

THE LIFE OF  
A MAN

A BIOGRAPHY OF JOHN R. BRINKLEY

By

CLEMENT WOOD



1937

GOSHORN PUBLISHING COMPANY

KANSAS CITY, U. S. A.

DEDICATED BY  
DR. JOHN R. BRINKLEY  
TO  
MINNIE TELITHA BRINKLEY  
HIS WIFE  
AND  
JOHN RICHARD, III  
HIS SON

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DR. JOHN R. BRINKLEY  
As He Appears Today

# FOREWORD



IN 1902, a seventeen year old boy from the high mountains of North Carolina stood, in Baltimore, before the dean of the medical department of Johns Hopkins University. He wore a shirt, and a pair of trousers, and nothing else. He owned no other clothes: no coat, no cravat, no underwear, no socks, no shoes. He told the dean that he wanted to enter Johns Hopkins, and become a doctor, as his father had been.

The austere dean surveyed the barefoot boy, and told him to go back to the mountains and continue carrying mail. Doctors weren't made out of boys like him, the dean said.

In 1934, this same boy had become a graduate of distinguished medical universities in the United States and Europe: one of the leading surgeons and distinguished scientists of today; owned a millionaire's estate in Texas, an airplane, and two yachts; had been twice elected governor of a State, and was a candidate for the governorship for the third time.

This book is the life of John R. Brinkley, who was that boy, who is that man. It could have been written about any boy or girl who had the same driving personality, the same high ideals of success and conduct, that John R. Brinkley has. For this personality, and these ideals, could lift any boy or girl to the same distinguished position in the country's and the world's affairs that John R.

Brinkley has attained, no matter the early handicaps and obstacles that seem insuperable.

The history of America is the history of the overcoming by American men and women, of handicaps that seemed too great to be overcome. A wild and rugged continent teeming with red-handed savages and fierce beasts of prey, with locking mountain ranges, great valleys subject to devastating floods, bleak icy chill in the north and withering searing heat in the south; the oppressions of an enormous red-handed empire, the jealous enmity of all the nations of the Old World, long continued dreadful civil war, world war that threatened the existence of the white race, famine and plague and drought, incompetency, graft, and oppression from those in high places, red-handed insurrection on the part of the oppressed lower classes—these are a few of the obstacles that America has met and is meeting successfully. John R. Brinkley's individual fight for success over his early handicaps was as impressive as these.

John R. Brinkley has a son, as many of us have sons and daughters. The obstacles these will have to face will be different but in their own way perhaps more sapping and enervating, and more insidiously dangerous. These obstacles can be overcome, only by bringing to life again the stark hardy virtues and ideals that animated pioneer America. John R. Brinkley won his fights, by the aid of these virtues and ideals. This book shows how. John R. Brinkley wants his son, and your sons and daughters, to know his own story, that it may hearten them in their blackest hours, and inspire them to surmount their subtlest obstacles, as he overcame his.

Men have always oppressed their prophets. There have been cruel lies and distortions of the truth told liberally about this courageous fighter in man's best causes: it is time that, in the interest of truth, the true story of his efforts to overcome mountain-high handicaps be told in full, that honor may be given where honor is due, and that courage may be borrowed from one who has never lacked it.

We are just beginning to emerge from one of the most devastating depressions that ever smote us, like a pestilence whose cause was unknown, whose cure was obscure. Last winter's dreadful rigor, this summer's withering heat, drought, tornadoes, hurricanes, and more killing man-made evils, assail us and threaten our well-being and very existence. It is in a time like this that such a story as John R. Brinkley's life should be told, and should be read. For the spirit he has can point the way to our salvation; and, without that spirit, we perish.

Read, then, and look on life thereafter with brighter eyes and a stauncher heart.

CLEMENT WOOD.

Bozenkill, Delanson, N. Y.

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## CHAPTER ONE

# A SON OF THE HILLS

### 1

**I**F you want men, you must look to the hills to give them to you. Valley folk can follow; it takes a hill man to lead. This is the story of a son of the hills, and what he grew into, as it has been told to me by those who knew the hills best, and knew him best. Some of them had only high words for him, and some had lower and different words; but they will all go down in this story.

The land we live in, that has its head in the chill polar floes of Bering Strait and Baffin Land to the north, and stretches out until it dabbles its toes in the warm sunny brine of the gulf to the south and the warmer sea below it, is just one great plain broken by two huge north and south ridges, one to the west, one to the east. The western one is higher, and cruder, and younger: the Rocky Mountains are its backbone. The one to the east is a bit stooped and lower, and far older: we call it the Appalachian chain. From Newfoundland, Gaspe Peninsula, and New Brunswick, the range marches stiffly to the southwestward, until it dies in the Alabama hills that mothered me. Stooped as it is, it has its peaks. There are heights that peer down more than a mile to glimpse the sea in Maine, and in the White Mountains and the Green. There are sizeable crests in the Blue Ridge of Pennsylvania, rising into nobler peaks in the Blue Ridge of Virginia. But not until you get to the Unaka Ranges, with the Great Smokies jutting their heads into the clouds of North Carolina and Tennessee, and the Black Mountains lifting Yancey County, North Carolina, higher than any land east of the Rockies, do you get the Appalachians in their full harsh stature and beauty. We would expect a son of the Great Smokies to walk with his head a little higher than other folk. This is the story of a son of the Great Smokies.

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For a hundred years, these hills were a gate barring the restless settlers on the eastern seaboard from crossing into the promised land of the wide rich bed of the Father of Waters. Only where the Hudson and the Mohawk made a clove that split the crests, to the north, and around the mellow southern end of the highlands I know so well, were there ways to the West: and red men with dripping flint knives, and jealous French and Spanish as savage as these, kept these ways sealed against the sons of the Angles, and Saxons, and the Celts. But not forever; and one by one, and by twos and threes and more, the hardier pioneers bored into the steepest eyries of the high hills, and found lodgment there, and set to work to widen the way for softer ones who came later.

It took men even to fail here. But there were men enough then in the fertile wombs of the lands that had spawned Drake and Frobisher, and Wallace and Bruce, and others as manly. While the seaboard settlements still had their navel-strings uncut, an Englishman named Brinkley arrived in the New World, and found the seaboard too soft, and pushed on until he found a land more to his liking. He was not a man without family. He had heard his father tell of misty days in Flanders, where the breed and the name emerged first; of ancestors that had served in wars as long ago as eleventh Louis, who for the last time placed French nobles firmly below the crown. There had been a William Brinkley who had been tax gatherer for the great Hapsburg emperor, a cynical fellow called Bill the Skinner, because, when people refused their tithes, he took back a part of their flayed skins to prove he had done his best to collect. One, at least, in the family, had lost his head in London Tower, after the family had crossed the bobbing Channel. The Brinkley who arrived first in the New World knew that, with such blood in him, he could go where any man could go. Accompanied by his comely wife, Clarissa Steward, of the black Dutch from Holland, he pushed on until he had come to rest in Yancey County, the sky frontier of the eastern half of the continent. Others of the family settled in Buncombe County and Mecklenburg County—and this was within memory of the time when the brawny pioneers of this latter county surged into Charlotte and,

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one county against an earth-girdling empire, slashed through the bonds that bound them to England, more than a year before the better known Declaration of Independence was peeled forth from Philadelphia.

Pioneer Brinkley was not awed by the stern jagged peaks of his chosen home, though the oaks and hickories did not dare climb so high, and even the hemlocks, elms and limes had faltered before the final ramparts of spruce, white pine, and balsam, below the bald domes with no herbage beyond stunted rhododendron and starry Alpine flowers in the wind-lashed crag grass. The lynx, the black bear and the catamount were his nearest neighbors this side of God; but he did not falter. He set to work making a tiny clearing in the steep Eden. He heaved up a log cabin. He even stumped the ground, to give the windvane corn more of a chance. His wife had enough to do, keeping the clothes from becoming rags, spinning and weaving material to make more clothes, redding up the house, supplying an endless three-meal-a-day to her voracious man and her husky children. It was a relief when finally the family moved down to Charlotte, to give the children more of a bringing up.

She had seven at breast altogether. John, Dave, Sam, Benjamin until he died at nine, these were the boys; and there were three girls, Nancy and Davey and Jane, to help inside as well as out. Dave married Pattie Wilson, a neighbor's daughter, and Sam married Sally McCraw; Nancy had her own young by her first husband William Tipton, and later by Jim Bryant; Davey, by Tom Ladermilk, and Jane by Noah Hallman; and John, the oldest, had one wife, and then another--the descendants of all of them people the Smokies still. So it was, when the people down in the eastern plains couldn't settle their endless bickering about niggers, and the Civil War came.

Father Brinkley was dead, by now. As he composed his weathered flesh and wearied bones for the last time, he ordered precisely—he had always been used to ordering, and even a moment like this couldn't stop him—how his grave was to be dug. Make it the usual size, he said, and the usual depth, and then tunnel out in the side, and fill it with rich pine knots, before you slip the casket in. They didn't ask him why; they did as he said. They

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had never heard, any of them, that this would stop a body from rotting, and so make it easier for him to rise at Gabriel's trumpet; and it wasn't much of a way to keep the star-nosed moles and the woodchucks from gnawing their way in, if they had a mind to,—much less to keep away human ghouls. Rich pine knots . . . One old man cackled that he knew who was after him, and he didn't intend to go unprovided with kindling for the everlasting bonfire. But the grim others frowned at this unseemly levity, for they were all God-fearing folk, knowing who dwelt on the heights so close to them, from which came their strength.

### 2

The Civil War came. For all that Yancey County was named after the Carolina firebrand, now living in Alabama, who had done so much to rouse the South for the conflict, it, and most of North Carolina, leaned toward a compromise, and entered only reluctantly into the bright-eyed young Confederacy. But, once in, the Tar Heels flocked to the Bonnie Blue flag; and Dave and Sam Brinkley were among the first to enlist.

Not so with John. He was different from all the rest of the family. Born September 26th in the year Andy Jackson hewed his vengeful way to eight years of practical dictatorship in Washington, over the political corpse of glacial John Quincy Adams, he had attended Davidson College, in Charlotte, boarding around with kinsmen, and had finally emerged with a degree. He had made up his mind to become a doctor; and so he read medicine with a town practitioner, and went back to the hills to heal the sick. He had an eye for comely girls, from the start. He had married Sally Honeycut, had children by her, seen her die, and had married Mary Buchanan, before the war broke out, the year that he reached thirty-three. And he had opinions as rigid as his father's, and clung to them as to the rock of his salvation. He was anti-slavery. There was nothing in the Bible that said that it was right to treat niggers like mules or oxen. That made him a Republican, did it? Well, by God, he *was* a Republican then! Even if he stood alone as the only one in Yancey County.—Maybe he liked the nigger-lover



SARAH CANDACE BRINKLEY  
The Mother of Dr. John R. Brinkley

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Lincoln, too! they jibed at him. Even this couldn't faze him: Abe Lincoln was a better man than any man the Democrats had, a real man of God, a Moses sent to lead the niggers to the promised land of freedom. And then they got angry at him, and told him he ought to be ashamed to look a decent Southerner in the face, siding with dirty sons of bitches of abolitionists. And Doctor John got madder, and grew red in the face, and shook his huge fist in the faces of the rest of them: slavery was wrong, people should not be in bondage, and no man could make a Simon Legree out of *him*.

And then, they tied him up in a knot. "Well, Doc, we're in a war. You'll grant that. What you gonter do *now*,—fight like a man for the Johnny Rebs, or be a dirty skunk, and sneak off to join the Yanks?"

He cooled somewhat, at this. "Yes, you're right that far. I'm a Southerner. I don't desert my own folks, even if they are in the wrong. I'll join.—As a doctor."

He gave four years of his life to the gray. When he knelt nightly before his Maker in the solitude of his tent, his face was gray too, as he prayed that the North would win. But he did not let this affect his loyalty to the cause whose uniform he wore.

Mary Buchanan Brinkley, his second wife, was dead now, and he was courting another girl, doctor-soldier as he was. She lived across the river from where his regiment was encamped. He had managed somehow to acquire a new suit of clothes, that almost fit him, and a new straw hat; and he put these on, to go courting. It was spring flood, and the river was on a rampage. Well, he had made up his mind to see the girl, and hell and high water couldn't stop him. He stripped, bundled up his clothes, and tied them on top of his straw head-piece; and, like a hatted Adam, he swam across. He hung the hat, for the night, on one of the bed-posts. In the morning he happened to glance inside his hat. Something made him look inside the sweatband. There were bed-bugs crawling around inside it. That was the last time he visited that girl.

A Brinkley is hard to kill. The Yanks shot his left leg to pieces, and shot out his right breast. But he

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walked palely out of the hospital at last, limping only a trifle, and went on with his tight-lipped healing of the sick, the maimed, the halt, the blind.

When the war ended, he moved to Webster, the county seat of Jackson County, on a little tributary of the Catawba, still in the Smokies; and Fanny Knight was the chief reason. A comely woman was the reason for most of the things he did. He married her, had children by her, saw her die. After her death, he left the thriving drug store in the little county seat, and trekked over the westward hills, to practice in eastern Tennessee. He married Sarah Mingus, his fourth wife, and saw her die by the same great white plague that had one by one slain the others. All his medicine, all his bluff cheer, could not stop this scourge of God among the hill folk. By now, Doctor John had a name that covered four states for doing miracles with fevers and diphtheria. But it was the white plague, and not these, that struck those nearest and dearest to him: he had to stand by impotently and see them die, and he unable to lift a hand to prevent it, for all his skill with most sufferings. He began to brood about it a little. It brought him over nearer to God, whose inscrutable will was responsible for all the crosses he and others had to bear. He had been born a Methodist, sprinkled as a baby, immersed just after the war; and there was only one sin on his soul, that might account for what God did to him. Bitterly, again and again, he repented of this sin. But as long as girls were comely, it came on him again and again.

About 1884, he met Candace Burnett, and she found favor in his eyes. He cast about her neighborhood for a likely place to practice. He persuaded Dan Bryson to give him an unlimited lease on a little farm—for farms in the Great Smokies were rarely larger than five to seven acres of semi-sterile steepness—and settled down to woo her, though he was fifty-six to her twenty-four. He cultivated her family, and even had her brother John, who was already a young Methodist preacher, read medicine with him.

It was a slow wooing. In time Doctor John took unto

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himself a fifth wife, Candace Burnett, and a young life was soon stirring in her womb.

### 3

The Burnetts—they spelled the name Burnet then—had landed from the North of England at Norfolk, Virginia, in 1689, seven years after the town was founded. They too had been people of family, with an Anglican bishop among them. One of the earlier settlers, the great grand-father of the Burnett girl and her brother, had been a tobacco planter. His son, Robert, trekked over to Tennessee, in 1820. It was the heyday of Andy Jackson's prominence, with East Florida dangling from that lean frontiersman's belt,—even though the great Peter Cartright had thundered right out of the pulpit at him, when a local preacher whispered "General Jackson has come in!" the scornful taunt, "Who is General Jackson? If he don't get his soul converted, God will damn him as quick as a guinea nigger!" Old Hickory had an even more impressive scalp dangling from his belt than Pakenham or Pensacola, and that was Congress itself, which had capitulated completely to his view of the pirating of Florida. And now the wildcat banks were falling right and left, and the panic of 1819 was in full flood. Yet this did not dismay the hardy Burnett pioneer from setting to work to found his home and line in turbulent Tennessee.

He married Rachel Black, of Green County, and settled in Blount County, where Calderwood stands now. He raised a large family, and one at least of his sons started his own roving at fourteen, spending most of his time on the North Carolina side of the Smokies. He finally settled down, became a shoemaker, married a girl named Mingus, of low German or Pennsylvania Dutch stock that had settled in Reading as early as 1750. She was the daughter of George Mingus, a twin, who had served in the York County militia in 1781, and had seen service in the ending of the Revolution. A shrewd and thrifty man, he saved until at one time he had a whole half-bushel of coin or "hard money" hoarded. Moving to Lincoln County, North Carolina, on the southeast fringe of the Smokies, he had married



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Sarah Baker in 1831, when he was forty-eight and she sixteen. He moved west to Waynesville, the county seat due north of Webster, and became a land-owner and slave-owner on a large scale, for that neighborhood. It was his daughter that the roving Burnett had married; and he may have had an eye on the broad Mingus acres, at that. But the mind of the old hoarder weakened, as he faltered into his nineties; and suspiciously he sold off all of his land for almost nothing, and died leaving the family nearly penniless.

Sarah Candace Burnett had been born in 1860. Within a few years, the backwash of Sherman's raiders swept over the home of her parents. There was a brother younger than Candace now, a baby named Billy. After the blue marauders had passed through, there was not enough food left to give the mother milk; the baby starved at his mother's breast. The father, the shoemaker, was away in the forlorn gray ranks when this happened. He came back, and in the dearth that followed little John Burnett and his sister Candace hoed corn where the towns of Sylva and Webster stand today, long before the brother found God and his life's work under a withered old pine tree.

Candace had the scant chance at education that the mountain folk possessed then; less, indeed, than most, because she was a girl. But she made the most of what she could get, and was as bright as she was beautiful, with her deep red hair and her gay blue eyes. No wonder she kept Doctor John dangling; for, scarce as men were after the war, there were enough of them eager to marry her, even with the Mingus lands gone. But she said yes finally, and the middle-aged doctor took her as his fifth wife, moving with her into a little log cabin at a post office called Beta, North Carolina.

A year later, on July 8, 1885, she was brought to bed of a son. Her husband, Doctor John, was out on a sick call, when it happened, and the impatient baby would not await his return. The mother named the little son, her only child, John Romulus Brinkley. By the time he was three, she told him why. He must grow up to be a useful man, she said; a builder. Romulus had been a little Roman baby who was nursed by a she-wolf with

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his brother Remus, and later grew up to build Rome. And John Romulus he remained, until he was baptized by sprinkling into the Methodist faith, and the preacher decided that Romulus was a heathen name, and he became John Richard. The mother told her little son about the Bible, too, all she could remember; though she herself had only been sprinkled, and never immersed. The baby was barely three, when exposure growing out of a harsh winter sent her to her bed with chills and a raging fever, which developed into pneumonia. Doctor John had cured this in others; he cured it in her. But it left a wracking cough, and soon the broken-hearted husband knew that the white scourge had her too.

She insisted, against the father's protests, that the little son must sleep with her. His days were shadowed by her coughing and vomiting; night after night he would wake up, with the sheets dank and dripping from her agonizing night sweats. Her voice grew more high-pitched, her mood more hysteric, as the realization grew on her that there were not many months left on earth to her. She stood swaying against the bedpost, until she grew dizzy, making the little baby learn to the last word the Lord's prayer. She labored with him to teach him good table manners. And this was hard, because until he was three, he could not speak. He would point out what he wanted, ashamed of his lack of words to name it; and tensely the anxious mother would slap the pointing hand, or the perplexed face, insisting that he ask for what he wanted.

"How can the child ask, when he can't talk?" the father would object.

"He must learn. It's good manners."

The little boy invented a language of his own, that he could pronounce. Mother was *I-jin*; molasses was *wan*; the father, Doctor John, was *Yi-yi*; Aunt Sally, the maiden aunt of his mother who lived with them, was *Tay-ah*. But all troubles end, and he learned to speak as others do finally.

The butcher knife, the only one the family owned, was missing one day. The boy nodded, when he was asked if he had played with it; he pointed to a knot in the floor, where a knot had been trodden through. The

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mother insisted that the little boy was lying, and whipped him soundly. Aunt Sally, who always defended the youngster, ripped up two of the floor boards, and, sure enough, there was the knife. Little Johnny had been taught not to tell a lie, and what he was taught he followed. The mother wept feverishly at the undeserved whipping. But she could not wipe it out.

Another day, he was out gathering wild flowers for her, and did not come quickly enough, at her call, to suit her. He received a dreadful whipping for this. Only later did he grow to understand how she had been running a fever all these hectic days, and knew that she was slowly dying, and that she would have to leave the little boy, her only child, to the harsh rigors of the mountain life; the thought was almost too much for her. She taught him all the wisdom of the neighborhood, as well and as fast as she could. When he had warts on his fingers, she sent him out to find a hollow tree stump, to wash his hands in the stump water. He did. The warts disappeared. Such was the lore of the hills.

### 4

It is hard to picture the things and the people that have passed forever from our mortal view. Words can do a little. The log cabin, in which little Johnny Brinkley lived most of the first five years of his life . . . . The ground had been dug out a little, at the back, so it could sit steady into the hillside; and, in front, a few stones had been rowed irregularly, for the house and porch beams to rest on. The walls were made of logs, with the spaces between them mortared with good Carolina mud. A fieldstone chimney was at one end. There was no window, only two openings left in the side walls. The porch roof beams were held up by nondescript slim tree trunks spaced irregularly, and porch and house were crudely roofed with shingles. A single large stone made the front steps. The porch sagged, the roofs sagged, the floor inside sagged. The brief clothes line was stretched between two posts on the porch. A neglected sloping front yard. That was all.

Doctor John, at this time, had the high forehead, the keen dreaming eyes, the finely moulded features, of a

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born savant. It was the face of a born leader, who might have led in any field of human activity. The mother was sweet, lovelier than most of the hill women, and more granite than soft of soul, especially before her final illness. Her eyes were as level as morning sunbeams. The little son was a likely boy, with face questioning rather than haggard and troubled, which it became soon enough. Aunt Sally was plain, hollow-eyed, grimly determined to wrest out of life the best that she could for her own. A simple mountain family, with little to lesson the careless that the spark of genius burned in it, which bitter winds of suffering could fan into a gleam that no eyes could miss. Children of the Great Smokies. . . .

A revival meeting was held in the neighborhood. The grounds have all been made ready, in advance. Forked poles had been driven into the soil, with cross pieces upon which were piled pine boughs, to keep out the sun and rain while service was being held. There was fresh straw underfoot, and logs, cut from nearby trees, were laid in orderly rows for the seats. From miles and miles the mountain folk snaked along the precipitous passes, to gather for this chief event of the year. At last the favorite revival hymn was started, a song made up by a mountain revivalist named Billy Blythe:

O sinner, where will you stand in that day?

The moon will be bleeding, the sun will be  
darkened,

The mountains will be falling.

O sinner, where will you stand in that day?

The preaching started, with hell and damnation thundered at those who had not been immersed. There was ice on the creek banks, and the mother was giddy with fever. But she walked down into the stream, and found Jesus so.

Doctor John was very upset, at this same baptizing, because he missed the pants of his new navy blue suit. At the very moment he saw his wife step down into the icy waters, he saw Bill Cope, a mountain ne'er-do-well, wading into the chilly water with the missing pants on. You couldn't punish a man who stole for such a godly purpose.

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And then, when the baptizing was over, the ample spread for the saved, with the food served on crude long pinewood tables, with cedar buckets containing dippers at spaced intervals. The mother felt burning up with a sudden fever. She went for a drink of water. But each bucket, she found, was full of pure mountain dew, or cawn likker. The hill folk had not forgotten the wedding at Cana, though they were not counting on a miracle.

Doctor John was as profoundly moved as his wife, by this and other revivalists. He allowed himself to be immersed by the Methodists, and later by the Baptists as well. In 1890, he was even licensed to preach by the Methodists.

On the morning of April 23, 1891, the mother woke weaker than ever. Doctor John went out to catch a chicken for her, in the hope that it would ease her. Little Johnny, five years old, was trying to help. As the chicken passed the vigorous old doctor, sixty-three years old, he gave it a hearty kick. The chicken landed squarely in the little boy's chest, knocking the breath out of him. They had quite a time resuscitating the boy. The chicken was beyond aid.

Word had spread, by grapevine telegraph, that the doctor's wife was dying. The yard was filled with mountain women and mountain men. They all loved the doctor; most of them owed him money; besides, there would be something good to eat, if there was a funeral. In a feeble voice the dying mother called her one child to her bedside. He stared with awed round eyes at her emaciated body, hardly more than skin and bones; he leaned closer to catch the racked whisper that was all she could utter. There was a rattling in her throat; he had been told that this was the death rattle. Her eyes were on the mouldy plank ceiling; the little son knew that she saw through it to the unseen glories of the New Jerusalem. One emaciated arm came out, the fingers clutching at the counterpane, before they found the tiny son. She had to leave him, she said. She had prayed a lot about it, she said, because she was so anxious about his future. An angel had come to her in the night, she said, who had told her that her own aunt would raise him, and that he would grow up to be a

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great and a useful man. There were tears trembling in her eyes, and Johnny wondered why they didn't fall. She brought out the other emaciated arm, and looked again toward the ceiling. Feebly she tried to clap her hands. Her lips opened for a choked shout. "Kiss me, Johnny." And she had gone.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon. Just as the awed whisper passed around, "She's passed!" the father entered the room, panting and gasping, holding a little bag of oranges for her. She had asked for this half an hour before. There were none in the house. He had jumped on his horse, and ridden at breakneck speed the four mountain miles to and from the nearest store. It was too late for her even to know he had gotten them for her. But there were plenty of mourners to see that they were not wasted.

He gave the order for the casket—pure walnut, with large silver handles. There might not be enough to eat in the house all the time, but at least Candace wouldn't be buried without silver handles. Little Johnny saw the men coming into the house with a long stick, to measure the body, to get the right size for the coffin and the grave they were to dig. The casket was opened, beside the grave, for one last look at what had been Sarah Candace Burnett Brinkley. She looked almost lifelike, with a faint little smile on her worn cheeks, and her hands folded so softly across her breast, with a great big orange clasped in them. Little Johnny wanted a lot to have that orange.

It was four miles to the place of burial, on a hill-top at Love's Chapel, near Sylva. There were cedar trees above it, and they would be green over her even when everything else was snow. Johnny rode all the way right on the wagon containing the casket, and he was very proud of that. Even little Sally Wike, the daughter of the richest man in the neighborhood, who was wearing shoes, couldn't do that. They came to the frame gate into the graveyard. One of the wheel hubs caught on a gate-post, and tore it down. Little Johnny didn't understand all that the preacher said. But they let him sit in a chair in the empty wagon bed riding back. Only, going uphill at one place the chair went over backwards,

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and he cracked his head sharply on the floor of the wagon bed. Some said it was bad luck, and that it would always be cracked.

The father, Doctor John, came back and looked around the little log house, when everybody had gone but Aunt Sally and his son. Buried his fifth. . . . He was biting his lips with his teeth, and his face didn't look happy. Everything he saw reminded him of the bonnie auburn-haired wife who had peaked away into the grave. He turned, and his cheeks looked streaked, toward his dead wife's aunt. "Reckon I'll sell out this place, and move ahead. No use to live here, after she's gone."

And what he said he always did.

### 5

He let it go at a sacrifice, and moved to East La Porte, in Jackson County, in the heart of the Smokies. There was no hill neighborhood that would not welcome Doctor John, now; clean-minded, clean-living, pulsing with vigor, more than kind and generous. He did everything for his patients, except collect from them; his pleasure was in service. He had changed now; the death of his fifth wife cut him deeper than anything that had happened before. God moves in a mysterious way. . . . The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away. . . . He pondered more and more on the inscrutable will. What money came to him he poured out in building and equipping Wesley chapel, near Sylva.

Not that he came home empty-handed, from his rounds among the hills with the ailing and the dying. The little son would run eagerly to the door, to see the stalwart father come cantering up, with saddle bags stuffed with more than his homely medicine kit and instruments, with some chickens or turkeys tied on behind him, or a slab of bacon or a ham in front, perhaps holding a bucket of honey or molasses in the one free hand. If they did not pay him with any frequency, at least it would never do to let the good doctor starve.

At mealtimes, he liked a lot of neighbors around him. His grizzled head would bow stiffly, while he returned thanks to God almost as to an equal. When he got ready to leave the house for a round of calls, he would kneel

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in prayer, and everyone in the house had to go down with him. Once, while little Johnny was kneeling beside the opened kitchen door for this benedictory prayer, he noticed that his pet pigeons were preening themselves in the sunlight outside; and, to his horror, he saw that a cat was about to spring upon one. He stood too much in awe of his father, if not of God, to interrupt the prayer. In agony he remained kneeling, and saw the cat kill the pigeon. But, when the prayer was ended, he killed the cat.

There were always good things to eat, while his father lived. One of the doctor's favorite dishes was baked opossum, with sweet potatoes. The log cabin in Beta had always had a potato patch, of red and yellow yams; and one of the first things the doctor did in East La Porte was to put in a similar patch. Frequently the doctor would bring his 'possum home alive, and feed him on clean food a few days before killing him. One night he brought one home and, having no available pen, he put the animal in the little room he called his drug room. About four o'clock in the morning, a racket from the drug room roused the whole family. When they carried in a lamp, they saw the most acrobatic animal they had ever seen. The 'possum would stand on his head, turn somersaults, run up the wall to the ceiling and jump off climb the bed-posts; he seemed about to laugh himself to death. The behavior was inexplicable, until suddenly the doctor spied an emptied overturned whiskey-bottle on the floor. The mystery was solved: the 'possum was drunk.

For all his kind-heartedness, like all the Brinkley men, Doctor John was a sort of dictator. When he told his son to do anything, he expected the boy to do it immediately; no talking back, no argument whatsoever. A violation of this summoned forth the ready hickory withe, and how the doctor could wield it! But he never had to use it on Johnny. Twice he started to, when the aunt prevented it. For, ever since the mother had been sickly, and more so after her death, the grim kind woman had taken over the raising of the little boy.

Little Johnny would sit fascinated, while his father told him the family lore of pioneer days, and especially



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of the harsh red years when blue and gray battled the length and breadth of the southland. Inevitably such talks would end up in a ringing denunciation, on the part of the father, of man's inhumanity to man, especially in the form of human slavery. He was still a Republican, and proud of it, in spite of the temporary stain of Reconstruction. He was still called a nigger-lover: there was no sting in it now. They were human beings, with souls made by the same God who made the white man, he would say. They could be excellent citizens too: look at Uncle Sile Davis and Uncle Dave Rogers, two respected colored men in the mountainous country, both the sons of their former masters and colored mothers.

The father's code was simple, and he planted it deep within the son's soul. Honesty is the best policy. A good name is rather to be chosen than riches and fine gold. Preachers and doctors are born to be such, and are especially appointed by God. No man but a true Christian is fit to be a doctor. Honor is everything. Justice and right must be defended, even at the cost of one's life. No one should be turned away from your door hungry. A man must minister to the sick. The Sabbath day must be kept holy. God is quick to punish all wrong-doing. A simple stern code, that he lived up to, and expected Johnny to.

Beyond this, he was kind and indulgent. The boy was mechanical-minded; the father kept him supplied with hammers and hatchets. He loved a mouth-harp; the father saw that he never lacked one. His candy and oranges never failed. For his own part, the father loved to hunt and fish, and most of all he loved to chew plug tobacco—"manufactured tobacco," he would call it.

In 1894—the father was sixty-six then, and Johnny was nine—the doctor's brother, David Brinkley, whom he had not seen for years, came for a brief visit. The two gray old men had a long happy evening, reminiscing over a bottle of good Nawth Ca'llina cawn. But, even then, Johnny sensed, his father was aging, was failing. In early April of 1896 he became quite ill, with pains in his chest, and difficulty in passing his water. He was irritable the entire week, and scolded little ten-year-old

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Johnny on any and no provocation. The boy took it stoically; he knew that he had not intended to offend, he couldn't understand what had changed his father. And the man's face looked so gray, so drawn. . . .

The boy considered what he could do, to please the father. His eye lighted on the man's Sunday-go-to-meeting shoes, which were miry, and cried aloud for a clean-up. The boy slipped them out of the house into the backyard, got the brush and the old box of blacking, cleaned them, shined them like swart mirrors. He walked into the room where the father fretted in bed, proudly displaying them. The father, with a little catch in his throat, thanked the boy. There was no more scolding, after that.

There was a knock on the front door. Aunt Sally came into the bedroom. "It's a man from over the south hills, twenty-six miles away. There's a woman sick. He wants you to go. I told him you were sick yourself. . . ."

"Bring him in here." He fixed his burning eyes finally on the man. "You can see how I am, myself. But I'll get well, right away, and come. You go on; and, the moment I'm able to make it. . . ."

The man left. On Saturday morning, the twelfth of April, the doctor got out of bed, dressed, and walked stiffly about the yard. "We must have some corn planted for early roasin'-ears." He got out the old mare and harnessed her, and plowed a little piece of ground. He felt too drained out to plant the corn. Sunday he rested, and sang hymns and a few old songs he had learned during the war, and prayed more than usual. He studied his son and his dead wife's aunt thoughtfully, "I don't believe I'm going to get well," he said quietly.

Monday morning, he saddled up the mare, and said that he was going to try and see that sick woman, twenty-six miles away. There were no roads, of course; just mountain trails and passes. The little house he had was along the level portion of the river, below the mountain falls—perhaps five miles away.

"You oughtn't to try to make it, sick as you are," Aunt Sally objected.

"Don't go, daddy," the boy pleaded.

The old face was stern. "She's sick, and she needs me.

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There's nobody else to go. But I'll ride up the five miles to the approach to the mountain, and if I don't feel any better, I'll turn around and come on home."

They saw him ride slowly, grayly away, his old dog trotting beside him. Word came back, just after noon, that he had sent the message that he felt some better, and would go ahead. He rode on up along Cashier's Valley, almost on the crest of the hill itself. He stopped at a country store, and asked for a bottle of Jamaica ginger; he told the storekeeper that he was so weak and exhausted. he didn't know whether he could make the final ten miles. But he made it by dark, went into the house, examined the sick woman, dispensed his medicine to her. They scraped together what supper they could, and called him, as he sat there in front of the log fire, chewing tobacco.

"I don't feel right like eating. I'm not feeling very well. You all go ahead. . . ."

While they were eating supper, his eyes rapt on the mysterious beauty of the glowing embers, still chewing tobacco, he died, without pain.

Mountain couriers were sent to inform the aunt and orphaned boy. Tuesday morning these riders arrived at the little house below the falls, and announced the death. As they had ridden along the skyroad of Cashier's Valley, they had left instructions that a rough pine box be built. One of the Brinkley neighbors, John Moody, had a new wagon with a new box bed upon it. He put some straw in it, and left Tuesday afternoon for the body. Twenty-six miles to go, and twenty-six miles to return, with the load a little heavier now, for what had ceased to be Doctor John lay coldly in the straw. Thursday evening at sundown Moody drove into the yard. The old dog trotted, wraith-like, just behind. It was a warm April, and the corpse had begun to swell; yet the face looked still serene, still dominant, still natural.

Friday morning it was taken across the river and buried in the Wike graveyard, on top of a hill in plain view of the house Johnny still lived in. The boy stood behind the hole, and studied the pine box. They had let him see his father in it, last night; it could not be opened today, they said. It was a pretty tight fit. His

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father must be uncomfortable in there; anybody would be. You'd think he'd push a foot or an arm through the wood, and get up, with his rumbling laugh, asking what in the world they were thinking of, getting ready to plant him with his corn not even in. It didn't seem reasonable that he wasn't ever going to get up again; that what had been all that huge warm-hearted vigor and life and talk and gaiety would be silent and stiff and cold forever, or at least until Gabriel blew. A person would get too cramped to move, lying stiff there that way so long. At least, Johnny was glad he had shined the shoes that daddy had on, right now.

His hand itched, where the dried measles skin was peeling. He rubbed it quietly, hoping nobody was watching. A pair of topknot redbirds wheeled dazzlingly into a pink cloud of apple blossoms; the buds above were almost as ruddy as the birds. They had finished the talking now, and the first spadeful of dirt rattled hollowly down on the box, as if you were hitting a drum. And more, and more, and more, and more. . . .

He was alone, now. Except for Aunt Sally. Mother was gone, daddy was gone: nobody left, but him and Aunt Sally and God. They had gotten sick, and died.—Heal the sick; that was what daddy always said, always did; and now he couldn't do it any more. Maybe if Johnny had been a little older, and had just known what to do, they wouldn't be dead now, he'd still have a mother and father, like everybody else had. His father couldn't heal sick people any more; but that was what Johnny must do. He must hurry up and grow up, and be a doctor too, forever and ever and ever.

They levelled it off at last, and started down to the house. But Johnny didn't feel quite so terribly alone now, now that he was going to be a doctor too. It was almost as if he could feel his father's hand firm and warm in his, squeezing his fingers a little, as if to say, That's right, Johnny boy, just come along with me, and I'll show you how. He can still feel that hand there. He can squeeze back, a little, now.





DR. JOHN RICHARD BRINKLEY  
Father of Dr. John R. Brinkley



## THE MAKING OF A MAN

## 1

UNT SALLY MINGUS and ten-year-old Johnny Brinkley went right to work, to make what sort of a patch they could out of the ripped fabric of their lives. They had the farm. True, it was hardly more than five acres. But it was a little more level than most; for, indeed, most of the hill farms were so steep that it wasn't any job at all to fall out of your own into the neighbor's below you. There was a potato patch, a few rows of cane, some stunted corn, a little wheat; but that was something toward one's daily bread. And there was the house. It was raised of hewn unsquared logs, with a pot-bellied chimney outside, of sticks calked together with red mud. There were even two rooms inside, although it was hardly fifteen feet long and ten feet wide. The pots and pans and skillets, what there were of them, were almost as good as new, and there were plenty of quilts for the rickety beds, and a few extra splint-bottomed chairs for visitors. There were 'coon skins tacked on the logs outside, and a wash pan set on a rock outside the back door. Of course, there wasn't room to wash inside; but outside was big enough. It was a big improvement over the smaller log cabin at Beta, and all theirs, now. And, best of all, they had the doctor's accounts, the money due him from almost everybody in the hills.

The hills knew that he was gone; when a giant oak falls, the shrinking empty space publishes the alteration. Johnny knew it most of all. The grave was in the piney hill just across the Tuckasegee from the house; and many times each day he dawdled down past the big honey-locust to the swimming hole, where the rock shelved down underwater on the far side and made a natural dam, and waded across the river, and then up the hill to the crude Wike cemetery. Here he would loiter beside the grave, and



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keep it spick and span, until not a weed dared show its head in the freshly disturbed plot. Doctor John's old dog missed his master too. For a week he sniffed around, his big brown eyes troubled. He whimpered, and finally howled mournfully. Then he set out for the railroad station fifteen miles away. He waited here until a train came, and walked calmly into its track. This was his way.

They sent word of it, back to Johnny and Aunt Sally. It did not make their faces any happier. Slowly, to those who observed, the old woman's visage grew grimmer, and more tightlipped, and more determined. There was a haunting sadness, an emptiness, in the eyes of the little mountain boy, now. Even his cheeks hollowed out. Suffering leaves tracks, as plainly as a killing frost.

Aunt Sally had already learned a lot about midwifery from Doctor John, and she had been with him at the homes of most of his patients, when worn life sought to renew its youth in new life. And so she rode the aging mare from house to house, reminding the neighbors near and far that she was available as a midwife, even with doctor gone, and seeking to collect what was owed him, that she and little Johnny needed to live on, with their provider gone.

She was able to collect nothing. They may have decided that death sponged out all things, a man's debts as well as his failings; but they worded it differently. They had all paid doctor, they insisted. If his books didn't show they were paid up in full, all it meant was that he had died before he got around to giving them credit. Why, the very last time he called, they had paid every last cent . . . Well, that part of it was ended, then. But she could still earn what she could as a midwife, charging three dollars a confinement, whether she was in demand a full week, or only a few hours. Of course, Aunt Beck Long, the rival midwife, continued the more popular, with her rate only half as much. But they kept Aunt Sally busy quite a mite of the time, and she made from twelve to twenty dollars a year at this.

It wasn't quite enough to live on, in halfway decency and comfort. But grass can hold its own through a drought, and roots at least through the most withering

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winter; and they made out. Their bodies grew leaner, their cheeks hollower, their eyes hungrier; but they kept on living.

### 2

Johnny had been going to school for some years, now. The very year his mother died they had intended starting him. But everybody told you that schoolteachers cut little boys' ears off. Just before school opened—and anybody could be a teacher, in the mountains, for the three months session a year, with fifteen dollars a month all that the teacher got, in addition to boarding around with this family and that—the old lady who was going to teach called to meet the prospective six-year-old pupil. Unfortunately for the effect she wanted to make, she carried her knitting and a pair of formidable scissors. Little Johnny took one look at them, and kited out of the back door with a loud bawl, and scuttled off into the brush quicker than a cottontail. They couldn't get him to school all that year. Aunt Sally did what she could, teaching him his A-B-C's and how to read and spell, out of Harrington's Speller. Johnny was relieved to learn that all he had to do to be educated was to learn all the words in that one book. If he could only ever learn how to look up a word in the dictionary, he would be educated without a superior. And so he stayed at home, and nursed a fear of schoolteachers that never left him.

The next year, they started him to school, willy-nilly. The schoolhouse was raised of logs, one small room with log seats on each side. The teacher stood upon a raised platform at one end; behind it lay, upon huge spikes driven into the log wall, three weathered hickory sticks. A good lesson in authority was for teacher to take down a hickory stick and bend it and make it zoom and swish through the air, to show how flexible it was. The only better lesson was to give a little demonstration on the squirming bottom of the first luckless perpetrator of an error in lessons.

School opened about the beginning of August, when sweet potatoes were just coming in. Every child had his lunch basket, and the staple in these at this time was

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baked potatoes; indeed, at this season, potatoes were served breakfast, lunch and dinner, until the stock sank low. A diet almost exclusively of potatoes fills the stomach with gas like a volcano. One afternoon, early in the session, teacher rang the little hand bell to end the two hour luncheon recess, and sat stiffly until the pupils were all in their places, and the room absolutely silent. Out of the hush, one unfortunate little fellow, about Johnny's size, across the aisle from him, broke wind like a pistol shot. The teacher's face ruddied with fury. "Who did that? Who is guilty? Whoever you are, come up here. . ." He swung one of the hickory sticks through the air. A barefoot, half-clothed, half-starved mountain boy, eyes blurred with tears, rose slowly, scuffed forward to the platform. The flexible hickory withe slashed all over his legs and around his thin-clad waist, until the blood spattered down on the floor. The rest of that afternoon, not a child dared move, or steal a look around. When Johnny arrived home, he told the aunt he would never return to that school. He never did.

The next year's teacher, named John Fincannon, was a kindlier man. He visited at the Brinkley cabin, when he learned of the little orphan's fear of teachers, and promised never to whip him. The teacher too was an orphan, and from the start there seemed a bond of sympathy between him and the younger orphan. Instead of using a hickory stick, he would play ball with the children, go nutting with them, go 'coon-hunting at night with the boys.

Every year brought a new teacher. A Mr. Henson came next, who spared the child and forgot the rod. The year later, a rather attractive young lady was the teacher.

A red-headed girl named Lula came next. Then came a man named Sims, whose father was a preacher. It was common to have preaching during the lunch recess, which lasted from eleven until one; classes till eleven, hell and brimstone until one, classes thereafter. Little Johnny listened with awe as the elder Sims shrieked out from the teacher's platform that he could see hellfire leaving the throne of God, descending upon the miserable sinners in

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front of him. Johnny a bit alarmed, ducked under a bench. He did not see any fire; he was relieved at that. Invariably, at these meetings, he went up to the mourner's bench finally—everybody did, the hills held no room for a man who wouldn't confess God between sins. But he never felt anything within him that would make him get up and jump and shout and be happy like the others. He caught chicken-pox at one meeting; but never religion. He was afraid of God, and he would much have preferred to have nothing to do with Him. The roaring thunder, they told him, was God's voice of anger, the forked lightning the baleful glitter of his eyes. The Bible was God's truth from kiver to kiver, and the man who changed one word of its meaning would go straight into hellfire, and burn forever with brimstone. All this made the boy uncomfortably miserable most of the time.

One day Vernon Hooper, about Johnny's age, boasted, in the presence of teacher's pet, snippy little Sally Wike, that he had a belly full of spelling. In the refined atmosphere of school, you might possess an abdomen, or even a stomach; a belly was suitable only for home or the wilder moments of preaching. The blue-eyed, flaxon-haired little girl became quite insulted, and told Sims, the preacher's son, who was the teacher. Sims yanked Vernon upon the platform, and whipped him unmercifully. The boy's father held this was unnecessary cruelty, and had Sims removed as teacher at once.

The same spiteful little girl hurt Johnny's own feelings more, when she jeered at his patched pants; he wore spectacles on the wrong part of his body, she giggled unkindly. She would tread with her leather shoes on his bare heels, and egg on her brother Claude to throw rocks at the somber-eyed orphan. But she was the daughter of Jack Wike, one of the well-to-do men in the school district, and a trustee of the school board. She was always well-dressed and well fed. Nobody could do anything to her.

And still the teachers kept on coming. . . . Miles Parker, a kindly man, who left to take a job with the Nick Williams Distillery, as whiskey gauger . . . . Zeb Parker

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. . . . J. H. Painter, a popular teacher called "Jule," who was later assistant postmaster at Cullowhee . . . . Professor Dawson, who had been a classmate of the murdered president, William McKinley—a real scholar, who taught everything from the blackboard, without textbooks. Consider what he taught John Brinkley and the other unshod mountain boys, hill-billies, to give them the lowland jeer: English literature, ancient and medieval history, Latin through Cicero and Virgil, algebra, calculus, trigonometry—subjects young Brinkley had not even known existed. Before Jule Painter came, school in the Smokies meant three months a year, or at most four. But, under him and Professor Dawson, the natives added on to the regular course what they called the subscription school, with the students paying three dollars a month apiece for the lengthened tuition. This was from 1898 to 1902, when John grew from thirteen to sixteen. No more fifteen dollars a month for the teacher; but for the professor, and his daughters Nanny and Mary who assisted him, seventy-five dollars a month, together with room and board. And this was a princely salary in the southern Appalachians, for that time.

John Brinkley and his aunt did not have the three dollars a month. But he was the dead doctor's son, and everybody understood. He was taken in as a free pupil. From August, on through the chilling months until the snow and ice of winter had thawed into the pale stern spring, the school continued. The log cabin where John lived was three miles away from the schoolhouse. Worst of all, Aunt Sally had grown quite feeble, and was no longer able to earn the little that her midwifing had formerly brought in. Since his father died, when John was ten, he had tried singlehanded to cultivate the five to seven acres of steepish hill and farm. When he tried to hold the plow, at first, it would jerk him down repeatedly. He was so afraid of things, that, when he plowed up a ground snake, he imagined the snake was coming up the plow handle against him, and ran from the field.

His stock consisted of a cow, an old mare, a few pigs and sheep. He stretched these as far as they would go.

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He would shear the sheep, and swap the wool for jean, from which Aunt Sally's trembling fingers would make rude clothing. The aunt knitted the boy's gloves, and even his stockings. But want breeds longings and dreams; and the time came when the boy's soul began to demand the earth and the fulness thereof. Occasionally he found means for some sort of a spending spree, and actually got one or more of the things he wanted. Thus one year he sold his crop of corn, eight whole bushels, and with the proceeds bought a telegraph key and sounder, and mastered the Morse alphabet.

He was to be a doctor; that much was determined. He had long ago picked out three men to pattern himself after, and over his table he had a picture of each of them: Abraham Lincoln. Thomas A. Edison. William McKinley. These; and, most of all, his father. In the picture, McKinley wore a Masonic apron; so the boy determined to be a Mason. John Brinkley freeing the slaves . . . . John Brinkley illuminating the world. . . . John Brinkley facing an assassin's bullet, for the sake of his people . . . . John Brinkley healing the sick . . . . Longings, and dreams . . . .

—Even when there wasn't much food, or any food. Lots of the winters the larder grew emptier and emptier, until it was crumb-bare. There was milk, at times; but sometimes the old cow went dry. What with the corn he raised, he usually managed to have some corn meal, for corn pone, if not for the fancier cornmeal breads. John used to take the old mare and go over to old Nigger Dave Rogers, and hitch her to the man's old tanbark mill, and grind bark for him all day, to get a gallon of molasses in return. Corn pone, milk, molasses: it was a feast, while it lasted.

Shoes cost money; and money was scarce. There were whole winters when John could not afford any. Three miles going and coming to school, over the steep, sharp, frozen ground, barefooted, in the harsh winter; no matter how much he wrapped his feet up in old croker sacks, they would freeze, and bleed. When he got to school, the teacher had a place reserved for him in front of the stove, so that he could sit, barefoot, and keep warm;

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while the other children, more warmly clothed, could sit back on the regular seats. One day a boy dropped a cartridge in the stove, and blew the lid off. John Brinkley moved back, that day.

He was never punished but once, in school. In his little corn patch, after half starving all winter and early spring, he found the first ear of corn that ripened, and boiled it, and took it to school with a hunk of bread, for that day's lunch. His breakfast had been nothing special, merely a small piece of corn pone; and long before noon his stomach began to ache with hunger, until the recurring image of that ear of corn became unbearable. He began to munch it, hiding it as much as he could from the teacher. Ferret eyes discovered the offense against discipline. John Brinkley was ordered to stand on the platform for an hour, in sight of all the students. He burned with humiliation; the punishment seemed unjust. Even a dog had a right to eat, when it was hungry.

In those days, the primitive methods of lighting in the Smokies were kerosene lamps, tallow candles, and pine knots. Kerosene, coal oil to the mountaineers, was used by the less impoverished hill folk in their lamps for lights. But it cost twenty cents a gallon, and John Brinkley could not afford a luxury like that. Even tallow candles cost money. So he gathered driftwood containing resinous pine knots from the river bank, and at night would sit in front of the fire and study his lessons for the next day, while the wheezy old aunt tossed restlessly in her bed in the other room. The wife of Judge Davies, a local magistrate, furnished the boy with books and magazines to read; she was one who saw that he had a future. And he certainly had a memory, almost like the young Macaulay's; he could remember and practically recite from memory any magazine article or book he had once read.

One day, in school, the teacher offered a prize to the student who could open his book at random and memorize whatever he came across in three minutes, and then stand up and recite it. John opened his book, memorized this passage, delivered it:

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'Twas a bitter cold morning, the new-fallen snow  
Had pierced every crack where a snowflake could go.  
The streams were all solid, the ice hard and clear,  
And even the fishes were chilly, I fear.  
All the wild creatures, the fierce and the bold,  
Sighed sadly for summer, deploring the cold.  
But one thrifty family, as you must know,  
Were breakfasting merrily under the snow.  
Close by a tall tree, a hole in the ground  
Which led to a parlor with leaves cushioned round,  
Five jolly red squirrels were sitting at ease  
And eating their breakfast as gay as you please.

It was forty years ago when he memorized this, to win the prize. He can still recite it, to the last word.

### 3

John Brinkley was now sixteen. This was the spring of 1902, and the Rough Rider was ripsnorting in the White House, preparing for an onslaught in the fall against the still hopeful hordes led by the aging boy orator of the Platte. There was no more "book l'arnin'" available in the mountains, and so he quit school.

He didn't quite know how to go about becoming a doctor. He had heard vaguely that boys didn't simply read medicine with a doctor, as his father had done, any more, but that there were schools that taught doctoring. Where these were located, or how to get into one, were as much a mystery still to him as these things people talked about and you never saw, like electric lights and telephones.

He had stopped school; and he had to do something. Vernon Hooper's father had the contract to carry the mail on the Star Route between Tuckasegee and Sylva, a distance of fifteen North Carolina miles along the Tuckasegee River. The man received about thirty dollars a month from the government for this. After some talk, he offered to pay young John Brinkley eight dollars a month, and his room and board, to do the work. John accepted. He moved into the Hooper home, at the Tuckasegee end of the route. He rose at four o'clock, six mornings a week; picked up letters from the boxes and made his deliveries; stopped at East La Porte for the



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mail to be opened, had his collections stamped and placed in the mail sack; collected from there to Cullowhee post-office, where he stopped again to have his collections stamped and sacked; and so on to Sylva, where for the third time the letters and packages received en route were officially sent on their way, this time by a post-mistress named Lela Potts.

At Sylva, John cultivated the acquaintance of R. M. Grasty, the local agent for the Southern Railroad. The man was large, plump, slow to move. The agent said that he was not allowed to teach John telegraphy. But the one professional career open in the hills to an unspecialized young man, teaching school at fifteen dollars a month for three or four months a year, seemed a dead-end road toward becoming a doctor; and daily this became more imperatively the boy's ambition. The daily schedule called for John to remain at Sylva from ten-thirty until half past twelve, when the return journey with the mail began. For all that he earned eight dollars a month and his own keep, it took all of this to support the old aunt, whom he could at least see twice a day, as long as he had the mail route.

John determined not to waste this daily two hours. He began to make himself useful to old man Grasty—sweeping out the waiting rooms, toting in coal, keeping the cooler filled with fresh water, helping with express, freight, and baggage, and altogether wooing the old man's favor. Sylva, of course, had no electric lights. But John had been assured that Ashville, only forty-seven miles away, was full of these modern miracles. He had determined to see an electric light, before he grew much older. A telephone was another marvel he had to see with his own eyes and hear with his own ears, before he would believe any such thing. Still another thing was a bank, where they said people kept money, hundreds of dollars of it. John pondered a lot about what a bank would look like. People said banks had vaults, and you put bodies in vaults, and of course cemeteries had vaults that you put bodies in, so a bank must look something like a cemetery. The best way would be to see for himself.

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Here the very train that carried his mail, every morning, ran right into Ashville; the mail could go, but he could not. For a round trip, second class, cost two dollars and forty cents; and that would make far too much of a gap in the monthly eight dollars, with which Aunt Sally was fed and clothed. The boy studied ways and means for a long time. If only the old mare could have had a colt! But she was about twenty-eight years old at the time of the doctor's death, and no Isaac came to cheer her old age. There was the cow. Every now and then she managed a calf, in spite of her age. And then Hattie—for that was her name—showed unmistakable signs of forthcoming progeny. She bore the calf, and, one day during the summer, John was able to sell it for five dollars; five whole dollars!

He asked Mr. Hooper to get somebody to carry the route for a couple of days, while he ran down to Ashville. There was a gulp in his voice, as he made it sound casual. So it was that, just turned seventeen, he set out to see a city for the first time in his life.

### 4

John Brinkley, on this momentous trip, wore all that he had: a shirt, not too clean, and a pair of breeches hitched up by suspenders. There was no collar to the shirt. He had never owned a tie. Underwear was a luxury unknown to his part of the mountains. There was no need for socks, for he did not even possess shoes. But people were very kind, helping him arrange things about the trip. Mr. Grasty, the agent at Sylva, wrote down the name of a lady who had a rooming house in Ashville, who would let him stay all night, and would furnish supper and breakfast, although she did charge fifty cents for it. In the hills, of course, they wouldn't charge you anything for a thing like that; John decided that the woman must be awfully stingy, and by now she must be as rich as resin, with people paying her money for just nothing at all. But he had to eat, and he had to sleep somewhere, and Mr. Grasty assured him it would cost him more anywhere else, so he made the best of it.

He made his arrangements, when he reached Ashville, with the lady who had the boarding house. It was still

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before noon, and he had time to see a lot before supper. He went right down to the corner, where there was a street car, like a passenger coach that ran by itself; and somebody had told him you could ride on it for only a nickel. It didn't seem hardly possible; but, after he had let the first two or three clang by, not quite knowing what to do to stop it, he took advantage of somebody else's waving his hand at the motorman, and climbed aboard.

He sat right behind the motorman, until he finally stood up to ask his questions better. The conductor came up and the boy asked him questions too, as fast as he could shoot them out. The conductor told him to stay on, when they reached the end of the line; and he rode him back to where they crossed another line, without asking him for another nickel. The conductor held the car here until another car came along on the other line, and he turned John over to this conductor. One by one they let him ride every street car in town, all for one nickel.

It was still several hours before sundown. He hadn't hardly believed it, at first, when they had said there were almost fifteen thousand people here, and five thousand of them Negroes. But he had already seen more people that day than you would imagine were in the whole United States, and more Negroes than he thought were in the world. He had seen the place where the Swannanoa runs into the French Broad, and had seen more water than he thought was anywhere in the world, except in the Great Lakes and the ocean maybe. He followed the last conductor's directions, and walked down to the place they called Riverside Park. There was a pet bear here, the first he had ever seen close-up, and a monkey, just like the picture you see in the geography. And he bought and ate a slice of ice cold watermelon. The man even let him touch the ice he had in the pail, ice that people made and sold, he said: ice, in August! There never had been a place as wonderful as this, in the whole world.

He hurried through supper, to get out to seeing things again. He saw an electric light come on, and then all he could see was electric lights. He did not get to bed at all,

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that night. He spent hours watching the electric lights, burning without oil or anything, not even a wick. When his interest in these flagged, there were always the street cars whizzing by, lit up like the courthouse in Sylva when they were counting the votes. On his way down Patton Avenue, he saw a fruit stand, the first he had ever seen, run by an Italian, the first he had ever seen. He bought two bits worth of bananas. They were a penny apiece, and he got such a sack of them that he could hardly carry them. He ate them and ate them and ate them, and there were always some left.

Shortly after midnight he went to the rooming house, paid for his room, and was assigned one with a preacher. The preacher composed himself to sleep; but John, the bag of bananas at his feet, sat up by the window, still munching bananas. The rooming house was near the depot, and he could see the switching of the engines in the freight yard, that never seemed to stop. And there were still a few street cars, and always the electric lights. He finished the bananas finally. He has never cared for bananas since.

Morning came. John wanted to relieve himself, but no-lessly around, looking for a stable, a barn, or a back-body had told him where to go. He strolled out and care-house. There weren't any to be seen. A bit upset, he came back to his bedroom, and woke up the preacher. "I'm awfully sorry to disturb you. But I've got to find the backhouse, or somewhere . . . ."

The preacher got up sleepily, his nightgown flapping around his bare calves. He led the boy down the hall to a door. "This is the bathroom. This is what you're looking for." Sleepily he padded back to bed.

John went inside, and looked around. He had never seen a room that looked anything like this. There was a basin fixed with pipes clear down to the floor; and a big beautiful funny-shaped longish tub, with thing-um-a-jigs with handles at one end, and a hole in the bottom; and a nice low pretty bowl, standing half full of clean water. He looked at the tub. It wouldn't hold water, with that hole in the bottom there. He couldn't figure out what it was for; but certainly it wasn't what he was looking for.

