

Ted's Surgery

I was born in 1935 and horses were still playing a large part in the work on our farm. Our horses were named Bill and Bob, and we used them to accomplish many of our farm jobs. Our primary tractor in the early forties was an International 10-20, a large four-wheeled iron-wheeled contraption that crushed almost everything in its path. We used the horses to cultivate corn, plow the garden and any other job around delicate plants.

A few years later, Dad purchased a Farmall F-20, which was a rubber tired tricycle-type tractor that could be used without damaging small plants. But, in the early forties, we continued to use horses for many farm jobs. I loved having the horses as I got to ride them as Dad cultivated corn and hauled loads of hay to the barn (A farmer had to be careful not to let sparks from the early tractors ignite crops like hay or straw, so horses were used.)

Our horses were coal black in color and very athletic, but not as large as Dad's brother's (My Uncle Delph) horse, Ted, who weighed nearly a ton. We used Ted to pull the rope to raise loads of hay into the upper levels of the barn. Ted was so well trained that Uncle Delph could merely tell him, "Getty Up" or "Whoa" and Ted would respond accordingly. We never feared that Ted wouldn't mind...and detach the lifting equipment out of the barn. He always did what he was told!

When Ted started to develop breathing problems one day, the veterinarian was called to diagnosis the problem. The Vet determined that Ted had an obstruction in his esophagus and that surgery would be needed. In those days, horses were not taken to animal hospitals, but rather the needed operation took place right in the barn. The Vet got his surgical tools ready, Dad and Uncle Delph got on each side of Ted and the Vet started to administer the anesthetic, ether, which he poured into towel and placed over Ted's nose.

Ted's legs started to wobble and the Vet, Uncle Delph and Dad steered Ted down to the ground. It scared me as Ted looked like he had died, but the Vet assured me that he was just sleeping. The Vet made a small incision in Ted's neck, removed the obstacle and put several stiches in Ted's neck. Ted started to stir and then wobbled to his feet. Right then and there I decided to become a Vet when I grew up, a dream I held onto until I was in junior high school.

Several weeks later, our family doctor decided that I need to have my tonsils removed and scheduled me for surgery. This surgery was accomplished in the doctor's office (Yes, that way the way it was done in those years!). I can still remember the terrible smell of the ether I was administered and the doctor asking me questions to determine if I was finally asleep!

After the surgery, the doctor told my family that it had taken a large amount of ether to put me to sleep. With Ted's

surgery fresh in their minds, it was determined that it had
TAKEN MORE ETHER TO ANESTHETIZE ME THAN IT
HAD TO IMOBILIZE TED!!!

Apparently, it takes a large quantity of ether to put a small
talkative boy to sleep because, in this case, his brain was
(and still is) so large! But my family never seemed to
understand the above, and to this day they bring the subject
up at family dinners...IT TOOK MORE ETHER TO PUT
GLENN UNDER THAN IT DID TO ANESTHETIZE ONE
TON TED! My family will never let me forget this!!

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