The true story of the life and achievements of Arthur E. Guedel is an inspiring Horatio Alger saga of modern medicine. Heart-warming and stimulating, it brings to every struggling intern and impoverished youngster with a dream, renewed courage and faith in the unlimited horizons of America.

Humble and unassuming, with a great capacity for giving, Dr. Guedel conquered poverty and physical handicap to blaze new trails in the field of anesthesia. The teenage victim of an industrial accident in which he lost the three fingers of his right hand, Arthur Guedel salvaged from his own mental and physical sufferings the key to aid others.

The Arthur Guedel home was always a rendezvous for struggling young people of the medical profession. All who walked across his threshold will long remember the vibrant and sometimes explosive music of his piano. A remarkably gifted man of many facets, music was his greatest diversion and emotional release. Sensitive and creative, with a real genius for translating moods through the medium of his keyboard, the famous doctor always battled his problems and disappointments through his music, and always found his answers.

Obstacles for Arthur Guedel simply provided the challenge which he converted into opportunities. Nothing was impossible — this he believed, and this he provided for himself and for those who follow in his footsteps. He loved his fellow men with a great understanding, and gave of himself completely in service to mankind. The world is a better place to live because a man named Arthur E. Guedel lived with the courage and vision to conquer life's obstacles and give to the world new horizons in anesthesia and in living.
CHAPTER I
THE BEGINNING.

From his initial motal cry, Arthur E. Guedel seemed destined to
spotlight a pattern of life which challenged obstacles and converted them
into opportunities. Climaxing a long but tedious and uneventful day of
waiting by his anxious mother, the new Guedel baby managed to stage his
entry into the world a few minutes before midnight, just in time to come
under the superstitious omen of a Friday the 13th, in June of 1883.

Cambridge City, Indiana, in the "horse-and-buggy" days of 1883,
was a quiet little town close to the Ohio State line. The men of the
community worked hard and long hours, and home was the center of all
family activities. There were no distractions of movies or television and
everyone went to bed early. Babies, weddings and deaths were the big
events along with Fourth of July fireworks and Christmas Santa Claus.
Already the proud parents of three school-age boys, John and Mary Lemmes
Guedel happily looked forward to the fourth baby whose prenatal kicks
and squirms indicated his advent was a matter of hours.

A breathless warm June day, Mary had cooked over the big wood
stove in the kitchen and finally cleared away the supper dishes. She was
tired but now optimistic that the new baby would delay at least until the
morning. Mary was just a bit superstitious about the 13th and times were
hard enough without having such a bad start was her secret feeling. It
was with relief that she saw young Charlie, Louie and William washed and
asleep in their beds. She shook her head reassuringly to her husband as
he looked at her anxiously, and undressed to join him in the big double
bed in their room. For a long time she pretended to be asleep so as not
awaken John. Soon, however, her restlessness disturbed his rest. Experienced father that he was, John instantly became alert to the impending emergency. There was no phone and he did not dare leave Mary alone. Jumping from the bed, he ran into the adjoining room where the boys were sleeping.

"Charlie", he called loudly. The boy only grunted sleepily so John shook him until he opened his eyes. Tossing Charlie his overalls, John explained, "It's your mother. Get your clothes on quick. Run bring Doctor Mouch. Tell him the baby is coming."

Charlie ran almost all the way, stumbling often in the dark over rough places in the unpaved road. Out of breath from his mile run, he finally reached the doctor's home and knocked loudly on the front door. Half-dressed, Doctor Mouch fumbled to open the door. He peered out at the boy.

"The baby — my mother", the youngster stuttered.

"Oh, it's you Charlie. Just like a baby. Why couldn't he have sense enough to wait until tomorrow", the doctor grumbled good naturedly. "I don't know why but you Guedel boys always wait until I get to sleep", he jokingly scolded as he hastily drew on his trousers over the long night shirt and added a few instruments and bottles to his nearby bag.

