

Now & THEN

STILL NATIONAL OSTEOPATHIC MUSEUM

NATIONAL CENTER FOR OSTEOPATHIC HISTORY

THE DAILY DUST

Our cover story looks at excerpts from the typed diary of Dr. Harold Magoun Sr. It covers the first few months of his time at the American School of Osteopathy (ASO) and his thoughts on the school, instructors, and the town of Kirksville. You will find it a wonderful overview of college life during the 1920s. We have kept the original grammar and spelling as it was taken from the diary, and a full version of this may be read on our website at www.atsu.edu/museum.

Debra Loguda-Summers, Curator

Dr. Magoun Sr. was a prolific writer, from essays at Harvard one of which was published in a Boston newspaper to a two volume diary with photos of his experiences as an ambulance driver in France in WW I. This was donated to the museum of his ambulance corps. During his first year in Kirksville he wrote "Daily Dust" a log of the life of an Osteopathic student in 1920. He also kept a two-volume lab book of anatomy dissection, with beautiful hand-drawn illustrations, now housed here at the Museum. Inside the front cover was a list of his dissection partners, including Helen Couse who later became his wife and my mother. Dr. Magoun was also editor of "The Stiletto," the school newspaper.

In later years he published more than two-dozen articles, and two books, "Osteopathy in the Cranial Field" and "Practical Osteopathic Procedures." For the Sutherland Cranial Teaching Foundation he wrote, "As the Twig is Bent," "The Work of our Hands," a glossary of cranial terms, and "Comments on Sutherland's Recordings."

His writing carried over into his personal life. Whenever I transgressed in any way, he left me a note. He semi-retired to Belen, New Mexico in 1972, and when he fully retired in 1976, he shipped me one of his McManus tables. When I uncrated it, there was a note, "Make sure patients take off their shoes. President Eisenhower was on this table."

Harold Magoun Jr., DO, FAAO, FCA, DO Ed(Hon)



Harold I. Magoun Sr., D.O.
Jan 1899 – Dec 1981

The Daily Dust

Vol. I No. 1

September 12, 1920

Thursday – After a royal send off by admiring friends and relatives I embarked on the "Whiteport", Chicago Special and endeavored to forget what I had left behind by engrossing myself in Grayson's "Adventures in Contentment". The car was practically empty. Sambo, the train robber, [the porter] sat down opposite and I proceeded to get into this good graces by slipping him one of Cousin Herbert's applies so kindly contributed. It worked. He looked after me in great shape all the way and grinned every time he looked at me. Sometime after we left Springfield a young couple dashed in and precipitated three suitcases, a mandolin, a fishing rod, a basket full of milk bottles and unmentionables, a magazine, sundry boxes of crackers, and a baby in my section. Suffering cats! Hubby went out for a smoke while baby had her milk and so I was elected to pick up fallen toys and crawl under the seat for crackers and so on. Baby upheld the Darwinian Theory by holding bottle equally with hands and feet whereupon we both laughed

and were well acquainted. When hubby came back and saw me looking at the rank list recently received from Harvard we were friends right off because he was a recent graduate. So the time passed pleasantly. When it came to the "first call for dinner" I gallantly offered to watch baby while the French'es went to eat. Never again! Baby rolled off the seat and drooled and had a terrible time so I was only too glad when hubby came back unable to get in. We ate together later. Scrawled a few letters and turned in. Had a step ladder this time!

Friday – When I awoke we were streaming through flat country covered with corn. I finished the lunch for breakfast and snoozed and read till it was time to get off at Chicago. The porter brushed me off. That was about one o'clock. (One hour later than Eastern Standard) A big bus took a croud of us across the city or about three blocks to the Dearborne Station. I checked my baggage, ate at a "Hen-fruit-dump-em" lunch and wandered up town. The lure of the rubberneck got me so I hoppe in between a Chinaman and an old mad and we set sail. It was a forty miles drive way round the city. We saw "Gasoline Alley", the five mile drive where you can buy anything for any automobile in the world; the solid black section, where the race riots were; the homes of all sorts of multimillionaires; the stock-yards and many other manufacturing plants; the university; the wonderful park system; the lake and Municipal Pier; the Zoo; a beautiful conservatory; and many other interesting things. The megaphone man boasted continually about the absence of "Keep off the grass" signs when all of a sudden we came upon some newly seeded ground heavily placarded. Haw-haw! I was much impressed with the city as a whole. There are no passenger subways but taxies are cheap. The pavements are of the best. The underground freight and ash conveyors are a great idea. The traffic regulations are excellent. The evening passed slowly till train time. I was assigned an upper with another chap but found it a mistake so I slept well in my own.

Saturday – The six young men who got off at La Plata were all bound for Kirksville. We struck up a friendship right off. A chicken roosting in the station amused us considerably. We got a bite to eat, hiked a half mile to the Wabash Depot, and spend an hour and a half making remarks about the road. When the train finally did come it had two engines on because one had broken down. Some Line! The ride to our destination was only fourteen miles, over slightly rolling country with corn, mules, WATERMELONS, and mud in evidence All this time and for some time following one of the chaps by the name of Sinsebaough was being just as good to us as he could I smelt a rat. At the station he was joined by confederates. Rushed!

Saturday (cont.)– My impressions of the town were favorable. It is the usual western county seat of ten thousand inhabitants with its court house, big square, and stores. Fortunately the streets are paved for the mud is awful. The square boasts some very nice stores, several eating houses, two movie palaces, and the "flat-iron building" in which is located the Chinese laundry. Only the square is lit although there is electricity in all the houses. That surprised and latter disconcerted me when I tried to find my way in the dark. The streets are of macadam or brick and lined with maples. The houses are wooden and of the ordinary garden variety. Well, we were met by a large delegation of frat boys who conducted us up to their house and showed every kindness. We visited the school which, strange to related looks exactly as it does in the pictures which I have seen! We met some of the faculty and looked the buildings over. Some old Shack, that main building! Then we started the great game of house hunting. There were almost no single rooms and indeed most people were astonished at the idea of my wanting to sleep along. Must have thought I snored I guess. After a while we saw an old ice cart go by and the frat boy said it belonged to Dr. Halladay so we flagged it and were introduced. He might have been a tramp for all I should have known it. He had on an old cap, needed a shave badly, lacked consistency and integrated in coat and trousers, and was shod with a pair of low shoes, model of 1900. Certainly nothing professional about him but his kindness made us forget all else. Fact his lack of formality was most refreshing. He took us all around town and did the honors. Oh he's a real scout alright! He even went so far as to say "darn" once!! The best place we could find was #702 E Harrison. Mr. And Mrs. Macomber moved here from Illinois so that their daughter might attend the A.S.O. and are talking boarders to help run things. I have to share a room with a Chicago chap, Paul Meyer, but that would have been inevitable anywhere, I guess unless I paid too much. The accommodations are not of the best but are much better than many at which we looked. I can change any tine if I wish. We're all Freshies here, the four girls and four boys. The well water seems a great attraction to some but to me it tastes just like a dose of salts. Fortunately the resemblance does not extend to the action. As for an eating place we have a short walk towards school to "Ma" Scott's. She is a mostly motherly soul and looks after us in great style. She feeds about fifty and we have good food too. Sample menus will follow in subsequent issues. We spend the evening in the parlor listening to the Victrola and talking. Continued in our next.

Extra! A.S.O. Opens Tomorrow

Sunday – You will be interested to know the menus at Ma Scott's. For breakfast we had our choice of oatmeal or cornflakes, and egg friend or poached (which I should call dropped), two generous slices of toast, coffee or cocoa, and real butter. This seems to be the regular morning meal. The dinner was quite an elaborate affair but not a great deal different from an ordinary week-day meal. We had fried chicken, candied sweet potatoes, mashed white potatoes, jelly, string beans, corn, icecream and cake. All was well cooked and very appetizing. About forty eat at the place so we have many friends among the boarders. Ma Scott often inquires if we have enough to eat and is just as good as she can be.

I went to a little M.E. church at 10.30 and arrived just as Sunday School let out. I was invited to join a class of students and was informed that the topic for the following week touched on prohibition. I was asked to present arguments for the saloon! And have the rest of the class answer them. Wow! Drunk a lot of water since I've been here but didn't know it affected my looks any! The sermon was about doing the impossible with Gideon as/an example. I want to look over several more churches, however, before I jump. The Christian Church seems to be strong out here but I had never heard of it as far as I recall. A young chap across the hall belongs so I may mate with him. Spunky chap! Only eighteen and working his way through. I'll sure help him all I can.

I had just sat down to write after dinner when Dr. Halladay called for us to go down to the Atlas Club. We gladly accepted and were well repaid. The quarters are extensive and near the main square. I was most impressed by the purpose of the club It is nine tenths business. Every week some member of the faculty lectures on a subject of vital interest to prospective Osteopaths. That's where I affiliate, I guess. I have been much impressed with the type of men who are members. They are a soberer crowd and mean business a lot more than many of the other types.



Great opening of the ASO

We were much surprised when it came supper time to be told that there was no Sunday night Supper. It seems to be a regular practice here. So we hustled down town for muffins and bananas and pie. Then with those luscious cherries from #134 and those delicious nuts from #70 we dined in style, Paul and Al and I, at 20¢ per. So our Sunday night suppers from now on are to be special features. All contributions gratefully received. Full complimentary returns when I get through here.

Great Opening of A.S.O.

Monday – We assembled bright and early in front of the school as is here featured and at eight thirty we were mustered in to met the faculty and hear from our first semester instructors. Dr. Teall, the dean, introuduced the instructors and we heard a few remarks from all. Some of the newer ones impressed me as being rather shakey but

the old birds were interesting and witty. That was all for the day. When the morning train came in I went down and was rejoiced to see my truck at last. An express man brot it up and I hastened to get settled. The room certainly picked up some with a few pictures around. Then I got a small bookcase in a second hand store for a dollar which certainly helps a lot. I'll try to feature the room sometime. The rest of the afternoon was profitably spent in bed since I had a bit of

neuralgia. At supper the invitation came for us three to go to the movies, guest of the Atlas Club and especially of one Trumbull, a friend of Dr. Wilson's who had instructions to look me up. We saw Bill Harte in a wild west movie and a couple of comics. Afterward Trumbull asked us up to the club again but I begged off on account of my headache. Nothing to do but go up and be treated! So I went and in short order I was feeling fine. He used one of the new tables which is nearly an osteopathy in itself. Springs and levers and hinges make the labor of manipulation far easier and far more comfortable for all concerned. I slept wonderfully!

The difference between the Atlas Club and the other societies is that, in so far as rushing is concerned, at least one month must pass before a man can be accepted into the former while many fellows wear a pin the second day they are here in the latter. That is fair to neither. I had to shut down on the first bunch because of their ardent attentions. I t would be hardly right to get in some where

else when both Dr. Rogers and Dr. Wilson have headed me for the Atlas.

Tuesday – My first class was with Dr. Lane in Biology. He gave a treatise on closing the door after entering, explained the derivation of biology from the Greek, and when the bell ran bolted for the door as if his life depended on it. Queer old duck! At nine we met Dr. Leffler in Chemistry. He is new here and was rather ill at ease. Old Dr. S.S. Still in Anatomy told us a series of jokes and funny cases wherein Osteopathy triumphed over regular medicine. He's a case! The last class was with Dr. Adams in Histology. I was a bit disappointed in him too but he's young yet.

After dinner I called on the dean and presented my work in college. He agreed to advance me to an upper Freshman- just like that!!!! So my course is shortened a half year. To complete the law's requirement, however, I shall probably have to take an internship which won't do me a bit of harm and if I can take it in Boston will be very beneficial. Wearing rosy glasses today. I also saw Dr. Hamilton and was excused from Embryology. That will make the work of getting up on Chemistry and so on easier. I've got to work even so! They are very glad to enlarge the midyear class at the expense of the June class which is so large as to make it embarrassing. One hundred sixty odd [unreadable] but by no means in a manner such as I might wish!

