

MAY 27, 1968RALPH G. CAROTHERS

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1 No Parking Anytime

One of my recurring nightmares, which usually follows over-indulgence in food and drink, concerns the lost automobile. I dream that I have parked my car on a familiar street--almost always at night--have gone to a meeting or party, and have returned to the spot where I thought I parked the car, only to find that it is not there. It is not stolen, that I know. It is just misplaced.

There follows a long search up one street and down another, during the course of which the scenery constantly keeps changing and what was at first a familiar neighborhood turns into a strange one. I trudge and trudge and the hours go by as I get more and more frantic. I find all sorts of cars which look like mine, but turn out not to be, and as time passes the streets become deserted, both of people and cars, and if I started out with my wife or some other person, she or he has disappeared, too.

The funny part about this nightmare is that it almost always has a happy ending. I eventually find my car, and it is always exactly in the spot it was supposed to be in the first place. I have come to the conclusion that, in this dream, the car doesn't move, but the scenery does.

Unfortunately, I have sometimes had this same experience of losing a parked car while I was awake, and I have a pretty good idea that every member of this club has, at some time or another, forgotten where he parked his car or, for that matter, that he had parked one at all and has gone home on the bus or with a friend, leaving his faithful steed patiently waiting for him. Under such circumstances, which involve

going to the wrong parking lot or garage or forgetting the fact that the car was left to be serviced that morning, one can only admit that one is stupid and chalk up the incident to human frailty, or something. If Charlie Aring and Howard Fabing have another explanation for it, we'd rather not hear it.

This nightmare of mine has led me to a study of the whole business of parking automobiles, a problem which is growing year by year and which threatens serious consequences to civilization as the number of automobiles increases at an alarming rate. In 1935, two years after the writer of this paper began driving a car, there were 26,546,126 motor vehicles registered in the United States. This was actually 200,000 less than the number registered in 1930, five years before, probably because of the depressions.

In contrast, in 1967, 97,527,000 motor vehicles were registered, of which 81,051,000 were passenger cars. This was an increase of 3.4 percent over the year before, while trucks and buses, totalling 16,476,000, increased nearly four percent. In other words, in the span of this driver's roadway experience, some 35 years, the number of motor vehicles in the United States has almost quadrupled. That is one reason, incidentally, why our family no longer takes a drive out in the country on a summer evening just to cool off. The Winton Road or the Clough Pike of 1968 is far less pleasant to negotiate than it was in 1934. In fact, the latter road is physically little different today than it was 35 years ago, yet it is carrying nearly four times as much traffic.

The fantastic increase in the number of private automobiles has had a major effect on the nation's economy. It has, to all intents and purposes, killed the mass transportation industry. By making it easier for people to drive themselves from place to place, we have practically put the public transit business--street cars and buses--in its grave, as the present difficulties of the Cincinnati Transit Company bear out.

And while development of commercial airlines is the prime factor contributing to the demise of rail-road passenger traffic, the influence of the private automobile must not be overlooked. The number of miles

travelled by passenger trains has shrunk from 359 million in 1950 (a year picked to avoid any possible effect of wartime travel restrictions) to 173 $\frac{1}{2}$ million or $\frac{1}{2}$ in 1965.

Actually, with the development and extension of the interstate highway system, it is easier and quicker for a person to drive himself distances of up to 100 miles or more than it is to take a plane or train. The ease of getting to such places as Columbus, Indianapolis and Lexington from Cincinnati by highway, makes train or plane travel to those places silly.

And look what we have done to our cities. We are spending millions of dollars to make it quicker and easier for people to drive from the suburbs into the center of the city. In fact, we are making a conscious effort to attract business to the heart of the city instead of the suburban shopping centers by building new superhighways and expressways that go right downtown.

But, by attracting more people to the core area, we create the problem of providing places for them to park their cars after they get to the business section. So we tear down buildings, create parking lots and garages and pre-empt, for the storage of vehicles, land that could be used for business purposes. Some day, of course, we will strike a balance between parking lots and garages, and other forms of enterprise but, with a little imagination, one can visualize a business district so taken over by garages and parking lots to accomodate the people coming downtown that there is no space left to house the offices, amusements or other activities that the people have come downtown to engage in in the first place.

This problem of storing vehicles has some very fascinating aspects. For instance, there is, in front of the University Club on Fourth Street, a metered parking space which, by actual measurement, is shorter between the two meters than the length of the average American automobile, such as a Ford, Chevrolet or Pontiac, not counting the compact models!

