

BOB DAVIS WRITES OF THE STRANGE INFLUENCE ON HUMAN BEINGS OF ANAESTHETICS

On four different occasions during my lifetime I have been permitted to observe surgical operations in which the patients were rendered insensible to pain through the agency of powerful opiates. The rapid advance in this branch of medical science has brought about complete abolition of physical agony and enabled doctors to perform miracles.

It is quite difficult for the lay mind to grasp the full significance of the practice, mainly for the reason that certain reactions, individual to each person under anaesthetic influence, are misconstrued by those unfamiliar with what is actually taking place. Human speech, cries of anguish, physical convulsions and visible evidence of actual torture mean nothing whatever. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the afflicted person upon whom the surgeon operates is fast asleep and immune to pain.

Major Operation

My first experience as an eye-witness to a major operation harks back to a lumber camp in the Far West, where a logger caught by a falling tree suffered two broken legs, so badly crushed above the knees that immediate amputation was necessary in order to control the flow of blood and save his life. Three bags of ether were administered while midst the flash of knives and the rasping of saws the lumberjack was shortened a matter of three feet. During the ceremony of abbreviation the patient let loose a flood of invective, the richest I ever heard. In his blaspheming he reached out across the continent, flung his abuses into New England, up and beyond the Alaskan frontier, down to the Isthmus of Panama, and at the rafters over his head. A veritable volcano of violent and profane criticism of all mankind flowed from his lips.

"Doesn't mean a word of it," said the surgeon, proceeding with deft hands to do a first-class job of plain sewing for the critic. Suddenly, the stock of words, which seemed to be inexhaustible, gave out and the lumberjack passed into a gentle sleep, from which he emerged slowly and in peace the next day. During his convalescence I cross-examined him concerning his former connections, not hesitating to quote liberal sections from his address delivered while under the ether. For the life of him he couldn't recall a word of his ravings and even went so far as to tell me that he couldn't think of a living man whom he really disliked.

Iron Removed

In South Carolina several years ago I saw two doctors remove from the thigh of a news butcher a two-ounce fragment of cast iron, souvenir of a train wreck. In that case the anaesthesia, chloroform, influenced the boy to sing sailor chanteys. Between ballads he took up the private lives of his old folks and followed with a deluge of hard-phrased nursery rhymes from the works of Old Mother Hubbard. He took his own encore with verses from "Abdullah Bul-Bul Ameer" and "Christopher Columbus." His mother turned up at the hospital that

night and asked how Johnnie came through the operation. "Did he speak of me?" she asked. "Several times," said the nurse, "and also of his father. Home was uppermost in his thoughts. Yes, you can see him now, and every day until he is able to come home." One of the train hands told me that nobody had ever heard Johnnie sing a sailor chantey before. Well, they missed something.

Once I took a friend to a dentist who prescribed laughing gas, which was administered in my presence. Three deep inhalations and the patient was out, and so was the tooth. Deftly the dentist extracted the hard rubber plug from between my friend's lips where it had been placed to keep his jaws open, and shook him by the shoulder. Instead of awakening he burst into a broadcast directed at the inefficiency of big league baseball umpires, John McGraw, Connie Mack, Miller Higgins and Joe McCarthy. It was grand stuff, but at the moment when he was hitting on all cylinders and reaching the climax he flopped back in the chair and began to sing "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," which went out of print thirty years ago. He woke up before reaching the chorus and denied everything. No argument.

At Free Clinic

Quite recently I attended a free clinic where a delicate operation was to be performed on a Chinese whose breast bone, broken many years ago, was pressing upon his lungs. The patient, his arms strapped to his side, entirely covered by a white sheet and already under the influence of ether, was wheeled into the theater and deposited upon the operating table. The surgeon, famous for his skill, made a short address to the visiting doctors, removed the shroud with a swift gesture, and with a dexterity that seemed almost miraculous sliced knife and shears in a welter of crimson. The assistants to the surgeon, all operating under his directions, spoke and in pantomime, moved with the precision of clockwork. He seemed to plumb the depths of the recumbent Celestial. Incredibly short was the actual time spent over the pagan's frail body, although it seemed to be an age. Suddenly the action ceased, the mound was closed, the red tide stemmed, the arms of the patient freed, and yards of lint bandages swathed about his breast. Recalling other operations, I wondered why no speech, no outcry came from the incensed lips, why, from the pit into which the anaesthetized floats in oblivion, no echoes emerged. Had death reclaimed the mortal? As I sat there, awaiting the reaction that three times previously I had witnessed under similar conditions, the bandaged figure quivered as with returning life, slowly lifted both arms, at right angles with the body, the palms facing downward, made three barely perceptible bows and became inert.

