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Those of you near my age of 82 who are sitting here tonight probably remember the years which followed 1929 and the Great Crash. A great deal of change occurred in living patterns, in my case a move from Chicago where my mother and father had moved in 1928 was forced by contraction of father's Cincinnati company. By 1932 we were in our second rented home in the Hyde Park area and I was attending third grade in my third public school. My father did a great deal of traveling by train in those days, but when he was home spending some time with me, he introduced me to his childhood home on Broadway. It had housed his family from 1900 until the war years when grandpa Robert moved the family out to the end of Shawnee Run, where Shawnee Ridge is now located.

During the early days on Broadway, medical offices filled the first two floors and the family lived on the top two floors. It was a convenient location, for both my uncle Ralph and father Tom attended public high schools in Cincinnati. My grandmother Clara, having been raised a Methodist in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, felt that she had "enough religion to last her a lifetime," therefore she hustled her children out the back door of 409 Broadway into the arms of the Episcopalians at Christ Church, declaring that they were "good people who would take good care of you."

By the time Grandpa purchased 409 Broadway, a hospital on Lock Street called the House of the Good Samaritan had been established by Sister Anthony when the old Marine Hospital building, purchased by two Protestant bankers, Joseph Butler and Louis Worthington, was given as a gift to the sisters providing they would never turn away patients because of color or creed. Grandpa's mentor when he moved across the river from Newport was Dr. Phineas T. Connor, head of surgery at the hospital and professor of surgery at the Ohio Medical College. He was a power in medicine until 1915 when the Good Samaritan Hospital moved to Clifton Avenue. Connor is remembered for several "firsts": a complete resection of the tarsus (foot), which of course is an orthopedic type of procedure, reported in 1883 by the Philadelphia Medical Times, and the first attempt at total gastrectomy in the United States, done in 1884.

The house at 409 Broadway, a four-story sandstone, was typical of the homes that one sees in handsome lithographs of the area made during the 19th century. If you have seen at least one or two of these lithos, I think you would agree that they had a certain charm. When I first visited the building with my father, we entered up the steps off Broadway passing numerous brass plates which emblazoned the portico and announced the medical specialists housed inside. On

opening the front door I found myself in a gloomy, dark, long hall which could only be described as "spooky." We walked down the hall as far as my grandfather's office and I was introduced to "Steidy," his secretary. She continued my tour while my father and Bobby, as he called my grandfather, had a short chat. Grandpa was sitting at a large **rolltop** desk, **nattily** dressed, with a mane of curling hair, an appropriate cravat complimenting his garb.

When father took over from **Steidy**, we climbed the stairs to the second floor where another single file of offices were of no particular interest to me. On the third floor the front or **Broadway** room had a small bathroom, unoccupied living quarters. The remainder of the third floor interested me quite a bit. It housed a laboratory, disused but holding a treasure **trove** of biological and medical gear. I was not only allowed to paw items of interest but was given those which piqued my rudimentary interest in medicine. It seems that the laboratory had been equipped for my uncle who returned from England with a colleague several years after the end of the war. They had decided to collaborate on a project to be continued in Cincinnati, which unfortunately eventually had not panned out.

My uncle had left his internship at the Cincinnati General Hospital in 1916 to be sent by the Rockefeller Foundation to join the Robert Jones Unit of the British Medical Corps. Transportation was guaranteed as well as a commission in the Medical Corps. During and after the war my uncle thus continued his training in England working directly under some of the most important surgeons of that time, for those who had served in the Robert Jones Unit were later responsible for defining and naming the specialty "orthopedics."

Climbing the last flight of stairs with my father, I was introduced to my great-aunts, Mamie and Betty, who were "keeping house." They warmly received a nine-year-old, promising a family dinner in their digs in the near future. The decor was homey, but in retrospect I realize that it had a **Bloomsbury/Victorian** feel. It was not until after the deaths of Betty and Mamie that I found out that during their tenure at 409 **Broadway** they had had only one tenant in the small apartment on the third floor, namely Clement **Barnhorn**. I was interested some years ago to learn that **Barnhorn**, a noteworthy sculptor, was a devoted friend of Cincinnati's great female artist, Elizabeth **Nourse**, who painted as an expatriate in Europe for many years. Because **Nourse** was never present for exhibits in her home town, Barnhorn kept a cache of her work at 409. He would hustle out to any exhibit that was being hung carrying an example of her work so that her name would not be forgotten.

