

Dr. Earl Nation

May 16-17, 2006

interviewed by Susan Resnik for San Diego State University

237 minutes (3.95 hours) of recording

SUSAN RESNIK: Today is May 16, 2006. This is Susan Resnik, in the beautiful home of Dr. Earl Nation here in Sierra Madre. We are having a conversation, and Dr. Nation will speak about his life, as well as focus particularly on his years at San Diego State. This is all through the auspices of the John and Jane Adams mini-grant.

Good afternoon, Dr. Nation.

EARL NATION: Hello.

SR: Dr. Nation, please tell me, from the beginning, about your life.

EN: Well, I think briefly we might start with some of my forbears from what genealogical information I've been able to gather over the years. My father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were all born near Atlanta, Georgia. Their forbears had come to this country in the latter part of the 18th century from Pemberton, England. Along the way, incidentally, one of them decided to add an "S" to his name, which originally was just N-A-T-I-O-N, and even my grandfather used the "S" for a time. But it was subsequently dropped by most of these. My grandfather, Joseph Newton, N-E-W-T-O-N, Nation, came from Georgia to Brown County, Texas, after the Civil War. He had married a lady by the name of Louisa Hayes, H-A-Y-E-S. Joseph Madison [Nation], my father, was born at Walker, W-A-L-K-E-R, Georgia, a small community near Atlanta, and was the youngest of ten children. He was born in 1887. He married Alma Emily Johnson, J-O-H-N-S-O-N, December 22, 1907. My paternal grandfather settled in Brown County near a small community named Zephyr, where he had a farm.

The other side of the family, the Johnsons, my mother's maiden name, had also come to the south mainland in the 18th century. My maternal grandfather, William Johnson, was born in a small community in Tennessee. He married a lady by the name of Ida, I-D-A, Sockwell, S-O-C-K-W-E-L-L, and they also migrated to Brown County after the Civil War. My maternal grandfather, William Johnson, opened a grocery business in Brownwood, Texas, which was the county seat of Brown County, which is in North Central Texas.

My mother, Alma Emily Johnson, E-M-I-L-Y, was born in 1889—in other words, two years younger than my father. She was the second of five girls and was preceded by one brother, the oldest, one of the children, whose name was Earl. And of course I received his

name and my mother gave me the middle name of Fay, F-A-Y, which she said was the name of an early boyfriend, one that I never became acquainted with, of course. My mother and father met in Lubbock, Texas. My mother was working as a switchboard operator for the telephone company there. My father was working as a lineman, and that's the way they met, and fell in love and were married in 1907. They were visiting my father's family near Zephyr, Texas, on my granddad's farm, when my mother was about six months pregnant with me, when a great cyclone hit the area. They rode it out in a storm cellar. It created all kinds of damage, including blowing the house off of the foundation. And pickin' the feathers out of the chickens, I heard these stories throughout my childhood along with tales of the great Galveston flood that occurred about that same time and killed thousands of people.

Well, I was finally born at my grandparents' farm there near Zephyr, Texas, January 16, 1910. My parents then moved to Brownwood, Texas, only about twelve or fifteen miles away, which, as I say, was the county seat of Brown County. They moved there a couple weeks after I was born. My father worked in a shoe store there, and meantime enrolled at Howard Payne College in Brownwood. And my early years were then spent here in Brownwood, Texas, on a street that I remember was named Rogan Street, R-O-G-A-N. I have a few fairly vivid memories of that childhood era, beginning even when I was three: a couple of small events that stick in my memory like burrs. But from six on, I have a lot of very *vivid* memories of many things, such as my father riding his bike back and forth to work and to school, and carrying me along behind him. And even on a few occasions, I remember having attended some of his college classes. I also remember something which I don't think I ever told him about, but on one occasion when I was six or seven, I was tagging along behind him as we went up the walkway to enter Howard Payne College, when we passed two young female students. As they passed me, I heard one of them say to the other, "Who is that good-looking fellow always walking so fast with his head so high?" I knew they were talkin' about my dad. And needless to say, I was pleased, but I don't think I ever told him of that flattering occasion.

I also remember—speaking of storm cellars—one of the first things he did when we settled into a home there was dig himself a storm cellar at night. I remember sitting on a box crate out there when by the light of a lantern he dug a storm cellar. Everybody had storm cellars, and lightning rods in those days. We also had a horse that I remember. There was a barn and a vacant lot across the street where the horse, I remember, was named Chuck. We had a buggy, which was our mode of transportation on those occasions. I remember on one, when my maternal grandfather and my mother and I went out into the country eight or ten

miles to an uncle's farm, and an experience that I couldn't readily forget occurred to me there. I had two young cousins about my age. I was relieving myself, as little boys are liable to do, in a big patch of prickly pear when one of my cousins shoved me face forward into this. Such a horrible experience I couldn't forget, because it took my mother days to pick all the thorns out of me. I was literally sick from that.

SR: Oh! Memorable!

EN: I also remember very well my Uncle Earl visiting us, and he and my father playing baseball catch with me. I became very interested in baseball at this early age. I also remember, since this was the heyday of Ty Cobb, the great baseball player for Detroit, their beginning to address me as "Ty Cobb," which flattered me, of course, at the time. And it was when I was six years old and we lived in this place that my first brother, Joe, was born. I remember [it] very well. My mother was delivered at home, and I remember being called in to see my new little brother, and being very impressed with this full head of very dark hair that he had.

I also remember vividly my first day of kindergarten. The kindergarten was a couple of blocks away, and my mother walked me there. I didn't really know, of course, what was going on, until she took me in and left me inside the gated enclosure and started to leave, at which I remember throwing all kinds of tantrums for being left alone there. But nevertheless that's where I got my kindergarten training.

Along during this time, my father somehow, some way, received the call to the Baptist ministry. I've never really known the history of that, or his ordination, which had to have taken place there at that period when he was finishing up his training at Howard Payne College. Incidentally, Howard Payne was the one who wrote "Old Sweet Home." I wondered for a long time where that name came from, until I eventually heard it.

Well, when my dad finished his training at Howard Payne and became ordained as a minister, we moved to a church in Bangs, Texas, which was about twelve, fifteen miles west of Brownwood, Texas. That was about 1916, I was six or seven, and entered the early grades of school there. And it was during this period that several other memorable things occurred. I remember vividly one midwinter night when we received a telephone call from Zephyr, Texas, that my Grandmother Nation was near death. We had an old, open, four-door, Model T Ford car by this time. My dad put up the shades, heated a couple bricks and put 'em in the back to help keep me warm, and we took off about twenty-five or thirty miles away in the middle of the night, cold as it was, for my grandmother's home. And I'm not sure whether she was still alive, but she did die in the course of that night.

One other *vivid* recollection of that period, because this was during the war years [i.e., World War I], my father was burying people every day, it seemed, who had died of the flu, until he finally came down with the flu himself. One of the few times in my whole life I ever saw my father sick in bed, but he was truly very ill. However, he did manage to recover. One other thing, incidentally, that I remember from that period of my childhood, was an adenoidectomy, of all things: something that apparently was inflicted on children all too often in those days. I don't know whether it was a breathing problem or what, that led my dad to take me to an ear, nose, and throat man there in Bangs, Texas, but I haven't forgotten a moment of it to this day, because he may have given me sedation of some sort, and if he did, I'm not aware, but he did scrape out my adenoids, and I remember the container beside the chair in which I sat. It appeared to me, anyway, to be full of my blood. But that was an experience that I can't easily forget, but would just as soon do so. In any case, I got over it.

And about this time, 1918, we did move back to Brownwood, Texas. And something that I remember shortly after we moved there, was the armistice. And the reason I was so impressed by that, was all the firearms and fireworks and great noise that ensued the night that the news reached Brownwood.

My dad went back to Howard Payne College to finish his training at the time, and was serving rural churches nearby, weekends, and still working in the shoe store. After a couple of years, he'd finished his training at Howard Payne, and was called to the Baptist Church in Rising Star, Texas. This is a small town of a couple thousand people, about thirty miles north of Brownwood. And we remained there five years and this was one of the most memorable times in my childhood. I was there between about the ages of nine and fourteen. My school years were memorable, but not to any great extent, except for one particular episode, and one of the very few times I was ever disciplined in school. Though I say so, I think I was probably a model child. But one day a classmate leaned across the aisle—I think it must have been the fifth grade by then—and asked where I'd gotten my new shoes. I said, "Brownwood." And our teacher was a very rough, crude man, as I recall him, and I think others thought so too. He grabbed me, took me out, and gave me a couple of paddles with a paddle that he kept.

SR: Why was that?

EN: The only time.... Because I was talking in class. That's the reason I felt so offended, because I knew I hadn't done anything wrong. Anyway, that's another reason, I guess, it is a memorable experience.

SR: Oh, yes!

EN: I also became more interested in sports: basketball, baseball, particularly. And it was during this time at about age twelve that I was, as they said in the Baptist church at the time, converted, having reached the age of accountability to which they referred, and so I was baptized there by my father when I was twelve years old. We lived in a parsonage which adjoined right next to the church. And I was old enough that I was allowed to do the janitorial work for the church for which I got—I don't know whether it was five dollars a week or five dollars a month. I know it was enough I bought my first used bicycle, and my first basketball there. My father constructed a basketball hoop for me. I was playing baseball and basketball in just about all of my spare time.

But this was also the time that radio was just coming in, and I became very interested in radio, and read and learned enough that I started playing around myself and built my first radio crystal set, which, with earphones, I could sit and listen to two or three radio stations that I was able to bring in from Kansas City and Fort Worth and Dallas. And I began to develop my interest in reading at that time. I subscribed to a magazine called *Boys Life*, and I became interested in travel stories. And during this time started reading all the Tarzan books, all of which I eventually absorbed, and in the process developed a life-long interest in Africa.

This small community was surrounded by wooded areas, and I started trapping—things that I learned from this *Boys Life* magazine, that I received regularly. I got a couple of traps and started setting them in the woods, baiting them with canned salmon, five cents a can. Proceeded to catch some opossums, a couple raccoons, all of which I skinned, prepared and stretched the hides, and shipped them off to a place that dealt in such things—Funk and Company, I remember, in St. Louis. Got about a dollar a piece. So along with my janitorial work, that's where I earned what I needed for my sporting goods that I became fond of, and also radio equipment. I finally actually ordered vacuum tubes and other equipment from the Sears Catalog, and built my first vacuum tube radio set there at that period.

SR: What kind of radio programs did you like to listen to?

EN: The radio programs that I listened to were all musical things. There was a gal from Kansas City who I listened to often, called the Sunflower Gal. She sang. And I remember at times my dad would even borrow the earphones and want to listen to her a little bit, too, because there weren't that many radios in this little town. In fact, I only knew of one man who had a radio and a tall enough antenna to be able to pick up these stations.

In 1924, after we had lived in Rising Star for about five years, my father and mother decided they needed more schooling, and in 1924 they moved their family. And by this time

we'd been joined by my other brother, Bill, and my sister. [Dad] moved his family to Fort Worth, Texas, where he and my mother enrolled at the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary. And I entered junior high school there. My school experiences of that period are not individually very memorable, and I really don't recall the names of very many of my teachers.

I do remember one episode during the time I was in junior high that I might like to forget but can't. Seminary Hill was about four or five miles from downtown Fort Worth where the junior high school which I attended was located. I rode my bicycle back and forth there. One winter day when the Northerners were blowing, I chose, rather than to pedal up that steep hill, to hang onto the back of a streetcar going up the hill, and let the streetcar pull me up. But lo and behold, a motorcycle officer saw me, apprehended me, and gave me a ticket of all things! And I was thirteen or fourteen, and I had to go to court all by myself the next day. I told my mother, I didn't tell my father what had happened. She gave me two dollars which she was saving for tickets to ride the streetcar so I didn't have to bicycle in this weather, and it turned out that the judge fined me two dollars for it. My first big offense. I don't know whether it's a matter of record or not.

I was still very much interested in athletics, and I played third base on the baseball team, and guard on the basketball team. I was small, but I was feisty enough, I guess, to make up for it. On Seminary Hill they had a men's league in both baseball and basketball. Our team would compete with other similar teams throughout the area, and that was very much a part of my life at that time. In fact, on one occasion, my photograph appeared in basketball attire in Fort Worth's *Star Telegram* on the front page of that local newspaper.

