

## DAVID C. COLEMAN, M.D.



Lucasville has been blessed with many good doctors. The first known one was Dr. George R. Crain who came to Lucasville in 1832 but later settled in Wheelersburg. Dr. Daniel Belnap came in 1842 but died in 1850. One doctor for which we have no written records is Dr. Henry Clay Rouse. Other doctors that followed were Dr. Beverly G. Warwick, Dr. John Beverly Warwick, Dr. M. J. Beard, Dr. James R. Hilling, Daniel J. Webster, Dr. Leroy Newton Fleming, Dr. Louis R. Chaboudy, and Dr. Armin Melior.

But the doctor that most people think of when remembering doctors in Lucasville is Dr. David C. Coleman who was born 1883 in West Union. His father had also been a doctor. Doc, as everyone called him, practiced briefly in Ironton before settling in Lucasville around 1915. For the next forty-five years he faithfully administered care to Lucasville's population. He and his wife, Nelle, lived in a two-story white framed house on the north corner of West and North Street next to the cemetery. The entrance to his office was on the North Street side.

He was well thought of in the community and the medical field. He was a member and past master of Lucasville's Masonic Lodge. He was elected president of the Hempstead Academy of Medicine in 1942.

Those of us who are older may have a personal memory of when he cared for us. I remember him pulling off my thumbnail after it was mashed. I am told he also delivered my brother, Lowell. It is said that he delivered over 2000 babies.

It was Art and Bertha Moulton who lived in the house across the street on the south corner. Alice Barker was one of Art and Bertha's children. She told the Historical Society many stories. She remembers hearing his car, a Hupmobile, a sports car with a distinctive sound, going out in the middle of the night to deliver a baby. He delivered babies at the home and would stay all night if needed.

One time, a man named Adkins had his throat cut. His family brought him to Doc Coleman's office and laid him in the grass. Doc wouldn't let them take him into the office. He knew he couldn't do anything for him because he was cut through the carotid artery, and blood was everywhere. Of course, the Moulton kids came over to see what was going on. Alice said that Doc said, "You damn Moulton kids go home. You don't belong over here." The people with the dying man said they would take him to the hospital. Doc said, "He won't make it."

After Alice was grown her daughter and her sister Phyllis's children were all coughing and had colds. Alice jokingly said, "Have you seen your family physician?" So they all went to Doc

Coleman's who gave them some pills and cough medicine. Later, Alice went over to tell him that she couldn't afford to pay for the medicine. He said not to worry about it, but, if they could, get the cough medicine away from Car 1. He didn't need it.

Doc kept large bottles of different colors of pills. After his death, Helen Moulton, a nurse and neighbor, went to his office to clean it out. She found all the bottles contained aspirin just in different colors.

Dr. Coleman, his wife Nelle, and John Smith, age 11, son of one of those Moulton kids, were in a terrible car wreck where you turn from 23 onto 104 in Waverly. They were headed to their cottage at Lake White when he turned and was hit by a car. John remembers him saying, "I did the same thing Mac (his brother) did." They were hit broadside.

John was sitting in the middle between them and suffered a fractured collarbone and head lacerations. He walked to the Sierra Motel, which is still there, to call his dad. His dad wouldn't take the call because they said it was coming from the Sierra Motel. John's dad thought the call was coming from Las Vegas.

Both the Doctor and his wife died of their wounds. This was in November, 1960. The whole town grieved the loss of this old faithful doctor and his wife. They are both buried in West Union.