

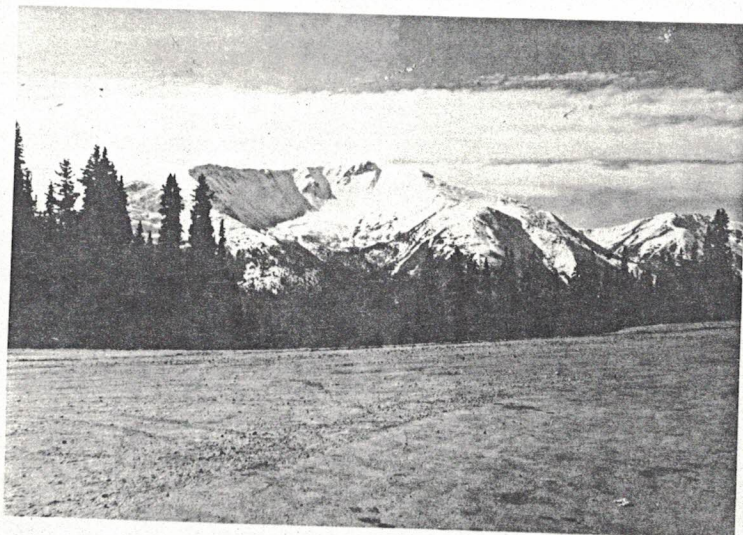
Chapter 6 Cross Country

I was ordered back to the Zone and was preparing to head for the Pacific when VJ day came. Orders to return to the states were then forthcoming. Waiting for my plane I had five hot rolls with the dice until only one officer, a major, was playing against me. He ran out of money and put up a check which I could have refused (gambler's rules) except for the fact that he worked in headquarters and was in charge of writing up our orders. Needless to say my streak ran out.

A nice small plane was going back with myself and five other dentists as some general was shipping his dog back to the states, although I never saw the dog. One chap had ten wrist watches on his arm. Another was taking aspirin every hour so he wouldn't have any fever when we landed in Miami. We landed and had our luggage carried (embarrassingly) by a greeting committee of WACS. We were then transferred to Atlantic City where we were able to have our wives come down but we still worked every day on patients. Excellent food. Bought a second hand Oldsmobile there and with a choice of three airfields from which to be discharged we chose the one in Salt Lake City which we traveled to in the "Green Hornet", scaring the pants off my wife as she sat on the outside of the road going over the Rockies (ILLUSTRATION # XIII). There was still the remains of an old wood aqueduct on the side of the road going up to Steamboat Springs from Denver. In the valley of salt, we found quarters off the post in Mrs. Gimoto's motel which had a Murphy bed, a folding kitchen table and a refrigerator under the stove. (ILLUSTRATION # XIV) Almost as compact as a modern Japanese hotel.

We say our first "hope house". (ILLUSTRATION # XV) They build the cellar, cover it with temporary roofing and "hope" they can build the rest. I treated Shirley Temple's first husband, Sgt. Agar while stationed there. I had to keep him in the chair for half an hour so everyone could come in and see him. He had reddish hair, fair complexion and perfect teeth and gingivae. Unfortunately his reddish hair was not photogenic, and, therefore, he never made it as a movie actor although he gave it a good try. In snowy weather the paper boy delivered the paper on the back of a big, white truck horse. On the way home we were stuck in Wyoming during a snow storm due to the fuel pump (I had thought it was vapor lock). After about half an hour it started up by itself. Later, in Topeka, Kansas in another snow storm I had to open the choke to get the car going. Just as we were about to enter the tunnels on a dark night on the Pennsylvania Turnpike, our oil gauge began to warn us of low oil. I had a bottle of oil but couldn't find a bottle opener, so I whacked off the neck of the bottle with my hunting knife. The bottle cracked and while I was pouring the oil into the car motor it was running all over my hand and freezing my hand but I had to keep pouring as we needed the oil. Finally, we reached the only part of New York City on the mainland. Home sweet home.

~~XIII~~ Berthold Pass - Rocky Mts.



~~XIII~~ Berthold Pass - Rocky Mts.

