

56

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 it will grow. There is the philosophical angle: "Should you give your children a lot of love because that ~~way~~ <sup>they</sup> ~~not~~ find it elsewhere in life or should you be standoffish ~~so~~ 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 <sup>repeat</sup> ~~say~~ that life is what happens to you when you make other plans?

My old Silhouette <sup>sail</sup> ~~sail~~ boat, with the eight hundred pound lead keel was sold when I moved and I picked up a smaller thirteen foot <sup>made by Old Town</sup> craft that was badly in need of repair. One of the strakes was split open and, as I didn't have chain vices, 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 <sup>screw</sup> ~~screw~~ the strake and the bolts blocks ~~block~~ together. However, the ~~screws~~ 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

57

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 <sup>I had to</sup> deck build something similar to an upside down tabernacle to recreate the original strength of the mast. I made all of the hairraising mistakes that you read about, when learning to sail, <sup>in sailing</sup> which I will not bore you with. My first experience 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 Nissauqua river from Jericho <sup>right to</sup> the <sup>mouth of the river</sup> inlet at which <sup>point</sup> our canoe rammed the buoy and turned over due to the strong tidal flow. A passing motor boat picked us up.

I joined an art workshop and turned out quite a few portraits in pastel and several in oil. One year was spent as president of the local AFS chapter, <sup>mutual international</sup> an exchange program run for high school students. As service officer for the local American Legion, I was able to help a number of veterans and their relatives; Such things as hospital applications, widows' pensions, etc. My retirement practice began to blossom and that made me unhappy. Then, one day I became careless and inhaled some ~~concrete cement powder~~ metal grindings, some dental chemicals. These, on top of some portland cement inhalation gave me quite a bad time, to the point where I almost stopped breathing three times. <sup>ventolin, epinephrine, cortisone, antibiotics</sup> <sup>thorapy</sup> other medicine was used

57



1  
58  
Practicing two half days a week in a retirement practice has its problems. Its a one man operation. Preparation, operation and clean up with no available assistance in emergencies. In addition, appointments, bookkeeping and ~~stock~~ <sup>materials</sup> ordering and replacement takes time, ~~and~~ expiration dates created added expense. Eventually, license fees, x-rays fees, narcotic fees and insurance become prohibitive costs because there is no prorating system for one day of practice per week. Now, with the lifting of the ban on advertising, I feel that the legal profession who started the lifting of the ban has lost its professional status. In addition, the large suits by the legal profession have escalated the insurance fees.

This, plus the third party involvement in medical plans has also reduced the medical and dental professions to a menial service ~~status~~ <sup>status</sup> and to lay control in certain areas in the care of patients.

The most important factor in ~~medical~~ <sup>medicine</sup> and ~~dental~~ <sup>dentistry</sup> is integrity on the part of the doctor. All of the above facts are forcing a breakdown of such integrity and trust. Woe to the patient who is a lawyer or whose spouse is a lawyer, ~~and to the dentist or physician who need a lawyer~~

There are a number of observations a person can make by listening to his own body. Put your pinky in your ear and you can hear all four beats of the heart. Also, if you then move your jaw, you can hear if there is any noise in the TM joint. Look at the stars at night and observe the double vision, if present in each eye. The worst eye is the one with the widest double vision. Sit outside on a bright sunny day and observe the individual cells float across the eyes cornea. Palpate various parts of your body and compare them to the opposite side of your body (you can feel the insides to a certain extent at the same time). All these subjective ~~observations~~ <sup>observations</sup> are only available to you, except the TM noise.

38

In the course of dental practice I made some clinical observations which could stand investigation. For example, it seemed to me that , when a child had all four first or second bicuspids removed for orthodontic reasons, he or she seemed to develop dimples in their cheeks that would not have otherwise appered. Another phenomena that I observed was that people with scrotle tongue had crowded arches so that the room for the tongue was greatly decreased, possibly causing it to squeeze back on itself. I also seemed to observe that ninety percent of sores and irritations in the oral cavity were originated by chemicals (such as ambesol) or by mechanical means (such as sharp edges on teeth or restorations, or areas of roughness ).

