

You Can't Know Me Unless You Know

The People and Places I Have Known



**The Memoirs of
Fred G. Blum, Jr. and
Miriam Gale Eye Blum**

Foreword

These stories are dedicated to my dear parents, sister and to all our previous forbearers. For whatever we have accomplished in life is in good part because we have stood on the shoulders of those who have gone before, both our blood forbearers, and those unrelated (and often unknown) inventors, statesmen, scientists, teachers, farmers and workers whose past toils have helped us to get where we are today.

These stories are also dedicated to my dear wife, Miriam (Mickey) Blum, our six children and future generations that they might get a glimpse of their past. We sincerely thank each of the “Bix Six:” Silvan Disch Blum, Marion Elaine Blum Hobbs, Gale Terry Blum Duval, Heidi Hefty Blum, Elsbeth “Baeti” Eye Blum Ng and Antonia Dorothea Blum Seitz and their families for their parts in this endeavor.

We are a product of our genetics plus all those people and places with whom we have interacted.

Fred G. Blum, Jr.

2017

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PART I – FRED’S EARLY YEARS.....	6
CHAPTER 1 – OLD UNIVERSITY	7
CHAPTER 2 – FRED K. AND REGULA HEFTY	8
CHAPTER 3 – E.J. BLUM	12
CHAPTER 4 – GRANDPARENTS BLUM.....	14
CHAPTER 5 – GOOD BOOKS?.....	15
CHAPTER 6 – CONCERT PIANIST	16
CHAPTER 7 – OLD CLASSICS	18
CHAPTER 8 – FIRST FAMILY TRIP TO CA.....	21
CHAPTER 9 – BOYS TRIP TO CA.....	28
CHAPTER 10 – BACK TO E.J. AND ANNA.....	29
CHAPTER 11 – THE SCHINDLERS.....	31
CHAPTER 12 – DAD AND CAMP GRANT	33
CHAPTER 13 – MONTICELLO MOTORS	34
CHAPTER 14 – AFTER MONTICELLO MOTORS.....	37
CHAPTER 15 – MISC STORIES ABOUT OLGA	39
CHAPTER 16 – BACK TO MADISON.....	43
CHAPTER 17 – DON’T SELL THE STOCKS.....	45
CHAPTER 18 – SQUIRT GUN REVISITED.....	48
CHAPTER 19 – EARLY MADISON	50
CHAPTER 20 – GOLFING TRAITS	52
CHAPTER 21 – EINAR KLOPPEDAL	53
CHAPTER 22 – A HIGH RISK OPERATION	55
CHAPTER 23 – TRIP ALMOST TO CA	56
CHAPTER 24 – C. O. PLASKETT.....	61
CHAPTER 25 – “NOW I KNOW THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS”	63
CHAPTER 26 – MARION RUTH.....	67
CHAPTER 27 – A BICYCLE USED BY TWO	69
CHAPTER 28 – COUNCIL CREST	70
CHAPTER 29 – DOG DAYS.....	73
CHAPTER 30 – MORE DOG STORIES.....	74
CHAPTER 31 – MODERN RADIO	77
CHAPTER 32 – READER’S DIGEST	80
CHAPTER 33 – WHERE DO YOU WANT TO GO?	81
CHAPTER 34 – MRS. ARMITAGE.....	84
CHAPTER 35 – “DO YOU WANT TO GO TO THE FARM?”	86
CHAPTER 36 – LET’S GO TO RENWICK	93
CHAPTER 37 – HARRIS FAMILY	98
CHAPTER 38 – DEPRESSION FALLOUT.....	101
CHAPTER 39 – L.A. TO LEONIA	109
CHAPTER 40 – LEONIA, NJ.....	111
CHAPTER 41 – W.E. BLUM STORE	117
CHAPTER 42 – LIFE’S EMBARRASSING MOMENTS	124
CHAPTER 43 – MY FIRST CAR	125
CHAPTER 44 – MOVING TO FLORIDA	128
CHAPTER 45 – WEST HIGH – SENIOR YEAR	133
CHAPTER 46 – ANCHORS AWAY	137
CHAPTER 47 – THIS IS NOT THE NAVY	140
CHAPTER 48 – BARRACUDA ANYONE?	145
CHAPTER 49 – TOO BAD	146
CHAPTER 50 – PANAMA CANAL.....	147
CHAPTER 51 – LEAVING THE PANAMA CANAL.....	148
CHAPTER 52 – DANDELION WINE	150

CHAPTER 53 – WESTWARD HO!	152
CHAPTER 54 – PRE-MED	157
CHAPTER 55 – WOW! I GOT ACCEPTED!	162
CHAPTER 56 – GEORGE WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF MEDICINE	164
CHAPTER 57 – MED SCHOOL.....	166
PART II – MIRIAM’S EARLY YEARS.....	171
CHAPTER 58 – MY EARLIEST YEARS	172
CHAPTER 59 – MILES CITY, MY HOME	174
CHAPTER 60 – OGDEN, UTAH.....	177
CHAPTER 61 – HIGH SCHOOL YEARS.....	181
CHAPTER 62 – COLLEGE YEARS.....	187
PART III – YEARS TOGETHER	189
CHAPTER 63 – REAL BLUE WESSELTON?	190
CHAPTER 64 – VACATION IS OVER.....	192
CHAPTER 65 – THE WEDDING	194
CHAPTER 66 – SUMMER 1951.....	197
CHAPTER 67 – THE BLUE NASH.....	200
CHAPTER 68 – DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA	202
CHAPTER 69 – OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY	205
CHAPTER 70 – SWITZERLAND AT LAST.....	212
CHAPTER 71 – SCHWANDERHOF HOTEL.....	215
CHAPTER 72 – HISTORICAL DIGRESSION.....	217
CHAPTER 73 – ITALY	220
CHAPTER 74 – BACK TO SWITZERLAND.....	222
CHAPTER 75 – BACK TO REALITY	225
CHAPTER 76 – FINAL NASH STORY	228
CHAPTER 77 – TRANSITIONS	230
CHAPTER 78 – INTERLUDE	231
CHAPTER 79 – INTERNSHIP.....	232
CHAPTER 80 – WOLVERINES, HERE WE COME!	239
CHAPTER 81 – SETTLING IN	240
CHAPTER 82 – MARION ELAINE	243
CHAPTER 83 – GALE TERRY.....	247
CHAPTER 84 – HEIDI HEFTY.....	249
CHAPTER 85 – ELSBETH EYE	251
CHAPTER 86 – ANTONIA DOROTHEA	253
CHAPTER 87 – FIRST SUMMER OF RESIDENCY.....	256
CHAPTER 88 – SECOND YEAR OF RESIDENCY.....	257
CHAPTER 89 – LAST YEAR OF RESIDENCY	260
CHAPTER 90 – WHAT SHOULD WE DO FOR 3 MONTHS?	264
CHAPTER 91 – JUST CALL ME PAUL	268
CHAPTER 92 – WHERE TO SET UP PRACTICE	272
CHAPTER 93 – EARLY PRACTICE YEARS	274
CHAPTER 94 – 50 HEAD OF CATTLE.....	277
CHAPTER 95 – WHITE HOUSE ON THE HILL	280
CHAPTER 96 – HORSE BUSINESS	281
CHAPTER 97 – HEFTY-BLUM HOMESTEAD FARMS.....	285
CHAPTER 98 – SILVAN DISCH BLUM	294
CHAPTER 99 – TAIL END OF THE HORSE STORIES	297
CHAPTER 100 – TWO DR. BLUMS	299
CHAPTER 101 – A NEW BEGINNING	300
CHAPTER 102 – LAST OF THE BULL STORIES.....	313
CHAPTER 103 – EARLY 1970’S.....	316
CHAPTER 104 – MICKEY’S CLOSE CALLS.....	330

CHAPTER 105 – “GOD-IT’S YOU.”332
PART IV – APPENDIX336

Part I

Fred G. Blum, Jr.

The Early Years.....

1927 - 1950

Chapter 1

Old University of Wisconsin General Hospital

May 30, 1927 – “Olga, are you all right?” asked Fred G. Blum, Sr. of his dear wife following the delivery of Fred Jr. This was a worried question as Olga had suffered a very difficult delivery in 1920 when their first child, Marion Ruth was born.



Fred G. Blum, Jr. - 1928

Fortunately, Fred Jr. slipped into this world rather uneventfully except for a floppy right ear, which necessitated wearing a tight cap to stabilize and straighten this ear. That day the nurse told Olga that Thomas Hefty, her grandfather, who by coincidence was also in the University of Wisconsin Hospital at the same time, wanted to see her and the new baby, Fred, Jr. Thomas had a semi-terminal illness, which was to end his life two years later. His son, “Fred K.” had already preceded him in death two years earlier in 1925. Thomas asked that Fred Jr. be wheeled over to his room so he could see him. I suspect he wondered what the world would come to leaving it to people like this floppy eared little fellow.

Chapter 2

Fred K. and Regula Hefty

Grandfather, Fred K. Hefty (Third U.S. Generation), was originally not given a middle name. However, as an adult farmer there were, I believe four other Fred Heftys in a five-mile radius. In order to solve that confusing problem, he added a middle initial “K.” which was for Kundert, his mother’s maiden name. From then on, he was known everywhere as “Fred K.,” usually with considerable respect as he was a master farmer and a great organizer who ran his large farm with management skills far beyond his time. “Fred K.” died on October 30, 1925 of stomach cancer in what we call the Fred K. Hefty Room. This is the North Eastern most bedroom in the upstairs of the Homestead house (not the room referred to as the “north bedroom”). It was felt that his stomach cancer may have been caused by his intense like and considerable consumption of smoked and salted meats. My mother and dad, “F. G. Blum” and Olga, said to me on a number of occasions that I got my management abilities from my grandfather, “Fred K.” They also felt that if Grandpa had been alive when I was growing up, I may have become a farmer.

Regula A. Freitag Hefty, Fred K.’s wife, lived 31 years after his death. There are several important things to say regarding Regula or “Reggie” as she was called by her relatives and friends. Twice every year following “Fred K.’s” death, Regula, who never drove a car, would ask one of her brothers to take her to the New Glarus Cemetery where Fred K. was buried. She would go once in spring and once in fall. Brother, Nick or Hank would drop her off under a tree in the morning with her bag of lunch and she would stay there all day reflecting on her past life with her husband and what might have been had he not died at such a young age. I can imagine her thinking of what they had accomplished, carrying on the work of their forbearers. They had one of the largest, most successful dairy farms in Green County. They milked approximately 80 cows, had 4 working teams of horses, numerous pigs, crops, and many hired hands from Switzerland as well as their own cheese factory. Even in the 1920’s, the Fred K. Hefty farm used their own milking machines and their own private electric generating plant. Regula would have remembered the birth of Olga, which was very difficult for her, and she remembered this ordeal taking place in the downstairs bedroom, which was a room between the dining room and

the formal “sitting room.”¹ Olga was a quiet beauty with very refined features and was sought after by many young men in Green County.



L to R: Regula Anna Freitag Hefty, Barbara Olga Hefty, Fridolin (Fred) Kundert Hefty

She would have remembered with pride how Fred K. was elected to the county board and then later, was elected to the state legislature in Madison. As she sat under the tree, Regula would have remembered how she had set a new local trend to stop painting the farm buildings barn red and started painting them white with black trim on the corners. She also had the narrow porch on the east side of the house replaced with a widened-out porch that she had screened in. The view of the green pastures, Brown Swiss and Holstein cattle grazing by the stream 100 feet in front of the house was so calming. The bubbling of the stream over the rocks could faintly be heard and the tinkling of the cowbells and the quiet of the warm summer evenings was

almost too wonderful to enjoy alone. Reggie changed several of the downstairs standard size windows to a wider window, what we now call a “picture window.” This too was way ahead of her time. One of these windows is still present on the east-facing window on the East porch.

Regula probably let some tears slip down her cheeks during those days of reverie, but she never shared these with any of us. She probably also wondered what would happen to this special and beautiful farm when she was gone as her only daughter, Olga was married not to a farmer, but to a businessman and stockbroker in Madison.

¹ This room later became the library and is now the office and computer headquarters of Hefty Creek International, LLC, DBA Homestead Market.

Regula's heart was always at the Farm. Her party line crank telephone number was 307R7, or long – short – long which she used to order all her groceries. The groceries were sent to the farm by the milk can hauler who took the farm's milk to the Pet Milk plant in New Glarus after the Farm Cheese Factory closed in 1911. Her brothers, first Dick and then Henry Freitag, managed the farm day to day after Fred K. died and throughout the depression. The overall management of the farm and the trust was under the direction of the First National Bank, Hefty Trust, whose bank President was Regula's own brother-in-law, T.R. Hefty.

It seemed as though Regula had only a blue and white polka dot dress with a blue apron for every day, and a special dress for going to see the doctor in Monroe. Anything else she needed came from the many Sears & Roebuck and Montgomery Ward catalogs that were always in a neat pile in the bottom of the apron closet in the kitchen, just across from the wood stove. I used to have to bring in wood to fill the wood box. I used my rubber-tired red metal wagon, which was mine, and only mine to use. However, I loved to study the catalogs to see the wrenches, farm equipment, bridles and especially the saddles. I wanted to have a horse or a pony in the worst way. I would compare each article in both the "Montgomery Ward" ("Monkey Wards") catalog and the Sears catalog to see which had the best deal.

Whenever I had enough money from my 3 cents per week of allowance, I would order something and usually my sister, Marion would order something too. We started checking the mailbox beginning the next day, and after what seemed like at least a month, the hoped-for package would be in the mailbox. Usually the treasured item was a tiny bit less spectacular than the glowing report in the catalog but it was treasured anyway. I remember ordering a man-sized monkey wrench for 13 cents but when it came it was very nicely made but it was only 4 inches long. I still have this wrench today.

One day I asked, "Grandma, why don't you ever take a trip any place?" She replied, "Junior, this farm is the most beautiful place in the world. Why would I want to go anyplace else?"

On any visits to the farm, we could always expect to get pinwheel cookies which were graham cracker bottoms with marshmallow filling all covered with a thick layer of milk chocolate. Cold, clear well water that came from the tiny porcelain kitchen sink bolted to the north wall was always a welcome refreshment. On especially hot days, Grandma would have canned grapefruit juice. She would tell us that when she was a little girl, for a special treat at Christmas she would be given

one orange to eat. I can still see Grandma peeling an orange as she sat in the shawl-covered wicker rocker in the kitchen at the end of a busy day with this special treat, which she called “lunching.” To me the pinwheel was the special treat, not just the orange.

Grandma was hard of hearing for as long as I could remember, and I learned to shout pretty well. She had a hearing aid, which her brother-in-law T.R. Hefty encouraged her to buy. It was a black leather covered box about the size of a shoe box on its side. It had two black metal snaps with a leather carrying strap and two cloth covered wires leading to a black half-moon shaped earpiece with a thin black handle that would have to be held up to her ear. I believe she only used it a dozen times or so, and then, only under duress. She would screw up her face as if eating a big lemon slice and tell us that, “It didn’t work, and all it did was make more noise.”

Grandma only got upset with me two times as usually neither Marion nor I could do much wrong. Actually, in general, (if Marion and I do have to say so ourselves) we both were pretty good and well-behaved children. The first time she was mildly upset with me was when I was about 6 or 7. I was pumping on an abandoned cistern pump on the side porch. I had dry pumped this many times before, but as I was now a little stronger, I decided to really give it a real pumping – all-of-a-sudden a lot of dirty black water mixed with dead leaves went all over the porch floor and what a mess it was! The only other time I can remember her being upset was when I was around 11. After painting the white picket fence, I had some paint left over, and had a flash of inspiration! I thought it would be nice to make a little sign on the two separate cement steps, one going to the kitchen and the other to the adjacent dining room off the summer north porch. With a big fat brush and white paint, I printed “HEFTY HOMESTEAD” on the first riser. I was no more done with this flash of genius than grandma saw it and said, “Oh Junior, you shouldn’t have done that.” She quickly took some old newspapers to try and rub it off, but all it accomplished was to smudge a poor printing job even more. Surprisingly, my mother thought it was kind of neat and grandma never said anything more about it. There were remnants of the lettering when this summer kitchen portion of the house was replaced with the new addition about 58-59 years later. One of grandma’s favorite sayings to denote her satisfaction with a situation or thing was “Wonderful Nice,” (something that she never said about the inspired writing on the steps!)

Chapter 3

Edward Jacob Blum



E.J. Blum, circa 1930 in front of the home built by Fred G. Blum, Sr., on Council Crest, Madison, WI.

Edward Jacob Blum, the father of “Fred, Sr.” and grandfather of Fred, Jr. (Doctor) was born October 13, 1867. He was the son of Fridolin and Dorothea Stussi Blum. He attended Washington Township rural school and Monroe High School. He later taught at the Voegeli and Klassy schools in Washington Township in 1891 and 1892. The Voegeli school was located north of Hefty Rd. just west of US Highway 69. Unfortunately, it was torn down in the 1950’s. However, if you look closely, you may see a reminder, an old forlorn rusted pump pipe poking through the weeds. E.J.’s niece, Edith Blum Stoll, started teaching country school when she was only 13! She was an exceptionally bright person.

Regarding one room schoolteachers, old Doc Blumer, who was the Monticello school board president in early 1900 was talking with a friend when he said, “There goes Edith, probably the very best teacher we have, but she is the G--, D----- trouble maker you ever saw.”

Grandpa Blum used to tell his five children about “inheritance.” He said that they would each get an amount that was “small enough for it not to go to your head, but on the other hand,” it was big enough that if they invested it wisely it would do them some good.”

Even though E.J. must have worked hard on his father's farm while growing up, he never had the desire to follow in Fridolin's footsteps and make a living from farming.

His son, Fred, Sr. always said that his father, Ed, was a very fair and honest person and a no-nonsense sort of guy. I remember him as a quiet, soft-spoken man with a mustache and long-sleeved shirts with sleeves always too long so that he required some sort of dark arm garters to take up the slack so the cuffs would not come down over his wrists. As in the accompanying picture, it seemed he always had a cigar he was puffing on.

Chapter 4

Grandparents E. J. and Anna Schindler Blum

My grandmother, Anna, worked in her father Gabriel's general store in New Glarus from about the age of 18. One day, as she was waiting on trade, one of the customers said to her, "Anna, you're a pretty girl. When are you going to get married?" She replied evenly, "this afternoon" – and she was married that afternoon!

After their marriage, Ed and Anna lived in Monticello, which is a five-mile distance from New Glarus. They lived in a large white house which was the third one from the corner of Main on the south side of what is now called Lake Avenue. It was originally called Depot Street as it led to the two separate railroads that Monticello had at one time, neither of which exists now.

Following E.J.'s marriage, he was associated with John Hirsig, running a general store. After a year and a half, he bought Mr. Hirsig's interest and continued in the business as sole owner until 1906. Ed then joined J.C. Steinman, Fred S. Blum (brother), John Dick and Geo. C. Steinman to start the "Peoples Supply," a General Store on the east side of Main Street in Monticello. They later moved across the street to the corner of Main Street and West North Avenue. In the late 1930's Uncle Fred's son Bill, took over "Peoples Supply" and renamed it "W. E. Blum Store" of which our dear readers will hear about at length later. "Peoples Supply" was a successful business and E.J. had a reputation of being a good and honest businessman. Fred, Sr. always said when his father said something, you could count on it and that's the way it was, good or bad (I believe Dad had in mind corporal punishment). With Anna, like most mothers, it was a little easier to pull the wool over her eyes. Anna was a stout, exuberant, upbeat lady who was busy with their growing family: First Fred, then Albert, Nona, Otto, and Berdie, (referred to in their family as "FANOBO," a non-sensical word using the first letter of each child's name in order of birth.

Chapter 5

“Are they good books?”

A Lesson to be Remembered

E.J. Blum’s wife, Anna Schindler Blum, my grandmother, was the daughter of Gabriel and Barbara Schindler and was born in the house on the corner of 5th Avenue and 2nd street in New Glarus. Today, at that location is the former People’s Bank.

Anna’s father, Gabriel, owned a general store on 5th Avenue which was later turned into a tavern. It burned down and was again rebuilt as a tavern in 2011. It was the second building from the corner going east or the third building west from Swiss Church. Gabriel’s wife also had a thriving millinery shop in the dry goods store, and it was her own business. Fred, Sr. was also born in the same house as his Mother in New Glarus but lived in Monticello. At the age of 4 or 5, he would go back and forth between the two towns on the train by himself. The conductors used to let him ride free. When he got to a certain age, maybe 7 or so, the conductor said, “Well Freddie, I am going to have to start charging you half fare now.” This came as an unexpected but long overdue shock to Fred, Sr.

On one occasion Fred, Sr. was visiting at his grandfather’s store and had special books on his mind that he thought he needed to have. He thought maybe Grandpa Gabriel would help him out so he said to his grandpa, both conversing in Swiss, “Grandpa, there are some awfully good books I would like to have.” Grandpa said, “Are they good books?” “Oh yes, they are very good,” Freddie replied. “Well then here’s a dollar.” (This was an actual silver dollar) Freddie said, “Oh, no I couldn’t take it.” “Sure, you can take it,” his grandfather said. Freddie replied, “Oh no, I can’t.” “Sure, you can.” “No, I really shouldn’t,” Freddie again said, knowing that the next time he would accept the shining silver dollar and buy those special books – probably some Horatio Alger books, but alas grandpa said again in Swiss, “Alright!” And he thrust the silver dollar back into his pocket and no amount of further hinting or suggestions by Freddie ever brought the silver dollar out again. It was a lesson well learned by Fred, Sr. and one that was recounted to both Marion and me on more than one occasion as children.

Chapter 6

Concert Pianist

One of the many beloved stories of Dad, Fred, Sr. took place when he and his family were living in Monticello in the big Victorian house on Lake Staedtler (now Lake Montesian.) He was 4 to 5 years old and the year was 1898 or 1899. He decided he should learn to play the piano. The fact that the family didn't own a piano didn't seem to be a problem to little Freddie. This story is hard to believe but it is true! He called up Monroe, Wisconsin, the county seat of Green Co. on their new telephone and must have asked the operator for a piano store. They connected him with one and he told them they should send a piano out to their house in Monticello about 10 miles away. Lo and behold, the next day the music store delivered a brand-new piano to the house. Freddie's parents, Ed and Anna, of course were not expecting a piano but as it was already there, and Freddie showed such an interest in music they thought that maybe they should keep it.

Freddie was initially very enthusiastic about the piano, and his piano teacher whom they also had to hire. However, as the days passed on, Freddie's interest began to flag somewhat. In those days, the music rooms were often configured to separate it from the living rooms, and usually had two large sliding doors that could be closed to keep the noise of the music from the rest of the house. That was the set up too, in the Blum house. In addition, immediately adjacent to the piano was a daybed that in turn was just next to the front window. This looked out on the side porch which in turn looked out onto the sidewalk leading to the front door. As Freddie's interest in practicing waned more and more, and as his vision of becoming a concert pianist became more distant, the time he devoted to practice diminished as well. Consequently, Ed and Anna felt that with all this investment in such a fine piano that Freddie really should practice a prescribed amount of time. So, under gradually increasing duress, Freddie would retire to the music room, close the big sliding doors and start his practicing with ever decreasing enthusiasm. Gradually, even this got to be too great a chore for Freddie. He found out he could lounge on the daybed and reach over with one hand and tinkle the keys like he was practicing and read Horatio Alger Books at the same time. This was much more fun and in as much as he had now decided not to become a concertmaster anyway, this would all work out well.

So, dutifully, Freddie would spend the prescribed amount of time behind closed music room doors with his one-handed piano work (who knew – maybe one-handed piano players would one day be in demand). Things went on in this fashion rather uneventfully for a time. However, Annie who was usually at home during these periods, did vaguely wonder somewhat in the back of her mind why Freddie’s music never seemed to get any better. One fateful day, Freddie was in his usual piano practicing mode, lying on the day bed with one hand on the piano keys and the other holding his exciting Horatio Alger book when, along came Mrs. Wilma Willmeyer. Wilma was one of Anna’s close friends, and when she went by the window on her way to visit Annie, of course, she couldn’t help seeing this spectacle.

When Annie greeted her friend, Wilma said matter-of-factly in Swiss, “Well, I guess Freddie is not very interested in becoming a good musician?” Annie asked what she meant by this. Wilma told her what she had observed. The big sliding piano room doors were suddenly opened, and the jig was up. The piano career was ended.

Chapter 7

Old Classics

There are many good old stories interspersed throughout this memoir, but here are a few that illustrate fun and interesting events that had an influence on Marion and me:

Much ado about Nothing

“Pete Babler makes his P’s like this.”

Uncle Otto, like all the five Blum children, was a very good student. However, Otto was one of the most serious of my aunts and uncles. The story goes that Grandfather E.J. Blum and wife, Anna, and their five children (FANOB) had guests over for a dinner meal. Ed was talking to the guests seated on his left, and Otto was sitting on his dad’s right. Ed and the guests were most likely discussing politics or some rather weighty subject when Otto poked his dad in the shoulder and said “Pa,” no response. He then poked a little harder, “PA, PA,” no response again. Then he really poked his dad again even harder and said, “PA!” His dad turned to Otto rather testily and said, “All right Otto, what is it!” Otto took his hand and drew the Capital letter, “P” in the air with his finger and explained, “Pete Baber makes his P’s like this!”

Uncle Otto Blum and Aunt Berdie Blum

When Otto was about ten and Berdie was five, Otto was sitting at the office halfway up the steps at the Peoples Supply store (the W.E. Blum Store office of which we have already heard about). Otto was pecking away at the typewriter when Berdie appeared in great consternation. A few minutes earlier, she had fallen and been diagnosed with a broken arm. She said, “OTTO” very slowly. No answer, “OTTO” again slowly. Otto replied laconically, “What?” As Otto continued pecking at the typewriter, “I broke my arm.” Otto was still pecking away at the typewriter and without looking up replied in a matter of fact fashion, “Did you?” and kept typing. This calm demeanor would stand him in good stead someday. He eventually became a doctor.

“Hurry Up!”

Otto seems to have had numerous stories. The last for now goes as follows: as a young boy, Otto wanted to be a farmer so at the young age of maybe 10-12 he got a job working on a farm for a local farmer. When he got to the farm, he was told that his job would be to feed the pigs, put feed out for the cows, clean out the horse barn and after that cut thistles. The farmer explained to Otto that farming was very important and serious work and that he (Otto) must work as hard and as fast as he could at each and every job so that he could accomplish a lot. Otto was a little taken aback with the seriousness of farm work, which he had always imagined to be fun and exciting. However, this farmer was not finished with the intricacies of farming, and went on to explain earnestly and with great force and commitment that when you finished the first job, such as feeding the pigs, you must “run, not walk, but run” over to the cow barn to feed the cows, and then run over to the horse barn, and so forth. One summer of this finished Otto on the glories of farming and turned his thoughts elsewhere – maybe to medicine?

“What stock should I buy?”

Grandma Anna was very enthusiastic about buying stocks on the stock market. She didn’t have much money to invest, but when she could scrape together a few dollars, she would buy stock. She had her own method of deciding what stock to buy. It might go something like this: “Well let’s see now, spring is coming, and people are going to start painting their houses....so I think...paint stocks should do well, so let’s buy some paint company stock.” Her simplistic method of buying stocks usually worked out well for her as more often than not, the stock usually went up in price. This method never ceased to amaze her son, Fred, Sr. who became a very successful stockbroker.

