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A Doctor's Story

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A DOCTOR'S STORY
The Early Years
Early 1942

MY GOAL, JEFFERSON

Now, in the closing months of 1941, I had finally caught up to my Pre-Med class. I was becoming acquainted with many of them, and became close friends of some of them as time went by. I found that all of us had a single purpose in life and that was to do as well as we could in our studies and to be accepted in a Medical School.

We went to all the same lectures, worked in the laboratories together, and as we went along, we discovered that we were a diverse lot. Some of the Pre-Meds were outgoing, some quiet, some reserved, a few unsociable, and most of us had a tendency to be loners. Everything that we attained was by dint of our own effort. No one can study for you or take exams for you; no one can do your lab tests for you; and no one harasses you to do anything.

I had done passably well in my courses in the first semester. I passed all of them, but I was definitely not Phi Betta Kappa material.

After a Christmas break, I returned to State College to begin my second semester. Again, I had Organic Chemistry, the two courses in Physical Chemistry, and two electives. Pre-Med students received no special privileges in these courses. We had the same material to cover as Chemistry majors, Physics majors, and Chemical Engineers. We were working side by side with some intellectual young men as well as a few women.

After the outbreak of war in December, quite a number of men students left college to enter the military service. I'm not certain how many women students left for the same purpose, but I heard of a few who didn't return for the second semester.

Suddenly, the whole country was united in the war effort. The peaceniks and the isolationists had faded into the background, their voices no longer heard.

In early 1942, we were advised to stay in school because there was to be a great demand in the years ahead for Chemists, Physicists, Chemical Engineers, and Physicians. Dentists, Veterinarians, and other essential personnel would be needed, and they too were advised to continue with their studies.

The time had arrived for us to consider and to make arrangements for a class trip to Philadelphia, to visit the four Medical Schools there. In the spring, we went together and visited Penn, Temple, Hahnemann, and Jefferson.

This was a great thrill for me for two reasons. One: I had never been in a Medical School before, and Two: I was trying to make up my mind as to which of these schools I would like to attend, if I was accepted.
For some reason, most of us wanted to go to a Philadelphia school for our medical training, and the sentimental favorite was Jefferson.

I had never heard of Jefferson, until my classmates at State told me about it. This shows you what a country boy I was. All I know is that I was enthralled by this new experience and these were exciting days.

I was very much impressed by Jefferson, although I didn't know anything about the school, and decided that I definitely would apply there as well as to the other three Philadelphia Medical Schools.

All of us sent in our applications and the appropriate fee that spring, and went on with our studies.

By now, my father was doing well in the automobile insurance business, and was branching out into fire and life insurance. Since he was now financially solvent and had paid off his creditors from 1931 and 1932, I had no hesitation in asking him for the money for the fees for the four Medical Schools. He was happy to do it, and I'm sure that he was very proud of the direction my life was taking.

We were notified that all Schools and Universities throughout the country were now on a year round basis, and at the conclusion of the semester, we would start our Senior year at Penn State within a few days, and I discovered that I would graduate in December of 1942 instead of May of 1943.

The whole country was on a war time footing, unemployment was almost non-existent, people were moving to the cities throughout the country to work in the defense industries, and many women were coming into the work place too, doing men's jobs in many instances.

We were not only meeting our own needs and supplying all the necessary equipment to fight the war, but our country was also supplying planes, tanks, ships, jeeps, and other war supplies to our Allies.

The R.O.T.C. at Penn State was very active, and on campus many courses were set up for the training of officers from all branches of the service.

The Germans were stopped in Russia and their troops suffered through a bitterly cold winter. They almost made it into Moscow and other major Russian cities but they had reached the end of their rope, and never regained their momentum.

In the Pacific, the Japanese took the Philippines, but in June of 1942, in a big engagement with our fleet, they lost four aircraft carriers in the Battle of Midway.

From this date, the tide began to turn in our favor in the Pacific.
In the summer semester in 1942, I was taking my final college Chemistry courses, Physiological Chemistry. Along with this, we were taking Anatomy, and more elective courses, including Psychology.

Approximately fifteen or twenty of us received an invitation to come to Jefferson in Philadelphia for an interview. We didn't know what to make of this, but it appeared to be a favorable sign.

We went as a group by bus to Harrisburg and by train to Philadelphia. We were excited and apprehensive about being interviewed. However, youth and confidence were on our side.

My interview was with Dean Perkins, and I came into his office where he was seated behind a large desk. He stood up and shook hands with me, asked me to be seated, and the first question he asked me was why I wanted to become a doctor.

He was a middle aged man of average height, with graying hair, wearing a dark suit, white shirt and tie, and he had a pleasant smile and a soft spoken, laid back manner. He made me feel at ease.

Immediately, I launched into a dissertation about my boyhood and how I admired the doctors in Delta and Cardiff from a distance, and in those early days, that I would like to be like them. I also told him about the dream that I had one night while lying on my bed when the four doctors and my eighth grade teacher stood at the foot and told me that I should study medicine. I told him that I had switched to the Pre-Med curriculum within a few days, and had enjoyed every minute of it at Penn State.

He sat quietly, and listened, not interrupting me once. He had a half smile on his face and seemed quite attentive and interested in what I was telling him.

Altogether, I rattled on for fifteen minutes, and not once did he act as if I was taking up too much of his time.

