

chewing spruce gum. Frequent shedding of first deciduous molars at eight years of age was noted. A deciduous tooth was removed which showed complete resorption of the dentine plus resorption of one third of the enamel. Observations on the effect of loss of one, two, three and four six year molars were made but these observations are still being continued and the results have not been compiled. A record of the work done in one year is shown below. The figures for a second visit to one town were missing so the figures for that town were doubled. Figures are for a tour of one year.

| Town         | # of Patients | Sittings | Exams | Prophy's | Flng's | Extr's | XR's | # of Days | Cases Compl |
|--------------|---------------|----------|-------|----------|--------|--------|------|-----------|-------------|
|              | 130           | 343      | 130   | 9        | 268    | 66     | 48   | 9         | 3           |
| Ellsworth    | 95            | 183      | 101   | 42       | 395    | 97     | 189  | 18        | 53          |
| Machias      | 34            | 65       | 34    | 10       | 165    | 25     | 66   | 4.5       | 24          |
| Weld         | 100           | 186      | 100   | 38       | 394    | 25     | 52   | 16        | 82          |
| Jackman      | 58            | 84       | 58    | 13       | 193    | 34     | 7    | 5         | 45          |
| Princeton    | 37            | 48       | 37    | 13       | 102    | 6      | 6    | 4         | 34          |
| Surry        |               |          |       |          |        |        |      |           |             |
| Castle Hill- | 116           | 213      | 116   | 45       | 459    | 48     | 48   | 16        | 78          |
| Mapleton     | 69            | 221      | 69    | 16       | 386    | 35     | 35   | 19        | 56          |
| Machias      | 79            | 160      | 79    | 26       | 294    | 95     | 95   | 10        | 62          |
| Limerick     | 118           | 286      | 97    | 39       | 528    | 113    | 113  | 18.5      | 88          |
| Vinalhaven   | 131           | 174      | 131   | 14       | 344    | 55     | 55   | 11.5      | 68          |
| Ashland      | 131           | 174      | 131   | 14       | 344    | 55     | 55   | 11.5      | 68          |

Several of the difficulties that were encountered were as follows: lack of ventilation and elbow room in the dark room; similar ventilation problem for the trailer (a screen door and air conditioning are desirable) overheated ceiling in the summer and cold floor in winter due to poor insulation; the floor frame of the trailer was not constructed with sufficient strength to withstand normal road conditions and became warped and broken in the region of the axles; the sterilizer should have had a small shelf next to it for placing instruments upon removal. A heavier car, such as a carryall was later substituted for the station wagon which could handle the weight of the trailer satisfactorily. A short course in trailering would be desirable.

Several other incidents of interest happened while I worked with this outfit. I traveled alone and each town supplied an assistant and a place to park and hook up the trailer for water supply and electricity. One thing the trailer did not have and that was a John. One winter's day, while the trailer was parked in a garage and functioning and I was wearing heavy underwear the long rubber boots as the garage had no heat I developed diarrhea. Now the

John was about half a mile away and I could never reach there. I was to embarrassed to send everyone out so I went into the darkroom. The darkroom was so small that you could not bend over. Fortunately I had summer shorts on under my long drawers. The problem was how to remove them. I pulled my trouser and long drawers partway down, took my hunting knife and cut my short on either side making it possible to remove and fold them up with their contents. All this was done only by the light of a red safety lamp.