Wednesday – Today I started on my career as an upper Freshman. The whole class contains only about twenty in all. Three are women and one of these is married! Some class!! The president was very good to me and introduced me to all but hanged if I remember any of their names. One of the men had just committed matrimony and so he passed cigars to the men and chocolate to the girls. I gave my cigar away and ate some of the girls chocolate after earnest solicitation on their part. First we heard Dr. Platt in histology and then Dr. Schmidt in physiology and then Dr. Leffler in chemistry and last Dr. Still in anatomy. He's sure is a queer duck with his jokes and anecdotes. I was excused from embryology as I mentioned and so have the afternoon free for study as no lab. Assignments have been made yet. I've got to go some to catch up in all these things but I'm game.

Banner day! Chicken twice today but this evening's contribution's would have been far more seemly in a soup! A sad day in another way. "Tippy Rags", the little dog belonging to the little girl here has been killed by an automobile. She is just heartbroken, poor dear. A lovely little girl. But like the fairy story it all came out

beautifully, for just as the sobs were most heart-rending in came Ma and Pa Macomber with the dearest little kitten for Grace Pearl. You never saw such a quick change in the weather. It was sunshine in a second and nothing to do but trot up-stairs to show us her new treasure! How she beamed! Surely light is the heart of a child. Tippy Rags is forgotten.

After supper we went down to the Atlas Club for a talk by Dr. Halladay. He was very good, explaining why Kirksville was the best school despite all the good points of the others. He gave some excellent advice on joining fraternities the first thing. His was a fine introductory talk for anyone no matter what his previous associations.

Thursday – The Freshman class out here comes in for more or less hazing. There had been rumors of something to come for some days. So this morning when I saw various and sundry paddles concealed here and there I smelt a rat. The first class went off smoothly. The second was slow in beginning and I smelt several rats. Fortunately for me I am out of the beginners class so when there was a whoop and a yell for the Freshies I could stroll calmly out on the balcony and take pictures. Practically all the upper classmen were on hand with barrel staves in a double line. The youngsters had to run the gauntlet to the tune of resounding whacks on the posterior part of their anatomy. I hope to feature this although the sun was in a bad position for any snaps. Most of the fellows were docile enough and those that were not soon found the error of their ways. The girls followed under the arched staves so that the upper classmen could "look 'em over". Then all the victims formed in line and did a sort of snake dance up town to the square, around through some of the stores, over the court house lawn, back and forth in the street and hither and yon where fancy led. The san "Hail! Hail! The gang's all here". They surrounded one old codger and then a bunch of girls. There was one store keeper who treated all a piece of candy as they went by. A truck driver who tried to break thru the line was pushed backward a long distance by the crowd. Towards the end the boys all had their shirttails out and the girls all had their hair down their backs- except a few who hadn't any to let down. I took a lot of pictures. How they are all buying green caps and tams to wear starting Monday.

Paul and I studied all afternoon and evening but took time for a walk before supper. Dr. Halladay was laughing about the way houses were joined to barns in the east and considered it very amusing till it was explained on the grounds of cold winters. Next time I see him I'm going to give a dissertation on this benighted community. The square is lighted like the "great white way" but all

the rest is in total darkness. We found in our walk plenty of places where one might tumble off and break his neck without half trying. Some of the sidewalks have fallen into the ditches and all that sort of thing.

Friday – It is the custom here to “break school” every so often. That is, either the Freshman or the Sophomores just walk out and break up all the rest of the classes. It happened this morning. We upper Freshmen stayed put till they came for us. I was hustled out by the seat of my trousers but I managed to give some of them a bump on the way. Find bunch of youngsters! Handley, who rooms here, and I cam away before the flag rush started. There’ll be broken heads yet. According to latest reports the Sophs were roughly handled and dragged out of class and then the youngsters paraded with their flag all around the square. They got the Sophomore president out in his pajamas and gave him a ride last night, too.

As Paul and I were walking to supper we met Trumbull of the Atlas Club. He invited us to a movie partie and as we felt like little else we decided to go. We had had a spurt of letter writing before dinner and I guess that was too much for us because we sat around a long time afterwards and did little studying. With only two days of school this week there has not been much to learn. You see the first day there was nothing done in the class rooms and two days there have been “Breaks”. Saturday is a holiday, too but for me it will be an opportunity to brush up on the past week’s work, scrub up myself, and lean on the crease in my trousers, etc..

Saturday – Just a lazy day when studying was a bore. I ground on arteries quite a bit and then lay down to review them in my mind. Next thing I knew I woke up! Better try it, Mother! There was one wonderfully bright spot, however. That was when a box of real apples arrived from Reading. Great rejoicing!!! My, they smelt good – and tasted better!! Then there was a letter from home written the tenth. Great system! Altogether it was too fine a day to be indoors grinding. Hope to get out tomorrow. Studied all afternoon and sang all evening. Usual pressing engagement in evening too.

Love from the editor. We hope you loke it!!
Continued in our next.

The Daily Dust

Vol. I No. 3

September 19, 1920

Sunday – Since breakfast is not until eight, we slept over a bit longer than usual. The regular menu was expanded to include cocoa and apple sauce, for which we are duly grateful. I hung around afterward and wheedled

Ma Scott into letting me take her picture by helping her put on the clean table cloths. It will appear later.

When it came church time I went down with Max Handly, one of the boys here, to the Christian Church and we heard a might good sermon on I Corinthians, 13. I liked it so well that I went back in the evening – but that comes later.

Our dinner was as good as ever and Ma Scott came around to inquire if we were getting enough, as usual. We certainly did! There was chicken and two kinds of potatoes and beets and ice cream and iced tea and so on. We had ambition enough to “just set” for a while afterwards and then joined with Atkinson, a Freshman, and Trumbull for a long walk. The latter led us out to Owenby’s Lake, which is really no more than a mud hole, and there we found a grove of hickory trees and lots of nuts and some kids eating watermelon as if their hearts depended on it. They said they got it in town! From here we strolled across the fields to a coal mine and watched the mules and ponies fro a while enjoying their day off. On the way back we stopped in to see the Old Doctor’s grave. It was not especially impressive. In all we had walked about four miles and benefited greatly thereby. We were warm, too, so a shower felt good on our return.

Sunday night supper was again of our own getting. We ate to satisfaction on fifteen cents apiece. Here is the menu: muffins and marmalade, graham crackers, babanas, nice well water, hermits, apples and laughter. They never will stop plaguing me about those hermits. I asked for some, seeing them in the window, and the clerk looked at me as if I were crazy! He called them fruit bars. Great joke!!

After Newland and I went down to C.E. at the Christian Church. We both made a speech on the spur of the moment and got away with it all right. I intended coming home when it was over to keep Paul company but they expressly asked me to stay and sign in the choir and I was tickled to do so. So I sat up front as big as life and boomed out Just as I am without one plea” and here was Old Doc Teall, the Dean, down front taking it all in and then some of the girls went by from the house and giggled thru the window but I was all dignity, believe me! When the minister called for recruits to hit the trail one young main came up. I guess there would have been more if I hadn’t been there to roar so.

We played the Victrola till bed time and then as we all happened to gather in the hall at one time we had a feed together. One girl brought out cookies and another chocolate and another nice well water and I contributed

some maple sugar. Great fun ahead when we don't have to study.

For clearness I add a list of the inmates. Don't think us all crazy!

Mr. & Mrs. Macomber
Mary Lade
Lilian Macomber, A.S.O.
Gertrude Hellmecke, grad. Sargent
Grace Pearl, the 7 year old
Elizabeth Vollintine
Paul Meyer
Max Handly
Alvin Newland
Yours truly

Monday – Well all the Freshman returned out in the green caps and tams today and a sight they were! The picture of the paddling came out well so you shall see them. I snapped more of the crowd today. I do not find myself unduly handicapped as yet by being advanced to the Upper Class and it certainly saves a lot of bother!

We studied all afternoon and evening and found it hot work. The weather here is sticky but the nights are cool so we sleep like tops. We all go to school without our coats and in sport shirts. The profs parade around in Palm Beach Suits and everyone does as he pleases. One of the charms of the place is lack of formality.



Tuesday – School kept as usual. Fortunately the two lower classes seem to have a bit more sense this year than last, for the Freshmen broke school about twenty two times in all last year. That's a good month of work gone. Both have voted to let up now. We had a mighty good dinner again and got in a lot of studying during the afternoon and evening. Little Pearl came up for her story out of "The Book of Joyous Children" as usual. She was just a dear as she could be! I read about "Old Man

Whiskery-Whee-Kum-Wheeze" and her eyes popped out in great shape. She looked the tree over carefully outside this window but couldn't quite make him out.

The Lower Freshman class has a course in Biology and were asked to look at the cell of an orange. One of the girls happened to have a specimen of the fruit handy so I got out my hand lens and the magnifying glass and a dissecting needle for a probe and we had a regular clinic. The girls came in too see the wonder and Grace Pearl wasn't far off. Such a learned discussion! We used all the big names we have learned in the last week and a few more! We found the levator labii superioris alaeque nasi very prominent. I found the rest of the orange very good.

The girls here are awful gadders! One has gone to a dance or a picnic every day so far and then while she has been here she has had callers so she could not study. The worst of it is that one of her admirers, at least, insists on drumming on the piano and of course just when we are trying to study. There is no danger of our ever becoming bored!

Wednesday – During the night the June '24 class liberally decorated the side of the gas tank near school as well as a large place on the school roof with the class numerals. Great elation! Then during the second period the Sophomores painted it out. A break and a grand scramble was inevitable only the Freshmen voted to wait. There'll be something doing yet. I carry my camera always for such emergencies. Rather be a spectator anyway since I came here to study Osteopathy. It disgusts me a bit to see so many here with apparently no idea of studying at all. They can get away with it here but will find it different when they come up against the State Boards.

Bought a ball of darning cotton – much to the amusement of some of the Normal School girls who were in the store at the same time and who eat at Ma Scott's. Let 'em laugh!

In the evening we went down to the Atlas Club for the usual Wednesday talk. One of the older men gave a demonstration of the new McManis treating table which is a wonder! Dr. Wilson has one and I don't see why Dr. Rogers hasn't. The labor of treatment certainly is cut in half or more! Besides the adjustable leaves and so on there is quite a bit of accessory harness for various sorts of treatments. The breast harness and ankle hold enables the Osteopath to stretch the spinal column and make adjustments at the same time. It reminds one of the instruments of torture of the Inquisition but is quite different in its results. We were most amply repaid for going! After the demonstration one chap came up for a

treatment and a lot of us were privileged to feel a twisted pelvis in the region of the sacroiliac articulation. It was most interesting and we got some good points on various methods of treatment. When we left we were given a tip to waste no time on way since the Sophomores were out hair cutting. That is another of their tricks imposed on the entering class. I had heard from two sources that they were after me too because they thought me a Freshman and I was not wearing a green cap. We saw no one and were not molested.

Thursday – A rainy morning and so we were a little late but as we approached the school we met all the Freshmen coming back. About twenty three lost their scalps last night and a lot more were hazed in other ways! The call was sounded for the gathering of the clans and all went to get on their old clothes. Paul and I came back to the room. I guess we're pikers but he hasn't any old clothes to wear and can't spoil his new ones in the mud today and I'm not a freshman anyway and its too rainy to take pictures so what's the use! Let them break their heads. We can hear the yelling from here, a good half mile away.

