

Peg Bourne Pederson

I really have only two memories of Dr. Walker, other than the abundance of white hair. At a young age (pre-teen), Sue and I had allergy shots for hay fever, etc., which he administered during the summer months and which I tried to avoid by hiding behind the large lilac bush on the north corner of our house. When I reminded Sue of this, she had no recollection of these escapades but I am sure she was a part of it.

More of a reflection of the change in medical practices on both the part of our family and of Dr. Walker, would be the two trips I made to have cuts taken care of as a teen-ager – late 1940s perhaps. The first time I put my right arm through a front door windowpane; my mother felt she could take care of the multiple cuts (3); it was only after a week did I see Dr. Walker. He bandaged me up, without stitches or Novocain. I still have a scar from one of the cuts. I am sure today there would have been a trip to the emergency room, many stitches, and hopefully some Novocain.

The second trip was after hitting the bottom of the lake with my left elbow right at the bend. This time my mother realized “butterflies” would not do the trick. Again, without Novocain, Dr. Walker tried metal clamps or clips to keep the cut from opening if I bent my elbow; they did not work so he switched to stitches. Still, no Novocain!