If you take the total number of passenger automobiles registered in the United States last year - 81 million, rounded off evenly for convenience, and allow 15 feet for each car, all of them, placed end to

end and bumper to bumper, would stretch a distance of 230,000 miles or nearly ten times around the Earth at the Equator. And this isn't allowing any room for a driver to maneuver himself out of the theoretic traffic jam! As a matter of fact, most American cars are several feet longer than 15 feet. That figure was chosen as a fair average to compensate for the Volkswagens and other peewees that barrel down the American highways or use up just as much curb space as their larger brothers.

California leads the nation with 10,700,000 motor vehicle registrations. So it is not difficult to understand the rather startling statistical fact that, if all of the cars in Los Angeles were to take to the highways at once, that city's freeways and boulevards would be solidly packed with vehicles from one end to the other and no one would be able to move at all.

We all know the problem of parking facing the planners of Cincinnati's riverfront stadium. At Crosley Field parking was provided by tearing down blocks of buildings and thereby displacing hundreds of people who had to find housing elsewhere--incidentally creating new problems which are beyond the subject matter of this paper.

Anyone who passes the University of Cincinnati during the college year has noted the acres and acres of land that have been devoted to the daily storage of automobiles. The situation at one time became so acute that students at the University were parking their cars on both sides of the rather narrow drives in Burnet Woods, as far north as the Trailside Museum by the Lake. In doing so they deprived people who wanted to use the Woods for picnicking or other recreation of a place to put their own cars, and the Park Board was forced to set a parking time limit, over the protest of the University and its students. As a matter of fact the Park Board has taken the rather quaint attitude that it will not give up any park property now devoted to greenery for the storage of automobiles--if it can possibly help it. It is an attitude that some more "practically minded" people find a little difficult to understand!

The medium-priced family car owned by the writer of this paper, covers an area of 120 square feet. If we assume that the other 81,000,000 cars in the country, with the trucks thrown in to compensate for the little foreign imports and the compacts, take up just about as much room, all of them parked together, bumper to bumper and side to side, with no space to spare, would cover an area of 349 square miles, give or take an inch or two!

They are taking up that space now--in private home garages, in driveways, on the streets in residential sections, in factory parking lots, in public and commercial garages and on public and private parking lots, and the end is not in sight. But the problem is with us and the chances are we will never find the answer, as long as the automobile is with us--unless we look to Heaven, which means stacking cars vertically more than we are doing now.

Which brings us to a variation of Parkinson's Law and the end of this paper---"The number of automobiles seeking parking places increases geometrically in proportion to the number of parkingspaces available".

George P. Stimson

2

Harassed By A Hat

Little did I think, on that pleasant afternoon last November when I wandered into Pogue's to buy me a new hat, that I was carving out the first piece of a puzzle that would return to harass me just three months later. There was nothing unusual about the hat I bought -- a dark grey, almost black, felt hat, with one of those cute little red-and-green feathers tucked in the silk band. I didn't resent that feather. It would, I thought in my simple-minded way, serve as an identification mark when my hat might beparked among a multitude of others in some hotel lobby or restaurant, now that hat-check girls are becoming obsolescent. Being a careful soul, I had the salesman punch my initials in the inside band.

All went well until the night of Monday, February 5th, when I drove down to the Club with several other members to hear Derrick Vail read a paper. When it was time to leave I went to the cloakroom and discovered a strange hat where I thought I had left mine. It looked just the same -- same color, size and same little red-and-green feather, but it had a different make and there were no initials inside. Carefully I examined some twenty other similar hats on the racks, to no avail. Restraining a low impulse to grab up any hat that fitted me, I went to the steward to report my loss. He looked mildly shocked, for all the world like one of those butlers in an English detective story who stumbles upon the blood-soaked corpse of his master in the drawing-room. "Why," he said, "Mr. Miller also lost his hat here last Monday night."

This, I thought, is growing serious. Do we have, in our membership, a kleptomaniac with an abnormal addiction to hats? Does the rise in crime, under the dispensation of Lyndon Baines Johnson, extend into these hallowed precincts? However, with all the calm I could muster I told the steward that some other member must have picked up my hat by mistake and asked him to telephone me the next day if a hat were left over after all the members had gone home. So, with my car companions, I shuffled off into the muddy trenches of East Fourth Street, with my head bared to the elements. It was downright cold that February night and Ed Merkel's Volkswagen, like mine, is not disposed to heat up in a hurry. After a few shivering blocks I tied my muffler over my head, thereby suggesting to any passerby somebody's Aunt Mathilda and no doubt embarrassing my back-seat companion, Charles Aring, even though neurotic cases are familiar to him.

