

7-2003

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Recommended Citation

(2003) "The Autobiography of Dr. Russell R. Rudd (1898-1998) From Memoirs Written in 1989, Chapter I," *Jackson Purchase Historical Society*. Vol. 30 : No. 1 , Article 6.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.murraystate.edu/jphs/vol30/iss1/6>

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**THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF
DR. RUSSELL R. RUDD (1898-1998):
FROM MEMOIRS WRITTEN IN 1989**

CHAPTER I

As I am nearing ninety years of age and have been practicing medicine for sixty years, I would like to tell the true story of my life.

A few years ago an office nurse by the name of Mrs. Harry (Dulcie) Richards worked for me. Dulcie always wanted to write a story of my life. She said she would write it out in longhand, and I could get someone to type it for me. I could not find anyone to type this paper for me. Dulcie had it all written out, and the only thing I could do...[was] to type it myself with the hunt and peck system use of one finger....I know very little about typing. [I] hope you enjoy the true story of my life as it is a very unusual story.



The Rudd home and offices upon their completion in 1904.

After I had attended Fulton High School for three years, I had only made three credits. Maxwell McDade told me that after I stayed in a grade for two years, they would pass me to the next grade anyway. I told

Maxwell it would take half of my life just getting out of high school that way.

To begin with, I did not like to go to school, and I played hooky quite often from grade school through high school. I did not wake up and get my head on straight until a friend of mine, Ted Sandford, made good grades at school and was planning to go on to medical school after graduation. I had the same opportunity that Ted had, but "I blew it." I was glad for Ted, but it was at that very moment the realization hit me. As everyone was congratulating Ted, I began to feel sorry for myself and slipped out through the back door of school with a feeling of very low self-esteem. I crossed the street and walked down the path that led to Carr Park. It was there that I did a little soul searching and a reevaluation of my own life.

One of my teachers expelled me from her class. After that, I would walk around town instead of going to school. One day Professor Cheek, Superintendent of Fulton High, saw me uptown. He asked what I was doing. I told him I had been expelled.

He said, "Who expelled you?" When I told him, he said, "You be in school at eight o'clock in the morning, and I will take you back to her class."

Later, as I sat alone in the park, I began reminiscing of bygone days. I remembered when Rock Top Taylor, Punk Butterworth, Dike Robertson and myself delivered the *Fulton Daily Leader* for Mott Ayers all over town for twenty-five cents a day. I wouldn't want that job back!

I continued walking through the park and thinking. I noticed the big tobacco barn located where the First Methodist Church is now. I remembered working in the tobacco barn for eight long, hard years for fifty cents a day. I wouldn't want that job back! I inhaled so many tobacco

fumes and my clothing smelled so much like tobacco that my mother wouldn't let me in the house. I had to go to the buggy shed and change clothes.

I remembered being a "soda jerk" at Paschall's Drugstore. It seemed to me that everyone that came into the drugstore had a complaint of some kind. I soon got tired of listening to people's complaints day in and day out and "jerking" sodas for a few cents a day so I asked my boss, Julian Paschall, to fire me.

"Why do you want to be fired?" he asked.

"I want to study medicine," I replied.

He refused to fire me, so I quit.

My next job was driving a grocery truck for Mike Fry's Grocery. I would have to wind up the old Ford truck and deliver groceries all over town to practically every home for a meager wage.

After that job expired, I drove the bread truck for Alf and Paul Hornbeak. I would deliver bread to all the grocery stores and restaurants in town first and then to individual households. One day while I was driving down Eddings Street, a lady stopped me and wanted to know if I had any "kicks with reasons" in them (*cakes with raisins in them*).

I also worked at the fire station as fireman for a number of years before entering medical school.

I had a friend in Fulton, Myron Burton, whose dad owned some high-stepping show horses with these little buggies. My friend Myron came by my house one day driving one of the high-stepping horses with the little buggy. He invited me and another friend, Marshall Dancy, to go for a ride with him. We gladly accepted. Myron sat in the middle of the little buggy seat, holding the reins in his hands. Marshall sat on one side of the seat, and I sat on the other side.

We were traveling down the road toward Whitesell's woods and turned left toward Pierce Station when suddenly the horses began to run away with us. We were thrown from the buggy into the ditch. I wasn't hurt, but Myron was lying against a tree stump unconscious. Marshall climbed over the back of the buggy and jumped before we hit the ditch and escaped injury. Marshall stayed with Myron while I ran for help. I went to a neighbor's house and called my father. I told him where we were and asked him to come at once. Father jumped in his buggy and came to our rescue. We picked Myron up and gently laid him in the floorboard of father's buggy. Marshall and I rode on the back of the buggy. Myron had a light concussion. My father R.T. Rudd, a doctor, treated him. Myron soon recovered, but we never did know what happened to the horse.

