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all three of the snow capped mountains by moonlight, a beautiful sight. Next day was the fourth of July and Mr. Fried took us to the reception at the American Embassy at which all of the international ambassadors were present including two from Spain, the pre-war and the post-Spanish war. <sup>There was one at fifty feet long. we all received</sup> A sumptuous buffet, ~~followed by~~ invitations to tea at several of the other ambassadors homes.

He's the painter who does almost microscopic oil paintings on silver dollars.

~~The night clubs were the Beneficencia, the Ali Baba and the Fiesta.~~

~~I carved worme nut and~~  
Next day, I purchased a few gifts including a tiny Oswaldo

<sup>Then, I</sup> Montcao painting, took a stroll and was stopped by a native trying to sell me a Zonsa (a shrunken head). <sup>It was</sup> probably a monkey's head as <sup>sale of</sup> human heads are illegal. Luncheon at the American Embassy and then off to see the monument on the equator (000° latitude and about 78° longitude). Up at 5:00 am and off to the train with one of the officers. The other chap was able to catch a plane back. Train left at 6:15 am with memories of the poverty and illiteracy in Quito. A terribly dusty train trip on a narrow gauge track. At each stop, natives sold food which included roasted woodchuck, caso con sucre, hueves, all sorts of candy, wonderful strawberries, tangerines, oranges, etc. (ILLUS # ~~XX~~ ~~XXI~~)

Just as we reached Rio Bamba, I looked out the window and the ground was bouncing up and down. The last two cars were in the process of jumping the track and started to turn over but the other cars kept them from going over completely. <sup>were in the last car and</sup> We ~~then~~ had to move up front to the dining car and sit on our luggage. We still hadn't come to the dangerous part of the trip, El Narez del Diablo (the devil's nose.). <sup>then going forward on the last third</sup> This is a switch back that zigzags down the side of a sheer cliff with the train going forward, then backing one third 1000ft offset in the earth. The conductor in our car was out on the platform with a big stick in the brake and pulling on it for all he was worth, his coat tails flapping in the midnight breeze. I went out on the platform so I could jump if something happened but there was no place to jump to.

of the way down the valley on the last third -



RIOBAMBA - ECUADOR

ILLUS # ~~IX~~





note accidental  
double exposure

NARROW GAUGE RR  
RIMBAMBA, ECUADOR

(ILLUS # ~~XII~~)

*the small circle of lights way down below,*

When the train pulled into Guayaquil, a couple of porters came aboard to carry our luggage. Because of the crowd, they <sup>were unable to</sup> ~~couldnt~~ reach us so they climbed on top of the people to get to us. When I objected, because of his actions, he pleaded fear of his boss as the reason. We then crossed the river in a double decker, overloaded ferry and spent the night in a hotel. Up at 6:00 am and onto a Toonerville ~~and~~ trolley that would take us to Salinas across the mud flats where people took mud baths. A ~~border~~ guard <sup>one car</sup> detail stopped the train and checked our I.D. cards as they were looking for some escaped pilots who had participated in the recent revolution. <sup>my stumbling Spanish plus my Red Cross ID card helped us.</sup> Back to the canal by plane and glad to be there. The sight of old glory waving in the breeze was most welcome! *ILLUS # (XIII)*

When this



PANAMA ... 4/43

SELF ~~RETIRED~~ PORTRAIT  
ILLUS # ~~XIII~~



Chapter VII

Cross Country. ~~by [illegible]~~

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 <sup>a major</sup> was left playing against me. He ran out of money and put up a check which I could have refused <sup>(gambler's rules)</sup> 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 <sup>was myself and</sup> going back with 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

We landed and had our luggage carried by a greeting committee of WACS.

<sup>We were then</sup> when we landed in Miami. Transferred to Atlantic City where we were able to have our wives come down but <sup>we</sup> 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 <sup>the one in</sup> we chose Salt Lake City which we traveled to <sup>in the "Green Hornet"</sup> by jalopy, scaring the pants off my wife as she sat on the outside of the road going over the Rockies.. There was still the remains of an old wooden 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 <sup>Mrs. Gimoto's</sup> a motel with a Murphy bed <sup>and a</sup> and a folding kitchen table <sup>which had the refrigerator</sup> under the stove. <sup>(1405# XIV)</sup> Almost as compact as a modern Japanese hotel.