I slept in a nearby rooming house and that night I heard a strange lapping noise in the adjoin bathroom.. I tiptoed around to see the cause and discovered this tremendous Lapplander dog named Blackie drinking from the "well" (the commode). On my tour in Machias I was in a hurry to leave early in the morning and I didn't want to wait for the electrician to disconnect the trailer so I set about doing it myself feeling that I knew quite a bit about electricity (such as keeping one hand behind your back so the current doesn't go through your heart). In teaching dental students I used to compare this to keeping both hands behind your back when you go to operate so that you think before you act. Any now, I removed one terminal from the power board very carefully (the board had cartridge fuses half as big around as your wrist) and I figured I was home free. Nothing could go wrong now. Wrong! I removed the other terminal and wham, there was a blinding flash and I couldn't see for five minutes. The weight of the line had pulled the second terminal down and it rubbed across the board causing a momentary short. On another trip I had to stop every half mile and scrape ice off my windshield. On still another trip I couldn't make the hill and when I tried to back down the trailer jackknifed on me. All the people in the nearby town came out to help me. I used to think of the roads in Maine as black arteries as they supplied the life blood of the towns.

Rounding one bend (the road were sometimes banked in the wrong direction) I came upon a truck carrying trees cut down to be used as telephone poles. At one station I had the rare privilege of seeing the inside of an electric hydraulic power station with it's powerful motors, and its set of oscilloscopes used to synchronize the currents when switching from one station to another. One lineman from Maine Power and Light was seventy years old and his teeth were so worn down that the crowns were completely gone but he was still using them to chew. My friend, Dr. Provost, an eye ear and nose physician used to permit me to watch some of his operations. I watched him apply pontocaine topically and slit open a salivary duct to remove a stone. Also, he let me look through his scope into a maxillary sinus. Last but not least, I watched him remove a cancerous eye using a curved scissor to cut the optic nerve.

Staying over in Lewiston one night, about seven A.M., I heard a commotion in the hall. I arose from bed and smelled smoke. After dressing and shaving I opened the door and the hall was filled with smoke. There was an old geezer (like I am now) dragging a large fire extinguisher into a room. When I looked in I could see that he couldn't life it up to use it. I took it away from him and used it on the burning mattress until the fireman came. I went back to my room and the firemen came and shoved a naked man into my room with his clothes. He dropped his clothes and ran back to the burning room and came back with a roll of bills in his hand that probably had been under his mattress. He then dressed and left. The firemen took the mattress and shoved it out the window into the street below. I ended up



with smoke inhalation sickness for a whole week.

There is a maritime academy at Castine - one of many stations for the trailer. One winters night a group of students sneaked out one of the windows to go to Augusta. There was snow on the ground and speeding around a sharp curve they hit a snow plow and sad to say all of them perished. My buddy in Maine, Dr. Beek, applied for and took the test for the Prosthetic Specialty Boards. One of the boardmen on the examination committee admired his partial lower denture. Herb had the laugh on him because it was a full lower with two clasps imbedded to give the appearance of a partial lower. P.S. He didn't pass the board exam. There was a story told me about two Maine dentists who each downed quite a bit of liquor and then pulled each others teeth.

When the wind blew in the right direction we could smell the sulfur from the pulp and paper mill and I recall rumors of early industrial deaths as a result of exposure to the acid fumes which burned out the workers lungs.

## Chapter 9

### The Veterans Administration

After I left the Health Department in Augusta, because, having a family, I did not wish to travel to the islands as I could not be home on weekends, I applied to the VA in Augusta and was finally accepted about 1950 at Togus, Maine which is just East of Augusta. (ILLUSTRATION # XVIII) Thus began a long career with the USVA.

The Hospital was a combination of general and psychiatric services. Some of the psycho patients were hard to handle. One or two would not open their mouths. One poor chap was the king of Alaska. I spent some time in the medical operating rooms being called up once to drill the holes in a mandible to wire a fracture. I was very careful to avoid the mandibular canal. Once in a while people in Augusta, knowing my artistic talent, called on me for assistance. I drew a cover for the Governor's ball and I carved a twelve inch Indian to be used as a model to cast nine more for the play Ten Little Indians. (ILLUSTRATION # XIX)