"Gentlemen," said the surgeon, in a voice that seemed to echo from Peking, "the patient salutes Buddha, his business will go out, bringing back the God. The operation is a success."

SLOWED PULSE OF WALL STREET SCATTERS CROWD

(New York Herald-Tribune)

"Where has the crowd gone, officer?" "Back to the farm," answered the policeman in lower Broadway. "They moved out when the bottom fell out of the business done in that building down there," he said, as he pointed down Wall Street to the Stock Exchange. "That is the pulse of everything down here, and when that pulse is weak it is noticeable. "But the crowd will be back in time; they always come back," continued the wise cop, who said that he had been a long time in the Street and had seen panics and business upsets before, but none of them was so visible as the one we are battling through at present.

To one who has seen the Street when the market was good the financial district today is dead. "Yes," said the policeman, "every day looks like Sunday; hardly any one is moving about and if he is he is not in very much of a hurry. Tomorrow will do as well as today. Wall Street today compared with the wild days of 1926 and 1929, is like the Catskill village which Rip Van Winkle left when he took his long sleep." The racing messenger boys, the hurrying clerks, crowds of men, leaders hastening this way and that way, bent on business missions involving sometimes millions of dollars, are missing from the picture. Then there were the people who came to the Street to do business, to buy stocks, to make fortunes in oil, rails, sugar, motors or some of the other things traded in the building indicated by the stubby finger of the veteran police officer. They, too, are not to be seen in Wall Street these days.

"We knew the man new to Wall Street and we watched him," said the policeman. "He usually revealed his secret by the intense eagerness in his face. One hand was jammed into his pocket, clasping the money which he had taken from his bank to bring to his brokers or banker to be invested for him.

"The study of faces of people who passed the Broadway corner into Wall Street was most interesting, and I often speculated," said the cop, "whether or not I had analyzed them correctly."

Although you might not know the big men, it was easy to spot them. They had poise and calm which marked them as key men in a great game. "As a rule," explained the officer, they were modest, and one of the most retiring was the present J. P. Morgan. Of course the big men of two years ago are still here but the crowd, so necessary to a picture of Wall Street, is missing.

"Down at the Battery, near the ferries slaps, the motley mob of truck drivers there waiting in line to get on one of the half dozen ferries that land at the foot of Whitehall Street. Strange as it may seem, there are fewer people here on weekdays than you will find on a holiday. But every

thing will be righted in time and the call for help to take care of growing business will go out, bringing back the boy and the girl from the town and

MAUGERVILLE FAMILY IN HARD CIRCUMSTANCES

Fredericton, N. B., R.R. No. 2.
December 7th, 1932.
Phone 2300-13

The Editor, of the Mail,
Fredericton, N. B.

Permit me, through the medium of your valuable paper, to bring to the attention of your readers, and the public at large, some facts in connection with the administration of Relief in Sunbury County which I am sure the average citizen, if acquainted with, would most surely have rectified.

One of the cases in question concerns an immigrant family of four persons who have been residing here for the past two and a half years. This family is now absolutely destitute, the two children are sleeping on the floor, the mother is unable to leave the house for lack of clothing, and the father has hardly sufficient clothes to enable him to endure the present weather conditions.

This family was placed on Relief November 22nd., and since that time received the following supplies:

November 22nd.—1 lb. sugar, 1 lb. tea, 2 loaves bread, 1 pk. yeast, 24 lb. flour, 2 lb butter, 1 pk baking soda, 1 pk cream of tartar, 2 lb. oatmeal.
November 26th.—7 lb oatmeal, 2 lb. butter, ½ bbl. potatoes.
November 30th.—1 lb tea, 5 lb. lard, 1 lb sugar.
December 3rd.—1 lb lard, 1 lb. sugar, 2 lb. onions.

The above supplies total \$3.66 and this family has not received any further attention from The Relief since December 3rd.

According to the general understanding in regard to the amount of relief to which these people are entitled to, the sum of Eight Dollars and eighty-four cents should have been spent on supplies, whereas only Three Dollars and sixty-six cents was spent on the supplies, as can be vouched for by any person who takes the trouble to check the list.

