

# DOCTOR DIES IN CRASH SPEEDING TO PATIENT

Bellevue Interne Is Killed as  
Ambulance on Way to War  
Veteran Is Hit by Taxi.

## BLOOD TRANSFUSION FAILS

Comrades Rush to Offer Aid—  
Brother Speeds to Him by  
Plane, but Is Too Late.

Dr. Roger W. Ogburn, 26 years old, a Bellevue Hospital interne who was graduated from the Medical College of Cornell University a year ago, met death yesterday when an ambulance speeding him to the Grand Central Terminal to attend a stricken World War veteran was hit and overturned by a taxicab.

While Bellevue surgeons and internes fought to save the life of Dr. Ogburn, who was brought back to the hospital unconscious, his brother, Dr. Herbert H. Ogburn, also a physician, raced by airplane from their home at Greensboro, N. C. Although he beat the railroad time by sixteen hours, his brother had died when he arrived. Their sister, Miss Hilda Ogburn, who is taking a Summer art course at Columbia University, was at the interne's bedside when he died, but he never regained consciousness.

Dr. Ogburn, who was to have had only one more week of ambulance duty, had been working most of Saturday night. He had just returned from a call to 321 East Forty-eighth Street, where he pronounced a man dead who had fallen into an airshaft, when the call came from the Grand Central Station at 6:30 yesterday morning. He jumped into the seat at the rear of the waiting ambulance and slipped his arm through the sling from the roof to steady himself on the ride while Timothy O'Leary, the driver, got the car under way.

### Ambulance Is Overturned.

They drove swiftly north in First Avenue from the hospital buildings at East Twenty-sixth Street and turned west on Forty-second Street, the ambulance bell clanging an alarm for other vehicles. As they shot across Third Avenue a taxicab operated by Fred Christie of 611 West 163d Street and traveling north entered the intersection. Christie tried to swerve his cab to the left, but the cars crashed together and both overturned. Dr. Ogburn, who probably did not even glimpse the danger, was thrown half way across the street.

With the aid of Frank Eldridge of 670 Third Avenue, who was walking near by, other cab drivers helped O'Leary out from the ambulance which was pinning him down. Two of the drivers took O'Leary, the unconscious doctor, and Christie, who was unhurt, in their cabs back to Bellevue. Dr. J. H. Mulholland found that Dr. Ogburn was suffering from a fractured skull, fractures of both legs and contusions. O'Leary sustained only bruises and abrasions of the right hand.

### Blood Transfusion Made.

Every interne on hand volunteered for a blood transfusion, and Dr. I. Weinstein was chosen. Dr. J. E. King and Dr. I. Siris performed the operation, but it was obvious that Dr. Ogburn had little chance of recovery. His brother at Greensboro was notified, and his sister, who was living at the Parnassus Club, 612 West 115th Street, was summoned. She came to the hospital with Dr. Robert Ackerly, an interne in the Post-Graduate Hospital, who had been at Cornell with Dr. Ogburn. They stayed at his bedside until he died at 2:20 in the afternoon.

Meanwhile Dr. Herbert Ogburn had telegraphed that he was on his way by airplane. He motored to Pitcairn Field from his home and hopped off in a plane of the Pitcairn Flying Corporation of Philadelphia with Pilot Reyfus, at 10:25 New York time. He landed at Curtiss Field at 4:40 in the afternoon and took a taxicab to New York. It was not until he arrived at Bellevue at 7:30 that he learned his brother had died.

Dr. Michael J. Thornton, Assistant Superintendent of the hospital, who broke the news, told him that his brother had been one of the most popular and promising young men connected with the hospital. Dr. Ogburn held a two-year appointment at Bellevue, which commenced Jan. 1 last. He had spent six months in pathology and was doing his six months in medicine before starting a year's work in surgery in which he was to have specialized. He had been on ambulance duty four weeks. Saturday evening he had dinner with his sister, and left her in the best of spirits.

### Driver of Taxi Held.

Christie, the taxi driver, disappeared after he had ridden down to Bellevue with the doctor and O'Leary, and detectives of the East Fifty-first Street Station began a hunt for him. They found his cab

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for a train with his aunt, Miss Margaret Haskell. He recovered before a second call for an ambulance was turned in, and friends helped him back to his home.

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was owned by Max Richman of 38 West 145th Street, proprietor of a few other cars. Meanwhile, Christie walked into the station house and gave himself up. He said he had been so frightened that he had not waited at the hospital. He was locked up on a technical charge of homicide and will be arraigned in the homicide court today. Detectives said that Eldridge had told them the taxi driver was going at an excessive speed.

Dr. Herbert Ogburn had not decided last night about funeral arrangements.

The man whom Dr. Ogburn had been summoned to attend at the Grand Central was John Schriener, 29 years old of 48 Avenue L, Brooklyn, a gas victim of the war who had suffered a heart attack while waiting

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