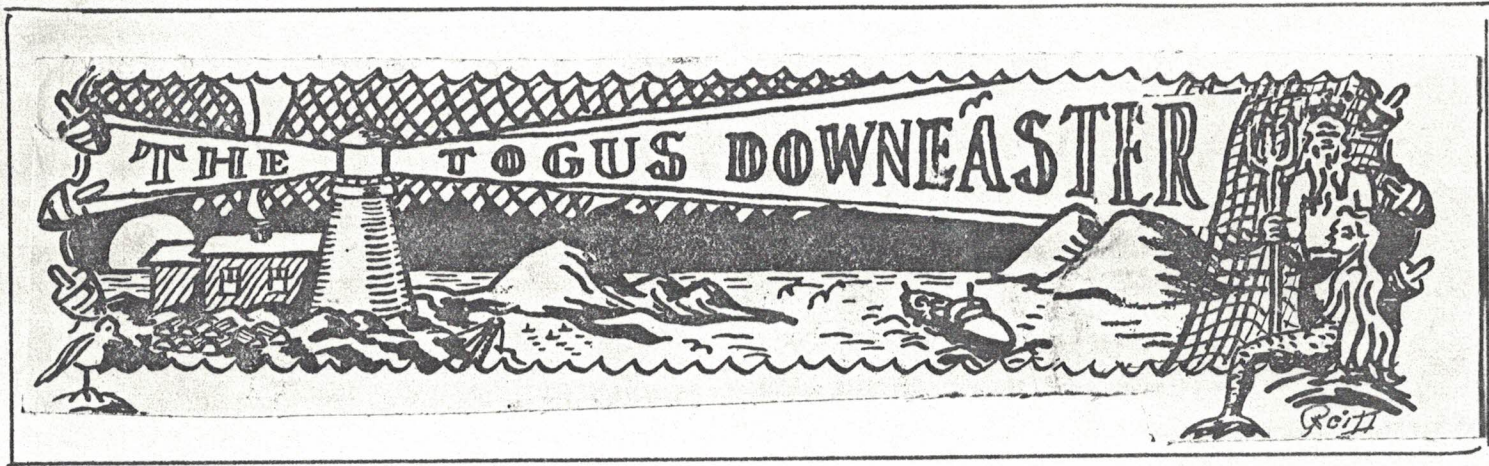
I planned to settle in Augusta permanently and bought some land. When I considered further investment for building I rechecked my VA contract and was surprised to note that my appointment was "excepted" not "accepted". A real jolt! I notified my chief that I planned to build and would like to be changed to permanent status. This was done. Also, I was a member of the Army Reserve traveling once a week to meetings at no salary except for the two summer weeks at camp Drum (zero degrees in July!) in tent city. Beautiful purple sunrise going through the White Mountains at dawn! Also, I joined the local Masonic lodge in order to avoid the social segregation of small town life.

My tennis buddy Gordon and I set out one day to climb Mt. Washington in New Hampshire on the East slope but we started too late and only climbed as far as the rack fall. We turned around and came down at a rapid pace as it was getting dark. We came down too fast and my hamstring muscles hurt for two weeks.

One thing I learned about leg cramps - they are usually due to purely physical causes (e.g. sleeping on your back so that the blood is squeezed out of the calf or sleeping so that your legs get chilled which prevents adequate blood circulation). When I developed a bad back from shoveling too much snow in Maine, the only thing that was of help besides time was galvanic current therapy (direct electric current).

I put a little time in helping a friend build his house. He and his wife had dug and poured a footing two years before. I helped put the steel "I" beam in place in the foundation wall notches. At the very end he was almost injured. He was working





VETERANS ADMINISTRATION HOSPITAL NEWSPAPER-MAINE

ILLUS # ~~XXXXXX~~ XIX

XVIII





State Ball in honor of  
"The Governor  
The Executive Council & Members of the Legislature"  
THE CITIZENS OF MAINE

are honored to invite you to be present  
at the City Hall of Augusta  
on the 14th day of April 1953



Re: S

11105 # ~~11105~~ GOVERNOR'S BALL



on the roof carrying the shingle bundles up and slipped. The bundles are very heavy and when you become fatigued you can bet in trouble on a roof.