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The basin was too high up, so it wouldn't do either. That left only the bowl with the water in it.

He examined this more carefully. Over it was a squarish bowl, with a chain hanging down. There was a wooden thing, like a picture frame or a seat with a hole in it, turned up against the back. Hinged. With gingerly care John turned this down, and found it had an opening almost like a backhouse in it. This must be the thing to use, even if he had figured it was the spring, with the family's drinking water, first.

He slipped down his suspenders, and sat down very suspiciously. He reached for the dangling chain, wondering what in the world it hung there for. He gave it a gentle tug. To his amazement, suddenly a gush of chill water splashed right under where he was sitting. He jumped up in consternation. The bowl was filling up faster than he had ever seen a bucket fill at a spring trough. The house was sure to be flooded, and there was no way he could stop it. He grabbed up his pants, shot out of the door down the stairs, and out on the street. He did not dare return to the house, for fear of being made to pay for the damage he had done.

He went back to Sylva that afternoon, his head buzzing with the marvels he had seen. From then on, everybody in the neighborhood wagged his head, and said sagely, "Well, I reckon Johnny Brinkley is goin' to amount to somethin', after all. He's bin to Ashville."

He set to work to correct his own speech, to use the book words he had learned, instead of the speech common around him. They jeered at him, for trying to speak different; but he stuck it out. After all, he was going to be a doctor. Somebody told him there was a doctoring school all the way up to Baltimore, a school called Johns Hopkins, or something like that. It might as well have been at the North Pole, for all the good the information did Johnny, with his eight dollars a month, and every cent of that needed to clothe and feed Aunt Sally, who grew feebler all the time.

One day, during the autumn of that year, the superintendent of the Southern Railroad Company, a Mr. Ramsaur, stopped off at Sylvia, while Johnny was waiting for



SALLY MINGUS  
The Great Aunt Who Raised John R. Brinkley



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the mail to be prepared, and meanwhile was lending a hand to old man Grasty with the baggage. The visitor asked the boy if he was in the company's employ. "No, sir." "Would you like to be?" "I want to be a doctor, sir." "A doctor!" Johnny flushed: "My father was. I'm going to be." The man nodded, eyes slitted appraisingly. "I see. You ought to go to Johns Hopkins." Johnny stared down at the knot hole in the floor his big toe didn't quite fill. "How could I git—I mean get there?" The man studied him some more. "I'll give you a round trip pass to Baltimore. You go up there, and see what they can do for you."

Johnny felt his heart would choke him dead, then and there. He managed to get his voice back, by the time the man had written out the pass, and he thanked the man, though it was hard to make the breath come. He told it, with awed eyes, to Mr. Hooper. Another boy was secured to carry the mail, while Johnny made the epochal trip. He went on up to Baltimore, just as he was: old somewhat dirty shirt, suspenders, breeches, no collar, no tie, no underclothes, no socks, no shoes. He presented himself before the dean of the medical department of Johns Hopkins University, like this.

The man rubbed his creased trousers thoughtfully, and laughed a dry little laugh. "What sort of education have you had?" Johnny told him. The man's nostrils curled and raised. "Johns Hopkins requires a college degree, a bachelor of arts at least, as a matriculation requirement. This high school you speak of—I never even heard of it. I'm sure it isn't listed. You're probably a good mail-carrier. I advise you to stick to that."

Johnny didn't cry, inside the room. But, when he walked down the hot sidewalk, careless whether he stubbed his toes or not, great sobs racked his whole chest, and he could not see to the next telephone post.

A man passing by asked him what the trouble was.

"Nothin'."

The man persisted. The story came out at last. The man studied the situation carefully. He sent the boy with a card over to Professor Heaps, at Milton Academy. "Tell him your troubles."



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Johnny, much more composed now, did as he was told. The professor put him through a swift comprehensive oral examination in the high school subjects. His face crinkled kindly. "My boy, you have an excellent high school education. The school you came from may not be known, and that might handicap you. So I'm going to matriculate you in Milton Academy, as of 1902."

Johnny could not even comprehend it all, yet.

The man went on. "There are a few subjects we can teach you, that you haven't had. Go on back to your mail-carrying, and do these things I assign you as home study; because you must be twenty-one years old, before they'll let you matriculate in a medical college."

This was food for courage. Head a little higher, Johnny went back to his mail route, and to his helping old man Grasty. But he considered matters more. The old man needed him; but he clearly would never allow Johnny to stay with him and learn telegraphy, so long as Johnny worked two hours for him a day, without pay. If once he taught the old man a lesson, by staying away. . . .

He acted on this scheme. He resigned his job as mail-carrier, and spent a week at home with Aunt Sally. At the end of this time, the new boy who was carrying the mail brought Johnny a note from Grasty, saying for the boy to come and live with him. It had worked! It was even more thrilling than seeing that first electric light.

He went down to Sylva, pitched in, and worked harder than ever. He made out the way bills for all the freight and baggage, sold the tickets, checked the baggage, handled the mail to and from the trains, and did everything but take the telegrams. In September, 1903, he went on the company records as relief agent for the Southern Railroad Company stationed at Sylva.

He took an afternoon off, to tell the thrilling news to Aunt Sally. She was very pleased.

He stared out of the open door. "By the way, it asked in the application blank for the job, where I was born. I put down eastern Tennessee—everybody around here says it was there. But I wasn't really sure."

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"Nonsense," her thin voice cackled. "You were born in the very house where your mother died. In Beta, in this state."

"Are you sure? Everybody says—"

Her face furrowed with some perplexity. "Of course, I wasn't there. I always understood Candace to say you were. And then, I have heard it was in Tennessee, too. Your father jumped around so much, here and there and everywhere—"

"Then you aren't really sure?"

She shook a wearied head. "You know how it is when you get along, Johnny. My memory isn't what it once was. *I think* it was in Beta. . . ."

He could never pin her down, more than this. And he has never been sure, himself, to this day.



## CHAPTER THREE

# THE ROAD TO HEALING

### 1

**D**URING the four years that followed, Johnny Brinkley did lots of things; but most of all he thought. He had seen Ashville, now, and Baltimore; and slowly he began to see the life around him with new eyes. The best that the mountains held for a man was life composed of teaching three months a year, at fifteen dollars a month; getting married, as his forefathers had done, to a mountain woman; farming a few acres of steep almost sterile land; maybe going in for a still, and certainly for a mongrel pack of dogs and a lot of kids, who would grow up like himself and marry and breed, and so forever perpetuate the life of pinched mediocrity. Moonshiners and ne'er-do-wells—the mountains held little else.

But his father had been something else. . . .

He could even stand out of himself, now, and see what he must look like, to the bustling successful people beyond the foothills. He could picture himself as a barefoot boy, with patched pants, supported by a pair of galluses held up maybe with a nail twisted through them, with a battered straw hat, and the plow lines around his neck,—watching a great passenger train go thundering by toward the distant city, that spelt success to him.

Four years. . . . He had completed the courses in the embryonic Tuckasee High School, and he was matriculated in Milton Academy as well; and since he had finally qualified in telegraphy, he was shifted from station to station on the Southern and on the Atlantic Coast Lines, as telegraph operator and freight and ticket agent. And all the time he kept up his home study for Milton Academy, coming closer and closer to the preliminary credits necessary for his chosen career.

During these years, he traveled a lot on railroad passes. His soul itched with restlessness; there was so

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much he had never seen, and nothing he did not want to see. For all that he had a good job and promotion open before him, he knew that this was not to be his future. A rolling stone might gather no moss, but it certainly acquired a lot of polish.

While he had been learning telegraphy at Sylva, something happened that later proved of great use to him. A woman sued the Western Union Telegraph Company, on the claim that a message sent from Sylva had not been delivered to her at Ashville, in time for her to attend her sister's funeral in Cullowhee. The telegraph company superintendent, named Calvert, came to Sylva, to dig up the facts for the defense of the suit. When he learned that the pupil in telegraphy had spent much of his boyhood in the neighborhood of Cullowhee, he flattered the boy by appointing him company detective, to gather up the information in the case.

Johnny Brinkley proceeded to the place, and got in touch with one of his former teachers, named Henson, and with a friend, Professor Robert L. Madison of the State Normal School located in the little mountain town. They had both seen the woman, a Mrs. MacAfee or MacAbee, at the funeral, Johnny secured affidavits from them of the facts, the professor stating that he had given the woman a drink of water when she fainted beside her sister's casket, and Mr. Henson swearing that he had held her baby at the same time. Armed with these, Johnny returned to Mr. Calvert. The man was as pleased as could be at the conclusive evidence, and promised the boy that, if he ever needed help, he could call upon the Western Union for it.

The most dangerous assignment the boy held was as agent for the Atlantic Coast Line at Burroughs, Georgia, a junction twelve miles west of Savannah, in the swamps along the Ogeechee River. Former agents there had either died from malaria, or been murdered by the wild swampland Negroes, who spoke their own African language unintelligible to whites. While he held on to this job, Johnny met a woman and her daughter who lived in New York City. Their descriptions of the metropolis of the western continents decided the boy in favor of going to New York City, which he later did, working

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part of the time with the Western Union, and part of the time with the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western in Hoboken.

### 2

Up to this time, Johnny Brinkley had had no girl friends. He had been too poor and ragged and hungry, most of the time; and, all of the time, too passionately interested in zigzagging as best he could toward his intended future. He had enough boy friends; but girls decided that his clothes were not nice enough for them to go with him.

In the late fall of 1906, neighbors wrote twenty-one-year-old Johnny that he ought to return to East La Porte, as his aunt was very feeble. Johnny had himself transferred to an agency at Bryson City, county seat of Swain County, just west of Webster, and also Clyde, just east of Waynesville, both in the Smokies. He moved his aunt to the place where he boarded in the former town. On Christmas day, 1906, she died there.

The railroad furnished a private car, free of charge, for the funeral—they thought that much of young John Brinkley already. The great-nephew had what was left of Aunt Sally buried beside his father, in the Wike graveyard across from the old home in East La Porte, on the piney hill above the old swimming pool. The last chain that united him to his old life seemed to have snapped.

But old things root deep. There was still every inch of the ground he had known as a boy, and this was knit into the core fibres of his being. And there were the people he had been raised with, who at least were walking breathing reminders of the dear ones who had gone. After the funeral, Sally Wike, the snippy youngster who had teased him once about his patched trousers, came up to him, as he stood there desolate and more alone than ever in his life before, and spoke to him kindly. She was sorry, she said, that she had been so unfair to him when he was a little boy; she wanted to apologize for it. The way he felt, the tiny kindness from her was like a drop of cool water to a man dying of thirst. Sally Wike, at this time, was twenty-two, pertly beautiful, flaxen-haired, with melting blue eyes. She

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had been, to the boy, during all these years, the unattainable. And now she was offering her sympathy, her friendship, with a hint of something more. She was not quite a year older than he, and still unmarried. . . .

He told her his dreams, his ambitions: she had a sympathetic ear for these too. And so, in 1907, they were married. . . . a son of the hills taking to wife a daughter of the hills. The difference was, that he already had begun to see the world, had begun to outgrow the narrowness of the hills. If she had had the eyes that he had, if she had been made of the stuff that he was made of!

The marriage, at first, seemed the thing needed to wake him toward the final realization of his plans. Wide-eyedly the young couple discussed what was to be done next, and his desires prevailed. They went to Chicago. He secured work with the Western Union, and began to look around without delay for a medical school. He heard from someone that the Bennett Medical College, now the medical department of Loyola University, was second to none in the middle West. He called to see Dr. John Dill Robertson, its president. The doctor himself had begun as a telegraph operator, which knit a bond of sympathy at once. He explained that the matriculation fee was twenty-five dollars, with a yearly tuition of a hundred and twenty-five. But if a pupil got the first twenty-five together, he could matriculate and go on until he reached his senior year, and then pay up the accumulated past tuition, which of course must be settled up before a diploma could be granted. Dr. Robertson did not explain that the old institution was an eclectic medical college, not recognized by that school of medicine called the allopathic, which constitutes the American Medical Association, the dominant medical oligarchy in the United States.

The boy had never heard of allopathy, or that system of medicine which seeks to cure by producing in the patient a condition incompatible with the disease; as opposed to homeopathy, the system old Dr. Hahnemann founded on the basis of "like cures like," which prescribed minute doses of such medicines as would produce in a healthy person the symptoms treated; and as opposed to other schools of medical thought. He did not

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know that the unrecognized eclectic colleges committed, in A. M. A. eyes, the unpardonable sin of permitting their graduates to select from all systems of medicine. To John Brinkley, a medical college was a medical college.

So John Brinkley borrowed twenty-five dollars from a loan shark, and matriculated in the medical school on June 26, 1908. And then he began to learn things about what were called accredited high schools. Neither Tuckaseegee High School in North Carolina, nor Milton Academy in Maryland, were accredited in Illinois. He had to go before Deputy Examiner Peter A. Downey, and pass an examination in high school subjects. He did this, and on October 23, 1908, he received the Illinois certificate attesting this fact. He was twenty-three, now, and the coveted document made him very happy.

When he had first reached Chicago, the Western Union job he secured was that of day operator. But medical college classes were held in the daytime, and so he had to get a job on the night shift. These positions, with less work to do, were at a premium, and were reserved for old employees. The chief operator of the company in Chicago, one A. B. Cowan, refused to allow Brinkley to make the transfer, even when he had explained that this was the only way he could get to attend medical college in the day. This stumbling-block, for a moment, seemed about to wreck the whole enterprise. But John Brinkley asked Mr. Cowan to wire the superintendent of the company about the matter. Calvert made good his promise. Brinkley got the night job.

And now we begin to see how seriously John Brinkley, the hill boy from the Smokies, took his ambition. Medical college hours were from eight in the morning until five and six in the evening. The Western Union work was from five-thirty in the afternoon until the relief came, usually at one o'clock A. M. And this was seven days a week. The salary was seventy-five dollars a month.

This left a few hours for sleep . . . But even this was not enough work for John Brinkley. State Medical Boards everywhere were raising the requirements for doctors, he learned; many of them required not only graduation from an accredited high school, but one or two years of college work, as well. He learned that Jefferson Park



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College, later called Carnegie University, organized by John D. Robertson, might fit his needs. He planned to attend medical college from eight in the morning to three P. M.; literary college from three to five P. M.; and go on with his telegraphic work from five-thirty until an hour after midnight.

There was no one to advise him whether this was wise planning, or not. Sally, his wife, did not oppose the exhausting punishing plan. Such intensive study, such long hours, such little sleep, would have worn down any but the most exceptional man. And he had more than a wife to support, now. Nine months after the marriage, his wife had given birth to a daughter, Wanda. By the end of the first year of medical work, she bore a son, who died shortly after birth. And the family income seventy-five a month, with certain deductions; with textbooks in both colleges and medical laboratory equipment to be bought, rent to be paid, clothes and other necessities to be acquired . . . The task looked hopeless. John Brinkley personally denied himself everything. This was not a new experience for him.

He ate no breakfast. At the noon hour, he would spend 5 cents for a glass of beer or milk at Boggiana's Saloon across from the medical school; and, with this, he ate such free lunch as his hunger dictated, except when his own conscience or the steely glare of the bartender discouraged him. At night, he allowed himself ten cents for a meal in Pittsburgh Joe's, down town. For a year and a half he lived on this starvation regimen. And then, one day, he fell out of his seat in the classroom, unconscious.

He was examined and treated by distinguished Chicago specialists. They did not diagnose his trouble as hunger and overwork; though the fainting, and the accelerated heartbeats, came from this obvious cause. Instead, they said the young man had heart trouble, and would not live to complete his medical education. He had best go out into the country, they said, and die.

John Brinkley's soul stiffened. If he was going to die, he preferred to do it in the classroom. His father had not flinched, even at the end. And so he ended the second year, owing two hundred and fifty dollars for tuition.

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The young couple, with the baby daughter, were living in a basement room on Adams Street. And still he was not making ends meet, but was slumping back further and further into debt. When medical college let out, in the spring of 1910, he secured permission from the Western Union to begin work at five o'clock in the afternoon, and work through until eight o'clock the next morning, thus drawing two day's pay instead of one, or a hundred and fifty dollars a month. With this, they could live, and he could get his tuition paid.

He worked this way about a month, and received his first double pay check. Jubilantly he turned it over to his wife, when he returned to the room that Saturday morning. What she needed could go to household expenses, he said; and all the precious balance would make a first inroad in the debt for the long overdue tuition.

The next morning, he reached home before nine. The basement room was empty. The wife, the child, the household goods, were all gone. There was a note weighted down on the bare floor: "Here is a dollar and ten cents. It will be your carfare until payday. You can eat on credit at the restaurant."

### 3

The blow almost bowled John Brinkley over. It was so dreadfully unexpected. Of course, they had had words every now and then, the way all married people do: but nothing to prepare for this. It was July, now. He had done the work of two men for a whole month, and it was all wasted. There would be nothing to apply on the tuition. There would be nothing for anything, now; he had trusted her with all he had, and this was the way she treated him. She was gone, and the baby, and all the things they had been able to buy, to start housekeeping on—all gone. He couldn't work, he couldn't do anything. He couldn't even sleep. He walked in a daze through the blank unfriendly streets of Chicago, looking everywhere for his wife and his baby.

Two dead weeks, and he could find out nothing. But things can't be hid forever. Things leak, when you keep pounding away at them. He found out first where she had put the household goods in storage. For two weeks

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he had lived in an empty room. It would be something to get his property back. He tried to do this. The wife found out what he was doing, and had him arrested. He had to spend the night in jail, for merely trying to get back what belonged to him. In the morning, when the judge heard the facts in the case, he immediately turned the deserted young husband loose.

The wife had him served with papers in a divorce action. She was clever, in her petty way. She decided that he would try to leave town, rather than pay her alimony. And so she had him served with a writ of *Ne Exeat*, to force him to stay there and work for her support: not for his calling in life, to become a doctor, but to support her, a woman he had trusted, who had broken faith with him, and deserted him. Pending the divorce, the judge allotted her fifteen dollars a week as alimony. This meant that he had to go back to his work with the Western Union and earn more than sixty dollars a month just to pay her, to keep from going to jail for non-payment of alimony.

Brinkley could find no trace of his little daughter, Wanda. The wife refused to give a hint as to where the baby was. But things leak. The husband finally discovered that the child was in a convent. He went before the judge who had awarded the alimony, and secured an order permitting him to see his own child.

The wife did her best to prevent this. She wanted Brinkley to work like a galley slave to support her and the child, and not even have a chance to see the baby. She removed the daughter to the home of one of her sisters, Lula, who had married and was living in Chicago.

For sixty days more John Brinkley worked dully, slavishly, night and day, with the Western Union, paying the alimony, and slowly forging a little ahead. All the time he realized bleakly that it was impossible for him to support himself, pay the monthly alimony, and attend medical school any more. For, working only at night, and attending medical college in the day, he could not earn much more than sixty dollars a month: and that enormous sum was the monthly drain that the law said the deserting wife was entitled to.

## *The Road to Healing*

The young husband never faced a bleaker hour than this. In the bill of complaint in divorce, the wife had charged her husband with non-support, stating that he was neglecting to work for a sufficient income to support herself and the little daughter, and was instead attending medical school. With keen tortured vision the husband saw what was wrong. She failed to see the bigger things ahead. She wanted to hold selfishly on to the small things of today, ignoring the fact that the increased earning power of a graduate physician, limited only by his ambition and his power of attracting patients, was not to be compared with the petty income of a telegraph operator, which might range from seventy-five dollars to a hundred and fifty a month. Her vision was an ant's instead of an eagle's.

The whole thing made Brinkley blackly furious, and more and more determined. There was no justice in any of it. He was caught in a trap; and, if he did not escape from it, he would be bound to leaden mediocrity for life. He would die, before he would see his future ruined, like this. A doctor was called of God, his father had always said; and he knew that he was called to be a doctor. He must not let one selfish short-visioned woman spoil the whole edifice he had planned. She had married him, promising to cooperate and help to the end in making these dreams become facts. She had broken her part of the bargain; and he was not willing to let her breach of faith wreck him.

He paid up one month's alimony, and had about seventy-five dollars left. He went at what he had determined to do methodically. He engaged a Burns detective and an intelligent taxicab driver. On one of the days allotted by the judge for him to see his little daughter, he called with these at the sister's house. He had a bundle with him. It held sufficient clothes for the little girl, for what he had in mind. In his pocket were railroad and Pullman tickets for Montreal, beyond the Canadian border. Even the Old Testament provided cities of refuge, where the arm of the law could not reach. He timed his call so that he would have just time enough to rush with the little

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girl to the Dearborn Street Station, and board the train for Canada as it was pulling out.

It all went faster than thought. The startled sister saw what the determined husband was about. "Police! Police!" her screams woke the drowsy neighborhood. The frightened baby echoed the same call.

But Brinkley had timed the thing perfectly. Just one jump ahead of the police, he made the train.

The sister, of course, had no idea of his destination. When Brinkley arrived in Montreal, went before a judge, and told his full story. The kindly magistrate told him that he had nothing to fear: Canada did not extradite a man, for kidnapping his own child.

### 4

And now began the long period of Civil War between John Brinkley and his wife, broken by brief armistices and reconciliations that could not last, because of her spiteful and non-cooperating nature.

First of all, the husband secured work with the Western Union in Montreal, and applied to McGill University to enter its Medical Department. He discovered that the course was five years long, as against four in the United States. He felt too impatient to be getting about his life's work, to be willing to undertake a further year of apprenticeship. He must return somehow to the United States.

But now he had the whiphand. He had the custody of the little daughter, and had his wife somewhat in the position she had previously had him in, when she would not let him see his own child. She discovered where he and the little girl were, and began negotiations looking to some sort of reconciliation. Methodists and Baptists backslide, repent, and are forgiven: the young husband found it hard to hold a grudge, even after the way his wife had abandoned him. But his eyes were opening to what sort of a woman she had turned out to be; and, before he would let her see the child, or before he would even see his wife, he made her have the unfair alimony dismissed, to clear the way for his return to Chicago, and his resumption of his medical studies.

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She did this, and joined her husband in Montreal. In August, they returned to New York. He worked here and in nearby cities in the East until November, and then the bickering young family went back to Chicago, where John Brinkley reentered medical school, enrolled as a junior now. He paid part of the overdue back tuition, and by the end of the next May he had finished his third year. And he was already twenty-six years old.

Oil and water do not stay mixed. Before school was out, Sally Wike Brinkley had again abandoned her husband, taking everything with her as before. When her husband heard of her next, she was with her parents at Tuckasegee. The first news that he had from her was that she had borne him another baby girl, who had been named Maxine. Wanda . . . Maxine . . . The influence of the hills was weakening: these names came from reading of the smart world the wife longed to enter, and not from the custom of the stern uplands.

John Brinkley heard the news with stoical discouragement. Here he was, at the threshold of his last year at medical school, with a wife who wouldn't live with him, and two little daughters he longed for. He knew that he could not make enough money at telegraphy around Chicago; and, besides, he wanted to be near his daughters. How could he manage it? He wrote to the secretary of the North Carolina State Board of Medical Examiners, with regard to receiving permission to practice as an undergraduate physician during the summer and early fall of 1911. He received this permission. So it was that, at the age of twenty-six, he returned to take up his father's work in the Great Smokies, sixteen years after his father had been forced by death to lay it down. Sylva, Tuckasegee, Cullowhee, East La Porte, the places he had been raised in—these knew him now as young Dr. Brinkley, returned to his own again.

His plan had been to make what he could, practicing among the boys and girls he had grown up with, who were now all married and rich in children, if in nothing else. He discovered that this was their wealth: a few were moonshiners, the rest just poor mountain farmers.

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His practice took him to meet boys and girls sixteen years of age, back in the hills, who had never seen a railroad train. When anyone wanted the doctor, the message was sent by horseback, and the doctor returned on horse or muleback.

But he was a doctor, at last, in spite of the long harsh effort and the apparently insuperable obstacles.

That first summer, he performed his first surgical operation. A young man working at a sawmill had had his foot nearly cut off. Young Dr. Brinkley had purchased a few medical instruments from a pawnshop in Chicago. He had raised the money to do this, by persuading a man with a tumor on his back to have a doctor cut it out. This doctor had split with the medical student his fee of fifty dollars. A dollar and a half of this went for the second-hand medical kit.

Well, these instruments, limited as they were, would have to do. There was no operating table; handy Dr. Brinkley made one, out of lumber fresh from the saw. At least, these would not be contaminated by bacteria. He had no amputating saw. But there was a carpenter's saw handy, and this would have to do. A number of the mountaineers stood by to watch, when he started. He was alone, when he finished. But the boy lived, and got well. John R. Brinkley had made an actual start in the field of human activity he was most superbly fitted to excel in.

Another patient was an elderly man, who had known Johnny as a boy. He choked on a meat skin, which refused to go up or down. Naturally, the medical student had no instruments for work as delicate as this. His natural resourcefulness came to his aid. Inserting a stomach tube, he filled the man's stomach with water. He withdrew this, and gave the patient a hypodermic injection of Apo-Morphine, which is one of the speedier emetics. The old man was sitting, in his choked pain, on one of the high mountain porches: for, like so many others, the cabin had stilts in front and fallen arches behind. The old man gave a heave, and the quart of water came shooting out of his mouth, and with it the meat skin. The patient was as happy as the young doctor at the result. More and more John R. Brinkley was

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beginning to rely upon his resourcefulness, which has always been one of his major allies.

He had to take potluck, in hill-land practice like this. Once he had ridden some eighteen miles to see a sick person. The family was very poor, in its isolated mountain cabin. They had only one cooking utensil, a skillet, in the establishment. But this was enough. First they fried a skillet full of ribs and backbones fresh from a slaughtered hog. Then, they baked a cake of cornpone in the same skillet. Last, it was utilized to boil a skillet-full of coffee in. It tasted as if a king's chef had prepared it, too.

### 5

All that summer, and until the first of November, he practiced. He accumulated one horse, several sheep, some calves, pigs, dogs, moonshine whiskey, and eighty-five dollars.

The young doctor realized that he could never get back to medical college, at that rate. Someone told him that there was a boom down in Florida, at Jacksonville—one of the annual mushroom variety in that hurricane and frost-plagued state. A Chicago friend of Brinkley's, in the contracting business, was in Jacksonville, and he wrote inviting the young man down. So it was that the temporarily reunited family proceeded down to the Florida city, to meet the contractor friend. He introduced Brinkley to the governor of the state. When the governor understood Brinkley's situation, he told him to go ahead and practice.

But Brinkley realized that he did not have enough money to support his family on, while he was getting started. The Western Union, in Jacksonville, gave him a pass to St. Louis, Missouri. There were three medical schools here, and each would have taken him, if he could have gotten his three years' credits from the Chicago college properly attested. But there was that matter of the unpaid tuition, and so the schools of St. Louis were barred to him.

While in the Missouri metropolis, he did matriculate in the National University of Arts and Sciences, receiving credit for the work he had done in the Chicago



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literary college. Still travelling by pass, he returned to Jacksonville, collected his family, and moved them to Whiteville, North Carolina, a town of less than two thousand, where the Southern Railroad gave him a position as ticket agent. Here he did his little chores, made change, speculated on the weather, fretted impotently because his classmates in the Chicago medical college were going to graduate in a few months, while he was left behind. The future seemed darker and gloomier than ever. The road to healing, for him, seemed endless. He had had his little taste of it; and then the cup had been sternly withdrawn from his lips, due to his poverty and the financial burdens of his wife and children—and, as it then looked, forever withdrawn.

Someone told him that an under-graduate physician could receive a doctor's license in Tennessee. Restlessly he travelled to Elizabethton in this state, and interviewed Doctor Hunter, President of the State Board of Medical Examiners. The board gave him an examination, and he passed, and received the coveted license. After looking around, he settled down to practice in Dandridge, a little settlement not far from Knoxville, and not very far from the Great Smokies that had spawned him.

But he soon discovered that there were too many established doctors in the town for him to do more than make a bare living. Three months during the summer of 1912, and he decided it was no go.

He returned to St. Louis, to pass examinations in some of the literary subjects he had been doing home reading and correspondence work on; and, of course, to try, futilely still, to find a medical college that would take him.

Back to Dandridge, uncertain what to do next. He read an advertisement of a medical group in Knoxville who wanted a physician, and would pay twenty-five dollars a week. It sounded like a million dollars. So far, his medical education in the eclectic medical college in Chicago had not included that refined and tenuous division of American Medical Association dialectics called medical ethics; though he had been filled and thrilled by his own father with a sterner and finer code

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of ethics than the A. M. A. ever dreamed of. He was as excited as could be, when he saw a paid advertisement in the Sunday Knoxville *Sentinel* that Dr. John R. Brinkley, of Chicago, was a member of the staff of the Advanced Medical Specialists.

The ax fell swiftly. He was sent for by the Tennessee Medical Board, and notified that, unless he ended his connection with the advertising doctors, his license would be revoked. He was learning. But he had a living to make. He kept the job. He worked for a little while at Knoxville, sending for his family to join him there. Then he was transferred to Chattanooga. Here his wife staged her annual abandonment; and, back with her parents in Carolina, she was brought to bed of a third daughter, Beryl.

The thing was getting to be too much of a habit. The young medical student saw at last that there was no use for him to try to live with his intermittent wife. He realized, by now, that she hated him, because he persisted in his determination to be a doctor. She told him flatly that, if he would put this ambition behind him forever, and work steadily for the Western Union and support her and her three little daughters, she would condescend to live with him.

Young Dr. Brinkley was as firm in his reply. She was going to live with him as a doctor, or there would be no living together.

They have not lived together, since then. Ultimately she secured a divorce. News soon came to him that she had married a carpenter named John Engren, who lived in Princeton, Illinois. At least, the carpenter had apparently no ambitions above his immediate earning capacity.

And this ended a definite chapter in his life. The petty wife had set her pettish will against an irresistible force, her husband's determination to be a doctor. Nothing could have turned him from what he knew was his calling. For years, he had been almost a monomaniac on the subject. You could no more have stopped him than you could stop a young robin from becoming a robin; unless, of course, you had ended the robin, or the young son of the mountain doctor. He devoted his whole soul to this ambi-

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tion. His sole hobby was medicine. He read widely on medicine and surgery, and even on science and literature. But he did not hunt, or fish, or play games: life was too serious a business for that. There never were enough hours in any day for him to get his work done. He was asked to play golf, once, and he went so far as to look on for a few minutes . . . Chasing a ball across a cow pasture—if *that* was what people liked to do! He returned silently to his room, and went to work on a new work on surgery.

CHAPTER FOUR  
A DOCTOR, AT LAST

1

IN JULY, 1913, young Brinkley was back in Chicago, trying to make some arrangement by which he could complete his fourth year in medical college, twenty-eight as he was. A bit dejected at his non-success, he started out one afternoon for a long walk. He aimed for Lincoln Park, an oasis of cool green in the sizzling heat. Once here, he decided to go in swimming. A young stranger shared the locker with him, and after the swim, the stranger started talking. Brinkley, even at this age, had the air of a father confessor, a manner that invited even the most intimate confidences from women and men alike.

The young man said that he came from Mississippi, and was an evangelist, who was going out to China to make Christians out of the poor heathens there.

And then Brinkley talked. He told of his firm decision to become a doctor, and of his difficulty in finding any way to complete his medical education, and thus entitle himself to a license as a graduate physician.

The young Mississippian's eyes brightened. In China, he said, Brinkley could practice medicine and surgery, without being a graduate physician. If Brinkley were a real Christian . . .

Brinkley colored a trifle, at this. He told of his own deeply religious background; of sprinklings and immersions, of mountain revivals, of his dead mother's fervent belief and his dead father's beliefs and practices. While he had been in Bennett Medical College and the literary college, he admitted, his faith had weakened, for a time. His clear eyes saw how he had been reared in ignorance and superstition, and how the mountain folk were born and lived and died in these. The whale couldn't have swal-

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lowed Jonah, every race had its great flood, and so on: it rocked the foundations of his belief, it almost made an atheist out of him. But his mother's dying words hummed forever in his ears; and, before making up his mind, he went back to the Bible, and read and reread it through carefully and thoughtfully. It was the real history of a people, no doubt of that; crude at places as they had been crude, but real as they had been real. Even the miracles they had believed in implicitly: their belief was undoubted, and he could respect them for this. The New Testament came to clear away all the mists of the cruder old: God was love, the Supreme Architect of the universe was a kind god, hating no one. All this he believed. If this made him a real Christian . . .

It did not take long for the two of them to arrive at the conclusion that it would be a splendid idea for Brinkley to go with the evangelist to Hong Kong, where the soul-saver intended to locate. There they could start up a medical mission together. Brinkley enthusiastically accepted the composite idea; especially because he felt sure he could get his diploma from some Chinese medical school, and at the same time secure firsthand clinical experience in the numerous diseases, tropical and otherwise, with which the dragon gods are wont to afflict their yellow subjects.

First of all, the Mississippian said, they must go by Oxford, Mississippi, where his old mother and father lived, and tell them goodbye. Brinkley thrilled to this: if his own parents had been living, he would have gone around the world to see them. This accomplished, nothing would do but they must go by Memphis to tell the young Mississippian's brother goodbye. This man worked as a city ticket agent for the Southern Railroad here; the young evangelist had once lived here, and had dozens of friends still in the city.

Once they were settled in the Peabody Hotel in Memphis, the evangelist decided to call up a couple of the girls he had once known, so that the four of them could celebrate the trip to China by a little theatre party. One of the two girls was Minnie Telitha Jones. From the moment he met her, young Dr. Brinkley did not even have

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ears for the name of the other girl. He felt, somehow, that in her, he had at last met something he had been looking for all his life.

She was twenty-one, seven years younger than he; but what difference did a few years make, when you were in love? She was sparkling with fun, and energy, and vitality. She was sweet and wholesome of soul. Her one object, all the time, seemed to be to please those she was with. He thought he had never in his life seen as lovely a girl. He secured permission to call, and told his friend that he was in no immediate hurry to start for China.

One thing he wanted to find out, especially, was why such a paragon was not already married. He talked with her, with her friends, with her parents, whom he liked from the start. She was the daughter of Dr. Tiberius Gracchus Jones, a pioneer physician of Tennessee, loved and respected throughout the state. His grandfather had come from Wales to Richmond, Virginia, and had had four sons: Dr. Telemachus Archer Jones; Dr. Ulysses Trent Jones; Rev. Cincinnatus Field Jones, a famous Baptist minister, whose sermon dedicating the First Baptist Church of Nashville was still remembered with delight by all who had heard it; and Minnie Jones's own grandfather, who had been a prominent attorney at Oxford, Mississippi. This man had died at the untimely age of thirty-three, of pneumonia, leaving one child, who became the Dr. Tiberius Gracchus Jones that was the young lady's father. They had been famous people in Wales, too. The one who came to America had been an eighth cousin of the present King of England. His brother's bust is still to be seen in St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Dublin. Her grandmother had been an Archer; and her mother, Louvie Elizabeth Dean of Holly Springs, Mississippi. All of these families had been prominent in the Civil War, and among the landed aristocracy of the ante-bellum South. The girl's father had been educated at the University of Louisville, graduating in 1871; had been a surgeon for the Illinois Central Railroad, and one of the founders of the Hospital Medical College in Memphis. His medical and surgical practice covered much of Tennessee, Mississippi, and Arkansas. And still they

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kept on talking, in the way Southerners do when they get on the subject of family. She had been born at Horn Lake, Mississippi, and had three sisters and a brother. Everyone united in saying that she had been such a chum of her father and her mother always, that she preferred to remain at home with them.

Miss Minnie Telitha was even more definite about one thing. She had firm serious ideas as to just what sort of man she would marry. He must be thirty years old; a Democrat in politics; and, of course, a physician. It is not hard to see how she had drawn her ideal largely from her admiration for her own fine father.

Dr. Brinkley shook his head. He was only twenty-eight. He was a Republican in politics, as his father had been before him. He was one year short of being a graduate doctor.

His voice glowed with hope, when he told her what he had determined to be, and what he and his friend from Mississippi were now planning. Together he and the girl decided on a honeymoon in Hong Kong. This prospect played a part in her slow and smiling acceptance of his proposal.

They were married simply in the Peabody Hotel, on the 23rd of August; and then went out to the home of her parents, to break the news. To his delight, he found out that they had liked him from the start, and that they approved heartily of the daughter's choice. This was especially so in view of the fact that her one brother, young Dr. T. L. Jones, was serving his internship in Bellevue Hospital, New York City; intended to go to South America as a contract surgeon; and young Brinkley would just fill the place of the absent son. The whole family adopted the orphaned bridegroom at once, and this relationship has never altered.

And now came a problem. Young Dr. Brinkley, when he married the daughter of the Joneses, had his Tennessee license still, and could truthfully say that he was licensed to practice medicine in the state. The father wanted the young doctor to become his associate in Memphis. But young Brinkley was all too conscious of the fact that he was not yet a qualified M. D.; and he was too proud to

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ask for money to pay up that baek tuition in Chicago. Instead, he went over to see Dr. Laws, of Fort Smith, Arkansas, secretary of the Eclectic Medical Examining Board of the state. Dr. Laws issued to the young man a permit to practice for a year, in an effort to get enough money to pay his tuition bill in Chicago, and thereafter graduate as a full-fledged doctor.

### 2

Young Dr. Brinkley studied the cities and towns of Arkansas, and decided on a town of nearly two thousand people, named Earl. Two things determined his choice: the place was only twenty-six miles from Memphis, which would let his wife and himself keep in touch with her devoted family; and the one active physician in Earl, a Dr. White, was leaving, to practice medicine in Connecticut. This doctor had the postmaster assign his box number to the newcomer, and instructed him to deliver to Dr. Brinkley any magazines, newspapers or circulars that came, forwarding only the first class mail.

Every man gets his full share of lucky breaks, to compensate for the other sort. The departing doctor, well educated, capable, and a general favorite, had given Dr. Brinkley the impression that he had graduated from an eastern medical college. One day the box that had been Dr. White's contained an announcement addressed to the departed doctor, from the Eclectic Medical University, of Kansas City, Missouri. This contained a list of the graduates, and included among these the name of Dr. White, the doctor who had just moved to Connecticut.

Dr. Brinkley had never heard of this medical school. But he knew that Dr. White was well qualified, and was licensed in Arkansas, Connecticut, and elsewhere. After all, a school's graduates are its best advertisements; he decided at once that this must be an excellent school. He wrote at once to its secretary, telling of his three years in the Chicago medical institution, and of the unpaid tuition; and asking if he could be accepted for the fourth year.

The secretary replied that, if Brinkley would make affidavit of his three year medical work in Chicago, and would pay a hundred dollars for the final year's tuition



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at the Eclectic Medical University, Brinkley might come to Kansas City and matriculate, study there a year, and, if he passed his final examination, receive his M. D. The secretary warned Brinkley specifically that, if he had not attended the three years in Chicago, he would be committing perjury in swearing that he had, and would be imposing on the medical college.

This was the best news that had come to the young doctor in a long time. His cash collections were approximating thirty-five dollars a week. He and his young wife practiced rigid economy, and were soon able to send ahead the hundred dollars for tuition, accompanied by the required affidavit. In October, 1914, having saved up enough for a year in Kansas City, he and Mrs. Brinkley left Earl, and departed for Kansas City.

Brinkley was enrolled as a senior, and tackled joyfully the work assigned to him, especially since his actual practice gave him an understanding and an experience ahead of many of his classmates. He got on well with his instructors, especially with the distinguished Dr. Edward Mentor Perdue, Professor of Preventive and Tropical Medicine, an Italian scholar and linguist as well, who was, at the time, at the request of the faculty of the College of Hygiene of the University of Rome, Italy, collaborating in the research which ultimately determined the cause, prevention, and cure of pellagra. Among the other distinguished instructors were Dr. Benjamin E. Dawson, in surgery, one of the leaders in America in Orificial Philosophy, first introduced and developed in medicine and surgery by the great Dr. E. H. Pratt of Chicago. This school of medical thought lays especial emphasis upon the reflexes which have their origin in lesions or morbid changes in the orifices of the body. These reflexes are always much more marked in lesions and irritations of the lower orifices of the body. The treatment of these troubles, and the corrective surgery used in connection with them, appealed especially to Dr. Brinkley. He specialized, at the school, in general surgery; but he also made a special study of the irritations and enlargements of the prostrate gland in old men, and the baffling problems connected with this.

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To Dr. Perdue, to Dr. Dawson, and to the others on the faculty, Brinkley was a good thorough student, or better. On May 7th of the following year, he graduated with excellent credit, and received at last his long-postponed degree of M. D.

The faculty informed the graduates of a peculiar condition existing in the enforcement of the state medical laws of Missouri. The State Board of Health of Missouri was under allopathic control,—that is, control of the single school of medicine which dominates the American Medical Association. It was said by Dr. Perdue and others that the board would not permit graduates of homeopathic or eclectic medical colleges to take the examinations for licenses to practice medicine in Missouri, unless they forked up \$500, as graft; whereas the legal fee that the board could charge was only \$25. When Brinkley and the rest graduated, several of the faculty, including Dr. Perdue, accompanied the graduates to Little Rock, Arkansas, where they passed the examinations for licenses before the Eclectic Medical Examining Board of Arkansas.

Brinkley passed, received his permanent license, and went back to Memphis. He took the Tennessee examinations a second time, and received a license to practice as a graduate physician. His father-in-law was still anxious to have the young doctor associated with him. But Dr. Brinkley was proud of his own self-reliance; the hills of necessity breed that in a man. He had made up his mind to climb rung by rung up the rickety ladder of success, with no assistance, except of course from the wife he adored so. He did not accept the offer.

By way of broadening his medical contacts, he made application to join the Medical Reserve Corps of the army, and passed its examination. He received from President Wilson his commission as a first lieutenant in this body.

For a brief time he located at Judsonia, a small Arkansas village. Here he had especial opportunity to study cases of congestive chills, especially among the utterly impoverished. The people of Arkansas are, in large numbers, far down in the scale of actual poverty, perhaps as

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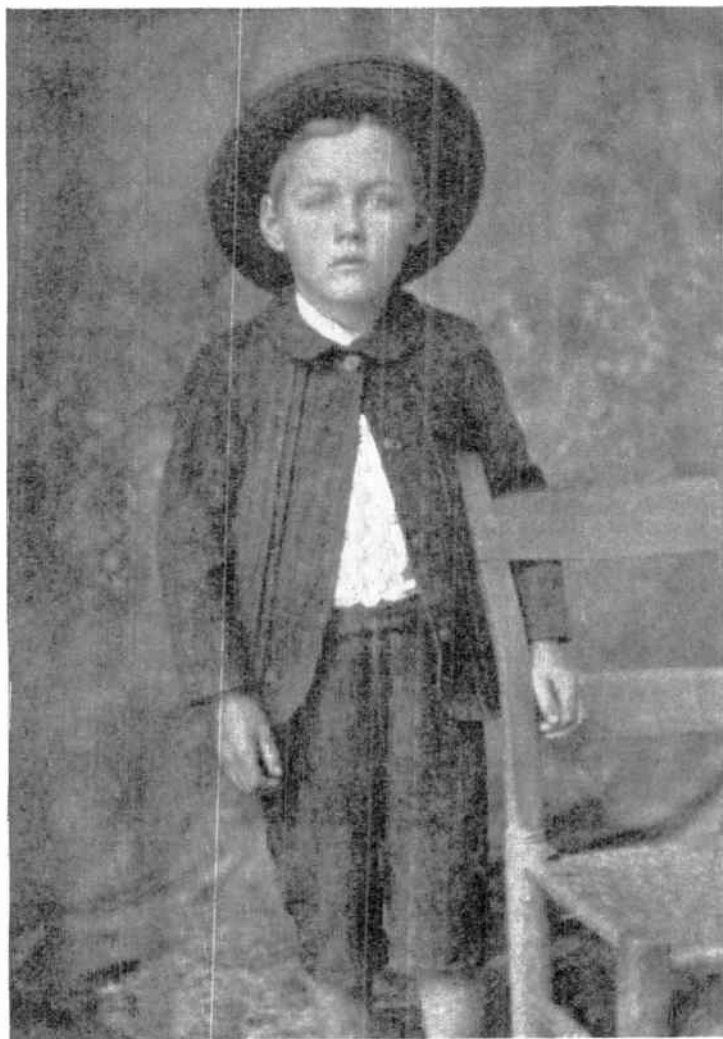
low as any in the United States. The doctor had to include in his rounds people who lived in abandoned stables, the floor covered with dried manure; and, prostrated with high fever as they were, at the same time literally covered with flies and mosquitoes. When inevitable deaths occurred, he would secure a six dollar casket from the Poor Farm, put it across the back of his Ford, twist down the mired roads into the swamp regions, place the body in the casket, and haul it back to the Potter's Field for burial. He was not getting paid for such practice, except in the golden coin of experience, the necessary foundation for a successful career.

Someone in Arkansas told the young doctor that Kansas was a good state for a doctor to practice in, with the people all millionaires, compared to the poverty of Arkansas. And so, impecunious as they were, the young doctor and his wife went to Kansas City, where he had spent that final year in medical college. He owned a small portable X-Ray machine. He pawned this to a doctor in Kansas City for forty dollars, and out of this paid the twenty-five dollar Kansas license fee. The State Medical Board had a reciprocity agreement with Arkansas; and so, without examination, Dr. Brinkley received his license to practice medicine in Kansas on February 16, 1916.

He cast his eyes around for a likely place to settle. Meanwhile, he accepted a stopgap position with Swift and Company, with the impressive title of Plant Surgeon. The salary was fifteen dollars a week. The head surgeon, who had been with the company twenty-five years, and who had become invaluable as a medical witness in court cases, since he knew just what to testify to aid the company's case most, received only twenty-two dollars a week. No wonder, decided young Brinkley, the company got rich, paying such starvation wages to its graduate physicians!

But Dr. Brinkley was kept too busy dressing cut heads, cut fingers, burns, and rendering general emergency and first aid treatment to dozens of patients daily, to bother much about the problem of under-pay.

A friendly doctor in the city, who also worked in the plant, allowed the Brinkleys to have a room with him



JOHN R. BRINKLEY  
At the Age of Five and One-Half Years



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without charge. In return, Dr. Brinkley contributed ten dollars a week toward the board for himself and wife.

John Brinkley always had a restlessly inquiring mind. Wherever he found himself, he used his eyes and his brain and his tongue to broaden his stock of medical and miscellaneous information. Now he picked up, here, a fund of information that seemed, at the time, as irrelevant to his practice as the isolated discovery of X-Rays first seemed to the more solid body of science. He spent his spare time in the company of the veterinary surgeons, who were United States Meat Inspectors. He wanted to find out how they inspected meat; how they could determine whether a carcass was fit for human food or not. They told him gladly everything they knew. They examined the glands of an animal; and, if these were not in good condition, the carcass was turned over to the soap works. If they were in good condition, it was routed for human food.

Which was the healthiest animal slaughtered? The young doctor persisted.—The goat, they answered promptly. They had seen some five hundred thousand goats slaughtered, and had never found a single one of them infected with any disease communicable to a human being. Goats, in addition, were naturally immune to tuberculosis. They had heard, they said, that there were goats in the Old World that had communicable diseases; but so far these had not been imported into the United States.

While Brinkley was acting as Plant Surgeon for Swift and Company, a doctor in a Kansas town of five thousand inhabitants wrote to the college from which Brinkley had graduated, asking that an assistant be recommended. The authorities forwarded the request to Brinkley. The railroad fare, in those days, was only two cents a mile. Brinkley pawned his watch for seven dollars, left his wife with the friendly doctor where they were rooming, crossed over to the Kansas side, and bought a ticket for the town.

He only held this position a month. He left, when he was informed that the doctor was committing abortions, and when he had seen enough to convince him that this

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was so. These operations were of course illegal, and strict young Dr. Brinkley included in his own ethics a disapproval of abortion on principle.

### 3

Dr. Brinkley had borrowed twenty-five dollars from his employer, shortly after his arrival, and by now his wife was with him. That month, they accumulated eighty dollars. In the meantime, Brinkley heard of a doctor who was leaving a smaller town in Kansas, named Fulton; and he was told that there was a good opening there. Reports were that this doctor had divorced his wife and married her mother; and that the people of Fulton did not approve of such a tangled family relationship. The Brinkleys spent most of their eighty dollars for clothes and railroad fare, and arrived at Fulton with three one-dollar bills. Three one-dollar bills . . . They bought an oil stove, a dollar down and the rest on faith and hope. A second dollar went for knives, forks, and spoons from the Ten Cent Store. The third dollar bill went for groceries.

Brinkley bought the doctor's business for a hundred dollars—on credit, of course. He paid off this obligation, before very long. His office fixtures were dry goods boxes, inherited from his predecessor, over which cheap cloth had been tacked; three pairs of tooth-pulling forceps, and three or four bottles of medicines, also acquired from the predecessor. He and his wife lived in an old fieldstone house.

The local grocery store was owned by a Mrs. Cordes. The doctor's wife bravely asked her for credit. The proprietress considered the hopeful application, with a shake of her head. "I'll let you have ten dollars worth of credit. If you don't pay that, I won't let you have a cent more. If you can't pay ten dollars, you'll never be able to pay anything."

There was an old Civil War veteran and his aged wife in the town, both of them very sick, and not expected to live. The neighbors urged the young doctor to go and see them, as a friendly gesture; it was too much to expect that anything could cure people as sick and old as they were. Brinkley called, examined the ancient couple, and came to the immediate conclusion that they needed a good

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cleaning up, a good cleaning out, and to keep clean internally as well as externally thereafter. He had the local druggist fill his prescriptions for constipation, liver trouble, kidney trouble.

In two or three days, the old folks were walking cheerily downtown, praising the doctor to the Kansas skies. From then on, Brinkley had ninety-nine per cent of the practice in Fulton. There was another doctor in the place. Brinkley was told that, if this doctor had been able to remain sober, he might have had more of a share of the practice. Dr. Brinkley congratulated himself anew on his own sobriety.

During the first week, the doctor was summoned far into the country, over mud-thick roads, to see a woman who had just been dismissed from a hospital. He had no means of conveyance; he hired a horse and buggy from the livery stable. When he had finished treating the woman, her husband reached into his pocket, and pulled out his ancient pocketbook. "Well, Doc, what do I owe you?"

Under ordinary circumstances, Brinkley would have charged at least twenty-five dollars for the trip and the treatment. But the grocery-store owner's words about the ten dollar credit for groceries rang in his ear. What was more, if he charged more than the man had in that wallet, he might not get a cent now. So the young doctor blurted out, "Well, if you pay me now, we'll make it ten dollars, and call it even."

The man's eyes widened. "Well, Doc, how in the world did you guess it? That's exactly all the money I have—just one ten dollar bill."

The doctor pocketed it thankfully. There might be something in this business of second sight, or intuition, or mind-reading, after all. He still thinks it was the largest fee he ever received. It made him even with the world, once more.

The grocery store lady received the ten dollar bill. From then on, she always received her money promptly. For the young doctor's practice grew daily, and these people paid cash, too. Brinkley realized that he needed an automobile, more than anything else at the moment. The



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only man he could think of who could help him out was one of his patients, Frank Carter, cashier of the local bank. It took several days of earnest family consultation before the two Brinkleys screwed up their courage enough to go to the cashier, and ask for the loan. Brinkley waited until the cashier was on his way back to the bank from his lunch at home; he would be in a good humor then, if ever. Jokingly the young doctor brought up the subject: "You know, Mr. Carter, I ought to buy out the livery stable, the way my bills are running up, what with sick people here, there and everywhere. How about borrowing money enough from the bank to buy a car?"

The banker smiled. "The bank isn't in the business of buying automobiles for people. But I'll make an exception in your case. Go down to Fort Scott, select the car you need, pay for it by check against our bank, and I'll take care of it."

Thankfully the doctor went down to Fort Scott, and bought a Ford roadster full of gasoline and oil for four hundred and seventeen dollars. He wrote out a check for that amount, his fingers trembling a little. He still thinks that it was the biggest check he has ever written.

When he drove back to Fulton, the cashier was disappointed that the doctor had not decided on a better car. This was in the heyday of the Tin Lizzie jokes, and it might not look sufficiently prosperous for the doctor to ride around in nothing better. A little later, with the cashier's assistance, Brinkley sold the Ford to the bookkeeper at the bank, and purchased a Saxon Six for about seven hundred dollars.

And he became a joiner, here in Fulton. He joined the Odd Fellows, the Modern Woodmen of America, the Methodist Church, the Sunday School, and, answering the ambition that had been his ever since he pasted up that picture of William McKinley in a Masonic apron, the Masons. Mrs. Brinkley, for her part, joined the Rebeccas, the Order of the Eastern Star, and the church and Sunday School. Both were active in whatever they belonged to. Dr. Brinkley continued in Masonry until he became a thirty-second degree member down at Fort Scott, and a Shriner at Mirza Temple, in Pittsburg, Kansas. Before

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long he had also joined Tyre Council at Junction City, Kansas; Corinthian Chapter, in Chicago; and St. Bernard's Commandery, in Chicago.

### 4

It was at Fulton that Brinkley first emerged into politics. The Brinkleys had a pet canary. The Mayor of Fulton had a cat. The cat was fond of canaries, far fonder than canaries are of cats. The cat ate the canary. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a blow for a blow, a cat for a canary . . . Dr. Brinkley shot the cat, as he had once killed the cat that killed one of his pigeons, while his father was kneeling with the family in prayer, back in the log cabin at East La Porte.

The Mayor of Fulton was also the owner and publisher of a weekly newspaper. Angry at the earned demise of his pet cat, he began to attack the doctor in his columns. Dr. Brinkley couldn't shoot the paper. Smilingly he announced his candidacy for mayor.

Almost everybody voted for him. The ousted official closed his newspaper, when Brinkley was declared elected, and left town. High on the roster of the members of the Ex-Mayors Association, along with Will Rogers and so many other miscellaneous celebrities, stands the name of John R. Brinkley. His campaign platform had been Clean Up, Clean Out, and Keep Clean. It worked as a slogan; and, after election, Brinkley proceeded to put it into effect, to the discomfiture of inert local officeholders.

Historians may add, to the geese of Rome and the cow that kicked over the lamp in Chicago, Dr. Brinkley's martyred canary, and the mayor's executed cat.

The papers had been increasingly full, these hectic days when the Brinkleys were in Fulton, of offenses on the eastern and the western fronts, of blockades and embargoes and U-boat sinkings. And suddenly came the declaration of war. Hot on its tail came a telegraph to First Lieutenant John R. Brinkley, M. R. C., U. S. A., summoning him to the service of the flag. While getting ready to leave, he organized Ambulance Company Number One for the Kansas National Guard. He heard later that it

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was taken overseas by his wife's brother, Dr. T. L. Jones, as Sanitary Train Number One Hundred Ten.

But soldier Brinkley had already departed. Leaving his good wife and his thriving practice, Lieutenant Brinkley entrained for San Antonio, with instructions to report to the commanding general at Fort Sam Houston.

### 5

Lieutenant Brinkley knew the beginnings of the rudiments of warfare. He knew that he was entitled to wear one bar, as a lieutenant; and that a captain wore two bars. And that was about all. Arriving in San Antonio, he spent the night at the Gunter Hotel. He summoned a taxi after breakfast, and directed the driver, in lordly fashion, to drive him out to the commanding general at Fort Sam Houston.

Sentries were on duty at all the gates and entrances. The driver drove up to one, and stopped. The sentry observed the doctor-lieutenant's uniform, and saluted. Brinkley saw only the gun on the man's shoulder, and wondered if he was going to get shot this soon. A bit agitated, he leaned forward, and spoke to the driver of his car. "What does he mean, doing *that* to me?"

"You salute him back."

Brinkley did this, as creditably as he could. He asked where the commanding general was.

The man answered, like a hill-billy from the Smokies: "Officer, I only bin in this here man's army about two hours. They give me this here gun, and sent me down here, and told me not to let nobody through this gate. So, Officer, I reckon I'm about as green as you are."

Brinkley proceeded up to where the largest buildings were. He saw a man standing at the corner of a building; the man was clearly a civilian, from his shoes to his straw hat. To his amazement, Brinkley recognized the man as one of his former college mates in Chicago, a man noted for his heavy appetite for alcohol in any form. "Why, Bill, what are *you* doing here?"

The man shrugged: "The commanding general said for me to come down here and help whip the Germans."

Brinkley looked puzzled. "Why haven't you got a uniform on?"

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"Hell, I couldn't get a drink, if I had a uniform on."

Brinkley laughed, and explained to Bill that he was liable to get court-martialed, without a uniform. He led the man down to the quarter-master's office, got him into a uniform, and then the two of them set out to find the commanding general.

Brinkley was ordered to Fort Bliss, at El Paso, in the extreme western part of the wide state. A Dr. Hissim was detailed to the same place. It was about six hundred and fifty miles from San Antonio to El Paso, and this was in the blistering end of May of 1917. The passenger train was crowded. Brinkley had on a wool shirt and a tight-fitting uniform. He began to discover how stiflingly hot the Texas border could be.

The smoking rooms were crowded with people drinking ice cold beer. The officers, being in uniform, could not have any. After slowly dragging a third of the long way across Texas, they stopped, and the conductor called out "Del Rio!" A man got off here, went into a saloon, and brought into the smoker a dozen bottles of ice cold beer. He stuck them in the wash basin, and stared pointedly at the two doctors. "I'm getting off the train. Anybody can drink this beer that cares to."

Brinkley is still sure that he has never tasted better beer. He didn't forget the name Del Rio; it gave him a delicious glow, just to think of the place.

At Fort Bliss, he was assigned to the Sixty-fourth Infantry as Regimental Surgeon. There were twenty-two hundred and sixteen men on the rolls, and he was the only doctor in the regiment. The war was just starting, the draft had not gone into effect, and most doctors were holding back, because they had found out that a little astute work through their congressmen could get them a major's commission, or at least a captain's.

It was gruelling work, on one man. He was lucky if he got three to four hour's sleep a night. His title was Chief Medical Officer, and everything was dumped on him. If he had not had, as orderly, an old top sergeant by the name of Queen, who was at home in army routine, he would have been sunk before he started. He had a company of men stationed at the International Bridge over

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the Rio Grande, between El Paso and Juarez, Mexico. He had another company at the copper mine over in New Mexico. Still more were over near the Chihuahua Mountains, detailed for target practice. Each morning he was expected to pay a personal visit to each of these companies. He did not even have an automobile assigned to him. Want makes a way: his orderly calmly appropriated somebody else's car each morning for the trips.