Later reports gave us the story of what happened. The Sophs had their flag up on a pole beside the school and the lower classmen made one grand rush and carried all, men, pole, flag, and dignity. Then they went up to the square and paraded around a bit and chased a couple of taxi drivers who butted through the line and raised the dickens generally. In the evening they went out for the Sophomores scalps but not a one was to be found! Between nine and three o'clock they only caught two so the uppers showed the white feather (or else a lot of wisdom!) Paul and I were tired of studying so we strolled down town about eight and went to the Movies. "Shipwrecked Among Canibals" was the main attraction and the advertisements said that not an inch of the whole reel had been faked. Quite right! No single inch had- but the whole thing! When we came out the square was alive with green caps. They looked pretty sharp at me but some of them knew me. It rained heavily in the night.

Friday – The grand day to decide the championship! The Sophs thought they could play baseball so that game was chosen to determine whether the Freshmen should wear their green caps longer or not. No school of course! The game was called at ten o'clock with the royal rooters on hand. I wore a green necktie to show my allegiance. At first it looked pretty bad for our side but after the team got together a bit more it was easy to see who would win. The other side had several "O" men on their team and should have won according to all tradition- but they didn't!!! We cheered ourselves blue in the face. Old Dr.

S.S. Still was around with a whole jar of chewing gum for the girls and a bottle of water for the boys who played. He is an old peach! Along towards the ninth inning two of the Sophomores got down and pretended to pray for a victory but ere they were through two more runs came in to count against them. Then they dressed up one of their members, an awful fatty in three or four sweaters and introduced their pinch hitter, "Babe Ruth". He swelled out on the field and stripped down to his undershirt ready for business. The very first one he tried was a whale of a drive way out in the rough and it looked as tho he would get in along with the two men on bases but the one ahead of him stumbled and so only one got in. That was the close of the ninth with the score of 17 to 10 in our favor! Off came the green caps never to be worn again!

Only a week of it! Poor Sophs!!! We cheered in all sorts of ways but the most appropriate one was; "Ou la la! Ou la la! The Soph-o-mores need their mama!"

After the game we rushed down for dinner and although we got there at ten minutes of one we were not scolded. Ma usually does scold good naturedly if one is late. She is an old dear – just like Aunt Emma. Wait till you see her picture!

We studied till three o'clock and then went down town for the last of the traditional stunts: rushing the square. It sounds bad- rushing the stores- but it was very orderly and a neat little advertising game. All the two classes formed in line and marched around as we passed, those proprietors who were so minded, passed out tickets for ten cent drinks or packages of chewing gum or cigars or "Life Savers" and at the Candy Kitchen every one received a generous handful of fudge, peanut brittle and so on. We cheered them all and they were most good natured about it all. I guess they won't lose much because the A.S.O. makes their business possible. Right afterwards we cashed in on one of the drinks because we were hot. The poor Sophs haven't had much to say and even the abundance poured out to them down town hardly made them forget their gloom.

Best of all was the rushing party after supper. At seven the whole gang walked into the Liberty Theater to take in the first show there. The Management seemed quite willing. The program was strictly movies but very good ones. Five or six of us composed a self-appointed cheering section and clapped at the most inappropriate moments as if we had seen the funniest thing on earth. Everyone was in a gala mood so no objection was made. We were justly amused by one happening. The old Deacon was dying and so his condition was posted from time to time. The last bulletin read: "1 PM The Deacon

has gone to Heaven.” Then some small boys came along and added: “1.30 Great excitement in Heaven! The Deacon has not arrived!!”

Well, when the first show was over we all piled out and went to the second at The Princess. Some of the Literary Digest topics were worth remembering: “ I had a bad dream last night!”

“What was that?”

“I dreamt I had been eating Shredded Wheat and when I work up the mattress was half gone!”

Then the story about the cannibal chief who got Hay Fever from eating a grass widow! We surely clapped at that!! Then too, we gave old Dr. Teall a grand ovation when he came in before the pictures began. The crowd or rather the Freshmen were just too happy for anything so we just let ourselves go and hooted and yelled at every little thing. Afterwards we cashed in on another of those drinks- a Root Beer this time. We boys got home about ten thirty but it was too good a night to get to bed right off so we sat up on the porch and talked till Miss Hellmeche and Miss Lade came in. Then the deviltry started because the other two girls had come walking up with a man and, seeing us on the porch, had gone on by. We rolled up the rug in the hall so they should stumble over it and tied a string across from hinge to hinge to catch them. Then they heard us laughing and peeked up stairs with a big flashlight. Nothing to do but make it interesting for us with a hose!

There was a sudden closing of windows! Then we laid unnoticed but no so! I landed a peach of a wollop on one with a big cardboard box from over the transom. Then each time they stared up again I just reached out of bed with my foot and jiggled the door a bit-much to their discomfort because they were afraid to come up! Finally when were most asleep Max Handlay came in and escorted them up boldly. The girls up here retaliated for previous offences by throwing several glasses of water and soaking the hall. Then after about a half hours giggling thry quieted down and we got to sleep. Some fun! Hope you don't think us crazy but we just had to blow off after that game!

Saturday – Mrs. Macomber met us smiling this morning when we apologized for such a racket and said she had heard nothing until near the end when the squeaking of a hand rubbed on varnish made woke her with the thought of Grace Pearl having a fit or nightmare! The good lady is mighty kind to us though. She has invited us to supper a week from tomorrow night and

since tomorrow is Miss Hellmecke's birthday, or rather Monday, she is going to bake a cake for a little celebration. She is always anxious to please, too. I guess I have won my way to her heart through Grace Pearl.

I studied Chemistry all morning and some in the afternoon but with on one else studying at all and with the confusion of cleaning, etc. I did not accomplish much in the afternoon.

Just down the street a little way is a Primary school with a play ground beside it. Now we felt keen for some exercise and so six of us went down last night about nine o'clock in our old duds. The moon furnished all the light we needed and we had one glorious time! First everyone went down the slide five or six times rump steak or bellybumbo and after that a whirl on the grant stride. It was more fun than a goat although we got pretty dizzy. We found the parallel bars too low for us and could not raise them so we confined our attention to the teeter for a while. That was the real sport! When it finally palled we did stunts and talked and then another slide before the return home for a bath and bed! Sweet sleep!! We're going again!

Our motto: “ A rolling stone is worth two in the bush” “We aim to make a hit”.

Yours truly

The Daily Dust

Vol. I No. 6

October 10, 1920

Sunday – Still the beautiful mild fall weather holds. It had rained practically none since we have been here and all the days have been warm except for three or four. It's just a crime to be indoors today! Max and Trimble and I went over to the Presbyterian church this morning. Lilian Macomber is playing the organ there now and so her mother and Grace pearl went along with one of the girls, too.

We had a fine sermon, certainly as good as Mr. Condit preaches, a comparison between Jacob who bewailed the fact that “all these things are against me” and Paul, who had learned to be content whatever came. It was very well handled. I walked down town with Trimble for the few minutes before dinner. He gave me high hopes of being invited to join the Atlas Club soon. Good news to me!

We had real cranberry sauce for dinner! The afternoon was consumed in the usual way writing letters. At dusk Paul and Max and I walked down for supper



'Desk at which H.I. Magoun, D.O. began the study of the great science of Osteopathy'

with Trimble and his room mate. They have the back room at the Club, rent free, with the stipulation that they keep the whole place swept and cleaned.

Consequently they have all the dishes they need and a nice gas range. So they prepare a great many of their meals there. We had a fine meal and a brotherly chat. They were interested in Dr. Wilson's doings, too. When this was

over someone suggested Mr. Condit and all were agreeable. I regretted afterwards that it was Paul's first visit because the poor preacher was absolutely all in. He had spoken three times in the past twelve hours besides his regular work. He certainly is a progressive energetic man, looking out for good citizenship as well as good living. Wish there were more like him!

Monday – Gee! I'm in for it now! This morning in anatomy Dr. Still called on me to designate the limits of the axial portion of the artery which goes to the arm. Now I had spend my time reviewing Histology and Physiology so I had not looked at the artery in question but I knew enough to give the proper answer. The old doctor looked at me and then said to the class: "If any of you people have trouble in seeing the arteries you better get some glasses like Magoun's. He seems to be able to get the work all right." Exit! Soft music! I promptly disappeared behind the bench and he made it worse by saying that I seemed to be a very modest young man. I surely have got to work now!

On arriving at the house we all found invitations in the mail box to a tea next Sunday Night in room seven, wherein resides Miss Volentine. We replied in the most formal way, to match the invitation.

The new boys who have come to take the room left empty by Newland are fine chaps. One is from South Dakota and knows Redfield well. This is Clarence Cunningham. The other is Charles Rauch, pronounced "row". With a row and a Hell-maker in the house we expect to do very well before long. It's been so quiet

hitherto! Miss Helmecke's heart is in the fight place, however as she is down stairs now making candy for one of the boys who had his foot amputated the other day. She has been elected class historian, which is an indication that she has stuff to her.

Somebody's got a peach of a sister! The mail man brought a box of cookies from New York today and everyone voted them de-licious! Second the motion!

You may be sure I studied arteries diligently during the evening! For a time I feared I should do it by candle light, though, for the boys next door blew a fuse while getting their room fixed up. One of them made tracks to the store for a new fuse. The occurrence made me feel quite at home Ahem!!

Little Grace pearl touched my heart more than I can say. Just after supper she came u and knocked at the door to inquire if she might read to me the twenty third psalm. I let her gladly and when she hesitated I prompted her from memory. Then I told her she ought to know it too and I began to recite the whole thing but she had a little fit of temper because she wanted to read it herself. I know I kept on to plague her when I should not have done so. Anyway she ran out of the room, slammed the door twice, and went down stairs in a nice little broil. We laughed it off and thought mo more of it. Well, about her bed time, which is eight o'clock, she came back and knocked again. We called her in and she came over to where I was studying and put her arms around my neck and her check against mine and just poured out her heart to me about how sorry she was because she had been so rude and how she hoped I would forgive her. Of course I was touched and I was instant in my forgiveness and I did my best to make it all right with her. Then she said, "Read me a story", and I was only too glad to do so. We went into the other room so as not to disturb Paul and I read a lot from "The Book of Joyous Children"- all her favorites-till she said she could go to bed now and go to sleep. She was most asleep in my arms as it was, having made her peach, and it was quite a while past her bed time. So I closed the book and lifted her tenderly down. Before she started down stairs she turned and threw her little arms around my waist and pursed her red lips up for a kiss. I guess it was too dark away from the reading lamp for her to see the tear in my eye.

Tuesday – Dr. Still did not call on me in Anatomy. Menton has nothing on this weather. The sky is blue as can be overhead, the breeze is pleasantly warm and the leaves just gorgeous. Columbus Day at home I guess. I wonder if the apple pickers have as good a day as this. I hope so! I can see it all so plainly! And this is "Woodie"

Wilson's wedding day! Ho-hum.

Ice cream for supper! Worms behind the barn! Mile fun and hot tub before bed. Sweet sleep!

Wednesday– It certainly looked like rain this morning but turned out to be wind. Quite a blow. Old Doctor Still recalled the days of ninety eight when Kirksville nearly got blown off the map. It wouldn't take much to do it now in my opinion!

At dinner I discovered by a very roundabout way that the gentleman across the table from me was a prep. Student in Oberlin when father was teaching Latin there, and remembered him as a little fellow with a Van Dyke beard. Subsequently he had followed the oracle in the "Bib-Sac" and through Prof. Wright. He seemed quite please to discover a chip of the old block way out here in this hole in the wall. Guess I'll have to toe the mark when "dear old dad" has a reputation like that! Moreover, murder will out! The same gentleman knew all about the wedding of Prof. Lindsay's daughter to one F.A. Magoun some time ago and inquired as to what scholastic line my illustrious brother was pursuing! Next thing he'll want to know how the marble game came out between "Uncle George" and the janitor between classes in the good old days at Grinnell!

We are about ready to crown the mailman because he didn't even bring a paper this morning but he made amends this afternoon with lots of letters.

It seems that Friday is Paul's birthday and Saturday, Clarence's so we plan a big time Saturday night.