My work at the VA, on rare occasion, entailed drilling a hole through the nail on someone's finger that had been injured by a blow that caused a very painful hemorrhage under the nail. Releasing the pressure eliminated most of the pain. My colleague didn't like to do extractions but he was very descriptive. He would say "It's just like pulling a nail out of a board".

We rented a flat with hot air heat in which the air came from an old musty cellar. One winter I almost lost my second son due to an allergic reaction to the dust from the cellar. Fortunately he responded from gray to pink when I put his head near a window that I opened. One of my classmates Al Weiss saved an infant's life by mouth to mouth resuscitation when a screaming mother brought the child into his office (you must hold the child's nose or cover both the nose and mouth with your mouth when you blow in).

Drove to a state park one winter and we were caught in an ice storm. Had to drive with the two right wheels off on the shoulder to get traction. Drove into a dip in the highway one night and mist condensed on my windshield so fast that I couldn't see until I turned on my windshield wipers. Took so many X-rays of patients I could do a whole series in five minutes. Ran into some flack with my chief and was able to be transferred to Castle Point, New York - a VA station just outside Beacon, N.Y.

Rented an old haunted mansion in Poughkeepsie and started commuting. Castle Point was a TB hospital and we had to wear masks, caps, and gowns even in the summer. (ILLUSTRATION # XX) (ILLUSTRATION # XXI) On occasion I had to treat patients on the wards. Gave an occasional lecture on dentistry to the medical and nursing staff. The chief retired and a new chief, Dr Lace, was placed over me who was an Oral Surgeon. I had problems with him when it came to prosthetic procedures. Devised the three dimensional localization by X-Ray and model procedure for impacted teeth (see on of my papers in the 10th District Dental Journal).

Eliminated the ghosts in our house by planting a few mouse traps. Water was so hard we had to use a water softener. My third son had a great set of teeth possibly as a result of the hard water. One day a bird flew into the house by way of the chimney and we had the darnedest time getting him out. The cellar ceiling beams were large hand hewn timbers, twelve by twelve inches. Originally the story was that the house was built for a relative of the King of England. The ceilings were twelve feet high and each room had a marble fireplace. The house was on Overlook Road and had a long line of trees leading up to the driveway just like in the movie Rebecca. My new chief had quarters on the post and did some formica work in his kitchen. He set the glue on the stove and left the pilot light on. The fumes came out and down, were ignited by the pilot light, and he burned himself and his wife. One



*John*

*John*

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ILLUS

~~1857~~

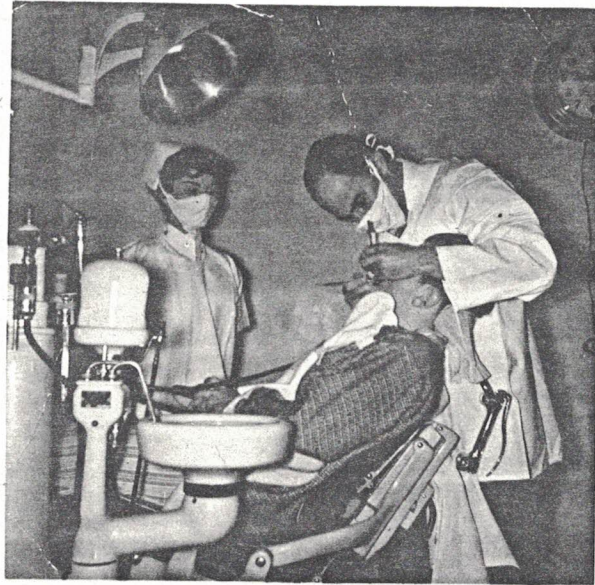
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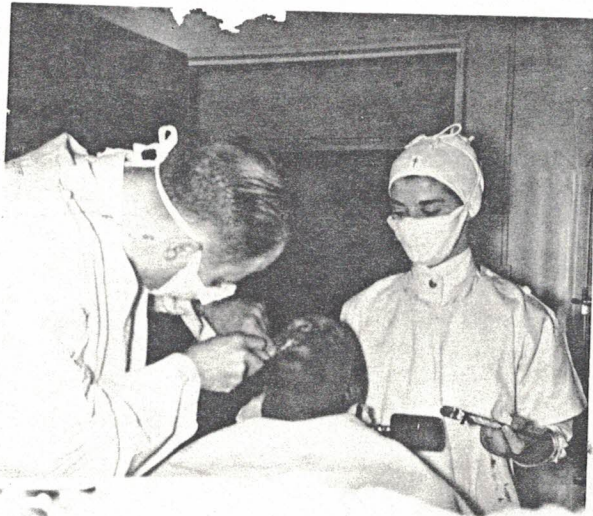
VXXIP