The next day, when I telephoned the steward he had a fresh surprise for me: not one but two hats had been left behind at the Club the night before! Things were now approaching the point of crisis. Evidently one of those hats had been left behind by the man who took mine by mistake. But how account for two abandoned hats? Ernie Miller had lost his at the Club two Mondays before. Was the second hat Ernie's, or was it the hat of the member who had taken Ernie's by mistake? I began to feel like the little hero in the tale of Dr. Seuss ("The Five-Hundred Hats of Bartholomew

Cubbins") who, whenever he took off his hat, found it replaced by another one until the magic number of Five Hundred was reached.

By the next day I had decided to forget about the whole damned thing and went to the office of the Vice President of the institution I serve to keep a luncheon engagement. As we started to leave he picked up his hat, stared at it doubtfully, looked inside and exclaimed: "This is not my hat!" I examined it and said: "No, it's mine." Suddenly the whole thing became clear. On the afternoon of the Monday when my hat had disappeared at the Club I had conferred with the same Vice President in his office. In leaving, I had picked up his hat -- a dead-ringer for mine in size, shape, color and red-and-green feather, though of a different make and with no initials inside. This hat I had worn home, and he had worn mine, unknowingly. The hat which I found in place of mine at the Club the same evening was his hat. So, one of the hats which the steward had found after the members went home was the Vice President's hat. The other hat was either Ernie Miller's or the hat of some stranger which Ernie had picked up by mistake.

This hat-tangle left me troubled in mind. In a Club containing more than its fair share of absent-minded professors, the confusion might never be straightened out. Surely there must be something wrong with a society in which it is impossible to distinguish one male hat from another. Those tiny feathers, which I had naively supposed would serve as identification marks, were nothing but a snare and a delusion. Have we come to the point where every man must wear a hat feather of his own distinctive shape and color and color-combination? Must a man named Kelly have a feather shaped like a shamrock? Must we discard the familiar red-and-green combination for, say, pink with purple or sky-blue with aquamarine? There is something unpleasantly Oriental about the whole idea.

And why stop with hats? This matter of mistaken identity in male apparel extends to coats, especially to raincoats, which nowadays are usually of the same material and design, like so many dirty white dishes or yellowing peas in a pod. Perhaps it would be best to follow the example of the younger generation and

abandon hats altogether.

As it happens, this complicated true story had a happy ending. The first hat left behind at the Club on the night of February 5th has long since been restored to its rightful owner, and the second hat turned out to be Ernie's. But suppose, just suppose, that the hat which Ernie wore to the Club had not been his. Suppose he, too, had lifted a stranger's hat, from a pyramid in some hotel or restaurant. And suppose that the rightful owner is even now cursing his possession of a wrong hat in some distant place, like the Hilton in Istanbul.

But I must stop: this way madness lies.

Joseph W. Sagemaster

3

Vas You Effer in Zinzinnati?

Ich wah r, Yah, wohl, and I knew Cincinnati, the downtown part, at least, pretty well from 1900 on. Every street car came to 5th and Walnut. There were fine theatres on Vine Street, the Grand and the Lyric where the very best plays and light operas were presented. As a matter of fact, we honestly got the very best the country could produce. George Arliss, Joe Jefferson, David Warfield, Mrs. Fisk, Southern and Marlowe and many others, yes even the great Sarah Bernhart. And there was upper Vine Street, "Over the Rhine", the Rhine being the canal. The canal itself was never called the Rhine, but the district was called "Over the Rhine" and there the German language was common. There were theatres there too. Peoples and Heucks. They weren't as high as the ones downtown but the beer gardens up there were fine and there was a very well developed German atmosphere. In the little side streets in that neighborhood where people lived and even on Race Street it was common practice for the housewives not only to scrub the front steps, but to scrub the sidewalk and even clean the street out to the middle every Saturday afternoon. Now this district might by some standards have been called a ghetto because people were crowded in rather closely in some of those streets, but they did not strew garbage around and they didn't raise cain

and they tended to business. As I say the whole area was very German in many respects. There was the German National Bank at 12th and Vine, now the 5th/3rd. On Liberty Street there was the German Deasoness Hospital.