In a matter of seconds, the good doctor with Charlie's aid had harnessed his horse and buggy. With a loud cry to his mare, the doctor drove out of the barn and raced along the road while Charlie clung to the side of the buggy. All the coal oil lamps were ablaze in the Guedel home as they drove up, and John was adding wood to the kitchen range to prepare hot water for the doctor's use. Flaunting all folklore of unlucky thirteen, Arthur Guedel overrode the hopes of his mother for a better birthday, and arrived, without benefit of anesthesia, just before midnight.
Three mischievous older brothers provided sound basic training for young Arthur. Like all boys, the Guedel brothers took delight in teasing. Being the youngest, Arthur was their natural target. From the time he could walk, Arthur toddled after his brothers, aping their every antic. At an early age, he learned the wisdom of holding back his tears and taking them on the chin. By experience, the chubby little contender learned a few tricks of his own, evidencing from the start the stubborn tenacity which would not give up. He could kick and bite if necessary, and no matter how much of a beating he took, the boy refused to tattle back to his parents. Such fortitude commanded the respect of Charlie, Louie and William and they grudgingly adopted a hands-off policy. "The little rascal", as they affectionately termed Arthur, was a game little fighter. After a few bruised shins, the brothers found it safer and more fun to sic their baby brother on to the neighborhood kids and referee the bouts from the sideline. And Father and Mother Guedel wisely ignored the marmalace black eyes and bruises on their youngest. This was part of the toughening process of boyhood.

Just when young Arthur first announced his intention to be a doctor isn't on record. However, by the time he was five everyone in Cambridge City knew about it. If the boy hadn't told them, they had seen his patient stalking of Dr. Houck, the family physician. On every possible opportunity the barefoot boy would corner his idol and bombard him with earnest questions of why. Understandingly, the good doctor encouraged the sessions and finally made a deal. On condition Arthur would stay quietly outside and watch the horse and buggy, the doctor agreed to take him along on his house calls. This was young Guedel's first real step toward his dream of being a doctor.

With the exception of one year's residence across the state line in
Ohio shortly after Arthur's birth, the family remained in Cambridge City until John Guedel decided he could better himself in Indianapolis, the Indiana State Capitol. The family established their permanent home for many years on the city's South Side. An industrial section, the neighborhood was adjacent to the father's new job at E.C. Atkins Saw Co.

The first years in Indianapolis were eventful. Clever and with an unusual aptitude for mechanics, John Guedel experimented with new devices for his work. The result was an invention which is still in use today. The ingenious workman invented a method for setting teeth on saws which not only won the acclaim of his employers, but helped build their enviable worldwide reputation for saws.

For young Arthur, the Indianapolis move proved equally important. Here he entered grade school and earned for himself a reputation for mischievous behavior as well as a capacity for making good grades. Already with his sights set on a medical education, practical boy that he was, the first grader ambitiously acquired for himself a paper route. While other children played, the boy was busy delivering afternoon papers after school and winning new customers. His earnings, meager in those days, were carefully put into his china bank. He also developed a secondary ambition — he wanted to be a musician.

Home meant much to John and Mary Guedel and they early instilled in their children a love for home. The warm big Guedel kitchen was always filled with the fragrance of Mary's home-baked breads and cookies. It was a noisy family at times with pranks, sometimes quarrels between the children, but always love, laughter and the wonderful evenings of music which enriched their entire lives. After the supper dishes were washed, the whole family would gather around the kitchen table. One of Arthur's happiest memories was his father playing his accordion. Frequently the children joined with their father
and mother in harmonizing the beloved folk songs of Europe and America. When the youngest child began to nod, it was the signal for John Guedel to lay aside his accordion and carry the sleeping tot to bed. There was very little money but always the Guedel children would remember the devotion and love of their parents and the wonderful evenings of music. This inherent love and talent for music proved in later years with their tragedy, the salvation of young Arthur in meeting the soul-wringing problems which confronted him.