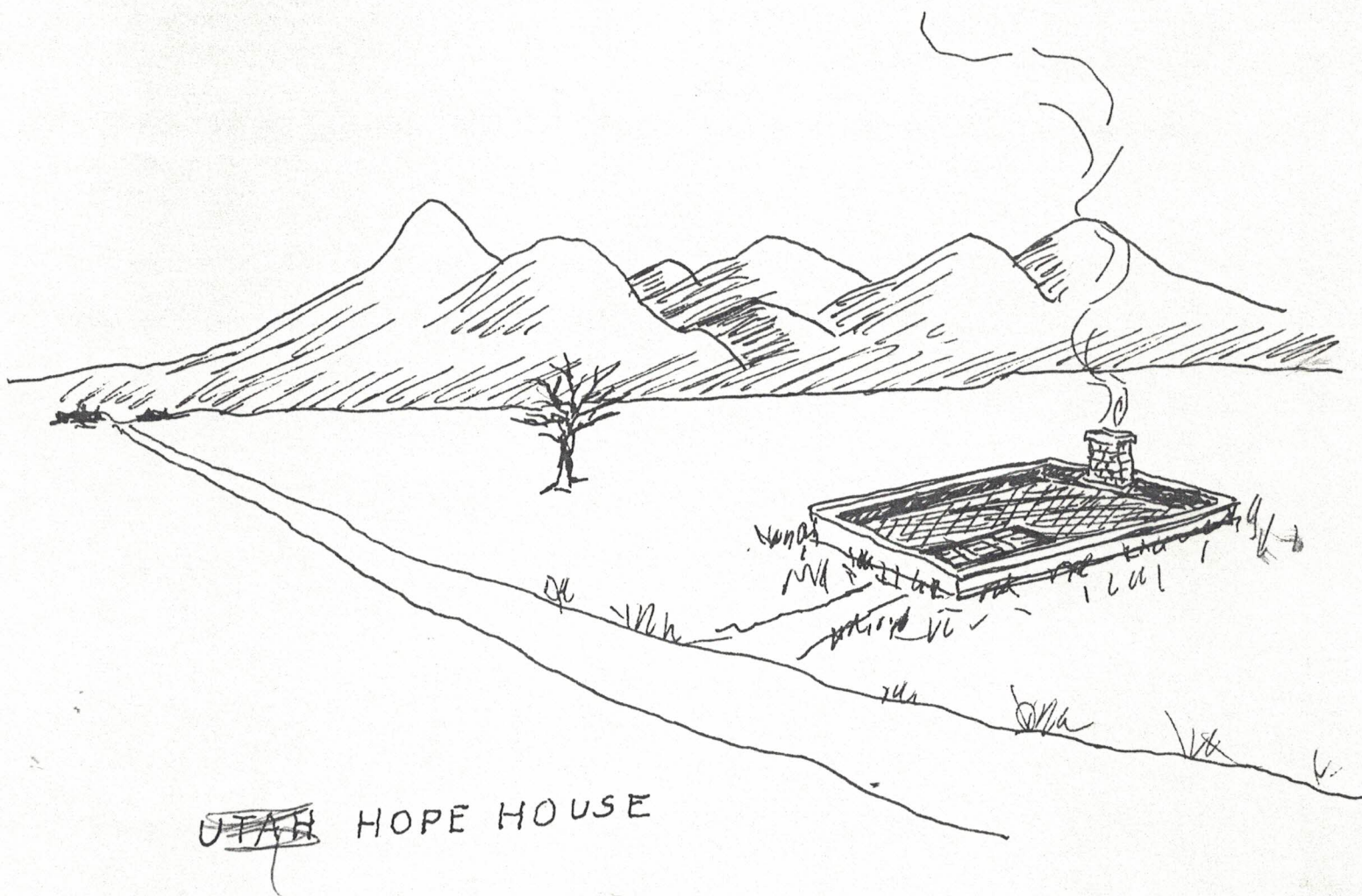
XIII



UTAH MOTEL

1/2 OFF (ILLUS ~~AR~~)

UTU



~~UTAH~~ HOPE HOUSE

ILLUS # ~~(XVI)~~ 1/2 OFF
XV

Back in civilization, we had to live doubled up at my in-laws until I could find an office and a place to live. After about a year, I gave up my office and took a job with the State of Maine health department as a one man team working in a trailer which would tour the state taking care of children. Before I left for the Army, I had worked down on Whitehall street for Dr. Bell where we treated many Norwegian sailors who had escaped from the Nazis. One captain had his ship sunk right off the coast of New Jersey. One set of dentures we made was for the largest man in the Royal Norwegian Navy. The set was as big as a man's hand. Karl Anderson was the contact who brought the sailors to the office.