Thursday– The clouds looked like rain this morning and there was a shower for a few minutes but it cleared off hot before noon. Grace pearl rushed out to meet me as usual when I came from supper and threw her arms around me and begged a story. I hadn't the heart to refuse. Bless her!

Later we all went over to the High School auditorium to hear a lecture by Thomas Skeyhill, an Australian poet who was blinded in the war. He had the best of medical attention for two years and was not helped. Then someone advised Osteopathy and he has had normal vision ever since the first one or two treatments. I fear he is out to feather his own nest and scatter propagander for England as much as to advertise Osteopathy, however. As a Lyceum lecturer he gets one hundred twenty five dollars a day and expenses! Then he is strong for the League of Nations and so on. I quite agree with his idea of no more wars but not in the way he proposes. He

spoke forcefully if a bit reservedly. He had a wonderful command of English and for one so young. He began by telling of the after-war reconstruction problems and then made a plea for the abolition of future war as far as possible. To do this he described the Gallipoli campaign. He surely was an artist at word pictures! The contrast he drew between the heavenly beauty of the Aegean Sea and Lemnos Island where the expeditionary forces gathered, the moonlight night and so on, and the Hell which presently broke forth when the troops landed and assailed the Turk on the cliff, was extraordinarily vivid and convincing. We just sat spell-bound. I felt as if I had been through it all again!

Friday – It looked still more like rain and so we carried rain-coats but of course it cleared up then. I've almost forgotten what rain looks like.

Some of the boys are being initiated. Among other things they have to wear their oldest clothes, carry all their books to class and that means something with Gray's "anatomy" and the like- and they are not allowed to speak to anyone. In case they are spoken to they simply hand out slips prepared beforehand with a good-morning, or some such salutation written thereon. Well, of course we had a lot of quizzes this morning and these fellows, when called upon, rose and presented the instructor with one of their slips – much to our amusement as you can well imagine!

Studied hard all afternoon and evening till about ten. Paul and Mary and I were the only ones who were good and stayed at home after supper. Towards the end of the evening the others began to drift in. We congregated in the hall for a bit of a chat as usual. Then all were there except Gertrud, and she was entertaining on the front porch. So there was nothing to do but for all of us to go down to the well to fill our pitchers. We turned on all the lights, outside and inside, and marched down like Gideon's Band, with our flashlights and our pitchers, Mary, Elizabeth, Lillian, Paul, Max, Charlie, Clarence and I. We needed to trumpets because we were laughing so! The water was very refreshing and we were loath to hurry away, so we filled up and slowly filed in again. Some shout! We were good enough to turn the light off again. Then we felt like bed. The last episode was Friday and Saturday, respectively, we instituted a combined spanking. Hands and hair brushes and newspapers flashed through the air, forthwith.

Saturday – The Histology laboratory this morning was a bit disappointing in its superficiality and certainly presented a contrast to the type of work required in college but I guess there is really no need of ultra-careful

study and drawing for the average student of Osteopathy. The idea is merely to acquaint the student with the structures considered in the lectures somewhat more thoroughly than the lectures themselves would make possible.

After dinner I wrote down all I knew on a big piece of drawing paper! At least when I got thru I felt as if I had put it all down. Dr. Still tested our knowledge of the arteries of the head and arm by having us write them out for Monday. Of course we were not suppose to use our books. I wonder how many will be able to do it thusly. It took me an hour and a half and I had to think pretty hard to get some of them but I did it all right as far as I know. I added at the bottom; "All ponies tied outside!"

The evening of the big party! It was to be a hard luck party, too, i.e. every one came in his or her oldest duds. We were a nice looking crowd! First we had the presents. Paul opened his before Clarence so we should miss nothing. He received quite a line of toys and the like, a big box with a single marshmallow in it and so on. I gave him a tin whistle procured down town but it was absolutely no good. Of course I had to play for the crowd and they seemed quite tickled in spite of the instrument. So when I promised to send for a real one there was nothing to do but send for several so that the rest could learn. Grace Pearl was especially pleased. I see where I give a concert as well as a reading nightly now! To make the band complete I got a trumpet Kazoo (Cousin Marcia's "nose-dripper") for Clarence. The two of them had to put on a concert and it was rich- in discour! Later Max took the trumpet and I, the whistle and we gave them some real tunes – such as they were. Mary had to go down town so the rest of us went over to the playground for a frolic. We were quite appropriately dressed. The fun waxed merry, too! I beat all comers at the pull-up while Paul is the expert on the horizontal bar. Gertrud can slide the farthest but I guess that is because her bloomers are of slippery material. When the old stunts flagged she started a military drill. I couldn't enjoy that so I dropped out. Then Max claimed he was wounded and so I came to the rescue as a Red Cross man. I gave him the "Fireman's Lift" and lugged him off the field to the other girls but they could not seem to revive him. He came to quickly enough, however, when I shouldered him again and started trotting around the block. Well when we were all tired out we came in for ice cream and cake and then went to bed. I was glad I had taken a bath in the afternoon because those who attempted to do so after the fun did not get to bed very early and had pretty cold water. Bed never felt better!

The Management Wishes to Announce the Long Delayed
PADDLING OF THE FRESHMEN
and SHIRTTAIL PARADE
Fornextweek

The Daily Dust

Vol. I No. 9

October 31, 1920

Sunday – We get home this morning quite tired out but well pleased with the evening's fruition. An Atlas man is a marked man around here. The members are in a class by themselves.

It was raining again when we awoke. I went to church alone, at the South M.E. The other people except Elizabeth, felt the need of studying for an examination tomorrow. The minister talked on the League of Nations in view of the impending election. I could not agree with him in all he said. We had a fine dinner as usual. Grace Pearl was confined to her bed with a little relapse so I read to her for quite a little while from her Bible. She was just as attentive and interested as she could be.



*the way we felt
on that occasion!*

Our supper consisted of tuna fish sandwiches, ice cream and cake. It certainly was all we could possibly eat, and then we had a sing around the piano. Everyone felt like turning in early.

Monday – According to an agreement Max set his alarm clock to wake us up this morning that all might study before we went to school. He was to place the indicator at five thirty but made a slip so we were routed out an hour early and I, for one, could not get to sleep again. He was a popular man for a while! But we got our studying done anyway and I guess all came through with flying colors. I had my examination in Physiology and did not have time to finish before the bell rang. Paul said the same of his Histology. Methink the whole house

finished up pretty well. But we are a sleepy crowd this afternoon. Poor Elizabeth had to have her tooth pulled and the dentist discovered an abscess too. So she had an awful siege of it. She was a wreck for a while after her return home and well on into the evening. Then she began to feel better and requested a little diversion so we all stopped early and did our best to amuse her with a game of Rummy.

Tuesday – Election day. We elected to stay in bed as the authorities had elected to have no school since so many would be away voting. When we finally did get up I got a loaf of bread at the store near by and we had all we wanted of it, well smeared with honey or marmalade, and washed down with hot Postum. Then we were ready for a day of study. We ground along till most noon and then discovered that Max was still in bed! That would never do in the world. So we hauled him out in short order and, to make sure that he did not return again, we carted his covers into the next room. By accident his shirt was included in the armful so that had to be rescued for him but he got up! Then he refused to carry the clothes back again so when he went to lunch we hid them up in the attic. On our return, however, Mrs. Macomber accused us of hiding them so she could not make the bed! The very idea. We were as innocent as kittens for a while and then went and made the bed ourselves, just to show her that our hearts were in the right spot. Max had a good laugh at our expense.

We all welcomed the afternoon and evening in which to catch up on our work. I plugged Chemistry and Anatomy as if my very life depended on it – and it does in a way. Some of them went down to see the election returns but I thought I could spend the time more profitably. When eleven o'clock came I decided it was time to turn in.

Wednesday – The next thing I knew they were dragging me out of bed and it was well high time to go to breakfast. Another one of these bracing fall days. Three cheers for Harding! Three more for Cooledge!

For one reason or another Dr. Schmidt does not intend to hand back our Physiology papers but I don't care so much because I know I did well and He went over the papers this morning.

Some people make me tired!!!! We have one or two skeptics here, not in the A.S.O. who run down Osteopathy just because the school does not compare with the big medical schools. There is one in particular who graduated from the Teacher's College. We don't criticize that, and yet it cannot compare with a big

woman's college like Wellesley, or better some coeducational school. If they can turn out good teachers, all right! The same here. Of course we haven't the equipment or the buildings or the money of the big institutions. On the other hand we have not the needless and criminal loss of life to our credit which can be laid only at the door of the medics. Compare the death rate in a hospital of equal size with this one here, say in the Peter Bent Brigham, and then wonder why! Better than that compare the loss of life in the army due to the flu or in civilian life, under the best medical care the world had to give, to the loss sustained by those who had sense enough to place themselves or their dear ones in the hands of a mere Osteopath!!! What have all the serums and vaccines and other claptrap of the medics amounted to! Just so much experimentation on patients who survived if they were strong enough to throw off the serum which was positive proof against influenza, pneumonia, and colds at sixty five dollars or some such a dose. A man here submitted to the injection and considered it well worth the price. In three weeks or so afterward he had the worst cold of his whole experience. Dr. McCollom was called and so impressed the man with results that he took one hundred twenty five dollars worth of treatments, and glad it did not take more to get rid of the after effects of this wonderful serum. Results are what count! Abraham Lincoln was a pretty unpromising looking man for helmsman of this Union at the most critical time in its history but today the little children in France know who he was! Yet he didn't attend any gilt-edge school nor come under the instruction of Professor O. Howe Wise! There are pioneers now just as much as then! If a man can deliver the goods that's all anybody can ask. Oh there is plenty of room for improvement, I'll not deny that, but when results are as satisfactory as I see every day around me I'll stick by my profession!!!! The other day Dr. Currie of Bath, Maine, was called a case. An M.D. had fallen and dislocated his hip. None of his colleagues could do anything. It took the former Noble Skull of the Atlas Club about two minutes to have the man practically normal again. They say that such a case is all right being in the limited field of bone adjustment. Well, how about the pneumonia Mrs. Rogers had? How about friend Blauvelt and his blindness? How about the woman who had had a chronic headache for three months, who had the best of medical attention with no improvement, and who was cured by Frapere, an undergraduate, in three weeks time? How about the infectious fevers, broken and cured in so short a time? No doctor of any school can cure. The medics are beginning to find that out and giving up the use of drugs. They are substituting diet and rest and fresh air and other sensible things - and that is all they can do to help nature. The Osteopath can do more! by putting the body

in correct alignment and give nature a chance. She's the only one who can cure and the sooner every one realized that fact the better. There'll be less deaths. Nature takes care of the animals in their natural haunts pretty well. I know I'm rabid! I'm mad! The sincerest flattery is imitation. There are three classes of medical doctors: Those who have looked into Osteopathy and are men enough to see what it really is and treat it accordingly; those who have looked into it enough to see what it is with the results that they either do it dirt in the realization of its menace to their school or else attempt to borrow its successes by their own untrained fingers; and those who have not the energy to look into it but do it dirt on account of their jealousy of its success. Thank Heaven I'm going to be an Osteopath! And now, having relieved my mind I feel better. I'll try not to rave so again. But as for picking on a poor young chap trying to make his way in a world full of men envious of his success when half of them are humbugs – 1-27 inclusive!!! Don't scratch me – scratch mother!

