

YOUNGSTOWN STATE UNIVERSITY

ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM

Depression Project

Life During the Depression

O. H. 386

DR. R. P. MEADER

Interviewed

by

Maribeth Harry

on

June 2, 1976

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INTERVIEWEE: DR. R. P. MEADER

INTERVIEWER: Maribeth Harry

SUBJECT: 1930 Depression; Welfare; Herbert Hoover; F.D.R.;
Teddy Roosevelt; Medical Fees of the 1930's;
Social Security.

DATE: June 2, 1976

H: This is an interview with Dr. R. P. Meader, M.D., for the Youngstown State University Oral History Program of Youngstown in the 1930 Depression years, by Maribeth Harry, at 70 Maple Street, Canfield, on June 2, 1976, at 7:00 p.m.

Dr. Meader, what do you remember about your parents and your family?

M: I am very fortunate in that I had a wonderful family. My father was a Methodist minister. My mother was a Methodist minister's daughter. There were seven of us children. I was born in 1901, the third of the seven children and the first of five boys, having two sisters older than myself. My father was 6'2" and weighed about 250 lbs. My mother was a good size woman with a very, very sweet disposition.

Father liked children, and I can remember, even when we were small enough, sitting on his lap talking about when we would go to college. He and mother had also gone to Albion College, a Methodist supported college in Michigan. We talked about when we would go to Albion College, and we had arranged so that Frances, finishing high school first and being the eldest, would go first and the rest of us would help support her. When she got through, she would teach school and help the next one through, and so on down the line. As it turned out, the two girls, Frances and Laura, were both teachers. I was a doctor, an M.D.

My next brother, Willard, was a lawyer. Ralph, the next brother, was a Ph.D. and taught in medical school. My third brother, George, the fourth boy, was also a lawyer and was a prosecuting attorney for Washtenaw County in Ann Arbor, the county seat. Later, he went to Congress representing that district and was in Congress for fourteen years. After Congress he was one of the organizers and first presidents of the Former Members of Congress Club. He is still in Washington now doing work on the Committee for Reorganization of Congress. The youngest brother, Ed, had a little more trouble scholastically being the youngest of seven children, but finally finished up with his degree, a Masters degree, and is now teaching part-time at Western Michigan University in Kalamazoo, Michigan. He is teaching geography of the Near East.

Even with seven children of her own, mother still had enough love for those deserving young women in the church to be, if needed, a mother-in-law.

Dad used to take us swimming once a week. After all, Saturday night baths for seven to get ready for Sunday church would be quite a task. In the summertime, every Saturday late afternoon, he would pile us into the old model T and take us out four miles to Morrison Lake out of Coldwater, Michigan.

Dad also enjoyed young people. We had in our church in Coldwater--we lived there from 1910 to 1916--what we called the Knights of Methodism, instead of Boy Scouts. The Royal Princes were the ones up to teen age, and the Lion Hearted were the teenage boys. We had summer camps just as scouts do, with our nature study and campfires and good times swimming and boating. I remember the jousting matches we used to have on boats, with a boy in the prow of each boat with a pad on the end of a long, heavy bamboo pole, well-padded at the end, trying to push each other into the water. The maneuvering of the boat and the maneuvering of the length of his spear, those were our jousting matches. It was then that I stayed in the water too long, but not far enough under, that I came up with solid blisters raised an inch off of each shoulder. When they took us out to camp we were some fourteen miles out of Coldwater. The last four or five miles we always had to walk so that we would be properly tired and not full of too much mischief the first night at camp.

Food was brought out by mothers who cooked it at home. Someone brought it out each day. Those were great days.

Later, when we moved from Coldwater, when dad went as district superintendent to the Grand Traverse District in Michigan, he had just a whole Grand Traverse District camp. He had his daughters and daughter-in-law to be

acting, along with the others, as camp directors and helpers.

H: Can you tell me a few of the childhood games you played?

M: Sure. Some of them played "Hopscotch", the one where you drew with chalk on the sidewalk and marked out the spaces, one and two in the first row, three, four in the next row, and you toss a stone in to land in one square.

H: I played that.

