

Tom Hubbard
Cornwall

Interview

Tom “grew up” in the Walker household; that is, Brad’s sons were Tom’s contemporaries and friends.

Dr. Walker delivered Tom by Caesarean section. Some years later, Tom queried Dr. Walker about that fact. His response, in his gruff voice was, “Yup, first and last.” That is, Dr. Walker was a general Practitioner, not a surgeon, so could not continue to perform that procedure.

Tom was the youngest of five children. His father died when Tom was nine months old, leaving his mother a widow with a relatively large and active brood. Her brother, Gordon Hale, a doctor who served in the Navy for 40 year and never married, took them in and served as surrogate father for Tom. When Gordon became ill in his old age, Brad Walker would stop in at night to chat and check on Gordon. One night as he left he said to Tom’s mother, ‘Marty, be sure to give Gordon a kiss tonight.’ Gordon died that night.

Letter

I can only add a few personal impressions:

In appearance he was of sallow complexion, somewhat fleshy about the face, with a cigarette always (almost always) hanging from his mouth. His demeanor was gruff; or rather he was short of conversational excess, which made him rather intimidating, particularly to the younger patients. He was a fast driver and could make it to Charlotte Hungerford Hospital from Cornwall in fifteen minutes; it’s a wonder he never had a serious accident. He maintained an office in Torrington, but conducted office hours each morning and evening in his home on Pine Street. In the days I remember, he was also the local druggist as there was no drug store nearby; he maintained stocks of what I assume were all the common drugs on the shelves of his office. His offices at home consisted of a waiting room to the right as you entered the front door, his office directly across the hall, and an examining room to the west of that.

He loved a party and it seems to me he and Katie entertained a lot; he would spend the evening on the guitar or at the piano. (I suspect because he found social conversation difficult.) This did not prevent him from going out at all hours to a sick patient.

His wife, Katie, and his three sons, Ted, Tom and Bill, were much a part of his life, and I could go on and on about my recollections of them. But enough is enough.