

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

James Gilbert Lyerly



I was given the name of James Gilbert Lyerly after I was born on March 2, 1893. The location was in Rowan County, seven miles Southeast of Salisbury, N.C., the County seat. It was on a farm given to my father, Thomas Jackson Lyerly, by his father, Charles Lyerly. The latter had a large plantation of acreage, who had four children, all boys. When the boys became of age or got married, he gave them land for a farm, over one hundred acres each. He kept a farm of about equal size for himself in the center of the group. My father, Thomas, was the youngest of the four boys. His farm was to the East of his father's farm. His other sons' farms surrounded his. Lewis to the North, John to the West and Maxwell to the South.

Each son was married and had a family and children of his own. My father married Lelea Brown, the daughter of Nathan Brown, a descendent of Michael Brown who migrated from Germany and settled in Rowan County, North Carolina. He built a large stone house in 1766, which still stands in good condition and is now a historical museum place, taken over and maintained by the state of North Carolina. I was a third child, preceded by an older brother and sister and followed by two other brothers and sisters. All of my brothers and sisters have died except one, Pauline Hartsell, living now 1986, in Salisbury N.C.

I remember my grandfather and grandmother, who lived about a half mile away from our home. She wanted me to come over and live with them when I was three or four years old. I did it for a while and remember riding on the lap or back of a plow pulled by a horse as he plowed the field. I got lonesome at my grandfather's house, having no other children to play with, so I returned to my house to play with my brothers and sisters.

I also remember when I was four or five years old riding on a wide high seat of a two horse wagon with large wooden wheels with iron rims. The wagon ran over a rock or something, causing me to fall off the seat behind the horse's feet and the front wheel ran over my abdomen and body. The imprint of my body made an indentation on the hard ground which remained for a long time. I was taken home and put to bed. I believe the old family doctor, Dr. Coleman came to see me and there was nothing they could do, probably except to give me some medicine. Anyway, I recovered, why, I do not know. I feel that God was by my side.

Another time I was sick in bed about this age with colitis media, a middle ear abscess which ruptured and drained pus. Again Dr. Coleman came on his horse with a saddle bag hanging on each side of the saddle holding his medicine which he carried and left to be taken as he prescribed. That was when I first decided I wanted to be a doctor. Again, I got well. I guess God was by my side.

I continued to live and grow up on the farm. We raised cotton, corn, wheat, oats and vegetables for our own use. We always had three or four milk cows, probably more, and two or three horses. I remember milking cows every morning with the cow's tail switching me in the face. I remember hoeing cotton, thinning out the growth and the same with corn. In the fall it would be harvest time, picking cotton, a back breaking job, and harvesting and then shucking corn. Wheat was harvested in the late Spring and early Summer.

I started to school at the age of six years. The school was Rowan Academy, County supported four months in the year. The reason for four months was that all the students had to help on the farm in early Spring and later in the Fall which allowed only four months in school in the Winter. Sometimes we might in the Summer attend a subscription school one or two months when work was in a slack period.

I attended the Rowan Academy School until I was fifteen years old when I was ready for high school. The school was a one room school except during the latter period an additional room was added because of the increase of the student body. My teachers were aunt Amy and aunt Fanny, daughters of Nathan Brown, my mother's sisters, and aunt Daisy, the wife of Luther Brown, my mother's brother.

In 1908 when I was fifteen years old my mother got tired of the farm and the hard work and persuaded my father to leave the farm. My father used the money he saved from selling wheat and corn and other farm products such as chickens, eggs, chopped wood, etc., which he would take to market in Salisbury in the two horse wagon at least once a week. He bought a two story house in the center of Granite Quarry, four miles from Salisbury. Granite Quarry was a booming town with multiple quarries, mining and cutting gray and pink granite for polished building stone, paving blocks and curbing stones. The house was on a large lot. He built a store house on the corner lot, as a merchandise store, selling groceries, meat, fresh vegetables and some women's men's and children's clothes and shoes. My oldest brother, Junius and I started operating and working in the store until the entire family moved into the house and got settled. My father rented the old farm to a family farmer who raised a share of the farmer's crop. Then they, my father and Junius, ran the store.

