

POLK LAND

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Last month Polk died after an uncomfortable terminal illness with bowel malignancy. A charter member of the discussion circle in the lounge, his easy amble, sloppy green scrub suit, quiet good humor and gentle wit were as much a part of the coffee room as the furniture. He was as calm and as comfortable as the old surgery shoes he wore. He will be missed on many counts, but we would rather remember him slouched in the corner chair chuckling over the last joke.