M: When we were little children, our father was the minister; he wore stiff collars, and would wear a white, linen tie that he tied in a bow knot. The tie could only be worn once or twice because there was no way of laundering them. They weren't of material that could be laundered. We had a tendency to run away, wander further than we were supposed to. One of our punishments was to be hobbled with one of those ties so we could only take small steps. You couldn't get very far that way.

When I was in the fifth grade, I started carrying papers, newspapers. From then on I always earned all of the money for my clothes. My father would go with me to the men's clothing store, and we would pick out a suit and take it home and see if mother approved of it. Then I would have an account with that clothing store and would pay what I got from my papers, fifty cents a week, on the six or seven dollar suit that I had bought. Even in carrying papers in those days--fifty or fifty-five cents a week for a paper route--we would have a nickel deducted for every kick we got when somebody didn't get their paper. Some of those times we used to know the men who were handling the papers. They would put in kicks that had been sent in by customers in order to cut us down five or ten cents.

H: That's hard to believe.

M: Yes, it is.

Those were the days when haircuts only cost a quarter, but dad cut our hair so we didn't pay the quarter.

We didn't often eat out, you couldn't afford to of course. I had a hard time learning to eat out, not because we didn't have good manners, we learned good manners at home. Good manners, yes, and also that you cleaned up your plate, and that you ate what was served to you. You didn't ask for something different.

H: Not like today.

- M: In our Sunday school we had a baseball team even as youngsters; and we had a football team as youngsters, eight, nine, and ten year olds. We used to enjoy playing. We would play the church team from a town six or seven miles away from Coldwater. We played Quincy, Michigan. We also played tennis.
- H: Was it as popular as today?
- M: Yes, more so because we didn't have golf or anything of that sort.
- H: When you went to school, did you have one class? Was it set up like it is today?
- M: No, I had one class at a time.
- H: Not like fifth grade, sixth grade together?
- M: No. When I went to elementary school, from kindergarten on, we were in separate classes for each grade.
- H: In a separate room?
- M: In a separate room.
- H: That's unusual.
- M: Once in awhile there would be two classes in one room, but that wasn't very common. For instance, when I was in the seventh grade there were two rooms of seventh graders.
- H: Did they have dismissals by the bells?
- M: No, there were no bells to be punched from the principal's office. The big bell told you when to come in from recess and so on, the bell tower, yes.
- H: That didn't dismiss you from classes more or less?
- M: Not from class, no. It would just ring when you came into school to tell you when you were tardy. I don't even know that it rang when we left, but it rang at recess to come in.

The parsonage in Coldwater had a big, old barn. Dad fixed up the carriage portion of that barn so that we could play basketball in it. Of course, it had a low ceiling. It was heated by a stove that had been installed. We got a shower by having a can of water that sat on top of the stove to heat

and then with a pulley up on the ceiling it could be pulled up and swung over. Standing in the tub there was a spray arrangement from that can so that we could get a shower.

In that same barn we kept a cow, and it was my job every morning before school to walk that cow a mile and a half to pasture, and in the evenings to go and get her. I wasn't big enough at that time to milk her, but when we went to Traverse City when I was in high school, both I and my brother, each of us, had a cow. We would buy the feed for the cow, hay. We would raise corn for fodder. We sold milk to neighbors. What we didn't sell to the neighbors, dad would pay us for because our seven children needed quite a bit of milk. We used to have cream that would raise on the cooling pans that you could lift off with a fork. Was that good on strawberries! We had our big garden and we had strawberries as well as other things. I think I learned then, though it was much work and not enjoyed as much then, I think I enjoy my gardening now because of what I learned then.

H: You said that you had difficulties in eating out?

M: Not feeling at ease. I have difficulty today, not that way, but I have difficulty today in spending money, particularly money for little things because I had to know where every penny was in those days. In fact, I did until long after I finished my medical work.

I never graduated from high school.

H: Didn't you?

M: It seemed that I lacked somewhat in imagination. I used to get A's in composition and theme writing and English, but one requirement in that English course was that we had to write a short story. I could not bring myself to take a plot from someone else's story and change the words a little bit, as some of my classmates did. I did not have the imagination, and so I got an incomplete, and when it came time for me to graduate I still had not made up that incomplete and I never got a diploma. I never graduated from high school. I was going to go back. I was not feeling too bad about it because I was enjoying playing football at that time. I was going back for another year, but we moved.

