2/4/11

C/O Cornwall Historical Society

Memories of Dr Brad

My name is Paul Y Johnson. Brought into this world by the kind and wonderful Dr. The 2nd of April 1934. The sixth of eight children born to Michael and Anna Johnson. All by Dr. Brad. He was always. Always! There for mom and Dad. Any time of day or night. I think my first time as a young boy in his office it was frightened by his tremendous man with deep baritone voice. His vivid white hair. His movements were quick and always precise. Always that menthol-lated King size cigarette in his mouth. You learned very quickly of his caring gentleness.

When I was sixteen, brother Bob and I two years my senior decided to go on a hayride. Cousin Stanley was up from the city. We all had girlfriends. It was Sept ember. Little on the chilly side. Decided to change to Bob's car. I had to go to the bathroom. As I started to run around the machinery shed. I ran into a mowing machine. Left halfway elevated by oldest brother. It was pitch black dark. It was in horren-dous pain. The guard had punctured the muscle just above my knee cap. They got me down to the house. Where I passed out from the pain. Rushed me to Dr Brads. He cut open my jeans. As he did this it released the pressure. Needless to say it became quite gory. After placing a

tourniquet. Doc asked if I wanted a shot of brandy, all with that long white cigarette in his mouth. Are you sure he said. I'm going to have to quarterize it. I camly said. Nope. After he tied me all up. Dr Brad said you're very fortunate. If your leg had been straight. You'd have fractured your knee cap. I won't go any further. I did hobble on crutches awhile.

Another time Mom and Dad had gone on their first real vacation with friends to Florida. They had just arrived in Jacksonville. It was a Saturday night. All of us kinds had sat to the regular Sat night supper. Spagetti and sausage. Michael the youngest always sat next to me. It was March 19th. He was five. On his first mouthful, he regurgitated. Dr. Brad placed him immediately in Charlotte Hungerford. Tumor on the esophagus. Lukemeia. Needless to say. The end of Mom & Dads vacation. It was a long road for everyone. Michael was tranfered to Boston Children's Hospital. The Shrinners. Mom spent many days in that hospital. We all took our turns. Really opens your eyes, when you see all those young children with the spirits. Dr. Brad was getting on in years at that time. His son took over at Boston.

Michael was sent home two weeks before he passed. Three and a half months of struggle.

From March 19th He passed on July 7th He wasted to nine pounds. I remember well. Even Dr Bradford Walker in his diminishing years came to the Johnson home in Ellenworth and pronounced Michaels death.

Brad was and is a tremendous tribute to his vocation.

Regards,
Paul H Johnson

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