And there was Walnut Street down between Fourth and Fifth where the Gibson House is now located. There were two marvelous saloons, the Mecca and the Foucar. They were two of the finest that ever existed. There was free lunch in those saloons that I am sure was finer than any free lunch or even many paid for lunches that you could get anywhere in the world. All you had to do was buy a schooner of beer for five cents and go to the lunch counter and fill up. If a young man kept the clothes neat and didn't come too often, he could get himself very well fed for a nickel, or going all out with two schooners, a dime.

George B. Cox "the boss" had his office on the second floor over the Mecca, and the statesmen of the city were coming in and out of there all morning long. Cox had a good friend in Dr. Thomas W. Graydon, an alert, merry souled, bright eyed Irishman. Dr. Graydon had moved to Cincinnati from Iowa where he had gone to medical school. He came with the claim to a miracle cure for tuberculosis and advertised himself "as the conquerer of consumption". He was a master promoter and with his friendship for Cox he acquired a political office which gave him a desk in city hall. In as much as most of his business, in fact practically all of it was transacted outside of the city, he had a picture of the city hall on his letter heads and underneath, Dr. Graydon's office.

During the late afternoon or evening Cox occupied a seat at the small circular table in the main room of Henry Wielert's elegant saloon. This was located in the "Over the Rhine" district and there was a garden behind it which was open when the weather permitted. And thus Mr. Cox maintained his connection with the non-German group on lower Walnut Street and the Germans on upper Vine.

Now to go back to "Vas You Effer in Zinzinnati". I have read Perry's book and was rather dissappointed. It didn't seem to me that he had heard some of the stories like the one about Dr. Graydon or at any rate

heard some of the takes I am about to tell. Of course some of the stories couldn't have been put in the book but at any rate what I will now relate are things which I have heard, cannot guarantee in many instances but nevertheless they are good tales of Cincinnati. Sometimes the names will be withheld on account of next of kin.

Now to get back to the canal, even at the time I first knew it, when it was still in use barges were pulled by mules. It had become an eyesore. At every street there was a bridge and you had to climb up and over and then climb down on the other side to get across it. It really did segregate a part of the city and it was dirty. The late John R. Holmes quoted Mayor Spiegel as saying "Jawhn, if you have schmelled as I have schmelled all dese years the canal". Now that is all there is to that story but it typical of the tone of voice and pronunciation which was common in the city then. And even in this day I can hear a young doctor who has come from one of those old German families say something like this! "The patient is 39 years old". There were a lot of breweries in Cincinnati too and there were wagons that carried the slop feed back to the dairies which were out on Kirby Road and Baltimore Pike and such places as that. Frequently too, the driver was sitting up there wearing wooden shoes.

THE STORY OF MR. SINTON

Now there was Mr. David Sinton who lived on Fourth Street between Plum and Central Avenue. That was up on the hill and a very fine residential district it was around the Civil War days. He had a daughter Ann who married Mr. Charles P. Taft. Mr. Sinton made a great deal of money and Mr. Taft helped his wife use it for great good for this city. However, there is a cute little story that was told about Mr. Sinton that goes as follows: He either walked or drove to work, his office being on Third Street between Main and Walnut. As he came along each morning he stopped at a corner saloon and ordered a whiskey. He would down the whiskey and put a quarter on the bar. As the bartender reached to give him his change, he would say, "Oh no", and would point to a sign over the bar which read "Whiskey-15 cents or two for a quarter", and he would say, "I'll be back for the other one this afternoon".

THE BANKER STORY

Then there is the story of a banker who was quite a wealthy man. He lived on Auburn Avenue, then the most stylish part of town. At any rate, so the story goes, he might be considered a little tight. But, it came to pass, on one occasion his wife just went off the deep end and bought herself an expensive fur coat. The gentleman heard about the matter and it is said that he said to her, "How much did you pay for thy coat, my dear?" And she answered "\$4,000 sir". With that he had 4,000 silver dollars brought up to the house in a truck, had the bags of money put on the dining room table and then he said, "Will thee count it please, and learn the value of money."

THE STORY OF NICK LONGWORTH

Nick, as you all know, married Alice Roosevelt, the older daughter of President Theodore Roosevelt. He became speaker of the House of Representatives where he represented us so well for such a very long time. However, in his younger days Nick was a gay blade and this story is told, I believe, he even told it himself. It seems that at the time when he was still in college he invited one of his friends to come down to see him during the summer, he said, "we've a great big house so come any time you want and we will be delighted to have you."

