A FOURTH COLONIAL TRILOGY

The Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Ohio

Presents

The Battle of Miamiville

by

Steven Z. Starr, Esq.

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The Black Hornet

by

Robert M. Galbraith, Esq.

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Reminiscences of a Flight Surgeon

by

Frank Welsh, M.D.

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DEDICATION

The founder and editor of the Colonial Trilogy series, Richard Thayer, died July 7, 1983, after a short but painful bout with cancer. A big heart, sometimes hidden by a mask of cynicism or a jester's cap, a wide range of interests, a ready wit, and a basic soundness of view and approach made our Editor a memorable and quotable person. An unshakeable loyalty and dedication to his friends and a stubborn refusal to suffer fools gladly (or any other way) made him a very special person indeed. To those of you who knew him: if you listen, you can hear him still.

Dick, this Trilogy is for you.

Frank G. Davis

Successor Editor

THE BATTLE OF MIAMIVILLE

Steven Z. Starr, Esq.
Author, Lecturer
Founder of the Civil War Roundtable

When Starr Ford invited me to be your speaker today, he suggested that I might talk to you informally and briefly -I emphasize the word "briefly", just as he did - about the role of cavalry in the colonial wars in which you have a hereditary interest . Were I to follow his suggestion literally, you would have the pleasure of hearing the shortest talk ever given to your organization, for, to the best of my knowledge, cavalry was not a factor in the wars fought in America prior to the War of Independence, and if it was, I know nothing about it. Indeed, even in the Revolutionary War, cavalry played a very limited part. For about a year, in 1780, the British had a mixed force of dragoons and light infantry under Colonel Banastre Tarleton in South Carolina, and he and Light Horse Harry Lee, and the "Old Swamp Fox", Francis Marion, with his command of mounted guerillas, hunted and fought each other up and down the state. No doubt another speaker could tell you all sorts of fascinating stories about Tarleton, Lee and Marion and their operations, but I am a one - war man, and to avoid embarrassment to everyone concerned, I will get on to the Civil War as rapidly as possible.

When the Revolutionary War was over and the new government set up its military establishment, Congress authorized the raising of a squadron of dragoons, who proved to be a great help to Anthony Wayne in his victories over the Indians in 1794. Eight years later, in one of its spells of economy, Congress legislated this unit out of existence. The War of 1812 then brought about a more interesting development. Colonel Richard M. Johnson of Kentucky organized a regiment of mounted infantry which had a spectacular record under General William Henry Harrison. The uniform of the regiment was even more splendid than its martial accomplishments. The men wore hunting shirts fringed with red and round hats with long white plumes tipped with red. On a more sober plane, Johnson's regiment evolved a method of fighting which was to have, fifty years later, important consequences on the art of war.

Not until 1833 did the United States formally revive the cavalry arm. By then, the frontier had been pushed out into the Great Plains and it became apparent that mounted troops were needed to deal with the fast-moving Plains Indians. Accordingly, in that year Congress authorized the raising of two regiments of dragoons, and from then until the final replacement of the horse by the tank a few years ago, cavalry was always a part of our military establishment. But American cavalry became a very different kind of military force from the gaudy cavalry of European armies. In Europe, cavalry was used for scouting and picketing, for the protection of convoys and of the flanks and rear of the infantry. American doctrine followed the European up to this point. In battle, European cavalry was held in reserve to perform a dual function. When the enemy infantry was shaken by artillery or infantry fire, the cavalry was launched against it in a mounted charge. In an age when the infantry musket had a range of not more than 100 yards, a cavalry charge, delivered at a gallop by huge masses of yelling horsemen, slashing and stabbing with their heavy sabres, was a fearful experience for

even the best infantry to undergo. The other battle function of European cavalry was to try to intercept and break up the charge of enemy cavalry upon its own infantry.

In the years preceding our Civil War, there had come about a vitally important revolution in infantry firearms. The old smoothbore flintlock musket, firing a round bullet, so inaccurate that it required expert marksmanship to hit the side of a barn with it at 100 years, was replaced by a percussion-cap fired, infantry rifle, firing an ingeniously-designed conical bullet. The new weapon was accurate and deadly at distances up to about 400 yards, and quite effective up to as much as 1,000 yards. During the same period, due to advances in metallurgy and design, the accuracy and range of artillery were also increased. Whereas the cannon used in the Napoleonic Wars was effective for distances from 600 to 800 yards, the range of even the smoothbore guns had gone up to 1,600 yards by 1861, and rifled cannon had a range of 1,850 yards or better, and could be fired by a well-trained gun crew at fifteen to twenty second intervals. The combination of these factors made the old cavalry charge hopelessly obsolete, but it required the experience of the early years of the Civil War to drive this rather obvious fact home to the extremely conservative-minded military profession. As a matter of fact, those of you who are familiar with the workings of the military mind will not be surprised to learn that as late as World War I, cavalry was still being used in the traditional way - and being slaughtered in the process - against infantry armed with the magazine rifle and the machine gun. The Germans, French, Austrians, Russians and English were all guilty of this murderous practice.

We knew better, and it was during the Civil War that we in our own pragmatic way developed a new method of using cavalry effectively even in the face of these advances in infantry and artillery firepower. What we did was to go back to the percept of Colonel Johnson and his Kentucky mounted rifles of the War of 1812. That is to say, we simply laid aside the traditional European ideas about cavalry, and proceeded to evolve a new kind of fighting force which had the mobility of cavalry and the fire- and staying-power of infantry. Oddly enough, it was the romantic South, full of ideas of medieval chivalry straight out of Sir Walter Scott, rather than the practical Yankees, which took the lead in this transformation, and this was particularly true in the West, or what was then the West, namely the area between the Alleghenies and the Mississippi River. John Morgan and Bedford Forrest armed their men with infantry rifles, and whenever possible, had them fight on foot. Eventually, the idea spread to the Northern armies. In time, and with typical Yankee adaptability, the North developed the idea further, primarily by equipping its cavalry with breech-loading carbines, and especially the Spencer, the first of the true automatic weapons, and thus giving the cavalry-man firepower previously undreamed-of.

