

Scoville Soulé
Interview by Ann Schillinger

[Scoville Soulé was born in 1923, the year that Walker came to Cornwall. He first visited Cornwall as a child and now lives in a family house on Scoville Road that he inherited.]

We [S.S. had two sisters] went to Dr. Walker when we were up here, but we didn't see him frequently; we didn't have a lot of sickness. I knew his kids, Ted and Tom (though not too well), and there was a younger one [Billy]. Tom was a diabetic, and I think that was what finally ended his life. When he went into an operation he always had a glass of orange juice near by. But I didn't really know their parents.

Katie Walker: I went to a birthday party for either Tom or Ted, and everyone who came was given a rabbit. Evidently Mrs. Walker had been given rabbits as a gift, and they multiplied. She gave them out for self-defense -- she was up to her navel in rabbits.

The cabin on Cream Hill Lake was theirs. Ted and Tom worked on it - they were both good with their hands.

Once Walker was examining my nephew -- one of Mary Lou's kids, her oldest -- and he started crying. Walker put his face down right close to him and said, "Shut up!" or words to that effect. He wasn't good with kids. But he attended more than a few ill people in all-night vigils at their bedsides.

He could put away a pretty good amount of booze when he wanted to. He was a good singer and loved parties as well. Saying "Good night" at one neighborhood boozing party, Bud Schutte bowed grandly while taking his leave and fell off the porch, cutting his forehead. Dr. Walker took him inside, stitched him up. Bud claimed he could never find the scar.

Walker was compassionate, but gruff on occasion. There was a story of a Sunday soccer game casualty, a player with a dislocated finger. Walker didn't like to have anyone come to his office on Sunday -- that was his day. He looked at the finger, suddenly pulled it out, snapped it back and grumbled back to his living room, "Damn fool." The soccer player, when asked, "Didn't it hurt?": "I don't know. It happened so fast." The last time I saw him he was in his pajamas and robe -- it was a Sunday -- and he gave us some medicine; he had multiple bottles given him by salesmen.

I was walking down the street outside his Torrington office as the doctor was stashing some things in his car trunk. "Hi, Dr. Walker." No answer. Louder: "Hi, Dr. Walker." No answer. Louder, "HI, DR. WALKER." His nurse who was helping him: "He says Hi."

While he was crossing a street in New York City after an engagement party preceding son Tom's wedding, Dr. Walker slipped crossing the wet street and fell. Onlookers, not

wishing to embarrass him, waited to see if he could get up and never said a word. He did get up, and never looked back. The onlookers watched, still silent.

The traffic circle on Route 4 in Goshen had barriers to prevent people going through it -- those stands are still there, I think. He used to go straight through it, and once they had been moved closer together than he was used to, and he couldn't "thread the needle" and knocked some of them away.

[Fees]: A lot of times he just didn't charge someone; he did a lot of pro bono work, never sent a bill in. I think I still owe him some money.