Shortly before his thirteenth birthday, Arthur decided that he could safely divert enough money from his savings for medical school to satisfy his longing to play a piano. Very proudly, he reported for his first piano lesson and arranged to continue with the neighborhood teacher. He practiced constantly on the first lesson so as to be perfect at the second one set for the following weekend. However, his piano studies were cut short. On the Monday preceding, Arthur went to help his father at the Atkins Saw plant. Industrial laws were lax in the early days and the boy was assigned the duties of dusting the machines. Blithely Arthur started off on his new duties, using a dust rag. He was trying to do a very thorough job as was his custom with anything he tackled. He had only been a couple hours on the payroll when suddenly came tragedy, the accident which affected the boy’s whole future life. His dust rag got caught in the wheels of the machine and with it his three fingers of his right hand. A sudden movement and the three fingers were cut off. Without the devices of modern plastic surgery and sulfa drugs, the boy faced the first bitter battle of his life. For the next three years he was quite sick. Marked loss of blood had contributed to his illness as well as the development of an infection which kept him in constant pain. The long ordeal and shock of his loss resulted in the boy’s weakened condition and poor health.
At 15, young Arthur faced a grim future but he was not beaten. For a boy who desperately wanted to play a piano and someday be a doctor, the loss of three fingers on his right hand was tragedy, real tragedy. But he had already won a first round in his battle for during his three years’ struggle for health, the courageous teenager had not only achieved a normal adjustment to life despite his accident but had gained the inner strength which reflected into the achievements of his entire life. He learned to put self aside and face the problems at hand with courage and faith that with God’s help nothing was impossible. The divine plan which took the boy up his laborious climb to recognition and fame also provided the problems and solutions which made possible the eventual goal. Had it not been for the destruction of the fingers so vital to a surgeon or musician, the struggle for health and battle with pain, Arthur Guedel would probably have never so urgently known the need for new developments in anesthesia. An older man might have succumbed to the temptation to accept failure had he faced the same problems. Always friendly and warm in his interest of others, the once care-free boy had won a bitter battle without visible scars. And he determined that he would challenge the seeming obstacles and turn them into opportunities. He re-dedicated his efforts to his goal of being a physician.

Family funds were meager and John Guedel’s earnings barely kept the home together. A medical education was expensive and Arthur wanted to go on with school. He tried to get a job but with his handicap and health, no one would employ him. However, a way opened which later proved a source of earnings during his entire years of school. At the time of Arthur’s accident three years earlier, he had become acquainted with a Mr. West who also worked at E.C. Atkins. The man took an interest in the boy’s misadventure
and tried to encourage the unhappy youngster. In addition to his regular job, Mr. West acted as physical director of the Indianapolis YMCA. He took the boy under his wing and had him join the "Y". The seeming impossible was achieved. Not only did Arthur Guedel learn to swim and wrestle at the "Y", but he became an expert. This accomplishment served a dual purpose - it built up the boy's morale and also at the same time his body and physical being.

Arthur graduated with high grades from the Indianapolis South Side Grade School but again ran into financial difficulties. High school seemed out of the question but the boy knew he had to have a high school education to enter medical school. For the time being following graduation, all he could do was go back to work. The Atkins Saw mill made a job available. The boy still kept his eye on his goal and would not give up. The way again opened. A high school teacher befriended the ambitious youngster. At his instigation, the youth borrowed text books from the library and followed an outline of high school studies by teaching himself. Early at the break of dawn, each day, rain or shine, before reporting to his work at the mill, the undefeated boy made the rounds of a paper route, to add to the coins designed for his future education in medicine.

Teenager Arthur Guedel had neither time nor funds for youthful parties, skating and shows. He still had another unfinished piece of business which challenged his ingenuity. He had never forgotten his one piano lesson. He had conquered swimming and wrestling with great success despite his handicap. His insatiable love for music also demanded expression.

"You can't play the piano", was the verdict of one teacher. That was enough for Arthur. Any impossible task was just another challenge to his ingenuity. The loss of his three fingers on the right hand precluded orthodox methods of running scales and formal piano lessons. But Arthur wouldn't stay beat.
For hours at a stretch after work, when Arthur’s brothers would be out on dates and having fun with friends, the boy would experiment with the piano keyboard. With the same tenacity which had earned laurels in wrestling and circumventing high school studies, he concentrated on mastering his handicap. His natural ear for tone and harmony aided him in his venture as well as his intense love for music. He succeeded in teaching himself how to play the piano so skillfully that for the rest of his life his music was a great pleasure to his friends as well as his own major emotional outlet. Whenever young Arthur had problems and needed courage, he turned to his piano and found the answer. Even in the last years of his life, he found peace in losing himself in his music, frequently playing for hours at a time until he conquered his inner strife and gained harmony. Callers at the Guedel home could always gauge the famous doctor’s mood by his piano. Sometimes stormy inspired compositions of his own, other times the soft melodies of Brahms, Doctor Guedel found healing for his own ills in his own escape into music. From this retreat, he always came back to face the problems at hand with fresh courage and tenacity to overcome.

