacteriology lecturer, a dignified and scholarly type. It was a bit incongruous to identify him with the noted baseball player he reportedly had been. I incurred his displeasure by reporting to him my visit to a leper colony. I had been in New York the previous weekend. A trip to one of the city hospitals included a ward visit where patients with leprosy were being treated. The facial deformity of one of them impressed me as did his optimistic attitude. I had anticipated commendation for my interest in bacteria-related matters. Instead, Professor Ernst expressed disapproval that visitors should be allowed contact with lepers. The disease was regarded as highly contagious in Massachusetts and strictly isolated. The treatment in use at the present time was far in the future then. The versatile sulfonamides have been effective.

The laboratory and lecture halls of second year medical school sometimes seemed like drudgery to many of us, but they were happy days. We were laying the foundation for a superstructure with little knowledge of what it would be like. In the meantime we were lucky enough to have the opportunity to learn. We enjoyed the security of a university of worldwide renown with which we were fortunate enough to be associated as students. Contacts with high grade intellects and talent through our teachers was an opportunity and an experience to leave us with lasting effects.

At the end of the second year, we had comprehensive examinations. Our pre-clinical stage was finished. Our qualifications to progress to clinical work were investigated.

My roommate Ralph Johnson hailed from Ogden, Utah, where his father was a judge. At the same time, my father's sister Mrs. W.D. Tobey, recently widowed, had a beautiful home in Palo Alto, California. She invited me to visit her in the early summer; a round trip ticket was included. After the moment of last suspense was over and we were both safely over the hump and third year medical students, we entrained together for points west. We were cordially received at the modest, but very homelike, Johnson establishment. An overnight camping trip on horseback was a real treat. I had never been as far west as the Mississippi before. The mountains with rocky cliffs, varying foliage and forests were fascinating. Viewed from the back of a horse, the beauty was greatly enhanced. I thoroughly enjoyed the hospitality of the Johnson family. A visit to Salt Lake City was part of the fun, even though I did not get a dip in the lake. The water was more gray than blue. The building where bathing arrangements were carried out was clean, but shabby in appearance.

My most vivid recollection of the day was a "human fly." A man with an extraordinary turn of dexterity was so-called because of his ability to scale the walls of high city buildings. Grabbing the sill of one of the lower windows, he would contrive to get to the top of the window and swing himself up until he was able to stand on the top of the window and, in some incredible manner, use the next window to climb that much further up. It beggars description, but despite the apparent impossibility of it, he could be seen clinging to the wall several stories above the ground. Having a tendency to acrophobia, it gave me a disagreeable sensation to watch him.

That fall of 1916, the Class of 1918 began its third year of medical school. This involved clinical work and contact with patients, or the bedside story of sickness.

My first assignment consisted of going to Boston City Hospital as a member of a section of the class, chosen alphabetically. This brought me in contact with Henry Hunn, the son of a noted Albany, New York neurologist. Henry was completely unaffected by family and was one of the most popular members of our class. We students were supervised by members of the hospital staff and each of us was given the study of a ward patient. I remember the case of the house painter whose illness turned out to be lead poisoning. Albumen in the urine and a peculiar speckled appearance of his red blood cells under the microscope called stippling were items in making the diagnoses. This patient has come to mind many times recently in connection with the limitation of lead in such common products as paint and gasoline. Going to hospitals, visiting individual patients and assuming some small degree of responsibility added zest to the study of medicine. There was a sense of accomplishment. An important factor in this stage of our development was our contact with the attending physicians at the hospitals. These were men of intellect and achievement.

Third year medical course included classes or seminars at the outpatient department of one of the Boston hospitals. Boston City, Massachusetts General, and Pew. Bent Brigham were the best known, and each had its individuality. Participating in hospital activities was a satisfying and stimulating advance.

Qualified medical students were assigned to give anesthesia at the Free Hospital for Women in Brookline. The patients included a great many obstetrical and gynecological cases. That is, besides childbirth, surgical operations were performed for diseases peculiar to women such as hysterectomies, repair of the birth canal and perineum. The "Womens Free," as it was familiarly termed, was a hospital with a reputation for exceptional professional services.

Our fourth year of medical school began in early June, a few days after the completion of our eventful third year. We gathered for registrations at school in Building A. There was a bit of merriment as we welcomed each other back from “summer vacation.” Our curriculum started by dividing the class into sections, each of which was assigned to either Massachusetts General Hospital, or Children's and Infants Hospital. It was stimulating to feel involved in the workings of a hospital, make contacts with patients, examine them, and listen to comments of members of the attending staff.

The student groups rotated so that each would get instruction in more than one hospital. Boston before World War I was a different city from what it is today. Transportation was mainly by street car or foot power. Few of us had the use of an automobile. There were no buses; horse-drawn vehicles were still a common sight.

Obstetrics left the most vivid impression of all that I remember of my fourth year medical training. For some reason, delivering a baby gave me a feeling akin to dread. The responsibility and a sense of inadequacy were a bit overwhelming. I had heard tales of perilous situations occurring in some of the houses to which we were called to go. For instance, a belligerent father, when labor was under way and the extern (as student obstetricians were called) was making preparations, produced a gun and said, "Dead baby, dead doctor!" Nothing like this occurred in my experience. Naturally, we were dealing with low income and less highly educated groups. There were tough characters included, but I met with a notable degree of cooperation. It was a profound relief when I finished my two week obstetric duty. Women in labor were a bit agonizing to me, but the reward of their labor appeared adequate to them.

Our course in pathology (study of the abnormal, i.e. diseased or injured tissue and organs) included demonstrations at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital. These were nicknamed "organ recitals." Getting used to some of the material presented took a bit of doing for some among our number. But to get a close view of a carcinoma of the stomach or a diseased kidney helped fix a clear picture of the pathological process.

The bedside teaching to which we were introduced in this fourth year brought home to us the patient’s viewpoint: What it is like to suffer from a given disease and what can be done about it.

I recall clearly a pneumonia patient struggling for breath before an open window. The oxygen he needed was best supplied by the outdoor air. General supportive treatment, such as liquids and easily-digested foods regularly and adequately administered, were the only form of treatment available.

Massachusetts General Hospital was closed for a period to all except emergencies when U.S. troops returning from Europe brought a virulent infection which came to be called Spanish Influenza or Spanish Flu. Mortality was high; there was little immunity and no specific form of treatment. The wards were filled with dangerously ill patients in close contact with hospital staff and personnel. Hard work and numerous sad incidents made these trying times for everyone.

Because they are taken for granted by medical men and the public at large today, it might be well to note here that today's antibiotics were unknown in World War I days. Men toyed with the idea of some magic medicine which would heal wounds, control infection, reduce fever, and perform miracles. But at that time such a magic medicine was pure fantasy. We had observed, to be sure, the dramatic improvement effected by the recognition of bacterial infection and the resulting aseptic technique of sterilization, usually by boiling instruments and other material in contact with open wounds. Sterile gowns had replaced the discarded frock coat hung on the wall and worn when bloody operations were in progress. The scrubbing of hands and arms up to the elbow with soap and water, was routine. Bacterial infection, sepsis (pus formation), and high mortality rates were rampant until Pasteur's discovery of pathogenic (disease-causing) micro-organisms in the 1870's.

Asepsis, the absence of pus, a product of infection by microorganisms, should be distinguished from antisepsis, the use of agents lethal to bacteria. Antiseptics in use at the time of World War I included iodine, alcohol, and mercurial solutions. Painting of the skin with iodine before the sterile drapes were placed was nearly routine procedure for surgery in many if not most operating rooms, according to my experience, until World War I.

It was in the years before and during World War II that experiments with sulfur-containing chemicals known as sulfonamides were discovered to have potent antibacterial effects in concentrations harmless to humans. These substances were particularly effective in pneumonia and certain other diseases of the respiratory tract.

When further study showed that the sulfonamides were somewhat toxic, help came in the discovery of penicillin by Sir Alexander Fleming in England. He observed a mold which inhibited the growth of bacteria in the proximity of laboratory cultures. World War II was in its first year when this substance, which established the word antibiotic, became a potent factor in the war on disease. Penicillin, in fact, was not on the market until hostilities were officially at an end, and then only in limited amounts. It was administered by needle only at intervals of a few hours before oral preparations became effective. With the development of antibiotic therapy has come a decline in the number of such operations as tonsillectomies and mastoids, with a marked improvement in treating venereal disease. The dramatic drop in the mortality rate from such notorious killers as tuberculosis, pneumonia, and streptococcal infections, thanks to antibiotics, is to me the most important and impressive event in the past half century.

But, in the summer of my fourth year at Harvard Medical School, these developments were hidden. It was a rather hectic and unsettling period. After having been advised in a rather forceful way not to enlist when the United States declared war, some of us were drafted. This would mean giving up medical school, presumably for the trenches. Government orders arrived to report to Camp Devens for induction into the Army. This followed a physical examination which, in my case, was performed at Town Hall in Fairhaven and revealed a high degree of physical fitness. Under legal advice, I made application for deferment. Class legislation would be required to exempt medical students from the draft, which was out of the question. But doctors were in short supply and mortality high in the combat zone "up front." The Medical Enlisted

Reserve Corps was created. This required the student draftee to be inducted into military service and return to school for his M.D. degree to be followed by one year as an intern.

Thus I was sent to Deer Island where the government facility was located and again examined with the same findings as previously recorded. I was then a private in the U.S. Army, under orders from that authority, but still a student in Harvard Medical School. This ended a period of uncertainty and anxiety disrupting to the progress of my education.

An academic "speedup" in response to the U.S. war effort saw us receive our M.D. degrees, a high spot in our lives in February, 1918. There was an impromptu "class meeting" at the Harvard Club, where we addressed one another as Doctor and, as. I recall, had something to eat.

Most hospitals were looking for interns at this point, fortunately for many of us. I found an opening on the Orthopedic Service of Massachusetts General Hospital. It was my good fortune to be associated there with Dr. M. N. Smith-Peterson. He was experimenting with hip fractures at that time. Pegs made of boiled beef bone were being used for internal fixation; they were soon to be replaced by the Smith-Peterson stainless steel nail.

My internship at Massachusetts General Hospital seemed almost a medical class reunion: Leland McKittrick with his surgical dressings looking like textbook pictures; Russell Patterson; the alert John Rock of obstetrical fame; Carl Bullard, engrossed in the study of some patient's obscure symptoms. These and many others were headed for successful careers. Bill Sefton, the president of our class, I mention specifically because I was to meet him years later most unexpectedly in Paris where neither of us had any idea the other might be. We were all well aware of our good fortune. We were getting instruction of the highest quality and enjoying the security of a prestigious hospital, an association which would benefit us the rest of our lives. Exceptionally well housed and fed, our very favored position was in sharp contrast to those who were sweating it out in the front lines, or who were refugees who desperately needed food and shelter. It made me feel a bit like a slacker, but in truth I was in government service and acting under government orders.

The Orthopedics Department at that time was located in Ward 1 in the old building, under the direction of Dr. C. F. Painter, co-author of a textbook in collaboration with Drs. Goldthwait and Osborn. His was a personality which left a vivid impression on me. He was at that time a man of middle age, on the portly side with a dignity blended with good slightly nature. I value my contact with him, fleeting though it was.

The senior orthopedic house pupil at the beginning of my internship was Way Sung New. He was a highly intelligent Chinese doctor with much native ability and a degree of self-assurance. He returned to Asia to practice. When one of my Harvard friends, in the course of Asian travel, called on him in the mid-1930's at my suggestion, he reported a red carpet reception complete with chauffeured limousine.

A very important part of intern service was the nursing care. Marian Mantius of Fairhaven and "Curley" Lyons of North Adams were head nurses on Ward 1, successively. They were both friends of mine and the finest kind of young woman. Both married orthopedic surgeons who had trained at Massachusetts General Hospital and did their bit in the armed forces.

Another nurse whom I am proud to have known is Albertine Sinclair, a strikingly good looking and very capable girl. She was a very recent R.N. when I joined a great many patients as a victim of the Spanish influenza in October of 1918. The only treatment for the pneumonia, which I had in a virulent form, was in essence nursing care. She was my special nurse and I have always felt that I owe my life to her. She became head nurse and, I believe, administrator of Leah Home, as it was then called, in Honolulu, Hawaii.
My successor on the Orthopedic Service was Nelson Hatt, later to become a well known orthopedic surgeon. He was a native New Englander of Scandinavian extraction. He was a man of ability, a pleasing

personality, and well liked by all his associates.

All this while, I was looking forward to finishing my internship and getting into active military service "over there." (There must be many who remember the wartime song by that name.) Getting overseas was the ambition of many doctors in training then. We envied those who were involved in the action somewhere in France.

An overwhelming event was to change the plans and the course of events all around us. The Armistice on the 11th of November was a cause for a celebration such as I had never seen. It was the evening that I became a Mason at the Masonic Temple in Boston. From a window high in the building overlooking Boston Common, I had as good a view of activity as I could have asked. No words could quite describe it. Hordes of people, wild with excitement, were milling about. As far as the eye could see, there was a mass of humanity, some waving their arms, some jumping for joy, some lifted on the shoulders of those about them. It reminded me of Times Square on New Years Eve. Such excitement on such a heroic scale nearly overshadowed the thrill of becoming a 3rd Degree Mason. This was on the eve of my departure from Boston and my Masonic affiliation underwent a prolonged dormant period.

Wareham affairs had been a bit out of my sphere of activity, but became the center of my life when my internship was finished and I had not decided on a place to locate. Dr. Charles E. Morse, successful general practitioner, asked me for help. The war years had put a heavy load on doctors. Many of them were with the armed forces and those who had stayed home, like Dr. Morse, were overworked.

Dr. Morse was a close friend and family physician to the Lincolns. It was he who cared for my father in the early part of 1916. The war years had thrown a heavy load on all doctors and he was overdue for a vacation. Looking back, I can see how glad he was to have someone to whom he could turn over his practice. He took me on his rounds in the little old Model T business coupe, discussed a few of the high spots, and we parted at the depot. He was delighted to be getting away from it all. I was scared stiff! I lived in Dr. Morse's house, which then was about 10 years old, during his month's vacation. It was a very pleasant experience, but I had a strange feeling in driving by my house, temporarily vacant. There were enough patients to keep me busy. The mingled sense of awe and inadequacy were giving way to the fascination of actually practicing medicine.

There was no hospital nearer than St. Luke's in New Bedford and no organized ambulance service. Fortunately there were no traffic accidents as we know them today. A little boy with severe headaches and vomiting, which turned out to be a brain tumor, was one of my more serious problems. A fractured clavicle, sustained by a fall in the bathtub of a New York hotel, and a woman with a kidney stone all gave pause to a young M.D. in his first month of Practice. Of course, some who still saw the small boy and the teenager in the young professional were reluctant to call upon his services.

Among those who had confidence and whom I had as patients were the families of John Burke, Leon Anderson, the Henshaws, Walter Myrick, Ned Besse, and Mrs. Fred Dennison.

I had found a book on the living room table entitled, A Doctor's Table Talk, by a Dr. Mumford of Philadelphia. He outlined in clear concise terms the country practitioner making a home visit in a rural area as he greets the dawn of a summer day. He also described briefly the suburban doctor and the more populous area, all of which left a lasting impression on me.

Among the brief moments of diversion was Warr's Theater, next to the Morse house lot on Main Street and the thrillers, such as "The Perils of Pauline," and monster horror tales, one of which was entitled, "The Iron Claw." Burley Sisson, son of Ben Sisson, who then had the Ford agency, was a very good friend and very good company. We enjoyed some of the movies together and found Pearl White's portrayal of peril-plagued

Pauline a truly adequate performance.

I recall with pleasure my first month of practice in wartime Wareham and am honored that Dr. Morse had so much confidence in me. "You're not getting any better after you're 50," was one of his comments. That seemed to me a ripe old age. (Whatever that may be!) I rejoiced at his homecoming, which occurred at a moment when I was seeing one of his patients, a member of the Besse family, in the office. I realized with profound relief that I was going to be able to leave the ramifications of his complaint to an older and wiser man than I. I never learned how things turned out.

CHAPTER V
EARLY PRACTICE IN NEW YORK

At this point I was in an unsettled state. I had looked forward to getting overseas. Europe, a faraway land in those days, held a powerful attraction for me. I had augmented my college French by informal sessions with an obliging member of Massachusetts General Hospital's staff, in preparation for my anticipated military service, all of which had become a blind alley. I felt that after Harvard College and Medical School with an internship, I was getting into a rut. I wanted to broaden my horizon. I also still had hopes of foreign travel. New York seemed the most likely place to start.

I met a doctor who was then at the Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary. He had lost an arm in an accident while "riding the bus," i.e., on Bellevue ambulance duty. He told me he would not take his arm back for the experience he had gained. This influenced my decision to apply for a job at Bellevue.

Ambulance service was part of intern activities but was not regarded as quite so all-important as I had been led to believe. The competition was no problem, but without a formal appointment to the house staff, riding the bus did not lead anywhere. I took on the job and found myself on the back of the ambulance headed for the scene of an accident on lower 3rd Avenue.

This was one of the most disturbing experiences of my life. A little girl, probably a second grader, on her way home from school, had somehow fallen under a chain drive motor truck and gotten her hair caught in the chain. The sight of that little body lying lifeless in the street with the head crushed gave me a shock, an indescribable mingling of nausea, grief and weakness, a memory which still makes me shudder. It was my disagreeable duty to go through the motions of putting a stethoscope on the child's chest and pronouncing her dead before leaving the spot. That was my introduction to "riding the bus." I had already had too much, but adjusted quickly under the pressure of continued activity and put in a month of it. I was called on several times to pronounce bodies dead. One was a man at the foot of a staircase in a slum tenement. Another, a body in the uniform of one of the city departments, found on the pavement outside a lower East Side tenement house, involved a question of foul play, but that did not come within my sphere of activity.

Diagnosis: DOA (dead on arrival) was recorded and I was back on the ambulance to Bellevue Hospital. One or two trips to the Tombs, the well-known New York prison, were for the purpose of giving narcotics to addicts who were in a severe state of deprivation reaction, and once for a murder suspect dangerously ill with pneumonia.

"Riding the bus" I found an interesting and valuable experience, but certainly not worth the loss of an arm. Perhaps the enthusiasm of my acquaintance who rated his tour of duty so high was only rationalizing. He had paid dearly, and for that reason if no other convinced himself it was worth it. In any event, he did not let it stop his career. I admire his courage. He did something for me.

Before World War I and for some years after, many hospital beds were occupied by patients suffering from tuberculosis. I should like to call attention to the use of the term "tuberculosis," which is the name of the

disease, while "tubercular," on the other hand, describes the shape of the lesion. Tubercular lesions, which give the disease tuberculosis its name, are tubercles defined by Webster as "small knobby excrescences." These appear in the lung, cause destruction of lung tissue and severe prolonged cough as a result of invasion or infection by the tubercle bacillus. Consumption was the name commonly applied to tuberculosis, a very lethal disease, and one of the foremost killers over the years. While working as a Bellevue ambulance doctor, in 1919 I remember finding a man acutely ill sitting up in bed in a lower East Side rooming house.

He was the picture of a victim of advanced tuberculosis. He was smoking a cigarette which I took away from him, then got him into the ambulance with all possible speed. He died on the way to the hospital. This was my most dramatic experience with tuberculosis patients. It exemplifies our helplessness in so many areas, so much more exaggerated in even the recent past. In 1944, at the American Medical Association meeting in Chicago, I saw an antibiotic demonstrated which proved to be very effective against the tubercle bacillus, the organism causing the disease tuberculosis. The antibiotic was named Strepto-Mycin. The use of this antibiotic caused tuberculosis to drop from a major to a minor factor in mortality rates.

It is a most satisfactory feeling to see the TB sanatoria now closed or used for other purposes, the accomplishment of one generation. Tuberculosis of bones was frequently seen in the 1920's and earlier. This was treated with some success by exposing the affected area to sunlight, the source of ultra-violet rays most; readily available.

When February of 1919 had ended, I still did not have an internship. I had made personal and unsuccessful applications New York and Roosevelt Hospitals. I was sitting in the lobby Roosevelt Hospital waiting to see Dr. Charles Dowd when the announcement was made of Teddy Roosevelt's death. This added to the depression I had begun to feel. My appointment with DL Dowd was unproductive, but the tide was about to turn. I was M conversation with a Dr. Lowsly, a noted urologist, and had told him some of my story. I told him I had found hospitals in New York a closed corporation. "There is no such thing as a closed corporation to a Harvard M.D.," he said. "Why don't you try the French Hospital? They have a very active surgical service and some top notch surgeons."

The French Hospital was founded by the French Benevolent, Society in 1809. From very humble beginnings it had grown in size to something less than 100 beds located in a substantial brick' building at 450 West 34th Street. It was operated by nuns of the Order of Marionites. Sister Superior was superintendent. I applied at the desk in the front office for information regarding internships and was referred to Dr. J.P. Hoguet. I got a cordial reception from him. He was a graduate of Harvard College and Columbia Medical hirn.
My educational credentials met with his approval. Accordingly, I found myself on April 1, 1919, a welcome member of the house staff of French Hospital. The security of bed and board, I found myself on April 1, 1919, a welcome member of the as well as a foot on the rung in the ladder of professional advancement seemed too good to be true. Thus my professional career, however inefficiently planned, was progressing favorably. The hospital had a nurses training school headed by Miss Helen Moir, R.N. , a fine woman of intelligence and culture. All of the nuns were nurses, some still students, and all spoke French. The student nurses were attractive young women, and for the most part had very creditable careers ahead of them. They made a positive contribution to the hospital's professional quality.

The senior attending surgeon was Dr. Percy R. Turnure, a distinguished gentleman of considerable surgical ability. His main interest was in teaching what he had learned from noted men of his time to the young men of the hospital staff.

To me, the most important of all the French Hospital surgeons was Dr. Harold B. Keyes. Coming from a rather academic background, he had practiced medicine and decided surgery was his field, rather than general practice. After a surgical internship at St. Luke’s Hospital in New York, he became an attending surgeon at French Hospital. He and I became friends. One day in the fall of 1920, he told me that he had

been offered a position as ship's surgeon on W.K. Vanderbilt's yacht, Eagle. The ravages of the Spanish flu had made the general public very health care-conscious. Mr. Vanderbilt planned a cruise to the West Indies and possibly South America, and wanted to have a doctor on board. Dr. Keyes had been suggested by Dr. George Dixon, a gentleman of the old school, with a practice including many wealthy people, who felt such a trip was for a younger man. Dr. Keyes was such a man, but having two young children and many professional activities, he was in the early stages of building up his practice. I was within weeks of finishing my internship and had a license to practice. If I wanted the job, I was to see Dr. Dixon. He received me most graciously and studied my credentials with interest. "Doctor, you have had excellent training," he said, and referred me to Mr. Vanderbilt.

The Vanderbilt office was at 466 Lexington Avenue. A construction project made access a bit precarious. Much to my surprise, I was greeted by someone in the midst of the timbers and planking. It was one of the Wareham boys, Fred English, I believe. He was interested in my destination. "Believe it or not, I have a date with Mr. Vanderbilt," I told him, which seemed to satisfy his curiosity if not his credulity. My wait in the outer office was minimal.

W.K. Vanderbilt, Jr. was to me a very impressive name. To meet him in person was even more so. He greeted me cordially; he was informal and reassuring. He at once put me at my ease and discussed briefly the outline of the prospective trip, finally touching on the matter of my "compensation," as he called it. He then remarked, "I know how it is with me, Doctor. Just before Christmas, I always feel sort of broke. Would you like an advance, on your compensation?" I was touched by his thoughtfulness and tried to express my gratitude. He turned to his secretary, saying, "Make out a check for $500 for Dr. Lincoln." I left the office treading on air, dreading to wake from what certainly seemed to ht. a dream. I wanted to try and make him realize what he had done for me.

The next few days were busy ones. December was well underway and departure was scheduled for a week before Christmas. I felt an excitement that made New York more glamorous than ever before. Besides the passport there was shopping to do for various kinds of weather. One item which to me was unique was a coat of leather-lined cloth; turned inside out, it became a cloth-lined leather coat. It was a handsome and useful garment. This was one of the few things that was not for use in the tropics.

My hospital duties were mostly taken over by my fellow interns. They wished me bon voyage, and I took off to Pennsylvania Station to join the Vanderbilt party. A special car on the Florida train was waiting. Memorable days lay ahead. Mr. Vanderbilt, an experienced traveler, carefully counted the pieces of baggage and made his guests feel at home. The one whom I most vividly recollect was Davis Barnes, a member of Barnes Brothers, a well-known Wall Street brokerage firm. I was to see him on several future occasions and always enjoyed his company. He was a long-time friend of the Vanderbilts.

This exciting experience, being introduced to a group people of wealth and distinction with whom I was to be closely associated for a period of some weeks. There was a respectful quality in their attitude which reminded me that I would be responsible for their health during this time, a fact which tempered my enjoyment of so exalted a position. A friendly atmosphere prevailed and my sense of inadequacy was allayed. Another adventurous moment was at hand.

After a comfortable train trip to Florida, we embarked on the waiting yacht, Eagle. This was a ship of about 1,000 tons or less with a coal-burning steam engine, as I recall. She seemed like an ocean liner to me, rather awe-inspiring. Again my inexperience loomed large. I wondered what I would do if a serious emergency should arise and felt far from lighthearted. This was a new experience for me as well as a very considerable adjustment to make. Cocktails in the salon and a delicious dinner—there was a good chef aboard—made the world begin to look pretty rosy. My stateroom was small but "cozy." Getting to sleep was no problem. I had embarked on the great adventure of my life to date.

For those who love the water there is a delight being on board a boat. Afloat on the sunny seas off the Florida coast, the guests amused themselves spotting the homes of friends and various landmarks they recognized along the shore. I was reveling in the pleasant warmth of the sun and light breeze as visions of New York's snow, ice, and chill winds came to mind.

The Eagle was a sturdy ship. Mr. Vanderbilt, the Commodore, as we called him, was in command, but he had a captain, a man from Mattapoisett, Massachusetts, who took care of the daily routine. I found him good company, as a fellow Massachusetts Yankee would be.

The trip to Havana was accomplished in short order. I recalled fragments of the lyrics from a light opera, "Havana," which was Popular in my pre-college days. I was very much interested to know what the city was like. The approach to the harbor is impressive. Morro Castle, a fort and dungeon built of masonry which has survived for centuries, stands high on a promontory to the left of the harbor entrance. This castle is a legendary building erected by the conquering Spaniards in the early days of Cuban history. The location gives a commanding view of the sea in all directions. Havana was, to me, a fascinating city, with many narrow streets, curiosity shops, small aging buildings and restaurants. We had lunch at one of these, featuring quail, which was a dish to remember.

On Christmas Day I found on the breakfast table at my place a package containing very fine handkerchiefs. I was overwhelmed by the Commodore's thoughtfulness, which was characteristic of him. That afternoon we spent at the race track, an afternoon I shall never forget. The bar was an important center of interest. There was a small convivial group assembled there, including the then-manager "Muggie" McGraw of the New York Giants, recently or about to be the National League baseball champions.

A number of American sailors from a Navy vessel in the harbor were also at the track. We asked one of them if he had any tips on the horses. His answer was "Heron in the fourth race." He had got the tip, he said, from the bartender who came from his home town.

I bought a $20 ticket on Heron, a 4 to 1 shot, and he won! I cashed in my ticket and left the track with $100 in my pocket. I had been an intern for nearly three years and in those days interns were not paid. A dollar would buy a lot of things. It was little wonder that I felt rich. I couldn't spend the money. Everything was already paid for. I don't remember what we had for dinner, nor where, but I doubt if I ever enjoyed a meal more. Back on the yacht, I decided to send a cash Christmas present to mother by wire. This was easily arranged through the wireless operator on the Eagle, who was a pleasant young man.
Mother took a trip to New York. She always enjoyed visiting old friends, of which there were then many living in and around the city. I was much pleased, although a bit amused that she had "a ball," for herself, as we might say in this day and age.

The next port of call was Santiago, an impressive and historic harbor. I was keenly aware of my good fortune in viewing a scene like this under such favorable circumstances, for I had a mental image of myself as a very forlorn young man, desperately homesick, rusticated from college, unsuccessful at his first job, dead broke; a portrait of me as a bellhop on the SS August Wilhelm entering this same harbor nine years before.

I was aroused from my reverie by the Commodore, who announced that a dinner of the local medical society was to be held that evening, to which I was invited. "The launch will be ready to take you ashore," he added.

A Harvard classmate or some old time friend had been instrumental in securing me the invitation and I felt highly honored. I did not feel any less so when I was seated next to a very attractive young woman, a Cuban

doctor who spoke perfect English. The gathering seemed large, perhaps 100 men and women. The casual conversation and the speeches were, of course, in Spanish. I thought that in view of the source of my introduction I might be called upon to speak. I asked my dinner companion how to say "make a speech" in Spanish. Pronuncio un discurso seemed to me a phrase I could handle. With her tutelage and my desperate attempts to recall something of Harvard Spanish, I was prepared to offer a brief excuse for my deficiency. No pronuncio un discurso porque yo no hablo bastante Espanol still lurks in my mind, but I was not called on. I have often wondered what became of my senorita-doctor friend, whom I remember with gratitude.

When I left the yacht to take up residence and open an office in New York City, I was lucky enough to find an old friend, Reginald Weller, son of Bishop Weller of the Diocese of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. We had become close friends in college during his senior year, Class of 1911, when I was a freshman. He was living in a brownstone front house in the West Eighties. The house belonged to a French family with whom he had lived in Paris and he was in the process of disposing of the house and its contents before rejoining them abroad. He and I lived together happily for about a month. Every night when I came "home" I would find one or more pieces of furniture missing until at last it included the bed I had been using. I said goodbye reluctantly to Reginald Weller and moved into the house at 131 E. 60th Street, which provided living quarters on the top floor and offices on the floors below.

I embarked on a professional career, an undertaking whose magnitude almost overwhelmed me. I was fortunate in the associations I had made. The first operation on my own private patient was the incision and drainage of a carbuncle. It was a long time, or so it seemed, before a major procedure came my way. At one point, a French Hospital nurse was referred as a patient, a nurse from Poughkeepsie, New York. Quite understandably, a member of the attending medical staff of the Vassar Brothers Hospital in Poughkeepsie was interested in seeing the operation, a uterine suspension. He and I had met and were on friendly terms, but I was in a cold sweat when I entered the operating room to take charge. All went well and my audience was appreciative. The House Surgeon (Senior Surgical Intern) at that time was Dr. Howard Plank, a warm personal friend. I had a feeling akin to envy toward him when the as yet unaccustomed sense of my responsibility came home to me. Later he had a successful career in general surgery, interrupted by military service in World War II. My patient, the nurse, made a good recovery and followed her nursing career for many years.

It was hard to believe that I was actually established in New York City with a place to live, an office, and a connection with the French Hospital at 450 West 34th Street. The building was well constructed and well maintained, and in 1921 was still considered up-to-date. As noted earlier, the institution was administered by the Sisters of the Order of Marionites, all of whom spoke French, some with an Irish accent. The respect commanded by Sister Superior, the superintendent, was an asset. Some of the patients were sailors from the French line, most of whom spoke little, if any, English. Ici on pane Francais could well have been applied to the institution and provided a good opportunity to learn French, something which interested me a good deal.

In the early 1920's the doctors who had been in service were coming back to civilian life. Among the returnees were three men who were to become fast friends. Louis M. Alofsin owned a house next to the hospital. He lived there with his father, a delightful old gentleman, a devout Jew devoted to his son. The ground floor was the office. Louis had an active practice and did a good deal of general surgery. We enjoyed many good times together, including evenings on his boat which he kept at City Island within easy reach of mid-town Manhattan.

Another returnee was a young man by the name of Robert E. Pound. He hailed from Tupelo, Mississippi and spoke with an engaging "southern accent," recognizable but not pronounced. He was just back from service in France, which may have influenced his making application for an internship at the French Hospital. He was rather impressive in appearance and manner, with a sense of humor.