A few months later, my friend Myron moved to St. Louis, Missouri, with his family, and I visited him quite frequently. We would attend the ball games together in St. Louis. One day we were on our way downtown when I noticed a big sign in a window which read "This Bud Is For You." We decided to go into this beer joint and get a free Bud. That night I became very ill, and Myron's dad called a doctor. The doctor diagnosed my condition as spinal meningitis. My parents were notified and came on the next train. My father examined me and found instead that I had malaria fever. I was carried home and quarantined in an upstairs room, and later I was sent to Dawson Springs, Kentucky, to take those famous "sulfur baths."

The bath house was across the street from the hotel where I was staying. An attendant assisted me with my first bath. He told me to take my clothes off; then he put me in a "steam box" and turned the steam on. I looked over to the patient next to me and noticed that he had fainted. I thought I was supposed to faint, too, but I didn't. Those steam baths surely

brought the malaria out of my body through the sweat glands. Five treatments were all it took for my complete recovery, but I kept having "night sweats." I was told to put a pan of water under my bed. I reluctantly obeyed the orders, and it stopped my night sweats.

After the malaria was cured, they offered me a job selling popcorn. I thanked them kindly but told them I wanted to go home, but I did go back once a year for several years to take the "sulfur baths."

There was a man in Fulton by the name of Les DeMyer. He had started a band. I bought me a cornet and played cornet for a number of years in his band. There was another boy in the band, this one known as "Post Office" Bugg. He was H.H. Bugg's brother. Post Office Bugg chewed tobacco. One day the tobacco flew out of his mouth and into his slide trombone. He could not make a sound with the horn.

Bugg said, "Mr. DeMyer, my horn will not blow."

Mr. DeMyer said, "Let me have your horn." He ran water through the trombone, and washed the tobacco out. "Try it now," he said.

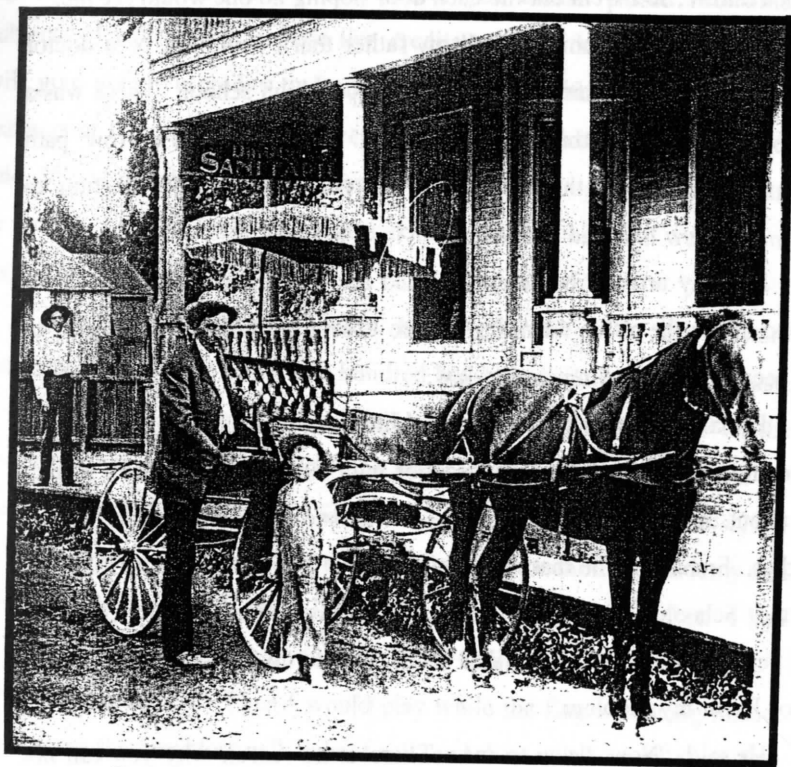
We had a train master here by the name of Zebra Evans who joined our band. One day Zebra asked Mr. DeMyer to stop the band. When Mr. DeMyer wanted to know why, Zebra answered, "I can not play this piece of music!"

"Don't let that bother you, Zebra. You can not play any of them."