Time turned over on the calendar, with young Guedel still on the job at the mill. It began to almost seem that his dream of being a doctor could never be realized. He hadn’t forgotten and kept plugging away after work with his library textbooks. He tried to get all the information possible on medical school entrance. There remained what seemed an insurmountable hurdle. A formal high school education and diploma was a vital requirement. Wrestling with his unsatisfied ambition, at the turn of the century, Arthur took his problem to an old friend, Dr. Brocking, the family physician.

"There must be a way," he argued. The physician had long admired the youth’s struggle against odds and had great respect for Arthur’s great
potential for service to mankind. Surely there must be a way. Finally, unable to determine a solution himself, Dr. Brocking decided to plead the boy's cause with the Dean of the Medical College of Indiana University.

After careful deliberation and investigation, Arthur Guedel's case was won. An exception was made.

"We'll let him take an entrance examination", the Dean finally concluded. "I don't see how he can pass it without ever having gone to high school. But if he wants to try, the least we can do is satisfy him and give him this chance."

The long hours spent studying text books borrowed from the library were fruitful. Arthur Guedel took the entrance examination, and to the amazement of the medical school faculty and dean, he passed it with flying colors. In the fall of 1903, at last he was on his way, for he registered for his freshman year at medical school.
CHAPTER II
MEDICAL SCHOOL

With meager funds, high spirits and limitless courage, 20-year-old Arthur E. Guedel proudly registered for his freshman year at the Medical College of Indiana University. His infectious smile and good-humored flexibility soon won him many friends. But young Guedel had little time for fraternizing among the students. He still had to earn his way, and any spare minutes he scheduled for studies.

Prior to entering medical school, the young man had devoted leisure time to working with underprivileged boys at a South Side Indianapolis club. Knowing first-hand their desperate need for encouragement, he felt a great sympathy and common bond for the youngsters. Their language was his language. Everyone on the South Side knew the story of Arthur Guedel and the boys knew the young man understood them. He had a knack with the little rough-necks and knew how to channel their excessive energies constructively. For young Guedel the work at the Indianapolis Boys Club was gratifying as even then he was obsessed with an urgent need to lighten the burden of others less fortunate.

Giving freely of himself, was essential to Arthur Guedel always, and somehow it always seemed/bring unanticipated compensation. The youth was appointed physical education director of the club. Through his work with these boys, he became enthusiastic about track, football and basketball. These sports remained his hobbies and also proved instrumental in supplementing his funds while going to medical school.

Had there been any doubt as to young Guedel's ability to master his
studies, the Dean soon learned his experiment was entirely justified. Dedicated to his goal, and with the ever insatiable drive for knowledge which colored his entire life, the young medical student threw himself happily into his books and laboratory experiments. The records disclose a brilliant scholastic standing. At the end of his freshman year, Arthur Guedel's report showed an average grade of 94.6 with only one grade below a 90. In physiology and pharmacology he attained grades of 100.

Arthur's formula for good grades would have stumped most college students. Every hour of his day was accounted for. At 3:00 a.m., his alarm was jangling in order to awaken him to deliver morning papers to provide funds toward his schooling expenses. After delivery of his newspapers each day, the promising young doctor concentrated on his text books until 7:30 a.m. when he made a dash for his 8:00 o'clock first class.

Even though his sophomore medical professors upheld him as a model student, young Guedel became most critical of himself. He felt something was lacking. Restlessly he analyzed himself objectively, and perhaps a bit ruthlessly. Finally, he hit upon what he felt was his chief weakness. It was his decision that he was deficient in his studies of the humanities and classics. Unorthodox as ever in his educational program, despite his sophomore year average of 96, Arthur dropped out of medical school and enrolled for one year in the Arts College of Indiana University at Bloomington.