Grandma also loved to recount how nice it was to own stocks. Her reasoning was that even at night, when it might be raining or snowing, the workers in these companies would be out working while she was lying in bed.

How to Remember People’s Names

Grandma Anna was a very outgoing person. She loved people and was enthusiastic about almost everything. She had just finished reading a book on how important it was to use people’s names when you talk to them and even more so, to remember their name the next time you saw them. She was eager to try out this new

method. On the episode in question, Grandma was introduced to Mrs. Derrick. Grandma said to herself, "Let's see now, Mrs. Derrick.... a Derrick is something you use to lift something with...like an oil derrick.... Or a road construction derrick." So, she filed this piece of information away in her head and sure enough, several weeks later, Mrs. Derrick came to visit Grandma for the second time. Grandma thought to herself, "Oh now I can remember her name!" In a very loud and dramatic voice, she said, "Well, hello, Mrs. Crane! I'm so glad to see you again!"

"Grandma, Berdie and Viola"

Aunt Berdie had a very good, dear and close friend by the name of Viola who used to come and visit frequently. She was a very dear girl, but she had the habit of never knowing when to go home. On one typical evening, it was getting later and later, and no amount of hinting seemed to move Viola any closer to the door. Grandma decided to and take things into her own hands, but she also wanted to be very diplomatic. So, Grandma said to Berdie with Viola standing there as well, "Now Berdie, you must let Viola go home." Berdie very undiplomatically said, "Well I'm not holding her!" Now in our family, when it starts to get late, all anyone has to say to get things moving is, "Well now, you must let Viola go home," and this has the desired effect, hearty laughter.

Modern Day Marriage Ceremony

Berdie and her future husband, Herman, wanted to get married in an unconventional way. They were married around 1929. They chartered an airplane and got married and said their wedding vows as they flew around Chicago. That was a feat in those days. The next morning paper proclaimed this marriage ceremony as their lead article.

Chapter 8

First E.J. Blum Family Trip to California

Beginning in 1915, and for three consecutive years the E.J. Blum family made a trip to California. The driving force behind the first trip in 1915 was Fred, Sr., my father. The 1915 trip was written about by my sister, Marion Ruth Blum Sweet and narrated by my father, Fred, Sr. in 1972 when he was 77 years old. It was published in the Wisconsin State Journal and is reprinted below for your enjoyment.

Camping Trip

By Marion R. B. Sweet

Sept. 12, 1972 marked the 57th anniversary of the end of my family's 7,717-mile camping trip from Monticello, WI to California and back.

It took three happy months in 1915 and all seven of us have thought about it hundreds of times since.

The seven were Dad (E.J. Blum), Mother (Anna Blum), my two younger brothers, two younger sisters, and I. Dad was a reserved, ambitious, second-generation Swiss who had been a successful country schoolteacher before becoming an equally successful general store owner. Mother was an enthusiastic, dynamic, plump, practical woman, always able to find friends; Al, a wiry 15, Nona, 11, Otto, 9, Berdie, dimple-cheeked, always smiling and 7 years old, and I was an impetuous, persistent fellow of 20.

The Inspiration for the trip came about this way:

In the early spring of 1914, Al and I spent slack time in the office of Dad's store looking at a trade-magazine called "Automobile Age." Many different kinds of automobiles were advertised, and we decided to write to several manufacturers, suggesting that they donate a car to Al and me so we could make a transcontinental trip to California along the scarcely charted routes. In return for their kindness, we would write articles describing our trip and featuring their brand of automobile.

By the time the replies arrived, we were thoroughly determined to make the trip.

Since none of the manufacturers thought as highly of the idea as we did, we were forced to fall back on our own resources. Al earned all the money he could by selling newspapers and by doing part-time clerking in the store. I worked on the

country-road building-crew that summer. During the following school year at the University of Wisconsin, I did odd jobs and skimped and saved every penny I could.

My parents' first interest in our plan was a firm decision not to permit Al and me to take such a dangerous trip alone. But towards winter, they gradually became more and more interested in the exciting tone of our plans, and finally decided that they, too, needed a vacation – their first real one since their 1893 honeymoon.

Equipping for the hejira was a combination of wise purchasing, practical fabrication, and old-fashioned make-do. Dad bought a brand-new 1915, seven – passenger, Model 55 Buick, from which we removed the two folding seats. In their place between the front and back seats, we installed a galvanized iron box made by a local blacksmith to fit exactly inside the tonneau. It held lots of groceries and utensils.

We ordered a silk tent which had a built-in floor, screens, and flaps with multiple sets of snaps, enabling a tight seal at the front of the tent. The flap could then be thrown over the top of the car and secured by several ropes.

With her Swiss thrift, Mother spent hours during the winter making blankets of discarded clothes which she flattened out, covered with blue denim, and then quilted. These served sometimes as our blankets and sometimes as our mattresses.

We carried no pillows but instead used rolled-up sweaters, jackets, or any other handy article of clothing. We carried the clothes, blankets, tent, and additional cooking utensils on a rack resting on the left running-board. Thus, the two left doors were unusable throughout most of the trip.

We bought three canvas water-bags – one five gallons, the others two and one-half gallons. These we always kept suspended from the outer roof supports. The water usually tasted brackish, but the insulation in the heavy canvas and the thick corks kept it surprisingly cool.

Water was hard to get, and in some places, was non-existent or, at best, impotable. We had read in our research that impotable water could be improved by the addition of lemon juice. So, fresh lemons were part of our stock whenever we could get them, and they served us well.

Our foods were the easily-transportable and preparable ones – bacon, potatoes, beans, evaporated milk, and cocoa. Nona had announced before the trip that she might not agree to the occasional breakfasts planned in the interest of time – plain evaporated milk with cocoa added. But when the time came to drink that, she decided that it wasn't the worst thing in the world.

At 9:30 a.m. on June 12, 1915, we had our picture taken in front of our car, just before leaving. We took considerable pains to be properly dressed – dusters and bonnets for the women, and boots, leggings, caps, gauntlets, and goggles for the men.

The first night out, we camped alongside a railroad west of Dixon, IL. The second night, we set up our tent in a sort of grassy square in the center of Wheatland, IA. With tacit consent from authorities, we helped ourselves to railroad and village sites quite often. In Santa Barbara, CA, we parked on the lovely beach right near the center of the city, where we were considered (as we often were) one of the Seven Wonders of the Modern World! And, in Holbrook, AZ, we set up our tent in the backyard of a Chinese restaurant.

We also occasionally camped in farmers' yards, with permission. That often carried bonuses. In Grand Junction, CO, for example, we camped in the orchard of a generous fruit-grower. In addition to giving us fruit, his wife invited Al, feeling ill, into her house and made tea for him.

Several days later, near Phillipsburg, KS, we pitched our tent in the farmyard of a friendly farmer. He provided us with milk and cream and refused to accept any payment whatsoever. Actually, the only official campsite we found was at Manitou, CO, which was a municipal campsite with the unexpected facility of a water faucet.

In Colorado Springs, we stopped for gas at a place so unusual that it remained a highlight of the trip. It was the prototype of today's filling stations. The proprietor was an enterprising man from the East who was making a career out of selling oil products to automobiles. He had given his amazing business the amazing name of "Pike's Peak Petroleum Co."

However, we purchased most of our gas at hardware stores or at hard-to-find street-side filling pumps. At some hardware stores, it was necessary to furnish our own gasoline can, have it filled, and carry it out again. At other places, there would be an outdoor pump at which we stopped, or there would be a 5-gallon can from which the storekeeper would pour gas into the tank. Wherever possible, we asked to have the gas strained through a chamois skin to keep out dirt and small stones.

Our fellow travelers formed a friendly fraternity with us. In Manitou, as Dad was chipping kindling wood with a hatchet, a hatchet slipped and cut his hand. A man hurried over, said he was a doctor, and bandaged his hand – beginning a long trip-friendship.

At the same time, other fellow campers in Manitou talked about the dangers of traveling over the mostly unmarked desert roads of the Southwest.

So, mystery and fear of the desert led to three other cars joining us in what became a convoy to cross the desert. One was an Overland driven by the doctor who had bandaged Dad's hand; another was a young married couple; and a third was an Osage Indian from Oklahoma.



Scene from one of the many family trips.

E.J. on the far L, Fred, Sr. on the far R.

This convoy – traveling remains one of the outstanding memories of our trip. Sometimes, to give the children, or indeed, everyone – a change, one family would have one of its youngsters trade places with a child from one of

the other cars, and the children would travel for an entire day with their exchanged families.

After traveling through the Petrified Forest (where we legally sent home a boxful of petrified wood that cost Dad \$10 to ship), we camped in a beautiful forest of towering pines several miles east of Flagstaff, AZ. The air was so bracing, the fragrance of the pines so tangy, and the smells from the bacon and eggs so inviting, that all our spirits soared. And after this storybook supper, Mother innocently asked if someone would go and “distinguish the campfire.”

Desert travel did have its hazards. For instance, treacherous arroyos and washes were routine. And in Arizona one day, the driving was almost impossible, since we had to face a glaring sun continually. Because of that, our car almost met with a major mishap by getting off the narrow, sandy road. Occasionally, it was nip and tuck as to whether or not one or another car of our convoy could get back onto the road and out of the soft sand. As a result of the poor roads and waiting for each other, we could travel only about 6 to 10 miles per hour.

On July 18, after going through heat and what seemed like an almost interminable desert, we reached Los Angeles. There, we said goodbye to the last of our convoy, the good doctor's party. We looked shocked to see how tired, tan, and dirty we all looked.

Our main duty was to buy a complete set of new tires. The desert had baked the ones that had come new with the car. Then for about two weeks, we rented a cottage on Venice's Electric Avenue.

From there, we patronized fish markets, as Mother was eager to cook and taste tuna, halibut, and anything new she could find. We visited carnivals, watched a Hollywood picture in the making, and took various side trips.

Later, while renting an apartment in San Diego (and riding our first automatic elevator); we visited the World's Fair. Farther north, we tried unsuccessfully to reach our 14 arms around a sequoia tree, visited San Francisco's Chinatown, and compared its World's Fair with San Diego's.

Homeward bound, in Reno on August 24, we stocked up on our familiar beans, evaporated milk, bacon, etc., against the upcoming desert. At Reno, we found another family with whom we were happy to share desolate Nevada. There was a thrifty, rather elderly couple, their married son, and his wife. For years after the trip, we would gleefully quote the stock, rhythmical answer which the father gave when anyone asked where they were from: "We're from Taylorville, Ill.; our home is in Parsons, Kan.; and we have property in Oklahoma."

Even thrifty Al and I once regretted their thriftiness. On the third night out in the desert, they were running short of gas, and the father was very worried. Dad said that we boys could sell a full 3-gallon can that we'd been carrying.

Our friend asked us how much the gas was. We had paid 18 cents a gallon for it and sold it for the same price, even though it would cost 25 cents a gallon at the next available place. His reply was, "Well, I'll give you half a dollar for it since some of it must have evaporated by now." Dad signaled us to sell it to him for his price.

Again, we had bad roads. Once we stopped in Nevada to ask the road commissioner which of two routes we should take. He hesitated a Moment, then said, "The roads are so poor both ways, that no matter which way I send you, you'll wish I had sent you the other way."

He was correct. We camped that night beside the dusty, lonely road. Not a single car or vehicle of any kind passed us, and it was the most miserable night of

our entire trip. The mosquitoes were so thick in our tent that we could kill them a dozen at a time with no visible effect on their numbers.

Dad and I decided that Mother and the three younger children should go back to Reno and take the train to Salt Lake as we felt there must be a great deal of danger in crossing this desolate Country. But redoubtable Mother insisted that they would go where we went, for better or for worse.

The next day, we started out for Lovelocks, Nev. The roads were bad, very bad, worse, and still worse. The entire distance we traveled that entire day probably wasn't much over 50 miles. That stretch was perhaps the most difficult to travel of the entire trip. There were practically no guideposts, and all we could do was to hope that we were on the right road – “road” being nothing but streaks in the sand and the hope that we were going in the right general direction.

A bit of the time we traveled in high gear, but we spent most of the time in shifting from second to low and back to second gear again. Throughout the entire day, we never got out of the car or even stopped it for any reason whatsoever – always fearful of becoming stuck in the sand. Luckily, we met no other cars to get us off the tenuous track. Seventy-one miles and 11 hours after we started, we pulled into Winnemucca, Nev., and exhausted, camped in a wide-open space near the village railroad station.

Through Idaho, with its intriguing Shoshone Falls, we went; on through Salt Lake City, where we floated effortlessly in the advertised 22 per cent salt solution; into our beloved Colorado once more where we drove the Skyline drive.

In rainy Iowa, we found that one of the sets of new tires was ruined. Its red successor was also ruined within about 30 minutes of turning and spinning in the Iowa gumbo.

Our trip lasted three months to the day. We had started out with a brand-new car, had seven punctures throughout the trip, bought six new tires, and found them in very bad shape again upon our arrival home. The cost of our gasoline was \$98 with the prices ranging from an extreme low of 9 cents per gallon to 30 cents.

We had seen rattlesnakes, prairie dogs, eagles, jackrabbits, and small owls in the wild. And around evening campfires, we had heard coyotes howling and mountain lions calling.

Our trip furnished us with many, many hours of happy recounting to local homebodies, and with more nostalgic recounting in the bosom of our family.

It was the great and pilot plan for successive successful trips which various members of the family – as well as their children – made in the next decades.

It became a basis for comparisons – from then on, any impossibly horrible road was compared with Winnemucca; heat was compared with the desert heat and at times we even wore sweaters to try to keep out the heat; extreme thriftiness was occasionally echoed in terms of “some of it must have evaporated by now.”

And it gave us a greatly strengthened grasp of geography, as well as a certain sophistication and broadening.

Chapter 9

Boys Trip to California

In the summer of 1916, Dad, Uncle Al, Shorty Preston and a Stauffacher boy took another driving trip to California with some assistance from the Stauffacher boy's father who felt he needed to help his somewhat underdeveloped son. Unfortunately, we do not have many of the details, but two things I do remember from the stories told, were that Dad shot a rattlesnake with his .25 caliber Colt Automatic. Another interesting thing was that on one particular day they had seven flat tires. It even got so bad that they tried stuffing the tires with grass but, unfortunately, that did not work very well for them.

During this year, Dad was going to the University of Wisconsin at Madison. He had previously gone to Milwaukee to live with his relatives, the Fishers, while he attended North Division High School, as there was not a high school in Monticello at that time. While there, he met, among other people, Mr. William Frazier. He and Dad used to play tennis together, but Dad said it was no contest as William Frazier, Sr. was much too good. It turns out that one of my very best friends growing up in grade school in Nakoma (Madison) as well as high school and college was Bill Frazier Jr., the son of Wm Frazier, Sr. In fact, Bill Frazier, Jr. was the best man for Mickey and me at our wedding, and I was for his wedding. (You will hear more about Wm Frazier, Jr. later.)

Chapter 10

Back to E.J. and Anna



*Olga Hefty and Fred Gabriel Blum
married in 1917 during World War I.*

In 1917, Fred, Sr. finished college and then entered the Army. While he was stationed at Camp Grant in Illinois, two important things happened: Fred G. Blum and Olga Barbara Hefty, (much to Fred K. and Regula Hefty's consternation,) eloped to get married by the justice of the peace in Rockford, Illinois. This was hard for Fred K. and Regula, as Olga was their only child and they undoubtedly had plans for a big wedding. This got Fred, Sr. a somewhat rocky start as far as Fred K. and Regula were concerned, but time did eventually heal this disappointment.

The die had already been cast in the spring of 1917 when the Anna and E.J. Blum family had decided to move to California. The whole family was going to move except for Fred, Sr., who was either finishing up his University of Wisconsin business course or was about to be inducted into the Army. The family undoubtedly had Fred, Sr.'s encouragement to go as he always was a big California booster. They sold their beautiful Victorian home on Lake Stettler (now Lake Montesian in Monticello) which was later turned into a funeral home and then later burned down only to be replaced by a 1950's style fourplex apartment. E.J. also sold his interest in People's Supply. By this time Ed had become one of the largest stockholders in the company. They also sold their excess belongings and took what they could and set out for Los Angeles to see Dr. Clarence Hefty (no relation of Fred K. and Regula) and Aunt Bertha who was a sister to my grandmother Anna Schindler Blum. They lived at 6430 San Vicente Boulevard which is one block away from the 20th Century Fox Theater where the movie premiers were (and are) held. Marion Schindler Jarman, whose mother had died when Marion was a child, went to live with her Aunt Bertha and Uncle Clarence Hefty. Her father, Albert Schindler

did not feel he could give a teenage girl adequate care and attention. Uncle Albert was a very kind man and had a job with the State of Wisconsin. He came to live with us in Nakoma at 3710 Council Crest after his wife died. While we were on another trip to California in 1932, Uncle Albert died in our house thus cutting that trip short.

Some further information about the move to California: the trip took about a month and they sent one box of their belongings ahead via train. Uncle Al Blum was scheduled to enter college at the University of Southern California. However, sometime during the summer some of the members got home sick and wanted to return to Wisconsin. The whole family voted on whether to stay or return. Neither my sister, (Marion Ruth Blum Sweet) nor I, know exactly who voted to stay or who voted to return. I do know that E.J. (Grandpa Blum) wanted to return and Anna (Grandma Blum), always being adventurous, wanted to stay. In any event, they did give up their idea of living in California and returned to Wisconsin. We are pretty sure that if Dad had been with them, they probably would have stayed and the whole rest of this story would have been different.



Anna Sybilla Schindler Blum, Jacob Edward (E.J.) Blum, unknown. Anna and E.J. happily spent most of their married life in Monticello, WI.

Chapter 11

The Schindlers

Uncle Clarence Hefty (no relation to Fred K. or Regula), who was a medical doctor, was a very soft-spoken kindly and intelligent man. He retired from a busy medical practice in New Glarus at the unbelievable age of 32. He retired in part because he could, and partly because he worried too much about his patients, and this made him depressed.

Marion Schindler Jarman, who lived with them in Los Angeles, had two brothers, the oldest was Walter Schindler and the younger was John Schindler, all three were cousins of my Dad, Fred, Sr. Dad said that as a boy, Walter always liked the biggest and loudest firecrackers on the 4th of July. He went to St. John's Military Academy in Delafield, Wisconsin and later to Annapolis, and eventually became a Vice Admiral. He and his brother-in-law, Zeke Jarmon, Marion Schindler's husband, were left swimming in the ocean when the aircraft carrier, The Yorktown was sunk in the battle of Midway during the Second World War.

Walter was the first line officer (not Navy, Air corps), to shoot down a Japanese plane and he did it from the rear cockpit of a training plane, as I recall.

John Schindler became a medical doctor and practiced in New Glarus at the former bank building at the corner of 3rd Street and 5th Avenue which, ironically, was the site of the original Schindler homestead and birthplace of Fred, Sr. (see photo)

John also was one of the founders and bright lights of the Monroe Clinic in Monroe, Wisconsin, which during the 1930's and 1940's was one of the premier medical clinics of Wisconsin. He went on to become one of the first people to talk about psychosomatic medicine and wrote several national best sellers, the most notable, "How to Live 365 Days a Year."

John is the only person I ever knew who seriously stated that he could "remember being born."

Gabriel Schindler Home in New Glarus, WI Circa 1876. From L to R: Bear Elmer, Albert Schindler, Gabriel Schindler, Anna Sybilla Schindler, Barbara Schindler, Mrs. Abraham Kundert, Otto Kundert, Unknown, Margaret Voegeli, Rose Taft



Chapter 12

Dad and Camp Grant

The E.J. Blum family returned from the aborted California move in the late summer of 1917. They returned to Monticello and Uncle Al matriculated at the University of Wisconsin in Madison. Fred, Sr. didn't move to California with the rest of the family as he was finishing up his business degree at the University of Wisconsin in Madison and he was waiting to be inducted into the Army, which he entered either in late 1917 or early 1918. He was probably not the most enthusiastic recruit the Army ever had.

He went to Camp Grant near Chicago with a bunch of other boys from Monticello.

After basic training, he was assigned to cook detail and was supposed to be peeling potatoes, but he probably did so without great enthusiasm. After a while, the sergeant came in and said, "Can anybody here punch a typewriter and want to work with the Chicago newspapers as our camp news correspondent?" Dad raised his hand and said that he would. The sergeant said, "Well O.K, I sure hope you can do a better job at this than you do peeling potatoes!" His job was to report on the Army sports teams; however, a big part of his job turned out to be the need to report on all the sickness and deaths that were occurring at the Camp Grant Army Base. These deaths were from the great flu pandemic that was raging throughout the world in 1918 in which over 20,000,000 died worldwide and over 500,000 Americans died. Dad would go to the Army infirmary every morning to find out how many cases they had had, and the infirmary representative might say, "Eleven died last night. O.K., wait a minute, I just found out that three more didn't make it."

Dad did finish out the war as the Camp Grant newspaper reporter and "yes" he did do a better job at this than he did "peeling potatoes."

Chapter 13

Monticello Motors

Following Dad's graduation from University of Wisconsin – Madison, his discharge from the Army and his marriage to Barbara Olga Hefty on March 29, 1918, he needed a job. His father, E.J. having gotten back from their abandoned California move was also looking for something to do as he had sold his stock in the People's Supply General Store. Somehow the two of them decided they should go into the car business, so they bought a garage building on the West side of Main Street in Monticello. This later became Krieg and Zurbuchen Repair Shop and now the site is part of Gempler's Grocery Store and Deli.

Neither Dad nor Grandpa knew the first thing about mechanical things. Grandpa had been a good businessman at the People's Supply and had been a former schoolteacher but had little mechanical aptitude. Dad had a very outgoing personality and loved people but was no more mechanically inclined than his father. (My mother was the one that taught me how to put new plugs on the loose or broken extension cords on lamps.) Fred, Sr. could talk to the street cleaner or the Governor with equal rapport and aplomb. He had a memory for facts that was outstanding, as I will relate later. In addition to the various kinds of cars they sold, they had also gotten the distributorship of the whole of Green County for Buicks. Consequently, any of the other towns in Green County that wanted Buicks had to purchase them from Monticello Motors even though there were at least three other larger towns in the County (they liked Buicks because they had such a good experience with their own Buick on the 1915 trip to California).

One day a local man who was very knowledgeable about mechanical things in those days came in and asked Dad, "Does this car have Spiral Beveled Gears?" and Dad asked, "Is that a good thing?" Yes", replied the man, "it is." Dad said, "Well I kind of think it does have those." The man replied to the contrary. This lack of mechanical knowledge always bothered Dad and I think it was one reason they decided not to keep the garage very long. In spite of the "Spiral Beveled Gears" episode, Dad was one of the most honest people I ever knew. You could bank on what he said.

Two other things that happened during the Monticello Motors era were as follows: There was an older customer who wanted to appear as a real car buff who drove a lot of miles. However, he was a true Swiss and did not want to spend a lot

of money for tires and gas so he often put his car up on blocks and would turn the back wheel by hand in order to make the odometer turn ahead. This way he could tell people how many miles he had on the car without actually burning any gas or wearing out the tires.

On another day, a man came into the garage and said he wanted them “to grease the car, change the oil and also don’t forget to change the air in the tires!”

Anna, wife of Ed and mother of Fred G. was uncharacteristically completely against this car venture before it even started. She begged Ed not to go into it, she felt they would lose all their modest nest egg that they had built up so laboriously during their married life. This concern made Ed somewhat apprehensive even after the garage was an accomplished fact. Dad, after the Spiral Bevel Gear incident, knew he was not cut out to be a long-term car dealer and he had a continuing interest in stocks and bonds, which was part of his University of Wisconsin major and thesis. So, about 1919, they sold the business to some other local people and contrary to Anna’s fears and her usual business acumen, they did make a modest profit. I am not sure if the Monticello Motor Company with its Buick agency gradually morphed into the present day Voegeli Chevrolet-Buick or not.

Although Dad was also relieved to exit the car business, he never lost his love for cars. In one 18-year period he had purchased 25 new cars, many from the Monticello Voegeli Chevrolet-Buick dealership. On more than one occasion, he would buy a car on the spur of the Moment. Once I can actually remember, he went into the Cadillac dealer in Madison and was sitting in the Cadillac looking it over and for some reason they had the key in the ignition and I suppose Dad turned it along with the other knobs and the salesman came over and said, “Don’t play with that key,” or words to that effect. That made Dad, with his rather quick temper, hot under the collar, so he went outside across the street to the Packard dealer and bought a big brown Packard on the spot. He drove it around the block in front of the Cadillac salesman and honked the horn.

On another occasion, while Mickey and I were still dating, we were riding with the folks to the farm and we were on a (then) very rough gravel road (Hefty Road). This was in early spring and I heard a little noise, which I am sure was nothing. This bothered Dad and so after visiting with Grandma Hefty at the farm, we drove the five miles to the Voegeli Chevrolet-Buick garage in Monticello. Dad saw a car he liked so they transferred the window scraper and the old first aid kit to

the new car and drove it back to Madison. This has never ceased to amaze Mickey even to this day.

After we were married, Dad would let us buy his one-year old cars at a good price; and this was always fun. That's how we ended up with a two-ton Green Rivera with Flow Back Windows and the 445-cubic inch engine. John Stenbrotten, the present majority owner of Voegeli Chevrolet-Buick and son-in-law of the original owner, Leon Voegeli, said that Dad had purchased more cars from them than any other person up to that time.

On yet another occasion, Mother and Dad went to Monticello again, probably on a whim, and Dad bought a car and transferred the usual paraphernalia. About six to eight weeks later, Dad was going through his checkbook to balance it when he became startled and said, "Why, I never paid for the last car!" He excitedly called up Leon Voegeli and his son-in-law, John Stenbrotten, and said, "I forgot to pay for that car!" They replied, "We know it. We knew that sooner or later you would think of it!"

Dad was one of the best drivers I ever knew. He was very careful, and he had very quick reflexes. With his job as country salesman of stocks and bonds, he drove many hundreds of thousands of miles over his long life, and never had a serious accident. At the Moment, I cannot even remember a little one.

An interesting aside about Voegli Chevrolet-Buick: Once during our "beef cattle" days, one of our beef cows got stuck in the creek. She was becoming exhausted and close to drowning. In my absence, Mickey called the Voegeli Chevrolet-Buick garage for help. John Stenbrotten brought out the big wrecker. After several hours of muddy toil, he lifted the near-dead cow to safety. (Talk about "customer service!") Living near a small town with good people has its advantages.

Chapter 14

After Monticello Motors

After the sale of the Monticello Motors was finalized in about 1919 after only a year or so of ownership, E.J. Blum (Grandpa), worked in the post office and eventually became Postmaster in Monticello. E.J. was Postmaster until Roosevelt came into power in 1933. He lost his Postmastership because in those days, Postmaster jobs were political, and he had to make way for a faithful Democrat. In this instance, it was Roswell Richards who was a wonderful person. Dad, in the meantime got a job with the Morris Fox Stock Brokerage in Milwaukee. I am not sure how he got this job but possibly with a good word from Olga's Uncle Tom R. Hefty, the President of the First Wisconsin Bank in Madison. Under Uncle Tom the bank became recognized as one of the best banks in the state. (More about Uncle Tom later.) Dad worked in Milwaukee and he and Olga rented a flat in the Cudahay Apartments. They purchased a whole house full of quality furnishings, lock stock and barrel from a well to do Irish Tavern owner, Mr. Mulligan, whose wife had just died. Ever after, through our childhood and beyond, it seemed as though all the furnishings of interest in our house came from Mr. Mulligan.