Dr. Brinkley was responsible for the sanitation of the whole regiment, the installation of latrines, sewage systems, garbage disposal—and this with a regiment of raw recruits. When the doctor would ask them why they had joined the army, their invariable reply was that it was to get thirty dollars a month, with clothes, room and board thrown in. They had about as much patriotism visible as a horned toad.

An epidemic of meningitis swept the ranks. Measles, and many other acute and infectuous diseases, began to make inroads among them. Many of his patients were in the hospital, and the overflow was sick in their quarters. And there were many who were crippled and unfit for the army service—dozens of men being on the roll, who should never have been allowed to enlist. A captain, one day, who had been drilling a company, brought a man in to the doctor for examination, troubled because he could not get the man to step correctly in drill. Dr. Brinkley found that the man's hip had been almost shot away, and was completely ankylosed—that is, that the two bones had unnaturally knit together. Other men had severe heart disease, flat feet, broken arms and legs. There were no uniforms available. You could see a company drilling with brooms for guns, wearing straw hats, blue shirts, and any kind of pants available. It was not an inspiring sight.

Ultimately Mrs. Brinkley joined her husband at El Paso. She was there, when worry, and work, and loss of sleep, and the intense heat, sent the doctor into a complete collapse. The doctor diagnosed it himself as heat stroke. He was in the hospital for thirty days. At the end of that time, he was surveyed out, with a surgeon's certificate of disability.

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### 6

The sick doctor and his wife returned to Fulton, Kansas, and discovered that another doctor had moved into Brinkley's location, in his absence. It did seem to Brinkley that the other man might have shown the patriotism to enlist himself, or at least the decency to move away when Brinkley returned, after this service of his country. But people do not always show the high sense of honor he was trained in and always practices, he had found out. Fulton was certainly too small to support two active physicians. Worst of all, Brinkley was not well; he had to stay in bed for a month, after his return to Fulton.

He placed an advertisement in the *Kansas City Star*, stating his qualifications, and asking for a location in Kansas where the doctor had not gone into service; for he certainly did not intend to keep a doctor's practice after the man returned from the army, and he wanted a permanent location now, that he would not have to move away from.

Some five hundred doctors wrote him, anxious for him to take their locations, saying that they had no intention of returning to them after the war. But Brinkley knew better. When the war had ended, these men would be anxious to get back home. They had not yet had the taste of the war that he had.

Among the places he heard from, which seemed to fit his needs, was Axtell, Kansas. He went over to study the situation. He found that it was a German and Swedish neighborhood; and that so many of the people did not speak English, that he feared he would never be able to understand their statement of their cases.

Then came a letter from a woman in Milford, Kansas. She said that her son-in-law had practiced there for seventeen years, but had moved down to Junction City, where five doctors had gone into the army service, and also to educate his children—for there was no high school in Milford. He would certainly not return, she said.

Dr. Brinkley and his wife journeyed down, to have a look at this possible location.



## SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN

## 1

WHEN Dr. John Brinkley, after looking level-eyed at the conditions in Milford, Kansas, told his wife slowly that he believed they would stop there, she cried. She had reason enough to.

It is hard for words to picture how run-down the whole place was. It was true, it was the second largest town in Geary County; it was on the Republican River, which flowed into the Kansas down at Junction City; it was in the middle of a flourishing cattle-raising country. But, with that, the things on the plus side of the ledger ended.

The main building in the town had been moved over from the St. Louis World's Fair, in 1904. It had been used as a hotel, a saloon, and a gambling joint; and finally abandoned, as a bad business. Behind what had been the bar was the desolate little town postoffice. The railroad depot was a mile from town, on the other side of the river, in the middle of a husky Kansas corn field. Outside of these two isolated edifices, there was one general store, one barber shop, and one small bank. This, with the addition of a few rural residences with rickety back-houses, made up the town. Few places could have stood as great improvements. Among the things that might have helped, if they had only been there, were city water, electric lights, sidewalks, a butcher shop, and everything else even the merely self-respecting little town boasts of. Milford had nothing, except the reputation of good surrounding territory for medical practice.

For seventeen years, the doctor who was leaving had had his office in the back of a small barnlike structure which he used as a country drug store. He had shelves: they were made from old goods boxes. He had drawers beneath; they were made from old beer cases. He had



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show-cases, which he had jerrybuilt somehow himself out of odds and ends; and such glass as he had once put in had mainly been broken out. He had a soda fountain; from its looks, it might have ornamented Noah's ark, and no State Board of Health for a moment would pass it.

Mrs. Brinkley cried. Consolingly the doctor pointed out that they had to live somewhere. His salary as first lieutenant had not been enough to live on, and they had started slipping downhill into debt. He had borrowed money from Frank Carter, the banker at Fulton, to pay for his automobile, and to take the higher degrees of Masonry. Neither was fully paid for. For the last six months he had been sick, and unable to earn a cent. Their joint capital was twenty-three dollars, the remains of a thirty-five dollar fee for removing some tonsils at Axtell, before coming over to Milford.

"I know it's awful, honey," he said. "But we don't have to stay here long. This is an old trading post; like a European market town. The doctor that was here formerly is coming into town every day from Junction City, making calls at ten dollars a call. If I locate here, the people will quit him, because I can make local calls for two dollars. We can run our own drug store here." The daughter of the Joneses, the Archers, the Deans, the landed Mississippi and west Tennessee aristocracy, stiffened her backbone, as her ancestors would have done. She gulped, tears drying as she looked around her. He continued: "We can live in one of the back rooms, and have my office in the other one. The rent is only seven dollars a month, and at least we will be self-supporting. I may get better, and be called back into the army service. For a little while, this is certainly the best thing for us to do."

She made the best of it, as he did. At least, there was the parcel post service, and they were able to get their meat from nearby towns, since Milford was innocent of a butcher shop.

Wholesale drug houses in Kansas City grudgingly stocked up his unsteady shelves with patent medicines, and knick-knacks, and finally more standard medicines—on credit, of course. The local banker, a Mr. McChesney,

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extended a loan of three hundred dollars to the young doctor, to start business with; he realized how badly the run-down place needed a doctor.

The old building that was their home, their drug store, and his office, was extremely popular with rats and mice. The doctor and his wife slept on an old iron bed in their one bedroom back of the part called the drug store. One night, the doctor was awakened from sleep, by a rat that was beginning to gnaw on one of his toes.

They dolled up the old soda fountain, and began to enjoy a good business from the start. It was on October 7, 1917, that Dr. Brinkley opened up officially in Milford; and he has always regarded the day as a lucky day for him, ever since. He was a pretty sick man, when he opened up. But the outlook, from the actual start, was promising. There was a good soda fountain business, a lively prescription trade from the start, a few cash calls into the country. These were just what he needed. For he knew that the psychological effect of an upsurge toward success would have much to do with the recovery of his health. And it did.

### 2

During the first two weeks, he noticed how often one or another of the neighborhood farmers would drop by the drug store, to get acquainted with the new doctor and his wife. Of course, usually each such call meant a prescription or at least a patent medicine for some member of the farmer's family. They were pleased to find out that Brinkley was a capable surgeon, something that his predecessor had not been.

About the end of the two weeks, around ten o'clock at night, a farmer Brinkley had not met appeared in the doorway. The doctor's wife was at the soda fountain. Brinkley, the moment he saw a new face entering, at once began to busy himself behind the prescription counter, even if he only sorted over the previous doctor's prescriptions, with an absorption as if the fate of the nation hung on just what he was doing.

"Is the doctor in, ma'am?"

Mrs. Brinkley smiled proudly. It always gave her a

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thrill to hear her husband called "the doctor;" it was what she had always known he would have to be, of course. "Yes. Just go on behind the prescription counter."

The man wound up finally back in the private office, when he said he wanted to see the doctor privately. Then commenced an interminable visit. He lived four miles out of town, he said. He told how things had been with the previous doctor, what was wrong with the town, what was wrong with the country, how each single thing was getting along, on his farm. He began to cross-examine Brinkley subtly, as to where he had come from, where he had attended school, where he had practiced—as if he were probing him for some deeply hidden purpose of his own.

The doctor, for his part, found it a relief to talk straight from the shoulder, and lay by all the pose necessary to first to inspire in the neighborhood the belief that he had more work than he could attend to. He told something of his mountain background, of his struggles to get started in medicine, of his medical college work in Chicago and Kansas City. He told the details of his queer experiences as Plant Surgeon for Swift and Company, and the more humorous incidents of his army life. He narrated briefly the chain of circumstances that had brought him to Milford.

After every other topic seemed exhausted, the neighbor came around to what had brought him in to see the young doctor. "Yep," in answer to a query from Brinkley, "there is something wrong with me. Though to look at me you wouldn't judge it. I look husky, don't I?"

"You certainly do."

"Now here's just the trouble," leaning intimately nearer. "Doctor, I'm forty-six. The old woman's forty-two. Our youngest, a boy, is eighteen years old, Doctor," impressively, "for the last sixteen years we have been unable to have any more children." He stopped abruptly. Brinkley's face crinkled with puzzled interest. "You mean—"

The farmer nodded vigorously. "All in. No pep. A flat tire. I've been to plenty of doctors, about it, and spent wads of money on 'em, too—and not a one of 'em

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has done me a mite of good. Now I know you've been in the army. I figured out the government might have taught you something about it, there, that might be good for a man who was what they call sexually weak."

The doctor half closed his eyes, and considered. It was such an easy field, he knew, for any practitioner to hold out false hopes to a troubled patient, and charge him almost anything. Other doctors had told him how the suckers bit, at any bait, when they were troubled in this vital aspect of their own manhood. And then he shook his head, slowly. The code of ethics his father had drilled into him forever forbade him from any conduct, especially with relation to healing, except the utterly honest and straightforward. "Mr. X"—for obvious reasons the farmer's name is not appearing here,—“I have located here to be your family physician. I want you people to have faith and confidence in me. I have had a lot of cases like yours. I've used serums, and medicines, and electricity, for men sexually weak. I don't think I ever benefited a single patient, with any of these. I could try these on you, and charge you for 'em, if I was that sort of a doctor. They wouldn't do you any good, I'm sure of that. Medical science doesn't know anything that can really help, in a condition like yours."

"Government didn't teach you anything, when you was in the army, to help a man in a fix like mine?"

"No. The government don't know any more about it than I do."

The farmer sighed. "Well, I reckon that's that, then. Seems funny a man, healthy every way, should get that way."

Brinkley listened with eager interest. "Oh, I know. I've farmed myself, remember. Listen, you raise stock; you say you've been to the stockyards in Kansas City, where I held down this job with Swift & Company. You must have seen just what I've seen—those rams and buck goats." The doctor laughed gently. "You wouldn't have any trouble, if you had a pair of those buck glands in you."

The farmer stiffened, leaned tensely forward, stared straight into the doctor's eyes. "Well, why don't you put 'em in?"

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The doctor's eyes widened. "Why don't I—what?"

"Why don't you go ahead and put a pair of goat glands in me? Transplant 'em. Graft 'em on, the way I'd graft a Pound Sweet on an apple stray."

The doctor shook his head positively. "I've never done a thing like that, and I'm certainly not going to. I was only joking; you know that. The thing couldn't be done. It's biologically impossible—transplanting the glands of a lower animal to a higher, or vice versa."

"How do you *know* it couldn't be done? Have you ever tried it?"

"Of course not. They taught us, in medical school, that it was impossible.

"You go ahead and do it. You try it out, on me," insistently.

"Of course I won't," indignantly. "It's liable to kill you!"

"I don't see why," doggedly. "You're a surgeon, you say. You know how to cut people open, and how to sew 'em up. That's all there is to it."

"That isn't all there is to it," the doctor tried to make him see it. "I'm to put in this goat's meat—this bit of goat carcass. Just as if I cut you open, and sewed in a piece of round steak, and then sewed you up again. What do you suppose would happen? You know, as well as I do. The steak couldn't possibly grow, in there. It would decay: rot. Blood poisoning would set in. A funeral is all the good time *you'd* have."

He considered this thoughtfully. "If it started kicking up a rucus, inside me, you could cut me open again, and take it out, couldn't you?"

"Why, I suppose so."

"You go ahead," positively. "I'll take the risk."

"It'll kill you," in distress, now, as he saw the man's determination.

"How do you *know*?"

Dr. Brinkley flushed. "I know that a teaspoon of strychnine will kill a man. I've never tried it, and I don't have to. It's simply a matter of common knowledge. Nobody has ever done it.

"Nobody ever flew in one of those airplane contrap-

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tions, either, till the first man did. No, sir, I've made up my mind. You go ahead and do it. I'll take all the responsibility."

The doctor twisted unhappily. "You couldn't, even if you tried to. To begin with, it's not as if I were an old doctor here. I've been here only two weeks, I'm just beginning to get a start: it would simply ruin my practice, man! How would it be, if people began saying I went around putting goat glands in people? If anybody ever heard of this, there isn't a decent woman in a hundred miles of here would ever let me into her house again, if once she heard about it." At the prospect, Brinkley felt his flesh crawl, felt dirtied by the thought; as if he were contemplating doing something monstrous in nature.

"Who's to hear about it, unless *you* tell 'em? I certainly won't. I'll give you my word on it."

"It's absolutely impossible," with pleading finality. "I haven't even got such a thing as a goat, of course." His resistance was weakening a little, now, the man seemed so unshakeable in his determination.

"But *I* have," triumphantly. "I raise 'em. I'll furnish the goat, and everything. You do it up shipshape, and, whether it works or not, I'll pay you whatever you charge."

"I won't charge you a cent," seeking to wash his hands of the whole thing. "If I ever did such a thing, all I'd ask is that you never speak of it to a living soul." He might have added truthfully, and all I want of you is that I never hear from you again. "No," weakly, "it's too big a risk. I can't afford to do it."

"Listen, Doctor," a bit uglily, this time. "I'm a swell friend to my friends, and a hard man to them I don't like. If you don't do this, and give me a chance, at least, I'll show you what *I* can do, in this neighborhood. There's ways. When I get through talking, you couldn't get a patient to come here anywhere in ten miles. I mean it. Here I've got a chance—you'll admit that. Now, by God, you're not going to rob me of it!"

They argued until three in the morning; and the doctor finally yielded. Every detail was worked out precisely, in advance. The farmer was to get the goat, and bring

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it to the doctor's office in the dead of night, at two or three in the morning. Nobody was to know about it, except him and his wife, and the doctor and the doctor's wife. The man was to return home before daybreak. The next morning his wife was to phone to the doctor that her husband was down with the flu; and this would give the doctor a legitimate excuse to drive out to the farmer's house as often as was necessary, to see how the convalescence from the unique surgical operation was getting along.

### 3

Everything went like oiled clockwork.

None of their planning had been useless. One by one the neighbors, inquisitive as ever, would stop the doctor on the street. "Howdy, Doc. Hear you've been over to Jake X's house."

"Yes," the doctor, with a sinking heart, would confess. How he wished he could wash his soul of the whole ghastly experience!

"Anybody sick over there?"

"He is."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Wife says he's got a cold, or flu, or something. He's running a fever."

"How's he now?"

"Doing better," with relief at ending the conversation. At least, there could be no gossip, when things were as regular on their face as that.

At the end of a week, no complications had set in. The doctor told his patient that, while of course it wouldn't do him any good, at least apparently it hadn't done him any harm. The usual swelling and soreness following an operation of any kind had noticeably begun to disappear. The doctor wouldn't have to come to see him, any more. And, unless he wanted to ruin the doctor's budding practice, he reminded the man that he had sworn, and his wife, too, never to mention it to a living soul.

And then, one night, a couple of weeks later, about ten o'clock, the same farmer suddenly appeared in the door of the drug store. Again Mrs. Brinkley was back

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of the soda fountain, and the store was otherwise empty; the doctor was, as usual, back at his prescription counter. His heart missed a beat: had the man come to shoot him, perhaps, for what he had done?

Tensely Brinkley watched his wife greet the man, and saw that the man was smiling and chuckling. That at least was a good sign; though, of course, it might be to disarm suspicion. As he neared the doctor, the man's hand snaked inside of his coat: the doctor felt more nervous than ever.

Grinning broadly, the farmer brought out a slip of paper, with a flourish, and laid it before the startled doctor.

"Wh-what's this?" His voice trembled, in spite of himself. But his eyes told him. It was a check, made out to himself, for a hundred and fifty dollars!

"For what you did for me."

"I s-said I wouldn't charge you anything, except not to tell—"

The farmer chuckled. "By damn, Doc, if I could, I'd make that check just ten times as big!"

When the facts ultimately leaked out to the people of Milford, they told the doctor sagely that he must have had a hell of a good time, to jar him loose from a hundred and fifty dollars.

The doctor banked the money thankfully, and hoped he had heard the last of the matter.

Within a couple of weeks, another Milford farmer sidled in, late at night as the other man had come, and winked at the doctor. "Doc, I got the same sort of kidney trouble Jake X had," he put his hand on his hip, and pretended to feel a twinge of pain here. "He said for me to tell you, and you'd understand. He said for you to do the same thing for me you did for him."

The doctor was thoroughly frightened, at this evidence of the first farmer's loquacity. If all the neighbors heard about it—! But, on a promise of strict secrecy, he performed the novel operation on this farmer, too.

A month later, this second patient brought his wife in, and told the doctor he wanted him to fix her up, too.

With a sigh, the doctor concluded that, if the male



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glands did any good to a man, the ovary might, to a woman; and so he performed this operation, too. In this case, in a year's time, a fine baby was born to the rejuvenated couple. Doctor Brinkley delivered the wife of a bouncing ten-pound boy, which was named Billy, after the goat. The family, incidentally, is well known in Kansas; father and son have appeared in the movies in Hollywood, and their picture has been shown the length and breadth of the United States.

A fourth patient was brought in—a young banker who had previously lived in Milford, but was now working in another state. This man had gone insane, and been placed in an asylum. The first two patients brought him in. When Dr. Brinkley found out that onanism or self-abuse was either responsible for the man's condition, or was a contributing manifestation of it, he consented to try the operation. The recovery in this case included the recovery of sanity as well; the man is a successful and outstanding business man today. The fifth patient was insane, too; when the doctor called on him first, he was tied down to his bed with ropes, to prevent him from doing injury to himself and others. The recovery again was complete, even as to sanity; and this man is one of the doctor's leading friends and boosters today. Then came another woman patient, with an operation quite as successful as the others. Six operations, success in every case.

With the last of these, the matter seemed to die a natural death, much to the doctor's relief. Now and then he found out that what he had done was whispered about among the people of Milford and roundabouts. He only hoped that he would be able to live it down.

Sometimes he found it out indirectly, and sometimes directly. One of the doctor's good friends, who operated a pool room, dropped by the drugstore to see him. He needed an operation for the removal of piles, he said. But he was going to another city to have it done, he went on; if Brinkley operated on him, all the men would kid him, saying that he must have lost the use of his own glands. Since he was about to be married, he was sensitive on this point; and so Brinkley lost this job.

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On another occasion, a heated argument arose in the local barber shop regarding this gland transplantation. A few claimed that the doctor had done it, and that they knew this to be a fact. An even larger body of skeptics said that it was impossible, and just talk. The doctor himself was passing by, and hearing his name mentioned, he stopped automatically, in time to hear a local man exclaim, "Well, boys, if he won't charge too much, I'll let him operate on *me*, and you fellows can watch and see just what he does do."

Dr. Brinkley stepped into the doorway of the shop, to the amazement of all of them. "I won't charge too much," he took the matter right up. "It seems I happened along at just the right time, to settle this argument. I'm not ashamed of what I've done; though, naturally, I don't want it talked about. I'll tell you what I'll do," earnestly, as he noted their growing looks of interest. "If you'll quit talking about it, I'm willing to do the job without any fee, in this case. And all of you can watch and see just what I do." As he spoke, he had a sudden vision of the circle of awed mountaineers who had watched him perform his first operation, sawing off the foot of that man injured in a sawmill—the circle of watchers that had melted away like magic, as the crude operation neared its end. It would be a lesson to these, too . . .

But they did not leave, until it was over, this time. The man took the doctor up; and the operation was entirely successful. In fact, in spite of their promises, the barber shop gang got to boasting, in unholy glee, that the man to whom Doc had done this had become a regular billygoat, twice as good as any other man around Milford.

### 4

But this seemed to have settled all local discussion. For the population of Milford was around one hundred, and most of these by now had some first hand information about the experiments, and, after the novelty wore off, turned to discuss matters of fresher interest—the good or bad news from overseas, what you ought to do with a man who had German blood in him, the way girls were stepping out, with the men away at the war . . .

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As for the operations, he had sort of been forced into them. Luckily for him, they had all been fairly healthy patients, and fairly young, and all seven had come through without any trouble. From the way some of the older people of town looked at him, he imagined he would be a lot better off if everybody just forgot the whole matter. He led the way in this, as far as was possible.

This was not so hard to do, busy as he was in the hectic war days. Surgery, emergency calls, delivering babies, routine calls,—it all came to the astonishing total of from twenty-five hundred dollars to three thousand dollars a month, in actual cash. His worldly problems seemed solved. Camp Riley, Camp Funston, were both of them nearby. Thousands of men visited the little town daily, spending a lot of money in the drug store for candies, cigars, cigarettes, fountain drinks. The influenza epidemic was at its worst. Dr. Brinkley treated a thousand cases, and nobody could dispute his quiet boast that not one of them had died. Down in the two camps the soldiers were dying like flies in November. As word of Brinkley's success in treating this disease reached them, they came up by the dozens to put themselves under his care.

By March of 1918, he felt himself slipping. He had taken on too big a load, and he was paying the price for it. He had been trying to carry on through the emergency, subject to call day or night, with treatments and surgical operations in homes wherever the patients might be. He rarely went to bed. He had a chauffeur for the day, and another for the night—though there was no one to spell him at his tenser, more concentrated work. When he slept, it was in the automobile. He rarely had a moment to see his wife. She was running the drug-store, loyally assisting in everything; and the doctor usually had merely time enough to stop there and refill his medicine case, emptied by his endless dispensing. The roads were almost impassable from mud, or wholly so from snowdrifts. To get to the isolated farm houses, it was necessary for the doctor to carry wire-cutters in his car, so that he could cut through barbed wire fences, and make it right across fields up beside people's houses.

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And with the temperature driving down, some nights, to seventeen below zero, the thing became a nightmare. The worst sufferer of all was the doctor. He had to have a rest.

But he never wasted even the time he allowed himself to rest. On the 23rd of this March, he and his wife left for Chicago. Splendid as he was in surgery, his ambition was to be excelled by no man living; and he never failed to do everything possible toward this end. The object of this particular trip was to give him a chance to do some intensive postgraduate work in his hobby, surgery,—as most men might do intensive postgraduate work in poker, or fishing, or the one-over-one system, or golf. While he was away, he employed a doctor to take care of his practice. He had reached the point, now, where he could. He glowed with a sense of inner pride, when he realized this. He had always felt that such a time was coming; but it was pleasanter to have it actually here.

When they returned from his studies in the huge lake-side city, he and his wife sat down that first night, and took stock of their resources. All their bills carried over from Fulton had been paid. The Fulton bank had been paid in full, and so had been the Milford bank. The drug store held at least five thousand dollars worth of goods, all paid for; and the bankbook showed more than two thousand dollars in cash. This was what the first six months in the woebegone village of Milford had amounted to.

Brinkley is always a man of his word. When they had totalled up the last figures, he turned to his wife. "Honey, I promised you we would not stay here in Milford long. We have enough money, now, to go to any town you want to, and locate. Where shall it be?"

His wife considered the whole matter thoughtfully. "Well, we have all the practice we can do, right here in Milford. Everybody knows us, everybody likes us—you, at least. I don't see any need of moving, now. We can build a real house here, and be as comfortable as we can be anywhere."

The doctor nodded agreement. "I had hoped you'd come to that conclusion. But I've made up my mind on one thing. If we're going to stay here, I've got to build

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a hospital; I can't go on performing operations in people's homes. My surgical cases are so widely scattered, it runs me to death calling on my patients daily. I need a hospital for the protection of myself, as well as my patients, and most of all for research work."

She was entirely in sympathy with this. They began to plan ways and means. Right here in Milford was the Hammond Lumber Company, and the owner's only son, Earl, was anxious to sell building material. An old settler in the place, Sil Wilson, had ten lots right in the middle of the little village, and he had already told the doctor that he wanted to sell them to him for a hospital site. Brinkley looked them over. They were covered with a thicket of trees, briars, cowbarns, and jack-rabbits. But they would do. He bought them.

After he had had them cleaned off, the problem of building loomed larger than he had expected. The lumber yard was willing to be paid at a later date. But labor, in these frenzied war days, was the biggest factor of all. Labor prices were high, and, due to the mushroom boom in war building, building materials were continually moving upward in price.

Finally, Brinkley formed a ten thousand dollar corporation, the Brinkley-Jones Hospital Association, letting his wife's maiden name appear beside his own in the project. He sold thirty-five shares to nearby farmers at a hundred dollars a share, on his personal promise that some day he would redeem, and would pay back the purchase price, with eight per cent interest. Ultimately this promise was redeemed, to the last fraction of a cent.

The owner of the Hammond Lumber Company drew up a pencil sketch of the proposed hospital building. He and Brinkley carried this to George Murphy, president of the First National Bank of nearby Manhattan, Kansas, a town of almost ten thousand population. "Mr. Murphy," the doctor asked, "how much money will you lend me on that building, after it's constructed?"

The smalltown banker shook his head. "Why, Doctor, Milford is nothing but a country village. You know that. You'd never in the world be able to pay for it, even if you did build it."

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But Brinkley had not been born with the magnetism of a super-powered salesman, for nothing. Quietly he argued, backing up his words with actual figures of what the first six months in Milford had already meant, in a financial way.

Finally the banker raised the white flag. "Well, you go ahead, Doctor, and build your building. When it's finished, I'll let you have six thousand on it."

The indefatigable doctor-promoter was not through, yet. He went down to Salina, to Earl McChesney, who had a bank there. Again the pencil sketch was brought out. "How much will you let me have on it, as a second mortgage, when the first is only six thousand?" Finally the banker promised to put up four thousand dollars, on this basis. It took a man whose whole bearing was honest, and whose record was unimpeachable, to persuade two horny-conscienceed bankers to agree to lend him ten thousand dollars, on a building that had not even been built.

There were other things to think of. Brinkley went to Hammond, Indiana, and interviewed the Frank S. Betz Company, makers of surgical material. They agreed after hearing the doctor's eloquent plea, to give him an initial credit of five thousand dollars, for X-ray equipment, operating equipment, sterilizers, beds, and other necessary things for the hospital project.

And then Dr. Brinkley went to work.

On August 26, 1918, or in about three months time, the completed building was thrown open to the public. Every obstacle that arose had been met and conquered. Milford had no electricity; Brinkley put in a power plant. Milford had no city water; Brinkley put in a city water works. Milford had no sidewalks, no modern improvements of any kind. Brinkley even put in city sewage, to make sure that nothing was overlooked. He had far exceeded the amount of the loans in his spendings, of course; he built according to local needs, rather than according to his own resources.

When the building was opened, he and Mrs. Brinkley had sunk in the project every dollar that they had made from the drug store, and from his practice. In spite of this, they were some thirty-five thousand dollars in debt.

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In his opening program, Dr. Brinkley quoted that famous unfathered quotation, "If a man build a better mousetrap than his neighbors, even though he located his house in the midst of a forest, the world would make a beaten path to his door." It was prophecy, rather than knowledge, as far as his hospital in Milford was concerned. It became accurate prophecy.

The hospital filled up with patients, both surgical and medical. The drug store flourished unbelievably. But the summer heat was blistering, and the ensuing winter punishingly cold. Brinkley began to look around for an even more ideal site to practice in. He remembered the agreeable climate of Texas, and decided he might one day want to practice in San Antonio or southern Texas. So he reciprocated from Arkansas to Texas, and received a license to practice as a doctor there.

Brinkley had neglected to carry insurance on the queer rattletrap building that housed his drug store. When he had moved in, there was nothing there worth insuring; nor had he the means, then, to carry it. He had failed to open his eyes to the way his prospering drug business had stocked the place with a large and expensive stock of merchandise.

In August, 1919, Milford was visited by a devastating fire that destroyed not only the drug store, but the whole business block as well. Only the hospital building on the corner was left. And he was thirty-three thousand dollars in debt, still.

### 5

John R. Brinkley was not the type who gave up. Here was an emergency, demanding immediate action. He acted. He went around to the farmers, for he knew they trusted him. He borrowed enough money, from them, to build the Brinkley Block. Fourteen thousand dollars—that was what he asked for, and that was what he got.

It was model village planning, on an intelligent small scale. There was a large room for a grocery store; another for a barber shop; a beautiful room for a drug store. The barber shop and the drug store had tile floors. But even this was not enough. He went in debt twelve thousand dollars more, for fountain supplies and fixtures,

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until he had an establishment that would have done credit to the liveliest city in the world.

He had failed to take one thing into consideration. The old drug store had spittoons or cuspidors, so that the farmers could amble in, and sit around, and chew tobacco and spit. There was even a comfortable wood stove, around which they could dig in and root themselves for a long lazy afternoon or evening of talk. The new store, of course, was too smart for cuspidors or a wood stove. It was too smart, also, for his customers.

When nobody came in, in some bewilderment Brinkley began to inquire as to the reason. The farmer folk who came to town in their overalls and work clothes, the neighbors who roamed in no better dressed, felt out of place in the ornate new elegance. They had been used to the old place; it was like a more comfortable version of their own kitchens, where they could pick and choose more who they talked with. The new-fangled place was too shiny and clean for them to feel comfortable in.

One old farmer put it right at Brinkley. "Doc, a lot of people are going to feel mighty out of place in heaven, with its gates of pearl and everything slicked up and shiny like a dining-room when the minister's in for a meal. That's all right for once in a while; but shiny shoes and shirts with cardboard fronts ain't what a man 'd choose for every day. A lot of people would feel a lot more at home down in the region with the old-fashioned fire."

He saw it now . . . A marvelous new plant, and no customers at all to speak of. And the Brinkleys fifty-nine thousand dollars in debt, all on borrowed money. It had been easy to slide downhill into debt, with the good name for integrity and the cash income that he had had. Now he had lost his drug store business; he had operated on nearly everybody in this end of the county, and made them all well; and there simply wasn't any additional source of income in sight.

It doesn't take long for bad news to get around. As soon as people began to realize that he was unable to pay, they began to ask for their money.



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All that Brinkley could say was, "It's here in these buildings."

There was a rush to the courthouse to file suits against him, on which judgments were granted by default all too soon. A few excited creditors even wanted to throw the doctor into bankruptcy, sell what he had, and divide what little was left. They attached all he had. They had the sheriff lock up his hospital. But the sheriff, at least, was a friend, and let the doctor have a key, so that he could continue at his business as much as possible.

Tensely he and his young wife talked it over. What could they do? They were almost sixty thousand dollars in debt, and income had practically ceased. There was no use in thinking of moving to another place, there to make a fresh start, in the hope that this would ultimately permit them to pay off this staggering sum. Wherever they went, the people of Milford would follow them with suits and judgments and attempts to levy: Dr. Brinkley would be disgraced, he would be ruined, no matter where they moved. All they could do was to stay and face the music, the bitter abuse, the small-souled jeers.

It was a relief to find that some people still thought highly of him. The Eclectic Medical University of Kansas City, his final alma mater, had been, he had learned with regret, one of the war-time casualties. The war-time draft drained it of students, for service overseas; and lack of finances caused it to close. Soon thereafter its former secretary, a Dr. Alexander, organized another medical school, which he called the Kansas City College of Medicine and Surgery. It did not have the same faculty as the discontinued institution, and, of course, the student body was different. Dr. Alexander, organizer of the new institution, had observed with interest Brinkley's brilliant initial success in nearby Milford. Remembering Brinkley as one of the graduates of the former institution, he wrote to him, asking him to call. Out of this came an offer to Brinkley to lecture and teach in the new medical school, with permission to use its laboratory facilities for the elaborate researches that Brinkley was always busy at. It was no more than a proper courtesy, at the end of the year, for the faculty of the new institution to confer on Brinkley, in recognition of his teach-

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ing and his researches, the degree of Doctor of Medicine and Surgery. Brinkley accepted the honorary degree politely. It was recognition certainly earned; and it helped keep his mind off his own troubles.

It never rains, but it cloudbursts. Difficulties appeared from the most unexpected sources. Brinkley had become family physician to a dentist in a nearby town. This man decided to move to Wichita to practice, and came by the Brinkley drug store to tell the Brinkleys goodbye, and to ask for a quart of alcohol to use in his dental office. Dr. Brinkley was out. Mrs. Brinkley waited on the man, and in a spirit of kindness let him have the alcohol he said he needed. In Kansas, a bone-dry state, under that fanatical prohibition which paralyzed American progress so long, such things were difficult to obtain, without elaborate and exhausting red tape; and what's the law, between friends, when the spirit of the transaction is legal, and only the details irregular?

Dr. Brinkley, in Kansas City to lecture before the new medical college there, received a phone message from the County Attorney of Geary County, saying that Mrs. Brinkley had been arrested, charged with selling liquor to a man. All excited and troubled, Brinkley rushed back, to find out what in the world had happened. He learned at once that the exuberant dentist, instead of going on to Wichita to use the alcohol for legitimate dental purposes, had stopped off in Junction City, picked up a party of boon companions, shared the alcohol with them for bibulous purposes, and had gotten so drunk that he fell down in the street. When the police salvaged him, in a dazed drunken condition, they put him in jail to sober up, and to make him tell where he got the stuff.

Brinkley could not face the prospect of letting his wife go into court, and plead to a charge of violating the liquor laws. She was guilty according to the harsh letter of the statutes, no doubt of that. no matter what her motives were. The doctor pulled what strings he could, and had the County Attorney let the charge run against him, rather than against his wife. He pleaded guilty to something that had happened in Kansas, while he was out of the state, in Missouri. He was given a ninety day

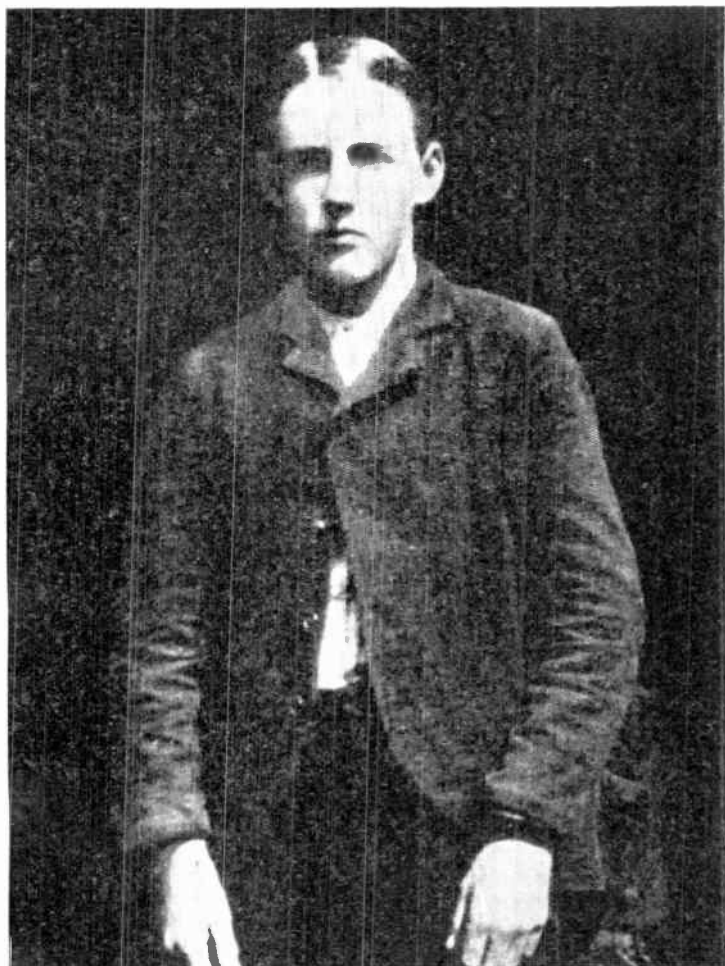
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jail sentence, which was promptly suspended; and he was fined three hundred dollars, which he somehow paid, in spite of his financial straits.

Everything piled up on him at once. The total made Brinkley desperate. There must be some way that he could let the world of ailing sufferers know of his magnificent hospital plant, yawning empty and ready for them; as well as of his own splendid skill as a surgeon. But what was the way? He decided to consult an expert in the matter of bringing the demand to where the supply waited: in other words, an advertising expert. He did not know what he wanted the man to do; he only knew that there must be some way, that he had exhausted his own ideas, and that these needed to be fertilized by the thoughts of a man who specialized in precisely this social function.

He inserted an advertisement in the *Kansas City Star*, asking for an advertising expert to get in touch with him. He was acting on a hunch, when he did this: on an intuition, to use the highbrow name for something old when Eve began stripping the fig-tree. His conscious mind was baffled before the blank wall of the problem, and refused to function. Dimly he had begun to realize that he was gifted beyond the run of doctors, and that he could not be bound by the rigid artificial ethics of the American Medical Association, the jealous sheep ethics of the leagued allopathic practitioners. He did not yet face the fact that he was opposed to such ethics; I am not sure that he has yet faced this fact.

Everything that he had done had conclusively established that he was no ordinary doctor. An ordinary doctor, with the fine start the first six months in Milford had given Brinkley, does not decide to make a fine little city out of a rundown rural village; to give it a hospital, an up-to-date business block, electricity, city water, a sewage disposal plant. An ordinary doctor does not run into sixty thousand dollars worth of debts, to improve the town with only a secondary thought to his own prospects. Brinkley spent liberally, for the improvement of the town he had moved into; he was entitled, by modern business ethics, to have a source of income commensu-



JOHN R. BRINKLEY  
At the Age of Ten and One-Half Years



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rate with his expenditures. Honesty is the best policy; pay your just debts—these were cardinal planks in the high rigid code of ethics his father had taught him. Even according to his, he was called on to do something desperate to meet the desperate situation.

He worded it differently, more mildly, to himself. He did not go further than to decide that he wanted to have the advertising man advise him concerning his hospital, and ways and means of getting patients to come to it for the surgical operations they needed; all so that he could pay off the heavy load of mortgages and debts hanging over it and him.

Among the many answers to Brinkley's advertisement, here was one from a married man, with two children, and a poorly paid job. He needed money, he wrote, and could do part time work for from five to ten dollars a week. Brinkley wrote him to come on out.

The man drove out to see him, in the empty hospital a mile away from the Milford depot in the husky Kansas cornfields. He looked over the whole situation, without saying a word. After he had absorbed it all, he spoke. "Dr. Brinkley, it's an impossible situation. You can't expect a doctor in Wichita, or Topeka, or Kansas City, to send his patients here for operations, when there's a good hospital just around the corner in his own town. It's impossible."

Dr. Brinkley faced him straightly. "Nothing is impossible."

The advertising expert nodded gravely. "You're right. It's impossible—*unless* you've got something to offer that no other hospital has. A new cancer cure. A new way of curing tuberculosis. Something sensational. Something no doctor in the world has even done before."

"I had it full, once," obstinately.

The visitor shook his head. "I don't see how. It isn't reasonable. Your location is too inaccessible. People needing operations are sure to prefer the local hospital and the family physician, even if you are a better surgeon. No; you might as well go into bankruptcy, and be done with it."

"I'll never do that. A doctor could never live it down. Besides, I intend to pay my bills, to the last cent."

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"Well, I can't tell you how." He ruminated. "Unless you can pull a new stunt about cancer—"

Brinkley shook his head. "I can't do any more in cancer or tuberculosis than any other doctor. To advertise that I could be unethical, according to the A. M. A.—the American Medical Association," to make sure the man didn't misunderstand.

"Oh, I didn't mean cancer, especially. Anything. Anything no other doctor has ever done before. A new cure for falling hair. Just so it's sensational; just so it makes copy they've got to lap up."

Brinkley's head wagged more firmly than ever. "You don't seem to understand that I'm a fellow of the A. M. A., and a member of the state and county medical associations. Their ethics are rigid on advertising. I could never do a thing like that."

"What did you send for me for, then?"

They talked almost all night, the baffled doctor and the puzzled advertising expert. Again and again the visit came back to this matter of something new, something sensational. "That's my meat. If you'd just discovered a new element, or even a new planet—something I could play up ethically, I mean—something that would make you a national figure."

Suddenly Brinkley's face lighted. All this time he had forgotten those seven goat-gland transplantations of two years before; those experiences that he had intentionally sought to keep under lock and key in his uncommunicative mind. Suddenly the visitor's persistence let them escape into his consciousness. Sternly he sought to ignore them: they hummed and buzzed distractingly just behind every word he said, begging to be let out. He had certainly been the world's forerunner in that: in animal gland transplantation, with consequent rejuvenation of the individual, at least in some cases; with bodily and mental cures, in the others.

At last he could hold it in no further. A bit shame-faced, the doctor began, "Oh, by the way, there was a little something I did, a couple of years ago. . . ." And then, tentatively and doubtfully, his confidence returning at the look of tense eagerness on the other man's face,

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he came out with the whole story, told as badly and factually as it had all happened.

The advertising expert listened as if he were hypnotized. When Brinkley had finished, he jumped up from where he was sitting, rushed over, and excitedly pumped the hand of the astonished doctor up and down. "We've got it! By God, we've got it! Dr. Brinkley, you've got a million dollars within your hands, and you don't even realize it!"





## A BEATEN PATH TO HIS DOOR

## 1

IT did not take the advertising expert long to make clear just what he meant. Here Dr. Brinkley had been the first man in the world successfully to transplant the gland of a lower animal into a man: why, the world was entitled to know it, and to honor him for the forerunner he was! He had successfully transplanted the sexual glands of goats to men and women, and both types of operation had resulted in a sort of rejuvenation. That was the thing the whole world was crazy to find! Old Methusaleh and the people back in that time used to know how to live to be a thousand years old. They'd lost the secret, and had been looking for it ever since. In the middle ages, it was one of the two things they spent most time looking for: the elixir of eternal youth, and something that would turn base metals to gold. "Before we get through with this, Doctor, we'll have both!" triumphantly, from the excited visitor. "You'll have the gold, and the rest of the world will have the youth. Think of Ponce de Leon looking everywhere for his fountain of eternal youth—and here you have it, in the goat yards of Milford!"

"Now, now—" seeking to stem the flow of enthusiasm.

"I mean it. If once the world learns of this, the possibilities are simply stupendous. The whole world of aging men, of all ages, the old and the young alike, who want more sexual prowess and potentialities, will come flocking to your door, and plenty of women, too, you can be sure of that. Doctor, you've got a million dollars right in your hands, and I'm underestimating, at that!"

Dr. Brinkley listened, in more and more dismay. The medical societies he belonged to frowned upon any form of advertising; he tried to make the other man understand how unthinkable it was for him to agree to exploit

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his discovery in any such fashion. If once it came out, this way, it would certainly limit the doctor's field to that of a gland specialist; and he wasn't even qualified for this, nor willing to do it. He was a general surgeon, and a good one. True, he had performed six experiments privately, and one you might say in public. Yet all but the last had been done unwillingly; and even in the last, he had made everybody promise not to mention it. His experiments had established that glands so transplanted were good for childless homes; for sexual weaknesses; and for insanity due to sexual excesses, especially to self-abuse.

"But, Doctor, it's the one way out of your troubles! It's what you brought me here to tell you!"

The doctor shook his head more slowly. He was not a sex specialist; he was a general surgeon, a general practitioner, as his father had been. He loved his work, as a whole; he had no desire to jeopardize its success by a lot of sensational newspaper publicity, which would probably do more harm than good. He had made just this same objection to publicity to the first transplantation patient, and to all the others: it would be ruinous to have the thing known to his neighbors, and especially to the women, of the community.

"But you've done something original, that the world is entitled to know about," stubbornly. "Would you want the man who'd discovered gravitation to keep it a family secret?"

Brinkley was more moved, at this. "But there are ways to make it known, which do not violate the ethics of the A. M. A." he said firmly. "There must be no advertising publicity to the world at large. I'm willing, if you really think it wise, to have it announced through the medical journals, and even to announce it personally before the medical associations and societies. I don't mind your arranging *that*."

The doctor could not be shaken from this position. He and the advertising expert first prepared a booklet, containing pictures of the hospital, the laboratory, and the other equipment, together with a long letter telling precisely what he had accomplished in gland transplan-

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tation, in these seven experimental operations. This booklet and letter were mailed to every physician in Kansas.

Not one single doctor within the state had the courtesy to reply.

Dr. Brinkley pondered. Maybe these doctors near at hand had observed his phenomenal opening success in Milford, and felt that it might endanger their own livelihoods to encourage him. He had a copy of the same pamphlet and letter sent to every doctor in Colorado, in Nebraska, in Iowa, in Missouri, in Oklahoma, in Arkansas.

Not one single doctor within any of these states had the courtesy to reply.

This was getting to be too much of a good thing. For all the response and encouragement he received, he might as well be dumping these letters and booklets into the trash basket. He mailed copies of both to each chiropractor, and each osteopath, in each of the seven states.

Not a single chiropractor, not a single osteopath, had the courtesy to reply.

Working feverishly against time, for his debts were not growing less, and his available funds were, he arranged to appear before most of the medical societies in the state. He told them in detail all that he had done. They applauded heartily, when he had ended. And that was all. Not one patient came to his hospital, from all this effort.

Still he did not give up. He wrote a paper, explaining the success of his operations, and sent it to the *Journal* of the American Medical Association, for publication. They wrote back that they could not publish such non-descript material, unless the experiments described in it were made under the auspices of some such research institution as the Rockefeller Foundation. Copies of the paper were sent to the various state and other lesser medical journals. All rejected it. Several wrote back that the experiments were so revolutionary, that the editors did not dare publish them, for fear of losing subscribers.

Too much time had been spent by Dr. Brinkley, in this persistent effort to follow abjectly the ethics of the A. M. A., and work through the unresponsive doctors

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themselves. The blow fell suddenly, in Milford. The attorneys representing his creditors filed papers to force him into involuntary bankruptcy. Judgments were hanging over his head; his property had been attached by the sheriff; he had himself made the people in his district so distressingly healthy that there was no more business for him. . . . And so, wearied out with the long, hopeless struggle to present his discovery to the world through the accepted medical channels, he told the advertising expert to go ahead, before it was too late, and he was a man financially disgraced and ruined for life.

First of all, as matter of protection, the two of them went together, and secured affidavits and photographs from the gland patients, with full permission to publish. The advertising man prepared at top speed a display story of the epochal discovery, and had a hundred mats made of this, with cuts from photographs amply illustrating the reading matter. These were mailed out to the hundred leading newspapers throughout the country.

Only two, out of the hundred newspapers, ran the story, and that very briefly.

But even this slight opening wedge turned out to be enough. Chancellor Tobias, of the Chicago Law School, saw the brief item in one of these two papers that ran it, and wrote to Dr. Brinkley, asking the fee for undergoing the gland transplantation operation himself. Brinkley wrote back that he would not charge anything, since he was not sure whether the operation would do the patient any good, or not.

The Chancellor came to Milford, and Brinkley operated on him. The operation benefited the patient greatly. In June, 1920, out of gratitude, Dr. Brinkley was called to Chicago, and the faculty of the Chicago Law School conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Science, in appreciation of his contribution to ameliorating the condition of humanity. This was, of course, in connection with the regular graduation exercises of the law school. It was held in the Scottish Rite Cathedral, and was attended by many distinguished people, with other prominent men and women receiving honorary degrees at the same time. Dr. Brinkley was called on for a brief talk, telling of his

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experiments and their success, and he won his audience from the start. The Chancellor himself gave out a signed statement concerning the discovery and the operations to the press.

And this was the match that lit off the explosion of publicity that Brinkley needed.

### 2

None of them failed to feature him, this time. The Associated Press, the United Press, the International News Agency, and other news services in America and abroad, made a front page story out of him, for weeks.

And why not? The day's events, to most of us, are so monotonous, that we hug to our souls anything new. That a hundred million people ate this morning's breakfast without unusual incident is not news. But that one man, on sitting down to the table, sat on his wife's sewing, and jabbed himself so severely with a needle that in his excitement he swallowed his false teeth, and was saved only by the prompt use of a buttonhook—that is news. The more closely news expresses what people long for and usually do not get, the more avidly will it be featured and kept alive. And Dr. Brinkley's discovery was in line with one of man's oldest and deepest dreams—the dream that led Ponce de Leon across an ocean and into the impenetrable swampy woodlands of Florida, in hopeless search for the Fountain of Eternal Youth.

Even if anything eternal seems to be a desert mirage, yet any return to youth, however brief, is a boon beyond price to any man or woman. Dr. Brinkley, even though he had stumbled upon his great discovery without definite planning, had found one way to set back the clock of withering time, and give a man and a woman again that glow and heat that had apparently passed forever from them. Humanity is forever indebted to him for his pioneering discovery, and his long and bleak fight to make it known, and over the poisonous opposition of organized medicine, to make it acceptable. No wonder the papers, and the harassed millions who read them, hugged him to their bosoms, as the moment's world hero.

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For a few weeks, he remained in Chicago, meeting prominent people, and being hailed everywhere as one of man's great benefactors to mankind. Scientific societies were wiring him for further details. Universities telegraphed, asking if he would accept further honorary degrees. The editor of *Who's Who in America* wrote to him. Cables came from London, from Paris, from Rome. A Maharajah in far away India had his doctor cable to Brinkley to come at once to India, and operate on the anxious potentate.

Dr. Brinkley was slow to answer any of these. He knew that he did not have enough money to go anywhere. He knew that, if he did not go back to Milford and get some of his outstanding bills settled up, he would be forced into bankruptcy, and would be nationally and internationally disgraced because of his debts. It made it all the worse, now that he had become world-known. Even if he did get into a foreign country, at this time, the news would race after him that he had run away from a debt of sixty thousand dollars, and the trip would all have gone for nothing.

A little shrewd business management, in line with modern business ethics, would have saved the situation, at this time. But Dr. Brinkley was a surgeon, a healer, not primarily a business man. He was a benefactor of mankind, not a merchant in the marketplace trying to drive a shrewd bargain with everyone he met. He had his choice between serving man and Mammon; and he could only decide to serve man—even though some service of Mammon would have made him far more able to serve man thereafter. In fact, he had no choice, reared as he had been, with the example of his father, Doctor John of the Great Smokies, constantly before the eyes of his soul. For this man had done everything for his patients except collect from them. You could not expect, like father, unlike son, from a man like John R. Brinkley.

He returned to Milford, and found the town full of strangers, from evergladed Florida to icy Maine, from the tenemented eastern seaboard to the Golden Gate, from Canada, from Mexico. Each of them wanted the same thing—the gland transplantation operation, that would make them young and virile again. An unbelievable

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mail awaited him—fully twenty-five thousand letters. Many of these enclosed five or ten dollars, merely for a reply. It was all a gold mine, if he had known how to mine in it. But he was a surgeon, a healer, a benefactor of man, not a business man, an accumulator of money.

Thousands of questions were asked him. But he knew precious little about the matter himself, beyond the flat facts of his eight operations, all of which had turned out successfully. He noticed that none of his correspondents wanted the operation in order to fill their childless homes with children, nor as cures for insanity caused by sexual excesses. All of them, men and women alike, wanted to be young again, and filled with the ability to taste and relish life's physical raptures again. This sickened the doctor, a little.

There were wealthy men and women among the strangers who were crowding the little town, people with four or five big trunks apiece, and half a score of suitcases, and with valets and maids as well as their chauffeurs. There were men who were presidents of big financial institutions, there were leading bankers, lawyers, doctors, editors,—people from every walk of life.

And, would you believe it, Dr. Brinkley was so ashamed and humiliated at it all, that he wanted to turn around and run away!

For he was able, with his intuitive soul, to see Milford and his own institution through their eyes. It was sloppy, rainy weather. The sidewalks were streaked with unsightly mud. The dirt streets were ankle deep in ugly mire. The hospital was unfenced. Horses and cows, owned by the slipshod Milford natives, were roaming over the hospital grounds, in mud to their knees. Hogs were rooting up his front yard. The buildings had no shrubbery around them, no grassy lawns. The neighbors' houses all had unsightly backhouses. Used toilet paper and torn fouled fragments of weekly newspapers and mail-order catalogs had been blown from underneath these, to litter his very front steps. The hospital buildings were unpainted. There was not a hotel in town, not one comfortable residence, no place for refined people to stay.

His first impulse was to run away from the humiliation of it all. But John R. Brinkley is not the sort who



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would run away from any job. Promoters rushed in, to build a big building to house the inflow of visitors. It was necessary to incorporate the town, so that there would be an official municipal body for strangers to do business with. Kansas required two hundred people, as the minimum who could incorporate a city. Milford could only scrape up a hundred and ninety-eight. Brinkley promptly hired some extra help, which gave the needed two hundred. The town was incorporated, and G. K. Morris was made its first mayor.

Morris came around to paint the hospital buildings. In conversation with him, Brinkley found out that he was a butcher, as well as a painter. The doctor thankfully financed him to open up a butcher shop, so that the town could have its own fresh meat. Notification came that the federal government was about to close the post office, and turn it into a rural free delivery route, for lack of a postmaster. Brinkley took the examination, passed, was appointed postmaster. He then turned the job over to the same G. K. Morris—his friend, painter, butcher, mayor, and, now postmaster. There were so few people in Milford capable of doing anything, that one able man had to saddle himself with all these varying duties.

The promoters of the half million dollar hotel project wanted to locate their building in the center of the town, and have it tax-free. The new-formed city council, men of no more vision than plant-lice, and grasping to the nth degree, refused to permit the project to be tax-free. They whispered, chuckingly, that they certainly wanted that half million dollar building; but of course it must be taxed, because the taxes on it would pay all the village expenses, and none of them would have any taxes to pay.

Such a short-sighted policy always works its own destruction. The promoters were so disgusted, that they told the greedy city fathers to go to hell, in expressive Anglo-Saxon, and left town. The majority of the people who had rushed in, in the gland rush following the first outburst of newspaper publicity, also left. Many of the more refined ones, seeing the mud and filth in which

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the Brinkley Hospital was located, left without interviewing the doctor or his wife at all. Nor did the Brinkleys blame them.

The Brinkleys had no house of their own; they merely occupied one room at the hospital. Since the erection of the structure in 1918, the doctor's wife had worked like a super-Trojan in running the hospital,—often doing the cooking, as well as firing the boiler and doing the washing. There was never anything that she minded putting her hands to; and whatever she did, she did well. Those who have wondered how Dr. Brinkley has been able to carry on, in spite of all opposition, should never overlook the part played in his whole life's story by this unaltering, unfaltering aid and inspiration always battling at his side.

The few who remained for the gland operation, after asking such questions as occurred to them about it, would say, "Well, what do you charge, Doctor?"

Again a little shrewd business management would have been a life-saver: some careful budgeting of all the expenses actually incurred by the patient in his stay at the hospital, plus some overhead to reduce the indebtedness on the venture. But the doctor was not primarily cut out to become wealthy: his social function was to heal the sick, to make the old become young. "I have no regular charge," he would say, puzzled himself as to what answer to make.

"You must have *some* idea!"

The doctor would shake his head. "Honestly, I haven't. You just pay whatever you want to give, and it will be all right."

And that was all he got: whatever they wanted to give.

### 3

The majority of his patients paid him fifty dollars, or at most seventy-five, for the operation. There was one man, or perhaps two, who paid a thousand dollars. Not that Brinkley had asked for any such sum. But these were men of vision, who saw the worth of the country doctor's contribution to humanity's welfare, and used this method to encourage him with his work, and permit and speed its spread.

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There were occasional unexpected complications. Like the two rich young men from California. . . .

In the first seven operations performed, the patients had furnished their own goats. For naturally Dr. Brinkley was not in the goat-raising business, and did not even know where to purchase them; and to Brinkley, a goat was just a goat; he did not even know that there were various breeds and varieties, with very different characteristics. He used goats only because the government veterinarians had assured him that these animals alone did not have diseases communicable to humans. But for this, he might have used sheep glands, or those from some other animal.

Two of the earliest operations performed, after the return from Chicago, were on two wealthy young society men, who had come all the way from California to have this done. Needing a goat for the purpose, the doctor commissioned Mrs. Brinkley or a friend to get one for him. They rode out into the country, and returned with an enormous billy, long-horned and very vicious. He was killed, and his testicles removed for transplantation into the elegant young bloods from California. The operation was duly performed.

The two young men occupied a room in the hospital together. About the third day after the operation, they sent out a hurried distress signal for the doctor. When he arrived, the room they occupied smelled like a cross between a goat pen and a perfumery shop. The odor from these particular goat glands had permeated their bodies, and all of the toilet water and perfumes they were using to destroy the penetrating goat musk only seemed to make it worse.

Brinkley went straight back to his original patients, the farmers, to ask them why in the world the operation had had this result, when it had had no such consequences in their cases. One of the farmers returned with the doctor, to examine the remains of the goat carcass. He snickered. "That's an Angora billy, Doc. I thought any dang fool would know an Angora stinks to heaven."

Futher questioning revealed that, in all the earlier cases, the doctor had been using the milk varieties of goats, the Toggenbergs, Nubians and Saanans. There-

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upon the doctor proceeded to experiment carefully with all three, and finally decided that the best for his purposes were Toggenberg males about three weeks old, and females of the same breed a year old.

But this did not help the embarrassed young plutocrats from California. In fact, nothing could be done to help them. Except that the doctor said that, if the odor did not depart, he would perform another operation, without charge, and remove the gonads he had transplanted into them. And so, extremely dejected, they returned to their far western homes. They did not spare the perfume bottle, on the train returning; which must have caused their fellow passengers to indulge in askant speculations as to just what sort of young men these young men were, after all.