I started to school in 1908, age fifteen, at Granite Quarry High School. I remember my principal teacher who was also the principal. He was Dr. John Lyerly, a Lutheran Minister, living in Rockwell, N.C., five miles South of Granite Quarry. He would drive every day from his home in a one horse buggy every day of school. I studied the usual subjects taught including Latin and Math until my graduation in 1911. I always liked to read. I would read every book I could get my hands on. I remember when I lived on the farm, after lunch when every one of the family would take an hour rest, I would spend my time reading the Bible. There was nothing else to read. I think I read through the whole Bible, almost. This story was told to me by my brother's Hub, (Hubert, two years younger than me) later on after I moved to Florida starting practice of my profession. My father told my mother he was sorry that I was not smart like my brothers who worked at home in the store and that I would not amount to anything because I always had my nose in a book.

After graduating from high school in 1911, I entered Mount Pleasant C.I. in Mount Pleasant, N.C. , nine miles from Granite Quarry. Four or five students, or my classmates, attended the school and we would go together by horse wagon or buggy driven by someone in the family, making the round trip in one day. Mount Pleasant C.I. was a military school and we had to wear uniforms all the time while there and assemble in front of the building during bugle call for reveille, to mess hall, classes, drills, etc. Each one was given a rifle used in the Civil War for present arms, drilling, etc. Once a week there would be room inspection, and the commanding officer and his attendants would enter the room and I would have to stand at attention. He would put his white gloved hands over the furniture to see if dust was present. If so, I would get a demerit. The second year I was an officer, Lieutenant Adjutant, who looked after the welfare of other cadets and reported absences, sickness, leaves of absences, and demerits at the assembly. At the end of two years, 1913, I graduated since it was a two year pre-college school. I would have to go to another school for the last two years to get a college degree. Many students stopped school then, while others, including myself went on to get a college degree, which I will report later.

At Mount Pleasant I took the usual recommended courses, but especially I took Math, Latin and Greek. The Superintendent of the school was Col. G. F. McAllister, who was also my Mathematics teacher. I remember the last year in Math, either Geometry or Trigonometry, at the end of the course he told the class he was giving the class a problem to solve in two days time and that no student had solved it for twelve years. The problem was very complicated involving multiple axioms and rules of the subject. I kept my nose to the book and worked it out and submitted my answer. The professor was surprised that I had worked it out, the first in twelve years.

I took two years of Greek under Dr. R.A. Goodman, Lutheran Minister. I do not know why I took Greek, but it seemed to be a language I would like to study. At the end of the course, the second year, Dr. Goodman said Mount Pleasant Collegiate Institute always gives a gold medal to the student who makes the best grade on a comprehensive exam. I took the exam and won the medal, which I still have.

My father and mother came to my graduation at Mount Pleasant Collegiate Institute. I remember Col. McAllister telling my father about me being a brilliant student, and that I should go on through college and get a degree.

The school was sponsored and supported by the Lutheran Churches and the Lutheran Synod. It started out as a college and a Lutheran Theological Seminary about 1838. When it changed from a theological seminary to a two year preparatory college I do not know. After Col. McAllister died probably ten to twenty years ago, it ceased to exist. Now the brick buildings have been taken over by the Cabarrus County Historical Society as Historical Museum Buildings.

Being Lutheran, I decided to go to a Lutheran College, either Roanoke College at Salem, Va. or Newberry College in South Carolina. Roanoke College was six miles from Roanoke, Va. and had a higher collegiate rating and their graduates could go to any of the leading universities for post graduate work. Roanoke College gave me a scholarship which meant I did not have to pay any tuition the two years I would be there for graduation. Therefore I entered Roanoke College in the Fall of 1913 and graduated with a Bachelor of Arts Degree in 1915. To save expenses of room and board, etc., I would get a job during the Summer to reduce the expense money I had to get from home. One of the places I worked was on the street cars for the Washington D.C. Electric Company where I operated electric street cars all over Washington, working at the Bureau of Printing and Engraving where the paper money was made. He had the most perfect penmanship I ever saw, somewhat like was seen on paper money.

At Roanoke College they recognized the subjects taken at Mount Pleasant Collegiate Institute if I continued the courses at Roanoke College, or take an entrance exam. That is the reason I continued Latin, Greek and Math through the senior year. That is, I would end up taking five years of college Math, five of Latin and four of Greek. I also took courses like Philosophy, Religion and Pedagogy to prepare me for teaching. I had practically give up the idea of studying medicine because of the expense it would take. Dr. F.V.N. Painter, the professor of Pedagogy told me after graduation I should apply for a teaching position as a principal in High School.