Arthur landed on the Bloomington campus in the fall of 1905 with only $9.50 in his pockets. He enrolled for courses in social studies, philosophy, mathematics and the humanities, and then persuaded the registrar into extending arrangements which would permit payment of his tuition by the end of the year. With such an agreement, the next step was to get jobs. Arthur earned his tuition by waiting on tables, working in kitchens and attending furnaces. No job was
too hard, too dirty or too menial. His pride was in the attainment of his goal, not the detours getting there. There were still hours of leisure, and after studying the situation, Arthur decided to try out for football. He made the varsity team, but failed to play in any game. During a practice session, as usual, Arthur headed right into the thick of the fray. He spent the remainder of his year at I.U. on the sidelines with an injured right knee. One year on the Bloomington campus satisfied the yen for the Arts. Leaving an excellent grade record behind him, Arthur re-enrolled the following fall for his third year at the Medical College.

Even with his bad knee, Arthur converted the I.U. year into opportunity. He had made the football team and he soon discovered this enhanced his value. Then he had a new way to earn money for medical school. Butler University/in Irvington, a suburb of Indianapolis, needed a football coach. The salary was insufficient to attract a big name player, but for young Guedel it was manna from Heaven. In addition, as a pastime, he refereed football games. Often these games were played with students at the Blind Institute. Always interested in the problems of other with handicaps, the youth spent much time at the Institute. Here again, giving of himself, opened new doors for him to supplement his expenses through school. Arthur was also appointed physical education director of the blind school.

Senior obligations limited Arthur's activities, but he continued to play football and also externed at the Indianapolis Hospital. However, this year proved to be one of the momentous ones of his lifetime. Football in 1907 was pretty rough, with few holds barred. A second football injury resulted in Arthur having to wear a cast on his right leg. This made awkward going, but he managed to stay on duty at the hospital, limping rapidly around from ward to ward. He was always rushing someplace. One evening while making his rounds, the young externe hobbled down the hospital corridor with his usual speed, rounding a corner without warning. He bumped directly into a tiny probationer nurse.
carrying in her outstretched hands a big dishpan. The startled girl was practically swept off her feet, and in the impact dropped the dishpan with a rattled that resounded throughout the whole floor. Equally startled, for a second Arthur was helpless. He simply stared at her and then suddenly conscious of his clumsiness, began with embarrassment to apologize. The girl picked herself up with his aid and broke into tears, and before he could stop her was running down the hall. With little experience with girls, Arthur knew nevertheless that he had to know this girl but he was not sufficiently the cavalier to even ask her for her name. By the time he had pulled himself to, she had disappeared.

When anything struck Arthur Guedel, it was always with an oversize impact. Probably he had never before even noticed a nurse on the floor except as an assistant in necessary work. He had to meet this girl. Heading straight for the floor supervisor, the young externa inquired who the pretty nurse was, and then unflatteringly enlarged, "The one who is so dumpy."

From then on, every time he bumped into Dorothy Fulton in the corridor — and there is no doubt but that he managed to bump into her quite frequently — Arthur called her, "Dumpy Dottie with the Waddley Walk." For Arthur Guedel, this was practically a love song for he intuitively recognized from the first that Dorothy was the one and only for him. This was fate's introduction of his bride-to-be and faithful companion for 48 years. The unique term of affection for his Dottie remained his own personal endearment for his beloved wife the rest of his life.

Medical School formally concluded for Arthur E. Guedel in May of 1908. He obtained his degree in medicine from Indiana University with high honors. The next step was the Indiana State Board and right after graduation, he tackled this, passing with an average of 857 points out of a possible 1000 points,
one of the highest marks. Amazed at the results, young Arthur just couldn't believe the score, and with his endearing frankness and honesty, appealed to the board for a correction in his grade. The modest young doctor knew he had tried, but he just didn't believe he was sufficiently smart to get such a grade. Sure enough, Arthur was right, there had been an error in addition. On re-adding up the points, the board clerk found an error had been made. Arthur had been given one more point than he deserved. The corrected grade would have entitled him to second instead of first honor student. But the board refused to admit its error and left the new doctor's grade as originally set up.
CHAPTER III

MEDICAL PRACTICE

Early in his medical career, young Dr. Arthur Guedel found his particular niche in serving humanity. As usual with most of the important steps of his life and career, his entrance into the special field of anesthesia was the result of converting an obstacle into an opportunity.