Wedding Drink

Marion Ruth Blum (Sweet) was born in Milwaukee on October 31, 1920 (Halloween). As previously mentioned, she presented as a very hard and difficult birth.

The only story I remember hearing about regarding this Milwaukee sojourn occurred during prohibition. One day Dad's boss said, "Fred, I want you to take this leather bagful of Scotch whisky from here over to the hotel across town. Everybody knows you don't drink so you won't have any trouble." Dad being a teetotaler and an upstanding person did not in any way want to do this, but when your boss asks you to do something it is hard to refuse. So, with a great deal of trepidation and some disgust, he agreed to take the heavy scotch-laden leather suitcase to the hotel. As luck would have it, as he was getting out of the taxi under the hotel marquee, the leather strap holding the bag together broke and all the bottles of scotch rolled out all over the sidewalk. His biggest fears were realized and with as much aplomb as he could muster, he picked up all the bottles and delivered them to his boss. Dad said, "After all I went through, I want one of these bottles

to drink at our daughter's wedding whenever that may be." (It turned out to be 29 years later on June 14, 1949 and yes that famous bottle of Scotch still existed, and it was partially consumed on that special day). He had also saved a special bottle of Tequila he and Olga had brought home from a driving trip to Mexico in 1937. This was to be opened on my wedding day which turned out to be June 10, 1951. On that day, the Tequila was opened along with some dandelion wine (see firsthand account of wine-making story by Bill Frazier) that my friend Bill Frazier and I had made during college. Bill, Jr. was the son of Dad's friend from high school, William Frazier Sr. Needless to say, the Tequila was better than the dandelion wine, which had a special name, B&F. It was special in that it could be Bill and Fred or Blum and Frazier. Unfortunately, the name was better than the wine. It sounds as though we had a lot of alcohol; however, my parents had a glass of wine or beer maybe once a month or so and up until a later time period, Mickey and I had practically none.



*Marion Ruth Blum and her Uncle Otto Blum.
Circa 1923.*

Chapter 15

Miscellaneous Stories About Olga, Mother

When it was time for Olga to go to school, she had to walk through the fields as there were no direct roads to school. She attended the Marty School on Dividing Ridge Road South of the home farm property. On the first day of school, at about 10:00, she decided she didn't like school and walked home. The same thing happened on the second day of school. On the third day, this time her father went with her and informed her that she wasn't going to be able to do that again. After that, things went smoothly but she did have a mind of her own.

By winter of 1918-1919, Fred, Sr. was out of the Army and he had finished with his University of Wisconsin Business Degree and Olga Barbara Hefty Blum had completed 3 ½ semesters in "Home Economics" also at the UW having previously gone to school in Milwaukee at Milwaukee Downer and Carroll College. This was fitting for the daughter of one of Green County's foremost farmers. (More about Milwaukee Downer later.) Although she liked school and she especially liked chemistry, for some reason she never did finish her last semester. I guess for women in those days to go this far was quite an accomplishment. She was a woman who was very tolerant of everything and everybody and she almost never said anything bad about anybody. About the worst she would do was "faint praise." However, surprisingly and uncharacteristically, when she received a beautiful gold engagement ring with a big "Blue Wesselton" diamond, she was not happy. As Dad so often mentioned, a Blue Wesselton was considered to be a perfect stone with a slight blue color, (more about a Blue Wesselton in a later chapter). She was not happy because some of her friends had gotten engagement rings with platinum settings. That is what her heart was set on and that was what she got once Fred realized she was disappointed. Even to this day, that does not seem to fit her character as she was so kind and good and forgiving of everyone.

Mom (Olga) was an excellent cook and knew all the best ways to make the wonderful Swiss Kalberwurst, pies, candied apples and special soups when we were sick, as well as the dreaded mustard plasters for chest colds. She loved to play bridge and she went along with all the spur-of-the-Moment ideas that Fred, Sr. often had. This might be an idea such as when he was visiting with his parents, siblings or friends, he would say, "Let's take a trip!" Within a few days we would be on our

way with Mother having packed the dishes and food for our picnicking along the way.

[Talking about trips, our niece, Barbara Kathleen Sweet Cash, said this: “With trips you have fun three ways. First you have fun planning the trip, secondly, you have fun going on the trip and thirdly, you have fun talking about the trip or looking at pictures for many days.” I have spent money on many things that in retrospect I wish I had not done. However, I never ever regretted one dime I/we spent on trips.]

On one memorable occasion when we were visiting with some of our neighbors in Leonia, New Jersey, who lived across the street and who were moving to a neighboring town, the following conversation took place: Mrs. Bell, the departing neighbor, said to Mother, “I really wish that you and Fred G. would come and visit us in Teaneck sometime soon.” And Mother replied as we stood there in disbelief, “Why yes, we would be glad to come sometime when we don’t have anything better to do.” It took a long time to live that down.

Bat Story

By Elsbeth (Baeti) Blum Ng

I lived with Grandma Blum (“Gram”) from 1988 -1996 at 2210 Keyes Ave, in Madison. One summer early on, I found out what many others in the neighborhood already knew—the Dudgeon-Monroe area was home to millions (a possible exaggeration on my part) of BATS!!! Later, I would be a shareholder in a “community” fishing net kept two houses down for times a bat would get trapped in one of our houses. Over the years, I would come to have many experiences with those “flying mice”, but I’ll never forget the first time.

I came home one evening from work to find the front door wide open, and the glass door propped open about two feet. The porch light was on and it was not yet dark. I walked in to find Grandma sitting in the high-back chair positioned at the far end of the dining room by the entrance to the kitchen. From this vantage point she could scan all the living room, dining room and importantly—the front door. This was not usually where I would find Gram sitting and I quickly surmised that something was “up.”

I asked Gram the obvious questions, and she calmly informed me that a bat had gotten in the house. Instantly, I contracted with fear. Bat?!? Inside?!? It could be anywhere!!! What if it touches me and I get bat-lice in my hair?!? What if it hides

all night and then comes out--- how could I go to bed?!? What if it's in my bedroom?!? Will we let more in with the front door open? Should we call the animal police?!? As all that was running through my mind (and much of it running out of my mouth I think) – the bat appeared. Flying low and slow the bat entered and flew by me through the dining room into the living room. I could just feel the bat-lice falling on my head and began to scream. It circled both rooms a few times before landing on the fireplace mantel. I urged Gram to take cover with me in a bedroom and explained that we could then call the animal police from safety! Hurry!! I was dismayed when she replied, “Ach. He’s just a little thing—he won’t hurt you.” As she rose from her chair, it began to sink in that she was not going to seek cover, or even call someone for help. (I found out later there are no animal police.) She explained to me that having the porch light on would help draw the bat out. As she made her way across the room my 95-year-old grandmother was soothing me (her 26-year-old granddaughter.) I stood there absolutely amazed as she reached up and with a towel gently closed her fingers over the bat and picked it off the mantel. I was speechless with wonder and respect as she gently put him outside on the porch steps. Shortly thereafter he flew away back to his life.

“How was your day?”

By Elsbeth (Baeti) Blum Ng

In the summer of 1990, I was taking classes at the University of Wisconsin – Madison. I walked to campus from Keyes Ave, or sometimes took the bus. I was typically gone all morning and most of the afternoon. I would love to come home to grandma after those days. She greeted me warmly and asked about my day. She listened to worries and laughed about funny stories—I was completely loved and doted upon.

I came home one afternoon to find the front door locked. This was unusual. I do not quite remember why—but I went to the back door to use my key to get in the house. I was wondering if maybe grandma went somewhere with a friend, or if she was doing something in the back of the house and decided to lock the door for that reason. I let myself in the back door and yelled, “Hi Gram, I’m home!” She responded, “I’m in the basement, come on down.” From the top of the steps I asked, what she was doing, and she said again “I’m in the basement, come on down.” I reached the bottom of the stairs and did not immediately see her. I called out and she said, “over here”. I saw her lying on the cold cement floor, in what looked to

be a very uncomfortable position. I rushed over to her side and said “Grandma!” Later I would find out that she had fallen in the morning and had been lying there with a broken hip for over 4 hours. Her first response to me was “Hi, honey, how was your day?” That is the kind of woman she was! (She lived to be 101 ½ years old)

Elsbeth (Baeti) Eye Blum and Olga Hefty Blum share a special Moment at Olga and Baeti’s childhood home, Hefty-Blum Homestead Farm, Monticello, WI. 1987



Chapter 16

Mother, Dad and Marion Back to Madison

I believe Mother and Dad enjoyed Milwaukee, but they had an opportunity to get back to their roots in Madison and Green County, so in about late 1922 or early 1923, Dad left Morris-Fox Company and joined First National City Bank. The successor is the new City Corp Bank, one of the largest mega banks. The move must have been something they all wanted, and it is understandable because the whole southwestern Wisconsin territory was to be Dad's, and Mother would also be closer to her mother, Regula.

Olga, baby Marion and Fred, Sr. moved back to Madison and shortly thereafter built a nice brick house on Vista Road in the West High School district. The business prospered and in early 1927 they had built and moved to a beautiful stone house at 3710 Council Crest in Nakoma. The Steinmann Brothers from Monticello built the Council Crest house. It had a sunken living room and five bedrooms and looked over Lake Wingra.

Fred, Jr. came along, as previously mentioned, on May 30, 1927. Dad drove many miles for his business and as previously mentioned, he called on his many Swiss friends and relatives in Green County, along with Norwegians, Germans and others.

Dad also had a very large commercial bond sales business going which required visiting the numerous country banks. He was making very good money but was really driving himself to do it. Consequently, he started having stomach pains during his early 30's. He went to see a stomach specialist at the University Hospital, who gave him a thorough going over and told him, "Fred, you have no damage of any sort now, but you are headed for big troubles by working under too fast a pace and too long without enough relaxation time." Then he said, "Fred, you can make your million dollars, or you can have your health, but you can't do both." (A million dollars in 1927 was equal to 28,500 ounces of gold today). Fortunately, Dad did take that advice to heart and he did slow down.

The stock market of course was going up and up and everybody was investing, including cab drivers and shoeshine boys. Like a lot of other investors, Dad bought a lot of stocks on margin, meaning that if a stock cost \$100 per share they maybe put up only \$20 and borrowed the other \$80. If everything kept going up, a lot of money could be made. The problem was that if the stock price dropped

from \$100 to \$80 or lower all your investment was gone and your stock was also gone. If the stockbroker called you with “a margin call” you either added more of your own money, if you had any, or you were wiped out. Sometime during the early part of 1929, possibly in the summer, Dad went to see Uncle Tom. Mother’s Uncle Tom Hefty was President of First Wisconsin National Bank, which later became First National and still later, First Star, and is now US Bank and who knows what it will be named in 20 more years. Dad said, “Tom, I wonder if I could borrow another \$100,000?” Tom said, slowly and somewhat hesitatingly, “Well, yes, I guess we could arrange that.” Dad replied. “Nope, you SOB’s can go to hell, I just paid the bank off in full.” Tom, replied, “I am really glad to hear that, Fred, I wish more people would do it too. I don’t like the way things look.” (To be continued)

Chapter 17

“Fred, don’t sell the stocks.”

In early 1929, as was customary, very often on a Sunday before I was old enough to remember, the folks would go to see Grandma Hefty at the farm for a while. After that we went to see Grandpa and Grandma Ed and Anna Blum at the big white house on Depot Street (now Lake Street). Often times, Otto, who by this time was the town doctor in Monticello and Albany, and his wife Elsie would be there. Always Berdie, the youngest, and her husband Herman or “Shy” as he was known locally would be there, as they lived with Grandma and Grandpa. Herman worked at the Voegeli Chevrolet Garage as a bookkeeper. Uncle Al and Aunt Selma were also there.

On this particular occasion, they talked over their stocks and the financial health of the country, as they frequently did. Dad had paid off his large loan at the bank, but still felt things did not look good and that they all should lighten up on their stocks and go to more cash. Grandpa Ed and Grandma Anna agreed with this and they made a list of which stocks to sell and how each person should determine how much they should lighten up. Dad apparently made up his own list to lighten up on, as did Al. Everything was to be done the following day on Monday morning and Dad would execute the orders. All was settled. Everyone went home knowing what the plan was. About 10:00 that night, Dad received a call from his father, Ed, from Monticello. He said, “Fred, I have decided not to sell those stocks as they are doing so well and we could use the income, so cancel the plans to sell my stocks.” There are two things I don’t know about this. One, what Dad said in response to Ed, and secondly, I don’t know if Annie agreed with this or not (she had her own way of picking stocks that she would use later on. For example, she would say, “Let’s see now it is February and in a few months, everybody will want to get their houses painted, so paint companies should do well, so I will buy some Sherman-Williams stock.” Lo and behold, her choices would often turn out to be a good purchase.) The next day Dad did lighten up his stocks but honored his father’s request not to sell his. Within a few months or weeks, a big percentage of his nest egg was gone in the famous and devastating stock market crash of 1929. Needless to say, this decision made my grandparents retirement much more difficult.

Before the crash, Dad had approximately a \$250,000 stock valuation. Gold was confiscated and made illegal by F.D.R. in the US in 1932 but the international

valuation of gold was \$35 per ounce. At the bottom of the depression in about 1932 or 1933, Mother and Dad's stocks had dropped approximately 90% to about \$25,000. (Historically, at any given time, one ounce of gold will buy a very good, man's suit.)

One day, shortly after the stock market crash on Bloody October 29, 1929, Dad was talking to one of his acquaintances who said, "Fred, you look kind of blue." Fred replied, "A little." The man said, "Did you lose a lot of money." Dad replied, "Yes." "Did you lose it all?" Dad replied, "No, not all of it." The man said, "Well, what are you bellyaching about?! My best friend lost all his money in the stock market, as well as his house and his car and even his wife left him." That really put things into perspective. We were very fortunate as we lived in a nice house and we managed to have two cars and a maid part of the time. We always had plenty to eat at home, but we seldom ate out and we knew never to ask for ice cream cones or frivolous things like that as the answer would always be a "no."

My Aunt Nona and her husband, Uncle Mac, came to live with us for a year or so, although Marion and I didn't exactly know why at the time. (Mickey will add more about The Great Depression later.)

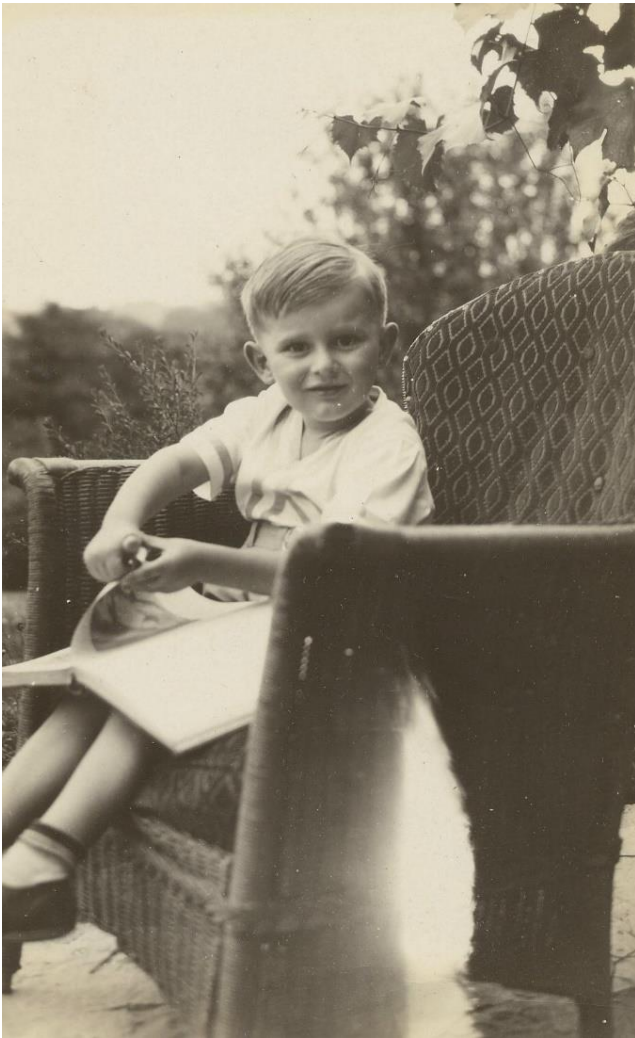
Marion was seven years older than I was. Nona had a part time secretarial job typing from a Dictaphone, which was not all that common, but that part-time job was not enough to keep Uncle Mac and Aunt Nona afloat. Uncle Mac tried to sell some kind of off brand soap to the local grocery stores, but it was almost impossible to earn much income with this job. As part of their rent, Aunt Nona, who was an excellent piano player and teacher was supposed to be teaching me and my sister Marion, to play the piano. She got good results with Marion, but unfortunately, I was not a success story.

Uncle Mac

Uncle Mac was a very charismatic man and he was always very good to me. He showed me how to sharpen a knife correctly and how to sharpen a wooden pencil correctly with that newly sharpened knife and other similar things.

The summer Uncle Mac was trying to sell soap was very hot and all the neighbor kids were having squirt gun fights, but I didn't have a squirt gun, so I couldn't join in on the fun. Uncle Mac found out about that and said, "Fred Junior, do you have an old bamboo fishing pole?" I nodded, that indeed I did. He said, "Let's see it." I got the two long bamboo fishing poles down from the ceiling of the garage. He inspected them and said, "I believe this one will do." We went to

the basement where I had my very own tool chest and workbench. He took a fine saw and cut a section of the bamboo so that one end was open, and the other end was closed by the membrane of bamboo that always separates one bamboo section or joint from another. Then he took a small nail and put a tiny hole in the center of the bamboo membrane. Uncle Mac wrapped a string around a wooden stick to make a plunger that would just fit the inside bore of the bamboo section. Presto-Chango, I had a squirt gun! It didn't look exactly like a squirt gun, but it held a lot of water and the water had a lot of force and could go a long way. The other kids were not too sure that this should be allowed, but I had a squirt gun now and by crackee, I was going to use it.



*Fred G. Blum, Jr. 1931.
Reading when not playing
with his squirt gun.*

Chapter 18

Squirt Gun Revisited

By the next summer, I was of course a year older. And while the bamboo squirt gun from last year was still functional and really worked O.K., somehow it never seemed like a real gun like the other kids had. It especially did not look like the black automatic-looking squirt gun that they sold at the nearby Nakoma Trading Post. They were made in Japan and could be purchased for five cents. (In the 1930's Japan had the reputation of making cheap, junky things.)

Now I really wanted one of these black automatic beauties in the worst way. It was true that I would get three cents allowance every week. This was not a casual thing. Mother had her own secretary desk in the bedroom where she wrote her checks. But she also had a notebook in which she carefully made notes of the exact date the three cents were paid. Now, my sister Marion, who took such good care of her little brother, worked out a real deal for me. That was that if I would wait three weeks and not ask even once when I was going to get my allowance, then instead of getting nine cents, I would get one whole dime. Unfortunately, the emergency nature of the need for this beautiful squirt gun came after my last allowance payment, which had already been spent. So, I was now working on another three weeks so I could get the dime. However, if I did get three cents at the end of the week, and even if I did sacrifice that extra penny by not waiting, I still would not have enough money anyway. Also, if I waited three weeks for the dime, the summer would soon be over and maybe the neighbor kids would be on to something else or even worse maybe they would run out of the five cent beauties at the Trading Post. So, with no other viable alternative, I approached Mother to see if somehow, she could give me a nickel. She was down in the basement washing clothes with her "Easy" Wash Machine, which was far advanced over the ringer washers because it would spin-dry a whole washer load at one time.

I could tell by her lack of enthusiasm that this was going to be a tough sell. (It was better than trying to ask Dad though.) She said, "Fred, Jr., what do you plan to do for that nickel?" I hadn't really planned for sure on doing something, I had just kind of hoped that the nickel would appear. I gulped and said, "What would you want me to do?" "Well, first of all you will have to make your bed every day for a month" (Something I should have been doing anyway). "O.K." That was pretty easy I thought. "Also, you will have to do the dishes by yourself every night

for a month.” Well, I thought to myself, this was getting to be more than I had expected but I replied, “O.K.”. Now, wondering and hoping that this was the last qualification I would have to meet, she added, “The last thing that I need is a new three-foot long stick with two wooden prongs on the end for me to get the cloths out of the washer. Not one prong like my old one but two.” Boy, these qualifications were getting to be more than I anticipated but I really wanted that squirt gun badly, so I agreed to meet all these qualifications. I did finally get that wonderful squirt gun, but I really had my work cut out for me. I found out that there is no such thing as “A free lunch.”

Chapter 19

Early Madison

In the early 1930's, Madison had approximately 35,000 people and Nakoma was one of the newer areas. When the folks built their house there in 1927, it was still mostly countryside and the streetcars did not come out that far. Nakoma boasted its own School and its own private Country Club as well as its own grocery store, The Nakoma Trading Post – home of the famous squirt gun. Our neighbors, Dr. and Mrs. Bents had a daughter Carol who was the kindergarten teacher and I, of course, adored her. Marion Ruth had Mr. Engelke as her principal as did I in 1932 through 1938. Our daughter, Marion Elaine Blum Hobbs also had Mr. Engelke as principal when she went to Nakoma School in 1960 and 1961!

The Nakoma Country Club was just getting its start when the folks moved to Nakoma and Mother and Dad were founding members. Dad was also elected to be the first President of the Nakoma Country Club. Actually, he was a better organizer and businessperson than he was a golfer. On his last golfing occasion, some smart-alec golfer said he and his partner would play against Dad and Dad's partner, using only a putter for the whole game. He had a lower score than Dad with his entire bag full of clubs! This disillusioned Dad and he decided right then and there to quit golfing. Mother was quite disappointed, as she liked golf. I suppose there probably was another reason that Dad quit golfing and that was because the stock market crash had made everything very tight financially and probably doing away with the significant country club dues was a blessing in disguise.

Dad was not a natural athlete, but he was a good fighter and scrapper. In Monticello, as a boy, he was always in a fight and usually won. He went out for wrestling at the University of Wisconsin in Madison and was doing well until he pulled some kind of an abdominal muscle during practice when he was wrestling a fellow who was two or three weight classes above him. This was the end of Dad's wrestling career. The wrestling coach said to Dad after this happened, "You shouldn't have tried that. Why didn't you try wrestling Arlie Mucks while you were at it?!" Arlie was the legendary strong man giant of that era.

Nakoma in Madison in those days was a kinder, gentler very closely-knit neighborhood. My sister and I in the year 2016 were still able to come up with over 40 names and locations of people we knew in Nakoma. Nowadays it seems as though we're lucky if we know the neighbors on either side of us and across the

street. We never heard anything about anyone being abused and even divorce was almost non-existent. One of my sister's girlfriends did have a baby out of wedlock and that was the talk of the neighborhood for years. There undoubtedly were alcohol related problems, but as children, we were never aware of it. As far as pot was concerned, there was a story that Gene Kruppa (nationally known drummer) had used marijuana on the national scene and that was considered a horrible thing. Of all my boyhood friends, about ten in number, there were probably only one or two that even smoked, then or in adult life. This is not to say that we were all goody two shoes by any means, but it does give a snapshot of how the country has changed in ninety years.

Chapter 20

Golfing Traits must be in the Genes

As far as my golfing ability, or lack thereof, I believe it runs in the genes. In Lima, Ohio in 1959 at the 5th hole at the Country Club, with Mickey as my caddy and confidant, I had a score that would have been good for a basketball final. I stormed off the course never to play again. There is no relaxation for me in the game of golf. If I were a multi-millionaire, I would love to own a golf course, as I think they are very neat and beautiful.

In fact, in about 1981 Mickey and I hired a golf course designer to look at the possibility of an 18-hole course on the north farm. His opinion at the time was that there might not be quite enough local golfing population with Edelweiss and Argument Courses in New Glarus and the Monroe course so close. Also, there were two other negative factors, one that we did not want to serve alcohol, which he said would decrease attendance terrifically and the other being that the capital requirements looked too staggering. I still think a golf course would be great for me as long as I didn't have to play.

In high school and college, I did like to play with Cousin Elmer Duerst, Dean Zimmerman and Bill Frazier. At that time, duffers (mediocre players) didn't matter, but as we got older duffers did matter and these golf buddies of mine grew out of the duffer class.

As far as sports in general were concerned, I was not a star. Because of the mastoid infection and surgery, I was not allowed to swim during the years I should have been practicing. Our family did not promote sports for us, and we seldom got anything in the way of sporting equipment. I did get an old floppy baseball glove that my Aunt Nona had for some reason. I also got a leather football in about 1933 the last year of the old heavy fat ones before the new style and size came out. This old-style football was so fat it could almost pass for a basketball. The new style was instituted in order to make the passing game more effective. I did O.K. in sandlot football and I did try to play football my senior year at West High School. My hands were small so this did not help me to handle or catch the ball but later in my life, these small hands would be a benefit.

Chapter 21

Einar Kloppedal

When I was about 4 years old, I wanted a big tool chest all my own so I could be more like one of my first boyhood heroes, Einar Kloppedal (Klahp-ee-doll). I thought Einar could do anything. He was a big strong man from Norway who talked slowly and methodically with his Norwegian accent and although Einar was a strong socialist which bothered Dad, he still liked him as much as I did. In fact, Einar's wife, Henrietta Fischer, was a Swiss lady who used to take care of Marion and me. When Einar wanted to marry Henrietta, she asked Dad what she should do. Dad told her she should not marry Einar unless he did two things. The first was to have all his debts paid off and the second was that he needed to take out an insurance policy on himself, payable to Henrietta. Einar did both of these two things and they lived almost happily ever after.

Einar was grateful to Mother and Dad for the advice they had given him and for the odd jobs that they were able to supply during the depression. Because of this, Einar said he wanted to make a workbench for me. He made a beautiful solid oak workbench with a wooden vise. All the corners were mitered to such a close tolerance that even a knife blade had no room to fit in the tongue and groove joints. All the work on the bench was done with hand tools. In 2016, I still have the wonderful workbench.

Einar built his own house from the ground up including digging the basement and pouring the concrete. He started in about 1933 and I believe he finished it in about 1945. It was to have two chimney flues on the front, with the left side flue curving to the right side and the right flue was to curve to the left. This was so that when the facing stones were to later be applied to the outside, the chimney would have a nice symmetrical narrowing as it went from the bottom to the top.

Einar was often more interested in reading socialist books all night than getting his house finished and all he got done for ten years was the first side flue which of course curved up to the right. For ten years people would stop and ask Einar, "Did you know that your chimney is not straight?" Einar would then give his long explanation as to why the chimney did not look straight. Meanwhile, his Swiss wife Henrietta would rage at him for never getting the house finished. The unfinished house was an embarrassment to the neighbors, but thirteen years later the house was finished, and the chimney then looked perfect and symmetrical.

Because of my admiration of Einar and his wood working abilities, I could not think of anything but how much I needed a real toolbox to go along with the beauty of the workbench, so Christmas that year was doubly important. Would I get the toolbox? Is there really a Santa Clause?



Back: Olga Hefty Blum, Anna Schindler Blum. Sitting: Herman Theiler, Bill Theiler, Berdie Blum Theiler, Einar Kloppedahl. Circa 1943.

Chapter 22

A High-Risk Operation

Mother and Dad both had somewhat of a sweet tooth, as did I. Dad would buy candy in 5-pound boxes. Cinnamon balls were Dad's favorite and chocolate covered nougat was Mother's and they were also mine before I knew I was allergic to chocolate.