I had already sold my car so I borrowed my father's car and we headed for Augusta, Maine. My wife never forgave me for not coming back cross country from Utah via the southern route so she could see the Grand Canyon. I felt it was unsafe because of the approach of winter.

Chapter 7 Down East

There was a saying that when you started to dream in technicolor in Panama you were getting Jungle Jolly and it was time to come home. I looked forward to working in Maine as a way to get the tropical sluggishness out of my blood. The search for a purpose in life is tempered by the thought that we might not need a purpose. In pursuit of my scientific education I did a complete somersault from romanticism to realism. When I lived as an artist it appeared to be warping my mental patterns to the point where all my thoughts were in visual form and my actions were completely responsive to my moods. From a reasoned approach, which at the time, thinking things out for myself, was the only basis upon which I could approach the problem, I decided that such a continued existence was undesirable and laid my plans for four years of college. This continued mix up of time, ideas and events that I find myself writing about, reminds me of the Indian concept of the Linga-Shar in which all the events on one's life are rolled up and condensed into one simultaneous instant. A friend of mine approached the problem differently. It was the untimely death of his father that led to his heavy concentration on matters of the mind.

One of the difficulties I had encountered in life was trying to maintain my health in the midst of the city. I had some ideas that one of my failings was small lung capacity and to offset this I used my spare time for long walks in the park and occasionally I used to do some track work at Tibbetts Brook Park (before it became a health fad). The escape to the park also rested my mind from the rigors of continued study as I had heard of a few cases where fellows went off their rocker from a steady diet of study. In later years, when I found myself in Panama, I devised a set of exercises based on dynamic tension to which I attributed my maintained health in the climate plus the fact that I kept my skin covered at all times to avoid mosquito bites. The ability to wiggle my ears is a minor form of entertainment for my grandchildren but it is surpassed by my ability to amaze ENT physicians when I have him put his otoscope in my ear and watch me vibrate my tympanic membrane (ear drums) under voluntary control.

During my early school days, one of the boys who lived on our street died of pneumonia. His mother was a Christian Scientist and wouldn't call the doctor. I was always an admirer of his because he could make up the most fantastic stories of his exploits and even though we all knew they were not true we enjoyed them immensely. In the process of introspection I learned that people are happy in different ways. I chose the joy of thinking as it would probably be the last ability to disappear with old age. Fortunately my eyesight was excellent and has contributed to my enjoyment of life. When I was young, the doctor prescribed eyeglasses but I stopped reading and going to the movies for a year and avoided eyeglasses. I can recall one day, when driving East, to see a sunrise through the three dimensional scattered mist, as I sped up a crest, and there like a bloody ball, stood old man Sol, smack in the middle of the road. Then, as I drove

toward his heart, the mist surrounded me and cast the silhouetted trees on the horizon into crimson dew which faded into daylight as nature drew her foggy curtain upward.

When I first went to Maine I roomed at Mrs. Hendee's house. She was a penurious widow who was forced to make her own way when her husband died of a broken heart. His best friend had used him as a co-signer--signed and then committed suicide. She would make her own bread putting the dough next to the chimney overnight to make it rise. Her clock was kept one hour fast. She had about six people in the house paying room and board and she was about 80 years old. She followed the old Maine adage "Never sell your home".

Some odd things happened when I was in Maine. One winter a reporter named O'Brien was killed by a tractor trailer that passed him and then jackknifed in front of him. He was a reporter who did many exposes of corruption on radio. Some towns were still showing minstrel shows and plays like East Lynn about the wolf at the door and the wicked landlord who wants to force the farmer's beautiful daughter to marry him to save her parents from being put off the farm. Firemen still played checkers in front of the firehouses. Minstrel shows with "end men" were still performed. Its a cold, hard country that exists on quarries, blueberries, fishing, papermills, tourists, and Federal installations.

One night a frantic woman called me as she had trouble finding a doctor on the weekend. Her husband had an insect in his ear and was in terrible pain. I suggested dripping lukewarm water into his ear. When I looked up the books they suggested bland oil. Last year, in the letters to the editor of the New England Journal of Medicine, I read of a new way: instill novocaine or xylocaine. My buddy Dr. Hebert McKinley Beek always said that you need a strong back and a weak mind to live in Maine. I shoveled a seven foot snow drift from in from on my garage one day plus the thirty foot driveway. The snow was so high there they used to open the manholes and shovel it into them. I lost one friend that we played tennis with there. He came out of a close game with a cold sweat and went back in despite my offer to take his place and a twenty five degree drop in temperature of the air. Blew his heart wall out and bled to death internally in half an hour. Always thought that he had arthritis when it was really heart trouble. Nature gave him a warning but he didn't take it.

