

John Calhoun
Cornwall

Dr. Walker welcomed me into this world in March of 1940 at Charlotte Hungerford Hospital in Torrington, CT. I can only assume that he swatted my bottom to assure strong cries and deep breaths. I do not remember this particular event.

At age ten or so I was mowing lawn at home and was stung by a white tailed hornet behind my right knee. By the time I ran around the house, my pulse had doubled and airways were constricting. Mom took me up to Doc Walker, who just happened to be at his office, and he gave me a shot of adrenaline which saved my life. This I remember most distinctly.

Rumor has it that the good doctor spread the lollipops at the Goshen rotary so that his car could fit through without having to traverse the rotary itself. Fact or fiction, I'm not sure, but it makes a good story. He was always in a hurry to get to the hospital to assist laboring mothers.

Invariably he had a cigarette in his mouth, and we would make bets as to how long the ash would grow before it fell off.

He usually appeared as gruff, matter of fact, and to some people scary. Yet he had a twinkle in his eye and had a dry sense of humor.

I vaguely remember him playing the piano at a dinner party at my parents' house decades ago.

Over the years he drove Nash cars then Thunderbirds.

I used to deliver milk to him for years on the farm when the family had the milk route. The Walkers' standing order: one quart of milk and 1/2 pint of cream three days a week.

He also mowed his lawn with a Gravely mower.