Dad had a big 5-pound tin of cinnamon balls and Mother had a 5-pound yellow box of nougat which they kept on a shelf in their clothes closet. When I was supposed to be taking a nap, I found I needed some nougats. I would undertake the high-risk operation of sneaking into and through their bedroom, into Mother's closet, and up on the shelf, where I would take the top off the big box and take some nougats. I then had to put the cover on the box and sneak back out to the bedroom, all the while hoping that neither Mother nor Dad would happen to come through the bedroom at the same time.

Once I got the nougats to the bedroom, I could eat them at my leisure. I realized that going back for a 2nd or 3rd helping increased the risk factor significantly and so decided it would be better to take a much bigger supply on the initial hazardous trip to the candy shelf. So, I did that but finally I tired of so many nougats and now what to do with them. All I could think to do is stick them on the floor underneath the dresser. I forgot about them there, and lo and behold, Mother was doing some last minute mopping one day before we left for a trip to the store and what do you know, she mopped out a bunch of dusty nougats. It did not go over very well and that ended the nougat caper. I don't remember if I received a spanking or not.

Chapter 23

My First Trip almost to California

As previously mentioned, Dad would go on a trip at the drop of a hat and Mother might drag her feet for a few hours or a day or so and then get completely on board and get in the spirit of things.

In the early summer of about 1931, Dad got the itch and talked his mother and dad, Ed and Anna into striking out for California. This was usually not too hard to do as Anna's sister, Aunt Bertha, lived there and was married to the retired Dr. Clarence Hefty M.D. so this gave her a good opportunity to see her sister.

Grandma and Grandpa, Mother and Dad, and Marion Ruth and I left Wisconsin in our big brown 1929 Packard. Uncle Albert Schindler was the widowed father of Walter, the Navy Officer; John, the Internal Medical Resident; and Marion Schindler Jarman (another Marion, not Marion Ruth) the high school daughter. She was being raised by Dr. Clarence and Bertha Hefty in Los Angeles. While we were gone, Uncle Albert Schindler would take care of our Nakoma house and the dog when he returned every night from the State Capital where he worked.

I don't remember many of the details of the trip as I had just turned four. We probably went by way of Hampton, Iowa to see Grandpa's brother, (Uncle) John and wife Aunt Tillie and cousins, Lee and Freda. We always had fun with them. We probably went on to Renwick, Iowa to see Rose Hefty, a widow and her daughter, Anna and son, Clarence. They lived at the edge of Renwick, a town of 300 people more or less. They had a large dairy farm with Brown Swiss Cattle. We left Renwick and headed west. (More about Renwick later.)

Carlsbad Caverns

As previously mentioned, I felt Einar Kloppedahl (my childhood hero) could do anything. When we stopped at Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico, Marion told me that I was singing "Pussy-in-the-Dell" and then noticed a giant rock the size of an elephant on the floor of the cave. I volunteered the interesting comment that, "I bet Einar could lift that rock." Mother and Dad replied gently that probably even Einar could not lift that particular rock. Unfazed, I replied, "Well, I bet God could."

A True Emergency

The next thing I remember besides the dusty, lumpy, washboard roads was that we were way out West somewhere, and Marion Ruth got an awful stomachache. It just wouldn't go away. Mother and Dad were worried that it might be an appendicitis, as Dad had had to have surgery for this previously. The nearest town of any size was Prescott, Arizona. Dad drove us to the hospital there and their fears were confirmed, and they said they would have to operate very soon before the appendix burst. In those days, a burst appendix was almost as good as a death sentence because without antibiotics, patients seldom survived.

She had surgery by a surgeon that Dad picked out by asking people on the street who was the best surgeon in town. He soon got an overwhelming opinion about who was best, and he picked that doctor. Dad also had to make arrangements to pay cash to the Doctor and Hospital, as this was long before there was any such thing as medical insurance. The hospitals were not in the business of financial dealings, so Dad had to go to the local Bank and talk to the banker who was Mr. Hesseltine. Dad was fortunately used to talking to bankers as he had sold bonds to bankers in Wisconsin for many years. Mr. Hesseltine was trying to figure out if Dad's asking for money was on the up and up and if Dad really had the money back home and whether or not he could trust Dad. He asked Dad where we were from and Dad of course said Madison, Wisconsin. Mr. Hesseltine stated that he had an old friend, Mr. Jed Black and wanted to know if Dad knew him. Dad thought a while and said slowly, "No – I don't think I do know him." Mr. Hesseltine smiled and said, "That's good," he has been dead for over 20 years. That solidified the question of trust and they became friends and of course Dad got the temporary loan.

Marion came through the surgery before the appendix burst and healed on schedule. She was in the hospital for about 10 days and needed to stay in town for about 10 more days before they felt it would be safe for her to travel. In the meantime, it was decided by the folks that by the time Marion could travel it would be getting so late in the summer that we wouldn't be able to still get to Los Angeles and back to Wisconsin in time for Marion's classes and my kindergarten. So, the plan was that Grandma and Grandpa would take the train on to Los Angeles to see Aunt Bertha, Uncle Clarence and Marion Schindler. We stayed at the motel-like place until Marion got out of the hospital and then at the cabins until she could travel.

As an aside, Grandma Blum, Annie, loved fruit in the worst way. She would often say with her heavy accent, “Now you chest go and eat lunch at the restaurant. I want to stay here and eat a peck of plums,” and she would.

He thinks he’s smart just because he has a flashlight.

Prior to Grandma and Grandpa leaving on the train, there was an aggressive little smart alec boy also staying with his parents at the Shadow Croft Courts. I considered him spoiled, but this may have been colored by my envy of his new flashlight that he was shining everywhere – even when he didn’t need to. I announced to the folks and grandparents that, “He thinks he is smart just because he has a flashlight.” Grandfather Ed was not overly demonstrative but this kind of got to him and later that summer when we all got back to Monticello again, Grandpa took me by the hand, and we walked over to Joe Voegeli’s Hardware store. Joe opened a pull-out cupboard hinged at the bottom, which was filled with all kinds of flashlights piled in together. He picked out a beautiful chrome plated medium sized flashlight (C-cell size) with a flat glass lens and ridges on the handle. Grandpa said I could have it and boy was I smart now! (As of 2016 – I still have this flashlight with my important treasures.)

Shadow Croft Courts was a forerunner of what would later be called motels. Oftentimes they were referred to as cabins. They were individual very tiny rectangular buildings just big enough for a bed and a few small wooden chairs or benches. There were no radios, TV’s or refrigerators and often not even a sink or toilet, as the occupants needed to go to a central “bath house” for the facilities. However, as I recall the Shadow Croft Courts in Prescott, Arizona did have a toilet and it surprisingly had an upstairs bedroom. All I remember was that it was full of big cobwebs and big spiders which the folks called “Daddy Longlegs.” I suppose this was to try to make them sound more loveable and less formidable. This must have worked because I do not have a particular aversion to spiders, whereas with snakes, that is another story. Maybe, if they would have called snakes “Daddy Shortlegs” or something I would hate them less. (I know we are not supposed to hate anything or anybody.) Another finding unique to the southwest is the super scary looking Gila Monster that popped up along the sidewalk one afternoon near the courts. He probably was more scared of us, than we were of him.

I was lonesome for Marion. Even though she was seven years older she took care of me so well and we shared many confidences. Because I was a child, I couldn't visit Marion in the hospital. In those days, children were not allowed to go in most hospitals, primarily for fear of spreading so-called childhood diseases such as measles, mumps, chicken pox, and whooping cough.

About that time, we received word from Uncle Al that Uncle Albert (Schindler) who was living in our house had died. There was no way we could get back for the funeral and this was another reason for us not to try to go on to California. The doctor told the folks that it would be too hard on Marion to go back to Wisconsin in the car and that we must go by train. Tickets had to be purchased, but a more complicated problem was how we were going to get the Packard back to Madison. Dad consulted his new banker friend Mr. Hesseltine who said he knew of a young college student, Bill Bjork, who was going to school at Phoenix. He agreed to drive the car back to Madison. Bill was wild about American Indian things and every year took part in the Hopi Indian Pageant. He held snakes during the pageant, played all kinds of Indian drums, sang Indian songs and did colored sand paintings. The unusual part of this Hopi Dance Pageant was that it was all white, non-Indian participants. I suppose now, this would be frowned upon but as I understand it, the pageant was started in order to preserve the Hopi traditional songs and sand paintings that were beginning to die out even in 1931.

Finally, it came time to get Marion on the train and leave. I don't remember much about the trip except one vivid memory and that we were on a sleeper passenger train and it was approaching dusk and Dad said, "Fred, I want you to look out and see the train." Our train was snaking up the desert covered mountain pass. We were going up a particularly steep grade. There were three big steam engines working their hearts out. One was leading in the front; one was in the middle and the third one was pushing from the rear. When the train made an inside curve to the side of the train we were watching from, we could see all three engines straining and belching ashes and smoke while sparks could be seen against the early night sky. On occasion, one of the engines put too much throttle on, and the engine lost traction. Instead of the usual "chug-eh-chug" it would go chug-chug-chug-chug-chug until the engineer dropped sand in front of the wheels and temporarily eased back on the throttle until the thundering engine could regain its foothold. (I didn't understand all the technical parts on this trip; that would come later – but this is what I remember hearing and seeing so vividly.)

When we arrived home, there was much to do to get Uncle Albert's affairs in order. A few days or a week later Bill Bjork arrived with the Packard all in good shape. Not only that but he brought all his Indian drums, and regalia along in the backseat.

We invited Mrs. Rennebohm and some of the relatives over and he put on the wildest and loudest Indian show with headdress, dancing, Indian singing and hollering and tom-tom noises that you ever heard. The house really rocked that night. Unfortunately, we eventually lost track of Bill Bjork. Our whole family still has a soft spot in our hearts for the lovely town of Prescott, Arizona. Whenever we are near, we try to stop there, and we still love it.

Chapter 24

C.O. Plaskett

At age four, C.O. Plaskett (Cary Omer) was my first boyhood friend. He lived about two blocks away from our Nakoma home. C.O. was a smallish, blondish, spunky boy and somewhat worldly for his four years at a time when our whole local world was very naive. C.O. had many great ways of saying things that evolved, as we grew older. One of his favorites was, "Hot Spit." When someone would ask a rhetorical question, such as, "What should we do now?" C.O. would respond quickly, "Spit in a shoe, stir it up and pass it to you," or if someone asked, "Who did this?" C.O. would reply quickly, "Me, myself and I." If someone asked, "What is for dessert?" He was fond of saying, "Let's have a pine tree float," and the unwary would ask him what in the world a pine tree float is anyway? He would gleefully say, "A glass of water and a toothpick." A ditty that C.O. liked to sing went like this, "I like myself; I think I'm grand. I go to the movies, and I hold my hand. I put my arm about my waist, and when I get fresh, I slap my face."

Once in about the third or fourth grade, he had a falling out with one of the teachers, Miss Drott and one day after school, he opened up the school door at the end of the long hallway and as loud as he could yell, "Old lady Drott fell in a pot and when she came out her seater was hot." Needless to say, this did not endear him to Miss Drott. If someone would say, "Let's play cards," C.O. would say, "How would you like to play 52-card pickup?" When the uninitiated would respond in the affirmative, C.O. with great enthusiasm, would sling the deck of cards all over the room followed by the proclamation, "OK, now pick them up!" The last C.O.-ism that comes to mind would be if someone would suggest that we would say or do something that C.O. was not wild about, he would respond with, "Let's not and say we did." We had many good times together in Nakoma and on the Homestead farm.

Being worldlier than I was at the time during one of our serious talks, he opined confidentially that contrary to what I wanted to believe, "There really was no Santa Claus." This put a whole big dent in my world and when I confronted Mother about this, she was rather non-committal about the answer, not really saying that there was or wasn't a Santa Claus. This answer helped a little, but now I had this unsettling worry that just possibly C.O.'s pronouncement might be true. This was in my mind during the summer and fall of my 4th year (in 1931) and I went into

the Thanksgiving season a little fearful that I might find out the awful truth (more about this later).

Chapter 25

“Now I know there is a Santa Claus!”

Mother and Dad, Marion and I drove down to the farm to see Grandma Hefty (Regula) on the afternoon of Christmas Eve of 1931. Gifts were exchanged but only Grandma Hefty opened hers. We spent some time visiting with Grandma and then took some big boxes with us and drove to Grandma and Grandpa Blum’s in Monticello. In addition to the Grandparents, Uncle Al and Aunt Selma, Uncle Mac and Aunt Nona as well as Aunt Berdie and Uncle Herman were there.

After supper, we were all gathered in the living room and the adults were probably visiting about the stock market, which was a frequent topic of conversation. Marion and I were undoubtedly contemplating what presents might be in the offing. It did seem strange to me that Uncle Herman said that he had to leave for a while to go over to the Ford Garage where he was the bookkeeper even though it was Christmas Eve. However, at age 4½ I didn’t understand all of these things. I also didn’t notice that Uncle Mac had surreptitiously slipped into the pantry closet with a microphone and secretly hooked it up to the radio.

A little while later Aunt Berdie came running into the living room hollering, “Fred, Jr., Fred, Jr., there is someone on the radio and I think it is Santa Claus!” I ran into the dining room where the big four legged “Majestic” radio was positioned. It had a faintly lit celluloid calibrated dial and sure enough a voice said loud and clear, “This is Santa Claus and I am calling from the North Pole.” “Is Fred, Jr. there?” the voice asked. “Oh, yes, I am here!” I said as my excitement grew. Santa said, “Fred, Jr., go into the music room and look under the piano bench and you will find a nickel.” Man, I ran into the music room, looked under the piano bench, and low and behold, there was a nickel there. I grabbed it and ran back to the dining room and Aunt Berdie said, “My goodness, Fred, Jr., you found the nickel.” “I did, I did!” I cried. “I found it and now I know there really is a Santa Claus!” (My Aunt Selma told me years later that I was so hot and flushed and sweaty-excited that she felt sorry for me.)

Then Santa asked me over the radio if I had been a good boy that year. I assured him that I had been a good boy, but I had a nagging worry about something I did to Mrs. Bents, our neighbor, so I hoped Santa didn’t know about that (more about this later). Santa went on to say that as long as I had been so good, he would be bringing some packages around to all of us soon and especially for Fred, Jr.

After a few minutes, there was a big racket out on the porch and some stomping and Aunt Nona ran to the front door and opened it up and who do you suppose was there? Wow! It was Santa all dressed up in red and white with a big bag over his shoulder. He unloaded the heavy sack and with several HO! HO! HO!'s, said "Hello and goodbye," and then he was gone. Was I excited! Several minutes later Uncle Herman just happened to get finished at the Ford Garage and came back. I ran over to him and told him what a shame that he couldn't have gotten here ten minutes earlier as he had just missed seeing Santa Claus! How unlucky for him.

As was the custom then, every person gave every other person a gift. Some were quite simple, and among the adults there were frequently mysterious gifts, like some awful tasting wine Herman and Mac made up. This humble concoction was presented to everyone with secret glee as a special superior claret wine that had come from Aunt Bertha in California. If it came from California everyone thought it must really be good, but they had to admit it really didn't taste that special. They were finally vindicated when it came out that the "wonderful Claret," which was actually a mixture of vinegar and green tea, was a complete hoax.

After what seemed like an eternity, I had gotten a few things like socks and hankies, which I never really thought was up to Santa's standards, as I kind of felt without saying it, that Mother and Dad would probably give me those things anyway. My spirits were sinking fast as I had opened my pile of nondescript presents when Aunt Berdie said, "Say, I just found a big heavy box in the hallway that Santa left there and we didn't see that it has Fred, Jr's name on it." Wow! That sounded promising. I tore off the solid red paper and there, was a big green wooden box with a brass handle and two brass suitcase latches. I opened these and what do you know – it was a more beautiful toolbox than I could imagine. It had all Stanley tools, like real carpenters used, although they were junior size. A nice claw hammer, a brace and two wood bits, a saw, pliers and screwdriver, a level and a "square." After all this, who could possibly say there was no Santa Claus? Just wait until I tell C.O.!

While I admired all these tools, the adults were having Swiss pastries and hand-whipped, whipping cream by the bowlful. This was a Christmas that no 4½ year old boy (or 89-year-old boy) could ever forget.

My dear friend C.O. had a Christmas one year later that was just the opposite. In mid-December of that year C.O.'s father (approximately age 30), who had a good job at the Forest Products Laboratory in Madison (one of FDR's anti-depression

ideas which in this case really was good) became ill. One day I went to play with C.O. and his Dad was sitting in a chair with a bad cold. This turned into pneumonia and with no antibiotics available he got worse and worse. He knew that if he would lie down the pneumonia would worsen, which unfortunately it did, and he died that Christmas Eve. I can still see him in my mind, sitting in the rocking chair, desperately trying to fight the cough. His dear wife, Eva, had gone through three years of nursing school at the University of Wisconsin, but had fallen in love with Clyde Plasket and had not finished the fourth year. Doing this must have been common in those days as my Mother did a similar thing with her Home Economics degree. They had a nice house with a big mortgage, little to no life insurance and that is about all they had except for an aging Graham Page automobile.

Eva went to the nursing school to get re-signed up so she could finish her degree in order to get a decent job to take care of the two boys, Clyde, Jr. and C.O. She was unceremoniously told that she couldn't just go on with her last year but would have to start all over at the beginning. Of course, that was impossible for Eva to do as she had two boys to feed, minimal cash resources and no medical aid or welfare was available. If it had been available, she probably would have been too proud to use it. So, she sucked up her despair, sold her beautiful Nakoma home and used what cash was available from its sale and applied it to a down payment on a house on Chamberlain Avenue, and later one on University Avenue. To make ends meet, she took in roomers and supplied meals. She worked like a dog doing this and she also did nursing aid type work, but she never could be a nurse, as she had wanted to be. I did not see C.O. as much after he moved from Nakoma, but we did take him on trips to the farm and to Iowa.



Fred, Jr. and C.O. Plaskett at the Hefty Homestead. Cir 1940

Chapter 26

Marion Ruth



Marion Ruth Blum Circa 1938

Marion Ruth Blum Sweet was as good an older sister as one could possibly be. She always let me tag along when she had her girlfriends over. Once when our cousin Miriam Kundert was over visiting, I felt that on this particular occasion that I was not getting enough attention. So, I took out a big scissors and said, while in her bedroom, “I think I will cut this rug.” They didn’t say much so I said again, “I think I will cut this rug.” They said, “You better not,” but for some dumb reason, I did take a V-shape cut in the side of a pretty good 9-foot by 12-foot American Oriental rug. Needless to say, I got in hot water. Mother sent me to the basement to await Dad’s discipline. After a long wait, he arrived with his leather-shaving strap used to sharpen his Gillette razor

and used it on my behind. It hurt my pride more than my bottom, but I did think twice before doing another dumb thing (not that this was the last.)

Marion, being seven years older than I, always felt she needed to take care of me, and she always did. I only recall her really being upset with me several times. Once was the famous pea dinner when she didn’t get to go to the movies because I didn’t eat my peas. The other time occurred when Mother and Dad were in Mexico in 1937. I had permission to buy a used electric train with some Christmas money from Steve, an older Nakoma boy. Steve brought the train to the house for the agreed-on price of five dollars. However, the problem came with the fact that Steve who was getting rid of the train because he was now too old, informed me I had to buy a new transformer to make the train work. That cost \$1.70 more. Consequently, if I wanted the train, I would have to buy that too. Wow! Being ten years old and

having a chance for my first electric train, even if pretty beat up, was too much to let slip by. But what to do? I could see Steve needed the \$1.70 fast or he was going to walk out the door and then all would be lost. I suddenly remembered Marion had a whole bunch of special Indian Head nickels that she had been saving. I thought I could go up and get those and replace them later. I counted out 34 nickels and gave them to the antsy Steve. Now at last I had the old rickety green electric train with the new transformer. I enjoyed playing with the train, but I had an uneasy feeling that Marion might not be quite as understanding as I had hoped. I was right. She did not understand. What I did was completely wrong. I don't think she ever got all the special nickels back, although I did make complete monetary restitution.

During the early 1930's there were all kinds of bank robbers and gunman around the country, such as Ma Barker and her boys, Pretty Boy Floyd, Al Capone, John Dillinger and others. I remember one snowy winter day we were in the empty lot by the side of our house in Nakoma. We could look out over the valley and across Lake Wingra, which was well over a mile away and we could just make out some barracks that housed the CCC Boys Camp (the Civilian Conservation Corps). (This was another of FDR's attempts to try to help our country out of the depression by giving work to people who didn't have jobs). From our vantage point, the men in the camps looked about the size of ants. If one of the men would take a few steps in our general direction, Marion Ruth would say, "They are coming after us," (the inference being they were dangerous gunmen) and she would grab me and hug me and I felt safer even though still a little apprehensive that indeed they still might be coming after us.

Whenever we saw a man that looked a little different in a store or on the sidewalk, especially if he happened to have a big nose, we would say to each other, "Do you suppose that is John Dillinger?"

My sister always admonished me to be friendly to everyone and I tried to take it to heart. It must have worked to some degree, at least, as my one sentence tag line in my high school yearbook was, "It pays to be friendly."

Chapter 27

A Bicycle Used by Two

One important thing for our entertainment was riding bicycles. When I was five and Marion was twelve, we were given a bike for Christmas. It was really hers, but somehow, as I recall, part of the deal was that I could ride it too if I was able. It was a beautiful red and white Excelsior Bike with 28" tires with a figure 8-pattern on the tread of the white side walls. To my way of thinking, it had only one major flaw. It was a girl's bike and had no bar across the top like men's bikes. It also had red and white strings woven back and forth on each side of the back wheel between the back axel and the back fender in order to keep a girl's skirt from getting caught in the spokes. This just emphasized the fact that it was a girl's bike. On the other hand, I realized I had better be careful and not look a gift horse in the mouth too much as I was allowed to use it. I knew that a bike for me would not be forthcoming for a long time. (Finally, I got a used bike in New Jersey at age twelve.)

Because the bike came at Christmas and there was snow everywhere outside, we had to practice riding in the basement in the laundry room, as neither Marion nor I knew how to ride a bike. The bike definitely was a large full-sized bike and in actuality it was a blessing to me at that time that it was a girl's bike. I never could have gotten my 5-year-old legs anywhere near going over a boy's bar. Without a bar, I could stand on the pedals as the seat was way too high to sit on. Needless to say, it was hard to start riding in the laundry room long enough to get it going to be able to make it go right and still get the coaster brake to stop before crashing into the wall. The laundry room really was too small to be able to go in a full circle. Consequently, the laundry room wall had numerous black figure 8's imprinted thereon from those black rubber tires. By spring we were both pretty good at riding the bike. I did have a time, as I knew I would, with, "You got a girl's bike!" This was my first lesson in stonewalling a difficult situation.

Chapter 28

Council Crest

In the mid 1930's our family still had small town and farm ideas as part of our background. We bought everything in big quantities: sugar, flour and potatoes in 100-pound sacks as well as pop by the twelve case quart sizes. Mother and Dad also made Root Beer. They would take a large 10-gallon stoneware crock and put in some Hires root beer mix, sugar and yeast. They mixed it up and put it on a chair or stool and then siphon it into quart glass bottles with a white rubber hose. There were two bottle cappers, one worked better than the other. Then we placed the bottle on a capper stand with the geared ratchet handle up in the air. A shiny new brass colored cap with a cork on the inside was placed loosely on top of the bottleneck. The ratchet with its descending inverted cap was pulled down quite hard. This seated and tightened the cap on the bottle. This made 20 or 30 bottles of root beer, but they, unfortunately, would not be ready for drinking for some time. It seemed like months to me, but it may have been only a few weeks. In any event, this brew had to "work" for some period of time before the fizz was of sufficient magnitude to be real root beer. It was really good. Occasionally the root beer bottles would "work" too much and the bottles would explode.

Other marvels included in the fruit cellar, along with all the root beer, were the canned preserves, peas, applesauce and rhubarb, etc. In addition to all this, there was another still bigger stoneware crock to store chicken eggs which Mother brought back from the farm. As I remember it, the crock was washed clean and then the whole crock filled with 10 dozen eggs. A slimy, watery mixture called "water glass" was poured like water into the crock until the solution coated the topmost eggs by several inches or more. After a few hours, this water glass solution became hardened which kept out the air and preserved the eggs for at least a year. I don't know where they got the special stuff or if it can still be found anywhere. Marion and I did not particularly like having to go into the basement fruit cellar later, to get eggs as by then, the water glass would be cold and slimy like heavy, gooey, white Jell-O just before it hardens.

At times, Mother and Dad brought home live chickens from Grandma Hefty's farm, and on those occasions, Dad put on an old brown pair of coveralls with some brown spots (dried blood) on the legs, got out his ax and chopped the

chickens head off. Neither Marion nor I liked this spectacle and were especially unnerved when the chicken started running all over the yard, minus its head.

In my early years, I was a terribly fussy eater and two things were my nemeses. One was peas and the other was Noodle Ring. Noodle Ring was made from all the left-over chicken parts such as heart, gizzards, etc., in a slimy, gelatinous, noodle mix in a big doughnut shape. Whenever I saw it coming, I knew I was in deep trouble. It seemed to me we had Noodle Ring at least twice every week. The other bugaboo was peas, which I now dearly love, but I still do not like Noodle Ring.

One night I had eaten most of my required items and was down to the peas. I probably had a dozen to eat. I toyed with them as long as I could, and I realized there was a great incentive for me to eat them. Our dear Uncle Albert (whom we have talked about before) was living with us and he had offered to take Marion Ruth and me to a movie that night, this being a very special treat. Mother and Dad added the qualification that we could go only if I ate all my peas. The pressure was really on now, but deep down I wasn't sure I would like the movie as much as I hated the peas. I may have struggled one or two down, but things were not going well. Finally, I got the idea that maybe I could get excused from eating all of them. I inquired if I could leave some of the peas uneaten? "No, you have to eat them all." "Could I leave just one pea?" I pleaded. Not wanting to sound like two big ogres, Mother and Dad agreed that I could leave one pea. O.K., that helped a little. I maybe struggled down another pea or two trying not to gag and then announced, "I think I will leave this pea." I then moved one lone pea to the outer rim of the plate, which had green and gold trim around the edges. After a while, I said, "No, I think I will put this one back," as I brought it in from outer space, "and leave this other one," which I had singled out from the corral in the center of my plate. This went on for some considerable time until it got too late for the movie and I never finished the peas and none of us got to go to the movie. I felt bad for Marion. This reinforced a lesson I already knew, but relearned again, that when Mother and Dad promised something (good or bad), it almost always happened.

The Big Rig

One of the things that was in vogue during the early mid 1930's among us boys was that of making a "rig" which was kind of a poor substitute for a Soap Box Derby car. The "Rig" was not as perfect, nor as sleek, nor as fast as a Derby car but more utilitarian and off-road-rugged as we might hitch trailers up to it. The rigs were not the glorious cars that my friend, Paul Johnson's brother Ken drove to first place

in the Hults Chevrolet sponsored Soap Box Derby. Although we were very impressed and envious of these derby cars, we still loved our own rigs.

My rig was made from the undercarriage of my old wooden Greyhound Wagon whose box had long since disintegrated. Two 2" X 2" boards made the structural side rails; a modified orange crate made the hood and a broom handle was used for the steering shaft. A rope was wound around and fastened to the axle of the turnable front wheel assembly so that turning the wheel to the right made the rig turn to the right. If you wound the rope around the steering shaft the wrong way, the wheel would turn the opposite direction you wanted to turn. It had some kind of an old, slightly padded grey leatherette hard seat, and the motive power was to put the right knee on the seat and push with the left leg and steer with either hand. Various "rigs" were all over the neighborhood in all manners of configuration and levels of perfection (or imperfection). This was kind of a "boy thing" and I don't remember any girls having any "rigs" (although they certainly did have squirt guns). My rig was rather average except it had one spectacular attribute. The brother-in-law of my Aunt Selma, Culley Gerfen, had an old wrecked up Model T Ford parked in the weeds at his run-down old farm, and he gave the treasured steering wheel to me. It was a large, thick, heavy, black steering wheel with four heavy pressed steel spokes. Putting this on the steering shaft really set my rig apart from all the rest.