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CASCADE POINT



CASTLE POINT

On ~~Staples~~  
of ~~Comptroller~~  
of ~~Revenue~~



of the physicians used paint remover in his kitchen and killed himself when his lungs were burned out as a result of a flash fire. I forgot to mention that I heard that there was one dentist in Maine who did nothing but full dentures for twenty-five dollars a set with one impression and possibly in one day.

At one point I had considered taking a job at the State Hospital in Poughkeepsie and visited there twice. The second visit I heard that the chief dentist, about forty years old, had passed away. He died of a dissecting aneurysm of the right femoral artery. He had developed a pain on his right side and would have thought it was appendicitis but his appendix had already been removed. Shortly after that I heard that the other dentist had passed away and that cured me of any thought of working there.

I suppose that I am a bit of a maverick when it comes to certain sacred cows of dentistry. After reading the use and abuse of the toothbrush and after considering the possibility of competing with cockroaches or spiders of silverfish I stopped using mine and began to waste good whisky using it as a mouthwash. I figured you could swallow some whisky without too much harm but I didn't know the effects of swallowing mouthwash.

Castle Point is right on the Hudson and in nice weather I would eat my lunch out on the lawn. It is also near Mount Beacon and I took one of my sons on the cog railway that goes up the mountain together with a group of scouts. We bought an old house in Poughkeepsie and I had to shovel soft coal every winter. My folks weren't too well and I obtained a transfer to the VA at Seventh Avenue and 24th Street, the Regional Office.

We were fortunate to find a four room apartment in the Bronx near my parents. Back track for a moment. When I was at Castle Point I learned that the new treatment for TB permitted many patients to be treated at home. Streptomycin, isoniazid and probably neomycin were used. One bad side effect. Patients developed eighth nerve deafness. When I perforated my eardrum accidentally in NY I saw the ENT man there and he put bibulous paper over it and it healed over. Also he gave me antibiotic ear drops to use. I asked him if there was any Neomycin in the drops and he said "no". P.S. I lost most of my hearing in that ear after an allergic reaction due to the neomycin in the ear drops. Caveat emptor and patient beware. I have had other problems with physicians. One wanted to remove my neuroma by radiation (nerve tissue is the last tissue to respond to radiation).

Bringing up four children became so hectic I used to set the table with both hands to save time. Life in New York was routine. I became a scout master for a local troop, we went out on the usual weekends, and we suffered with neighbors the same as they suffered with us. I purchased a small sailboat at City Island, a Silhouette made in England, so we had someplace to go to get fresh air. Made friends at the boat yard and learned a great deal about ships carpentry, handling

different metals, proper sailing techniques, etc. Developed a right inguinal hernia from leaning against the handle of the dental chair combined with working in a standing position and possibly an overzealous diagnostician who poked too far. Had an awful time with it, yet I wouldn't go for an operation as I had been around hospitals too much. Finally a neighbor showed me his butterfly truss (a metal bar with a strap in the back and two hard balls in the front). I obtained a similar device but only used one ball which I altered by taking an impression of my groin. Also, no one knew how to adjust the frame properly and I learned to do that myself obtaining retention force on the hip bones. Since that time they have developed an operation under local anesthesia. I still wear the truss.