At this time I might mention as I said I took the Greek courses, including the study of the New Testament in the Ancient Greek Language in the senior year. Dr. Hildreath, the Professor of Greek, said in the last of my senior year he gave a gold Greek medal to the student who did the best in competitive exam. I took the exam and won the medal which I still have. Also in Mathematics, Professor Carpenter said he would give a gold medal to the student who did the best on a competitive exam at the final examination. I took the final and won the medal which I still have.

As I look back on achieving these gold medals, I wonder if it was the best thing to do. It created some jealousies with the other students who might have thought they were due some credit. I will say the

medals were obtained honestly without cheating. I remember one student I found cheating, who I did not report, but I went ahead and won anyway.

After graduating at Roanoke with an A. B. Degree, I looked for a job as a High School Principal, but none were available. I should have applied for a teaching job in Mathematics, Latin or Greek, which I was qualified to do.

In the Fall of 1915, with my failure to get a job, I looked for something else. My older sister, Sophia, had married Paul Seaford, about her age, from Granite Quarry. He got a job with the Dupont Powder Co. of Wilmington, Del who was building plants at Carney's Point, N.J. and he would get me a job with the Duponts in the Engineering Dept., checking materials coming in by carloads used for building powder making plants. I went there and took the job for the year after college graduation. After building the powder plant, it would be turned over to the operating dept. to make powder used in large shells shipped to the Allies in Russia in the First World War. I was saving some money and I thought a lot of studying medicine, following up on my desire to be a family doctor like the old Dr. Coleman of my childhood days.

In the Spring of 1916, I wrote to the A.M.A. Office of Chicago asking them to send me a list of Medical Schools they would recommend. I got a list of all the Medical Schools that were classified as A+, A-, B, etc. I wanted to pick out the best nearby with the least living expense. There were no Medical Schools in N.C. Virginia had two, one at Charlottesville where the University of Va. was located. It was classified with an A rating. The Medical College of Va. in Richmond was given a class A+ rating because of the clinical teaching material. I decided I could live cheaper in Richmond and probably get Summer work, helping out in the expenses. Therefore I applied to the Medical School of Va. for admission in the School of Medicine. I was accepted as a freshman in the Fall of 1916. I might mention the Medical College of Va. was a State supported school which taught four years of medicine, four years of dentistry, three years of nursing and three years of allied sciences, all with degrees. Now the Medical College of Va. is joined with the Va. Commonwealth University. I entered the school in 1916 with the expectation of graduating in the class of 1920, which I did.

At this point I would like to remark about work I did, mostly in the Summer while I was in Med school. We entered World War One when President Woodrow Wilson declared war on Germany in 1917. Congress passed a bill to register for draft into the armed forces all young man. I received a notice from Salisbury, my home area, to apply for a physical exam. I wrote them that I was a Med student in school and asked for a delay until I graduated in Medicine in 1920. I was then put into the Enlisted Medical Corp and told to stay in school until graduation in 1920 when I would go on active duty. I stayed in school as a civilian and did not have to put on a uniform or live as a soldier. When Armistice was signed on November 11, 1918, soon thereafter I was called up to get an Honorable Discharge since I was supposed to be on active duty for thirty days with a pay of \$60.00 as a private and \$300.00 bonus, for a total of \$90.00. That helped my budget.

In the Summer of 1917 I got a job with the Baldwin Locomotive Works in Richmond to help make steel shells the size of a man's body to be filled with powder for the Allied Forces in Europe. The money I made helped with my expenses. In 1919 during the influenza epidemic, I was a third year medical student. Dr. Ennion G. Williams was the professor of Preventative Medicine and also the Va. Commissioner of Health. He wanted the third and fourth year students to go out in areas of Va. where the flu epidemic was bad and help the local doctors treat the patients. I was sent to Pennington Gap, Va., a coal mining town to work with the doctor there. I would have a satchel filled with medicine such as cough syrup, medicine to dry mucous secretions and digitalis, a cardiac stimulant. I would stop at every house and frequently find everyone in the family sick with the flu, some in bed, some lying on the floor and some dying. I was there about a month when I had to return to the Medical School. During

the four weeks I was on duty, the State of Va. gave me \$4.00 a day for board and room, plus \$4.00 salary a day. The doctor gave me free board and room which resulted in me getting \$8.00 per day for the month. This helped pay my overhead expenses.