On one occasion, Mother, Dad, Uncle Al, Aunt Selma and I went to see Culley Gerfen and his wife Annie, who lived in a tiny house on their tiny farm on the far west outskirts of Madison (now this is filled with houses). They had only kerosene lamps for lights, no icebox (let alone a refrigerator), a wood stove, wood heat and a bunch of chickens, maybe one cow, and a slew of geese. On this particular visit, everyone was inside getting ready to play 500-Rummy, but Uncle Al took me out to show me the little barn. All-of-a-sudden, a flock of about a dozen very aggressive geese started running at us and trying to peck at our legs, faces and bodies. When you are not very tall this can be a problem. I remember Uncle Al hauling off and kicking the leader goose in the body as hard as he could with his shoe. He did this repeatedly, but it had absolutely no effect on the geese because of their thick coats of feathers. It was like kicking a feather pillow. We finally made our escape to the house and Annie said, "Oh, those geese, they always do that." I thought it would be a good idea if they would make goose dinners every day until they were all gone.

Chapter 29

Dog Days

Dad always loved dogs. He had dogs when he was a boy and had more as a young man. He gave one of two Airedales to his mother and father-in-law and our family had the other even before I was born. I don't know what happened to the Airedales, as I was too young, but I think they died of natural causes. When I was about 7 or 8 years old, Dad did a lot of research and decided what we needed was a Doberman Pincher. Consequently, he answered an ad in the Chicago Tribune by a lady who had a beautiful, young, well-trained male Doberman named "Ritchie." She reluctantly had to give him up as her dear, doctor husband had just died, and she felt she couldn't take care of Ritchie herself. This sounded just perfect for us. So, we all drove down to someplace in Chicago and picked up Ritchie. Wow! Was he some dog?! He weighed about 80 or 90 pounds and was he full of ginger! Our Nakoma home was built so that you could go in a circle loop. It went from the kitchen to the front hall, down a step to the "sunken living room," which was covered by individual oriental rugs. Coming out of the sunken living room there was a short hallway, which led through the dining room and ended up back at the kitchen. With Ritchie in the house, every time someone would knock at the back-kitchen door, or ring the front doorbell, he would race around the circular pathway. All the rugs would fly across the room, which would then have to be laboriously repositioned each time. To make matters worse, he would scare people who came to the front door half to death. There was a large-sized round window at the top of the big front door. After Ritchie had scattered all the rugs and any furniture thereon when the doorbell rang, he would then go to the front door and stand on his hind legs and look down through the window at the scared person looking up at him. Can you imagine what taking him for a walk was like? After about three weeks, Mother and Dad, and especially Dad, were reaching despair. The dog was wrecking the house, scaring friends and neighbors and eating us out of house and home. What to do? Dad had paid, (in those days) a lot of money for the dog and knew he would have trouble selling it to someone else. He even thought he might have to give it away. About that time, he received a call from the lady in Chicago and she said she was so lonesome for the dog she couldn't think of anything else. Would Dad possibly consider letting her buy the dog back? Dad allowed that he would be glad to help her out. Surprisingly, that did not dim Dad's enthusiasm for a Doberman.

Chapter 30

More Dog Stories

Dad answered a different ad for a Doberman from a breeder in Lake Villa, Illinois. This time he decided to get a puppy, and a female. He talked to his cheese maker friend, Otto Andregg at the central Cheese Factory on County PB near Paoli, into getting a female Doberman puppy, too. So, Dad went to Lake Villa and bought the two special Doberman puppies, which were only a few weeks old. Dad gave Otto his pick, and he called his choice Dianna. Unfortunately, Dianna had a hard life as one of the cheese maker workers came home drunk one night and kicked Dianna's head. He broke her nose and pushed it to the left and she always kept the disfigurement.

Our puppy was DOBIE. She was a chocolate brown Doberman of two different shades, but not brown and black like most Doberman. She was taken to Dr. Weston, the veterinarian in Madison for spaying and was to return a few weeks later to have her ears clipped. Dobie arrived at the appointed time for the ear clipping but she was running a small fever, so he didn't dare do the surgery. We were to come back in two weeks. But we all fell in love with her with her big, normal, floppy ears, and we never did have the ears cut. Consequently, with her softer brown colors and her beautiful big ears, she never looked like the typical, scary Doberman. She did bite several people in the hand during her lifetime; however, despite this she was one of the three best dogs in my life (Dobie, Schutzi and Mya). The latter two were Labradors and all three were female.

Dobie went on many of our trips and frequently accompanied us to the farm.

She was always a good spirit. She tolerated but didn't like to be dressed up. She accompanied us on our moving trips from Wisconsin to California, then to New Jersey to Florida, and back to Wisconsin.

Dobie and the Shoe

The veterinarian told us it was good for dogs to have something to chew on. He recommended an old shoe, although he did caution us that once in a while, they might get mixed up and chew on somebody's good shoe. The kitchen appliances in those days usually had a gas stove and oven on 4 big legs with wasted space underneath. This was perfect for even a big dog, their blanket, and in Dobie's case, her old shoe. The one she had was a woman's black high-heeled shoe with a buckle

on it. When she felt overly energetic, or frustrated over some dog problem, she would grab the shoe and shake it, and shake it, like she was trying to shake a rat to death. This was a common occurrence but one day she felt overly frustrated and was shaking the harry out of it. Mother was heating tomato soup on the stove and Dobie in the middle of the shaking let loose of the shoe and it landed in the pot of tomato soup!

Dobie and Recycling

During World War II to help the war effort, we were supposed to stack up all the newspapers and tie them, as well as wash and flatten tin cans. We had a shortage of string at our house, but we had a giant roll of brown, 1” wide sticky paper. It was my job to take care of these chores. As time went on, I found that licking the paper or trying to wet it with a sponge presented problems. Licking it got my mouth all dried out and using a sponge got the paper so wet that it didn’t stick right. A flash of genius struck, and I wanted to see if I could enlist Dobie’s help licking the sticky paper. It took a little of encouragement but after a while she got in the spirit of things and was licking up a storm. This went on for several different times and I wanted to show off her special abilities, so I got the folks to come and watch. She was doing her usual admirable job when I made a fateful mistake. I laughed while she was working. She stopped then and there, and no amount of further encouragement would induce her to ever lick the paper again.

Dobie and the Fourteen-Mile Hike

One of the necessary tests in Boy Scouts is to take a fourteen-mile hike. Another part is merit badges for different types of accomplishments. The merit badge I was working on was in photography. Marion Ruth and I got the idea of combining Dobie and the fourteen-mile hike idea. We dressed her up in my Boy Scout uniform including the Boy Scout hat and the Troop 71 emblem on a long pole. We finally got her quiet enough to photograph her perky countenance. We took off the uniform neckerchief, hat and troop emblem. Then we ran her around the back yard until she was completely pooped out. Then we redressed her in the same attire, and she was drooping and bedraggled and her tongue was hanging out halfway to her knees and then took another photograph. The first picture was titled, “Before the Fourteen Mile Hike” and the second one was labeled, “After the Fourteen Mile Hike.” Needless to say, I did get my merit badge in photography.

Mrs. Bents

We had a dear neighbor-family as previously mentioned with whom we had adjoining backyards in Nakoma, Madison. Our neighbor's daughter, Carol, was my kindergarten teacher. Her father was Dr. Bents, DDS who was completely wrapped up in the Masonic temple. Mrs. Bents was a dear lady, but kind of a mess at times. Her stockings were held up by elastic bands and were frequently falling down.

She couldn't help it, but she had to have thick glasses because she had had cataract surgery by Dr. Schubert in Madison. The cataract surgeries that she frequently talked about intrigued me as she said that the cataracts had to be "peeled off" the eye. Dr. Schubert told her he practiced with a bushel basket of pig's eyes before he did hers. (That was my earliest introduction into the world of ophthalmology.)

Mrs. Bents liked to come over through the backyard; past her backyard fishpond and her beautiful raised floral gardens that her husband and daughter worked hard on. One of these beautiful gardens was just at the edge of our driveway. For some reason, one day in the summer, I threw an olive pit in this garden knowing full well that that was not the right thing to do. As you recall, when Santa Claus asked me if I had been a good boy, I said, "Yes." I knew that I wasn't 100% truthful as I did throw an olive pit in that garden. The following summer after the Santa Clause Christmas, Mrs. Bents was over for one of her morning visits involving either borrowing a cup of sugar or returning a cup of sugar. Somehow or other the subject of Dobie came up and Mrs. Bents made a slightly disparaging remark about our dear dog. Man, the bad remark really got to me and after Mrs. Bents left, I said to the folks, "Now I am really glad I threw that olive pit in her garden!"

Chapter 31

Modern Radio

Life in the 1930's was exciting for my parents as we had modern conveniences. Dad loved to listen to the Operas sponsored by The Texas Company (Texaco) and narrated by Milton Cross on Saturday afternoons all through the fall and winter. He had purchased one of the biggest, most powerful RCA radios from the Madison Gas & Electric Company. It had 15 tubes, a small round electric eye in the top center of the radio, which had two green shutters. The shutters would widen or narrow at the bottom of the eye so that when the shutters came together the station was perfectly tuned. It had, besides standard radio bands, short wave, long wave, ultra-short wave, marine weather, etc. It also had hollow tubes built in the lower 2/3 of the radio like organ pipes. The adjustable bass and treble were really quite remarkable. The radio required a big outside antenna that went from the corner of the screen porch to the telephone pole. It also had an unusual spacing of antenna wires and was called a Spider Antenna. That name always seemed to make it special. Sometimes, when I didn't have anything more exciting to do, I would put it on ultra-shortwave, which would have Morse code transmitting by automatic superfast code machines. I always wished I would know where it was coming from and what they were saying.

Besides Dad's Opera, baseball games and special events, I listened to several programs that came on after school. An especially good one was Little Orphan Annie sponsored by Ovaltine. Ovaltine was a chocolate-like flavored drink which Mother always had on hand. It was implied in some nebulous way that if we drank Ovaltine, it would help Orphan Annie through her difficulties. Other radio programs I liked were Tom Mix of Ralston Purina, Jack Armstrong, the All-American Boy, and his Wheaties, which was "The Breakfast of Champions." The problem with Wheaties was no one in the family really liked them very much. Whenever Jack Armstrong had some special spectacular gadget offering that we felt we needed, we still had those darn soggy Wheaties to eat.

Once when I was a little older, there was a Jack Armstrong Walk-O-Meter being offered. It was about 4" in diameter and 1/2 inch thick. It had two openings, one which had the length of your walking stride in inches. The corresponding window on the other side would tell you how far you had walked according to the proper stride length window. It was sort of a poor man's pedometer that you clipped

onto your belt. It was pretty neat, but it was not exactly made like a Swiss Watch. So, to make the Walk-O-Meter function properly and really record each step, it was necessary to walk with a very definite and exaggerated and forceful up and down type of walk. As was the case with all of these offerings, everybody that was anybody had to have one. Pretty soon almost everyone at school did have one. It looked like a lot of Mexican Jumping beans as everybody had to have the exaggerated walk. Another necessary offering was a Tom Mix Telescope that was probably not quite up to Mt. Palomar standards. Later, a small periscope was offered. Everybody at school was looking around every corner and if you took it apart and rotated the barrel 180 degrees you could then look backwards behind you in addition to looking around corners – very handy. The exciting radio adventure stories were usually thirty minutes long. The particular episode usually required that this special piece of equipment was just what the hero and heroine needed to save themselves from a fate worse than death, so of course we certainly needed to have one too.

One of the most ingenious and exciting “gifts” was the Secret Decoder Pin offered by Ovaltine and Little Orphan Annie. This special offer required the usual box top or label and ten cents. This very special Decoder Pin had a very sophisticated code. One letter of the alphabet corresponded to one number i.e. 1=A, 2=B or something like that. Each nightly episode would end with Annie, her friends, and dog, Sandy in some big batch of hot water. However, at the end of the program after reminding us how wonderful Ovaltine was, they gave out the secret decoder numbers. Fortunately, if you had the Secret Decoder Pin you could then find out or get a hint of what would be happening the next day. For example, they might read out 7 numbers and with your pin it would spell out P-I-R-A-T-E-S and you would know about the very serious problem that awaited Annie and her friends. Now with all of those deals you needed to be one of the first on your block to receive the pin or you were behind the curve. Sometimes it required talking your parents into purchasing the required product with the necessary label or maybe you didn't have the necessary ten cents. Consequently, you might be late sending in the order. This Secret Decoder pin was an especially important and necessary item. Because without it, you wouldn't know what was going to happen to Annie and Sandy and, somehow, not knowing this might jeopardize Annie's safety in some unknown way. I finally got Mother to send in all the stuff and waited breathlessly every day to see if the pin had come yet. Also, I must tell you that in addition to the secret code that you were not to share with anyone on pain of death, the pin had

another secret and wonderful feature. I will tell you, but don't tell anyone else. There was a secret compartment hidden behind the decoder in which you could hide a dime or diamonds or secret messages – Wow! I remember going to school in third grade and I had gotten the secret numbers from the program the previous night. But of course, I didn't have the Decoder Pin yet, so I didn't know what was going to happen to poor Annie and Sandy in tonight's episode. Before class started, I saw Mary Lou Koch and Marjorie Price standing in the back of the room each with their bright, shiny gold colored Secret Decoder Pins on. I excitedly asked them to tell me what was going to happen tonight. They said they were not allowed to tell me because I was not a member of the Secret Decoder Pin Club. Well, I pleaded my case that I had mailed it in, but it had not come yet – darn it. I guess they felt sorry for me, and they allowed that as long as I would be getting one in a few days Annie probably would not be too angry if they told me. They leaned over and whispered in my ear "Sunken Treasure." Boy, I could hardly wait to get that Pin!

Chapter 32

Reader's Digest

As I got older, I started reading the Reader's Digest which was one of my mother's favorite magazines along with Good House Keeping, the local paper and books. Dad read the Wisconsin State Journal, The Wall Street Journal, The New York Times plus a lot of financial magazines such as Barron's, The Financial World and Standard & Poors.

The Reader's Digest was fun to read, especially in the bathroom. One could read several articles while accomplishing other things. Three articles still stick in my mind to this day.

One was "Out of the Night" by John Valtin (or something like that). It was about the Nazi's persecuting the Jews during the 1930's.

The second one was, "Thirty-Three Babies Aren't Enough." This one really astounded me. It was about a lady in the U.S. that had birthed 33 babies and still wanted more! I don't think I realized yet at the time that women could only have babies for so many years, and how amazing that actually was. She had babies every 10-12 months. As was the fashion in those days, the mother stayed in the hospital for a full week or more, and this lady used her hospital time for her yearly vacation.

The third article that made an impression on me was about a college student from Texas who liked to hitch hike. It seems as though his school football team was going to play a game in California, maybe the Rose Bowl, or some other important game. This Hitch-Hiking boy said goodbye to the football players as the train pulled out of the Texas station and he started hitchhiking. Somehow, with his hitchhiking he beat the train to California and was on hand to greet the players as they pulled into the train station in California. (More on this is coming.)

Chapter 33

Where do you want to go?

All during our early life we were told about the wonders of our ancestral home of Switzerland. In the late part of the winter of 1936, Dad decided it was time for a trip. He told Marion and me that we could either go to Switzerland on a boat or go to California in a house trailer; we could decide. Marion was 16 and I was 9. The trip to Switzerland sounded good in a nebulous, far off way, but the trip to California (of which we had some experience with two previous trips) sounded good too, especially in a house trailer. In early 1937 on a winter day, the folks took us to a house trailer place in Madison. After seeing the neat “Silver Dome” with its sink, stove, shower and two double beds we were hooked. We decided to go to California in the trailer and give up the trip to Switzerland. This turned out later to be a decision that Marion and I, and maybe the folks, regretted for many years, but not forever.

The trip to California was to start in June when school was out. We had taken a trial run to Little Rock, Arkansas at Spring Break. For some reason, uncharacteristically, Dad had purchased a 1937 Plymouth in Madison rather than a Ford or Chevrolet in Monticello. The Plymouth was very small in size and had, as I recall, only a 70 HP engine.

Aunt Birdie and Uncle Herman decided that they would like to go along on vacation with us. So, what to do? The trailer only slept four, enough for our family, so Birdie and Herman would have to sleep in the car. The couple took their car to a special place and incredibly, the workers cut the back of the frontbench seat off from the seat itself and hinged it in a way that it could either be held in an upright bolted position for driving or laid down flat. So, with some propping it could be made into a double bed of sorts.

We started out on our vacation rather late the first day, and only got a little way into Iowa before we decided it was time to stop and camp for the night. We just stopped by the roadside, ate supper, and tried to go to sleep. Birdie and Herman had a terrible time trying to get their bed organized because it had so many bumps. The bed was made from the seat part of the front seat, the back of the front seat folded down (held up by 2' x 4" blocks), and the seat portion of the back seat. This formed many curves in the “bed” which unfortunately did not match the curves of their backs. It was something that sounded like a good idea, but it wasn't. I don't know how they were ever able to get any sleep on this contraption. Every time a

car would go by, the air blast would jiggle and vibrate the car and trailer. About the time the springs would stop rocking, another car would go by jiggling everything all over again. Needless to say, nobody got a hoot's worth of sleep, and Dad started driving again about 5:00 am.

The trip was uneventful until we reached Colorado Springs where we set up camp at an official trailer park. We unhitched the car as we were going to drive up Pikes Peak the next day. Mother was cooking baked beans and wieners on the pressurized gasoline stove when all of a sudden there was a terrible crash and bang. The lighted stove, the beans, and the wieners went shooting across the floor. Pretty soon a whole bunch of people came over, and they lifted the front of the trailer and put the "lock" on the "Elephant Foot" that kept it from collapsing. We learned the lesson of locking the elephant foot in a hurry, and other than the mess, no one was hurt.

For some reason, I still do not understand, no brakes were ever put on the trailer. Maybe, they did not have them yet, or more likely, they didn't know that we needed them. In any event, the poor little Plymouth could hardly pull 6 people plus the house trailer up the mountains and coming down the mountain was even worse. The weight of all of us with our gear plus the weight of the trailer was terrific. All this weight had to be managed completely by the car. I remember coming down a mountain in Colorado, and Dad had the car in low gear, of course. He also had to use the foot brake, and finally even the emergency brake, and even then, it barely held the whole thing in check. It was scary... The rest of the trip was fun, and it was always nice to see Aunt Bertha and Uncle Clarence in Los Angeles. (We eventually got our trip to Switzerland, more about that later.)



Dr. Clarence and Bertha Hefty in later years. They were the family "destination" in Los Angeles, CA.

Chapter 34

Mrs. Armitage

In about 1932 during the early part of the depression we were really quite well off, relative to most others, or at least to many other people. We had to be careful with our finances, but we still had two cars. One was a big black Packard with a 4-speed transmission, louvered temperature-controlled radiator vanes, adjustable power brakes, and a powerful engine that got about 8 to 9 miles per gallon. Gas was cheap and you could get five to seven gallons for one dollar. You could buy a new Cadillac, or Packard for a little over \$1,000 (gold was illegal to own but was pegged at a price of \$35 per ounce). Our second car was a smaller 60 HP Ford that got better gas mileage and was the one used more in town. I always got car sick in the easy-riding Packard but not in the rougher riding Ford, especially when sitting in the “Rumble Seat”.

My folks entertained frequently at our house. It was time to get help and we did so by hiring a maid. Even though it was considered a “rich” thing to hire a maid at that time, it never felt as though we were rich or poor really. They put an ad in the Wisconsin State Journal, which was the conservative paper of the time. The other paper, The Capital Times, was the progressive paper and that was a no-no in our house. I was too young to know what the ad said. However, I do remember that the front doorbell rang, and there stood a lady who we would now think came right out of the movies. She was small in stature, had a black hat and a wrinkled face with no makeup. The most distinguishing thing about her attire was the fact that she was actually wearing high button shoes.

Mrs. Armitage did not really want to be interviewed as much as she wanted to interview the folks. She wanted to be sure that Mother was a good housekeeper and that we did not “drink.” She seemed satisfied on all accounts, but she was concerned that Dad, at that time, was an inveterate pipe smoker. She decided to take the job as long as she could go to “Camp Meetings” on Friday nights and not have to work on Saturdays, as she was a Seventh Day Adventist. This actually worked out very well for our family as she was always available to help with our frequent Sunday company.

Phoebe was her first name but of course nobody called her that. She used to read us Bible stories and gave us Bible books and pamphlets. She always ate cottage cheese, no meat but lots of whole wheat bread. Somehow in my 5-year-old mind her

Bible reading seemed to be tied up with her eating habits, and on one occasion I explained to my aunt Nona, that “Mrs. Armitage is very religious because she eats whole wheat bread.”

In later years, I always had the feeling, as I think my sister also had and probably my parents as well, that Mrs. Armitage was kind of a Guardian Angel for our family. She lived with us for many years, and after we moved away from Wisconsin, and returned years later, we would still see her from time to time. In fact, when it came time for me to go into the Navy in 1945, my folks were so distraught that they could not take me to the train station, but dear Mrs. Armitage was there waiting for me at 5:00 in the morning to pray for my safety. I still have a very warm spot in my heart for her and for all Seventh Day Adventists. I am convinced that she ignited the first spark in my spiritual journey.

Chapter 35

“Do You Want to Go to The Farm?”

This is a phrase both Marion and I loved to hear! Going to the Farm was one of the most fun things in the world for us to do. Sometimes, all four of us would go, and sometimes C.O. Plaskett would come along, too. Sometimes Dad would stay home and listen to the Chicago White Sox on his good radio, and Marion, Mother, and I would go alone. On very special occasions if we were really good, Marion could talk Mother into stopping at the drugstore in New Glarus and buy us each a frozen Milky Way candy bar. This didn't happen often, and we knew only to try this with Mother, not when Dad was there.

Going to the farm was always special. But this particular day was extra special. For the next two and one-half days the threshers were going to be at the farm. Grandma's farm was one of the largest on the neighborhood threshing circuit. When the threshing crew arrived at a small farm, the big farms would send two men for one day and when they came to the big farms, the little farms would send one man for one day. Mother and Marion helped Grandma get ready for two gigantic meals each day – and boy could those threshers eat! There were usually about 22 threshers including Uncle Henry, and three men from the Beckwith family who had year-round jobs on the farm. The neighbors always enjoyed the threshing days as it was a time of camaraderie and telling old stories. And kidding the young guys like me was especially fun. Doral Disch, our somewhat older neighbor, used to tell me that I was “full of apple sauce.”

Often, there was good-natured wrestling among the men who then washed their dirt covered faces and hands in a basin of clean water. They then used a cotton roller towel with stripes along the edges to finish. This was followed by combing their hair while looking in a mirror that was temporarily fastened to the porch posts. This showed off their white foreheads, which were shaded from the sun under large brimmed straw hats that they all wore. The rest of their faces were deeply tanned.

The men also liked to come to the Fred K. Farm because it had a reputation of having some of the best food around the circuit. This was true. Grandma would start days ahead of time getting in all the necessary food. The large table held ten big men. There were so many threshers, they would have to accommodate at least two shifts. The table was loaded with potatoes, several kinds of meats such as kalberwurst, smoked tongue, landjaeger, pork chops, and chicken. Bread, butter,

preserves, apple or cherry sauce, limburger and Swiss cheese, as well as desserts of various kinds were served. Marion and I always used to marvel when they would pass around a plate of bread all stacked on end like a stack of gambling chips. As the plate was passed around, the slices of bread would just go down, down, down and zip by the time it went around the table, it was ready for a reload of another loaf. All the while, Grandma was cooking meat and other things on the “Quick Meal” wood stove, while Mother kept filling empty bowls, made coffee, and got the water glasses going. Marion had the job of keeping everything carried out from the kitchen, and everything filled up on the table. When they finished eating, they would push back their chairs and it would make a scratchy stuttering sound on the linoleum. They would grab a toothpick and go back out to the yard to relax and visit while the next round of men went in to eat. The visiting in the dining room usually consisted of some of the men sitting and listening while others talked a blue streak (oftentimes in Swiss).

Once the noon meal was over, Grandma, Mother, and Marion had to wash all the stacks of dishes, put away the food after clearing the table, clean up and start to get ready for the supper meal in just a few hours. A somewhat different menu was necessary for each of the five meals during the 2-3 days.



Grandma Regula Hefty, Fred G. Blum, Jr., and Regula's dog, Ranger. Circa early 1940's. Sitting in front of the Main House at the then Hefty Farmstead.

Being the only boy in the family, I got to go and help with the threshing as best as I could. Being a city boy, or a “city slicker” as I was sometimes called, gave me a little leeway as they knew I would not be as good as a real farm boy, but I could still do quite a little. In the earlier years that I helped when I was about 13-14 years old or so, I would go to the field and pitch oat bundles that had previously been

stacked together in a shock. I would pitch the bundles up onto the wagon where a more experienced and stronger man would carefully place the bundles about the

wagon in order to build a good load that wouldn't slide off the two-horse wagon on the steep side hills. If part of the load would slip off, the driver would certainly hear about it from all the other team drivers.

As I got older and a little more experienced, I got to do more. I finally got so I could go to the barn, get two horses out of their stalls, and put the horse collars on followed by the big harnesses and latch the "hames" onto the collar. (The hames connected the harness to the collar, which is the part of the harness that took the brunt of the pulling power.) Then, the bridles were put on and both right reins hooked together, and then both left reins. I could then drive the team, usually Polly and Dan, who were the easiest horses to harness, and lead them up to the wagon. Then, the team would be backed up to the wagon, and the tongue would be fastened to the lower part of the collar. Next the big, black, heavy "tugs" would be attached to the "doubletree" which was in turn hooked to the "evener," we then added the blinders and we were ready to go. (The evener was an ingenious device that prevented a lazy horse from slacking off.) For the benefit of non-horse people, the blinders kept the side vision of each horse covered up so they really could not see what was going on to the side, but only what was going on straight-ahead. This was kind of a safety feature, because if the horses saw everything going on to the side, they were more apt to get "spooked." If this happened, especially to a young or nervous team, then the dreaded "runaway" might occur. This was the equivalent of the modern-day high-speed car wreck. Many a buggy or wagon driver was killed in this way.

In any event, after getting the team ready I would drive to the field, proud as punch, and load the bundles, the best way I could possibly manage. Then, I would drive the team and wagon carefully to the threshing machine which was usually set up down near the buildings. The threshing machine seemed almost like a live monster. It was so noisy you could barely hear anyone even with shouting. The front end had a 10-foot hopper with a chain belt that would carry the bundles into the wildly flailing, knives. There would be a team, and wagon unloading from each side of this carrier tray. On one side of this, right by the horses, was a big, long, fast-moving power belt that brought the power from the almost unstoppable steam engine. An eagle-eyed, but usually somewhat inebriated owner-operator was keeping watch. He made sure that the bundles went on the carrier so that the oat stems were parallel to the flailing knives. It was hard on the machine if they were perpendicular, and he would wave his hand wildly, and shake his fists if this

happened. We were too far away to see his facial expression and thank goodness. The other thing that brought further wrath was if you had the belt on your side, and accidentally dropped a bundle on the big power belt. If you did this, the oat bundle would go zinging on the belt until it fell off, or it might get caught in the main pulley of the steam engine or the threshing machine. This was not a good thing.

