

# Revvng Up With the Rev

---

On November 24, our speaker was Men's Club member Grant Maxie, speaking on "50 years of veterinary pathology."

Grant's speech reminded Wynne Wright of the following story from his younger days of growing up on a farm.

In the early 1950s, my family lived on a farm south of Guelph—the present Laird Road East was our half-mile-long lane. We had a mixed farm and, as one of the ways to earn a living, my Dad would buy a litter of young pigs (weaners) and raise them to the point they were ready to ship to market.

In one litter, there was a mysterious dying-off. I think that 4 died out of 12, and Dad had never had anything like that before. So he took a couple of the bodies to the Ontario Veterinary College to have autopsies done.

He waited quite some time for results, and finally called to see what might have been the problem. They brought the pathologist to the phone, and he explained that they had a hard time diagnosing the problem and finally concluded that "they were perfectly healthy pigs, only they were dead."

I guess that veterinary pathology has come a long ways since then! Wynne's story reminded me of the veterinarians I knew during my own growing-up years on our southwestern Ontario farm. For quite a few years there was one veterinarian: John Warren. Then, in the early 1950s, a second vet came to Wheatley: Lloyd McKibbin.

Lloyd McKibbin (deceased in 2000), a very popular man most commonly known as Doc, was born in Ingersoll, Ontario, lived through the Great Depression, served in the Canadian Forces in World War II, went to the Ontario Veterinary college when the war ended, and took up practice in Wheatley upon graduation.

Doc was always on the cutting edge of veterinary medicine. He had a keen interest in thoroughbred racehorses and became renowned for his work with them. He was an early advocate of using a whirlpool bath for therapeutic purposes, and also the use of acupuncture and laser surgery. He was much sought after because of his knowledge with horses, so travelled all over the

world, lecturing in leading universities and holding seminars dealing with his treatment methods.

But there's a different story I want to tell. It took place at a New Year's Eve house party which Doc and his wife attended. By the wee hours of the morning, one man had indulged in a little too much cheer and fell sound asleep. The rest of the guests laid him on a bed and persuaded Doc to put a cast on his leg. In the morning, the man asked what had happened. They told him he had fallen on the stairs, broke his leg and, fortunately for him, Doc had been able to fix him up with a cast.

On the third day, they fessed up and removed the cast. Thinking about the pathological report given to Wynne Wright's dad about his pigs, I suppose that had Doc provided a pathological report on the man on New Year's Day it would have read, "Except for a broken leg, this is a perfectly healthy and able man!"

I appreciate Wynne giving me the story prompted by Grant Maxie's talk on veterinary pathology. In line with that, I have often thought that we have an immense treasure trove of collective wisdom, borne from years of life and career experience, in the Guelph-Wellington Men's Club. It's a privilege to be part of such a group.

I'm sure you know other men who could both benefit from hearing the stories of some of our members, and also add their wisdom and experience so that we all are enriched. Reach out to them. Invite them to come to a Zoom meeting or two and see what we're all about.

And in the meantime, keep smilin'!

Tom Watson