

**TENTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE  
ASSOCIATION OF SURGEONS OF  
THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY  
COMPANY, CHATTANOOGA,  
TENN., MAY 24-25, 1905**

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Tenth Annual Meeting of the Association of Surgeons of the Southern Railway Company,  
Chattanooga, Tenn., May 24-25, 1905 by Various

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**VARIOUS**

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ASSOCIATION OF SURGEONS OF  
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DR. WILLIAM A. APPLGATE

Born at Yellow Springs, Ohio, November 30, 1857. Preliminary education at Antioch College, Yellow Springs. Graduated from medical department of Harvard University in Boston, in 1882.

Located in Chattanooga in 1891. Was appointed assistant surgeon of the Southern and

A. G. S. Railways, May 15, 1901.

Was appointed Chief Surgeon of the Southern Railway, March

15, 1905.

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OF THE  
ASSOCIATION OF SURGEONS  
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CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

MAY 24 - 25, 1905



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OFFICIAL



BADGE

*From Med. Bldg.  
8-26-1926*

TENTH ANNUAL MEETING  
OF  
THE ASSOCIATION OF SURGEONS  
OF THE  
SOUTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY.

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Chattanooga, Tenn., May 24, 1905.

Morning Session—First Day.

The Association convened in the Assembly Hall of the Read House, and was called to order at 10 a. m. by the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, Surgeon W. A. Applegate.

Prayer was offered by Dr. J. W. Bachman, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Chattanooga.

The Address of Welcome was delivered by Hon. A. W. Chambliss, Mayor of Chattanooga, as follows:

"Chattanooga is bound to the Southern Railway by many ties, and on behalf of the people of Chattanooga I welcome you to our gates. We are all glad to see you this morning and hope that your stay in Chattanooga will be pleasant in every particular. What you will see here you will be impressed with, and the scenery and surroundings are the most beautiful anywhere to be found. Chattanooga is, in our opinion, the most beautiful spot in the world, and we want you to go away feeling that it is all that we claim for it.

"It is a blessed thing that your part in life is to help others, and to give us life. We all love this life, and we want life more abundantly, and you give this to us, as it is fresher than the life to come. Your profession is a most noble one and devoted to the sacred duty of preserving life for your fellowmen. All about you here are scenes of the great battles of the late war and the government has helped us to make these spots attractive, and we are proud of our homes. I hope your programme will prove profitable as it indicates, and that your visit will be so pleasant that you will come again."

The Address of Welcome from the Chattanooga Medical Society was delivered by Dr. J. R. Rathmell, ex-President Chattanooga Medical Society, as follows:



## DR. RATHMELL'S WELCOME.

As a representative of the medical profession of Chattanooga the task of giving welcome to your coming has been assigned me.

The duty is a pleasant one and not arduous, for I well know how unwelcome a long word welcome would prove itself to be to a body of medical men, whose earliest teaching has been the precept "to look wise and say little."

It seems to me a spoken welcome is really unnecessary. For those who know say that this is a great big hearted city, whose doors are always open and whose hands are extended in kindness to all good men and great. Our city stands for old-time hospitality. But it also stands for progress, spelling that word with capitals to give it emphasis. Every movement in and about our city is stamped with the word "strenubus."

Our business men walk rapidly, the wheels of the factories hum loud and whirl swiftly; the locomotives going out on their journeys hauling the products of our city move hurriedly and returning come in with increased velocity.

To see the many lines of railway coming from all directions, converging like great nerve-tracts to their ganglion, impresses us with the belief that Chattanooga has become one of the great nerve centers of our nation. Every muscle and every sinew of our business body has always been in the highest state of activity and has been toughened and made strong with an extinguishable vitality.

Our people waste no time in sentiment, nor in loitering. But our city, busy as she is, has time to welcome all organizations of workers, whether their object be for civic, social, political, religious or scientific uplift. Therefore with authority, I greet you gladly.

The system whose interests you cherish has seen fit to choose one to be at their head in medical affairs from out our midst and from the very condition I have just mentioned.

The medical profession of Chattanooga is glad that so great a man being needed, the Southern Railway system found him here in no less a man than William A. Applegate.

You are welcome again because of the responsible position you occupy. Numskulls and ignoramuses sometimes get into responsible places, but they do not stay long when once such scrutiny of conduct and tests of ability are applied to them that are employed by the Southern Railway Company, I am certain, therefore, that good sense, good judgment and a correct knowledge of the character of the healing agents and appliances employed have led to the right results, else you would not be here to-day.