He found favor in the eyes of Dr. Lewis G. Cole, roentgenologist at French Hospital, who took him on as his assistant. "Bob" Pound was a man of exceptional ability. He became a successful X-ray specialist, a prominent member of the New York medical community.
Hector J. MacNeille, my contemporary and a graduate of Columbia Medical School, was a close associate of mine throughout my professional life in New York. Just back from military duty, he had become an intern at the French Hospital about the same time I did. He was a man of superior intelligence, and a cultured gentleman. We shared offices for twenty years. His field was internal medicine, with especial reference to allergies, largely unexplored in the 1920's. His career was one of some distinction.

Some of the leading surgeons in the New York medical world at that time were Eugene H. Pool, a forceful and relentless character and a skilful operator; senior surgeon at New York Hospital, he frequently operated at French Hospital where I often assisted him in my intern days; Charles Peck, a staff member at Roosevelt Hospital, a man who had come up the hard way and won wide respect by his lack of ostentation and his impressive achievements and who often operated at the French Hospital; Alan Whipple, a graduate of Columbia University Medical School and surgical director of Presbyterian Hospital, a soft-spoken man of culture and an intellectual heritage, possessing surgical judgment and meticulous technique. These are men whom I came to know by reputation and personal contact, and whom I am happy to remember.

One institution of importance in medical affairs in New York City is the Academy of Medicine. It was founded in the mid-1800's for the advancement of medical science in New York, and was located on West 43rd Street in 1921. It afforded a lecture hall and
a very good medical library. The organization comprised several divisions or "sections," Surgical, Medical, and one each for the various specialties, including Historical and Cultural Medicine. Meetings of the Academy were held on stated occasions, announced in the Bulletin. The New York Surgical Society, as well as other professional groups, met monthly. The activity became so great that a new building was planned. The real estate market was on the rise. A new site was bought and rose in value so fast and so far that it was never used. A profitable turnover in the property resulted in the location of the new structure, adequate and impressive, on 5th Avenue at 103rd Street in the late 1920"s. I still keep the notification of my election to membership at a fee of $40. Many hours spent in the Academy's magnificent library have been of great help.

Springtime is a cheerful season wherever you are, even New York. Forsythia in Central Park, the buds bursting on the trees which grace the sidewalks of many uptown streets, the mild summer-like weather, all seemed in harmony with the seedling stage of my practice which, like the buds, grew so slowly that the growing process could not be seen. However scarce patients seemed to be, I contrived to keep my rent paid. "Bill" Sneed, M.D., from whom I rented office space, was a good landlord. He was a native of Tennessee with a southern accent and a good sense of humor. He was an enthusiastic orthopedist and had an active practice in the treatment of fractures. Most of his work was at the Hospital for the Ruptured and Crippled.

Through the connection I became employed in the anesthesia department, which was a source of income and also of interesting contacts. Royal Whitman, prominent in the field of orthopedics in the pre-World War I era, did a great deal of work there, including many fractured necks of the femur. The Whitman Spica was a very common method of treating fractured hips for many years. This meant immobilizing the entire lower extremity in a plaster spica from the toes on the affected side up to the chest, with the hip joint in full abduction and internal rotation, i.e. the toe end of the foot rotated toward the mid-line. Months of immobilization were required. Modern methods have replaced the Whitman Spica. My associate on this job was a youngdoctor named John "Johnnie" O'Dowd, my senior intern when I started at French Hospital and a warm personal friend.

The Hospital for the Relief of the Ruptured and Crippled came into being in the 19th century at a time when surgery was rapidly developing. Hernias have been a common condition ever since there has been a human race. It was only natural that operative treatment should develop and a hospital for such conditions be

available. After many years of discussion, the unattractive name of Hospital for the Relief of the Ruptured and Crippled was changed to the Hospital for Special Surgery. Hernia operations were becoming a substantial portion of general surgery by 1900. The name of William B. Coley was well-known; he was a pioneer in this field. I knew him in his later years through his son, the late Bradley L. Coley, M.D., a close friend of mine. We were on the surgical staff together at the Lincoln Hospital in the Bronx. He was among the first surgeons to perform hemi-pelvectomies. He served in World War II and as a staff member, and later trustee, of Sharon Hospital in Sharon, Connecticut.

CHAPTER VI
NEW YORK IN THE TWENTIES

In the late summer of 1921 I was again invited to serve as ship's surgeon on Mr. Vanderbilt's yacht. He had an allergy and planned a cruise in August every year to avoid the season when pollens are most prevalent. The destination was Canada and the first port of call was St. Andrews. We all anticipated escape from the Volstead Act, which was the prohibition amendment enacted immediately after World War I. Accordingly, the party all took off for the hotel as soon as the yacht was duly moored. To our consternation, we were informed on reaching the bar that New Brunswick was dry. Endeavoring to console ourselves with the soft drinks available, we wended our way to the sumptuous dining room. A great surprise awaited me. The maitre d' hotel who greeted us was none other than Chidly, who had been head waiter at the New Ocean House in Swampscott during the summer I was night clerk there in medical student days. We exchanged cordial greetings and I told him our troubles. He was sympathetic. Better still, he was cooperative. Naturally he had nothing in the hotel, but he could send to Maine, across the border in the "dry" U.S.A. we had just left, and a case of liquor would be forthcoming. It came true. In my role of doctor turned bootlegger, I achieved a success which made the ship's party happy.

Prince Edward Island was on our itinerary and our visit was, to me, a very pleasant one. The Commodore, of course, received a warm welcome. Silver foxes were the principal product of the island. Their fur was in great demand and they were raised in large numbers on fox farms. A chauffeured motor car was supplied Eat a. tour of the countryside. The beautiful scenery in that unspoiled region was worth the trip. The fox farms gave me a somewhat disagreeable reaction. Killing these beautiful animals, so carefully reared, was a rather repulsive idea. However, I was somewhat mollified by the company of our chauffeur. She was an attractive young woman with whom I shared the front seat.

1922 stands out as a high spot in my life, a high spot preceded by a dream so realistic as to be disturbing. I dreamed that I was diving from the deck of a steamship while Mr. Vanderbilt demonstrated the modus operandi. I struggled to avoid being sucked under by the ship, which suddenly seemed to be sinking. This was incongruous, since the Commodore avoided going under water because of his sensitive mucous membranes, I was on vacation at the time the dream occurred and was vastly surprised to find a message when I returned to the office to call Mr. Vanderbilt. The date of the message corresponded with the date of my dream. I was courteously received at his office. He said he had a new yacht fitting out in Southampton, England, which he planned to take on a Mediterranean cruise and would like to have me as official M. D., "if you could fit it in with your plans." It is remarkable how readily this could be fitted in with my plans.

Was it wise for me to leave my very young practice in New York to accompany Mr. Vanderbilt? My practice in 1922 was still in its early stages of development. Dr. Eugene Pool once said to me, "It doesn't matter much what you do in your first 10 years," referring to the fact that major surgery was not usually referred to young surgeons.

The invitation included passage to England on the steamer Adriatic. This was one of my fondest dreams come true. Going to Europe was the ambition of many, if not most, of the younger generation, certainly including me. I had expected to be sent overseas by the Army. Armistice Day, 1918 eliminated that but here

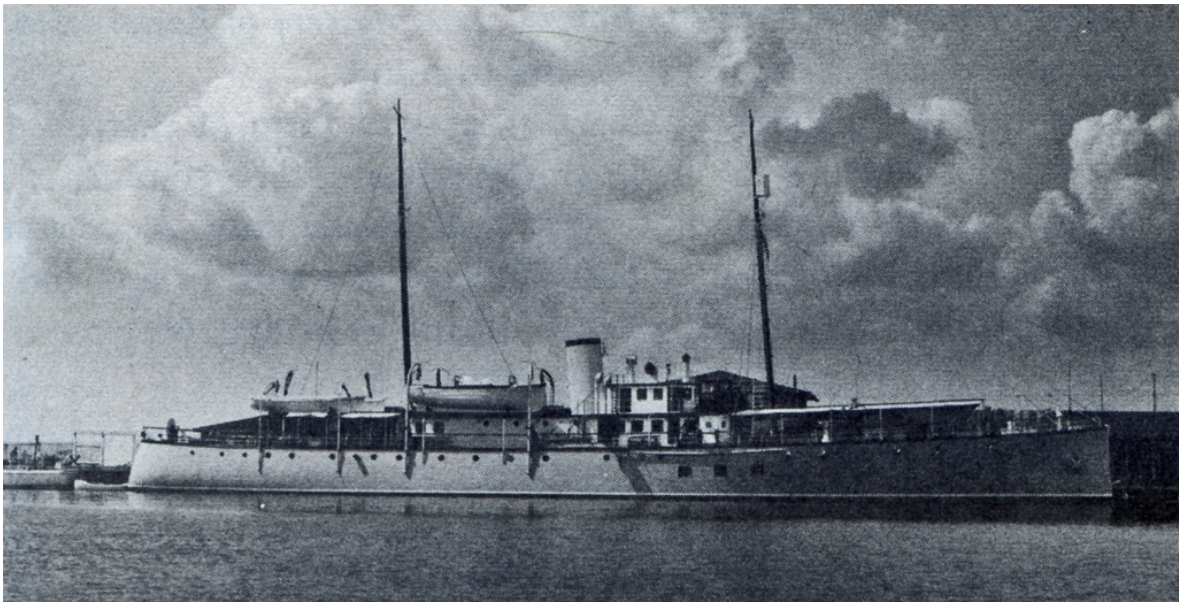
was something so much better I could hardly believe it. Dinner at the Harvard Club with a pal, Dr. Walker Swift, celebrated the occasion. Things kept right on going right. The Adriatic was even then a somewhat old-fashioned ship, but a dream boat to me.

Our transatlantic trip was uneventful. We were favored with good weather. Life on board was fun for all of us.

A group of young men going to England for post-graduate study included the late R. Keith Kane, a very likeable type of man. He was of particular interest to me because his mother lived in Marion, Massachusetts, a neighboring town of Wareham. He had been a patient of Dr. Morse, our Wareham physician. The name of Keith Kane was one of some importance in New York legal circles in years to come. The ladies Cadbury were among the better known passengers. Cadbury Cocoa was then a family standby and the two sisters seemed typical of late Victorian England. Among other things, we were not subject to the prohibition laws of the "dry" U.S.A. We were anchored one night in Queenstown Harbor, but could not go ashore because of political strife between the British and the Irish. Eamon de Valera was making headlines and Ireland was in turmoil.

Pleasant though our life at sea had been, landing in Liverpool was a welcome event. A brief tour of the environs of the city was interesting. A very pleasing couple named Ferguson from New Zealand were good company. They invited me to dinner at the Hotel Adelphi in Liverpool and were most gracious. My overnight stay at the hotel was brief but pleasant. I was impressed by the enormous towel in the bathroom. It was rather appropriately termed "bath sheet" by the maid. I was momentarily puzzled when she asked if I wished to be "knocked up" in the morning. I answered in the affirmative when I realized she meant being awakened at an appointed hour.

I was enjoying so many experiences that life had become exhilarating. On the train to London next day I found myself sitting opposite an English gentleman. From the car window we enjoyed a view of the countryside. My companion was quite delighted to spy a windmill in operation. "Something you rarely see these days," he said with a note of exultation. His enthusiasm at being able to show a visiting American a bit of his dear old England left me wishing our encounter was not so brief. On arriving in London, I went to the Hotel Haymarket, where a reservation had been made for the yachting party.



W. K. Vanderbilt's yacht Ara, summer 1922.

The actual sailing of the Commodore’s new yacht Ara from Southhampton was a noteworthy occasion, the maiden voyage of a ship of high rating in yachting circles. We all felt privileged to be aboard. Looking out on the vast expanse of the broad Atlantic from the deck of a 200 foot ship was thrilling. We were favored with blue skies and a light breeze on that beautiful summer morning of our first day at sea. The sparkling water extending to the horizon in all directions seemed to shrink the good ship Ara to the proportions of a rowboat. But the genial gathering of happy passengers, deck chairs, and comfortable spaciousness dispelled the illusion. Commodore Vanderbilt was in good spirits, as well he might be. Sailing his own yacht on the high seas to destinations of his own choosing was a pastime we shall never see again.

My own good fortune in participating gave me a feeling of suppressed excitement hard to describe. The fellow guests were congenial and interesting: Messrs. Davis Barnes, John P. Grier, and J. Gordon Douglas. These were all men of importance in New York society, but who nevertheless made me feel one of the group.

Time on board passed with amazing rapidity. A daily "newspaper" was typed by the radio operator and included a few leading stock market quotes. It provided topics of conversation. Mr. Greer was a relative of J.P. Morgan, and, though not a great talker, spoke with authority on financial matters. There was plenty of good reading matter in the library. The Mystery of Easter Island is one title which comes most clearly to mind.

Passing the medicine ball was the chief form of exercise; it ended abruptly when the ball went overboard. The comfort of a deck chair could make an hour seem but momentary. A game of cards absorbed a good bit of time. Hearts vied with bridge and I got a bit involved in the theory and practice of bridge. My progress was limited as I never was gifted with "card sense."

Many of the conversations to which I listened attentively involved first hand accounts of celebrities. Diamond Jim Brady rose from the rank of stevedore to financier as a result of talking back to the boss, a display of spirit admired by the higher-ups. Brady was much interested in the stage. Stories were told of his close accidental encounters with cases of urgent need. He would make a substantial cash gift on the spot and disappear into the anonymity whence he came.

Our first port of call was Cherbourg, where the party entrained for the Spanish coast, leaving me in sole possession of the Ara. It was a strange sensation. There was an element of elation; at the same time, I had a sense of loneliness and responsibility. I enjoyed being at sea and dined in solitary state. The next day the weather became so stormy we put in to the port of Le Havre. We really got tossed about and an attack of seasickness hit me so hard that I took to my bunk only to be unceremoniously thrown out again. The word nausea does not half describe what I felt. Anyone who has never really been seasick cannot know what it is like. Drowning would seem a blessed relief. But life was back to normal the next day. The wind abated and we made the harbor of Vigo in the northwest corner of Spain without incident.

W. K. Vanderbilt on the deck of the Ara in 1923, ariving at Miami from New York

The Commodore was on the dock and I greeted him from the bridge. I asked if I could interest him in a slightly used yacht and got a vigorously affirmative response. The reassembled party boarded and we cast off for Gibraltar. Luncheon was being served as we came through the Straits, when gunfire was heard from the shore. The captain reported that a shot had been fired across our bow. By communication with the fortifications guarding the entrance, it developed that our resemblance to a naval vessel had aroused suspicion. Radio messages, shore to ship, had not been picked up or were misunderstood , and Ara had failed to stop as ordered. It was an anxious moment for the Commodore, but matters were promptly adjusted and we proceeded to our assigned anchorage.

It was at the time quite an adventure. It heightened the excitement of visiting the Rock of Gibraltar, a spot much in the public eye from the use of its picture in insurance advertising. The Rock of Gibraltar typified strength and security. The cruise of the Mediterranean which followed was a most interesting experience, a whole story in itself. The Moroccan cities of Tunis and Algiers were a fascinating mixture of the ancient Arabic culture and the more modern French part of the community.

The Mediterranean Spanish coast is a fascinating area. The two old cathedral towns of Cartagena and Malaga left me with the most lasting impressions. They both have magnificent harbors. This had led to their early development as commercial centers in the 10th century. A beautiful old cathedral in Malaga was many years in the building, but still stands in the dignity and grandeur of antiquity. The fertile plains at the eastern end of Spain's northern mountain range supply abundant produce. Malaga grapes enjoy a wide reputation. Cartagena, a contemporary and sometime rival city, has been a mining town as well as an outlet for agricultural products. Pirates and military conquest have taken their toll, but the town survives. A gate, part of the old city wall, is a notable relic of ancient architecture and masonry. I did not realize at the time my

rare good fortune in visiting this somewhat secluded nook of the world, so rich in historic background and natural beauty. Barcelona, Spain's chief commercial seaport, seemed more up and coming than the ancient cities and impressive outlying countryside of the Spanish east coast. The bullfight or corrida de toros was the feature attraction. I had never seen a bullfight and do not expect to see another. There was an air of enthusiasm and excitement somewhat resembling the atmosphere surrounding a football game.

Spanish is a language which has always interested me, although an elementary course at Harvard, a visit to Cuba, and a reading of Don Quixote encompassed my limited experience with it. A shopping expedition to buy some starched collars met with indifferent success.

Our visit to the city of Leghorn in Italy, famous for its hats, and to the Tower of Pisa, was interesting. After the worldwide publicity the Leaning Tower has received over the years, there is a deja vu sensation in actually seeing it at close range. The conventional thing to do is to be photographed in a posture of trying to push it up straight. There are authenticated instances of strange, even ludicrous, attempts to restore it to a perpendicular position. It is hard to believe that any appreciable benefit could be derived from such an act. There is a satisfaction in having been on the spot where so renowned a marvel exists. The Leaning Tower of Pisa has held the curiosity and interest of generations and is in position to do so for generations to come.

Venice was one of the high spots in all my experience. It was my good luck to spend an hour on St. Mark Square with Whitney Warren. He was the distinguished architect who designed Grand Central Station in New York City. Through this close connection with the New York Central Railroad, builder of the station, he was naturally a friend of the Vanderbilts, and not infrequently a guest on the yacht. He was well known in Italy and, I believe, on very terms with D'Annunzio, the leading Italian statesman.

Through this association, a plaque with a denunciation of the infamous barbarism of the Huns was placed at the steps of St. Mark’s Cathedral, where a bomb had been dropped causing extensive damage. Mr. Warren showed it to me with pride and satisfaction. He was an interesting man of commanding personality. My contacts with him are highly valued memories. Another of his interests in Venice was the restoration of the Campanile.

Our Mediterranean cruise ended at Nice. We left for Paris by train that departed in the late evening. We were just about tucked up for the night when the porter inquired if we were warm enough (it was mid-October). More blankets were requested by someone in the party, but the reply came that none were available. The inquiry had apparently been a rhetorical question.

My first day in Paris, exciting though it was, made less of an impression on me than London. I was getting used to travel and was less exciting to be in foreign cities and to view what had always been faraway places. But the bright lights and the crowds of people my a language I could understand but little was fascinating. My good friend, Reginald Weller, who had been a senior at Harvard the year I was a freshman, had lived in Paris many years, which was a contrast environmentally, for his father was Bishop of Fond-du-Lac, Wisconsin. He and I visited a restaurant, where I succeeded in downing a snail, which was scarcely more palatable than the bullfight. Our itinerary included a small, off-beat cafe known as the "Chicken House." It was well supplied with chicks who had almost one garment apiece. Concealment did not seem to be the objective, but they left no doubt about what was. This stop and a cabaret featuring an Apache dance topped off our slumming.

The Folies Bergere could not justly be so classed. No trip to Paris would be complete without taking in the far-famed Folies Bergere. The stock in trade of the extravaganza is beauty unadorned. Certainly there was beauty and I heard no complaints about the lack of adornment. One act featured a dance which involved the Cleopatra motif: A scandalous romance shelved by a lethal reptile.

The Louvre was the high spot in my sightseeing. Pictures have always appealed since boyhood days when I sat spellbound before the oil painting by Rosa Bonheur, Horse Fair. I was interested to note the aspiring artists copying some of the many famous paintings to be found in the renowned Parisian gallery. My visit, brief as it was, gave me a feeling of satisfaction I could only have by being there.

Another memory I have cherished is a visit to one of the famous restaurants of Paris, the Tour d' argent, where the specialty was duck. Each patron gets a card with the number of his or her canard. I am sure my card is somewhere among my possessions, but it has not surfaced in years. I was in the midst of enjoying a delicious meal when I looked across the room and saw a familiar face. The owner was looking at me with an incredulous expression. He signaled recognition and I knew that it was Bill Sefton, the president of my class in medical school. He was a good looking man with important connections and had gone to practice in Auburn, New York. He was the last man I would expect to see globetrotting. He explained he was travelling with a wealthy family and was attending physician to the lady who was pregnant and concerned about her health. It was a most fortunate meeting. The yachting party was concluding its Paris visit and the Commodore had made reservations for me on the Aquitania. Much to my delight, Bill Sefton's party was sailing on the same ship. It was a pleasant voyage home.

My return from Europe was followed by a number of favorable, developments. I was appointed to the surgical staff of the City Hospital on Welfare Island, effective March 1, 1923. I also received an appointment to the faculty of Columbia University's Medical School, the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Department of surgical Pathology, under Dr. William C. Clarke.

I rented a small apartment in a house at 28 East 64th Street and my mother kept house for me during the winter and early spring. Those few months in the modest home we shared were most thoroughly enjoyed by Mother and me. My professional progress was a source of great satisfaction to her. She enjoyed the stay in New York, where she had lived most of her life and where she had many friends. My apartment was next door to the house somewhat later occupied by Earl E.T. Smith and his bride, the former Consuelo Vanderbilt. It was a great help to me to have a comfortable home when I was taking on my new duties in the surgical service at City Hospital and teaching in Dr. Clarke's surgical pathology course at Columbia University.

I did not fully realize at that time what a privilege it was to be associated with so renowned an institution and such an exceptional teacher. Dr. William C. Clarke was an independent spirit. He disdained formality. His personal appearance was unimportant to him and he often shivered in the cold rather than wear an overcoat or hat. He was slight of build, rather stoop-shouldered, with a certain subsurface alertness about him. There was a twinkle in his eye quite in accord with his keen sense of humor. A thoroughgoing humanitarian, he took a lively interest in the students and in the learning process. The printed word was unimpressive to him. "So you know it’s true because you saw it in print," he would say with impassioned sarcasm.

The first meeting was in the amphitheater of the old 59th Street building. I was beset by the same qualms and misgivings which I had felt when left alone with Dr. Morse's practice.

After an hour's lecture in the amphitheater and a general discussion of a subject chosen as the topic of the day, we adjourned to the laboratory, where research work was carried on. The first hour’s exercise occasionally included a talk by some well-known doctor and sometimes lantern slides, mostly microscopic specimens. The four instructors, of which I was one, sat on the bench down front taking part in the discussions. Our number included Dr. Virginia Kneeland-Frantz, Dr. William Barkley Parsons Jr., Dr. Gaetano DeYoanna, and Dr. Frank Huber, a brother of Henry Huber, later to figure importantly in my life. We were all young, not too many years older than the students, who were able to communicate with us in a very satisfactory way.

"Wild Bill Clarke," as he was sometimes called, was a "debunker." He had no patience with pretense or double-talk. I asked him one day why he had appointed me as a member of his course. "In the first place, because you are honest," he said. He was a philosopher with a keen mind and a brisk sense of humor. An illustrative incident occurred one morning during class discussion. One of the students referred to a situation where two surfaces were in contact.

"Isn' t there anything between?" asked Bill.

"No, nothing," said the student, who was inclined to be didactic.

"Then how do you know there are two surfaces?" was the rejoinder.

Naturally, such a man antagonized many people. He was amused by their emotional reactions and lack of objectivity, but did not become annoyed himself. His is one of the most interesting characters and appealing personalities I have ever known. I look back on the years in his course as one of my most valuable experiences.

After medical school had closed for the summer and my three months at City Hospital had ended, I continued to operate on private patients at French Hospital, where the Outpatient Department was my chief commitment. I also visited the laboratory at the school where I was carrying on some research. I longed for the beach in the summer heat and was agreeably surprised in late July to get an invitation to resume my post of ship's doctor on Mr. Vanderbilt’s yacht, Ara. This meant heading for the Canadian coast before mid-August when pollens and allergens are more apt to pollute the air.

This cruise covered much of the same area as the 1921 cruise. A new guest was added in the person of Mr. Sydney Smith who joined the party appropriately in Sydney, Nova Scotia. He was a tall, impressive man with a lively sense of humor. He was a well-known personality in Long Island society and an accomplished amateur boxer. He added a lot to life among the little shipboard community. He and I were to make a number of contacts in days to come and through him I met Dr. Lee of the Hotel Plaza. This resulted in a very pleasant association and I took over for Dr. Lee as hotel physician pro tern on a few occasions. These professional contacts were naturally very helpful to a young doctor five years out of medical school.

The cruise included a visit to the Bay of Islands on the Newfoundland coast. I enjoyed a brief excursion on shore. There was a tiny village whose rural quality was enhanced by the fact that it was Sunday afternoon. The country was wild or at least unaffected by industrial and commercial developments. The few people we met on the village street seemed pleasant enough, but reserved. They may have been a bit overwhelmed by the presence of people from far away traveling on a palatial yacht. I could see an attractive side to living in their surroundings. The beauties of nature were abundantly apparent on every hand. The peace and tranquility were very appealing. This was, of course, 1923, before the days of TV, helicopters and jet planes. Such things have altered the status of remote areas such as this. It was fascinating to be dining on board Ara in the midst of that environment.

The Bay of Islands has a reputation as a good fishing ground. Tuna were frequently caught in this area at one time. The Commodore had a keen interest in fish and marine life. In fact, he published a book with beautiful illustrations, very interesting and unusual. He organized a fishing party, and four small boats with fishing tackle were provided for the Commodore and guests. He was the only one to get a bite and unceremoniously set out to sea at what seemed a terrific pace. The afternoon was getting late and there was some concern about him. He eventually returned safe and sound but without a fish. Tuna fish are big and powerful. They could well take a fisherman out of reach of help. Whether or not he "cut the string" was never fully determined, but a newspaper account read, "Big fish has more pull than New York millionaire."

One incident in the course of this memorable tour of the northeastern seaboard was an evening on board in a snug harbor. It was the night of the famous heavyweight championship boxing match between Jack Dempsey and Luis Angel Firpo, known as the "Wild Bull of the Pampas." It was a clear, calm evening, and the ship's radio did a beautiful job. This was an important event and many were listening eagerly to the reports coming over the air. In the early stages of the fight, Firpo knocked Dempsey over the ropes and out of the ring. This was a situation unprecedented in recorded history. Certainly a dramatic moment; the all important decision of umpire and referee were awaited in an atmosphere of breathless excitement. Dempsey was ruled eligible to continue the fight and went on to win. I have been left with the feeling that I must have seen the bout, instead of listening to the radio on a ship anchored in the remote waters of Canada.

My return to New York saw me moving. In October, 1923, Dr. Hector MacNeile rented a small apartment at 63 Park Avenue which provided office space and living quarters on a modest scale. We had lived together as interns and had maintained contact over the following three years. We had both been keeping office hours in space rented from senior colleagues. We were very glad to be on our own. The location, four blocks south of Grand Central Station, put us within a two to three minute walk from a subway or el Station, the Lexington Avenue and the 34th Street crosstown. Hotel Belmont, a great favorite with Bostonians, the Commodore, and the Biltmore, as well as several good restaurants, were very close at hand. The seven years we were together there were happy. This was before the days of group practice. We took turns covering the telephone the first year and in 1924 we connected with an answering service, somewhat of an innovation at that time.

I was still only five years out of medical school, which is scarcely long enough to build up a practice, but in 1924 professional activities were on the increase. Hospital connections were not of financial help. Staff members were paid no salary at all and all patients admitted as indigents or low income bracket were given free medical service. It was only private patients referred to attending physicians and surgeons who paid for the doctors' services. Workmen's Compensation Insurance was about 10 years old; employed persons who were injured at work could be billed through insurance companies with which the employer held a policy. For the young doctors, the economic situation spelled economy.

The patients I treated were people of more importance as time progressed and the conditions I treated were more serious. I appreciated the opportunities afforded by being in New York. Distinguished physicians and surgeons were present in large numbers and valuable contacts were available. Advances in surgery, internal medicine, medical research and other activities were progressing all around me at a more rapid rate than in most parts of the world. I was aware of all this, and through the courtesy of Dr. Clarke, was carrying on some experiments in his laboratory on bone regeneration.

Equally exciting were the fields of art, music, and the theater in mid-1920’s New York. A very pleasant reminder of this state of affairs was the gift of the Vanderbilt box at the opera one evening. With characteristic generosity, W.K. Vanderbilt made it available for some special performances. He knew that I was devoted to my mother and that she was passionately fond of music. She gave a box party and thoroughly enjoyed an evening with long standing friends. Mother's night at the opera was a major event. As she stepped into the limousine and sat back with a happy smile, I felt the finishing touches were put on a perfect evening.

For any music lover, New York in the 1920's was a green pasture. I recall a great demand for tickets to symphony concerts in Carnegie Hall. The New York Philharmonic Society played to packed houses.

CHAPTER VII
NEW YORK THEATER

The theater has always had a strong appeal for me. At one time in my teens I wanted to be a producer.

Growing up in New York, the theater was taken for granted. The Old Homestead was the title of the first play I can recall, a rural comedy set at a point in time when Rural Free Delivery had just come into being. The date, as r recall, was about 1900.

A Messenger From Mars was another childhood treat I remember. The messenger, who appeared to be no different than a human figure save for a shiny, glittering, close fitting costume, made a sudden, unannounced visit to the home of the most self-centered man in London. This villain typified the objectionable elements of the idle rich, grasping and tyrannical. The Martian taught him a time-honored lesson learned through adversity. I enjoyed the experience of going out with the grownups, sitting up late.

Among the juvenile oriented productions of a rather unsophisticated age was The Babes in Toyland. Memory of its content blurs, but the increasingly popular combination of girls, music, and dancing made an undying impression. The show had a long run.

I first saw the Ziegfeld Follies in 1908. The show gave little evidence that there would be annual spectacles using the same name which would figure in the top ranking activities of Broadway for many years. One of the scenes featured a shapely young woman who sang about "the summer by the shore and the bathing girls who show the form we all adore."

She wore tights, illustrating beautifully the words of her song. This, one of the earliest productions of the Ziegfeld Follies, was scarcely indicative of the musical extravaganzas to come, dedicated to "glorifying the American girl." For many years the glorification was to continue, comedians were to establish reputations, and nudity, or a close approach to it, was to become respectable. The beauty of the girls, the artistic setting, and restraint in the manner of displaying anatomical perfection combined to make the Follies a distinguished feature of the American stage.

The decade between the Gay Nineties and Roaring Twenties produced a number of musical shows. Ethel Jackson starred in The Merry Widow in 1908, one of the hits of that year. I remember the show because it marked the first time I ever escorted a girl to the theater. As I recall, orchestra seats in those days sold for $2, which was, to me, a sizeable sum. The Chocolate Soldier, a contemporary piece adapted from Shaw's Arms and the Man, was identified with a catchy waltz tune and had lasting popularity.

I continued to enjoy the theater while attending Harvard. Julia Sanderson sang I'm So Tired of Violets with such feeling, the final stanza especially: "If my heart you would win and you want to begin, throw me a rose," that it drew loud enthusiasm from Boston audiences, especially Harvard men who noted her preference for the red over the blue. She made such an enduring impression that years later, at its 25th reunion, the Class of 1914 made her an honorary member under the Harvard elms. The honor was bestowed in a concise but eloquent introduction by Class President Leverett Saltonstall, then governor of Mass-achusetts.

Another favorite during my college years was The Pink Lady. One of the tunes, "The Pink Lady Waltz," was a great favorite. The appeal of the leading lady, Hazel Dawn, inspired me to send my card backstage requesting an interview. I was greeted by her maid who gave me an appraising glance and disappeared behind the door of the star's dressing room. I was duly admitted. I had never been in a star's dressing room before. To be suddenly in the presence of such a stunning personality was a bit overwhelming. I stood completely inarticulate for a moment. I knew what the word tongue-tied meant. I finally summoned up enough coherence to ask for a few words about her career. She was a Mormon and credited her success largely to her religion. I left the theater, elated at my contact with the great presence. It was deflating when I turned in my interview with the glamorous prima donna as my offering in Dr. Birnbaum's course in free lance writing. His comment, "It would have been better if you had asked her more interesting questions." But this did not drown out the ecstatic joy I had felt on announcing to my roommates I had just left Hazel

Dawn's dressing room.

The interlude between the two world wars was a golden age on Broadway. It took on a special interest for me because of Osgood Perkins. We were classmates (1914) at Harvard and both of us appeared in an annual undergraduate performance of the Pi Eta Club. He showed marked talent as the leading man and in short order found himself at home behind the footlights. He married a very capable, attractive young woman, Jane Rane. The Perkins family were among my first patients. Osgood's first appearance in New York City was in A Beggar on Horseback. I escorted Jane to the theater.