Finally, I stopped speaking, and wondered if I had talked too much. He didn't ask me any more questions. Thinking about it later, I guessed that he was afraid to ask me another question for fear that I would give him another fifteen minute answer.

I've often wondered if he had ever gotten another fifteen minute answer to one question, and decided that very likely he had. Maybe he had never gotten a similar answer to the one I gave him.
We sat there for a moment looking at each other, and finally he stood up, held out his hand and shook hands with me, he smiled and said, "I've enjoyed meeting you and you will hear from us."

I left his office and pondered about his final words. When I heard from Jefferson, was the answer to be yes or no?

What I didn't know at the time and found out later, was that Jefferson liked Penn State Pre-Med students because they were always well prepared and always did very well in Medical School.

None of us received an answer as to whether we were to be accepted or rejected at Jefferson, and we returned to State College, arriving late that night.

We continued on with our studies, attending classes, participated in sports on the intramural level, studied every night, and often walked a couple of blocks to Peros, an ice cream parlor, where we would get an ice cream cone or sometimes a sundae. I liked butterscotch most of all.

In the early autumn, four of us, the other three fellows were engineering students, sometimes walked downtown to the Rathskellar for a sandwich and a pitcher of beer. All of us were past twenty-one, and were never challenged when we went in.

The war in Europe was pretty much at a stand still. The Russians had stopped the Germans in their tracks and the Germans were moving in to the Balkans and into Italy. In North Africa, the British had trouble with General Rommel and his Africa Korps, but with our help were starting to get the upper hand.

Japan was moving into Southeast Asia, had taken Hong Kong, Singapore, and the Philippines.

General Douglas McArthur and most of his staff had escaped and had moved their headquarters to Australia, where he was placed in charge of the Southeast Asia command.

In State College, we were hopeful that the war effort would turn in our favor, and we had confidence that it would, but in early autumn of 1942, we weren't certain how it was going to go.

We could see that the war industries were in high gear and that our country was turning out a prodigious amount of the instruments of war.
A DOCTOR'S STORY
The Early Years
Late 1942

AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE

On a crisp, sunny day in early autumn of 1942, I received a letter from Assistant Dean Crider of Jefferson, notifying me that I was accepted as a member of the next Freshman class which was to begin in April of 1943. I was extremely happy about this development because Jefferson was my first choice among the four Philadelphia Medical Schools.

After I read the letter, sitting at my desk in my second floor room at Fairmount Hall, I sat perfectly still for a while, deep in thought. For me, this was the reward of all of the long hours of study that I had put in at State. It was difficult for me, at that moment, to believe that this was really happening to me. Here I was, only three plus years removed from Delta High School, preparing to move on to Medical School. My boyhood days, my high school days, the Great Depression, my work on my grandparent's farm, my father losing his business, our humble circumstances throughout the nineteen thirties, all passed in review through my mind. Finally, I got to my feet, feeling very joyous, and I wanted to run out on Fairmount Avenue and yell at the top of my voice, "I made it into Jefferson! I made it into Jefferson!" There was no one around. Everyone was still in class on campus. I had to settle for waiting for my roommate to return late that afternoon to tell him, and that evening I told my land lady and she congratulated me. I got off a note to my parents the next morning.

In the next two or three days, I found out that every one of the Pre-Meds in my class who applied at Jefferson was accepted there. We were a happy group.

In December, I graduated with a Bachelor of Science degree, and another phase of my life came to an end. I was sorry, in a way, to see my days at Penn State terminate. I had enjoyed my four academic years at State, mostly because I enjoyed going to lectures, working in the labs shoulder to shoulder with my classmates, making lasting friendships, attending many sporting events, and the glitter and hustle of campus life.

In addition, I actually enjoyed all the study involved, although at times during those four years I sometimes became a trifle discouraged because of the complexity of the course materials, which I often did not understand in the beginning.

I looked forward with anticipation to Medical School in Philadelphia.

My father and mother came to my graduation and afterwards they and my roommate and I went to the Autoport for lunch. We said our good-byes to Gordon, and returned to Delta.
I was to spend the winter in Delta, and my cousin, Eddie, got me a job working with the line gang at the Bainbridge Naval Training Station. This was a new training facility for the Navy and was being built on the grounds of the former Tome School on the heights above the Susquehanna River near Havre de Grace in Maryland.

Our electrical outfit was responsible for all of the lighting and electrical work on the new base. I lost count of how many post holes I dug. It was a cold, rainy winter, but my one consolation was the happy thought that Medical School was getting closer with every passing day.

All of my friends from my High School days were gone from Delta, mostly in the Military Service. All of my girl acquaintances around town were away at college.

I did a lot of reading, was on a bowling team at Fullerton's Alleys, and worked at Bainbridge, and that was the extent of my winter.

For the first time, I became aware of a wonderful American in Washington, General George C. Marshall, the Chief of Staff of our Army. He was one of our unsung heroes during World War II, as he was a low key, reserved man who never sought the spotlight, but he had a keen intellect and an iron will, and he had a single goal and that was to win the war against Germany and Japan.

President Roosevelt gave him a free hand with his duties, as he trusted him and recognized his outstanding talents and wanted nothing to stand in his way.

In North Africa, General Rommel's German Army was stopped short of Egypt and their battle there was at a standstill.

The war with Japan, at this time, in early 1943, was pretty much in a holding pattern, although our strength in the Pacific was increasing all the time. The Japanese had taken over most of Southeast Asia, but were not a threat to New Zealand and Australia.