Again you are welcome because you belong to the great medical profession, composed as it is of its hundreds of thousands of adherents. The same motives prompting any medical man anywhere to do his duty,

prompt you, and though you are somewhat specific in your limitations, you are not limited in your responsibility.

The best gifts to a great nation are the gifts of honest, upright, progressive, intellectual, noble men, and this applies whether they be for statesmen, rulers, financiers or surgeons. Such men never compromise their character for any temporary advantage over others. This great profession furnishes the opportunity for the development of the power of self-help. Gladstone said "that self-help makes the man and man making is the aim that the Almighty has everywhere impressed upon creation." There is no business man of whom more self-help is required and self-reliance demanded than the railroad surgeon.

Place him, as it often happens, where steady nerve, sound judgment, intelligent action and best service are needed, and if he is not the man for the place it will quickly show itself. This is the school that gives edge to his knowledge. It is these various experiences that give the features of the medical man, whether he be a surgeon, specialist or a general practitioner, a certain unmistakable air of self-reliance or self-sufficiency. It is this calm, resolute, defiant, independent demeanor which unconsciously wins respect. This applies to the members of this association as well as others.

While I am aware that you are not in the employment of the Southern for pure philanthropy, nor alone for experience nor the money you get—my understanding being that none of you are over paid—yet you are actuated by the same general motives, resting upon the same general principles, that move the whole profession, namely, a mixture of all those reasons resulting in the best service for the needy.

While I am in full sympathy with the enthusiastic young physician who, to get practice, has the spirit to do most anything to secure it, and knowing well that all medical men must have business in order to live, yet I confess I do not want the experience of the doctor whose epitaph may run as follows:

"Here lies the body of a medical man,  
The 'white horse' appeared and off with him ran.  
But his body was so full of leaven  
It went straight up to the gates of heaven;  
And at the key-hole, peeping through,  
Of the promised land gained a bird's-eye view.  
But finding no one there  
The least in need of professional care,  
It fell straightway to the place below,  
That dismal region of perpetual woe.  
Oh! it cried, what a kingdom is this,  
Truly for a doctor here is bliss,  
For all are found indeed most willing  
To be practised upon by the art of killing."

To have absolute relief from the cares of routine business at home; to be encouraged and stimulated in your mental life by the excellent work you do on this

occasion; to become more beautiful and refined in life by the inspiring scenery and surroundings of our city, are the good wishes of the local medical profession.

Gentlemen, members of the Association of Surgeons of the Southern Railway Company, your wives, sweet-hearts and all visiting physicians, you are welcome to Chattanooga.

The response to the Address of Welcome was delivered by Surgeon J. J. Harrison Jr., of Loudon, Tenn., as follows:

#### DR. HARRISON'S RESPONSE.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Once again, in the Providence of Almighty God, we have been permitted to assemble together as surgeons and by contact and association, to cement and weld more tightly the bands of love encircling us and the friendships and ties of days past and forever gone.

Two years ago we met upon the wave-washed shores of Old Point Comfort, within sight and view of "Hampton Roads," and of a storm-tossed, heaving bosom of a mighty ocean.

Scarce twelve months with their lights and shadows, their oft receiving periods of sunshine and storm, have elapsed since the loving arms of a welcoming southland were thrown around us and at Atlanta, close the throbbing heart of our beloved Dixie, we say the white-capped fields of cotton, revelled in the magnolia's sweet perfume and in the tender carols of innumerable feathered songsters.

But in this good year, 1905, an East Tennessee city, famous in history, story and song, welcomes us as guests, and opens wide her hospitable doors for our unlimited enjoyment and entertainment.

For the gracious words of welcome spoken by Chattanooga, through the lips of her eloquent son who has just preceded me, we return sincere and earnest thanks and gladly accept the favors and courtesies so freely offered and so generously extended.

Through all the decades of the past no city can compare with Chattanooga in industrial or civic progress in times of peace or exhibited greater, grander deeds of heroism and valor when the dogs of war were unleashed and strife and carnage made of her a vast and bloody battlefield.

Less than a half a century ago she was but the helpless, eringing plaything of "grim-visaged" war. Her peace destroyed by the thunder of opposing cannon and the steady, relentless "tramp, tramp, tramp" of the rough-shod, marching thousands.

From the cloud-bathed lofty top of "Old Lookout," there has come down to her the discordant, horrible sounds of battle, and at gory Chickamauga she has *seen father thirsting for the blood of son and a brother*