Dr. Hamilton gave the Atlas men a very excellent talk on efficiency, with especial reference to personal work and methods of study. It was a very sane talk. The most successful man is not the grind but the one who gets the best out of life with the least effort, mingling work and play in the right proportion to maintain health and concentration. He laid down as the first principle of personal efficiency the stimulus of high ideals. Then there must be health and good advice from some source. The practical and comes in finding out your own best way of accomplishing results. He went on to make various suggestions as to how this knowledge of self might be obtained. The idea of salesmanship in Osteopathy was emphasized. The problem of being a good salesman involves a great things but principally being a friend to men. He amused us greatly by telling how one of his young patients was danced away from him by a rival in the profession. Friends count for a lot in any sort of business and here as much as any where. The efficient salesman always wears a smile and delivers the goods rather than a lot of talk. I must confess I felt during his talk that my out burst above was not the way to gain friends but it is equally true that no man can be a successful salesman of a commodity in which he does not believe implicitly. So forgive me for spilling over. I'll endeavor to develop efficiency and tact in my business.

Thursday – In Histology this morning Dr. Platt was talking about the pancreas and when it came time for questions I brought up the subject which was a bone of contention between Dr. Parker and me last year, in my thesis on the nervous control of glands: on Osteopathic and common sense grounds I claimed that the pancreas

could in no way be completely cut off from nervous control as held by some of the Physiologist. Dr. Platt backed me up in great shape and even gave me more reasons for the impossibility of those tenets. Wait till I see Prof. Parker!

In chemistry laboratory we made soap for a change. It took about an hours stirring of the mixture to give results. Mine looked more like Mulligan stew than soap when I got through.

We are all wondering what Max will do next! Laugh with a big L! After supper Elizabeth was passing around some chocolates and Max playfully showed Gertrud what a big one he had with an expression which as much as said, "Don't you wish you had it!" She took the challenge and tried to get it away from him. He crammed it in his mouth against her resistance or strained in some way sufficient to dislocate his jaw! The he tried to tell us the trouble but we thought him fooling and only laughed the harder and he laughed and we about split but finally Gertrud and I saw that the condyle actually was out. I rushed for a towel to protect my thumbs, had him sit down, and had the bone in place in a jiffy. Then we laughed some more. He said he deserved another chocolate on top of that and darned if he didn't get his jaw out again on the second piece!!! He surely wins the fur-lined bathtub and the steam-heated cufflink! I had the towel still so I put it in the second time. I could feel it click distinctly when it slid into place. I doubt if both sides were out because there was little snap when it went into place. We could see the dislocation on the left perfectly distinctly. Some experience!

Nor ware my troubles over for the evening! Clarence had a grippy feeling so I put him to bed with hot water and hot lemonade and mentholatum and all the covers we could scrape up to get him warm. Then Charlie sat up half the night to prevent him from uncovering himself- but he felt much better this morning so our care was not in vain.

Friday – The last hour before noon was taken over by the president of the national A.O.A.. He gave us a brilliant talk on the various conceptions of the healing art. The whole life cycle is governed by three laws and no more: the chemical, the physical, and the mental or psychological. Now the chemical side has been thoroughly worked over and investigated by the various schools of medicine:allopath, homeopath, physico-medical, and the electrical therapy. It has been much over worked. The other two just recently been investigated. Osteopathy represents the physical side, and the side which is of primary importance! The analogy of the

automobile is convincing. STRUCTURAL INTEGRITY IS THE ONLY GUARANTEE OF PERFECT FUNCTIONING. A derangement in some part of the mechanism throws the whole out of kilter air, gasoline undergo chemical change. all the rest is physical. Similarly in the body the physical side is the most important beyond peradventure! Breathing is physical exchange of gases is physical. Then chemical side is entirely subsidiary and dependent upon the physical. Then who dares say that Osteopathy is not a sane and commonsense belief and a real science – just as much as the automobile mechanics ,tho more complicated on a scale corresponding to the complicated nature of the machine! Of course medicine in the strict sense of the word is more complicated. Chemistry is a study of minute and extremely changeable substances. Mechanics is less complicated. Just in this degree, however it is less of theory and more of commonsense, less of experiment and more of results- WHICH COUNT!!!!!!!

Saturday – Another rainy day! I believe that some parties have misunderstood my reference to wearing the point of my nose off. When one keeps his nose on the grindstone studying he is likely to wear the point off. A very amusing incident occurred on the way to school. Jimmy Day and Clarence and I were waling along behind two high school girls. We were in a bit of a hurry but the girls did not want us to pass apparently so they began to run. Just then a man on horseback leading another horse passed in front of them entering a cross street. The rear horse took fright at the girls and sat back on his haunches for a moment. Then he wiggled his ears and whisked his tail and gave a whoop and made one jump for the distant horizon, very nearly taking the man with him. The poor girls were just to fuss for anything – and I guess they are running yet! We just about cried laughing! I was reminded strongly of old Jip of Lyman fame. I spent the afternoon getting spruced up because there would be no time in the evening with the final degree to be taken

One A.M. 'Wus a darn good initazhun! Good night.
NEXT WEEK
ODDS AND ENDS
That's the way I feel anyhow!!!!
The Editor.

Sunday – Snow came to greet us this morning but not enough to make much impression on the bare brown earth. Mary and I went to attend Rev. Condit's A.S.O. Class and were well repaid for he is an intelligent man and always had something interesting and instructive to say. Somehow the evangelist is more or less distasteful to some of us so we did not go to hear him.

About three thirty Gertrud and I started getting ready for supper. WE made sandwiches with the brown bread from home, using crab apple jelly and a pickle-cheese combination for filler. Then there were baked apples to prepare and ginger bread to mix and the cocoa to make. Hoyte and his roommate came up as we wished to return the compliment of their entertaining us some time ago. Such exclamations when they tasted the brownbread! Such sighs when they saw the baked apples smothered in whipped cream! There wasn't a ghost of a sandwich left nor any thing else except a few pieces of gingerbread and they were just too full for utterance and so had to pass that by. The supper was a huge success, thanks to Mother and Gertrud. Hoyte and his roommate had to leave shortly afterwards but before they went they expressed their appreciation in the warmest of terms. We had intended going to C.E. but really could not they way things turned out. So after the dishes were washed and we had had a little sing of some of the old favorites, those of us so minded came up stairs for a bit of reading before bed. Now Gertrud is scheduled for an operation next Thursday of more or less serious nature so was not in the best of spirits. I read such as I thought would give her faith and courage and such that Clarence and Charles and Mary could enjoy too, poems like Whittier's "Eternal Goodness" and so on. I think it helped her a lot.

Towards ten Mr. Vollintine returned from a trip which had taken all day. When he came up stairs he was duly initiated into the gang here. Each one was in his or her respective door way, all on the way to bed, but each waiting for the next fellow to start. We talked a little longer and the closed out doors. But the end was not yet! Paul and I discovered that in turning the bed around one end had come to pieces, and further-more that one of the right angle irons on the side was badly bent. Too much weight! So we had to fix it. WE got Charlies dumb bell for a mallet. Naturally iron on iron made quite a clatter. It was nearing eleven o'clock. Next thing we knew Mrs. Macomber was at the door to find out the trouble. We were in no condition to be seen so we assured her all would be all right soon. Failing to bend the iron straight again we turned it over and that necessitated the reversal of the other side too so more pounding was necessary. We finally got it fixed. The spring is about two inches higher but we like that better and all the weight will tend to straighten the curvature. Well, what next!

Monday – Histology- Quizzes returned with favorable comment on mine and a nice big A. Anatomy- Quizzes returned with more favorable comment and another nice big A. Bought a new hat.

We did our best to cheer Gertrud up as she was

rather down in the dumps. WE made all sorts of wild promises and assured her of her being pestered to death during her recuperation in the hospital. Trust the gang! In view of the events of the morning I took steps to live up to my reputation by getting in some good study after I had read the news and thus given supper a chance to settle.

Tuesday – Mary is a good soul. She just about plays mother to us all. She is one of the quiet, unassuming kind that is just all goodness within. She is short and a bit stout and freckled and all that but she's there. First thing I hear every morning is, "Harold! Get up! Clarence! Charles! Are you up?" Goodness know we should never wake up if it were not for her. And she was so appreciative of all we did for her when she had the sprained ankle. I was feeling a bit penitent last night because of a slip of the tongue and she came in and said just the quiet, nice things to make it all better. Bless her old heart

I was rather sleepy in embryology. In the first place I had been burning the midnight oil and then it was just after dinner and the air was close so when Dr. Hamilton started talking about histological techniques I laid my head back on my chair and took a nap, but with my ears open. He thought I was asleep, and Gertrud gave me a nudge because he was laughing at me, but I wasn't. That's not saying, though, that I wasn't pretty near it!

I spend the rest of the afternoon making up some "powders" for Gertrud to take during her recuperation. She is rather dreading the operation, which comes Saturday morning, so we are doing all we can to make her forget her troubles. One selection tickled my funny bone! It is quite appropriate in one way, tho not so much in regard to piano playing.

"Always face the music, even if it is your landlady's daughter playing "The Maiden's Prayer" on a square piano. Some day you might be back on your board bill."

The old medulla spinalis caught it after supper.

Wednesday – Dr. Platt asked for a volunteer to procure a kidney, as he was lecturing on that organ. I was game so I brought one to class this morning dissected as requested and conducted a demonstration. Good dope me thinks I shall patronize the butcher shop again in the case of the heart and so on but doubtless the last time could better be studied at home. I'll do that at Christmas time, I guess.

I had a brilliant thought in regard to my series of powders for Gertrud during her recuperation. It so

happened that no one was at home at the moment so I folded up a lot of little papers and made a raid on everyone's talcum powder, for a sample of each. there was only one duplication in the lot so I was able to secure quite a few different varieties. In addition, I made a raid on the commissary for salt, sugar, ginger, mustard, flour, and cocoa. Some of Paul's tooth powder swelled the ranks so I had enough for a dose every two hours for two days. Hope she'll enjoy them!

We all studied hard. About nine o'clock, or rather a bit later, as I was switching from one subject to another, I went down the corridor a minute and as I passed Clarence's door I asked him if he didn't wish he were married. Now he is very far gone and in fact would have been married this fall if his fiancés had been able to get a release from her work. His daily letter at the post office is the event of whole twenty four hours and we always have a great time slapping him on the back. Yesterday he received a rather official looking envelope from some city clerk's office. Of course we thought it a marriage license and plagued him accordingly. To return to the event of the evening, after I had asked him that, the rest of his evening of studying was spoiled. How could a fellow study after a question like that! So he got Charles to play some on the piano, that hemight find consolation therein. They dragged Mary and Gertrud down stairs. Paul and I studied a while longer and then we could not stand it so we too went down. I lay down on the couch in the hall and very nearly went to sleep. Charles plays well. He confined his selection to the best of the classics. It was so restful!

Thursday – I woke up with quite sore back and stiff neck. Guess the bedtime exercise was too strenuous last night! I asked Hoyte to look at it between classes but he was unable to do much in so short a time. I could not stand it any longer so I called up Dr. McCollum and made an appointment for eleven thirty. Dr. S.S. said I could be excused and when the time came I tiptoed out of the back of the room as quietly as possibly. But he had to call attention to my going by saying that the doctor was excused. He picks on me at a great rate – as you shall see later. Well Dr. McCollum. found two misplaced vertebrae and a twisted rib and a strained ligament. He lost no time in loosening up the muscles and replacing the disturbed members. He's a whiz at treatment too. One deft turn of my head to the left and three clicks announced the proper adjustment of some of the neck vertebrae. Two more snapped when he turned it the other way. I never had such a satisfying treatment in so short a time. I left feeling like a new man.

Dr. S.S. is the limit! After a series of answers to some questions which some of the others did not know, one of

the boys turned to me and said, "Go down to the office and get your diploma!"

They all laughed so the old doctor (he is a nephew of the real "Old Doctor") said, "Now don't discourage the doctor because he has the work. Just try and get it, too" Thereafter he always referred anything no one knew to me for a reply – just as if I knew it all! And then to cap the climax, he delivered quite a sermon in his lecture to the lower Freshman about one member of the upper class who was such a wonder! Gosh-all-hem look! They've got wind that I graduated from Harvard and that's enough! I'll have some job to live up to my reputation! Well, the more I can boost Osteopathy the better. I'm sorry, tho, because some are bound to get the idea that I think I know it all, even tho I'm darn sure that I don't. Some day the great disillusionment will come!