I sat with Harwood Simmons in school, and I tried to get him to join our band. One day Harwood brought a piece of a clarinet to play. He had to patch it together with adhesive tape. Eventually Harwood studied music and went to Columbia University in New York as a music teacher and band director.

When the band went to the Army during the First World War, I did not get to go because I had malaria fever.

But to return to Fulton High School, even if only for a few days: The morning when Professor Cheek and I walked into the room of the teacher who had expelled me, she was so angry her face turned red. I knew she would fail me at the end of the year--and she did, too.



Downtown Fulton, Kentucky, *circa* 1904: Dr. R.T. Rudd and the future Dr. Russell R. Rudd pose beside their surrey and horse just off the sidewalk and veranda of the Rudd home and professional offices at 222 Commercial Avenue. The home built in 1904 still stands, Dr. Russell Rudd's sign still on the entrance to his clinic.

At the end of that school year, I saw I could not make it, so I decided to drop out. When I left school that day as "a failure in high school," I

looked up the hall and saw all the boys and girls congratulating Ted. Ted Sandford was valedictorian that year. He was a fine boy and a fine student. He was going to study medicine. I knew he would make a fine doctor. But I was a failure, so I went out the back door hoping no one would see me.

I had to come home and tell my father that I could not be a doctor now and practice with him since I could not pass high school. There was a narrow path that ran through Carr's Park. I walked that narrow path home to tell my father the bad news. I did not know what I was going to do.

I finally arrived home and walked into my father's office. There was no one in the office when I got there except my father. I was glad of that because I was feeling mighty low.

I finally got up the nerve to tell him that I had failed in high school and could not make a doctor and practice with him. He never said a word. But about that time the phone rang. It was one of my classmates, Frank Beadles. Frank told me that there was a Major Irwin here from Columbia Military School, Columbia, Tennessee, and he wanted us to go to Columbia next year. When Frank and Major Irwin came to my father's office, I told Major Irwin my problem.

He said, "Now, listen to me. There is no reason why you can not pass these subjects. Frank tells me you play the cornet. Bring your cornet with you, and I will make you the bugler. You can wait on tables, and that will help you pay your expenses. I will teach you Latin; your bandmaster will teach you Spanish. You can sign up for the rest of your subjects after you get there."

My father gave me his permission. Since I had already flunked out of high school, there didn't seem to be any other choice.

Major Irwin told me to bring what high school credits I had--which were only three for three years work. So I decided I would go to see Professor Cheek and get my three credits. Professor Cheek looked over my record and said, "I see here where you almost passed two other subjects. I will give you these two credits to go with your three, which will give you five credits to face the cold world with." I knew all the teachers at Fulton High School were glad to see me leave. I imagine they said, "Good riddance." I never saw Professor Cheek again, and I am sure he thought I would never pass high school. I thanked him and went on my way.

Rochelle Irby, another Fulton boy, went with us to the military academy. There were about two hundred boys enrolled. It had a jailhouse, so if anyone ran off he was put in jail. There were five barracks on the campus. I would have to blow the bugle loud enough to be heard by everyone in all five barracks. Since I had played the cornet in the school band for several years, they put me in the band in the military academy and made me "the bugler." I had a little bugle that fit in my hip pocket. I had a wristwatch so I would be up to blow "First Call" at five-forty-five a.m. I blew the reveille next. Then I would play while the flag was being raised. Then came the breakfast call, school call, and then a call every forty-five minutes between classes. Next came drill call, rest call, supper call, study call, a call to dismiss study hall, and then 10 o'clock taps.

One night Frank and Rochelle hid my bugle. The next morning no bugle! I told them if they did not give me back my bugle, the Officer of the Day would be up. About that time the Officer of the Day came in and asked me if I thought today was a holiday.

"These two boys hid my bugle," I told him.

Here came one carrying the front end of the bugle while the other one held the backend.

The Officer of the Day said, "This will not happen again."

I did not blame them for hiding the bugle since they did so in order that we could sleep longer.

Frank and I played baseball all during our school days. He played shortstop, and I caught. Frank decided one day he would go out for football. So I told my band director I would not play in the band the next day.

He asked, "What are you going to do?"

I said, "Play football." And he predicted, "You will not be gone long."

I put my suit on, shoulder pads and all. One old boy by the name George Pfann made a lunge at me, and I was knocked out. When I came to, I saw my nose was bleeding. After I stopped seeing stars and stopped my nose from bleeding, I knew that was enough of football.

I was so far behind with my credits I was taking six subjects plus two night classes. It wasn't easy, but I passed all eight subjects in one year. In Fulton, I only passed three subjects in three years.

