

Alden Hart
North Carolina

I am a Doc Walker baby as are all my Hart brothers and sisters. I was born in 1940, the Doc Walker early years.

I still carry a sign of his medical abilities. I suffered a severe gash to the left side of my right hand palm that required 8 to 10 stitches. My parents took me over at night. He met us in the office and did the sewing. To this day I carry that scar and am reminded of one constant in his medical practice: he smoked all the time in his office while attending to patients. Those were sure different days.

He gave us all our High School physicals. He was a kind man, as I remember, with a wry sense of humor. But I'll never forget those rimless glasses and his smoking.

And one other item which demonstrates his skill or maybe luck. When my father Charles Whittlesey Hart (Whit) broke his neck in a haying accident in 1948, it was Doc Walker who showed up at the farm in his black car. I was eight years old at the time and do not know exactly how Doc Walker got him in the car. Rumor has it that he strapped Dad to an ironing board, put him on the back seat of his car, and took him to Charlotte Hungerford Hospital in Torrington. After some months in a neck cast, Dad did completely recover and continued farming as if the accident had never occurred.