Studied hard till eight with the exception of the supper hour of course. I don't think I ever ate so much honey in my life as I have since I've been here. We have it very often at Ma's. Yum! Yum!! Yum!!!

At this time we all gathered in #2 for a last good time before Gertrud had to go to the hospital. The rest found comfortable seats on the bed and so on while I sat at my table where the light was good. It was request night and Gertrud was the whole show so I read all her favorite poems from the large collection which Mrs. Macomber has. When the gang got restless and started talking I passed the chewy candy Mrs Macomber had made and so kept them quiet. So the time passed. Max read a few jokes and Paul whistled such things as Schubert's Serenade – and whistled them too – and then we had apples and raisins for refreshments. It was a pleasant and profitable evening.

Friday – A real Indian summery day. I walked down town in the afternoon without a coat or hat and with sleeves rolled up and was perfectly comfortable, yet in Buffalo there are fifteen inches of snow!

Thank heaven I had a chance to take a back seat in physiology! We were being quizzed on assigned topics. One of the girls had recited clearly and fully on the question. Dr. Schmidt asked if I had anything to add I was only glad to lean back and say, "Absolutely nothing!"

Well we saw Gertrud off to the hospital in the afternoon. She went with the best of spirits and with all our best wishes. The operation comes tomorrow morning at eight. She's a lucky girl! It's rather quiet and sober around here with out her.

The old back is still a bit lame but feel immeasurably better than it did yesterday.

We are much interested in a large family which lives on the way to school, just across the railroad track. They are colored and coal black at that but certainly present a model of maternal affection, on the part of the little ones, and of audible pride and contentment, on the part of the old sow. After supper we were all pretty sober but Max and Elizabeth and Clarence and Charles went stepping so Paul and Mary and I were left alone. We called Gertrud up about eight to cheer her up. She seemed in perfectly good spirits and was glad to hear our voices once more. She said my pills were working well as far as she had gone. Then studied quietly till eleven with a minute out to eat an apple. Just as I was going to bed Charles came in with a bad case of moon-shine. The warm evening air and the bright moon light were too much for him!

Saturday – Mary and I got down to the hospital at eight. I had a laboratory examination in histology and came through with flying colors. Mary went through it all with Gertrud, like the kind hearted, motherly woman she is. At noon Gertrud was out of the ether but of course in considerable pain so they gave her a bit of a quieter. The operation was satisfactory from every standpoint and the patient stood it beautifully. I telegraphed the mother to ease her mind and later wrote a note to give more information. Gertrud was so appreciative of all. When we went to the hospital with her she told the nurse we were her family and that's the way we have all felt all along. By the warm pressure of her hand she said volumes.

Most of the afternoon and evening saw me studying. I went down after supper with Mary and we both saw Gertrud for a few moments. It was hard to realize that the operation was only twelve hours ago for she was remarkably bright and cheery in spite of the weakness and pain. I know I should appreciate friendly care in such a case so I'm trying to "do unto others-" Besides it's good training. "Bedtime 's come for little boys!"

Next week –
The Old Doctor's Grave.
Hats off!
Au Revoir

Sunday – None of us woke till about nine and then only a few got up. I hurried so that I might not be late to Sunday School. The Rev. Condit certainly handed out straight goods in his talk. He was giving us a geographical description of Palestine and did it in a way that brought in the history too. Then he spoke of the surprise Jesus felt to find out that the rain fell in Samaria

just as it did in his own birth place, "on the just as well ad the unjust", and how it affected his life. From this he drew his little sermon for the class.

When this was over a couple of us went down to the hospital and found Gertrud quite ready to get up and come back to the house with us. She is beginning to weary of the hospital.

Dinner and letters as usual. We found out that the vacation had had a curious affect on at least four of the people here in school. It seemed to make them lonesome to such a degree that they went and got married! Queer!!

The regular supper was waived for the night partly because there were only five of us to eat and partly because we had so much in the way of home contributions to be eaten. So we made cocoa out of the commissary and spread our feast. There was some such conglomeration as follows: turkey, nut bread, chocolate cake, date cake, pear preserve, honey, three kinds of fudge, pop-corn balls, two kinds of cookies, dates, and goodness knows what else! I hit the hay right afterwards to sleep it off but could not seem to sleep very well for a while. Paul and Charles tried to study in the next room but a battle of wits started so I guess they did not study much – at least not as long as I remember! About the last thing I heard was, "I had a stuffed date tonight."

Monday – I thought they were spoofing me when the call came tonight get up! It was dark as a South African chocolate drop. And raining! Yesterday was such a lovely mild day! We managed to get to school somehow.

I'm wondering if Dr. S.S. still loves me! He was impressing us with the necessity of correct diagnosis. For instance, he asked whether a dislocated hip or appendicitis would be the more logical prognosis for some one who had fallen from a horse. Of course we all said the former. Then he went on, " And if a girl should eat a lot of sweet stuff and nuts and ice cream and so on which of the two would you say?"

(Young man in back row with jackass glasses)- "Stummick ache!" For the afternoon and evening I hit the studies hard. Max blew in about nine o'clock, the same old boy, and full of his vacation experiences. He surely is a card! WE just listened with the greatest enjoyment! He said he felt uneasy Friday and so got out his note book and studied for a while. That's the kind we have here. He hadn't been here and hour before he was hard at it! Every night we have about ten minutes setting up exercizes before bed. One of our stunts is to lie on our backs and raise our legs stiffly from the hip as far as we can. I had

set the pace at one hundred and since Paul had come up to seventy five I decided to put the record up a peg by hitting one hundred twenty five. When I got there I felt all right so I kept going but stopped for an instant at one fifty. Paul said, "Yes. Yes. Go on!"- so I did do fifty more and then I was constrained to stop. No ill effects in the lease. Every man his own washboard, is my motto.

Tuesday – Another nasty day. Max joined us at the Ma Scott's since the walk to his eating placed seemed a bit too far some of these cold mornings. In class this afternoon Dr. Hamilton was speaking of the grafting of glands and the theories of renewing youth by a certain transplantation and said that a number of experiments had been made on life criminals. One old trusty submitted to the operations and shortly after his recovery astonished his keepers by taking advantage of his liberty to escape and take part in a hold up. When questioned he said that he saw no point in being kept young so he could stay in prison for life. He wanted a little excuse for a renewal of his term when the ordinary life time should be up. Somebody is always taking the joy out of life!

Much study again.

Max brought quite a few pictures fromhis home, pictures which he had collected across the water, to show to us. Those of Menton and the rest of the region just took me back as if it were yesterday while the glimpses of Reims make me absolutely homesick. He was there after the armistice and bought quite a few. I may try to borrow some of them to show when I come home at Christmas time. His views of Paris called forth many an "Oh Boy!"

I was already for bed but Paul still had some Greek to do. So I turned to and helped him as much as I could. The words came back to me more than I expected they would. We got thru in no time.

Wednesday – Thank goodness Max has come to eat with us! The table was rather dead most of the time before but not so now! This noon we got to talking about what we ate in France , just to jar some of the people a bit. I described the snails as picturesquely as I could and then Max told how they had horse meat to eat and had to say "Whoa!" every time they want to cut a piece. We livened things up a bit all right!

I saw Gertrud for just a moment between classes. She was as chipper as a cricket and came pretty near to sitting up in bed .She had twenty two callers yesterday so there is little danger of her getting bored.

I found out the state board requirements in

Massachusetts according to the last report, today. Some ordeal! Anatomy, histology, physiology, theory and practice of medicine, surgery, obstetrics and gynecology, pathology, pediatrics and toxicology, material medica. All this in three days, with microscopic work and practical demonstrations! I suppose theory and practice will be in Osteopathy but I shall have to get the material medica on the side. My examination will come in the middle of March. You watch me shout when it's over!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I was wrong about Max's remark at table. He said that if anyone yelled "Whoa" while you were swallowing a piece of meat you would choke to death. Study as usual

Thursday – School kept as usual today but the Sophomores broke in time enough to have a little procession before noon. Two marriages over the week end were quite too many. They had a dray ready, well placarded with such signs as, "Take out advice! Get married!" "Eventually! Why not now!" "Two can live as cheaply as one!" "It's never too late to try!" "Bachelor apartments for rent!" "Happy tho married!" "Love is blind!" "We found the fountain of youth!" "The elixir of life! It only took two bottles" "Kitchenette and sunparlor for rent – we're going to live on love!". On the driver's seat was Stuckey, the fat comedian of the class dressed in a white sweater and white stocking cap and bearing a large sign: "Cupid". He would have made an equally good Kewpie. Leading the wagon was one of the boys on horse back, dressed as a parson with tall hat and long tail coat, while the band formed the vanguard of the whole. The two couples were hoisted up on the wagon and we started for the square with band playing and everybody happy. I took quite a few pictures, having taken my camera in the expectancy of some such fracas, and I surely hoped all will come out well. The line of march led around the square and back to the courthouse steps where they posed for further pictures and mad a few speeches. Rev. Condit was there with the goods and kept us laughing for several minutes. He is a good scout! When the fun was over I collected some of the spoils. Our door is now adorned with the legend: "Take our advice! Get married" Grapenuts.

At dinner there was some peculiar looking relish which I diagnosed as corn. When the question had proceeded no farther one member of the group spoke up quickly with the injunction that we talk no more about the food. Guess we reached him yesterday as we wished! He is a young Jew from New York, a graduate of Columbia, and a Phi Beta Kappa – a la D. Clark. He is here teaching political economy and sociology. He has "the mature and cultured class", the seniors at the normal

school. With him the mud around here is mire. Quite right but it got him in a hole the other night when he remarked how he hated the stuff – and Paul was right there. (Meyer) He'll be properly initiated yet! More study.

We had just finished out exercize and I went to pick up my bathrobe when I saw something dropout of it. It was a bug which made tracks across the spread. I held it up, hastened to get the robe on and called expert advice as to the nature of the critter. Paul did not know but Mary diagnosed it immediately as a bed bug!!!!!! Wow!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! WE impaled it on a pin and carefully inspected it close to the light. I never saw one before so I was much interested – and disconcerted. We made close search of the mattress but found no more. Then Clarence admitted that he had killed two a few days previously. Mary had found a shell too but thought it too long for one of the tribe. Then we made an examination of ourselves in our several rooms. We found the tell-tale little three bites together. I had about four sets, Paul a few, Elizabeth several, and the others failed to report. Happy though! I was too sleepy to care so I turned in and slept like a log. After German fleas and cooties and rats what is a bedbug or two! The one we captured was a whale. We pickled him in 95% in spite of the 18th amendment. I almost envied the blame thing kicking around in there just as if it were in clover but it stopped before long. Dead drunk! There are two theories as how it got in: someone may have picked it up in one of the treatment rooms at school because all sorts of people come there for help, it may have come in on some of our laundry. This really seems the most plausible explanation since we subsequently learned that Ma Scott's laundress had infected her generously once upon a time, and she does our work. We send her no more. Apparently the bugs have little start. Splet wonderfully!

Friday – In Histology Dr. Platt was talking about pfluger's egg tubes. He wanted to know how to pronounce it correctly, just to see if we knew. Several of us spoke up, giving the umlaut the proper value. One of the boys said "flier". When told he was wrong he replied that that was the meaning anyway. Then Dr. Platt said, "Oh, you mean to pronounce it aviato r!" (Fledger)

Gertrud is as chipper as con be, sitting up and expects to get up tomorrow for a while. I make it a point to take the newspaper to her everyday as well as bring someone to call. of her numerous friends and admirers. She has flower and fruit and is having a wonderful time all considered. She was even more reconciled to being at the hospital in view of recent developments.