There was now rationing throughout our country on such items as gasoline, rubber, sugar, and many other things. Everyone had ration books which contained coupons that were used at gas stations, food and grocery markets, and other retail outlets.

We always had enough to eat in Delta.

There were no new automobiles being made and you could get re-tread tires only.
When I started Medical School at Jefferson in April, 1943, I had no idea of how Medical Schools operated. I knew that they trained doctors, and that the course of study lasted for four years.

My main interest was to become familiar with the courses that I was to take in that first year, how difficult they would be, how much study they would require, and whether I would be able to keep up with my classmates.

At the age of twenty-one, I had not given much thought to how I would react to taking care of sick people. In the back of my mind I hoped to be able to make a difference in the world, and I suppose I was as idealistic as anyone else my age in those difficult days.

We were a war time class, and every day we kept our ears tuned to the progress of the war in Europe and the Pacific.

Medical School at Jefferson did not ease us into the study of medicine easily. No siree, we started out in high gear. From the beginning we were plunged into the study of Human Anatomy, Embryology and Histology, Bacteriology, and Physiological Chemistry.

These courses were to consume the whole Freshman year.

I quickly discovered that there was going to be many long hours of study every night to keep up with these classes.

Long hours of study for me and the other Medical students was nothing new. This was a continuation of the routine at Penn State for me, and the only difference was that the courses were different and much more intensive than at the college level.

From the very beginning, I marveled at the complexity of the human body. The more I learned, the more I came to the realization that the Good Lord had to have a hand in the creation of all of us.

We had an excellent group of teachers and they helped us to get a grasp of the so called basic sciences and gradually I began to understand that without a firm foundation, no structure can be completed that will last.

Living in a large city for the first time made me aware that I had been sheltered in my youth in Delta and to a certain degree at Penn State.

The neighborhood that we lived in was a rather seedy area, and there were a lot of seedy characters that went with it. For the first time I was seeing people who were the so called dregs of society.
These poorly dressed, shabby looking individuals were a varied lot. There were alcoholics and near alcoholics, ladies of the night, beggars, homeless people, pick pockets, and almost every type of mental disorders.

These people didn't bother us as we walked back and forth to classes, as they realized that we were Medical students, and didn't have any money anyway. In fact, some of the beggars probably had more money in their pockets than we did.

Despite being exposed to the seamy side of life, we had no hesitation in going two doors away to Chassie's Bar. Chassie's was located on Eleventh Street next to the Daniel Baugh Institute of Anatomy. A lot of these characters hung out there. Our usual routine was to study until eleven, then go to Chassie's for a glass of Piel's beer and a ham and cheese on rye. In those days I slept better with a full stomach.

We even became acquainted with some of the local denizens, had some nice conversations with them, and discovered they were interesting conversationalist, if they were sober. We didn't linger long on those visits to Chassie's.

I was being tuned in quickly to a side of the world that I never knew existed until I came to Philadelphia.
When I was in my senior year at Penn State, I became friends with two Pre-Med students, Bob Roy and Jack Jordan, who would be at Jefferson with me.

Bob's parents, Mr. & Mrs. John B. Roy, invited the three of us to live at their home at 332 Sagamore Road in Havertown.

Jack and I accepted, and moved in with the Roy family. They had prepared a second floor room for us which contained three desks, and a third floor bedroom containing three beds.

We thought we were all set.

During the long evenings of study, we occasionally took a break. We started to sing together and discovered that we harmonized very well. Jack was the bass, Bob was the tenor, and I was the baritone.

Gradually we developed a repertoire of such standards as 'Night and Day,' 'I Surrender, Dear,' 'Sweet Sue,' 'Blue Skies,' and a new song, 'As Time Goes By.' Bob had a specialty song that he sang, 'Sam, You Made The Pants Too Long,' and Jack had a specialty song, 'Shadrack, Mishak, Abednego.' Soon we were called on to sing at the Saturday night parties that the Roy's had, and on Friday night at the neighborhood tavern.

We thoroughly enjoyed living with the wonderful Roy family.

During that first semester at Jefferson, one problem arose that we hadn't taken into consideration. It took an hour every morning to get to school at Eleventh and Walnut, and another hour to return home in the evening. We talked it over, and decided that we needed those two hours a day to study. We hadn't anticipated that we would have to study as much as we did.

Reluctantly, we told Mr. & Mrs. Roy that we felt we should move to the central city. We found a first floor apartment, furnished, on Spruce Street between Eleventh and Twelfth. Mr. & Mrs. Roy understood.

The apartment was a five minute walk from school.

It was a hot summer, and our apartment was across the alley from a tavern. The side door of the tavern was always open, and the juke box was just inside that door. Our windows were open.
The customers in the tavern had two favorite songs that they played every night. They were Bing Crosby and the Andrew Sisters singing, 'Pistol Packin' Mama,' and Vaughn Monroe, accompanied by his orchestra singing, 'Racing With The Moon.' We heard these songs at least twenty-five times a night. Eventually, we tuned them out, because we were deeply intent on our studies.

After a while, these songs became a part of our daily life.

In the early summer, we were approached by a couple of Sophomore students from Alpha Kappa Kappa Fraternity, and after talking it over, we decided to pledge AKK. After the proper induction proceedings, we became official members of AKK, and when we moved to the city, we took our meals there. The older members treated us nicely, and we were quite pleased with the whole set-up. The meals were tasty.