Within thirty days, they were able to write the doctor that, to their great relief, the odor had disappeared. But they had received no benefit from the operation, they said. Later, the doctor tried again, with the same patients, using young Toggenberg males this time; and this time the operations were entirely successful.

So affairs drifted along, until the spring of 1921. By this time, Brinkley owed a grocery bill of three thousand dollars, that had gone for food to be fed to these patients. Though not all had gone into the patients. When he began buying groceries in bulk, in order to keep a stock of them in the hospital basement, the large-visioned Milford people, or a few of them, proceeded to help themselves uninvited to these groceries. Groceries was not all he missed: hardware, plumbing, electrical equipment often disappeared in the same neighborly manner. One young woman, who had worked for him up to the time, left to get married. The Brinkleys discovered later that she stocked up her home with the hospital blankets, pillows, sheets, towels, and even cooking utensils. Brinkley began to understand what sociologists meant, when they said that legal systems largely originated to protect property; and why this had been inevitable. The idea of dividing up evidently was not copyrighted in Russia.

There were some who went so far as to carry off whole beds from out of the hospital building. They knew that Brinkley could not afford to have any of

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them arrested. He was still in debt, and people could make trouble for him, if they wanted to. Besides, they were practically all related to one another, and the whole interbred community would have risen up in arms if Cousin So-and-So had been jailed for stealing from the hospital, even if he had taken off the big building itself. They were so clannish, that they would have united in knocking the hospital to every new arrival, and would have seriously damaged its business, if he had done the right thing and had the thieves jailed. And so he and his wife had to suffer the depredations in silence.

As the spring of 1921 altered into a searing, blistering summer, the doctor decided to spend the hotter months along the shores of Long Island Sound. Suddenly he remembered Dr. White, whose practice Brinkley had taken at Earl, Arkansas, even before he received his graduate license to practice. This doctor had progressed from Arkansas to Connecticut, and certainly Brinkley could do the same. And so he and his wife travelled up to the home of the wooden nutmeg, and the doctor took and passed the written examination, and received a license to practice medicine there.

The Brinkleys rented a lovely furnished home in Fairfield, the delightful old Connecticut town almost overshadowed by its ugly sprawling factory neighbor, Bridgeport. Here they were soon joined by a friend of Brinkley's, a man who had stood beside him upon the rostrum of the Chicago Law School to receive an honorary degree with him, the preceding June. This was William Hosea Ballou, the distinguished scientist of Closter, in Bergen County, New Jersey—a man old enough to be Brinkley's father. Ballou's scientific interests were manifold, ranging from fossil pre-reptile to living fungi, and from cancer on the tail of a boa constrictor to the safe transporting of animals at sea. He had received countless honors from the United States and Great Britain, and was just such a scientific collaborator as Brinkley needed.

Ballou threw himself into Brinkley's study of human glands as the seat of human diseases. Ever since the government veterinarians at the plant of Swift and Company had told him that the only place they looked for diseases of animals was in the glands, Brinkley had

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intended to do intensive researches into the subject. These researches have gone far toward revolutionizing the conception of disease in the human body. It is almost an axiom, today, that healthy glands mean a healthy body; and Brinkley was one of the forerunners in this field.

Ballou especially encouraged the young doctor to make emulsions of glands, for administration through the mouth. Brinkley wrote up the results of these researches in many scientific newspaper articles, that at last found a ready home in print. Moreover, Ballou encouraged Brinkley to experiment with transplanting eyes from one animal to another, in the hope that he might evolve a process by which the human blind could be given new eyes with which they could see. He encouraged the surgeon further in experiments with the spinal cord and the brain, and was full of helpful suggestions. It must never be forgotten that Dr. Brinkley is, first and foremost, a great surgeon, as well as a great scientist; and this friend was one of the few men Brinkley met who was willing and able to aid in guiding his researches, during those early days of scientific progress.

Another visitor, that Connecticut summer, was Professor William James Heaps, former head of Milton Academy, in Baltimore, head of Milton University, and one of the country's distinguished educators. The professor was afflicted with deafness, and had Brinkley implant animal thyroids in him, experimentally, to see if the thyroid implant would have any effect on hearing. He also had one animal gonad transplanted into him. The good educator's hair was gray, and all that the experiment did was to cause a marked improvement in his physical well-being, and to cause one-half of his hair on one side of his head to turn back to its natural color, while the rest remained gray—a queer outcome which forced him to use hair dye.

And yet, up to this time, Brinkley had not made any money. He continued deeply in debt, and had to pay every dollar he could spare to his most vicious creditors in Milford. The best he was doing was to keep the wolves from actually dragging him down.

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It was during this year, 1921, that Brinkley wrote, at the request of one of his grateful patients, Sydney B. Flower, of Chicago, who was a publisher, a small book upon his discovery and his use of it, which was published under the title of *The Goat-Gland Transplantation of Dr. J. R. Brinkley*. The book was taken seriously by the reviewers. The doctor was invited to speak in New York City before the Academy of Medicine there; the Rockefeller Institute sent an investigator to look into Brinkley's work; and a group of New York City physicians called him to come to the metropolis and demonstrate his operation before a group of doctors. All these things Brinkley did.

For all that, they did not mean much additional income, they certainly indicated brightening prospects. The vigorous aid and assistance of Ballou and Professor Heaps, the favorable newspaper publicity, the clinic in New York City, and an operation in which Brinkley was called upon to remove a fibroid tumor from the abdomen of the wife of one of New York City's noted artists, all brought him into contact with the wealthier people in New York City, and began insensibly to increase his income. The doctor and Mrs. Brinkley proudly bought a Stutz, the motor badge of prosperity in those days. He was able to buy his wife her first fur coat. Early in September, they returned to Milford, much encouraged by the summer and at the outlook for the future.

### 4

The first nice home the Brinkleys had ever occupied had been the rented place in Fairfield, Connecticut. On their return, they at once began the construction of a home in Milford, on lots adjoining the hospital. Camp Funston was being demolished, and the framework of the new residence was made from the Camp Funston lumber. And this time the job was paid for in cash. They learned their lesson, about debts, from the hospital and the Brinkley Block.

The patients were still few in number. Plenty of people in the East were intensely interested in the operation; but Milford was too far away from the metropolis for many of them to take the trip. New Year's day, of 1922, arrived. The house was not complete. There

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was not even one patient in the hospital. The doctor could not even pay the salaries of his employees. However, it was mid-winter, and they decided to stay with him, and receive at least their room and board, in order to see if there was not a change for the better.

By the end of January, with no patients, and no income, it looked as if the whole thing had been a final failure. Brinkley had several thousand inquiries on hand, and suddenly he decided to write them that he was going to Mexico City to spend six months. There was no especial reason for him to pick out Mexico; the name just flashed into his mind.

In any event, this letter brought in a few patients anxious for the treatment before he left, and gave him enough money at least to pay off his employees. And then, early in February, he received a letter from Harry Chandler, owner of the Los Angeles *Times*, saying that he had heard of Brinkley and his work, and wanted him to come to Los Angeles and do a transplantation for one of his elderly editors.

Brinkley wrote back that he did not have a California license. The powerful newspaper owner took the matter up with the president of the State Medical Board of California, and the doctor was granted a thirty-day permit to come to Los Angeles and perform some operations, in association with a licensed California physician.

So it was that the Brinkleys went to Los Angeles, registered at the Alexandria Hotel, and the doctor proceeded to report to the newspaper owner. Chandler asked first that Brinkley examine the elderly editor, and report what he expected to be able to do for him.

Brinkley gave the man a thorough examination. He reported that the editor was suffering from shaking palsy—the medical name for it is Parkinson's Disease, or paralysis agitans; and that he was incurable. However, he went on, his experience was that the glands would give the patient more strength, more vitality, more endurance. The operation should build up the man's general bodily functions, and thereby enable him to live longer, and have more comfort while living.

Chandler studied the doctor keenly. "Dr. Brinkley, your statement sounds like that of an honest man."



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Brinkley replied quietly that he had never been accused of being anything else.

"What do you charge for your operations?"

The doctor squirmed uncomfortably. "Mr. Chandler, I have no price. I take whatever people see fit to give me."

"Good Lord! Have you made any money?"

"Well, not exactly." Brinkley proceeded to relate his many financial difficulties, and his inability to get ahead financially.

"Doctor," the newspaper owner stared intently at him, "your professional knowledge and your professional services are what you have to sell. People will not appreciate you, if you don't make them pay for what you do for them. Now, I'm going to pay you five hundred dollars to operate on my old friend. If the operation is a success, I'll headline that fact in the *Times*. If it isn't a success, I'll headline *that* in the *Times*. If it is a success, you stay here in California, and I'll send you lots of patients. You let them stay at the Alexandria at their own expense, and let each one of them pay you five hundred an operation—and don't you ever operate again, on anyone, for less than five hundred dollars!"

It was precisely the sort of advice that Brinkley needed. The operation was at least as much of a success as he had indicated that it would be, and the *Times* gave the doctor and his operation the promised publicity. From then on, Brinkley's success in California was bewilderingly complete. He was presented to the governor. His patients were taken from among the most important people of southern California: such men as W. J. Hole, whose palatial country estate was near Arlington, California. An operation like this one, for high blood pressure and prostate trouble, always accomplished, at Brinkley's hands, a great deal for the patient. Brinkley's face grew grimmer, when he faced this condition in a sufferer. He could never forget that his own father, Doctor John of the Great Smokies, had died from just such a condition. Give him then the knowledge and the skill that he had now, and he could have saved his father's life, and prolonged his stay on earth for at least a number of years. So it was that Brinkley did his

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best for his patients, thinking always of the two or three now beyond his aid.

Among Brinkley's other patients were a number of the screen stars, the heroes and heroines of the silent pictures. Many of them still carry on their bodies the telltale neat scar that is the trademark of Dr. Brinkley.

Operations like these furnished no especial problem, to the doctor. Some things in California did. There were social contacts arising out of the wealthy and successful patients and friends the Brinkleys were making, and occasionally the country doctor and his wife—who were so rapidly becoming more than a country doctor and his wife—really faced a baffling situation. They had to face formal dinner parties, where there seemed to be more butlers than guests. One night the Brinkleys were served with artichoke for the first time. The thing looked like a pine cone. He hadn't the faintest idea what to do with it. A quick glance showed him that his wife was as baffled. He turned smilingly to his hostess, and told her that she had sprung a new one on him: and just what was he supposed to do now?

Smiling softly, she came over and pulled off the first few leaves for him, and showed him how to get at the succulent delight on the inner part of the bristly leaves of this educated thistle. Part of his motive, in acting thus promptly, had been to save his wife the embarrassment of having to ask.

The California patients paid him more than forty thousands dollars, in the brief time he practiced there. Los Angeles was tremendously impressed. The Chamber of Commerce offered to build a hundred thousand dollar hospital building, and donate it to the doctor, just to have him stay in the city, and thereby attract more people to California. Californians are shrewd and far-visioned, when it comes to methods of attracting transients and permanents to their land of intermittent sunshine. Mr. Chandler, of the *Times*, had Brinkley apply to the State Medical Board of California for a full license to practice medicine there. Since he had reciprocated from Arkansas to Texas and Kansas, he made the same application in California.

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And then came a direct rebuff. The license was refused. The ostensible reason given was that California did not reciprocate with Arkansas. The real reason was obvious. For the first time, the organized allopathic medical profession had begun to be jealous of the success of this man with more ability and skill than any of them could show, and to be afraid that his success would cut materially into their incomes.

This was the first gun in the long campaign against Dr. Brinkley, his vital discovery, and his skillful use of it, on the part of the tightly organized medical monopoly. They figured shrewdly, even in this opposition. Chandler and the *Times* were powers in southern California. The newspaper owner made successes of everything he touched. He controlled more than a million acres of farming and cattle raising land in California and nearby, and was said to be negotiating for a little private ranch of 340,000 acres more. He had just been voted "the most useful citizen of Los Angeles for 1921," and presented with a gold watch for this by the Los Angeles Realty Board. With the backing of this man, as well as of the Chamber of Commerce and the other influential friends and boosters Brinkley was making daily, it would not be long before the hill-billy immigrant would have an enormous practice, that might eclipse all of them. His prominence, his headline and first-page news value, his receptiveness to such publicity, his growing popularity, already made him a suspect in rigid unprogressive A. M. A. eyes. And so the proper wires were tugged, all out of sight, and the license was refused.

Dr. Brinkley was and still is modest, even about such an experience. He says quietly that no doubt it was a benefit to him to have the license refused. At this time, he believes now, he did not yet understand his own discovery fully enough adequately to present it to the public. He does not cry over an overturned cream pitcher.

### 5

And yet, his success in California was almost miraculous. In his actual operations, he had not had a failure. Among others, he had operated on two high employees of the *Times*, Joseph Ford and a Mr. Durbin. Each had

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been pronounced incurable; each had been given only a short time to live. Only last year, Durbin travelled half across the continent to visit Dr. Brinkley, and incidentally to report that he was in excellent health, and that Ford had not had a sick day since his speedy recovery from the operation.

United States Circuit Judge Ross, a helpless invalid from an old injury to his spine, and Judge Unangst, suffering from the last stages of Parkinson's Disease, were two more of Brinkley's surprising successes. He operated successfully on Z. C. Angevine, who had a health institute at Long Beach; in turn, Angevine had Brinkley operate on many of his patients, with excellent results. The hospitals were all open to him. The doctors did not openly denounce him. They knew how powerful the *Times* was, and had no intention of arousing the unsleeping anger of the journalistic lion. And Chandler saw to it that the *Times* reported this continuing success, and saw to it that the big newspaper news services sent favorable stories broadcast throughout the nation.

The press, as conducted, especially in America, is a queer social ulcer. Its object is to sell its advertising space, and its papers. To do this, it must hurl at the bewildered near-moronic populace a constant stream of new exciting stories; and these are most effective, when personified or centered around some outstanding man or woman, who is elevated by newspaperdom into a temporary throne, in the popular mind, far higher than the subject's merit warrant. A Jess Willard, a Hoover, a Lindbergh, an Al Capone, a Starr Faithful, a Bonnie Parker, a Dillinger, becomes the moment's mushroom idol and god. Once this deification is complete, in order to keep the sales humming, the next and most sensational thing that newspaperdom can do is to rip savagely into its own press-made idols, and level them back to the sodden dust of the plain. They were good copy, in their rise to human godhood; they are better copy, because their names are already familiar, in their fall to human execration. The crowd applauds their rise, since each one sees in the well-starred favorite himself or herself so realizing his or her dreams; the

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crowd applauds their fall, since envy of success is as universal as greed. The threat of such a fate, if Dr. Brinkley had been a specialized sociological observer, hung heavy in the stars above him. He is a surgeon, a healer of the sick; he accepted the praise, properly, as less than his due, and never realized that the gloating ax hung poised above his head.

William Jennings Bryan heard of Brinkley's work, and became attracted to the magnetic and scintillant surgeon-scientist. Brinkley prescribed for Mrs. Bryan successfully. Word was brought to the doctor that William Gibbs McAdoo had been consulted as to the advisability of having Brinkley go to Washington, to perform his already famous operation upon Woodrow Wilson, that wreck of a modern crusader and Christ who had foundered upon the rocks of shrewd European ovations, and his own earned bodily breakdown.

The summons came. Bryan wrote to Brinkley to come to Washington for a private consultation with the ex-President. What followed is the finest proof yet given that Brinkley was not a seeker for publicity, but an authentic healer of the sick. The invitation had contained the insistent adjuration, "Of course, in view of the notoriety of your treatment, you will come to Washington as secretly as possible, and manage the whole consultation in the utmost confidence."

Brinkley's mountain temper rose to fever heat, at the imputation that the human wreck from the White House might be humiliated, if it were known that the goat gland doctor came to see him. Once Brinkley himself had insisted on secrecy as to these operations: but that was before he had established that they were beneficial. Whatever Brinkley did, once he was sure of his course, he did in the light of day. Now that he was convinced that the operation was beneficial—as he had been definitely since the operation on the Chancellor of the Chicago Law School—he had no intention of doing his operation secretly in the dumb privacy of anybody's home. Even the hint that Brinkley would be rewarded in some suitable manner through his friends could not turn him. If the request had been made with genteel tact, it might have been acceded to by the magnanimous

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doctor; but the bald implication that it would be discreditable to Wilson to have his devastated health restored and his earned death postponed by the transplantation was the reverse of what Brinkley liked. There was and is a wide belief that a smug Presbyterian hypocrisy had obscured much of the private life of the bated crusader; Brinkley had no intention of being a party to maintaining anybody's smug hypocrisy. To put it flatly, Brinkley felt that, after his success, under Chandler's patronage, with the more important people of California, the ex-President, and not he, would be the one honored by the performance of the operation. He felt that Wilson would be more than lucky to secure Brinkley's aid, in the condition the ex-President was in.

Even the financial problem was not so pressing now. Through the aid of the owner of the *Times*, Brinkley had made more than forty thousand dollars in California; and he knew that he could go back to Milford and apply this toward the sixty thousand dollar indebtedness. He would even be able to finish his house, and furnish it according to his and his wife's dreams.

The Great Brinkley accordingly wrote to the Great Bryan that the only way he would go to Washington to see the ex-President, was to have a special train run from Milford, Kansas, to the marble city on the Potomac, with Brinkley and his goats on board.

This ended the negotiations.

Again, if Brinkley had been a business man, instead of merely an inspired healer of the sick, he would have bent his will to any hints in such a matter, no matter how humiliating they might be. The business man licks up insults, if accompanied by checks sufficiently large; not all business men, but all business men whose souls are seared to profits. For the advertisement of this operation would have been world-wide, no matter the secrecy intended.

And yet, philosophically, the doctor has no tears for what did not come to pass. As it was, Wilson lingered on, suffering from a stroke superinduced by high blood pressure, no doubt caused by an enlarged prostate, the very condition Brinkley's operation was most calculated to benefit. He died less than a couple of years afterward.

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Brinkley says now that he might have been accused of contributing to the death of the ex-President, since his condition was probably such that no operation could have materially relieved it; that he was probably lucky in doing exactly what he did. Yet—if he had gone . . . This is entitled to be ranked with the great *If*s of history.

### 6

Interest had been so widespread in Brinkley's first brief book describing his discovery and its operation, and since its publication the doctor's technique had altered and improved so rapidly, that by 1922 the publisher requested him to rewrite it entirely. This was done, and it was published by the same grateful patient, Sydney B. Flower of Chicago, in 1922, under the title of *The Brinkley Operation*. The *New York Times* devoted a full page to its review of the book, and other important critical organs did as much. This is certainly justification for allowing Dr. Brinkley himself, speaking from the living pages of this masterly little treatise, to take the platform for the first time in this book, and have his say. This will give us a chance to judge more fully how confidently he stands upon his own ample experience to establish the values of his discovery and his technique of applying it.

He plunges right into his success in the gland transplantations:

It is a deep pleasure to me to know that I have made good in such a radical departure from the accepted teachings of the Regular School of Medicine. As a medical student, I was taught that the tissues from a lower species of animal could not be successfully transplanted into a higher animal, or one of a different species . . . Today I am able to announce to the world, without mincing words, that the right method has been found, that I am daily transplanting animal glands into human bodies, and that these transplanted glands do actually continue to function as *live tissues* in the human body, revitalizing the injured, atrophied, or sluggish human gland, enabling the human gland to perform its

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proper work of pouring its special hormone into the human circulation for the benefit of the system generally.

He hits out directly at the pretentious ignoramuses among his medical critics, whose thinking is based upon the postulate that only the usual is the possible:

This is also the proper time to say frankly that those who say that animal glands, e. g. of the goat, cannot be successfully transplanted into human beings, do not know what they are talking about; and this, regardless of how well known they may be, or what personal eminence, or of what powerful institution they may be a part.

His vision is not near-sighted:

A few years ago I predicted that it would shortly be as common to transplant animal glands for the cure of human disease as it was now to remove an appendix to cure appendicitis. This prediction is rapidly coming true.

After ploughing ahead with case histories of a few of his outstanding cures, giving actual names of prominent persons treated and cured by him, he broadens into his vision of the function or the potential function of the healing art.

I desire to make another seemingly radical statement at this time. It is that *All Diseases Are Curable*. When the medical profession says that such and such a disease is *incurable* it stamps us as either brainless or lazy. Instead of denouncing the man or men who discover the means of curing the so-called incurable diseases, we might with greater benefit to humanity apply our time intelligently seeking for *cures*. If we did so with energy and right team-work, I doubt if there would remain any such thing as an incurable disease. We are fortunate that each century furnishes us with a few Moseses who are able to lead us out of the wilderness of darkness and bigotry. Probably more genuine discoveries will be made during this century than in any preceding one of which a record remains to us.



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Here is a bugle-call to research and achievement, which is fit to serve as a text for the medical progress of the next thousand years.

Quite casually, Dr. Brinkley mentions in passing a proof of his infinitely valuable scientific researches, when he says in passing that he has also transplanted human glands and monkey glands. He holds that the source of all human energy is sex energy. Since sex developed so late in the chain of organic evolution, I would be inclined to say that sex energy is the dominant factor in human energy, rather than the source; but he is the expert in the field, and not I. In a way he leans in this direction, when he writes:

It is briefly my view that both the external and internal secretions of the gonads (the sexual glands, the testes in men, and ovaries in women) are equally valuable to the upbuilding of body tissue, and that the gonads themselves are not merely a link in the chain of the endocrines (the glands that secrete internally, and their secretions), but the dominating influence in the well-being of all the endocrines, so that, to make this point exactly clear to the layman, defective thyroid glands can be most easily repaired by repair of the gonads, and so with all the glands of the chain.

He says flatly that the Brinkley Compound Operation, which he describes to the last minute detail in the book, with ample illustrative drawings,

affords the single means to modern investigators to convince themselves that successful transplantation of the sex-glands of animals into the human body is a fact of daily accomplishment,

and that such successful transplantation is the surest means of improving the functioning of all the other endocrines,

with their vast range of phenomena that make or mar the lives of human beings in their physical, physiological and mental aspects. Body, Mind and Soul are here directly and equally concerned.

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This is a stupendous thing, meaning, strictly, that a man is as old as his glands; and that his glands are as old as his sex-glands.

After the operations have been described with precise thoroughness, he takes up one by one the conditions that his transplantations indicate a benefit for. Impotency, first of all. Medical science had no method of benefiting this, before the Brinkley operations; though it had tried

electricity . . . the Violet Ray . . . hydro-therapy, massage, diet, exercise, suggestion, tonics, imported barks and concoctions from darkest Africa—Yohimbin . . . from the bark of the Yohimba tree . . . nitro-glycerin to engorge the blood-vessels, damiana, saw palmetto, strychnine, hypodermic injections of this, that and the other drugs and combinations of drugs, gland extracts, and what not,

to no avail. Yet the man of God in John R. Brinkley must speak:

Nevertheless, I am out of harmony with the man of seventy, eighthy or eighty-five years of age, who comes to me for this Elixir of Youth, not for the prolonging of his life for more years of useful work for the benefit of mankind, but because he wants the fire re-kindled for revelry and riotous living.

I am more in favor of a tempered revelry and riotous living, I imagine, than John R. Brinkley; yet I can respect the stalwart benefactor of mankind who can write:

It is a profound pleasure to me to rejuvenate and rebuild the tired, worn-out bodies and minds of men and women whose work is of value, useful, creative, inspiring.

Even more can I admire the forthright social vision of:

No doubt some one who reads this chapter wonders why I have not mentioned John D. Rockefeller, Sr., in the list of eminent men whose lives should be worth preserving at their best,

a list which included Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wil-

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son, Thomas A. Edison, Henry Ford, Dr. William J. Robinson, and William Hosea Ballou. Brinkley proceeds:

It is because John D. does not think for himself any more. His thinking is done for him by paid employes. He is no longer a producer, but a parasite upon the earth. Granted that he is entitled to as many years of life as his physician, his golf, and his diet can procure for him, I must repeat that the chief aim to me, and my greatest happiness, consists in prolonging the lives of the *useful* men and women of the earth, as contrasted with the useless.

Here is a doctor with a social conscience, if there ever was one:

He takes up collectively the group of ills known as kidney trouble, or diabetes, nephritis, prostatitis, and enlarged prostate; high blood pressure, hardening of the arteries, mental and physical decline; dementia praecox; Parkinson's disease; true epilepsy (the falling sickness, the sacred diseases, demoniac possession); and sterility, all conditions which his operations ordinarily benefit. The general improvement to be expected is indicated in Mrs. Brinkley's answer to a patient who persisted in asking foolish questions about the operation, culminating in a query as to how long he would live after taking the Brinkley Operation:

"Until Gabriel blows his trumpet on Judgment Day; and then they'll have to knock you on the head with a mallet!"

The last chapter in the book is written by the publisher himself, as a tribute from a grateful patient to the great doctor. After describing in detail the miracle which the operations produced in his own case, he proceeds to a word portrait of this man who "is loved by his friends, and at least respected by his enemies:"

Tact and diplomacy (which in their final analysis are words meaning compromise, avoidance of blunt truth, disingenuousness, flattery, timidity and lack of frankness, smooth cunning, craft, and guile masked under fair appearances, a show of geniality and warmth which is underlaid by selfish schem-



The Log Cabin at Beta, North Carolina, In Which John R. Brinkley Was Born.



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ing) constitute no part of Dr. Brinkley's character. It requires no special talent in judging men to see clearly the honesty of the man and his independence of opinion set forth in every page of his writings . . . .

In his mental make-up, he falls exactly into the genius type. The bluntness of genius, its impatience of restraint, its independence of precedent, its concentration upon the *burning idea*, its sudden activity in turning the thought into the material object, its absence of hesitation, its subordination of the lesser things to the all-important central thing—all these things taken together constitute *genius*, and all these things combine to produce the individual, John R. Brinkley.

Understand that genius will constantly give offense to the duller minds which are happy in treading the accustomed round. It will be fretful and irritable and impatient of stupidity. Dullness will enrage it. It will never reach the stage of indifference to gratitude, because indifference here means coldness of intellect, and genius is always hot. It is a consuming flame. The calmness of philosophy comes later, when the fires have cooled. Most geniuses do not reach the philosophical stage at all, having burned themselves out. Genius is therefore of the heart. Its knowledge is first distinctively *intuitional*, which is subsequently proven true by repeated practical tests. There is a prodigious capacity for concentrated labor, a vital curiosity to try, to test, to prove, for the sake of producing the perfect result . . . .

You will, therefore, find in Dr. Brinkley this lovable characteristic of genius, that money is not an aim, or an end in itself, but a means of enlarging the central idea of his life-work. From men of means he expects and receives large fees for his operations, and gives his priceless service in return. From the clerk, the laborer, the struggling householder, he accepts a trifling fee, and sometimes nothing at all. And in every instance that has come under the writer's personal observation, when the patient is of personal worth but impoverished in the goods of this

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world, Dr. Brinkley's services are more generously given than in any case where a big fee is in prospect. . . . The patient to whom he is attracted because of something of nobility in that patient's character, invariably receives from him a personal sympathy and attention never given to the wealthy patient for the sake of his wealth.

The time is coming when he will be able to devote his skill chiefly to that class which, in his view, his work is intended to assist; to aged or aging men and women of genius, whose labor is of distinct value to the world; to the thinkers who are declining, the great singers, painters, builders, inventors, writers, statesmen, philanthropists, servers of humanity themselves, who have passed their meridian of creative effort and are on the downgrade, with nothing before them but the sure arrival of mental and physical decay. This exactly has always been Dr. Brinkley's goal and final purpose.

Then follows a magnificent tribute to the doctor's wife, culminating in—

The beauty of an absorbing self-sacrifice is so constantly a routine matter with her that she gives it no thought. There is absolute accord between these two rare souls in selfless devotion to the ideal thing—the perfecting of Dr. Brinkley's work of service to humanity.

It has always happened, and it will always happen, that the genius is maligned, misunderstood, criticized, and depreciated, during his lifetime, by the many, and loved by the few. Human nature does not vary in periods of thousands of years. We who recognize genius reverence it for itself, and love that one in whom it manifests.

More fortunately than is usual with men of his type, it appears that this genius, Dr. Brinkley, will live to see his work acknowledged, honored and acclaimed, by men of science the world over, during his lifetime, and this recognition will be sweet to him. A generous, impulsive, warm-hearted man puts forth his best work under the stimulus of applause,

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notwithstanding the fact that the iron of his purpose comes to its best temper of steel in the fires of opposition and disapproval.

I am sick of praises of the dead. Let us praise and give thanks for genius while it is alive, and with us here.

I have not quoted so much of this through inertia, or any disposition to sidestep any of my task. I love to write, and I prefer my words to any but those of a few of the more deft users of words who have ever been. I quote this because I think that here what I would like to have said has been said as well, or indeed better, than I could have put it: as corroboration of my own appraisal, as an analysis in words that I can have the privilege of cordially underwriting.

I am going to violate a personal confidence, to let you judge the man Brinkley as I judge him; and I hope I will be fully forgiven for this. When I asked him to read the first fifty pages of this story of his life, he wrote back that he and his wife were not very enthusiastic about it. This hurt me, and I told him so. And then he replied:

In our minds, we had a rather exalted opinion of how my early career and struggles would appear in manuscript form; but after we had read it it did not seem like much of anything to get excited about. When we see ourselves as others see us, it is a little different from seeing ourselves as we see us, and I guess that is what we meant. The book is not falling down. You just undressed me and I saw myself naked, and I did not look as good as I had dreamed I would, that's all.

I am sorry that anyone could read my words, and have that feeling, ever so faintly. I hope that no other reader ever will. I hope that even this first and most respected reader, before he reaches the end of the continuing story, will thrill with me to what I see in him: a prince among men, a genius and a gentleman alike, a man of Christ-like humility and unfaltering effective devotion to the betterment of man's life on earth, that manmade hell of frustration that still holds unspoiled the bud of a wider heaven on earth than our tallest soul has dreamed.





## THE COBRA STRIKES

## 1

**I**N spite of the setback occasioned by the failure of the state Medical Board of California to grant Brinkley a full license to practice within its jealous limits, his conquest of the state had not ended. Before he left, Chandler arranged a public dinner for him at the Los Angeles Athletic Club. The Governor of California, the Mexican Governor of Lower California, and John R. Brinkley, were the especial guests of the newspaper owner. Chandler was a personal friend of President Obregon of Mexico. His syndicate was cultivating a large tract of land in the Imperial Valley, leased from the Mexican government, and he proposed it as a splendid idea that Brinkley locate his hospital in Ensenada, in Lower California, Mexico, about seventy miles due south as the eagle flies from San Diego.

Brinkley looked thoughtfully over the terrain. Ensenada de Todos Santos turned out to be a lovely little town on San Todos Bay, the temperature never below fifty-five and never above seventy-five. Vegetables and fruits ripened the year around. There was a wonderful bathing beach. The place seemed ideal for his purposes.

And then a heavy rainfall came, and destroyed the road from Tijuana to Ensenada. This was, of course, a serious obstacle. Nevertheless, Chandler had the President of Mexico admit Brinkley's hospital equipment into the country duty free, and authorized him to practice medicine and surgery in Ensenada. Brinkley spent the summer of 1922 there, with a total of ten patients. President Obregon wanted Brinkley to build a hospital and radio station there. But the seventy mile stretch from San Diego to the place was impossible. It was more than dangerous. You risked your life, every time you drove it. The government was not financially able to rebuild

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the road at that time, and steamer service from San Diego to the little roadstead was more than unsatisfactory.

And so Brinkley returned to Milford, not a dollar out, and not a dollar in, from his initial venture into Mexico. He and Mrs. Brinkley moved into the new house in Milford, with their canary bird, Mike; and the three of them are still together. In Milford, with the aid of Chandler and other friends on the west coast, and many more on the eastern seaboard, Brinkley had at least a small and continuing business. Better still, all but twenty thousand dollars of his indebtedness was wiped out—an incredible relief to his wife, as well as to himself. Best of all, he had by now performed several hundred of the transplantation operations; had made many experiments; had achieved a distinguished amount of research work; and was at last beginning to understand just what he had been aiming at, and effecting.

It is necessary for us, laymen as we are, to go now with this surgeon-scientist a brief way into his mysterious domain. This domain is a hinterland within the body of each of us, vital to our lives and our well-being, yet, to the average man or woman, a blanker gap in our knowledge than the interior of Madagascar or the hilly icy region around the South Pole. Even the names of the living regions are awe-inspiring and formidable to us who contain them, although to the doctor and the surgeon they are as homely and familiar as the back porch or the basement steps. Know, O man, that of you or within you are not only to be found the scrotum, the testes, the prostate, but such less guessed mysteries as a full mile of seminiferous tubes, an epididymis, a vas deferens, a paradidymis, a male hymen, and the hydatids of Morgagni, whatever they may be. And know, O woman, that there are more than ovary, uterus, vagina, and hymen with you: that you have managed to embody within you such marvels as Graffian follicles, Fallopian tubes, an epoophoron and a paroophoron, an arbor vitae, and a Mount of Venus, to mention only a few of them. For my part, I never intend to have more than a nodding acquaintance with any of these. Let us take them on faith, and see what Dr. Brinkley is going to do with them.

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He had always noted carefully the statements his patients made to him, on every aspect of their cases; and slowly, out of the nebulous conflicting statements, certain definite things began to assume shape. First of all, it was clear that almost all of his patients had submitted to the gland operation, not for the cure of disease or insanity, not to bring children to childless homes. Two major motives activated them: to secure the restoration of their declining sexual power, and to regain a youthful or at least a younger appearance.

At about this time, Veronoff of Paris had been in the United States, demonstrating and advocating the transplantation of monkey glands. The newspapers far and wide had played up goat gland transplantation, as practiced by Brinkley. The public was gland-minded and gland-conscious, as excited over glands as over Mah Jong, as thrilled over the fascinating discovery that there they were as the old lady who finally discovered that she had been talking prose all her life. If Brinkley had been a promoter, and had understood the moment's psychology, he could have made millions. But he has never been a money-leech, nor desired more than enough to carry on his lifework with. The very idea of his past financial difficulties sickened him, a trifle, when he thought of it. The debts . . . the threatened bankruptcy . . . the necessity to go to the newspapers, to beat up business, as African natives beat up game--he was not proud of any of these. He is not proud, today, that he has to keep himself constantly before the public, through the aid of a radio station, to prompt them to act for their own good. He knows, as all wise doctors do, that tens of thousands of people die annually, needlessly, uselessly; and that these costly deaths could largely be prevented. If the public would only follow his advice, thousands would be saved each year.

At this time, in the fall of 1922, he was still a member of the medical associations. This means that he was still torn internally between their selfish swine ethics, and his clear urge to tell suffering people that he had a relief for their sufferings which no other doctor could offer. Today, out of the greedy oligarchic medical associations

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forever, he has slowly grown above their low ethics into a realization that he owes it to the public, that has on the whole dealt so fairly with him, to keep on reminding them that he has a balm to be found nowhere in the sterile American Medical Association Gilead.

When he returned to Milford, that fall, from Ensenada, many of his former gland patients were returning to him for a second transplantation. From the start, he had told all of them that, if the first operation did not do them any good, they were to come back for another operation free of charge. And now he began to note a recurring sameness in what these patients said to him. One by one these elderly men would say to him, "Doctor, if you had done as much for my sexual weakness as you have for my physical trouble, I would certainly be one hundred percent a remade man. You remember, when I first came to you, I had a lot of difficulty in passing water, and it was unnaturally frequent. At least, since you gave me the glands, *that* trouble is ended, and I can pass water freely."

Examination of these patients would disclose that their prostates were remarkably reduced in size, compared with their condition when he had first operated on them. Brinkley began to perceive a relationship of cause and effect, between the gland operation and this reduction in the size of the prostates. He made a tentative generalization about this, which all his experience has corroborated: and Lester Ward says that the power of generalization, or finding a connection between two things or ideas previously unconnected, is the highest power of man's mind. This conclusion was that, as the prostate begins to enlarge, the testes begin to reduce. Suddenly he saw a necessary corollary to this: that one of the first symptoms of prostate trouble was the decline of sexual power.

Up to this time, Brinkley had been transplanting glands for almost any condition that presented itself to him; since he had no way of knowing, as yet, just what conditions the operation was good for. Remember, in these operations Brinkley was not practicing medicine in any way taught out of books, the way even the most gifted modern doctors usually practice it: he was more in the position of the first doctor, since he had to feel his way

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in everything, with no storehouse of man's accumulated experience to guide him. He was pioneering, as definitely as was the first Brinkley who pushed his way on into the Great Rockies of North Carolina, the sky frontier of the eastern half of the continent, and with his own hands hewed out his own tiny clearing in the steep Eden. His only guides were his own accumulating store of experience from previous operations, plus his brilliant intuitive deductions from his observations of the outcomes of these operations.

At about this time, Dr. Stanley, Chief Physician at the San Quentin Prison, in California, began a series of goat gland experiments on the prisoners, seeking either to prove or to disprove Brinkley's claims. He performed altogether thousands of operations, with astonishing results. He established that Brinkley's claims were well founded. He wrote voluminously on the subject. And Stanley was an outstanding physician and surgeon, a fellow of the American Medical Association, and a fellow of the American College of Surgeons. Also Dr. H. L. Hunt, of New York City, a graduate of the University of Edinburgh, began to report his results, covering several hundreds of similar gland transplantations. Over a period of years, this notable surgeon has met with wonderful success; and, incidentally, he too has conclusively established that Brinkley was right in all of his contentions.

At about the time that Voronoff and Brinkley were nationwide first page headliners, Professor Steinach of Vienna entered into the public eye, as the advocate of rejuvenation without the use of glands. In men he proposed a ligation, or surgical tying, of the vas deferens, a tube leading from the testicle to the vesicles and the prostate. He proposed to bind or tie up this tube in men, thereby keeping all of the man's secretions in his testicles. This operation, if performed on both testes, would produce sterility, but the patient's sexual powers would be increased. For women, he proposed a mild radiation over their ovaries with the X-ray. Gertrude Atherton's *Black Oxen* was a literary output based upon Steinach's work.

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All of this sent Dr. Brinkley burrowing back into medical literature, in an effort to find out more about the subject. To his surprise, he discovered that, many years before, two distinguished German surgeons named Von Bergman and Bull had foreshadowed Steinach's method. In their time, castration was the ordinary surgical remedy to stop the growth and reduce the size of an enlarged prostate. Before castration was adopted, the method had been to punch or gouge the prostate, or to attempt to remove it, in such cases; and the death rate from these methods had been scandalously high. As to castration, Von Bergman and Bull argued that castration on an elderly man was a serious operation; it might cure the prostate, yet it had a bad psychological effect upon the patient. They advocated, instead, vasectomy, or the removal of the vas deferens, the tube leading from the testicle to the prostate.

Brinkley went to work, to see what merit these various remedies had. First of all, he found that ligation, or binding, of the vas deferens—the Steinach method—was not effective. Removing a small portion of the vas, he found out by test, would not do any good; because the vas would reunite. But when he removed several inches of it, and transplanted animal glands, there was a marked improvement.

He continued in his researches. He found in Sajou's *Encyclopedia of Practical Medicine* the statement that the removal of the vas would cure enlarged prostate in sixty-five percent of unselected cases of men so troubled. Deaver, in his book *The Prostate*, stated that there was a definite relationship between the epididymis and the prostate. He established that the absence from birth of a testicle meant an atrophy or non-development of the lobe of the prostate on the same side. On his trip to Asia, Dr. Brinkley later ascertained, by personal examination, that eunuchs had no prostates at all.

Gray's *Anatomy* showed a lymph chain from the epididymis to the prostate and the seminal vesicles. When the prostate begins to enlarge, the testicles begin to suffer, and the prostate to increase in size. Gray held that the prostate, in such cases, was going into a state of

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compensatory hypertrophy, or over-development. Brinkley, in a moment of epigrammatic brilliance, named the prostate a robber gland, that stole from the testicles.

Let him tell in his own words just what his operation became:

I began removing several inches of the vas deferens, lymph chain and vas deferential artery, together with a crown suture through the pampiniform plexus located in the epididymis; and in addition to this surgical technique the transplantation of the testicles from the three-weeks-old Toggenberg goat. Needless to say, the results were astonishing, miraculous.

Now would the prostate behave!

From 1922 until September, 1933, this formed Brinkley's basic operation, with a few modifications, suited to individual cases. Of course, no two individual problems were exactly the same, and the technique in every case had to be shaped to correspond to the precise problem present. Surgery, no more than flower gardening or poetry writing, can be a matter of mere meaningless repetition.

### 2

While in Los Angeles, his friend, Harry Chandler had proudly explained to Brinkley that he was installing a radio station, KHJ, for the *Times*. Sometime after his return, Brinkley decided that this would be the very thing to entertain the patients in his hospital in Milford; and so he looked into the matter, and proceeded to install his own station, in the little Kansas town, both to keep his patents contented, and to insure their speedier convalescence by taking their minds off of their own symptoms. The little radio station was a mere hobby. With Brinkley; it never occurred to him that the thing might be made to pay. It was in the early fall of 1923 that he first put KFKB on the air.

In the fall of 1922, the Brinkleys went to Kansas City, to have the doctor's eyes tested for glasses. They stopped at the Baltimore Hotel, and met Dr. Thompson, who had



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optical parlors in the hotel lobby. He fitted Dr. Brinkley with glasses, and gave him the best fitting he had ever had. He did as much for Mrs. Brinkley, also. Brinkley found out that the oculist was a world traveller, who had had optical parlors in many of the leading cities throughout the world. At that time, he had already fitted glasses for William Jennings Bryan and President Harding; he has recently done the same thing for President Roosevelt. In return for all this information, he expressed a great interest in Brinkley's work, and had its main details sketched to him.

This had been a golden year, financially, for the Brinkleys. The doctor was beginning to have all the patients he could handle. His debts at last were wiped out. He had had the hospital grounds landscaped, and his home property as well. He had a neatly impressive iron fence around the whole grounds. No potential patient, no matter how refined, would be ashamed of the appearance of the place now. The doctor and his wife had purchased a Lincoln. Everything was on the upgrade.

He fought aggressively for a Milford as clean and lovely as his own place. He wrote on the problem of stray chickens and hogs for the weekly *Milford Messenger*, and received a lot of compliments and a few cussings for his pains. He came back at his critics with vigorous decisive fairness:

The writer again affirms his willingness to buy out at a fair price (no inflated prices go) anyone who is dissatisfied with good government and clean, wholesome living. Nothing could be fairer, and I believe I have the support of all well-meaning citizens. A man should not get mad for being asked to clean out his back yard, any more than he should for being expected to appear in church or Sunday School in presentable attire.

His objective was not so much a Spotless Town, as to eliminate sources for the spread of typhoid fever and bowel complaints, and to achieve a clean city with good roads. Slowly he began to win this fight, too.

For some time Mrs. Brinkley had said that, when they were finally ready to leave Kansas, she expected they

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would spend their old age in Kansas City, Missouri. To prepare the way for this, in June, 1923, Brinkley wrote to the Missouri State Board of Health, took its examination, passed it, and received his full Missouri license to practice medicine. Moreover, during that hot summer of 1923, while the radio station was being constructed, the doctor and his wife had motored through Canada, and on the return way had stopped to visit old patients and friends in Connecticut and New York. They were in the Fairfield Hotel in Bridgeport when the news reached them that the country editor from Marion, Ohio, who was President, had died on his way home from the Alaska trip. Coming down to New York City, they stopped at the old Waldorf-Astoria. They had a pleasant visit with their old friend, the scientist Ballou. In Baltimore, they were entertained by Brinkley's old school principal, Professor Heaps, now head of Milton University. They arrived at Washington, registered at the New Willard, were assigned to the suite of rooms occupied until the night before by President Coolidge, his wife, and their two sons. The Brinkleys occupied the Coolidge bed, and Ballou and Dr. Osborn, a protegee of Brinkley's who was with them, slept in the bed the boys had occupied.

Their congressman from Kansas wanted them to go over to the White House and meet the Coolidges, and also Mrs. Harding, who had not yet hardly moved out. Brinkley declined, through a sense of delicacy. He was afraid, so notorious had he become as the goat gland doctor, that the purpose of his visit might be misinterpreted into a sort of subtle hint.

All of these facts are highly unimportant, in themselves. A Stutz . . . a Lincoln . . . landscaped hospital and residence grounds . . . an iron fence . . . the Waldorf-Astoria . . . the Coolidge bed at the New Willard . . . until we remember the key to the significance of each detail. Think back to the barefoot hill-billy boy who tracked up the harsh mountain snow with his own blood, pushing in spite of poverty and privations towards education, doctoring, success . . . Think of the telegraph

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operator working two days in each one, and going to medical college and literary college in addition at the same time, allowing himself a bare fifteen cents a day for his food, and fainting in the classroom from starvation . . . . Think of the young doctor with his second wife arriving to commence practice in tiny woe-begone Fulton, Kansas, with only three one-dollar bills between them and actual starvation . . . . Think of the harrassed young doctor, with an empty hospital, no patients, and sixty thousand dollars of debts hanging over him . . . . In the light of all these, the casual later purchase of a Lincoln, the casual sleeping in the very bed the President of the United States had occupied the night before, became tonic and essential. They were helping to heal the scarred soul of the good fighter, the healer of men, who had struggled so unbelievably to rise from his bleak, ignorant poverty to this commanding position in men's thoughts and men's hearts the world over.

They returned proudly to Milford. Here on the doctor's desk lay a cablegram from Dr. Thompson, the distinguished oculist. It bore the place-line Shanghai, China. It asked Brinkley to come to Shanghai, and operate upon some wealthy Chinese there.

Here was success, with a vengeance. Smilingly Brinkley reminded his wife that, ten years before, he had promised her a honeymoon in Hong-Kong; at least this was about to be realized. Dr. Thompson's cable assured Brinkley that he would have enough surgery to do to pay all expenses and make a profit from the trip. Both the doctor and his wife longed for a trip around the world; North Carolina and Mississippi both knew that there was a lot they had not seen, and wanted to.

Brinkley, after cannily making sure that he was enough ahead to be sure of his return fare, if nothing developed from the trip, cabled over that he was coming. He made arrangements to close the hospital while he was gone, and to keep the radio station open.

Just as he was getting ready to leave, casually he opened a morning's *Kansas City Journal-Post*, and saw a wide screaming headline,



MINNIE TELITHA BRINKLEY AND JOHN RICHARD BRINKLEY, III (*Johnny Boy*)  
Wife and Son of Dr. John R. Brinkley



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### DIPLOMA MILL SCANDAL

His eyes started travelling down the columns, without especial interest. He woke to a quickened attention, when he read that a large number of doctors in the country had bought their diplomas and licenses, without proper attendance at medical school. He was shocked at this breach of public trust, in doctors most of all, especially when he remembered his father's word that a preacher and a doctor ought to be called especially by God, to be fit to guide souls or heal bodies. Much of the rest of the country was as shocked as Brinkley was. As the campaign continued, the nation became aroused. People began to look even upon their family physicians with suspicion. Newspaper reporters, sensing the morbid interest in the disclosures, began to ferret into the past of every doctor, to try and find more whose credentials were opened to suspicion, and thus could be made to furnish fuel for more headlines.

Every day, state after state contributed its quota of unaccredited doctors. California, Arkansas, Missouri, Illinois, Connecticut, were among the states pointed out as having living within them certain racketeers called fixers, who had some sort of unholy hold upon the members of the State Medical Boards. The papers gloatingly revealed that, in these states, a blacksmith or shoemaker, a saloon-keeper or whatnot, could wake up some morning, yawn, stretch, and decide suddenly that he wanted to be a doctor; whereupon, for a mere thousand dollars, placed in the itching right hands, he could buy the whole needed paraphernalia of credentials—medical diploma, high school certificate, college credits, and license to practice from the State Medical Board.

California, Arkansas, Missouri, Illinois, Connecticut . . . Brinkley read on with more and more interest. Why, these things could never be true! He had had dealings with all these states himself. He had secured a temporary license in California, had practiced there briefly, had been refused a permanent license there. Nobody had ever hinted that he could be fixed up there for a thousand dollars, or he would have made trouble for

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somebody, right away. He had been licensed to practice in Arkansas, both as an undergraduate physician and as graduate physician. He had taken his final year in medical school in Missouri, had passed its examination, and was licensed to practice there whenever he chose. He had attended three years of medical school in Illinois. He had passed the Connecticut examination, practiced there, and was still licensed to practice there. He shook his head. If only all doctors had been required to go through the long and arduous grind that *he* had, in order to qualify as doctors, there could have been no scandal like this!

Each day's news added to the scandal. There was one of these fixers located in Chicago, the papers said; another in St. Louis; another in California.

Suddenly, to Brinkley's angry amazement, the lightning began to strike nearer home. His first medical diploma had been granted by the Eclectic Medical University of Kansas City, on May 7, 1915—this after three full years at Bennett Medical College, in Chicago, now the medical department of Loyola University; followed by a full fourth year at the Kansas City medical school. Suddenly the school from which he had graduated, in the Missouri city, was raked by shellfire from the press.

This school, he knew, had continued until 1918, when the wartime draft took away all its students, for service overseas, and lack of finances had caused its closing. Dr. Alexander, who had been its secretary for a number of years, at once organized a new medical school, which he called the Kansas City College of Medicine and Surgery. The *Journal* of the American Medical Association had always fought the Eclectic Medical College, as it fought all small independent schools not subservient to its tyrannical, narrow-visioned medical ideas and control. When Dr. Alexander organized his new school, the A. M. A. charged that this was an offshoot of the Eclectic Medical University. Brinkley, and all others connected with the former institution, know that this was wholly untrue. Dr. Alexander had neither the faculty nor the students of the former institution, which had always been qualified by the National Eclectic Medical Associa-

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tion as a Class A institution. There were few faculties in the world more able, high-minded and distinguished than the physicians on its faculty; such men as Professors Dawson, Perdue, Cave, Romeo, and many more.

Yet Brinkley had had a later connection with the later Kansas City College of Medicine and Surgery, during his Milford years. He had been lecturer, teacher, and laboratory research worker in the well equipped institution; and, in recognition of his brilliance in these fields, Dr. Alexander and the faculty had conferred upon Brinkley the merited degree of Doctor of Medicine and Surgery from their newly organized school; just as every institution of higher learning in America from time to time honors its own lecturers, teachers and research workers with honorary degrees. It was just one more degree, it had not cost a cent, and Brinkley accepted it as a matter of course.

Later, in 1922, when, at Chandler's suggestion, Brinkley had applied to the California State Medical Board for a full license, he had been asked the question as to what medical college or colleges he had graduated from. In order to make the record both complete and imposing, he had accurately listed both the Eclectic Medical University in 1915, and the Kansas City College of Medicine and Surgery, in 1919, though without specifying that the second degree, mere surplusage at best, was honorary. Nor was there any reason why he should have written this into the small space allotted for the answer to the question.

It was 1923, the ensuing year, when the diploma mill scandal broke. The claim was suddenly broadcast in headline's that Dr. Alexander's new school had granted medical diplomas to chiropractors, osteopaths, and others, who had never attended four years in any medical college. A score of these graduates had secured licenses to practice in California. Others had been licensed in Colorado, Arkansas, Tennessee, Oklahoma, Missouri, Connecticut, Illinois, and many other states. The scandal grew more embracing. Certain of the fixers were located and arrested.



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The press said that probably the biggest fixer of all was a Dr. Adcox, of St. Louis. This man, it was said, had regular printing presses to print diplomas and State Licenses for any state that his unprepared prospects might select. And suddenly it was discovered and promptly announced that Dr. Adcox was advertising to prospects the statement that Dr. John R. Brinkley, of Milford, Kansas, was one of his "boys"; and would they look how successful Brinkley had become!

And now Brinkley was sucked down into the scandal, for fair!

3

Brinkley found out, soon enough, that the use of his name had been highly efficient, as sucker-bait. There was some superficial evidence to support the fixer's preposterous and utterly unbased claim: and this was the unfortunate fact that Brinkley had received this gratuitous second degree from Dr. Alexander's new medical school. How were the suckers to know of Brinkley's long and arduous climb up to his medical height? How were they to guess that, at the time he received the 1919 second degree, he had already put four full years in medical school, and had been granted a degree here, after establishing his earned high school degree and his necessary college credits? How were they to find out that he had been granted a license to practice as a graduate physician, after examination, in Arkansas, in Tennessee, in Connecticut, and elsewhere; and, by reciprocity, had received similar licenses to practice in Kansas, Texas, Mexico, and temporarily at least in California? That he had done postgraduate work in surgery in Chicago, and research work in Missouri, Connecticut, Kansas, and many other places? That he had taught and lectured on medicine and surgery in Missouri? The only fixers he had ever dealt with were men employed to fix up the decrepit town of Milford, and his hospital and residence grounds. He was no more a diploma mill graduate than Texas Guinan was the Prince of Wales. But the suckers did not know this.

The newspapers saw to it that the public did not know it, either. Brinkley was just where the papers wanted

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him. They had elevated him, by their wide fulsome encomiums, to the position of the moment's god. That he had more than earned this praise was immaterial, in newspaper eyes; the public must have its momentary human gods, be they qualified or not. The higher they rise, the lower they fall. If the rise made splendid spectacular copy, the fall would be a sweeter, more luscious tidbit for the gossip-thirsty readers to gasp over, and gloat over, and spend a few more pennies buying papers to read about. The press do not sell their gods for thirty pieces of silver; a few pieces of copper is price enough for these shopworn curb doxies. They had made Brinkley a personage everyone knew about: this was merely elevating the target mountain-high, so that they could rip it full of gaping holes, and watch it slowly totter back to the discredited plain.

Brinkley was by all odds the most successful and outstanding man of all the doctors mentioned in connection with the diploma mill scandal. The full withering spotlight of unfavorable publicity was levelled against him and his splendid hospital in Milford. He became branded, from end to end of the land, as *The Diploma Mill Graduate*. That it was a lie was immaterial, to the press. They had slipped in skillful outs, as far as libel suits were concerned, and look how sales were leaping, at the inky crucifixion of the man!

Brinkley's conscience was clear. He had not bought his degree, but by the anguish and agony of his long preparatory years of study. He had not bought his license, except by racking his memory and his brains, and by the sweat of his brow and his brain. He said grimly, "Let the wolves howl. They can't touch me." He was still naive enough to believe that the Constitution of the United States was in full force to defend the rights of American citizens; that a fair jury trial was still open to the descendants, like himself, of those who had hewed a stable government out of a virgin continent ravished by foreign oppression, red-skinned perils, and homebred scoundrels; that property rights could not be taken away from Americans without due process of law.

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He has received his diploma on these subjects, since. It was not a free diploma. He paid plenty for it.

4

“All aboard!”

Well, here was Dr. Brinkley, suddenly waking up to find himself the target of the undeserved newspaper execration and abuse—and all at the very time when he was completing his plans to go to Shanghai, at Dr. Thompson's invitation, to operate on wealthy Chinese sufferers. He had given his word that he would go; and it is Brinkley's habit to live up to his word. There was a strong contributing factor in his decision not to change his plans, in this case. These flaming headlines in every paper against him made it practically impossible for him to secure patients in America. Almost overnight he found himself altered, from the idol of popular acclaim, to an unjustly and unfairly branded man, accused of being, not the legitimately qualified doctor he was, but a charlatan, with a spurious title of doctor dishonestly acquired.

And so, late in 1923, Dr. and Mrs. Brinkley sailed from Seattle, on Puget Sound, bound for Shanghai, on the Hwang-p'u. They were accompanied by a young doctor, from Harrison, Arkansas, named H. D. Osborn, that the Brinkleys had raised and educated. On the way over, the party was placed at the captain's table, at the captain's insistence. During the first six days, the captain of the ship, who was a cousin of President Harding's wife, was prevented by a severe storm from leaving the bridge. The three members of the Brinkley party were the only passengers on board that were not seasick. As the steamer drew out of Seattle and began to nose up the sound, the ship's orchestra was playing. They were not in evidence again until Japan had been reached. Even the ship's doctor and his nurses were sick. It was quite a passage.

When the ocean calmed, the captain paid especial homage to these distinguished guests. Not only did they sit beside him at his table, but each night he made a point of escorting them, in full dress uniform, to the theatre on board the ship. They ignored the bobbing

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weather, dressed for dinner each evening, and acted and were treated like visiting royalty. Unfortunately, the provincial-minded Americans on board were jealous at these attentions, and left the Brinkley party pretty much to itself. Brinkley, with his gentle decent nature, could not understand this sort of petty jealousy. He has never been able to understand it. When he had been one of the under dogs, and that was not so very long before, he had not snarled at those temporarily above him. He still finds it hard to understand that others are not as nice as he.

They disembarked first at Yokahama, about three weeks after the destructive earthquake. The entire city was destroyed. Not a building remained standing. Even the tombstones in the graveyards had been snapped off. Earthquakes were a little worse than the newspapers at home, Brinkley decided.

They proceeded to Tokio, and visited the palace of the Mikado. They travelled to Kobe, and other leading Japanese cities. At each stop, they made purchases, which were sent on back home to Milford, as rich reminders of the trip. And so to Shanghai.

The reporter who had first broken the story of the operation on Chancellor Tobias, of the Chicago Law School, a newspaper man named Larry Laribas, happened to be in Shanghai at the time. When he learned that the Brinkleys were coming, he publicized Brinkleys achievements broadcast in all the English and Chinese newspapers. This wholly favorable publicity was a relief from the miasma of the malodorous diploma mill scandal, that was so recent in their memories.

The Chinese, Brinkley found out, did not have a word for *gland*. The nearest Chinese approximation to this was the word *kidney*. The reporter did his best; but the Chinese received the astonishing idea that Dr. Brinkley was coming over to their country, to put new kidneys in them.

Arriving at their Chinese destination, the Brinkleys and Dr. Osborn registered at the Astor House Hotel there, and secured an attractive suite of rooms, although the price, sixty-five dollars a day, was a little less attrac-

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tive. When telling this incident over the radio later, Dr. Brinkley faintly emphasized the figure. And why not? Certainly the hounds and skunks of the American press, who had been having such a good time lying about him, could not be invited to Shanghai for anything, and would never be able to afford a suite like this. The temporary elegance helped wipe out some of the sting of the unjust attacks on this boy from the Great Smokies who had made good.

