How My Uncle Broke His Back

A Lower East Side city boy, 
son of a Jewish haberdasher, 
Depression years in the Smokies — a job with the CCC offered by a government man — he saw another America, 
set his sights on being a country doc, went to City College at night, Edinburgh for medicine — came home with a brogue, a pipe, a taste for haggis. 
The only doc in a town so small his name on a letter all that was needed, he spent his summers in a Finger Lake cabin, a Snipe moored nearby, whiling away his placid days sailing or sitting on his dock watching clouds build over rolling hills. 
Then once, to answer an emergency call, he ran barefoot, bathing suit wet, to his old Chevy, tore down the road, tires kicking up dust, heading for town. 
But a snapping turtle placed by his son in the car took a bite of his toe! He swatted and swerved, drove into a ditch — never made it to the old man collapsed in town.

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