water's edge to fish for small aquatic creatures. The fallen leaves drift lazily with the current of the darkened water. I somberly realize that the hour is late. With a sigh I pull myself to my feet, feeling very refreshed and relaxed. To me this "wonderland" is a happy escape from the hustle of the city and a place where I can dream and appreciate nature and God.

The Operating Room

Chester Livingston

It was solid comfort to sit beside the massive, square window and watch the swirling sheets of rain drench everything this late fall evening. There would have been little pleasure in just watching the rain if it had not brought back memories of the evening during which I was permitted to attend a major surgery at a naval hospital. I had been in the service about nine months, and I was in my advanced training, which is the last training before going overseas. I was put in the medical corps when I enlisted because of my experience in the pharmaceutical field. Although I worked in the laboratories most of the time, I came into personal contact with the doctors. One of these doctors, who was to perform this operation, happened to like me very much. So he asked me the morning before if I would like to watch the operation. I was a little hesitant about accepting the doctor's invitation. I was not sure my fortitude could stand seeing the human body cut on and the results. Once I fainted while a doctor was bandaging my fingers that I had caught in a sander at school. But I knew that I would never have the opportunity again. I had heard before I had enlisted in the navy what a remarkable job the doctors were doing saving the lives of the service personnel. So I convinced myself that I should go.

I arrived at the hospital about seven o'clock that evening, and I was met at the door by three fellow corpsmen. Having walked two blocks in the steady downpour, I looked like an old mop. They took me into the preparation room where they gave me some clean, dry clothes and prepared me for the operation. After changing my clothes I went to the sterilizing room, where I watched the corpsmen removing the instruments, dry and glistering from within the large nickel sterilizers. I felt tense, keyed-up.

I followed the last tray into the operating room. The room was empty save for the "sterile" corpsman, who was arranging
the instruments on a semi-circular table beside him. I waited by
the huge, dark windows, and I sensed the night outside and
the brilliant light above the table. The corpsman and I talked.
The anesthetist entered, and behind him came another corpsman
and the patient, restive and strangely frightened — they had
not talked to him much. As he was lifted onto the table, I
saw his face: he was a very young man. The anesthetist went
to his side and in a low voice talked confidently as he applied
vaseline and gauze. Then he climbed upon his stool at the head
of the table, and slowly dropping the ether, he talked. I could
smell the heavy ether fumes, for I was close. The anesthetist
slipped his fingers under the patient's jaw and began to "force"
the anesthesia. Except for one or two coughs the room was
quiet, and all the time I watched the regularly heaving chest.
Then the surgeons came in. The head surgeon smiled. I liked
him because he was so quiet and smiled like that. They scrubbed,
and one by one they were helped into their sterile gowns,
starched and creased, and they worked their dry thin gloves
over their hands. The operation was then begun; and I could
sense nothing except rapid hands, the instruments, a soft-shoed
corpsman moving outside the island of light, and one or two
sponges on the tile.

This was my greatest experience, I thought. My wet hands
graped one another firmly behind my back. The surgeon ex-
plained something to me; I looked at him without saying any-
thing. I shall remember it always. I did not sense the body,
only the chest and the rasping breathing. Something slipped,
and I did not move as the instruments deftly clicked and closed
over the vessel. I saw things within the body — there was very lit-
tle blood. Finally the wound was closed and sutured. I stepped
back. I saw the rain still falling in torrents, but that was
secondary to this. The gloves snapped as they were pulled
off, and I turned around and saw the corpsmen out in the cor-
rider; they were talking over the operation. Now I felt the heat
and the wet gown sticking to my back and arms. The doctors
and the corpsmen were talking about something, and someone
asked me to help move the patient back onto the cart. He was
warm and so relaxed that he seemed helpless. I walked back
to the room beside him and helped put him under the heavy
brown blankets. When I got back to the dressing room, only
one doctor was there. The rest had had to hurry away. He soon
left, but the last thing he said was, "I have an appendectomy
tomorrow at ten. Come in and see it." I sat down and looked
at the pile of crumpled, damp gowns heaped in the corner.
"Come in and see it."