We saw our first hope house; They build the cellar, cover it with <sup>temporary roof and</sup> and hope they can build the rest. I treated Shirley Temple's first husband <sup>Sgt. Agar</sup> while stationed there. I had to keep him in the chair for half an hour so everyone could come in and see him. <sup>He had</sup> Sergeant -----

reddish hair, fair complexion and perfect teeth and gingivae. Unfortunate his reddish hair was not photogenic and therefore, he never made it as a movie actor although he gave it a good try.

~~XIII~~ Berthold Pass - Rocky Mts.



III  
# ~~XIV~~ Berthold Pass - Rocky Mts.






UTAH MOTEL

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





UTAH HOPE HOUSE

ILLUS # 

Y2 OFF

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. <sup>(I had thought it was vapor lock)</sup> After about half an hour it started up by itself. Later, in <sup>Topeka, Kansas</sup> Indiana, in another snow storm, I had to open the choke to get the car going. Just as we were about to enter the tunnels <sup>on a dark night,</sup> on the Pennsylvania turnpike, our oil gauge began to warn us of low oil. I had a bottle of oil but couldn't find the 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 <sup>motor,</sup> it was running all over my hand and freezing my hand <sup>I</sup> but had to keep pouring as we needed the oil. Finally, we reached the only part of NYC <sup>city</sup> on the mainland. Home sweet home.

Back in civilization, we had to live doubled up <sup>at my in-laws</sup> 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 <sup>as a one man team</sup> 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 <sup>for Dr. Bell</sup> 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 <sup>we made</sup> was for the largest man in the Royal Norwegian Navy. <sup>The set was a man's head</sup> as big as your hand. <sup>contact who brought the sailors to the office.</sup> Karl Anderson was the

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

KARL



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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 over 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 of one's life are rolled up <sup>and condensed</sup> into one simultaneous instance. My motives for protracted study came from an internal evolution. A friend of mine <sup>approached the problem differently.</sup> ~~was less fortunate for~~ 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 to use my spare time for long walks in the park and occasionally I used to do some track work <sup>at Tibbets Brook Park</sup> (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

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The ability to wiggle my ears is a minor form of entertainment for my grandmother but it is surpassed by my ability to amaze ~~left~~ physicians when I have been put ~~at~~ the stethoscope on my ear and watched ~~33~~ me vibrate my ~~response~~ membranes (ear drums) under voluntary control based on dynamic tension myself in Panama I devised a set of exercises to which I attributed my maintained health in that climate plus the fact that I kept my skin covered at all times to avoid mosquito bites.

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.

When I was young, the doctor prescribed eyeglasses but I stopped wearing and going <sup>for 2 years</sup> to the movies 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 cosigner 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 exposés 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 farmers beautiful daughter to marry him to save her parents from being put off the farm. Minstrel shows with "end men" were still performed. Firemen still played checkers in front of the firehouses. 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 <sup>had trouble</sup> ~~couldn't~~ <sup>ing</sup> find a doctor on the weekend. Her husband had an insect in his ear and was in terrible pain. I suggested dripping luke warm water into his ear. When I looked up the books they suggested a bland oil. Last <sup>in letters to the editor of the New England Journal of Medicine</sup> year, I read of a new way: Instill novocaine or xylocaine. My buddy <sup>Herbert McKinley</sup> Dr. 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 front of 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 ~~despite~~ <sup>despite</sup> my offer to take his place and despite a close game with a cold sweat and went back in despite 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 potatoe <sup>country</sup>. 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 potatoes is cut up 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 potatoe production. That helps identify the parent potatoe if some of the products are bad. Machinery then covers the ~~seeds~~ <sup>eyes</sup> 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 potatoe 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 potatoe houses are usually two stories and have concrete walls <sup>built into the side of a hill</sup> 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 just far out into the Atlantic, whence the term <sup>"Downeast"</sup>. I always thought of Maine part of as 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 ~~looked like~~ 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).