The oat bundles flew through the machine after the binder twine holding the bundles together was cut by the frantic knives. Dirt, dust, straw and oats would all come out the other end in two ways. The first was the grain (oats) would come out in a pipe with a “Y” in it that held a big cloth oat sack on each end of the inverted “Y.” Cousin Ralph Freitag (called Friday) was a big, strong man and he always ran the oat bagging operation and placed as many grain-filled sacks on his old “Dodge Brothers” truck as he could. He tied each one deftly with a special easy to loosen miller’s knot. He drove up through the big east door of the granary, then stopped and unloaded. Next he emptied the sacks into the wooden grain bins which had removable, horizontal boards in slots. As the bin got fuller, additional boards would be added so the higher up they went, the more grain could be added. When feeding the oats in the winter the process was reversed. The usual ritual after cleaning out the old bins before refilling them, was to plug up all the rat holes that had been chewed into the bins during the past year. The easiest way to do this was to repair the holes with a piece of tin. The handiest, and lowest cost way to do this was with old license plates. It was always fun to see who could find the oldest license plate years.

Meanwhile, back at the threshing operation; the other product, namely the straw and chaff, were blowing out in an almost steady stream. Some lazy farmers just let the straw blow into a big cone-shaped pile. However, it was considered better if a neat semicircular pile was staked up and tramped down. This made less surface area to be rained on and it was probably easier to remove for the much-needed bedding for the cattle in winter.

Another, unstated reason, probably was the pride of having a neat farm, and farming operation. As I remember and think about it, I don’t see how Mr. Jess Beckwith could do what he did. He tied a red bandanna over his nose and mouth, and with a grey striped engineer’s hat, would stack the straw down in the neat semicircular or kidney shaped mounds. As the straw kept getting deeper, and eventually 12-15 feet high, it become harder and harder to walk around and not sink into the deep straw with every step. All the while Jess was building this mound he

was being continuously blasted by the never-ending hurricane of straw, chaff, dirt, and wind. He would be completely blackened by noon time, and again by supper. I remember my Uncle Henry Freitag, one of Grandma's brothers, who managed the farm, always gave Jess a little extra spending money for doing this dirty job. This was very welcome as it was the middle of the Great Depression, and it told Jess that it was a job well done.

During the Depression, one of the best ways to survive was to "make do." This meant not to buy anything that wasn't absolutely necessary, or to buy the item with the least expense, even though a better product might not cost too much more. An example of this is the farm truck. Instead of buying a new farm truck, or even a used one, it was cheaper to buy a used passenger coupe and cut out the back-trunk area and build a livestock rack so that calves could be taken to the market to sell. The farm had such a vehicle, and I remember riding with Uncle Henry when we were taking a load of calves to the sale barn. The cobbled-up livestock rack that had been built for this converted car, was by necessity, sticking out over the back wheels to a great degree. This had the effect of a teeter-totter. If all the weight was at the back end of the livestock rack, the center of balance would be upset so that the front wheels would get very light or might even come up off the road. Once, we were taking a load of calves to Monticello. We were going up Hefty Road past the small stone quarry, when the straw bedding became slippery from the calves' manure. The calves all slipped at the same time and bashed against the end gate of the wooden livestock rack, and the front wheels lifted off the ground. Uncle Henry gave me a startled look. Fortunately, the calves were frantic and somehow, clawed their way forward up the slope of the livestock rack thus allowing the weight to shift forward, and let the front wheels come back down to the ground. Needless to say, that was a scary example of "making do." But those were the things that had to be done to survive.

C.O. Plaskett did not come to threshing, but he frequently came at other times. On one occasion, we were way up in the big white barn getting loose coarse salt which was used to feed to the cattle and also to put on loose hay that had been put into the barn too wet. Wet hay stored in a barn can start to heat up, and it can get so hot that it could start the barn on fire, which happened quite frequently. When the hay would get so hot that you couldn't hold your hand on it, something had to be done. The hotspots would have to have the hay removed and re-spread around. Then, this loose salt would be sprinkled on top of the hay. This was

presumably to stop the hay from curing (fermentation) which in turn allowed the hay to cool down and save the barn.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, on one particular day, C.O. and I were not doing anything of importance. We were up in the barn where the big 50-gallon wooden barrel filled with coarse barn salt resided. C.O. and I needed this salt to go with the much too green apples we had found. We knew if we put salt on them, we wouldn't get a green apple stomachache. But one thing led to another when we saw a young man and his father who were whitewashing the inside of the pig barn, walking around way down in the barnyard below. For some unknown reason C.O. got an idea to throw an apple at the young man. He threw it from the top of the haymow and hit the young man on the back. In a flash, the young man ran into the barn, and up the three flights of haymow steps, and quicker than lightening he was there, and he caught us. He didn't hurt us, but he surely scared the daylights out of two little guys. The bad part of the whole thing was that he was not very happy with us, and then we had to sit at the same table with him for the noon meal. In those days, the workmen didn't bring their lunch, but the farm wife had to serve the workers a regular meal. That was a long lunch for us. We were both very quiet.

Another time when we were about 12, we thought we were pretty strong, and told Delmar Beckwith, who was the farm boy about 2 years older than we were, that together we would wrestle him. We did, and in about 10 seconds we were both flat on our backs, pinned to the ground. So much for the two city slickers.

Ever since I was a little boy, like most kids, I wanted to have a horse, or a pony, in the worst way. In spite of Grandma having a big farm, there was really no one to take care of, or feed, a pleasure horse. This was of course because we lived thirty miles away in Madison. Nevertheless, I always thought that with four teams of workhorses, plus a few for extras, somehow there ought to be room for a horse for me. So, I kept bugging Mother and Grandma, and finally by the time I was about 13 or 14 they said they would give me my own horse. Although it was still mine, the farm would use the horse when I was not there. This of course meant that it would be a workhorse and not a riding horse, but Hey! - it is still a horse and my horse too. Grandma gave me "Daisy". She was a nice, old, gentle mare. She couldn't be much other than gentle as she was 32 years old! Well, as they say, "Never look a gift horse in the mouth." At last I had a real honest to goodness horse. Besides being a gentle and quite responsive creature, Daisy also was also used to being driven with a wagon as a team, or as a single horse. She also didn't mind us

trying to ride her bare back as long as our legs were big enough to reach around her big workhorse middle. We never could find a saddle wide enough to fit her broad back. There will be more about horses in the future.

The farm had other advantages while growing up. We soon learned and saw how cows got bred and consequently where baby calves came from. Uncle Henry, probably with Mother's admonition, never allowed me to watch the mares get bred by Jake Burgy's big stallion.

Another earthy thing that I did get to watch was the day they castrated the pigs. There was always a strange smell that went along with this, and the cats had a field day. Uncle Henry had to do the surgery. He had a special, pure silver knife which is the only one he would use. I never could, as a boy, understand why he needed a silver knife. But now we know, as they probably knew empirically then, that silver has antibacterial properties. For example, they used to use silver nitrate in babies' eyes to prevent gonorrhoea and blindness by the Crede method. Uncle Henry was on to something.

Many wonderful days, nights, weeks and months were spent on the farm over the years. Up through high school, I know I spent more time dreaming about the farm than any other thing except family. Maybe I still do?

Chapter 36

Let's Go to Renwick



Relatives in Hampton, IA. Otillia (Tillie) Anna Marti Blum, Frieda Dorothea Blum, Anna Schindler Blum, Lee Burton Blum, John Albert Blum, E.J. Blum. John and E.J. were brothers. Circa 1930's.

Oftentimes during the 1920's, 1930's and 1940's Dad would say 'let's go to Renwick, Iowa.' Going to Renwick, also meant stopping first in Hampton to see Uncle John and Aunt Tillie, daughter Freda and son Lee. We usually stayed there one night. We had great times with Lee and Freda. Lee and Dad loved to talk baseball, and they both loved the Chicago White Sox. Once in 1939, on our

way back from California (still during the Great Depression), we stopped to see them. Aunt Tillie had a nephew who was a Ford car dealer in Hampton. Dad was able to trade the 1938 Ford car we had for a brand new 1939 Ford, with at least equal specifications, for the car plus \$50 in cash. Looking back that seems almost impossible. From Hampton, we would go directly to Renwick unless it was during the few years that Doc (Uncle Otto), Aunt Elsie and Grant were living in Waverly, Iowa. In that case we would have stopped at their house the night before arriving in Hampton.

Renwick is in Northwest Iowa where the roads run on square grids, straight East/West

Otto Schindler Blum and son, Grant Blum. Circa early 1940's



and North/South. There are no hills or trees that need to be gone around. The soil is many feet deep, and can grow corn and (soy) beans, until you can't believe it. The farmland is almost as flat as the proverbial pancake, and almost barren of trees. (Why waste any productive farmland with trees?) The exception was the clusters of trees around the farmhouse and buildings. These trees were used as wind breaks, especially to the north and west as protection from the howling winter winds. There were also volunteer trees along the stream bank and drainage ditches. The Iowa Hefty Homestead, which we thought was no relation to the Hefty's in our Hefty-Blum Homestead Farm in Wisconsin (but now we find way back many generations, we were!) settled in Iowa a few years after the Swiss arrived in New Glarus.

In the 1850's and 1860's, land in Iowa was opening for homesteading and Uncle Bosh and "Aunt" as she was always called, homesteaded the farm on the edge of Renwick. When I first remember going there in the 1930's, it was a town of 300-400 people with implement dealers, shops, grocery stores, a hardware store, a locker plant and even a Ford Dealership. One of the last times we went there in the 1970's, there were no implement dealers, no locker plant, no hardware store, and no Ford Dealership. Everyone headed for larger towns and each farm was bigger and farmed more acres. Consequently, there were fewer farmers to make the usual progression of the parents moving to town "when the boy took over the farm." Therefore, in the 1970's, the population was down to 200-300 people. We saw a number of decent livable houses with nice lots, landscaping, heating systems, plumbing and the whole works. You could have your choice of at least a dozen properties like this and could purchase any one of them for about \$2,500! This is when a new car cost \$5,000.

Uncle Bosh (Fridolin Hefty) and "Aunt" (Rose Zwiefel) came from Switzerland when they were about 18 years old and were married barefooted in a church in Iowa. They were not married barefooted because it was a trendy thing to do, but because neither had enough money to buy shoes.

They started building a dairy business. Uncle Bosh was barely 5 feet tall; he would put a wooden yolk over his shoulders with ropes or chains hanging down and with pails tied to those ropes. He carried milk in those pails to feed the calves or the pigs of which he had many. Marion and I used to marvel that when he would come to breakfast in the morning after doing the milking and the chores, he scrubbed his face with a stiff vegetable brush.

He had big pigs, and as I understand it, they got one of his hogs to replace "The Biggest Hog in the World" at the fair when "The Biggest Hog in the World"

died unexpectedly. He also had big, Brown Swiss cows and always had one or more gigantic Brown Swiss bulls. They kept the bulls penned up in the barn at times. Even behind big steel bars, they were so scary that we didn't even want to go down too close to look at them. I used to get "bull dreams," where a big bull would chase me, come into the house, and come up the steps to the bedroom.

This recurring dream is due to a bad experience I had when I was a child at Hefty-Blum Homestead Farm in Monticello. A big bull with a long chain hanging down from his nose walked into the barn alley where I was standing. He was throwing his head around to keep from stepping on the chain. Snot was flying from his ringed nose which was there so it would be harder for him to charge. The only place I could go was to squeeze in between 2 cows and hope they were not the ones he was hoping to breed. Fortunately, he went past me, but I had bad dreams about bulls for years after that. I am sure in retrospect that the bull was interested in breeding one of his cows and I was in the way between him and the cow he was looking for, but I could not think of that at the time.

In the heyday of dairying, especially before artificial insemination became popular, it was common for dairy bulls to kill their owners, and they often did so. A lady in our church in Monroe, Wisconsin, lost her husband by a charging dairy bull. Beef bulls can also be very mean but usually not as mean as the dairy bulls. Another interesting thing about bulls is that the bulls used for bullfighting tend to charge with their eyes closed and therefore charge more in a straight line. Dairy bulls charge with their eyes open and will follow you when you try to dodge away. (I don't know if this is 100% true but it sounds good, and I personally don't plan to do research on the subject.) Another interesting rumor with considerable substance, about bulls and New Glarus, is that during prohibition, illegal alcohol production took place in New Glarus. The alcohol was transported to Chicago in trucks carrying chickens to hide the alcohol from detection. It is said that because of this, the famous gangster, Al Capone had ties to New Glarus. It was further rumored that if he had a body he wanted to get rid of, he would sometimes throw the body into a bullpen and let the bull mangle the body beyond recognition (and beyond detection.)

Enough about bulls, except to say that on more than one occasion the big bull at Uncle Bosh's in Renwick got him down on the ground and was trying to kill him. He was saved only because of hired men with pitchforks.

Uncle Bosh was not averse to working in the manure to do what was necessary. On one occasion, a well-dressed gent from Chicago came to Renwick

looking to see Mr. Bosh Hefty regarding the possible purchase of some of Uncle's rather famous prize cattle. In any event, Uncle Bosh was "knee deep" and barefooted, shoveling manure with his whiskered face and bent up straw hat when this well-dressed man appeared at the other side of the barnyard fence.

The man hollered, "I am looking for Mr. Hefty." "What?" replied Uncle Bosh. The man hollered again louder, "I am looking for Mr. Hefty – can you tell me where he is?" Uncle Bosh hollered back, "I'm Hefty!" The man was quiet for an instant and then blurted out, "Oh my God."



*Clarence Hefty, Marion Ruth Blum, Fred G. Blum, Jr. Circa 1940's.
Clarence lived in one of our favorite visiting destinations, Renwick, IA.*

Cousin Clarence always had chores to do when we came to visit, but his mother, Rose, usually kept these chores to a minimum while we were there. This allowed Marion and I and sometimes my friend, C.O. Plaskett to have more time to spend with Clarence.

At times, we were joined by two other cousins, Beth and Wanda Clancy. Rose was an exceptional woman, similar, now that I think of it, in many ways to C.O.'s Mother, Eva. Both women had to take over and make the family go after losing their husbands. One was taken by pneumonia, and the other by suicide because of despondency over financial problems. Rose took charge of the farm and made it go in spite of all the financial problems of the depression. She had black, piercing eyes and when she looked at me, I thought she was looking at my soul. Her eyes reminded me of the piercing eyes of Bishop Sheen.

One of the best parts of the visit was when the chores were done and after supper, Dad and Rose would give Clarence some money and we would go to a movie theater maybe in Algona or Goldfield. This was so exciting! Of all the money advantages Marion and I had, going to movies was not one of them. So, this was a special treat and afterwards, we parked the car and told spooky stories.

While we were doing this, Mother, Dad and Rose would talk of more serious things and maybe play Jaas – a Swiss card game. Frequently, they and Carl, the hired man, decided they should have some homemade ice cream. They mixed straight Brown Swiss cream, sugar and flavorings together. A specialized galvanized canister was placed inside a larger wooden tub and ice and salt would be placed between the two. The semi-liquid cream mixture would be poured into the galvanized canister followed by the wooden paddles. The geared cover was placed on top of the galvanized canister and lastly the gear-driving mechanism and crank were attached. Now it was time for the cranking. Even after a 16-hour day, Carl seemed to have endless energy turning the crank any time ice cream was in the offing. On several occasions, Rose even brought ice cream to Dad in the morning when Mother and Dad were still in bed.

Rose and Clarence would get up about 3:30 am and we would sleep late even though everyone went to bed (late) at the same time. I don't know how they did it.

“Aunt” used to make “Funce” which was a Swiss dish made more or less from cooking pure cream with a little flour. Dad loved it. No one had heard of cholesterol in those days. Although our coming was a lot of work for everyone, it did give Rose a chance to see other people and she liked to talk over “stocks” and other financial things with Dad and everyone liked our mother, as did Rose.

Whenever Dad would say, “Let's go to Iowa,” Marion and I were ready to go!

Chapter 37

Warren, Paul, Marie, Henry and Anna Marie Harris

Mother and Dad had many interesting friends, and among them was the Harris Family. In many ways, they were the exact opposite of our family. Mother and Dad were very conservative Republicans, and the Harris' were very radical Progressives. In fact, when Dad and Warren would talk on the telephone, which they did at least once or twice every day, they sounded like they were mortal enemies that were at least ready to commit murder if not something even more serious. A familiar phrase we could hear from Dad's side of the conversation was that of "pinko," which referred to the communist tendencies he accused Warren and his slightly younger brother, Paul of having. I can only imagine the other side of the conversation.

Warren and Paul's father had been a minister. Warren had a mastoid operation when he was a child. He had an actual hole behind his ear from the early, crude type of mastoid surgery, that was the only kind available during his childhood. As described in a previous story, I too had mastoid surgery as a child, and we were both lucky to be alive. To hide this hole behind his ear, he kept his hair very long, and this gave him a somewhat unkempt appearance. At the same time, it somehow gave him at the same time a rather distinguished appearance and being a lawyer in Madison made him look more formidable.

His brother, Paul was bigger and stronger than Warren and was really kind of one of my boyhood heroes. He had long arms, and very big hands with long fingers. He smoked lots and lots of cigarettes and had a slight speech impediment and would say "ith" instead of "if." Whenever he was around, we could expect some wild and interesting stories. He was a natural at recounting the most exciting happenings, whatever they happened to be. He never really had a profession but worked at various jobs which always seemed to me to be way below his abilities.

Warren frequently sent Paul on some mission to check on some hairy problem that one of Warren's clients was having. One such episode was to check on "Drake Estates" that one of his clients had gotten mixed up in. (Drake Estates was a deal where if you spent \$2,000 now, you could claim \$5,000,000 later on.) Paul went to Chicago to the "home office" and found out it was a complete scam. Paul did some "cloak and dagger" type maneuvers to get Warren's client's money back.

Another time, about 1950 or so, Warren sent Paul to Washington D.C. to check on some Federal government problem one of his clients was having. One night in D.C., Paul was returning from an evening of research on the federal problem at hand. He was sitting in the back of the city bus on his way to the hotel. There were a bunch of young male Negroes (the politically correct terminology for the era) that came aboard. Paul was the only white person on the bus. After a while, the young men started to needle Paul by saying, "You think you're pretty tough, don't you?" They kept this up getting more strident with each repetition of their question. Finally, Paul could see that a physical confrontation was in the offing. He retorted, "No, I don't think I am tough, but I am the toughest white man you've ever seen." They backed off and left him alone.

One of my most favorite stories that Paul told was about a trip he took to Russia in the 1930's. Dad always felt this destination was chosen because he had communist "pinko" ideas. Paul did run as a "progressive" for a Wisconsin Assembly seat, as I recall, but that did not qualify him as a true "pinko." I remember riding in the back of a truck that was decked out for his campaign for Wisconsin State Assembly. It had band members in the back, and I rode along. I think Dad figured I was too young to become "contaminated." Back to the story... Paul landed in Vladivostok, Russia and had some of his own money with him. He noted they were confiscating all currency from those in line ahead of him. So, he quietly put his pocketbook on the counter in front of him, and for some reason they didn't see it. After their interrogation of him as to why he was in Russia was over, he calmly went and picked up his purse, and went on his way. Paul spent a week to ten days riding across Siberia on the Trans-Siberian railroad in a boxcar! This always enhanced Dad's opinion that Paul really was a "pinko." When he got to Spain, he assembled Ford cars to earn some money. Paul was excellent at drawing out and embellishing his already great stories.

When we lived in Leonia, N.J. in about 1942, Paul came to visit us for some project he was working on just across the Hudson River in New York City. Paul offered to take me to see the New York Ranger Hockey team play the Detroit Red Wings at Madison Square Garden. It was exciting not only to see the fast-moving game, but also to be in such an historic sports arena.

After the game, we walked up 42nd street and Paul stopped and made a voice greeting on a record of some sort that he mailed to his faithful and forbearing wife, Ethel, as it was their anniversary, I believe. Ethel was also his brother Warren's

secretary, office manager, and confidant. Following this we walked past Jack Dempsey's Supper club and Paul said, "I think we should go in to see Jack Dempsey; I know him." It was such a fancy place, and I was so embarrassed to actually see Jack Dempsey that I said I would just wait on the sidewalk. Paul went in and came out in about 5 minutes, disappointed that Jack D. was not going to be at the supper club that night.

Paul then decided that we should get something to eat, and we stopped at some rather nondescript restaurant that was so common in New York City in those days. He ordered some kind of a dinner, and I probably ordered my usual meal out - a hamburger. I thought it was an O.K. meal, but I could tell that Paul was not 100% satisfied with the food fare. All-of-a-sudden, and without warning, he stood all of his 6 feet up straight, and with a loud booming voice announced to the entire restaurant, "Where I come from we don't even feed this to the hogs." Wow! I wanted to drop through the floor. Well, that was Paul Harris.

Warren's wife was a wonderful but naïve lady. On occasion she would state in all seriousness, that investing in the stock market was really not difficult. She'd say, "all you had to do was wait until the stocks were low in price to buy them, and then when they got to be high in price; sell them." Makes sense, doesn't it?!

Their daughter, Ann Marie was born deaf subsequent to her Mother having had German Measles during her pregnancy. Their son, Henry became an attorney like his father, but unlike his father he was a strong conservative. Warren always accused my father of corrupting his son.

Chapter 38

Depression Fallout

During the 1930's, the depression kept grinding along, and while we were better off than the majority of people, things were still tight. There were other problems of which I was only partly aware. Dad had been trying to supply the (extended) family with money from dividends from his remaining nest egg of stocks. The stocks left were worth about \$25,000, which represented what was left from the \$250,000 that he had before the crash. Although this 10% residual was still a signified amount it was still not quite enough to supply all our needs.

Like most everybody during the depression, Dad tried various things to supplement his income. Having been in the stock and bond business before the crash allowed him to work the following plan to add additional income: He setup a business partnership with Edwin Stuessy, the husband of Mother's first cousin, Helen Freitag Stuessy. Dad and Edwin set up their office in one of the unused bedrooms of our Nakoma home. They did not use the office much, as they were often on the road throughout southwestern Wisconsin visiting farmers as well as other individuals in small towns. Like all attempted business during the depression, very few people had any money, especially to buy stocks. They all felt that if the stock market had already lost 90% of its value-why should they invest more?

After several years they parted on good terms and Dad joined another man we will call "Jack." He had his office in Madison, and his clients were also from Madison. Dad's clients were for the most part still from southwestern Wisconsin. Dad always had quick reflexes, whether it was driving, or knowing when to get into, or out of, a particular situation. After several years, he got an uneasy feeling that something was not "right" at the brokerage office. He quickly put in an order to sell all his own clients' stocks and bonds, and had the money segregated from the rest of the business. It turned out that his partner had embezzled a very large sum of his clients' money to play the commodity futures. Unfortunately, the market turned against him. Almost all the money was lost, and he was found dead by his own hand. Dad's clients were fine, but unfortunately, his associate's clients were left holding the bag without their stocks, without their money, and without their stockbroker to go after. The clients of the now dead associate were understandably very unhappy, and they wanted to try and recoup their losses. Consequently, they hired an attorney to go after Dad with their theory that Dad had known all along

that his associate was playing the commodity markets with their money. Of course, Dad had not known about it. This happened in about 1935, and there were over two years of nasty litigation and court trials, with Uncle Henry being one of the main witnesses. Fortunately for Dad and his clients, he was 100% vindicated, and his clients did not lose any money.

After these two extremely difficult years, Dad was all wrung out. He had worried greatly about his clients. In later years, when the buy and sell commissions were still very high as compared to now, he would work it out so he could get more than one customer to share the commission. This was legal to do but it took extra work on his part. He never sold anything to any of his customers that he wouldn't buy himself. He never pushed stocks that the brokerage houses were trying to get rid of. He was extremely ethical and fair.

The whole debacle with his associate had another, personal side with Mother and Dad that was not related to money. The thing that gave them both mixed emotions about this man that had caused them so much heartache, and so many sleepless nights in those two years is as follows: In March of 1934, I developed a very severe mastoid ear infection, and came close to dying (there were no antibiotics yet in those days). I was at the University of Wisconsin General Hospital where Dr. Mark Nesbit told the folks that the only thing that could save my life would be to have mastoid surgery to try to get rid of as much infection as possible. Unfortunately, Dr. Nesbit said that I was so weak from the bad infection that unless I had a blood transfusion first, I would never make it. What to do? In those days, they didn't just hook you up to a bag of blood. They had to find a compatible donor and then run blood directly from the donor to the recipient. You guessed it. The only suitable donor turned out to be none other than "Jack," the associate who so recently had caused Mother and Dad so much grief (this was prior to the embezzlement). Without his blood transfusion, I probably wouldn't be here. I received the blood transfusion from Jack; had the surgery, and obviously survived. The two diametrically opposed actions of this man always caused confusion in my parent's hearts.

California here we come!

After these two years of grief, Mother, and especially Dad, wanted to get away from Madison and leave all the bad memories behind. Not surprisingly, they decided the best place to go would be to California, more specifically, Los Angeles. This is where Dad's Aunt Bertha and her husband, Dr. Clarence Hefty (no relation

to Olga Hefty) moved after he retired from his practice in New Glarus. We rented our Nakoma home to a new Professor of English at the University of Wisconsin. Dad sold the maroon Packard to our good friend Mrs. Rennebohm (Mrs. Rennebohm is the lady whose daughter said to her on one occasion, “Mother, I can never remember if you are 37 or 73”). We shipped out a big wooden crate of bedding to Aunt Bertha’s. We said goodbye to Grandma Hefty, packed up our dear dog Dobie, and left for California. We traveled in the 1938 Ford V8 “60.” Yes, it only had 60 horsepower. Of course, we stopped on the way to see Lee and Frieda, and Uncle John and Aunt Tillie, in Hampton, Iowa. We also stopped at Renwick, to see Clarence, Joann, Rose, “Aunt and Uncle,” and also the Clanceys in Hardy, Iowa.

We arrived in L.A. and stayed with Aunt Bertha and Uncle Clarence, and cousin, Marion Schindler. She lived with her aunt since her father Albert died in our house in 1931. Marion Schindler was a junior at UCLA, and my sister Marion Ruth had just graduated from High School in Madison, and likewise wanted to attend UCLA. Marion Ruth, having been salutatorian at West High in Madison, had no problem gaining admission. UCLA was located in Westwood Village, so the folks felt that that would be a good place to rent a house. In those depression years, it seemed as though every house was either for rent, or for sale. Dad loved to look at houses, and we looked at many during our stay. You could buy a beautiful home, beautifully landscaped, for \$10,000, but alas nobody in California had any money either. When we started looking in Westwood for a place to rent, there were a lot of them. Unfortunately, many landlords would accept our Dog Dobie in their rental houses, but they wouldn’t accept me. I really struggled with that, as despite doing a few questionable things in Nakoma, I really was not a destructive kid in any way.

Mother and Dad finally found a beautiful Monterey house, with upstairs and downstairs porches, along the front, at 272 Bronwood Terrace in Westwood Village. The house was on a steep hill along the front with a big drop off behind. It had two big lemon trees, and I got so I could eat a whole, big lemon right down. Jackie Coogan, the child movie star, had a house at the bottom of the hill. One of the only friends that I had, lived 3 or 4 blocks away, and he lived next to Freddie Bartholomew, (a British child movie star – one of his movies was “Captain’s Courageous”). I even got a chance to ride Freddie’s bike. Another famous neighbor was Amelita Galli-Curci. She was one of the most famous opera singers of the time. She lived near Freddie’s house, and we used to see her walk around her fenced in

yard. I have always wished that I had gone over to the fence and tried to talk with her. I think she was lonesome.