Upon graduation from Medical College, Arthur immediately started a six months internship at the Indianapolis City Hospital. He wanted the benefit of the practical experience before embarking into private practice. At the City Hospital, he gave anesthetics for surgical procedures.

The young intern's formal training at this time in anesthesia was nil. As he later whimsically explained it, he hadn't the slightest conception of what he was doing and gave ether and chloroform anesthetics by the "seat of his pants." But Arthur Guedel had no intention of doing anything just to get by. He held a keen responsibility to his unsuspecting patients, and from his own bitter experience knew the pain of surgery. Utilizing his successful formula for getting a high school education, the serious young doctor turned to his own resourcefulness to learn everything possible about anesthesia. He read all he could find upon the subject and applied himself conscientiously. Forced to discover anesthesia for himself, he carefully checked and rechecked everything he read. It was during this period he began to correlate the eye signs with depth of anesthesia. Still hazy in methods, he utilized this experiment to safeguard his patient and keep himself out of trouble. This was the beginning of his life-long exploration of the field of anesthesia which resulted in his great service to the medical profession and to mankind.

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Between surgical cases, young Guedel found extra moments to think about "Dumpy Dottie with the Waddley Walk". In the interim, Dorothy had returned to her home in Columbus, Ohio, and Arthur had not even had the opportunity to have a first date. However, he remedied the situation the fall of 1908. Immediately upon learning that the young nurse had returned to Indianapolis to live with an aunt, he stepped into action. Dorothy's very first night back, the young Doctor called on her with the excuse that he would like her to go over a paper which he had written.

It was an eventful evening. Arthur brought along for Dorothy's suggestions his first manuscript on Ether Anesthesia which was to be presented by him the following month before the Marion County Medical Association. Carefully, the girl read and re-read the paper before making her comments. The young doctor listened respectfully to her suggestions. Then with her changes, he gave his very first speech before the one woman who was his severest critic and whose criticisms he respected most, and always would.

Before he was ready to say good night on this their very first date, Dr. Guedel had admitted his love and proposed marriage. Before he left, Dorothy Fulton had accepted his proposal and the wedding date was set for the following February.

All his life from this night on, before Arthur Guedel ever presented a paper before any audience, he first gave his talk to his wife. What Dorothy felt was the final say, and he always found her right in her reasoning.

In January, 1909, Dorothy left Indianapolis to spend the remaining weeks until her wedding in February with her grandmother in Columbus, Ohio. The grandmother upon learning her favorite granddaughter's prospective husband gave ether anesthetics, was violently opposed to the marriage. The elderly lady reasoned that any young doctor who gave anesthetics must be a complete failure.
in the practice of medicine. Dorothy listened patiently to her grandmother's arguments. Then with the tact for which she was always highly respected in later years, the young nurse tactfully but sweetly persuaded her worried relative that the young doctor should do the things he was interested in.

On February 16, 1909, Arthur Guedel claimed Dorothy for his bride. The wedding ceremony took place in Columbus. No honeymoon was possible for the young medic was penniless. He couldn't even provide a home for his new bride. Leaving her at her grandmother's, Arthur returned to Indianapolis immediately after the marriage to take care of his practice.

Another big hurdle had to be made. But at last he was embarked on his practice of medicine. Before he could send for Dorothy, the young doctor first had to earn sufficient money to put a roof over their heads. Unorthodox even in his first weeks of marriage, the bridegroom started his marriage alone in Indianapolis. With a new wife, his diploma and degree in medicine, he vigorously concentrated on earning enough money to pay the first month's rent on a home for his bride. As he had done everything else important in his life, Dr. Arthur Guedel soon won this battle and brought back to Indianapolis into their first new home his wonderful beloved "Dumpy Dottie with the Waddly Walk," the only and only Mrs. Arthur E. Guedel, advisor, friend, sweetheart and mother of his children.