SR: Your parents must have been excited about that.

EN: Also, after all it was at the age I began to develop interest in the other sex, to the extent that if we rode on a bus or something, I might have the courage to slip my arm around the shoulders of the girl next to me, as long as she didn't know I was doing it.

Anyway, another thing that I remember all *too* vividly at that point was one of my friends, closest friends, had mumps. And I apparently got mumps from him without having the clinical signs of the swollen parotid glands. In spite of not getting that, I did get that dreaded complication that boys all too often got, orchitis, which I haven't forgotten to this day just how sick *that* made me.

Well, as my mother and father after a couple of years were finishing their training at Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary, my dad got a call to a church in San Diego. I had

an uncle in Brownwood, whose.... Well, my mother's aunt was Mr. McChristy's wife. Mr. McChristy was the postmaster for Brownwood, as he always was when the Democrats were in power (chuckles) because it was a political appoint[ment].

But anyway, the McChristys had moved to San Diego, and had somehow persuaded a Baptist church in San Diego to call my father to come there as their minister, which my dad decided to do, so, again, packed up the family and what belongings we could, in an open four-door Ford, and we headed for California.

SR: How did you feel at that time? Did you want to go?

EN: (laughs) I was going to backtrack enough to say that this was in July, and it was just before I was to graduate from Fort Worth Central High School, so that I had to graduate, thanks to my father's interceding with the principal, I guess, in absentia, because I was not present in Fort Worth for my high school graduation. Instead, we were on our way to San Diego. And needless to say, we were, as kids, excited about this. We'd heard enough about California to be excited about that.

And anecdotally, something else that sticks in my mind amuses me, and that I've never mentioned to my father again, was that he, in warning me of where we were going, and what was going on, and knowing that I *was* developing a sort of a sideline interest in the other sex, warned me and said, "Son, I understand there are some very fast girls out there. You're going to have to be careful when we get to California, who you take up with."

Anyway, we came the southern route, through Yuma, and my father was either courageous enough, or foolhardy enough, or totally dependent on higher power, because he headed off across that awful desert one July afternoon, when it's about as hot as it can get out there in those sand dunes. In those days, you crossed that portion of the desert on a wooden plankway, one-way road, with turnouts every half-mile or so where people could pass. And it's another painful experience that I can't readily forget, because that wind was *so* hot, and that's all open car. The other kids and I lay down in back with a blanket over us, to try to fend off the very intense hot wind, which made all the more memorable my very first experience with sea breezes. I've never forgotten what a blessed feeling that was when we passed over the top of that mountain pass where the sea breezes from the coast were reaching, and we were *finally* escaping this blast from the furnace-like desert. That was such a heavenly feeling. I can experience it to this day, just thinking about it.

SR: That's marvelous.

EN: When we got to San Diego, we went to the McChristys', who had a large, really apartment house, at Mission Bay. And they had a son about my age, and a daughter a year or two older. And we lived there with them for a short time, until my father was able to rent a home near the Baptist church that he was going to serve, which was located in the northeastern part of San Diego. We knew that there was a college in San Diego, and it was understood from the very beginning that I would attend what was then San Diego State College. Until very shortly before this, it had been a teachers' college, a normal school, and was still thought by many people to be a normal school at that time. And in fact, in addition to the big old buildings which still stand there—I believe it was on Park—there was another building to the side that was the educational building, where teachers were instructed, because at that time, one still needed to take one or more courses in education to get a degree from San Diego State College.

Well anyway, my father went with me to get me enrolled. I was sixteen years old.

SR: Young, to go to college.

EN: Just this callow youth, having graduated from high school in Texas where they had one less year of high school than they did in California. I was pretty naïve and not very sophisticated, to say the least. I discovered that I had to go back in a day or two to take some entrance examinations, which included an I.Q. test. I didn't know what an I.Q. test even was, or what I was going back for, actually. But anyway, I sat—I think it was a Saturday morning—but I took these examinations and was enrolled.

And incidentally, jumping ahead a little bit, one of the first courses I took was freshman psychology. The psychology teacher went over the scores of our entrance examinations and the I.Q. tests with us. And only then did I discover that what I probably would have known had I been asked, that my score was an average one. He also wanted to know if we thought we could do better if we repeated it. And I was one who said that I was sure I could, because some of my friends had come.... We were going to go to the beach. I didn't know how long this was going to take, and it took much longer than I anticipated. I became more and more nervous, knowing that my friends were waiting for me to go to the beach with them, so I must say I hurried through it. So whether I truly might have done better, I don't know, but in any case I was satisfied with an average score, whatever that was. And I still don't know, to this day.

Well, anyway, I signed myself up for some courses that seemed to be in line with what at that point I felt that I might want to do. Because even then I was interested in history, and I thought that I might like to teach history. So I signed up for a freshman course in history, and I think every freshman student enrolling at that time—and there were about 2,000 students at

San Diego State at that period—must have been in this course, which was taught by H. Bert Lewis, a very impressive teacher, and one who became quite well known—probably better known than he was at that period, because I think he had *not* been teaching very long. And, as I said, a freshman psychology course, and freshman English.

There was my downfall. I received the poorest grade I ever got in all my academic career, in freshman English at San Diego State. And the reason was that I really wasn't very sophisticated, I wasn't imaginative, and when it came to writing a final term paper, final pieces, I really was hard put to dream up something to write about. And as I recall, I wrote something having to do with religion, but I know that I was given an "F" on that term paper—the first thing I really ever wrote—and a "D" in freshman English. And just about everything else that I ever took, I was straight "A."

SR: Tell me, what was the teacher like?

EN: Well, she was a very strict lady. You know, I actually.... She was bad. I had written one earlier, for which I kind of based on stories by Hardy that I had read. One of these had to do with one of the summers that I had spent on my grandfather's sheep ranch in New Mexico, when we still lived in Texas, and when there was a huge hailstorm that killed a lot of his sheep. And I wrote this story up, and she was so pleased with that one that she read it to the class and so on. But in any case, I really flunked out on that term paper. It was because I was not very imaginative, much less an adequate writer.

But in any case, the other freshman class, which turned my whole life around was freshman chemistry. The professor of chemistry was L. F. Pierce. He was a flamboyant individual. He sported a goatee—facial hair wasn't very common in those days—and impressed us students. That first day I remember him sitting on the corner of his desk, flaunting a long cigarette holder—one smoked cigarettes, even in the classroom, at that time.

SR: In class! Oh my!

EN: But what impressed me the most was his opening statement that I haven't forgotten to this day. And that was, "Matter can neither be created nor destroyed." Hm. Well, when I repeated that at home at the dinner table that evening, my father, who had been preaching creationism all of his life, of course, as a Southern Baptist preacher, was tongue-tied and dumbfounded. But his response, I remember, was very mild, and I don't exactly remember what it was. But I do remember that I realized that I was kind of dropping a bombshell [unclear] when I disclosed Dr. Pierce's opening remark in the chemistry class.

I also took freshman biology, and that was another department that I became *very* much interested in, mainly through the professor who was a gal by the name of Henrietta Johnson. She had written a book, which was a gorgeous volume, lots of beautiful illustrations, what you call *Seashore Animals of the Pacific Coast*. I went on many field trips with her, mainly down towards La Jolla. In those days, it was not built up, there were lots of tidal pools, all kinds of material together. And I proceeded, before I was finished, to take every course that was offered in the biology department. And I did the same in mathematics, and the same in chemistry.

[END TAPE 1, SIDE A; BEGIN TAPE 1, SIDE B]

EN: By the time I had finished at San Diego State five years later—that is, 1931—I had a major in biology and mathematics, in addition to chemistry. But before going on to chemistry, which really became my life in college after that freshman year, I might expand on my continued interest in sports.

Coach Peterson, on the athletic field, and then at various events between classes, observed that I was pretty well coordinated and had a good deal of athletic experience, decided that he was going to make a pole vaulter out of me, because on his track team he didn't have a pole vaulter at that time. So anyway, I agreed to have a go at it. I'd never tried pole vaulting. But at that era, the pole that one used was made of bamboo. I weighed 129 pounds and the pole weighed damned near as much as I did. The height limit among colleges on the Pacific Coast at that time was between eleven and thirteen feet—much less, of course, than today. It soon became apparent both to the coach *and* to me I was never gonna make a pole vaulter. As I was saying, I had so much trouble even handling those very heavy bamboo poles that we used in those days.

Well, returning to academics, after that freshman year in chemistry, I decided without question to change my major *to* chemistry, and devoted more and more time to that, and took one course after another, and became particularly interested in organic chemistry. A fellow by the name of Robinson was then the professor of organic chemistry. I spent most of my college time in the chemistry department. It was a very close-knit sort of department. All of the fellows who were majoring in chemistry belonged to a chemistry club. I eventually became president of that club, and during that year we joined a national chemistry fraternity, and became the only national fraternity on the campus. The fraternity was Lambda Delta Lambda.

I eventually became Robinson's laboratory assistant, and was teaching organic chemistry and all the organic lab work. And by this time, I was doing the most advanced chemistry courses that they had, including preparation of synthetic chemicals and so on. And Dr. Pierce

got me interested in a research project. This was the synthesis and manufacture of a chemical called Divinyl—V-I-N-Y-L ether. At that time, this was a chemical that was found in a wild onion harvested in Africa. But it was discovered to have anesthetic properties. In subsequent years, it became widely used—Divinyl ether—as an anesthetic agent for inducing anesthesia.

Well, I spent that whole last year devising and setting up a scheme for synthesizing it, and for what I thought would make a feasible manufacturing process for it. Well, nothing more came of that, in that it was my final thesis in chemistry, but it was nothing to be published. Along the way, I was spending more and more time in the chemistry department, becoming better and better acquainted with Dr. Pierce. He began to influence me toward medicine, instead of chemistry as a career, as he did several of the other chemistry majors. There were at least four in my class who ended up going into medicine. That was like Charles Marsdan, who stayed in San Diego and practiced; a fellow named Dodsden, who unfortunately, after his freshman year at USC, which was just starting their medical school again, came home that summer and for whatever reason committed suicide—a very talented individual who was the vocalist for one of the large churches in San Diego; and a Japanese boy by the name of Roy Tanaka. And there were one or two others. All of them went into medicine, basically through the influence of Dr. Pierce. And Dr. Pierce not only influenced me, but he helped me to gain admission to medical school, to Western Reserve in Cleveland.

To backtrack a little bit, in the course of all of the scientific education that I was taking, particularly the biology courses, I became acquainted with the entomologist in the natural history museum, and through him, with Mr. Klauber, who was the president of the San Diego Gas and Electric Company, but who was an outstanding herpetologist. He was in charge of the snakes and their ilk in the San Diego Zoo. And I got to go on many field trips with them. One of those field trips into the Laguna Mountains, in fact, Mr. Klauber liked to go to swampy areas that were just full of these water snakes—gather 'em up by the handful and take home a sackful of 'em to dissect and whatever else he used 'em for. But on one occasion, beneath the bark of an old dead fallen tree, I discovered a beautiful beetle that had orange-colored wings that attracted my attention. I captured several of them, and gave them to the entomologist friend, who pursued the subject, including through the natural history museum in San Francisco, and found that this was an undescribed beetle, and he ended up writing it up, naming it, and the end of that. And I've forgotten the scientific name at the moment, but the end of it was *nationi*.

SR: How wonderful! You must have been so excited.

EN: My kids, later, when they heard of it, especially my youngest, Bob, told his best little friend, who thereafter gave Bob that nickname, started calling him *Nationi*.

SR: That's wonderful.