I was following the war news every day. The Allies had taken Sicily very easily, and invaded the Mainland of Italy on September 3, 1943. Italy surrendered to the Allies on September 8, 1943, and eventually joined our war effort against Germany.

The Germans controlled the Northern area of Italy, including Rome.
A DOCTOR'S STORY
The Jefferson Years
Mid 1943

THE ARMY TAKES OVER

In late May, we were notified that those of us who could pass the physical exam, were to be inducted into the Military Service. We had our choice of the Army or the Navy program. It was my estimate, at the time, that about 80% of the student body went for the Army, and the remainder joined the United States Naval Reserve. There were a few medical students who had disabilities which prevented them from serving, but they were only a very few.

On a bright, sunny day in early June, we assembled at the Broad Street Station across from City Hall, boarded the designated train, and were taken to New Cumberland Reception Center across the Susquehanna from Harrisburg.

There we were assigned to barracks and over the next three days, were given a physical examination, several injections, an intelligence test, and a supply of uniforms. I've often wondered what the permanent cadre at New Cumberland thought about the medical students, as many of them were irreverent, loud, slovenly, and somewhat haughty, especially the upperclassmen.

I suppose they were happy to see us leave and get on the train to return to Philadelphia. The highest rank that we saw at New Cumberland was Corporal. No one there made any attempt to teach us even the rudiments of close order drill. I guess they felt that they would be wasting their time and breath.

We returned to Philadelphia, and to school, in uniform. I guess that one way the permanent cadre at New Cumberland got back at us was to give us uniforms that did not fit properly.

Our pants were baggy in the seat; our shirts were too long in the sleeves, and too tight at the neck; our short jackets were too large at the shoulders and too short; our top coats came almost to our ankles; and our shoes were too tight, in the beginning, but they limbered up later.

We were definitely not fashion plates, but since all of us were in the same boat, we laughed about it and returned to our classes. We were all Buck Privates.

The nicest feature about it was that the Army now paid all of our expenses, including tuition, books, and laboratory supplies. Each one of us received a microscope.

In addition, we received a Private's pay, and since there were no living quarters at Jefferson, we received a food and quarters allowance each month.
Suddenly, I for one, was more affluent than I had ever been in my life.

Our Commanding Officer, an elderly Lt. Colonel was as nice as he could be. I think his heart was a big old marshmallow. He couldn't be tough or yell at anybody, if he tried. He gave us weekly lectures on Military Science and Tactics, and his talks, while informed, were of little interest to us, and induced mass somnolence.

Later on, some young Second Lieutenants were assigned to Jefferson, and they gradually made an impact on our military bearing, and knowledge of close order drill. I'll tell more about this later.
When the Army Specialized Training Program took over our medical education in mid 1943, not much was expected of us. We were to wear our uniform at all times, and that was it.

In return for paying for four years of medical education, we were expected to serve in the Army for as long as we were needed. This arrangement saved my father a lot of money, and was a trade-off that I could live with.

Eventually, orders filtered down from headquarters that the time had arrived to start whipping those medical students into shape.

The gung-ho Second Lieutenants that had been assigned to Jefferson took up this cause enthusiastically.

Consequently, in the Fall of 1943, we were ordered to report to Segar Playground every morning for an hour of close order drill. Segar is at the corner of Eleventh and South Streets.

During the interlude between December of 1942, when we graduated from Penn State, and our start at Jefferson in April of 1943, my roommate, Jack Jordan, had gone through Officer's Training School at Ft. Benning, Georgia. When the brass at Jefferson found out about this, they promptly appointed him as the Student Commandant of the Jefferson Brigade. It was his job to teach us close order drill and to lead us in parades. He fulfilled his duties faithfully, and diligently, and in no time at all, we lower classmen were doing all kinds of intricate maneuvers on the parade ground.

Not so for the third and fourth year students. They seemed to have no interest in becoming more polished soldiers, seemed to have a certain disdain for anything connected with Army routine.

Maybe they had a fatalistic attitude because the Seniors would be graduating in January of 1944, and the Juniors in September, 1944. After a nine month internship, all of them would be heading for the battlefields. At that time, none of us knew when the war would end.

When the upperclassmen marched, they presented a pitiful sight, because they were never aligned properly, many of them were out of step, they weren't erect, and they were such a ragged looking bunch, that we stood there morning after morning and laughed at their mistakes. Occasionally, some of them would miss a command and half of them would continue forward, while the other half would step away smartly in the opposite direction. When they discovered their mistake, they would look sheepish, grimly reverse direction, and try to make up the ground they had lost.
In time, it was discovered that some of the students played musical instruments, and a Jefferson Marching Band was formed. They could find no one who would beat the bass drum, so a Sophomore Naval Reserve student, Jack Madara, volunteered to be the drummer. It seemed odd to see a man in a Navy uniform marching along with the Army Band, pounding out the time on a bass drum, every morning.

At the end of the drill period every morning, the whole Brigade lined up and we proceeded to march up Eleventh Street to the college. We had scouts ahead who stopped traffic at Clinton Street, Spruce Street, Locust Street, and Walnut Street, as we marched by. Jack led the way, and in time, the band got enough confidence to play a couple of marches along the route. They were certainly a far cry from John Philip Sousa, but they tried.

I've often wondered what people in that part of Philadelphia thought about us. If they were locals, they knew that we were medical students, and probably thought that the war effort could get along perfectly well without us.