Rochelle Irby and Dudley Morris were also students at this same military school. There was a pie house down the road from the school that sold a piece of pie for ten cents a slice. I stayed broke half the time and couldn't afford ten cents for a slice of pie. Dudley Morris was loaded. He had plenty of money so I was always borrowing money from him to buy me a piece of pie.

I also loved baseball. So, when I would get a vacation from the military academy, I would go to St. Petersburg, Florida, to see the

Cardinals and the Yanks play. Harry Carey was a young man then, and he would broadcast on radio across the aisle from where I sat.

The next year I only had to take four or five subjects to graduate. It was the work of the Lord, bringing Frank Beadles and Major Irwin to my rescue. I had reached my row's end.

Rochelle Irby did not come back the second year, but Dudley Morris came in his place.

When Frank Beadles and I graduated in 1921, we had lived together for so long we probably felt we would never see each other again. We cried when we said goodbye. I asked Frank what he was going to do now, and his reply was, "I am going to work in a hardware store."

I told him I was going to Union University to take a pre-med course. I had found out that if I passed pre-med, I could enter medical school in Cincinnati, Ohio, the following year. So I decided to go to summer school at Jackson, Tennessee. There was a train that left Fulton at three p.m.

At the railroad station I met a boy by the name of Jack Frost. He was going to Jackson to take a pre-med course. We got a room at the boys' dorm (Adams Hall) on the third floor. About the time we got our room in shape, a boy from down the hall came by to meet us. He said his name was "Brother Pastor." He said he was going to marry a couple and wanted to know if we wanted to come along.

Jack said he was going to write letters, but we should go on. When this new boy and I walked down the stairs and out on the campus, we met two girls. Brother Pastor asked if they wanted to come along to the wedding, and they said, "Yes."

We did not walk very far until Brother Pastor started to read his marriage sermon off. I could tell right then that Brother Pastor did not

know how to marry people. But when we started into the building, Brother Pastor threw his paper on the sidewalk.

I said, "Brother Pastor, don't throw the paper away till after you marry the couple."

But he said, "I think I have got it."

When we walked into the house, there was a man in a rocking chair. Brother Pastor asked him, "Where is the couple that wants to get married?"

The man in the rocker said, "They are in the next room."

About that time, the door opened, and a long, tall girl with a veil over her face and a little short boy walked into the room.

Brother Pastor started his ceremony and got about half through but forgot what to say. He looked at me, and I shook my head; next he looked at the girls, and they shook their heads.

The only thing Brother Pastor could do then was to say, "You are married."

The boy asked Brother Pastor what he owed him. Brother Pastor asked, "What do you think it is worth?"

The boy said, "I do not think it is worth much," and gave him fifty cents.

I was standing next to the door so I walked out to the sidewalk. The girls followed me.

In a few minutes when Brother Pastor came out, I asked him, "What did he pay you, Brother Pastor?" Brother Pastor said, "He gave me fifty cents, but before I left the room, I raised the veil on the lady's face and then gave him his fifty cents back."

The next day was Saturday, and Brother Pastor said, "There's a pond close by where we go swimming. Would you like to go?"

I said, "Yes."

While we were in swimming, a goat was walking on the banks of the pond and jumped into the water.

Brother Pastor asked, "Do you see that goat?"

I said, "Yes." Brother Pastor said, "I will baptize the goat."

He tried to duck the goat under the water, but either the goat's head or the goat's tail would be out of the water.

Brother Pastor said, "You see, I cannot baptize this goat but," he said, "I will tell you what I will do: I will sprinkle a little water on his head and let him go to the devil!"

The next day was Sunday, and he wanted me to hear him preach. When we got to the churchyard, a young couple came up to him, and asked him to marry them.

Brother Pastor said, "All right, but after the preaching service."

That morning Brother Pastor was going to preach on "Noah." He said that after 120 years, Noah decided to take on a wife. But when Brother turned the leaf in the Bible, he was nervous and turned two leaves at a time and read, "She was 120 cubits long, and 50 cubits wide, and was made out of gopher wood, and covered with pitch on the inside and on the outside."

That made Brother Pastor even more nervous, so he decided to marry the couple and go on home. But first, he said, "Those that want to get married may now come to the front." Thirteen women and one man came down the aisle.

The next day was Monday. The fraternity boys started to look us over. I was invited to the A-T-O Fraternity smoker. They would ask a lot of personal questions. They asked one boy if he smoked. He said, "No." They asked him if he drank, and he said, "No." They asked him if he went

with the girls. He said, "No." They asked him, "What do you do?" And he said, "I lie some."