The end result was that this young man got off the train at Third and Central one Sunday morning and having secured a cab told the driver to take him to the Longworth residence. The driver didn't know exactly where the Longworths lived, but the young man said, "My goodness, that's strange, they're some of the richest people in town and you ought to know where they live." The driver said, "Suppose they live on Longworth Street?" and the young man said, "Why, of course, that's where they live, take me to the biggest house on Longworth Street and I'll bet you we'll have it".

So they set out and after not too long a time this fourwheeler with one horse pulled up in front of the biggest house on Longworth Street, it being about 9:00 on a Sunday morning. The sun was bright and shining through the open door of this warm day so it

made the hall look quite dark which it was. The madam was startled to find a visitor at that hour but greeted him pleasantly, because she catered to the carriage trade, and he had come in a carriage. He said, "Is Nick here?" "Yes," she said, "He's in Mable's room on the second floor but I don't think you ought to disturb him now".

Longworth Street around the turn of the century was the western extension of Post Square which itself was the westward extension of Opera Place. Most of these have all been taken up with new developments now and no longer exist. Longworth was between Fifth and Sixth and after it crossed Central Avenue it became Carlisle. There was another street named George Street which took the same course between Sixth and Seventh running west from Elm.

These streets, at least those parts of them west of Plum, were dotted with naughty houses and were known as the red light district. Nick used to say when he and Alice found they were about to have a baby, that if the baby happened to be a boy they might name it George Carlisle Longworth and thus cover the waterfront. However, the child was a girl and these streets are nearly all gone now as far as I can tell.

THE DR. JOHN LANDIS STORY

Dr. John Landis, brother of the famous Judge who became the Czar of Baseball, was head of the Health Department, and on the faculty of the medical college. He was determined that we boys learned all about Public Health. So he had us going to schools where we vaccinated children, looked in their heads for lice, we tested the hygiene of barber shops, examined the kitchens of the public restaurants, went to dairies, saw how milk was handled, and we inspected the whore houses. For all these we were split up into small groups and for the red light tour I was paired off with Reed Shank, later to become a director of the University.

We met a Dr. Landis' office where we were introduced to the city doctor of that area and a plain clothes detective. The four of us left by the west door, crossing over the jail and under the police court as we entered onto Central Avenue. To our right was the

City Hospital, which looked across the canal at the Music Hall. To our left was the Cathedral of St. Peter in Chains. And just a short way down Central Av. was George Street, the beginning of that trilogy of streets of sin. Central Ave. itself was lined with cheap eating joints, pawn shops and bail bond offices, and of course, saloons.

Thus you see the temples of Music, Medicine, The Law and the Church were nestled together. The ordinary citizen was given the opportunity to obtain alcoholic refreshment, horizontal refreshment, or if he got into trouble, could pawn his watch, and get bail. Or if it moved him go to confession, all within a very few blocks.

The first house we visited was one of the poorer ones, at any rate a \$2 joint, I think. The colored girl who answered the door immediately began to scream at the top of her lungs, "Lordy, lordy, we're raided, here's the Law and the doctors. All you gals get up into Jenny's room and you dasn't take no dousches". And the word was echoed back and forth through the house, "Dasn't take no dousches", and bring your 'tificates". The doctor showed us how to conduct the examinations which were brief and rather simple. The detective was present to be sure no girl escaped and none did. In the first house all passed and their certificates were returned. These were fair sized cards, like the "Certificate of Merit of the Boy Scouts", with the name of a doctor of the neighborhood, in large colored letters. It went on to certify that this girl was on a certain date free of disease. The girls had to get new ones once a week and I believe the cost was 50¢. In one house one girl was found to be infected and was hauled off amid screams and tears to the city hospital, where she was placed under the care of Ma Keep, a war horse of a nurse on Q Ward, third Floor on the canal side. The girls who passed were very happy and wanted us to stay for breakfast. They were very complimentary of Reed Shank and me and even suggested they knew we would become fine doctors, and that there was such a thing as professional courtesy. In the more expensive houses we visited last, the furniture was better, the colored girl was a maid and referred to the girls as "Ladies". But in the early morning they were no better looking than the others.