EN: Anyway, I stayed on, as I said, a fifth year at San Diego State, for several reasons. One, I was still so involved with what I was doing in chemistry, both in teaching organic, and doing a research project that I was involved with, but I also thought I'd fallen in love and didn't want to leave. So I stayed on for a fifth year, but in 1931, received my A.B. degree from San Diego State College, which it was called still at that time. But in that last year that I was there, of course, they had made the decision to move to the new campus. Those of us who knew the area very well were rather astounded when we discovered where the new campus was to be located, way out there in the sagebrush on the present mesa, where there was not so much as a bus line that went out there—there was no transportation of any kind, difficult to get to. Nevertheless, that's where the new school was built and I was there in 1930, and between '30 and '31, helped to move the chemistry department to the new campus, and get it set up in the new quarters that were much more palatial than those that we had in the old building downtown. That was another thing that kept me there: As I say, my involvement both in research and in organic chemistry, that I wanted to pursue in the new quarters.

But in 1930, the year I would ordinarily have finished, my family decided to move to Fresno. My father had gone to take over the Baptist church there. Since I was staying in San Diego, I did not want to go along, and had, in the meantime, been doing the driving for a couple of older people whose vision was poor, and who needed help both at home, and especially in driving. And so they invited me to move in with them, which I did. His name was W.D. Work, W-O-R-K. He had retired from business enterprises in Chicago, to San Diego. So I spent my last year, between '30 and '31, living with the Works, and driving their old Willis-Knight for them.

SR: Let me ask you a question. This was also the beginning of—the stock market had crashed, and the Depression—how did that affect...?

EN: Tell me about it! That's comin' up, very much. But that really hadn't affected me at that point.

SR: I see, not yet.

EN: No. I had no expenses, I was living with.... I had to do that, and that's something else. But I had something more in that connection, if you like. I was working weekends and summers for Safeway Stores on Saturdays [unclear] worked fourteen hours for \$3.50 a day. Times were tough for everybody. You could buy a pickupful of groceries for \$50. And I did load up more

than one pickup, that sort, in the process of working for Safeway during my college years. (aside about recorder) And that provided spending money, since I didn't have living expenses, living with the Works as I did. I earned enough to get by very well, because I had no college expenses, really.

Well, after I received my degree, I had been accepted to Western Reserve University. Incidentally, I had applied also to medical school in Texas. My father had wanted me to go to Baylor, where they were just starting their medical school, since it was a Baptist university. But I compromised by applying to Texas, only to be informed that since I'd been gone from Texas for five years, I was no longer a citizen, and only citizens of Texas were eligible for the University of Texas. So I was very glad to be accepted at Western Reserve. And it was, in fact, my Number One choice. I had applied to Jefferson in Philadelphia and University of Minnesota, too, but once I was accepted at Western Reserve, I cancelled the others. I moved in for the rest of that summer to Fresno, and departed from Fresno towards September, by train, for Cleveland, to enter medical school. And to this day, I have no idea how my father really saw fit or had the courage to encourage me to go into medicine, because times were *very* tough. The Depression era was just really beginning to be felt all over, and my dad had three other children to take care of, on a very meager Baptist preacher's salary. But somehow, he saw me off to medical school. Of course he couldn't do it today under the same circumstances, with tuition being what it is. But in those days, it was only \$350 a year.

I, by mail, had been in correspondence with a medical fraternity in Cleveland, Alpha Kappa Kappa, who wanted to pledge me, and asked me to come directly to their fraternity house in Cleveland when I arrived by train. In those days, it was a four-day, three-night, sitting-up-the-whole-way train trip. I took a taxi to the fraternity house out on East 93rd Street, just up the street from the Crile, C-R-I-L-E, Clinic, now known as the Cleveland Clinic, and was received by the group that turned out to be my fraternity brothers, a true blessing in a freshman medical student's life, because they really took us by the hand and taught us what it was all about.

So anyway, as I say, I moved into the Alpha Kappa Kappa fraternity house, and room and board was \$45 a month. We had a dormitory on the third floor of this big old home. I was assigned the top deck of a two-deck bed right next to big open windows. My first snowfall was experienced on Thanksgiving Day in November, when most of my classmates had gone home for the holiday, because most of them lived in Ohio and Pennsylvania nearby and could do that. Whereas I was one of one or two who stayed on in the fraternity house and woke up

that morning to find my bed right next to the window with about two inches of snow on it, which was most unaccustomed to me, coming freshly from California with nothing but a light topcoat, as a result of which I had a bad cold and was sick a good part of my freshman year, until I could afford to buy myself a warmer coat.

Anyway, I got enrolled, started in medical school, and had a memorable experience sort of right off the bat. The first big hurdle for freshmen medical students in those days was biochemistry. It was considered just a tremendous hurdle. So anyway, after a month or so, we had our first big examination in chemistry. The following day—I think it was the very next day—I was called into the office of the head of the chemistry department, and I had taken a letter of introduction *to* him from Dr. Pierce. Victor C. Meyers was his name. And he was a prominent man in that field at the time. But I was called into his office. I went in with fear and trembling, and I was doubly taken aback when he said, “How did you do it?” I said, “What do you mean, how did I do it?” “How did you write a perfect examination? We’ve only given you 99 because we’ve never had anybody write a perfect examination, and I couldn’t give you 100. But how did you do it?” I said, “Well, I’ve been studying and teaching it for quite a while.”

SR: That must have been terrific.

EN: That really set me up with the faculty and others as well. And it set a goal as well, that wasn’t all that easy to achieve. But shortly thereafter, there was another memorable experience that harked back to my days at San Diego State. I was called in for a conference with the professor of physiology, and he too was a *very* well-known, nationally and otherwise, physiologist, teacher, textbook writer, and so on. And he said, “I see you have a degree from San Diego College here. Where is that? Is that in Brazil?”

SR: Oh, my!

EN: I kid you not! I said, “No, it’s in San Diego, California.” “Ohhhh!” He was obviously so embarrassed that we didn’t pursue that topic further. But anyhow, it wouldn’t happen anymore, but it did for sure in 1931.

So anyway, my freshman year went along quite satisfactorily, but just terribly, terribly hard, hard work. I did have one other personal experience that I still bear signs of. Shortly before leaving San Diego to go to medical school, I visited a dentist for whom the girl I thought I was in love with there, who worked as a dental hygienist. He told me that I ought to have a filling in one of my molars, but that I could go to the dental school when I got back to Cleveland, and have it done there without any cost. He knew I was hard up, like everybody else.

So as soon as I got organized and things, I went over to the dental school to have my teeth looked at, and the professor of dentistry, instead of filling this tooth, decided to demonstrate an extraction to the dental students. And he extracted that molar instead of filling it—the only tooth I’ve ever lost. I still have all—thanks to my mother’s genes again—all of my other teeth. But anyway, I lost my only tooth in the free dental school at Western Reserve.

But anyhow, I got through my freshman year, and by that time things were getting tougher and tougher and tougher at home and all over, and the Depression was really on us, and I had to seek some scholarship help. Well, it wasn’t scholarship, it was really loan help, from the office, to finish paying my tuition for the year. There was no way I could go home that summer, because I couldn’t afford to, of course, like all the rest of the students did. So I had to stay on.

Meantime.... Well, I’ll duck back just a little bit.

SR: Okay, fine.

EN: Expenses had become a problem in the course of the school year, so that I couldn’t afford to buy myself a fraternity pin, which I very much wanted one of those beautiful pins to flash, and maybe even give my mother or girlfriend to wear. But I couldn’t afford the \$45 that one cost, so I went up the street to the Cleveland Clinic to give a transfusion, for which one was paid \$50 in those days. An old physician from downstate Ohio was having a kidney removed, and they needed blood for him. Well, I was placed on a gurney in the hallway outside the operating room, and a resident physician drew my blood. But instead of drawing it with a needle, he cut down on my best vein, my right arm, put a trocar on it to get the blood, and then tied off my best vein in my right arm. So I got my \$50 and I got my fraternity pin, but I’ve been bereft of the best vein in my right arm when I’ve needed to receive blood or give blood ever since then.

But anyhow, times became so tough that it became apparent that I could no longer afford even the \$45 a month to live in the fraternity house. Some of the senior students were running the dispensary for an establishment downtown in Cleveland called the Wayfarers Lodge. This was a place that took care of about 2,000 transients. So many people, including lots of professional people, were just on the road, homeless. And in connection with this facility, there was a little medical dispensary to take care of their medical needs, such as they were. A local physician was supposed to be in charge of it, and he came around occasionally. But for that work the students got their room and board in a special quarters or room of the Wayfarers Lodge—or as everybody termed it, “the bums’ rush.”

The enormous number of tenants slept in one huge room in double-decked bunks, which was a pretty noisy, smelly place at night. But anyhow, I applied and was accepted as an employee. But meantime, as I said, since I couldn't go home for the summer, I learned that there was available a research scholarship which paid \$300 for a summer's work, and it was called the Crile Scholarship. I applied for that, and got that scholarship. I was assigned a laboratory at the Cleveland City Hospital, in the clinical laboratory department, where I was to do my research under the professor, Dr. Meyers, whom I mentioned. And he suggested a topic which is called "The Influence of Carotenemia, C-A-R-O-T-E-N-E-M-I-A on the Icterus, I-C-T-E-R-U-S, Index." Carotenemia is the yellow coloring in yellow vegetables and fruits. And if it becomes excessive in the blood, it will color the blood a little bit, and even begin to color the skin carotenemia if it builds up. People take too much carrot juice and so on, and become yellow. The Icterus Index is a measure of the amount of bile in the blood. And this yellow pigment in the blood influences that, as a result of that test. And so I received urine and blood samples from everybody suspected of anything of the sort, and from all diabetic patients, because they were especially prone to the build-up of this carotene, which is a precursor of Vitamin A, by the way, in the system. And so I would determine the amount of carotene in given specimens, and the Icterus Index and so on, and ended up, by the end of the summer, with a lot of data, which comprised my first published paper, which was published in the *Journal of Experimental Biology and Medicine* under the title which I just mentioned.

One of the occurrences in the course of the summer, however, sort of took me aback, and then some. The director of the laboratory with whom I had become acquainted actually in the medical school, went on summer vacation, and really, without discussing it much with me, kind of left me in charge of the clinical laboratory for the summer, because they knew of all the training in that field that I had had, but all of which was in chemistry and not in clinical lab work. But nevertheless, I was in charge of the clinical laboratory as a freshman medical student—between freshman and my first and second years.

SR: Oh, my! quite a responsibility!

EN: Well, it was, which when I found out just what they were depending on me to do, proved to be, because when they got highly specialized tests like calcium determinations and various specialized tests, they would ask me to do them. Some of them I had to read up on before I would do them, too. But anyway, we got through it. I didn't ever hear any complaints, and so far as I know didn't commit too many errors. But that was a bit of an advance in my training that I hadn't planned on. And that dispensary experience at the Wayfarers Lodge *particularly*

proved to be a wonderful learning experience, because we had a great deal of responsibility with very little supervision, and began to feel ourselves as doctors more and more. And it, during the last three years that I was in medical school, enabled me to survive, because my basic expense was that \$350 a year tuition, until it came time for my obstetrical training. In those days, you had to do a certain number of deliveries in the district to get your grade in OB-GYN, and to graduate. To do that, you had to be able to travel around to the dark parts of the city, for which one needed transportation. So between my junior and senior years, I had to get myself a car.

Well, meantime, I had taken on, during my junior year, still another job. The Wayfarers Lodge is right on the lake front. Just below it, all along the edge of the lake, was a tent city which they called Hooverville, where lots of homeless people lived. But up the lake, probably about a quarter of a mile, was the Otis Steel Mill. During those Depression days, the steel mill was shut down a good part of the time, but it had to be kept open. And *they* had a dispensary to take care of the workers who were kept on duty, and for the occasional period for two or three weeks that they would have to open up to fulfill the job of steel manufacturer. Well, I asked for and got that job of manning the steel mill dispensary between 12 [midnight] and 7 A.M. every day. I would work in the dispensary at the Wayfarers Lodge for my room and board, and then walk up to the steel mill and handle the switchboard to which the guys who were sort of guards for the plant, as they walked about the facility, they would call in to report at regular intervals. So the individual who manned the dispensary, also sat at the desk out front and answered the switchboard. There was very little medical work to do, and one seldom saw a patient, and when one did, it was usually for something quite minor. And I also had a room upstairs in the steel mill where one of the watchmen would often come out about five o'clock in the morning, let me go catch a couple hours of sleep before I had to take off for medical school. But for this I got \$75 a month, so I had a regular income, which was quite a bit at the time, and enough to enable me to afford to buy a 1929 Ford coupe for \$100. The going price was \$85, but this one had almost new tires for it, so I paid \$100 for a '29 Ford. And well that I did so, because it served me well on OB district, which was a *real* learning experience for a young medical student: lots of interesting experiences in connection with that summer's work of doing these district deliveries.

