



~ Part 12 ~

Reflections on a Common Theme Doctors and Hospitals

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CLOUD COUNTY

The Doctor in Glasco

Claude Harwood served in WWII, enlisting at the age of 18. He was wounded in action while serving in Germany. His extended convalescence in Belgium introduced him to the medical corps and to University of Kansas medical personnel, experiences that led him to KU Medical School when he returned to civilian life and the possibilities offered by the G.I. Bill.

During this same period, Glasco was attempting to secure a local physician. Community-wide efforts to raise funds tapped high school students, women's organizations, and the Chamber of Commerce, for projects that helped fund building the modern clinic at 302 E. First Street. This outpouring of energy reflected public grassroots action on behalf of public health.

Claude Harwood, M. D., and his wife Marilyn accepted the position of physician in Glasco in September 1956. He served with compassion, discipline, and gentle wisdom until his retirement on June 30, 1990. However, his commitment to Glasco's well-being is seen in what Dr. Harwood continues to do. His vision of total well-being is seen in his role at the Christian Church, as President of the Glasco Historical Society, as an active VFW member, as President of the Glasco Chamber Pride, and as caring companion of his wife, Marilyn, until her death in October 2012.

In 2008-2011 Dr. Harwood led Glasco in responding to Governor Sebelius's initiative for Healthy Communities. As president of the Pride organization, he facilitated the discussions and surveys that made it possible to apply for the Get It-Do It! Healthy Community program initiated by Governor Sebelius. Over 50 years after arriving in Glasco to begin his medical career, Dr. Harwood continues to show leadership in Public Health. He does this most effectively by demonstrating those qualities that are the components of Health: leadership, discipline, wisdom, and compassion!

ROOKS COUNTY

by Sherry Brown (with excerpts from the Plainville Times)

The dream of the Plainville Rural Hospital began in February 1953 when a meeting was called for the purpose of establishing a hospital district in Rooks County. Ralph and Geraldine Arnhold donated the land and construction was started on May 5, 1953. The doors opened February 21, 1955. It was around this time that the town of Stockton had the good fortune of securing two doctors who would become pillars in the community and in Rooks County.

While serving in the military in a medical capacity, Dr. Harold Mauck got the idea that a lifetime of doing that very thing may well be to his liking. Mauck, who married his sweetheart, Shirley Powell in 1953, graduated from the University of Kansas School of Medicine in 1954 and hung his shingle up with baseball buddy, Dr. William Votapka, in Stockton. One of his great sources of enjoyment through the years came from his older patients, seeing to their specialized needs, and making frequent house calls.

Born in Jennings, Kansas, Dr. William Votapka fulfilled his dream of becoming a doctor in 1953 when he graduated from the University of Kansas School of Medicine. He and his wife, Phyllis, who was a nurse, settled in Stockton when Votapka, who was set to sign a contract with Dr. Mary of Phillipsburg, reconsidered. The two wound up in Stockton with Phyllis struck by the beauty of the town. When Votapka inquired at the drug store if the town was interested in a doctor, he was told that his baseball and college buddy, Dr. Harold Mauck, was already serving the community. With

destiny working with him, Dr. Votapka set up practice with Mauck in the town's brand new health center.

Votapka's greatest joy during his 37 years of service was the delivering of over 1,000 babies of which 865 were born in Plainville, with eight sets of twins.

In January 2003 the hospital board voted to change the name of the Plainville Rural Hospital to Rooks County Health Center. Along with the name change came a new logo and new colors representing the school colors from Plainville (red), Stockton (blue), and Palco (yellow).

In April 2003 the city of Plainville gave the land north of town to the hospital and the board began working on an application for financing a new facility.

In 2006 the voters of Rooks County overwhelmingly gave their approval for the hospital board to begin construction of the \$15.2 million facility. On December 4, 2006, a groundbreaking ceremony was held at the new hospital site.

Early 2007, construction began on the new hospital and it was completed on September 7, 2008. The dedication included Congressman Jerry Moran (a Plainville native), Governor Kathleen Sebelius, and over 800 other attendees.

On September 8, 2008, a ceremony was held on the front lawn of the old hospital to "say a goodbye to an old friend" with over 50 people in attendance. The hospital's last baby was born that morning. On September 22, 2008, Rooks County Health Center officially opened its doors for business at 7:00 a.m. at its new location at 1210 N Washington. The old facility at 300 S Colorado closed its doors at 7:00 p.m.