At the Hospital the girls, of course, were treated and regular smear were taken for examination. The boy on "lab" duty found it very tiresome to get positive smears (which meant no cure yet) day after day and after a while resorted to what we called the "white horse" test. If the student looked up from his microscope and saw on Central Avenue a white horse, the specimen was marked negative. Three negatives gave the lady her clearance papers. I don't know what might have happened if a fire engine with three white horse came around the corner at just the proper time.

Sycamore Street, where the cable cars still ran, was lined with shoe factories. In those days the term lunch box or lunch basket was never used. It was the dinner pail. Workmen brought their lunches in those pails and then at noon sent the pail across the street to the saloon to have it filled with beer. It was very simple, a boy was supplied with two long sticks. These sticks like broom handles had nails on the top so the pails could be hung and not slide back and forth. Each boy, holding a stick in the middle, could balance at least eight pails and with two sticks he could hold 16. At about 11:45 in the morning you could see these boys, young workmen they really were, going across to the saloons to get the beer for the other men. Thus 16 growlers per boy crossed Sycamore Street every day at noon.

Yes, horses were everywhere. One might see Mr. Brent Arnold, riding his little black mare, any day on or near the Central Bridge. He was the picture of a Kentucky Colonel. He has gray mustaches, a gray goatee, slouched hat and the long coat. After all he came from Paris, in Bourbon County. He was a Kentucky Colonel. And there were the fire horses favorites of children and for very fine horse flesh there were the brewery horses. Even the horses did not escape the watchful eye of Dr. Landis. Every now and then he declared there was danger of foot and mouth disease. All horse troughs which were in front of most saloons, were emptied and every driver had to carry a bucket in his wagon and water his team by hand.

Bottled beer was not too common in those days, but draft beer was available in every saloon. Frequently on a hot night a child was sent to the saloon with a

pitcher, perhaps a large wash bowl pitcher, to be filled with beer. This was called rushing the growler.

To get back to horses for a moment! We had here in Cincinnati a troop of cavalry part of the Ohio National Guard. Ours, called Troop C, was really a gentleman's riding club. We were all friends, regardless of rank. The Troop was sent to the Mexican border at one time. One night General Pershing and his staff came by. The advance aid, carrying a pennant with a single star, was challenged by our sentry. "Who goes there?", "General Pershing and Staff", was the reply. With that our man yelled, "Corporal of the Guard, there's a Texas Ranger who calls himself a general. What will we do with the son of a bitch."

COOK WITH GAS LIGHT WITH ELECTRICITY

Although electricity had been discovered by Benjamin Franklin back in colonial times, it had not been put to any great use for many years. However, by the turn of the century, the little steam locomotives had been removed from the elevated railways in Chicago and New York and the London tubes and electricity had become the source of power. Also the electric street cars were fast replacing the cable cars. We still had one cable line here which ran up Sycamore hill, but it didn't last long after the turn of the century. However, electricity was not considered too reliable and when people built houses around 1900, the fixtures for light, if wired for electricity at all, were also piped for gas. In other words electricity was not to be trusted at that time. However, it was not too long before the gas company and the electric company joined hands and the above slogan became their method to get business for both departments.

In the early days in our house on Broadway cooking was done on a coal burning range, heating was supplied by open fire places, and illumination was by gas and oil lamps. When my brother and I went to bed we carried a candle upstairs. The gas was lighted with the candle which was then blown out. Being smart city boys we knew better than to blow out the gas.

There was a fine looking gentleman who was seen by me many times on Fourth Street, near the telephone

building. He looked so important, I asked someone who he was and was told he was the president of one of the largest corporations in Cincinnati. I don't know whether he lived in the Ortiz or the Alta, two very stylish apartment buildings at the corners of Fourth and Sycamore, now I know he lived on West Fourth St. Perhaps he was coming over into the neighborhood to go to Nougaret's fine French restaurant, which was upstairs in a small building, on Fourth between Sycamore and Hammond. I saw him in that neighborhood walking along many many times. He always walked slowly, carried himself with great dignity. He was very well dressed at all times. He had a beautiful steel gray beard, he carried a gold headed cane and usually there were pearl or diamond studded buttons in the vest.

None of this would have been important except for the fact that one day about 1910 or thereabouts it was published in the paper that this gentleman had been attacked with appendicitis and taken to Christ Hospital where he was operated upon by Dr. John Withrow. Now this news to our crowd was like waving a red rag at a bull. There were in Cincinnati several groups in the medical profession, one might say gangs, and John Withrow and the Christ Hospital crowd were of the Miami Medical School, while our people, down around Fourth and Broadway, Dr. Bonafield, Forchheimer, Dr. Ransohoff, my father and others were of the Ohio Medical College. Our crowd, of course, didn't like to see such a morsel as this operation on a very important gentleman get out of our hands. And what was worse, Dr. Withrow was supposed to be a gynecologist and was supposed to confine his practice to that part of the anatomy which was peculiar to women and not deal with gentlemen patients at all.