We went to Ionia, Michigan. We went to see about enrolling another year with my brothers in Ionia, and the superintendent

of the school said, "You don't belong here; we don't have any room for you. Go onto college." I went to Albion College and with my grades they accepted me with the condition in English.

H: What was that condition?

M: That I get a passing grade in English during the first part of the year in order to remain. Of course, the regular English never bothered me; I did well in that.

After three years at Albion, I felt the push of needing more finance than dad could help me with, because I had at that time two other brothers in college also, and a sister. One sister was still in college. I dropped out after three years and taught school for a year in Muskegon Heights. I taught geography to youngsters from various countries. It was very interesting because you can easily look to any country and pick out the good parts, talk about them in a class in which you have most of your European nations represented. Wouldn't their eyes sparkle to hear something good about their homeland.

H: Were you teaching in high school did you say?

M: Yes. Junior high and high.

H: Did the children then change classes, or did you have them all day?

M: No, they changed classes.

H: How long were the periods?

M: I don't really remember, but I suppose about forty-five minutes. I'm not sure of that.

H: What were the differences, were the children eager to learn? Did you have discipline problems?

M: Some of them were. Did I have discipline problems? Well, I had a little Hungarian boy, George Hosko. He was not overly bright, and he would sit in class with that silly grin on his face. It was most exasperating if you were trying to get something across. One day I had George stay after school. I borrowed a paddle made of a dry goods box, lightweight pine, from the coach. I paddled George. I broke the paddle on George's rear, and George went out of my room, which was near the back door of the school,

across the school ground crying, and I thought I had made an enemy. The next morning George came around the back door and right into my room instead of coming around the front of the school. He was just beaming all smiles.

Another fellow that I had was Steve. Steve was a little, wizened up, old-manish looking youngster with sallow skin. He looked as though he had never gotten water on it. He would come to school wearing his father's coat and vest, with the coat hanging down below his knees. He never had his hair cut unless our principal took him to the barber once in awhile. Steve was smart, but he would be disruptive because of that. I would have Steve come up and sit beside my desk, facing with his back to the class. Then in my interest in talking about the geography of some country, maybe Hungary, we were talking about Hungarian dances and so on, I would get around the front of the desk and Steve would be kind of behind me. All of a sudden the class would be all a titter. I would look around quick and here was Steve putting his finger up between the zero that he had made with his thumb and forefinger of the other hand and trying to catch it as he pulled it out. I would stand Steve in the corner with his face in the corner.

I taught there at that time for only one year, and when word got around that I wouldn't be back the next, on the last day of school those two boys, Steve and George Hosko, came into my room and asked that if I came back to visit, would I come and stay in their homes. Discipline, when deserved, is rarely objected to by the recipient.

H: What years did you teach school?

M: I taught that year (1922-1923) and then I went to the University of Michigan and took courses in education so that I could get a permanent teacher's certificate. I had only a temporary one after the three years at Albion. It was while I was there that I decided to go into medicine. After I graduated and got my degree from the University of Michigan, my AB degree, I then taught in Belding, Michigan, for a year and taught in the high school and coached football, basketball, baseball, and track.

H: What were the years that you did this?

M: The year that I was at Muskegon Heights was 1922-1923. Then I got my AB degree in 1924 from the University of Michigan. Then I taught in Belding for one year. I didn't know enough to be frightened, but we had a football season county championship which we came away with. We were one of the smaller towns in the country. We won our

games and got to get the championship. When I left in the spring, during spring vacation that year, I said I was going to Ann Arbor for a visit. They assumed that I was going to look for another job, which I hadn't in mind at all. The chairman of the school board, who was one of the bankers in town, came to see me before I left. He said, "We will equal any offer that you may get down there."

H: It was just your vacation?