Brinkley had imagined that, with all of the favorable newspaper publicity in China, the patients would come flocking to him. He received a lesson in Oriental psychology, at once. The Chinese, rooted in their slavish adoration of the past, believe that any product, no matter how good it may be, will be known to be good, and does not need any advertising to sell it. They have been fooled, so often, by misleading European and American advertisements, that this state of mind is easily understood, and is a sort of protection. Instead of open publicity, the Chinese rely upon a grapevine system of communication, mouth to ear, almost like the mountaineers of the Great Smokies. The three of them—the reporter, Larry Laribas, Dr. Thompson the oculist, and Dr. Brinkley—did not learn of this, until too late.

At least, Brinkley had no trouble with his right to practice surgery in the Dragon Land. Soon after his arrival in Shanghai, he had gone to the United States Consul, a Cunningham from Tennessee; had registered his diploma from the Eclectic Medical University; and was at once duly authorized to practice medicine and surgery in any hospital in Shanghai.

Brinkley came right out with his latest problem, due to last minute developments in the States. "Suppose the hospitals don't admit me to practice, Mr. Cunningham, because of all this unfavorable newspaper publicity?"

The consul was as direct. "You just let me know the name of any hospital that refuses to admit you, Doctor, and I'll guarantee that I'll close the hospital."

But they were all open to him, he found out at once. He operated in the Chinese Red Cross Hospital, and in this he was assigned to room thirteen. Evidently the Chinese did not regard this number as unlucky, as

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Americans did. His first Chinese patient was a Captain H. S. Yung, a friend of Dr. Thompson's, who had promised in advance that he would have the operation, if Brinkley made the trip. The captain was followed by his wife, and by his son, a Major Yung, from Peking. Later on two of the friends of the captain also decided to have it. All of these operations were entirely successful.

Brinkley enjoyed every aspect of the novel experience, especially in those particulars in which the Chinese customs differed from the American. For instance, the nurses were all men; this role was as forbidden to women, he was told, as Roman Catholic priesthood. Again, he could not speak Chinese, of course; and only the Captain and his son, among the patients, spoke English. Accordingly, Mrs. Brinkley and Dr. Osborn had to prepare the patients for the great surgeon.

During one of the operations, the patient was seized suddenly with a severe attack of epilepsy. The visiting doctors and nurses all ran out of the operating room, leaving only Dr. Brinkley and his wife with the patient. Captain Yung said later that this man has never had an attack of epilepsy since. Again, after any operation, the Chinese custom was to place the patient in bed in a heated room, between two featherbeds, and then pile on as many blankets and quilts as he could stand. This certainly resulted in a good sweat; nor did it seem to harm the patients in any way, at least not those under Brinkley's care.

The captain, Brinkley found out, was a graduate of an American college, and his son of an American university. Both spoke excellent English, and were cultured to a high degree. From his close association with this and other Chinese families, Brinkley came to the conclusion that there were few finer people in the world than such educated well-to-do Chinese. Not a year goes by, without a number of letters from Captain Yung and the other grateful Chinese patients. The captain was a philosopher too. One day he and Brinkley were walking from the Astor House across the bridge over the Hwang-p'u, looking down at the people in the flat-bottomed river boats, or sampans. They were avidly

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eating what looked like garbage, plucked out of the dirty water. Brinkley had already been shocked to learn that these people were born, and raised, and died, in the sampans, never coming ashore. "Captain, won't it be a great day, when you can bring those people down there up here, where we are?"

The Chinaman shrugged. "Doctor, it would make them very unhappy."

### 5

A cablegram arrived, from the doctor's secretary, back in Milford:

YOUR LICENSE TO PRACTICE MEDICINE  
IN CONNECTICUT HAS BEEN REVOKED.

The thing was more than disturbing; it was incredible. After fretting half a day about it, Brinkley cabled back:

IMPOSSIBLE. HOW COULD LICENSE BE  
REVOKED WITHOUT TRIAL, WITH ME  
THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY FROM HOME  
IN A FOREIGN COUNTRY? LICENSE WAS  
OBTAINED IN REGULAR MANNER, BY EX-  
AMINATION.

The cabled response informed Brinkley that the Connecticut Board had issued a blanket order, revoking the license of every eclectic physician in the state. Some of these, Brinkley knew, had been practicing within the state for half a century. It did not seem possible that such an unfair, inhuman, and outrageous order could be issued, in a community supposed to be civilized, in an age presumably intelligent.

Perhaps a dozen men altogether in Connecticut had obtained their license in devious and questionable ways. Instead of going after the guilty ones, the Connecticut authorities, dominated by the sly insidious control of the American Medical Association, and moved by its jealous hatred of all opposition, arbitrarily denied the right of something like a hundred and seventy doctors to practice.

This official action pronounced these doctors as unworthy of their profession; it fouled their professional

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reputations; it destroyed the results of their years of effective, conscientious work healing the sick. One by one these doctors had to go to court and at great expense prove their innocence: but a cloud, a blot, a suspicion, had been implanted in the minds of their patients, and their future was insidiously corroded, and in many cases wrecked. Brinkley, after all, was just an occasional summer practitioner in Connecticut; he was not seriously damaged by this action. But many of the doctors were Connecticut-born, bred, educated, and knew nothing outside of their native state. To them, it was a withering, crushing blow: a return to the blind oligarchic tyrannies of the Dark Ages, which always gather ghoul-like when democracy is laid low.

Someone had once shown Brinkley a statement made by Dr. Benjamin Rush, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, during the framing of that great document:

We have provided for religious freedom. But, unless we make provision for medical freedom, our best efforts to establish a government of freedom shall prove abortive, and the American people will forever live in bondage.

It had seemed an exaggeration to him, when he read it first. He began to wonder, now . . . .

But, at least, Brinkley consoled himself, he himself was safe from serious attack. They might take one of his licenses away, while he was thousands of miles from home; but that was at worst a mosquito-sting. He smiled whimsically at the idea: it might not be such a bad idea to crush the mosquito, at that.

### 6

Brinkley proceeded to Peking, the capital, and operated upon the president of the Bank of Peking. An audience was granted to the doctor by Pu-yi, now the emperor of Manchuko; but a sudden attack of influenza caused the distinguished young statesman to cancel all audiences. Brinkley wished that he had been given a chance to cure the man.



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But there was more than enough to do and see. They visited the Bell Tower, the Drum Tower, the magnificently ornate Temple of Heaven, the severely simple Temple of Confucius. The roofs of these temples, Brinkley found out, had been painted yellow twelve hundred years ago, and are in as good condition today as when they were painted. The Chinese guides said that it was known that red pepper and the yolk of eggs entered into the composition of the paint, which shone in the sun like gold: but the formula had been lost entirely. Twelve hundred years ago. . . . Long before Columbus, before William the Norman, before Charlemagne: and still as good as new. Back in those days the Chinese had known gunpowder, had had a system of painting porcelain that had also vanished.

The whole land was haloed by the ruins of vanished greatness. The Brinkleys were walking shoulder to shoulder with little more than the living dregs of a people who had once been the greatest and most civilized of all. Endless pointless warfare, unsuppressed banditry, dishonesty in the administration of government, these had torn apart the great empire from within. The people themselves were little better off than starving. A little of the Clean Up, Clean Out and Keep Clean that Brinkley, as mayor, had given to the town of Fulton, Kansas, the doctor reflected whimsically, would go a long way toward setting things to rights, in this prostrate land.

Nanking, Tientsin, the other great Chinese cities, all left him as thoughtful, as to the changing fortunes of men and man. Well, all he could do was survey it all, and reflect how grandeur and ease and wise imperial rule had passed, it seemed for ever, from the land. And, of course, he could always acquire and send back home to Milford tiny mementos of the vanished greatness. In Peking, the doctor purchased some exquisite rugs, and an emperor's robe, made of strands of pure gold, several hundred years old. When he found out that the collector who had it had had to pay a bribe of more than a hundred dollars, to have it stolen out of the imperial palace, Brinkley did not mind the five hundred dollars that he had to pay for it.

Twenty-five days after their arrival in Shanghai, on

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the 4th of January of 1924, the party embarked on the French Line *Paul Le Cat* for Hong Kong. As the ship was about to leave, there was a regular bombardment of firecrackers. The Brinkleys were amazed to see the astonishing Chinese allow large cannon-crackers to explode in the palms of their hands, without apparent injury. Boatloads of firecrackers were exploded; it was as noisy as a young war. Brinkley asked the reason for the unusual celebration. Somebody especial was being saluted, they told him at once. It turned out to be Sir Robert Hotung, the millionaire cotton man of China, who had been knighted by the King of England, especially for his great work for the education of the Chinese boys and girls.

Brinkley met Sir Robert on shipboard. The operation was discussed, and the millionaire invited the Milford doctor to be sure to call upon him, when London was reached. Meanwhile, the Brinkleys were enraptured with the French cooking on the liner, for this was their first direct experience with the nation of chefs. They arrived at Hong Kong at the ideal season of the year, January. They found the little island quaintly interesting, and an ideal spot for their so long delayed honeymoon.

The one thing that clouded their enjoyment was the continuing news from back in the States. Cablegrams continued to arrive. There was a threat to follow the revocation of Brinkley's Connecticut license by similar action on the part of Arkansas, Missouri, Texas, and Tennessee, were threatening the same action. The American press was playing up the lie that Brinkley had skipped the country; that he was a fugitive from exposure.

Fifteen hundred miles to Singapore. . . . Time enough to meditate on the growing clouds on the home horizon. They broke this leg of the trip by stopping at Saigon, the capital of Cochin, China. It was good to be on dry land again, and best of all to walk beneath the magnificent double rows of shade trees on every street. Then back on shipboard again, headed for Singapore.



## THE SOUL OF A MAN SPEAKS

## 1

BEFORE arriving in Singapore, Brinkley went to his stateroom, deeply troubled at the latest dark news from the battlefield in the United States, in the warfare of the webbed American Medical Association against the isolated and absent Brinkley. While the lion was away, the jackals were playing. So many jackals, to one lion. . . .

He lay down, deeply troubled. He fell into a doze, a light sleep. A dream came to him, a dream so vivid that it woke him.

In his dream he visioned a graveyard, with the graves open. Heavy cloudbursts had washed the bones and the rotting corpses right out of the graves, until they lay around him everywhere.

The dream subtly shifted. He was on a mountain top, attempting to come down its dangerously precipitous side. The rain continued to pour. He could not get a foothold. Every rock or bush that he could catch hold of would become uprooted, in that wet soil. There seemed to be no way to stop his fatal fall into that yawning abyss below; and that would mean every bone broken. and utter destruction.

Suddenly three figures dressed in white appeared. One took his arm on either side. The third, leading the way, pointed out how he could stride safely to safety.

He woke up, tingling and thrilled with a sense of escape from awful danger, with a sense of some terrible tragedy triumphantly averted. He rushed in and told Mrs. Brinkley the whole thing. "Everything is going to be all right," he said, jubilantly. "I have just had a vision from heaven."

She was just as comforted as he was, when she had heard it all.

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He did not worry any more; God had given him a sign. Everything would turn out all right. He was sure of it, now.

### 2

And now I, the mere chronicler of this man's life, must of necessity step out of that role, into a more austere and higher one. For, if John R. Brinkley is one of the world's great doctors and surgeons, a healer of the body, I am not unknown as a doctor and a healer of the soul.

I am what is called a psychoanalyst—which, for all I know, he does not know. I have been analyzed, and done analytical research work, by and with Beatrice Hinkle and Thomas J. Libbin: the first a devout follower of Jung and the Zurich school of semi-mystic analytical psychology, the second and greater a student of the psyche who has done work with Freud himself, who is equally at home in the theories and practice of Jung, Adler, and Kempf, and who is independent-souled enough to wrest his own unique technique out of each case that he deals with. For sixteen years I have been a practitioner in the same deep field. Not for pay, primarily; for my chore in life is writing. But I have lectured repeatedly on the subject; have had private and public patients; have conducted psychoanalytic features stressing the analysis of dreams in leading metropolitan newspapers and magazines; and am the author of one of the standard psychoanalytic studies of dream analysis, available in one of the popular dollar reprint series. Like Libbin, and perhaps beyond him, I am an independent thinker in the field, paying due deference to the magnificent work done by my forerunners in opening up to man's knowledge the mysterious universes that are the conscious, the unconscious, and the beyond-consciousness lives of us all. I am competent in the field.

And so, as this healer of souls, let me venture an explanation of what this dream meant.

### 3

Dreams, almost without exception, are expressions of the dreamer's wish: wish-fulfillments, to use the technical term. Even though they express a wish recognized by

## *The Soul of a Man Speaks*

the conscious mind, their source is the unconscious. They speak when the conscious mind is dormant, and enter into consciousness only when the one state blends with the other. They are the soul's (or the unconscious mind's) method, often masked and cryptic, of expressing its deepest wishes. The only exceptions to this general rule are dreams coming from that abnormal bodily and mental condition called the anxiety neurosis: all other dreams are wish-fulfillments.

The masks, the symbols, that disguise familiar things in dreams, are often invoked when the dreamer has an internal conflict between this deep wish and the dreamer's superimposed ideas of right and wrong; between the wish and the conscience, which is largely or wholly a system of learned moralities and prohibitions. Thus, if a son taught loyalty to his father has nevertheless been so harmed by his father that his deepest being desires to shriek aloud a wish for the father's death, or for his removal as an obstacle—and this latter often is phrased in the language of childhood as a wish for death—in such a situation, that element of his inner nature called the censor, that guards the conscious mind from admitting forbidden desires into it, will not permit this wish to come through directly, even in the form of a dream. Unless the censor hides the—to it—outrageous wish by picturing the dreamer full of grief at the event. These are really crocodile tears, whose sole hypocritical function is to make the wish acceptable to the conscience. This is one method by which the Janus censor tricks the conscience. The other way for the forbidden wish to come through is where the leading figure, the father, or the leading event, death, is masked and symbolized, until its meaning is hidden from the conscious mind. Thus the dreamer, if his father had a venerable beard, might dream that Santa Claus died, or Walt Whitman, or Longfellow, or Father Time. Or he might dream that his father took a train for San Francisco, if the phrase "going West" for death was familiar to him. This is the ordinary function of masks and symbols in dreams.

In the case of Dr. Brinkley's dream, the masks and symbols have a slightly different meaning, a meaning

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as old as one of the oldest essential uses of words, to picture things by analogy. There was no forbidden wish here: even the dreamer understood at once the trend or tendency of the dreams; and knew that, waking or sleeping, it expressed what he wanted most in the world: safety, out of his immediate problems and troubles. The symbols here are graphic word-pictures, in dream-language, of the dreamer's situation and the outcome he desires; and the symbols are taken from the rich store of phenomena garnered in his long, observant, and brilliant past.

One thing more, and this preliminary statement is through. The dream most often speaks the language of infancy, or of years long past. This is because the impressions rooted most strongly in the dreamer's soul are, primarily, those of childhood; and, secondarily, those of early youth and young manhood, which are periods almost as impressionable as early childhood.

This is the one dream that I have encountered, in all the material dealing with the life of John R. Brinkley. It was important enough for him to remember every detail of it, and write it down. It marks the turning point of his life, or the major turning point. If it had ended inconclusively, it would not have this integral significance; but it is complete, rounded, and final in its utterance. This makes it worth every bit of interpretation we can give it, in order to squeeze from it every last drop of meaning.

We will meet the naked soul of John R. Brinkley in it, and we can use it as a test to see what sort of stuff that soul is made of. For the symbols used are unconsciously and involuntarily chosen, to phrase the foundation wish; and there is far more chance, in the case of most people, that the wish will turn out to be gross and earthly, than that it will shine with high colors. The whole meaning of the dream—except for his layman's certainty that it was a sign from heaven, telling him not to worry any more—is locked from John R. Brinkley, until he reads these words, and corrects them if they go astray; and the chance of this is almost negligible, in the analysis of a dreamer's first dream, where the dominant un-

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conscious has not been warned by analysis to conceal more cleverly its devious desires. Let us, then, let the soul of Brinkley speak out fully in this pivotal dream, in order that we may appraise that soul, bared in its nadir of depression "in disgrace with fortune and man's eyes," and sorely troubled at what the outcome would be.

Dreams, because of this quality of self-revelation, are similar to the costumes people voluntarily adopt for a masked ball. Such costumes are chosen, the masker thinks, on some mere whim: somehow they end up by expressing the deepest suppressed desires of the maskers. Let me quote from my *Carnival at Trinidad*, to make this clear:

The masked hour—the false face eon—  
The murmuring of the Caribbean,  
When the hidden things that we long to be  
Creep from their caged mystery,  
Creep, and for a day and a night  
Are all that faces another's sight. . . .

The dignified judge, sedate and sober  
As a Connecticut October  
Is Blackbeard's self, with scimitared gore  
That reddens the pale dancing floor;  
The maiden, whose name is that of a nun,  
Is a scarlet Lilith from Babylon;  
The roisterer droops as a cowled priest.  
The clerk is a sultan from the East,  
Whirling a fancy-welded sword  
Like a very Khan of the Golden Horde. . . .

The white face faces without a mask;  
Their garbs publish what their souls ask.  
But the blacks and the browns and the tans and  
the creams  
Risk no view of their carnival dreams. . . .  
The masked hour—the false face eon—  
Toward a dark heaven by the Caribbean. . . .  
Most of the masks, you note, are white;  
The scorned and slighted hiding the slight.



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The subject clothing his state with might—  
Night as light . . .  
They mince along like whites on parade . . .  
And to them Carnival has two delights—  
Love, mating—and to hell with the whites!

Not all are white masks; there are Caribs here,  
Red and terrible, with bow, hatchet, spear,  
Or the knife of the red sacrifice  
For red bliss;  
There are devils with black and horrid faces,  
Muttering against those in high places,  
Whispering of prone disgraces,  
And an end to sneery superior races;  
There are Medicine Men from the Spanish Main,  
With spells to blister the foe with pain,  
Body, soul, brain;  
There are obi-men—voodoo mages—  
Papaloi, mamaloi, ouanga sages  
With devils ready to serve, in cages  
Sewn under patches of cloth, with spells  
To work unholy miracles,  
Until to the sacrifice is borne  
The trapped goat without a horn,  
The white goat . . . Nothing kind  
Moving in masked face and mind,  
But a hurricane and a whirlwind  
Of hatred and anger and utter passion  
Against the lords of oppression.

The false face eon? The marked hour?  
Not this: long years with others in power  
Over a smiling uncomplaining race—  
These have seen the mask in place.  
Now it is dropped and utterly gone:  
The soul behind strides proudly on.  
Not cringing cowards welcoming blows,  
These Negroes;  
Battering, pounding, crushing might  
Has throned the white,  
Has given a darker world in sway,  
As prey.  
There will come a day

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(So mutter and mumble and chant and shriek  
These tongues for a weak no longer weak)  
A day when the pallor will be accurst,  
And the pretty paleface bubble burst,  
And the last shall be first—  
Not in a misty heaven, but on earth,  
That all of worth;  
When all of the white supremacy  
Will crumble like sand in a floodtide sea;  
And the sun will be hid, that vaster suns  
May shine from darker oblivions.  
A little longer—no man knows when:  
What is time in the life of man?  
A little longer—and then the doom,  
One without, one within, the gloom,  
One without, one within, the tomb.

To word this in the less impassioned speech of prose, the carnival maskers reveal, by their garbs, what their inmost souls really long to be—as a dream reveals the soul of the sleeper. The respectable judge cherishes, as his inmost dream, the desire to be a bloody pirate; the deferential clerk, to be an autocratic sultan; the modest virgin, to be a famed courtesan; the roisterer, to be an ascetic priest. Collectively the Negroes, wearing masks as well as costumes, desire to be dominant white people, or white-murdering Indians, or omnipotent voodoo priests, leading white victims to the human sacrifice. This carnival hour is the revelation of their own deepest dream, to enjoy all the love and mating they wish, and to end white supremacy forever. And dreams may be called the carnival of the soul.

### 4

With this long prelude, let us return to John R. Brinkley, and his vision on the road to Singapore. I almost wrote "on the road to Damascus:" for the vision of Saul of Tarsus came on the road to Damascus; the vision of the young carpenter of Nazareth at the baptizing in Jordan; and to each leader of man has come some one pivotal moment of vision, when the heavens seemed to open and speak comfort and consolation and leading to him.

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John R. Brinkley had already been accused of being a diploma mill graduate, a quack, a fake, a charlatan, a spurious doctor, an uneducated, untrained pretender to ability in healing and surgery; as we shall see later, he will be accused of being in reality a drunkard, a roisterer, a would-be murderer: with, most of all, money-hunger, greed, as his dominant characteristic. I am willing to let his naked soul answer all of these, in this dream. If he has these in his inmost nature, now is the time he will speak; for the speech of a dream does not suspect that the light of analysis will be turned on it, to reveal such grossness as may be there. If he has not any of these, again now is the time that his soul, whatever it is, will speak, and say so conclusively.

Brinkley interpreted this dream as a message from heaven. So it was that dreams of old were interpreted. Joseph's two dreams, forecasting his superiority over his brothers, were held to be voices of God: rather than his own craving for power, out of his inferiority complex arising from his impotent youth contrasted with his brothers' arrived mature power, which in reality the two dreams spoke. God was once held to speak to men in dreams. Modern science says that the speaker is the inmost nature or soul of the dreamer; the indwelling god, rather than any external god. What is predicted comes true, only if the dreamer is potent enough and single-ideaed enough, to make it come true; or where the tricky siren, coincidence, is at her deceptive work.

Let us then, survey in its every detail the dream of John R. Brinkley; and let us, from his life as it is known to us, derive the data that go to make it up, and read the full meaning of it.

In his dream he visioned a graveyard, with the graves open. Heavy cloudbursts had washed the bones and the rotting corpses right out of the graves, until they lay around him everywhere.

Shall we leap boldly to conclusions, and say that this establishes that there are some buried secrets, as of spurious diplomas, somewhere back in this dreamer's life, which have been bared to the gaze of heaven by the floodtide of antagonistic newspaper publicity?

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"Murder will out," and all the rest of it? But that is not the way dream analysis functions. It is not *our* associations that determine, but the dreamer's. We must go back in the phenomena he has observed and stored in his memory, until we find the particular ones he uses in the dream; and then turn the spotlight on these, to ascertain their original significance to him, in order to find out the meaning of these things in the dream. Typical symbols recur again and again in the dreams of thousands, and become crystallized in the folksongs and stories of a people, like fossilized dreams: but the dreamer's own associations alone can determine, in any specific dream, whether he uses a symbol typically, or with some unique and personal meaning.

"He visioned a graveyard. . . ." Graveyards played an important part in the life of the young hill-billy from the Great Smokies. His mother had looked like a corpse, when she lay dying, and he was summoned to her bedside, at the age of five: "He stared with awed round eyes at her emaciated body, hardly more than skin and bones; he leaned close to catch the wracked whisper that was all she could utter. There was a rattling in her throat; he had been told that this was the death rattle." Little Johnny Brinkley had seen his mother's casket opened beside the open grave, for a last look; there was a great big orange clasped in her hands, that he wanted. And he had felt dreadfully lost and alone. A graveyard . . . an opened grave, with his mother in it . . . and he never got over the feeling that, for all that she had died when he was only five, she was the parent who had influenced him most. She represented his earliest guide, leader, prophet of the future: "An angel had come to her in the night, she said, who had told her that her own aunt would raise him, and that he would grow up to be a great and useful man." Before the idea of being a doctor entered his consciousness, there had been this vaguer hope and dream.

In this dream on the road to Singapore, Brinkley saw a graveyard, with the graves open, and the corpses washed by a cloudburst out of the graves. One of these

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corpses was the corpse of his mother, that represented his earliest dream, ambition, intention, "to be a great and useful man."

When the boy was ten, mountain couriers brought word that his old father had died painlessly the night before. When the corpse finally arrived at the little log cabin, "It was a warm April, and the corpse had begun to swell." The boy saw the open grave in the Wike graveyard, on the piney hill across the Tuckasegee River from the log cabin; and the sealed casket beside it. "They had let him see his father in it, last night; it could not be opened today, they said. It was a pretty tight fit. His father must be uncomfortable in there; anybody would be. You'd think he'd push a foot or an arm right through the wood, and get up, with his rumbling laugh, and ask what in the world they were thinking of, getting ready to plant him with his corn not even in. It didn't seem reasonable that he wasn't ever going to get up again." It had been beside this open grave that little Johnny Brinkley decided to be a doctor; a decision he never altered from. "It was almost as if he could feel his father's hand firm in his, squeezing his fingers a little, as if to say, 'That's right, Johnny boy, just come along with me, and I'll show you how.' He can still feel that hand there. He can squeeze back, a little, now."

In this dream on the road to Singapore, Brinkley saw a graveyard, with the graves open, and the corpses washed by a cloudburst out of the graves. One of these corpses was the corpse of his father, that represented his crystallized dream, ambition, intention, to be a doctor—an ambition he never deviated from.

When Brinkley was twenty-one, in 1906, his mother's Aunt Sally, who had raised him, died. He had her buried beside his father, in the Wike graveyard across from the old home in East La Porte, on the piney hill above the old swimming pool.

In this dream on the road to Singapore, another of the corpses washed by a cloudburst out of the graves was the body of his mother's Aunt Sally. She was, to him the home-maker, during his formative years. She represented the home to him.

Nowhere in his life have we found John Brinkley

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afraid of corpses, or graveyards. He wanted the orange his mother held, but knew they wouldn't let him have it. He didn't see why his father didn't come right out of his casket. Later on, as medical student and doctor, corpses must have become a common and undisturbing sight to him; even as, as a boy, in a doctor's family, death and corpses were taken as a matter of course. He had enough to do with graveyards, as in the congestive chills epidemic in the Arkansas town, where he laid out patients who had died and drove their caskets to burial in the Potter's Field. Graveyards moved on to mean, instead of the permanent homes of his still dear ones, a permanent home for dead patients—but still connected with his profession.

We read the opening of his dream, then, "In his dream he visioned his profession, with its inmost secrets bared. The flood (probably of publicity) had washed the framework and the damaged actuality of his dreams and ambitions out of their places, until they lay around him everywhere." So far, this is merely a historical restatement, in easily penetrable symbols, of his actual situation, after the diploma mill scandal, and the upsetting news from Connecticut and America.

The dream subtly shifted. He was on a mountain top, attempting to come down its dangerously precipitous side. The rain continued to pour. He could not get a foothold. Every rock or bush that he could catch hold of would become uprooted in that wet soil. There seemed to be no way to stop his fatal fall into that yawning abyss below; and that would mean every bone broken, and utter destruction.

There is more meat here. As any episodic dream approaches its climax, each successive portion redefines and makes clearer the situation or problem expressed in the earlier parts. John Brinkley was a son of the Great Smokies, the precipitous Appalachian hills that reach closer to heaven than any land east of the Rocky Mountains. It is this awe-inspiring land of his childhood that spontaneously comes into his unconscious mind, as the more fit symbol of his situation in life now;

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the threat to his continued professional success, and, indeed, existence.

We must never lose sight of one other major influence of his childhood; the rough jagged revivalist hell-and-brimstone religion he had learned. There is a little hint here of what came to Jesus of Nazareth next after the baptising and the vision in the Jordan flood; "Again, the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain . . ." But there is no hint, in this dream, of any other person, any tempter, nor of the spread glories of the world seen below; of the temptation of the spirit of evil to worship evil and receive in return the kingdoms of the world, and the glories of them; so that this interpretation must be dismissed, especially as there was no hint of it in the former episodes. For, as stated above, each successive episode is a check on the meaning of the others.

The idea of the fatal fall into the yawning abyss below may well have been influenced by direful revivalist word-pictures of slipping into the everlasting pit, the abyss of hell. We get an overtone of something else early in his life, in the phrase "every bone broken": it is not too much to wonder if, in childhood, the son of the Great Smokies had not heard, from mother or father or school teacher, directed to himself or to someone else, "I'll beat you until I break every bone in your body."

But we must never forget that these childhood impressions and memories were merely the quarry out of which the now adult John R. Brinkley was taking his symbols of his present and existing problem in life; the diploma mill scandal, the lying charge that he had bought his diplomas and his licenses, and now the revocation of his Connecticut license, with the threatened loss of the others. His unconscious mind, instead of picturing these directly, reverted to the language, the images, of childhood. And so we find the dreamer, as we near the revelatory affirmative climax of the dream, moved up to a mountain peak (his present elevation in man's world, as one of its greatest surgeons, and a scientific discoverer as well) remembered from his childhood; and we see him pictured as "attempting to come down its dangerously precipitous sides." This would be

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the expression of a real son of the mountains: climbing hills is difficult, but the descent is the harder task. The plain-dweller dreams as his ideal reaching the peak; the high-dweller, shrewder as to what mountain peaks really mean, knows that the real problem is to climb down to comparative safety.

"The rain continued to pour." We may say, in passing, that "heavy cloudbursts," "rain," primarily refer, in typical dream symbolism, to the influence of the mother: let Freud, my book on dreams, and science's discovery that man and all life came from water, explain this further. There is a faint hint in the dream that the whole might picture the day of judgment, and hence the dreamer's return to the mother in the form of a desire for death. But again we must dismiss this, since Brinkley had heard too many sermons about the Last Judgment to picture it so differing from Protestant teachings. We have no last trump, no rearsen sheep moving gloriously toward the pearly gates, no rearsen goats being herded down to the everlasting bonfire. This is no picture of the Last Judgment, no desire for a return to the mother, and death.

This second episode pictures, in hillman's language, the most serious trouble that could confront a man caught on a mountain peak.

"He could not get a foothold"—Brinkley's historical summary of his difficulties in getting established in practicing medicine, as well as of the situation now confronting him. "Every rock or bush that he could catch hold of would become uprooted in the wet soil." I suggest that, in the proper order, these insecure rocks and bushes might be listed as: the mother, the father, God, Aunt Sally, teaching, telegraphy, Johns Hopkins, Bennett Medical College with its tuition fees, the first wife and her daughters, early financial difficulties, prospects of financial success with the second marriage, the young doctor broke in this town and that, the vanished burden of debts, the diploma gotten from an eclectic school, the license based on it, especially Connecticut's.

"There seemed no way to stop his fatal fall into . . . utter destruction." There could be no simpler and clearer



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picture of his moment's fear of what the present would mean to his future. Deprived of his license to practice medicine, what could the future hold for him? By this time, the language has become so clear, that it hardly needs interpretation, once it is clearly seen that this refers to his present situation.

If the dream had ended here, it would have been a mere historical survey of his trouble, and by no means pivotal or of vast significance in understanding his nature. It would have laid out, in clarified form, the problem, as the unconscious saw it; and would have offered no remedy. But the dream did not stop here:

Suddenly three figures dressed in white appeared. One took his arm on either side; the third, leading the way, pointed out that he could stride safely to safety.

We are on surer ground now. As the dream blends into waking, it is hardly masked at all. "Figures dressed in white" is the simplest conception of angels, believed to be the spirits of the departed dead. His mother and Aunt Sally, on either side—his father, leading the way . . . This is the first and simplest meaning. But dreams often telescope several things into one; as memory does; as history does. Lincoln and Edison on either side, and McKinley leading the way—and this figure blurring insensibly again into that of the father, the real dominant influence in the whole life of Brinkley. Because of his father, he became a doctor. Because of his father's strong preoccupation with women, Brinkley has a continuing strong interest in women and sex; but this is inhabited and controlled, due to his father's lack of control: as compensation, or recoil. Because his father did not collect from his patients, Brinkley at first was unbusinesslike, letting each man pay what he would. In recoil from and compensation for this carelessness in money matters of his father, Brinkley finally became a shrewd business man, as every man ought to be, until the social system giving all the rewards to the shrewd business man alters to a civilized social system. Because his father was a dominant personality, Brinkley is.

This vision did not come from God, except from that

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inner light, that God within, dwelling within Brinkley, as within each of us; which ungodded science calls the unconscious mind, the libido, the vital energy, and will at times dub the soul.

In the dream, the attacks on him (the diploma mill scandal, the Connecticut revocation), represented by the cloudbursts and the rain, have jeopardized his professional success and existence (the disturbed graveyard, the perilous descent down the mountain). There is an overtone of the three members of his immediate family as among the corpses freed by the attacks. In his moment of deepest despair, the spirits of mother, Aunt Sally, and most of all his father (blurred also with the three dominant human influences on his life) come, to aid and guide him to safety.

5

This was what the dream meant, to its last syllable. It was no divine promise of success; it was an internal affirmation that the dreamer intended to achieve success, aided by mother, Aunt Sally, and guided by his father; aided and guided by Lincoln, Edison, McKinley. Such an affirmative dream, believed in, is an unbelievably strong goad to success to a strong soul. Brinkley had such a soul. Inner assurance, and shielding soul-armor against all attacks: these the dream furnished.

And now for the negative evidence of the dream. There is nothing gross and earthy here, nor even a hint of it. There is not an element in the dream that can even be twisted into the attitude or the expression of a fake, a quack, a charlatan, a pretender, a drunkard, a roisterer, a would-be murderer. Least of all is there any hint of service to Mammon, of money-hunger, of greed. His soul has answered. His record internally is clear. In nature, he is nothing that his enemies falsely charge him with.

John R. Brinkley, unknown to you, this dream of yours has cleared you, before the bar of modern science, of the silly charges levelled against you, more definitely than all the factual evidence in the world could conceivably do.



CHAPTER NINE  
THE MOST LEARNED DOCTOR  
IN AMERICA

1

SINGAPORE, at the far southern tip of the Malay Peninsula, proved to be as lovely as any place they had yet visited. And not even the admiralty dockyard, or the large factory for tinning pineapples, which the British consul pointed out to him, impressed him and his wife as much as the exquisite botanical gardens. Here were things that would never grow in Milford: mangoes, loquats, and other strange tropical fruits; palms, in unimagined variety and complexity; cinnamon trees, cocoa trees, coffee trees. Mrs. Brinkley decided that it would be a nice idea to carry home a small branch of a coffee tree, as a souvenir. She received permission to pick it, and smilingly told the guide she wanted to pluck it herself.

Unknown to her, the tree she had selected happened also to be the home sweet home of a thriving colony of stinging ants. The astounded helpmeet of the good doctor suddenly felt her body attacked by a thousand piercing stings at the same moment, all assailing her from underneath her attire—a number of them biting below the belt, almost as if they had the ethics of American newspapers and organized doctors.

It was no time for ceremony. Ignoring the amazed stares of the botanical garden attendants, Mrs. Brinkley made an all-time standing-jumping record for speedy disrobing. Her coat, her waist, her skirt, her slip, her et-ceteras went flying in every direction: her stockings were peeled down with unbelievable celerity. A lovely and enraged Godiva, a furious young Eve determined to rid her Eden of its pestiferous enemies, she dealt quick death to the painful assailants. The doctor could hardly help from laughing, for all his sympathy, and his quick and lethal aid.

## *The Life of a Man*

Thence across Malacca Straight to Sumatra, and back again up the coast to Penang. Here a royal family boarded the ship, consisting of the brother of the king of Siam, his wife, his children, and his staff. The young prince needed a circumcision; and Dr. Brinkley was given the honor of performing this, in the ship's hospital, while they were on the high seas. This brother, since the death of the reigning king, has been the king of Siam, and has visited the United States twice for treatment of his eyes.

The voyage became a bewildering jumble of beauty and exotic quaintness and snatches of history. The very names of the places visited are a poem: Rangoon . . . Calcutta . . . Bombay . . . Ceylon, the pendant jewel of India . . . From Ceylon they proceeded to Aden; and then across to Djibouti, in Abyssinia, where they were solemnly assured that it was there that the Queen of Sheba gave birth to a son, whose undoubted father was the mighty Solomon. Brinkley consulted his First Kings and his Second Chronicles meditatively. The Good Book said that, when the Queen had seen all Solomon had to show her, "there was no more spirit in her;" and she said, "Behold, the half was not told me." The doctor nodded, reassured: perhaps the local belief was based on something more than mere rumor, after all.

Strange, what homely things impress the great, who are always the naive. Two major impressions Brinkley carried with him away from Djibouti: The most delicious tomatoes he had ever tasted in his life . . . and the native sorters of coffee beans. There they sat on the sidewalks, particularly near the marketplaces, utterly unclothed, not even a breeches-strap or the embryo of a skirt. They squatted or sat on the green coffee beans, and used sieves to sort them into the piles of various sizes. The Brinkleys watched the sight in horrified fascination for some time. They could see how the perspiration of the natives, and the odor of their bodies, must impregnate the receptive beans. Perhaps this was where coffee received its aroma from.

On from Djibouti to Suez, which local report claimed had been founded by Ishmael, the son of the maidservant Hagar and her master Abraham. On to gemlike Cairo,

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green on its lush narrow strip between the two eternal deserts. They saw the pyramids, and pushed on into the Sahara Desert a little way. They were visited here by an Arab fortune teller. For a little silver bakshish, he read the marks he had them scrawl on the sand, and announced that they were going to have a pickaninny. He had so few English words at his command, that they had some difficulty in making sure that he was forecasting a son for them. They smiled regretfully at each other: ten years married, with no children—the man was too enthusiastic. A little more than three years more, Johnny Boy came. The fortune teller also said that their years ahead would be filled with persecution and dishonor; and that, to escape these two, they might return to the Nile land to live.

They left their suite at hospitable Shepherd's Hotel, and went up by train to Karnak, Thebes, and Luxor. Crossing the sluggish Nile, they visited the Valley of the Kings, and especially the newly discovered tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen. What they saw was more thought-provoking even than China had been. Even where the workers in stone had built for eternity, the vandal years and the less excusable vandalism of men had left ruins where immortal shrines should have been. What had been reclaimed from the desert and men's thievery was at best only the ruins of vanished splendor. The granite colossi of Rameses, like young twin hills, had been hideously defaced by frantic early Christian zeal. Even the pyramids, those sentinels on the horizon of eternity, had been stripped of their alabaster covering to gem the mosque of some pretentious irreverent sultans.

And yet, these vanished men built greatly. The chambers and body of the pyramids had been made of blocks of granite so huge that modern architects still puzzle impotently over how they were ever moved into place. The underground tombs of the bulls were an equally insoluble mystery. And, where these human giants had strode once, human dregs, little better than human lice, were all that remained. Not on this earth, Brinkley decided, could things be eternal.

They returned to Cairo, crossed the Suez Canal, and entrained for Jerusalem. Here they stopped at the Allen-

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by Hotel. They visited Bethlehem, Jericho, Haifa. Staunch Methodists as they are, they did not have much to say of the Holy Land on their return. Back to Port Said, they steamed across the island ocean to Marseilles, and then to Monte Carlo. The speedy European trains carried them to Berne, Geneva, and Lucerne in Switzerland, and on to Paris. They crossed the Channel, paid a brief visit to storied London, and returned by way of New York to Milford. The son of the Great Smokies had at last begun to see the world.

### 2

The day that the Brinkleys took the train in New York City for their Kansas home, Henry Ford's *Dearborn Independent* appeared, featuring a lengthy onslaught calling Brinkley the "dean of quacks." He was back in his native United States, at last. "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country . . ."

On his desk in Milford, his secretary had made appointments for twenty-four operations, immediately upon his return. But the *Dearborn Independent* article had appeared in the meantime. Six of the twenty-four patients turned up for the operation.

This was on March 24, 1924. During the leisurely trip around the world, Brinkley's broadcasting station had been on the air during his absence—for entertainment only, of course. It is only in the distorted vision of his enemies that the doctor is or ever was a conscienceless money-grabber. And now, a little more than a month after their return, the poorly constructed station caught on fire, and some of the equipment was burnt. The summer and early fall of 1924 was spent in building an entirely new transmitter.

The 8th of July was Brinkley's birthday. While he was at the dinner table celebrating the event with a number of friends, the telephone rang, and a long distance call notified him that he had been indicted in California, charged with conspiracy.

Now what in the world could a charge like *this* mean?

The particular conspiracy involved in the matter soon came out. A peculiar provision of the Medical Practice Act of California provided that, when two or more per-

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sons attempted to circumvent the medical law, they were guilty of conspiracy, which was a felony punishable by from one to fourteen years in the penitentiary. It was commonly reported that the American Medical Association had had something to do with the passage of this law.

But by now we know Brinkley's record in connection with the whole episode of his practice in California: and how can anything in it be twisted into a charge of conspiracy? What attempt had he made, with "one or more other persons," which even by the wildest stretch of imagination could be termed conspiracy?

He had gone to California, yes. He had practiced there. He had applied for a permanent license, had been refused (due to the jealousy of the local A. M. A. doctors), and had ceased practicing there, returning instead to Kansas. He had gone at the request of one of the richest and most powerful citizens in California, the man publicly voted as the one who had done the most for Los Angeles in 1921. He had gone with a month's permission from the California State Medical Board to practice medicine and surgery there, in conjunction with a licensed California doctor. He had done precisely this, and no more: and notice that the invitation to visit California, and the temporary license, had both been voluntarily offered to him by Californians, without a hint on his part that he wanted to go there or practice there. He had succeeded brilliantly, and in no way had he overstepped his legal permission to practice by a millionth part of an inch. He had been formally asked, by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, to settle there; and as an inducement they had offered to build him a hundred thousand dollar hospital at their own expense, and present it to him as a free will offering. He had thereupon taken the first step on his own initiative, and had applied for a permanent California license. This had been refused, on the technicality that California did not reciprocate with Arkansas in the matter of licenses to doctors. Well, this was their business, not his; and since this inhospitable response to his effort to accept the invitation of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce and so many more prominent Californians, he had not practiced there,



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nor lived there. He had been guest of honor with the Governor of California at a testimonial dinner, and met many of the leading citizens, and had operated on quite a number of these.

How in the name of all things holy and unholy could this record be twisted into the ugly charge of conspiracy? What sort of insanity was in the air, that a series of kindly acts as clear and above-board as all this, could be dirtied by anyone into the absurd charge of conspiracy?

But we have omitted mention of the intervening diploma mill scandal, in which Brinkley's name had been unfairly brought in by sensation-mongering newspapers, superior to the humble truth, in their efforts to sell their lying sheets. After he had fully earned his diploma from the Eclectic Medical College, by four years of medical work there and at the Bennett Medical School, four years later he had received an honorary diploma from the new Kansas City College of Medicine and Surgery, a proper return for his lectures and research in this institution. This new medical school had been brought into the diploma mill scandal, and it was a fact that Brinkley's name, without his knowledge or permission, had been included by the "fixers" in their sucker-bait publicity listing doctors they claimed had succeeded through diplomas issued by the diploma mill. But Brinkley had promptly denied this lie, offering ample proofs of his innocence: and a decent and law-abiding citizen can do no more, if he does not care to bother with pointless libel suits against irresponsible purveyors of libel, where no financial recovery is possible; or if he saw no reason to drag the matter further into the mire of malodorous publicity incident to a libel suit against the offending papers.

It appeared that there were some twenty graduates from the recent Kansas City medical college, one of the so-called diploma mills, who had been licensed or had made application for a license in California. In spite of the fact that every step Brinkley had made, in the California matter, had been at the open request of prominent Californians, and that he had apparently had no contact whatever with any of the other California diploma

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holders from the Kansas City School, the unsleeping American Medical Association, apparently, had been able to find nothing improper in his record; and, determined to harass him, because of his eminence as an independent, they decided to charge him with this ridiculous and trumped-up charge that he had conspired, with somebody or other, to "circumvent" the California medical law. The charge was a lie, and they knew it was a lie; it is an unmerited libel on lice to say that the ones behind this anti-Brinkley move in California had the brains and the consciences of lice. Nevertheless, he was indicted for conspiracy, on evidence every whit of which went to establish his complete innocence.

That this was a personal matter, directed solely against the eminent John R. Brinkley, soon became publicly apparent. Many of the twenty other doctors involved were practicing in California. Did the authorities of California arrest any of them, or bring any of them to trial? I find no evidence of it. Others of the doctors were now in other states. Did the authorities of California make any effort to extradite them? I find no evidence of it. But the authorities of the State of California, the State Medical Association of California, and certain of the jealous A. M. A. doctors there, proceeded at once against Brinkley. They sent a deputy sheriff all the way over to Kansas, applying from the governor for his extradition to California, to be tried for a felony.

The whole matter was so baseless, senseless, and absurd, such a deliberate and outrageous frame-up in conception and execution, that it would be worth nothing more than a snicker at the unbelievably arrant asininity and blackguardism of the organized California doctors, were it not that it was a deliberate attempt to jail a great man, for being decent and great. California has a legal record of persecution which stinks to heaven, as it is. Tom Mooney is still in jail there. The United States has a legal record of persecution which stinks to heaven, as it is. Labor partisans in the economic warfare of class conflict constantly are persecuted, for their opposition to oppressive vested interests. Southern Negroes (witness Scottsboro) are constantly persecuted, for their opposition, real or fancied, to oppressive southern white in-

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terests. People are constantly persecuted who oppose, or who do not align themselves with, any oppressive vested interest. The American Medical Association is one of the most conscienceless and poisonous of these oppressive vested interests, in the minds of many thoughtful Americans. Here it was flagrantly commencing, out of a clear sky, a persecution of Brinkley no more justified than the persecution of Christ. I do not merely imply Judas of the A. M. A., I am forced to state flatly that in this and many other cases, they have played the direct and intentional Judas to the real interests of the American people, to decency, to fair dealing, to all the American ideals of liberty and freedom.

The Governor of Kansas, at this time, was Jonathan M. Davis. He lived near Fulton, Kansas, where Brinkley had formerly practiced. He knew Brinkley personally. When the scowling deputy sheriff from California appeared before him, armed with sworn statements from doctors that Brinkley had been in California for the past ten years practicing medicine without a license, or words and music to that absurd effect, and had participated in a conspiracy to circumvent the California medical laws, Governor Davis' anger rose. "I know that's a damned lie," he said flatly. "I know personally that Brinkley has been in Kansas, during that time."

"But here are the affidavits," said the flustered deputy. "That makes out a prima facie case."

The Governor's face was red. "Why do you birds pick on Brinkley first? Why don't you try some of those doctors who're actually living and practicing in California?"

The deputy couldn't answer this, without naming the real participants in the conspiracy against Brinkley.

"Why do you want to take Brinkley back with you to California anyway?" persisted the Kansas governor.

"Because we believe that Dr. Brinkley isn't properly educated in medicine. We think he's liable to poison somebody."

The Governor laughed harshly. "You go back to California, and tell the people out there to quit worrying about Dr. Brinkley's poisoning them. We people in Kan-

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sas get fat on his medicine. We're going to keep him here as long as he lives."

### 3

For all his passionate nature, John R. Brinkley is a man of cool and calculating scientific mind. Not with the impassioned logic of the wish-controlled dream, but in the cold light of facts, he analyzed the situation that faced him. Ever since the newspapers directed the outrageous and libelling diploma mill scandal against him, he had been presented to the public, through the press, the statements of Medical Boards and the medical journals, as a diploma mill graduate, a man without professional learning. There was no court in America, no public tribunal, before which he could assume the aggressive, establish his ample, long, and costly training, and prove that he had a more thorough medical education than any of his critics, as well as being a better surgeon than any of them. Yet these were the things he must establish, to reestablish himself in the American popular mind as one of the world's leading surgeons, which he clearly was.

How could he earn, publicly, the recognition his training and abilities entitled him to? How different such a complicated modern professional problem, before the fine simple problems that had confronted his father, Doctor John! He did not want to think of himself as a victim of persecution: yet the facts shrieked aloud that he was. He had been accused of being an uneducated medical charlatan, in the diploma mill scandal: a charge utterly baseless. He had been accused of being a conspirator against the California medical laws: a charge utterly baseless. He had done nothing to inspire either attack, except in being an independent in medicine, which was in keeping with the whole spirit of American institutions. For believing in liberty under our laws, and acting on it, he had been branded before the public as an uneducated medical charlatan, and a conspirator against medical laws. How could he make the public see that he was, in reality, a better educated doctor than any other one in America?

Suddenly he saw a way. The Medical Board in London, England, was said to be the hardest medical board in the world to pass; just as the examinations in the Euro-

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pean universities were the most difficult examinations in the world. He saw a way. Distinguished and qualified leader of his profession as he was, he said to Mrs. Brinkley, "I'm going to show the American Medical Association, and the doctors and people of this country, that John R. Brinkley has more medical knowledge than any of them have shown. I am going to get a license to practice in Great Britain, which is the highest achievement, as far as a demonstration of medical knowledge is concerned, that any man can attain."

Mrs. Brinkley told her husband that she was heart and soul with him in his determination.

This was early in 1925. Brinkley sold his broadcasting station, and, on the first of March of that year, went to Chicago, where he again took three months of intensive postgraduate training in medicine and surgery. He got in touch with his former instructor in medicine, Dr. Edward Mentor Perdue, of Kansas City, who had been invited over to speak the previous summer before an International Medical Conference in Rome, and secured from him letters to certain distinguished doctors and officers in Italian schools of medicine. Accompanied by Mrs. Brinkley and by several friends, he sailed from Montreal to Liverpool. He was gayer than he had been in a long time, on this trip over. For he was going to earn such credentials in medical learning that not even the foulest attacks of jealous competitors at home could ever shake him, again!

They went first to Dublin, since on the way over Brinkley had heard how high the university there stood. On his arrival, he found that the Mayo brothers, the distinguished A. M. A. surgeons from Rochester, Minnesota, were the guests of honor there. No use for him to apply, in an atmosphere like this. He shelved his ambition, and proceeded with his trip.

In London, he was informed that eclectic physicians, homeopaths, and osteopaths were not recognized; the allopaths had a monopoly, as they did in the A. M. A. He was told that Scotland was liberal toward all schools of medical thought. He knew the high scholastic standing of Glasgow University, and applied here. He was told

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that the attitude was now the same as that of London. In Edinburgh he received the same information.

One of his instructors in the Eclectic Medical College in Kansas City, he recalled, had been Italian. Acting on a rumor that this fine teacher and distinguished doctor was in Rome, Brinkley went down to the ancient city on the Tiber. Here for the first time he found encouragement. The man he sought was not here. But he had a letter from Dr. Perdue to the secretary of the University of Rome, and he presented this. He was courteously received, and told that the university would be glad to welcome Dr. Brinkley in as a student, and to give him a diploma, as soon as he passed the examinations. This was precisely what Brinkley wanted. But then he found out that he would have to pass an examination in the Italian language, the preparation for which would probably take him two years. Since he did not intend to practice in Italy, this would be a waste of time. He tried to make the secretary see this. The Italian was mournful, but firm: to speak Italian was required of all graduates. A mere matter of two or three years . . .

That would never do. He had another letter from Dr. Perdue to Professor Edoardo Perroncito of the University of Turin, one of the most distinguished surgeons in Italy. Brinkley visited the man, and was promised all friendly assistance. But the distinguished man was now on the emeritus list. However, he had a son, another distinguished Italian doctor, who was dean of the University of Pavia. The fine old man sent Brinkley on to his son, saying that here was a stranger in Italy, a friend of their mutual friend, the American Dr. Perdue, who must be treated in every way as a friend.

After the university authorities had carefully studied Brinkley's credentials, they informed him that all of his diplomas and papers must be registered with the Minister of Education, back in Rome. Brinkley made the return trip to the Holy City, and presented himself finally at Pavia with all his credentials in proper order. By this time, he had already learned a breath-taking lot about the institutions to which he had come so blindly.

Pavia, he discovered, was hardly so new a city as Mil-

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ford. It was the ancient Ticinum of the Romans, and had been the terminus of one branch of the old Roman Road, the Via Aemilia, in ancient Gaul across the Po, as early as a hundred and eighty-seven years before the beginning of the Christian era. When the Teutonic tribes overran Europe, in the twilight of the late empire, it became, under the name of Papia, and, later, Pavia, capitol of the kingdom of the Lombards, which for so long dominated early Italy. Charlemagne conquered the city in 774 A. D., and ended the Lombard supremacy. Local claims were that it was he who had founded the university, late in the eighth century. It is certain that, as early as 825 A. D., Pavia had become a center of study and learning. The great scholar Lanfranc, born in Pavia and later archbishop of Canterbury, had turned the embryonic university into one of the greatest law schools of medieval times. Pavia had been called the second Rome. during the eleventh and twelfth centuries. In 1361 Galeazzo II formally founded the university, on the site of Lanfranc's law school. Christopher Columbus had been a student here; in the library were preserved some of his ashes. It was here that Volta had made his first electrical experiments. Its medical school had been celebrated for almost a thousand years. The oldest anatomical cabinet in Italy was to be found in it. Boethius had written here, Petrarch had visited here. It was as if the son of the Great Smokies had enrolled in a university peopled with most of the distinguished people in medieval history.

Brinkley sat in the same classroom where Columbus had sat, enrolled as a student as Columbus had been. In the museum, he gazed at the same age-worn maps that the Genoese navigator had used, to discover the Americas. The bridge over the little Ticino had been built in the year one thousand of the Christian era; Columbus had walked over it, four and a half centuries later; and now, after a like interval of time, John R. Brinkley crossed it, and stood musing on the historic little stream that still purred beneath it.

The whole faculty were assembled, to pass upon the case of the American surgeon, and of other applicants for degrees. For more than a thousand years Pavia had

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held, as did the older universities of the Old World, that, when a student had the learning needed to qualify him for their high degrees, and could prove this, the degree would be his. They did not reverse their century-old practice, in the case of the American. He was eligible to enter the final examinations of the university, they held. If he passed, he would receive their diploma, or *laurea*. Some idea of the kind of examination that faced Brinkley may be gathered from the fact that it covered every aspect of medicine, surgery, and kindred sciences, and required three full weeks to complete.

He marshalled all of his knowledge, and went through the long arduous mental grind. Then followed days of suspense, while he speculated on what the verdict would be. One day he saw the flags displayed outside the university building, itself far older than the white race's knowledge of America. His name, he found, was high on the coveted list of honor. He received his degree along with many other students; and, with them, attended the graduating banquet with the professors and their wives.

Brinkley had passed the examination, in spite of extreme difficulties. He had to have the questions translated to him by an interpreter approved by the university; he had to frame his answers in English, and have them translated back into Italian. It is doubtful if there are a dozen doctors in the United States who could have emerged triumphant through the unfamiliar and searching ordeal. It may well be that John R. Brinkley is the only American who ever graduated from this ancient and venerable institution of learning, which had been attended so long ago by the very discoverer of America.

He had the diploma. But he still did not have the license to practice in Italy. He did not intend to practice there; but he intended to use every legitimate method to establish, to the jealous organized doctordom in America, that he was more qualified than any of them. And so, in November of 1925, he returned to Italy, and took the examination for doctors given by the National Board. He passed this triumphantly, and is still registered today in the city of Pavia, Italy, as entitled to practice medicine and surgery throughout the ancient land.



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### 4

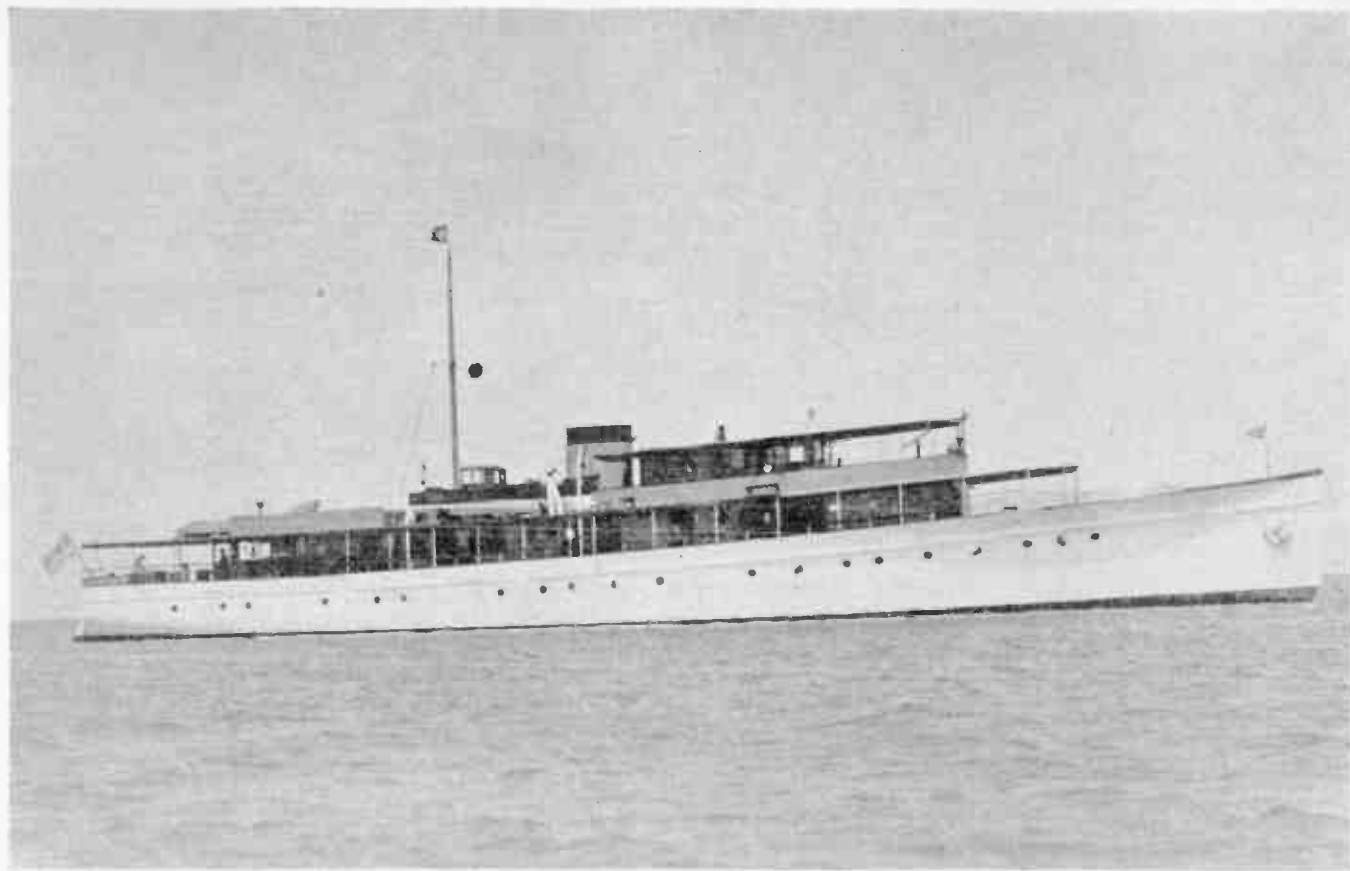
For a little while Brinkley played with the attractive idea of establishing a hospital on beautiful Lake Como, in the Italian Alps, a site so beautiful naturally that words limp before it. It was the sort of dream one might have expected, from a son of the hills. Mrs. Brinkley would have consented. But this was no doubt too far away from home. Armed with his Italian degree and his license, he went before the Board of Medicine in London for a second time. On December 14, 1925, he received a license from the Kingdom of England, entitling him to practice medicine and surgery in England or in any of its multitudinous world-girdling possessions.