There was a large Polish community. In fact, most of the employees in the steel mill were as—they were commonly called “Polacks,” were Polish. So many of the babies are delivered where in fact most of 'em are either black or Polish, and they were in the *barrios*, the

poorest sections of Cleveland, of course, which was risky enough, just going into those areas. However, [I] got it done, and got through that year, and into the senior year where we really began to do and see some medicine. In the meantime, I was still doing both of my jobs and getting some additional and more advanced, sort of postgraduate, medical training there, because in the Wayfarers Lodge, among other duties—there were four of us working there and sleeping in one big room. I slept in the top deck of a three-deck bunk. The four of us would man the dispensary, but also each evening we would sit in a line where people checking in, of which there were large numbers every day, and all new men had to take off all their clothes, which were wadded up and sent through a big oven-like thing to delouse them.

[END TAPE 1, SIDE B; BEGIN TAPE 2, SIDE A]

SR: This is Susan Resnik, continuing with Dr. Earl Nation on May 16, 2006. You were discussing the conditions in Cleveland, and your exposure as a young medical student. Please continue describing it.

EN: Well, after the new arrivees at the Wayfarers Lodge each day—and incidentally, they could stay for twenty-four hours, or if they chopped wood in the daytime, they could stay for three days, and then they had to move on. But after surrendering the bundle of their clothing for delousing, they would come through in a line with nothing but a hat on their head and shoes on their feet, and one of the medical students would sit there with a hand-held strong light and would go over these naked men one by one, their axillae and pubic areas to see whether they had any of what the, quote, “bums,” called crotch pheasants and seam squirrels, the two varieties of body lice that were so common. At the line, we would dab them with blue ointment, which was a mercurial, thick, nasty ointment to the affected hairy areas where the vermin were resident.

There were all sorts of things that occurred at that particular point that one could never forget. There were many ruffians in the crowds, of course, that came through, and various colors and nationalities, and they often clashed. One of the more memorable experiences was right in front of us when one of the men standing in the line objected to something that the fellow behind him said, reached into his shoe, drew out his razor, a short ordinary long-handled razor, slashed the fellow's throat. Another man grabbed a stick of stove wood and hit that first man over the head with the stick of stove wood, and caved his skull in. So we had various medical situations to confront us, as well as some other sort of ghastly things that could only take place in times and under circumstances such as these, but were still mighty eye-opening for a young medical student to be part of.

Well, going back to the steel mill work in that senior year, at least working those hours at night one got along on precious little sleep, but had an awful lot more time for study. I found out that there was a competition at the end of the senior year in medical school for an Alpha Omega Alpha prize. AOA, or Alpha Omega, is the honor medical society, to which approximately the top 10% of the class will be pledged or awarded membership in the Alpha Omega Alpha society. There was an annual AOA award to be made at the graduation ceremony, I learned. And this entailed presentation of a thesis that would be submitted in competition, and could be considered along with one's medical school record. I learned that there was a cash award that accompanied this honor. The year end was approaching, and I had applied meantime for an internship at the L.A. County Hospital, because I wanted to return to California for my subsequent training, and still hadn't any idea what specialty I would pursue. But I was already beginning to worry and sweat a bit about how I was going to get myself and what few belongings I had, back to California, because my pockets were quite empty.

So anyway, I decided to compete for this AOA award. And during those long night hours, I was able to write up in detail all this research work that I had done between my freshman and sophomore years during the Crile research scholarship, into a suitable thesis in competition for this award. Well, when the day of graduation came, needless to say everybody was thrilled at that, both at graduating and at being able to progress beyond that to an internship, and hopefully the day that they would be practicing medicine and earning a living, instead of sort of sweating it out as a medical student/slave.

Well, needless to say, I was especially sitting on tenterhooks since I was competing, and I had no idea who else was, or how many, for the AOA award, as they went through the announcements of each graduate's name and any award that they might have received, and so on. And I knew that I was near the top scholastically, either first or second, but anyway that was incidental and of no concern. That didn't get you anything. But when they got to my name, lo and behold, I was announced as the Alpha Omega Alpha award winner, and "with a cash award of fifty dollars!" And it was that fifty dollars that furnished old "Bertha Nation" as my subsequent girlfriend called my old '29 Ford, with the gas and oil to get me back to California.

SR: Oh! that's wonderful!

EN: Because I had to put a quart of oil in it about every fifty miles. But I could buy oil for ten cents a quart, and I'd keep a half a dozen cans. Gasoline was cheap. I drove until I couldn't drive anymore, and then I'd curl up on the seat and sleep a bit, until I could go again, and stop and

pick [up] a hamburger now and then. So in the course of between four and five days, I got back to Long Beach where my family was then living, drove into their back yard about three o'clock in the morning, and was awakened by my father who, when he saw me and my car out in his back yard, needless to say was more than startled! And especially when he came out and saw me stretched out on the seats, sound asleep. And so I was really saved by that AOA award.

SR: Oh, that's a wonderful story!

EN: Not only with the honor, but it was that fifty dollars that really saved my life.

SR: That's terrific. That's a great story.

EN: It got me home to California, where I was to start my internship at Los Angeles County General Hospital, the first of July 1935.

SR: Before we proceed further as you go on beyond medical school, I would like to have you reflect back a little bit more about your years at San Diego State. It's clear that this was the genesis of your taking the pathway that did lead to medical school, but I'd like you to paint more of a picture for me about life, your social life, other things that happened, who you met, what was going on.

EN: Well, there are some facets of my period at San Diego State that I skipped over because I didn't know whether they would be of interest as part of the story, but I guess on second thought that some would be. For me personally, there was not a very active social outlet at San Diego State, until I became involved in chemistry. True, from the beginning I was very interested in the sport programs, just because I was a sports enthusiast. They had a very good football team, I remember. Needless to say, I was not part of it. I was much too small for football. But in any case, they had a good team.

I remember the star the first year or two that I was there, was an American Indian by the name of Paul Mott. He was a big fellow, he quarterbacked the football team. He helped Coach Peterson teaching physical education classes, and those of us who played touch football during interclass games and such, Paul Mott would kind of coach, act as the passer, for all players and so on.

I remember another outstanding young man who was bigger than me, but not a *whole* lot bigger than me, but much faster. As I recall, his name was Johnson. He was the heart of that running team. And I'll never forget one particular game. In those days the league consisted of schools like Occidental College, Pomona, La Verne, Whittier. Pomona and Occidental were *very* difficult teams for San Diego to compete with, but during my freshman year one of our opponents was UCLA. The campus for UCLA was still located downtown in Los Angeles, and

of course was not nearly the large school with the powerful athletic teams they now have, but they were superior to any of those teams in the league that San Diego played in.

But the one game that I particularly remembered was one played in San Diego against Pomona, and Pomona and Occidental were the traditional top two teams. The bottom team, incidentally, was usually Cal Tech, who in those days had a football team, but needless to say hasn't competed in that area for many years. Anyway, in this particular team, this fast little guy, sort of a scooter, broke away for three or four touchdowns in the early part of the game, and for the first time in a long time, San Diego State ended up beating Pomona. And if they did such things, if their enthusiasm was as great in San Diego State as it was some places, they'd have torn down the field goal afterwards. But anyway, it was a great day for San Diego football.

SR: That's great.

EN: As I say, there was very little social life as far as I was concerned. Most of my social life was tied up with the young people and their organizations in my father's church. However, the chemistry department served that function very effectively, because as I mentioned, the chemistry majors were organized into a club, and finally into an actual fraternity. And we had many activities together. The annual one was pledging new members, and this was sometimes a pretty scary event, as it was the year that I was inducted into the fraternity, because among other things.... For instance, the year I was inducted, they made us dress up in sort of nightgown kind of equipment—this was all done *at* night. We were hitched up to an old buggy in which the upperclassmen rode, and we had to haul/pull them from there, downtown to the little park opposite the U.S. Grant Hotel, where they made us do various silly things: among others that I remember, because I was one of the participants, and needless to say we attracted a *huge* crowd of onlookers from the area downtown. But they had brought a big block of ice. They picked two of us, including me, for a stunt that somebody had dreamed up. One of us would have to stand on that block of ice in bare feet, while the other one talked on any subject suggested by all the bystanders. And the minute he hesitated or ran out, *he* had to get on the ice, and the other guy had to take his place. It was kind of clever, but it also.... It was not as funny for the participants as it was for the other brothers and all the onlookers.

The shenanigans kind of came to an end on that occasion, however, when one of the chemistry students—and he was one of the brighter ones, of those who did not go into medicine—had brought with him a chemical called ammonium valerate, a little bottle of it, V-A-L-E-R-A-T-E. It is the most powerful smelling chemical known to man. It is so vile, the least little bit makes one want to upchuck. Well, he was kind of a rascal, and without *my*

knowledge, and I think probably without the knowledge of most, if not all of the other group, he went into a theater on the south side of that little park and he dumped some of that in the entrance, which emptied that theater in a hurry, and brought us up, all of us, before President Hardy of the university the next day. And I don't remember exactly, other than a tongue lashing, what penalties we suffered.

SR: That was memorable!

EN: Yeah, that was something I don't think most of us would have approved of, but anyway, the story made the rounds.

SR: I bet! You just mentioned President Hardy, and of course in reading about the history of San Diego State, I've been reading about him. Do you have any recollections of him?

EN: Not really, other than he was there. I never had any personal contact with him.

Well anyway, this chemistry fraternity group did a lot of things together. We had banquets in Tijuana.

SR: Oh, nice!

EN: In those days, you could get a special permit to get back by the—as long as you got out by midnight—you could come back across the border. There, as a Baptist preacher's son, I learned to drink beer, having never experienced any spirits of any kind before that. And at that time, Agua Caliente was a beautiful, going resort, where they had horse racing, a beautiful casino, lovely dining room that attracted lots of people, and people of wealth from *above* the border, and we had a few events there.

We had one—perhaps I shouldn't mention it—experience, however, boys being boys. One night when we had some affair at the restaurant there in Agua Caliente, we went nearby to another attractive and equally opulent building called the Moulin Rouge, which I didn't know where we were going, but quite a few of us went over there, and as soon as I got in, I realized where we were. They had a long bar. It was an attractive place. There were females with flimsy clothing, so some of us bellied up to the bar and sat on stools and ordered a beer, just like big boys, and a girl—if I could call her such—came over and sat on a stool beside *me*. She might have been old enough to be my mother, and said, "Aren't you going to order *me* something?," putting her hand on my knee. I said, "Sure! Order yourself one." Well, she ordered a cognac, of which I'd never heard before. It may have been colored water, but it cost me my last fifty cents. (laughter) And it taught me a lesson, because we then walked through the adjoining long, attractively decorated and carpeted hallway, alongside of which, on each side, were all the cribs with mostly young *latinas* trying to grab us and drag us in. Anyhow, one

learned and grew up in a hurry [at] some of the places that the chemistry gang frequented. But it was maturing, and especially as I say, for a young Baptist preacher's kid fresh from Texas.

SR: Yeah. Part of growing up.

EN: As far as other social activities, the school put on a couple of memorable musical shows: one I remember in the old building, and one in the new building while I was still there. There were some very fine vocalists, and they did what impressed me at the time as really professional jobs of these Broadway shows which they tried to duplicate. But there were several going clubs, but there were no fraternities or sororities at that time. And as I mentioned before, Lambda Delta Lambda was the first national fraternity, the chemistry fraternity, to come *to* the campus. When they moved to the new building, I was not there long enough—just for that one year and adjoining summer—to become involved in anything except the chemistry department and getting it organized, and my activities for Dr. Robinson in connection with the organic chem labs and the students for that.

