

**PHYSICIANS**

(By Harry H. Greene)

There are times in life when the most optimistic realize how inadequate is the ability, and just now my soul is humbled by a wish that I scarcely dare to own, for something better than I have known, and that something is the ability to write a tribute worthy of the men and their life work, who safeguarded the health and happiness of a contented people through five decades.

Men, who faced tropic heat or Arctic cold, carrying with them in the back of their one man buggies, drawn by their tireless horses, that, which took the place of a properly equipped hospital. Their wise brains, their capable hands and their understanding hearts, made of them a staff of physicians and surgeons. Their eyes were X-Rays, they made the kitchen equipment into an operating room and the bed room became a maternity department.

They co-operated with the stork many times fought battles with life and death, the result being a life added to the family circle where economy had decreed too much life already existed.

They spent long and tiring hours in fever stricken homes, where all thought of collecting fees were lost sight of. They comforted the stricken and eased the dying, for what? Applause? No. Just what was their reward? Let the ages reply in the language of realms where mysteries are revealed and the answer is condensed in the simple but expressive words, "Well Done", "Enter thou into the joy of thy labors."

Deploring our lack of ability to measure their worth, we would introduce these, our heroes, to the readers of these pages, hoping that the kindly thoughts and tender memories awakened in your mind may in a measure make up for our deficiency.

First, was old Dr. Will Randall, man of the seventies, whose escape from death when his team and sleigh crashed over the side of "World's

End" and hung in the tree tops, was looked upon as a miracle. Then Dr. Lance who soon sought more lucrative fields. Dr. P. W. King, who, in ten years burned out his young life in service to an ideal, dying in his fortieth year from consumption. Dr. P. H. Byron, Dr. J. L. Christian honored with a seat in the state legislature after years of strenuous service at Hillsgrove and Lopez,—now respected by the medical profession at the State Capitol. Dr. Blake E. Gamble, a gentleman and scholarly descendant of a long line of physicians. Dr. M. E. Plumstead went west and we lost trace of him. Dr. Mervine, Dr. Brown, with many others, who were not residents of Hillsgrove, but frequently called to minister to the sick and in consultation, from Forksville, Dushore and Williamsport. Chief among them, was the genial and efficient Dr. M. E. Herrmann, and Dr. Will F. Randall, the son of a pioneer father, whose tragic death will ever remain one of the unsolved mysteries of the will of providence.

We would remember the two native sons entering the professions, Dr. Guy Dutter and Dr. Harry Haas and an adopted son, Dr. Silas D. Molyneaux, who ministers in the Binghamton Hospital and at his office in Binghamton, N. Y. and on many occasions sufferers from his native hearth seek his services.

**HILLSGROVE'S BEAUTY SPOTS**

(By Harry H. Greene)

The stranger speeding over roads, that now follow the course of the Loyalsock through the Allegheny valleys, finds little in the scenery worthy of a second glance, but the man or woman whose childhood was wrapped around by these old mountains knows of expansive pockets in which mother nature has hidden loveliness of a quality rare beyond description of pen or brush; with beauties added by association too sacred for record in any other book than the spotless page of the Record-