Paul and I interviewed Dr. Henry and Dr. Leffler on

the bug question and came home armed with six pounds of sulphur, a gallon of gasoline, and a roll of gummed paper tape for sealing the doors and windows. Tomorrow the old bugs catch it! Good experience! I hate the idea but such happening will undoubtedly be of value. We wanted to start the battle Friday night but four of the crowd were going to a dance and begged off so they might sleep before the ordeal. So we did nothing this night.

Saturday – was an eventful day! Charles and I were the only ones to get up at seven as usual. So I went to breakfast alone. Just as I stepped into Ma's I heard the fire bells ring and saw some people running through the square but I was too intent on breakfast to mine that. Presently one of the girls came in and said that it was the Liberty Theater. I pricked up my ears at this because the hall that houses this place of amusement adjoins and partly underlies the club rooms. Frap.. and I rushed down to see if our services should be needed. We found the rooms altogether too thick with smoke for our comfort while the theater was quite gutted and still blazing merrily at one end. Before I left the fire was under control. Fortunately no fire or water had followed the smoke into our side of the wall. Trimble said he was lying in bed and had just concluded to take another nap when he saw smoke passing his window. Then a window went out with a crash and the flames shot clear across the alley. He and his room mate lost no time in getting out with their most valuable possessions. This is the second time this year the place has been threatened with fire. Great place to live!

Histology laboratory took practically all the rest of the day until it was time to begin the fumigation. I did take the paper to Gertrud and found her sitting up for the first time.

We were warned to take out all the delicate fabrics and leather and rubber and by the time we had carted out all of that description the hall looked like a refugee camp or something. We took out suites and went over them with gasoline and then applied the hot iron so that and possible bug might get discouraged and leave. Then we sealed the windows and doors except such as were necessary for entrance. The sulphur was placed in an iron kettle and this in a pan of water and this on an iron grating so that danger from fire was practically eliminated. The beds were spread around and all made ready. I must confess I got heartily disgusted at the lack of cooperation on the part of some of the people here. They regarded it as a huge joke and an awful nuisance and in fact left during the evening, hardly having lifted a finger to help us. Discouraging remarks were passed and I was tired but I kept temper. Paul and Mary were just

the best old scouts ever. They certainly stuck! Can you wonder that Paul and I think so much of Gertrud and Mary when they are both THERE! I certainly wished Gertrud were present to back me up in some of the things and yet I was glad she was spared the ordeal. Mr. Macomber is rather a reed in the wind in all matters. she could not decide on any one program and stick to it. At first she was all for the plan and then she had a happy thought that perhaps it was not a BB so she sent it down to school to make sure. she took the work of one of her neighbors that sulphur was not necessary and that formaldehyde would do just as well and from then on it was like pulling teeth. We finally got the steam generated and the sulphur burning and sealed the rooms up. I suppose I should forgive the good lady because Grace P was sick and that was distracting. But deliver me from a woman who can't decide a thing for herself or who can't be sure she is right and then go ahead!!!!!! for the rooms in which no bug had been seen we took less stringent measures. We went over all the mop boards and cracks with a generous supply of gasoline and also the bedding. Then under the mattress we sprinkled sulphur in large quantities. They are all iron beds fortunately. The rooms were closed up tight and allowed to "soak" over night. Paul and Charles and I slept on a feather bed in the hall. Mary and Elizabeth had a folding cot at their disposal down stairs while Max slept on the floor. Clarence went elsewhere for the night. We peeked over the transom occasionally to see if the sulphur was going as it should. Last of all I took a bath and hit the old bed and was asleep in no time. I was all tired out with so much pulling and hauling. Some folks ought to count their blessings! Good experience! Good mental discipline!

For next week I have a few poor pictures of Paul at his desk. Before long we will have some good news.

"And if they bite before I wake, I hope their -- -- jaws will ache!"

Sunday – We all slept late and it was an effort to get up when we finally did. About the first thing I did was to unseal the gassed rooms so the gasoline odor could pass off and make them tenable and then I got a wet towel to put over my face so I could open the windows in the chamber of horrors. It took quite a heave to break the seals on the door and then – whsu! – the air was just blue with the stuff! I couldn't stop to tear off the seals before opening the windows so I gave each one a mighty heave and broke the papers. With one, however, I was unfortunate. There was so much play to the sash and so much pep to my heave that the glass couldn't stand it. Oh, I'll make a good Osteopath all right – "Pain goes instantaneously!" Nor could I stand it any longer so I left

ground of an inclusion of fertilized ovum in the body of a developing fetus since the cyst in the child contains hair and finger nails and other curious structures. Now this girl had seen an X-ray of a man who had a cyst from swallowing real nails so she never thought but promptly asked how the nails ever got in there! Some shout! Perhaps the remark would have passed unnoticed had she not added to her question, "Oh finger nails!"

I managed to get ed for Dr. McCollom's office. He gave me a real old treatment as he always does the kind I like and I hope it will clear matters up up.

When I got home there was Gertrud as chipper as a cricket lying in Mary's bed reading. She shies at the stairs yet but feels all right otherwise.

The minstrel show proceeds apace and promises well all except for one thing: my solo. The powers that be finally decided that I could best sing "Any old port in a storm" so I'm at work on that now. It is a good bass solo – if I could sing. when I get out on the floor of The Princess and try to warble that before the assembled multitude there will surely be some egg throwing.

I think I see myself doing such a noble days work in letter writing again! In the first place I'll be too busy and again they have all been in such a hurry to answer that I know they must be busy too. some things have got to slide! Altho I felt little like it I went to the Atlas for rehearsal after supper. The treatment made me feel some better but – Hoyte looked me over and peeked down red lane and pronounced it tonsillitis. Well!!! I seemed to be able to hit the high notes somehow as well as the low ones better than usual and the singing limbered my throat up enough to compensate for the effort. When I came home and announced what my trouble was I got in Dutch right away. in spite of all protests Clarence went to the square for lemons, Paul and Mary made hot lemonade, I was sent to bed although I needed to study, and I was properly made to sweat. They put

mentholatum outside and Vaseline inside and piled on the covers till I was in imminent danger of melting completely and running all over the floor.

Friday – I felt a lot better in the morning although my throat was still sore. Moreover a gross lack of energy pervaded my system so that I just had to drag myself to school. Or maybe it was the impending vacation?

In spite of the lack of study of the night before the fates were good to me so that I was able to recite as well as usual with the possible exception of chemistry. I have given up combing my hair because most of it goes over my head so fast but that is perhaps to be remedied by more attention than I have been able to give in the past week.

I never saw such a mild spring like December day as we had. So Gertrud had to go for a walk and I was drafted as one of the huskies in the house to help carry her down stairs. Ouch! I spent the afternoon and evening in studying and getting ready as far as possible.

Saturday – Histology laboratory was a night-mare. We had a lot of work to do and in addition the head of the department came in and fired a rapid series of questions at us while we were working. He also examined our books and commented favorably on mine. I certainly was glad it was over! When I left most every one gave me the glad hand in parting and wished me the best. I found the girls putting up a lunch for the journey as a surprise for Charles and me. That's the kind of friends to have! The rest of the time was a grand rush getting ready for the departure. What happened subsequent to said departure must appear later. The editor is going on a vacation. Au revoir everybody. Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

WE'LL LET THE DUST SETTLE FOR A WHILE

Harold Magoun Sr. Collection [2004.238.45]



WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A MUSEUM AND AN ARCHIVE?

Over the years, we have been called an archive and a museum. To help clarify, we decided to explain the difference between the two.

The sole purpose of an archive is to collect materials such as in a university archives (i.e. enrollment registers) or county records (i.e. census records.) Archives do not display or interpret though exhibits or educate the public through programming. Also, archives are not generally a public (or private) trust; they are not usually accountable to anyone outside of their university or county.

Museums on the other hand go far beyond that in scope and volume collected (i.e. a profession's history, medical history, etc.) for the public at large. Museums are accountable to the public, interpret artifacts through exhibits, and educate through programming geared for the young and old. In essence, museums are extroverted, and archives are introverted.

At this time, ATSU does not have a records program to house archival materials; each department maintains its own records.

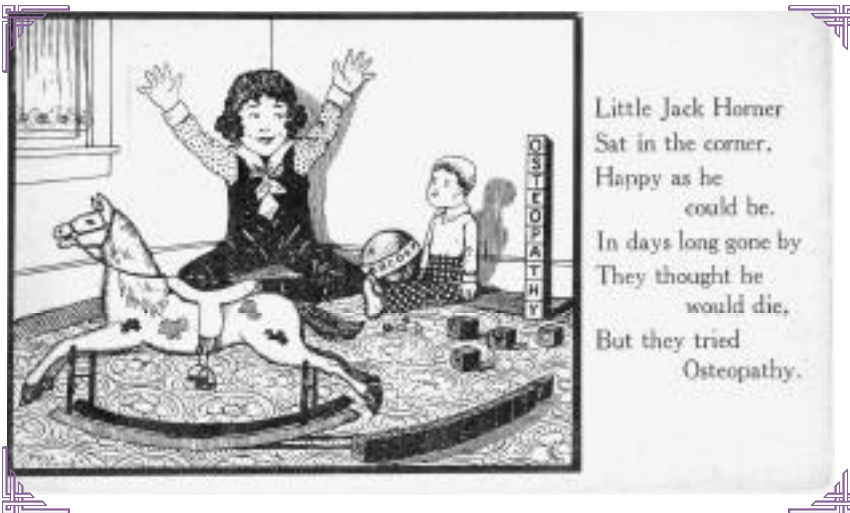
Museum – noun 1. A building, place, or institution devoted to the acquisition, conservation, study, and exhibition of objects having scientific, historical, or artistic value.

Curator – noun 1. One that manages or oversees, as the administrative director of a museum collection.

Archive – noun 1. A place or collection containing records, documents, or other materials of historical interest. Often used in the plural. 2. A repository for memories or information; the archive of the mind.

Archivist – noun 1. One who is in charge of archives.

The American Heritage College Dictionary, 3rd Edition, Copyright 2000



HISTORY NOTE Second in a series of osteopathic postcards.
Museum Collection [PH 875]

RECENT ACCESSIONS:

- **Wooden fireplace surround** from the home of Dr. A.T. Still donated by Drs. Larry Bader and Jerry Dickey
- **Five dollar bill** from the Citizen's National Bank, Kirksville signed by President of the bank Harry Mix Still, D.O. Purchased by museum

DEVELOPING EXHIBITS: A LARGE RESPONSIBILITY

Exhibit development is a fluid, ongoing process that is never entered into lightly. As the only national museum of osteopathy, we're charged with the responsibility of relating our history and development, as well as preserving its heritage for the professional and layperson alike. There are no other entities that have this mission. With this in mind, we always plan and execute exhibits with professionalism, the utmost attention to detail and historical integrity, and devotion to a broader vision.

What's new on the exhibit and facilities front

So far, 2005 has provided a mix of exhibit and exhibit-related projects. While making our long-range plans last autumn, we took our annual 'step back' and looked at the bigger picture. We started to focus some of our attention on publicity last year (new brochures, off-site exhibits, etc.), and we thought it was time revamp parts of our image as well.



- We started by reworking our main entry off Heritage Hall. First, we added crown moldings and new paint. We then removed the original green carpet and installed a laminate wood flooring in the vestibule and office space. Finally, we re-worked the vestibule to include new signage, brochures, lighting, and our large-donor plaque. These seemingly simple changes have resurrected the entrance. We get many double takes and have certainly brought attention to our modest entrance.

- Next, we've brought the Annex exhibit workshop more up to date. Since 2003, we've been building a workshop piece by piece. We now have approximately half of our equipment. During 2004-05 we've added a table saw, band saw, and table-mounted sander. If all goes according to plan by autumn 2006, we should have the final five pieces – reciprocating saw, drill press, scroll saw, router table, and planer. We've come a long way from cutting boards in the back hallway!