Through the kind offices of my old classmate, I made the acquaintance of Dwight Dere Wyman, a very active theatrical producer. He was a man of wealth and of a high order of intelligence. His dedication to the stage, to the drama, and to Theater with a capital T made a valuable contribution to the New York theater world in the 1920's, 30's, and 40's. My view could be prejudiced, because I was the beneficiary on more than one occasion of his generosity and that of his company manager, Jack Del Bondio. He was an able, personable man with whom I developed a lasting friendship.

Another theatrical producer who was a friend and patient until I left New York was Will Harris, Jr. His father had been a pioneer in the field of vaudeville and played a leading part in establishing it on Broadway. One of Will Harris' better known productions was The Criminal Code. A young man gets into an altercation in a restaurant and fatally injures a man. A court scene and a glimpse inside a prison impressed me most. The principle theme, "A crime has been committed, somebody's got to pay," is stressed. In prison, a young victim of circumstance suffers from claustrophobia, and an older inmate gives him such reassurance and consolation as he can. Another Harris production of the 30’s was The Greeks Had a Word for It. This was a much quoted title, an amusing play that gave a time-honored theme modern treatment.

Helen Hayes is a figure that stands out in my mind when I think of the theater between the wars. Her performance in Caesar and Cleopatra, playing opposite Lionel Atwill in the summer of 1925, made a lasting impression on me. Her interpretation of the title role made her come alive in a way that is consistent with all I have read and imagined. The combined naiveté and subtle sophistication fit in perfectly with my mental image. The same convincing authoritative quality shows up in her portrayal of the young queen in Victoria Regina, watching her husband shave. This appearance was in the mid-thirties, a demonstration of her versatility and a memory I enjoy.

It was through Osgood Perkins (who was living in the same house) that I met a man who became one of my best friends, one of my first patients and one of the most interesting persons I ever knew: Fred Waller. Waller and his wife Grace were sharing 150 Lexington Avenue, a walk-up or converted house, with Osgood Perkins and his wife. Perkins used to give his address as "a dollar and a half, Lexington." I never knew much about the Waller history except that there had been a previous marriage which was no secret, but never a topic of conversation. A quiet, retiring, unobtrusive personality, Fred was an inventor with a mechanical turn of mind and skill in the use of tools. Such diverse entities as the world of the movies and the world of aviation were among the beneficiaries of his genius. It is my recollection that his understanding of physics was such that classwork bored him and he left school to take a job on his own. Much interested in cameras, he built one for himself. Cinerama is one of his inventions as are water skis.

A spinoff from Cinerama was the Waller Aviation Trainer. The original concept of three-dimensional movies had called for a screen in the shape of a one-quarter hollow sphere. This brought the picture before the spectator from above, from left and right, and from directly ahead. By using sound cameras aimed from three angles, a moving object such as an airplane would be seen and heard as it approached the field of vision, simulating exactly the actual approach of a plane. A reproduction of the cockpit of a fighter plane was constructed and positioned at a point corresponding to the center of the sphere, one quarter of which was actually in existence. Seated in the cockpit, the "pilot" could spot an approaching plane as it came into

view and, with a photo-electric cell, draw a bead. The flashing signal would register a hit if the aim was correct. This device, when perfected, became the Waller Trainer. It was of great value in training air pilots for combat in World War II.

My friendship with Fred Waller was one of the firmest and most enduring. In the early years of our association, he bought an old house in Huntington, Long Island. He had a shop fitted out in what had been the barn. I enjoyed the hospitality of Fred and Grace Waller on many occasions. This sometimes included a weekend cruise on the yawl Islander, for anyone with Fred's seafaring heritage (his grandfather was a sea captain in the days of whales and sails) could hardly survive without a boat. He and his wife were both good sailors. She was an English girl, a little under average height, rather retiring, but with a sense of humor and a pleasing manner that made her a popular figure. She was not the intellectual her genius husband was, but was a perfect complement for his mind and personality. Theirs was an ideal match, the exemplification of compatibility. Fred's ability and versatility were far greater than was apparent on the surface. While employed by Paramount Pictures in the 1930's he was in charge of short subjects, "shorts" in the jargon of the time. These were curtain raisers designed to be shown before the main picture began; they were very much the same in content as present television shows.
Fred's focus on the world of movies did not deflect me from the theater during those years, the 1920's, 1930's, and 1940's. It has always been a high spot to go to a show when I knew someone in the cast.

The Front Page was one of many well-known productions of Osgood Perkins' career. That career culminated on the opening night in Washington, D.C. of Susan and God, in which Perkins co-starred with Gertrude Lawrence. He died that night of a heart attack and never fulfilled the great possibilities that still lay before him. However, he is survived by his wife and was ably succeeded by his son, Anthony Perkins, who has had a distinguished acting career of his own.

Of the many theatrical productions of that time, one which comes to mind is Lightnin which had a phenomenal run and established one actor's reputation because of his success in the title role. "Lightnin" was the nickname given him because he was the opposite of all that the word implies. His fondness for the bottle made him better known as the "Old Soak." Nevertheless, he was a devoted husband. The villain of the piece persuades the elderly wife, happily married, to sue for a divorce. In court he was accused of having deceived his wife, which he vigorously denied. The accusation turned out to originate from his having told her "that he once drove a swarm of bees across the prairie and never lost a bee." It comes home to her what a beautiful life she and her husband had had together. She bursts into an impassioned plea, "Please, Mr. Judge, don't give me a divorce if you can help it." This was a dramatic and moving sequence.

Jeanne Eagles was a tremendous success in a controversial play Rain. Her blond beauty blended with a rare personality and acting ability to give her a career of renown. The plot involved the human frailty of a domineering puritanical missionary, the Rev. Davidson, whose missionary zeal is overwhelmed by his young convert's potent charms. A family friend, a prominent physician of late Victorian vintage, forbade any member of his family to see the play or discuss it at home.

Chariots Revue, Beatrice Lillie, Gertrude Lawrence, Gallagher and Sheehan, Broadway hits and stars were so numerous in the 1920's it is difficult to enumerate more than a few. Perhaps at the head of the list was Abie's Irish Rose, a skillfully handled Jewish comedy, laughable through and through. It formed more than two additional companies and ran for years.

What Price Glory was a story of World War I, involving a group of characters of whom the most important was Captain Flagg. The play was written by Lawrence Stallings, who said he did not write the play, he just remembered it. The result was a masterly piece of work. It contained enough profanity to make it realistic, which was a bit shocking to the unsophisticated audiences of 1925. The unremitting rivalry between Captain Flagg and Sergeant Quirk was a memorable bit of theater and ably handled. I had friends and patients in the

cast including Brian Donlevy; accordingly I attended several performances and never lost my enthusiasm for the play.

CHAPTER VIII
BUSY YEARS

It was in December of 1924 that I was introduced to a young lady from Washington, D.C. She was visiting very good friends of mine of Flushing, New York, over the holiday season and I was invited to be her escort at a New Years Eve party. Margaret Wolcott nee Denys, was an attractive divorcee. She had a background involving some wealth and sophistication. There was nothing in her manner indicating any feeling of superiority. I have little recollection of the New Years Eve party, but it led to further contacts and I found her easy to talk to, her company more and more enjoyable. I began a critical appraisal of my assets and overall situation. I had never given very serious consideration to matrimony; suddenly I found myself with this girl more and more on my mind. I began to wonder what it would be like to have someone that companionable at my side. I thought of the loneliness a broken romance must involve and discovered I was beginning a kind of loneliness myself. I was in love.

For the first time in my life I really wanted to get married to one very special girl. Life without her had begun to seem insufferable. When I found myself at the point where I could not keep in to myself, I got a very responsive reaction. I was engaged to be married, my joy knew no bounds.

This was early 1925, a memorable year. Besides being in love, I was in a position of trust and responsibility. Dr. Alofsin, my friend mentioned earlier and a fellow alumnus of French Hospital, went to Europe for a summer's vacation. I was left in charge of his practice, which was an active one, including a good deal of surgery. He owned a house next door to the hospital, where he lived with his elderly father. The office was the first floor of the house and here I kept office hours working with his secretary, who was well trained. That was a busy summer. It was also a profitable one in every sense of the word. The patients included a wide variety of individuals. The hospital was located close to an area known as "Hell's Kitchen," a notorious crime belt. I was lucky enough to be involved in very few fatalities. One case which baffled me was a man with a scar on his left cheek from in front of the ear nearly to the mouth. The scar was prominent, solidly healed and not painful, but he was very insistent that it be removed. I excised it, closing the wound with a subcuticular stitch leaving no trace of the needle holes. He seemed pleased with the result. It turned out that gangsters inflicted a laceration such as my patient had as an identification of a stool-pigeon or double-crosser. I have often wondered what was the story behind it and what was the outcome.

One of the most exciting things at this time was the number of patients I was treating. There were few very unusual cases, but a varied assortment of ailments kept the waiting room full. The feeling of being much in demand and of rendering service to a great many people was very gratifying. I had never had so many operations to do. One of them was the removal of a gall bladder, the largest one I ever saw. No matter how absorbing my activities were, there was always in my mind the overwhelmingly enthusiastic anticipation of that happy moment when I should have a home of my own. This was something I had never known before.

But there was yet another new and very stirring experience just before me. Back in the autumn I had accumulated a modest amount of savings. A lawyer friend of mine who always gave the impression of financial security had given me a tip on a stock entitled Engineers Gold Mine. I accordingly bought a block of these securities at $10 a share. So many things of importance had taken up my time and attention that the stock market was all but forgotten. One Sunday in mid-summer I was visiting my friend, Dr. Clarke, in New Jersey. We were discussing affairs in general and, of course, those were the days when the "little bull market" was getting under way. "Did you see what Engineers Gold has been doing?" asked Bill Clarke. I feared the worst and showed it. What a grand and glorious feeling to find it had been going up several points a day. I promised on the spot to sell the next day, Monday. This turned out to be a busy day from the start, no

time even for lunch. Three o'clock was already gone before I could get to the telephone. With mingled surprise and delight I found that it had closed some five points higher than opening. The following day, I was talking to my broker at 10 a.m. "Sell at the market," I said. "Thank God," was his reply. He sold my stock at 105 and a fraction. By now, of course, I was too knowledgeable about the market to take sound, conservative advice and gave back to Wall Street a chunk of my astounding profits.

But for a while I was richer than I had ever been, and my matrimonial prospects were at their peak. Louis Alofsin came back from Europe, bringing to an end a very lucrative arrangement which had been a satisfaction to us both. As the months went by and Margaret enjoyed a South American cruise with her father and a winter visit with her married sister in Tulsa, Oklahoma, it became evident that our destinies lay in different directions. Agonizing attempts to face the facts and take the necessary action finally made the unwelcome state of affairs clear. We had set a tentative date for the marriage, but with no preparation. After a frank discussion of the situation, we agreed our only course was to give up our plans for matrimony. It sounds simple to put it in words, but it was an ordeal beyond anything in life up to that point.

The summer of 1926 was, accordingly, a period of painful adjustment. Replacing dreams with realities did not come easily. I still feel the effects of the bitter disappointment, frustration and desperation when I think of those days and nights. But happier days were just ahead.

An all but forgotten invitation of Bart Read's materialized. I was to join him on the family ranch in Wyoming for a two week camping trip on horseback. Another dream had come true! Nothing more welcome could have happened nor could it have been more timely. It was mid-summer, the ideal time to be leaving New York. A few things like dungarees and a 10 gallon hat supplemented the wardrobe and at last I was on the west-bound train.

I must have put in two nights on the sleeping car, but they were less of an ordeal than is usually the case with me. The only difficulty I remember was failure to connect with the reception committee at the railroad station. There was a brief period of frustration which served only to intensify the jollification when contact was established. Bart Read, his brother-in-law, Williams, and I dined with much merriment at an unpretentious restaurant. We were joined by the horse wrangler and the cook, Johnny Snyder, who contributed to the overall enjoyment. My only recollection of the menu is a choice of chicken or pea soup. My order was chicken, but all the others wanted pea. As the waitress started for the kitchen, I changed my mind and called after her, "Hold that chicken and make it pea." I was hardly prepared for the roar of laughter precipitated by the double-entendres.

I discovered I was known as "Bart Read's dude." A ranch which has guests from the East, supposedly "tenderfeet," was a "dude ranch." We all started for the ranch in the early summer evening on horseback. That occasion is one of the pleasantest of memories. But Bait Read's dude was, it seems, scheduled for an initiation ceremony. There were several places where we forded small streams. At this point, we all dismounted, passed the bottle around and scooped up a "chaser" from the running water in the brim of the 10 gallon hat.

They had hopes the dude would succumb. But the immunity of the uninitiated Easterner was underestimated. My companions were feeling the effects of elbow-bending as much as I. The occasion was a merry one for sure. Amusing thoughts were surfacing in everyone's mind and corresponding comments kept us all laughing until what seemed a late hour. I woke in strange surroundings from a slumber most profound. Then began a fortnight I long to live over again. To be on horseback, to be surrounded by the gorgeous scenery of the Rocky Mountains, to be one of a group so companionable, to be the honored guest of Bart Read, there was just nothing left to ask for.

There were five horses in our outfit, one for each member of the party, and a pack horse carrying the

camping equipment. In the course of our sojourn, I learned to throw a "diamond hitch." This is a simple, efficient way of hitching the pack load to the pack saddle, one of the many tricks of the trade at which cowboys are as good as sailors are with the rigging and lines aboard ship. My mount, "Hard Hearted Hannah," was a sturdy well-trained bay mare. She was a good bit of horseflesh and gave me that feeling of satisfaction you get from having a good horse under you. A mild excitement was provided by a stray black horse which appeared over the horizon in a spot where the trail led through wild country. He was a rather good looking horse — a horse always looks good to me — and got favorable comment from our group of horsemen. He followed us for a day and disappeared. I've often wondered whence and whither.

We had remarkably good weather for our trip. The scenery varied from day to day, but was always interesting. A rocky rugged mountainside with crags and cliffs outlined against the blue sky can be a stirring sight to the outdoorsman. Again, we would be passing through a valley with tall timber in the far distance and stretches of open grassland about us. All this and much more that defies description, viewed from the back of a horse, was rendered literally too wonderful for words. There was always some pleasant spot to stop for a sandwich or a snack. As the sun began to sink, which it did early in high mountain country, we would pitch camp, build a fire, and indulge in a swig from the bottle before supper. On one occasion, we were lucky enough to catch a few trout, which scarcely needed the pre-prandial potion.

This group of four men: the horse-wrangler, a good natured Wyoming horseman, experienced in western ways; the cook; Johnny Snyder, fitting the same description, both diamonds in the rough; the dude (I did not resent the term), a doctor and New England Yankee transplanted to the city life of New York and, most important, our host, member of a prominent banking family, was a group I am happy to have been part of. This vacation way out west was an unsurpassed experience. The generosity and kindness of Bart Read I have always wished I could repay. He was surely a fine man. His death, when he crashed in his plane while operating it, was a tragic loss to all who knew him, to the medical profession, and to the community at large.

It was my good fortune to establish a second association with Columbia Medical School as instructor in first year gross anatomy. This consisted of supervising dissections. The class was divided, each section sharing a cadaver among themselves. The course was under the direction of Dr. Mather Cleveland, acting head of the Anatomy Department and a well-known orthopedic surgeon. He was also a Yale graduate and renowned wrestler. It was at this point that I first knew Henry S. Huber. He was the prosector, which means that his proficiency qualified him to make a dissection for demonstration to his fellow students of some region where the relation of structures was particularly well known. I was sufficiently impressed by one of these prosections that I started to wheel the table on which the cadaver lay into the room where my section of the class was located.

Henry took exception to having his handiwork pre-empted and grabbed the other end of the table, pulling in the opposite direction, calling, "Dr. Heyl, make him stop." (Dr. James Harry Heyl was the doctor in charge of Henry's section.) The sight of an instructor and a medical student pulling at opposite ends of a table amid vehement protests from the latter made Dr. Heyl laugh. Henry was assured he was being honored rather than robbed. Henry and I had many a laugh over the incident in later years.

Henry was the son of a well-known pediatrician of German origin. He was a man with a very active mind, an independent spirit and boundless energy. He and I did not see eye to eye, but recognized in each other someone not to be ignored. Later he was an intern on the surgical service at French Hospital, where we became well acquainted and very warm friends. On one occasion he requested me to incise (lance) a small abscess on his foot. Dr. Huber, Sr., his father, an elderly physician of dignity, wanted to be present and thanked me very courteously for delivering him to his home. Henry did very well at French Hospital. He joined the 7th Regiment, New York's National Guard, and served in World War II. Meanwhile he married Mary Elizabeth Stedman and when he went overseas in 1940, his third daughter and youngest child was yet unborn. His military career was most eventful. As commanding officer of a field hospital, he was captured

in the Battle of the Bulge. He was in a German prison camp when the war ended, surviving an attack of typhus fever. Returning to New York, he resumed his duties at French Hospital, eventually becoming Chief of Surgery. After a successful career in general surgery, he succumbed to a heart attack, dying suddenly at an early age. His funeral services filled St. Bartholomew's Church in New York to overflowing. It is a source of great satisfaction to have known such a man, to have enjoyed his friendship and shared in his education. He was a credit to Columbia Medical School, as he was also to the French Hospital.

My days as instructor in medical school were full of pleasant and amusing memories. The students, somewhere near 10 years my junior, were not conscious of any generation gap and we were able to communicate well. Not surprisingly, there were names known to fame among the student body of such a high ranking medical school. I was pleased to find the name Elizabeth Councilman in the list of the Class of 1930. She was the daughter of my professor of pathology at Harvard. An interesting episode in this connection concerned the City of Elizabeth, New Jersey. There was a political hassle which resulted in the demise of a member of the City Council. I read a headline in a newspaper, "Elizabeth Councilman Dies." This was certainly a disturbing report, but the fine print explained the facts. She eventually married one of her classmates, Howard Rogers. He was a French Hospital intern during the same period as Henry Huber. The Rogers went to Newburyport, Massachusetts and are practicing very successfully.

My appointment to the surgical staff of the City Hospital was a step up in my professional career. I was the junior member on the service of Dr. Parker Sims. This was a three month period covering March, April, and May. I had an opportunity to do major operations. The City Hospital patients were largely from among the indigent poor, the aging and the less well mentally endowed. Accordingly, gangrene was often their principal complaint and there were many amputations required. The location and extent of the lesions afforded an interesting sidelight on blood supply and circulation. I can't forget the query of one poor fellow with three fingers of one hand hopelessly impaired. He remarked quite unemotionally, "Would you tell me what I am to be operated on for?"

One of my less happy recollections was a man requiring a transfusion. Typing and crossmatching had been carefully checked. Nevertheless, he died of anaphylactic shock. There was much we had not yet learned in the middle 1920's.

On March 1, I made rounds at the City Hospital for the first time. This was a new experience and a great morale builder. Dr. Campbell was my senior fellow member of the staff, an able, intelligent surgeon. I found him compatible and was glad of the opportunity to learn from him. The building was a vintage structure made of trap rock, like so many others of the mid-19th century. A great deal had been done to modernize it, but as I look back on it, it seems archaic. City Hospital in the post-World War I era was located on the south end of Welfare (formerly Blackwell's) Island. A nickname often applied was Farewell Island. It was shared by Metropolitan Hospital and a penal colony including a house of detention for women made famous in the mid 1920's by a brief detention of Mae West. The Broadway show entitled Sex, in which she had been appearing, had incurred the disapproval of the local censors guarding the public morals.

The 59th Street crosstown trolley cars crossed the bridge discharging passengers at about its midpoint over the island. An elevator, both passenger and motor vehicle, gave access to the roadway below. A short walk to City Hospital was not unpleasant in the spring weather. Inmates of the correctional institution, in groups of about a dozen or so under the supervision of a guard, tamped the roadway, which kept it smooth and hard. This served to keep them busy. Work was provided by this primitive method, much more time consuming than a roller. A recreation field with a baseball diamond was used on Sundays, but passing visitors to the hospital were encouraged to keep moving.

Among the important things that happened was my introduction to the Sullivan Club. Gertrude Sullivan was a maiden lady in early middle life. She was a competent woman who owned a brownstone house a block

east of Grand Central Station. She was as Irish as a shamrock and what she lacked in education, she made up in native knowhow and personality. She ran a small boarding house and had for roomers some men of distinction, if not great fame. One of them had been Charles Whittlesey of the famed "Lost Battalion," of World War I. Victor McCutcheon, member of a family well-known in New York, was a very successful lawyer-partner in the firm of Reynolds, Richards and McCutcheon. Reynolds, the senior partner, was a club member commonly known as "Josh", though he claimed no relationship to the famed English painter. Others of the group were my friends, Osgood Perkins, and Tom Gallie, a special college chum. Tom was one year behind me in college and we became fast friends. When I told him on my return from Europe that I was looking for a place to live, he told me that he'd like to have me move in with him, but he'd have to check with the management. It was evident that membership in the Sullivan Club was not up for grabs. I was happy to get aboard.

Association with this group of men was of great benefit to me. I was given the bed Osgood Perkins had vacated because of matrimony. His predecessor had done the same thing and I suspected this was a put-up job to get rid of me by the same route, but not so. My acquaintance with Victor McCutcheon was to ripen into one of the most important friendships of my life. Such a coterie of men, all compatible, all endowed with intellect and strong individuality, were all briskly engaged in some activity important to the body politic, the human community.

My 1914 Harvard Class reunion was an important event, something I always looked forward to. A friend, Ted Pitman, was glad to get to visit his summer home in Marion enroute to the reunion. He dropped me off at Wareham, where I paid Mother a visit, while the rest went on another five miles to play tennis on Ted's courts in Marion. The road crossed Route 28, then under construction, and there were two steam rollers standing idle as we drove by, with no operators in sight. One of us was seized with the urge to man the cumbersome machines and stage a steam roller race. The idea was fantastic enough to stir my imagination and still makes me smile when I think of it.

Return to New York and professional activity marked another step in the course of progress. Dr. Frederick Bancroft had been made surgical director of Lincoln Hospital. He and I had met in Dr. Clarke's laboratory at Columbia Medical School. This was the beginning of a lasting friendship. It was a profound satisfaction and cause for thanksgiving to receive a letter from the commissioner of hospitals appointing me to the Lincoln Hospital surgical staff, with Dr. Bancroft as my chief, late in 1926. This was my second appointment to a surgical service in the New York Department of Hospitals, and again the surroundings were less than ideal. The buildings were antiquated. The hospital entrance opened on a three story well with a central stairway; the second and third floors centered about the stairwell so that they formed a sort. of balcony with wards, operating rooms and other hospital areas opening off them.

Back in the 1920's, members of the staff of a city hospital, i.e. one of the units in the New York City Department of Hospitals, served without pay. It was one of the rules that no doctor could accept a fee. The prestige of an appointment to such a hospital, the experience and the opportunity to learn were the recompense. For the senior members, especially the directors of services, a great sacrifice of time and energy was involved. It was difficult to find a man willing and able to fill such a position.

Dr. Bancroft was a surgeon, well-trained, capable and a great organizer. Limited though many facilities were, their antiquated background was the setting for an efficient surgical service. The esprit de corps, enthusiasm and camaraderie of the organization were noteworthy. A group of us with differing religions, schooling, and personalities were mostly on good terms with one another. It reflects the type of man who was our chief. I have very pleasant recollections of those days. They were most surely happy ones for Fred Bancroft, who had married a Brooklyn girl with whom he had been associated in the Clarke laboratory, Dorothy Wandell. She was an R.N. from Presbyterian Hospital, highly intelligent and with a sense of humor. My friendship with the Bancrofts was to become one of the most important of my life.

It was in the eventful year of 1927 that Dr. Bancroft was made director of surgery at Flower Fifth Avenue Hospital. His Lincoln Hospital connection ended. The Flower Fifth Avenue Hospital was located on upper Fifth Avenue and replaced the Homeopathic Hospital immediately after World War I. The successor to Dr. Bancroft was a man well-known to him, Dr. Kirby Dwight. He was attending surgeon at the Roosevelt Hospital. His reputation was well-established and his family background was one of economic, intellectual, and social superiority. My mental image of him is that of a man of somewhat less than average height with an alertness about him and a lively sense of humor. He had a long successful career as surgical director at Lincoln Hospital.

Lincoln Hospital has been very important to me and I have been much concerned with the difficult times it has been through in recent years. I recall it as a place where skilled surgery has been performed, and with which men of ability and character have been associated. I have a feeling of gratitude for what I learned and for the enduring friendships that have developed from those days. During this period, I kept close contact with French Hospital, where I continued to work in the outpatient department, and cared for my private patients. I was beginning to do more and more surgery. Dr. John Lang and Dr. Michael M. Tetelman, both of whom had been French Hospital interns within five years following my graduation from the house staff, were making their way in surgical practice. In 1928, we were appointed to the staff as assistant attending surgeons, which was a step up on the ladder for all of us. Many men of note in the surgical world had done a good deal of their operating in the French Hospital, and the operating room was one of high quality. But the building was becoming antiquated. A new hospital was built in 1929, opening in the spring at 330 West 30th Street. Impressive ceremonies marked its dedication, including a speech by the sensational Jimmy Walker, then Mayor of New York. The big bull market was on its way, the stock market was booming and prosperity seemed to be everywhere.

CHAPTER IX
ROMANCE AND MARRIAGE

Palmer home, 330 Main Street, Wareham, built about 1804. Home of Helen’s great-grandparents Joshua and Margaret Gibbs and grandmother Helen M. Gibbs Palmer, and where Edward Christopher Palmer, Helen’s father, was born in 1865.

Silhouette of Alice Atkinson Palmer, Helen's mother.


Helen and her father, Edward C. Palmer, Jr., in his 1910 Maxwell in New Orleans.

There were things on my mind which were quite apart from any hospital. The girl mentioned earlier as a very young participant in the ceremonies opening the Cape Cod Canal was Helen Palmer, the daughter of a Harvard graduate and a native of Wareham. The Lincoln and Palmer families were close friends.

The Palmer family came to the United States from England in 1848 and became established in Brooklyn, New York. One venture was the purchase of a farm in Iowa. Their stay there was cut short by a fire which destroyed the property. One of the sons, Edward Christopher Palmer, briefly supported the family by teaching school at the age of fourteen. He was a man of adventurous spirit and unusual ability. He retained his English citizenship as long as he lived, but raised a company of soldiers and entered the Civil War as a captain in the Union Army. He married Nelly (Helen) Gibbs of Wareham in 1864, and took her to New Orleans where he established the E.C. Palmer Co., paper wholesalers. He made his home in New Orleans, where he prospered in spite of being a "Damned Yankee." His wife came home to her mother in Wareham for the birth of her baby, Edward Christopher Palmer, Jr. in 1865. This was a long and tedious journey. At that time there were no hospitals with obstetrical services as we know them today. Edward Christopher Palmer, Jr. was a scholarly man, with a great love of the out-of-doors. He often played tennis with me on the court at my house. He could not have known that he was competing with his future son-in-law; he would never know because of his untimely death in 1923. Ed Palmer was doing well in Marshalltown, Iowa as a railroad executive when he was called to New Orleans to take over the family business on the death of his father. He married Alice Atkinson of Hawley, Pa. She was remarkable for her beauty and was well received

by New Orleans society. It was there that the young Palmer couple had a daughter, Helen, on September 9, 1905.

Maud E. Palmer and her niece Helen swimming at Pig’s Point, now Pinehurst, in Wareham, 1910.

I remember meeting Helen when she was about 5. She and I were guests on a sailing party whose host was her father. A popular form of entertainment for Warehamers as far back as I can remember has been to sail down Buzzards Bay, usually with the hope of catching a few fish. A catboat was apt to be the craft and sail the power. I doubt if there was such a word in the language as "outboard motor" in 1910. The sail was fun, but to me not enhanced by taking along a baby girl. Her father's sister, "Aunt Maud", was a much more companionable member of the gathering. She was, in fact, one of my pals who liked to sail, ride a horse and drive a car. She even let me drive hers, which was the Summum bonum of human activity. The years rolled by with hardly any contact between the little Palmer girl and me. I had acquired my M.D. degree and was well-established in practice by the time we were more than casually aware of each other’s existence. She, in the meantime, had left New Orleans, graduated from Miss Hartridge's School in Plainfield, New Jersey and won her Bachelor’s Degree at Vassar. The death of her father coincided with her admission to the Poughkeepsie College, from which she graduated with honors.

It was in the summer of 1928, during a visit to her aunt who maintained the Wareham house, that we began to develop an interest in each other. She was a year out of college, heart-whole and fancy-free. She had just acquired a Packard roadster, as it was then called. I had been spending a few days with Mother and we had been horseback riding a few times. An untoward incident which failed to dispel the light-heartedness in the atmosphere, came after I hired a couple of horses. One "Ringing Bell" was said to be a great favorite with children. I had barely mounted him when he started to buck. Taken completely by surprise, I was thrown and hit the ground. My shoulder gave me a bit of anguish for many weeks, but did not prevent the ride.

We were both returning to New York City and I was lucky enough to escort the young lady in her magnificent new car. I enjoyed her society so much that I gave her an unpremeditated invitation to the Harvard-Yale game. I realized I was getting into deep water, for this had always been for me a stag affair.

As it turned out, the football game party was a great success. The Harvard Club car from New York was full of friends who looked wide-eyed at my lady fair, who scarcely seemed old enough for her beau. Harvard won the game, which made it even more of a red-letter day. The winter brought further contacts, not un-premeditated. Living with her aunts on 72nd Street put her within easy reach and got me into deeper water until one evening I invited her to accept a ring, which she politely declined. She had a ticket to Europe. The number of girl friends she had and the enthusiasm she displayed had impressed me very favorably. But to have her joining them for a trip to Europe did nothing to enhance that point of view. She departed. It was a discouraging situation, but I was not discouraged, not quite. Letters were exchanged, read and re-read, some never to be destroyed. When the steamer bearing her home sailed from Southampton, there were flowers with a note from the Doctor awaiting her in the stateroom.

For me, June, 1929 was one of the most eventful in American history. The Harvard Class of 1914 held its 15th reunion in Plymouth, 16 miles from Wareham. Again I was favored by an invitation to accept a ride with a more than charming chauffeur. The Palmer Cranberry Bog lies between Plymouth and Wareham in a patch of forest land close to the town of Carver. The June evening was just about all that a June evening could be. The cranberry bog afforded a secluded spot just right for a pause on the way to Wareham. I did not mention a ring, but I got the message across.

The succeeding months were crowded with activity. I was on duty at both the Lincoln and French Hospitals. I had just moved into the Rhinelander Apartment House at Lexington Avenue and 88th Street in Yorkville. This meant a good deal of traveling at any and all times of day and night. But in the 1920's, traffic was not what it has since become, only we didn't know it.

Getting out of bed in the wee small hours and driving to a hospital to deal with a problem of unknown proportions is no minor matter. Many times I have wondered to myself at such a moment, what if it's something I can't handle, how am I going to know what to do? Responsibility can be overwhelming. But on the other hand, on the way home with the crisis past, even though it may be three in the morning and fatigue lies heavy, there is a sort of appeal that comes with the pre-dawn time of day. The vast aggregation of human life which is the city lies inert for the moment. To quote Gray's Elegy, "and leaves the world to darkness and to me."

In 1929, chest surgery was just beginning to develop. So many things in medicine at that time were just around the corner. It is hard to remember that we did not know about them then. Antibiotics, as I have mentioned, were unheard of. Intravenous and intratrachael anesthesia had hardly progressed beyond laboratory' experimentation. Gastrectomies, splenectomies and pneumonectomies were in the upper brackets of surgical achievement in the late 1920's.

Spinal anesthesia was being used more and more frequently. This reduced the risks involved in inhalation methods of administering anesthesia and was adequate for many laparotomies and lower limb operations. The expanding field of anesthesiology was beginning to open up new areas in surgery. Open heart surgery was still in the distant future, but the ten years which had elapsed since World War I were showing the results of the stimulus which goes with battle casualties, mass traumatic lesions, and large numbers of patients with wide varieties of pathologic conditions. It is regrettable, but true, that for various reasons wars leave in their wake notable advances in health care.