In my junior and senior years I also was given a job to live and work as an intern at Grace Hospital in Richmond. I got free board and room at the hospital doing laboratory work on blood counts, urinalysis, making hospital rounds, mostly at night and seeing patients, ordering laxatives and other medicines as needed. I gave lectures and taught student nurses courses in bacteriology, anatomy and physiology. In the Summer when I had time I would help in the operating room, giving anesthetics of drops of ether or chloroform for short operations as tonsillectomies and appendectomies. I would get three good meals a day and private room with a place to study and a bed to sleep on. I got little or no money from home, especially the last two years.

As stated before, I graduated in 1920 with a M.D. Degree. There were no medals or honorable mentions of high scholastic standing. I knew I was in the upper class in grades. After graduation a list of candidates was made when diplomas were given with the highest grades. I was listed second from the top. The top one was a woman, Miss Steinmets, the first woman to graduate at the Medical College of Virginia. I wonder if she was listed first because she was a woman.

Now I come to my work as a Medical Doctor. I took my internship at Memorial Hospital, one of the hospitals at the Medical College of Virginia. I got free room and board with an income of \$50.00 a month. Most hospitals did not pay anything. During that year I got appendicitis and had an appendectomy without any cost to me. The interns would have an area of the hospital beds to visit the patients, write up histories and physicals, and help as assistant to the surgeon in operations. I was frequently assigned to work with Dr. C.C. Coleman, the Professor of Neurosurgery. Dr. Coleman took a liking to me and my work. I would type the histories, physicals and neurological examinations. I also helped him in operations working as his assistant. At the end of my internship, Dr. Coleman offered me a job to work as his assistant in the private practice of neurosurgery. I was given the title of Assistant Professor of Neurosurgery after a few years with him.

I did not meet my future wife until my internship at the hospital. Her name was Emily McIlwain, born February 14, 1896, in Petersburg, Virginia. At the time she was a graduate nurse in school of nursing at the Medical College of Va. She worked in the operating room as a supervisor and gave anesthetics. We were married August 22, 1922, in a Methodist Minister's home in Richmond, Va. before some close friends and her sister, Pauline McIlwain. (Emily was previously a member of a Methodist Church. After marriage we joined the Evangelist Lutheran Church on Monument Ave. in Richmond, Va. Our children, Jim, Ann and Peggy were baptized there.) We both shared the expense of buying an overland two seat automobile with a rumble seat in the back. We drove this car to Washington, D.C. on our honeymoon, spending several days seeing government museum buildings and visiting the Washington Zoo. Then we drove to Granite Quarry, N.C., visiting my parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lyerly, my brothers and sisters.

Emily's mother, Margareta Klutz Gabriel, died when she was nine years old. Her father, Henry Gabriel was left with a family of a daughter Emily and a son. He put Emily in an orphan home in Petersburg, Va. and kept his son with him. (I don't know his name). John McIlwain, a retired farmer, and his wife Cara, lived halfway between Richmond and Petersburg, about 15 miles from Richmond. They did not have any children of their own. On an occasion, they went to the orphan home in Petersburg for the purpose of adopting two girls. They adopted Emily and a girl named Pauline to raise as sisters, giving them their surname McIlwain. I understand the adoption was recorded in the County Court House near where the McIlwains lived. I visited Emily McIlwain and John and Cora McIlwain repeatedly before and after our marriage. I would travel by electric car which made hourly trips from

Richmond and Petersburg. The McIlwains lived on the highway halfway between the two cities. John and Cora McIlwain died sometime before we left Richmond in 1934. After our marriage, Emily continued working as an anesthetist. We lived in a three story apartment building on the Boulevard in Richmond. Our first son, James Gilbert Lyerly, was born on May 25, 1925, while we lived there. He was delivered in the Johnston Willis Hospital by Dr. M.P. Rucker, Obstetrical Professor and teacher.

Soon after this, in the Spring of 1926, we bought a house at 309 Albermarle Ave., Stonewall Court, West End, Richmond, Va. It was a two story stucco tile roof house with four bedrooms and bath upstairs and living room, breakfast room, kitchen and bath downstairs. The house was steam heated by radiators, with a coal burning stove and coal bin in the basement. There was a two car garage. We made a down payment with monthly payments thereafter. We traded this house for one on Hollywood Ave. in Jacksonville, Fla. in 1933, which I'll mention later. Ann Jacqueline was born on August 26, 1926 in the same hospital by the same doctor. Peggy Louise, the third child was born June 6, 1928, in the same hospital by the same doctor mentioned above. Our fourth and last child, Thomas Jackson was born in Jacksonville, Fla. at St. Vincent's Hospital, attended by Dr. T.S. Fields on November 28, 1941.