It would be hard to name any other living doctor in the world who was licensed to practice over so wide a territory. There was no doctor living more entitled to this than John R. Brinkley, now, from his knowledge and skill, from his education and his high-souled devotion to the healing of man's sufferings and diseases.

A quarter of a century before, he had been a young high school student in the Great Smokies, who did not even possess a pair of shoes, and who plodded through the snowy ice-encrusted mountain paths through the whole winter with bleeding feet, hungry, orphaned, on fire only with his determination to become a doctor, a learned man, a great man. There were none of these ambitions unrealized, now. He had come far, in a quarter of a century.

He returned to the United States. Armed with these convincing proofs of his medical and surgical knowledge, which probably no doctor in the United States could equal, he had assumed that they would honor him for this, and would cease their small-minded jealous attacks on him, based on the lying charges that he was a fake, a quack, a charlatan, and uncredentialed and illiterate practitioner of the ancient art of healing. For he now had the highest medical credentials it was possible for any son of man to acquire.

This did not happen. His resplendent credentials only angered the American doctors more than ever, and caused them to persecute him even more vigorously.



THE YACHT, "DOCTOR BRINKLEY, II"



## THE FIGHT OVER FREE AIR

## 1

THERE is one point about the life of this man Brinkley that made his continuing success almost miraculous; and that was, how often the things that he felt he had to do wiped out his whole business voluntarily, and required him to start all over again from the bottom.

He couldn't divide himself into two or more Dr. Brinkleys, when he went to California, when he went to Mexico, when he summered on Long Island Sound, when he went to China and around the world, or when he spent the better part of a year wresting from cultured Europe the highest professional credentials a doctor could earn. He had to shut up shop in Milford, on these occasions; and, when he returned, he had to start all over again. Moreover, these trips for the coveted diploma from the University of Pavia, the license to practice medicine in Italy, and in England and its possessions, came at a time when he had to conduct as vigorous a campaign as he could, through friends, against the lying diploma mill scandal, and against the aftermath of the ugly little conspiracy in California to jail Brinkley for conspiracy to circumvent the medical laws of California, the name they used to describe Brinkley's big-hearted response to their request to him to come out and heal their sick. Nor can one man's fight, especially when conducted from a distance, defeat the lying propaganda of the press; at least, not quickly. And so Brinkley came back from Europe, with no business at all. He had to start all over again.

But a thing like this never discouraged John R. Brinkley, or set him back for long.

On Christmas Day, 1925, he returned from England to Milford. By January, he was ready to start the con-

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struction of another radio station. When it was finished, in the fall, he began broadcasting as before, using his old call letters, KFKB. As always, he began to realize that he was not alone in his fight, when patients began to drift in, sent chiefly by some of the staunch friends he had made in this country and abroad—and his own satisfied patients the best friends of all, and constant living testimonials to the efficacy of his operations.

He was slowly acquiring a sense of the value of publicity, so vital in his fight against the organized publicity of his enemies. Thus, that same spring of 1926, when he was building the new radio station, he organized a baseball club. As a sly dig at his enemies, and in serene fighting acceptance of the role he filled in the public eye, Brinkley named his team "The Brinkley Goats." All that summer they played creditably, getting better and better. In the fall, he entered the team in the Rocky Mountain Tournament, in Denver, Colorado, a contest sponsored both by the *Times* and the *News*. The Brinkley Goats ran away with the championship, defeating all comers. A hard man to beat, this Brinkley . . .

The radio station, so far, had been a hobby of Brinkley's, and nothing more. He had started it as a means of amusing and entertaining his patients. It was a dead expense. He had never used it to produce any business, at all; advertising over the radio had not yet become the trademark and, in the way it is misused today, the curse of America. Mrs. Brinkley, as she observed the family's renewed difficulties in meeting expenses, was in favor of abandoning it. But the son of the Great Smokies had come out of his hilly youth with keener eyesight than most. He pointed out to her how isolated they were, in the backwater settlement of Milford, that only their vitality kept alive. Within a few years, he prophesied, radio stations would become a valuable possession. When wave lengths became scarce and difficult to obtain, they would be able to sell out the station for a tidy sum of money. She was convinced, and so Brinkley kept on broadcasting.

KFKB had already led the field in one aspect of radio, which was about as selfish and money-grasping as most

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of the acts of Brinkley's life. There was a student at Manhattan State College in Kansas, named Sam Pickard—this was back in 1923—who conceived the brilliant idea of a College of the Air. His idea was to have professors from the college, every morning, speak and lecture on their various college subjects. Students in their respective homes would tune in and listen to these lectures, and do the necessary home work. Then, in case they later became resident students in the college, they would be given credit for this preliminary work done as students in the College of the Air. His plan went further; he would have receiving sets in school houses, and, at a certain hour each morning, the teachers would tune in on the College of the Air program, and have their students gain some of their education this way. After considering the field, Sam Pickard tried to get in touch with Brinkley, in Milford. But he found out that Brinkley was in China at the time. A digest of the plan was cabled to the doctor. He gave his consent. So it was that the first College of the Air program appeared; and this also was the first instance of the use of remote control in radio broadcasting.

Brinkley made no charge for broadcasting these programs; after all, radio was merely his hobby, his method of amusing, entertaining, and uplifting his radio audience, including always such patients as he had in the hospital. The transmitter was at Milford, and the professors had to use the telephone line between Manhattan and Milford. Several miles of this consisted of what is called a local line, in which, for economy's sake, a number of telephone company users had the same number, with different signals. It was possible for several users to be on the line at the same time. After he returned from China, Brinkley used to have a lot of fun listening to what came over: here would be one of the college professors lecturing seriously on whatever his subject was, and at the same time there would be a buzzing background of one farmer's wife talking to another about recipes for cake and pie, and how many chickens had hatched out of the incubator, and had the neighbor heard

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what they were saying about what had happened in the preacher's study after the last prayer meeting?

This program was continued, until the burning of the equipment in 1924. When the station had been rebuilt it was at once resumed.

Brinkley, when he returned from China, met Sam Pickard, and also met President Jardine of the college. Jardine later rose swiftly in public life: Secretary of Agriculture under Coolidge, Minister to Egypt, and Treasurer of the State of Kansas after the 1933 Bond Scandal. He is now president of Wichita University. When he became Secretary of Agriculture, he made Sam Pickard radio editor for the department. Proudly the young man told Brinkley that he had a thousand students enrolled in his College of the Air; and that Brinkley's free gesture, of allowing his station to be used without cost for this public service, had enabled the college to secure an appropriation from the state legislature, so that it could build its own station, KSAC.

### 2

And then something happened that had not been anticipated, no matter what desert fortune tellers had said, and no matter how much it had been hoped for and prayed for. Just after New Year's Day of 1927, Mrs. Brinkley came to her husband with glad eyes, and said that she was going to have a baby. After all these years of childlessness, the thing seemed too good to be true. But it was true. On September 3, 1927, she was delivered of a son. He was named John Richard, after his father. He was called Johnny Boy, from the start. If you think the doctor isn't proud of this splendid young American boy, just watch the father's face while his son is being mentioned.

It was too good a chance for the newspaper wags, the clowns of the doxy press. He must be a goat gland baby, they announced jubilantly.

But he was not. He had come as easily and naturally as Isaac was born to Sarah, long after she and her husband Abraham had given up hope of a child. And the

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Brinkleys are sure that he was as much of God's will and planning as the pride of the house of Abraham.

### 3

More and more Brinkley began to realize that he had to have some additional income, from somewhere. Just before Johnny Boy came, the doctor ventured into digging holes in the ground around Milford, hoping that there was oil in commercial quantities at the bottom of the holes. But there wasn't.

Brinkley began to look with more thoughtful eye at his radio station. Was it possible that something might be made out of that, even without waiting to sell it when it reached its peak price?

He had begun broadcasting before there was any Federal Radio Commission, with a station of hardly more than two hundred and fifty watts power. This was the first station in Kansas. As the field became more crowded, with no government control of wave lengths, stations used any length they chose to, and the condition in the air was chaos. The radio commission was created to allocate wave lengths, and wrest some sort of order out of chaos.

By now, Sam Pickard, the friend of Brinkley, had been named a member of the commission. Immediately a scramble developed, on the part of all the stations, for an increase of power. Brinkley applied for five thousand watts. He was informed that the Kansas City *Star*, owners of station WDAF, had also applied for five thousand. The *Star* did not receive the increased power, and has never received it. Brinkley received what he asked for. When this was announced by the commission, the *Star* made some petty spiteful remarks about KFKB. It could not understand, it said, what a country doctor wanted with such a powerful radio station, when he was located out in the sticks where there was no talent; while the *Star*, which had been denied the increase in power, was located where the best of talent could be obtained. But the song of the sorehead was no new song, in Brinkley's ears.

Soon enough, Brinkley began to make money out of his radio. But this did not come from any effort on his part



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to make money; it came from his further efforts to be helpful. He knew, by now, that he was reaching far more than his own limited number of patients. Others who were sick, and afflicted, and shut in, had written in, thanking him for the pleasure his station brought them. Those who had listened in to the College of the Air kept on listening in to the rest of the program. It was the people in the more humble walks of life, especially in rural neighborhoods, that he was reaching: and Brinkley was proud of this, for these were the people he had come from, and he felt he owed an enduring debt of gratitude to them, which he could never fully repay. He selected music which he knew would appeal to such an audience. But what more could he give them, that would brighten and enlarge their lives?

While casting about for something that this unseen audience would appreciate, the idea came to him that he might tell them something about his trip around the world, and his other visits abroad: a series of travel talks, from his own personal angle. What matter that nothing like this had ever been done on the air? John R. Brinkley is primarily a leader, and not a follower. He liked the idea, and also an idea that came at about the same time, of giving a series of talks on the world's great literature, which had meant so much to him. This was also a novelty on the air. He decided to include a third and homelier topic, that he didn't lay so much stock in; but it might be helpful, and, after all, that was what he was here on earth for. This was just a series of personal talks to mothers, about what to do for their babies. His own mind, these days, was so much occupied with problems arising out of Johnny Boy, that this was the most natural thing in the world. If the radio audience didn't like this last feature, which again was an absolute novelty upon the air, he could always discontinue it.

The radio audience began writing in at once, telling what they thought of his new features. They liked his talks about books. They liked even more his delightful chatty stay-at-home trip around the world. But they went wild over the homely feature, the medical talks with mothers. He was talking as intimately to the mothers

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in his unseen audience as he would have done to a single mother in his consultation room. He told them in plain unadorned language the best way to take care of their babies, to treat them for minor ills, to use the necessary prophylactics in the constant warfare against germs; and he especially encouraged them to have their children immunized by vaccination against diphtheria, smallpox, and typhoid fever. This was the first time that he, or any doctor, had ever given medical talks over the air; he was a forerunner in this, as in so many things.

This was the beginning of 1929. The series took hold with astonishing success. The listening audience increased unbelievably. The fan mail showed it: he began to receive from two to three thousand letters a day, from all sorts of people, asking all sorts of questions.

If he devoted all of his time to doing nothing else but writing letters, he could not possibly, he figured, have answered more than fifty letters a day. Such a flood of correspondence meant, of course, that most of the letters had to go unanswered. Let it be underscored in vivid black that, at this time, Brinkley had nothing to sell, over the radio. He was merely trying to help his listening audience; to warn them against needless operations; to try to make clear to them that every organ in the body is for a purpose, even we may not know what that purpose is, and thus the haphazard removal of any organ from the body, without an honest and sincerely prior attempt to cure it of whatever disorders it may suffer from, by medical and dietetic treatment, was nothing else but mutilation. He was a surgeon, giving this advice, because the advice was true; even though it might result in meaning less operations and fees for himself and other surgeons. He was a doctor talking, free, instead of devising any method of charging for this fine advice he scattered broadcast through the ether to all willing to take it. Notice again that John R. Brinkley's aim and pleasure was to serve, not to charge for serving. We remember, too, where he got this from: the upstanding Doctor John, the beloved doctor in the Great Smokies, who did everything for his patients except collect from them.

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I have heard John R. Brinkley over the radio, and I can easily realize why anything he has to say must command a wide audience. He has more than a talent for broadcasting: he has a magnificent radio personality, the first outstanding one I know of in the history of American radio. He modulates his voice exquisitely, and always enunciates clearly, and distinctly. He is a master in reaching the hearts, as well as the minds, of his listeners. His agile mind permits him to speak confidently ahead, while at the same time pawing through a file of papers for something which he wishes to quote from perhaps five minutes later. In his presentation of facts, no matter on what subject, he is a student of human nature, a psychologist, a master showman, as well as one of the world's most learned doctors and surgeons.

Well, here were more than a thousand letters a day going unanswered—and this began to upset the good doctor terribly. Many of these correspondents, by now, were writing in for the fourth or fifth time, insisting on answers to their questions; and Brinkley realized that the lack of answers was causing people to dislike him, merely because they did not hear from him. He must do something about this, and quick.

He recalled that a Dr. Evans conducted a Medical Question Box in the *Chicago Tribune*; that Dr. Royal S. Copeland, now a United States Senator from New York, was lecturing over the air, giving health lectures and advice; that many newspapers were conducting medical question boxes, with answers. He decided to start something else new: the first Medical Question Box over the air. If he could only somehow group the letters into the appropriate groups, he could give wholesale answers in one answer. With Brinkley, to see a problem meant to find the answer. He roughed out a scheme of division: questions on colitis here, on colds there, on stomach trouble, on bladder trouble, on Bright's disease, on change of life, and so on. He began thus answering actual letters over the air, giving his hearers' initials and addresses for identification, telling them just what to do themselves for their troubles, and just what to have their family doctors do for them. Again, all this was advice given free,

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with not one cent even of potential income in it for Brinkley, as far as he saw at the time. What a pity that the racketeering organizers of the A. M. A., as at present constituted, were not equipped with a little of Brinkley's splendid spirit of service, instead of mere penny-greed!

You may think it was presumption on the part of one doctor to seek to prescribe for so many patients. But did you ever meet a doctor, except one of those modern refinements called specialists, who was not sure that he could prescribe something for any trouble? And recall by now that Brinkley had become the most learned doctor in the United States, and even the suspicion of presumption dies.

### 4

But his troubles had not begun to be over. Thousands of his unseen audience would write in, "Dr. Brinkley, if our family doctor had been able to do anything for us, we would not have written to you, in the first place." Hundreds more wrote that they had gone to their doctors and asked them to give the patients just what Dr. Brinkley prescribed; and that the doctors invariably replied that they were not going to permit that radio quack, Brinkley, to tell them what to do with their patients.

If they had only had the wisdom to cooperate with the inspired healer from Milford! He was charging nothing for all this service, which would have meant more business for all of them, and more health for their patients. But the doctors had no more sense than the geese of Rome, that could only call out "Quack, Quack!" when the city was being attacked. They had not the vision that the son of the hills had—of wise advice that might be followed, that would build up the health of all the communities in the range of KFKB's voice; of their own offices filled with contented patients, their own incomes enormously increased, the intimate personal contact with their patients maintained . . . No, all they could do was to try to let their jealous spite against a better doctor than themselves prevail, and refuse to give their patients the prescriptions he indicated, no matter how the patients suffered from this—all merely as a negative slap in the face to the sage of Milford.

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They refused flatly to cooperate. The patients did not give a Hoover dam for disputes between doctors. They were sick, they wanted to get well, they intended to. They knew that their family doctors had done them no good, and everybody said that Brinkley could do them good. Even Brinkley himself admitted it. The number of letters increased to five thousand a day, to seven thousand a day. People clamored that Brinkley must do more than answer their letters over the air; he must tell them what to get at the drug store, because the doctors would not tell them. To have a problem was to find the answer, with Brinkley. Tentatively, doubtfully, at first, he gave his first prescription over the air. Doctors, he knew, prescribed over the telephone, even to strangers: this was nothing different from that. And so he told Mrs. A., at such and such an address, to go to the nearest reliable drug store, and get so-and-so, and such-and-such in such-and-such quantities, making it all slow and clear and definite, to avoid the chance of mistakes.

But these patients, many of them illiterate or only slightly literate farm folks, could not ask correctly for drugs from the druggists. This was especially so, since medical practice, similar to the law, the ministry, and many of the sciences and professions, prefers to use a vocabulary shot throughout with hocus-pocus and mumbo-jumboery, instead of good Anglo-Saxon English. A doctor never prescribes whiskey and water; instead, he must lisp out, "spiritus frumenti and aqua pura," as if to conceal his own ignorance by this show of erudition, derived unchanged from the medieval ages of infinite ignorance in things medical. When he comes to write down this prescription, it will appear even more unintelligibly in bastard nomenclature and quantitative notation, so that a pharmacist has to be kin to a crossword puzzle addict, to make head or tail out of the doctorial scrawl the patient presents to him.

Well, what could Brinkley do, in an emergency like this? Dozens, and at times hundreds, of these patients over the air were calling daily at their drug stores throughout the territory Brinkley's voice reached, which included more than the states of Oklahoma, Nebraska,

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Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and part of Arkansas. The druggists, harassed by these requests for prescriptions couched in such uncertain or impossible terms, aided in finding the solution to this problem. They began writing to Brinkley, and finally sent a deputation to him, to lay the matter before him. Of course, what he was doing was the same thing as a doctor's prescribing over the telephone or by letter, when the condition of roads or some similar cause prevented a personal call. The doctors had not cooperated, they said, because lack of time and money had put them out of step with modern progress in medicine: they had had no opportunity to attend clinics, read the medical journals, read the latest treatises on medicine, purchase expensive books, and attend medical meetings in distant cities—all of which Brinkley could do, and had done. Brinkley had done no more, in disseminating medical information, than the Public Health Service of the United States, in its publication *Prevention of Disease and Care of the Sick*; this pamphlet went especially to the rural sections, and encouraged self-diagnosis, self-medication, and self treatment. Brinkley had alienated the doctors wholly when he began to recommend modern remedies and modern treatment for old ailments, which conflicted radically with the advice of the moss-back rural practitioners. Moreover, many of these newer remedies were not in stock in many impoverished old-fashioned drug stores. Even before the war, anyhow, these doctors had been doing their best to kill the business of the drug stores, by carrying their own stock of medicines and representing to the patients that, when the doctor filled his own prescription, the patients could secure service and prescription for less money. The drug stores were sick, the druggists said, of this lack of cooperation on the part of the doctors. They thanked God for Brinkley's fairness, in sending patients to them. And they had a plan . . .

He listened to all they had to say, and added a lot to it. He proceeded, at their suggestion, to organize the leading druggists of the territory, and place copies of his prescriptions with them, putting a number on each prescription. A patient could more easily remember a

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number, than a number of intricate names. The chance of an occasional error in number was no more than the similar risk over a telephone, and even a mistake in his numbers was no doubt better for the patient than the dilatory, inefficient, slovenly care they were actually receiving from their family doctors most of the time. For Brinkley all the time advocated right living in consonance with nature's laws as more important than drugs, and as of more value in healing than any medicines: and this at least they would always get right. He knew that the standard medicines he was using were infinitely more valuable to his patients than the quack patent medicines so many lazy-minded old-fashioned doctors were still recommending. So he decided to go ahead. He mailed his prescriptions to five hundred qualified druggists throughout the several states. People were told over the air where they could get Brinkley's prescriptions, since the doctors continued to emulate their cousin the mule in their stubborn refusal to cooperate with him.

It was the druggists who brought up the matter of Brinkley's share of this business. He would have been proud to continue giving the service free. But what was fair for one was fair for another, the druggists pointed out. Brinkley was sending business wholesale to them; they would want to split somehow with anybody who did this. Every doctor got a commission from the druggist on prescriptions they filled; certainly Brinkley must take his. He still demurred. And then they pointed out that he was doing them this favor by the use of his costly radio, which must be a vast expense, with no income from it whatever; and a reasonable commission on the prescriptions would enable the radio to give better service, and thus carry out better his idea of aiding and amusing and uplifting the people he reached. Only then did he weaken. He stipulated that he would not accept more from them than was necessary for the upkeep of the station. It was merely a variation on the habit of other stations of receiving money from patent medicines and other advertising products. The only advertising would be done in connection with the doctor's daily thirty-minute medical talks, which took up less than ten or

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fifteen percent of the entire time the station was on the air. Even this advertising time dealing with his prescriptions was so intermixed with medical information and wholesale advice on clean and sane living, that the listening audience became tremendous; and all the rest of the station's time was devoted to his broader purposes, without a cent of revenue coming in from it.

The system worked with the smooth simplicity of Swiss watchwork. Brinkley would tell Mrs. B., of such-and-such an address, or Mrs. C., of such another address, to get prescription nineteen, forty-three, or seventy, as the case might be. She would call at one of the fifteen hundred leading drug stores that Brinkley trusted to fill his prescriptions, and ask for the proper numbered prescription—for there were fifteen hundred of these cooperating drug stores, now, all rendering splendid service. All that the pharmacist had to do was to turn to his filed list of Brinkley prescriptions, prepare the one corresponding to the number she gave, and deliver it to her. Brinkley was careful to prescribe only the purest and best drugs, in every case. He had been careful to select only the leading and most competent druggists. Thus the smoothly running system was complete protection to the public.

The result was what might have been expected. In more than five states, the people collectively quit their doctors, and also quit taking patent medicines. The doctors had established, in the past, their inability to cure; the patent medicines were notoriously mere drugs, of no benefit, or of positive harm, in habit-forming and otherwise. The doctors saw their livelihoods doubly threatened, in the loss of their services in diagnosing and treating cases, and from the sales of their prescriptions. They became frantic in their antagonism. The patent medicine manufacturers, finding these outlets for their nostrums suddenly ended, realized that, if such a condition became countrywide, they would have to go out of business.

There were even further ramifications of the effectiveness of the Brinkley system. The *Kansas City Star*, already hot under the neckband at its failure to secure the additional radio power that it had been refused, at the



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very time that Brinkley had applied for the same increase of power and had received it, had been accustomed to deriving a large income from patent medicine advertisements. Reports came to Brinkley that certain of the patent medicine companies told the *Star* flatly that their sales had fallen approximately to zero in its trade territory; and that something must be done about the condition, and quick, or the patent medicine companies would have no alternative but to discontinue advertising in the *Star*.

### 5

But Brinkley kept on plugging ahead, doing what he had decided was right, careless of how many non-cooperating rival interests suffered. And he had much to occupy his mind. Soon after Johnny Boy had come, the whole family had journeyed back to the Smoky Mountains, to revisit his boyhood home. Much that he saw was disheartening. The automobile age had ruthlessly conquered much of the hilly land, and blatant gasoline stations, lunch stands and tourist cabins were where in simple dignity sturdy old houses and school buildings had stood. He could hardly recognize the places that had once been the whole universe to him. However, they went on to the Pigeon River in the Smokies of eastern Tennessee, where his mother's brother, Rev. John S. Burnett, had his charge, and here the three of them, the doctor, his wife, and little Johnny Boy, were immersed, as further tribute of dedication to the God that he and his had served so long, so simply, and so fully.

And now, two years later, Brinkley realized one of his ambitions, when he placed an impressive monument at the grave of his father. He made plans to return to Love's Chapel and place there a similar monument to the memory of his mother. He was busied, now, with the blue prints of the monument and of a church he intended to erect in honor of her. He set aside the money necessary for this, and began to plan its actual erection.

And most of all, he kept his finger on the pulse of the running of his radio station. He had finally drawn up a sort of platform for it, setting a standard a little

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higher than any other station that sought wide popular support. Let us listen in a moment on Dr. Brinkley announcing:

"First, no price quotations whatever. I own the station. I have a hospital here. I will not ask people to come to my hospital, and if I will not ask for patients, my advertisers shall not make pleas to purchase.

"Second, no records shall be played. Records are cheap, but full time talent is far more valuable than its great initial outlay.

"Third, the station shall never become an advertising or selling medium. No merchandising shall be conducted from it.

"Fourth, the station shall never be used for controversies, but all organizations shall be permitted a hearing, regardless of creed or beliefs. The station shall be an open forum.

"Fifth, KFKB shall not be a chain station, unless the listeners demand it. A recent poll showed that they did not.

"Sixth, the station shall be kept clean, so that none shall be offended. No suggestive language or risque music shall be permitted. The programs shall be of such a nature as to be welcomed in every home."

This was the Don'ts. It marked an isolated summit of radio station ethics, up to that point. The full daily and Sunday program included Sunday and weekday services, all religious denominations being welcomed to participate. Weekly time allotted to the various fraternal organizations. Courses in French, world literature, and other cultural subjects. A distinct emphasis on agricultural subjects. Health talks, and the Medical Question Box. The Tell Me a Story Lady. The Recipe Lady. A Shut-In Program for Invalids. An orchestra for popular music, another to give the classics and semi-classics, vocalists, rural fiddlers, an old-time hill-billy orchestra. Dr. Brinkley couldn't think of anything missing, to make the lives of his wide audience healthier, more advanced mentally, more filled spiritually, or more rounded and

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complete even in the matter of amusement and recreation. If he had thought of anything, he would have added it.

No matter which way Brinkley turned, he seemed fated to step on the already sore toes of the *Kansas City Star*. In November, 1929, the *Radio Digest*, "the National Broadcast Authority," with its head offices in Chicago, commenced a nation-wide popularity contest for radio stations, to last until the following April; in order to find out which of the many broadcasting stations in the United States and Canada was the most popular with the people. A gold cup was offered to the winner, with six silver cups for sectional championships. The winners, with their total of votes received, were as follows:

Canada, CFQC.....	3,842
East, WJZ.....	4,210
West, WNAX.....	17,031
South, KWKH.....	19,514
Middle West, KFNF.....	46,556
Far West, KFOX.....	64,557
Gold Cup, KFKB.....	256,827

Brinkley had done it again. He had more than a quarter of a million votes for his station, and this was largely a tribute to his own magnificent radio personality. He had a margin of more than four to one over his nearest competitor. The *Kansas City Star* was not even listed in the announcement of the winners, and received something in the neighborhood of 10,000 votes only. It was the greatest and widest tribute so far paid to Brinkley, and, this time, by the people of the whole North American continent north of the Rio Grande.

We have, by now, seen many of the reasons for the popularity of his station. We have even omitted many of his innovations, such as the first radio school of cooking, which became immensely popular with women especially. The huge vote given to Brinkley and his station, which left his nearest competitor out of sight in the rear, showed how utterly he was serving the public interest, and pleasing the public taste.

Naturally, the *Star* was not happy at this unforeseen

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result. It grew bitterly sarcastic over the unparalleled popularity of the country doctor. It said that, if Brinkley would put Walter Damrosch on the air from his station, he would lose his audience, for it was made up of people with no appreciation of good music.

About the time of the award, Brinkley was summoned to Washington to appear before the Federal Radio Commission. Sam Pickard, his friend, was no longer a member, at this time. The Commission asked Brinkley what kind of entertainment he gave the people, over his station.

Brinkley's answer was prompt: "The sort of entertainment the people like."

The Commission was not in favor of this, at all. The people did not know what they liked, said the Commission to Brinkley. They were going to see to it, they said, that the country was covered with chain stations, and that the music of the cultural East would be sent out over the chains to the ignorant people west of the Mississippi River, in an effort to raise their standard of culture. From what they said to him, Brinkley received the idea that they regarded the people west of the Mississippi as morons and ignoramuses.

But there was nothing, as yet, for Brinkley to worry about. His system of announcing his answers to questions on health throughout the air, and enabling his hearers to secure the proper medicine through the druggists, made him the most popular man on the air. In many homes, KFKB was listened to, to the entire exclusion of all other stations. It furnished a complete radio diet. The call letters stood for "Kansas First, Kansas Best," some proudly boasted; the doctor preferred the simpler "Kansas Folks Know Best."

The radio station was beginning to bring in business to the hospital, too. This was only natural. Women would use the Brinkley prescriptions, and get well. The next logical step would be for them to send their husbands to Brinkley. They argued that, if this doctor could cure them sight unseen, after they had spent hundreds of dollars with the family doctor, without results, surely he would be able to do much more for patients under his personal care and supervision. Many a

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man came into Brinkley's consultation room, in his hospital, and said, "I'm here, Doctor, not because I wanted to come, but because the old woman made me do it. You cured her over the radio, after all other doctors failed. Get to work on me."

Hundreds of people began to come to Milford to see him. At times there were as many as five hundred in one day. It was impossible to obtain parking space in the little town. People had to sleep in their cars, or in any available space. The local restaurant was doing a gold rush business. Brinkley was making more money than he had ever dreamed any doctor could make. His plans grew with his income. He decided to build greater buildings, to accommodate more and more people. He had his architect draw plans for a million dollar free clinic, which would be endowed by his wife and himself, so that the worthy poor might have operations and medical treatment free.

This popularity throughout the whole territory his radio station reached, was necessarily at the expense of the non-cooperating doctors and hospitals in the same territory—which was also, of course, the territory that the *Kansas City Star* reached. People grew more and more disgusted with their ineffective doctors and physicians. When these practitioners would tell their patients that they needed an operation, more than likely they would receive in reply, "I'll communicate with Dr. Brinkley. If he says I need an operation, then I'll have it; and not unless he says so." And all this lined up the other doctors and the hospitals more solidly against the doctor at Milford.

After careful study, Brinkley had come to the conclusion that the American Medical Association, and its subsidiary state and county medical associations, were organized for the purpose of defending their doctors against the people. In their eyes, then, he was an upstart who violated all the unspoken ethics of the associations, in that he was for the people, and not for the doctors. Action must be taken against him: they saw that clearly. They might have instigated, they had certainly fanned the flames, of the diploma mill scandal, which had been

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deflected into a baseless persecution of him. They had instigated and carried on the California conspiracy charge, an equally blatant bit of baseless persecution. Neither had destroyed him: instead, he grew more damaging to their selfish greed constantly. He was fighting for the people, against useless medication, against useless operations. And Brinkley is a superb fighter, and he made his unseen audiences shiver when he described the horrible results of mutilating surgery on people who fell into the hands of unscrupulous doctors, who would operate for a price, regardless of whether the patient needed an operation or not.

And then the American Medical Association did a shameful thing, which should exclude each member of it responsible from contact with decent people hereafter. John R. Brinkley, when they helped spread the lie that he was not educated in medicine, spent almost a year, spent much money, spent much brain effort, in going to Europe, as has been told, and returning with high and unimpeachable credentials, which the allopathic doctor opponents could not equal. They decided to rob him of these hard-earned proofs of his high learning, the Italian diploma, and the licenses to practice in Italy and throughout the English-dominated world.

They wrote to the University of Pavia, claiming that the eclectic medical school from which Brinkley had graduated was not recognized by them, and was a diploma mill—a statement utterly incorrect of the Eclectic Medical College, from which Brinkley had graduated, the college which came to a close when the wartime draft stripped it of students. They wrote the same thing to the British board. They called on these bodies to annul the credentials that Brinkley had earned, by his amply passing the examination at Pavia. To gain their point, they painted Brinkley as black as they could, to the Europeans. The A. M. A. knows no ethics, against any opponent it sets out to destroy. It is quite capable of using weapons banned by all standards of decency, as it has so often against Brinkley—And let me make clear, in passing, that this indictment runs against the organization, and against those who have welded and use it to shameful ends. The only indictment against the

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ordinary members, many of them decent and high-idealed doctors, who belong reluctantly to the organizations for their own professional protection, is that they permit this constant blackguardism and thugging to go on over their names, without effective protest.

The Italian university considered the matter, and came to a wise conclusion. Regardless of where Brinkley had obtained his learning, it said, he possessed knowledge; he had entered into a competitive examination with the other students of the University of Pavia; he had passed this examination triumphantly; this had entitled him to a diploma, which he had; and so the matter was ended.

The A. M. A. is quite capable of using any weapon. It appealed, over the heads of the venerable university authorities, to Mussolini, the Fascist dictator. They knew how to approach him. He gave Brinkley no hearing. He ordered the University of Pavia to cancel the diploma.

In Italy, Mussolini's word is law. The University cancelled the degree, on their books. At the same time they protested, as loudly as they could without having their doors closed, that one of their diplomas could not be cancelled: that they had to mark the diploma "Cancelled" on their books, but that nothing could cancel John R. Brinkley's knowledge and learning, by which he had earned his diploma.

The A. M. A., or Mussolini, made one slip, while thus engaged in murdering the professional credentials of John R. Brinkley. Mussolini forgot to cancel Brinkley's license to practice medicine and surgery in Italy, earned by passing that second examination in Italy. He still has this license. But the black shirt dictator need not worry: Brinkley has no intention of practicing there.

Since the British license had been based on the Italian degree, it was cancelled, as a consequence of the action regarding the diploma from the University of Pavia. And now the assassination of Brinkley's credentials was complete, and the smirking oligarchs of the A. M. A. could again repeat their absurd lie that Brinkley was not a qualified doctor and surgeon.

Brinkley is a believer in retribution not too long delayed. He is convinced that he was put on earth by God to fulfill a mission, that of healing the sick to the best

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of his ability; that, as a part of this plan, persecutions must come, ending in his triumph, and the utter rout and destruction of his enemies. He expects to be alive and healing still, after the American Medical Association is destroyed. I profoundly hope that he is right, and that this prediction comes true while I live to see it.

### 6

But all of this chicanery and intrigue, while it had blackened Brinkley temporarily in the public eyes, had been sponged out by the public proof of his continent-wide popularity, in the radio station popularity contest. He was not incapacitated yet; to the contrary, he was far more prosperous than ever. Some sort of body blow, some sort of stab from behind, was "indicated," as the doctors word it. They got ready to deal the blow.

The Kansas City *Star*, which had become a rooted enemy of Brinkley's had an element of strength so far overlooked, and not evident in its numerous defeats at Brinkley's hands. This will bring national politics, for the first time, into the story of John R. Brinkley's life.

The Republican National Convention had been held in Kansas City in 1928. Roy Roberts, managing editor of the *Star*, was a personal friend of Herbert Hoover. He had been a Washington correspondent in the national capitol while Hoover was the widely self-publicized Secretary of Commerce under both Harding and Coolidge; and had evidently found something in common with the inscrutable British promoter who had grown so huge in people's eyes, because of the Belgian "relief," the war-time food administration, the Mississippi flood activities, and other resonant matters whose actual motives and results are still seriously questioned by sober history. So it was that Roberts, through the *Star*, began to plug for the nomination of Hoover. He kept the convention hall overflowing with copies of the *Star*, insistently demanding that Hoover should be nominated, as the Great Engineer, the Savior of Belgium, the Savior of the United States, the Savior of the World.

Charles S. Curtis, a Kansan, had served his party and his nation for forty years as a loyal party man and statesman; and was, in the eyes of many, the man en-



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titled to the nomination. But Curtis had never played up to the *Star*. The *Star* had never been able to control him; and they did not want him as president. It may well be that the *Star* support turned the wavering tide in favor of the inscrutable British promoter. Curtis was shelved to the vice-presidency, and Hoover was given first place on the ticket. The election, with a Tammany Catholic as the Democratic nominee, was a walkaway for the Republicans.

And Hoover owed an immense debt of gratitude to the invaluable *Star*.

So far, the A. M. A. had used, in their fight to cripple and destroy Brinkley, the press of America, the state government of California, and the dictatorial power of Mussolini. None had done Brinkley permanent damage. They determined to bring up against him the government of the United States. Surely he was not a big enough man to handle an opponent of this size!

The doctors, by now frantic in their determination to stop Brinkley somehow, called in the aid of their astute Machiavelli in Chicago, Dr. Morris Fishbein, secretary of the American Medical Association, and editor of its *Journal*: the man who had succeeded George H. Simmons, that homeopath turned allopath who gathered the reins of the A. M. A. into his own autocratic hands, to form what the *Illinois Medical Journal* described as a one-man autocracy. Fishbein, in turn, appealed to the Federal Radio Commission: would they kindly oblige the A. M. A. and its damaged mid-western subsidiaries, by choking off the most popular doctor and the most popular radio station in America?

The radio commission was in a quandary. After deliberation, they said that the station could not be closed, unless it could be shown that it was not operating in the public interest, convenience, and necessity. All radio licenses issued contained this collective phrase. It had hardly been designed to be used as a weapon to close the most valuable and most popular radio station on the North American continent. But there was no other weapon that could be used. If the American Medical Association could establish before the radio commission that Brinkley's medical answers to the public, and his

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habit of prescribing medicine over the air, were not in the public interest, the commission could act, and the voice of the healer could be silenced.

But this would have to be timed for a moment when Brinkley was in disgrace in the public eye, not at this present moment of his peak popularity. And publicity could do anything. There was a convenient ally at hand, as keen against Brinkley as organized doctordom was: and that was the *Kansas City Star*. It could not forgive Brinkley for defeating it, intentionally or not, in everything. Brinkley had received the five thousand watts power for his station, which the newspaper had asked for and had not received. Brinkley had won the gold cup as the continent's most popular radio station, while the *Star* had to be content with something like twenty-fifth place. The *Star's* patent medicine advertisers were threatening discontinuance of their advertising, because Brinkley's prescriptions of standard drugs had almost driven patent medicines out of the market, in the territory he reached. And the *Star*, as the A. M. A. and everybody knew, was very close to the new president; and, in turn, he held a position of advantage over the Federal Radio Commission.

That was the set-up. It was inevitable that the A. M. A. would seek the help of the *Star*. It was inevitable that the *Star* would throw itself enthusiastically into the fight. There are things in history that never see the light of day. The machinations that precede a public happening are often forever hidden from sight. We need not speculate; the facts speak for themselves. At about the time that the A. M. A. began to launch its bitterest attacks on Brinkley one of the *Star's* staff writers, one A. B. McDonald, elevated Brinkley to daily first page prominence in the *Star*, in a campaign which dispassionate observers describe as the most vicious mass of misrepresentations and outright lies that have ever been splattered against any man.

It is easy for smally clever people to twist and distort the truth, in order to make what is favorable to a man, or at worst neutral, glow as darkly as if it were the most heinous of sins. We are familiar with the life of Brinkley, up to this point. If we were to use the record of that

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life to blast his name and reputation with, what single fact could we find, in the whole story, that was really harmful to him? Really discreditable, or unadmirable? Not one.

The *Star* did an elegant job. It dressed up the record, so that Brinkley's best friend would have been sure it must refer to a couple of other fellows. The California incident, in which Brinkley had responded graciously to an invitation to heal the sick in that state, and had followed the California laws meticulously in every particular, was presented by the *Star* as if Brinkley were a conspirator and a fugitive from justice. It was denied by the *Star* that Brinkley had ever been to high school or medical school; he was accused of having bought his medical education ready-made, all the way through. It was charged that he was inserting goat glands into patients, for the sole purpose of rejuvenation; that his patients were dying like flies in a chill fall; that his prostate operation was a fake and a fraud, which no doctor could perform; that he was deceiving the public in every way. The *Star* went so far as to ascertain the number of people that had died in Brinkley's county during the time he had been there, and stated or implied that he was responsible for all their deaths—though, as a matter of fact, he had never heard of some of them, and had never treated many of them. The staff writers, Brinkley charged, went to the grave-stones in the graveyard, and copied names from them, and published them as being Brinkley's patients; including the names of people who had died years before he ever went to Kansas. It was a long, persistent, and apparently carefully planned campaign, so built up as to make it appear to the public that John R. Brinkley was a fraud, and a scheming lowdown grafter.

The circulation of the *Star* was a quarter of a million copies daily, read in every state in the union, as well as in Canada. This campaign of lies and nonsense was run as first page stuff. The *Star* was sending much of the material out over the Associated Press and other news agencies and newspaper services. There were country-wide headlines about Brinkley's alleged fakery, quackery, and fraudulent activities. If the things printed were

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to be believed, it was impossible that people would not hate and despise their alleged perpetrator. Former patients of Brinkley's were especially appealed to to come forward, and sue him for alleged damages. An appeal was reported as having been made to the Post Office department to stop his mail. The *Star* bunch made a thorough job of it, once they had started.

Meanwhile, John R. Brinkley went ahead healing the sick, rendering the other non-cooperating doctors unnecessary, and, with what time he could spare from his real life's work, seeking to plan a defense against this barrage of untruth and misrepresentation.

The thing came to a head quick enough.



## CHAPTER ELEVEN

### HOW THEY DID IT

#### 1

WHEN this campaign had gone on for about sixty days, and those on the inside evidently concluded that the victim was ripe for the slaughtering knife, the Federal Radio Commission cited Brinkley for a hearing in Washington, calling on him to show cause why the license of KFKB should be renewed.

You would have thought that the answer was obvious. —Because it was the most popular station on the continent, by direct vote of the radio audiences, made before an unbiased and impartial committee. —Because Dr. Brinkley was the most popular man on the air. —Because he was actually doing more good than any doctor in America; was reaching more people, curing more people, saving patients more money, urging saner methods of living and health-preservation and health-restoration than any other doctor; was effectively campaigning against that social curse, patent medicine; and so on. —Because he was a distinguished surgeon, one of the greatest in the world, who had invented his own operation of healing, and had perfected it. —Because he was the most learned doctor and surgeon in America, or the equal of the most learned.

But nothing was obvious, to the radio commission. It was, it is, by its actions and public utterances, over-friendly to the chain stations, at the expense of the independents. It is a political body, and not in any sense a fair and impartial court and jury.

The venom of the *Star* was doing its work. Brinkley's name had become a subject of conversation at most tables; and the picture of Brinkley in the popular mind was the one which the imaginative *Star* staff writer drew. It would be hard to claim that the members of

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the radio commission, subject to the invisible influences that had secured their appointment, were unprejudiced against Brinkley.

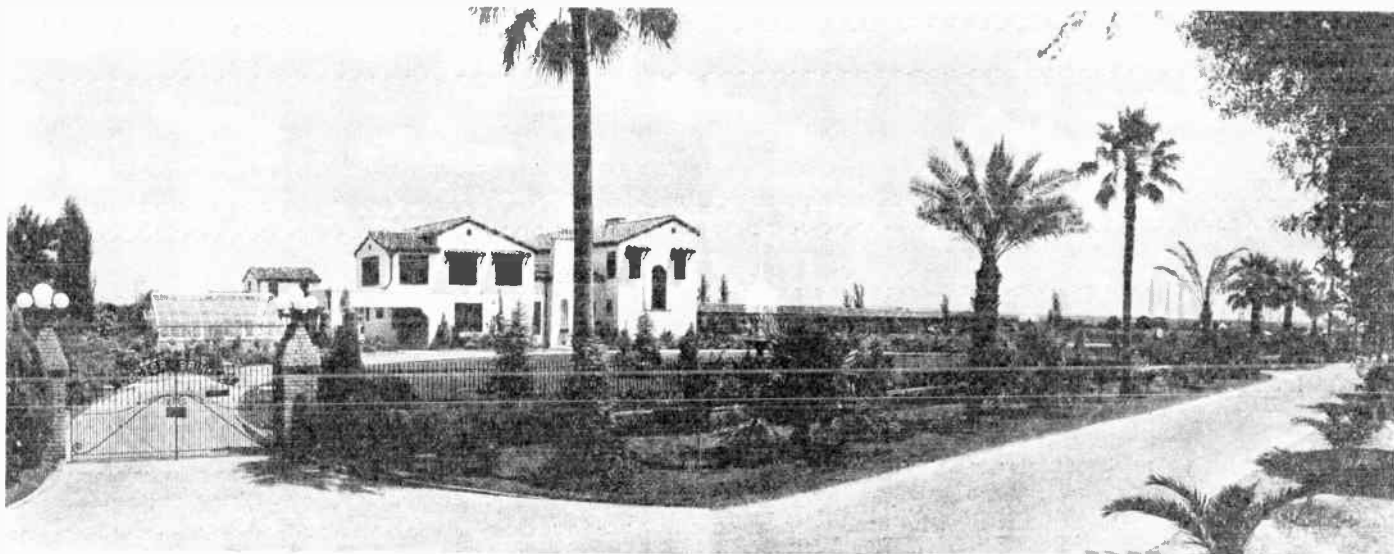
His patients stood firm. Five thousand people volunteered to accompany him to Washington. After all, not so very long before he had been overwhelmingly voted the most popular radio station in America. A trainload of these patients actually went. Cured and satisfied patients presented themselves before the Federal Radio Commission.

There were three charges spread on the records against the station: that it had deviated from its wave-lengths; that Brinkley was broadcasting obscene and indecent matters over the radio; and that his answers to patients, in the Medical Question Box, were contrary to the public interest. The Chairman of the Commission, General C. McK. Saltzman, informed Brinkley's lawyers that the commission was not going into the medical questions involved, but that the hearing would be restricted to the charge that Brinkley had been broadcasting obscene and indecent matters over the air.

The charge regarding deviation from wave-lengths was withdrawn, at the beginning of the hearing. No evidence whatever was introduced, to support the charge that Brinkley had ever uttered or permitted anything obscene or indecent to go out over the air. That left only the charge that the answers to the Medical Question Box were contrary to the public interest: and this charge the Chairman of the Commission had said would not be gone into.

On Friday, April 11, 1930, the American Medical Association *Journal* featured an attack on Brinkley, by Dr. Fishbein himself, which said, in part:

In a few spots over the United States local stations continue to pour forth filth and falsehood. In the obscure Kansas town of Milford, a blatant quack, one John R. Brinkley, whose professional record reeks with charlatanism of the crudest type, has for some years been demonstrating the commercial possibilities of goat gland grafting for alleged sexual



### THE BRINKLEY RESIDENCE

Avenue of Palms, Hudson Gardens, Del Rio, Texas. The Towers of XERA, One of the Largest, Most Powerful Broadcasting Stations in America May Be Seen at the Extreme Right.





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rejuvenation. Brinkley's educational history is as shady as his professional record.

Of the two Kansas City medical schools he claimed diplomas from, one of them was not recognized by the licensing boards of most states in the union and long out of existence, and the other a notorious diploma mill.

Fishbein charged that Brinkley's diploma had been sold for cash to him, and had been predated by several years. It charged Brinkley with being arrested and found guilty of "selling booze and maintaining a public nuisance." It charged him with the California indictment for conspiracy to violate the medical laws of that state. It charged that his radio method was to use "salacious innuendo." (*Salacious*: lustful; lecherous; impure.—Dictionary.)

Less than a month later, Brinkley brought suit against Dr. Fishbein, and against a nearby Kansas physician engaged in distributing the precious farrago of misrepresentations. The damages asked were \$600,000. This effectively shut up Fishbein and the A. M. A. enemies, at least in public. Fishbein spoke a few days later before the Kansas Medical Society. He spoke on the subject of quacks. He did not mention Brinkley's name, perhaps on the advice of counsel. He and his associates did not appear at the Washington hearing against Brinkley, perhaps on the advice of counsel. Fishbein refused to stand trial in Milford, and ultimately a Kansas judge forced the case to be dropped on a technicality.

In the hearing, upon the one surviving charge, which the Chairman of the Commission had told Brinkley's attorneys would not be gone into at all, Brinkley's satisfied patients told how he answered questions over the air, and how they had been benefited by the prescriptions. They had all come at their own expense, they said, a whole Pullman car full of them. Twelve hundred additional affidavits, praising the Brinkley prescriptions and the doctor's operations, were introduced into the record. The secretary of Brinkley's organized druggists testified as to the strictness with which the organization was

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limited to first-class druggists, and the drugs used to the best standard drugs. Brinkley received nothing from any prescription, he said, except from Number 50, for constipation and liver trouble, for which he received one dollar for each prescription filled—amounting to a total of about \$1,500 a month, for the upkeep of the radio station. This figure alone establishes the almost incredible popularity of the station and the doctor.

Over the protests of Brinkley's attorneys, the Assistant Attorney General of Kansas was allowed to cross-examine witnesses, even though Brinkley's lawyers claimed that his presence was in the nature of a fishing expedition, to catch facts to be used in a different sort of prosecution of Brinkley.

The prosecution introduced only one witness, that first day—a Johns Hopkins professor who said he thought that any benefit from the Brinkley operation was impossible; that sexual rejuvenation was impossible; that the operation was ridiculous; that gland transplanting had never been successful.

But one commissioner let the cat out of the bag, in hinting what the ruling would be, when he said that the issue seemed to be whether radio broadcasting stations are to be operated in the public interest, or as an adjunct to build up some private business. The commissioner conveniently forgot the prominent and still continuing stations owned by electrical manufacturing companies; by the American Federation of Labor; by the Socialist Debs Memorial Radio Fund; by Babson's Statistical Incorporation; by insurance companies, grain exchanges, newspapers, and so on, which are each and every one of them "an adjunct to build up some private business."

On the second day, the Assistant Attorney General of Kansas introduced affidavits, showing that several persons had died, following treatment at the Brinkley Hospital. The witnesses for Brinkley were patients who had had his operation and had been cured; and one and all praised him to the skies. On the other side, the Missouri State Health Commissioner and the president of the Kansas State Medical Association denounced Brinkley's methods. The latter said that the association was paying his expenses to Washington; and that the association was

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trying to revoke Brinkley's license to practice medicine. The former said that the state of Missouri was paying his expenses. Not one witness could be gotten to admit that he or she had ever heard anyone solicit business for the hospital or Brinkley over the air. One patient testified that he had paid \$750 for the operation, and that it had been worth \$25,000 to him. Another testified that it had saved his life—and this was a patient who had been given no relief at Johns Hopkins. This was the general tenor of all of the second day's testimony.

On the third day, Brinkley's secretary in charge of the Medical Question Box explained its working. In every case, she said, Brinkley advised patients to consult their own physicians; but added that, from the symptoms given, he would prescribe prescription numbered so-and-so. A Milford druggist identified the list of prescriptions and numbers, and testified that the drugs were standard, superior to those used by most physicians, and very superior to those used in making patent medicines. A witness testified that he preferred Brinkley's station to any other, and was entirely uninterested in the Question Box and the health talks. The Assistant Attorney General of Kansas introduced affidavits from ex-Brinkley patients, and admitted that they had been turned over to him by A. B. McDonald, of the *Kansas City Star*.

With this, the hearing ended.

It had become clear that, in spite of the Chairman's promise to Brinkley's attorneys that the medical matters would not be gone into, the whole attack on the station had been based upon the Medical Question Box, except for slight attacks on the Brinkley operations. Brinkley now publicly offered to discontinue the Medical Question Box, and all broadcasting of prescriptions.

Reports came to Brinkley that Roberts, of the *Star*, had asked Hoover to bear his influence upon the commission, against Brinkley. Brinkley was informed, from sources that he deemed reliable, that this had been done. During the course of the hearing and before the announcement of the decision, doctors and others communicated with members of the commission, asking them to vote against the renewal of the license.

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On Friday, June 13, 1930, the Federal Radio Commission, by a vote of three to two, refused to renew the radio license of KFKB. The two lawyers on the commission, Judge Ira E. Robinson and Judge E. O. Sykes, present chairman of the Commission, voted in favor of placing the station on probation, with the understanding that its prescription business cease. As the former put it, "The station was merely sponsoring the Brinkley Hospital. It was doing no more than the General Electric, the Westinghouse, or the Henry Ford station in Iora, in promoting the business of its owners. If it would cease its prescription business, we believed that there could be no legal objection to the continuation of its operations." Of course, even these two voices in favor of Brinkley were insisting upon an illegal and reactionary attitude, and were standing upon a sort of censorship specifically forbidden in the act empowering the commission. Brinkley had invented something new, prescriptions over the air: the attack upon it succeeded, merely because it was new. With these two dissenting commissioners, that is. There is nothing to be said in favor of the majority opinion, except that it was further persecution, by vested interests, of a clean, fine, decent, upstanding benefactor of humanity, by those who lost some of their unholy gains through his benefactions to man.

### 2

Brinkley promptly appealed to the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia. On February 2, 1931, they rendered a decision sustaining the commission. By the law, they were required to do this, unless the findings of fact of the commission were manifestly against the evidence. The court held that the evidence showed that much of the station's program was entertaining and unobjectionable in character; but that the finding of the commission that the station "is conducted only in the personal interest of John R. Brinkley is not manifestly against the evidence." It upheld the second finding, that the Medical Question Box "is inimical to the public health and safety, and for that reason is not in the public interest."

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The first holding is correct, only if the profession of medicine, rightly followed, can be held to be only in the personal interest of the doctor. The station received an income from only one prescription out of the many on the list; neither the station nor Dr. Brinkley received a cent for his free talks on health and sane right living, on avoiding disease and taking care of it when it comes; much less for the ninety per cent of the time devoted to music, entertainment and instruction. The first holding was abjectly incorrect, when applied to a doctor like John R. Brinkley. The second holding was even more erroneous. Not one affidavit had been discovered, of a Question Box patient who was dissatisfied in the slightest with any of the prescriptions. Satisfied patients, reputable druggists, had testified how the careful method was an improvement in every way over the work of other doctors, and the taking of patent medicines. The only opposing testimony was of two official A. M. A. doctors, who gave it as their opinion that it was harmful. The commission, the court, ignored all the weight of the testimony: for they were out to get Brinkley.

How the commission and the court were controlled, precisely, will no doubt never be made public. Brinkley's popularity was continent-wide; his record was clean and law-abiding and unselfish.

Dr. Fishbein had written, in his *Journal* article referred to, "It is to the Federal Radio Commission that the public must look for protection." Not one of his charges had even been hinted at, in the hearing. No evidence that Brinkley had emitted filth, or falsehood; that he was a quack, a charlatan of the crudest type, with a shady educational history—nothing of this had come in, at all. And yet the Federal Radio Commission had done precisely what he had called on it to do: silence Brinkley. Perhaps we should write this down as a mere lucky coincidence for the shrewd Chicago doctor-organizer. We need not speculate on how the A. M. A. worked, to achieve their published intention. The facts speak for themselves. On evidence almost wholly in Brinkley's favor, the commission had silenced him; had ended the most popular radio station on the continent. This is how history happens.

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But every action has its corresponding reaction; every oppression its ultimate recoil and vindication. The record will never be closed, until the persecuted are vindicated, and the persecutors condemned to the withering oblivion they so richly deserve.

As far back as February, 1930, the *Star* had been inspiring inquisitions against Brinkley. By April, county medical societies were calling for subscriptions of cash, "to help do our bit to crystallize sentiment in the state to the extent that we can get this man's license revoked." Do not think that Brinkley took any of this lying down. He took whole pages in neutral or opposition papers, to print documentary proof of the conspiracy, together with his outright denials and his assurances that he could not be stopped. It is hard for a decent man to realize that actual injustice can be perpetrated against himself, when he is living a life of justice to all.

The attack against the doctor's radio mouthpiece had succeeded. But his enemies intended to destroy him utterly, as a doctor, since he was a continuing menace to their incomes, because people preferred him as their doctor, to the inefficient and ineffective other doctors. The State Board of Medical Registration and Examination formally asked the Attorney General to sift through the evidence, and ask if Brinkley's license could not be revoked. At once letters and telegrams flooded the Attorney General's desk, protesting against the proposed injustice. The Attorney General notified the State Board that it would have to furnish more evidence of unethical and unlawful practices than it yet had furnished, or he could not act.

It developed that a relative of the Governor of Kansas was Brinkley's attorney, and that a relative of the Attorney General was one of his druggists. The press continued to print any ridiculous nonsense that could be held to be antagonistic to him, as this, on April 17, 1930, in the *Topeka State Journal*:

Number of years ago, Doctor Fishbein chased Doctor Brinkley around a post and out into the great open spaces. Doctor Brinkley landed in Milford.

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Of course, at the time of his arrival, Brinkley had been an A. M. A. fellow, in no possible way opposed by the A. M. A. But the public didn't know, and insensibly began to believe the untruths.

On April 20th, Brinkley took a whole page in several papers to announce, "I Defy the American Medical Association," followed by a magnificent challenge. None of his doctors could belong to the A. M. A., he announced, "Because in our institution we devote our efforts to curing patients, and not to covering up the mistakes of malpracticing members of your association." He defied the A. M. A. to come out into the open. On April 27th, the *Kansas City Journal-Post* devoted its full four-page roto-gravure section to pictures of the doctor, his family, his hospital, his surgeons, his radio station and entertainers, his satisfied patients, the new Methodist church he was giving Milford. On April 27th, he took a whole page in this paper to thank his radio audiences for their enormous vote, that had caused his station to be publicly crowned as the most popular radio station on the air.

On April 29th, the formal charges against Brinkley were filed. The charges were:

1. That he claimed to have graduated from the Tuckasegee, N. C., High School, which had no existence.
2. That he had pleaded guilty to selling liquor and maintaining a public nuisance.
3. That he had been put under bond to keep the peace, after threatening to shoot one Jesse Wilson.
4. That he had been indicted in California—(as we know well, by now).
5. That he still claims he is a graduate of the University of Pavia.
6. That his compound goat gland operation "cannot be performed in the manner described by" him; that it does not benefit; that many persons are worse off after it; and that this is a fraud and a deception upon the public.



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7. That the patients are frightened about their conditions, into signing checks for exorbitant fees and into submitting to the operation.
8. That he transplants human glands for \$5,000 into wealthy patients.
9. That, in spite of his claims of high average of success, his operation cannot be successfully performed with human or animal glands.
10. That the doctor becomes drunk and calls his patients "old fools" for coming to him in the hope that their diseases can be cured.
11. That a number of his patients have died in his hospital after his operations.
12. A general attack on his radio practices.

These were the chief charges. We know the answers to most of them already. In Kansas, a doctor is not tried before a jury. He is tried before the board that gave him the license. This board was composed of orthodox doctors. By this time, it will be no news to us that practically every orthodox doctor in the state hated him, and was prejudiced against him.