The fraternity had a dance, and they told the freshmen to say something nice to the girls after they danced with them. One boy came back from the dance, and the A-T-O boy asked the freshman if he had said something nice to the one he danced with. He said he hadn't.

The A-T-O boy said, "Well, go on back and say something nice to her."

So the freshman went back and held the girl by the arm, and said, "Girl, you sweats less than any girl I ever danced with."

They initiated me into the Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity, and I have been a member for over fifty years.

For thirty-five years I would attend the Annual Founder's Day Banquet at the New Southern Hotel in Jackson, Tennessee, either as toastmaster or the teller of jokes:

There was this young couple that had a young son who said bad words. When he was invited to a little boy's party one day, the mother told him that she had called the little boy's mother and told her if her boy said a bad word, she should send him home.

He was not gone long, though, before his mother and father saw him on his way home. The mother whipped him up one side, and the father whipped him on the other. But all the time they were whipping him, he was trying to say something. After they got through whipping him, the father said, "What have you got to say for yourself?" The boy said, "They ain't going to have the damn party till tomorrow!"

One day in class, one of his teachers asked that little boy, "Who signed the Declaration of Independence?" The boy said, "Damned if I know."

The teacher had the boy's father come and sit in the next room with the door partly open so he could hear what his son said. The teacher asked the boy the same question, and again the boy answered, "Damned if I know."

The father walked into the room, took the boy by the arm and said, "Son, now if you signed this declaration thing, you just tell this teacher, or you can get us all in trouble."

We were getting ready to have a basketball game at Union University one night. My uncle, who was a barber in Jackson, told me he had some whiskey, and he wanted me to take a drink. I told him I didn't drink whiskey, but he kept insisting until I finally gave in and took a drink. By the time I got out in the street, I was deathly sick, but tried not to vomit for fear that people would think that I was an alcoholic. I made it to my room, but threw up all over the floor in the dorm. I asked my roommate to go get something to clean up the mess, but when he returned, he had the professor of the school with him.

I was thrown out of school and given three days to leave the university. My mother's sister lived in Jackson. I went to her house and told her about the dirty trick her brother had pulled on me.

That very night, we were to elect new officers at the boys' dorm. When the president asked for nominations, one boy stood up and nominated me. Another boy seconded the motion, and I was elected president.

Needless to say, my ex-roommate and his professor friend got up and left the meeting before we adjourned. We had no more trouble at Adams Hall after that.

While I was in pre-med school at Union University, we dissected cats. We would go out and find a cat, put it under a big jar, and

chloroform it, then dissect it. The people living close by kept their pet cats in the house to keep the students from picking them up.

I studied under Dr. Sauage while I was attending Union at Jackson. He was a tough teacher. He began his classes before daylight. One of Dr. Sauage's daughters married M.E. Dodd, who was minister of the First Baptist Church in Fulton at that time. My father, Dr. R.T. Rudd, delivered one of Brother and Mrs. Dodd's children.

Dr. Sauage remarked to me one day, "Mr. Rudd, don't you think when you try to forget something, it makes it easier to remember?" I knew by that statement that underneath all that so-called roughness, Dr. Sauage was a kind and understanding man.



Dr. Russell Rudd as medical officer with the United States Army during World War II.

During those days we Union students could do our required work in two years to go to medical school. I worked out my required work at Union University in order to enter Cincinnati Medical College. My good friend Ted Sandford was valedictorian of our high school class when I only had three credits, but I was trying hard to make up my credits so Ted and I could enroll in medical school together. I then contacted the dean of the college of medicine in Cincinnati, Ohio. I had my thirteen credits from the military academy and all my required credits from Union University. I was accepted to the medical school in Cincinnati, but Ted decided to go to the medical school in Louisville, Kentucky.

When I left home for medical college, the train left Fulton at 10:10 a.m. I intended to go to Louisville, and spend the night, and go on to Cincy the next day.

(In Chapter Two Dr. Russell Rudd completes his medical degree and begins his more than sixty-year career as general family practitioner in Fulton, Kentucky.)

BRADLEY WAGONS



Cut-Under Surrey.

A glance at our illustration will make clear what is meant by a Cut-Under Surrey as distinguished from one with a straight body. In this case the body is cut out under the front seat, so that the wheel may turn under to the reach. One can readily see that a carriage of this sort may be turned around in a comparatively small space.