There were odd moments during this summer of 1929 when I found time for such diversities as a weekend in Wareham or tennis matches at Forest Hills with Bill Tilden, then the shining light of tennis. Time spent

with my fiancée seemed pretty scarce. Time went so fast that I couldn't keep track of it, and yet it appeared as if September 21st, the wedding date, would never come.

Come it did, however, and then it seemed as if that day would never end. It was a cool, clear, brisk Saturday. The ceremony was on the lawn beside the Palmer house in Wareham, the birth place of my father-in-law and about a mile from my own. It was so arranged that both the Reverend Fenderson, rector of the Church of the Good Shepherd in Wareham and my brother-in-law, Theodore R. Ludlow, D.D., participated. My brother, Preston S. Lincoln, was my best man. Helen's bridesmaids were Marion Green, later to become Mrs. Ferdinand Thun, and Jean Storke, daughter of Tom Storke of Santa Barbara, California, later to become Mrs. Ernest Menzies. There was something appropriate and romantic about this marriage. We both had deep Wareham roots and both of us had spent some of our happiest days here. A beautiful autumn day, a picturesque setting under the apple tree in the yard of the old New England house, all fitted into the image of a thoroughly Wareham wedding. The Palmer sisters, Maud and Madge, aunts of the bride, provided an ideal setting and arranged every detail to perfection.

Dr. and Mrs. James R. Lincoln on their wedding day, at the Palmer home in Wareham, September 21, 1929.

A college classmate and lifelong friend, John J. Cisco, as a wedding gift gave us the use of his bungalow in Nantucket. When at last the knot was tied, the reception at an end and we were actually a married couple, we took off joyously for the Nantucket boat. I do not remember anything about that voyage except a profound happiness surrounding us both which surpassed anything I had ever known. I had been a visitor at the bungalow on previous occasions, but finding the road across the moors in the dark of a September evening made the journey a bit more exciting. How welcome was the sight of that rural and rustic building, and how wonderful was the shelter of the spacious room inside and then the fire on the hearth. Our honeymoon had begun. No words of mine could describe the boundless joy of being together never to part.

Nantucket, in those days, still utilized horses. They had been the only available means of transportation except for the narrow-gauge steam railroad, until World War I. I had been to Nantucket with Oakes Tobey

for a week during a college vacation when Mr. Coffin ran the livery stable. A horse and carriage did not interest me then because they were available in the barn at home. But one of the high spots on this occasion was a buggy ride over the moors in the September afternoon sunshine. The old mare between the shafts did her bit.

The allotted time, if not the honeymoon, came to an end. There is still more than one opinion about what constitutes the end of the honeymoon. The long trek back to New York was broken by an overnight visit with Mother, who was full of happiness over having her youngest offspring comfortably married. It was a strange, though anything but unpleasant feeling to be in the old home with my wife. Wareham to New York was a day's journey then. The nest I had feathered had long been awaiting this happy day. We were, at last, established in our own home.

But there was also bad news awaiting us. While we were in Nantucket, scarcely aware that there were more than two people in the world, the stock market crashed. Gloom and terror overwhelmed New York. The Depression had begun. Little did we know how profound and prolonged the upheaval would be.

Getting settled in our Rhinelander apartment, getting used to married life and adjusting to a new point of view, kept us busy and happy. The first evening when I finally got to a stopping place and came "home to dinner," was a well-nigh indescribable experience. I have no idea what we had to eat, but there was a wonderful sense of security reminiscent of my early years when the family assembled for a six o'clock meal in the Lenox Avenue house. Instead of the youngest member present watching Father carve the roast, this was my home, shared with my wife who has shared it ever since.

As winter was getting under way, we began to make plans for a New Orleans visit to meet the Palmer circle of friends and relatives. The prospect of a trip to so colorful a city with its glamorous background was a pleasing prospect to think about. We traveled by Pullman, and strange as it may seem, those two days and two nights seemed little more than a long afternoon. We were given a warm welcome in New Orleans. After cordial greetings, we were made at home in a pension, a name given to the mansions of former years now taking paying guests. I had been given the names of some surgeons to look up and was expecting a telephone call from one of them. An interesting operation was scheduled for the following day and I was called early in the morning.

The maid who answered the telephone was dyed-in-the-wool New Orleans, but young and inexperienced. When she learned the call was for Dr. Lincoln, she replied, "Ain't no Dr. Lincoln here. Ain't nobody here only Miss Helen Palmer and her husband." This could hardly be expected to inflate my ego, but the humor of the situation was not lost.

I did see the operation. It was an interesting case involving the stomach and upper intestine. It was rendered more interesting by turning out to be more complicated than there was reason to expect. This opportunity to visit a center of surgical activity was something I greatly appreciated. Rudolph Mattas, a distinguished surgeon of a generation before, was noted for his pioneer work in vascular surgery. He had a nationwide reputation. Dr. Parham was still living at this time. Among other things, he was known for a device for internal fixation of oblique fractures called the Parham Band. He left a profound impression on the surgical world of his day.

The Charity Hospital in New Orleans was a very interesting place, rather primitive by comparison with the very up-to-date conditions in less antiquated buildings. I was glad to make my first contact here with Russell traction, also known as the Australian traction. It is named for Sir Hamilton Russell, a well known Australian surgeon. This applies traction on the thigh by means of a support behind the knee combined with traction on the lower leg by means of a double pulley from which the traction weight hangs over the foot of the bed. It has frequently been used in treating fractures of the thigh bone until internal fixation by a metal

rod in the marrow of the bone came into use during World War II. Russell traction was a novelty in our part of the world in the late 1920's.

CHAPTER X
MARRIED LIFE IN NEW YORK CITY
1930 1943

I was reluctant to leave New Orleans, but found plenty to keep me busy in New York. Spring was not far off and we were given notice that a new member of the family would arrive in the autumn. This meant moving from our three room apartment to more spacious quarters. That summer of 1930 was a rather unsettling one. My bride went to visit her aunts in Wareham, joining me for an occasional weekend in the city.

It was in October of 1930 that I moved my office from 63 Park Avenue to 51 East 50th Street, taking over the lease of John B. Walker, M.D. He was retiring. His tenants in the suite of offices included Dr. Alexander McCreery of Greenwich, Connecticut, chief surgeon of the Columbia Medical School service at Bellevue Hospital. Another tenant was Dr. J.P. Hoguet, a French Hospital surgeon mentioned earlier, who lost his left hand when his car overturned on a frozen rut in his driveway. He was forced to quit the offices and so made them available for Dr. MacNeile and me. The accident was a tragic event; Dr. Hoguet had a remarkable pair of hands. While appearing to operate in a leisurely manner, he could perform a hernia operation in less time than I can recall seeing anyone else do it. I admired him and valued his friendship highly.

October 23, 1930 will always be a memorable and happy date to me: The birthday of my first child and oldest son. In premarital days when matrimony seemed to me a risky venture, I had viewed potential life partners with only the most remote consideration of the chances that she might produce a male heir. Nobody can appreciate what it means to be the father of a son who has not experienced it. Dr. Tom Lavelle, a contemporary Harvard M.D. and my very good friend did right by us that night, as he was to do in the future, though we could hardly know it then.

Helen and I had made a pact that if our first baby was a boy, I should name him; if a girl, she should name her. So he bears the name of Edward Palmer Lincoln, honoring her father, Edward Christopher Palmer, Jr. He has given us cause to be proud of him. Now embarked on a scientific career, a faculty member of the University of Florida, he lives there with his wife, the former Gloria Capco of the Philippines. They are the justly proud parents of Edward Palmer Lincoln, Jr. and Laura Lincoln. Ed's adventurous career deserves a narrative all its own.

The throes of the depression in New York seemed the more intense to me because I had known the city when horse cars still ran. I had seen the elevated railroad in its noisy prime; I had watched the building of Grand Central Station; I had watched the Lenox Avenue subway under construction from my front windows. I was lucky enough to get by, but the sight of the unemployed on street corners selling apples to keep from starving was disturbing. The Welfare Department devised a system to supply apples to the destitute who peddled them to the public for whatever they could get. There are many who can recall those days in New York some forty or fifty years ago when the population had suddenly gone from affluence to indigence. At one point, there were plans to issue scrip for use as currency.

1931 showed little evidence of improvement in the economic situation. People seemed to be getting used to being broke. Prices were down but there was no money to buy anything. I recall buying a suit of clothes for $15!

The extensive poverty tended to swell the ranks of ward patients in the hospitals. Some of them were interesting characters. I recall one in particular, an unfortunate victim of osteomyelitis (bone infection) of the arm. He was under my care for a long time and was hospitalized a number of times. On one occasion he

was sitting in my office when I came in very much annoyed over a traffic incident and announced I was ready to carry a gun, something said naturally more in anger than in earnest. Much to my surprise, on his next visit, he brought me a revolver. My secretary at that time was a middle-aged little maiden lady from New Orleans. She had been a secretary to a distinguished Louisiana surgeon and was not familiar with New York gangsters and their ways. When she admitted the patient, she saw the gun and was seized with terror. She came into the inner office to tell me there was a man with a gun in the office and she feared for my safety. Needless to say, the jeopardy was non-existent; my life was spared. It was the patient who died after a long uphill fight with his bone infection.

It was in the spring of 1931 that it became evident another child was on its way. On November 25, 1931 James Rufus Lincoln, Jr. made his appearance and received a warm welcome, in spite of our disquieting forebodings and the progress of economic decline. Once he had become an individual, nothing else mattered. He missed commemorating my birthday by 13 days. I called Dr. Lavell about 6:00 a.m. to tell him, "Today is somebody's birthday," at which he contrived a chuckle. He arrived at Doctor's Hospital almost as soon as we did. I was back home for breakfast. I had felt sure there was to be a girl in the family, but was in no mood to protest.

We had been to the theater the night before. The show was a musical entitled The Bandwagon and our seats were in the front row orchestra near the bass drum. Something about the combination resulted in the induction of labor in a few hours and the blessed event was an accomplished fact.

Life with two children was more strenuous, but more interesting than it had been. Prior to Ed's birthday, we moved to a larger apartment. Our location in the East Eighties, an area known as Yorkville, was convenient. There were many good apartment houses nearby and 86th Street was a busy thoroughfare with a crosstown bus. There was an express subway stop, stores, movie houses, banks and all that goes to make a business center. Access to Central Park was easy, which provided a good environment for the little ones. People of German extraction had long congregated in this section of Manhattan and it was not uncommon to hear German spoken on the streets. Many of our friends lived within a short distance, some in the Rhinelander. We enjoyed life in Yorkville in the first half of the 1930's. In May of 1933, we were struck a severe blow by the death of our third child, a little girl whom we had named Betty. The pregnancy had not been normal and warning signals had been noticed.

1922 Lincoln car, built by Leland. The picture was taken in 1979.

Larchmont, New York, summer 1932. Pictured with their grandmother Josephine V. Lincoln are James Rufus Lincoln, Jr., 10 months, and Edward Palmer Lincoln, 23 months, together with their mother Helen Lincoln.

In the summer of 1932, the Lincoln family acquired a legendary automobile. I had a 1930 Ford Model A business coupe. It was adequate for two people, but with two children under two we had begun to feel the need for more passenger space. One mid-summer weekend we went to visit the J. Frank Phillips family in Bellport, Long Island. Their cottage there had been the summer home of James Otis Hoyt, noted lawyer and father of Mrs. Phillips. As we drove up to the door, there stood a seven passenger 1922 Lincoln touring sedan, Leland built. This proved to be the property of Jim Phillips, son of our host. It was a bit shabby, but conveyed the impression of grandeur and spaciousness. It had been used by the Internal Revenue officers to pursue bootleggers and had been a very fast car. It bore the name Lincoln; it looked good to me.

I turned to the proud possessor and asked, "Want to swap?" "You bet," he said with enthusiasm and I became the owner of a Lincoln. I don't know the fate of the Ford, but I'm sure it’s not running now! A 10-year-old car is not apt to be in great demand. There was little enthusiasm on the part of my garage management. I began to feel that I was the only admirer of my new "purchase." In 1932, it had a book value of $25. (At that time a dollar was worth several times what it is today.) In December of that year, Jim Phillips and I made a perilous passage from Greenwich to Wareham on what turned out to be the coldest day of the winter. From that day on, it had a home in Wareham. For two summers, it was the family car.

There were many miles left in the old chassis and a lot of fun. My two boys at about 4 and 3 were

experimenting with the English language and to them an automobile was a "bye-bye." The antique Lincoln became known as the "punkin bye-bye," through a corruption of the name Lincoln. The "punkin bye-bye" was a great favorite with them and provided room for all. It was not until John Wilson of Douglas" Garage, Buzzard Bay, became interested and took down the engine that we really had a sound reliable car. After the overhaul it made a comeback and gained a reputation by appearing in parades July 4th and Veterans" Day. It still is one of the standbys of our Wareham Antique Auto Club, the Agawam Auto Association. The founder of this informal group of devotees turns out a unit to enter parades which involve Wareham and two neighboring communities, Marion and Mattapoisett. When the 56 year old (as it now is) Lincoln touring car rolls by, the young folk lining the parade route enthusiastically shout, "Blow the horn!" and roar with laughter at the sound of "Squawk" which is so different from the sound of a contemporary model. I believe there is an identical model automobile in the Ford Museum in Detroit, but I don't know of any other.

In 1933, my family, two little sons and their mother, took up residence for the summer on the farm in Wareham. My mother was glad of their company and her closeness to her grandchildren. She was in her late 70"s and in very good health. She was very devoted to the old homestead and cherished the memory of the happy years she shared with my father there. To have another generation of Lincolns enjoying Wareham life with her was really a great joy. It was a happy summer for us all. Train service was good in those days.

The Merchants Limited left Grand Central on Friday at 5 p.m. which allowed a comfortable time for dinner before arriving in Providence. Air conditioning was new then and it was a treat to ride in a cool parlor car after a hot day in the city. The forty miles from Providence to Wareham made a pleasant drive by motor on a summer evening. I remember particularly one June night when seasonal timing was just right. Helen brought Mother and her companion, Miss Canfield, in the 1922 Lincoln to meet me. As we left Providence, there was a gorgeous sunset on one side and a rising full moon on the other. The memory of that magnificent spectacle is one moment in my life I should most like to live over again. My weekends that summer were especially important because of the two little boys in their second and third years respectively. The farm and all that goes with it was full of interest to them. It was fun to watch them enjoy it, but things were too active in New York to take as many weekends as I should have liked.

I had moved my office in the fall of 1932 from 51 East 50th Street to 115 East 61st Street, one block north of where I had started. I had the same men with me, Hector MacNeile, Alec McGreery, Lyman Hooker. We were tenants of Dr. Arthur Wright in his suite of offices which he took over after the death of Dr. George D. Stewart. This was an interesting group of M.D.'s. Dr. Wright had succeeded the late Dr. Steward as surgical director of the New York University Division of Bellevue Hospital. He was in his third year as director of surgery at French Hospital. Dr. Alexander McGreery was surgical director of First or Columbia University Division, Bellevue, and of Greenwich Hospital, a prestigious institution in Greenwhich, Connecticut. Dr. Hooker was physician of the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria. Dr. MacNeile, as aforementioned, was a P and S graduate and had served in the Army in World War I. We had interned together. He was a successful practitioner and was on his way to becoming director of medicine at French Hospital.

They were all men of ability and personality. This was a congenial association, occupying one-half of the office, the other half of which was the domain of Dr. Wright and his assistants. One of them, Dr. John F. Grady, a P and S and French Hospital graduate, took over from him on his retirement in the 1940's. He suffered multiple traumata in an automobile accident in the 1960's which rendered him completely incapacitated over a long period. This misfortune curtailed the career of a very able surgeon.

The combination in the 115 East 61st Street office continued in a very satisfactory state until 1940. Under Dr. Wright’s directorship, French Hospital continued to thrive and acquired a number of staff members from New York University Medical School and Bellevue Third Surgical Division. This contact between two institutions, I believe, was of benefit to both.

1937 was nearly half over when we were blessed by a third son, born at the French Hospital. It was the morning of June 7th and a blessed event it was. There is something about a fine, healthy specimen of humanity which is always cause for rejoicing, but this was a special occasion. There could be no better antidote for the bitter disappointment of the loss of our little Betty four years before. Dr. Tom Lavelle was proud to claim as a patient our little son, especially in view of the fact that Tom was the name we gave him. We cared not at all whether we now got a son or a daughter and rejoiced together like typical parents of a newborn. In spite of our happiness, I had an awesome feeling of responsibility with a family of three children.

An unrelated and trivial recollection of my wife's hospital stay is the pattering refrain of little rubber balls attached to small paddles by an elastic. Hitting the ball and repeating as many blows as possible on its rebound, controlled by an elastic, was a popular pastime in the summer of 1937. The patter of paddle and ball could be heard from the streets produced by countless children and some adults. A few became skillful enough to draw an audience. The sudden overwhelming popularity of this uninspiring sport and its sudden decline is a typically American phenomenon hard to explain. Unprecedented profits were reaped for one summer only.

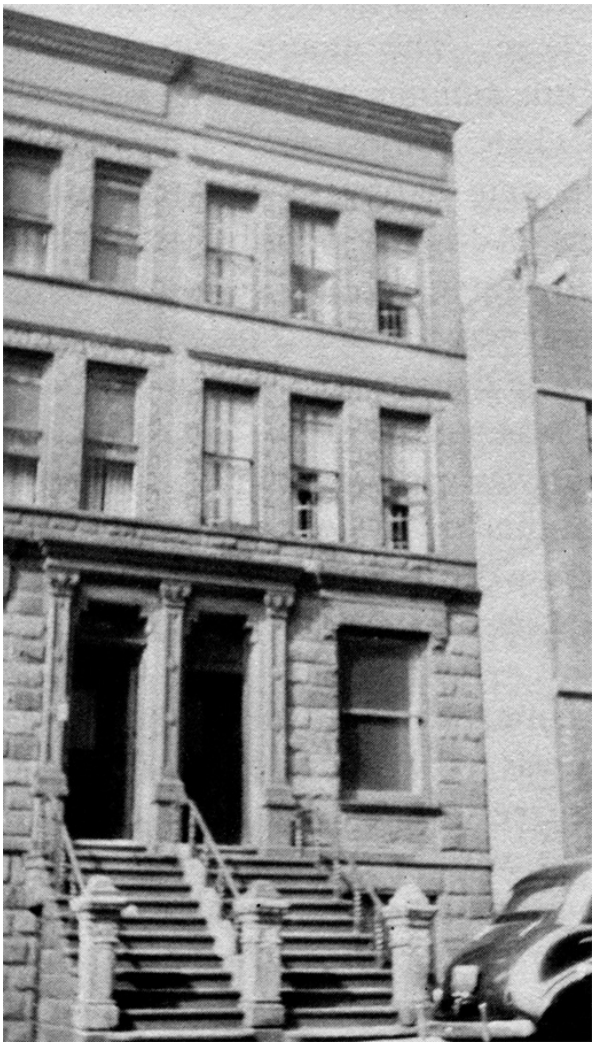
Tom's arrival alone made the summer of 1937 a memorable one. His journey to Wareham immediately after we got him home from the hospital was on the end of the last week before the Old Fall River Line went out of business. This grand old institution which had served the public well for 80 years finally became a happy memory, but a memory held dear to many of us who enjoyed dinner in the comfortable, well appointed saloon, pleasant summer evenings on deck and concerts by well qualified orchestras. The atmosphere on board is very well covered in a book called Captain Danger by Crittenden. It is a biographical sketch of the author's grandfather, Captain Davis. He was one of the best known of the Sound steamer captains and had an interesting and creditable career.

My father, in the course of his activities in the employ of the Clyde Line Steamship Company, had made the acquaintance of Captain Davis and they became warm friends. The thrilling experience of visits to the pilot house with father which we three children occasionally enjoyed have already been mentioned. Resplendent in a blue uniform and gold braid, Captain Davis was a tremendously impressive figure. I recall a child’s eye view of a genial personality. Those days were past and gone as Tom made his appearance, but they contribute to the images which made the demise of the Fall River Line a matter of deep regret to those of us who knew it in its prime.

Summer for me in the city was a bit lonesome at times, but far from idle. Hospital duty, private practice, or dinner at the Harvard Club, with once in a while a show or movie kept life interesting.

Another event that set 1937 apart was our move from an apartment to a house. Our apartment accommodated a two child family very well, but our front windows faced north and we had no direct sunshine. We agreed we had to make provisions for a little "son and heir." We both enjoyed coming to live in the house at 112 East 95th Street. It was not a large house, but seemed spacious to us. We had both grown up in private houses and we felt good to live in surroundings reminiscent of our early years. The location bordered on Yorkville with its German culture. The house had been the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Borden; he was a polo player and a well-known personality. He had rented the house from Dr. Eugene DuBois who owned another house where he lived around the corner. He was glad to have us move in and take over the unexpired term of the lease. The house was a small brownstone, typical of New York architecture in the Victorian period. It had a small backyard where Tommy could have his nap and enjoy the outdoor air. We were happy in our new home, where we lived for over six years. Added responsibilities such as keeping the sidewalks shoveled in winter, rubbish disposal, etc. we did not find too difficult. We knew very few of our neighbors. One of them was a Judge Winters whose daughter married a classmate of our nephew. James Ripley was another, he had been my classmate in Harvard. Next door was a roominghouse

whose inmates were a varied lot, or so I gathered from what I saw of them. Our neighbor on the west side was a distinguished surgeon, one of three doctors who owned the houses on the corner of 95th Street and Park Avenue.



Our town house, 1937-1943. 112 East 95th St., New York City. Our entrance is on the right, closest to the car.

The location had many advantages. It was within two blocks of the express subway station; it was a few minutes walk from the Academy of Medicine at 103rd Street and 5th Avenue, where interesting and important meetings were held. It was a very short distance from Central Park, where mothers with babies gathered on sunny mornings. It was across the street from the Squadron A Armory where equitation classes were held and polo games played in the winter with such topflight players as Winston Guest as contestants. Life was enjoyable on 95th Street.

At least one incident, however, was less than enjoyable. On a hot summer afternoon, when I was a summer bachelor, I was lying in the bathtub trying to cool off. The bathroom was on the second floor and when the doorbell rang, I was in the classically awkward situation. As soon as I could get dry enough to get into a shirt, a pair of pants, and slippers, I started for the basement door in haste. By the time I reached the basement the ringing of the bell was replaced by loud banging on the door. A man was trying to break in, wrenching at the doorknob. We faced each other through the window in the door for a fraction of a second. His facial expression was a study in startled surprise. Before I could get the door open, he had disappeared. A door with a heavy iron grate opened onto the areaway from the vestibule under the front steps. I rushed out, but nobody was in sight. At this point, the iron gate swung shut and latched. I was locked out with no

key and almost no clothes. Things were not so good. I finally rang the bell of my neighbor at the roominghouse. Though surprised and perhaps a bit dubious, the man who opened the door apparently recognized me and admitted me to the backyard. Climbing over the fence into my yard was no great problem. I entered through the back door and was at home again. I don't know what became of the remainder of that day, but I was "some shook" for a while. Nothing was ever seen or heard of the intruder.

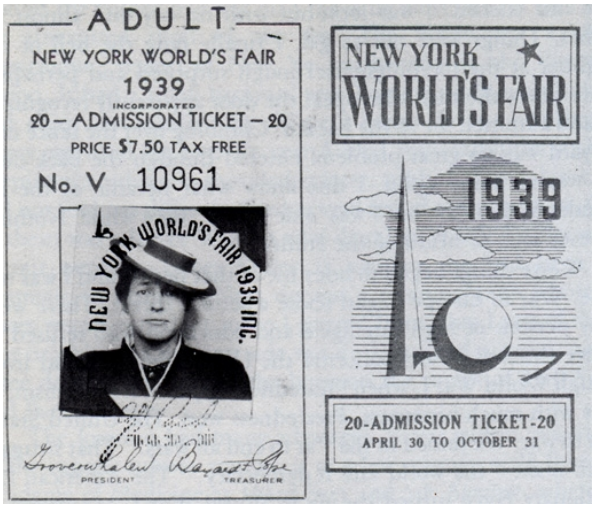
Worse things began to bother me at that period and I was not alone. War in Europe began to pose a serious threat. There were many persons of high intelligence and education who refused to believe this was of any concern of the United States. I had lived through World War I, when Preparedness opposed Isolationism, at times with much bitterness.

Preparedness won. The United States went to war. We joined in the "war to end all wars." That struggle was to make "the world safe for democracy." The American Expeditionary Force turned the tide in World War I. It seemed to many of us that we would soon be facing an exactly parallel situation.

Providing some distraction was the New York World's Fair, being planned in 1937 for 1939-1940. The long, arduous process of laying out the grounds of Flushing Meadows began. A medical department was established in 1937 by Dr. J.P. Hoguet, my chief in my intern days at French Hospital. As mentioned earlier, he had lost his left hand in an accident; his new position at the Fair helped him to adjust to this disabling injury.

Injuries to construction workers were treated at small buildings erected at two or three key points. These field stations later served as first aid dispensaries, which were often the scene of much activity after the Fair opened. Dr. Hoguet invited me to join his staff, running a field station a half day, five days a week.

The Fair presented such an extensive array of exhibits as to be confusing. There were such attractions as the Crystal Lassies where girls danced in a room lined with mirrors reflecting their very shapely figures from all angles, producing a striking exhibit, some raised eyebrows, and even controversy. There was a rodeo in which some Indians participated, including a maid who fell under the hooves of a steer and showed, on physical examination, the imprint of his foot, but no evidence of serious injury. There were pavilions of various nations featuring restaurants serving the native cuisine. They also showed costumes, fabrics, and art objects characteristic of the exhibiting nation. Old New York included a horse car which attracted many riders, one of whom sustained the most serious injuries recorded.



Helen’s 1939 World’s Fair ticket.

As a doctor in the Fair medical department, I had a sense of being "in" on an important event which was to

have a worldwide influence in the future. The Fair attracted important people from the four corners of the world as well as near neighbors. Grover Whalen, one-time head of the New York Police Department, was director of the Fair organization. Noted for his dapper appearance, he was sometimes spoken of as the "official greeter," and gravitated toward the center of the stage. On the occasion of a visit from Howard Hughes there was a clash of personalities and more, for subsequently a "periocular eechymosis" (black eye) afflicted the usually flawless appearing Mr. Whalen. Public appearances were briefly curtailed, but the matter was carefully kept from public notice.

The exhibit holding the greatest interest for me was that of General Motors, named Motorama. It projected the highway system we have in effect today with overpasses, interchanges and limited access stretches of broad, landscaped, smooth surfaced highway. It was most impressive. I also recall a ceremony during the construction of the Fair when a token capsule with a message for posterity was buried in the massive concrete foundation.

I left the Fair job at the close of the 1939 season. Then Helen and I went on a horseback trip in Pennsylvania. Beautiful October weather is the vivid impression that comes to mind when I think of that trip. The Horse Shoe Trail is a strip of land through the fields and woods of a number of property owners who give access to horseback riders who belong to the club. These adjoining areas form a continuous trail of about 100 miles from Valley Forge to Manada Gap. Riding through the woods or over the rolling hills was really fun. I have already stressed the zest that being on horseback adds to activities no matter where, at least for many of us horse lovers. I was riding a black horse named Coalie. There is an old saying, "The outside of a horse is good for the inside of a man." I agree.

There are stopovers (Youth Hostels) conveniently located along the trail where a night's lodging and food for man and beast are available. The trail is open to hikers as well as equestrians. We put up one night at a small country hotel. Another night we were guests of an Amish family whose two little daughters were learning to play the piano. Once we even slept in the hayloft of the barn where our horses were quartered.

The high point in our vacation was the night following this. Marion Green, a bridesmaid at our wedding, later married Ferdinand Thun. She and her husband had built a beautiful house in Wyomissing, near Reading, Pennsylvania. The Thun family is well known for industrial success in the Berkshire Hosiery Mills. The Horse Shoe Trail brought us close to this delightful home, where we arrived late in the afternoon, travel stained and disheveled. We were shown into a spacious bedroom adjoining two bathrooms. A greater contrast to the hay loft of the night before would be hard to imagine. Best of all was the warm welcome and lavish hospitality the Thuns gave us.

In 1940, I moved my office to 175 East 79th Street, which I shared with Dr. Howard R. Craig, a pediatrician I had known many years, and Dr. Hervey C. Williamson, an obstetrician and gynecologist. I had known him before by reputation only and that was of the best. During my first few days at Bellevue I had made a casual contact with a man in a white coat. I learned that he was an intern on the Cornell division. We exchanged a few words and went our separate ways. I was briefly conscious of a wish to become acquainted. I was too distracted by my insecure status and uncertain future to pay the matter further attention. That man was Dr. Howard Reed Craig, a member of a New York family, who was to become a noted pediatrician. Later we formed a firm and enduring friendship. Our wives were close friends and Howard took entire medical care of all our children from birth.

Dr. Craig's skill, ability and devoted interest were responsible for saving the life of our son Tom, who appeared to be in perfect health at the age of three. On March 18, 1941 I sent Tom to him for an examination to look for the cause of his speech difficulties. With characteristic thoroughness he made a very complete investigation and discovered a mass in Tom's belly which he described as a "potato." This turned out to be a Wilms tumor, highly malignant. Dr. Ed Donavan of Babies" Hospital New York, on April 1, 1941 removed

the kidney and found the capsule intact. The tumor had not spread. Because the new growth was encapsulated, after considerable consultation I decided that postoperative radiation (radium treatment) was not indicated. There was good reason to believe that the tumor would not spread since it was contained within the kidney capsule. If there were already metastases, unlikely as it was, there was little chance the X-ray and radium treatment could eradicate the disease. No indication of recurrence has ever appeared.

We lived very happily in the 95th Street house, although serious troubles clouded the years 1941-1942. Tom made a good recovery from the removal of his kidney, but there is always uncertainty where malignant disease is concerned.

Late in 1941 another little Lincoln made known his intention to take out membership in the human race. This was a stormy pregnancy. It was a very trying time. Early in December, my mother, in bed with a fractured hip, had a stroke and remained in a coma, requiring constant care. Helen's nausea and vomiting seemed to me at one point to indicate toxicity severe enough to interrupt pregnancy. The announcement of the attack on Pearl Harbor had filled me with mixed emotions. The horror of the situation was overpowering. The treachery of the act stirred hate and rage, and yet there was a tremendous sense of relief. At last the decision was made. There could no longer be any doubt that America would fight.

The first half of 1942 was a difficult time. My mother was in her terminal illness, comatose. She passed away peacefully May 22nd without ever knowing her youngest grandson. The war was raging, even though far away, and I was disqualified for military duty. Many of my colleagues were away, actively engaged in the war effort. Their absence augmented the practice of those of us who were left at home. This gave me an uncomfortable feeling, particularly as I had been on the sidelines in the previous conflict, finishing my medical education. Another grave concern was my wife's difficult pregnancy. The first of the two previous ones had resulted in an anomaly and the death of the newborn; the second in a fine, healthy baby who was confronted with a cancer when he was 4; he was now nearly 5. Amid these disquieting circumstances, our fifth child and fourth son was born at the French Hospital.

It was the night of Sunday, May 31st, the end of the holiday weekend and the two older boys were in Washington, Connecticut, with my close friend Victor McCutcheon, to the benefit of all concerned. That was a long Sunday, bright though were the prospects ahead. Helen had begun to prepare the evening meal when labor pains demanded immediate action. It was a quick delivery and I was back home before bedtime to greet the boys on their return from their visit with Vic. Of course, they were full of excitement and curiosity and when I told them they had a brother, they cheered lustily. Peter Craig Lincoln was now the youngest member of the family and got his name from two sources. His next older brother, Tom, had a pal named Peter and thought it an appropriate and desirable name. Dr. Howard Craig whose timely diagnosis had saved Tom's life, was a friend we all wanted to be closely associated with our family.

