

Doctor Ed

During World War II, my dad had enlisted in the Canadian Army. He was assigned to the Medical Corp and trained as a medic. When we lived on the west side of the Park, he always kept a very comprehensive First Aid Kit and was competent in its use.

For our community neighbors living outside the Park, the closest doctor was in Big River, about twenty miles away. In today's terms, that's only a short drive. In the 1940s and 50s when there was no medicare, and roads were muddy or unplowed, it was a trip that could take hours, and a medical expense that many folks couldn't afford.

Neighbors would sometimes come to our door seeking medical attention for injuries. On one occasion, Carl Larsen was brought to our house by a friend. He had been working with tractor powered equipment and his hand had been caught in the drive belt and was crushed. The best my dad could do was clean it up and support the broken bones. To do this, he took a rubber ball, placed it in the palm of Carl's hand, and carefully shaped the broken bones around the ball. He bandaged the hand and told Carl to get to a hospital for proper treatment.

Months later when Dad met Carl again, Carl held up his hand, wiggled his fingers and said, "Ed, you did a good job". He had never been to the hospital or seen a doctor.