Actually, the change we effected in cavalry tactics was only one phase of our contribution to the art of war in this area. The second was even more significant. Traditionally, raids into enemy territory, to burn bridges, attack supply-lines and create havoc generally behind the front, had been one of the normal functions of light cavalry. However, in the densely populated countries of Europe, with good all-weather roads to be found practically everywhere, these raids were short-range affairs. Since it was relatively easy to effect a quick concentration against the raiders, they had to be careful not to stray more than a few miles

from their base. From this concept of short-range, limited objective, hit-and-run raids, we developed mounted infantry into a striking force with a tremendous strategic potential. The great distances over which the armies operated, especially in the West, the great length of their lines of communication, the sparsity of population, the absence of good roads, and the vulnerability of the railroads which were then being used for the first time as the principal means of transporting supplies to the armies in the field, all had a part in bringing about this strategic revolution. More important than any of these, in my opinion, was a cultural factor one does not usually think of in connection with the evolution of military techniques. At the time of the Civil War, we were still to a great extent a frontier nation. The willingness to cast loose from civilization , to strike out into the wilderness with nothing more in the way of supplies than one could carry on one's back, was not only a part of the American tradition, but was, in 1860, an accepted from of everyday life. It was, therefore, entirely natural that cavalry raids, as conducted by Americans, should become far-ranging affairs, frequently covering distances of several hundred miles and lasting several weeks, during which time the raiders were completely out of touch with their supports and were thrown completely on their own resources. This too was a development in which the South took the lead, but once again, as in the case of the new cavalry tactics, the North, after taking over the idea from the South, developed it into an entirely new dimension.

During the last year of the war, it occurred to James Wilson, who had become a major-general at 27, only four years after graduating from West Point, and was one of the most intelligent officers in the Union army, that cavalry raids, as practiced by Stuart, Morgan, Forrest, Grierson and Sheridan, had one serious flaw: they could cause damage and disruption, but they could not hold territory; sooner or later, the raiders had to return to base. Wilson asked himself this question: if one could organize an all-cavalry army, multiply its firepower by equipping its entire personnel with Spencers, give it maximum mobility by having it carry nothing but ammunition, could not such an army cut the umbilical cord linking it to the slowing-moving infantry, so that it could then go wherever and as far as it pleased in enemy territory and stay there as long as there was a military advantage in doing so? Wilson answered his question in the affirmative, and in the early spring of 1865, proceeded to prove his theory in a campaign which carried him from the Tennessee River to Selma, Alabama, which he destroyed, then to Montgomery, and from there to Rome and Macon, Georgia, at which point the surrender of Lee and Johnston ended the war and brought Wilson's experiment to a close. What Wilson did in this little-known campaign was to plant the seed from which grew the World War II independent, self-sufficient tank army that first the Germans and then we used with such deadly effectiveness.

But in speaking of Wilson and his contribution to the art of war, I have gotten away from, and ahead of, the much less esoteric subject I really want to talk about. I mentioned a minute ago that the idea of the far-ranging cavalry raid originated in the South. John Hunt Morgan, of Lexington, Kentucky, is usually given credit for being one of the originators of this concept. I myself am of the opinion that the credit really belongs to Morgan's very intelligent second-in-command and brother-in-law, Basil Duke, but that is a highly controversial subject which we need not discuss today. It is a topic which generates a great deal of heat in some circles. What is beyond dispute is that Morgan was quick to seize upon

the idea and exploit it to the maximum, especially in terms of its potential for personal publicity. His great year was 1862. With Basil Duke and an English soldier of fortune, George St. Leger Grenfell, at his side to help him, he conducted a series of spectacularly successful raids into Tennessee and Kentucky. Unfortunately for him, no one was more impressed with the glamorous aspects of these raids than was Morgan himself, and the effect on his none-too stable personality was disastrous. By the spring of 1863, he had become so enamored of raiding that he became quite incapable of working in harness with his military superiors, or of obeying orders, or of subordinating his activities to the overall strategic objectives of the Confederate Army of Tennessee to which he and his cavalry division were attached. Nor was he able any longer to face the fact that a raid, to be effective, had to have a worth-while military purpose.

In June, 1863, Morgan asked for, and received permission to make a raid from Middle Tennessee into Kentucky to break up the line of communications between the Union army at Murfreesboro and its base at Louisville. Morgan had in mind a much more ambitious operation, namely, to cross the Ohio River below Louisville, traverse southeastern Indiana and southern Ohio, doing all the damage possible and frightening the daylights out of the Union high command, and then either to recross the Ohio into Kentucky at some point east of Cincinnati, or to keep on going eastward across the mountains and join General Lee in Virginia. From a military standpoint, this was pure moonshine, and what made it even worse is that Morgan's decision to cross into Indiana was a direct and deliberate violation of his orders. I realize that in saying this, I am taking a positive stand on one side of a much debated question, but I do so with the conviction that those who, over the years, have tried to relieve Morgan of the odium of disobedience of orders have been guided more by hero-worship than by the evidence.

On July 2, Morgan started out with 2,400 men. I will not bore you with the itinerary and the details of the first eleven days of the raid. I will only mention that Morgan crossed the Ohio at Brandenburg on July 8, just four days after Lee began his retreat from Gettysburg and General Pemberton surrendered Vicksburg and 37,000 men to General Grant. Having said this much, I will imitate the Indiana militia, and make a fast but orderly retreat, with Morgan hot on my trail, to a prepared position at the Miami Boat Club, for you must know that just a little less than 99 years ago - on Tuesday, July 14, 1863, to be exact - this very area had its moment in history, and was the scene of much more excitement than we are likely to generate today.

On midafternoon of July 13, Morgan, who had already lost five hundred men from straggling, arrived in Harrison. His approach to Cincinnati had been well advertised, and the city was in the midst of what the British call a great flap. General Ambrose Burnside, whose previous career in the Union army was not one to inspire confidence in his ability to deal with the raiders, was in command in Cincinnati, but he had practically no troops. Martial law was declared and business was suspended while clerks and workmen reported for duty with the militia. Fortunately for Burnside, Morgan decided that it would not be safe to risk his command in the maze of streets in the city; accordingly, although his men had spent 21 of the past 24 hours in the saddle, he left Harrison after a brief rest and headed North, up the valley toward Venice. There he turned eastward, and by 2 a.m. on the 14th, the head of his column

reached Glendale. Morgan had kept his command going up to this point only by the constant replacement of his worn-out horses with fresh animals which his men picked up at every farm along the way. This system of keeping his men mounted, and the equally rough-and-ready method of getting forage for the animals and food for the men by simply taking what was needed, resulted, after the raid was over and Morgan and his officers were safely lodged in the state penitentiary in Columbus, in the Ohio Claims Commission having to deal with 4,375 claims for compensation, for loss and damage totaling nearly a half million dollars. I suppose that the majority of the claims were reasonably legitimate, although the Commission noted "a very general disposition to appreciate the prices of property." One claim was for the loss of a bowie knife valued at $1.25, and another, filed by a gifted resident of Hamilton County named Stadtmiller, a sort of Billie Joe Estes born before his time, was for the value of his farmhouse, which he claimed had been burned by the raiders; there were only two flaws in his claim: his farm was located roughly ten miles from the nearest point reached by Morgan, and it burned down eight days after Morgan was safely out of Hamilton County.