The Merchant of Venice warns us of Shylock but the Yankee traders are pretty smart too. Maine is also potato country. After harvest, potatoes are put into an underground storehouse if they are not sold and can last as long as a year. The ground is first plowed, then harrowed and then fertilizer is put in the furrows. A medium sized potato is cut and each "eye" is put in a hole about five inches deep. The furrows are about two feet apart. Tuber units are used in seed potato production. That helps identify the parent potato if some of the potatoes are bad. Machinery then covers the eyes reversing the hills and valleys. After growth, dusting and weeding is necessary. Finally, after the frost, the stems are brittle and the potatoes are turned up by a potato digging machine and picked by hand. Many workers come down from Canada for this job. The potatoes

are then washed and stored in bins. The potato houses are usually two stories and have concrete walls built into the side of a hill for coolness in the summer and a small stove for some warmth in the winter. The potatoes are packed in sacks before shipment by rail.

The coastline of Maine is like a gigantic maze. I thought I was traveling north till I found out that Maine juts far out into the Atlantic, whence the term "downeast". I always thought of Maine as part of New England so I was surprised to find out how many people spoke French. There was much segregation because of the language and religious difference. The stony islands always amazed me. They reminded me of a baldheaded man with a scrawny growth on top. Black flies abounded in July and the first bite would swell like a silver dollar. This gave some immunity and the subsequent bites swelled less. The immensity of the land and parks and the beautiful lake areas moved me but I did not care for the coast as life there was tied to the sea (lobstering and fishing).

While up north in Aroostook I visited the St. Johns river which has a tidal bore. You walk down a long wooden stairway and at the bottom you see the gigantic potholes dug out, as smooth as a polished filling, by the tremendous power of the water containing sand and pebbles. The gorge was about two hundred feet deep in places cut through solid rock at times. Back on top you could see fields and fields of beautiful flowering potato fields (Catahdin with pink blossoms and Green Mountain with white blossoms). Pink and white blossoms were everywhere contrasted with the pilot who sprays green insecticide and comes out of the airplane all covered with the green dust. Truly this is God's country with its vast fertile and forested areas, its abundant streams and lakes and its pleasant folk.. Wild animals, deer, moose and ever bear were still in abundance.

One day in Mapleton I tried my hand at haying. The hay is bundled by machine and left in the fields. Then, a truck goes around and the bundles are thrown up onto the truck by hand. I used gloves and worked next to the seventy year old farmer. When I became tired in about an hour and quit he was still going strong. When I removed the gloves, my hands were filthy because of the dirt and dust gathered by the bundles sitting in the field.

Another day in Jackman I saw a group of three men drilling holes in rock, under a house, by hand to blast the rock away so a cellar could be made. Dynamite is used in the drilled hole. I spelled one of the men and found that the timing of the hammer blows was very crucial and demanding and I heard a story of a big fellow, and a little fellow who was being badgered by the big fellow. One day the little fellow let his timing get off and the big fellow's hammer bounced back from the little fellow's hammer and hit the big fellow in the forehead. He didn't bother the little fellow any more after than. In Mapleton I had my first chance to examine a haying machine. It has teeth that slither sideways like a barbers clippers. One man had both his feet cut off at the ankles when the horses started up suddenly. I saw the new style helicopter used for dusting the fields (it's faster than the spraying machines but the fields must be ten acres of over and must

be clear on the sides). One man was killed recently by having half his face chopped away by the tail propeller blade. It hit him about fifty times before he fell over. Reminds me of the stories in service of the men starting the old propeller planes by hand having their heads chopped off. You have to swing your right foot forward first and then when your foot swings backward you pull down on the prop and throw your body backwards with the momentum of your leg. At the Northeastland hotel I met Johnnie of Phillip Morris fame and was surprised to learn that he was a midget. Years later I had the chance to sketch his portrait. Wrote the Ode to a Stuffed Shirt in my hotel one night. I wrote it on the grey cardboard that comes out of the shirt.

"Within thy bosom strong and stiff, I kept each fold so neat.
When they had once removed the whiff, I braced every pleat.
And now another takes my place, a warped human frame.
What chance have we with cardboard face, our lives are all the same".

