

Hendon Chubb
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One Sunday in the early 1970s, my then wife Nita Colgate and I were playing in a pickup game of soccer at the oval in Cornwall Village, and John O'Donnell launched a terrific kick that sent the ball hard into Nita's right knee from a distance of about four feet. She didn't think too much about it at the time, but during the following week the knee grew more and more painful, so the following weekend we went to Dr. Walker, whom we had never met. He looked her over and gave her a cortisone shot - which may or may not have been helpful - but what we both remember is his comment: "That's what you get for playing soccer on a Sunday."