- When spring arrived, we were back to work in the Historic Medicinal Plant Garden. This year, we added 19 new species, as well as some more practical items such as a trash receptacle, revised exhibit catalogues, and a two-person picnic table to accommodate the faithful lunch crowd. We plan to plant and develop two additional sections in Spring 2006 and the final large section in Spring 2007. The Garden now features 68 plant types. When things are complete in two years, the Garden should feature approximately 90 species or varieties.



- Our newest exhibit, scheduled to open this upcoming winter, will likely be our most talked-about exhibit in years. Originally scheduled to open last winter, the Anatomy Exhibit will trace and examine the origins and early development of osteopathy's theoretical approach to the study of the human body. It will include early osteopathic textbooks, information on the development of the anatomy department, class drawings and photos, anatomical specimens, and one of our newest additions to the collection – a life-sized transparent anatomical mannequin named Ceres. Although the 50-year-old Ceres needs quite a bit of work on her electrical and mechanical systems, she will definitely be one of the main highlights of our museum tours for visitors of all ages.

- In 2006, the Museum will start in earnest on developing a portion of the back gallery – The Johnston Research Wing. The first installation will examine the earliest generation of osteopathic researchers who had to break new ground and attempt to legitimize osteopathic research and methodologies in the face of allopathic resistance. Make sure to stop in or check out our updated exhibits website.

- Accreditation: nothing to report other than the usual environmental and lighting controls, an improved workshop, new exhibits, etc.

SECRET GARDEN TEA

On June 23, the Museum held its second annual tea featuring our 19th Century Medicinal Garden. For six years, museum staff has been developing our Historic Medicinal Plant Garden, which features a variety of plants used in the Midwest during the frontier era.

The tea was held in Heritage Hall within the Tinning Education Centers. More than 40 visitors and museum patrons enjoyed two presentations, as well a light lunch of sandwiches, fruit, and desserts. Julia Ousterhout, Ph.D., master gardener and associate professor of pharmacology, at KCOM, and Steven Carroll, Ph.D., co-author of "Ecology for Gardeners," master gardener and associate professor of biology at Truman State University, were the guest speakers. Rob Clement, exhibit preparator, provided tours of the garden.



Ousterhout



Carroll

Workshop wish list:

- Scroll saw \$ 150
- Drill press \$ 120
- Reciprocating saw \$ 100
- Planer and blade kit \$ 350
- Router Table and kit \$ 425

If you would like to purchase one of these items for the Museum, please contact the director at 660.626.2359 or email us at museum@atst.edu.



WE WANT YOU!

The Still National Osteopathic Museum is a non-profit organization. This means that all of our funds come from you. Whether you are a member, donor, or visitor, you make us possible. At this time, the Museum would like to share with you the impact that our most important and cherished form of income – a museum member – does for us. First and foremost, it allows the legacy and tradition of Andrew Taylor Still and his practices to be studied and cherished by children, adults, osteopaths, and absolutely anyone interested in our history and foundation. Second, it allows us to reach out, as mentioned above, to educate communities that are not familiar with our history. We tell communities who we are and why osteopathy is so important, in its practices and beliefs. And finally, our members support our cause and mission: "To collect, preserve, and make available for research artifacts that tell the national history of the osteopathic profession . . . and to educate the public by providing informational exhibits and educational programs about osteopathic history and principles . . ."

For these, and many other reasons, we would like you to join us. Please take a moment to fill out the form on the last page and return it to your only National Osteopathic Museum. If you have any questions about membership or the Museum, please contact us by phone at 660.626.2359 or email at museum@atsu.edu.

NEW EDUCATION COORDINATOR



Perkins

As of July, Lisa Perkins began as the Museum education coordinator. Lisa grew up near Dawson, Minnesota. She attended the University of Minnesota, Morris and graduated in May 2003 with a bachelor's degree in elementary education, specializing in pre-primary aged children. She is licensed to teach pre-primary and

elementary education in Minnesota and Missouri. Lisa moved to Kirksville from Sioux Falls, South Dakota with her husband, Toby, a first-year KCOM student.

After graduating from college, Lisa taught preschool for the migrant Head Start program. This experience helped her understand the need to adapt lessons in a way that appreciated and celebrated the children's culture. In addition to substituting and working with special education, she has taught piano lessons for five years.

Lisa is excited about working with area schools and implementing new lessons on health and science, an area to which she feels very committed.

MUSEUM HOSTS MEETING

On May 13, 2005, the Museum hosted the quarterly meeting of the Public History Alliance of Missouri (PHAM). PHAM is a group of state archivists, librarians, curators, and other specialists in the field of historical documents and artifacts that work together to promote preservation and exchange information relating to conservation, research, preservation, and archival theory and practice.

Guest speaker Dr. Kristen Stilwell's presentation, titled "More than Patrons: Cultivating Mutually Beneficial Tie between Archivists, Librarians, and Graduate Students," reminded us that students need experience before going out into the world of museums and archives.

PHAM meets regularly at member institutions. Meetings provide the host institution with an opportunity to showcase their repository. Members are also part of a listserv, which provides a long-distance forum for sharing expertise and knowledge of the many collections. This

group is free and open to anyone who is interested. Please contact the PHAM website for more information: www.umsystem.edu/pham/members.htm



PHAM members attending luncheon.

CURATOR RECEIVES SPECIALIZED TRAINING

Recently, I attended the Western Archives Institute at the University of California-Davis with 29 other applicants. Sponsored by the California State Archives and the Society of California Archivist, the institute is the only program of its kind in the western United States.

Attendees spent an intensive two weeks with instruction in basic archival practices in many different areas including legal and ethics issues, arrangement and description, and public relations. I also experienced what it is like to spend two weeks living in a dorm with three people I did not know.

The Principal Faculty Member for the training was David Gracy II, Ph.D. He is a full-time faculty member for the University of Texas and a Fellow and former President of the Society of American Archivists. We were also privileged to attend informational tours and classes at the California State Archives preservation department, the University of Davis Special Collections, and many other archives and historical societies.

The biggest lesson learned from the class, along with making several new friends, was that as a curator or archivist either in an institutional archives or at a national museum as ourselves, it is our job to preserve the collections and the history of our area and the world.

My goal is to use this new training to expand and update the research materials housed at the Museum for researchers and to help set up an archival program for the University. The Museum and Research Center, housed on the campus of ATSU, holds various collections of papers and personal items from some of the early D.O.s, such as Andrew Taylor Still, G.S. Denslow, Harold Magoun Sr. and many others. The museum works with researchers from all over the world on the subject of osteopathic history.

Debra Loguda-Summers
Curator



Western Archives Institute 2005

ILLUSTRATED PRACTICE OF OSTEOPATHY – CA. 1908

The Museum has teamed up once more with German physician and publisher Christian Hartmann and his company, JOLANDOS, to spread the word of osteopathic medicine from a historical viewpoint. For our latest endeavor, we are set to publish in book form a never-before-printed complete set of images of osteopathic treatments – including an image of Dr. Still – from the earliest years of the osteopathic profession.

According to our longest working volunteer, Jean Kenney, this collection of 68 images has been in the Museum since the 1970s and left originally sitting in the office of Mary Jane Denslow – granddaughter of Dr. A.T. Still. When the current Museum was built, the images were moved to a safe and were accessioned into the collection in 2003. There are no written records on how these photos came to the museum or who the donor was. Many items in the museum's collection have been brought from the medical school's vaults, office closets, and storerooms.

The Museum curator and director believe that due to the large number of images, variety of techniques shown,

and organization of the set with its typed details, that the collection may have been originally created for a book. The museum has original documentation that Dr. A.T. Still held a Library of Congress copyright document from 1899 to create a book entitled: Illustrated Practise[sic] of Osteopathy. It was possible during the 1800s to copyright a title to a book before it was published according to the Library of Congress staff. No such book was produced to our knowledge or to the knowledge of the Library of Congress. It is our belief that the collection of photographs, dated 1908 could have been created for such a text.

It was decided that these images would be presented as they are arranged, and the public is free to speculate as to the reason and purpose for their creation. Because Dr. A.T. Still is seen treating in the set, it is presumed the project had his blessing and that he agreed with how the techniques were shown and described. The book will be ready for distribution on September 20, 2005, and we will have updated information on our website on where the book can be purchased as the release date nears.

THE HEALER WITHIN® UNDERGOES CHANGES

HealthWorks Museum of South Bend, Indiana, will be the last venue to show The Healer Within® Traveling Exhibit, as we know it. The Healer Within® is a self-directed health exhibit that has traveled extensively throughout the United States and into Canada over the past six years and has been seen by more than 2.5 million visitors. It is a great exhibit and has received praise wherever it has gone. The Smithsonian staff said it was one of the best attended and most enjoyed exhibits that they have had at their building. After such a successful run, the exhibit is due for a new look and updates with current technology in order to be sent out for another six years.

Following the HealthWorks venue from July 12 to October 8, The Healer Within® exhibit will be shipped to a design firm where new graphics will be applied to appeal to a new generation of youth. Additional information will be added about diet and exercise, which may prevent many of the health problems seen in our youth today – obesity, coronary disease, and diabetes. The latest technology is planned such as a computer hologram program that will display the body's systems on a transparent figure. We will also feature a historical station that will explain the development of medicine over the past 3,000 years and the work of Dr. A.T. Still. We will keep you posted on developments.

WHAT ARE ALL THOSE PEOPLE DOING IN THERE?

From day to day, the Still National Osteopathic Museum can create quite a bustling atmosphere. From January 1 until July 30, 2005, the Museum has already seen 2,837 people. Every day, the Museum records the number of people that it serves and divides this number into four categories: student discovery programs, museum outreach programs, museum tours, and visitors. The student discovery programs, led primarily by our education coordinator, have totaled 609 students. We

also have implemented outreach programs in various communities. This attendance number has already come to 230 participants. Museum tours given to those interested in knowing the background of our artifacts have included 302 individuals. Finally, the number of visitors who take self-tours through our Museum is an impressive 1,696 family members, alumni, students, children, and others interested in osteopathic medicine.

MEMBER REGISTRATION

- \$5 Student
- \$15 Resident/Intern
- \$25 Associate
- \$50 Friend
- \$60 Research Member
- \$100 Patron
- \$500 Sponsor
- \$1000 Benefactor
- \$5000 Donor Laureate

I would like to make an additional donation to the following fund(s)

\$ _____ Collections

\$ _____ Education

\$ _____ Exhibition

If you are a D.O., please include your school and graduation year.

Name _____ MI _____

Address _____

City _____

State/ZIP _____

Phone _____

Email _____

Would you want to receive the Museum newsletter by email? Yes No

Payment by Check # _____ or MC V AE Discover

Acct. # _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

Tax deductible to the extent of the law.

MUSEUM HOURS

Monday – Wednesday

10 a.m. – 4 p.m.

Thursday

10 a.m. – 7 p.m.

Saturday

noon – 4 p.m.

Closed on major holidays,
during exhibit installations,
and for special campus events.

RESEARCH CENTER HOURS

Monday – Thursday

9 a.m. – 4 p.m.

or by appointment

Closed Saturday & Sunday

660.626.2359 • 660.626.2984 fax

museum@atsu.edu email

www.atstu.edu/museum

MUSEUM STAFF

Director Jason Haxton

Curator Debra Loguda-Summers

Exhibits Preparator Rob Clement

Education Coordinator Lisa Perkins

Office Manager Amanda Hereford

The Mission of the Still National Osteopathic Museum is: to collect, preserve, and make available for research artifacts that tell the national history of the osteopathic profession, from its beginning in 1874 as a rural, Midwestern, alternative medical practice to its full acceptance one hundred years later as a medical profession practiced worldwide; and to educate the public by providing informational exhibits and educational programs about osteopathic history and principles, including the science behind the body's natural ability of self-healing.