More about potatoes. Some potatoes may go directly to the starch factory where the grinding process results in a pure potato starch product. Potato digging season starts about Labor Day. Some folks make as high as 25 or 30 dollars per day picking potatoes. Jackman is quite a town for sporting camps. While there I visited the burial ground of the first settler who had received an original land grant possibly from the Governor of Massachusetts. His name seemed to have been something like Ornell. He was buried about 1862. Toward the end of July I looked out the porch window and thought it was snowing. There was a white fluff being blown off one of the trees. I learned that Jacking (attracting deer at night with a flashlight and shooting them) is illegal. While in Ashland I took a trip to Portage lake which is best described as being shaped like a pair of pants. You enter from the South or top of the trousers and taking the left leg you reach the inlet which is Fish River. The crotch is known as Oak point and can only be reached by boat or hiking a long distance through the woods. Fish River is quite a winding stream coming from Fish River Lake and is about twenty miles long with a stretch of quick water that requires poling to be passed. Saw two young wild ducks on the river bank on the way. On my return I had the opportunity of visiting the starch factory. The crude potatoes are run down a shoot to where they are tumbled, washed, passed through a grating tumbler, the shreds are then washed again, strained, passed through a beating machine with four hands that pounds them at a very high speed, put through a fine filter, settled in settling vats on concrete and dried in a drying closed and strained through a silk screen and packed in sacks. Sometime the flour dust in the air can cause an explosion.

Yesterday, at lunch time, the local osteopath picked my up and took my along to assist him in a delivery. It was the first one that I had every seen. First, 175 mg. of Demerol was used to relieve some of the pain. The patient had had children before and was fully dilated on palpation. The doctor boiled his instruments in a long copper box and waited a short while before starting ether anesthesia, leaving plenty of space for air to be inhaled also. The area was swabbed with metaphen and then the legs were bent and spread. The bag of water was opened by penetration with a closed scissor which was

spread apart. When the head could be palpated, first one arm of the forceps was inserted ventrally and then turned to a lateral position and the other arm was vaselined and inserted. The head was gripped and the perineum bulged. The tissues were controlled with the fingers to prevent ripping. The front of the head became locked on the pubis and required that the head be tipped to unlock the chin and nose. The mother was in an ordinary bed and the locality was called plantation no. One. More ether was given as the head was removed. As soon as the head was removed, she was asked to pant like a dog and no longer bear down until the body was removed. As soon as the cord stopped pulsating hemostats were applied and the cord was tied and cut. The end of the cord was held and the afterbirth gently teased out. Silver nitrate was used in the infants eyes and vulva. The mother was given ergotamine and pitocin after the birth to induce shrinkage of the uterus and prevent bleeding.

Instead of hope houses the houses in Maine are first built of wood. The man goes out in the woods, cuts some trees with a portable gasoline powered saw, puts some posts in the ground probably made from a locust tree (a hard rot-proof wood) and build a small frame house on the posts. A kerosene heater is installed (the cause of many deaths in Maine when the children broke the glass container accidentally). The following year, the husband puts a concrete slab in front of the first room and builds another room on the slab connected to it. The following year, he builds a chimney and a footing for the main house. Eventually the house is completed and one look tells us the history of its production and the fact that there is probably no mortgage on it. Some war brides, expecting to see America, wound up in the woods in a house like this and did not stay long.

Calais is the last coastal city before the bridge to Canada. On the way up the coast (forgive me, on the way "down east"), I passed many biblical sounding towns. Machia, Anticanish, etc. On one tour I slept in the main hotel in Ellsworth and saw my first hummingbirds. My first action in each hotel I stayed at would be to put the pillow under the mattress to compensate for the sagging springs. It is also the hometown of William S. Hart the famous cowboy of silent films years ago. Bean pole beans are a favorite with Mainiacs at picnics plus corn on the cob baked right in the fire with the husks on.