M: It was just for vacation. But, at Belding there was a dentist who owned property next to the school. The school wanted to expand, needed to expand. They needed more property. The dentist thought that he had a good chance to sell his property at a higher price. I think he was on the school board. The school superintendent was smarter than he was and bought property on the other side, so that dentist then had it in for that superintendent and got him let go because he didn't buy his property. I didn't think I would like to stay in that sort of a community, and not only that, I was having an offer to go back to Muskegon Heights this time as coach and physical education director. This was outside of Muskegon. Muskegon, if you remember, is the place where Benny Oosterbaan, a famous player at Michigan and later football coach and athletic director of Michigan, was from. Benny Oosterbaan got his start in Muskegon, the big school next door.

H: Were you married at the time?

M: No. I couldn't see how I could support a wife and go to medical school.

H: What made you decide to be a doctor?

M: That's an interesting question to me. While I was on the University of Michigan campus for that senior year of mine in college, I was working as a waiter in one of the eating houses (Chubbs). I lived with my aunt and uncle. My uncle was one of the professors of chemistry at the university. As I rubbed elbows with the students, it seemed like the medics were having the hardest job of all. They put in longer hours with their laboratory work and all. There were more of them that flunked out than in any of the other school, and there seemed to be no end to the amount of knowledge that could be gained. My experience in the School of Education was not such, because the teachers in the School of Education, the professors and so on, instructors, were not of a quality to inspire you. Rather they made you

feel that they were there because they couldn't make a living anyplace else. I could not, at that time, see the opportunity for unlimited study that I can now as far as education is concerned. The challenge of unlimited knowledge in the medical field, and of a hard job, knowing it would be a hard job was, I think, what made me choose medicine. I had always been brought up through the church Sunday school class, but especially through YMCA older boys conference, with the idea of service. After all, there is not much difference in the service one can give as a doctor and as a teacher. In our household both teaching and medicine or doctors were thought well of. There wasn't too much difference on the question of service, but more the question on the challenge of a hard job.

H: When did you enter medical school?

M: After graduating from literary school with an AB, I taught school then for two years. That was in 1924, 1925, and 1926. In the fall of 1927, I entered medical school.

H: Right in the roaring 1920's.

M: . . . to graduate in 1931. This year we will be having our forty-fifth anniversary reunion.

H: Are you going?

M: I hope to. In my senior year, I was elected secretary of the class and that office continues without any further election, so I'm still secretary of my medical school class.

H: Where did you go to medical school?

M: I went to the University of Michigan.

H: You took your AB from there?

M: Yes. After finishing medical school I went to intern in Grand Rapids, Michigan, in Blodgett Hospital for a year. At the end of that year I started out in general practice in a little town on the shore of Lake Michigan near the Michigan-Indiana line, New Buffalo, Michigan. I did general practice there from 1932, starting out in that Depression time.

In the Depression people were talking about what the banks took away from them, the money that they had that they lost in the bank. The bank never took anything away from me. All I had was debts and they didn't take anything from me. They didn't take those in.

H: Tell me about the Depression. You were in medical

at the time, for part of it.

M: Really, it didn't make much difference to me because I didn't have anything anyway.

H: How about your family?

M: Well, the minister got his income, I guess. By that time he was getting some returns because while I was teaching school, I was paying back dad the money that he had loaned me, without interest, to help in going to school--a loan at about ten dollars a week every two weeks that he had sent me.

H: Did many people drop out of medical school, many of your friends?

M: I don't remember any of them dropping out of medical school.

H: Didn't the Depression . . .

M: No. The Depression hit in 1929 so we did not get much of it. There was also a depression in 1921 and 1922. Again, I didn't have anything to lose. I didn't even have a job. I was a student working my way through. While I was at Albion, I would go down to a doctor's office and tend the coal fire in this office. I would go down early in the morning and get it started so that it would be warm, and I would go and bank it at night. I worked for a widow to take care of her lawn and her furnace for my room. I used to work at Albion Malleable Iron Foundry at night and on weekends, and could make more on a weekend than I could make all week from the other jobs that I had.

I used to run track and cross country. I ran five miles, two miles. I never had any coaching in it, we just ran.

H: What was your impression of President Hoover?

M: I have always admired President Hoover. I've admired him as being an able administrator in the postwar era. I've admired him as being honest, forthright, concerned with others, and selfless. He has been one of my ideals. Conservative, yes, but capable and not looking for praise.