Who is Amelita Galli-Curci?

By Elsbeth Ng

Amelita Galli-Curci, born in 1882, had a good career until she had throat surgery in 1935. At the time it was thought her ability to hit high notes was lost during that surgery. In 1936, she made an ill-advised return to opera for one performance in *La Bohème* in Chicago. After that one performance, she went into complete retirement in California. It was not too long after that the Blum family moved to Westwood. I think Dad may have picked up on something when he felt she was lonesome.

Back to the story...

Marion was, as I recall, either driven to UCLA by the folks, or sometimes she took the car. She loved UCLA, and joined a sorority, Phi Mu. She, like all the girls in those days, hoped to be “discovered” as a movie star candidate. Unfortunately, or fortunately, she was not discovered even though she certainly was beautiful enough. She used to tell us the unofficial word was that UCLA was the second most difficult school in America, second only to the Harvard Law School. She found out differently later, but that is another chapter.

I was supposed to be in 6th grade at Fairburn Avenue School. however, 6B was filled up, so they stuck me in 5A. That really bugged me. I never liked the school very much, and I don't think I learned a whole lot there. I did, however, have a wonderful librarian, who really gave me my start in loving to read. The first book she interested me in was “Lardy, Lardy the Great, The Freshman Win Tonight.” The second one was about a stowaway boy that went to the Antarctic. After that, I was hooked.

The first day I was in school a bell rang, and all of a sudden, all the kids dove under their desks, and I just sat there. The teacher gave me the dickens because I didn't do likewise. It turned out to be an earthquake drill, and everyone was supposed to go under their desks for protection from falling plaster, or worse. I also could not understand why all of the boys and some of the girls were always having toothpicks in their mouths. Finally, one of the boys handed me one, and I put it in my mouth, and it had a strong cinnamon taste. He had a little vial of oil of

cinnamon and he would soak toothpicks in the vial for a few minutes, and they were neat to suck on.

We had to go to school on the school bus, and it took forever. The morning did not seem too bad but there was a longer route on the way home. We had to go way up two or three long canyons, and then back down, and it seemed as though we never got home.

There was not always too much for me to do, as there were so few children in Westwood, so I joined the Cub Scouts. They decided to have a kite-flying contest. They would give prizes for the prettiest, the biggest, the smallest, the most original, the highest-flying etc., but they had to be able to fly. I got some kind of a kite in preparation for the contest. When I went to the empty lot next door, I ran and ran but couldn't get the darn thing off the ground. I knew I would never get a prize for the highest flying, or the biggest kite, so I thought maybe, just maybe I could try for the smallest, if I could get it to fly. I made about a 6-inch kite out of paper and some small sticks, and while it looked quite nice, it just dropped to the ground like a dead duck. OK. Now, I really am going small. I got some of the lightest tissue paper I could find, and I took some toothpicks and split them longitudinally to make them even thinner. I glued them into a cross and glued on the tissue paper. I used a tiny thread for the "string" and even had a tiny wooden frame to wind up the string. The kite was only about one and one eighth inches from top to bottom and only about three quarters of an inch wide. I don't know if the wind picked up or what but that little bugger stayed up in the air when I tested it! I got out one of the old-fashioned small sliding matchboxes and put the kite, and the "string," and the wind-up gear inside the box with lots of room to spare.

The next Saturday, I went to the contest and saw big, beautiful and glorious kites of all shapes and descriptions with them all flying high. Almost all were flying. There were a lot of smaller ones but only one as small as about 8 inches. The boy that had that one was showing it off to the judge and saying that he had the smallest kite that flew. It was starting to get close to the time for the final judging. I took the little matchbox out of my pocket, and then took out the tiny kite. I held my breath to see if it would still fly, and it did. Immediately, the other boy with the small kite said, "That is not fair!" I asked, "Why not? Its small and it flies." The scoutmaster was called over to arbitrate the situation, and he had to allow that it really did fly, and it really was the smallest kite. I won the prize, and got a nice Boy Scout sheath knife, which I still have.

The folks did other things while Marion and I were in school. They went on rides with Aunt Bertha & Uncle Clarence. Dad and Uncle would frequently go and sit at the Dean Witter Stock Exchange office in Westwood, and more or less pass the time of day, as they had no new money to invest.

Things were still very competitive economically in the entire country, but especially in California. I remember we could get a big banana split at Sonntag's drugstore for nine cents including a tiny Japanese paper parasol that worked and was placed in the banana. At the same drug store, we could get four plate lunches for a total of \$1.00 (25 cents each). We went to church at the Westwood Village Church because the pastor there had been pastor at Dad's army camp (Camp Grant) years before. Besides driving all around the L.A. area, (even in 1938 it was 64 miles from one end of town to the other,) we did some other fun things as well.

Once we went to the Rose Bowl Parade and saw all the beautiful floats. On another occasion, we went to the Coliseum where the 1932 Olympics had been held (more about Olympics later). The stadium seated 110,000 people, and we saw Wisconsin play football against USC. You are right, USC won. On another occasion, we had a chance to get some tickets to see a new radio show. It was one of the first shows of some new guy nobody had ever heard of. We went and we thought it was terrific. It turned out to be Bob Hope! (He was one of the all-time great American comics.)

Cousin Marion Schindler had a lot of Navy friends that she had met because of her Navy brother, Walter, who was a career naval officer. One of these friends invited her and any friends she wanted to bring to meet him Sunday afternoon at San Pedro Harbor near Los Angeles. He would meet us there, and he would take everyone out to visit his war ship. Marion very kindly asked our whole family if we wanted to go. Being eleven years old I, couldn't think of anything I would rather do. We met Marion's Ensign friend, and he took us out to the big ship in an officers "gig." We really were in style. I hate to admit it, but I can't remember if it was a cruiser or a destroyer. It probably was the latter. I remember that they took us down to the officers' mess and gave the adults coffee. They were having trouble with what they called the "mess" boys who waited on the officers. In just the last week prior they had put American negroes (the preferred nomenclature at that time) in as mess boys because they were afraid that the Filipinos they had always used before were infiltrated with Japanese spies. They were afraid they would listen to secret things the officers might be saying and relay this information back to Japan.

The American negroes were inexperienced and were having a hard time pleasing the difficult officers. It was also about this time that the Japanese were shipping shipload after shipload of scrap steel and oil to Japan in preparations for the coming war. There was another interesting story in the Reader's Digest magazine of about that same time period. It was the custom before World War II that officers of one country's navy could invite themselves to visit war ships of another country. The Japanese loved to visit their U.S. counterparts as they could learn about new developments and techniques that they might copy. A Japanese Admiral got himself invited to visit a certain American battleship. The captain of the American ship knew the Japanese Admiral would look at everything and take away American secrets. So, when the Japanese Admiral arrived at the ship for "inspection" the American Captain told him the following: "You may look at everything on the ship that you want to except for the big box on the fantail (the back part of the main deck) that is covered with the white sheets." All during the "inspection" the Japanese Admiral kept wandering over towards the sheet-covered box, and then would be gently steered away from it. This happened over and over until it was finally time for the "inspection" to be over and the Japanese Admiral had to leave. The captain went over to the box and removed the sheet covers revealing eight broomsticks all tied together. The Japanese Admiral missed the really important things he might have seen if he had not been fixated on the "New Invention" under the sheets.

You Want Us to Go Where?

One day in the spring of 1939, Dad received a long-distance call from New York City. It was Mr. Marshall Briley from Shearman and Sterling. This was one of the premiere and largest law firms in New York. He said he was representing The First National City Bank. The bank felt that they were going to be sued by some disgruntled stockholders who lost a lot of money during the depression. He wondered if Dad still had all of his old stock sales records from when he was selling stocks for First National City. Dad assured him that he did. A few weeks later Mr. Briley came to visit us in Westwood. He was a big mountain of a man for those days. He stood six feet four at least and was one of their hot shot lawyers. He later told Dad that he had worked his way through law school, and had worked so hard ever since, that he no longer knew how to "play." This statement went into my memory bank. He said he was here to see if Dad would consider coming to New York with his records for a one-year retainer salary. Dad and Mother thought about it and

finally Dad said he would come, but only if he could come, for as I recall, two or three years. They did some negotiating, and the die was cast.

It was almost time for school to be over. We all had different thoughts about the decision. Marion Ruth was the most devastated. She loved California, UCLA, and everything about it. She cried a lot about leaving. Mother was always ready to do what the family wanted, and I know she felt better getting closer to her Mother, even though New York was not really all that close. She was an only child, and she took her daughterly responsibilities seriously. Dad, while he dearly loved California too with its carefree lifestyle, was always ready for a change. Also, the sting and stress of the lawsuit was wearing off, and he was ready for a new challenge. Besides, anyone getting a paying job, even if a temporary one, was a very good thing in 1939. Aunt Bertha and Uncle Clarence later told Mother and Dad that the year we were there was the best year they ever had.

As for me, my thoughts were maybe somewhat different on the matter. Of course, I knew my own thoughts better than those of Mother, Dad or Marion. I liked the excitement of California, but I didn't care much for the school. I didn't think I learned a whole lot, and I missed my good friends in Wisconsin. Beyond that, while it may have taken another trip or two to California to crystallize things in my mind, I realized I had an uneasy feeling about living in the Golden State. The problem as I saw it now that everybody was running around frantically to see and do everything, and to be someone they are not. It seems as though everyone wanted to be a movie star, or some big deal. If you didn't have a custom-made, gold-plated Rolls Royce with a rocket launcher you don't really count for much. I know that all generalizations are dangerous, but I had an unsettled feeling about living always in the fast lane. Even then, I preferred roots, and friends. This feeling does not prevent me from loving to visit California, but I will leave the crowds and super freeways to someone else for a permanent diet. That is the end of this sermon, and time to leave California for a while.

Chapter 39

Transition – L. A. to Leonia

We left Los Angeles in early June of 1939 and said goodbye to Uncle Clarence, Aunt Bertha, and Marion Schindler. We were all in good spirits except for dear Marion Ruth whose world had crashed to the ground. We spent the summer at the Farm, and in Nakoma while the house was being sold. The house was built in 1927 for \$25,000 (this house now sells for over \$1 million) and was sold twelve years later in the summer of 1939 for \$10,500. This certainly was not a good amount, but the stock market had lost even more.

Mr. Briley had suggested that we consider living in Larchmont, New York. Mother and Dad had other ideas. In the early 1930's the folks had a circle of Madison friends, amongst them was Dr. Henry Raymond and Louise Aldrich. He had been on the Wisconsin Geological Survey Team in Wisconsin but had been nominated to become the secretary (the big boss) of the prestigious Geological Society of America. The folks called them, and they wanted us to come and live in Leonia, New Jersey. They described Leonia as having been settled by the Dutch in 1668. It was only one-mile square in size. It was also only about one mile from Fort Lee, the George Washington Bridge, the Hudson River and New York City! Wow! Does that sound exciting or what?!

The four of us, plus dog Dobie, left in August. The trip was uneventful except for driving through eastern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania. This was Marion's and my first trip out east.

We were not aware of how heavy, and how difficult the traffic was in those days, especially in eastern Ohio and Pennsylvania. Almost all the roads were single lane in each direction. The many, many, heavy trucks would be ahead of us, and they would labor very slowly up the steep hills and mountains. Frequently, they would have to slow down to just five, or ten miles per hour as they were all so under powered. We couldn't pass them going up the mountain, as the trucks and traffic coming the other way prevented it. Then, when the trucks got to the top, they would roar down so fast it was impossible to pass them either. Grind up the mountains in a forever crawl, and roar down the other side.

Suddenly, part way into Pennsylvania we saw a beautified large bridge, and a four-lane highway arcing off in the distance. It looked as though it must be a mirage. The closer we got to it the more spectacular, and it looked real. Finally, our road

was going alongside this beautiful structure, and a state trooper was parked at the corner of the road and bridge. We stopped and asked him what it was. He said it was the new Pennsylvania Turnpike. He further said it wouldn't be officially open for several more days but if we wanted to, we could drive on it to the next exit. Boy! did that sound great after pounding the roads we had just traversed.

After the stunning ride on America's First Superhighway, we got off the turnpike at East Liverpool. It seems as though Mother felt we did not have enough dishes being shipped by the moving van, so she and Dad got excited when we stopped at one of the many pottery outlets along the way. We saw the brand-new Fiestaware with its brilliant, happy colors, and we were all hooked. The folks used this Fiestaware for almost 60 years right up to the time of Mother's death in 1997.

Chapter 40

Leonia, New Jersey

As previously mentioned, after selling our home at 3710 Council Crest in Madison, we arrived at Leonia, NJ in late August of 1939. We arrived at the home of Henry and Louise Aldrich, and their 2 sons, Bob and Dick. These were the people that Mother and Dad knew from Madison and are the ones that got us to go to Leonia. Henry was the Secretary, “The Big Dog,” of the Geological Society of America. Louise was a wonderful talker from New England. Bob was a sportsman, and brother, Dick, was a freshman at the Columbia School of Engineering where he was a straight A student. He was a Ham Radio operator, “W2LIX.” This was extremely fascinating to me as a 12-year old.

Leonia was basically a bedroom town for people working in New York City, which was only a little more than a mile from the George Washington Bridge connecting New York to New Jersey. The town is only a small amount more than 1 square mile and was settled by the Dutch in 1668. They were given so many feet of property along the Hudson River, and there was no limit to how far west the property could extend. There were still two little stone cottages in the village left from that time.

We were awaiting the moving truck, with our household furniture, which was due to arrive within a few days from Madison. We actually didn’t have to wait long. In fact, the moving truck arrived before we even had a house rented. Dad had to do some fast footwork, and we rented a house from the bank that was not terrific, but it would do. Mother always made the best of everything, and she masterminded the settling of the house, which was the first of three houses we rented during the four years.

Marion got ready to enter Barnard College, and she found out that contrary to what they told her at UCLA, UCLA was not the most difficult school second only to Harvard Law. She eventually got to like Barnard fairly well, but her heart was still back at UCLA.

I was to enter seventh grade. Dad had his special job at the Shearman and Sterling Law Firm down in the heart of Wall Street, nearby the Fulton Fish Market, and the “Battery,” etc. Dad got to know a number of the junior Rockefellers, one of whom had a private airplane. This sounded real exciting to me, and I conned Dad into asking that particular Rockefeller how much it would cost to own a private

airplane. He gave the classic answer, “If you have to ask how much it costs to own a private airplane, you can’t afford to own one.” Dad also found out from the Rockefellers that they were always punctual for any meeting they might be involved in, and by the same token, they expected you to be on time as well.

Dad also met a man, Mr. Jameson, who was from Wisconsin, and was from the Jameson family from Poynette. They owned half the town of Poynette. In recent years, their home became The Jameson House Restaurant. One afternoon, Dad invited Mr. Jameson to go to lunch with him, but he said, “I have to go home, and spend all afternoon clipping coupons.” In those days, “interest” coupons were attached to government, or other bonds, so you can imagine how much money he was taking in that afternoon.

There was another interesting character named Joe Riese, who Dad met somehow as he was prone to do. Joe was an Engineer by training, and he had a wife old enough to be his Mother. He tended to be a little manic/depressive. One day he was required by his employer to see a psychiatrist after which he stopped back to see the folks. Dad asked how his doctor’s appointment went. He said, “Terrible. It cost me 10 dollars and I had to do all the talking!” One day he and Dad were in New York City, and Joe said, “Let’s stop in here at the Streit’s Matzo Factory.” They went inside and were greeted by the Jewish owner who said to Joe, “Are we ever glad to see you! Our big Matzo oven just went on the blink.” This was Joe’s area of expertise, and he rolled up his shirt, and climbed up into the oven which was big enough to stand up inside. He made some adjustments, and lo and behold, the oven was working perfectly! Instead of paying Joe anything significant, he loaded Joe and Dad down with all kinds of Matzos. We had Matzos for a month, and found out that they were terrific, especially with copious amounts of butter.

In the fall of 1939, FDR was running for an unprecedented third term, and was scheduled to drive down Central Avenue in Leonia at about noon on a certain Saturday. We waited, and waited, and waited, and sure enough, an open touring car finally came rumbling down Central Avenue from the George Washington Bridge, and there was FDR all bundled up in the back seat. We saw him for about five seconds.

There was one other very important and well-known person in Leonia, and that was Prof. Harold C. Urey who was the discoverer of “Heavy Water” which was necessary for the development of the Atomic Bomb. He received the Nobel Prize

in Chemistry in 1934 and used the prize money to build a beautiful home in Leonia. One of his daughters, Elizabeth, was in my class. Yes, she was smart, too.

We had some Jewish neighbors who lived a few houses to the south of our first house. The man was reported to have a lot of Leica Cameras, which was extremely fascinating to me as Marion and I were printing and developing our own films and pictures. Somehow or other, I asked if I could see the cameras, and he was kind enough to let me do so. He had a whole flock of them, and in retrospect, I believe that he used these cameras as a way to get money smuggled out of Germany before the Holocaust.

There was, of course, a large Jewish population in New Jersey, and of course in New York. The name Blum could be Swiss, German, or Swedish, but it could also be Jewish. So, every once in a while, someone would ask me if I was Jewish. This always kind of startled me because until we moved to New Jersey, I hardly knew what a Jewish person was, so I would first answer, "No, I'm not." But then later I added, "No, I'm not. Are you?" That usually stopped that line of questioning in its track.

The Pharmacy, which was at the center of the small business district of only several blocks, was also Jewish owned. We became friends with the family as we ate most of our meals there while waiting for the Allied Moving Van to arrive.

On the other side of this coin were the German Bund, and the Fifth Column. In many military groups or armies, the soldiers march in columns of four. This was also true in Germany. Hitler set up the German Bund, which was German expatriates who lived around the world, and could be used, and were expected to help, in furthering Hitler's ambitions. These were then considered to be as valuable as a "5th Column" of soldiers. In Leonia, we felt we knew who some of them were, the butcher, the baker (sorry, not the candlestick maker), the ice cream parlor, and my future German teacher, Fraulein Kattmann. There also was a German boy in our class who had been in the Hitler Youth. His name was Bill Beinitz. He was a man among boys. When we played sandlot tackle, football without equipment, we always hated it when he was given the ball because nobody could tackle him. He was a nice person, though.

Things were different back then.

After Christmas in 1939, I had saved my Christmas money, and decided what I needed was a .22 single shot rifle. So, one afternoon after school in January at age 12, I went by myself to the bus from Leonia, through Fort Lee, across the GW

Bridge to 168th Street. From there I got on the subway which cost only five cents at that time and went to Midtown to Macy's Department Store. I went to the sporting goods department and told them I wanted to get a .22 single shot rifle. I picked out a Mossberg .22 "targo" rifle that could shoot the .22 long rifle shells, or a special .22 birdshot. I chose two fifty count boxes of ammunition, paid \$10 for the rifle, and walked out of the store, back on to the subway, and went home. No papers, or other questions were even asked. How would you like to try this now?

Saturday Evening Post

In the spring of 1940, when I was outside riding my bike, a man came up and asked if I'd like to sell magazines. He was from the Saturday Evening Post and Ladies Home Journal. This sounded exciting because I had no real way to earn money, although I think I got a small allowance. He said I should check with my folks, and he would be back in a week. I did check with them, and this should have been an easy sell because Dad had sold the same magazines when he was a boy. They said it would be alright, but if I took the job, I'd have to stick with it. I assured them that would not be a problem.

I accepted the job, and I got 1¼ cents per magazine which sold for a nickel, and 2½ cents for each Ladies Home Journal. Ladies Home Journal only came once a month, whereas the Post came once a week. I did sell the magazines for two or three years, and it would take all afternoon to sell ten Posts, and once a month to also sell ten Ladies Home Journal. This took up every Wednesday afternoon for several years.

Now a problem developed in that we were scheduled to go to Wisconsin for the summer to see Grandma Hefty and be at the farm. What to do about the magazine route? First of all, I was extremely envious of a boy that had a newspaper route because all he had to do was deliver them, and I had to try to sell the magazines one by one. Back to the summer problem of getting magazines delivered. I occasionally sold a magazine to Mrs. Hetzel who was the mother of Gregory Hetzel who was a big gangly uncoordinated, but smart redhead. Somehow or other, she found out my dilemma, and thought it would be a good idea if Gregory took the route for the summer. Gregory, needless to say, was not enthusiastic about the idea, but he agreed to do it under duress. Unbeknownst to me, I found out after returning for the summer that Gregory, in turn, conned Dick Schoenlank, another big laconic slow-moving blond boy to help him sell the magazines. It turns out, they would finally sell the ten magazines, and by that time they were hot and hungry, so they

stopped in at the local ice cream parlor. They each got an ice cream soda for 15 cents, which was a total of 30 cents, and most Saturdays they only made 12 1/2 cents for the magazines. So, they ended up in the hole. I always tried to avoid the ice cream parlor because Coca-Colas were 10 cents. However, I could go across the street to Mr. Sperling's and get a Pepsi for 5 cents even though it was not considered quite as neat. But, after all the Pepsi jingle was, "Pepsi Cola hits the spot, 12 full ounces that's a lot. Twice as much for a nickel too, Pepsi Cola is the drink for you."

This is the same Dick Schoenlank that on one Sunday morning came to early church service at the Methodist Church, and he wanted to contribute a quarter that he had for the collection plate. There was just one problem. He needed to buy a Sunday newspaper which cost 15 cents, so he put the quarter in the collection plate, and reached in and took 15 cents in change back out of the collection plate. Needless to say, he never heard the end of that!

Pearl Harbor Day

Everybody always wants to document what they were doing, and where they were on Pearl Harbor Day, December 7th, 1941. To make a long story short, I was with the Boy Scouts at a weekend camping trip to Camp No-be-bo-sco (North Bergen Boy Scouts). On the way home on Sunday night, we heard about the Japanese bombing of Pearl Harbor.

Office Boy

The second, and third summers I worked in New York City as an office boy at the Geological Society of Americas. This was near the Columbia University Campus.

Who was your coach?

One afternoon in September 1942, I visited with a big Italian boy, Michael Delessio. Michael had played football the year before at Leonia but was now attending St. Cecelia in the neighboring town of Englewood, NJ. I asked him how he liked it compared to playing in Leonia. He replied, "We're winning lots of games, but it sure is tough. The coach doesn't stand for any monkeying around." I asked him what the name of the coach was, and his answer did not mean anything then, but it sure does now. He replied, "Mr. Vincent Lombardi!" (The famous storybook coach of the Green Bay Packers.) Talking about the Green Bay Packers calls to mind that the folks made sure we saw a lot of the important happenings in New

York, such as the Green Bay Packers/New York Giants game; the Chicago White Sox/New York Yankees baseball game; New York Rangers Hockey Team; Times Square on New Year's Eve, the Metropolitan Opera, and the Macy's Parade, as well as numerous popular jazz bands, and historical places.

Postscript to Leonia

After my sophomore year at Leonia, we went to Wisconsin for the summer and then in the fall went on to Miami.

In September of 1946, I was a pharmacist mate on the U.S.S. Tarawa, and we came to the Brooklyn Navy Yard as part of Fleet Week. I took the subway and the bus over to Leonia to try to find some old friends, and I briefly got to see Jack Williams, and also Elizabeth Urey, daughter of the famous Harold C. Urey, the discoverer of Heavy Water. Unfortunately, it was late on a Saturday afternoon, and they all had previous plans, so I went back to the ship. We also returned in approximately 1998 and the town was very diverse, and frankly it looked "down at the heels." We had some GI upsets on that particular day, and after looking at the three different houses we lived in, we went on our way. Sayonara!

Chapter 41

W.E. Blum Store

During the summers of 1943 and 1944, I worked at The W.E. Blum General Store in Monticello. This was before my junior year of high school in Miami, and before my senior year at Madison West High School in Madison, Wisconsin.

In the summer of 1943, I wanted to get a job on a farm, and by that time Grandma Hefty's farm was being rented out, and there wasn't much for me to do. So, I put an ad in the paper for a farm job. At that time, I did not know if I wanted to be a farmer, an archeologist, an engineer, a forester, or a doctor. In answer to my ad, a hard-bitten family drove up in an old Model A Ford. They looked at me and decided I would probably work out O.K. Dad could see that I was probably headed for a situation that would be less than perfect, and that I could be in way over my head, even though I had just turned 16. He said I should tell the man I would let him know over the weekend. In the meantime, Dad called our cousin Bill Blum in Monticello, Wisconsin. Bill was the proprietor of the W.E. Blum Store, the successor to the "People's Supply" of my grandfather's era 35 years earlier. Dad asked if he could use a young fellow like me for the summer. He said he could, and I declined the farm job for the grocery clerk job at the general store.

It was quite an exciting job. In those days, customers came into the grocery portion of the store, and we were behind a counter. They came up alongside, and would tell us what they wanted, and we would run around in front or behind the counter to pick out the requested items. Cookies were in one of six square 14" boxes on a slanted rack with a hinged glass cover. The cookies were loose except the famous chocolate pinwheels were in a kind of an egg crate configuration. We picked out with our fingers (without papers or gloves), the desired amount of cookies, and placed them in a brown paper sack. We wrote up the groceries on an order pad with "W.E. Blum Store" printed at the top, and lines below to list the purchase using a carbon so that the original could be handed to the customer, and the other kept for the store records. This was especially important for those purchases which were "charged," and not paid for that day. The items were then added up and totaled by hand.

Potatoes were delivered to the store in 100 lb. brown burlap sacks. This was during the war, and many things were rationed. When bananas, sugar, coffee, Jell-

O and special things like that came in, everybody rushed to the store to get their fair share.

A joke going around during this part of the war was about a man in the early part of the war who went to the grocery store and said he wanted, “25 cans of coffee; a 100 lb. bag of sugar; 100 chocolate bars; 20 lbs. of tobacco; 100 cans each of corn and peas,” etc. The grocer asked the man why he was trying to order so much? The man replied that he wanted to get it before “the G-- d--- hoarders got it all.”

Flour was frequently sold in 100 lb. sacks, and it was our job to get them out to the car or truck. Sugar was also previously sold in 100 lb. sacks, but with the rationing this no longer occurred. Bread was 10 cents a loaf, and cigarettes of the lesser brands were 10 cents a pack including “Marvels – Worth Crowing About” which had a chicken printed on every pack.

Farmers, and especially farmer’s wives would bring in egg crates full of eggs, sometimes a dozen or two, and sometimes 30 dozen. This was one of the ways that farmwomen could get some of their very own spending money. We took the eggs to the back “egg room,” where they were stored. Also, there was a large, screened-in wire mesh enclosure within the egg room, which held all the 100 lb. and 50 lb. sacks of flour to keep the mice out.

Before we could credit the customer for the eggs, we had to check them all by “candling.” We would hold two eggs at a time up to a special lighted can-like outfit with two holes just slightly smaller than the eggs themselves. By doing this we could see if the eggs had been fertilized. If so, of course there would be the outline of a baby chicken embryo silhouetted against the bright back lighting. If this was the case, then the egg could not be used and had to be thrown away. Cousin Bill was a good person, and a good businessman, and sometimes if there were just one or two “bad eggs” he would let it go. However, if he felt a particular person, especially one he had suspicions about before, was trying to pull a “fast one” by purposely including known fertilized eggs, then he would have us deduct these bad eggs from the total due on the egg money. The eggs would be transferred into large thirty-dozen crates, which would be picked up twice per week by the “egg man.” The emptied small crates would be returned to the customer.