On the other hand, if a visitor to that part of Philadelphia saw us march by, I've often wondered if the thought entered their mind that if these soldiers were a sample of our fighting men, we were going to have trouble winning this war.
A DOCTOR'S STORY
The Jefferson Years
Late 1943

WHAT A MEMORY!

When I was a boy, living in Delta, I never thought about how I was created, how I came to have my looks, my body build, and my mentality. All I knew in those days, was that I enjoyed life, I had wonderful parents and grandparents, a happy baby brother, a good school to attend, many friends, and a conscientious and competent teachers. This way of life persisted through my adolescent years.

In the autumn of 1943, I was involved in the intensive study of Embryology, Histology, and Anatomy, at Jefferson.

For the first time, I became aware of the miracle of human life. Embryology is the study of fertilized human egg from one week through the second month of pregnancy. Histology is the study of microscopic human anatomy, and we spent many long hours looking at slides under the microscope of the structures that make up our body.

The study of Anatomy is a hands-on learning experience as we dissected and identified the intricate structures that are found in the human species.

Every day my eyes were opened a little more to the complexity of the marvel that is a human being.

For the first time, I began to think about how there must be a Divine Creator who made us into what we are. In my mind, at that time, there was no other answer.

We had a professor in Anatomy, Dr. George Bennett, who had the greatest intellect of anyone I ever knew.

In the beginning of our Freshman year, we started in the upper part of the body and slowly progressed downward, the whole process took the entire school year.

Once a week, depending on the part of the body we were studying, Dr. Bennett would stand before the class and give a comprehensive discussion of the anatomy of that area. He had an encyclopedic knowledge of the whole subject, and he would name all of the arteries and their branches, all of the veins and their branches, all of the nerves and their branches, as well as the muscles and other soft tissue to be found there. All this was done in a rapid-fire delivery with a baritone voice that was easily heard throughout the lab. When he finished, the whole class applauded every time.

He was a stocky man, well dressed, with thinning blond hair, a round unlined face, blue eyes, a friendly smile, and he was quite personable.
Within thirty days he knew each of us by name and he never forgot us or our name.

I had this illustrated ten years later when my wife, Betty and I were in Philadelphia and decided to go to dinner at the Bellvue-Stratford.

When we walked into the dining room, he was there with his wife and another professor from Jefferson with his wife. He saw me come in, got up, walked across the dining room, held out his hand and said, "McLaughlin, how are you?"

You could have knocked me over with a feather. After I recovered from a mild case of shock, I introduced him to Betty, and we talked for a couple of minutes and he returned to his table. In a few minutes, our waiter brought us a glass of wine with Dr. Bennett's compliments.

Later, we caught his eye and raised our glasses to him as a toast. He smiled delightedly.

Eventually, he became Dean at Jefferson.

He was the most remarkable man I've ever known, and I'll always remember him with awe.
We started our second year of Medical School in January of 1944, and were plunged into another school year of intense study. We attended classes and laboratories, five and one-half days a week, and each day lasted from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M. with a one hour break for lunch.

We gave up our apartment on Spruce Street because Jack married Mickey McFarland, a classmate of ours at Penn State, and Bob and I moved into the AKK Fraternity House.

The rooms were high ceilinged and each room had a sturdy three decker bunk bed. Our roommate was a Senior, Pinky Gallagher, who had dibs on the bottom bunk because of seniority, and Bob and I flipped a coin for the other two bunks, and I lost. There was a ladder for me to climb to get to my bunk and there was still plenty of room between me and the ceiling.

We were going to miss the Senior Class, who graduated, because they afforded us our daily entertainment at the Army drill at Segar Playground. The new Senior Class immediately showed promise that they were going to continue to give us our daily laughs by their erratic performance on the parade grounds.

This new Senior Class seemed to have a devil-may-care attitude about Army discipline and routine, much as did their predecessors.

In our second year, we moved into the study of Pharmacology, Pathology, Physiology, and the most difficult of all, Neuro-Anatomy, the configuration of the nervous system. Once again, we discovered that long hours of study were required to master these new courses of study.

We followed the war news every day, and in January of 1944, it appeared that the war was beginning to swing our way in Europe as well as in the Pacific.

Living in the Fraternity House opened up more social life for us. The only night that we were free to relax and enjoy ourselves was on Saturday. Usually, one or two Saturdays a month, we would have a party in the club cellar and there was usually a keg of beer on tap for those who wanted it.

One member, after having a few beers, stood on top of a heavy table, and led the singing by waving a femur bone. I never did know where he got it or where he hid it, but at every Saturday night party, he brought it out of hiding.
There were plenty of girls available during the war years, as most of the young men were away in the Military Service. They eagerly accepted an invitation to attend a party at the Fraternity House. On the first floor, there was a record player and couples could dance if they wanted to, and the couches and chairs were leather covered and comfortable, and it was possible to do some hugging and kissing if a couple was so inclined. A lot of couples were so inclined.

All in all, I enjoyed the passing scene, and had my share of good times, but the war had a dampening effect on all of us, to a certain degree.

We knew that our main goal was to complete our medical education and the difficult courses that we were taking was to prepare us for the time when we would deal with real life patients who would depend on us for their every health need.
A VISIT HOME

Now we moved into our second semester of our third year of Medical School. We were becoming more and more involved in patient care in the wards and clinics. Lectures were very important and we had them every day. We attended classes six days a week and drilled at Segar Playground every morning.