On one tour of duty I visited Bar Harbor, famous for thunder hole, shortly after the great fire of the 1940's. It was winter and you could still see some of the burned out mansions. The road was too icy to make it up the main hill in the park. Then, I was stationed in Vinal Haven for a few weeks and had to bring all the dental tools out in a suitcase. I saw an ancient Gerrym____ stone carrying wagon (ILLUSTRATION # XVI) in the town square. It had grappling hooks under the middle of the wagon and had been used to pick up the concrete blocks carrying them to the barges ferrying them to NYC. This was a big source of income for the island until concrete curbs came in style. The boat ride back and forth was very wobbly because the ship had a derrick on board used to move cargo on and off which made it very unstable due to the higher center of gravity. I learned about lobster pots and how the netting traps the lobster. Also, how the woolen

gloves are dipped in the ocean to keep your hands warm in the winter. The only small slam in bridge I ever made was out on the island playing with the one physician living there.



VINALHAVEN G GRAPPLING DEVICE
 VINALHAVEN ISLAND, MAINE. FOR GRANITE CRAPPLE

ILLUS XVI
~~XVII~~

(Before fork tracks
 were invented
 grapple lifted stones 6"
 off the ground)



GRANITE SLABS
 FOR CURB STONES IN
 NYC.

Chapter 8 The Mobile Dental Office

When I first moved to Maine, it was as a traveling dentist working for the department of Health and Welfare under Alonzo Garcelon, son or nephew of the former Governor of Maine. Having the trailer with a small station wagon was like having a tiger by the tail. A description of this tour of duty follows.

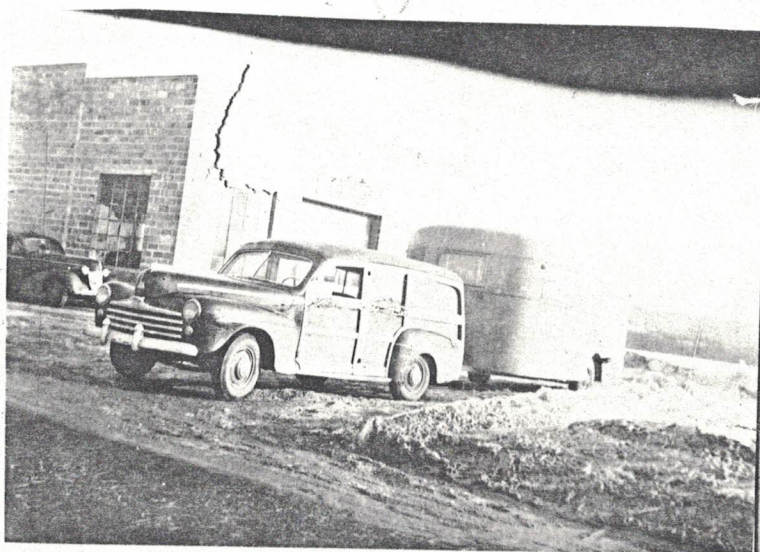
Mobile Dental Unit

For a number of years the State of Maine has had a dental health program for children in the form of a mobile unit consisting of a station wagon and a trailer (ILLUSTRATION # XVII). The trailer houses the dental equipment and is disconnected from the station wagon upon arrival at the community scheduled for a one, two or three week program. Garages and fire houses were used to shelter the trailer in cold weather.

When prepared for travel, everything movable is strapped to the walls or the floor. Lock nuts at moveable joints are tightened and the head of the X-Ray machine is removed and placed in a rubber lined wooden case. Upon arrival at the next destination, everything must be prepared for use. Parking the trailer, disconnecting it, hooking it to a power source, filling the water tanks and setting up the operating room and office, take about two to three hours for one person. The water supply must be inspected for purity and the trailer must be parked so that proper drainage is possible. A ground post is then placed to remove accumulated static electricity and the danger of short circuit currents. The trailer is then connected to the power source by means of a heavily insulated cable. The great variety of wiring systems in fuse boxes makes it advisable to seek the assistance of the local electrician. Always hook one terminal to the terminal in the fuse box which is grounded.

When filling the water tanks, it is advisable to flush the tank first, making certain that all valves except the air escape valve are closed. This takes about ten minutes. Notification of the local health officer before beginning treatment, was necessary. Also, permission slips signed by the parents were obtained. Dental treatment was then begun. Services included a complete examination, prophylaxis, operative dentistry, (limited to amalgam restorations and various temporary treatments), surgical care under local anesthesia and periodontal and root canal treatments.

In the course of caring for the children a number of clinical observations were made. Every locality showed a small percentage of children who appeared to be immune to dental caries. A few children were found to be



DENTAL OFFICE TRAILER - MAINE

ILLUS# ~~XVII~~

XIV

TORN PHOTO (CAN RETOUCH
A DUPLICATION IF NECESSARY)