H: What would be your impression then of F.D.R.?

M: F.D.R. does not stand high in my estimation. I don't think that he knew what a good day's work was. Instead of speaking not so well of a man, I would rather turn your question to another president that I did admire greatly, Theodore Roosevelt.

Theodore Roosevelt, as a child, was an asthmatic, with many things to which he was sensitive. He had much trouble; he was sickly as a child. With the help of his father, he rigged up a gym in his home and learned to exercise and develop by regular exercise. When he came into young manhood, and went west, he met some westerner who thought he was tough and cast some slur upon him; he was able to knock him out. That wasn't the sickly, asthmatic child of his childhood. He had learned to overcome a difficulty and was a great leader of men and a great liver. He was a man who believed in living life to its fullest. He has my appreciation.

H: Many people do not live their life to the fullest.

M: Very true.

H: Would you give F.D.R.'s New Deal any credit at all? Social Security, I'm aware, did come out of it.

M: May I tell you a story instead?

H: Oh yes!

M: Not long ago in a little hospital paper called the Capsule, which comes out of Defiance Hospital where I have served for awhile, on a front page was a picture of an eagle. This was a bicentennial year. The little story that went with that bald eagle was this: God made the oyster, and he promised it Social Security. He built for the oyster a house, a shell, which when threatened by the enemy he could close to be protected. Then, on becoming hungry, all the oyster needs to do is to open its door, open its shell, and the food rushes in. God promised the oyster Social Security, and gave it to him. God also made the eagle, and to the eagle he looked out at the blue sky and said, "The sky is your limit," and off flew the eagle to the highest crag and the highest mountain and thereon built for itself a nest in which to rear its young. Every day, through rain, dust, storm, sun, sleet, hail, and wind, the eagle soars forth to get its food for itself and young. When our founding fathers chose for the new nation that they were developing an emblem, they chose not the oyster with its Social Security, but the eagle. God bless the eagle.

H: Well said.

M: What is Social Security? What is security? There is no security except in one's self. No one can promise you security. Security is within yourself only. You can't depend on it from the government or anyone else. God bless the eagle.

H: What do you think of our welfare programs today?

M: I haven't been on them. I haven't very much of an idea about it.

I started out in general practice in 1931, when the banks closed. This was just starting out in practice without having any income to speak of, not enough income even to pay my expenses all through even my internship. I think during my internship I got twenty-five dollars a month. Of course, I lived in the hospital, had room and board. I worked all day and all night if necessary without return. When I started out in general practice people were having a hard time. People who I took care of were on welfare. Welfare usually meant that the doctor was giving them his service without charge. There was no federal welfare when I was in general practice.

It was very interesting. I could deliver a baby for people. When they got some money, the first money that they would get, they didn't come to pay the doctor or pay their other bills, but they would go buy a radio. We didn't have television then in those days. I didn't have a radio, but they did.

H: What would be your fee to deliver a baby?

M: I've forgotten. I remember my office calls were a dollar. House calls were two dollars, unless I would go out in the country and then I would get ten cents a mile or something like that. I was twelve miles from the hospital in Michigan City and fourteen miles from the hospital in La Porte.

I have always wondered how people on welfare, whether it be federal subsistence or the free giving of those who give services to them, could turn around and go and get luxuries the first thing when they got some money.

H: What were some of the diseases that you would encounter? What were the most serious that maybe aren't as serious today?

M: When I was in general practice in New Buffalo, I remember a good, patient farmer's wife coming in to see the doctor. I treated her and gave her medication. She said, "I wonder if you could give me something for dad. He has got a sore thumb and some red streaks in his wrist." I said, "I don't think I ought to try to prescribe for something that I haven't seen. It sounds more serious than that to me." With her permission I went out to see him, fourteen miles out in the country. I got out there and sure

enough the man had what we called then blood poisoning with cellulitis. We shipped him to the hospital immediately and gave him hot soaks and so on because this was a strep infection. Within twenty-four hours he was dead; he was that sick. She wanted me to give him some medicine without seeing him.

H: Did people have faith in doctors?

M: Oh yes.

H: Like as today?

M: More so.

H: Why?