Another area of practice that fascinated me was the use of amazing remedies. When I had an automobile accident and thought that the nerves in three front teeth had been damaged as evidenced by the electric pulp tester, I went to see my dentist, Dr. Leon Gecker, and lo and behold, he applied chloroform to the gingival area over the apices of the teeth and, in a few days, the vitality had returned. The question was, would the vitality have returned by itself, was it the power of suggestion or was it the application of a counterirritant that cured the problem? When penicillin first came on the scene, we used it to treat Vincents Angina in the mouth by prescribing a mouth wash plus some topical application. In short order the condition dissappeared. However, once the problem of sensitization was understood, this method of treatment was stopped. My son had a border collie as a pet and one day he developed a tumor on his ankle. We took him to the vet and he gave us a white save to apply and in a few days the tumor was gone, as if an acid had eaten it away. I never discovered the contents but I still have the salve and hope to have it analyzed some day.



60  
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JP While with the cub scouts in Huntington, I built a puppet theatre and some puppets, with some help, and ~~made~~ wrote up a script copied from the old Punch and Judy shows so that the cub scouts could put the show on for the other cub scouts and their parents. Later, I <sup>m</sup>proved the theatre, put in sound ~~and~~ <sup>n</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>n</sup> a tape recorder, lighting and a one way window, ~~and~~ <sup>I</sup> did a few public shows for charity. Another project was the Marionette I made, Dr. AH Chu from Korea, who was a calligrapher and would write out the first names of people in the audience in Korean.

When I had to take down my small swimming pool, I used the aluminum wall to build a one man canoe that only weighed about thirty <sup>r</sup> five pounds. Later, I purchased a Grumman aluminum canoe so that my wife could join me. A mountain bike was added to the list of sports for exercise purposes. I did play some tennis for a while but it was hard to find a partner who just wanted to exercise without competing. Golf never attracted me because after standing at the chair all day long, the idea of standing most of the weekend had no appeal. Finding a different restaurant every month also became an interesting form of entertainment. One talk I gave to a senior citizen group was, sort of, in memory of J. S. Wolf ~~er~~ who had to quit CCNY to go to work and who was a portrait artist. He used to do ~~the~~ portraits and short biographical articles for the magazine section of the NYTimes. He used a gray paper with a black and white line drawing that was a very quick technique. I still remember the exhibit he had one week at CCNY of all ~~the~~ the famous people he had interviewed and sketched.

My love for doing portraits still remains. There is a particular thrill when you reach the point where the portrait begins to come alive - Also, there is something three dimensional that you capture that is unattainable with photography.

514

Just as there are no old bold pilots so there is no such a thing as a dentist who does extractions who hasn't broken a root in the course of his operating. One procedure I use to minimize such a happening is the application of a cowhorn forceps to lower molars as a means of wedging between the two roots of a lower molar and the bone when there is sufficient spread between the roots. There were a few troubles that I ran into that stand out in my mind. One was an attempt to remove an impacted lower third molar with everything meticulously planned except that I failed to observe that the patient had microstomia which made it very difficult to gain access to an area that was difficult to work in to begin with. Another case, was an impacted upper third molar that was very high up that couldn't be elevated because the tooth was completely inverted. Another case was a stomatitis of the buccal mucosae with ulcerations that I should have referred for consultation at once instead of attempting to treat it. When I first started practice, I had never done a flap and when I tried to extract an ankylosed tooth for my Uncle I ended up sending him to my friend who had had an internship in oral surgery. In Maine, I had an urgent call from a dentist who had broken a syringe needle off while giving a mandibular block. I was unable to respond as I had no knowledge of the best procedure to follow. He finally succeeded in removing it himself. After that incident, I devised a probe with a serrated surface that could be used to probe and locate the broken needle by touch. Some lower dentures were difficult to obtain retention with. By decreasing the size and by grinding lingual depressions for the tongue to fit into, I was able to improve the stability.