Betty and I enjoyed our new living arrangement, and I was getting better acquainted with her family. She continued to work at the map making company in North Philadelphia, and took two trolleys plus the train to get to work, although one of her fellow employees lived nearby, and eventually she got a ride back and forth with him.

It was necessary for me to study most evenings, but my new roommate made a wonderful difference. At the Fraternity House, if I took a break from study, I got up and took a walk. Now, when I took a break from study, I received a few hugs and kisses on the couch.

For the first time in my life, I felt an inner joy and life was beautiful. I suppose, unknowingly, that I had been waiting for this all my life.

In late February, we went to visit my family in Delta. We took the train from the B & O station to Aberdeen, where Emma Gorrell met us and delivered us to my parents' front door. Emma took us back to Aberdeen on Sunday.

That Saturday evening, my parents gave us a delayed wedding reception, and the whole family was there. There was a serenade and Graham Thompson gave a very nice speech when we stepped out on the front porch where everyone could see us.

Betty really liked Nain and Taid Hughes, and she got along well with Aunt Dicey and Uncle Glenn. Many of my high school friends were there, and they were very impressed by Betty. She really was a looker, and they told me so. It was an enjoyable weekend, and we returned to Philadelphia in a happy frame of mind.

The war in Europe and in the Pacific was going our way, and it appeared that it was only a matter of time before Germany would be beaten. Japan was another matter. The Japanese soldiers fought to the death on every island in the Pacific. It looked like the time was coming when we would have to invade the main islands of the Japanese Empire. Little did we know, in early 1945, that our country had a terrible instrument of death in the final stages of development. We wouldn't know about this until later on in the year.

In February, Prime Minister Churchill, President Roosevelt, and Marshall Stalin, met at Yalta to go over the final plans for Europe after the defeat of Germany.
One lesson stood out very clear at this point in time, and that was that you can't appease dictators.

A lot of new names were in the news in those early months of 1945. General Dwight D. Eisenhower, Field Marshall Montgomery, General Omar Bradley, General George Patton, General Mark Clark, and General Anthony McAuliffe.
A DOCTOR'S STORY
The Jefferson Years
Mid 1945

A SENIOR AT LAST

After President Roosevelt died on April the twelfth, Harry S. Truman from Missouri, was sworn in as President of our country. We knew very little about him at the time. He was a U.S. Senator and was selected as President Roosevelt's running mate at the Democratic Convention in 1944.

We soon discovered that he was a feisty little man, paddled his own canoe, and once he made up his mind to take a certain action, he never wavered. He was one of the best prepared men in the history of our country to become President. He had spent most of his adult life as a politician and as a student of history and government. He was honest, conscientious, and a loving son, husband, and father.

In the Spring of this year, we were approaching the close of our third year of Medical School. The pieces of patient care were gradually beginning to fit together, and through daily exposure to the words of wisdom imparted to us by our lecturers, we were developing an understanding of the many facets of illness in our fellow man.

The message was getting through to us that it was necessary to develop an analytical approach to diagnosis and treatment. We were learning that it was necessary to approach each patient in a standard procedure of taking a clear history, doing a comprehensive physical examination, and only after this, to order laboratory procedures, x-rays, and not to make premature diagnosis or hasty judgements.

We attended CPC's in the pit where a patient's history and physical examination was read, and where a group of professors were assembled to discuss and analyze, and try to make a diagnosis of the case presented. The results of tests and x-ray findings were later added, and the professors again discussed these findings. We marveled at the knowledge that our professors displayed of the whole gamut of diseases. Finally, the results of the post-mortem findings were presented. It was amazing to us how often one or more of our professors made the correct diagnosis or were very close to it. These Clinical Pathologic Conferences at the amphitheatre in the hospital taught us that it was necessary to review the whole picture, and to mentally perform a differential diagnosis with each patient. Some cases were particularly puzzling at these sessions, and we discovered later on in life, when we had our own practice, that we had to wrestle with difficult and puzzling cases throughout our medical careers. Of course, we weren't aware, at that time, of what we were in for in the years ahead.
The Class of 1945 graduated, and after a short vacation, we returned to school. Suddenly, we were Seniors at Jefferson. It gave us a feeling of importance to be in that exalted position, and it gave us the satisfaction of knowing that our long quest was nearing completion.

It was a hot summer in Philadelphia and we sweated a lot, drank a lot of water, and always felt sticky. We didn't complain because we kept thinking of our soldiers, sailors, and marines who were in the Pacific Theater fighting the Japanese.
A DOCTOR'S STORY
The Middle Years
Spring, 1946

THAT FIRST DAY

On April 1, 1946, I began my internship at Cooper Hospital.

In a way, fate played an April Fool's joke on me, because my first assigned service was in the Emergency Room. I'd never had any Emergency Room experience, and as I walked down the hall at 8:00 A.M. that morning, one of the nurses came to greet me.

She didn't say, "Good morning," and I don't know whether she knew my name. She had a couple of problems, and I suppose she was expecting me to solve them.

She greeted me with, "Doctor, I have a young woman here with a threatened miscarriage. What should I give her?"

Now, I had had lectures on threatened abortions at Jefferson and what to do about them, and I'm certain that I had directions on how to handle them in my notes. The problem is that you take notes in every lecture, and it's impossible to lug thirty pounds of notes around with you when you start your internship.