By the time Morgan reached Glendale, the march had become torture for his men. It was a hot July night and pitch dark, and the plodding horses' hooves kicked up a choking cloud of dust. The men were groggy from lack of sleep and were nodding and drooping in their saddles, with the equally worn-out officers making perfunctory gestures to prod and pull them awake and to keep them moving. As the long night wore on, great gaps opened up in the marching column, and the units in the rear of the line had to find their way in the darkness by following the hovering streamers of dust that floated in the still night air above the roads the head of the column had taken.

From Glendale, where only a few horses were stolen, the raiders role south toward Reading, and from there, by way of Montgomery, they crossed the ridge separating the Millcreek Valley from the valley of the Little Miami, and in the forenoon, they arrived at Miamiville, within a few yards of where we are sitting. And now, before describing the reception that awaited John Morgan in this very pleasant little community, we must look southward, toward Camp Dennison, which was located a short distance downstream of us. As I am sure you know, the camp had been established in the early days of the war as a training camp. By the end of 1862, it had become what would now be called-a base hospital. There were no organized troops in the camp in July, 1863; there were, however, about 1,900 convalescents there, enough rifles to arm about 700 of them, and a little ammunition. Most important, however, was the fact that the camp commandant, Lieutenant-Colonel George W. Neff of the Second Kentucky Infantry, was an energetic and enterprising officer, with the gift of making the best of what he had. On Sunday afternoon, Neff had received word that Morgan was heading in the general direction of Cincinnati, and began at once to make preparations for his reception. He obtained horses for about twenty-five of his men and sent them out in small groups to picket all the main roads north, south and east of the camp. The next morning, he requisitioned a Little Miami Railroad locomotive and tender, loaded them with armed convalescents, and posted pickets at every bridge crossing the Little Miami as far up as Fort Ancient and Morrow. He also dispatched scouts in all directions, and ordered the unarmed militiamen who began arriving at Camp Dennison on the 13th, to dig rifle-pits to protect every cross-road near the camp. At 2 a.m. Monday night, a telegram from Cincinnati informed him

that the rebels had reached Glendale. This gave Colonel Neff the information he needed; knowing now that he could expect Morgan to approach Camp Dennison from the west or northwest, he sent out about 200 armed convalescents under Captain Procter of the 18th U.S. Regular Infantry to man the rifle pits in that direction, and as soon as it was daylight, sent forward a hundred militiamen with axes, and instruction to block the roads west of the camp and in front of Procter's positions, by felling trees across them.

In the middle of the morning on Tuesday, a train arrived at Camp Dennison from Cincinnati, carrying several hundred rifles and a few thousand rounds of ammunition. This well-timed wind-fall enabled Colonel Neff to arm more of his convalescents and some of the militiamen as well; this he proceeded to do with all possible speed, and within a matter of minutes, two companies of militia, full of fight and determination, and under the command of Lieutenant Smith of the 21st Ohio Field Artillery, were headed this way, with orders to protect the Milford Road bridge and the railroad bridge just below us at all hazards, and to prevent the enemy from crossing.

The axmen whom Colonel Neff had sent out earlier in the morning to block the roads leading down to the camp had just completed their tree-chopping assignment when Morgan's vanguard made its appearance on one of the roads leading down to the camp from the west. Finding the direct road to Camp Dennison blocked, the rebels turned North, with the intention of crossing the river on the bridges at Miamiville. And here, just across the river and a short distance downstream of where we are, they ran into Lieutenant Smith and his militiamen. Since I am speaking to the Society of Colonial Wars and not to the Loyal Legion, I can say with comparative safety that the rebels were not really looking for a fight. By this time, Morgan knew that a strong force of Federal cavalry - not militia - was hard on his heels. With his men worn out after twenty hours in the saddle, all he wanted was to cross the Little Miami with a minimum of trouble, and to put the river between himself and the pursuing Federals as quickly as possible. Therefore, finding that he could not cross at Miamiville, he directed his main body westward and effected an undisturbed crossing about two miles above us. The vanguard, meanwhile, skirmished with Lieutenant Smith's militia, opportunely reinforced by the arrival of Captain Procter at the head of his convalescents, whom, with the right soldierly instinct, he marched to the sound of the guns. It was a lively little fight while it lasted. The militiamen, like those at Lexington and Concord, held their ground, and for about an hour, until the rebels withdrew, they banged away at their opponents with a right good will. In terms of casualties, the honors were very nearly even. Captain Procter lost four men taken prisoner and one infantryman killed; the rebel loss was one lieutenant and four enlisted men captured by the Yankees.

And that is the story of the battle of Miamiville. It was not much of a fight as Civil War battles go. One man killed and nine taken prisoner were less than a trifle in comparison with the 48,000 casualties, dead, wounded, captured and missing, of the battle of Gettysburg two weeks before, or the 35,000 casualties -28% of all the troops engaged - of the battle of Chickamauga two months later. Nor can one call the fight at Miamiville one of the decisive battles of the Civil War. It was fought on a warm, sunny, summery day, just like today, and surrounded as we are by congenial company and the lovely scenery of the early summer,

perhaps it is well to recall the battle of Miamiville, rather than one of the grimmer and bloodier events of the bloodiest war in our history.

Summer Court
Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Ohio
Miami Boat Club, Miamiville, Ohio
June 2, 1962

EDITOR'S NOTE

As the date indicates, the preceding paper was read a long time ago by Steven Z. Starr, who recently completed his own trilogy: "The Union Cavalry in the .Civil War", Louisiana State University Press. The first two volumes (1979 & 1981) are in print. The third is due for publication in the Spring of 1985. This paper was a particular favorite of Dick Thayer's. At every Summer Court at the Miami Boat Club he would stand on the open porch overlooking the Little Miami and swear he could still hear the thump of hooves and the jingle of harness and the distant shouts of Morgan's men across the river.