Previous to World War One, Dr. Coleman was a General Surgeon with a leaning to Neurosurgery. During the war he was assigned to a hospital for patients with neurosurgical problems. After coming out of the service he limited his practice to Neurosurgical Surgery, except for surgery of the head and neck which he did not give up. He was made Professor of Neurosurgery at Medical College of Virginia and also Professor of Oral Surgery in the School of Dentistry. That meant I assisted in operations, and frequently did operations on my own, especially after a few years. I was made Professor of Oral Surgery in the School of Dentistry and did most of the surgery and teaching in that field. I was also made Assistant Professor of Neurosurgery.

Frequently Dr. Coleman was out of town for days and weeks, on vacations or attending meetings, etc. Then I would carry on the practice by myself. At that time I was working at a salary which was very small, hardly enough to live on. My wife did some work as an anesthetist to help out with the expense.

In 1925 there was a minor depression and the income was affected. Dr. Coleman told me he could not keep me on as his associate and asked me to look for a location to work on my own. We had a Resident in training for neurosurgery and Dr. Coleman expected to take him on as an assistant at a very small salary. I looked around for a location to do neurosurgery. There was no neurosurgeon south of Richmond, except in Atlanta. I heard that the doctors were looking for neurosurgeons to come to Florida. I made a trip to Florida, visiting doctors in Jacksonville, Tampa and Miami, getting a very enthusiastic welcome. I decided I would come to Florida, locating probably in Jacksonville or Tampa. I had a license to practice medicine in North Carolina and Virginia, however, Florida did not give reciprocity to practice when you have a license in another state. That meant I had to take the Florida Medical Examination. As it had been five years since I had been out of school, I had to review all subjects, books, etc. taught in the four years I was in school. I was prepared to take the exam in the Spring of 1925. About two days before I was to take the exam, Dr. Coleman called me in and told me to call off the exam, as he wanted me to stay in Richmond and form a partnership with him. I found out the resident he wanted to be his assistant turned him down and told him he was going to California, his home state, to start a practice.

When Dr. Coleman made me this offer I told him I would accept it, but since I was prepared and had already paid my \$50.00 fee, I would like to go on and take the examination as it may be needed at some future time. He insisted on my calling off the exam, that he would pay my expenses if I needed to take it in the future. Therefore, I called it off. I agreed to enter into an arrangement with him in the presence of Dr. A.M. Willis, Professor of Surgery. I would get 20% of the income the first year, increasing by 2%

per year until it reached 40%. He would pay all the expenses for operating the business. This was the verbal agreement we made.

As the years went by I did an increasing amount of the work. Dr. Coleman was away a lot for various reasons. I had to do much of the teaching and lecturing to the third and fourth year medical students and fourth year dental students. I should also mention I did teaching in the school of nursing. All of these services were done without pay.

At this time I would like to mention an incident that happened to Emily which would affect me. Across the street from our house on Albemarle Ave. lived a Mr. and Mrs. Brown. Mrs. Brown wanted Emily to go with her to South Richmond to visit a famous woman fortune teller. The woman told Mrs. Brown's fortune and then both insisted on telling Emily's fortune, which she agreed to do, lightheartedly. The fortune teller told her that she and her family would move from Richmond a great distance away sometime soon or within a year. When Emily came home and told me, I laughed and told her that would be impossible. I had permanent arrangements with Dr. Coleman and our partnership was working out satisfactorily. It was some months later I heard of the depression which I will now mention. I think the devil was nearby.

In early 1933, we had an economic depression and our income came down somewhat. Dr. Coleman complained that his income was too small, that he wanted me to leave Richmond and find a location to practice on my own. This was a great shock to me, knowing what I went through before. I reminded him that our arrangement was on a permanent basis. He said he did not expect it to be permanent. Since Dr. Willis had died, there was no witness to our agreement. It was purely a gentleman's agreement. He denied stating that he would pay my expenses to later take the Florida Medical Board examination.