About that time there developed in Cincinnati a newspaper known as the Owl, a sheet that published the juicy morsels about any citizen who was prominent and certainly this gentleman was prominent. Stories began to appear in the Owl that maybe this wasn't appendicitis at all, that maybe there had been an accident over at the Bluegrass Inn and maybe this accident had something to do with firearms etc, etc.. And maybe also the accident had something to do with the fact that maybe there were two ladies rather than one on hand at the time. In other words the story finally

developed that this gentleman had taken a young lady, not his wife, to the Bluegrass Inn which was out on the Monmouth Street carline just south of Newport. It was over the state line, but I must point out that state lines weren't the moral issue that they later became. The story finally went on to say that his wife found out about this and according to the Owl went out to make amends and amends consisted of taking a shot at him and that is why he went to Christ Hospital.

Of course, questions were asked and John Withrow said, "No, there was no hole in him except the one I made", but the Ohio crowd said, "My God, you wouldn't believe any of that Christ Hospital gang, would you, for Christ sake?" And so the thing was batted back and forth and finally the Owl got John Withrow off the hook. It seems the wife "Little Annie Oakley" had caught him on the rise and hit right in the back passage. The end result of the story and what the truth really was I will never know. But as I as a half grown boy heard a great deal about the quarrels between the various medical factions.

For instance, there is the story of a discussion in the Academy of Medicine. The paper that evening was concerned with the subject of hemorrhoids. Our friend, one of the very good surgeons of Cincinnati discussed the matter and he discussed it well too. This gentleman was one of the few around Cincinnati who had had post graduate work in England. With the great number of German people here it was stylish to go to Germany to increase one's knowledge of medicine and a great many had done so. But this man, as I say, was kind of an odd ball because he had studied in London.

He talked about the operation, using his hands as he did and described his own operation for the cure of hemorrhoids. He said that he did so and so, with his right hand, that he did thus with his left hand and he tied the knot just so etc., etc. And as a result he had had many happy patients. He said there was a case he remembered very well, a very large and portly person and it was so necessary that he get a very good result. And he operated in that particular case exactly the way he was describing to us and the result was excellent. There was applause from the Ohio gang, but up rose another man who was of the other gang

and also of the German group. Not nearly so well dressed and he spoke with a marked accent and he went on to say something like this: Now, gentlemen, we know that the good doctor worked in London. I think there was a man named Mr. Whitehead and you know dere in London dey don't even call the surgeons doctors. It would be St. Bartholemew's Hospital, I think, but I would like to point out to you that Frederick Von Reckrickhausen of Vienna had developed an operation which was exactly like the one the doctor described before Mr. Whitehead had and yet our friend here seems to give Herr Professor Von Reckrickhausen no credit whatsoever. And also we might point out that we all know that he operated on President Taft and we are glad to know he got a good result, because we all want our president to sit comfortably in the White House, but we don't understand why he has to continue to hang around and act like a dog and lick the wound.

Another medical story about one of the doctors, a very good doctor too and a very handsome individual. He was a poor boy but due to his attractiveness which was quite real he was able to marry a very wealthy young lady, soon after his internship. At that time he took the Green Cross off his very delapidated little Ford car and put it on one of her very fancy expensive Roadsters. They were so well fixed that they got themselves a farm so they could have the milk from the same cows everyday for their baby, and they had some very fine Guernsey cows. The baby was thriving on the milk from the cows here they took two of them with them when they went to the ranch for a vacation. That was alright but they also took the bull along for they knew a cow might during the summer need the attention of a bull. I don't know how many of you know it or not but when a Guernsey cow, the blooded type, really one of the four hundred, as it were, is ever crossed with a bull who is not equally aristocratic she is forever out of the running and no calf of hers after such a mistake can ever be registered. Therefore it was necessary to take their bull along for the ride, and of course cost was no item in this matter. The ranchers were horrified when the Guernsey bull arrived. They didn't want any bull of a dairy breed getting out among the herd which roamed the range, and they just weren't going to stand for it. The doctor promised to keep the bull tied up. However, the bull didn't stay tied up,

he got loose one night. Cowboys were galloping all over the range and when morning came our bull had been found. However, he was no longer a bull, just an ox now. The crowd back home laughed over this story and some went on to say "you know if that had happened to Joe himself, he'd loose at least half his practice".