To round out Steve's story for those who are not familiar with Morgan's Raid: after being turned upriver by the Camp Dennison men, Morgan's troopers crossed the Little Miami farther north, and rode eastward across southern Ohio. Hotly pursued by Hobson's cavalry and by an ever-growing force of militia and regulars, Morgan and the remains of his command were rounded up at Salineville in Northeastern Ohio, on July 25, 1863, just 17 days after crossing into Indiana, and 11 days after the "Battle of Miamiville ."

We regret to report that shortly after our correspondence with Steve about this paper; he died of a stroke on January 19, 1985, leaving the proof-reading of his third volume unfinished. Volume three will appear in due course.

THE BLACK HORNET

Robert M. Galbraith, Esq.
Former Chancellor-General,
Life Member of Council,
General Society of Colonial Wars

The biographies of the man of whom I wish to write are primarily eulogies written at the time of his death. Frequently, one gets the impression that they are not so much concerned with the man himself but use their accounts of his life to advance some religious or political views of the authors rather than depict the true sum and substance of the man.

It is only when one reads the monumental work of the man himself entitled “Notes of the Northwest Territory”, which was the labor of many, many years and of infinite detail, that one catches a glimmer of the full sum and substance of the true personality of the man himself. The writer only regrets that the time and energy were not available to him to permit an exhaustive and extended dissection of the “Notes”. In the writer's opinion, it is only by such a dissection that the fascinating and intricate facets of this man can be properly developed.

It will be the writer's endeavor by the relation of portions of his “Notes” to illustrate what the writer considers to be some of the contradictions in this character that, as far as the writer's limited research goes, have not been perceived by others.

Jacob Burnet, known during one of the four phases of his life as the “Black Hornet” was born in Newark, New Jersey. He was the sixth son of a doctor whose father had emigrated from Scotland with his wife to Elizabethtown in the then Province of New Jersey. His father was a member of the second graduating class of the College of New Jersey. The father practiced medicine in the private sector until 1775 and the outbreak of the Revolutionary War. His father was elected a member of Congress under the Articles of Confederation in the fall of 1776 when the “Hornet” was five years old. From then until the peace of 1783, he spent his time in the public service. He was Chairman of the Committee of Public Safety, member of Congress, physician and surgeon general of the Eastern District of the United States and later judge of the Court of his native county, and president of the State Medical Society. The son of such a father during such stirring times at such an impressionable age obviously had the opportunity to benefit from contact with the great leaders of the time, from Benjamin Franklin on down. In his home and in the community in which he lived and in the perusal of the many publications of which, “The Federalist Papers” are perhaps the most notable, he was exposed to the arguments and discussions of the

best thinkers of the colonies. The spiritual agonies and self examination of the framers and signers of the “Declaration of Independence” which made them irrevocably subject to the charge of treason could not have failed to move a young boy's heart. The words with which it was terminated “and to this end, we pledge our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor”, have the power to this day to send a thrill to our hearts.

During the period of his young manhood, he was therefore exposed to the exciting events of the 'Revolution, and the many verbal and printed pamphlets and discussions evoked by the defects of the “Articles of Confederation”, which finally resulted in the adoption of the original Constitution of the United States and the amendments to it, which were simultaneously adopted and referred to as the “Bill of Rights”. He was present at the inauguration of George Washington as the first president of the United States.

The subject of this paper became a student at Nassau Hall, Princeton, New Jersey, under Dr. Witherspoon and graduated with honor in September, 1791. After a year there as a resident graduate, he studied law under Richard Stockton and Judge Boudinot. He was admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court of New Jersey in 1796. Our subject had then completed the first of the four important phases of his life.

At the time of his admission to the bar, his health had become seriously impaired and he was inflicted with a “bleeding of the lungs” and other aliments. One would suppose that this would have induced him to remain in some civilized spot where he could have enjoyed the comforts of such civilization as existed at the time, the company of other educated men and the best medical care. Perhaps some native instinct or insight made him realize that neither the civilization which then existed nor the state of the medical arts were likely to be of much benefit to him.

At any rate he immediately repaired to the wilderness city of Cincinnati. The general court of the old Northwest territory was a circuit court which met in Marietta, Cincinnati, Vincennes and Kaskaskia. Fortunately, it was in Cincinnati where our friend arrived and he was apparently immediately admitted to the bar. According to his own “Notes”, there were only about 1,500 settlers in the whole territory, about 500 of whom were at Cincinnati. At this time, Fort Washington had been constructed and was commanded by William H. Harrison, a captain in the regular army but later President of the United States. According to the “Notes”, idleness, drinking and gambling prevailed in the army as the result of their long disassociation from any other forms of diversion and entertainment. At this time there were no libraries, nor refined male or female society. Men of polished or literary minds were rarely to be met, either in the settlements or the wilderness within the territory. As a consequence, the bad habits of the military infested the other residents. As proof of this, Burnet states that when Mr. Burnet came to the bar of the territory there were some ten

lawyers engaged in the practice of law of whom he was soon the only survivor, since the others all became confirmed sots and descended to premature graves.

Fort Washington had been constructed prior to Burnet's arrival in Cincinnati but in his “notes” he advances a reason for its construction at Cincinnati rather than North Bend, which is novel to me. North Bend because of its elevation and commanding view of the Ohio River was apparently a much more favorable location for a military installation than Cincinnati. But it would appear, according to the “Notes” that the Major in command of the troops assigned the duty to erect it, was possessed with broad powers to choose the site where it was finally to be built. Among the settlers then at North Bend was a married lady who equaled if she did not exceed the beauty of Helen of Troy, the famous lady, who legend had it moved a thousand ships and brought about the destruction of ancient Troy. The husband of the lovely lady of North Bend, fearing the influence of the dashing Major, resolved to remove her from his grasp. He accordingly changed his residence to Cincinnati believing that in so doing he had removed her from the influence and attentions of the Major.

Unfortunately for the husband of the fair lady, however, the enamored Major decided that Cincinnati was a much better place for the location of the fort, although the topography of North Bend and Cincinnati hardly supported this conclusion. Nevertheless, the Major immediately moved his troops to Cincinnati and the strong post known as Fort Washington was immediately constructed. This insured that Cincinnati would become the leading settlement of the territory.

