

THE COTTAGE CUT-UP

Shortly after I arrived at Hazelwood Sanitarium, the doctors decided I should have light exercise and had me removed from the death chamber (Porch for the very ill) and sent to a cottage, so I'd have to commute to the main building for my meals and for examinations. The nurse gave me a bed by a part-breed Indian by the name of Frazee but called Half Ear. The young man must have been quite a devil; for according to his own version of how he came by the half ear, he and a friend got into a drunken brawl and the friend relieved him of half an ear with his dental equipment.

At any rate he was exceedingly mischievous and, I might add, very likable. He was a lethal pill for the blues and he kept us all laughing most of the time.

One afternoon the nurse brought an old man down to the cottage, who looked as if he hadn't shaved or had a haircut in years---in fact *and, wholly ignorant of San ways.* he was positively woolly. That night Frazee *a crystal set* donned an intern's suit secured a pair of earphones from an earphone radio, went into the old man's room, and told him he was an intern come to examine him. The old fellow bared his chest and Frazee proceeded to give a once over. When he had finished the operation, he straightened up, looking very solemn.

"Did you hear anything?" the old man asked anxiously.

"Yes, and it didn't sound good." *Frazee replied*

"What did it sound like?"

"Sounded like a big chain being dragged through a hollow log."

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At this point Fraze couldn't restrain his desire to laugh any longer and tittered. The old fellow knew now he had been made the but of a joke and laughed, too.

On another occasion the nurse brought a young man down who was scared half to death for fear he was going to die. As soon as he had learned that he had Tb, according to his story, he had begun studying his Bible and praying assiduously; and he was still doing so, when he arrived at the cottage.

Fraze learned about his panicky condition and went over and told him we were going to have a prayer meeting over at our porch and invited him to join us. The little fellow swallowed Fraze's tale hook and line. He secured his Bible and followed Fraze over. Fraze walked in and in a tone remindful of a priest at mass said, "Boys, here's a young man who wants to join us in prayer. Let's kneel in silent prayer." While speaking, he genuflected and the young man dropped down beside him. The other boys caught the cue and did likewise. While they were all in that pose, a young fellow from raducah (formerly from Hopkinsville) walked in and sized up the situation. "Amen," he shouted---loud enough to be heard all over the campus. The boys all laughed, then, of course, the young man knew he had been the victim of a very mean---and I might add sacriligious---joke.

I didn't approve of everything Fraze did, but I'll have to admit that he was a tonic <sup>to</sup> sad depressed spirits.