To get my long overdue promotion, I had to ago to Washington D.C. and complain. Eventually our clinic moved over to the VA Hospital on First Avenue. One day the small X-Rays began to come out full of spots. I checked and found that the girl had left them in the X-Ray room but not in a lead container. Many modern technical advances, too numerous to mention, were coming into play in the dental lab but not that many in the operating room. Four handed dentistry, use of a stool and suction for operations, the panographic X-Ray machine, the use of fluoride whose value I still question because of its dubious origins, rapid S-Ray developer, lead aprons and collars (kind of silly when they are used for the panorex).

While at First Avenue I did volunteer work at NYU as a clinical instructor in diagnosis. A few interesting cases. One case of swelling of the salivary gland due to a tooth brush bristle stuck in the orifice. (Reminds me of a chile, in Maine, who returned after an extraction and had the eraser from the top of a pencil in the socket.) Here are a few standard remedies that I still use. (1) For post operative socket problems, after irrigation, I place some iodoform powder in the socket using an amalgam gun. This washes out in a few days and usually does not require another visit. (2) For root therapy I use Beechwood Creosote which is milder than Triformocresol and later I use parachlorphenol. As an irrigation I use Dakins solution. (3) For canker sores and for Vincents I use acriflavin topically (a 1% aqueous solution of Gentian Violet and Acriflavin) remembering the caution that coal tar derivatives cause cancer.

Years ago, my dentist showed me how to hold a forceps so that you have control not only to close it but to open it. You place your fourth finger inside one of the handles. I always liked the saying (when operating) "Do in the first place what you may have to do in the last place". For example, when I feel that there may be some question of a tooth being removed easily, I do not hesitate to make a flap. I used to have trouble passing the needle through posterior flaps until I read a Russian article (I used to do some translating for the ADA - one of the Journals). Instead of making a complete circle when passing the needle, I insert the needle in two steps so that the suture will be seen as passing right through the line of incision when suturing is complete. Also, I watched surgeons use the one hand tie and I found a description which I used to teach to myself as it is a great timesaver.  
(ILLUSTRATION # XXII)