For a time, after settlement had first been attempted the Indians in the area had been relatively peaceful. But as more and more land had been appropriated and cultivated and the Indians were shamefully defrauded by traders, who were apparently responsible to no one, the Indians became hostile. In this they were encouraged by the British troops who still had a base at Fort Detroit although this was later surrendered to the Americans when the boundary between the United States and Canada was finally established by treaty. The British themselves had their troubles because of the encroachment of the settlers and all of their posts except Detroit had been destroyed by Pontiac.

Because of the hideous depredations of the Indians and the equally barbarous retaliations of the white men, it became extremely important that the people coming to the territory live near a strong fort where they could come with their families and livestock in times of trouble. This was particularly true after the disastrous defeats of Governor St. Clair and General Harmar which resulted partly from the lack of training of the militia and miserable equipment.

After the battle of “Fallen Timbers” in which General “Mad” Anthony Wayne not only killed a great many Indians but destroyed their crops, the Indian menace was pretty much eliminated since most of the Indians removed either to Canada or to the Western side of the Mississippi River.

We now come to the second phase of Burnet's life during which he practiced law. It seems unbelievable that he was able to ride the circuit with the judges and other lawyers, often sleeping in the snow or standing all night propped against a tree in a cold icy rain. He and his companions often found themselves at nightfall in what amounted to a bog and in travelling to Vincennes in the springtime, almost up to their necks in flood waters. There were no bridges over the streams which they either had to ford or swim across. Burnet gave some thought to establishing an office in Vincennes but the difficulties of travel and the unavailability of clients there decided him against it. He attended Court in Detroit also, Detroit having been surrendered under the provisions of Jay's treaty to General Wayne, and here his largest clientele developed. In any event, the rigors of out-door life restored his health and he soon had perhaps the largest clientele in the territory. He was what we would call today a “plaintiff's lawyer”. He always dressed in black and his penetrating cross-examinations earned him the title of the "Black Hornet”, hence the title of this paper. He was also remarkable for owning a horse which was an unusually good swimmer and made it a very valuable asset in a territory of many rivers and streams and no bridges.

The third phase or facet of his career, which was pretty much concurrent with his practice as a lawyer, was his employment in various legislative and judicial bodies both state and national.

In 1799, it was ascertained that the territory contained five thousand free, white male inhabitants and was entitled by the ordinance of 1787 to advance to the second grade of territorial government. The territory was now authorized to have a General Assembly consisting of a Legislative Council appointed by the President, with the advice and consent of the United States Senate, and a House of Representatives chosen by the people, in which the legislative power was vested, subject to the unqualified veto of the governor.

Burnet was appointed by President Adams, with the consent of the Senate, to the Legislative Council. He was active in its affairs and a large part of the actions taken by it were initiated and reported by him until a state government was established in the winter of 1802-03.

He took no part in favor of the state constitution because its adoption was made subject to conditions by congress. These limitations were made because the part of the territory to become a state did not have the population required. The intricacies

of the constitutional questions involved would only be of interest to lawyers. I will, therefore, not bore you with them. It is sufficient to say that Burnet was a strict constructionist and his position being opposed to the political majority, he devoted his time almost completely to the practice of law. He is quoted as saying, “I retained the confidence of the community in all other matters: my business therefore increased and kept me constantly employed. I delighted in that branch of it which is called the drudgery of the profession”. If he is quoted correctly this is in direct conflict with what he himself had to say when he abandoned the practice of law to which later reference will be made.

In any event he seems to have acquired sufficient public support to be elected to the legislature in 1814 and was re-elected in 1815. He withdrew his name from consideration in the year 1816. In 1821, he was appointed by the governor of Ohio to the Ohio Supreme Court which office he held until December, 1828 when he resigned his office and was a few days thereafter elected to the Senate of the United States, to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of General Harrison, who had been appointed minister to the government at Bogata. As an aside, it is interesting to note that after the ignominious and disgraceful surrender of General Hull, commanding general of the armies of the northwest, to the British and the Indian confederation under Techumseh with its accompanying massacre of the garrison of Fort Dearborne and at other places, Harrison had exceeded the achievements of General Wayne and had crushed the power of the English and of the Indians east of the Mississippi River.

Illustrating the fact that human nature is after all human nature and that we learn little from history, by 1821 the residents of the territory had managed to speculate in the sale of government lands to the extent that the amount owed was so great as to make its payment literally impossible. For more modem examples consider Iowa in 1924, Florida in 1929 and the United States in 1984.

Burnet with great acumen which strangely enough he did not always display in his private affairs was able to come up with a solution which was satisfactory to the United States Government and the speculators. Installment sales were quite in vogue, even in those days, and most of its purchasers who had expected to quickly resell at a higher price found themselves unable to sell or make more than one or two payments on the land they had contracted to purchase. It was stated that if the government attempted to collect it might cause civil war. (Shades of the dust bowl). Burnet himself had been caught up in the speculative fever which may have been a further inducement to him to find a solution. Find one he did and was able with the help of friends in the Bank of the United States and in the postal department, remember Jim Farley, was able to sell it to Congress.

The plan in essence provided that the claims would be cancelled but that each landowner would retain what he was able to pay for. The rest of the land would revert to the United States. Rufus King of New York exerted all the influence he could in the Senate in favor of the bill. He pointed out that it served the dual purpose of extinguishing the existing debt and of preventing the accumulation of another.

The plan was adopted except that it further provided that the price of public land was reduced from $2.00 to $1.25; and to subdivide the surveys into tracts of eighty acres. This made it possible for any man who was not completely lazy to become a landowner.

It had been recognized for some time that a direct and easy connection by water between the great lakes and the Ohio was extremely desirable. There was access by water from the south as far north as Dayton and from the north to the Auglaize River. Congress made a grant to the State of Ohio for the purpose of constructing the Miami Canal, but on the condition that in the event the canal was not completed in twenty years the state would have to pay to the United States the price of the land. This condition was unacceptable to Ohio and the matter was dropped.

In 1830, however, Burnet, having now become a member of the Senate of the United States, offered a resolution, instructing the committee on public lands “to inquire how far it was expedient to alter and to modify the act entitled an act to aid the State of Ohio in constructing the Miami Canal from Dayton to Lake Erie, and to grant a quantity of land to the State to aid in the construction of the canals authorized by law; ....”. His resolution also proposed that the twenty year provision which was so objectional to the State be eliminated.

The bill submitted by Burnet was passed and the grant was increased by about 250 sections. Burnet's term expired in 1831 and he retired to private life.