I looked at the nurse as my mind tried to grope for a reply. One thing I had discovered during my medical training is that there are no easy answers sometimes, and you must let common sense prevail.

Suddenly I had a flash of inspiration. I said to her, "What do you usually use here?"

She quickly told me that they used two injections routinely.

I nodded and said, "That sounds good to me. Give her both," and I added, "What about a G.Y.N. Consult?"

She smiled and replied, "I'll get on it right away," and hurried back down the hall.

Hurray! Hurdle number one surmounted.

My elation was short lived. As I stepped through the door another nurse hurried to me and said, "Doctor, I have a boy here with a laceration and it needs stitches."

I swallowed hard. I didn't even know how to sew on a button and here I was, on the job for five minutes, and I was expected to sew up a laceration on a fellow human being.
I went into the designated room and here was a boy, maybe ten years of age, with a gash on his left thigh. The nurse had already laid out the suture set and I looked it over. A curved needle, silk suture, a needle holder, a forceps, and a pair of scissors. To the side was a pair of sterile gloves.

I asked him what happened, and his mother, who was holding his hand, replied that he had snagged it on a nail.

The boy looked scared, but he was no more scared than I was.

I asked the nurse if she had cleansed the wound and she nodded yes, and looked at me as if I didn't have good sense. She told me to wash up at the sink, which I did, and then helped me with the gloves. She placed a drape over the wound and even went so far as to thread the needle for me.

I must say that the boy was brave and I tried to be gentle. I found it relatively easy to install four sutures and close the wound neatly. At the end, the boy had sweat on his forehead, and so did I, as well as other parts of my anatomy, too.

I quickly determined that this was to be 'on-the-job training' with a vengeance.

One stroke of good fortune, and a life saver for me, was that Dr. Jack Madara was also assigned to the E.R. He was a class ahead of me at Jefferson, and due to the transition to a peace-time schedule, his internship was extended by three months, and we worked together for several weeks. He taught me many practical procedures and helped me in so many ways in handling emergency cases. He and I are still friends to this day.

I faced many other hurdles in the days and weeks that followed.
In the early months of 1946, we interns at Cooper were busily engaged in our duties on the various services throughout the hospital. We had every other weekend off and a couple of nights during the week.

When we were on duty, we were on call twenty-four hours a day. If there was a problem with a patient at any time, the floor nurse would call, and if necessary we had to get out of bed. Some of the fellows slept in their uniforms and in this way they didn't have to waste time getting dressed or undressed during the night. This meant that they were able to catch a few extra winks. No matter that their uniforms were always wrinkled. I never did this. I put my uniform on a chair by my bunk.

In the same manner, a new patient would be admitted during the night. If it was our service, we had to get up and go do an admission history and physical and sign the orders. Usually, the admitting physician gave the nurse the orders on the telephone, but they required our signature.

Despite the fact that we were working long hours, we did try to keep informed about what was going on in our country and the world. There was a radio in our quarters and occasionally we got a quick look at a newspaper.

We were beginning to realize that President Truman was emerging from the shadow of President Roosevelt. In the beginning, most people thought that he was unsuited to be our President. To the contrary, he was one of the most well prepared men that we had ever had to be President. He was a student of history, had a mind of his own, was not set in his ways, did his homework, always listened to both sides of a problem, and in the end, made a decision and stuck to it.

I think the thing that impressed me the most was his handling of the John L. Lewis case. John L. Lewis was the President of the Coal Miner's Union, and he thought he was bigger than the government. During the war, he upset President Roosevelt by calling two strikes which hindered the war effort. Now, in 1946, he called another strike. The President had his Attorney-General, Ramsey Clark, get an injunction against the Coal Miner's Union, but Lewis had the miners go out on strike anyway. The case came up in U.S. District Court and Judge Goldsborough fined the Union, $3,500,000.00 This was $250,000.00 a day for twelve days. Lewis ordered the miners back to work. He discovered that he wasn't bigger than the government after all.
In those early days of 1946, the Truman administration had all kinds of problems to deal with. They debated about keeping or eliminating the war-time price and rent controls; there was not enough housing for all of the returning veterans and their families; there were not enough good paying jobs for the returning veterans; the businesses and factories were trying to convert from making war materials to peace-time pursuits; many people did not wish to return to the low paying jobs they had before the war, such as cotton pickers, maids, cooks, and farm workers in the South; and the Unions around the country were calling one strike after another.

In addition to all this, the President had to adjust to dealing with a Republican controlled Congress.
A COLD DECEMBER

After moving into the cottage at Waterbury, the weather became cold, and we found that the fireplace and the pot bellied stove in the half cellar were completely inadequate. Several nights I slept in an armchair in front of the fireplace to keep the fire going all night. Most of the heat went up the chimney.

The stove in the cellar was supposed to send heat up through the register in the kitchen floor, but most of the heat went out through the cellar door.

The bedrooms were unheated. Betty put Randy and Anne to bed at night wearing several layers of clothes. They seemed to survive the cold all right, but Betty and I felt cold all the time, even though we were wearing heavy clothes.

We talked about what we could do because the winter was just beginning. We decided to invest in a space heater which burned kerosene. We went to Montgomery Ward on Monroe Street and bought one on the installment plan. It was delivered promptly and A.G. and Fred Wood from the main house installed it in the area in front of the fireplace.