I only returned to San Diego State once, which must have been about twenty-five years later, when Evelyn, my wife, and I went down for the opening of the new chemistry building. I had not been back there to the new campus until I was honored by the university last year. Incidentally, before the campus became a thriving place, and even, oh, well before the site was selected *for* the new campus, as one went to the north, down into Mission Valley, there was no development in Mission Valley in those days. There were Oriental truck farmers and so on, but that was about it. But there was a little stream that flowed through there, and there were pools of water just below where the school is now situated. And it was a place to which the college kids, especially the group that I mentioned, would often go to dip in these pools, and oftentimes with girlfriends and even (in a stage whisper) skinny dipping! (laughter) I should apologize for saying [it], but there were all kinds of things that went on, on the environs of the campus before the campus moved there.

SR: Well, that's good. You're helping to paint a picture of a very different life, etc.

EN: Well, it was. And after the school became really booming, as I mentioned earlier, there were no bus lines, and just getting back and forth out there became a *real* hassle. And once you got there, the parking lots were not paved, they were dirty, dusty places, and were inadequate in size, too, for that matter. But that's what one had to put up with until the campus expanded, other buildings were constructed, and eventually other transportation was provided.

The people that I lived with, and for whom I was driving, Mr. and Mrs. Work, allowed me quite often to take their old Willis-Knight out there, and I would usually pick up two or three other students along the way, to haul them out. So that was sometimes my transportation.

Speaking of the Works, I'll tell another little anecdotal thing, maybe of some interest, in connection with them and Agua Caliente. Mrs. Work had previously been married to a Chicago physician, who was obviously pretty well off because she had very fancy mink and sable coats and things, and was a lovely lady, a Norwegian lady who used to feed me codfish balls for breakfast, one of her favorite dishes. She was a lovely lady, but she loved to go, as did Mr. Work, who was almost blind from macular degeneration, to Agua Caliente, to their dining room. But Mrs. Work also, now and then, liked—and even he would share with her—a little nip of alcoholic beverage by way of medicine. She was a pretty buxom lady—very buxom upstairs—and I remember one time when we went down there, that she got herself a pint of whiskey and secreted it in her bosom—snuck it across the border that way. So Tijuana, being nearby, served lots of purposes.

SR: Yeah, I'm sure that was part of the whole atmosphere.

EN: Oh, it was, the whole community. And it wasn't the scary place that it is today. You didn't hear of all of the nefarious activities that seem to go on these days.

SR: I also, from going through the materials, noticed that you had an incident with Charles Lindbergh coming in those years.

EN: Well, a couple of the episodes/incidents that I didn't mention while I was there, and that were sort of memorable at the time: one was the arrival of the great German mathematician, and his wife, in San Diego, by ship. This was when Einstein first came to the United States. They first landed at San Diego. San Diego had planned a big reception for them. Lots of people turned out. Had a big open automobile—limousine-type automobile with the top down. He, with his long flowing hair blowing behind him, and his wife, were seated in the back seat. They drove slowly through this parade of people that lined the streets, and I, along with several of the other classmates, ran alongside the car as they took the Einsteins up to the Organ Pavilion, where he made a little speech in German, and so on. That's the way Einstein was greeted to the States. Of course he ended up here at Cal Tech, and spent a lot of time in Cal Tech and Pasadena thereafter.

But it was also, of course, in this era that the *Spirit of St. Louis*, Charles Lindberg's plane, was built out there where Lindberg Field is now. And word of that got around—in fact, it was in the newspapers and pretty well publicized. When it was finally completed, and he was ready

to take off—and there were a lot of us who watched him take off from out there, bound for St. Louis on his way to New York, and then across the Atlantic. It was exciting, but of course it was much more exciting many years later when as president of the Huntington Memorial Hospital medical staff in Pasadena, at our annual medical staff dinner held in the Venetian Room at the Huntington Hotel every December, who should show up with his friend the cardiologist, Dr. Richard Bing, but Charles Lindberg. Charles Lindberg and Richard Bing had been associates at Rockefeller Institute in New York City, and become *very* well acquainted and worked together on some of the research there.

The day before this banquet that I mentioned, Richard called me—incidentally, Richard is two months older than I am, and we keep teasing one another about seniority and juniors and things—called me to ask if it would be all right with me as president and presiding officer, if he brought a guest to this affair. And I said, “Yes, of course. Do. Who is it?” And he said, “Charles Lindberg.” I said, “Well, by all means, bring him.” He said, “The only condition is”—of course this was after the kidnapping and murder of his child—“his only provision is he would not want the press to be notified.” So anyway, Charles Lindberg showed up and sat beside me at the head table at the banquet that evening, and even obliged the capacity audience by making some remarks which interested everybody.

SR: That’s very interesting. I didn’t realize that Lindberg did research at the Rockefeller Institute in New York.

EN: Yeah. You know, he and the great French physician really developed the first artificial heart pump together at the clinic, and their photograph appeared with this pump on the cover of *Time* magazine. I used to have a copy of it, and I do have a 35 millimeter transparency of it somewhere—of that cover, I mean. But Lindberg did a lot of very fundamental research at Rockefeller Institute.

SR: I had not realized that. Well, certainly in going back, just the coincidence of him being in San Diego, the context of the times, you’ve really illuminated what life was like during that time period, and what the campus looked like. I think that we can proceed to go forward again when we continue tomorrow.

EN: Yeah. Well, if you want to follow me back to L.A. and Pasadena.

SR: Yes, that’s where we’re going.

EN: Okay.

SR: Okay.

(tape turned off and on)

EN: Do you want to start?

SR: Yes, let's follow you back to L.A.

EN: Well, I arrived at Los Angeles County General Hospital, first of July, 1935, to begin my internship. The county at that time had just opened a beautiful big new building the year before, in 1934. And it had about 3,000 beds, the largest hospital in the country, slightly larger than Charity in New Orleans. And so I began a rotating internship, which meant that one spent about six weeks on different services of one's choice, and I chose to start on Obstetrics. So my first internship rotation was on OB. I had had considerable experience on OB district, of course, in Cleveland, and so it wasn't *too* new, but there were procedures that I learned and so on, that were different.

Well, in the course of my rotations, I had a service on GU, Genitourinary Surgery. It happened that the attending staff on that service was headed by Dr. H.C. Bumpus, B-U-M-P-U-S. Dr. Bumpus had headed the department of endoscopy, E-N-D-O-S-C-O-P-Y, at the Mayo Clinic for about seventeen years, and as an intern there had married a lady from Winona, a community nearby, whose family had a great deal of money. So before he was fifty, Carey Bumpus, C-A-R-E-Y, decided to retire to Pasadena and had been invited to come as professor of urology, at the College of Medical Evangelists, which was centered at White Memorial Hospital in Boyle, B-O-Y-L-E, Heights, Los Angeles. It later became Loma Linda University, where it's centered now. But anyway, Dr. Bumpus came as professor of urology there, and he brought with him Ben Massey, M-A-S-S-E-Y, who had just completed his fellowship training at the Mayo Clinic. So I managed to choose their service, which it turned out soon—and they had only come to L.A. County the year before, 1934—it turned out to be the most popular of the several urology services. I enjoyed it very much, and later traded with another intern to get another period on their service, so that I had two urological internships, and in the course of it learned a lot of urology, and learned that it was something that I enjoyed, and might want to end up going into, because I hadn't yet decided on a specialty.

So when it came time to start thinking about where I was to apply for a residency, why, I was influenced, and in fact really persuaded by one of the other urology attending men, Eugene Hoffman, H-O-F-F-M-A-N, who practiced in Los Angeles. I had become pretty well acquainted with him during a period of time that I'd been on Urology, and he approached me one day and said, "Why don't you take the urology examination, and we will make sure you get the appointment." Well, that was pretty persuasive, since I had enjoyed my service there up to that point. And so I pretty well decided to do that, although I had already made an application

back at Lakeside Hospital at Western Reserve for an internal medical residency, thinking that I probably would like to go into investigative medicine in that institution.

[END TAPE 2, SIDE A; BEGIN TAPE 2, SIDE B]

EN: At about that same time, I was both surprised and gratified to receive a warm letter from Dr. Claude Beck, B-E-C-K, who headed the department of neurosurgery and cardiovascular surgery at Western Reserve, Lakeside Hospital, inviting me to take his residency. It was very much sought after, but I had watched Dr. Beck operate often enough to not really want to go into that field. It was one of the jokes that was passed around at the time, that when Dr. Beck started to operate, they took down the clock and put up the calendar. He was famous for these eight- and twelve-hour operations [unclear], and so I wasn't particularly interested in that field, but I was very flattered to have been offered that residency.

So when time came to take the urological residency examination at the county, it consisted mostly of one's record plus oral interviews with members of the attending staff. And I did receive the appointment as had been promised. Incidentally, Dr. Hoffman, some years later, turned up at the office, and I did a prostate operation on *him*, but that was probably twenty years later.

Two or three other fellows had come from different parts of the country to take this urological residency examination, not knowing, of course, that it was already spoken for. But one of them later, when there was a vacancy that developed, did get the appointment, became a very close friend, and later moved to Denver, Colorado, to practice. The urological residency at the county at that time was a three-year one, and there were three urological residents. At the time that I started in 1936, they began a new program that included six weeks on Anesthesia for the beginning urological resident. And at the termination of his urological training, six months in Pathology.

While I was on Anesthesia, which is where I started my training, before I had finished with it, the resident just ahead of me, a fellow by the name of Jack Nelson, who later entered urological practice in Seattle, developed acute appendicitis, and had an appendectomy. The night after that, he got up, went to the bathroom, had a pulmonary embolus, which at the time was blamed on early ambulation—long before early ambulation became the rule. As a result, Jack had to drop out of the rotation, and so I was taken off of Anesthesia and put onto the urological service before I would otherwise have done so.

In those days, the type of patients that we had, the spread was somewhat different than it would have been in later years. For example, we had a complete ward of close to fifty beds

filled with patients suffering from venereal diseases and their complications. And an interesting aside in that connection was that when making rounds on these patients, on one occasion with Dr. Hoffman, whom I mentioned before, he pulled out of his pocket a little bottle of white pills, and said he had just returned from Chicago, where he had attended a medical meeting and had gotten these pills, and that he wanted me to pick out the worst case of gonorrhea on the ward and start him on these pills. Well, the other interns and residents making rounds with us, we all kind of grinned, because we knew that pills, like many other things, had been tried since time immemorial for this disease and had no effect. But nevertheless, I did as he suggested and started such a patient that evening, and lo and behold, the next morning he was cured!

SR: Oh my!

EN: Gonorrhea and complications and all, were gone—to our amazement, of course. Then it developed that these pills had come recently from Germany, where they were called Prontylin, P-R-O-N-T-Y-L-I-N. And we then learned that drug was actually sulfanilamide. And so far as I've ever been able to determine, that was the first sulfa drug to arrive on, and be used on, the West Coast.

SR: How exciting!

EN: So as time went on, of course, that ward was completely wiped out by the sulfa drugs, and subsequently the antibiotics, which have made such a difference in the epidemic nature of these diseases all over the world, prior to that time.

SR: Now, this was in the late 1930s?

EN: 1936.

SR: That's early for antibiotics, isn't it?

EN: Well, it was sulfa drugs. Sulfa drugs came way before penicillin, of course.

Well, in any case, on one occasion early in my internship, I spent some time and was working in the emergency department, where I met an attractive young nurse, who was to play such a big part in my life, although I had no idea of it at that time.

Also in the midst of our internship, we had to take the state board examinations to gain a license to practice in California. I had an Ohio license, having taken it as was required for graduation in Ohio, during our senior year. But to get reciprocity, and not have to take the written examination in California, it cost a hundred dollars, which I didn't have. I neglected to say that I got room and board, but my salary was nothing a month. At the end of my year of internship, they generously began to pay ten dollars a month. Anyway, to get on, I took, along with many of the other interns, the state board examinations. And one of the intern friends

that I had made, invited me to accompany him to a party that his girlfriend, who had an apartment nearby, was giving to celebrate the completion of state board examinations. And it was something to celebrate! We were all very relieved. And I was told that his girlfriend had a roommate who would be my blind date.