I failed to mention, because of trying to keep this paper within reasonable limits, that at about the time of his appointment to the Supreme Court of Ohio, he was appointed a professor at the law school connected with Transylvania University, Lexington, Kentucky which he was unable to accept. Nevertheless, he was awarded the honorary degree of Doctor of Law. Not to be outdone, a short time later, he was awarded the same degree by his old Alma Mater at Princeton, New Jersey.

It should be noted that although after the year 1816, he devoted a considerable part of his time to legislative and judicial matters and after having practiced only 20 years with the most brillant future as a lawyer before him, he left the practice and never returned to it. He is quoted as having stated that “his heart was not in the profession, … that he practiced law from a sense of duty”.

Upon his retirement from public life having amassed a considerable fortune, he engaged in various commercial endeavors some which prospered but many did not. He had an interest in the Miami Exporting Company which failed, but subsequently a bank was established by it which was possible under its charter and this apparently was successful. He attempted with others to create a development on the north bank of the falls of the Ohio but this failed. In 1817, he was elected President of the Branch Bank of the United States, at Cincinnati and continued in this office until 1821.

One incident illustrative of his personal financial ups and downs was the sale of his estate at the southwest corner of Fourth and Vine Streets in 1825 to the Bank of the United States for $25,000.00. It was later subdivided and the parcels resulting from this were sold at various times and a part of the southerly portion was ultimately sold at the corner of Third and Vine Streets to Manley Chapin and others. These gentlemen erected on this lot a hotel known as the Burnet House which stood there for three quarters of a century. At the time of its opening, it was considered the finest hotel in the country. It was visited by many famous personages. Jenny Lind, Adalina Patty and other famous singers stayed there. It was ideally located as a meeting place for the President and his generals. It is said that Lincoln, Grant and Sherman stayed there at various times. Later the Hungarian patroit, Louis Kossuth, Madame Sarah Bernhart, the Prince of Wales, who later became Edward the VII and many other well known personages as well as many, many others of less distinction used its facilities. In 1926, it had become the property of the Union Central Life Insurance Company and the tract is now occupied by the Annex of the Central Trust Tower. But I have disgressed much too far from my original biography. Perhaps I may be forgiven, since my mother was asked to speak at the ceremonies on the day its demolition began. Also taking part in those ceremonies were Murray Seasongood, our beloved fellow member and Joseph Wilby, then president of the Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio, now the Cincinnati Historical Society.

On the philanthropic side, Burnet was for many years president of the Medical College of Ohio, at least two of his contemporaries say he was, president of the Colonization Society, and of the Ohio Historical and Philosophical Society. He also was president of the Cincinnati College and was president of the local Astronomical Society. In the latter role, he rendered assistance to Professor Mitchell in establishing the observatory. In addition, he was a member of the Society for the Cultivation of Sacred Music. There were a few other organizations in which he took an active part but I am sure that you have some idea of the variety of his interests and it is noteworthy that, on the application of General Lafayette, he was elected a member of the French Academy of Science which up to this time had admitted few foreigners to its membership. This may have been prompted in part by his close personal friendship with Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, William Henry Harrison and other national figures

of the day. In 1847, he published *Notes on the Northwestern Territory*, a most voluminous history of the Old Northwest Territory.

Now we come to the last and perhaps most curious aspect of Burnet's character and one which illustrates his independence of mind and the sincerity of his beliefs. He believed in the truth of Christianity and the inspiration of the Bible, which he studied critically as is demonstrated by his “Notes” referred to above. He was essentially a Presbyterian both from conviction and preference. The republication form of government of the Presbyterian Church apparently had great appeal to him. He was a faithful attendant at church services, when they were available to him and insisted on walking, on Sunday, to church, even in his eightieth year, twice a day. But, he never completely accepted all the teachings of the church or was confirmed as a member. He is quoted as having stated a few months before his death on May 10, 1853 at the age of eighty-three that he had difficulty in respect to the institution of the Lord's Supper on which he differed from the Church and for this reason never had become a communicant. So now let us leave this brilliant, independent, and versatile man, one time known as the Black Hornet, to the judgment of his Maker.

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REMINISCENCES OF A FLIGHT SURGEON

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I have been asked to reminisce about some of my experiences as a flight surgeon in the United States Air Force. Since a flight surgeon is a preventive medicine officer, I would like to weave some of the history of the scientific basis of medicine into my account. I do this because of the critical role that advances in medicine, particularly in preventive medicine, have had in bettering the lot of the soldier... In the past two decades, the prospective, randomized, controlled clinical trial has emerged as the preeminent clinical research tool. It is vital that the clinical trial - whether small and specialized or large and multidisciplinary -continues as a valuable instrument in the conquest of disease.

The first such trial is recorded in the Book of Kings where a dispute between the followers of Elijah and Ahab over the identity of the true God is related. The conflicting hypotheses were to be tested at Mount Carmel, circa 800 B.C., by laying two bullocks on piles of wood. Ahab and his advocates called on the name of Baal, and Elijah and his followers called on the name of the Lord to answer by fire. The prophets of Baal cried aloud, cut themselves with knives and lancets, and leaped upon the altar for most of the day, but "there was neither voice, nor any to answer, nor any that regarded." Whereupon Elijah, not lacking in confidence, poured four barrels of water, not once, but three times, on his bullock and the wood. When he called on the true God, "The fire of the Lord fell and consumed the burnt sacrifice and the wood and the stones and the dust and licked up the water." Statistical calculations were scarcely needed to determine a significant P value! The unfortunate prophets of Baal were forthwith "brought down to the brook Kishon and slain." Perhaps the grisly fate which befell the losers accounts for the passing of so many centuries before the clinical trial achieved its current widespread popularity.

An 18th century account from Japan stresses the ethical decisions made in these early efforts to place medical practice on a firm scientific foundation. "According to Japanese legend, Seishu Hanaoka (1760-1835) chose his wife, rather than his mother, who expected to die shortly anyway, for his clinical trial of drug-induced anesthesia because all agreed that he could find another wife, but that he could never get another mother!"

Although estimates of the effect of disease on soldiers during Colonial and Revolutionary times varied, Duncan, in *Medical Men In the Revolution*, calculated the

annual death rate at 100/1000 with 90% of the deaths due to disease, rather than battle wounds. Smallpox is mentioned again and again as one of the most devastating of these diseases. The advent of immunization in the Colonial period was barely in time. How this came about is a fascinating tale. Eighteenth century America was beset with smallpox epidemics discrete in time, recurrent, and frequent. Most affected were the young and the very elderly. Mortality was 15 to 50 percent. Destructive abscesses left survivors with loss of hair, loss of eyebrows, and disfigurement of facial features. Young women were marred for life; suicide was common.