Our house on 95th Street bordered Yorkville, a neighborhood of German culture and influence, as I have already mentioned. This was reflected occasionally in the use of German words such as "rot" and "grune" referring to changing red and green traffic lights. As the war intensified, the German Hospital changed its name to Lenox Hill Hospital and the German Theater was the scene of rioting. I was in no way affected, but had vague misgivings. Helen had a German nurse when she was growing up in New Orleans during the pre-Armistice era, 1916-1918. She had been keenly aware of emotional stress and had reminiscences similar to mine. There were no incidents of any kind, but there was a uncertain sort of atmosphere discernible to those sensitized by exposure to the home front feeling of both conflicts. I have lived with German people, studied the language as a pre-medical student, and had a German AFS student in our home. There is no hostility. Mother had left the Wareham real estate to me. As a result, I found myself with a large house in the country and what seemed to me a large family in the city. A move to the country was the obvious answer. There was naturally a great need for doctors in the armed forces. Every available member of the medical profession was in service somewhere, which left a short supply of physicians and surgeons on the home front. Tobey

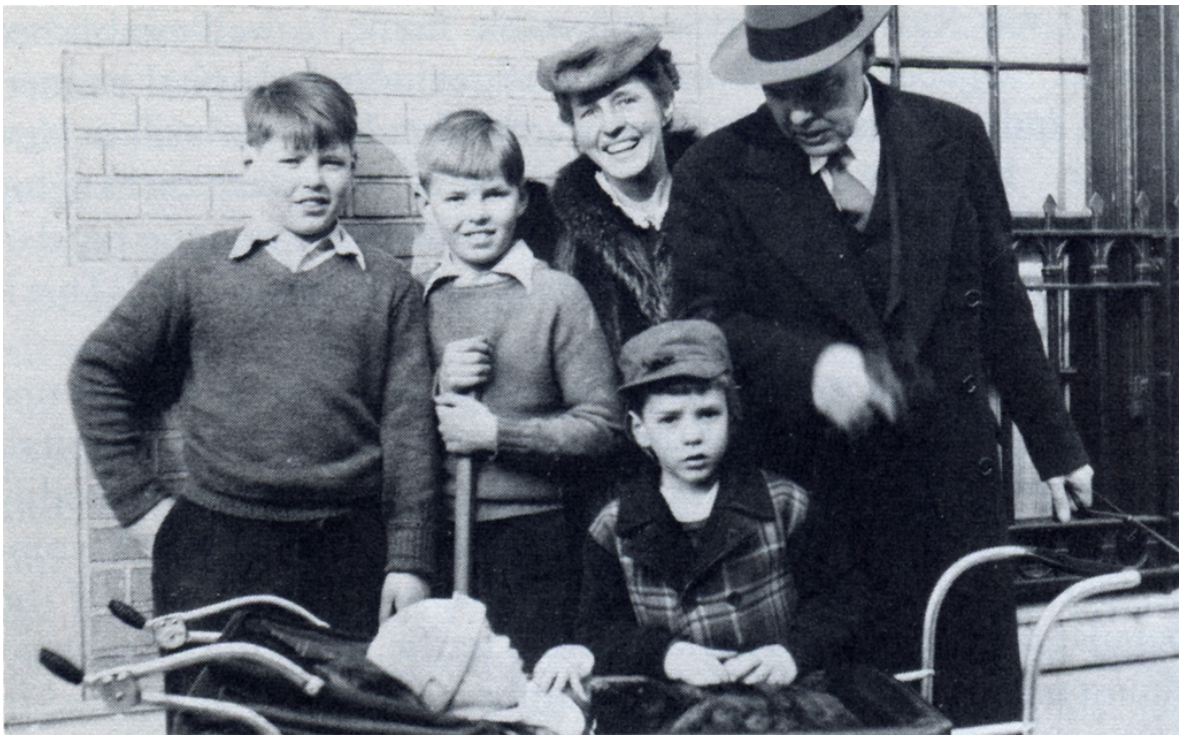
Hospital in Wareham had opened in 1940 and was understaffed. Naturally I was pleased to accept such an opening on the staff of the new community hospital.

The last few days in New York were an interesting experience. I had left New York in 1910. That was a joyous occasion: I was just entering college. I had a summer's vacation just before me. My father was footing the bills and I was in the midst of security of many kinds, more than I realized. Again in 1912, I took off on a steamer after unsuccessful job hunting to spend a month of homesickness with a "worm"s eye" view of life. That period had ended in a return to the farm and a home. Now in 1943, some 30 years later, I was leaving a very comfortable home, a well-established practice, a good medical background including hospital connections, and not least a circle of warm friends. I was still a New Yorker, but my days were numbered. I was exchanging metropolitan existence for a rural one. Wherever I went on my daily rounds, I had the feeling, "I won't be here again," or "This is the last time I'll be doing this."

Looking back on the New York days in the early 1940's, one very vivid memory is that of the trauma service at Lincoln Hospital. A ward which had been given over to fractures and severe bodily injuries had become almost empty. With gasoline rationed, commercial traffic limited by wartime needs, and a large part of the population away in the armed forces, traffic was reduced to what almost seemed like a trickle. The number of injuries was lowered in proportion. This devastating war, which posed a greater threat to America than I believe most people will ever realize, was not without some redeeming features.

Our move to Wareham came when the war was at its height. When the moving van departed with the many treasured possessions which had been a part of our daily lives, nothing seemed real. Fortunately, I had a haven of refuge, the Washington Square apartment of my close friend, Victor McCutcheon, where I had spent two happy summers as his guest. From this point, we took off for his country home in Washington, Connecticut. We were stopped by police at the state line, and I was required to identify myself. Security regulations and control of gasoline consumption were strictly observed. We had a very pleasant ride to the McCutcheon home and a genial social gathering at dinner. Vic was himself good company and knew many interesting people.

I got an early start next morning, favored by an ideal summer's day. There was no state line check leaving Connecticut as there had been entering it and I was in Rhode Island and out of it again without really knowing it. Providence traffic was always a problem in those days, but it was only 40 miles from home. At last I was in Massachusetts and to stay. What a memorable day. As I turned in the gate and rolled up the driveway, I was coming home to my birthplace and from now on this would be where I lived; my New York days were over.



The Lincoln family as we were when we left New York. Left to right, Ed, Rufus, Helen, Tom, and James R. Lincoln, looking down at little Peter in the carriage, 1943.

Lincoln Hill as it was in 1943 with its stately elms.

CHAPTER XI
RETURN TO WAREHAM
1943

In 1943, when I took over the Lincoln Hill property, I had been the owner for a year. Moving in and making

this my permanent home gave me a new feeling. The original area had been augmented by my father in the 1890's by purchases from Owen Gill, and in 1912-1913 from Owen Sullivan, whose land abutted Gill's. My holdings were a strip of land extending from the Weweantic River to Route 28. Most of this was woodland, partly areas that had once been meadows and pastures. There had always been a farm, and it had originally supported the house owners. There were still remnants of what had been, and I contrived to maintain these activities. Horse-drawn vehicles and farm machinery were still extant and very useful, because the World War II gasoline shortage and the very limited labor supply made it difficult to use motor power. With horses in the barn, harness in the harness room, carriages, a wagon, mowing machine, tedder ("hay kicker") and hay rake available, it was possible to make use of the farm land. I had a farmer living on the premises and two of my sons were old enough to handle the horses. This they did very well and found it a valuable part of their education. Ed, my oldest, could and did milk the cow. We lived close to the soil. We all enjoyed country life. I think it was good for us.

The imperceptible changes going on about us gradually became more apparent to me as my stay in Wareham lengthened. War time restrictions were in full force in 1943 and they were far-reaching. In areas as remote as Wareham, "blackouts" were enforced. Gasoline consumption was strictly controlled by tickets dispensed to individual consumers on demonstration of need. I fared well as a physician whose requirements were obvious. All kinds of scrap metal were hoarded by the government. I remember piles of aluminum saucepans and kitchenware commandeered on vacant lots, waiting to be recycled or converted into armament. On one occasion, a clerk in a drug store would not sell me a tube of tooth paste because I did not have the empty tube I wanted to replace. The same aspects of life in urban New York were apparent in relatively rural Wareham. The gasoline restriction was even more important because of remote areas in the countryside asking for help and frequent calls to the hospital. The use of horses (my sons even did some of their dating on horseback) saved gasoline, but the cost of grain and hay was also high. In the kitchen, bacon grease from the frying pan and all animal fat from the leftovers was conserved and turned over to government agencies for glycerine. This wartime home front gave a sort of zest to life, which stemmed from an all-out effort in behalf of the common cause deeply affecting us all. There was a spirit of camaraderie identified with pleasant memories. All new things were in short supply.

What a happy day it was in 1946 when George Cordes, who then had the Pontiac Agency, told me there was a new automobile ready for me. This was a 6 cylinder sedan with a wheelbase short enough for me to turn it around in front of my house without shifting gears. The fluid drive was still a few years off.

There was a gradual return to normal. New housing developments were under way in East Wareham, West Wareham and along the Wareham River, Hamilton Beach, Cromesett and Swifts Beach. In the course of events Main Street was renovated. Newman's Dry Goods and Packard's Hardware, Waters Drug Store and Warr's Theater gave way to a Savings Bank addition and parking lot, and the drive-in branch of the National Bank. In the late sixties, the time-honored brick railroad station was razed due to discontinued passenger service. There were many other changes, which all combined to make the Wareham of yesterday almost unrecognizable. One store which deserves mention is Rider’s Market. Raymond Rider is a well known local merchant who came to town in 1925. He is a public spirited citizen who has taken an active interest in the Red Cross, the Boy Scouts, the Historical Society, and the Congregational Church, and has given his support to many activities involved in the interest of Wareham.

Dennison’s Shoe Store ranks with Waters Drug Store as a cherished Wareham memory. Mr. Fred Dennison was by no means a large man, but had an engaging personality that made his size unimportant. A native of Nova Scotia, he came to Wareham in the 1880"s and married a local girl, Buddie Hathaway. Both were well liked. The store was located across the street from the Waters establishment; a family connection existed between the two. The business was taken over by Gertrude Dennison, a daughter, who successfully operated it for many years and at this writing lives in the house, which has always been the family home.

The Wareham Courier, published in a small frame building on lower Main Street, still flourishes, though now owned by a Plymouth corporation. Lemuel Hall was the Editor-in-Chief in the early 1900's. He was a man with an extraordinarily wide acquaintance. He was under average height, a quiet observer and a shrewd New England Yankee. In the old-time small town days of Wareham, I consulted him at the Courier office on lettering for a poster I was making for the Pi Eta Club in Harvard. He was always ready to lend a hand.

Jim Nolan's Drug Store in the 1940's was about opposite what was once Bodfish's store on the corner of Main and Center Streets. On this lot Jay's Drug Store located in the mid-forties, where it remained some 30 years. The proximity of another pharmacy was disturbing to him. He was a likeable middle-aged man, conducting his business in the small old-fashioned store. He took a dim view of dispensing drugs and wanted them to be prescribed.

It was exciting but confusing to pick up all the loose ends. I was beginning a new way of life. The old country house must be adapted to use as a residence and office. An office in the home was a new departure for me. That was the way it was and always had been in Wareham. I found no office space for rent and was glad to make the few alterations necessary to provide facilities for seeing patients, who soon began to appear. The first one was Harold Eldridge and very welcome he was.

I arrived in the old home town at just the right moment to receive a warm welcome. Dr. Raymond Baxter of Marion, a successful practitioner and a charter member of the Tobey Hospital staff, was on active duty in the Navy, as were Dr. Lucius Nye and Dr. Benjamin Tilden. The latter had succeeded his father, who practiced in Marion for many years and played an important part in community affairs. Dr. Raymond D. Stillman, chief of the Tobey medical staff, carried on with Drs. Abraham Krakower, Samuel Goldfarb, and Robert Davis. Dr. Edward "Ned" Gardner was chief of surgery. He had retired from St. Luke's Hospital in New Bedford to live in Marion, where he remained until his death in 1949 from hypertension. His contemporary and colleague, Dr. Tom Roche, had also retired to Marion and helped staff Tobey Hospital. Dr. Walter Lyle had moved to the home of a Walter Myrick, an old-time Warehamer and one of the first patients on whom I ever made a house call. Dr. Lyle was well liked and was active in the Masons and Kiwanis.

I found the welcome the town gave me very helpful as a morale builder at a time of insecurity. Practice in Wareham was a promising prospect. Dr. Stillman gave me a briefing on the professional activities as they would be.

I was reminded of the day 25 years before when I was taking over for Dr. Morse in the same office that was now Dr. Stillman's. Things were basically not too different. "All the doctors' dispense" was the basis of the commentary. In other words, the medicine the patient was to take was given to him or her by the doctor out of his supply either on the shelves of his office or in his bag. House calls or home visits were routine procedure then. Shortly after my arrival in Wareham, the rates increased from $2 to $3 for office visits and $3 to $4 for house calls. Dr. Stillman said later that this caused him to revise his income estimate upward, an indication of how large his practice was.

Probably no one individual was closer to the life of Wareham than Dr. Raymond D. Stillman. He was a graduate of Bates College and Harvard Medical School, Class of 1920. In 1922 he came to Wareham as a result of a newspaper advertisement. The town was beginning to feel the need of more health care personnel, as it is now called. Both Dr. Charles E. Morse and Dr. Charles S. Gleason had put in many years in general practice with no hospital closer than 16 miles. World War I was over. Wareham was glad to see Doctor Stillman, and he must have been glad to see Wareham for he spent the rest of his life there, until the 22nd of February, 1962, forty years to a day.

Ray Stillman was quiet, unassuming, even-tempered, efficient and dedicated. His chief interest was obstetrics. All babies were home deliveries during the first half of his practice. The advent of Tobey Hospital

was of tremendous importance to him, eliminating many long trips over poor roads in the middle of the night to parts of town with almost no facilities at hand and conditions often far from clean.

It is little wonder that his is still an illustrious name. Many Wareham babies were named for him and the hospital library is the Stillman library. There was a similarity between us, for throughout our Wareham years I was frequently called Dr. Stillman, even by people who knew us perfectly well. I once made a purchase at a shop where we both used to deal. When the bills came in, my purchase had been charged to him. Relations between us were always cordial. When he was away on vacation he often left me on call for him. There was one patient I remember particularly well, it was a baby desperately ill with obvious nervous system infection. I injected a liberal dose of penicillin into the spinal column and put the baby in the pediatric ward. The next day it was tremendously improved and Dr. Stillman took over.

Mrs. Stillman came to Wareham as a newlywed, formerly Harlene Kane. She was a school teacher by profession, intelligent and well educated. I recall meeting her in the post office one day in the early thirties. I was "home on vacation" in the New York days. The friendly manner in which she made herself known left with me a lasting impression. I had had little opportunity to get acquainted. She was keenly interested in Wareham affairs and served on the School Committee, where she made many valuable contributions. At town meetings, which she attended regularly, her comments on issues under discussion were well received, frequently influencing the vote. She was chairman of the Library Board of Trustees for many years.

It had been the prospect of a hospital in town which influenced Dr. Stillman in making his decision to locate in Wareham. It was to be his personality and sagacity which would profoundly influence the character of the hospital. Everyone took pride in the new institution. The Trustees, as constituted, representing the religious, economic and political interests of the town, seemed to be an appropriate governing body. Dr. Stillman, as chief of staff, maintained satisfactory relations with its members. I remember hearing the chairman refer to his "calm, wise guidance." His integrity, dignity, the courteous effectiveness which characterized the formative stage, still show their effects in the Tobey of today.

Tobey Hospital, 1943.

Tobey Hospital, which now plays a major role in the health and welfare of Wareham and surrounding towns, is a gift from the Tobey family. Alice Tobey Jones, the only surviving member, made provisions in her will for the construction and maintenance of the hospital. The founding of the Corporation and Board of Trustees was accurately specified. When the funds became available the structure itself was built in 1939-1940, three years before I returned to Wareham; I had seen it under construction on a visit home in that winter. In addition to physicians who lived in or near Wareham, other practitioners were available as consultants.

Dr. Curtis Tripp, my contemporary, whom I recall as a student at Harvard Medical School during my intern days at Massachusetts General Hospital, was a surgeon on the staff of St. Luke's Hospital in New Bedford and served very effectively as consulting surgeon at Tobey. I called him in consultation on more than one occasion and assisted him in some difficult abdominal surgery.

The successor to Dr. Gardner as Chief Surgeon at Tobey Hospital was Dr. Hyman Duby, who practiced in Kingston and was also a staff member at Jordan Hospital in Plymouth. A highly-skilled surgeon with unusual manual dexterity, he was a consultant at Tobey Hospital in 1943. Much of his operating was done at Tobey, where he had private patients in residence. I assisted him in many operations and was impressed with his surgical skill. The successor to Dr. Duby was Dr. Davis T. Gallison, member of a renowned medical Boston family, who is still an active surgeon at the hospital and a member of the staff. His father, Dr. Davis T. Gallison, was a Boston physician of some note. "Dave" has himself made his mark in the time he served Tobey Hospital. His competence reflects the family tradition of medicine. I have seen him do everything from internal fixation of a fractured jaw to the repair of a ruptured aneurysm.

I never met the first administrator of Tobey Hospital, a woman by the name of Amy Daniels. She had left that post when I returned to Wareham. Her successor, whom I did know, was Miss Mae Cleverly, R.N., a person of ability, attractive in appearance and possessed of the high grade of qualifications required by Tobey Hospital. She had a lot of executive ability along with an independent spirit bordering on pugnacity at times. Understandably, she made friends and foes, both with strong feelings for her. In the mid-1940's she moved to a hospital in the Greater Boston area.

Miss Bertha Delong took over the job at Tobey. She was a registered nurse of local background, which contributed to her popularity. She was blessed with a pleasing personality and a "good head." Under her term of office, the hospital operated at a profit. She left to become administrator of St. Luke's Hospital in Middleboro. When I last saw her, she was holding the same kind of position at a senior citizen's institution in the area of Los Angeles, Miss Helen Koenig, R.N. was Miss Delong"s successor. Trained at Boston City Hospital, she had been one of the first nurses at Tobey and had served continuously for some ten years with notable success prior to becoming director. She was short of stature and a bit rotund, but with abundant energy. She was capable, and nothing that urgently needed to be done was beneath her. Although imperious and somewhat dictatorial at times, her efficiency and devotion to duty commanded respect. She was in charge during one of the building programs, which naturally created problems for everybody, but she did a good job. Her jolly sense of humor and her interest in the community won her her many friends.

Each of these woman Chief Hospital Executives doubled as head of nursing services, and each could be the central figure of a special article. They were all R.N.'s and thereby of proven intelligence, character and ability, but none of them had the training of a hospital administrator. The near quarter century of their combined terms of service constitute a critical period in the development of our institution, so vital a part of Wareham. To give credit where credit is due. I wish to put on the record at this point an expression of gratitude which I know I share with my fellow Warehamers for the services rendered by these women when such services were so much needed.

Hulot Haden, who followed Miss Koenig, was the first superintendent with specific training for the job to take the reins at Tobey. He had served many years in the U.S. Navy. He had a genial personality, which got him off to a good start. His family included a wife whose pleasing appearance and personality were important assets to him. A young daughter earned her R.N. at St. Luke's in New Bedford and married soon after.

The Tobey Hospital of today is far better equipped than the one to which I came home in 1943. Important services such as X-ray interpretations and Pathology were dependent on St. Luke's in New Bedford. At that time Dr. Vogt, a widely known Roentgentologist, was head of the X-ray Department at St. Luke's and served also in the same capacity at Tobey. Victor Kiarsis, M.D., likewise served as pathologist at St. Luke's and at Tobey.

CHAPTER XII
COMMUNITY INVOLVEMENT

Quite apart from my professional duties, I found Wareham activities very numerous. There was a meeting of some organization every night in the week. The hospital staff held a dinner meeting once a month as did the Community Associates, a local men's club. The Boy Scouts met once a week. The vestry of the Episcopal Church of the Good Shepherd and the Masonic Lodge held monthly meetings.

My first affiliation was with the Wareham Boy Scout Troop 33, which was under the jurisdiction of New Bedford. The troop was inactive, in part because of the deterioration of ties with New Bedford. Interest in scouting was aroused by vandalism involving a load of cranberries in Wareham. By way of reactivation, John Makepeace organized a scallop supper. The Boy Scouts were established in the United States in 1910 when I was past Scout age, but being the father of two boys just turning 12, I was a likely candidate for scoutmaster, none the less.

A Boy Scout troop must have a sponsoring organization such as a church or a committee. Wareham's committee included Messrs. Leslie Goodwin, Homer Gibbs, Alfred Pappi, School Superintendent Parker Moulton and myself. Our meetings were held in the School Committee rooms in the Town Hall and were interesting occasions. We were all involved in town affairs and with Wareham youngsters.

The unit or troop comprised two patrols. The two leaders were Calvin Hitchcock and Paul Vose, both on their way to becoming successful men. A Wareham man, Al Donato, later joined us as scoutmaster. This was a job I had held down in the early stages in spite of being handicapped by a lack of experience with the organization. Donato was a good-natured young man, on the "well-nourished" side. He was fond of youngsters and was well liked by them. He engineered overnight camping trips in the local woods. A boy's club had established a camp in the Blackmore Pond area, which was made available and was very satisfactory.

A major catastrophe provided unexpected helpfulness on the part of the scouts. Thursday, September 14th, 1944 was a beautiful day until late afternoon. I attended grand rounds at Massachusetts General Hospital as usual and had lunch at the Harvard Club. "You'd better be getting home and batten down the hatches," one of my colleagues remarked.

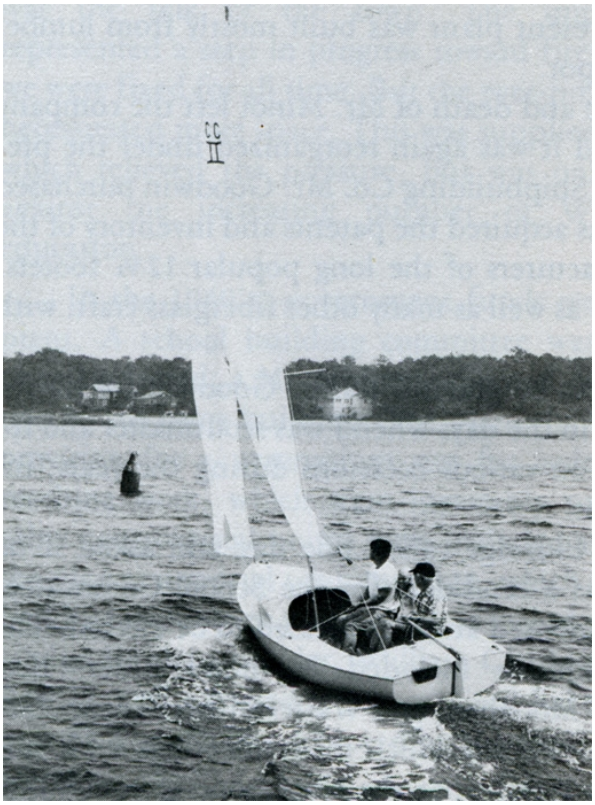
High winds and storm warnings predicted by radio were a bit disturbing. I had been living in Wareham for just over a year and the memory of the 1938 hurricane was still fresh. That had been on the autumnal equinox and my 9th wedding anniversary which we were celebrating on Lincoln Hill. Inundation had been the big scare with 10 feet of water from the wind-blown incoming tide recorded on the brick wall of the railroad station. This time it was wind without water. A breeze came up in the early evening and increased steadily for hours. Before bedtime it was blowing a gale; I scarcely slept that night. I do not believe the old

house in all its two and one-half centuries had ever known such a storm. When I looked out of the windows I could see the stately elms bending before the wind until it seemed as if they were parallel with the ground, as some of them actually were before morning.

There is a grove of pine trees on the north side of my house dating back to the forest primeval, as far as can be determined. The sight of these beautiful trees next morning, laid waste and spread like jackstraws, was sickening. The seedlings and saplings that survived have largely replaced the woods that were, but a century is hardly enough to produce trees like some of those destroyed.

Manpower was scarce in 1944. Salvage of some of the magnificent timber posed a seemingly impossible problem. Fortunately, at that time I had a team of fine draft horses. My farmer and able assistant, Al Haymaker, was an expert in handling horses. The Boy Scouts eagerly pitched in to help. Les Goodwin and Al Donato, who were expert woodsmen, ably supervised the activities.

The handling of axes and crosscut saws, together with the use of peveys in rolling the logs out, gave the crew an unusual opportunity to learn wood craft and all that goes with it. There was something dramatic about the sawing of the felled tree trunks. Being still wartime, power tools were almost nonexistent. The antique two-man saw was a valuable substitute and was within the ability of the boys. We were able to get the timber out of the forest by early spring.



Les Goodwin at the helm of a Cape Cod knockabout with our son Tom and his niece Anne, Rufus' daughter, Wareham River, 1966.

Luckily, Les Goodwin was operating a sawmill at his plant, the Cape Cod Ship Building Company, and through his cooperation we were able to get the logs sawed there. It was a good experience for the Boy Scouts. They learned to lay the tree trunk on the carriage and saw off a slab from its straightest side, then roll it on that flat surface and proceed to slice off as many boards as possible. This was an experience not often available and they were glad to have it. The scouts enjoyed the sawing and the opportunity to learn of the Cape Cod Ship Building Co., which is an important part of Wareham commercial activities.

The land on the East bank of the river just below the Narrows Bridge, now the Nicholson Bridge, was from time immemorial owned by the Minot family. This area in the days before World War I was covered with trees and undergrowth down to the water's edge. In 1899 the Gurneys, who had been building a few row boats in the family shop, used at the time for the construction and repair of wagons, incorporated under the name of The Cape Cod Power Dory Company. The structure still stands at Main Street just below and opposite Chapel Street. In 1920, the company reorganized under the name of Cape Cod Ship Building Corp. William Minot, a long time summer resident of Wareham, invested the property in the business and the present plant was built mostly from lumber cut and sawed on the spot.

The 1938 hurricane and death of Mr. Minot left the company in financial trouble, and it was again reorganized under the present name of Cape Cod Shipbuilding Co. Mr. Goodwin purchased the stock in 1939. He has acquired the patents and inventory of the Herreshoff Co., manufacturers of the long popular 12 1/2 footers. These he has built there as well as many other fiberglass craft, with considerable success.

I shall never cease to be grateful to Mr. Goodwin for his interest in the Boy Scouts in the days when I was scoutmaster and for many other kindnesses on various occasions during the years, including the present ones.

My friend Harold Eldridge called one day and asked if he could enter my name as a candidate for the School Committee. Naturally, I felt complimented and was pleased to be elected. The members of the committee included Raymond Rider, Bert Gallant, Francis "Pete" Monahan, and Walter Bither. There came to be a divergence of viewpoint which made meetings a bit turbulent at times. I can't recall what the chief bone of contention was. My impression is that Bither was as far to the left as Rider was to the right. Our School Superintendent, Parker Moulton, was a man for whom I had a good deal of respect. He had an unfortunate way of being taken seriously when he was not intending to be. He was rather blunt in manner, but a hard worker and conscientious regarding maintenance, a very considerable item. He had a home in Maine to which he retired following the end of the school year 1944-1945. The loss of a son in the war was a severe blow to him.

The first major issue before our committee was the building of a school. A high school had been built in 1908; it is now the Intermediate School. This had replaced the wooden building which was moved across what were then open fields to the end of High Street and Gibbs Avenue. There it stands today next to the Congregational Church, serving the lower grades under the name of the Everett School. It is so named in honor of a renowned Wareham figure, Noble Warren Everett.

When the new school house opened in the autumn of 1908, it was the talk of the town. The impressive brick building represented a step in progress toward fireproofing. It looked as if we were fixed for all time. But the ever-present population increase necessitated more space. This was supplied by an addition in 1933 which relieved the pressure, but was only a temporary bulwark against the increasing number of Warehamers seeking an education.

In the 1940’s, government funds were available for a set of plans. A school building committee was appointed and an architect selected, a Mr. Upham who had designed the earlier addition to the same building. The plan which he produced made no provision for a gymnasium nor for isolation of the shops and machine work, which were inevitably sources of noise. Various other controversial points were included in a critical discussion of the plan at a special town meeting, which did not accept it. A new building committee was named: it included a retired teacher, Mrs. Madge Keith; a builder, William Chadwick; an engineer, Walter Rowley, and a retired architect, Cecil Baker. They came up with a new plan which was accepted by the town. The building was completed in 1952.

In the meantime, important events were occurring in the personnel of the school departments. One Sunday afternoon in the summer of 1947, the School Committee met to select an athletic director and coach. For many years physical education and all athletics had been in the charge of Ray Ertle. He was an easygoing but headstrong individual, a popular figure, well liked by the youngsters and well versed in the field of physical education, but he was not a proficient football coach. The boys called themselves "The Winless Wonders of Wareham."

There were several candidates for the position, one of whom was a man by the name of Clement Spillane. He had achieved some success as a football coach. He was the father of six sons and his wife was a nurse. He was elected athletic director and coach by a unanimous vote, and from then victories on the athletic field were a foregone conclusion. Spillane was a go-getter full of energy and ambition, anything but easy going. He antagonized many people, naturally, but he won games and had the respect of his players. Mrs. Spillane, in spite of her large family, found time to render valuable services at Tobey Hospital, and Clem Spillane, Jr. became a freshman coach of great ability and popularity.

Wareham has been fortunate in the quality of the teachers in its school system. One or more of my sons was a pupil in the student body from the fall of 1943 until the spring of 1959. They all went on to college, each to a different one. Their comment was that after admission to college they felt that they were at least as well prepared as the average student in their class. It is impossible to do justice to the entire faculty, but a few of those I came to know best are qualified representatives of the Wareham schools. "Eddie" Dubiel, a science teacher and native of the New Bedford area, had each of my sons in his class and stimulated their interest and enthusiasm to a marked degree. He and his wife Fran have been popular figures in Wareham, and both have made valuable contributions to education. Ruth Tompkins, mathematics teacher, will be remembered for years to come by many pupils who have been in her classes. She has been most successful in dealing with people with learning problems. She kept order in the classroom, sometimes at the expense of the pupils' goodwill, but it paid off.

Those who felt resentment at the discipline she administered later returned to thank her for what she did for their education.

A young man named Donald McCaffrey, principal of Point Road School in Marion, was the first superintendent of schools in Wareham to be elected while I was a member of the School Committee. He was a man of ability, pleasing in personality and full of energy. He seemed younger than his age because of his somewhat short stature. I remember him as being effective at his job, well-liked and interested in town affairs. He was helpful to me as scoutmaster which I was at the time. He left us after two years for a bigger job and was succeeded by David Adair. Adair was an interesting character and had served with distinction in naval aviation. He was an outdoorsman, when he appeared for his interview before the School Committee, his suntan is remembered as a striking feature. His sensitive nature had been emotionally shaken by battle casualties during the war. He was a capable executive. We became good friends and I deeply regretted his subsequent resignation on account of health considerations.

Adair’s departure left us with a vacancy near the middle of one school year. This problem was solved by appointing Mr. Robert T. Roy, then principal of the Pilgrim School and Mr. Dubiel jointly as deputy superintendents. They performed faithfully and well. One applicant for the job was a man named Harvey Scribner, who was a school principal in a Maine town. Walter Rowley, with all the enterprise of a competent engineer, made a special trip to Maine, and even took photographs of the school in action, which he brought to the School Committee. Mr. Scribner made it a point to meet the committee members. He really "meant business." He called on me late in the day that he had spent coming to Wareham. It was a cold wintry night and as a matter of course I invited him to stay for dinner. He politely declined. If he got the job he did not want to be designated as "Dr. Lincoln's man" - nor anyone else’s. That made an impression. He was a very good superintendent. He left us to go to Dedham and later became Chancellor of Education in New York

City. I remember having asked him what made anyone want to be school superintendent. He replied with a chuckle, "Must be they like to eat tiger meat." He got his share of that commodity. He did not stay very long in New York but at the height of the battle between warring factions I remember reading in a copy of the New York Times, which published his picture, an editorial comment, "Scribner should stay."

John Rolfe succeeded Scribner. He was highly recommended by James Wickenden, Headmaster at Tabor Academy, whose judgment proved to be very sound.

The annals of Wareham School Department in particular would be very lacking without some reference to Walter Longmore, the late superintendent of schools. His was the distinction of serving as teacher, high school principal and School superintendent in one town, a rare accomplishment. He was not more than medium in stature, but had a genial personality, ready wit and a kindly sense of humor that made him a popular figure. After his retirement he served on the Board of Trustees of Tobey Hospital until his untimely death. Although a resident of Mattapoisett, we of Wareham always felt that he was one of us.