So anyway, we went to the party, and the girl to be my blind date was not present, but I was told that she had gone to do some grocery shopping and would be back presently. There was soon a knock on the kitchen door of their apartment. I opened the kitchen door, and here was this girl whom I had met, nurse, in the doorway with a large brown bag of groceries in each arm, and I said, “You must be Evelyn, my blind date.” And she said, “I am.” I gave her a kiss, which she couldn’t fend off, since both her arms were full—and didn’t try. So that was the beginning of our courtship, which continued until, oh, within three months or so we had decided we were meant for each other. We had so many common tastes in reading and other interests and so on. It proceeded to the point, even, that we agreed that we would like to be married, and set a time in March when this was to take place, which was after I had begun my residency, of course. And at that time, I was making ten dollars a month, and she was making a *hundred* and ten dollars a month, as night charge nurse, actually, in the emergency and admitting departments.

Well, it came the matter of what are we gonna do about wedding rings. We went to a large jeweler in Los Angeles, picked out wedding rings. Mine cost eleven dollars and hers cost *sixty* dollars, I remember. But, even that strained our finances. Mine were nil. So we talked to them about making arrangements for time payments, and that was agreeable until, learning that I was a physician at the county hospital, and thinking otherwise, they were very surprised to find, when they inquired about my salary, that it was ten dollars a month—despite which they did sell us our wedding rings on time, which I think we paid off at ten dollars a month, or something like that. But there was another interesting coincidence in this connection. Once more, many years later, probably twenty, the owner of this largest jewelry store in Los Angeles came to the office with urological problems. I ended up removing *his* prostate, without ever telling him the favor he had done us in allowing us to get married by selling us wedding rings on time.

SR: That’s a wonderful story.

EN: So Evelyn and three of her girlfriends, acting as, quote, “bridesmaids,” went out to Long Beach where my father had lived and had a church at that time, and were married in his living room, and had photographs taken and all the usual things that one does, at which point she and I,

after borrowing ten dollars from her roommate, took off for San Diego in my old '29 Ford for a weekend honeymoon, because that's as long as we had, having to return to work on Monday.

We registered at the old San Diego Hotel, which recently was demolished, I noticed in the paper, to make room for a larger place. And I think that we were able to get a room for five dollars in those days. We stayed for two days and one night, went out and tramped around on Point Loma in the fog all the next day, and enjoyed our brief honeymoon very much, returned to work at L.A. County Hospital on Monday as planned, and moved into an apartment across the hallway from the one that she had been sharing with her roommate on Sitchel Street, not far from County Hospital. It consisted of a relatively large living room with a let-down bed, and an adequate-sized kitchen with dining area, all at twenty-two dollars a month, which we could afford.

We soon decided that "Bertha," as Evelyn had early on named my old Ford, "Bertha Nation," was not going to be adequate much longer. We went to a Pontiac agency on Highland Park to make inquiry about whether with our meager incomes we could somehow afford a different car. They agreed to give us \$100, which is what I had paid for the old Ford in the first place, as a trade in and a down payment. So we started off with our first automobile, a sporty Pontiac coupe, and continued with our service, our work, at the county hospital.

As I indicated, my training included six months on pathology at the conclusion of my residency in urology: most of that time actually having been spent as senior resident, because of the fact that Dr. Nelson had to drop out. The senior resident ahead of him went AWOL once too often to San Francisco one weekend, and came back and found himself out of a job. And I, after six months on urology, found myself senior resident.

Well anyway, when I completed my residency training and had my pathology, which included doing surgical pathology and autopsies, one morning at "organ recital," as they called it, when the organs of interest removed at autopsy the day before were reviewed, Dr. Evans, head of the pathology department, slapped a tuberculous lung down in front of me one day, and splattered me with pus. A month later I had a bizarre respiratory infection, had a chest X-ray, which disclosed the fact that I had tuberculous pneumonitis, which was a very acute process, and arrangements were made through physician and administration friends at the county, for me to go off to Barlow Sanatorium, to cure. Needless to say, this was a terribly shocking event for both Evelyn, my newlywed wife, and me.

SR: Did you, at the time when he put the lung down, did you think, "Oh my goodness, what's going to happen?"?

EN: I went home as soon as I could get away from the hospital, and showered and did everything I could, but obviously had inhaled enough bacteria to cause me to develop this left apical pneumonia, as it turned out to be, due to a tubercle bacillus. A bit later, it led to other complications, to pleurisy and fluid within my chest, which had to be withdrawn, and was replaced with air. That was to collapse the lung, in order that it would better heal. That was a common form of treatment in those days, because it was prior to streptomycin and the other antibiotics that would cure tuberculosis. And so I was started on pneumothorax and spent nine months flat on my back, without putting my feet on the floor, in the main building of the sanatorium. And incidentally, I was the seventh one within two years to go off with tuberculosis from the pathology department—after which, they started looking about and found tubercle bacilli on the secretary's desk, and all over the place, and stopped doing autopsies on TB patients in that department.

But anyway, mine was declared to be an industrial accident, so the county paid for my Barlow Sanatorium expenses. By that time, my resident salary as senior resident, was \$75 a month. So I got, I think, a certain percentage of my salary as income. So I got \$45 a month during the time that I was off, and they paid for my care. And when I was ready to leave the sanatorium, the county had a hearing at which it was decided that I would receive lifetime tuberculosis care and \$45 a month until I was able to return to work.

Well anyway, after nine months flat on my back, I had progressed to the point that they couldn't find bacilli anymore, in sputum or gastric contents. Then I was moved up to a cottage where one slept outdoors with a roof over his head, and screen wiring to protect him from the elements, but basically out of doors. And I spent fifteen months there.

SR: Did Evelyn visit you?

EN: Evelyn was working, and meantime had moved into a larger duplex, where she knew that she could bring me when I was ready to come back home, and so on. She was still working, and she came every afternoon after she got off at 3:30, and stayed through visiting hours, with me. I was in a room with one other individual. But after fifteen months and a couple, two or three occasions when I was allowed out for an afternoon, like on a Sunday, and when they could no longer find any evidence of activity, I was released to go home, on North Figueroa, a duplex just below the Southwest Museum. This proved to be a very profitable, in a sense, time for me. As soon as I could, I went back to the county and served as a volunteer resident for close to a year or so, and thereby got a lot of excellent additional urological training, as well as some other dividends, which I will mention in a moment. But as I said, this proved to be a profitable

period, because all I could do was lie about all day. I read widely anyhow, but for the first time, I had time to read Cushing's biography of Osler.

I had become acquainted with Osler and his importance to medical education and to several generations of trainees in medicine, through professors at Western Reserve who had been students of his, or had been associated with him at Johns Hopkins earlier, before he went to Oxford as Regis Professor of Medicine there in 1905. So that I had a knowledge of, and interest in, Sir William Osler, but reading Cushing's biography turned me on not only to Cushing, but it also did, very much so, to Osler, and to rarities in the book realm of science and medicine. Because, of course, William Osler, in the course of *his* life, collected one of the finest and largest libraries of such rarities in existence, which, after his death, went to McGill, and was the foundation for what is the Osler Library there at McGill University now.

But as an outgrowth of all of this, I started collecting Osleriana.

SR: Could you clarify for me a little bit what you mean by "rarities"?

EN: Well, classic writings that had become classics, and going clear back to the Greek and Roman and Egyptian medical and scientific classics; right up to more modern times, the writings that subsequently became classics and had already become well-known things that had a greater importance than the average publication—that sort of thing.

In any case, I started collecting what I could, and what little we could afford. Evelyn became interested too, and we haunted the old bookshops in Los Angeles, and this was a great pastime. And it was there in Dawson's Book Shop, D-A-W-S-O-N, the outstanding antiquarian bookshop in Los Angeles of that period, Evelyn came across a first printing of the first issue, first edition, of Osler's famous textbook of medicine, which influenced the teaching of medicine in this country, as well as the practice of medicine, more than any other one publication, or any other one individual of the last century.

SR: How exciting!

EN: She found this pristine copy on the shelves of Dawson's Book Shop when she was over there alone one day. And it was for sale for seven dollars. It's now catalogued for two thousand and up. But anyway, she bought this and presented it to me on an appropriate occasion, as a present. But in any case, as I say, we bought cheap things, and at a time when some of the things had become much more sought after, hence rarer, have increased greatly in price. My collecting interests, especially with respect to Osler, continued. But I also—one other particular literary interest of ours—became an absorbing one at that time. We both started reading Thomas Wolfe's books as they came out, and they were very appealing to young people, people

of our vintage, and we both fell in love with Thomas Wolfe. Evelyn suggested that we start collecting Thomas Wolfe, because not many people were at that point. He died in 1938, of cerebral tuberculomas, at Johns Hopkins, after having been operated [on] there. So that he was not being collected, and we could pick [up] those books by and about him, as they came along—pick them up either new or very cheaply as used books, and so on.

Over time she [and I] accumulated a very significant collection of Thomas Wolfe material, which the librarians at San Diego State University have expressed an interest in, and have been assured that they can have the books in this collection, along with various other of my collection that they are interested in, any time they want to come get them. So far, they've said they would rather not have to have me look at empty bookshelves, and can wait until I shuffle off. (chuckles)

In any case, my two boys are not really interested in the same things, although they both are interested in books and do collect in other fields, but not as widely as we did. So they are quite in agreement that these things should go to the University of San Diego, if they want them.

Well, as I said, and going back a bit, during this period of time that I was convalescing at home—and this went on from '39 'til '41, a couple of years—that I began going back to the county and working in the urology department, becoming better and better acquainted with Drs. Bumpus and Massey, so that when it became time in 1941 that I began to talk about looking for a spot where I could practice and so on, that they invited me to come into practice with them in Pasadena. They had opened their office in Pasadena at 112 North Madison, where it still exists, in 1934. Needless to say, I was very pleased to be able to step into a ready-made spot like that. Dr. Bumpus had an international reputation, and from the time he opened an office, was drawing patients and prominent people, really, from all over the West, and even from other countries. So it was a great opportunity for me.

I started with them the first of July 1941. And *that* turned out to be an experience not to forget, too. Dr. Bumpus was away at the time, and Dr. Massey, who had a little home down at the beach, was hoping to spend that Fourth of July weekend there with his wife and two boys; and to have me tend shop during that period of time. Anyway, I started on the first. On the third of July, Dr. Massey saw a patient who needed surgery, and we did his surgery that evening of July third, at St. Luke Hospital, after which Dr. Massey took off for the beach for the Fourth of July weekend, leaving me, having just arrived in Pasadena, in charge of what was a thriving and prominent urological practice—needless to say, with many misgivings on my part.

However, no disasters occurred, and everything that came along, came up, I was able to handle comfortably, until each of them returned.

I continued, after entering practice, on the attending service of USC, and on the faculty of USC over at the county hospital. And I remained on that service, finally becoming associate professor of urology, until the mid-fifties, and that story I'll go into later as to why I finally resigned. In addition to making the usual rounds and so on, and a few lectures that had to be given and such, I had plenty of time, not having too much to do in connection with the practice yet, to do research. And I started researching all of the records—autopsy records, as well as other records—of anomalies, abnormalities, of the urinary tract. And there were 54,000 records in all that I eventually went to, winnowed from all of these a great deal of information, as a result of which I was able to write a whole series of papers which were published in the *Journal of Urology*, relating to the embryology and development of congenital abnormalities of the urinary tract.

Early on in practice, I had a case of a rare testicular tumor, interstitial cell tumor of the testes, and eventually had a couple more at the county, and rounded up from the records a couple more, so I ended up with four cases of interstitial cell tumor of the testes, and could only find six of them in the literature. I wrote these up in conjunction with Dr. Edmundson [phonetic], who was the pathologist who did the pathological work on the specimens, and published that in the archives of surgery, which was the first more or less major urological publication outside of the statistical work that I had done on the records at the county hospital. It was very well received, and so kind of started me writing more and wanting to do more. As a result of which, I was able to become board certified in 1944.

