

Doc's Mill  
Echo July 30, 1936  
By Carol Sprague

Thursday, August 6, 1936

When Dr. S. drove up to a farmhouse door in his cutter, faces brightened. Apple-cheeked, beaming, his carefully brushed suit hidden under a huge buffalo coat, he would stamp in with a word of greeting for each member of the family and special gifts for the children. There he would stay, sometimes the entire night, nolding and administering to a gasping child or helping a new little life into the world, with perhaps no other aid than that rendered by the frantic husband. Doctor's mere presence brought healing and hope to anxiety-racked households.

Although Old Doc's body was small, his soul was gigantic. No drift was too deep, no winter's gale too biting to keep him from answering a call. A born New Englander, he had the sturdy character and determined fighting endurance of that pioneer stock.

His dignity was tempered with a whimsical humor that never failed. Once, after service, he said to his pastor, a twinkle in his eye. "We listened to a fine sermon today; too bad you couldn't have heard it!"

Such sense of humor, such tranquillity of spirit put fresh courage into all of us, old and young.

Our town used to get all worked up over homeopathy and allopathy. Dr. S. was one of the few who refrained from criticizing those who differed from him in medicine, and his tolerance extended to politics and religion. True to his own convictions always, he conceded to every man the right to his.

City doctors probably wouldn't consider Dr. S. a success. You see, he wasn't businesslike. He wouldn't dun his patients, so bills accumulated year by year. In addition to a little home off Main Street, his practice yielded him only a modest living. "They'll pay when they get round to it," he would say, if a friend protested.

So a while before he died, he called in his friend, the editor of our weekly. "Mac," he said, "I've got a few papers here I'd like you to see me destroy. I don't want anyone bothered with these old things after I'm gone."

Whereupon he took the sheaf of bills (the lot represented thousands of dollars) and burned them in the presence of and against the protest of the witness, who is also an officer of the law. He was leaving enough, he said, to take care of his responsibilities and to bury him, so the folks who couldn't pay—well, he'd rather not have them bothered. "Never did like this dunning anyway," he chuckled.

That was our old Doc S.  
—The Country Home

Mr. and Mrs. Rollin Sprague and Madeline of Kalamazoo spent the week end with his father and mother, Rev. and Mrs. F. P. Sprague. He remained until Tuesday because of the serious illness of his mother, Mrs. Sprague is improving from the after effects of the flu.

In addition to those who donated so liberally in the expense of the improvements to the Congregational Church property, the following people gave for the new roof of the Chapel: The Clark Wells family of Charlotte, Mrs. Anna Herring Port Sheldon, West Olive, Mich.; G. C. Sprague, New York City; Miss Evelyn Sprague, Detroit; Miss Frances Sprague, New York City; Miss Emma Bodine, Greenville, Mich.; Francis Hopper, Muskegon, Mich.

Clarence Folger, a former resident of our town is spending the week in and around Vermontville taking in the Home Coming. Mr. Folger is a member of the Folgers Sales and Service Co. of Galesburg, Mich., in which his son C. Burton Folger is General Manager and in charge of auto sales, he having sold 27 new '36 Dodge cars and Trucks and Plymouth cars. The Folgers have 3 gasoline stations on US 12 at Galesburg besides their large Farming and Stock raising activities. Clair also took in the old Loucks school reunion which was held at Fred Roots in Roxand Sunday last. He says he cannot complain about the depression as their business from a small start 2 1-2 years ago has gradually kept growing until now besides Clair and his two sons they employ 3 to 5 extra hands. Burton Folger is a graduate of Western State Teachers College.

Former residents and families who registered at the Chapel Sunday included: Mrs. Blanche Ingraham, Mr. and Mrs. Karl Shepard and family, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Benedict and family, Lily Benedict, of Battle Creek; A. T. Brigham, Marshall; Mr. and Mrs. Vern Rishel and family, Mrs. W. W. Archdeacon, Mr. and Mrs. Rollin Sprague and Madeline, Kalamazoo; Mr. and Mrs. Roy Fuller and Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Benedict, Grand Rapids; Mrs. Marjorie Johnson and Betty, Lake Odessa; Mrs. Alice Hallenbeck, Miss Ora Hallenbeck, Miss Eva Abbott, Walter Barningham, Pontiac; Leroy Snell, Mrs. Berdena Newstad, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Fuller, Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Remalie, Mr. and Mrs. Max G. Sweitzer and family, Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Francisco and family, Lansing; Miss Helen Knapp, Hastings; Walker Trieber, Mesick, Mich.; Mrs. Ada Whipple, Flint;

Mrs. Howard Cronk and children Grandville; Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Culp, Ypsilanti; the Rev. and Mrs. S. C. Parsons, Greenville; Jean Ellis, Joliet, Ill.; Mrs. Lela Reynolds Dowling; Mrs. Oda Rood, Bloomfield, Iowa; Charles Fuller, New York City; 30 from Charlotte and 10 from Nashville.

Thursday, August 20, 1936

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Lake of Charlotte were in town last evening. Today they went to St. Lawrence Hospital for her father Mr. Frank Smith. He will remain in Charlotte at their home until he recovers sufficiently to be brought to his home here.

Mrs. A. L. Barningham accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Culp to Traverse City last Thursday to visit their sister and aunt Mrs. Ellen Downs. Mrs. Downs is in very poor health, and gets about her home with the aid of crutches. They returned Sunday.

Boys and girls under 18 have been forbidden to smoke in restaurants, cafes, parks, streets and other public places in Mecklenberg, Germany. The police decree ordering the ban declares that offenders are liable to be sent to prison for two weeks or fined \$62.50.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Tubbs were surprised Tuesday night when Albert Quick and wife of Cass City arrived for a short visit. Mr. Quick served on the U. S. S. WEST VIRGINIA with L. R. in 1925 when they made the Australian cruise together. They had not seen each other since.

John Warren writes in a letter to his aunt, Miss Norena Snell: Just returned from a swell trip to Alaska, and had a wonderful time. Saw Glaciers, Icebergs, gold mines, totem poles, Indian and all the rest of it. And the prettiest scenery I ever saw in my life. It was a trip that I would not have missed for a great deal. We arrived in San Diego today, and stay here for a couple months firing short range. I have been transferred to a new ship—the Litchfield. Guess I told you I had been promoted? I will be home Christmas, sure, unless I should be too far away.

184 ROGERS—HODGMAN

Miss Kathryn Rogers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Rogers and Mr. Alton Hodgman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Hodgman, were united in marriage by the Rev. F. M. Thurston of the Mt. Hope Methodist church of Lansing, Wednesday evening, August 12.