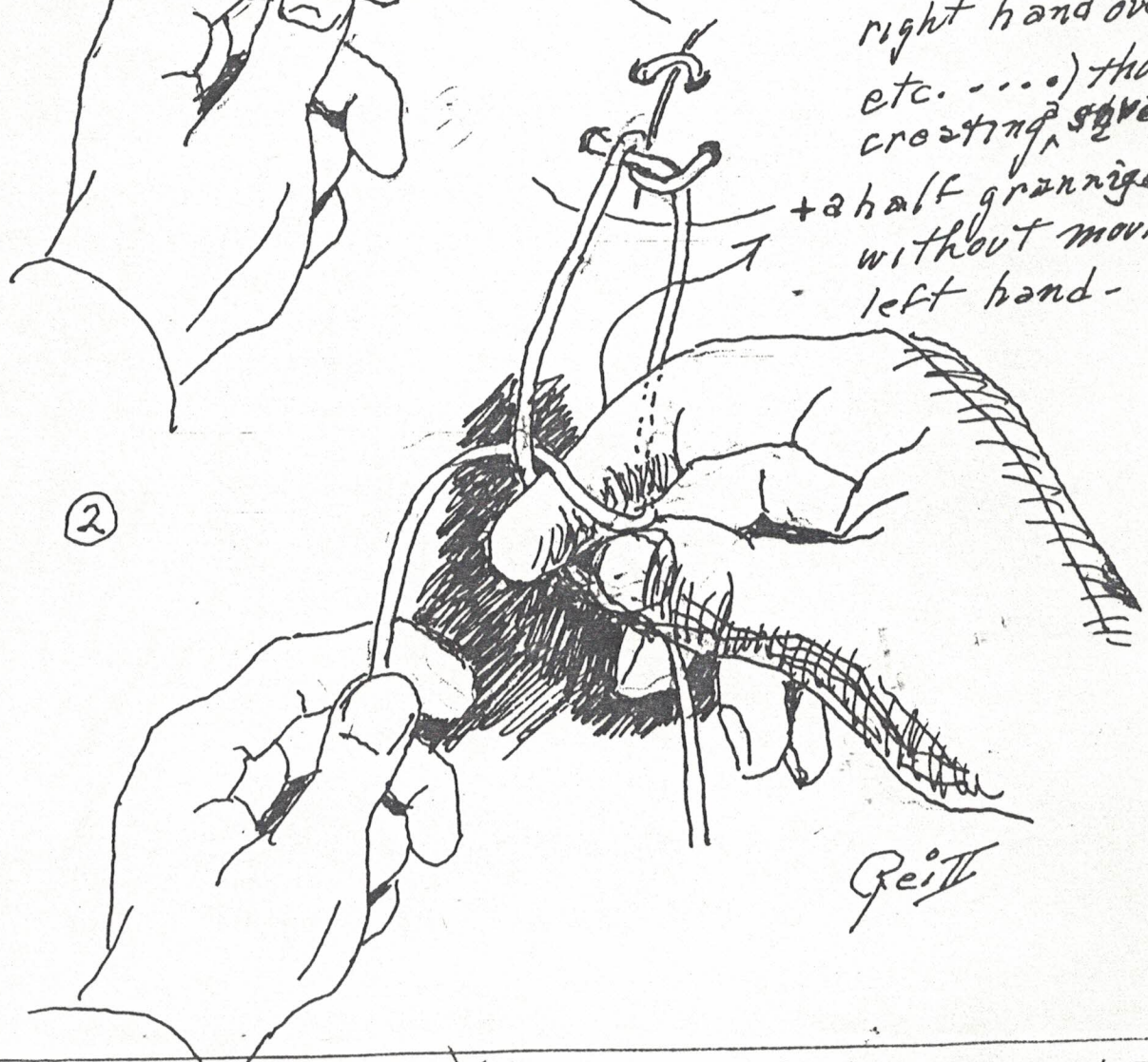


# The One Hand Tie

① Cross part held by right hand over standing part held by left hand and catch a loop with middle finger pulling end held by right hand through to form half granny.

② Use index finger to loop around standing part and turning part pull through formed loop.

③ Repeat action in first illustration - (cross part held by right hand over etc. ....) thus creating a square knot + a half granny without moving left hand -



Gei IV



When I came back from the service I took the Dewey course in Orthodontia but unless you practice in a small town you need the full University course to establish standing for insurance and for referral purposes. Dentistry is a peculiar profession. Everyone makes jokes about dentists; a dentist cannot sign a death certificate and is not taught the real things needed to take of emergencies; and dentistry is a "hazardous" profession and should rate higher pay than the medical profession because of closer contact with the patient, the excessive cost of the equipment and the fact that most of the work has to be done by the dentist himself (who has as much pre-license training as a physician). In addition, the medical corps is the tail end of the army and the dental corps is the tail end of the medical corps.

I am reminded of a report I heard of two US dentists being killed in Korea when a hospital base was overrun by North Koreans. One dentist was lost in Panama when he put a pistol in his mouth and blew his head off. It seems his CO didn't like the way he was treating his men (a company from Puerto Rico) and stood by him all day when he was treating them to see what went on. Col. Shirer was in charge of the dental service at Gorgas Hospital when I wired one fractured jaw and sent him down there by ambulance from Rio Hato with a pair of cutting pliers (in case wiring had to be cut open for emergency reasons).