There developed a sort of a sequel to this story. There was at one time a hospital known as Seaton. It was on west Sixth Street. There developed among their staff a young surgeon who became very skillful. He and his friends of the west end gang were determined to make themselves into a clinic, like Mayo's. And they did get a great deal of business, and soon were very busy. It developed on one occasion a patient arrived with some serious disease which involved each testicle. Amputation was advised and to this the patient agreed. Next day they were quite busy with several operations, and finally it came time to do the case we have mentioned. A man who spoke very little English, and who was too sick to protest very much anyhow was brought in and quickly put to sleep, and the operation neatly performed. Only then did they find they had operated on the wrong man.

Well, all hell broke loose. Law suits were filed, and it appeared this budding young surgeon not only had a lot of trouble on his hands but might in the long run have to pay a large sum of money. But you will note I mentioned the law and the Hospital were close together. In this case the law came to the rescue of the doctor. It was discovered the patient was a citizen of Turkey. We at the time were at war with Turkey, and this poor unfrocked Turk had no standing in an American court of law.

Now all this went on, the German language, the dirty old canal, and saloons, George B. Cox and his gang, everything until approximately World War I, but in a period of a few years things changed. We came back from the War to find streets had their names changed, German names had been turned into English names. Like Bremen Street was made Republic. The German Deaconess Hospital became the Deaconess. We had prohibition and many beer gardens were closed, although some still ran as German restaurants because after all, the food was good. The Grand and the Lyric were torn down

and with these all we had in theatres. Ruritan of the Vieneses Operas was gone, that was like finding out there really was no Santa Claus..

And there was a new deal in the medical profession too. The Miami and Ohio colleges had joined hands, they were all friends now and part of the University. A new city hospital had been built on Butnet Avenue and we began to get full time professors. Rounds were given up and the professors were not seen too often in the wards.

The word "Rounds" became just about out of line as the word "permanent wave" is in connection with the hairdo. Not that the patients were neglected. They were very well taken care of.

At any rate the following story is true because Dr. Reid told it on himself. He, the professor surgery, went up to C3 one day which was the surgical ward. It was in the middle of the afternoon, and he didn't have on a white coat, he didn't carry a stethoscope. The head nurse who had been there about ten years stopped him and said, "Mr. you can't go in, visiting hours are over". He said, "Why? I am Dr. Reid, professor of surgery" and she said "Well, I am Florence Nightengale, now buddy, get out".

Just recently I went into a ward in the Good Samaritan, where there was a patient my nephew had operated on. I was in street clothes and unknown to the patients in the ward. Our patient was a ten year old colored child. As I was leaving my examination, a ten year old blond in the next bed said, "Mr. are you her Daddy?"

During the middle 30's Cincinnati had a very good ball team. In fact it proved to be the best in the league. But the Dodgers in second place, were breathing hard down our necks. During the middle of the summer "Dem Bums" were here and because the series was so crucial, Red Barbour, their announcer had come all the way out to Cincinnati to tell his friends in Flatbush exactly what transpired.

The team had no sooner arrived here than Cookie Lavageto, their first baseman, became ill with

appendicitis. He was taken to Christ Hospital where he was operated upon. The following is a little bit of broadcast that came a day or two later and which I heard with my own ears. This is what I remember Red Barbour to have said. "In the Dodger's half of the seventh inning Leo Durocher is going to bat first. He goes up to the plate and he stands in the batter's box, reaches down and picks up a little dirt and rubs his hands and then he steps out of the batter's box and just stands there, gazing out over center field. Now friends in Flatbush, I want to tell you that Cincinnati is like Rome, built on seven hills, and on one of these hills is Christ Hospital where Cookie Lavageto is lying on a bed of pain. We in the broadcast booth know what Leo is thinking, for as he gazes out over center field he can see Christ Hospital and we wonder if he may be too moved to bat well. Friends in Flatbush, send Cookie a card because we want him to get well and we need him to help the team this year. Address it to Cookie Lavageto, Christ Hospital, C H R I S T, hospital, Cincinnati, Ohio.

So you now see Zinzinnati, or Cincinnati are not words that have to be spelled out.

Ralph G. Carothers