I consider myself lucky to have served on the School Committee as constituted at that time. In 1954, I resigned after serving three terms of three years each. A retired teacher, a doctor, a lawyer, an engineer and a businessman represented the town well, covering a varied cross-section of the community. Mrs. Madge Keith was the daughter of Angus Nicholson, one of the village blacksmiths and a well-liked, well-respected man. Nicholson was the father of "Billie Nick," the Honorable Donald W. Nicholson, who represented this District first in the State Legislature and later in the U.S. House of Representatives. Walter Rowley also claims a blacksmith for a father. James Bento, a Cape Verdean lawyer, subsequently to be a state judge, owing to his background and unusual qualifications was able to serve Wareham exceptionally well. He died recently.

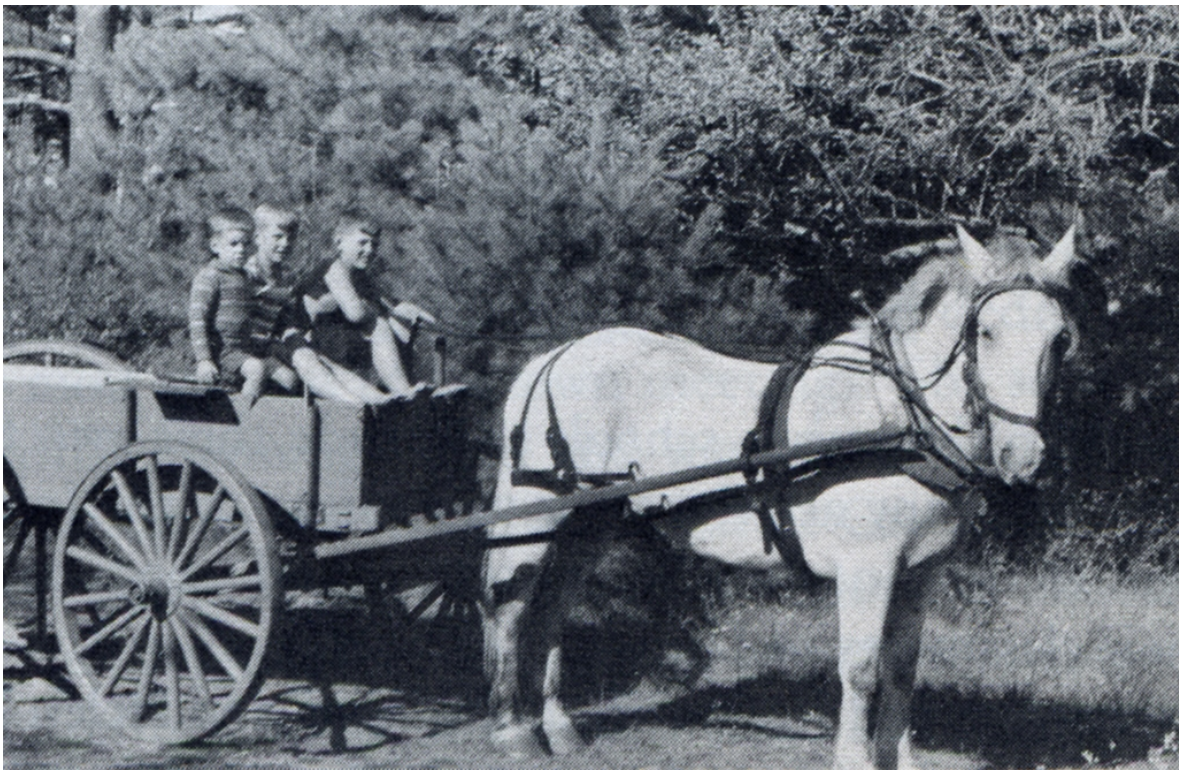
Through the generosity of my fellow members of the board, I ended my tour of duty with a dinner meeting at the Coonamesset Inn, which is one of my happiest recollections.

Moving to Wareham in 1943 brought changes in activities, but oriented close to home. The office was in the far end of the house; a music room was converted to a waiting room adjacent to consulting and surgery areas. Twenty-four hour phone coverage before the days of answering service meant some outside help and much cooperation by my wife and our sons. The boys early learned to admit patients, to get their names, and to answer telephone calls, being sure to write a dated message.

Coal was used for fuel for both the furnace and the cookstove, wood supplied the fireplaces and potbellied stove in the waiting room. As soon as possible, oil replaced coal as the basic heat but wood still had to be cut and brought in.

When we moved to the country we decided the best way to make Wareham really home was to participate in community life.

J. R. Lincoln and son Pete with horse and wagon, 1950.



Horse and wagon with boys Tom, Rufus and Ed, summer 1941. The horse’s name is Dick.

Ponies, left to right, Ching, Teague, and Mocha, with Rufus, Ed and Tom aboard, with their mother Helen and Hobo, September, 1942.

At Piney Point Beach Club, 1951. From left, Ed, Rufus, Pete, Helen and Tom.

The boys went to the public schools and made their own friends. The farm and its many activities was as exciting to the local town boys as it was to the Lincolns. Ponies to ride and woods to explore brought their classmates to Lincoln Hill.

I was very absorbed in practicing medicine and Helen became involved in community affairs. First was the Tobey Hospital Guild, then the St. Agnes Guild of the Church of Good Shepherd, the Wareham Monday Club and the Wareham Garden Club, to name a few of the groups of women with whom she shared good works and comradeship.

Soon after becoming permanent residents of Wareham, we started having neighborhood Christmas parties. The first year after World War II ended, Al Pappi supplied lights for an outdoor Christmas tree. All the kids and adults living on the Hill sang Christmas carols outside and came in for cocoa and goodies. The Baxters, Smiths, Pappis, Shermans, Kiernans, and others enjoyed the gaiety as well as the Lincolns.

Helen remembers that when she was growing up in New Orleans she watched the adults enjoying eggnog parties on New Year's Day, a happy finale to the holiday season. About the time the older children were outgrowing the Christmas festivities, we began having open house on New Year's Day. This custom surviv-

ed well over twenty years. Each year more friends came and we all loved it. But when our sons married and lived far away we began to go where the grandchildren were for the holidays. Reluctantly we abandoned New Year's Open House.

For many years Helen played bridge weekly with a congenial group of women friends. Edith and Eleanor Beaton, Adelaide Moulton, Shirley Brown, Louise Bryant and my wife were the steadies, but a diverse group of substitutes — the Crocker sisters, Lucy and Louise, Ethel Nicholson, Ronnie Howland, Elsie Boughton, Ruth Tompkins and others — kept two tables going over the twenty years. The women took turns enjoying each others' hospitality; they became firm friends.

Town meeting is a vital part of the community life of Wareham. My years on the School Committee assured my attendance for most meetings. Helen has become a dedicated voter. She attends most sessions of all town meetings. She served eight busy years on the Planning Board and was one of the fifteen commissioners elected to the Wareham Charter Commission, a valuable and educational service. Wareham of today has almost outgrown the old New England town meeting, where every voter has a voice and vote on town budget and activities. But it is still not a city, thank goodness.

CHAPTER XIII
WAR YEARS' ACTIVITIES

Over and above my service with the School Committee, I was more personally involved in education as a faculty member of Harvard Medical School, my alma mater. Early in 1945, I learned through George Wisocki, professor of anatomy at the school, that there was a vacancy in the teaching staff in his department. I had known him in my student days when he was doing post-graduate work at medical school. He was a gregarious individual with a sense of humor. Our contacts had been pleasant ones. The Dean, Dr. Sidney Burwell, had been one of my fellow students and was much interested when he learned of my instructorship at Columbia Medical School in the late 1920's. To my great satisfaction, I was appointed an instructor in Anatomy at Harvard Medical School. This consisted mainly in supervising dissection of cadavers by a group of the class twice a week from September through January. Dr. Weatherford was in charge of this division of the Anatomy Department. He was a man of intellect and personality. My association with him was a worthwhile experience.

In September, 1945, when I assumed my duties as instructor in Anatomy, an important event in the history of Harvard Medical School occurred. This was the admission of women medical students. I felt a degree of satisfaction in being involved in this innovation. Although this was a sharp contrast to the school of my student days, it seemed quite normal owing to my previous experience in Columbia Medical School.

Dr. John Kennedy, no relation of J.F.K., was one of the students in the class of 1949 whom I recall. He later gained some distinction in the academic and surgical world. One of my fellow instructors, a Dr. Ericson, whose popularity with the students was outstanding, later became professor of anatomy at Brown University School of Medicine, which had not come into being at that time.

I continued teaching at the Medical School through 1947, at which time the medical men in government service were returning and the services which I contributed were no longer so urgently needed. I missed the association and contact with the students but was glad to be relieved of the strain of commuting to Boston. In those days it was necessary to leave home at 7 a. m. to reach Medical School by 9 a.m. In late 1945, the first year of my assignment, I was still driving a worn-out 1940 Chevrolet. Two incidents occurred which involved what seemed to be phenomenal luck. One rainy November morning when I was about one-half mile from home I had a flat tire. I was in front of a local store where friends were on hand to help change it and I was on my way, but without a spare. Coming home, I became acutely aware that I had another flat tire. This time I was lucky enough to find myself within 10 yards of a tire shop. I was off again without delay.

On another occasion, I had made my way as far as Bridgewater, about 30 miles, when an alarming knock developed in the engine. I was able to drive the car, but was naturally much disturbed. A garage was not far away. The proprietor told me I had a broken wrist pin. He drove me to the railroad station where the train for Boston was about due. When I got back in the late afternoon, my car was ready.

The three years that I was connected with Harvard Medical School seemed in a way like renewing my youth. Dr. Bremer and Dr. Lewis of the Histology field were still on the scene 40 years later, though no longer active in teaching. One of the impressive events during my connection was the retirement of Dr. Charles Green, professor of anatomy. A member of a distinguished Boston family, he had been a teacher in the Anatomy Department for over 30 years. He was the perfect picture of a gentleman of learning, character, and personality. At the end of his distinguished career, he was given an ovation. Standing behind the desk in the lecture hall, he made his farewell remarks and then was presented by the students with a gold watch and was honored by a Latin ode, signalizing his scholarship, that was composed and sung by the class.

To be back in school again, but now as a member of the faculty, was a novel experience. To be in close touch with the students as I had been in Columbia Medical School 20 years before was also something I enjoyed. Medical students are a select group and necessarily individuals with good minds. Dealing with them is stimulating. When, as was quite apt to happen, I was asked questions to which I did not know the answers, I was cheered by the recollection of a comment by a medical student I once knew. Speaking of an instructor, he said, "I like that man because he really cares whether I'm learning anything," a lot put into a few words.

Commuting to Medical School was made easier in the spring of 1946, by the new Pontiac. I was driving home from the weekly morning session, listening to the radio, when I suddenly realized that what I was hearing was the announcement of a very serious accident in Onset caused by a gas explosion. I put on speed heading for Tobey Hospital. I found a traffic jam and a police car preventing access to the entrance. When I identified myself as a member of the staff, I got a warm welcome. There was a girl, a Miss Eleanor Holmes, on the accident room table suffering from extensive burns. A young doctor, whom I cannot now identify, was rendering expert emergency treatment. He happened to be in town in the course of his vacation and was most helpful. The patient was in serious condition and had a period of observation in the hospital. She made a good recovery, eventually married, and her daughter was later my secretary. The daughter left my service to go in training and is now a nurse employed by Tobey Hospital: Mrs. Judy Allison is a popular member of the staff.

Another summer Thursday found me reaching Tobey Hospital to discover a friend of mine lying on the table in the accident room. He was employed by the town and, while talking to a fellow employee who was operating a mowing machine, stood in front of the cutter bar. The motor was running with the clutch out. The operator's foot slipped and the cutter bar started to mow down my friend who was now my patient. He sustained fractures of both legs just above the ankle. Tendons, blood vessels, and nerves were badly lacerated. It was a long, hard job, "far into the night." I hardly expected the patient to walk again, but he eventually went back to his job and worked for many years.

These cases illustrate the value of Tobey Hospital to Wareham. Having skilled professional services and adequate facilities close at hand is of inestimable benefit, obviating the delay and trauma involved in transporting the victim long distances and eliminating a good deal of suffering.

The danger of moving patients needs no reiteration, but one case impressed me so profoundly I feel impelled to mention it. A little boy was playing in the water at the edge of a pond. He was found partly submerged, unconscious but definitely alive. An ambulance was called and oxygen was administered with a face mask. The attendant was instructed to keep the mask over the boy's mouth, which he did. The boy was

dead on arrival; he had drowned in his own vomit.

Health Care Delivery is the modern phraseology describing the means of meeting the medical needs of the public. An organization which accomplishes this service in Wareham is the Visiting Nurse Agency. This term is familiar to many of us and is associated with Barbara Smith. I cannot do better than to let her tell the story.

"The Visiting Nurse Agency was founded in 1916 by the Wareham Monday Club. The purpose of the Agency was to give all kinds of nursing care to patients at home, including maternity care. Home deliveries were common in those days and a very small fee, if any, was collected by the physician. Many nights I went out on home deliveries with one of the doctors, gave anesthesia and was gone most of the night and sometimes into the day, came home, grabbed a few winks and went out again. At that time I was on twenty-four hour call and if the Visiting Nurse Agency received any pay, we were just lucky. My pay was to get a few hours of free time, if I could. We had four obstetricians at that time and they all worked hard on deliveries and very seldom had any trouble with mothers, or babies, either. The neighbors, especially in the Portuguese areas, were just great.

"We gave enemas, hypodermics, did dressings, baths, taught families to do nursing care, just about anything and everything that was necessary, under doctor's orders. In fact, I firmly believe that every nurse should have a period of time on duty in the field, to learn to improvise. My training on the district has many times stood me in a good stead, when I haven't had something that I needed at my fingertips to use and have had to improvise.

"I had only done two months on the district in New Bedford when I graduated from St. Luke's Hospital. This was enough to show me that what I would really like to do for my life's occupation would be to work with people in homes. So when I came home on weekend and received a call from Edith Beaton, who was Chairman of the Visiting Nurses' Board, I went down to see her with high hopes. I was to start in Wareham as soon as possible and go to Simmons College for the Public Health course when I could financially. Dr. Stillman had received several letters from townspeople requesting that a town girl be put on the job, to replace the one that had just finished, a woman from Boston. That's how I happened to get the position I had for 42 years, and loved it. "

Dr. Samuel Goldfarb is one of the obstetricians mentioned in Miss Smith's story of the Visiting Nurse. He was born in Rumania, and came to this country with his parents at the age of six. From humble beginnings he worked his way up, largely by odd jobs such as painting. He studied to be a rabbi, but decided a medical career was for him and determined on General Practice. He and his bride, the former Edith Notkin of New York, came to Boston, where he earned his M.D. at Physicians and Surgeons. After an internship and residency in Maimonides Hospital in Liberty, New York, he opened his office in Onset, where he has been ever since. He tried twice to join the armed forces and was twice refused because he was considered essential as the only doctor in Onset. Onset still considers him so. He has given invaluable service to the community and Tobey Hospital.

CHAPTER XIV
OUT WEST 1953

The fall of 1949 assumed great importance because it was then that my two older sons entered college. Edward, the elder, went to the University of Montana. He had tried his hand at trapping and life in the woods with indifferent success. Through the generosity of E.L. Goodwin, owner of Cape Cod Shipbuilding Company, and of a forest tract in Maine, Ed was given the use of a cabin at the Maine site. There was enough woodland to run a trapline. When we joined him there at Thanksgiving time, 1948, he was ready to come home. The prospect of further education had begun to interest him. It has ever since. He has always

been fond of wild country. The University of Montana appealed to him, in part at least because the state has one of the lowest number of people per square mile of any state in the union. Winters in Missoula, Montana were pretty rugged even for a man as hardy as Ed. He transferred to the University of Arizona where he was graduated with an A.B. Degree in May, 1953.

My second son, James Rufus Lincoln, Jr. had early developed a great enthusiasm for skiing. This led him to apply for admission to the University of Colorado in the midst of the ski country. He married one of his classmates, Marjorie Nossman, in his senior year. He graduated in early June, 1953. Thus we had ample time to make the trip to Arizona and then to Colorado for both graduations.

We took the trip in a Lincoln convertible. We had been given the information that our married son in Colorado and his wife were expecting. We had made plans to take the two younger sons, Torn and Peter, to see their brothers graduate. This rated a new car. Naturally a Lincoln was desirable. Such an automobile was available through the Ford Agency in Wareham, owned by a good friend, "Herb" Suddard, but delivery was delayed by a strike at the factory. One of our neighbors met Peter on the street shortly before our departure. The friend, who was much interested in the expected increase in the family and remarked, "I hear there's to be a new Lincoln in your family." Peter, being most interested in the automobile on order replied in the affirmative with enthusiasm. "What is it going to be, a boy or girl?" was the next query. Not to be diverted, Peter replied, "It's going to be a convertible."

On the eve of our departure, an extraordinary thing happened. I was sitting in my office getting things in shape for my prospective absence when the door bell rang. I admitted a man who looked vaguely familiar. We sat down to discuss whatever was on , his mind. He identified himself as a patient who had been operated on by me several years before at the French Hospital in New York. He had been severely ill and had a long convalescence. His bill had never been paid and I had long since lost track of him. He had made the trip from New York to look me up and settle the account. I do not recall the amount, but to me it was a substantial sum. I was very much impressed by the spirit which prompted his act and the effort he had made. One of the "good guys," most certainly. Nothing could have been more timely.

I had arranged to take Tom and Pete out of school to give them the benefit of travel and the remarkable scenery of our country's far west. A close association of parents and sons sharing in a venture always presents opportunities. One of these was a tour of Washington, D.C.

A brief glimpse of the Oak Ridge laboratories in Tennessee where atomic research was carried on during World War II, was impressive. The importance of work done here is well documented in J.D. Conant's book, In Search of the Atom. The Germans had been making an all out effort to achieve the splitting of the atom before U.S. scientists did.
The Southwest was very pleasant in the spring weather. Dr. Ellis B. Gray, a medical school classmate and warm friend over theyears, was living in Albuquerque, New Mexico. He took us on a trip to the Sandia Mountains, rising from the plains to snow topped peaks. On our return Dr. Gray stopped at an Indian reservation, where he was seeing patients. There, a slight mishap of one wheel being caught in an unseen hole brought the whole tribe to our aid, much to the delight of the younger Grays and Lincolns.

Ed's graduation in Tucson, Arizona was something of much importance to us. His lack of interest in college on leaving high school naturally was attended by some misgivings on the part of his mother and me. To have our son in the group of young people being given college degrees stirred a feeling of pride and happiness.

On our departure from Arizona, Ed accompanied us for the trip home. Our itinerary took us through some of the most remarkable country in America, if not the world. The magnificence and beauty of the Grand Canyon has a breathtaking quality more inspiring than anything I have ever seen.

One of the most interesting places we visited in Utah was the Dinosaur Museum. I got an appreciation of the antiquity of this region and the vast periods of time before there was human life on the continent. A very amusing poem signed B.L.T., a commentator and columnist of a generation or more ago, hangs on the wall. It is a clever description of history, opening with, "Behold the mighty Dinosaur" and ending with a word of praise for "this extraordinary beast, defunct ten million years at least." (Chronologically this is the understatement of the year). It added interest to our environment to think this enormous prehistoric creature inhabited what we consider our domain, many times longer than man.

En route to Boulder from Utah we climbed the western side of Rabbit Ears Pass. To the right by a 12 foot bank of snow there was an ambulance picking up the victims of an automobile accident. We were waved past but soon the same ambulance careened ahead of us with sirens screaming. My family was sorry for the injured en route to the hospital on the eastern side of the 12,000 foot trail. At this point we were about to cross the Continental Divide.

Several days with Rufus and his wife showed the younger boys another university. James Rufus Lincoln, Jr. received his engineering degree in the open stadium at the University of Colorado. The dignity of the occasion was marred by a breakdown in the loud speaker system and a sudden storm before the ceremony ended.

As we left Colorado, a frightening luminous cloud effect marked the beginning of a tornado system which kept pace with us to the last. It struck in Nevada a few miles north of where we spent the first night. On our way home from Cleveland, we saw sign boards which had been damaged, uprooted trees and evidence of destruction of various kinds along the way. It was not until we got home that we discovered we had been travelling east in the wake of a violent storm which had wrought havoc in the city of Worcester, Massachusetts. We were lucky to have been behind instead of in front of it. We found all well in Wareham.

CHAPTER XV
AMERICAN COLLEGE OF SURGEONS

The American College of Surgeons is an organization founded in 1913 by a group of United States and Canadian doctors in order to set standards and codes of ethics to improve conditions involved in the practice of surgery.

Between the introduction of general anesthesia in 1846 and the establishment of bacteriology in the 1870's, a chaotic state in the medical profession existed. The identification of microorganisms, bacteria or germs resulted from the work of Pasteur in the early 1870's. Proof that they were the cause of infections was reluctantly accepted. Sterilization became a routine procedure. Operations of all sorts were being performed at this time by medical men who were not always graduates of medical schools.

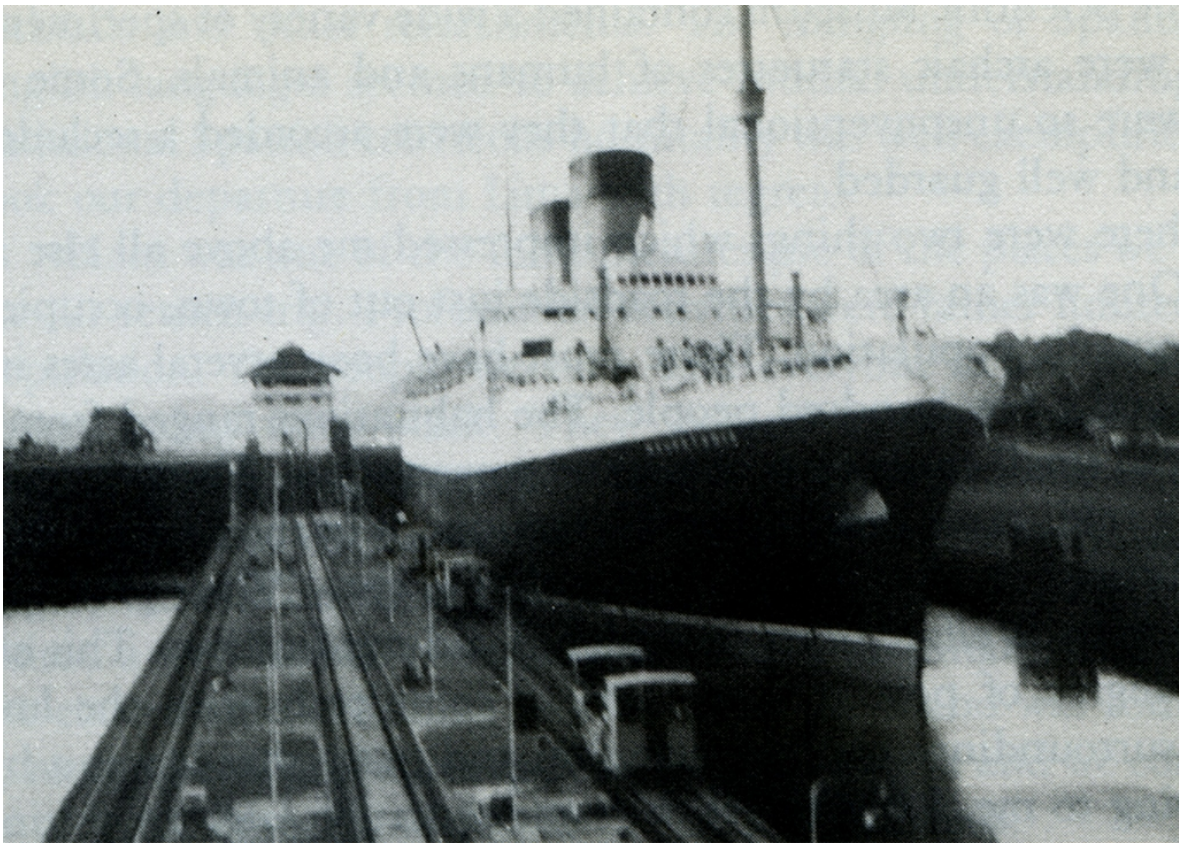
By the turn of the century, medical education, surgical procedures and hospital facilities had developed to the point where the need of organization and training were apparent. One of the steps in this process was the founding of the American College of Surgeons, which has formed chapters in every state in the union, publishes a national magazine, "The Bulletin," and holds annual meetings at designated cities in rotation. Augmenting these educational activities there have been occasional seminars. To become a fellow which entitles a surgeon to use the initials F.A.C.S. after his name, required evidence of good character and surgical experience. I became a fellow in 1933.

The American College of Surgeons organized a cruise in 1955. This was one of a series designed to hold lectures, conferences and lantern slide demonstrations aboard ship. The itinerary took us to Peru via

Panama. Our ship was the Mauretania, which had enough space for many more passengers than those from the entire College of Surgeons. This made it possible for us to have a lot of fun with many friends who were not members of the profession. We set sail in late December and welcomed the year 1955 with a pleasant party on the high seas.

Life aboard the Mauretania was very luxurious. Trips ashore at our ports of call were interesting and frequent enough to avoid monotony. We were in Martinique over a weekend and went sightseeing on Sunday. French is the official language, but has undergone a degree of what might be called adaptations. The black population included many children who took great interest in the visitors from the big ship in the harbor.
Our journey took us to Caracas, Venezuela. The tour of the new hospital was of special interest. The distinctive feature was the structure of the wards and the arrangement of beds. There were angular indentations the length of the ward on either side like the teeth of a saw. The beds were thus at a 45 degree angle to the long axis of the ward. One side of the bed faced the open space, the other against the partition in common with the adjacent neighbor. In this way each patient was isolated from the next but was in full view from the nurse's desk. This also provided a small triangular platform outside.

Our trip through the Panama Canal brought forcibly to mind a lot of memories and rather confused feelings. Naturally I was reminded of my train trip across the isthmus in 1912 and the inspiring sight of the gigantic excavation which had become the concrete walled waterway we were now navigating. This was no mean achievement, for the Mauretania was very nearly the largest vessel capable of getting through. The electric mules, as the engines were called which pulled the ship as mules once pulled barges through the canals' of old, were compelling reminders of changing times.


SS Mauretania in Mori Flores lock, Panama, Pacific bound.

The walls constituting the banks seemed almost within arm"s reach of the hull. The amount of water we were told, which was required to raise our ship to the level of the Pacific Ocean end of the canal, was

sufficient to supply the needs of a small city. How different was my sitting on the deck of one of the largest passenger ships afloat, with some of America's more distinguished men and women, from the lone young traveler of forty years before, when the American College of Surgeons was in the process of organization. Entering the Pacific Ocean was an adventure new to many of us. Shortly thereafter we crossed the Equator, appropriate ceremonies including a visit from a dripping Neptune.

At Lima, Peru, the ship was anchored some distance from the dock and we commuted by launch. This gave us a slightly different approach and was rather pleasant in spite of the inconvenience. The professional program took us to various parts of town and involved some papers which were read in Spanish. Most of the doctors we contacted used very good English, however. I enjoyed hearing Spanish in its natural environment. Limited though my knowledge of it is, I found a pleasing cadence in the spoken word. The feeling of broadening my experience, even to some extent my vocabulary, was fun. Many of the papers were read in places equipped with earphones that made instant translations available to the audience.

The Scientific Museum contained a wide variety of specimens. There were archaic statuettes of humans and animals. Some of these were so unconventional that they were accorded a secluded nook and well guarded.

There were two things which impressed me above all else in Peru. One was an area by the roadside just out of town, occupied by a nomadic population. There must have been several acres involved and a few hundred people. The habitations ranged from a lean-to to small crude huts of tin and woven straw. These people, we were told, came down from the mountains in the cold weather and subsisted on whatever they were able to get. "What provision was made by Welfare or its equivalent I did not find out. This extreme degree of poverty contrasted so completely with the luxurious surroundings of the cruise ship and party that it was a bit disturbing to me. I was to get the same sensation later on visiting the Orient.

The second item of special interest was a trip to the mountains. This was a side tour to a height of 14,000 feet. We turned back at 10,000 feet, as the altitude was too great for some people. A railroad wends its way up into the wilds. There are high peaks and deep gorges. The scenery is magnificent. But lying on its side half buried in a mountain stream is a locomotive which jumped the rails years ago. It does not seem to have much of a future. A little box-like station stands by the tracks looking a bit diminutive and lonesome. The highway parallels the railroad to a great extent and runs through sparsely settled country. We were much pleased to make close contact with a herd of llamas and their Peruvian shepherds.

The high point in our visit to Peru was the President’s reception. There was little professional significance involved except that it drew together top-ranking surgeons and medical men of the country as well as governmental officials to do honor to the American College of Surgeons.

The Presidential Palace was an impressive building with a spacious main hall. At either side of the entrance stood uniformed guards with plumed helmets. Hundreds of guests mingled with our hosts and filed past the spot where the President stood to receive their greetings. Waiters circulated about with trays of cocktails and other refreshments. The mingling of Spanish and English languages seemed to achieve mutual understanding. The traditional Spanish courteous hospitality was well exemplified. We took our departure from Lima with regret.

Haiti was one of the most picturesque of the places we visited on our return trip. Professional activities were rather limited. The population, the people we met, and everyone active in keeping things going were black. They seemed by and large to be a dedicated group. Our contacts were pleasant and every effort was being made to do honor to the visitor. Women carrying loads, largely baskets on their heads, were everywhere in evidence. We visited a well known restaurant high on a mountain. The view of the countryside stretching out far across the island was something to remember. French was spoken to a large extent and we contrived to order in French and found the cuisine delicious.

The Episcopal Church contained two murals of particular interest. One depicted the Last Supper. All the characters were black and were portrayed with very creditable expertise. The other showed a Confirmation service attended entirely by blacks. At one side of the painting was a black boy chasing a white cock with intent to kill. This involved voodoo symbolism, contrasting strangely with the Christian setting.

Back in New York we went our various ways but with memories which included something for everyone. On a professional level, we had made close contact with our South American neighbors of another continent, another language, and another culture. To me there was the added touch of Panama revisited and the vast contrast in the changes of all kinds which had taken place since my visit as a college student years before.

CHAPTER XVI
THE 1960s

Highway expansion has been the order of the day during the post-war period. Wareham is one locality feeling the effects.

In the Spring of 1963, a master plan for town development had been prepared for presentation at the Town Meeting by the Planning Board. The plan, although it never was accepted by the town, included the layout of a highway designated as "relocated Rte. 6," and was the eastern terminus of an interstate highway connecting Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut and New York; it exists today as Rte. 195. This was the first information about the proposed construction made available to the public. There was naturally much concern about the impact of such an extensive project on the community. A hearing was held at Old Rochester Regional High School in Mattapoisett in the summer of 1963. There was discussion of the effect that drainage from this road would have on the water supply of the adjacent areas. We left the hearing in doubt as to what was coming next.

An interchange, the terminus of this route, was planned for Lincoln Hill on Main Street. If such were to be the case, my house would become unfit for a residence. I lost no time in consulting my close friend Dan Needham, partner in Sherburn, Powers and Needham, a renowned Boston law firm. He was a very successful lawyer, well acquainted with Boston city departments and personnel. His advice was to play up the historical aspect of the situation, the old colonial farmhouse, its Revolutionary War veteran owner and family heritage. I had a brochure printed which is incorporated in this volume. (*See page 190.)

His comment was "That's good, it’s short." I took a supply of booklets to a hearing at Wareham Town Hall early in December, 1963. This led to a change in the location of the new highway from Main Street to Route 28, remote from my dwelling but taking by eminent domain 70 acres of my woodland in 1969.

I found some of the results of the transfer of ownership more disturbing than the loss of property. The bulldozers moved in promptly and began destroying the forest. That night, cries of anguish and distress from countless numbers of injured or homeless little animals made the hours of darkness hideous. Few if any survived, for a silent night ensued. Inevitable though this may have been, it was an unhappy experience.