M: We certainly were limited. I don't know why they should have when I think of it today.

I remember so well another hardworking man, who worked on the railroad, who had pneumonia. You gave the patient some aspirin; you put hot packs on him; you went and sat by him and encouraged him, but there was nothing . . . Either they came to a crisis with a high temperature and chills and so on and then got better, or else they died.

Another poor man that I had developed emphysema. The X-rays that we had, they were so miserable. In fact, the X-rays at one hospital were taken by a layman who was a hospital administrator, and you couldn't see anything. I didn't know too much about X-ray, but even as a general practitioner . . . I had a little X-ray machine in my office, a little portable machine that I could take bones with even before I had thought of going into X-ray. That marvelous wife . . . what good care, thoughtful, kindly care patients had at home. That good wife, they had a little boy, and he had mumps, and he had convulsions with his mumps. That mother put hot pads on him, so hot that his poor, little lower legs were blistered. That isn't the good care I'm talking about, but that is one of the side things that you get into.

There was another fellow that worked on the railroad; he had a very attractive wife. He used to brag about keeping her pregnant so she wouldn't be attractive to the other men while he was out on the railroad. I didn't feel so badly when Mr. Jones got pneumonia, but he pulled through.

Let me tell you another one. Does my heart go out to the Italians. New Buffalo was a railroad town, and there was

this Italian fellow who used to go by my office daily. He lived in a flat down over another store down the street. He was one of the work gang on a railroad. He finally saved up enough money so that he could bring his wife and little girl and little boy from Italy. She hadn't been there a year when he came to the office one day and asked if I would take care of his wife. She was in that way. I said, "Most certainly I will." I didn't expect I was going to get paid. When she went into labor I went down. She was living in this flat over a store, and I couldn't get in the door to the stairway to go up the stairs before he had the money out of his pocket wanting to pay me.

H: How much was it?

M: Fifty dollars, I think, but I'm not sure, thirty-five maybe. Bless his soul. Here he had worked so hard to get his wife, get their fare to bring them over, and then wanted her to have good care.

Speaking of deliveries, that makes me think of my first one after I got to New Buffalo. A man called up about 1:00 in the morning and said, "Doc, will you come out and see my wife?" I said, "Yes, sure. What's the trouble?" I carried a good supply of medications in my office and thought maybe I could take something there. The drug store would not be open, so we usually carried a good supply in our bag for starters. He said, "She is having a little pain in her abdomen." I said, "Is she pregnant?" He said, "Oh no." I said, "I'll be out as soon as I get dressed." Before I could get dressed the phone rang again and it was the same man saying, "Doc, I guess you're right."

H: (Laughter) He didn't even know?

M: I said, "Didn't you know?" He said, "She wasn't due yet. The doctor said it would be two weeks."

I went out to this little, farm home set back off of the road. Four tow-head youngsters were running around by now because mom was having pains and making a fuss about it. Nobody else was around--as soon as I came the man left. I put some water on and got things boiling hot to sterilize my instruments should I need any. For anesthetic, I carried a little chloroform with me and the patient administered it herself. You do that by sprinkling a little bit on a handkerchief and having her hold it to her face. When she relaxed, her arms flopped down and it takes it away from her face.

Those were the good days, the general practice days, but I had one or two bad experiences. I lost a young woman with a miscarriage. She developed puerperal. Her German husband and his father and mother would not let me put her in the hospital. We didn't have any wonder drugs, no penicillin or antibiotics then. It was tough to lose a young woman.

The other one, who I had seen for the last few weeks in her pregnancy, had some difficulty with kidney trouble and increased blood pressure. I wanted her to go to the hospital for her delivery, but the family said no. Then four or five days postpartum--I delivered her at home--she began to have a fever. About a week later, they consented--when she had been running a fever of 104 degrees or 105 degrees for almost a week--to let her go. She died before the morn came by. I felt so badly about that. It wasn't for some time until I learned from the parents who were more cooperative than the husband was--the husband was a driver out on the road someplace--that he had insisted on having intercourse with her two days after the baby was born. It undoubtedly had been the cause for her infection.