Brinkley went to a little more trouble, before this hearing. He employed a detective, who interviewed one by one every member of the State Medical Board, as to his views in the Brinkley case. Without exception, each member stated unreservedly that, regardless of the evidence Brinkley might submit, he intended to vote to revoke Brinkley's license.

As the time for the hearing approached, the *Star's* attacks became more hysterically bitter and untrue. Meanwhile Brinkley's attorneys went before the Supreme Court of Kansas, and sought to prevent the hearing being before this prejudiced board. The Supreme Court was hardly impartial in its denial of Brinkley's claim, since it went beyond the charges in purporting to express them; holding that they held that Brinkley was "an empiric without moral sense, and having acted according to the ethical standards of an imposter, the licensee has performed an organized charlatanism until he

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is capable of preying on human weakness, ignorance and credulity to an extent quite beyond the invention of the humble mountebank" . . . who was "fleecing the defective, the ailing, the gullible and the chronic medicine takers who are moved by suggestion, and is scandalizing the medical profession and exposing it to contempt and ridicule."

Now here is a real masterly user of words for us. He has taken the untrue charges against Brinkley, and twisted them into something that not even the A. M. A. could recognize as the able and capable doctor and surgeon they were fighting, merely because he was an independent, who cut into their incomes. Good Lord! "Empiric without moral sense . . . ethical standards of an imposter . . . organized charlatanism . . . preying on human weakness, ignorance, and credulity . . . fleecing the defective, the ailing, the gullible. . ." Let's be sensible a moment, Your Honor, and see what these fancy words are really talking about. You're talking about Brinkley's goat gland transplantations, which have cured, rejuvenated, and resexualized hard-headed farmers in the prime of life, chancellors of law schools, federal judges, bankers, big estate owners, editors, distinguished Chinese men and women of the wealthy class. . . You're talking about an operation that William Jennings Bryan, whose wife Brinkley had successfully prescribed for, wanted Brinkley to perform on Woodrow Wilson. Have we got that straight, now? Do all your fancy words merely mean, not at all what they say, but a great surgical discovery, of incalculable benefit to the human race, which has already succeeded in thousands of cases? If that's settled, go on with your nonsense, and deny this fair and reasonable motion. In view of the facts, which as Kansans you must have known, you talk like a pretentious ignoramus. Persecutions must come, but let us have the persecutors men of blood and guts and violence, not sleek distorters of words and truths.

But the *Star* had no criticism to make of the decision, which ordered Brinkley to be tried by the antagonistic licensing board, in much the same tone the court would have used in ordering him to stand up at dawn before a

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firing squad. They like to admit, in Kansas, that the *Star* has been responsible for the election of many of the members of the Kansas Supreme Court. They snicker a bit when they say that, when the *Star* cracks its whip, the weaklings bent their grateful knees. And the *Star* never let up its frantic fight. When Brinkley, in a sermon, quoted words attributed to Jesus Christ, the *Star* screamed out that he was quoting without acknowledgment from Papini's *Life of Christ*, and was a plagiarist, a literary thief. It called the druggists' contribution toward the expense of his station "a giant racket . . . nearly a million a year," and said deaths and illnesses resulted from his diagnoses. At the same time, the *Star* was blurbling mineral water to cure bladder trouble, patent 10-day-free-trial earpieces to make the deaf hear again, a Japanese foot remedy to cure all foot misery, Sit-i-cide to kill the itch at one application, Diotex to end stomach suffering, vitamin tablets to regain health and weight, Nurito to relieve neuritis, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, and neuralgia. Just as the trial commenced the Post Office Department, announced that it had sent two inspectors to attend the hearing, to probe into Brinkley's use of the mails. At him, on every front. . . .

The inquisition opened on July 15th. An 89-year-old witness testified he had received the prostate operation, and did not think he had been treated properly, as they had bathed him only once in six days. He said he had not lost weight from the experience. A dairyman's wife testified that, in 1919, she had been operated on without examination for appendicitis, that Brinkley had the smell of whiskey on his breath, that he cursed her, that he paced up and down the hospital halls with a gun in his hand. This was ancient history with a vengeance. In 1919, Brinkley had just built his hospital, was bowed down under sixty thousand dollars of debts, had not even announced his goat gland operation to the world. She admitted, on cross-examination, that Brinkley cursed her when she crawled along the bed and broke three stitches, against orders; and that the gun had something to do with his trying to collect his charges for the operation. She admitted that she came out of the operation in such a condition that she married and had a baby

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within a year, and now had a second child, both healthy. She admitted that she had gone to the bathroom against the doctor's orders, and that he had called her, in her hearing, a damned little imp, for that.

Two doctors testified that Brinkley's operation had harmed two patients they treated afterwards. One of them said that a Brinkley operation for bladder trouble was amateurish. Meanwhile, the President of the State Medical Board of Arkansas publicly invited Brinkley to move his hospital and radio station into Arkansas:

This is the old story of professional jealousy and oppression by organized medicine. Examination of your records shows nothing irregular in your case, and your rights in Arkansas will not be dependent on the action of any other state board. If you decide to leave Kansas, then come to Arkansas.

Evidently the A. M. A. didn't have a first mortgage on all of the United States.

Now came one of the big guns, that president of the Kansas Medical Society, who had journeyed to Washington at the expense of the society to testify against Brinkley before the Federal Radio Commission. The doctor insisted that the operation was impossible of performance, though he admitted he had never witnessed it. Brinkley's attorneys brought out that the United States Public Health Service was giving medical talks over the radios, and answering specific questions.

One of the doctors among the judging board showed his hand. Dr. M. C. Jenkins, of Pratt, Kansas, asked that the hearing be ended at once, and Brinkley's license revoked, without letting him put in any witnesses. When the others did not fall in with this sort of rough stuff, he protested against Brinkley's attorneys having a right to cross-examine anybody. But they shelved the doctor's impatience, and went ahead.

The prosecution began tossing in affidavits, of alleged disappointed patients, of their relatives, of doctors, of a former nurse at the hospital, who testified of a night when Brinkley had been so drunk and menacing that an attendant had to quiet him by rapping him over the head

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with a flat board. One patient said he had counted the Brinkley goats daily; that their number remained the same; that he wondered if goats were used at all. His mathematical credentials were not presented to the board. Brinkley's attorneys objected vigorously to mere affidavits, which gave them no chance to cross-examine. The judging board didn't pay any attention to Brinkley's attorneys' objections. Two more patients, one of whom testified that he could still kick six inches higher than his head, and that his wife had left him after a cash settlement six months after the Brinkley operation.

The North Carolina witnesses in favor of Brinkley were permitted to testify, so that they could return to their homes. An affidavit from the Mayor of Sylva, North Carolina, said that Brinkley had been a brilliant high school student, and that the school he attended was ranked highly by the other schools of the state. Other Carolina affidavits established the same thing. Professor Robert L. Madison, who had been one of Brinkley's teachers in the Tuckasiegee High School, testified to the boy's exceptional ability and promise, the range of his thought, the scope of his knowledge, the excellence of his character. V. V. Hooper, who had been one of Brinkley's classmates, and was now a contractor at Sylva, went into Brinkley's education and school life as fully. Julius H. Painter, one of the beloved Carolina teachers, told of seeing Brinkley in school every day, and said he knew that Brinkley had completed high school. The reason the Tuckasiegee High School was not now in existence, the witnesses said, was that it had been turned into a church. Painter told, moreover, how Brinkley's father had been a reputable doctor.

With this Brinkley inning ended, the prosecution went back at it. One doctor said a dying patient had attributed his demise to a Brinkley \$3.50 radio prescription. The hearing was being held in a poorly ventilated hotel room, with the temperature over one hundred. Newspapers began to grow caustic on the ability of these damaged Brinkley patients to stand the stuffy torture of the trial room. One doctor, from Manhattan, Kansas, testified that he had seen the operation; that Brinkley came out of the operating room twirling a gun, and said he had

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to be always prepared; that he did not regard the gland operation as possible of success.

Two doctors of the Mayo staff submitted affidavits saying that, in their opinion, gland transplantation was still in the experimental stage. The chief surgeon at Johns Hopkins sent in an affidavit that Brinkley's description of his four-phase compound operation established that the operation was not possible. An affidavit was read from Dr. H. Lyons Hunt, of New York, who praised gland transplantation, but held that, in his opinion, Brinkley was unethical.

With this, the prosecution ended. Five Brinkley patients went on the stand, the first day given to the defense, and swore they had had the four-phase compound operation, and that it had benefitted them in every way: that they felt as good as they had twelve or fifteen years before. Nine more appeared the next day. An Arkansas postmaster testified that he had shipped Brinkley at least twenty goats weekly since 1926; altogether from a thousand to two thousand goats. A dozen impressive character witnesses for Brinkley appeared, including the Tell Me a Story Lady over KFKB, the wife of the local bank cashier, who said he was a lawful and industrious surgeon, the town's chief benefactor, always doing charitable work; the cashier himself, who gave Brinkley the highest recommendation, saying that he had never seen him take a drink or even slightly under the influence of liquor; a friend of Brinkley's ex-nurse, who said this woman had sworn her testimony did not truthfully quote her; the township poor commissioner; the commissioner of Geary County; a leading banker, merchant, farmer and stockman. Brinkley's lawyers quoted eminent orthodox surgical authorities, to prove that gland transplantation was possible. Brinkley announced that his Medical Question Box would be discontinued, no matter how the trial ended.

The distinguished Dr. E. M. Perdue took the stand, and testified that such gland transplantations as Brinkley's were entirely possible, and were done by eminent surgeons. He told how he had introduced Brinkley to

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the authorities of the University of Pavia, where he had earned a diploma; insisted that the Eclectic Medical University, from which Brinkley graduated, had never been a diploma mill. A former nurse at the hospital, who had been there when the complainant's ex-nurse was there, appeared in person, and told more about the alleged disorderly conduct of Brinkley. She said that the ex-nurse had married one of the gland patients. She denied that Brinkley had ever been unethical or drunk at the time, and said she would have known it if he had been. And more and more satisfied patients all the time, all full of absolute trust in the Milford healer.

John R. Brinkley took the stand. Gland transplantation was no doubt in the experimental stage, for the doctors who so testified, said Brinkley. It had passed that stage, with him. Gland transplantation, he said, was a boon to humanity. He had never advertised the operation as a means to sex rejuvenation, but as aids to general health. He never takes a drink in the United States, he swore; in Canada and Europe, he does. He had not been intoxicated for many, many years. He did not allow any of his employees to drink. He had never used obscene language over the radio. His advertising methods were ethical: they had been forced on him, when the profession had turned down his important work on gland transplantation. He told how the University of Pavia was forced to cancel the diploma he had earned there. He established that prescribing over the radio was an evolutionary process. He told how he had gone to Los Angeles at the invitation of Harry Chandler, owner of the *Times*, and had performed his operation on seven members of the *Times* staff.

"But one of them died!" shouted out A. B. McDonald, from the press table.—Please recall that this was supposed to be a judicial hearing, and that Brinkley was a witness testifying under oath on the stand. McDonald, the *Star's* ferret, had previously enlivened the hearing by calling Brinkley's chief counsel, an ex-Attorney General of Kansas, a "rotten grafter", and had been called "a dirty crook" and more promptly.

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No one paid any attention to this grossly improper interruption. Brinkley proceeded quietly to say that one of these men had died, three or four months later, from a hernia operation—not performed by him, he made it clear. Casually Brinkley turned to forty-two death certificates introduced by the prosecution from Geary County, said to have been signed by Brinkley. A dozen or more, he said, were of people who had not been to the hospital at all. In ten or twelve years, he had handled thousands of cases, and there had only been this small number of deaths. Brinkley said he stood by every statement in his pamphlets advertising the hospital; and that neither they, nor any word of his, had ever promised an absolute cure, in a single case. As to the incident of the night an affidavit had accused him of being drunk and disorderly, so that he had to be quieted by a blow across the head from flat plank, quietly Dr. Brinkley denied the intoxication, the threats, the bad language, the board. That night, he said, he had been suffering intensely from an abscessed tooth, and there had been a family disagreement: that was all.

One by one he took up every aspect of the tissue of flimsy charges, and coolly, calmly, collectedly answered them, with facts, instead of rumors. His lawyer announced that they intended to put on at least ten satisfied patients, for every one who claimed to be dissatisfied that the prosecution had put on. Whereupon the inquisition board announced that it would hear no more satisfied patients. It had heard forty, and that was forty more than it had desired to hear. Abruptly it denied him the right to introduce any more evidence along this line.

The *Star* had published and played up everything said against Brinkley. It no doubt followed its own newspaper ethics when it could not find space for a word that had been said in his favor. When members of the audience, hostile, neutral, or friendly to Brinkley, went out from a day's hearing and read the *Star's* account of it, they were mystified: could this bitter and unfair account refer to the same hearing that they had just been attend-



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ing? The discrepancies between the actual hearings and the *Star's* accounts of them slowly turned popular sympathy back toward Brinkley, he began to notice. The people slowly figured, if the *Star* distorted and twisted so openly things they knew about, how could they be sure any of the *Star's* charges were true?

Well, at least Brinkley had been allowed to put on forty witnesses, many of them patients who had been to the Mayo clinic, Johns Hopkins, and other places of similar standing, and had not been benefited there: while Brinkley, all swore, had cured them. This answered the whispered charge that Brinkley did not accept cases of real prostate trouble, but merely faked the credulous into believing that they had this trouble. Of course, Brinkley's whole career, as for instance his many successful operations in California, completely annihilated this charge.

They had made out a case that, at first glance, looked horrendous enough against Brinkley. They had introduced one witness who swore that Mrs. Brinkley had gone to the rooms of the patients at two o'clock in the morning, with a hooded face, and had frightened them into paying over the money to the Brinkleys. This weird fairy story died of inanition. The *Star* had charged that Brinkley did not allow his patients to associate with each other. The patients testified they roomed together and ate together; that they took the names and addresses of each other; that the things said about Mrs. Brinkley were abominable lies; that she was like a mother to each of them; that every dollar they paid in was their own free act and deed—that they had not been coerced into anything; that the operation was worth ten times what it cost them, and had benefited them inexpressibly. And Brinkley had three hundred more witnesses waiting in the hotel, ready to testify, when arbitrarily the board announced that it would hear no more of his satisfied witnesses.

Meanwhile, Brinkley invited the Post Office inspectors to go through his hospital files, the correspondence from and to his patients, and read them all. He hid nothing

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from them; for he had nothing to hide. Brinkley was told that the *Star* had inspired this postoffice visitation; it seemed reasonable. They came to him, finally, and asked if they could witness the operation. He took them right into the operating room, and demonstrated the whole thing to them. They sat through the entire inquisition, and took no action against him. They let him know that they had decided that he was treating his patients by a method that was not approved by the doctors, though it apparently was curing and satisfying his patients. They said that the department could not prescribe what manner of treatment a doctor should use, to cure his patients: they were not judges between rival schools of medicine.

Even during the inquisition, the unending warfare did not let up. Since Brinkley's hospital was an accredited one, the United States government allowed the Brinkleys to use alcohol tax-free. Over a number of years, the Brinkley alcohol records had not been inspected. Suddenly an alcohol inspection was announced. Brinkley was told that the *Star* was instrumental in having this done. During this period of some years, through careless failure of nurses to show withdrawals, through errors in measurement, and through spilling and evaporation, the actual amount of alcohol on hand was eight gallons short of what the record showed. Mrs. Brinkley was notified that her alcohol permit had been taken from her, and she was threatened with indictment and arrest for the illegal disposal of eight gallons of alcohol. Brinkley was told that the *Star* was instrumental in having this done.

Brinkley acted swiftly. He appealed to his congressman. This official laid the matter before the proper authorities in Washington, who were not under the control and dominance of the *Star*. Mrs. Brinkley's license was restored to her, and she was completely vindicated. There were rumors that someone had lost his job, over this bit of petty spite persecution.

### 4

Brinkley saw that the case was about over. He had demolished the charges. He had proved the existence of

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the Tuckasiegee High School, and his graduation from it. The evidence had not gone into the indictment for selling liquor, in which he had taken the blame for Mrs. Brinkley's charitable favor to a dentist, so long ago. The evidence had not gone into the alleged bond to keep the peace, at all. He had amply swept away all hint of blame on his part, for the California conspiracy against him. He had established both that he was a qualified graduate of the University of Pavia, and that he had not used this claim after the university was forced to cancel his diploma. The evidence had established that the patients were not forced into signing checks, exorbitant or otherwise, nor were they frightened into the operations. No evidence had come in about human glands—although he would have admitted that, experimentally, he had made such transplantations. He had amply proved that he did not even use intoxicating liquor in the United States, nor call his patients old fools for coming to him. He had shown that a far smaller number of deaths resulted from the operations and his hospital treatments than other hospitals in the United States. The radio activities had been only slightly called into question, and he had emerged triumphant in these matters.

That left only the sixth and ninth charges: that his operation could not be performed, did not benefit, made patients worse, and was a fraud and a deception upon the public; and that his operation could not be successfully performed with human or animal glands.

He had amply proved that it could be performed, that it did benefit, that it did not make his patients worse. Even prosecution witnesses, like Dr. Hunt, had established that gland transplantation was a reality, and not a fraud or a deception upon the public, though they disapproved of Brinkley's ideas of ethics. The whole case had really crumbled. Yet, if they gave judgment against him—and his detective had told him that each member of the inquisitorial board had said he intended to—it would be on this ground that they gave the adverse decision. And Brinkley had, by now, a magnificent sense of

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the value of publicity: he knew how valuable it was for him to have the public with him, and not against him.

And so he played his ace of trumps.

They charged that he was not really a surgeon, but a diploma mill graduate; that he could not perform an operation; that the operation he described could not be performed by anyone. Ridiculous as all this was, when denied by his whole professional career, he decided that this ought to be answered publicly. When the evidence, such as they did not arbitrarily exclude, was all in, Brinkley rose quietly as ever, and invited the seven members of the State Medical Board to come to Milford, and with their own eyes see him operate.

This was utterly unexpected. It was a blow to the prosecution right over the solar plexus.

If the doctors refused to accept the invitation, they would show the public their prejudice against Brinkley, their unwillingness to be shown, their decision to decide against him, no matter what the facts were. If they accepted, they must have known that the last charge against him would be wiped out completely.

But they had to accept; and they did. On September 15, 1930, in his hospital at Milford, Brinkley operated on two men; not only before the members of the State Medical Board, but before the chief surgeons of the University of Kansas, certain teachers and professors from there, certain newspaper reporters, and others. For all that his professional career in Kansas hung on his success or failure, he took it as casually as a clinic he was demonstrating before a class of medical students. He lectured as he operated, demonstrating each point of the proceedings and of his superb technique to them.

One patient was from Nebraska, the son of a man Brinkley had operated on successfully two years before. The watchers were first allowed to see the glands prepared from two male kids. They saw the first operation consummated swiftly and without any pain; and the second one, in a case full of complications, requiring forty-five minutes of the highest surgical skill and deftness for its accomplishment, with the patient obviously

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uncomfortable. One of the visiting surgeons praised Brinkley's work to the skies, and said that he had seen the best surgeons in the country perform, and had never seen one who showed such surgical aptitude or ability.

Not one member of the board had a single comment to make. Brinkley's eyes flash, when he tells this stage of the fight. "They walked out, their heads hung in shame, with their tails between their legs like whipped curs. If they had spoken, they would have been bound to admit to the reporters that I was a master surgeon, with the greatest surgical skill of any man they had ever seen handle a knife; that I performed my operation exactly as I had prescribed, which they had all said could not be done by any man. Instead, they had nothing to say."

They went back to Topeka, held an executive session, and revoked the license of Dr. John R. Brinkley.

### 5

Was this a trial, or a persecution? The evidence against Brinkley had been almost exclusively affidavits, with no chance for his attorneys to cross-examine the affiants, and establish their mis-statements. One affidavit-giver had explained that her testimony had been twisted in her affidavit, to state things she had not meant, and that were not true. The evidence for Brinkley, such as the board had permitted to be introduced, had been almost entirely by testimony on oath, with ample chance for cross-examination. The tribunal (as in the ill-advised and revelatory proposal of Dr. Jenkins, before the prosecution had concluded, that they might as well stop right there, and revoke Brinkley's license; and that in any case they ought to forbid his attorneys to cross-examine witnesses against him) had shown a flagrant ignorance of and disregard of the laws of evidence throughout; of any idea of proper court procedure; and of any attempt to show fairness to the accused doctor. One by one he had disproved every charge against him, climaxing his gallant fight by the brilliant surgical display, in which before the very biased eyes of his accusers-judges he had done what they said no man could do, precisely as he

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had described the way he would do it. There was absolutely no case against him left. In spite of this, as they had said in advance they had made up their minds to do, they proceeded to revoke his license.

The courts had decided, time after time, that the right to practice medicine was a valuable property right, which could not be taken away without due process of law. In this case, there was only undue process of injustice. If there ever was a case which cried aloud for reversal on appeal, this was it. But the courts of Kansas and the United States were deaf to this man, who had been picked out and marked for slaughter by the organized allopathic doctors' trust, the aptly named medical octopus.

It was not a trial: it was a persecution.

Kansas and the surrounding states had watched every stage of the protracted inquisition with keen intent eyes. They had once been wild admirers of Brinkley, the most popular doctor in America, the most popular radio attraction on the air. The newspaper barrage of lies and misrepresentations had turned them momentarily against him. And, then, they had compared his bearing on the stand with the bearing of the opposite side. They had noted the discrepancies between the *Star's* account of the proceedings, and what they had themselves seen and heard. They had noted the discrepancies between the *Star's* account of the proceedings, and the accounts in papers either neutral, or inclined to be willing to give Brinkley a fair chance. The delays had given their hot-housed anti-Brinkley passions a chance to cool down. The very bitterness of the attack had overshot its mark, and had been instrumental in swinging popular sympathy back toward Brinkley.

The verdict, especially right on the heels of the wide publicity attendant on Brinkley's successful operations on the two patients in his hospital, in the presence of the State Medical Board and even more distinguished observers, was utterly unexpected. The public mind had been ready for an acquittal, as a natural result of the brilliant and successful defense. The people had seen every stage of the fight, except the hidden conferences no outsider had been permitted to attend, and had made

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up their mind that Brinkley had licked the other fellows to a frazzle. And then, this verdict. . . .

They felt as outraged at it as the spectators at a boxing match, when they see a biased or dishonest referee give the decision to the man who has been clearly out-pointed. Boos and jeers and catcalls and flying pop-bottles are only the smallest part of the public disapproval, in such a case. This was what happened in Kansas, when the State Medical Board, contrary to the overpowering weight of the evidence, and even after Brinkley's two magnificent operations before them, revoked his license.

Brinkley was told that the *Star* had twenty-five thousand cancellations of subscriptions in one week. It was reported from many parts of the state that outraged individuals had disfigured the offices of the offending doctors with paint.

The tide had turned.

JOHN R. BRINKLEY, GOVERNOR  
OF KANSAS

## 1

THIS happened less than four years ago. Very few of the seven then members of the State Medical Board of Kansas are still alive. Dr. Jenkins, who had been so urgent in insisting on a premature revocation, before any of Brinkley's evidence had been heard, was instantly killed, and horribly mangled, limb from limb, by a railroad train. Dr. Hissem, another member, died, it was said, from a broken heart, following the death of his only son, a prominent Wichita surgeon, whose automobile ran into a cement bridge. Dr. Ross, another member, lost his wife soon after the revocation of Brinkley's license. Brinkley was told that he lost his mind from grieving over this loss, and, some said, over his injustice to Brinkley; that neighbors found him walking around dressed in his wife's clothes, and had to take care of him. Dr. Ewing, another member, was reported to have lost most of his practice and many of his friends, because of his activity against Brinkley. Fred Trigg, chief political henchman of the *Star* and a bitter opponent of Brinkley's, is already dead. Many more who were in the fight against the Milford doctor in this short interval have lost everything they had, or their health, or have died.

Do not think that Brinkley did not observe all this, with a sad serene relish. He is a philosopher, as well as so much else; and he is a devout believer in divine justice. The scales have swung back to justice in these instances, he believes. He believes that the future of all his persecutors still left untouched will be very unhappy, because of the unjust and unrighteous thing they did against him; that their days in this world will be brief, and shortened by what they did.

We need not believe in an external deity or providence.



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to see how inevitable such happenings must be. On earth, here and now, the weight of popular disapproval against such injustice, coupled with the eternal gnawing uneasiness of the consciences of those responsible for the injustice, together tend to bring the persecutors to the same bleak end, quite as promptly and efficaciously as any external providence could act.

Brinkley, the devout believer, has noticed, with a queer inner satisfaction, that no individual, no group, no organization, that has ever fought against him, has failed to meet with disaster. He is convinced that he was placed in this world for a definite purpose, by a divine power, a power greater than any man or any group of men; that he has had to endure and is enduring a persecution for a definite end in this divine plan; and that, when the proper time comes, no earthly force can stop him. He sees, too, that this intense conviction within him contributes to his strength and force of character in carrying on, no matter how overwhelming the odds against him seem.

We can trace, in this simple and lovely old faith, the sort of religion that lived in his father, Doctor John of the Great Smokies, when he said that only a good Christian should be a doctor; and that preachers and doctors were called of God to their earthly missions. Brinkley is definitely a mystic, as well as a brilliant surgeon and a hard-headed business man. The combination is irresistible.

### 2

The people of Kansas wrote at once to Brinkley, telling him by the thousands their indignation at the injustice of what had happened to him. This encouraged him somewhat, in spite of the bleak outcome of the unfair persecution. These letters were food for the baffled and disheartened healer. Their tenor was often the same: "We want to show the world what the people of Kansas really think of Doctor and Mrs. Brinkley; that it's not at all the opinion expressed by the State Medical Board and the Federal Radio Commission. We want the world to know that the people of Kansas regard Doctor and Mrs. Brinkley as her first citizens. We want to prove it

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to the world, Doctor, by electing you governor! Mrs. Brinkley and yourself have been persecuted, have been denied the right of free speech, the right to practice your chosen profession, and heal our sufferings. We, the people of the great state of Kansas, resent such treatment. Let us elect you governor!"

Brinkley laughed sadly, when the first of these letters came. He was more impressed, when a thousand had arrived, all urging the same thing.

But the thing was impossible, even mechanically. Several lawyers, who were enthusiastic for this public vindication, nevertheless shook their heads, at mention of its feasibility. In order for a candidate for a state office to have his name printed on the ballot, in Kansas, it was necessary for his name to be filed with the proper authorities before June 20th of the year of the election. Brinkley's medical license had been revoked September 17, 1930. The election was in November of the same year. No, it was too late, no doubt of that.

Brinkley shook his head mournfully. They were really his friends, these people he loved so, these people he had done so incalculably much for. Many of them, increasingly as the trial had progressed, had been working for him openly. Their efforts had failed. They had appeared before the radio commission, and had urged their congressmen and senators to do something to save the man they all swore by. Thousands of petitions had been sent to Washington, containing the bitter protests of the people of Kansas against the injustice. But all had been in vain. They had fought for him as vigorously, the faithful few and the constant new converts, to prevent what the State Medical Board had done to him. But all had been in vain.

When the letters urging him to run for governor continued to pile up, he talked the matter over again with his wife. He had found out that it was possible for any citizen's name to be written in on a ballot; that the intention of the voter would rule, as to whom he was voting for, and how the vote was to be counted; and that, if a citizen received enough votes from names so written in, he would be elected. But it was all too fantastic;

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he had never heard of anyone being elected to a state office, whose name was not even on the ballot.

And that was not all. The eyes of the Brinkleys were opened, rather cynically, to what a life in the spotlight of hostile publicity meant: and running for office would be an extreme case of that. A candidate for a political office was always smeared with dirt and filth, lies and innuendo. Brinkley had had his bath in this sort of filth already, thank you; he did not want any more of it. He and his wife had suffered so much persecution at the hands of the doctors and the *Kansas City Star*, had lost everything they had, their radio, even the doctor's right to practice the profession God had called him to, that their hearts were torn and bleeding from it all. They could not face any more of the lying filth. Election six weeks away, his name not on the ballot. . . . It was impossible.

There was at this time, an epidemic of infantile paralysis covering Kansas. Almost every town had its quota of cases. At least, he and his wife still had Johnny Boy; they clung to him more closely, if possible, the more other things were taken from them. The boy's life and health must be preserved, at all hazards. They were keeping the precious youngster in their private grounds at Milford, and not allowing him to associate with anyone. Dr. Brinkley believed that the disease was carried by wind and dust. It was best to get the boy out of the danger zone, at once. Moreover, this would give his wife and himself a chance to get off some place by themselves, and think over the clouded future.

If they travelled by automobile, of course they would be a target for newspaper publicity in every town they stopped at. And they did not even want favorable publicity, the way they were feeling. Not for a little while, anyway.—Governor of Kansas: what an answer that would be to all the yapping curs, now, if only it had been started in time! No, it was impossible. . . . No, they mustn't go by automobile; they would be trailed by reporters everywhere they went, surrounded by them everywhere they stopped.

When their little son came, they had agreed that they would never use an airplane, because of its danger, so long as heavier-than-air flying was in such an experi-

## Governor of Kansas

mental stage. But this was a special emergency. Brinkley knew that there were some cabin planes that were comparatively safe. He called up the airport in Wichita, and asked if they had a cabin plane and a capable pilot that could come to his home in Milford, and pick up his family and himself, and take them to Little Rock, where Mrs. Brinkley had relatives.

In an hour's time, G. A. McDonald, a pilot flying the *Romancer*, landed on the Brinkley grounds. This was the airship that Lindbergh had used in Mexico, at the time he courted and won Anne Morrow; the ship in which he had taught his young wife to fly; the ship which had lost a wheel in the air, causing Lindbergh to make a dangerous forced landing with her. And this was the ship that the three Brinkleys used to fly to Little Rock in. They were so delighted with the comfort, speed and safety of the ship, and the ability of the pilot, that they promised him to get a cabin plane of their own, if he would fly it for them. They have been flying ever since. The first cabin plane was soon replaced by a Lockheed Orion, capable of two hundred and forty miles an hour—and at the time of its purchase the fastest commercial airship in the world. Doctor Brinkley now does his flying in a ten-passenger Lockheed Electra. The luxurious interior of the Brinkley plane was designed especially for the need and comfort of the Brinkley family.

When they landed at the Little Rock airport, there was the inevitable prying reporter on hand, who wanted to know just what they were doing down here, and a lot of other personal questions. He knew that Brinkley had an Arkansas license; that he had been formally invited to use Arkansas as a haven to practice in, if Kansas turned him down; and he assumed that the doctor had come down to resume his medical practice in the state.

Brinkley, in his state of weary discouragement, had no such idea whatever.

The reporter persisted, as is the habit of reporters. "But now, Dr. Brinkley, you have lost your radio license, and your license to practice medicine, and you can't do business in Kansas; so what are you going to do?"

The answer flashed to Brinkley's lips, without conscious thought. His mind was a swift confused jumble

## *The Life of a Man*

of the urgent pleas of his thousands of friends that he run for governor. He realized what an answer this would be to his persecutors—even if the necessary tardiness in filing his name made it impossible. He had to say something, to get the reporter out of his room, so that he could be left alone with his thoughts. The answer fairly shaped itself on his lips, and came out as swiftly: "I'm going back to Kansas, and run as an independent for governor."

The reporter snapped to his feet, eyes wide with delight. This *was* a scoop! Grabbing his hat, he did not even stop to say goodbye; he only shouted, "*That's* news!" to punctuate his unceremonious departure.

I've put my foot in it now, Brinkley groaned to himself. But probably the story would only be a local one, and the statement would never in the world find its way back to Kansas. And he had at least gotten rid of the troublesome reporter.

The hope was in vain. In less than two hours, the telephone rang excitedly. It was Brinkley's private secretary, back in Milford, calling for his room. "Dr. Brinkley, are you drunk, or crazy? They say you've consented to run for governor—"

"I have," a little note of jubilation creeping into his voice. At least, it would be doing something definite; and anything was better than moping over the injustice that had been done him.

"Well, I think you *are* crazy!"

But he knew that the secretary didn't mean it.

When he arrived, on the return trip, to the Wichita airport, the field was packed with admiring friends, newspaper reporters, photographers. When he and his wife went to the Broadview Hotel, the admiring manager assigned them to the governor's suite. They were kept up all night by photographers, reporters, friends, with their thousands of questions.

### 3

Election day was five weeks off. Brinkley had prepared no campaign; he let the campaign make itself. He came out promptly with a platform, that hit two-fistedly against many of the evils that were paralyzing the social progress of the state. He favored preference,

## Governor of Kansas

in Kansas contracts, to Kansas citizens and laborers. He spoke strongly on the side of labor, as against the oppressive employers. He promised for the poor of the state the purest and best medicines absolutely free to those who could not afford to pay for them, and at cost to others; and the best medical and surgical attention to the poor, as well. He favored free school books, lower taxes, artificial lakes for every county in the state, old age pensions; he opposed A. M. A. medical monopoly and corporation farming. On every issue, he sided with the people, and against the vested interests.

And people knew he meant what he said.

He covered the state in the winged *Romancer*, booming out his slogan, "Clean out, clean up, and keep clean." Kansas needed it, and the Kansas public knew that Kansas needed it. The Hoover depression, the swelling cohorts of the unemployed, the over-expensive, over-complicated state machinery, an unofficial tax on the incomes of office-holders to sinew financially a political machine, these things cried aloud for a man to end them: and Brinkley was such a man.

The crowds that turned out to see him, to hear him, to cheer him, to roar their support at him, were so enormous, that there was not a building in any place he touched that would hold them. It was necessary to use vacant fields outside the towns and cities. One Sunday, he spoke to a crowd in a six hundred acre field, ten miles out of Wichita; and that's a large outdoor auditorium, even for Kansas. This was said to be the largest gathering of people ever held in Kansas; more than fifty-two thousand people were gathered in that one field. The roads in every direction, for a distance of fifty miles, were blocked with automobilists, trying to get to hear Brinkley. When he spoke finally in the immense auditorium in Wichita, the building was jammed, and the streets for blocks around were packed with roaring supporters, who could not squeeze into the building in any way.

One day, Brinkley asked his friends to come and see him in Milford. He had 20,000 visitors, that day.

The Kansas City *Star* predicted acidly that he would never get ten thousand votes. The politicians all started

## *The Life of a Man*

by snickering at his last minute campaign. But they began to get disquieting news from all corners of the state. A hostile paper in Arkansas City reported a census of twenty voters, nineteen of whom were for Brinkley. The papers began to speak fearsomely of the possibility of a sizable Brinkley vote, while still saying that the State Medical Board inquisition had "brought to light shockingly irregular practices" on his part. There was no one to correct them that the only thing irregular about Brinkley's practices was that he cured, instead of killing in the approved A. M. A. ratio. The papers were upset by his whole method of campaigning:

He poses as a martyr, and his followers compare him to Moses and Christ. Coming down out of the clouds in his airplane, Brinkley gave a semi-religious address, sprinkled with promises of reforms he would inaugurate if elected governor. Did the crowd swallow the bait, hook, line and sinker? How big a vote will Brinkley poll? How many who attempt to write in Brinkley's name will spoil their ballots? . . . We dunno.

This from the Winfield *Daily Courier*. The *Star* began to admit the size of his possible vote haunted leaders of both parties. "The quack's vote grows," it purred acidly ahead. "Early estimates of 30,000 for the Milford independent may be exceeded." Both parties were afraid to fight him, for fear that he would throw his support to the other: so, at least, the *Star* read it. Two days before the election, the Kansas City *Journal-Post* predicted it would be the Republican, Haucke, or Brinkley.

All this meant more than appeared on its surface. About a week before the election, the politicians woke up to the fact that Brinkley had the governorship won. The bitter *Star*, the aghast doctors, were frantic. Brinkley must be stopped. But there was no legal way to do it. What could they do, in an emergency like this—the fear that the voters of an American state would actually, for once, be allowed to name their own choice, instead of a candidate hand-picked by the political gangs?

William A. Smith was Attorney General of Kansas. Bill Smith was what people called him, when they didn't call him by less flattering names. He was one of the



THE ORION, LOCKHEED MONOPLANE, "DOCTOR BRINKLEY, III"





## Governor of Kansas

*Star's* trusty henchmen, colleagued with all the politicians. They came to Bill Smith, and told him he must stop Brinkley. So it was reported, to the candidate from Milford.

The Kansas law specifically states that the "intent" of the voter must be counted. Two or three days before the election, Bill Smith announced a ruling that only such ballots as had the name "J. R. Brinkley," with a capital "J," a period between the "J" and the "R," and a capital "R," would be counted; that all ballots written Brinkley, Doctor Brinkley, Mr. Brinkley, J. Brinkley, J. R. Brinke, M. D., and so on, would be thrown out. This ruling was sent to the election boards just before November 2nd. It was impossible for Brinkley to get word of this to the voters of the state.

And yet, the people were so intent on electing Brinkley governor, that in German, Swedish, and Bohemian neighborhoods, where old timers did not read or write English, schools of instruction were hurriedly opened, teaching these people how to write the name "J. R. Brinkley" in the approved way, now that the actual law of Kansas had been thrown overboard by the politicians. Speakers from these and other nationalities were appearing throughout the state over radio stations, urging all their listeners in their own tongues to vote for Brinkley.

Election day, November 4th. . . . Here's the *Wichita Beacon* out with its first election extra:

### BRINKLEY SWEEPING WICHITA

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Milford Candidate Is 2 to 1 Over Haucke;  
Woodring Runs Third

When the votes were all in, John R. Brinkley had been elected governor of Kansas. He received a vote of some 239,000. Harry Woodring, the Democratic candidate, received some 216,000 votes. Frank Haucke, the Republican, came third, with some 214,000 votes.

Now, was the Milford healer vindicated, and his persecutors rebuked!

## *The Life of a Man*

### 4

It is a pity that the story cannot be stopped there, with that fact, which history must forever recognize. But, in America, being elected governor is not enough. That fact must be attested by certain state authorities, and the result properly announced, before it is legally an election.

The announcement presently went forth that Harry Woodring, Democrat, was elected, with some 216,000 votes; that Frank Haucke, Republican, was second, with some 214,000 votes; and that John R. Brinkley, Independent, was third, with 183,000 votes. This number of Brinkley ballots admittedly had the name "J. R. Brinkley" written in, as per Attorney General Bill Smith's private revision of the laws of Kansas. 56,000 Brinkley votes had the name written in differently, according to the admitted figures. These were thrown out.

The *Kansas City Journal-Post* editorialized promptly on the matter:

If no recount is made, there are many Kansans— at least 180,000 of them—who will never be convinced that John R. Brinkley, Milford "goat gland specialist," was not elected governor of the state.

Though the courts have held that the intent of the voter takes precedence over rules, there was a great deal of confusion among the precinct judges and clerks as to how strict they should be regarding the marking of the ballots by Brinkley voters. There ~~must~~ have been a good many of them thrown out. . . .

One thing is certain: If Brinkley's name had been on the ballot, he would be the next governor of Kansas.

Bill Smith, for his energy and acumen, was promoted to the Supreme Court of Kansas, where he sits today. What I have written above about a man earning his own future, happy or unhappy, brief or long, on earth,

## *Governor of Kansas*

would seem to be highly relevant in *your* case, Your honor; unless you have something to say in rebuttal . . .

The people of Kansas were thunderstruck at this outright illegal political chicanery and trickery, which had robbed them of the governor they had elected. They all assured Brinkley that, in 1932, when his name was printed on the ballot, he would be overwhelmingly elected governor.

Meanwhile, the election was laid away in mothballs, and the Brinkleys had no business left in Milford. No radio station, no right to practice medicine, no seat in the governor's mansion . . . Brinkley was forced to borrow money on his life insurance policies, to keep going. His appeal against the ruling of the Federal Radio Commission was still pending before the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia. What was he to do next?

He had become a national figure, by now. He had built his business, in the end, upon radio advertising, though with a higher grade of ethics than other stations employed; since he permitted no mention of price, and no solicitation of business for his hospital or himself. Without a radio, he would be greatly handicapped in finding new patients.

It was true that he had several thousand satisfied patients, and that each of these was a booster. Yet they were largely helpless to aid Brinkley, until he had located the prospect, and referred this prospect to other cured patients, who could recommend the doctor and urge the prospect to come to Brinkley for diagnosis and assistance. But first of all he had to find the new prospect; and it was for this that he needed the radio.

Well, if the United States was locked against him, there was still Mexico. He had once been invited to practice in the hospitable southern land, at Ensenada; he had in fact spent a summer practicing there. And so now he and Mrs. Brinkley proceeded to Mexico City, and conferred with the radio officials in the republic to the south of us. Brinkley said that he wanted a permit to build a station in Mexico. After considering all the pos-

## *The Life of a Man*

sible locations, he decided on Villa Acuna, across the sluggish Rio Grande from the friendly little town of Del Rio, in Val Verde County, Texas. He told in full detail, backing it up with ample documents and clippings, of his persecution in the United States.

The Mexican officials were quick to assure him that he would not be persecuted in Mexico. They had recently gone through a revolution of their own; had had much persecution; and so they gave an ear wholly sympathetic to Brinkley.

But the Mexican officials had not counted on the pressure that would be brought to bear on them by the American enemies of Brinkley, and by the American government itself. The effective control of the A. M. A. over the national government is still largely unsuspected by laymen. They did not sleep, while he was working.

First of all, the Brinkleys had to have money, to build the station in Mexico. This had to be a very powerful station, in order to reach the wide Brinkley audiences in the United States and Canada. At this point in the planning, Busboom and Rauh, contractors, of Salina, Kansas, who had constructed the various Brinkley buildings in Milford, had sufficient faith in Brinkley to go to Mexico, and build a thirty thousand dollar building to house his transmitter; and, best of all, to build this entirely on credit. These good men had faith in Brinkley, and believed that he would make good. They put thirty thousand dollars of their own money into the Mexican venture. If Brinkley had failed, this would have been a total loss to them.

W. E. Branch, of the Radio Engineering Laboratories at Fort Worth, Texas, was a man who felt he had suffered irretrievable loss through members of the American Medical Association. He believed that the doctors had killed his wife, leaving him with three little orphan babies. He was so bitter at this, that he hated the American Medical Association with an undying hatred. He too had faith and confidence in Brinkley. He put up a \$175,000 transmitter in the Brinkley radio station in

## *Governor of Kansas*

Mexico, on credit. This too would have meant a total loss to him, if Brinkley had failed to make good.

On February 2, 1931, the Federal Court of Appeals ruled against Brinkley, as indicated above, saying that it could not disturb the holding of the commission, that it was not in the interest of the public for a doctor to give advice over the radio. To cap this, the Federal Radio Commission announced that it would not permit Brinkley to sell his station, even though he was able to produce a bona fide purchaser. The Farmers and Bankers Life Insurance Company, of Wichita, were anxious to have KFKB as a radio house organ, and offered Brinkley ninety thousand dollars for it—and even this was scarcely one-third of its value.

The *Star* and the doctors, knowing that this was the only property in Milford that Brinkley could find a purchaser for, were reported to Brinkley to have had some sort of hand in this decision of a majority of three to two on the commission, which forbade the sale. It was commonly believed that this refusal would bankrupt Brinkley, and put him permanently out of business.

Thereupon Charles Curtis, the Vice-President of the United States, went to Hoover, and talked turkey to him. He said that the refusal to allow Brinkley to sell the station was plain confiscation of property, without due process of law. He reminded Hoover that Kansas was the home state of Curtis, and was thoroughly aroused over the matter. He told the president that unless he directed his radio commission to reverse itself and permit this sale, it would make Brinkley a martyr throughout the country, as he already was in Kansas. One result would be that Hoover would not get a handful of votes in the state when he came up for re-election in 1932. It might even make Brinkley a dangerous independent candidate for the presidency of the United States.

This was the sort of talk that Hoover could understand. The weak spot of any astute politician is votes. In those bleak 1931 days of the Hoover depression, the

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prospect of losing even a single vote looked like an invitation to political suicide, to the inscrutable British promoter who sat in the White House. Out of it all, the radio commission announced that Brinkley could sell KFKB to the insurance company, which he did. This sale was made on February 21, 1931.

On that day, Brinkley went before his microphone, and told his friends in Kansas, and everywhere, goodbye—for the present, at least. Every radio station in Kansas, and in most of the adjoining states, was tuned in for this farewell. Tears were running down the cheeks of most of his hearers, as the courageous little fighting doctor told his hearers not to grieve; that he would come back, greater than ever; and that then his voice would not be stilled.

And they knew he meant what he said, and would do it.

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

# THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE

### 1

THE money received from the sale of the radio station, together with what money Brinkley could borrow, took care of incidental expenses. And the Mexican establishment continued to grow and take form.

The enemies of Brinkley did not sleep. By May of 1931, the State Medical Board of Texas was brought to the point of announcing that it had "decided to revoke" the license of Brinkley, which he had received in 1919 by reciprocity from Arkansas. It rehashed the 1922 refusal of California to grant him a full license, the 1923 revocation in Connecticut, the 1930 Kansas revocation, the silencing of KFKB. It used the precise words of the Kansas complaint, that Brinkley's compound operation could not be performed; that it was no benefit to the patient; that it left him in worse condition than before. It referred to the charge that "fabulous fees were asked by Brinkley for compound operations, in which human glands instead of animal tissues were used."

Brinkley had proved these charges untrue, one by one, in the Kansas trial, to the satisfaction of everybody except the bitterly biased inquisitorial board of doctors, and the hostile *Star* staff. Now here they were exhumed against him, as if they were live issues, instead of corpses. The District Attorney at Dallas formally filed suit to revoke the license, in Judge Towne Young's Forty-fourth District Court.

Work in constructing the 80,000-watt station XER at Villa Acuna had already commenced. When it was discovered that a Mexican law forbade a foreign physician from practicing within sixty leagues of the border, immediately Texas leapt to the conclusion that the doctor intended to practice in Del Rio, which seemed to be his Texas headquarters, situated as it was right across the



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river from Villa Acuna. Brinkley announced decisively that he did not intend to build a hospital in either place, or to practice operations in either. What precise magic Brinkley used, against the rough-and-ready pioneer Texas doctors, and the state government, does not appear from the record. Part of it must have been his mere magnetic presence, once they had met him. In any case, the persecution in Texas was stillborn. Nothing more was heard of it. The A. M. A. realized that, before a Del Rio jury, it did not stand a chance. It failed in every attempt to have the trial take place elsewhere. It did not dare face a fair trial, and skulked away, withdrawing all charges. Slowly Del Rio and practically all of Texas grew as solidly pro-Brinkley as most of Kansas was.

But the enemies of Brinkley continued to harass him. The American government itself now came out openly against him. Nor can this be blamed exclusively against the then controlling Hoover administration, shot through with graft and deception as it was. The strangle-hold of the American Medical Association is older than any administration, and in devious ways continues self-perpetuating. Once its malodorous activities in lobbying and governmental functions is fully bared, the stench will so disgust decent Americans that the Brinkley prescription, Clean Out, Clean Up and Keep Clean, will be used to terminate abruptly all its un-American, underhanded minor and major offenses against the American people. But that time has not come yet.

And now representatives of the A. M. A. followed Brinkley to Mexico City, backed up by the government itself; not only by the Federal Radio Commission representatives, but by representatives of the obliging State Department, speaking through Ambassador J. Reuben Clark, Jr. Brinkley was informed that the ambassador sent his secretaries every morning in daily rounds of various dominant Mexican officials, to paint Brinkley as a scoundrel, who was being run out of the United States; and representing that it would be an unfriendly act on the part of Mexico to allow Brinkley within that country.

It does seem an outrage that the government, that should have belonged to Brinkley as much as to you and me, had been boarded in the night and taken over by a

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polyglot cutthroat gang of politicians, grafters, and A. M. A. doctors, so that it could use its energy in persecution of one American citizen, instead of for the protection and benefit of all of us. But that is our government in action. Brinkley was a victim, and not at all a criminal. No sentence of any sort hung over him, nor any indictment of any sort. He was not a fugitive in any sense of the word. He was still the most learned doctor in the United States, and still happily entitled to practice medicine and surgery in various parts of the United States. He was the idol of the people of Kansas, who had just elected him governor by a large plurality—an office blandly stolen from him by the combination of doctors and politicians there. All this was conveniently overlooked, by the unsleeping enemies of the powerful radio doctor, speaking through the fouled lips of the United States State Department.

These enemies had a weapon which they could use against any one they disliked; and this weapon had nothing to do with Brinkley. The Mexican government was indebted to the United States government for millions of dollars of borrowed money. The creditor, too often, is in a position to lay down the law to the debtor: or to lay down the violation of law that the debtor must follow. Heavy pressure was brought to bear on Mexico; and you may be sure that this debt was mentioned, or implicitly referred to. Large sums were spent for entertainment of Mexican officials. in this persistent lobbying against Brinkley in Mexico: the persecution, bitter, vicious, lying, continued unsleepingly. And all the time the construction of Brinkley's radio station in Mexico, XER, continued, as fast as his corps of a hundred laborers could effect it. Five thousand Kansans had applied to him for jobs on this construction. The immigration laws of Mexico prevented his using any of them; and with stern justice he also saw, and pointed out, that, since Mexico was welcoming him, and Kansas (officially, at least) had rejected him, it was only justice that the benefits of the actual labor on the new station should accrue to Mexican laborers.

The propaganda against Brinkley grew more outrageously dishonest. Brinkley had inside sources of informa-

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tion, leaks from various Mexican sub-officials, who keep him informed of every step against him. The United States, acting through its State Department, inspired and aided by the American Medical Association, finally brought the Mexican officials to the point of believing that Brinkley would sell poisonous medicines to the Mexican people; and that he would perform an operation upon them that could cause them to go crazy, and start a revolution. Whoever invented this brilliant lie, just the thing to alarm the Mexicans, certainly should be promoted in his government or medical job—and hung, drawn and quartered five minutes later.

Brinkley finally had every dollar he had, or could borrow, invested in his radio station on Mexican soil. Then it was that the State Department of the United States government, and their ally the American Medical Association, reached the dirty goal they had been aiming for. They had the Mexican Department of Foreign Relations issue an embargo, placing it at every port of entry in Mexico, refusing John R. Brinkley entrance into the country, for any purpose whatever.

Brinkley, thanks to these foul efforts, was listed by Mexico as an undesirable alien. The government of this, our once "land of the free and home of the brave," had indeed sunk to a low state, when its activities could thus be turned against one of its own citizens, one of its most resplendent and beneficial citizens. Brinkley's only offense had been that he dared to fight one of the organized monopolies, the medical trust, the allopathic oligarchy, so magnificently, that he endangered its profits, and thus had to be done away with. For this lese majesty against a greedy selfish vested interest, the aid of the government itself had been called in, and the distinguished scientist-surgeon-healer was forbidden entrance into the country that had welcomed him in so fully at first; that had assured him of a permanent haven; and in which he had invested every cent he could locate or borrow.

Dr. John R. Brinkley up to today has never been permitted to see XER, the station he is so proud of and loves so well, except from the air at a distance. The appalling enormity of this dastardly outrage, committed jointly by the American Medical Association and our own

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State Department, is enough to justify an armed overturn of these agencies, in the eyes of sober justice—loving Americans, if no legal means can be found of bringing the unworthy ones to the speedy justice they so richly deserve.

### 2

But do not think that such an obstacle could, for one moment, stop John R. Brinkley from using the whole air as his megaphone. There is such a thing as remote control. Long ago, when Sam Pickard first used Brinkley's KFKB for the College of the Air, the professors used the telephone from Manhattan to Milford to reach their unseen audiences. And Brinkley had a license to practice medicine in Texas still, no matter what attitude Mexico had been deceived and cajoled into adopting against him.

Right across the sluggish knee-deep Rio Grande from Villa Acuna, where XER was located, was the thriving little Texas oasis in the semi-desert called Del Rio, in a county named Val Verde, or Green Valley, either through typical frontier cynicism, or after a survey of some of the surrounding counties. It was at this little Del Rio that Lieutenant John R. Brinkley entrained in a sweltering Texas summer for El Paso so far away, back in those vanished war-time days, had come across the windfall of a dozen bottles of cold beer. And now Dr. Brinkley could live in Del Rio, practice medicine there, and speak across the river on telephone lines entering the station that the combined majesties of two governments, the United States and Mexico, had solemnly decided he was not good enough to enter, for all that he owned it.

Brinkley, accompanied by his friend Vice-President Curtis, called on Under-Secretary Castle of the State Department in Washington. Brinkley, never raising his vibrant voice, said, "Mr. Castle, you may ultimately prevent my speaking over XER. After all, the United States government, just or unjust, is a pretty big fellow, compared to one single citizen. But you can not prevent my first and only and last speech over the air. Unless you call off your persecutors, I am going on the air over

## *The Life of a Man*

XER and tell the world the whole sordid story of this vicious conspiracy to deprive a respected law-abiding American citizen of his own property, engineered by the American government itself, acting through deception practiced on the government of Mexico. When I finish that speech, you will find the American and Mexican governments apologizing to one another, for a long time for what they have done to me."

When he had thrown down this cartel of defiance, he looked into the matter of remote control from Milford. It would cost \$100,000 a year to have the American Telephone and Telegraph Company let him have a telephone line from the Kansas town to Villa Acuna, Mexico. He and his wife were too stripped of resources to afford this. Besides, he could not practice medicine in Kansas any longer, for all that he was still the idol of the people of the state; and he could practice in Texas in which state he had been registered since 1919. So it was that, during the winter of 1931 and 1932, the Brinkleys lived in Del Rio, and he talked over XER. He told his patients to go to Milford, where they would be taken care of by Dr. A., who had professed to be Brinkley's friend, and had offered to help him out in this emergency.

Complaints from patients who had been under Dr. A.'s care began to flood Brinkley's mail. He ignored the first two or three. Finally there were too many to ignore. The patients claimed that they had spent their money for nothing. Upon investigation, Brinkley found that the hospital had been accepting many incurable patients, which the Brinkleys would have refused, if they had been on the spot. Brinkley found, moreover, that Dr. A. was using serums and medicines that Brinkley did not approve of, and which he did not consider of any benefit to anyone. And so, on March 10, 1932, Brinkley and his wife had to leave Del Rio and resume control of the hospital in Milford. At least he could be on the spot and keep his eye on things. The machinations of his enemies had not yet been able to have him classed as an undesirable citizen in Kansas, where he was still almost the god of the majority of the people of the state.

The Brinkleys, after full investigation, came to the conclusion that Dr. A. was duping the Brinkley patients,

## *The Will of the People*

who were coming to the hospital because of Brinkley's reputation, and his radio talks over XER. They could not countenance this, of course. They arranged for several of these patients to meet them in Milford, in order that they and the patients could confront Dr. A. in person.

When Dr. A. saw the group approaching, he turned quickly, slipped out of the back door of the hospital, and the Brinkleys have never seen him since. Brinkley's secretary, who had been with him a number of years—left with the hurriedly departing Dr. A. Together they opened up a hospital in another Kansas town. Here they offered to duplicate the Brinkley work for one-third less than Brinkley charged.

Brinkley discovered that, during his absence, somehow someone had gotten away with many of his expensive diagnostic instruments. Worse than this, former Brinkley patients began to complain to the doctor that Dr. A. was using their names as references, was circularizing them, and was claiming the Brinkley patients as his own. Worst of all, Brinkley missed his list of 5,500 names and addresses of people who, hearing Brinkley over the air from XER, had written to him at Milford. No wonder Dr. A. and Brinkley's former secretary could open up a hospital of their own at cut rates! Apparently they had not only the names and addresses of every patient he had ever had in the hospital, but also the names and addresses of his prospective patients. Brinkley found out that the pair were circularizing these prospects, saying that Dr. A. was Brinkley's former Chief Surgeon; though of course he hardly told them that he had skipped out of the hospital by the back door after nightfall, to avoid being confronted by Dr. Brinkley himself and a deputation of dissatisfied patients.

Dr. A. did not know the formula of the medicine that Brinkley used in his prostate work. He does not know it, to this day, Brinkley is sure. And this medicine is essential; the surgery without it, is not sufficient.

Brinkley was not happy over the whole thing. He and his wife had suffered bitter persecution, had sacrificed everything, to secure these names of prospective

## *The Life of a Man*

patients; and here Dr. A. was apparently offering them his operation for one-third less. Nor did Brinkley expect that the people would prefer the man who had sacrificed his whole life and its results to give the world this health-restoring and life-saving operation, over a cheap imitator at cut rates. The people, he was beginning to learn, are always for something for nothing: the great majority of people are willing to give lip honor to the great man who makes the discovery, and then go off and pay out their money to some market huckster who offers the same benefits at bargain basement rates. The public holds that it is not its business whether or not the discoverer and his family starve to death. Let the man make another discovery . . .

Brinkley sent one of his announcers to Del Rio, to give the radio talks for him. The people of Kansas were again clamoring that Brinkley be their candidate for governor. So he employed one Dr. B. to do his surgical work, in place of the missing Dr. A. and rolled up his sleeves for another mudbath in politics.

### 3

Brinkley was in no doubt as to the popular demand for him, in Kansas. In the fall of 1931, he had toured the state much as a candidate for office would, speaking everywhere; and the ovations had been even wilder and more enthusiastic than when he had been the belated standard-bearer, the preceding year. Moreover, he had finally decided to bring suit against the *Kansas City Star*, for some of its numerous offenses against him.

