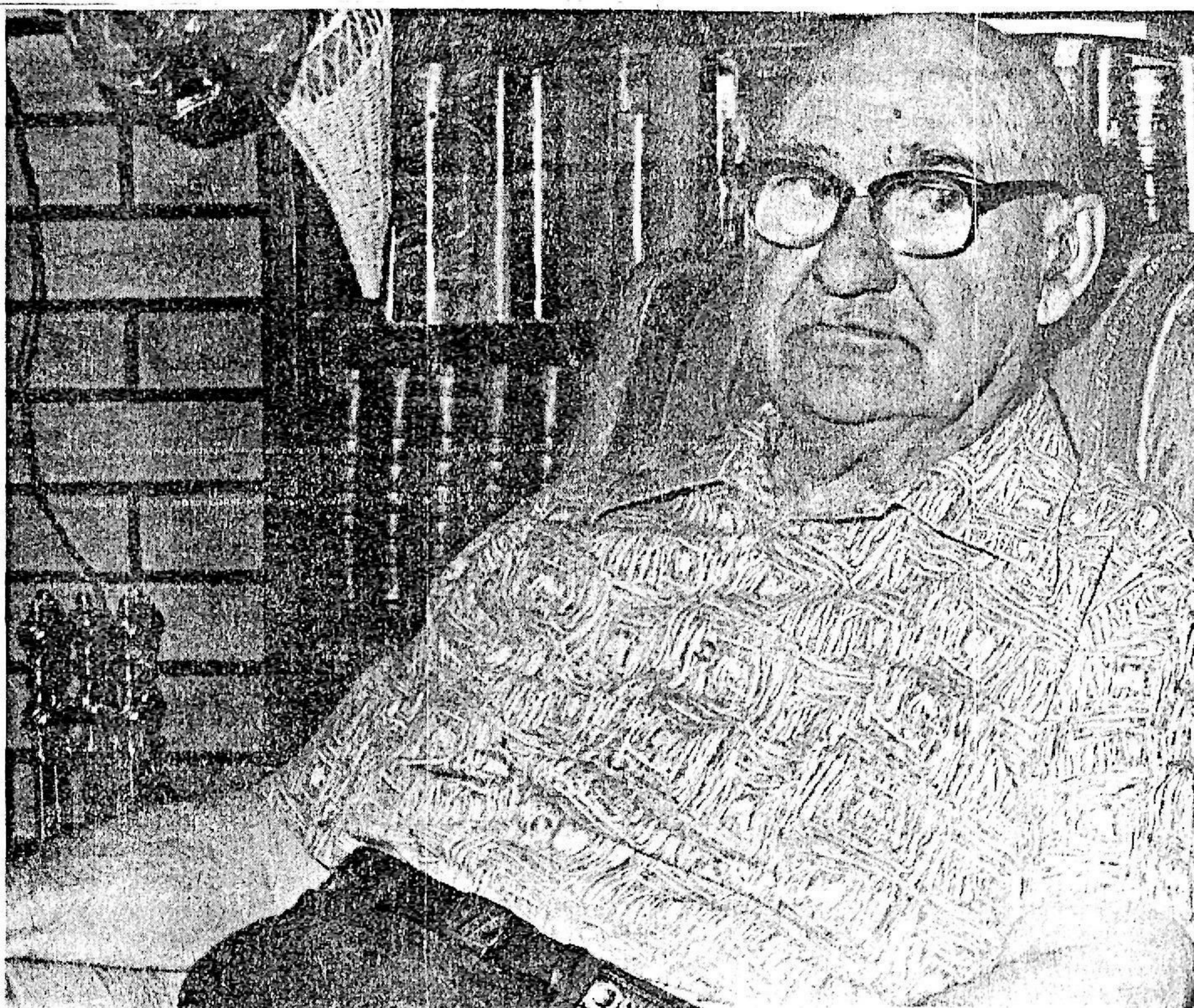


Fifty years of doctoring...

January 17, 1979

Dr. MacKercher retires



Family doctor, D.M. MacKercher is retiring after 50 years of service to the people of the Cobden area. Obstetrics was his favourite and

over the years he has delivered about 4000 babies.

by Bonnie Campbell

D.A. MacKercher took down his sign from his Main Street office January 1st, retiring after 50 years as a general practitioner in the Cobden area.

He enjoyed every minute of doctoring and could never imagine living his life differently.

"But I am enjoying my retirement. I am more relaxed and have more time to read. It is nice to know that I can do what I like and don't have to go into the office every day."

Dr. MacKercher, 75, came to Cobden straight out of McGill University Medical School after interning one year at the Civic Hospital in Ottawa.

To be a doctor was one of his childhood dreams and one that he was able to realize after six years of study. One of five children, his father Dan MacKercher was a drover—a butcher who bought cattle and sold them to Montreal wholesalers. His parents lived in Maxville and they were able to send him to medical school.

Tuition fees in the 1920's were not as high as they are today and he was able to help finance his education by working as a waiter on the boats that went from Montreal to Prescott.

He graduated in 1929 just at the beginning of the depression. He found out about the practise in Cobden from a surgeon at the Ottawa Civic who was a friend of Doctor Farrell, then practising in Cobden. Dr. MacKercher bought the business from Dr. Farrell, who started another practise in Carleton Place.

Although there have been no great changes in the village since he first arrived, the means of transportation are very different now to what they used to be.

"In the early thirties, three or four trains a day would pass through the village. Highway 17 was just a gravel road and to see a car was a rare occasion."

When he first arrived in the village, he drove a Model-T rumble seat Ford but made most of his house calls in the winter with a horse and cutter. His father lived with him for about 10 years and always looked after the barns and horses.

Never Fell off Cutter

"I was always proud that I never fell off the cutter or let a horse get away on me. I had one mean bronco that would burst into a gallop whenever he came to a turn in the road but I never let him get away."