These things hit hard and made me realize that I did not know enough, so I began to think about further study. I could think of many things, many branches of medicine, because there was no way to get just more general practice study. I had done that; I had gone to Buffalo for a two-week course. This was on my own, this wasn't any special course. I had gone up to Buffalo, New York, because they were putting on a course for general practitioners. I constantly had in mind that I needed to know more. I didn't want to go into surgery, because during my internship I had developed a very severe dermatitis and still had trouble while I was in general practice for considerable time. I used to go into Chicago to see a dermatologist. Surgery was rather out of the question then, I couldn't stand the scrubbing. I might infect people with the secondary infection that I got with my dermatitis. When I was an intern I had thought I wanted to go into obstetrics and gynecology. My experiences in general practice were not conducive to furthering that thought. I thought of various fields and the one that seemed the broadest to me of all was X-ray, radiology. Radiology is a specialty of all specialties. Even the psychiatrist uses a radiologist to find out if there is anything abnormal that might account for the patient's abnormal mental state. Surgeons use it, ophthalmologists use it,

gynecologists and obstetricians use it. Internists, by all means use it, ear, nose, and throat, it matters whatnot, they all use radiology. Again, it meant that the radiologist had to know all fields. There was no tubular vision for the radiologist. I had the opportunity on inquiry, to go either to the University of Michigan for a residency in radiology. I inquired of some of the radiologists, especially Red Gillis, who was a radiologist when I was a senior at the University of Michigan Medical School, and who was then in Iowa where my brother-in-law was teaching. He suggested that the best place to go with the most upcoming department was the department in which Ed Chamberlain was chairman at Temple University Hospital in Philadelphia. I applied and was accepted. Dr. Chamberlain was glad to have a man who had had some broader experience such as general practice. I had three years then in a residency in radiology at Temple University Hospital in Philadelphia.

H: Were you married?

M: I was married while I was a senior in medical school, and my wife had just graduated from the literature school at the University of Michigan.

H: Was she from Michigan also?

M: She was from Toledo, Ohio. After finishing at Philadelphia I had gone out to fill in for radiologists, one of whom had had a heart attack in Huntington, West Virginia, and then for another one here in central Ohio. Then there was an opening in the X-ray department with Dr. May in Cleveland in St. Luke's Hospital. I went there as Dr. May's associate in radiology. Dr. May was one of those men that was nearing retirement, and Dr. Domingos was the head of the pathology laboratory and the X-ray was under the head of the pathology. After about a year there, Dr. Domingos offered me, for the next year, the head of the X-ray department; but this I could not accept. Dr. May had brought me there, and though he had not kept his promise that said he would take me into partnership with his downtown office as well, I still could not supercede and push out the man who had brought me there. There was an opening in Allegheny General Hospital in Pittsburgh, and I accepted. I went there with Dr. Ray. Dr. Ray was well on in years and he had two associates, one as a diagnostician and one as a radiation therapist. They were also past retirement time, but didn't know it.

Then came the war, and even though I had a family I finally felt that I should do something and went to fight. I made an application as lieutenant commander in the Navy. I passed my examinations and then the

hospital, Allegheny General Hospital, declared me essential. They would not accept me, could not. One of the radiologists who was doing the X-ray therapy at Mercy Hospital in Pittsburgh had already belonged to a unit and was going. I was asked to come over and do the therapy. I had an okay from the hospital administrator and from my chief in the X-ray department, so I accepted, expecting to do it part-time, staying where I was. After I accepted it, then the hospital board or some of the staff in the hospital, some of the doctors and staff in the hospital, changed their minds and said that I couldn't go and do work in both places. There was too much jealousy between the two hospitals, Mercy and Allegheny General. I said, "Well, I have given my word that I will go, so I will go." So I went to Mercy Hospital to do just the therapy. They had been having three to six patients a day, within a few months, because I would see the patients promptly on request and took an interest in what they were doing and what was being done for them; the load went from three and four to ten and twelve patients. There is now frequent inpatient treatment today, with some outpatient work as well.

Then they needed somebody to fill up at Butler County Memorial Hospital because Dr. Pet, who had been the radiologist up there, had gone into the Army, the medical corps. The two fellows who were going to do the work for him found that they were not working together well and wanted to get out. I took on the Butler County Memorial Hospital X-ray department as well as the therapy at Mercy Hospital. Then when the war was over the men who had gone to war were coming back, and I certainly would not keep them out of their places.