On September 22, 1931, the suit was filed, for five million dollars damages. It charged the wide conspiracy to hound Brinkley through the press, by a campaign of villification and libel. It cited case after case of falsehood: Fake examinations of prospective patients, who were frightened by ghostly after-midnight calls into signing checks and submitting to immediate operations . . . A claim that Brinkley never had a death in his hospital, accompanied by charges of deaths there . . . The charge that his medical education was fraudulently obtained throughout . . . The charge that Brinkley, when drunk, called his patients old fools . . . The charge that

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Brinkley had a mania for money, had performed a fake operation for \$1,000 on a paralyzed woman, guaranteeing a cure . . . The charge that the postal authorities had a clear case of fraudulent use of the mails against Brinkley . . . The charge that Brinkley had been about to flee to Europe, to escape service of the Kansas Medical Society complaint against him . . . That Brinkley conducted a giant prescription racket, and that doctors were writing in of deaths caused by his quack diagnoses. . . . A repetition of the Fishbein charge that Brinkley duped his patients into a harmful operation from which they either died or had to be nursed back to health by a "regular and reputable" (that is, an A. M. A.) doctor. . . . The charge that Brinkley's Milford backers had withdrawn en masse from his corporation . . . That Brinkley claimed a diploma from a non-existent high school . . . That the Brinkley patients, after the operation, were so incapacitated, that only four or five were capable of attending the hearing in Topeka! . . . That Brinkley had admitted, during the hearing, that his operation was a fake: and that thereby he had repudiated all of his endorsements and testimonials . . . That Brinkley had admitted, during the hearing, that his compound operation produced sterility, instead of rejuvenation.

Ultimately Brinkley won in every court, up to the highest, until a Utah judge (and what right had *he* in the case anyhow?) quieted it, on a technicality.

Now do you begin to see why the people of Kansas had no trust in the *Star*? The very bitterness of their attacks, the frantic extremes to which they carried them, defeated the intended purpose. All but the last two of these charges had been amply disproved by Brinkley and other credible witnesses at the hearing. The last two were too ridiculous to dignify by denial, and were the precise opposite of the truth. This counter-attack was a warning to all the people of Kansas that Brinkley was through accepting lies and libels in the fight against him; and that he would hold his enemies liable for their untrue words hereafter.

He was urged to head an Independent party ticket;



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this he refused to do, holding that in a presidential election year no man could hope to come in with a state third party of independents. Brinkley spoke by invitation before the William H. (Coin) Harvey third party, the "Liberal Party," in its convention in Monte Ne, Arkansas, and was urged to become the party's candidate for president of the United States. He refused the nomination, urging instead that the two major parties be forced to Clean Up, Clean Out, and Keep Clean. The Great Bend, Kansas, *Tribune*, clearly run by admirers of Brinkley, came right out with its interpretation of his attitude, in the flattering headline:

### J. R. BRINKLEY REFUSES PRESIDENCY OF U. S.

The doctor smiled appreciatively at this, and went at the campaign. He felt strongly that, this time, he should run on a party ticket. His popularity was so great, that he would have had more than an even chance of securing the nomination for either, if he had been willing to go after it. His advisers, however, pointed out that, if he ran with the label of either oldline party on him, he would be charged with selling out to the politicians. They strongly urged him to run as an independent again, and there was no one there to remind him that an election is not enough, that the result, as announced by the election officials, is, in practice, in America, the sole deciding factor. And the machinery of elections, in America, is largely in the hands of the two oldline parties.

And so he filed as an independent, in time this time; and made a race that Kansas will never forget. He spoke once or twice in every one of the hundred and five counties in Kansas. He used a truck as his platform, for these speeches, and spoke right out in the parks and fields, for no building could hold these immense outpourings of Brinkley audiences. Brinkley is not only a matter of curiosity, in Kansas; he is the best beloved man who was ever in public life there. The people have not forgotten the man who made KFKB the most popular radio station on the continent; who defied organized doctorhood, and healed them by wholesale, whether in person

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or by his mere air-conveyed professional advice, without ever seeing them.

And his campaign gave Kansas a thrill, from the word go. His truck, with "Ammunition Train Number One" painted on its sides, was connected with two radio stations, which covered the whole state with his oratory. A gaily garbed cowboy crooner opened the meetings, warbling about a coyote on the lone prairies. A Kansas preacher asked the blessings of the old-fashioned Kansas God on Brinkley and his policies. Then Brinkley would step out of his glistening new sixteen-cylinder car, or descend from the clouds in his glistening new blue and gold airplane. There are no rustic handshakes, no jovial greetings to individuals; instead, like a corporation executive, he moves quietly over to the radio microphone, and speaks his message. Out comes what they would give their souls to see achieved, and what Brinkley promises to give them—and they know they can trust his word: two lakes to be built in every county, free school books, no income tax, no tax on homes, cheap automobile licenses, better roads, general lowered taxes. The papers still talked about his losing his medical license for "immoral conduct"—the only immoral conduct being on the part of his enemies; but that is old stuff to the Kansans, by now, and they know what a lie it is. And even the rival papers began to admit that there was not another man in the United States, not even the blank-faced Hoover or the still cryptic Franklin Roosevelt—who could draw the crowds that were an everyday occurrence with Brinkley. As one opposing politician put it, he could draw a bigger crowd to an isolated filling station than they could draw by putting together a whole county fair, Streets of Cairo and all. They even paid him the compliment of borrowing most of his platform complete, and incorporating it in both Democratic and Republican platforms. The only difference was, it would be carried out, as the people know, if Brinkley was elected.

In straw votes, he began to run away from his two opponents. He ran as well against the two of them

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as Roosevelt did against Hoover. Thus, one day's tabulation in the McDonald, Kansas, *Standard* stood:

<i>For President</i>		<i>For Governor</i>	
Roosevelt .....	122	Brinkley .....	120
Hoover .....	46	Landon .....	33
Thomas .....	7	Woodring .....	22

Even in the high schools and among other limited groups, straw ballots showed Brinkley a two to one choice over the combined votes of his two opponents.

### 4

There was one unpleasant and unexpected figure in the election: the woman who had once been little Sally Wike, the snippy daughter of the well-to-do son of the Great Smokies who had jeered at little Johnny Brinkley's patched trousers, saying that he wore his spectacles at the wrong place: who had stepped with her shoes on his bare heels; who had egged her brother on to rock the boy; who had pretended sympathy with his aims, had married him, had borne him three daughters who lived and a son who died, who had abandoned him repeatedly, the first time absconding with his hard-earned double time pay-check; and whom he had had to divorce, in order to have any chance in life, to become a doctor, to fulfill his destiny.

She did not fight Brinkley cleanly. It was said that her attacks on him were so dirty, that even the sued *Star* could not publish them, nor the hostile doctors stand behind them. The common charge was that one Charles Trapp, editor of a scandal sheet called *The Pink Rag*, received money to circulate her outpourings, since the *Star* and the doctors knew that it would act as a boomerang, if they touched the stuff.

And now Trapp's *Pink Rag* was distributed by the tens of thousands to Brinkley audiences, wherever Brinkley spoke. It was full of stories of Brinkley's first wife and his three children, charging that he had deserted and had failed to educate them. As for the truth of this matter, during that spring and summer of 1930, when Brinkley was fighting for the life of his Kansas

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radio station and his right to practice medicine in Kansas, he had sent the three daughters to Europe, to protect them from the malodorous publicity. They had had a wonderful visit to the Passion play at Oberammergau, and Brinkley went to the special trouble and expense of arranging for them to sleep and eat in the house of Anton Lang, who had the role of the Christus in the venerable performance. They had visited France, Germany, Switzerland, England, Ireland, Scotland. From the moment Brinkley married his second wife, down to this present moment, he and she have never neglected the girls. Wanda, the oldest, was now Mrs. John Groth, of Chicago, Maxine was Mrs. W. E. Shattuck, of the same city; the youngest daughter, Beryl, had had a formal wedding from his home in Milford that very spring of 1932; and the birth of her baby daughter a year later made Brinkley a proud grandfather. She is now Mrs. James E. Palmer, of Fort Worth, Texas. All three daughters were with the Brinkleys on their yacht during the summer of 1933—And these were the daughters Brinkley was supposed to have deserted, and failed to educate!

Well, the *Star* and the collegued doctors were not openly identified with Trapp, the *Pink Rag*, and the scandal emitted by Brinkley's divorced first wife. But the people of Kansas were sure that the libels were inspired by those arch-enemies of their doctor-hero. It was clear that somebody was spending thousands of dollars to blacken Brinkley's character, and to reflect on his wife and Johnny Boy. In spite of this, the people clung the more firmly to their idol; the more the enemies fought Brinkley, the tighter the people held on to him.

The enemies soon realized that they could not beat Brinkley by scandal. But there are other political weapons at times used in America: the stuffing of ballot boxes, the voting of men long dead.

On election day, Brinkley's workers in Atchison demanded the opening of the ballot boxes before the voting began. In one box, they discovered fifteen hundred votes already marked for Landon, the present governor. By eleven A. M., the Topeka Democratic boss began to broadcast what he called election returns. The general pattern was: "In complete returns from such-and-such

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a precinct give Landon, Republican, 49; Woodring, Democrat, 87; Brinkley, Independent, 14." This discouraged faint-hearted and unsuspecting Brinkley supporters, who did not wish to throw their votes away, and did prefer Landon to Woodring.

Queer things happened during the election. One voting precinct in Lyon, Kansas, contained six close friends, each of whom voted for Brinkley. They were interested in seeing how many votes the popular idol from Milford would get from their precinct. The election returns showed not one vote for Brinkley—although this little group had itself given him six votes. In one precinct in Manhattan, Kansas, there were eight hundred registered voters. Of these, according to the official returns, twelve hundred votes were cast. In Kansas City, Kansas, duplicate ballot boxes were prepared over in Kansas City, Missouri, it was charged, with the connivance of and by the agency of the *Star* group and the colleagueed doctors; the ballots were marked in Kansas City, Missouri, put in boxes, carried over to certain places in Kansas City, Kansas, and were there substituted for the boxes holding the votes that reflected the will of the people.

When the counting began, there were three columns ready for the tabulation; one marked Brinkley; one marked Landon; and one marked Woodring. It is charged that the tabulation was made in the following fashion: The tellers who did the counting called out "Brinkley, 72." Underneath the name Brinkley the recording official wrote "27." When "Landon, 17" was called out, it was written down as "71." "Woodring, 28" appeared as "Woodring, 82."

With this eccentric method of registering the will of the people, and with the election machinery almost wholly in the hands of the two oldline party groups, Brinkley never had a chance. Impartial observers estimated that, out of the 800,000 votes cast, Brinkley received at least 500,000, and for a second time was elected Governor of Kansas.

But we must never forget the insignificant and yet omnipotent detail, the reports of the election officials. The official "count" was announced as, Landon, 278,581; Woodring, 272,944; Brinkley, 244,607.

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One interesting and highly significant fact is that the total vote for President of the United States, for the three candidates, was 791,978; while the combined vote for governor was 816,132. Important as the governorship in Kansas was to the people, this depression election between Hoover and Roosevelt called out an enormous interest in the head of the ticket, and it is more than astonishing that the governorship figures ran 25,154 ahead of the presidential votes cast. In New York State, for instance, the same election, 100,000 more votes were cast for President than for Governor; in Indiana, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Montana, New Hampshire, state after state, the presidential vote was far larger. It is flattering to Dr. Brinkley to defend this count by saying that his presence made even a presidential contest shrink. That still leaves the matter of the gross inaccuracies and queerness throughout the whole state unexplained and unexcused.

Thus, for the second time, was the will of the people registered, in Kansas.



## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

### THAT BRINGS US DOWN TO TODAY

#### 1

THEIR return to Milford, and to the management of the hospital, had been in March, 1932. The election took place on November 8th, of the same year. In this interval, the Brinkleys somehow were able to make enough to pay off past bills, and were beginning to show a distinct balance on the black of the ledger. They were soul-tired and exhausted from the long, gruelling campaign. And so they flew down to Havana, Cuba, and registered at the National Hotel, for a much needed rest.

The doctor retired early, that first night. His wife felt wide awake, restive. Her mind could not rid itself of the hateful memories of the bitter campaign, and the complex life with her husband that had preceded it: a life blending bitter disappointment and impressive achievements. Her fingers itched to put down on paper her jangled thoughts. The moment came when she could resist the impulse no longer. She produced an extraordinary prose poem. Part of it was a mere restatement of facts we know well, by now. Part of it is more than new. It is an inside picture of the man, from the one who has been nearest and dearest to him for nineteen years. Not every wife could write so of her husband, truthfully or otherwise; and both of the Brinkleys are the souls of truth and honor.

This has been primarily the life story of the husband; and I have had to push aside much that referred primarily to the wife, even at the expense of giving her her full due as a constant aid and guide of her husband during these varied years. Countless of her friends have written in to me, expanding as to her virtues quite as much as to her husband's. They call her the best known woman in Kansas, with more personal friends than any



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woman in the United States. They call her the ideal home-maker and mother, the ideal business partner in Brinkley's wide enterprises. It would be impossible for Brinkley to spend the time he does personally answering his countless correspondents, interviewing his waiting-room full of people, much less devoting the needed time to study and research, if his wife did not more than capably take off his shoulders the actual running of his enterprises.

She is physically small, and as full of dynamic energy as an airplane motor. No one has ever seen her down-hearted. She needs no office, no secretary; she does her own work on the run, and accomplishes more than a dozen other people could do. At home looking after the house and Johnny Boy, in her husband's office interviewing visitors, in the hospital attending to the wants of the patients, at the church attending to the many duties wished on her, one can never be sure where she is; the only certainty is that she is doing a lot, wherever she is. Her countless charities, small and large, are never advertised. She does not regard the Bible as a treatise on abstract morality; she regards it as a command to her and all to pattern her and their lives on the life of Jesus. She has been the salvation of countless girls in trouble, aiding them in concealing their secret from the harsh stone-throwing world, and finding homes for their innocent children.

She was urged to run for Congress during the election of 1932; the mere suggestion threw a shiver of apprehension down the spines of the shrewder politicians, for they did not underestimate her immense personal popularity. She came quietly to the conclusion that her duty was to remain on duty at the Brinkley institutions, and as the wife of her husband and the mother of her child.

I had to plead with her to get her permission to use this prose poem. People wouldn't be interested in what she wrote, she protested. I thought differently. We need to see the man through his wife's eyes, to round out this picture of him.

In the cool moony hush of the Cuban night, she wrote:  
"As I sit here tonight, listening to the whispering of the tropical wind in the palms below our room high

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above Havana Bay and the Gulf of Mexico, the moonlight is throwing a silvery cloak over the whitecaps of the gulf. The water, surging endlessly against the seawall, throws its salt spray high above the ancient stones. How beautiful and serene is this sun-caressed land! As we arrived at the port of entry today, we passed Morro Castle, and the sight drove my mind back to a young girl in Oakland High School, in Memphis, where she first learned of the sinking of the Maine, and of faroff happenings in Manila Bay; and, from that point, to all that has happened to that young girl since.

"For nineteen years, I have been the wife of a good and great man. You in Kansas have heard little else, for three months, but the witch-wailings of a disgruntled green-eyed woman: one who lives to make others unhappy. What I write is written by one who lives to make others happy, and loves all living things, and sees beauty in the rills and trees and rocks on God's garden of earth.

"It is only six days now since the day of days—the day one woman prayed for success in the life of a man; and the other woman, for vengeance against the man she had already wronged so. When this man was a little orphan mountain boy, without even money to buy a pair of shoes during the harsh hill winters, the girl and her brother, well-dressed and well-fed, did all they could to make life miserable for him.

"Years passed. Johnny Brinkley, though undernourished and under-clothed, was the brightest child in school, always at the head of his classes. By the time he was twenty-one, he was considered the fastest and most expert telegraph operator the Western Union had ever had. He had travelled, had learned, had accumulated some money, was a polished young man. At the deathbed of the poor old aunt who had raised him, this same little girl, Sally Wike, still unmarried, and longing from afar for the polished young man, got on her knees and begged Johnny Brinkley to forgive her her meanness in youth.

"Johnny Brinkley was lonely. He had no mother, no father, no Aunt Sally, no brothers and sisters; he was all alone in the world. It was a shrewd time for Sally Wike to offer her consolation. He saw her as a beautiful

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southern girl with flaxen hair and tender blue eyes. He did not see the thin cold lips, nor remember how her soul had once shown in her young cruelties. All he could think of was a companion. He had never had a companion. He craved companionship, love, encouragement. He had made the early difficulties his stepping stones; and now, to marry into the best family in the school district would be another accomplishment.

"Very soon Johnny Brinkley and Sally Wike discovered that they were mismated, and the fight that has lasted twenty-seven years began. A year later, a lovely baby girl was born. Within two years, Sally deserted Johnny and hid her baby in a convent, so that she could keep on with her business of nursing. John loved his little baby, took her to Canada, and kept her hidden in the mountains of Quebec until Sally would consent to return to him and make a home for them.

"A second baby girl was born. Sally was furious at this; it kept her from making big money nursing. She had her sister take the children, and left her husband again. She disapproved of his working nights and attending medical school in the day, so that he could be a physician as his honorable father had been. Again he found his wife, and begged her to come back.

"In due time a boy was born, who died after three weeks. The young father grieved for the loss of his first son. The house of Brinkley rocked on desertions and separations, which had become a routine in this house of dissatisfaction. Another baby girl came, and another desertion. And this ended the married life of the mismated young couple.

"In Chicago, young John Brinkley met a young man who imposed upon his faith and confidence, and passed out 'insufficient funds' checks which the young undergraduate doctor made good. Sally Wike heard about the checks, she heard that her former husband had married a Miss Jones of Memphis. She came to Memphis, with blood in her eyes. She was going to put John Brinkley behind the bars. Miss Jones had known nothing of the first marriage. She was on her wedding trip with her young husband, when she was called back to meet the first Mrs. Brinkley. She offered to let her husband re-

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turn to Sally, to have her marriage annulled. No, Sally stormed back, she hated him, she wouldn't have him if he were the only man in the world, she would never be happy until he was behind the bars.

"The second Mrs. Brinkley offered to take the three girls. Sally said that she would never part with them. There was no money paid. She went furiously away.

"Much has been said, in the past few weeks, but much more should have been said, of the beautiful wife of Dr. Brinkley. No one but his soul companion could see it, at the age of forty, and after spending nearly half of that time with him. I know the tenderness of the man, the sweet timidity and understanding of a man of the Southland, a gentleman to the last degree. He is kind to all, and no one living excels him in his understanding of human nature.

"God made witches and devils; but the meanest thing on God's green earth is an envious woman. This woman, Sally Wike, now Sally Engren, did not want Dr. Brinkley, sneered at me for wanting him, made slighting remarks about him, abused him. Yet after twenty years, like the man of destiny he is, through the love of a good woman and her encouragement and tenderness, he has succeeded beyond the mind's imagination. Sally pulls her hair and bites herself, because she was such a fool as to leave John. She has never failed to do him injury, on every occasion. Her wrath was given free rein during the fight to revoke his license, in 1930, and the campaign of 1932. She believes that John R. Brinkley took advantage of two women. That is all that she can see. I take the stand that two women cast their lots in with one man. The first failed, because she hated the man. The second succeeded, because she loved the man.

"There were many hardships in our marriage, aside from the natural problems of adjustment. We always had a she-devil to defend ourselves against, always fearing embarrassment at her hands. At least, we were able to educate her children, and give them every advantage. She has earned the reward of her hatred of him; her own soul brimmed with hatred. I have earned the reward of my love of him: his love of me."

It is no wonder that, with a helpmeet like this, who

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understands and loves and aids, John R. Brinkley has been a man who could not be defeated.

### 2

Just before the election, Brinkley had finally decided to establish a remote control line by telephone from Milford to Mexico, even at the cost of almost a hundred thousand dollars a year; all to enable his wife and himself to live in their first home, which they still loved so well. Dr. B. was doing the surgery; Brinkley was lecturing over the station, attending to the business matters, and answering his mail. By the following April, he absented himself from the hospital and Milford for a rest, and to carry on some experimental work he was anxious to complete. He had finally determined to discontinue entirely the use of animal glands, since it was increasingly difficult to obtain those not infected—even though the Brinkley's themselves maintained their own private breeder in the Ozark mountains of Arkansas, receiving regular weekly shipments from there.

In June, 1933, the Brinkleys returned to Milford. The heat was intense, running as high as 117 daily. Brinkley suffered something like a heat stroke—something he had not suffered from since that dreadful summer of 1918, in the army at El Paso. It was necessary for him to get away. He went to Chicago, purchased a yacht, and remained on the Great Lakes during July and August.

Brinkley returned to Milford on the first of September, 1933. It had always been his habit to give old and local employees two week's or a month's vacation each year, with full pay, besides furnishing them with medical and surgical treatment free. He did not forget his early struggles; he sought always to be kind to those that worked for him, and to make their lives happy, he knew how much this would have once meant to him. Somehow, it was almost as if he were doing it to the wraith of the eager troubled young son of the Great Smokies who would have appreciated it so much in those days . . . Those days when the dean of Johns Hopkins told him, staring superciliously down at his bare feet, to go on back to the mountains and continue being a post-man for life—that doctoring was not for him . . . Those



A BLOW TO FREE SPEECH—20,000 Loyal Friends in Milford, Kansas, Bidding Goodbye to Radio Station KFKB, "The Voice of Dr. John R. Brinkley," When Closed by Order of the Federal Radio Commission.



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days when he fainted in the classroom from sheer exhaustion . . . When he and his young wife reached a town, with only three one dollar bills between them and absolute poverty and starvation . . . Those days so far gone, and so infinitely alive as long as he would be alive, and which live in the memories of men as long as men had memory of him . . . All these kindnesses to his employees he did, in memory of what he had once been, what he had had to go through with. Without any fanfare of trumpets, the year never passed that he did not spend large sums educating orphan boys, feeding the poor and needy, operating on many who were financially unable to pay . . . Never the soul of greed: only the soul of a gentleman in the highest sense, a born healer of men, called to this high practice by God's own voice speaking within him . . .

And so he returned to Milford. He had completed his experiments. He had arrived at a medical combination of drugs that could be given into the veins of a man or woman and would produce almost immediate effects, far superior to the gland operation. With this discovery, he changed his surgical technique, finding it not necessary to remove the vas deferens, or the other parts mentioned, but instead using an entirely different surgical technique in the scrotum on the testicle itself. He conceived the idea of a "budding operation," which permitted him to discontinue the use of animal glands entirely thereafter.

The new operation produced better results than ever before; it seemed to the doctor that he was getting one hundred percent results with it. No one but himself knows this operation, and he has decided to share it with no one, after his long experiences in seeking to teach it to other physicians, who thereafter abused his trust and confidence, and went after the money first, instead of going out to help sufferers. He has used no animal glands, since that time.

During June, 1933, he gave one of his physicians the month off, for a vacation with full pay. In July, another one was similarly freed. In August, he gave Dr. B. the month off, with full pay, and a bonus in addition of a



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thousand dollars in cash. Dr. B. promised faithfully to be back to help Dr. Brinkley, the first of September.

The Brinkleys had often commented on the large number of patients examined by Dr. B., who left without taking the Brinkley treatments. Now, on his return in September, Brinkley was amazed to learn that, while he had been away, Dr. B. had been receiving Brinkley's money, and at the same time he had been directing patients to Dr. A. It was impossible to establish that he had received a split commission, in these cases; but it seemed probable, under all the circumstances. And now Dr. Brinkley discovered, when Dr. B. did not return on the date promised, that the man had entered into a partnership with Dr. A. All the patients Brinkley had had while Dr. B. had been with him, began to receive letters from Dr. B. The only way that this could have occurred, Brinkley was sure, was that Dr. B. had, without Brinkley's knowledge or consent, abstracted his files during his absence, and copied off the names of these patients to take with him.

This forced Brinkley to do his own surgical work, in Kansas. A court order permitted this. But this court order was of doubtful permanency, and at any time Brinkley might find himself without authority to operate his own hospital, or to perform his own surgery.

He came to some definite conclusions. The discovery and all the improvements in his technique had been made by him alone. He had been betrayed by Dr. A., and later a Dr. B. Never again would he give another doctor a chance to do this to him. He would let no other doctor in on his secrets.

He had a permanent license in Texas. His status in Kansas was uncertain. It cost him a hundred thousand dollars a year for the remote control from Milford to Villa Acuna. In Kansas, he could only expect a continuance of the bitter fight that had marked the last years of his stay in the state. There was only one thing to do. The Brinkleys left Milford for good, and opened their hospital in the beautiful Roswell Hotel, in Del Rio, on October 7, 1933. On this same day, seventeen years before he had opened up his doctor's office and ramshackle

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drugstore in Milford. Seventeen years, in which he had climbed to world greatness, and had one by one seen his jealous enemies in Kansas take from him his radio station, the most popular in the world; his right to practice medicine; and, twice, the actual governorship of the state, to which he had been elected. . . .

What would the next seventeen years witness?

Since that time, Brinkley has performed all his operations in his hotel-hospital. He has continued using his entirely new surgical technique, aided by internal medicine; and these have, even as to his own practice, revolutionized his already amazing results. In practically one hundred percent of the cases under the new technique, he has reduced high blood pressure, reduced enlarged prostates, cleared the infection out of the entire human body, greatly increased the sexual powers of men and women, overcome depressed mental conditions. . . . He has, as a matter of cold sober fact, changed the color of his patients' hair, smoothed the wrinkles out of their faces, and turned their complexions from a sickly pallor of old age and disease back to the ruddy glow of health.

One case reminded him especially of his gone boyhood. In 1933, he operated personally on a Mr. Hagan, of Nashville, Tennessee, the husband of that Lula Potts who had been the postmistress at Sylva, North Carolina, back in 1902, when little Johnny Brinkley had been carrying the mail route to her postoffice, his head full of dreams of doctoring, and no more. Time changes all things.

They are still persecuting them, the American Medical Association and the other groups that oppose him. They are persecuting him because he is curing men and women that the doctors have been unable to cure, although they were given the first chance; because he is the prophet of a new order in medicine. Of old, says the Good Book, they persecuted the prophets. In some respects, the world has not changed much.

### 3

They appreciate John R. Brinkley, down in Del Rio. Small as the town is, at a little reception to him, soon after his moving permanently into the place, there were

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three hundred guests present. Two of Mrs. Brinkley's sisters, married to the Munals, are living with the Brinkley's in the lovely little Texas town. One of these sisters has a son, Dr. John Munal, a leading surgeon in Brownsville, Tennessee; the other sister has a son and a daughter, and the son plans to become a doctor. They say, down in Del Rio, that Brinkley can have the whole town, if he wants it. That is what they think of him, down there.

He is constantly being urged to return to Kansas, too. When the Kansas banks were closed in 1933, as a condition precedent to the bank holiday, Brinkley personally saved the money of the depositors in the State Bank of Milford, by taking one half of their losses, and paying these out of his own pocket. There are a thousand big-hearted acts like this in his life, that this book is not spacious enough to include. They all are a part of the life and character of John R. Brinkley.

He has let me look over a tiny few of his thousands of letters from grateful patients, friends, and supporters. The temptation to quote from these is irresistible. I shall have to content myself with two brief quotations. The first is from a letter from Rev. Charles E. Draper, of Milford:

Doctor, our hearts overflow with gratitude toward you; for had it not been for your knowledge and skill as a physician, Mrs. Draper might not have been with us this Christmas season. Without your continued interest and support, the doors of our little church would have to be closed. The broadcast of our Sunrise services is a piece of real constructive work for the kingdom of Christ. To mention all of the kind things you have done for us would make this letter too long, but we want you to know that we sincerely appreciate your friendship.

You already have our hearts. So about the only thing we know to do, this Christmas, is to take this method to say that we will try a little harder than ever to be worthy of your friendship.

And here's a letter from the Rev. Samuel Cookson, pastor of the Methodist church in Milford:

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My love and admiration for you compels me to use my pen rather than my lips to tell you of what you mean for me. It has been worth two years of my life in the pastorate at Milford to know you, and love you, and feel as I do toward you. Sometimes I have wished that I might be allowed to slip in, just where you were, and sit down and never say a word, but just be conscious that I was with a man of destiny, a great man—the greatest I ever met.

You are possessed with power, unlike anything I ever found in any man before, and it affects me strangely. It caused me one Sunday to rush from your presence to the radio and say things I never knew I said. The critics said I likened you to Jesus of Nazareth, and said I said I felt I had come from His presence. When you sit there on your exalted plane, you inspire me. You are a chosen vessel of God, consecrated and ordained to greatness.

A friend came to see me last Monday evening. He had come a few miles, but he had seen Doctor Brinkley, and he was thrilled as though he had seen a god.

After reading these, it might be well to reread the utterances of the Supreme Court of Kansas concerning this same man Brinkley, or the charges filed by the Kansas Medical Society against him. Both refer to the same man. But this is the real Brinkley, and that is the picture of his flea-souled opponents, frantic because his unselfish healing jeopardizes their limitless greed. It is no wonder that Brinkley has the courage to keep on, when this is what the sound rank and file of the people think of him.

All of Texas is slowly being conquered by Brinkley's personality. Corpus Christi, where he keeps both of his yachts, has more than once turned itself inside out to greet and welcome him, and to urge him to settle within it. Other Texas cities have the same welcome for him.

### 4

Do not think that his enemies are inactive. On July 10, 1933, the International Radio Conference opened in

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Mexico City. Inspired newspaper announcements reached all parts of the United States, even before the conference opened, with this wording:

It won't be found in the agenda, but one of the major objectives to the North American Broadcasting Conference in Mexico City is to put a quietus on renegade radio stations that are cluttering the Mexican side of the border.

One of the chief offenders is Dr. John R. Brinkley . . . . The American delegation goes to Mexico City with secret instructions to sign no agreement that does not eliminate such stations as Brinkley's . .

This is the Roosevelt administration acting, not the discredited Hoover one. On the day the conference opened, the press dispatches read:

In a surprise diplomatic move the Mexican government announced that it had drafted new regulations which will limit the ownership of Mexican stations to Mexican citizens. Moreover all stations must use the Spanish language, except where government permission is given to broadcast in other languages.

This was July 10th. Brinkley sent down his friend, former Vice-President Charles Curtis, of Kansas, as an observer for him. His brother-in-law, H. L. Munal, was there, to protect the interests of XER. Of the opposition, Roy T. Davis, American Minister to Panama, was on hand, saying that he had the votes of the Central American republics in his pocket. Judge Sykes, Chairman of the United States Federal Radio Commission, and others in authority were quoted as boasting that they would have XER off the air in ten days. Brinkley was informed of a secret meeting in San Antonio, Texas, which had stacked the cards against him. There were eight votes—one each to the United States, Canada, Mexico, and each of the five Central American republics.

The conference lasted, not one week, but one month. When the votes were counted, on the proposition to silence Brinkley, six were in favor of Brinkley's contin-

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ued right to remain in Mexico. Canada saw the light, and refused to vote; and this left Judge Sykes and the enemies of Brinkley with only one vote. Judge Sykes, who knew the Munals, told Brinkley's brother-in-law and his wife that he would get XER off the air, before he was through with it, and he gave his oath to that effect.

After the conference, and the expensive lobbying against Brinkley that followed in Mexico City, Mexico passed a law that doctors lecturing over Mexican stations must be graduates of a Mexican medical school, and licensed to practice in Mexico; and that their talks must be given in Spanish, as well as in English. Again, we need not speculate on what it must have cost to have such a law, aimed obviously at Dr. Brinkley, passed by the Congress of Mexico.

Brinkley reminded the Mexican government that it had entered into a twenty-year contract with him, two years before this law was passed; that to enforce this law would amount to a repudiation of their contract; and that Brinkley refused to comply with it, because he was not even living in Mexico, nor operating medically in Mexico. He was living in the United States, duly licensed to practice in Texas, and it was unfair to require him to become practically a Mexican citizen, in order to speak over a Mexican station—when there still was the embargo against his even entering Mexico, on the silly ground that he was an undesirable alien.

Some three thousand people in Villa Acuna were dependent on XER for their daily bread and butter. The most cordial relations had always existed between the people of Villa Acuna and Brinkley. When they learned what was going on, the officials of Villa Acuna and the Mexican state of Coahuilla refused to permit XER to be closed. A state of actual warfare ensued, between the state and the town, on the one side, and the government radio department, on the other. The Mexican government called out a detachment of the army to close the station. The judge of Villa Acuna and his secretary lived and slept in the radio station, issuing injunctions on a moment's notice to prevent the army from taking charge.

The people of Villa Acuna were in a warlike mood,

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and were quite capable of killing the officials from Mexico City. To prevent bloodshed, Brinkley went on the air at ten minutes after nine o'clock on the evening of February 23, 1934; told his audience just what was happening; and closed the station.

### 5

Meanwhile, John R. Brinkley is, as always, one of the busiest men in the world. There is Johnny Boy to be looked after, always. He is definitely the answer to his parent's prayer; and they are convinced that God sent him into the world for a definite purpose. Armed guards have protected him from kidnapping, since his birth. He is mentally far above the average, and nearly seven years old as he is, he has already declared that he intends to be a doctor, just like his daddy.

The father hopes to send him to the University of Edinburgh, Scotland, as about the only place left in the world which teaches men how to become real doctors, instead of test-tube and laboratory experts. Brinkley, with plenty of reason, has small use for the American medical profession as a whole. Most of them, instead of being Christian gentlemen as of old, he sees as politicians, abortionists, writers of prescriptions for dope, writers of liquor prescriptions, and, in too many cases, they themselves over-indulge in intoxicants and narcotics. He blames the American Medical Association for the destruction of the old family doctor and bedside prescriber.

But Johnny Boy is only the beginning of the doctor's cares. There is his hospital, located in the impressive Roswell Hotel, the tallest building in Del Rio. He has already had almost a thousand patients here, in less than a year, and his new technique both eases their pain and discomfort, and largely increases the probability of success in their operations. From time to time the doctor drops by the St. Charles Hotel, where his staff is lodged.

And then, on the eastern edge of town, there is the new Brinkley home, which would be a showplace in any city in America. Six level acres are surrounded by an iron fence standing on a cement base, and brilliantly lighted at short intervals with clusters of electric lights.

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The house is large, commodious, new, with an exquisite patio in the Mission style. The grounds possess two lovely artificial pools, and are exquisitely gardened in semi-tropical greenery. Acres of fruit trees have been set out beside the house, and altogether it is such a retreat as a king would relish. Brinkley intentionally built it as a tribute to Del Rio and its cordiality to him. It put the town to work; and he is wise enough to prefer this to any direct charity.

And this is not all he is taking care of. He is planning for the future; and only Dr. Brinkley and his wife can tell you what those plans will develop into. The papers are still full of speculations as to his next move. He has been twice elected governor of Kansas; everybody in the state knows that. There is a persistent widespread newspaper rumor that he will be a candidate for governor, on a party ticket, in Kansas, in 1934. The genial doctor shrugs, when asked about this. There is an even more insistent rumor that he plans to move his radio station to one of his two yachts, to broadcast hereafter from the high seas, where organized doctors and peanut politicians can never reach him. It would not be beyond him; for he is in the habit of being a fore-runner. Nor will we know, until he says: we can only be sure that, what he says, he will do. For that sort of integrity is the soul of John R. Brinkley.

One by one he has achieved those ambitions, that woke in the soul of the little son of the Great Smokies at the deathbed of his mother, and beside the grave of his doctor father. To be a good man . . . to be a doctor . . . to be a great man. . . .

He may have added some new ambitions. We must wait for him to state what these are.

As June 19, 1934, slipped over the horizon, the Kansas political air hummed with a not-to-be-hushed rumor that Dr. Brinkley intended to file for governor on the Republican ticket. The mid-Western papers talked of nothing else. That day ended, and still he had not filed; and noon of the ensuing day was the deadline for all entrances into the primaries. At eleven o'clock of the next morning



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the Brinkley petition was duly presented, entering the international surgeon and idol of the common people of Kansas in the Republican race.

Dr. Brinkley, from Del Rio, at once announced that he would make no campaign; and he urged his Kansas friends not to insist that he return to the state before the voting, as he intended a long vacation to Maine and Nova Scotia in his newest yacht, the *Dr. Brinkley*. The papers, that afternoon and the next morning, were hugely black with headlines speculating on this expected bombshell, so unwelcome to the Republican machine. Telegrams, letters, flooded above the Brinkley desk . . . . "Congratulations" . . . . "We are for you one hundred percent. . . ." "All Kansas looks to you to win hands down . . . ." "You're sure to get over 300,000 votes this time . . . ." The tenor was the same in all of them. An increasing number of the Kansas papers came out whole-heartedly for the doctor, soul-sick with the recent bond scandal and the broken campaign pledges of the oldline office-holders. Most of all, the unanimous request of the letters was that Brinkley enter the contest in person, until he had placed his flag, "Clean Out, Clean Up, and Keep Clean" over the dome of the capitol.

He got as far as Portland, Maine, before he yielded to the universal popular appeal, and announced that he would return, and at least greet the voters. That he will win again is almost a foregone conclusion. That he will be counted out is, unfortunately, a pretty good bet also. But the people of Kansas are getting grimly sick of such outrages upon the people's will, and anything may happen. By the time you read this, you will know what has happened.

And still before him dance the few unfulfilled ambitions of his life. . . the memorial church to his mother, in the Great Smokies . . . the million-dollar free hospital and clinic, in Del Rio . . . the total rout of the Federal Radio Commission, and its reorganization as a body working for justice and freedom of the air, rather than oppression and monopolistic exploitation . . . the destruction or complete reorganization of the iniquitous American Medical Association, in the direction of com-

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plete medical freedom, for the benefit of the oppressed public. And every day brings him nearer to seeing the realization of these dreams.

He has been treated with more outrageous unfairness than any great American I can think of. Under the cloak of law, justice, order, decency, he has been hounded, villified, robbed of his property, of his good name as far as possible, of his right to practice medicine, of his right to conduct the most popular radio station on the continent, even of a diploma honestly earned in an institution of learning more distinguished than any of his contemporaries in A. M. A. circles have graduated from. But there is a law of eternal justice—or, if you prefer the more scientific phrasing, there is a compensatory swing of the pendulum—which is just beginning to operate. In proportion to his persecutions should be his ultimate victory. He has kept the faith, he has fought the good fight to heal men, to benefit them, to bring back to them youth and health and long years and success—and all this over obstacles that would have proved insuperable to any other man. He had done it with no malice, and with hardly a loss of his good humor: his face has stayed serene, his soul confident, for he knows how clear his record has been, and how foul the souls and the public records of his opponents.

America does not know his story, fully, as yet. It will know it increasingly, as his star rises out of the opposition murk. And knowledge is the forerunner of action: and there will be a great skurrying of the rats and other creatures of darkness, when the star shines at its full.

John R. Brinkley is not important in himself: no man is. The most that the highest among us can achieve is to be the topmost drop on a huge human wave rolling in some unnoticed direction; and, if that one drop be removed, the wave is still there, and another drop will be the topmost one. If Brinkley had died as a baby in the Great Smoky Mountains, the causes he has fought for so brilliantly would still have found a champion, and many champions, to carry them to their ultimate victories.

And yet, there might have been a delay in all these

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good fights, if he had not been our leader. His sturdy pioneer mountain-conquering ancestry, their firm stalwart religious faith, the example of his beloved father as a healer of the sick, the utter privations of his youth, even the persecutions of the foul opposition—all of these have shaped him to be the resplendent leader that he is today. In the darkest hours, when bitter underhanded attacks have seemed to rob him of his God-given calling of healer, of his right to use the megaphone of the ether to talk to his fellowmen, of his livelihood, and with it the lives of himself, his wife, his son, he has not bowed to contemporary villification, knowing that in the end the truth would somehow come to dawning. When the press of a continent raked him with bitter lying criticism, he has recalled those splendid words of Sidney Lanier:

What possible claim can contemporary criticism set up to respect—that criticism which crucified Jesus Christ, stoned Stephen, hooted Paul for a madman, tried Luther for a criminal, tortured Galileo, bound Columbus in chains, drove Dante into a hell of exile . . . and committed so many other impious follies and stupidities that a thousand letters like this could not suffice even to catalogue them?

Of their company is John R. Brinkley: a man a little taller than the rest, so that the first rays of truth strike him first; a born leader, to lead man's suffering present toward an ever-brightening future. There is much in Whitman's *Song of Myself* that seems written to foretell him and describe him:

I know that the spirit of God is the brother of  
my own,  
And that all the men ever born are also my  
brothers, and the women my sisters and  
lovers . . . .  
Have you heard that it was good to gain the day?  
I also say it is good to fall, battles are lost in the  
same spirit in which they are won . . . .

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I know I am deathless,  
I know this orbit of mine cannot be swept by a  
carpenter's compass.  
I know I shall not pass like a child's caricue cut  
with a burnt stick at night.

I know I am august,  
I do not trouble my spirit to vindicate itself or be  
understood,  
I see that the elementary laws never apologize,  
(I reckon I behave no prouder than the level I  
plan my house by, after all) . . . .

Behold, I do not give lecturers or a little charity,  
When I give I give myself . . . .

I am an acme of things accomplish'd, and I am  
encloser of things to be . . . .

Immense have been the preparations for me,  
Faithful and friendly the arms that have help'd  
me.

Cycles ferried my cradle, rowing and rowing like  
cheerful boatmen,  
For room to me stars kept aside in their own  
rings,  
They sent influences to look after what was to  
hold me.

Before I was born out of my mother generations  
guided me,  
My embryo has never been torpid, nothing could  
overlay it.

For it the nebula cohered to an orb,  
The long slow strata piled to rest it on,  
Vast vegetables gave it sustenance,  
Monstrous sauroids transported it in their mouths  
and deposited it with care.

All forces have been steadily employ'd to complete  
and delight me,  
Now on this spot I stand with my robust soul.

There he stands, clean and sweet of soul, persecuted  
and reviled and yet serene and confident still, with his

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robust soul: it is those two words that sum him up, for me. I cannot end the book on them: for this book cannot be ended, so long as the vibrant vivid life of John R. Brinkley continues, and so long as its ever widelier rippling eddies of influence continue. I can only end it by saying, Stand by for a moment; and then we will hear the beloved voice of Dr. John R. Brinkley again.

## CHRONOLOGY



CHRONOLOGY OF THE LIFE  
OF  
JOHN R. BRINKLEY

- 1885, July 8. John R. Brinkley born, probably in Beta, North Carolina. His father was a beloved doctor in the Great Smoky Mountains, his mother the doctor's lovely young fifth wife.
- 1891, April 23. Sarah Candace Burnett Brinkley, John R. Brinkley's mother, died of tuberculosis.
- 1896, April 14. His father died, while attending a patient.
1902. He graduated from Tuckasegee High School, North Carolina.  
He carried mail route from Tuckasegee to Sylva, North Carolina.  
He visits Ashville, North Carolina, and sees an electric light for the first time.  
He applies for admission to Johns Hopkins, to become a doctor. He is rejected, partly because he owns no shoes. He registers in Milton Academy, Baltimore.
- 1903, September. He becomes relief agent for Southern Railroad Company, at Sylva.
- 1906, December 25. Brinkley's Aunt Sally, who had raised him, died.
1907. Telegraph operator, and freight and ticket agent, throughout the South. Home work with Milton Academy.

John R. Brinkley married Sally Wike.

To Chicago. Brinkley worked as night operator for Western Union, and attended Bennett Medical College (now medical department of Loyola University) in the day.



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1908, October 23. Brinkley passed Illinois examinations in all High School subjects.

Brinkley also attending Jefferson Park College, later called Carnegie University, for academic college credits.

Brinkley's daughter, Wanda, born.

Brinkley faints in classroom, from starvation.

1910, Spring. Brinkley doing two men's work for Western Union, each day. His first wife deserted him, with his baby and his first double pay-check.

August. Brinkley kidnaps his own baby, and goes into Canada with her. With this as a lever, he forces first wife to dismiss divorce action, and the family reunited.

Brinkley works for Western Union in New York City and the East.

November. Back to Chicago. Third year medical student.

1911, May. Third medical year completed. Sally Wike Brinkley deserted her husband again, with Wanda.

June. Brinkley's daughter, Maxine, born.

Summer. Brinkley practices as undergraduate doctor in North Carolina, with permission of State Board of Medical Examiners.

November. To Florida. He lacks finances to practice here, though he receives permission to.

Winter. Ticket-agent at Whiteville, North Carolina. Licensed as undergraduate doctor in Tennessee.

1912, Summer. Practiced in Dandridge, Tennessee. Passed examination in academic subjects at National University of Arts and Sciences, St. Louis. Practiced with the advertising Advanced Medical Specialists, Knoxville, Tennessee.

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1913. Brinkley's third daughter, Beryl, born. His wife deserts him again. He permitted her to secure a divorce. She married John Engren, a carpenter of Princeton, Ill.
- July. Brinkley decides to go as medical missionary to China. In Memphis, farewell-ing his friend's family, he meets Minnie Telitha Jones, daughter of Dr. Tiberius Gracchus Jones, pioneer Memphis doctor.
- August 23. Brinkley and Minnie Telitha Jones married.
- September. Brinkley's first wife tries to jail Brinkley for a bad check passed by one of his acquaintances; announces that she hates him, and will never rest until she jails him.
- Fall. Brinkley licensed for a year to practice medicine as an undergraduate physician in Arkansas. Practiced in Earl, Arkansas.
- Fall. Brinkley enrolled in Eclectic Medical College, Kansas City, Mo., as a fourth year medical student, and attends school here.
- 1914, May 7. John R. Brinkley, M.D., with diploma from Eclectic Medical College.
- May. Brinkley passed Arkansas medical examinations, and received full graduate physician license.
- June. Brinkley took and passed Tennessee medical examination, and received full graduate physician license.
- Summer. Brinkley joins Medical Reserve Corps of the army, commissioned as first lieutenant.
- Summer. Practiced in Judsonia, Arkansas.
- 1916, February 16. Brinkley licensed to practice in Kansas, by State reciprocity with Arkansas.
- March. Brinkley Plant Surgeon for Swift & Co., Kansas City.
- Summer. Brinkley practiced at Pratt, Kansas.

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- Summer. Brinkley practiced at Fulton, Kansas. He and his wife arrived with three one dollar bills as their total possessions. He succeeded, and joined the Odd Fellows, the Modern Woodmen, the Masons, the Methodist Church and Sunday School.
- Fall. Brinkley elected and served as Mayor of Fulton, Kansas.
- 1917, April. War declared against Germany. Brinkley assigned to duty at El Paso, Texas.
- Summer. Brinkley suffers a heat stroke, brought on by overwork as Regimental Surgeon for the 64th Infantry. Surveyed out for disability.
- Fall. Brinkley, still ill, tries practicing in Axtell, Kansas, a foreign-speaking locality.
- October 7. Brinkley begins practice in rundown Milford, Kansas.
- October. The first goat gland transplantation, on a nearby farmer, with Brinkley reluctant to perform the operation. Followed by seven others, all successful.
- 1918, Spring. Brinkley earns big money in Fulton, by healing everybody nearby, including the sick in army camps.
- March. To Chicago, for post-graduate work in surgery. All his bills paid up.
- August 26. The Brinkley Hospital, built on borrowed money, opened to the public.
- Winter. Brinkley licensed to practice in Texas, by reciprocity from Arkansas.
- 1919, August. Brinkley's drug store and office burned.
- Fall. The Brinkley Block built, on borrowed money.
- Winter. Brinkley owes everybody; Hospital closed for debt, but given the key by sheriff.
- Brinkley lectures and teaches at the new Kansas City College of Medicine and Surgery.

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Brinkley given honorary degree, D.M.S., by Kansas City College of Medicine and Surgery.

Brinkley pleads guilty, for his wife, to giving a quart of alcohol to a dentist, pays a fine, and is given a suspended sentence.

Brinkley and his advertising expert lay his goat gland discovery before the doctors, chiropractors and osteopaths of six states, and all ignore it. Brinkley's personal appearances before medical societies is as useless. Medical magazines refuse to print an account of the discovery.

Involuntary bankruptcy filed against Brinkley for his \$60,000 Milford debts.

The story is offered to 100 newspapers. Two print it.

As a result, Brinkley operates on Chancellor Tobias, of the Chicago Law School.

1920, June. Brinkley given honorary D.S. degree by Chicago Law School. All newspapers give him widest publicity.

July. Thousands of people visit Milford, and some are operated on. The town begins to boom.

1921, Spring. Brinkley more in debt, through undercharging his gland transplantation cases.

Summer. Brinkley passes Connecticut examinations, and receives full license to practice there. He spends the summer at Fairfield, Conn.

Brinkley's book, *The Goat-Gland Transplantation of Dr. J. R. Brinkley*, published, and well received. He receives an ovation in New York City.

Winter. The Brinkleys start building their home, for cash, in Milford.

1922, January. Brinkley completely broke. His letter that he plans to go for six months to Mexico brings a few patients.

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February. Brinkley invited by Harry Chandler, owner of the Los Angeles *Times*, to operate in California. He is granted a 30-day permit to practice in California, at Chandler's request.

Brinkley makes \$40,000 and a great reputation in California. The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce offers to build and present him with a \$100,000 hospital, if he'll settle there.

The California State Board of Medical Examinations refuses him a permanent license, on the technicality that it did not reciprocate with Arkansas.

Brinkley, who has prescribed successfully for Mrs. William Jennings Bryan, is invited by Bryan to operate on Woodrow Wilson secretly. He refuses, unless it is done with full public knowledge.

Brinkley's second book, *The Brinkley Operation*, appears, and is splendidly received.

Summer. Brinkley practices six months in Ensenada, Mexico, at the request of Chandler and President Obregon, and breaks even financially.

Brinkley experiments further with gland transplantation. Other surgeons corroborate his results.

1923, June. Brinkley took Missouri examination, and received full license to practice medicine there.

Early Fall. Brinkley initiated his station KFKB, to amuse and enlighten his convalescent patients.

Brinkley motored with his wife through Canada, and the East.

Brinkley invited to Shanghai, to operate on rich Chinese.

The diploma mill scandal fills the press. Brinkley unjustly accused of being a diploma mill graduate.

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Winter. The Brinkley's to Japan and China, where he operates successfully. Thence around the world.

Brinkley's license, along with that of every other eclectic doctor in Connecticut, revoked, without a hearing, in his absence.

Brinkley dreams a revelatory crisis dream, on the road to Singapore.

1924, March 24. Brinkley returns to Milford. Henry Ford's *Dearborn Independent* has just attacked him viciously as a quack, causing cancellations of most of his appointments.

Brinkley's radio transmitter burns. A new station built.

July 8. During a birthday dinner, Brinkley is notified by long distance phone that he has been indicted for conspiracy to "circumvent the medical laws" in California—an outgrowth of the diploma mill scandal, and A. M. A. opposition.

The governor of Kansas, Jonathan M. Davis, refuses to extradite Brinkley: "We're going to keep him here as long as he lives!"

1925. Brinkley sells his radio station, sails for Europe, and tries to be licensed in London, Dublin, Glasgow and Edinburgh, as an answer to his A. M. A. libellers. He is turned down, as an eclectic.

Brinkley enrolls at the University of Pavia, Italy, founded before 1000 A.D., passes his subjects, and receives a diploma in medicine.

November. Brinkley returns to Italy, passes the national examination, and is licensed to practice throughout Italy.

December 14. Brinkley licensed by the Board of Medicine in London to practice throughout the British Empire.

December 25. He returns to Milford.

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1926, January. He starts constructing another KFKB. Spring. Brinkley's baseball team, The Brinkley Goats, organized.

Fall. Brinkley's baseball team wins the championship, in Denver, in the Rocky Mountain Tournament.

Brinkley's radio station had initiated, in 1923, the College of the Air; and also remote control.

1927, September 3. John Richard Brinkley, Jr., "Johnny Boy," born—not a goat gland baby, either.

KFKB applies for 5,000 watts power, and gets it. The Kansas City *Star* station applies, and is refused.

Brinkley initiates travelogs on the air; talks on world literature; and Answers to Mothers.

This develops into the Medical Question Box on the air.

1929. Brinkley begins prescribing over the air, at the suggestion of druggists. He organizes his 1,500 selected druggists. The doctors refuse to cooperate. He practically ends the patent medicine trade, and its advertisements, in the territory he reaches, and severely damages the incomes of inept oldline doctors.

1930. Brinkley places a monument on his father's grave. Two years before, the Brinkley's had visited the Great Smoky Mountains, and all three had been baptized by immersion by Brinkley's maternal uncle, Rev. John S. Burnett.

Brinkley prepares blueprints of monument and church to his mother's memory; and of a \$1,000,000 free clinic for the poor in Milford.

April. Brinkley's station KFKB awarded the gold cup as the most popular radio station in the world, by the Chicago *Radio Digest*. He led the field 5 to 1. The Kansas City *Star* station came about twenty-fifth.

## Chronology

The American Medical Association has Brinkley's Italian diploma cancelled by the university, at Mussolini's order. It secures the cancellation of his London license. It overlooks his Italian license.

Dr. Morris Fishbein, secretary of the A. M. A., calls on the Federal Radio Commission to stop Brinkley, as a quack.

The campaign of villification and libel against Brinkley initiated by the *Star* and carried on by it and other papers.

Brinkley summoned for hearing before the radio commission, as to renewal of his license.

May. Brinkley sues Dr. Fishbein and another for \$600,000, effectually silencing his open opposition.

Brinkley clears himself absolutely before the radio commission, and offers to close the objectionable Medical Question Box. By a vote of 3 to 2, his license is not renewed.

April 29. Formal A. M. A. charges against Brinkley filed in Kansas.

Kansas Court of Appeals gets red in the face, painting Brinkley as supposedly an empiric without moral sense. Dr. Brinkley lights a Murad.

July 15. The persecution's inquisition against Brinkley opens. He meets their affidavits with hundreds of living witnesses, and disproves every charge. When they refuse to allow any more satisfied patients to testify, he invites the A. M. A. doctors who are his prosecutors and judges alike to witness his operation in Milford.

The Post Office Inspectors go into the Brinkley case fully, and give him a clean bill of health.

An Alcohol Inspection is used against Brinkley but ends in his routing the persecutors.



## *The Life of a Man*

September 15. Brinkley demonstrates two operations successfully before the Kansas State Board and prominent invited doctor spectators.

September 17. The State Medical Board, in executive session, revokes the license of Dr. Brinkley.

Brinkley, at insistent public demand, announces as independent candidate for Governor of Kansas, though his name is not printed on the ballot.

November 4. Brinkley elected Governor of Kansas, with 239,000 votes, against 216,000 for the Democrat, and 214,000 for the Republican.

56,000 Brinkley votes thrown out, on the claim that the name is written in incorrectly; and the Democrat is declared elected Governor.

1931. Brinkley asks Mexico permission to build a radio station. He is given a 20-year permit to build XER at Villa Acuna, opposite Del Rio, and promised an end to his persecutions.

February 2. The Federal Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia sustained the ruling of the Federal Radio Commission, denying KFKB a renewal of its license, though it had been voted the most popular station on the continent.

Federal Radio Commission refuses to allow Brinkley to sell KFKB to bona fide purchaser. Vice-President Curtis and the entire Kansas Congressional delegation insist to Hoover that this must be allowed, or Brinkley may be a Presidential candidate in 1932.

Brinkley is permitted to sell KFKB.

February 21. Brinkley's farewell over KFKB.

May. State Medical Board of Texas announces it is going to revoke Brinkley's license. It abandons this idea.

Brinkley builds XER on money advanced by friends.

## *Chronology*

The A. M. A. and the United States State Department persuade Mexico to bar Brinkley as an undesirable alien from entering Mexico.

Winter. Brinkley lives in Del Rio, using remote control to talk over his station XER.

1932, March 10. The Brinkleys resume control of their Milford Hospital. His assistant sets up a rival cutrate gland treatment hospital at Rosalia, Kansas.

The *Star* ceases to persecute so openly, after Brinkley on September 22nd preceding has filed suit for \$5,000,000 damages, for libel.

Brinkley offered third party nomination for President of the United States, and refuses.

Brinkley files as independent candidate for Governor of Kansas.

Brinkley runs ahead in all straw votes, and makes the most sensational race ever run in Kansas.

His divorced first wife uses a Kansas scandal sheet to broadcast dirty libels against Brinkley.

November 8. Brinkley elected Governor of Kansas the second time by a larger vote.

The vote is announced as, the Republican, 278,581; the Democrat, 272,944; Brinkley, 244,607. By the same logic, Hoover is still President of the United States.

The Brinkleys remain in Milford, using remote control to broadcast over XER.

1933, April. Brinkley does further researches, and discovers how to eliminate animal glands entirely in his operation.

June. Back to Milford. Brinkley has a heat stroke, and buys a yacht, and summers on the Great Lakes.

September 1. Brinkley returns to Milford, to find another doctor assistant has betrayed him.

## *The Life of a Man*

October 7. Brinkley opens his hospital in the Roswell Hotel in Del Rio.

Brinkley wins hands down, in the International Radio Conference in Mexico City.

1934, February 23. Brinkley voluntarily closes XER, to prevent civil war between the government and the local government, which sides with him.

1934, October, November, December. Doctor Brinkley, not to be denied radio facilities, hooks up a network of his own from his residence in Del Rio and continues his broadcasting over two radio stations in Colorado, one in Kansas and one in Missouri.

1935, January 22. Brinkley purchases Station XEAW at Reynosa, Mexico; increases the power from 5,000 to 50,000 watts; gains another powerful radio outlet.

He spends the summer off the coast of Nova Scotia, where he catches a 690 pound tuna.

November. Radio Station XER returns to the air as XERA, on 840 kilocycles. Doctor Brinkley now broadcasts over two super-power stations in Mexico instead of one.

1936. Doctor Brinkley continues his research work and perfects a Surgical Technique for completely reducing the enlarged prostate and preventing its removal.

He also perfects a medical solution for clearing the infection out of the prostate without an operation.

Summer finds the Doctor relaxing off the coast of Liverpool, Nova Scotia, with a bit of fishing. He lands six big tuna and one white shark. One tuna weighs 788 pounds, exceeding Zane Grey's 12 year record and entitling Doctor Brinkley to the Western Hemisphere tuna record.

## *Chronology*

He acquires two orange groves in the Lower Rio Grande Valley consisting of 118 acres and becomes one of the large citrus producers.

7,000 acres of virgin forest land in the mountains of North Carolina are added to the Doctor's interests.

He acquires large holdings of oil land in Texas, where he is likely to become one of the large producers.

1937. We find Doctor Brinkley adding valuable property in the State of Arkansas for a future hotel or hospital.

As this reprint of his biography is made in February, 1937, we find him anxious to retire from radio health talks and from hospital work, to which he has devoted almost 30 years of his life, for a study of the human body and the further advancement of medical science.

(To Be Continued)