I also became a fellow of the American College of Surgeons that year. That was kind of an interesting experience, too, and the first and only time I returned to Cleveland. The induction was made at a meeting of the College of Surgeons in Cleveland. It happened to be in December. My son, Bill, our first child, had been born in 1945. This trip back to Cleveland proved to be very eventful, because it was in mid-December. Came time to fly home, I wanted to be home for Christmas with Evelyn, and the weather was so bad that a seagull couldn't fly. I finally managed, through a friend, to get on a Santa Fe train to get over to Chicago, standing up all the way, because it was said that *some* planes were flying out of there. Well, to make a longer story shorter, finally about midnight a plane did fly in from Detroit, and it was going to go on to the Pacific Coast, because practically everything else was grounded. But I said, "I'll go with

you.” And I got on, and I did manage to get home in time for that Christmas that year (SR: 1945.) after having been inducted into the College of Surgeons.

I also, from the very beginning, was interested in organized medicine, and particularly organized urology, so that within.... Well, in 1945.... (tape turned off and on) I was also, in 1946, made president of the Pasadena Dispensary, so I was beginning to kind of gain a foothold in the local medical community.

[END TAPE 2, SIDE B; BEGIN TAPE 3, SIDE A]

EN: (in midsentence) ... backtrack a little bit to recall some of the situation in the country that existed at the time that I started my practice in 1941 in Pasadena. One morning in December, when I was coming to the Huntington Hospital from where we lived over on North Figueroa, to make rounds, I was at California Boulevard, on the *arroyo*, stopped for the signal, when I heard the radio report of the Pearl Harbor disaster. And of course that was the beginning of many modifications to medical practice, along with everything else that followed, because shortly all the hospital windows were blacked out, and one could not drive with automobile lights on at night. I many times—or several times, at least—had to come from where we lived to Pasadena during the nighttime, no lights at all. But there was so little traffic—and incidentally, the Pasadena Freeway had recently been completed, so I would go back and forth on the Pasadena Freeway. There was so little traffic, and the ambient light at night, when there were no other lights, made driving really relatively easy and simple.

But after a year or so, it became necessary for me to get another car, because the one that we had could not serve both of us adequately. But by that time, there were no new cars available—or I should say there were only a few, and these were doled out by a special board to various individuals serving the public in different capacities, including physicians. So when I started looking about, I found that there were, I think, seven Hudsons and two Packard Clippers available in Pasadena for sale. I was given permission to buy a Packard Clipper, so that was the first automobile that I owned in practice, and it was one of the first to have a number of automatic features, including gear shifting and so on.

The food situation, of course, was stressful for everybody at the time, but we also had to get stamps, with which to get gasoline, and again physicians were privileged in that regard and got a larger allotment of gasoline than most others. But there were many privations suffered by the profession as a result of the war.

But getting back to the practice of medicine and my involvement and interests and so on, I not only was interested in the local medical organizations, but was early-on interested in

the urological organized urology, and joined the Western Section of the American Urological Association as soon as I was able to. (tape turned off and on, narrator continues, in midsentence) ... for the date, but I can go on from that point. Is it on now?

SR: Uh-huh.

EN: Oh, I beg your pardon.

SR: That's okay.

EN: From that, I went on to join the American Urological Association in 1950, having by that time become qualified for membership in the AUA. So that I not only had my interests in some of the local medical politics and so on, having, for instance, served as president of the Pasadena Medical Society in 1955, but had become more and more involved with various urological organizations, and in the course of which I served as president of the Los Angeles Urological Society, and following that as president of the California Urological Society. The Western Urologic Association was a particular interest to me, and I was active enough there that I was made treasurer of the Western Urological Association. (tape turned off and on)

You can't erase that part? No, okay, I'll fill it in. Is it on now?

I was made secretary-treasurer. At that time, one individual served in both capacities. Those two offices have been divided since then. That was in 1965, and I served as secretary-treasurer from '65 through '68, at which time I was elected president of the Western Section of the AUA, and served '69 and 1970. My annual meeting that year was held at Scottsdale, Arizona, the first time that the Western Urological had met in Arizona. So that I, along the way, had encouraged the organization to write a history, or put together a history of that society, which had begun in 1922. But when a committee failed to act, I finally took on the job myself and wrote the history of the Western Section of the AUA, which was subsequently published, and led to some of the other urological historical writing that I did.

Meantime, I was busily practicing urology in Pasadena. I was made president and chief of staff at the Huntington Memorial Hospital in 1971, and served in that capacity for a year. I might double back at this point and fill in the gap with respect to my teaching appointment at USC and L.A. County. I had gotten so involved with a number of these organizations by that time, that it was becoming more and more burdensome. There came a day when I went over one morning to assist one of the urological residents, Seeley [phonetic] Mudd, M-U-D-D, actually, with a transurethral resection of the prostate. While I was supervising him and helping him, I got a call from Surgery by a Pasadena gynecologist who was doing a surgical procedure for removal of a pelvic neoplasm, in the course of which he decided he had to remove the

bladder, too. He wanted me to come up and do that, and transplant the ureters—which I did, leaving Seeley Mudd sort of to *his* fate. Having finished that, I had to rush back to Pasadena to my office work: had a patient with a ureteral stone that required removal, and I scheduled that for after office hours. I was in the midst of doing that procedure when I had a desperate call from the county hospital from Dr. Mudd, saying that his patient was hemorrhaging, and could I come back and help him? So I went back, and we took care of that problem. And when I finally got home that evening, I decided that something's gotta give, and I wrote a letter of resignation to the chief of urology and the chief of surgery saying that I had better resign my associate professorship and appointment at L.A. County. So in 1955, that ended my relationship with USC, in a professorial capacity.

But now, going back to the urological progress, I received my first significant *national* appointment. I had served on various committees and done different jobs. When I was elected treasurer of the American Urological Association, at that time our home office was in Baltimore, but the funds were generally handled—had been handled—by the secretary, in his home bank, and pretty much out of his pocket, in fact. The secretary and the treasurer who preceded me was from New Orleans, and I proceeded to reorganize the entire operation, and move all that back to Baltimore where our home office was, and turned much of the detail management of the funds over to a bank who had the association's funds in their treasury.

Well, after having served as treasurer for five years, I was elected president of the American Urological Association in 1978, and served '78-'79. The annual meeting of the AUA the year of *my* presidency, was held at the New York Hilton Hotel, and we enjoyed the presidential suite of the Hilton for that particular occasion. But it was a great honor, and I was humbled and most appreciative of having been allowed to serve that office. I continued thereafter to serve on the board of the AUA for a total of nine years.

Along the way, I had served in various editorial capacities, beginning really when I was editor of the transactions of the Western Section of the American Urological Association from 1958 through 1966. I served on the editorial board of the *Journal of Urology* from '58 to 1966; and the editorial board of *California Medicine* from '65 to '69; and on the editorial board of *The Forum of Medicine*, a new publication started by the American College of Physicians from its inception until it was discontinued a few years later. As the centennial of the American Urological Association approached in 2002, some ten years before that, I was still on the board, we began to discuss the possibility of putting together a history of the American Urological Association for our centennial. Dr. Paul Peters was serving on the board, and he was really the

one who spearheaded this, and when it was finally decided by the executive board that this was a good idea, a large committee was appointed to formulate this as time went on, to have it ready for publication prior to the centennial year.

I was a member of that committee from the beginning, and was instrumental in getting Wendy Husser, who was editor of some of the College of Surgeons' publications, to take on the job of being the managing editor of this. And so I, along the way, was assigned the job of writing the history of the AUA itself, and finally its association with the American College of Surgeons, and also the history of the Western Section, which was to be part of it, as was the history of each of the other eight sections of the AUA. So that during that ten-year interval, I did a lot of work, not only in researching, but in writing these various segments of that book, and working with Wendy Husser, took a lot of the responsibility for it, in addition to making over 500 photographic illustrations for it. Toward the end, a couple of years before it was to be completed, Paul Peters had a stroke and could no longer function. One of my office partners, Larry Jones, was then made the nominal editor of this.

It finally, with great labor, getting many people to produce their segments, histories of the various sections and so on, all came together, thanks to Wendy's editorial assistance, to the point that she was able, finally, to bring all the proofs to me, and I read them, prepared the index, and she saw the publication through, and managed to get out this beautiful thousand-page, two-volume centennial history of the American Urological Association for distribution to the membership in 2002.

Now, let's stop and see where I.... (tape turned off and on)

SR: I believe that they gave you their highest award. Tell me about that.

EN: Well, in 2002, following the publication of our centennial history, the AUA did give me their most distinguished award, which is the Ramon Gutierrez Award, which was made at the annual meeting of May 2002. Needless to say, this was really the apex of my organized urological activities.

SR: That's marvelous.

EN: Throughout all of these activities that I've been discussing, my interest in book collecting, and particularly in Osleriana, and Osler the physician, and his writings, continued to dominate a lot of my spare time. In 1959, I assembled a series of essays, most of them biographical, that Osler had written, that were published in the *Canadian Medical Association Journal*. These had never been gathered before. I had my friend, Grant Dahlstrom [phonetic], a very fine printer, who operated the Castle Press in Pasadena, put this together in a beautiful whole book which I titled

Men and Books. I sent copies of this book to all the medical libraries in the country that I knew had Osler collections and special interest, and also to physicians throughout the country with whom I was acquainted, who collected and were interested in Osler and his writings. Well, needless to say, I got many wonderful letters of thanks from these various individuals—one very *special* one, incidentally, from the senior editor of *Journal of the American Medical Association* after the book had been reviewed in *JAMA*, and that was Chuck Roland. He wrote and asked whether there was any chance that he could get such a book, and he sent me a check for five dollars. I sent him a book, and sent the check back to him. He sent it back to me again, saying he knew it had to have cost at least that much, and he was so happy to have it, that he wanted me to have the check. Well, I didn't cash the check, but that was the only one that I, quote, "sold." But it did put me in the notice of other Oslerians around the country, and meantime I had written a few other pieces that were published about Osler and his various activities and writings and so on.

In 1971, a special meeting devoted to the humanities was held at the University of Texas. At that meeting, a lot of these Oslerians, who were well represented there—I was not there—got together and decided that a society should be organized to promote the life and the teachings of Osler. And out of that grew the American Osler Society. They, at that time, drew up a list of people that, again, they knew had special interest in Osler—former students, trainees, and others who had come under this influence, and they were invited to become members. Well, as a result of my publications, I was added to this list, and so became a charter member of the American Osler Society, which has become a group of individuals that I admire and have come to know better over the years through our annual meetings. The roster looks something like the "blue book" of academic medicine, so that at times I have felt that as a scholar, I didn't belong, but I very much appreciated the honor. They honored me further by making me president of the [American Osler Society] in 1978. Beyond that, in 2005, they held the annual meeting of the American Osler Society in Pasadena. And they made me the honoree of that occasion, and presented me with their first lifetime achievement award. Needless to say, this was the apex of any scholarly achievements and ambitions that I ever might have had.

My Osler collection, incidentally, has been promised to the Huntington Library in San Marino, where the Osler collection of the Los Angeles County Medical Association is housed, and that too they can have when they see fit to come take it. The membership of this organization, and the friendship of the other members have been among my life's greatest rewards for me.

I had another most unexpected but *enormously* appreciated honor paid me in 2005, and that was when San Diego State University informed me that they would like to do honor to me as a distinguished alumnus, and to attend their award ceremonies to receive one of their Monty Awards. I was thrilled to do so, and I'm doubly thrilled to have that in my home now.

SR: I'm looking at it, and clearly well-deserved, well-merited, and in reading about the nomination, it illustrates what you have talked about so far, your multi-faceted life, and the contributions you've made as a historian, a physician, as a leader in humanistic medicine. It's really incredible. So clearly they made a good choice.

EN: One other publication that I might mention, of which I was very proud: In the course of following all the published material by and about Osler over all these years, I began long ago to collect the material into a card file, published material relating to Osler. A few years ago, I put all of this together, and with the editorial help of Chuck Roland, previously mentioned, and of Jack MacGovern, another charter member of the American Osler Society, and past president, his financial help, we were able to put all this together and publish it as a book with the title of *Annotated Checklist of Osleriana*. This has been widely accepted and used, and a couple of years ago, the American Osler Society published an updated version, which I had made, in two volumes. The original edition was published by Kent State University Press.