Chapter 12  
Ditch Driving

After almost sixty years behind the wheel, I had thoughts of writing a book on safe driving. However, there have been several good books published on the subject. I do have a few impressions to add. When teaching someone, the first lesson I give is how to stop the car which is a two-ton weapon. If the foot brake fails, trying pumping it, if it still fails, try the hand parking brake.

~~Insufficient~~ <sup>is</sup> insufficient, place the car in low gear (double clutching to do so, if necessary). If still having a problem, turn the ignition key off but this may damage the motor. If still in danger head off the road at the next upgrade.

I have had my share of dangerous moments. In Portland Maine I skidded <sup>while traveling</sup> on ice ~~going~~ only ten miles an hour. On the Grand Concourse, I skidded going under the tunnel at Fordham road due to bald tires (before the days of inspection). In the garage, in the Bronx, I had a bad gas leak in my gas tank and after the gasoline was washed down with water, I drove the car out of the garage for safety reasons. Crossing one street with a green light I was hit by another car that went through the red light, and pushed <sup>my car</sup> up a small incline. Fortunately, I had a heavier car and there was no trees in my path. On the New England Thruway, right after crossing the bridge over the Hudson, two cars ahead of me stopped and I couldn't pull to the right as there were cars passing. It was at night and I kept flashing my stop light by stepping on and off the break but was still hit in the rear. ~~By staying~~ <sup>Always</sup> alert and always keeping <sup>your</sup> eyes glued to the road, ~~I have never caused an accident.~~

Defensive driving is the best policy. In addition I always look

62

When I was seventeen my father taught me how to drive in stick shift car and I feared my first test by parking into a telephone pole while making a "turn in the middle of a narrow street" no side view mirrors in those days

62

63

(Ditch driving)

at the side of the road <sup>^</sup> to see if there is room for me to pull off <sup>^</sup> in case of emergency. If there is <sup>^</sup> no room, I drive more cautiously and more slowly. Take care of your car and your car will take care of you. Check your tires regularly. Check your water oil, <sup>battery</sup> and trans-  
mission and windshield wiper fluid and power steering and brake fluid, <sup>and on new cars grease job every 2-3 years</sup> Look under your car at inspection time for sources of trouble. Keep your windows clean for good visibility. On long trips keep your window open slightly to avoid fumes in case of a leak.

Never drive over sixty miles an hour. The human reflex time cannot handle emergency situations if you drive faster than that. In addition, there is something about the new cars that creates an ever present danger. The pick up and the drive is so smooth that you can no longer gauge yourself by the seat of your pants. The speed sneaks up on you and you find yourself <sup>going</sup> ~~traveling~~ faster than you really wish to. <sup>travel</sup> Never back up further than you have to and always toot your horn and look all around before <sup>change lanes slowly</sup> backing up slowly. Avoid backing up onto a main highway. Avoid playing the radio as the noise obscures any warning sounds that a car in trouble may give you. Never follow your passengers advice <sup>without first observing for yourself</sup> or back seat driving. ~~Always look for yourself~~. The only passenger command I take cognizance of is stop and then I like to see why first. If necessary, ask your passenger not to talk to you.

If and when you obtain your first license, you should have an experienced driver next to you for at least six months. Every one should carry something to repair a flat tire or know how to put a spare on. Good highways have a natural camber to help keep the car on the road. Also, a good highway usually is banked in the proper direction around turns. There are no old bold pilots.

63



64

The life of a car is about eighty to one hundred thousand miles. I never like to ride ~~with~~ any one else unless I know their capabilities as drivers and I never let anyone ~~drive~~ my car unless I was the one that taught them to drive.

Here are a few automobile anecdotes that might be of interest. Sixty years ago my father locked his keys in the car accidentally. In those days you couldn't jimmy the door through the window but we were able to get in through the floor boards. While a ~~con-~~ selder at summer camp <sup>in New Hampshire</sup> my friend picked up an old ford and wanted me to drive ~~him~~ past the next town to see his girl friend as he did not have a license. I agreed and we took off. When we reached a steep hill on a dirt road (this car had no brakes) the car began to go faster and faster and was getting gas until I realized that the vibration was jiggling down the gas feed on the steering wheel (old model tees had that sort of hand feed <sup>plus a spark feed</sup>). Once I moved it back we were fairly safe again. When we approached <sup>in</sup> Gilmanton Iron Works, known in literature as Peyton Place I put the car in low gear and was able to creep through town without stopping. Needless to say, I was happy when we finally returned to camp safely.

