

Denis Curtiss, reported by BJ Curtiss  
Kent, CT

I've tried to elicit memories/anecdotes from Denis but this is all he can think of. I, too, grew up with Doc Walker's era, but I never ever went to a doctor nor did my siblings...we were too healthy drinking Calhoun's raw milk and playing in the woods till dark!

Denis was delivered by Walker, as of course all the Cornwall kids were. In first grade, he and Fred Bate needed their tonsils out, so since Torrington was such a major trek, their surgeries were scheduled together (Doris Bate drove, Denis's mother didn't). All went well. But Doc filled out the paperwork wrong, and probably to this day, it is written that Denis Bate and Fred Curtiss had their tonsils out!

Medication was dispensed from a big glass jar that Doc kept in his office, tilted out into a paper envelope. No pharmacy needed. One wonders now what the pills actually were, seemed to be just a few kinds to cure most any ills.

Doc visits were paid, in cash, at the visit. He took the money without seeming to count it and jammed the wad of bills (usually about \$15, including pills) into his pocket. He always had a cigarette stuck on his lower lip, burning. Even while examining you. He drove like the wind, and rumor had it that the lollypops in Goshen's rotary were spaced just so Doc Walker's car could fly straight through the middle.