Reference has already been made to the forest land included in the Lincoln property acquired by Captain Rufus Lincoln at the end of the Revolutionary War. The land taking involved over 30 acres of this territory. Many of the huge pine trees growing there were close to 100 years old. The value of the timber and its annual increment had contributed to a sense of security. But the beauty and ecologic importance of the wooded area were by far the greatest consideration. To me it is a sad commentary on the modern economic system that this growth, the product of centuries, had to be destroyed by huge bonfires. Aside from the danger of flames, the atmospheric pollution was of very considerable extent. The anti-pollution State law

became effective immediately after the holocaust.

Adjacent to the land now occupied by Highway 195 there remains an area known as Conant Hill. This piece of land is of exceptional natural beauty and is the site of an old Indian encampment. Evidence of feasts held here in remote times include oyster shells, fishbones fashioned into needles and remains of animals now extinct, such as a rare breed of beaver. These relics are now housed in the Natural History Museum of Attleboro. Dr. Maurice Robbins, noted archeologist, was in charge of this excavation.

The Weweantic River forms a large loop at the base of Conant Hill. The upper or western shore is now Horseshoe Pond, made by a dam built in colonial days. The mill located here continued to make horseshoes until after World War II. The 23 acres left after the road takings has been given to the Plymouth County Wildlands Trust, a conservation organization. Thus a fragment of what was once such a beautiful and historic part of the original territory is being preserved.

In times of stress such as the traumatic loss of ancestral acres, friends are vitally important. Helen and I have been blessed with many close friends all our lives. Returning to Wareham meant renewing old associations and making new. One person I was especially glad to have near was Dr. Raymond Cyrus Whitney, a pal and classsmate of medical school days who was practicing in New Bedford.

"Whit," originally from Milbury, Massachusetts, attended Middlebury College and was a member of the Class of 1918 at Harvard Medical School. He was highly intelligent, and gifted with a ready wit. He interned at Peter Bent Brigham Hospital and joined the Mission of Near East Relief under the auspices of the University of Beirut. Eye diseases were so common that he became very much interested in ophthalmology and later served a residency at the Boston Eye and Ear Infirmary. He located in New Bedford, where he became ophthalmologist and head of the eye service at St. Luke's Hospital.

He married Dorothy Belknap of Mattapan. They had six children. One of them is Dr. Jeremy B. Whitney, who took up the ophthalmologic practice where his father left off. His career is one of which any father would be proud. The Whitneys and the Lincolns continue to be warm friends now going into the third generation.

Helen's dearest relative is Dorothy Dykes. The two girls grew up with happy memories of visiting their grandmother, Helen M. Palmer, in Wareham. Dorothy the elder went to Vassar from New Jersey, so when time came for Helen to choose a college, Vassar headed the list.

Just two years before our wedding, Dorothy married Edwin A. Whitehouse. Ed worked in New York and they lived in Larchmont, Connecticut. I took a liking to Ed when we first met and our two families have enjoyed a close association. The Lincoln and Whitehouse children have shared in the family relationships throughout the years.

The Palmer aunts, Maud and Madge, died within a few months of each other in 1951 and 1952. Both the cousins inherited property in Wareham. Thereafter the Whitehouses spent all their vacation time here. In 1959 Ed and Dot built a house in Marion on Piney Point about five miles from Lincoln Hill.

Ed retired early from his position at Olin Mathieson and Squibb and they became our neighbors. As a retired businessman of great ability, and with time and energy to spare, he found a place to serve at Tobey Hospital. He was Chairman of the Building Fund for the Susanna K. Tobey wing and still is a valued member of the Board of Trustees after a turn as Chairman. Dorothy has given time as a volunteer at the hospital library. It is good to have family close as we grow older.

One day in the 1940s' when I was just getting adjusted to family practice in Wareham, I was called to see a

young housewife in the Blackmore Pond area. She was a personable Cape Verdean, obviously intelligent and well educated. Her complaint was a sore throat and her name was Julia Silva. I did not know it then but that name was to become a byword in the life of the Lincoln family.

Her husband and son were both subsequently patients of mine, her husband was a victim of tuberculosis at an early age. The son John, while in high school, showed an elevated blood pressure on a routine physical exam. A lung X-ray at this time showed no evidence of disease. Shortly afterward, he developed an abdominal pain.

An operation revealed an appendix appearing to be within normal limits but albuminuria was discovered. Subsequent investigation revealed a severe tuberculosis infection involving the right kidney. Such an infection is rare in the absence of any disease in the lung. John Silva was a very sick young man, a victim of the same disease responsible for his father's death a few years before. The sequence of events reads like a story book. Advances in the knowledge and in medication were bringing about the control of tuberculosis.

After a year's hospitalization, "Johnny" was able to attend the graduation exercises of his class. Following graduation from high school, he entered the training school of McLean Hospital in Belmont, where he earned his R.N. He has since been employed there, has married and now has his own business. His case is an outstanding example in my experience of the advance in medical agents and the effectiveness of modern therapy.

His mother, “Julie" came to work for us in 1950, in the housekeeping department. She has become a most highly valued employee and warm family friend, much beloved by the four boys whom she helped bring up, and by their wives and families. The Julie saga is a continued story.

As far back as I can remember the name of Makepeace was a by-word in the Town of Wareham. John C. was an influential figure. He was the son of A.D. Makepeace, a pioneer in the cranberry industry and founder of the company which still bears his name and is still the center of that commercial activity.

John, a more gregarious type, I came to know well. He inherited his father's acumen and was very farsighted. Deeply interested in the community, he had much to do with the growth and development of Wareham. In the early 1900's he played a leading role in the establishment of town water. As President of the National Bank of Wareham, John C. Makepeace became a charter member of the Tobey Hospital Board of Trustees. His keen insight, executive ability and forceful character were invaluable to the hospital. He listened attentively to the ideas of the medical staff and hospital personnel. His close attention to the cranberry business did not preclude substantial gifts to the hospital and many thoughtful acts of a personal nature.

Maurice B. Makepeace is the son of John C. He began in the banking business in New York but returned to Wareham and the cranberry industry in 1941. He joined his father and cousin Russell C. Makepeace in the family business. He has followed in his father's footsteps, becoming President of the National Bank and Treasurer of the Trustees of Tobey Hospital. His interest in the cranberry business has never wavered. Maurice's wife, the former Anne Franchot, is a woman of much charm and many interests. When Helen became President of Tobey Hospital Guild soon after our return to Wareham, Anne Makepeace, as recording secretary, gave her invaluable support. A warm and lasting friendship developed through this connection, and the families have become increasingly close. Helen and Anne are both much interested in art and have had a lot of fun painting together. Classes at the Marion Art Center and later lessons in water colors from Dorothy Cobb Cleaveland have stimulated their talents. They also enjoyed sharing long hours on Piney Point Beach with the two Makepeace children, Joanna and Christopher and our sons.

Cranberries are indigenous to Plymouth and Barnstable in Massachusetts. The Indians in this district

gathered the wild berries and pounded them into the meat they dried for winter use. The Pilgrims soon learned the benefit of this fruit. In the early colonial days it proved useful to extract low grade iron ore from the swamps left by receding glaciers. These same bogs were found to be ideal locations for the growth of cranberries. With a decline in the supply of ore, the cultivation of berries thrived.

For the last hundred years, most families in this Southeast corner of Massachusetts have been associated with raising cranberries. My wife owns 16 acres of bog planted by her grandfather Palmer and partners in 1882. Our son Ed's first job was as a truck driver's assistant harvesting berries for the Makepeace Company. The immigrant Cape Verdean families found jobs picking, screening and tending the bogs. There are many small growers whose families provide all the labor needed.

Then there are the family success stories. The Makepeaces are outstanding and so are many other families. John Beaton and his brother Peter built up a big business. Melville, son of John, sold the Beaton Distributing Company and bogs to Cranberry Corp. of America just before his death. The sons of Peter have prospered in different facets of the industry. Gilbert T. Beaton has been an executive of Ocean Spray Inc., specializing in marketing, while Kenneth and his son Douglas operate a successful cranberry growers service.

One of the success stories of the cranberry industry is that of the Decas family. Three brothers migrated from Greece; Charles J. Decas as a young teenager in 1907, and soon after his elder brother William J., and Nicholas J. Charles started in New Bedford peddling fresh fruit and vegetables. Soon he purchased a blind horse and cart and traveled with produce as far as Marion and Wareham. The young men opened a store in Wareham and in 1917 moved into their own building, known as the Decas Block. This location is still the center of the expanding business. In 1913, L.B. Handy, a local grower, told the brothers that there was a good piece of cranberry property available. They bought their first bog and are now large growers and independent distributors.

The younger generation carry on projects started earlier and are actively involved in community affairs. John C. Decas, besides raising cranberries, has served on various Town committees such as the Finance Board and the School Committee. His brother George C. Decas, a lawyer with an AB from Yale and an LLD from the University of Pennsylvania, has put in years on the Wareham Planning Board and the Charter Commission. He is currently President of the Wareham Historical Society.

The most well known member of the family is Charles N. Decas, who is serving as our district Representative to the General Court of the State of Massachusetts.

CHAPTER XVII
WORLD TOUR

Ever since school days, I had visions of circumnavigating the globe. Jules Verne, a man of extraordinary imagination, had published a book in the late 19th century entitled "Around the World in 80 Days." In subsequent years, his time schedule has been reduced by some 90 percent. This did not minimize its importance. It was not until 1964 when all four sons had graduated from college that so ambitious an undertaking looked at all possible. At this point Ed and Dot Whitehouse gave us a helping hand by introducing us to travel agents Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bergeron, who were their friends.

Planning the trip and the length of stay at various places was in itself a lot of fun. Three sons were living in the far west. Therefore our first stop was Colorado to see James R. Lincoln, Jr. in Littleton. He had built a house on the mountain side in Deer Creek Canyon, which commanded a beautiful view. The location was favorable for skiing, which helped in the early training of their three children.

Our next stop was at Tucson, Arizona to see our eldest son, Ed. He had just earned his M.S. and was on his way to a Ph.D. in Zoology. He was at that time experimenting with mice, several of which were on ice awaiting autopsy. To the dedicated scientist, the combination of ice and mice did not disqualify the former for cocktail use.

We took off with Ed from our motel, Ranch House Lodge, early one morning in a full fledged snow storm, something almost unheard of in Tucson. We went to Rocky Point in Mexico where mice of a special coloring were plentiful. We were much interested in an ingenious device for separating salt from sea water. It was allowed to flow into sunken concrete vats or trenches as the tide rose and the outflow then cut off. A black covering with the sun shining on it caused heat enough to vaporize the water and the steam piped off to a condenser producing distilled water. The residual salt in the vats was then collected and water drawn in again with the next tide. This was a demonstration project by one of Ed’s fellow students which was supplying the small town with potable drinking water.

From Tucson we took off for Los Angeles for a visit with our son Tom. He was employed as an engineer with Digitran Corporation. He had great interest in mechanics specializing in electronics and had made a good deal of progress since graduating from Tulane. One enjoyable event during our stay came when Helen's college roommate, Jean Storke Menzies and her husband Ernest, drove down from Santa Barbara to join the Lincoln.

San Francisco was our point of departure for Hawaii. We had a nice send off by Helen's cousins, the Palmers. We enjoyed our voyage on the Lurline but were glad to reach Honolulu and terra firma. In retrospect. I feel thankful to have had this passage on shipboard. It was an experience belonging to the past. The powered ship has given way to the airplane as the sail gave way to steam and steam to the diesel engine.

Our hotel was the Halukelani, close to Waikiki Beach but antedating by many years the colossal buildings which now overshadow the whole area. It is an old-fashioned rambling structure close to the ground. It has expanded laterally rather than vertically by annexation of small cottages. We occupied one of these. There was an appeal in the antiquity apparent in the front office and the dining room. We enjoyed the meals. One of the main attractions was a terrace with small tables on the ocean side of the house. This was separated from the beach by a sidewalk which accommodated a procession of bathers.

Mid-winter in Hawaii with people in bathing suits on every hand was a bit incongruous. The bikini was in its early popularity but caused few lifted eyebrows any more. Cameras were very popular. At a show staged by Photographic Supply Co. we were told that when the missionaries first came to Hawaii they manifested concern regarding the scanty native attire. Now the natives feel some concern over the visitors’ attire.

Life in Honolulu was fun. We enjoyed swimming in the not-so-chilly water. There was an untroubled atmosphere. The people on the street varied widely in every respect: age, size, complexion, dress and manner. Informality was the keynote. Everybody seemed glad to be among those present. Perhaps that was largely because that’s the way I felt.

One very pleasant contact was with Dr. and Mrs. Austin Cheever, who had just taken up residence in Honolulu. The Doctor had enjoyed a successful career as a dermatologist in Boston and later opened a branch office in Hyannis. He took me to the Leper Hospital, where I saw further evidence of the results produced by modern treatment which I had so happily found in Jamaica ten years before.

We took a tour of Pearl Harbor. We were in a launch with a congenial crowd aboard, among which was a couple named Bellus. They were celebrating their 25th wedding anniversary. He was a survivor of the tragic surprise attack which precipitated World War II.

A novel experience and somewhat of an ordeal lay just ahead of us. On March 6, 1965 we took off for Japan via Japanese Airlines. The initials, "J. " everywhere in evidence around the airport looked to me alarmingly like jail. It almost seemed appropriate before our nine hour flight was over. We crossed the International Date Line, 180 degrees west longitude, and disposed of half a day in mid-air in a matter of minutes. I had crossed the equator 10 years before and 0 degrees east-west longitude some 30 years before that, but this was my first appearance in the Orient. We were more than glad to arrive in Japan. We were met by our travel guide from the Fujita Agency with a chauffeured automobile. She was an attractive young Japanese woman named Terri J. Umeda. She spoke English well.

After an eight mile journey over super highways, we arrived at the Hotel Okura, a very modern establishment. Change in time zone, change from west to east hemisphere, change to a different city and a long plane trip were confusing and exhausting. Bed could not have been more welcome.

On Sunday, still a little unadjusted to our surroundings, we were taken on a tour by Terri in the car assigned to us. We stopped at the Imperial Palace grounds. There was a museum honoring an emperor of ancient times, a powerful monarch. Large paintings depicted scenes of his life. A school of flower arrangements was keeping many busy at the moment.

To the interested surprise of our guide, we were entertained at luncheon by the ambassador from Australia. We owed our invitation to our good friends, the Minters of Marion. Sir James and Lady McIntyre were close friends of John and Betty Minter when he was in charge of U.N. Health Services in Canberra.

Naturally I felt highly honored to be the guest of such a distinguished host. He and his wife provided a gracious setting for the contact of two couples from opposite ends of the earth meeting in Japan. I have often wondered what his home in the island continent down under must be like and how it contrasts with my old homestead at Lincoln Hill.

The evening of March 8th we were guests of the Harvard Club of Tokyo at dinner. The President, Mr. George A. Furness, a distinguished Tokyo lawyer, whose Harvard College days were shortly after my time, was a gracious host. There was an illustrious gathering including Mrs. Furness, a fine looking Japanese lady. The Harvard Alumni Association and the associated Harvard Clubs, which had been functioning as two separate organizations, were amalgamating at this time. As President of the Harvard Club of New Bedford, I was asked to speak and endeavored to give some explanation as to the process of unification. I left with the Tokyo Harvard Club a typed protocol which I am sure was more informative. I have never had an adequate opportunity to thank Mr. Furness for the generous hospitality that Helen and I enjoyed that memorable evening.

The next morning Terrie called for us and put us on the ultramodern train for Kyoto. Our hotel was the Miyako, an old fashioned and very Japanese building. The doors, frame windows and partitions seemed a bit fragile, like a stage setting. Puccini's Opera, "Madame Butterfly", came to mind. I felt I was in the environment of a couple of generations ago. A Miki Moto Agency was in the building where I got Helen a pearl necklace I thought suitable, at what seemed to me a reasonable price. Anyway there have been no complaints from the recipient. I look back with pleasure on our visit to the ancient city of Kyoto.

Hong Kong is a familiar name the world around. Being one of the most cosmopolitan of cities, it lacks the distinctive cultural atmosphere of some towns we visited. My clearest recollection is that of crowded sampans and tiny rafts along the waterfront. This aggregation was jokingly dubbed the "floating population." I was mindful of the disregard of sanitation. The people living at close quarters did not seem to think of the water on which their dwellings floated as being in any way contaminated. Swarms of refugees were living on house tops. This situation seemed to be accepted as a normal way of life. I felt a bit curious about the vital statistics of this community. There were numerous rickshaws, each with a man in Chinese

garb where a horse might have been expected.

I had been invited to speak at a luncheon of the Harvard Club of Hong Kong, an honor I very much appreciated. The president of the club, Eric S.H. Chu of Kidder Peabody, called on me at my hotel, where we had a few minutes conversation. I found him a man of engaging personality.

At the luncheon the following day, I briefly commented on the amalgamation of the Associated Harvard Clubs and Harvard Alumni Association. These two organizations had functioned separately for many years, each holding an annual spring meeting and outing about commencement time with its own officers. Both existed only for furthering the interests of the University in all possible ways. The Associated Harvard Alumni is the name under which the organization resulting from the fusion of these two groups operates. My contact with the Hong Kong Harvard Club and with Mr. Chu is something I am very glad to have experienced.

Before going to Hong Kong, we had been told with emphasis that all valuables, including passports especially, must be very carefully guarded. There was one terrifying moment on checking out at the Hotel Peninsula when we couldn't locate Helen's plane ticket for the entire trip. It turned up on further exploration of the safe deposit box. After these few minutes of frantic distress we were off for the flight to Manila on KLM Airlines.

It was a great satisfaction for me to see Manila. This was a familiar name in my childhood, when we were involved in the Spanish American War and its Philippine campaign. The city proved to be a picturesque and interesting place. Our room at the hotel had a pleasant location overlooking the harbor where a ship lay at anchor. Helen had fun painting a small watercolor of the scene.

The next day we toured the city. Our driver was a pleasant man who spoke English well. He showed great interest when I mentioned Magsaysay, a popular and able premier. This incident was evidence of his popularity among his countrymen. His influence gave the Communists some concern and he is said to have died in an airplane accident.

There were many historic places in the course of our tour. Little did we realize at that time how important the Philippines were to become in our lives. A scholarship winner, Gloria R. Capco from Rezal, was to earn her Ph.D. at Massachusetts Institute of Technology and to marry our oldest son.

Much less agreeable matters concerned us as we viewed the walls of the old Spanish prison where many Filipinos had been confined or killed. We also were shown Santo Tomas University where American civilians were interned during the Japanese occupation in 1942. This is very well documented in Royal Arch Gunnison's book, "So Sorry, No Peace." The author was an able news correspondent who, with his wife, was among the unhappy internees. He was married to a Wareham girl, Marjorie Hathaway, and came to Wareham to give a lecture for the benefit of Tobey Hospital, which was well attended.

The guide books tell of the many treasures of the Orient that travelers must see, but each of us brings home special memories. Thailand was delightful, but the river and canal trip has left a more vivid impression than the splendid temples and golden Buddhas.
The floating market with its quantities of little boats and barges on the canals bore fruits, flowers, and garden produce galore. Customers created somewhat of a traffic jam. People were swimming in the not too clean water with unconcerned enjoyment. The bright sunshine lent a cheery note to the scene of human activity and a way of life in one snug little corner of the world.

An evening flight took us to Ceylon. Our hotel imparted the feeling of living in the 1890s. It was a large Victorian building on a promontory on the seashore. We had a spacious room overlooking the sea with the

pounding of the waves within earshot.

We were in Columbo on Election Day. A Communist regime was being voted out, which pleased our chauffeur guide. Although it had not yet happened, the indications were that a change in government policy was due. Voters were required to walk to the polls and to be dressed in white. The party colors were blue and green but were not in evidence in order to guard against violence. There was a very sizeable turnout as we could see while driving up to Neuvera Eliya.

The tea was being harvested. The plants are pruned periodically, cutting down the stalk for new shoots to grow. A crop of tender green leaves is thus kept available for picking. Men and women, old and young, were hard at work plucking the growing tips of the plants and filling bags to be weighed and taken to the processing factory. There they are dried, sorted and put in bins from which varying amounts are blended and packaged as different brands. Our glimpse of the workings of the tea business was interesting. It is comparable in some ways to the cultivation and harvesting of cranberries.

On March 24th we took a plane for Madras. I was suffering from severe back pain and the heat hit us both hard. We spent a hot night under mosquito netting on a four-poster bed. This was a low point in our travels. We were called at 4:30 a.m. to make a 6:30 plane to Calcutta which was a bit cooler. We registered at Grand Hotel, which we found much better once in our rooms than the exterior had led us to expect. One thing I found very depressing was the sight of human bodies lying on the sidewalk, some of whom were starving to death, or who looked as if they already had. Women with babes in their arms were begging everywhere.

We were dinner guests at the very attractive Calcutta home of James Lindsay, good friends of Helen's college roommate. It was a remarkably attractive house with a beautiful garden. Such places were numerous in the residential section of the city.

A group interested in forming a Harvard Club in Calcutta invited us to luncheon at a nearby hotel. A free flow of martinis and floor show featuring the feminine figure contributed to a carnival occasion if not to progress in organization. Our host was Mr. Hathikahnawala. He has an M.B.A. from Harvard, his wife a Ph.D in labor relations. The affair included an interesting group, among which were two American business men, Messrs. Hervey and Roberts. I consider myself fortunate to have met these people. Conversation and discussion lasted until late afternoon.

Our next stop was Agra, which we found very interesting. Broad clean streets, pleasant homes and a freedom from crowds were a contrast to Calcutta. Clark's Shirag Hotel was new and up-to-date. We were much pleased with our new quarters and with the magnificent view.


Helen and Jim at the Taj Mahal, 1965.

Our guide drove us to the Palace of Akbar, one of the most powerful rulers of that part of the world in the 16th Century. On our return trip to the city we encountered a camel caravan. I was very happy to have a chance to get a movie of this rare sight. Unfortunately the film, which we put in the mail for home, never arrived. We had better luck when we got to the Taj Mahal. Our guide offered to photograph us in front of this far famed "wonder of the world." The result was the makings of a Christmas card. We found out our guide was a professional photographer who was obliged to change his occupation because film was not available.

After a short visit to New Delhi, we took off on April 2nd for Bombay, where we arrived about midnight. Our hotel was the Taj Mahal, located near the waterfront. This gave us a beautiful view of the harbor. The general atmosphere was more up-to-date than Calcutta. We were called upon by Helen's Vassar pal, Amandi Joshi Madgowkar and her husband Parabhakar. We were entertained at their home on Sunday. An early afternoon dinner featured curry of fish and Indian dishes, which were all eaten with fingers.

A shopping tour gave us a sort of overview of saris (pronounced "sorry") and sarongs (which sounded like so wrong.) The beautiful color and texture of the fabrics was demonstrated especially well by one salesman who deftly tucked the silks into appropriate folds with one hand, holding up yards spread out to be wrapped around the customer's figure. It was a bit of India quite new to me and fascinating to watch. Helen received a handsome gift of a blue and silver silk from her friends.

Karachi will always be associated with pleasant memories. One of our incentives to visit Pakistan was a girl who had lived a year with the Weaver family in Marion, Zarin Dastur. She was an American Field Service Student in the 1958-59 program and was a classmate at Wareham High School with our son Peter and Rainer Rumold of Germany who lived with us that same year as a Wareham A.F.S. member of the Class of 1959.

Zarin had invited us to look up her family in Karachi. Helen had written ahead but had had no reply. But our tour included this stop. While waiting for our plane in the Bombay Airport, we got into conversation with a

Pakistani lady. She inquired, "What brings you to Karachi?" We explained and to our surprise she told us she was first cousin of Mr. Dastur. She further informed us that Zarin had been married to Aspi Chinoy about the time we had started our trip. When we arrived at the Hotel International, we had a phone call from him which would have been very confusing without this unexpected information. Soon after, they arrived to take us out to dinner with Mr. Dastur. From that moment on we were royally entertained.

Perhaps the most unusual event was a trip with Zarin and her father to ancient ruins in the desert country. We went in a Jeep station wagon. On the edge of town a native carrying a large gun waved us to a stop. I thought he was a brigand but he turned out to be our host's gunbearer. We never knew if he came with us for our protection or just for the ride. Our highwayman served an elaborate picnic lunch at Bhambore where the ancient Greeks had had a seaport fort, now miles distant from the coast. There is an interesting museum with many artifacts recently excavated by the Germans. The archaeological findings were fascinating, as was a modern salt refinery operating between us and the Arabian Sea. Further on we visited the ruins of Maklin and Mussilim, which are pictured on the Pakistani 10 Rupee note.

Another interesting excursion was a trip to the Arabian Sea, where the Dasturs had a beach hut. It was a simple building, but three servants served an elaborate curry with mango ice cream for dessert. It rained, very unusual especially in April. I had a camel ride, but Helen fled from the snake charmers.

The Chinoys took us to dinner and an interesting movie, showing Red China scenes and activities. We were again their guests at a restaurant with a remarkable floor show. An acrobat, if that is the appropriate term, performed an act which was the reverse of the high jump. Instead of jumping over the bar, „„he "crawled" under it, lowering it each time he succeeded in getting between it and the floor. This he did bearing all his weight on his feet. By contortions which defy description, he leaned backward with knees fully flexed until his body was parallel with the floor. He then managed by some sort of locomotion to crawl under the bar lowered as it was after each passage. He was able to get under it until it was inches from the floor.

Another remarkable act was a couple with a good sized leopard, which was restrained by a collar and a chain attached to the floor. The man, cast as an animal trainer, was stripped to the waist and could be seen to perspire freely during the performance. Obviously he was not taking things easy, although he had a whip which he used with skill and restraint. The girl, impersonating another leopard, wore a costume consisting chiefly of a leopard tail held in place by strategically located scraps of leopard skin. She caressed the leopard guardedly and did a dance in which she shared with the animal the very carefully manipulated lash of their master. It was an exciting performance. These were two of the acts from a floor show I've never seen anything to beat.

We regretfully left our gracious hosts and put in a long night making airplane connections on our way to Greece. We were in Athens at the Hotel Grand Bretagne on Constitution Square from April 13 to 16th, then took a week's cruise on the Stella Mans to the Greek Islands and up to Istanbul, once Constantinople. It was a tremendous trip, but we were glad to return to Athens in time for the Greek Easter celebrations.

A midnight watch on Greek Good Friday was something rather extraordinary to us but still fascinating. Draped sacred relics from the churches were carried through the streets. These were illuminated by candles held by all those interested, which included
US.

There was an incident which caused a bit of a flurry. The young King Constantine and Queen Anna Maria came to our hotel to have a look at the hordes of people, their subjects, filling the streets in the course of the Easter celebration. This location gave an excellent view of the city. Small balconies were attached to the rooms on our side of the building and the royal couple made use of the room next to ours. We were nearly bowled over in the hustle and bustle of the entourage as we waited, unsuspecting, for the elevator. There was

great enthusiasm on every hand for the two handsome young rulers.

After three glorious weeks in Greece, we boarded the S.S Queen Anna Maria, just acquired by the Greek Line and in the process of being renovated. By way of an odd coincidence this shit turned out to be the one on which our youngest son Peter had sailed for Europe a few years before when she was under Canadian registry. The King of Saudi Arabia was on board with a sizeable entourage. His flowing robes and pyjama-like outfit were not impressive. He was dark skinned, as were the several wives and reportedly six sons with him.

We made a brief stop at Lisbon. My chief recollection of the city from a visit in 1924 was the park shaded by old trees with grass plots, walks and beaches. On this occasion we had time only for a walk, which involved a long flight of steps and steep uphill climb. Many of the buildings had tiled facades of pleasing and interesting design. Lisbon was our point of departure and was of particular interest to us because of the many ties that we have with individuals of Portuguese extraction.

There was a pleasant feeling of combined anticipation and satisfaction in being homeward bound on the last leg of our journey. The expanse of open sea still ahead and the flight from Halifax to Boston was to be the grand finale. Confusion arose over airplane connections when we landed at Halifax. All was well when we arrived at Logan and were met by our youngest son Peter. He was resplendent in Navy uniform with a flower for Mother's Day. Home looked better than good after an eventful three month's absence.

CHAPTER XVIII
WINDUP

To those of us who knew Tobey Hospital in its infancy, there is an appeal created by its image which lives on. In the early 1950's, it became obvious that the hospital needed more bed capacity and an expansion of facilities. With the aid of a team of professional fund raisers, the necessary amount of money was pledged to proceed with the construction of additions on opposite ends of the original building. This was completed in 1954 and satisfied the most urgent hospital need temporarily. The most recent addition to Tobey Hospital is the Susanna K. Tobey Wing, added to the southern end of the existing building in 1974; it raised the hospital's capacity to 79 beds.

The growing Wareham community made increasing demands on health care, and with this growth, all departments became involved. More space for the accident room, progressively more active as the days went by, more space for the record room, the business office, the X-ray department, and the lab. The most important need was an Intensive Care Unit.

No story of Wareham would be complete without including Theodore H. Barth, a major benefactor of Tobey Hospital. He lived in New York in his early years and held an engineering degree from Stevens Institute in New Jersey, and was a partner of Carl Norden of Norden Bomb Sight Corp. Mr. Barth bought a house in Wareham about 1917 and had retired there. I met him while I was on the School Committee. He was much interested in schools and education in general. Through the Norden bomb sight connection he became a man of considerable financial importance and organized the Barth Foundation, a philanthropic corporation with a Wareham chapter. As he put it, his objective was that Wareham should have something from the foundation which it would not otherwise have. I remember him as a gentleman, a good friend. He was a philanthropist and a benefactor of Wareham and of Tobey Hospital in particular. Barth was a Trustee of the hospital.

Intensive Care Units have been a development born of the ever larger number of patients in urgent need and the improved techniques and equipment of recent decades. Tobey Hospital was given an I.C.U. in 1969, by the Barth Foundation. In the Barth Unit, a nurse's station occupies the central area with rooms on three sides which have large windows, letting the personnel on duty look into each room. Electrocardiogram recordings

are continuously visible above the windows in all cases requiring such monitoring. The Intensive Care Room and other current facilities are a far cry from the original hospital erected with funds from the Tobey estate.

An institution of such excellence has attracted a desirable group of professional people. Dr. H.C. Davis, a graduate of Columbia Medical School and a former staff member of St. Luke's Hospital, New York City, was the first roentgenologist appointed in the 1950s. Under his administration, the X-Ray Department grew to several times its original size and continues to be a very important factor in the prosperity of Tobey Hospital. Gildo Cubellis, who started when the X-ray department was small, is now head of the very busy, well staffed X-ray laboratory.

Before Dr. Davis was appointed, there would be a few people sitting on the bench in the corridor waiting for gastro-intestinal X-rays on the day of the week when Dr. Vogt of St. Luke's Hospital came to interpret the films. There was one X-ray table with a viewing room; the films were soaked in the developer and when ready were held up to the light. An occasional fracture or trauma would require an X-ray during the day, sometimes at night. The staff members on duty would come from home and the X-ray taken. Treatment would be rendered by the attending doctor.

A very large part of the time, the accident room was idle. In the old days, doctors were on call every twenty-four hours. Members of the medical staff, by taking turns and by assuming responsibility for certain days. of the week, would arrange to keep the emergency service covered. This might involve a busy night or an overload when an emergency involved many patients, as it rarely did. More often, the night would pass uneventfully. But the growth of population and the increase in size of the hospital resulted in enormous activity. A bylaw passed by the medical staff exempted members from accident room duty after age 65 but the patient load continued to increase and by the 1960's I was still putting in one night a week on call up to the time I was 75. The accident room is now covered by the Emergency Medical Associates under contract with the hospital.

The Pathology Laboratory, under the direction of Dr. Victor Kiarsis, Pathologist, has kept pace with the other departments.

Typical of this upward trend is the Clinical Laboratory. Much of the hospital activity centers about the lab facilities, available around the clock. The head of this department is John Kelenosy, a Connecticut Yankee. During the 25 years since he started, one of two technicians with a single room, he has seen a complete transformation of the department of which he is now Director. Alterations in 1964 and again in 1979 have increased the space from one to six rooms, the personnel to 16 and the number of tests annually from 56,000 to more than 150,000.