GRAHAM COUNTY

"Dr. Lottie Findley Law," taken from the book *Pioneers of Western Kansas*

Lottie Findley was born the youngest child in a family of twelve in Osage County, Kansas, in 1880, and came with her family to Graham County when she was six years of age. The family made the 21-day journey from Lyndon to their new homestead southeast of Morland by covered wagon.

Lottie first attended a little sod schoolhouse near the homestead and then in later years walked three miles to a school in Morland. After completing grade school, Lottie took the Normal School examinations and taught school one year. Her teacher's certificate gave her credentials for entering medical college and her father gave her a horse which she sold for \$100.00 to finance her entrance into the world of medical knowledge which had been her goal from an early age. Lottie entered Kansas Medical College at Topeka for two years then finished her Medical schooling at Woman's College in Kansas City, Missouri, where her sister was taking a course in pharmacy. Her first year as an M.D. was spent in "Practice Internship" at Centropolis, Kansas, North of Ottawa.

In February 1902 Dr Lottie returned to Graham County. After buying her first medical equipment and "hanging out her shingle," Dr. Lottie never ceased acquiring the latest instruments and machine for her office work. Her office was rated the most up-to-date and fully equipped doctor's office in the western half of the State. In the early days of her practice, Dr. Lottie made her calls by horse and buggy. She had two teams of horses ready to take her to sick folks in all parts of the county day or night. She purchased her first car, one of the first two in Hill City, in 1904. She still had to keep her horses, for the roads were very unreliable for car travel. "It took a lot of living to be a doctor in the horse and buggy days," said Dr. Lottie in an interview. "I thought it would be easy when I got a car, but it meant more places to call." In her fifty-two years of service in the county, Dr. Lottie treated all her patients regardless of color, creed, or financial ability with the same efficiency, promptness, and sympathy.

Of the twelve Findley children, four of them were interested in medicine, two as doctors and two as pharmacists. Two of her sisters also married doctors. In 1920, she married Ray Law and became the parents of a son, Findley in 1922 who also became a doctor. As a woman physician, Dr. Lottie found her life immensely interesting, but not an easy one.

SHERIDAN COUNTY

"Remembering with Grandma Freeman,"

by Nina McGurk -- A History of Faith and Labor, Sheridan County history book.

One of the most loved pioneers of Sheridan County was Elizabeth Miner Freeman, or Grandma Freeman as she was affectionately known. She was born March 6, 1854, near Louisville, Henry County, Indiana, and passed away July 14, 1941, at age 87. She was married to Dr. Daniel Freeman

July 14, 1872, at Warsaw, Indiana. Four children were born to this union, Alva, Jennie, Willie, and Avis.

At Hoxie's 50th anniversary celebration, Grandma Freeman was christened the "Godmother of Sheridan County." She rode in the parade in a single-seated two wheel cart similar to the one she had rode thousands of miles to bring food to the hungry and comfort and help to the sick and afflicted; a Good Samaritan. The following are some lines of her remembrances:

The doctor, myself, and two oldest children arrived in what is now Sheridan County on the 10th of April, 1879. Our first stopping place was on Sand Creek on the place now owned by T. K. Robinson. There was nothing on this bleak prairie then—just cattle.

We were the first family that had ventured this far from Warsaw, Indiana. But soon after there were a lot of men, who came to file on claims. They had to go to Kirwin as that was the place to place your papers on what you wanted.

There was a man that thought he knew where all the corner stones were and knew the number of the sections but we found out afterwards that he knew nothing about it. He got people pretty badly mixed up on their claims and made a lot of trouble. He charged everyone \$5.00 for locating them.

Those that came the summer and fall of 1879 built a dugout or small shack and did some plowing, enough to hold their claim, then went back east for the winter. Very few stayed.

The prairies were solid with dry bones of dead cattle and during the summer of 1879, the settlers here gathered those bones and hauled them to Buffalo Park. Here they sold them (as there was a man there buying) and that is what we bought our groceries with.

We who had a few dollars used them to buy poles from a man on the North Fork to make roofs on our houses. Our walls were sod; our roof, poles and hay and covered with sod.