The present condition of this family is deplorable, due to the lack of clothes, food and fuel. In the case of the food, we are told that the family is entitled to \$8.84. They have only received \$3.66, certainly not enough to retain the spark of life in a family of four for over two weeks, and it is only due to the kindness of neighbors that the family have so far been able to survive.

Cannot something be done to give this family the Relief to which they are entitled? The mother is now ill and if some measures are not taken, and taken immediately, to render this family the absolute necessities, conditions will indeed become tragic for them as soon as the weather becomes more severe.

Thanking you for your space and trusting to the good efforts of responsible citizens to alleviate these conditions.

Yours Truly,
Mrs. James E. Edmons.

Lewisburg, Pa., Dec. 8—An airplane pilot who zoomed over the new north-eastern federal penitentiary buildings near here aroused the ire of Warden Henry C. Hill and thereby endangered the pilot's right to fly.

For Hill directed an investigation, ordered the license number of the plane reported to federal authorities, and promised punishment for the flier.

A federal law forbids airplanes from coming within 1000 feet of a federal prison.

Now is the time for the annual revival of a lusty belief in Santa Claus. Some of the greatest successes are wrong from beginning to end. Napoleon was.

farm, again to earn big wages, as in the days when every one was making money and spending it.

"These are interesting times but a number of years will have to pass before we get the proper perspective of what we are living through. This is history, and I hope we will profit by it, but good times are around the end of the year," said the veteran patrolman, "and by spring time we will have a crowd milling through Wall Street and we will have forgotten the things of yesterday," he exclaimed as he turned to direct a woman to the Portland Street ferry.



Hotpoint
ELECTRICAL WEDDING GIFTS

wly-weds will appreciate Electrical Servants, a Hotpoint Percolator, Toaster or Waffle Iron. sure to please . . . and very inexpensive! HAM-70

Sold by
ASSOCIATED GAS AND ELECTRIC SYSTEM

A CANADIAN CENTRAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

It's getting to be that a man can Jazz has made dancing one of the gaze on the price tag attached to a lost arts, judging from the contortions pair of shoes without fear of suffer that some of the self-styled dancers go through nowadays.

Come To — A Printing Office FOR YOUR PRINTING Requirements

LETTER HEADS

ENVELOPES CIRCULARS
PROGRAMMES CARDS
WEDDING INVITATIONS
BILL HEADS LEGAL FORMS
HONEY LABELS REPORTS
AUCTION SALE HANGARS
BOOKS CATALOGUES
DODGERS STATEMENTS
FINANCIAL STATEMENTS
MENUS RECEIPT BOOKS
BUTTER WRAPPERS POSTERS
VISITING CARDS

ALL KINDS OF

CIRCULARS AND PAMPHLETS
Printed to Order

PRINTING IS OUR BUSINESS
NOT A SIDE LINE

The Entire Printing Department of THE
MAIL is at Your Service in Your Printing
Needs.

Mail Printery
Phone 67 627-29 Queen Street
FREDERICTON, N. B.
Printing That Combines Price With
Satisfaction

\$7.00 TO MONTREAL And \$7.00
FRIDAY, DEC. 9th RETURN

GOING:
Lv. FREDERICTON FRIDAY — DEC. 9 Train 112 Eastern Time
Ar. MONTREAL SATURDAY — DEC. 10 Special Train 6.00 P. M.
RETURNING:
Lv. MONTREAL MONDAY — DEC. 12 Special Train 7.05 P. M.
Ar. FREDERICTON TUESDAY — DEC. 13 Train 109 10.15 A. M.

HOCKEY--CANADIENS vs. SENATORS
MONTREAL FORUM — DECEMBER 10th, 8.30 p.m.
REDUCED RATES FOR EXCURSIONISTS AT MONTREAL HOTELS

BUY YOUR TICKETS EARLY

ON GOING TRIP Tickets will be honored DEC. 9th Only. RETURNING—Will be good on Regular trains leaving Montreal Saturday, DEC. 10; Sunday, DEC. 11, and Monday, DEC. 12.

Further Information, Tickets, Etc., At All Ticket Offices

TICKETS GOOD
IN
COACHES
ONLY

Canadian Pacific
The World's Greatest Travel System

RESTAURANT
CAR ON
SPECIAL
TRAIN