Under the terms of Alice Tobey's will, the Board of Trustees was to consist of five members: the president of the National Bank of Wareham, one selectman and the minister or priest of the Roman Catholic, the Episcopal and the Congregational Churches. This insured a competent business executive with financial expertise, an elected official of the town and a representative of the parishes of three denominations of the community. Although such an arrangement all but precluded the possibility of much hospital experience, these were men of integrity and ability.

With the increasing size of the hospital one of the changes which was included was a revision of the Board of Trustees. They are now 16 in number, 13 elected by the Board and members of the corporation. Included in the revised version are the Chief of Medical staff, the President of the Tobey Hospital Guild, and only one clergyman selected from the group of three already enumerated, rather than all three of them. The Board comprises bankers, lawyers, retired business executives, teachers and other representatives of the professions. They serve without pay, hold monthly meetings and serve on various committees as the

occasion arises. They are responsible for new programs, new equipment, additions to the staff and improved services for the patients and financial management of Tobey Hospital. Recent chairmen of the Board of Trustees have been Theodore H. Barth, W. Latimer Gray, Edwin A. Whitehouse, Walter E. Longmore, Edward Griffin, and currently, Ralph Hayden.

Looking back across the years at Tobey, other names come to mind. One man who was connected with the Tobey family and then the hospital was Jack Galligan. He found favor with the Tobeys and was employed by them for many years. A graduate of Tabor Academy in the early 1900's, he was named permanent secretary of the hospital's Board of Trustees when the corporation was founded. He never married; he enjoyed swapping repartee and pleasantries with the nurses and women of the hospital staff. The hospital provided him with living quarters and he served faithfully as Secretary of the Board until he died, in his nineties.

Warren E. Bishop was appointed administrator of Tobey Hospital in 1973. His qualifications include an R.N. from McLean Hospital; a B.S. degree in psychiatric nursing from Boston University, and a degree, Master of Public Administration, from the accredited Hospital Administration program.

Helen Maloney is Executive Secretary of Tobey Hospital. She fills many positions: Secretary to the present Administrator, Warren Bishop, and Recording Secretary and Clerk Pro-tem 4o the Board of Trustees. She attends a majority of the meetings of the medical staff and its committees, recording and distributing their minutes. Mrs. Maloney started her career at Tobey under the administration of Helen Koenig in 1952. The Medical Records Department was then a one-girl office located on the third floor. In 1958 Sylvia McLaughlin became her assistant and that department expanded. With the advent of Mr. Bishop, Helen became Secretary of the Administration Department. Her remarkable efficiency, pleasing personality and ready smile are great assets to her enormous job.

The Records Department has expanded with the growth of the hospital. Sylvia McLaughlin, now head of the department, has kept pace with her responsibilities. She has continued to work while she has studied and qualified as registered record librarian at the American Record Associates in Boston.

Like every facet of the expanding hospital, the Fiscal Department has increased in size and expertise. Jack Galligan was the first to serve, followed by Miss Selma Wheeler, who ably carried on until retirement age. On July 1, 1966, Mrs. Phyllis Luce came to Tobey, the same date Medicare became law. As a graduate of Fisher College, Boston, Mrs. Luce was well qualified for the job and has met the challenge of government regulations, which involve an enormous amount of extra cost and records.

In 1943 Tobey Hospital did not have a library. A few textbooks lay on the shelf in what was then the doctors' room (later to become the X-ray office.) Plans for space to locate the library were discussed by the medical staff and the trustees but no action was taken until the South Wing was built. Very adequate quarters were provided but the shelves were at least half empty. In 1971, the Trustees authorized the employment of a Librarian. A very suitable candidate was discovered in the person of Mrs. George Mock. She was a lady of pleasing personality, a high order of intelligence and a qualified librarian. She accepted the position with enthusiasm. Her know-how and cooperative spirit produced results promptly. A budget was set up, the books received the best of care and the shelves were soon filled with top flight medical literature.

All was well until she was offered a job by Jim Wickenden as librarian at Tabor Academy, which was something she could not well refuse. We were fortunate in having available the services of Mrs. John Duggan. Her enthusiasm is at once disarming and stimulating. Hard working, energetic and unfailingly courteous, she conducted the library affairs remarkably well and promoted cooperation with other Medical Libraries to very good advantage. In addition, she carried on the program of public relations. She was indeed a live wire. Her recent retirement has left a vacancy hard to fill.

No hospital can function without nurses, and the quality of this profession at Tobey has always been high. During the last forty years many dedicated women have staffed our hospital.

Mrs. Uuno Penti is the Director of Nurses. Rachel grew up in Wareham and attended the local schools. She married "Gus" while in training at the Massachusetts General Hospital, where she received her R.N. in 1942. She first came to Tobey Hospital in 1944 and has been here ever since except for a few years in the sixties, when she was employed as Town nurse in her home town of Carver. Mrs. Penti has filled most nursing jobs, being night supervisor before she became supervisor of nurses and in 1973 Director of Nurses. She is a shining example of a dedicated nurse.

One of the members of the original Tobey Hospital staff was Dr. Lucius S. Nye of Leominster, Massachusetts. He was a graduate of Tufts Medical School and moved to Wareham in 1936. He bought the house where the late Dr. Wilfred Gove had his home and office on Sawyer Street and in so doing filled a need. Dr. Gove had been a popular figure and was well liked and respected by his colleagues.

Wareham was lucky in having in his successor such a man as Dr. Nye, a very able and well trained general practitioner. He was active in obstetrics and took a great interest in anesthesia, in which he had special training. He and Dr. Goldfarb supplied a very adequate anesthesiology service in the hospital's early days. Betty Nye, his wife, who had an R.N. from Children's Hospital, was a valuable member of the community. Among her contributions was serving as President of the Visiting Nurse Association. In 1965, Dr. Nye retired and moved to East Thetford, Vermont.

My early recollections of Wareham include Dr. Charles S. Gleason, a very active practitioner. He was a prominent member of the community from the early 1890s until the late 1920s. Following the fire of 1907 which devastated Wareham, he built a house partly of field stone at the corner of High and Sawyer Streets. The latter bears the name of Dr. Sawyer, who was a well known physician and of especial importance to me because he officiated at my birth.

The Gleason house now contains the office of the previous owner's son, also named Charles Sherman Gleason. He was born in Boston, though a Wareham resident ever since and a graduate of Wareham High School in the late 1930's. He was graduated from Harvard College and Tufts Medical School. His internship at Newton Wellesley Hospital coincided with that of Dr. Elizabeth Hooper, also of Tufts. Her grandfather had been a top executive at one time in Tufts University.

She married "Sherm" and he brought her back to Wareham, where they set up practice together in 1950, he as a pediatrician, she as a general practitioner. This husband and wife team has been eminently successful in the professional world and in the affections of Warehamers. Drs. Betty and Sherman Gleason are parents of five children, among them a nurse and a doctor of medicine, thus keeping alive a family tradition of medicine. The Gleason story is part of the history of Wareham still in the making.

The merits of a centrally located office building housing a number of physicians became increasingly obvious. This need was well recognized by Dr. Gallison, when he joined the hospital staff. He had bought a house in Marion, which temporarily included the office. It was mainly through his efforts and enterprise that the organization known as the Tobey Medical Center was established.

The building chosen was the former home of a Wareham merchant, E.N. Thompson, at 106 Main Street. Mr. Thompson had operated a dry goods and grocery store since the post-Civil War era. His store had stood where the town parking lot is now located, next to the Savings Bank. The reconstruction and the transition from the residence of a prominent family of the old town to a lively center of activity in the "new town" was complete.

The opening of the Tobey Medical Center in 1967 was a gala event. The guests were received by the occupants of the building and shown their new quarters. Dr. Davis T. Gallison, who was responsible for the venture, was congratulated on his success. Dr. Matthew C. Finn, Surgeon, who had joined the Tobey Hospital staff in 1965, shares a suite in the front of the building with Dr. Gallison. A group of doctors, all internists, Dr. Larry Seidl, Dr, Thomas Geagan and Dr. John Howard, have been tenants since the early days. There have been some changes since 1967. Dr. Seid moved to Wyoming in 1977 to the regret of many. Two other in ternists, Dr. Thomas Gleason and more recently Dr. Stroud, have joined this group.

Thomas Geagan is a native of the Boston area and received his M.D. from Tufts Medical School. He came to Tobey Hospital in 1969 and became associated with Dr. Larry Seidl. He was one of the first tenants in Tobey Medical Center and has become a well established and important member of the medical community. In addition to his practice he has given the hospital valuable services as a member of the Pharmacology Committee.

One man who rates special attention is Mr. Thomas Spiro. He is the only Physicians Assistant who has been associated with Tobey Hospital. He is a native of Worcester and was awarded this title from Dartmouth University. He served a preceptorship under Dr. Seidl and has given valuable services in the health care of Tobey Hospital.

Dr. John B. Howard is a native of Mattapoisett. He received both his academic degree and M.D. from Yale. He completed his training in Boston, which included a residency at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital. He had special training in Cardiology and has rendered important service by his expertise in implanting pacemakers. This has become a procedure of increasing importance in the health care field. In coming to Tobey, he returned to his native haunts and maintains a branch office in Mattapoisett.

A comment on Dr. Tom Gleason is in order. He is my attending physician, which gives us a mutual interest in the field of geriatrics.

Dr. Eliot Taylor, an opthalmologist, and his recent associate, Dr. Timothy E. Goslee, are among the staff members who have their offices in this building.

Dr. Charles C. Parsons, orthopedic specialist who occupied space in the Center when he came to Wareham in 1971, has recently moved into a building of his own at 21 Sandwich Road. Dr. Price M. Chenault, also an orthopedic surgeon, has joined him in this new facility, within easy distance of Tobey.

Dr. Ralph Angus, head of the Obstretrical and Gyneocologic Service at Tobey Hospital, has started a group practice in Obstetrics and Gynecology which includes Dr. Robert F. Cooney and Dr. Raymond A. Gagnon. Their office is located at 137 Main Street opposite Tobey Hospital.

The Tobey Medical Center and other nearby offices have supplied space for the ever increasing number of physicians serving OU1 community. In the course of the years, many changes have occurred; some have retired, others have died and some have moved to other localities. The high quality of the medical and health care services available in Wareham is a source of pride to the entire community.

My association with Tobey Hospital, covering a span of more than a quarter century, has been marked by a long list of contacts with people I am happy to call my friends.

Larry Seidl is one of my friends. He came to Wareham in 1967, making a specialty of internal medicine which actually involved family practice. We first got acquainted at five o'clock in the morning at Tobey Hospital. I had been called to see my good friend Ray Rider, who was suffering from a severe persistent

attack of vomiting. Hospital admission had been achieved only after solving the problem of finding a bed and I was struggling under difficulties. It was a great relief to see the young doctor, just come to town, on the scene. He also was involved in an early morning emergency. He was a man of proven ability and a willing consultant. I made some comment about being a "has-been." He took issue with me, declaring that rendering pre-dawn treatment to hospitalized patient was inconsistent with that terminology.

Larry attended Western Reserve, where he combined scholar ship with being an All-American football player. He graduated from Harvard Medical School. His post-graduate work centered around Boston City Hospital, where he interned. Here he met his bride to be, Lorraine McDougall, who was in training for her R.N.

When they came to Wareham they bought the home of the late Dr. Walter Lyle. Helen and Lorraine enjoyed each other's company, sharing many interests such as art, the out-of-doors and homemaking. The young Seidls, Larry, Jr., Anne and Amy seemed to accept the Lincolns as honorary grandparents, filling a void left by our faraway children. Amy became a special pal of mine although Mary Catherine (Kate) and Tom, who were born ii Wareham, are also very special.

Joint outings became a treat to all of us. One special occasion we all piled into the Seidl station wagon late in the fall for a bird watching trip to Little Compton, R.I. A picnic there was a delight even if the hawks failed to arrive on schedule as predicted by the Audubon Society.

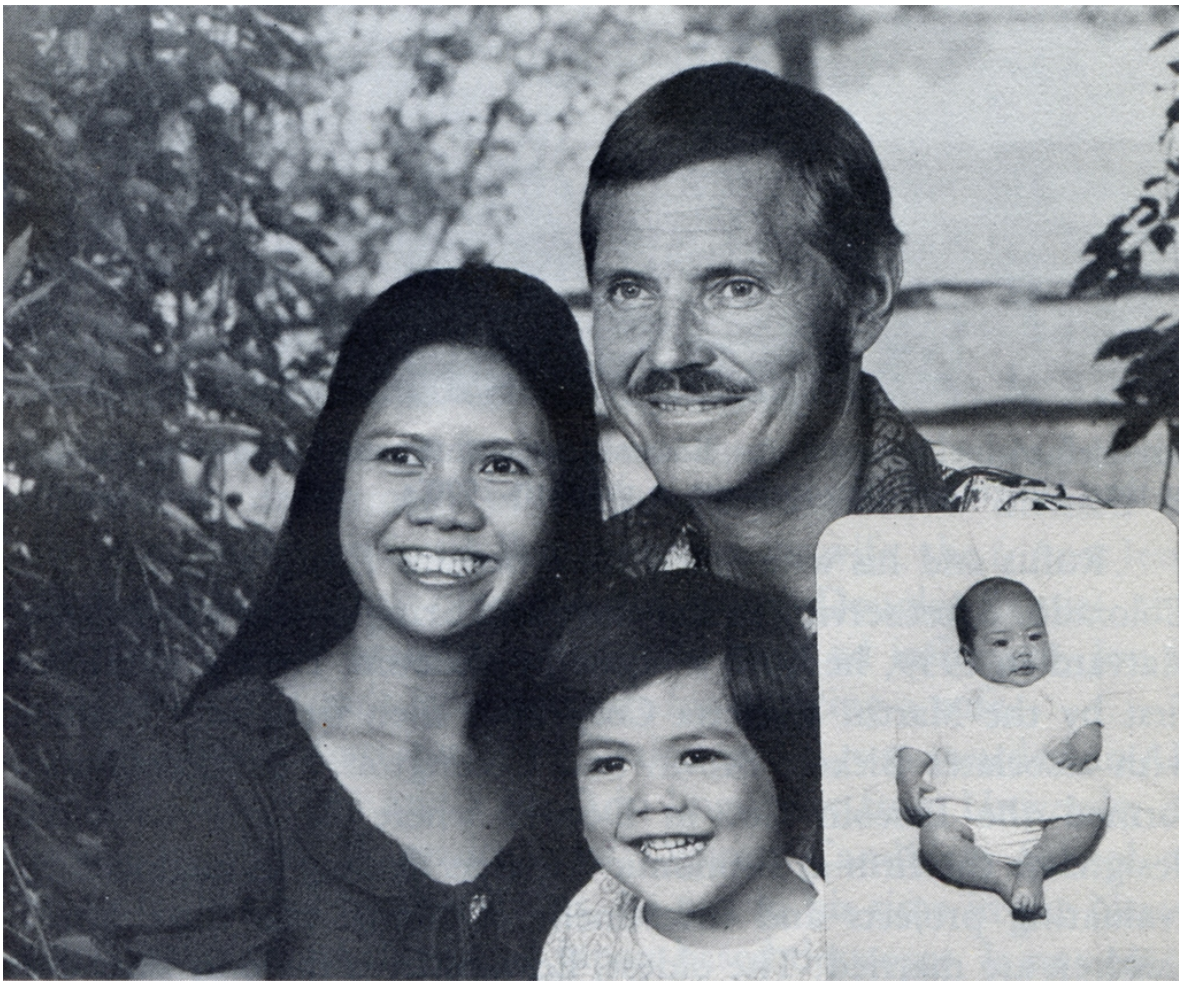
As Larry's practice expanded and there came to be five young Seidls, the family moved to a delightful home in Mattapoisett near Ned's Point. It was a sad day when Dr. Seidl decided that moving to Wyoming would be stimulating for all of them. Since 1977, we miss them all and have been glad we were able to visit briefly in Wyoming and look forward to the day when the elder son and daughters come east to college.

Matt Finn, who joined the Tobey staff in 1965, was known to me through his wife, the former Patricia Havens. Pat's mother had been a close friend of Margaret Turnbull Murray, whose husband, Sam, was a very special pal of mine from college and New York days. Matt purchased the former home and office of Dr. Nye when he first came to Wareham. The advent of the Finns was a cause for rejoicing. When the Seidls came to town in 1967 they added to our circle of friends, becoming closer with the passage of time. This meant a great deal to me. Then in my late seventies, I was becoming painfully aware of the gaps in the ranks of my contemporaries. New friendships in advancing years can mean very much. It was no secret that I was in my 80th year and it was known to the Finns and Seidls that November 12th was the natal day.

Through the happy combination of the Seidls" kindness and the generous hospitality of the Finns, I was given a gala birthday party at the Finn's new home in Marion. The gathering was of many friends, but the surprise of finding Sam and Margaret Murray, especially invited to come from Concord to spend the night, added extra zest to the occasion, and provided another treasured memory.

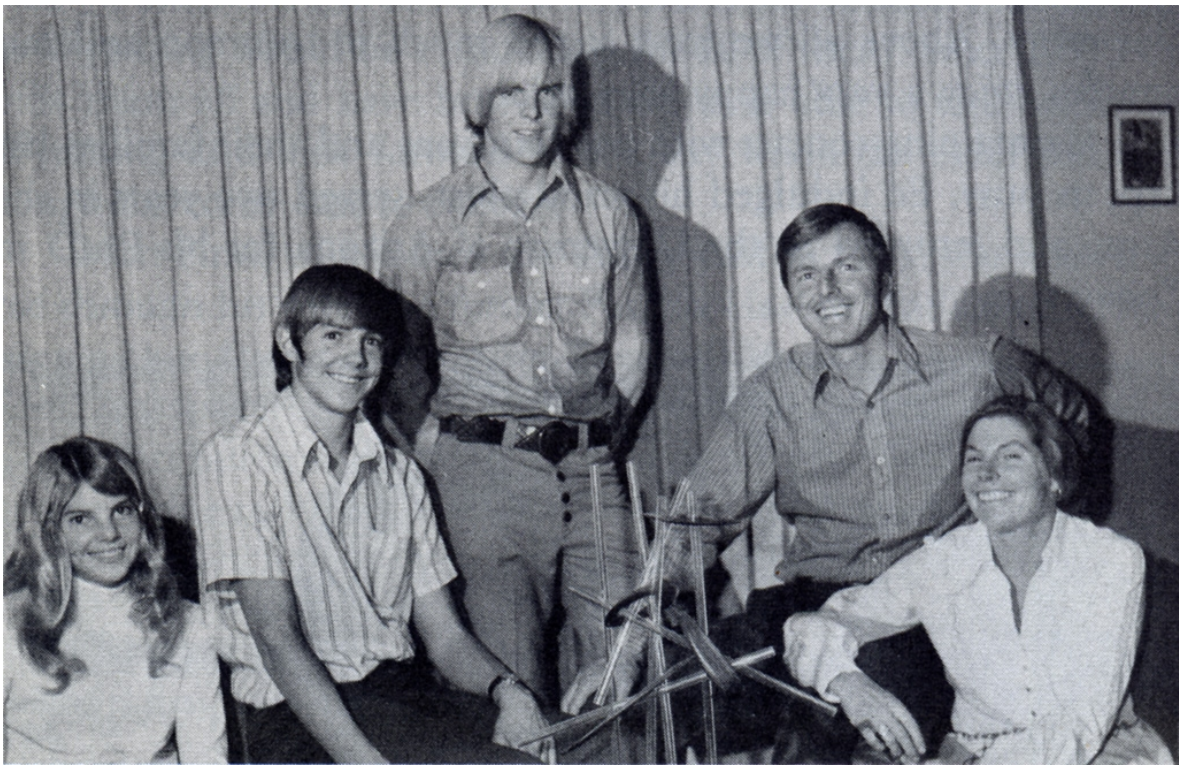
Dr. Charles C. Parsons of Gladwine, Pa. joined the Tobey Hospital staff in 1971. He is a graduate of Bucknell College and Temple University. After an internship in Colorado he came to live in Marion and has become head of the Orthopedic service. His success in applying modern techniques to the age old hip fracture difficulties has been an enormous contribution. His partner, Price M. Chenault, a graduate of Brown University with an M.D. from Albany Medical College, Albany, N.Y., has greatly augmented the Orthopedic service. He and Dr. Parsons have established a relationship of great benefit to all. I stress the advent of Charlie Pa sons because it coincided with my 80th birthday, which we both celebrate on November 12th. Also his Bucknell connection is important to me, owing to the fact that my paternal grandmother w a member of the Moore family, who were co-founders of the University. Above all we have found much in common and of families enjoy a very happy association.

Maintaining contact with our four sons and their families have kept us busy. Ed indulged his wanderlust, served two years in the Army and returned to the University of Arizona for his Ph.D in Zoology.



Gloria Capco Lincoln, Teddy (Edward P. Jr.), and Edward Palmer Lincoln with tiny Laura in inset, 1979.

A difficult period of adjustment followed, but he found the right opening in the University of Florida. After taking up reseal there he made important advances in the growth of algae as part of a program in nutritional sciences which he is pursuing as an Assistant Professor in the University. His work has received international recognition. Trips to Israel and Peru have been sponsored by the University of Florida. He lives in Gainesville with his pleasing wife Gloria and two children, Edward Palmer, Jr., 7, and Laura, 2.



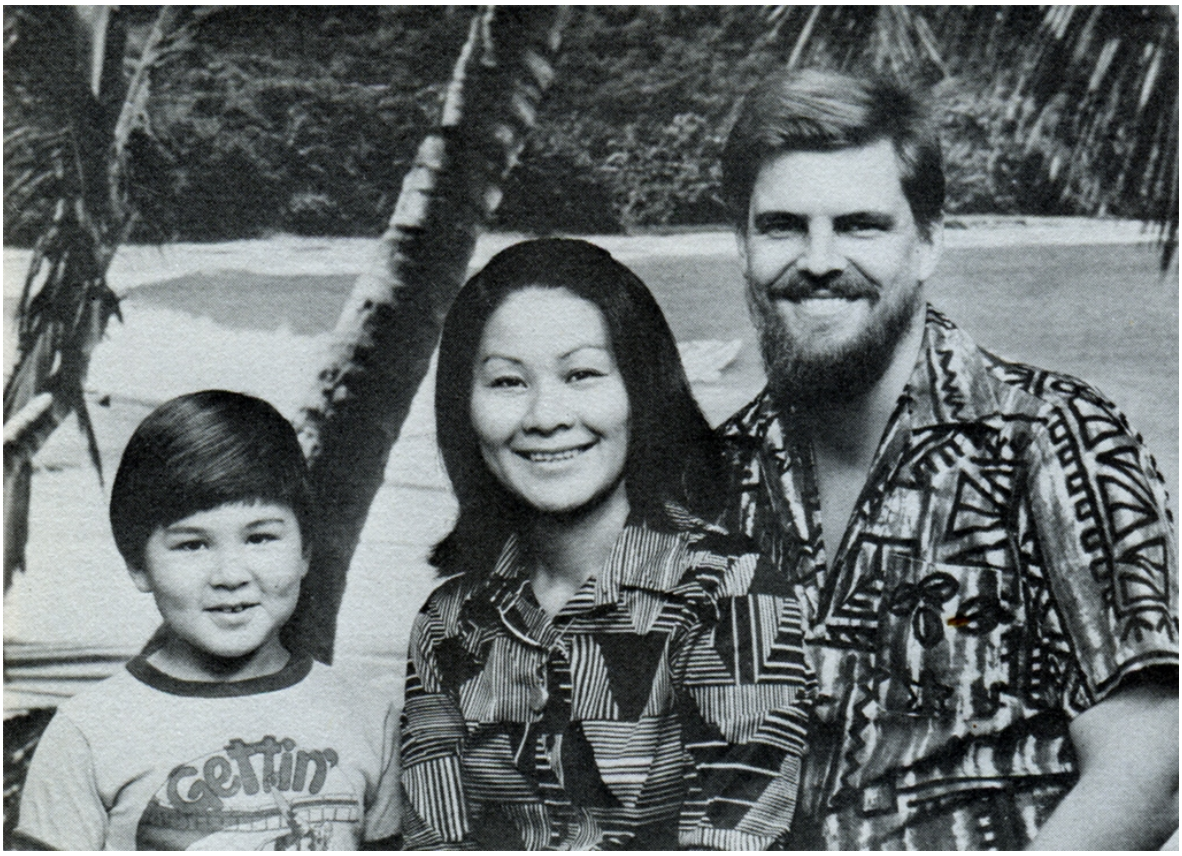
From left, Anne, Robert Rufus, Edward James, Rufus and his wife Marty Lincoln at their Littleton, Colorado home in the early 1970’s.

Rufus and his wife Marty have become firmly established in Colorado. After serving in the Navy and being awarded an MBA at Harvard in 1959, he built a house in Littleton. He was employed first by the Martin Marietta Corp. and then went into business with associates Bickert Brown and Codington. He subsequently formed the Lincoln Co. in Denver where he now lives. He designates the firm as Economic Advisers dealing in engineering, evaluating projects and investment of funds. His three grown children are married. The oldest, Edward, is the only skier ever to do the triple back flip in competition. This event was eliminated from competitive sports because it is too dangerous. The second son, Robert R., a graduate of Bates College in Maine, married his classmate from O.C.S. Lorraine Jones. They are both in the Navy. The youngest, Anne, achieved sufficient fame as a skier to get her picture on the cover of "Ski Magazine."


Tom with his son James Douglas and wife Jennifer (L.L.) Lincoln in 1979.

Our third son Tom has an engineering degree from Tulane He has pursued this profession since then. Presently head of the engineering department of Malco Corporation, a division Microdot, he lives in South Pasadena with his wife, the former Jennifer Lee Lowell. They have one son, James Douglas (Jamie), the kind that "even" grandparents would extol ad infinitum. Jen living proof of Tom's inherited gift for selecting a wife.

My number four son, Peter Craig Lincoln, was awarded an . at Stanford in 1963 and a Ph.D in linguistics from University Hawaii in 1976. A graduate of Officers Candidate School Newport, like his brother Rufus, he put in his time in the No which included sea duty on a Japan-based destroyer. It was emotionally upsetting to him when he was compelled to give the command to fire on a thickly populated shore in the Vietnam are



Ken Koga Lincoln, Satako Koga Lincoln, and Peter Craig Lincoln, 1980.

Peter married a Japanese girl, Satato Koga. Her father died injuries received serving in the Japanese Army. Her aunt Honolulu brought her up and it was at the University of Hawaii that she and Pete met. Following their marriage on Thanksgiving day in 1970, Peter embarked on intensive study of Austro Melanesian languages, which has taken him to primitive places. His wife and young son, born in 1971, spent a year in a small village in Bougainville where they lived in a grass hut, and nine months in another New Guinea village, Gitua. Their most recent sojourn was in New Zealand. Ken Koga Lincoln has been exposed to many languages in which his father has become an authority.

It is a joy to have four happy homes to visit, and even better to welcome them to the old homestead.

Retirement

In the spring of 1977, I retired from practice. Hearing loss and defective vision had already interfered with many of my activities. I had given up night driving a few years before. I had exceeded the age limit for active membership on the medical staff at Tobey Hospital. Insurance rates for professional liability, i.e., malpractice coverage, had suddenly risen to the point that they were prohibitive. With great reluctance I closed my office door and discontinued my answering service. This was one of the most important decisions of my life. It is hard to describe the emotions that I feel. There was, to be sure, a sense of relief, of emancipation. I would no longer be called out in the night to assume major responsibilities which would be heavy at the peak of energy and acquire let alone at the zero hour which comes between midnight and dawn. I would no longer feel the limitations on social life, which are not major problems, but at times are pretty trying. Much more important, I would have more time for my wife and family.

On the other hand, I felt a profound sense of loss something akin to it. I would never again be doing anything so important. I would be engaged in matters, whatever they might be, which had previously been relegated to time off. I felt almost as it were playing hookey. There was a subtle change in the attitude some

of my colleagues. In some cases, it amounted almost to estrangement. Sometimes I have a sense of tolerance merging in, sympathy, perhaps even at times envy.

The unkindest cut of all was the day when a patient came the door with troubles to be taken care of. To have to turn away someone who asked me for help, filled me with something deep, than regret which stirs me whenever I think of it. To be no long needed, a has-been and unimportant can be hard to take. At the same time, the many cards I received from loyal and beloved patients wishing me well have been a great consolation. And yet, from my retirement, I can survey a Wareham whose medical scene has changed greatly over the years since my youth and since I returned to the town in 1943 to practice, a town where my family has grown up, town where my forebears have lived since the 1700s, and a town where I can enjoy my retirement in my own home.

LINCOLN HILL
The Story of a Colonial Farmhouse
and American Home
WAREHAM, MASSACHUSETTS
DECEMBER 1963

LINCOLN HILL
The homestead as historic landmark

Over two and one-half centuries ago one John Bumpus of Rochester made his will. On 10 July, 1710, he bequeathed his house, "My n dwelling", to his wife. He appears to have been a builder of some note, and presumably had built this dwelling a considerable time previous as he refers in this document to his physical infirmities. At all events, the occupant in 1720 is said to have referred to it as "an old house"

Nearly ninety years later, 1799, this house was purchased from a David Nye by Captain Rufus Lincoln, a miller of Taunton and Revolutionary war veteran.

Situated on a hill of about 150 feet elevation, it commanded a view of the Weweantic River which was one of the most distinctive features of what has ever since been known as Lincoln Hill. A parcel of approximately 130 acres was included in the purchase, extending back from the road which then skirted the hill on the South to what is now Route 28 on the North and East. At this juncture Wareham was still part of Rochester.

It was in 1739 that Squire Fearing rode to Boston on horseback to effect the incorporation of the town of Wareham. This was arduous undertaking for it involved a ride of about fifty miles. 1 Old Colony Railroad was still in the far distant future for it was incorporated until 1846.

The generations succeeding the important year, 1799, fu watched the inception and decline of the Railroad and rise and fall the trolley road which crossed Lincoln Hill about the turn of century, to be discontinued one-quarter of a century later.

Captain Rufus Lincoln relinquished control of the property-was succeeded in 1831 by his son Minor Sprague Lincoln who was active and enterprising citizen, a member of the Bunker Hill Association, and an incorporator of the Old Colony Railroad. He seems have made an interesting miscalculation, however, as a magnificent big barn was built on the hill with stalls for six stagecoach horses. This must have nearly coincided with the completion of the railroad for horses never were stabled there and it has always been known the "new Barn".

December 1885. "Lincoln Hill," Wareham, Mass. - Looking North

View of the original house, sheds carriage houses and barn - From the west

1963 - The house with more recent addition, looking North

1963 - As seen from the West

Over the years additions were built on the east end of the "salt box" house; first the kitchen, then the laundry, then a woodshed. Following this, two bedrooms were incorporated in this wing which were nicknamed "Oregon" as it was at the time when that state admitted to the Union.

In the days of the "underground railroad"*, when slaves were spirited away through northern states to freedom across the Canadian border, Wareham was one of the "stations" on the route. Understandably, written records of this enterprise are not plentiful, but a loft in the out-building which included the carriage house, was knows members of the family as a hiding place for escaping slaves, one of whom, at least, returned in later years to pay his respects and express his gratitude.

In the eighties, after the death of Minor Sprague Lincoln passed the ninety year mark, his successor, under the influence Victorian New York City architecture, added a wing of four high ceilinged rooms which were not architecturally compatible but have proved serviceable. It was not until 1910 that electric lights plumbing were installed. It would surprise a large portion of present generation to know how many houses there were at that time without bathrooms. These improvements involved replacement of the line of outbuildings with the present addition which houses kitchen and library. This gives the appearance of three houses consolidated into one, but provides a beautiful and comfortable home steeped in tradition. To date the homestead on Lincoln Hill housed, in all, seven generations of the Lincoln family which moved from Taunton by oxcart at the beginning of the nineteenth century

*Historical Atlas of the United States, Clifford L. Lord, Henry Holt & New York Publishers, page 92-map 146, Routes of Underground Railroad Slave trains.

Reference : Pictures of original house taken from "The Lincoln Family of Wareham" by James Minor Lincoln, privately printed in 1885.

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