It helped a lot to heat the two small bedrooms that the children used, the living room and the kitchen and bath. It didn't do a thing for our bedroom. Betty and I cuddled a lot.

Now I was coming home every day with five gallons of kerosene, a twenty-five pound bag of coal, and a twenty pound cake of ice for the ice box. I was able to procure these items on the Post. (I had wonderful muscles in those days.)

The ice box set in the kitchen and was directly above the pot bellied stove in the cellar. It certainly seemed like that ice melted quickly and that was the reason why.

At Christmas, we had a Christmas tree with some Christmas balls and tinsel. It made the living room look brighter. We resolved that by the next year, maybe we could get some lights. The important thing was that we were together, our house was warmer, we had enough to eat, and we were happy. 1947 came to an end, and we looked forward to the New Year.

At this point in time, we didn't have any great expectations. My Army pay as a First Lieutenant was adequate, although we were always broke by the end of the month. We didn't have much social life, but once a month we went to Annapolis to the movies. There was a very nice negro lady, middle aged, who lived at the foot of the hill, and she came and minded the children when we went to the movies.
I had a pretty nice setup at the Dispensary. My sergeants were very capable, although they kept adding more duties to my load. When I arrived there, I had sick call for twelve companies of enlisted men, the V.D. Clinic, and sick call for the dependents of the Officers at Second Army Headquarters.

Gradually, they added sick call for the Officers, for the WACS, and added an examining station at the other end of the building to do re-enlistment physicals.

They added another sergeant, Stony Stonebraker, a WAC stenographer, and eventually a Corporal, Bob Wink.

There was also a civilian nurse in the civilian side of the Dispensary, and a civilian doctor, Edward Skerritt, who had his practice in Gambrills.

We were a compatible group and it was a pleasant situation.

My sergeants, Charlie, John, and Jim, were career men and were well trained. Obviously, they knew their jobs, and I didn't interfere with them. If they had a case that they couldn't handle, they came looking for me. At sick call in the morning, they handled fifty or sixty soldiers in no time at all, and by the time I arrived, there were never more than four or five soldiers left that were deemed sick enough to see me.

When a soldier told his sergeant he was sick, he was sent to sick call, and didn't get back to the barracks until the day's assignments were all handed out. In this way, he got to spend all day in the barracks.

Soldiers couldn't pull this trick too often. They knew it, and the sergeants knew it too. Those top sergeants were pretty cagey.
NEW BEDS

On January 7, 1948, Randy had his second birthday. Naturally, we had a birthday party. He was now talking a lot, was inquisitive, very active, and adventuresome. We had to watch him closely. Anne was healthy, had a good color, and was good natured. She was standing, holding on to the sides of her playpen, and was very alert.

One day, at the Dispensary, I mentioned that my two children were growing, and soon would outgrow their cribs. A couple of days later Betty saw an Army ambulance pull into the circle in front of the cottage. She went to the door. It was John and Jim from the Dispensary. They unloaded two Army issue single beds from the back of the ambulance and carried them in and placed them in Anne's and Randy's bedrooms. They came complete with springs and mattresses.

Betty said to them, "Where did these come from?"

They told her that I had said that the children were outgrowing their cribs, and they contacted the Sergeant at Company B, and he told them to pick out a couple of spare beds and bring them to my quarters.

I discovered that all I had to say was that I needed something and presto, it would appear. Those Sergeants around the Post looked out for each other.

About three months later Betty got a telephone call from Jim. He told her they had to come for the beds, that Company B was having an inspection. He told her not to worry, as they were bringing two replacements from Company D. It seems that Company D had already had their inspection. The ambulance came down the lane again.

Our house in Waterbury was about six miles from Fort Meade.

On another occasion, I was talking to Charlie, my older Sergeant, and mentioned that we could use a couple of arm chairs. A couple of days later the ambulance came in the lane again and this time John and Jim unloaded two comfortable arm chairs. They had wooden arms and naugahyde backs and seats.

The only problem with these transactions was that every two or three months, they called Betty to exchange the beds or the chairs, depending on who was having an inspection on the Post. They always brought replacements by ambulance.
I was getting some valuable experience at the Dispensary. Charlie was an ace at preparing dark field slides, and we picked up some spirochetes on several soldiers who reported to the V.D. Clinic with open lesions on their genitalia. By now, we had a plentiful supply of penecillin and we treated these men for syphilis very successfully. Also, the regulations required that these men have a lumbar puncture to test their spinal fluid for syphilis, and I was doing a lot of these.

By the way, the penecillin was mixed in beeswax, and the bottle had to be placed in hot water to liquify it, and you had to give the injection quickly before it cooled off. If you didn't, it would clog the needle and you couldn't get it in. Charlie never had a clogged needle.

We had a very efficient routine at the Dispensary and we found that most days we had completed all of our work by 11:00am. The WACS used the upper three floors of the brick building and they had a recreation area in the back. It was secluded between the building and a stand of trees.

We would leave one Sergeant, usually John, to tend to the Dispensary, just in case an Officer came in from Headquarters, and we went out to either play badminton or pitch horseshoes. We had one Sergeant, who was new, named Art, and he threw a ringer about once in every two or three throws. He was the champ.

At twelve o'clock, we came in for lunch, and took a full hour. Most of us brought our lunch from home.

Occasionally, after lunch, one or two Officers might appear with a minor ailment, and occasionally, a child of one of the Officers, so I was getting some pediatrics along the way.