In the oral surgery room at the NYVA Hospital there was a red panic button on the wall. Of course, if you pushed it, no one answered. However, in truth, every VA installation does have an emergency team available for serious trouble. While at the NYVA I moved my family to Huntington which meant long commuting for me but we did get away from the noxious fumes of the apartment house incinerators which were, at a later date, converted to compactors. Living in Huntington gave me a chance to continue my small boat sailing (excuse me - "ship") and to make some paintings and drawings which now decorate the walls in my home. I put a small office in the ground floor of my home and jiffy rigged a high speed drill which was a tricky mechanical job. I used a hand pump car window washer to supply water to it via patient power. On the constitutional committee of the newly formed Suffolk County Dental Society I helped revise the constitution by recording all the changes and retying everything.

The problem of retiring became imminent and I felt that I could do so with impunity since I had my small office set and had several hobbies to keep me occupied. I gave notice and bowed out gracefully without any strikes but a few errors. Thirty seven years at the dental chair full time seemed ample. One of the errors was prescribing aspirin for a patient with ulcers. I must not forget to mention one of my patients who survived the Bataan death march and later escaped from a Japanese prison camp. He passed away about 1979 after living with a colostomy for about seven years.



Learning by experience can be costly. Particularly in the real estate field. I bought a house and specified what I wanted in the contract only to find that the mortgage is also a contract and supersedes the contract so that everything you want in the contract would have to be in the mortgage also, but then the bank would not be interested because it becomes too conditional. Caveat emptor. Also, it took a long time before I could differentiate between Tenants in Common and Tenants in the Entirety. I still can't remember and so look it up each time.

## Chapter 10 Semi-Retirement

Now that I finally had some time to myself I found that the time was misplaced. I could have used it when I was bringing up my sons. As the twig is bent so will it grow. There is the philosophical angle: "Should you give your children a lot of love because they may not find it elsewhere in life or should you be standoffish so that they will be able to cope with harsh reality later in life?" Should you direct their path with an iron hand, should you give them free rein or is there a middle path for their free will to take (reminds me of the appeal of the play "The Fantastics" where in the children always do the opposite of what they are told to do. Then there is your wife's desires to be considered also. Should I repeat that life is what happens to you when you make other plans?

My old silhouette sail boat, with eight hundred pound lead keel, was sold when I move and I picked up a smaller thirteen foot craft made by Old Town that was badly in need of repair. One of the strakes was split open and, as I didn't have chain vises, I used the weight of the boat itself to put pressure on the strake and close the gap. Then I cut oak blocks and drilled holes to screw the strake and the blocks together. However, the bolts had to be placed from the outside in, with the nuts on the inside. This was not possible since the pressure had to be maintained. It took me a week to figure out the solution. I had to place the bolts from the inside first and then turn the boat and replace the bolts one by one. Then, in order to trailer the boat, I needed a tabernacle instead of a stepped in mast so that I could rig it easily once it was in the water. I had to send to England for an aluminum tabernacle. I then committed a crime. I cut the mast. Then I placed the tabernacle. A new problem had been created. A strong wind would rip my mast out with the deck. I had to put the piece of mast I had cut off back in place and, under the deck I had to build something similar to an upside down tabernacle to recreate the original strength of the mast. I made all of the hair raising mistakes that you read about when learning to sail. My first experience in sailing was at Lake George. I took a small sloop out by myself and when I sailed out about two hundred yards the mountains no longer blocked the wind and the ship heeled over. I didn't know enough to head into the wind to upright it so I just lowered the sail and let the wind blow me across the lake.

My friend Joe was a communication expert on board commercial airliners and he introduced me to CW (short wave morse code). I obtained my novice license and spent many happy hours at the key. One day we canoed down the Missaqua river from Jericho Highway right to the mouth of the river at which point our canoe rammed the buoy and turned over due to the strong tidal flow. A passing motor boat picked us up.