I then decided to open an office in the downtown medical building in Pittsburgh, near the Jenkins Arcade. They also wanted me to open an office in Butler, so I had one in the bank. First I had one in a large, old home, and then in the Butler Savings and Trust Bank.

H: When did you finally come to Youngstown?

M: I finally decided it was about time to retire. We used to go through Canfield as we would go from Pittsburgh up to Albion, where my son Bill went to college following father's and grandfather's footsteps. We always thought that that little park as you crossed U.S. 224 with the two lights always seemed like such an attractive place. When we looked for a place to retire we thought of Canfield.

H: Was that in the 1960's?

M: That was in 1962, I believe.

H: And you came here from Pittsburgh?

M: Yes. The next year our second son, Butch, who was learning to fly jets for Uncle Sam's Air Force, died. In the meantime, the older son Bill had graduated and gone from Albion to Temple University Medical School and graduated from there. Then after internship at Butterworth Hospital in Grand Rapids, he joined the Air Force Medical Corps and was sent to Labrador for his first assignment. He objected much, but couldn't get any strings pulled to change it. He finally ended up with a wife from there.

H: From there?

M: The daughter of one of the Air Force colonels. She is a sweet girl.

H: Dr. Meader, what would you say are the greatest changes in the medical profession?

M: The greatest change in my feeling is the development of the antibiotic. What a thing! It used to be we used X-ray for gas gangrene. This was even when I was a resident, but we couldn't get them early enough. They would always wait until they had amputated. Then the stuff had spread further and the patient was almost moribund. Then they would ask for X-ray therapy. X-ray therapy can be marvelous for infection. I'm not saying it's the best thing, but it was so much better than nothing. While I was a resident, we used to have an otologist, ear, nose and throat surgeon, who would send his babies who had middle ear infections to the X-ray department for a second and third mastoid X-ray exam. We used so many multiple views to try to get information from the small baby whether or not they had breakdown and whether it was time to operate on their mastoids. They found that the baby was better after having an X-ray exam of the mastoids. They improved, but my chief wouldn't permit us to use X-ray for such infections, even though we had nothing else to use. The babies would improve after the multiple views of their mastoids; so they would get two or three examinations and some of those babies would pull through.

I can recall a little seven year old. Matt Ersner was our Jewish otorhinolaryngologist. He had a little seven year old girl with a very excitable Jewish mother. The little girl Dr. Ersner had operated on for a mastoid. She was living, but she wasn't doing well. She was losing weight and had no appetite; she was sickly. Dr. Ersner finally prevailed upon our chief to let me try, because I was doing the X-ray therapy, some X-ray therapy for her mastoid residual infection. She was still sluffing

out bone from the osteomyelitis that she had with her mastoid. We did and she improved. It was remarkable to see the improvement in that child with a few X-ray treatments.

H: What would you feel are the greatest changes just in life in general?

M: I have lived through the time of the development of the automobile. I once rode a horse, Old Hell, from my grandfather's farm near Otsego to my father's home in Coldwater some sixty miles away.

H: How long did that take?

M: Three days because I walked most of the way. It was an old horse and she wasn't a riding horse. It was easier to walk and pull her along than it was to try and make her go from on top. I stayed with some friends in Battle Creek, this is coming from Otsego to Coldwater. We had a model T Ford back in 1915.

H: Was your father skeptical?

M: I don't remember him being skeptical. Dad looked forward to new things. I think we paid \$400 for it. Then a little later, in 1916, when we moved to Traverse City, he got a Maxwell. I think that cost \$600 or \$700. I've seen that.

I remember the airplane developing too. Those biplanes in 1910, stunt flyers that you would go out and see . . .

Back in those days, they carried milk in large milk cans and dipped out of it into your pan. There was no bottled milk. Then came pasteurization, and I recall that. The milk didn't sour as quickly. Of course, you didn't get that good cottage cheese either.

H: Well, Dr. Meader, you remember so much. Thank you very much for your interview.

END OF INTERVIEW