Driving alone from New York to Decatur, which I thought was nine hundred miles I fell asleep at the wheel at about 4:30 am doing sixty miles an hour. The car went off on a thirty degree embankment, hit a small culvert and was turned back up on the highway so that it sat across the road blocking the highway. I was afraid to feed gas for fear it might stall so I waited two seconds and it had just enough gas to move off the highway <sup>and</sup> back down the shoulder <sup>by itself</sup>. A truck stopped and notified the state police who had me towed back onto the road and I finished the rest of the trip without even a flat tire. I did however have to have my wheels realigned.

64

Before they made the cut through Wurtsboro hill, cars used to get stuck because their brakes would start to burn going down such a steep grade. One night I borrowed my fathers car and took my friends out for a joy ride. About five miles away, the clutch linkage broke( it was a stick shift) and I had visions of not getting home. Then I remebered<sup>m</sup> my friend the engineers' advise. I started the car in first gear, picked up just the right amount of speed to shift into second without need for using a clutch and similarly put it into third gear just making all the lights which were staggered.

One day , when streets were icy, my father backed his big seven passenger Buick out of our garage and it slid on the ice into a tree whcih we usually had to back around. The car was so heavy that even sand and chains would not let us get up the slope. My friend<sup>Donald Jordan,</sup> the engineer<sup>and</sup> came along, had me sit in the car and work the brake while the car was in first. He used the hand crank and cranked the car back up the slope taking advantage of the mechanical advantage and the slow motion. New cars (small size) are difficult to use for teaching purposes since you cannot get your foot across<sup>the center divider</sup> to use the brake unless it is a front wheel drive. The esential features that you should look for in purchasing a car are 1. The length of the wheel base( the longer the less channee of turning over) 2. A strong frame construction. 3. A strong roof construction 4. High grade tires. 5. Convenient servicing.

New cars have so many new gadgets that you need a special college course to understand them: terms like sun gears, electronic distributor, etc. In the old cars, if something went wrong you might be able to find the trouble and repair it. In the new cars, complicated



machinery costing thousands of dollars may be needed to diagnose  
*15 is called engine performance analysis instead of a tune up.*  
the trouble. A car can go completely dead just because of the  
malfunction of an electronic unit. Also, unfortunately, even  
American cars may have foreign parts in them. It reminds me of the  
cry in the old days "get a horse!" *and how everything made in Japan*  
*broke very quickly.*

## Chapter 13

## The Edentulous Years

"Your outline forms terrific, you're a crowning joy to see  
 Your developmental lines and contours far surpass the curve of Spee  
 So come let's wax romantic, let's invest our hopes divine  
 Amalgamate, oh, triturate you toothless (~~toothless~~) gal of mine!"  
 So went the song for the graduation class of 1940. We had our own  
 dance orchestra. Yours truly played the drums (just about able to  
 keep the rhythm).

The chapter title reminds me of one VA patient who was quite  
 ill up in Maine and had very bad teeth. I removed all of his teeth  
 and made him a set of dentures. The change in his health was spec-  
 tacular. There are some dentists who make a living traveling around  
 to nursing homes. Some of the facilities are pretty bad. Some of  
 the facilities for migrant workers are also very poor. Dentures  
 have a tendency to be lost in nursing homes and having the name and  
 social security number in them helps. <sup>prevent this.</sup> My set of dentures <sup>have been constructed in advance and</sup> are waiting  
 for me. Which brings me to the statement that a lawyer who <sup>pleads his</sup> has-himself  
 own case <sup>as a client</sup> has a fool for a client. This sounds very neat but only  
 because <sup>if</sup> a lawyer who does not plead his own case does not have a  
 fool for a client does not sound as pat. What I am leading up to  
 is the case of the dentist who had a bad toothache and called another  
 dentist to make an appointment to have it removed. The other dentist  
 said he was busy and referred him to an oral surgeon. The first dentist  
 became so angry he went into his own office and pulled the tooth himself.  
 Since then he has been doing most of his own work: fillings, crowns, etc.  
 Yup, yours truly. Its done with mirrors and it helps if you are ambi-  
 dextrous. ~~LET'S SEE IT~~