There was no word for what we call “immunity” but it was known that those scarred by the disease were safe and secure from reinfection when they nursed the sick. The Purtian-Calvinist doctrine of “suffer and be saved” was confirmed by smallpox, and it was a minister of the gospel who brought to a surgeon the idea of using a small operation to control the disease.

The idea came to America from several sources: Turkey, China, and Africa. The wife of the British Ambassador to Constantinople, Mary Montagu, observed the Turkish physicians using inoculation and wrote of it to the Royal Society. As a corresponding member of the Royal Society, Reverend Cotton Mather of the Salem witch hunt fame, learned about this technique. He claimed that one of his manservants, Onesimus, also told him of the practice used in his native African tribe.

In 1716 there had not been a smallpox epidemic for several years, and Mather suspected a new epidemic was about due. He wrote the 12 physicians and surgeons of Boston to seek their “considersation” of his “suggestion” that a trial of smallpox inoculation be undertaken to protect the colonists from the next epidemic. They turned him down.

In 1721, the crisis struck . A ship infected with smallpox had anchored in Boston Harbor. Some of the crew had escaped. An infected sailor was seen in a public house on the waterfront. Hundreds would die, on that all agreed. Within days, the epidemic began. Knowing that Boston's physicians would refuse his proposal, Cotton Mather drove his buggy 5 miles west to Muddy River, a wilderness township now known as Brookline.

There he found a well-established surgeon, Zabdiel Boylston, who listened with more sympathy to his plea. Mather wanted the surgeon to put a drop of the active pock exudate into a cut in the skin of healthy people. He hoped to produce a discrete or localized case of smallpox and yet confer the immunity enjoyed by survivors of the natural disease.

Against violent opposition, Boylston followed the detailed rules of the Turkish physicians. Since he had had the disease in childhood, he began by inoculating his son

Thomas on June 26, 1721. The son developed only a discrete case and was not very ill. Boylston assumed the boy would be protected for life, and over the next six months he inoculated 286 people. Now six of these died, but study revealed that most of these were sick or enfeebled or died of other natural causes.

As the epidemic raged throughout the summer, it became obvious that Boylston's patients were safe and secure. Not a single one who had been inoculated contracted the epidemic disease which afflicted almost 6000 other Bostonians. While six of the 286 persons he inoculated died, 844 of the 5,759 who got the natural disease died. The mortality of the inoculated persons was 2. 1%, while the mortality of those unprotected was 9.6%, almost five times greater. Boylston was able to present his work to the Royal Society and was elected to membership in that august body.

The procedure he pioneered was gradually adopted in both North America and Europe and was the standard of care for 75 years. Colonial leaders supported his efforts. Benjamin Franklin spread word of this innovation to New York, Philadelphia, and south. Thomas Jefferson brought his family in to Philadelphia for inoculation and Washington used it at Valley Forge. The procedure was not always uneventful and isolation hospitals were built to contain contagion caused at times by inoculation.

This is why Edward Jenner's observation in 1796 was so significant. He found that the English milkmaids with cowpox on their hands never contracted smallpox. In 1798 he reported his procedure of taking material from the cow (vacca) and using it for inoculation, or “vaccination” as this method came to be called. But again there was an outcry of opposition. So a “controlled clinical trial” was conducted in Boston Harbor on Noddle's Island (now part of Logan Airport). Teenage boys were vaccinated and then exposed to real smallpox pus. None came down with the disease. Waterhouse, somewhat in the spirit of Elijah, felt that he must prove that the “matter from the pocks” truly was active smallpox inoculum. So two boys who had not received vaccination were inoculated with the smallpox matter to demonstrate that the substance was potent. This was the most dangerous phase of the experiment. Although the boys had a life- threatening illness, both survived.

Both of these developments established *insight* with *experimentation* to advance the cause of preventive medicine.

How did flight medicine get started? The first modem aeronauts were a sheep, a rooster, and a duck who served as passengers in the Montgolfier brothers' invention, the hot air balloon. The year was 1783, the setting rural France. Men followed, and two years later in 1785 a Boston physician, John Jefferies, crossed the English Channel as a passenger in a hot air balloon, perhaps as the first flight surgeon. Flight surgeons continue as members of flight crews to this day, principally to monitor the

aircraft's environment and the stresses experienced by the flight crews. We do physical examinations on the flyers each year and advise commanders about the health of their men.

Early reactions to manned flight were mixed, but our colonial leaders were quick to see the possibilities. Benjamin Franklin was in France during the early years of ballooning, and it was at one of these flights he was asked, “What good is it?” He retorted in the idiom of the day, “What good is a newborn baby?”, and went on to speculate that fighting men carried to an enemy's country by air might convince sovereigns of the folly of war! In this country George Washington presumably provided the first airmail letter carried by balloon across the Delaware River. Washington was most likely interested in the balloon as an observation platform for counting enemy troops and gun placements, now called aerial reconnaissance. Yet powered flight was more than a century away.

While the foundations of scientific medicine were being laid throughout the 19th century, quite a different development, critical to the wounded warrior, was taking place. This was the evolution of the ground and, in the 20th century, aerial ambulances.

Although surgeons often accompanied the professional armies of the 18th century, the large citizen armies of the 19th century suffered massive casualties and needed the first medical evacuation systems. Two of Napoleon's officers, Barons Dominique Jean Larrey and Pierre Francois Percy designed light, well-sprung carriages for swift evacuation of the wounded. Napoleon insured that each of his divisions received an ambulance corps of about 170 men, headed by a chief surgeon and equipped with the new horse-drawn carriages. Later in the century, the four-wheeled ambulance was used in the American West.

Early in the American Civil War, however, recovery of casualties was accomplished by friends and relatives using the family carriage or by terrified military band members assigned as stretcher bearers. Civilian drifters and volunteer drivers pressed into medical service either fled the scene or broke into the medical supplies and stole the liquor. But over the course of the War, Maj. Jonathan Letterman, Medical Director of the Army of the Potomac, reformed the ambulance system and created an orderly series of clearing stations immediately behind each battlefront. The aid station would triage the wounded. Surgeons would then work first on those deemed savable while the most seriously wounded were set aside. The lightly wounded were treated and retained near the front. Two principles governed this system: 1) Reduction of time between wounding and life-saving surgery, and 2) Evacuation of a casualty no farther to the rear than his wounds demanded. A hierarchy of medical services was established with increasingly specialized care given as the

patient was moved farther back from the front. This concept still governs medical operations today.

