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Cornwall

Dr. Bradford Walker had a reputation for gruffness. He was a firm advocate of wearing shoes at all times and children who came to him with thorns, glass chunks, or old nails in their feet got the rough side of his tongue. But if you were in trouble as I was once—a glistening blob of poison ivy at the age of nine— he was kindness itself.

The children in Cornwall Village had a different take on Dr. Walker because he was among us. I think I wrote in the *Chronicle* once about sitting on the step of the old P.O. in the Village when simultaneously the noon whistle went off and Dr. Walker burst out of his driveway in his big black car headed over to the hospital. We were astonished!

My mother was a close confidant of Brad's. She was a writer and when they met outside his office, he often told her stories about the people he met on his rounds in the town. He was often called to treat patients in their homes, not such an oddity as it is today, so he saw how things were in people lives.

He told her once of going on a call to the two misses Buscombe in West Cornwall Village; one of them was very ill. They were English cousins of the Bate family. Both were elderly and liked to observe proprieties. Brad lifted the Miss Buscomb who was sick with pneumonia in his arms and carried her up to their bedroom. There were two small beds and on each lay a perfectly ironed afternoon dress; they changed for tea every day.

Why hadn't the healthy Miss Buscombe called for help sooner? "Oh," she said. "I wouldn't want to bother doctor."

Please don't neglect Katy Walker, his partner in life and work. She used to advise young mothers about nursing and child nutrition etc.