I have done lots of other writing which I haven't mentioned along the way, because another interest developed a long while ago, really came to a head in the early 1960s, and that was western medical history. In 1963, Evelyn, my wife, and I went to Peru with the Project Hope, a most rewarding experience. When I returned, I was invited by the chief officer of the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners, as they're called, a group of western history buffs, to speak to that group about our experiences in Peru, and as a result became a member of that Westerner group.

My interest soon settled on the area of Tombstone, Arizona, and that tempestuous period, the O.K. Corral era of the great silver mining strike over there. There was a physician known as George E. Goodfellow, who became known as the gunfighters' surgeon, who took care of so many of the victims of these gun battles that were fought there. He later moved to and practiced medicine briefly on South Main Street in Los Angeles, and died and is buried here, in fact.

But I did a lot of research about him, and one other individual, a young man who went to Tombstone at that early period, kept a diary throughout that era—fifty-five volumes of it, in fact—which I have subsequently studied, and I've written rather widely about each of these

individuals, and given many lectures about them and their activities and so on. Parsons also later moved to Los Angeles and died here a few years ago at age eighty-three. So that my western history writing, both relating to medicine and to other aspects of the early western history, has been another enjoyable pastime.

While I'm speaking of my own writings, I might mention the fact that in 1987 the Huntington Hospital asked me to write an essay for their medical staff newsletter, which I did. It's a medical historical article. They wanted to continue it, and I have, to this day, now about nineteen years, contributed a monthly essay to the medical staff newsletter of the Huntington Memorial Hospital. Four or five years ago, the director administrator of the hospital gathered all of these, had them put into a leather-bound book for me, which was presented to me at the annual medical staff dinner. So that was another gratifying award.

SR: Well, I have heard through my friend, Dr. Shelby Dietrich [phonetic], how enjoyable it has been to read your writings.

EN: Well, lots of people have told me so.

SR: Yes. And clearly you've had this ongoing literary and historical pathway going through, and as you mentioned, sharing it with your wife, all along the way apparently. Was she working at all during these years?

EN: When I started practice over here, she gave up her job at the county. She worked until 1941, and was night charge nurse in that snake pit of an emergency room at L.A. County. But when we moved to Pasadena, she gave that up. I didn't mention along the way.... I think I did mention that Bill, my oldest son, was born in '45, and that we had a second one in '49, and so on, so that he should have been mentioned in there, because they're going to be the only people who'll be interested in looking at this.

SR: No, no! Everybody's going to be interested in looking at this, but it's good.... I wanted you to talk a little more, when you were able, about during these years I'm trying to figure out how you—there are only twenty-four hours in a day—with all of your practice, plus family, plus organizational medicine, and writing, and researching, it's amazing. Did you sleep?!

EN: I need my nine hours every night to feel my best—sure do.

SR: Would you like to go back a bit to your practice and some of your experiences with patients over the years?

EN: Yeah. I don't know what's of interest, what to include. For instance, one busy afternoon in the office I received a telephone call from Dr. Vern Mason. He was.... Well, you're not recording this now? (tape turned off and on)

While describing all these other activities, I've neglected two or three very important aspects of my life: my practice, for instance, was a very active one, until I retired in 1990. At one point, there were seven urologists in our group, sixteen girls in the office, so it was a big and very busy place, and there were innumerable interesting, amusing, and otherwise maybe-worth-telling events, but a couple of anecdotal ones might be described.

One busy afternoon in the office I received a telephone call from Dr. Vern Mason. He was head of the department of medicine and dean at USC. He said, "Earl, I hate to do this to you, but would you be willing to see Howard Hughes?" I said, "Well, I don't know any good reason why not." "But," he said, "there are two conditions. One, he doesn't want his records in his own name." I said, "Well, what [name] does he want us to use?" He said, "H.H. Adams." So his records in our office are in *that* name. "The other condition is that you'll have to go to his cottage out at the Beverly Hills Hotel to see him." "Well," I said, "I don't see any reason *not* to." He said that he just worried about his prostate. Howard Hughes had cracked up this hot plane, and should have died and been killed not too terribly long before that, and so on. Well, one of my associates/partners, Charles Gallup, G-A-L-L-U-P, had just recently started with us and had lots of spare time on his hands. Dr. Mason had been one of his professors, and he was acquainted with him. I asked Vern if it would be all right with him if I sent Charlie out to Beverly Hills to see Howard the first time. So anyway, he did, and checked him out, couldn't find very much wrong with him, normal-feeling prostate. But he wanted his prostate massaged, and he wanted a massage every couple of weeks. So we made quite a number of trips out there. Dr. Mason had told me when he first called me, "You can charge him anything you want to, of course." Well, we thought about that for a while, and considered the fact that a house call to San Marino at that time was ten dollars, and those in Pasadena were five dollars, that maybe fifty dollars to Beverly Hills wouldn't be too much. So we charge Howard Hughes fifty dollars for each of our visits.

The only other near encounter I ever had with him was when the Western Urological Association held its annual meeting at the Bayview Hotel up in Vancouver one year, and by that time Howard Hughes had become somewhat more eccentric, to say the least, and had moved to this Bayview Hotel in Vancouver and occupied the two upper floors. I saw one of his lieutenants in the lobby and offered to go visit him and see him, but he assured me that Hughes didn't want to see anybody, he had armed guards in the stairwell, and so on. So I would have been glad to see him again, but I didn't on that occasion, and just as well. So that was one memorable experience.

[END TAPE 3, SIDE A; BEGIN TAPE 3, SIDE B]

EN: In connection with my practice, I should mention my retirement. I decided after 49½ years, that I wasn't trying to set any records, and in 1990 decided to retire. The girls at the office gave me a very beautiful watch and had a big retirement party for me, which was kind of an eightieth birthday party as well. And they surprised me no end on that occasion, because *totally* without my knowledge, they had been gathering things that I had written over the years, and they had put them into a paperback book, and themselves paid for its publication, and they titled it *Nation's Notions*, which was a thrill when in the course of this evening's entertainment, they hauled out this big box of books for me and everybody present.

SR: And you were totally surprised?

EN: I hadn't the *slightest* inclination that anything of the sort had been going on. So they had managed to keep it all a secret from me.

SR: That's great.

EN: And finally, I should say a bit more than I have about the real monuments to my existence, and my greatest joys and satisfactions, which have been my own family. Of course Evelyn, my wife, was. She continued working, incidentally, at the L.A. County Emergency Room as night charge nurse, until I entered practice in Pasadena, at which time she gave up work. And then our first son, Bill, came along in 1945, and four years later, Bob, 19[49]. Bill is now an M.D. and Bob is a Ph.D. in psychology. They, of course, became the center of my life. We built a big home at the top of Sierra Madre Villa Avenue on Kinneloa, K-I-N-N-E-L-O-A, Ranch, where the boys were raised until they went away to college, after which we moved back downtown, and eventually to a condominium in Sierra Madre. My wife, Evelyn's, health began to fail and in 1992, it became so bad that it was well that I was retired, because she needed help and care. And finally in—I believe it was 1994, she had a stroke, and ended up in the Sierra Madre Skilled Nursing Facility for the last five years of her life. She died there in 1997. I've carried on with my reading and writing primarily, and a few other things related to my book collecting and book interests, and some of the organizations to which I belong and in which I'm very active, such as the Zamorano Club (SR: Oh, I'd like to hear about that.), several people of bookish interests, and the L.A. Corral of Westerners.

SR: Tell me more about the Zamorano Club. That sounds very interesting.

EN: Well, the Zamorano Club was formed back in the thirties by several fine printers and book collectors. It's primarily a book collecting club, who ever since then has had a monthly dinner meeting at which there is a guest speaker. I've spoken to that group on at least two occasions.

It's a group of people with like interests that comprise friends you really can enjoy being with. And the Westerners is a similar group of people with a common interest in western history and related matters.

I also belong to a very old club that started meeting back in the 1890s, meets at the Annandale Country Club each month for a dinner meeting. It's called the Twilight Club. Again, we have distinguished guest speakers. It's a pleasure to attend those meetings. And there's still another that I'm active in, that meets every other Wednesday morning at the Athenaeum at Cal Tech, a group which also was organized in the 1930s, and is comprised of the movers and shakers of the community who take turns, alphabetically, speaking to one another at a breakfast meeting every other Wednesday. So with these activities and opportunities to be with other people, why, I carry on alone, otherwise very happily. And fortunately, thanks to my mother's genes, so far enjoy, I think, unusually good health.

SR: Yes, it seems so. And this morning you were at that breakfast. That's terrific. You're really an inspiration and role model, I'm sure—in many other ways, too. I'd like you to reflect a little bit, because as I listen and try to bring this all together, with your interest in Osler, and also your nurturing of medical students and others over the years, as you now look at San Diego State University, and toward the medical school education, and you think about the kind of education you had in college, do you think that.... What would you like to see incorporated into college curriculum? Is there anything....

EN: You mean like at San Diego State?

SR: Uh-huh.

EN: Well, the more humanities that all students get, the better and happier citizens they're going to be, no matter what avenue they go into. Many of the aphorisms of Sir William Osler are along those same lines as to what comprises a proper education to prepare people for a happy and productive life. He wrote so extensively that his writings touch on all such matters in a way to make these pursuits sound interesting and inviting and have led many people to become interested in literary and humanistic matters, who might otherwise never have been tempted to go in that direction. But as far as my medical school and student teaching, except for occasional references, which I often made in the course of just conversation about patients and medical matters and so on, had constant occasion to quote him in all kinds of regards, and in that sense to transmit some of the essence of his spirit as a great teacher. As he said, he would like as his epitaph that he had taught students at the bedside. He was the one who really introduced bedside teaching, at the expense of academic lecture-type instruction. So that I've

used Osler and a lot of his philosophy and aphorisms many times in my writings, as well as in contact with other physicians. In speaking and so on I nearly always have occasion to, one way or another, make reference to my own role model, who was Sir William Osler.

SR: Well, I am sure that *you* are a role model for many people [who] have been fortunate enough to work with you and have you as a teacher. It goes from one to the other. I'm fascinated by the composite of everything you've accomplished and enjoyed and clearly you're proud of your family as well.

EN: Since you've brought it up, I'll tell you.... You're not recording, are you?

SR: Yes.

EN: Oh, okay. Well, since you brought it up, until a couple of weeks ago, that great deodar tree there in my front yard, was covered up to at least twenty or thirty feet with a plant that had these large elephant-ear type leaves, that was parasitic on the tree. It had grown from a plant in a gallon bucket, that I had set at the base of the tree, a long time ago, shortly after we moved into this condominium, and it had grown into this plant that was becoming *too* big and perhaps damaging the tree, too, so as the gardeners removed it recently. But how it came to be there is a story that adds a little bit of weight to what you just said.

A dermatologist in Arcadia had come to see me as a young patient. He tended to be rather hypochondriacal. He was a doctor, already had a specialty of dermatology, and had just come to the community at that time. He was *terribly* concerned about himself. He had complaints which were real, but not threatening, and so on. And in the course of a short time, in a very few visits, we got better acquainted, and I talked him out of most of his troubles, and helped to cure the rest. A long while after—in fact, I had been asked to speak to the staff of the Arcadia Methodist Hospital on one occasion about Osler, and I spoke to them about Osler. A short time later, he showed up here with this plant. And he said, “I would like you to have this, because I want you to know that you, from the time I first saw you, became my role model.”

SR: Ah-ha! So that was the plant. (laughs)

EN: And it grew! From little acorns, giant oaks grow.

SR: Evidently so! (laughter) Well, is there anything else you think you would like to communicate regarding either the curriculum or school?

EN: Well, no, not specifically, because my career has not primarily been an academic one. So that while I've had ideas of my own as time goes along, and things, I don't really have any philosophical pearls in that regard that would be worth dropping. Things may occur to me that

I might remember, having forgotten and ignored as we went through this, as I sleep or drowse, or especially when we see the typescript of this. But at the moment, there isn't anything special. I've said way too much, I think.

SR: Oh, I don't think you've said too much. It has been such a delight. And I also have been the recipient of your delicious cuisine.

EN: Well, we're gonna go have a sandwich.

SR: Okay, and thank you so much!

[END OF INTERVIEW]