Apparently the first aeromedical evacuation was achieved during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71. During a siege of Paris, observation balloons carried mail and 160 casualties out of the city. When the airplane was invented, it wasn't long before its potential for evacuating the wounded was recognized. Implementation during WW I, however, was sporadic. During the 1920's, autogiros, or primitive helicopters, were tried and further developed as ambulances. Not limited by roads, autogiros were better able to open advanced landing posts than motor ambulances. They could maneuver behind cover and “potter around in the dark” at night, presumably undisturbed by enemy fire until they located the landing zone, outlined by flashlights of the collecting company. Nonetheless it was late in WW II before air evacuation systems were put in place either for evacuation of the wounded or for rescue of downed pilots and aircrews. Of course, the discovery of antibiotics and the use of blood transfusions during this same period did much to enhance survival of the wounded. During the Korean War, helicopter evacuation from the front combined with Mobile Army Surgical Hospital (MASH units) achieved the coordination necessary to make a difference in survival.

When Viet Nam heated up, the air evac business had to be geared up again. The call sign “Dust Off “ was chosen from a list of call words in a signal operations instruction book because helicopter pickups in the dry countryside blew dust, blankets, and pup tents all over.

If it wasn't dust, it was often fog that shrouded the mountains of Viet Nam. The effect of fog on air evac missions is exemplified by this account: “West of Chu Lai, an enemy force hit a reconnaissance patrol and inflicted several casualties. The patrol limped back to camp, and the medic tended the two most critically wounded while radioing for a Dustoff ship. Several attempts to land were foiled first by fog and then by darkness. At dawn, visibility was still zero. A second crew tried to land and withdrew. Then an unusually resourceful pilot named Patrick Brady agreed to give it a try. They flew from Chu Lai to the mountains at low level just under the cloud base, then turned northward to Phy Tho where a trail wound westward through the mountains to the reconnaissance camp. The fog was so thick that the crew couldn't even see the tips of the rotors. To improve visibility, Brady lowered the side window and tilted his ship sideways at a sharp angle from the ground. The rotor blades blew away enough fog for him to see the trail beneath the ship. Hovering slowly above the trail and occasionally drawing startled enemy fire, Dust Off 55 finally reached the valley and the reconnaissance camp. The visibility was so poor that the ship missed the camp's landing zone and set down in a smaller clearing between the inner and outer defensive wires of the camp. The outpost had been taking mortar rounds all

morning and was still under sniper fire. The medic said it was hazardous even without the fog, but Dust Off 55 loaded up two critically wounded men and four other patients, climbed out through the soup, and got them all to surgical care.

Brady then completed evacuation of 18 litter and 21 ambulatory patients during four trips to a fire base elsewhere in the valley to the West, then went to a third site to the South. After changing ships, he was called to the southwest where a platoon had been decimated by mines. An initial try by helicopter set off another mine. So Brady took over, flew out, landed in the mine field, and dispatched his crew to retrieve the casualties. As they neared the ship with one soldier, a mine five meters away detonated hurling men into the air and perforating the aircraft with shrapnel. The crewmen stoop up, shaken but unhurt, and placed their casualty on board. Brady returned to the Chu Lai hospital with a full load. Brady used yet a third aircraft for two more missions that day during which he evacuated 51 wounded men. For this extraordinary day's work, he was awarded the Medal of Honor.

This same Brady developed a specialized technique for night pickups in the mountains. He recognized the limitations of flying under the weather. He would on occasion have to come down through the fog and rain with the mountains surrounding him. He took his aircraft up to 4500 feet and vectored out to the mountains on instruments. As he approached the mountain, he went up to 7000 feet. An FM homing device told him when he was over the pickup site. He called in an Air Force flare ship to drop basketball-sized flares on parachutes. Brady would pick out one of these flares and circle it with his ship, dropping lower and lower through the fog, mist, and rain. The flare's brilliant light reflecting off the fog and rain wrapped the helicopter in a ball of luminous haze. Brady gazed out the side window, alert for crags or peaks. Suddenly the ship broke through the clouds and the signal lights were below. He could pick up casualties and fly back to Chu Lai under the clouds.

Meanwhile, I served as a flight surgeon in Thailand for a year and a half . My job was to be a friend and physician to the aircrews. A word on the origins of flight medicine, a branch of preventive medicine, will explain this a bit further. Flight medicine got underway in WW I when it was discovered that not everyone who wanted to fly an airplane could see and hear well enough to do so. It was during this period that minimal physical standards were established and survivability improved. In the early years of military aviation, accidents, like disease in early centuries, claimed a disproportionate share of the casualties. Visual acuity was paramount, but depth perception, color vision, peripheral vision, and night vision were and still are critical for the pilot. A new visual component, contrast sensitivity, has recently been found to vary considerably among individuals and to decline with age.

My memories of duty in Thailand in the 1960's include caring for the health of military personnel and the surrounding community. Sick call for the troops was leisurely in the mornings, but we processed 25 men in 45 minutes during the evening sessions. MEDCAP, the medical civic action program, was like a monthly school health examination for whole villages located around the base perimeter. We pulled rotted teeth and handed out soap to combat skin infection. Local women were inspected weekly by a Thai physician and given clearance to return to work when they had clean fingernails, etc.

More recently in the Air Force Reserve, I've served two weeks in the Cotswolds, a week in Dakar, Senegal, popular as a French Colonial tropical beach resort, and a week on Ascension Island shortly before the Faulkland Islands War.

This year l took command of a Tactical Clinic in Columbus, Ohio, and was immediately given a dragon to slay - the Officers' Club. The Club was closed because of sanitation problems. Our job was to insure cleanup and train the personnel as food handlers. We are still concerned with communicable diseases better prevented than treated in epidemic proportions.

How does all this tie together? In peacetime, my clinic does physical examinations, evaluates fitness, and gives immunizations. In wartime, we deploy as a collecting company for air base casualties. We first endeavor to detect infirmity or prevent illness which would keep the airman from doing his job. Then we help with the treatment and evacuation of the wounded if needed. May we ever pursue the former and eternally postpone the latter.

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Reminiscences of a Flight Surgeon

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