This was in the Spring of 1933. Again I prepared to take the Florida Exam. It had been thirteen years since I graduated from Medical School, making it very difficult. I took the examination and understood I made an average grade of 96. I received my certificate and had it registered in Jacksonville within 30 days, which the law required.

I decided to locate in Jacksonville. It was the largest city of Florida at that time and it was the gateway to Florida. The railways and highways to Florida went through Jacksonville. Patients needing neurosurgery had to pass through Jacksonville, some of whom might stop over.

Looking for a place to live, Emily and I made a trip to Jacksonville. We were told at Telefare Stockton Realtors to contact the Atlantic Life Insurance Company, whose home office was in Richmond, that they had a number of houses taken in on foreclosure and that I might make a trade of my house in Richmond for one in Jacksonville. After going back to Richmond I contacted the Insurance Company and told them the appraisal value of my house. They said they had a house on Hollywood Ave. in Jacksonville of equal value and that they would make an even trade. We made another trip to Jacksonville to inspect the house and decided to accept the offer.

We moved to Jacksonville in June of 1933, driving down in two cars. I drove in front in a Nash and Emily behind in a Plymouth, the first car made with floating power and automatic transmission. Jim Jr., 8 years old, rode with me and Ann, 7 and Peggy 5 rode with Emily. The trip took two days. The distance from Richmond to Jacksonville is 675 miles. We spent the night at a motel near Savannah, Ga. We got a moving van from Richmond to move the furniture which would arrive on the day after our arrival. Everything went on in a normal manner.

I opened up an office in the St. James Building, over May Cohens. I sent our announcement cards, etc. and applied to the hospitals for medical and surgical privileges. The depression was probably at its

worst and doctors told me they were seeing only a few patients daily. During the three summer months, I probably saw only three or four patients in my office. I did not have hospital privileges because of the slack summer period and the depression.

Fear overcame me that my assets would soon be exhausted, with little or no income. I gave serious thought of returning to Richmond and start a practice on my own. Emily and I decided this would be the thing to do. Therefore we moved back to Richmond in October 1933, moving our furniture to an apartment on Monument Ave. and opening an office in the Medical Arts Building. I started seeing patients and doing surgery on my own and was able to save \$10,000.00 that year. All the time I did not feel comfortable being close to Dr. Coleman, whom I could not help from feeling antagonistic in a way. After arriving in Richmond I received notices from hospitals in Jacksonville that I had medical and surgical privileges. The delay was due to the fact that the hospital staffs did not meet during the summer months and did not act on my application until later in the Fall.

Since my assets were better, Emily and I decided that we would return to Jacksonville to make it our permanent home through thick and thin. I fel there were sick patients there who needed my help and that my practice there would increase in time.

In October of 1934, escaping the slack summer months, we returned to Jacksonville, this time in one car. WE still owned the house on Hollywood Ave. which had been rented out for the year of our absence. When we arrived in Jacksonville late at night, we registered at the Seminole Hotel. About midnight the telephone rang with a call from Dr. Ralph Green, who was informed previously of our expected arrival date. He had called every hotel in town until he located me saying he had a patient in Riverside Hospital unconscious who needed an immediate operation. As I recall, Dr. Frank Slaughter, a general surgeon then, assisted me in the operation. We found the blood clot compressing the brain and successfully removed it saving his life. The next morning I visited the patient. He was conscious and eating breakfast. This case gave me a good start in my practice.

I opened an office in the Medical Arts Building, 1022 Park Street. My practice started then, increasing day by day. In 1938 Walter Shelly, a realtor, asked me to move to an office downtown in the Greenleaf Building which I accepted. Also, in 1938 George Simms, with Telefare Stockton Realtors, told me the Telefare Stockton home at 1878 Avondale Circle and on the St. Johns River was for sale to settle the Estate. As a matter of fact, I traded our home on Hollywood Ave. as a down payment for the Stockton house.

My practice increased so that I took on assistants, associates and later formed partnerships in practice. I will go into details about the practice from time to time. In due time, we moved our office from Greenleaf Building downtown to the Southside in the Marshall Taylor Doctor's Building, near the Baptist Hospital. Within several years, we built our own office building at 2545 Riverside Ave. I retired from practice in 1971, but the building is still in operation, being occupied by a group of neurosurgeons known as the Lyerly Neurosurgery Group. For a full description of my neurosurgical practice in Florida, see the Journal of Florida Medical Association dated November 1975.