During the last years of the '30's in Cincinnati, I lost frequent contact with 409, although my interest in medicine as a career continued. My first job, in the summer of 1939, was as an orderly in the Operating Room at the Good Samaritan Hospital. The practitioners who remained at 409 were all **musculo-skeletal** surgeons, now called orthopedists, with the exception of Clyde

Roof who was interested in general surgery, but remained in the office, having been helped through medical school by Ralph.

On returning from college in 1941 for summer vacation, a visit to the 409 site revealed no vestige of the old building. There was a new building which did have a large reproduction of a wonderful lithograph of lower Broadway covering the entire south wall of the new waiting room. Medical presence on what once could have been described as "Cincinnati's [Harley Street](#)" had evaporated with no physicians above Fifth and Broadway. At this corner Walter [Vester](#), father of our deceased member John, kept his office above the drugstore bearing his name.

One of the songs that we sang at college starts out, "[Broadway's](#) a tame street compared to our Main Street all dressed up on Saturday night." But was our [Broadway](#) a tame street, or would a look into its history and that of nearby areas reveal more than the "[Pollyana](#)" suggested in the song? It is true that Lafayette's visit to Cincinnati on the invitation of General William Henry [Harrison](#) started on the river front at lower Broadway where the honored guest was led across a red carpet to 100 seats where spectators had gathered for his reception. He was serenaded by 600 well-drilled school children and wined and dined for three days by various city dignitaries in handsome homes; at this time names such as Green, Dexter, and [Pendleton](#) dotted the map. Lafayette also managed to take in a performance of "Love [ala](#) Mode" at the Pearl Street Theater just around the corner. Also around a corner was the "Levee," actually a section of Front Street between Broadway and Main where sat the Spencer House, one of the most important hotels in the entire city.

Those who heard Roger [Newstedt's](#) paper on Frances Milton [Trollope's](#) bazaar on Third Street will recall his descriptions of the cosmopolitan effect this had on the area. Lower Broadway was also the main conduit for troops going from Ft. Washington down to the Levee area for [R & R](#). With the passing of the steamboat era the Levee's less desirable traffic spilled over into Rat Row on Front Street between Walnut and Main, and Sausage Row between Broadway and [Ludlow](#). Popular meeting places included Captain [Dilg's](#) hotel, the [Alhambra](#) saloon, and the St. James restaurant, affectionately known as the "Blazing Stump." After the Civil War the area on [Broadway](#) between Sixth and Seventh Streets was known as [Bugtown](#). As the name implies, this seamy locale included all imaginable human flotsam and jetsam replete with nefarious activity which did not wane until the 1870's.

Today a walk down Broadway to the "Purple Bridge," known as the L&N Bridge, reveals a stone ramp curving toward the East giving access in earlier days [for](#) L&N trains to the "new" station of the Pennsylvania Railroad situated at Butler and Front Streets. This station, reminiscent of the impressionistic Monet painting of the [Gare St. Lazare](#), made it a lot more fun putting my father on the Pennsylvania than in the glitzy new Union Terminal which was

to replace it. Ticket booths in the old Pennsylvania Station were exposed to the huffing and puffing locomotives which were under a high steel canopy imparting the thrill and power of railroading.

How lucky we are that our little area including Lytle Park and Fourth and Broadway remains, covering the ashes of Bugtown, the Levee, Sausage Row and Rat Row. We need to toast Baum for building his house to the East and the Tafts for giving us the Museum. How lucky we are that Brigadier General William Hains Lytle's house stood where the park is currently located. He preserved this area after fighting in the Mexican War of 1847, writing poetry including "The Address of Anthony to Cleopatra," and sustaining serious wounds when taken prisoner acting as an aide to General Sheridan of the First Brigade. His formula for living has crept across the street into the Literary Club, for he wanted to "live as a gentleman and die the same." Lytle was a strong advocate of compassion for the South, stating that one should "heal up the sores and scars and cover up the bloody footprints that war will leave..." He wanted to "Bury in oblivion all animosities against the North's former foes." I'm sure these sentiments are shared by us, with the Literary Club standing tall in spite of the checkered history of a Broadway which after all was not a "tame street."