In the winter we had lots of snow. Our only fuel was what we called cow chips. These were gathered and piled close to our houses and covered with bunch grass which the cows would not eat.

Our first winter was rather severe and our provisions ran pretty low. We had to go so far after what we needed that it always took two days. We got our mail only once a month and not that often if the weather was bad. We got through the winter without mishap of any kind.

In the spring of 1880, people commenced coming back, bringing their families with them and in May 1880, our county was organized. Men were appointed to fill the different offices of the county. E. J. Turner and some others from Topeka came out and legalized our county for all judicial purposes. Our first town was named Kenneth, after E. J. turner's son.

About this time, things began to boom. Men of means came here from the east. They built stores, hotels, post offices and lumber offices. All the lumber had to be hauled from Buffalo Park so that gave lots of people a chance to make a small living as it took two days to go and come with a load regardless of the weather.

The road was then known as the Texas cattle trail up to Nebraska. Most all the settlers brought a cow or two with them. The way the first settlers got started in cattle here would be to go to the bidding ground early in the morning when the cattle were started on the trail and the little calves that were dropped during the night could be picked up. Sometimes there would be 100 little calves. You could take what you wanted and they would not leave them to starve. They never gathered them up. Later you could sell or butcher them.

Our worst trouble was getting water. Everybody on the divide had to haul their water from Sand Creek. There were several springs along the creek and different ones would dig out a spring, sink a box or barrel so as to get drinking water. They used creek water for other purposes. Our first well in Kenneth was dug by L. J. Wright. It was the only one. Some would dip water from the big lagoon on the prairie but that soon caused sickness, chills and malaria fever.

We celebrated our first fourth of July, 1880, at Kenneth. E. J. turner was our speaker. He gave a glowing description of what our county could someday be if we would stay with it (which some of us have).

When sickness started, then the hard work began. The Doctor and I have gone in all kinds of weather, day and night. We sure saw some sorrowful places without anything to eat or to wear. We found that sometimes they needed something to eat more than medicine. We have found families, expectant mothers, without a garment of any kind. I have taken clothes off myself to wrap the infant in till I could go home and get some from my own children. We never refused anybody when we were called in case of sickness. If we found sickness that was far away, we have taken them in our own home and took care of them till they were well or dead. There were lots of people left here because they could not stand the hardship that some of the rest of us did.

In those days, we always took our own provisions and carried a keg of water for our horses, as most everybody hauled water. We also carried our drinking water when we went to call on the sick.

As the years went by, times changed. There was more work for the people, it rained more, and crops grew. More people came to make their homes. We also had drought and hoppers. There was lots of sickness and some deaths. There wasn't much money in the county till the spring of 1886 when some eastern people came in.

Water was our great problem with just one well in Kenneth, so the people moved the town to the present site of Hoxie.

The Doctor and I were on the go taking care of the sick. They had no way to pay cash, so we took most anything they had to offer. In winter, we carried our shovel along to dig out of snow drifts. Some of our early day settlers will vouch for that. At the birth of one of our fellow townsman, we took a sod plow for pay (we won't tell names). Now a number of physicians came here; some hardly gained a residence before they moved on, but we stayed on.

In 1888, when the railroad came in, a wonderful change took place. Railroad camps were established every three miles and men brought their families. The big bird was always visiting the camps. It sure was hard visiting the camps and keeping them sanitary. Quite a few died with typhoid fever from using the creek water. There were some we assisted at their birth in early days that are grandparents in our line of work. We have been called upon to do all kinds of work, taking stitches in little fellows who got badly cut, and setting broken bones. In those days, the Doctor and I have even helped lower people in their graves in the old Kenneth cemetery. Mostly people buried their dead on their claims.

In the early days, we had no laid out roads, so the only way we had of finding the homes of people if it was night was a lantern hanging on the clothesline post. Every wagon trail that you see on the prairie, we have helped make.

I remember in 1881, we had an Indian scare. People all gathered at Kenneth. Some of the settlers came with all their belongings not knowing how it would end. There were quite a lot of people so we were huddled in all kinds of buildings. We were all a jolly crowd; we sang songs and waited. The Indians killed some of the cattle-took what meat they wanted and went on west of Hoxie and Selden.

For the good that lack assistance
The wrongs that need resistance
The future in the distance
And the good that we can do.

–Grandma Freeman–