For several years I thought I smelled gas in our kitchen and I had the gas company come to check it out. They found nothing. Then I had trouble with the kitchen plumbing not draining and had new piping put in place. Actually the cause of these two facts was the settling of the corner of the house due to the foundation being built on fill. I started to jack the house up myself, shimming the space above the sill. In addition, I built concrete pillars <sup>using</sup> ~~in~~ a unique <sup>facilitate the mix going</sup> shoot to ~~go~~ <sup>by way of a hole in</sup> under the footing ~~and under~~ the cellar floor. Eventually, after several years of this, since the house corner kept settling, I called in an architect <sup>to</sup> and had the whole corner foundation replaced. As an aftermath of breathing in concrete dust, some metal filings while grinding a stainless steel case in my lab and some chemical fumes I succumbed to a serious <sup>a</sup> case of bronchial ~~sh~~ asthma. Three series of antibiotics and cortisone and bronchial dilators later I began to snap out of it but I am still on some medicine.

Two books added to my determination to complete my biography which I started during the war years. Memoirs of a ~~Town~~ <sup>an autobiography</sup> and Country Doctor by Emma L. Bellows M.D. and The Life and Works of James Leon Williams one of the pioneers in the use of porcelain to make artificial <sup>2 biographies</sup> teeth. Sometimes I ponder the future of dentistry and I see things like holograms for the study of anatomy, diagnosis of caries by a single photograph of the entire set of teeth through fiberoptics, a dental drill with the speed adjustment controlled by the pinky instead of the foot, a plastic nasal mask protecting the dentists lungs and eyes, a hand skin dip instead of clumsy rubber gloves, a full mouth xray taken with a small intraoral device run by remote control and shooting xrays outward to a single film over the lips and cheeks with no panographic motion required possibly with NMR instead

59 ~~4~~  
of x-rays, elctro anesthesia using a capacitance effect from a  
fluorescent loop or an electrolite solution, replacement of damaged  
nerves with conductive plastic wires, discovery of a plastic with  
all the properties of gold, ~~for use in the mouth~~, etc. etc.

My bronchitis, asthma gave me a peculiar insight into the  
cost of Medicare and Health insurance. The greater and more numer-  
ous the bills from the physician the more medicare expands and  
collects from the government, the more people it hires and the higher  
their salaries. Also, the greater and more numerous the physician's  
bills the less the patient pays after the deductible. This is a  
snowball effect and something must be done to reverse it.

Phanatology is a strange subject. I like the epitaph in  
Plutarch's Lives- "(Reiss) the mysogonist lies below, go and revile  
me stranger, only go." Not that I would want it on my tomb. I  
prefer my solution to the trisection of an angle with straight  
edge and compass using projective geometry and the secret of the  
pyramid( special case of trisection). In what may have been parallel  
invention I dremt<sup>2</sup> up the "container cargo" idea during WWII, <sup>the overhead hinged doors for autos (sent to GM about 1929)</sup> the  
<sup>a practical version of three dimensional checkers,</sup> bypass valve now used on Elmers glue (circa 1947), <sup>λ</sup> a new concept  
for a World Constitutional government based on weighted voting and  
<sup>the first concept of the use of electrons for a microscope (1945 at CCNY)</sup>  
utilizing the causes of war as a source of representation percentage, &  
the three pronged pliers for picking up ball bearings,

There should be a new profession called informationist. People  
should be trained to record all the improved knowledge and new ideas  
hidden by doctors, dentists, and others <sup>Σ</sup> like in the dark ages, because  
of the money value involved <sup>Σ</sup> (the industrial secrets), and to store  
them away so that after the inventor dies they will not be lost to  
the world. With modern computers this should be very feasible.