In addition to Cousin Bill, there was Florence; Irene Marty; Wilma Blum (no relation), and “Grocery Hank” Elmer who worked at the store. Hank had worked in the store all his working life and loved to kid me and Dean Zimmerman or my cousin, Elmer Duerst who also helped occasionally on a busy Wednesday or

Saturday. The latter year, in addition to Dean Zimmerman and Cousin Elmer Duerst as helpers, there was occasionally another young boy helper. Unfortunately, he had been born out of wedlock, and that was a sad thing to see. Not only was the boy's mother looked down upon by the community, but the boy was also. I have never forgotten this and wonder to this day what happened to them. Nowadays, in 2014, being born out of wedlock brings virtually no stigma, but in the 1940's it ruined two lives, and probably even more.

One of the problems during the war with vegetables was that they were scarce and of poor quality. Every week we would get ten or twenty, 100 lb. sacks of potatoes from A.J. Sweet of Madison. The deliveryman was known as "The Sweet Man" by Hank. These potatoes were delivered through steel plates in the sidewalk that were lifted up, and the produce lowered to the deep basement with a sort of elevator contraption. The basement was large with three, 55-gallon wooden barrels filled with vinegar. One was white vinegar, and the other two contained apple cider vinegar. This vinegar smell permeated the entire basement, but it was also mixed with a dank, slightly moldy component. There was a wooden or metal pump on each barrel, and people either brought in empty jugs for us to fill at so much per quart, or we supplied a heavy brown crockery jug (at additional cost) with a finger hole to carry it by. There were boxes of various sized corks to fit the different sized jugs. Often these jugs found their way out to the farmer's fields, as they would be converted to water jugs once the vinegar was used up. The beautiful, nice round corks usually became lost, and then a corncob of the proper size would replace them.

Because of the war, by early summer we were getting last year's potatoes that had been poorly harvested and stored; and many of them were half rotten with wet spoiled potato fragments all over them. They smelled bad! It didn't do any good to send them back to "The Sweet Man," as there would be no replacements, so we did the next best thing. We cleaned the floor in the cleanest part of the basement which was about 20' x 20'. We then put down clean cardboard from cardboard shipping boxes and laid out all the potatoes from three or four bags in a single layer. We threw out the grossly rotten ones and allowed the others to dry out. This was by no means perfect, but it allowed us to salvage about 75% of the potatoes.

Once they were ready to be put in bags, I rigged up a big square cardboard box that I set on a low table. I cut out one bottom corner of the box and put a board down at that corner to plug the hole. Then I filled the box with potatoes and placed a big brown paper bag below the stoppered hole. I then pulled up the board

and presto change; the potatoes would run into the bag. That is if everything was working properly. I am sure I could have scooped the potatoes into the bags just as easily, or maybe more so, but this was fun. “Grocery Hank,” would come down and watch me with what I am not sure was either amusement, or disgust. If this great automatic potato packer wasn’t working quite 100%, he would tell me that I needed to go to the Ration Board to get a new set of ball bearings, and then he would laugh. He liked to kid me, but he did like me, and I liked him. I had dated his lovely niece, Virginia a few times and, that helped.

My sister, Marion Ruth had a story about potatoes during the war which went like this: Everyone was supposed to have a Victory Garden to grow as much of their own vegetables as possible. One man was asking his neighbor, “How is your Victory Garden?” The neighbor replied, “Fine – we harvested our potatoes today.” His neighbor asked, “How were they?”, “Oh great,” he replied, “some were as big as golf balls, and a lot of them were as big as marbles, but of course there were a lot of smaller ones too.”

The grocery part of W.E. Blum Store along with the egg room, and flour storage areas made up about 35-45% of the floor space. There was also a stairway leading up to the rather high second floor, and halfway up was where Bill Blum’s office was situated. He kept track of the purchases that were on credit, and not yet paid for. He could also have a view over the dry goods part of the store, but not be involved with interruptions. However, if we got too busy, he would come down and help. Florence could work either dry goods or groceries. Irene Marty, whose handsome brother was the first soldier in Monticello to be killed during World War II, worked primarily in dry goods. This consisted of cloth; ladies dresses; men’s shirts; overalls or “overhauls,” as they were referred to by many of the farmers; oilcloth; ladies’ undergarments, and thread rounded out the dry goods store.

The main street entrance was recessed in such a way that on either side were large glass windows, which gave a preview of things that could be found inside. One other important area was the shoe and rubber boot department. This was neatly tucked in under, and beside the stairway, and held all sorts of good smells of real leather work shoes and heavy rubber boots, which were cherished by all the young boys. At the time, I was just beginning to grow out of an old black pair of rubber boots with circular rubber “pulls” on either side of the boots. My mother had used these when she was a teenage girl while still living on the farm. While I liked these boots, and felt important wearing them, I had always felt a new pair from a real shoe

store might be even nicer. However, now that I was 16, this somehow did not seem so important anymore. I had other things in mind.

The grocery department had its own main entrance on the side street, just across from the Monticello House. And there was an entrance from the street to the egg room, as well as another entrance on the back alley, for the egg and flour pick-ups, and other big grocery items. The upstairs of this building had a loft or mezzanine going the length of the store around the dry goods area, and I never knew just what was stored there. I suspect, mostly things they couldn't sell. For a time, they had a ladies' beauty parlor up there.

There were some adjacent rooms that could also be accessed from a long, long stairway outside, from a still separate main street entrance. Mr. Adolph Kissler and his wife Doris (both from Switzerland) held forth. On one occasion, I felt I needed some new pants so Dad decided it might be nice if Adolph would make me a pair. Dad and I went up the long, long stairway, and Dad asked Adolph if he could make me a pair of pants. Adolph answered in the affirmative while his wife, with her lips full of pins, kept on sewing on something until her arsenal of pins was used up. She then joined Adolph in uncovering a big book of material samples from an old chest. After much talk by Dad and the Kisslers in Swiss, a heavy, brownish Kahki soft twill-like material was picked out. Adolph then took numerous measurements while Mrs. K. recorded them. They said they would order the material, which would take a week to get, and another week to make the pants. We returned in two weeks. Amid monstrously big electric steam irons, pressing contraptions, and racks of dresses and suits to be altered, or awaiting pick up; the newly manufactured pants were found. It was really pretty material and it wore like iron. I had them forever, but they never fit in the back, just the way I felt they should. Maybe it was because of my anatomy, or as Adolph told some of the ladies, "You are pretty strong in the hips." Maybe the pants just weren't made quite right.

Another time in High School, I needed a tuxedo for some kind of dance. Dad thought I could probably wear his tux from 1919. I tried it on, and being a little taller than Dad, it did not fit. I could button any of the buttons. Dad said, "Let's see what Adolph Kissler can do with it." Oh, boy! Off to Adolph's again. Adolph thought he could probably fix it. He took more measurements and made deft chalk marks here and there on the coat and pants, and said we should check back in a week, which we did. "Hooray for me," even Adolph had to say that he did not think after taking it apart, that there was enough extra material to make it

work. He did go on to say that he could make one up for us. I declined and said I would probably rent one instead.

Talking about tuxedos, later while in college, my cousin Mary Ellen Steussy Shanahan invited me along with a whole raft of her friends to some special party. It was conditioned on the requirement that we all wear white tuxedos. Mother and Dad thought it would be a good thing for me to go to Mary Ellen's party, and that indeed I should acquire the necessary white tuxedo. Being Swiss, I decided I might need this white tuxedo occasionally in the future, so I might be better off to buy one instead of renting all the time. So, I used some of my hard-earned money, and came home with it after the necessary alterations only to find out that Mary Ellen had decided no one would need to wear white tuxedos after all. The tuxedo languished in the closet for a number of years. Probably it was used at some of the University dances, and it turned out to be really valuable as I later used it as my Marriage Tuxedo. Also, it was used for two of our daughter's weddings years later. Maybe I will wear it again when one of the granddaughters gets married. Maybe not, unless I lose 25 pounds. Too bad Adolph is no longer around! He would have been glad to alter it!

I had nice hours at the grocery store. I had every Thursday and Sunday off. On Mondays, Tuesdays and Fridays I worked from about 8 am until about 6 pm. Wednesdays and Saturdays were the big, but exciting days. I worked from 8 am to 12 midnights, as these were the big farmer shopping and socializing nights. People went to the taverns, car or implement dealers, and came into the store to shop, visit and socialize. The village might sponsor some free movies at the park for the farm families and villagers alike to enjoy. These were the two exciting days of the week, as in addition to all the people coming to town, it was also the delivery day for groceries for anybody that needed or wanted delivery - all gratis to the customer. This was the time I could drive the 1940 Red Ford V-8 Panel Truck and was that fun! Wow, it had power to burn, and we used much of it.

Having lived in Wisconsin, California, and New Jersey, and having worked in New York City and Miami, Florida, I felt rather cosmopolitan. However, in reality, being cosmopolitan is nothing I really spent any time thinking about. On one Saturday, I was delivering to a new customer on "Millionaires Street" in the village. I needed to deliver to a house that for some reason was oriented perpendicular to the street, making it difficult to know which was the front and which was the back of the house. I chose one entrance, which was probably the front, and I probably

should have used the other entrance. Anyway, I brought the lady's groceries to this entrance in the stackable galvanized delivery tins. She said, "Boy, don't you know any better than to come to the front door? I bet you haven't been around anyplace and don't know anything." Later, I recounted this to Cousin Bill, and he got a big kick out of it, and laughed and laughed. I had to retell this story to him every once in a while; he knew the lady to be a "fuss budget."

Delivery day was especially fun on the rare occasions when Cousin Elmer Duerst, who was several years younger than I, or Dean Zimmerman (my golfing buddies) would be allowed to come along and help while I drove. We did such daring things as smoke a Dr. Grabow pipe with Prince Albert Tobacco in a tin can. (A joke regarding this was a kid or prankster would call a grocery or tobacco store and ask, "Do you have Prince Albert (tobacco) in the can?" Answer, "Yes, we do." The kid would reply, "Well then you better let him out!") For some reason unknown to me now, Elmer, Dean or I would have cathartic "swearing sessions" almost always while delivering groceries. This would go on for five minutes or, so until we couldn't think of any more awful swear words. (None of us had even been in the service yet.)

One weekly call was to one of the few Irish people in town. It was to the eccentric one of the Kennedy Brothers, all of whom were associated with the Monticello Woolen Mills. As of 2014, the house he lived in is still standing, but just barely. In any event, he was a nice man and would phone in his order for grocery delivery early every Saturday morning. Why he bothered to tell us the order is unclear, as the order was always exactly the same: a dozen eggs; a pound of bacon; a loaf of Wonder Bread; two bunches of carrots; a pound of "Plowboy" tobacco; some Lorna Dune Cookies (from the glass enclosed cases), and a pound of butter. My father "Fred G." worked briefly in the People's Supply Store, which my grandfather helped found, and was the forerunner of the W.E. Blum Store. During those days, the father of the Mr. Kennedy that we delivered to would also come into the store to see my Dad "Fred G." and ask for a pound of "unsalted butter." He stated, "I am not going to pay butter prices for the added salt." (Salt was a cheaper ingredient than the butter it displaced.) He must have been a Swiss Irishman.

Chapter 42

One of Life's Embarrassing Moments

Ever since I had mastoid ear surgery in 1934 at the age of seven, I had been forbidden to do any swimming. I was not a good swimmer by the age of six, and not being allowed to swim (probably because of a recurrent ear infection) did not help with my swimming skills. By the age of 12 or 14 or so, I was allowed to try swimming again. The six or seven-year hiatus, along with not being a natural swimmer, left me somewhat frantic to try to catch up, which I never really did. I felt everyone who was “flashy” was also a good swimmer. In order to try to help this situation, I would wait until 2:00 to take my lunch hour and go to the swimming pool. By this time, the noontime grocery rush at the store was past. On one fateful day, there were several of us boys around the small pool down between the electric plant, and Jimmy the Greeks (now M&M). Standing around looking through the fence were some of my hoped-for girlfriend acquaintances. Well, to try to showcase my meager swimming abilities, I made a shallow dive off the edge of the pool, and almost instantly felt some one tackle my legs. But, alas, no one had tackled me; in fact, my swimming suit had come off, and was entangling my legs. Then with my limited swimming abilities, I had to try to tread water, get my suit back on while all the girls and others were laughing from behind the fence.

Chapter 43

My First Car

When I started working at the W.E. Blum Store the first summer in 1943, I was just 16. I had a driver's license, but no car. The folks drove me back and forth to work. Once in a while, Cousin Bill would let me drive the powerful, fast, red Ford V-8 grocery truck back and forth from the store to the farm. (There used to be an ad in the magazines showing two big workhorses standing in a field next to a road. They looked as though they were going to race the next car that went by. As a car was seen to be appearing in the distance, one horse said to the other, "It's no use, Mac, it's a Ford V8!") Nobody relished picking me up after midnight on each late Wednesday and Saturday work night.

The W. E. Blum store was adjacent to the Ford Garage, and one day I saw a car parked across from the garage and it said \$75.00. Wow! Maybe I could buy the car; at that time, I was making 35 cents an hour. In any event, the car was pretty well tired out, but it was a 1932 Plymouth with hydraulic brakes. (Fords did not get hydraulic brakes until about 1939 or 1940 as Henry Ford liked mechanical brakes. His slogan was, "Feel the steel from wheel to wheel".) It was a 2-door with wire spokes and one side mount wheel and tire. Never mind that the running board on the driver's side was almost falling off and nonexistent, or that the upholstery was shot, or that it had a slight list to one side and was covered all over with mud. (The former owner was a 350-pound lady mailman which undoubtedly contributed to the vehicles list to one side.) There was a car title pinned to the mohair fabric just above the windshield and the original cost had been \$475. The best part of the car was that it had two excellent mud and snow tires on the back. (Being a mail carrier, she had priority to buy tires when needed, which was not the case with the average person during the war.) It had two quite good tires on the front, and a pretty worn out tire with a "boot" inside to round out the side-mounts. (A boot is a reinforcing pad between a weak spot in the tire and the underlying innertube – tubeless tires weren't invented yet.) Because of the scarcity of good tires, which was the case with wartime rationing, I felt the tires were probably worth most of the \$75.00 and they just threw in the car.

Surprisingly, Mother and Dad were not overly against it but said I would have to have insurance. Also, I would have to get their permission before I could go other places than just to work, and when school started, I would have to agree to

store it for the winter. Even those restrictions didn't dampen my enthusiasm, so I bought the car from Cloyence Karlen, the owner and proprietor of the Ford Garage. (Cloyence, when asked how he was or how the day was, would always reply, "Fine, always fine.") Adam Schuler, the General Casualty Representative, and a longtime friend of "FG" supplied the liability insurance, which was "10 – 25" \$10,000 for a single liability, and \$25,000 for multiple liability accounts for a premium of, I believe, \$25.25 per year.

Everyone at home acted so excited about my new car. To me this wreck might as well have been a Cadillac. Mother, Marion, and Grandma Hefty all helped me clean out the many years' accumulation of mud, dirt and grime, both inside and out. Marion volunteered to make some seat covers for all the seats. It would be somewhat tricky to get into the back seats since there was only one door on each side. The front seatback had to be folded forward and down on the seat portion. Then the combination of the folded down seatback, plus the seat itself, was lifted and folded forward towards the steering wheel, making room for a person to enter into the back seat. I don't remember if we got the bright red maroon upholstery-type cloth for the new seat covers at W.E. Blum Store or from "Monkey Wards" (Montgomery Ward). Marion, as usual, did a beautiful job making the upholstery fit and stay put on these articulated seats.

I found some old tin left over from one of the farm buildings, and cut it and bent it, around and over the running board on the driver's side. That way, my foot would no longer slip though the holes therein.

Once, following a trip to the Green County Fair, we drove the car pretty fast back from Monroe (45 mph), and all of a sudden, a sickening noise developed along with a faint knocking sound, which steadily grew louder and louder. As I suspected, mechanic Willard Prisk at the Ford garage, verified my worst fears, "it was ready to throw a con rod." (The rod connecting the piston to the crankshaft.) As they took the engine apart, the con rods were loose, the piston rings were shot, and the crankshaft needed new bearings. Also, the valves needed grinding, and some needed to be replaced. All the four "mighty" pistons were loose and needed to be "expanded." The parts were delivered to the Ford Garage by the bus that went between Madison and Monroe, and after a couple of weeks everything was put together. The bill for all parts and labor for the complete engine rebuilding was \$45.00! When I got the bill, I remember saying, "wow, \$45.00 to repair a \$75.00

car seems like a lot.” I believe Cloyence was a little disgusted with me as he said, “Fred, that is dirt cheap.” And of course he was right, it was “dirt-cheap.”

There are two follow ups on this “first car:” The first one is that in about 1960, and again in about 1963, Mickey and I purchased a very top of the line Ford Station Wagon with “wood” sides and all, so I hope Cloyence felt better about my temporary ingratitude. The second follow up is that before my senior year at Madison West, Mother let me use her vacuum cleaner to paint the car. The body was painted jet black and the wire wheels were sprayed cream yellow.

In the spring of 1945, I got called to report to Great Lakes Naval Station in late May, several weeks before high school graduation, and I decided to sell the car. My good friend Bruce Schultz, whose father was a good friend of Dr. Otto Blum in Albany, was younger than the rest of us, and was not imminently going to the services, and he decided to buy the car. Cars had gone up in price because no new ones were being built. With the rebuilt engine, a paint job, the new upholstery along with the fact that no new cars were being built, \$250 seemed like a fair price. I told him it had a weak clutch. But Bruce, who later became noted as “Atom Bomb Schultz” fit the description, and in a few days the clutch went out, and had to be replaced. This did not make any of us happy, but when he eventually went in the service, he sold it for even more money, and everyone came out O.K. (I had offered to take back the car, but he still said he wanted it.) We still saw it around Madison in the early 1950’s.

Chapter 44

Moving to Florida

In the spring of 1943, Dad's work at Shearman & Sterling law office in New York City was finished. He decided not to take a stock and bond job in New York City that had been offered to him. Marion Ruth, who had by now finished at Barnard College (The Women's part of Columbia) had since found out that UCLA was not in fact second to Harvard Law School in difficulty. I was completing my sophomore year at Leonia, New Jersey High School. We had both hoped Dad would have taken that job in New York City, as we liked Leonia. It was exciting to be a part of, even if a peripheral part, of what is now "The Big Apple." Mother too, I think was disappointed, but she seldom complained.

Dad had begun to have the wanderlust again, and I believe this was his reason to turn down the job offer. He probably also didn't look forward to years of commuting on the bus in New Jersey to the subway rushes in New York City. He was 49 at the time, which seems young to me now. In any event, he felt we should all move to Miami for a year. We all agreed, but Mother and I held out for the agreement that after that year we would move back to Wisconsin. Mother wanted to be close to watch over her aging Mother, Regula. I wanted to get back to my boyhood grade school friends, and to be closer to the farm. The farm was the love of my life during this time period. I did have a girlfriend that I was interested in but nothing that was great enough to keep me in New Jersey. Marion seemed to be willing to try anything, so with the understanding that we could return to Wisconsin in the spring of 1944, we went to the farm for the summer of 1943, prior to our move to Florida.

The movie "Summer of '42" has always been a super nostalgic movie for me. I was the same age as the characters, like the characters, we lived in the East and the time during war was the same. As you recall, the summer of 1943 was the first summer I worked in the "W. E. Blum Store."

In late August, all four of us, plus our dear Doberman, Dobie, left for Miami. We rented a home near North Miami. Marion got a job as a secretary to the principal there and liked the work.

I was enrolled at Miami Edison High School, which even then had over 4,000 students. I arrived at school only after riding the school bus for what seemed like hours. The school was not nearly as good as the one in New Jersey.

I did have a wonderful American History teacher, Miss Alta Featherstone, who made it clear that the Civil War was not started because of slavery, but the slavery issue came along somewhat later, and became a rallying cry. She in no way condoned slavery but wanted the record set straight. She explained that the war was started because of economic problems for the South. The North was primarily industrial, and the South was primarily agricultural. The North had imposed high tariffs on all the industrial goods coming from Europe. This forced the South to pay artificially higher prices for the equipment and supplies they needed to operate their farms. On the other hand, the South had no tariffs to protect their agricultural products. When they sold the Ag products, they had to sell them at the much lower world prices, and this put the south in a definite economic squeeze they felt they couldn't endure. They were in essence forced to buy high and sell low. Therefore, they wanted to secede so they could get rid of paying the high tariffs, and level the playing field. Per Alta Featherstone, the idea of freeing the slaves came later in the Civil War.

While Alta Featherstone was terrific, my Algebra and Social Studies teachers were average. My physics teacher was a disaster. The story is that he had been kicked out of a professorship at Notre Dame for alcoholism. He was always sucking on cinnamon balls to cover up his breath. He would occasionally disappear from our classroom for 5-10 minutes while we just sat and fiddled around. On one of these occasions another teacher happened to come in and said, "Do you know where Mr. Hopkins (not real name) is?" One smart alec hollered from the back of the class, "Did you try the wine cellar?"

Talking about interesting teachers, because of the War, Dad volunteered to be a substitute teacher in high school. He had no teaching experience, but that didn't really matter because every class he had, he taught them about the stock market and how it worked, how to invest. Basically, the requirements for being a substitute teacher was to keep order. However, had any of those students listened to Dad and put into action any of his recommendations, they would have ended up as "the Millionaire Next Door." There were always a few smart alecs whose main goal in life was to make life hard for the substitute teachers. Dad had a plan which was rather effective. When he could no longer tolerate the unruliness of a particular student, he would say, "You may leave, now." The student would always ask, "Well where should I go?" they always hoped to be sent to the Principal's office so they could complain about the Substitute Teacher. But instead of doing that, he would

say, “I don’t care where you go, just get out of the classroom.” They didn’t know what to do. They couldn’t wander around the halls because they would get into trouble. They were sort of like a man without a country, and it made it very uncomfortable for them.

We didn’t have a real homeroom at Miami, Edison. Our “homeroom” was the letters “B” and “C” of the gymnasium bleachers. I had no friends. Lunchtime was terrible. I had no one to really sit with. There were three or four boys who tolerated me, but I was an outcast northerner who probably couldn’t be trusted. They sang songs saying very nasty things in a way that accented the syllable; it only sounded bad if you listened very closely. I sang a few of their songs, but I was not feeling comfortable, so I gradually disengaged myself from them which I am sure made them happy. There were some girls that looked nice, but there was no way to get to know them.

Every class had different students. Every homeroom was different, and everyone went home on a different school bus. We rode what seemed like another 100 miles home. Once arriving home at Biscayne Blvd. there was no one my own age to do things with except one younger, effeminate fellow. He was nice enough, but he made me uncomfortable. I did my homework, and there was not much else to do except water the tomatoes. There was of course no TV, and with wartime gas rationing we could not drive around much, and we only rarely went to the beach. We did go fishing a couple of times at Baker’s Haulover.

We were living on the income from Mother and Dad’s stocks and bonds, and Dad really didn’t have much to do. Dad and I delivered mail at Christmas time as they were short of help. It was a nightmare. Every day they would give us a different route, and the street numbers were the real nightmare. They would have 101st Street, 101st Avenue, 101st Terrace, 101st Boulevard etc., and of course the Christmas cards never had the address that accurately. Some of the houses were so big it was about a half a block to the front door, and then when you got there, you either couldn’t find the mail slot or a mean dog came out, or both.

After Christmas, the post office offered me a 2 or 3-time-a-week afternoon job working inside the main Miami Post Office sorting and “casing” mail. It was a lot better than delivering mail, and it gave me something to do. One thing that really bothered me was that some of the workers would see a package labeled “Fragile” and they would say, “Oh, it says Fragile” and then throw it as hard as they could.

I had one other neat weekend job. Two fellows had a big fruit stand with every imaginable type of fruit and vegetable. They had me in charge of all sales, although an old man helped keep track of the money. They left for the weekend, and man, did I sell fruit! They gave me a nice bonus when they came back.

When spring of 1944 rolled around, Dad said, "Wouldn't it be fun to go and live in Mexico City for a year and learn Spanish?" After having a year with virtually no friends my age, all I could think of was getting back to Madison, Wisconsin. Mother also felt the same way, in wanting to be closer to her Mother. Marion was plus or minus. Dad agreed that he had promised to go to Wisconsin after Miami, and we did.

The nicest part of Miami turned out to be seeing my Grandmother, Anna Blum and Aunt Birdie and Uncle Herman Theiler, who with their new son, William (Bill) were all living at Cocoa Beach Naval Base where Herman was stationed in the Navy. Cocoa Beach became Cape Canaveral, and then Kennedy Space Center. Herman did the same mail clerk work in the Navy that he had done in civilian life.

Also, we got to see Aunt Nona Blum McKinney, a teacher at Miami Edison High School. Her husband, Mac, was doing some special secret work in Brazil so we didn't see him. Uncle Otto, (Dr. Otto Blum) was in the US Naval Reserve, off in New Guinea as a flight surgeon, and his wife Elsie Feinberg Blum and our cousin, Grant Warren Blum were also living in Miami.

When the day came to leave Miami in early June of 1944, we were going in a two-car caravan, Mother, Dad, Marion, Dobie and I in our 1941 Chevrolet, and Aunt Elsie and Grant in their 1942 Chevrolet. The morning we were leaving, our dear old dog Dobie lost the use of her back legs and couldn't walk. She could tell we were ready to leave as she had travelled with us from coast to coast on numerous occasions. That dear dog dragged herself with only her two front legs in behind the back wheels of the car (which was still in the garage) so that if we had wanted to leave without her, we would have had to run over her with the car. More about this soon.

The trip turned out to be uneventful except for a once in a lifetime historical event. We had all gone to sleep in two cottages, I believe near Valdosta, Georgia. Apparently, Mother and Dad couldn't sleep or woke up in the middle of the night and happened to turn on the radio. To their amazement, the news flashes were that the U.S. Allies (U.S., Canadians, Brits, Free French and Australians) had started D-Day (June 6, 1944) and were storming the beaches at Normandy. This whole epoch

event kept us glued to the car radio as we drove only at the wartime mandated highway speed of 35 miles per hour. This was to save gasoline and tires.

That summer at the farm was my last summer there. I worked my second and last summer at Cousin Bill Blum's W.E. Blum Store in Monticello. I had great golf outings with cousin, Elmer Duerst, and friends Dean Zimmerman and Willie Elmer. Mother helped Grandma in the farmhouse. Marion and Dad were getting an old house on 2206 West Lawn fixed up for us to move in at the end of summer. Dear Dobie, gradually acquired some strength on the trip home, and by the end of summer was running around the farm like a spring chicken again. In retrospect now, from the vantage point of year 2014, this was one of the first times coming to the farm would become a rejuvenation and refuge for someone. It has continued to do this into the present, and hopefully into the future. In this case, for a dog, but it has now become a vision that the farm be a refuge and a place of rejuvenation for anyone in need.

Chapter 45

West High – Senior Year

In late August of 1944 we moved from the farm to the house on West Lawn Avenue in Madison. While it was an O.K. house it didn't seem as nice as the houses we had in New Jersey, and certainly not nearly as nice as the home in Miami, Florida; Westwood Village, California; or Nakoma in Madison.

It was somewhat *Deja vu* to walk the 10 blocks to West High School and there see my old 5th grade school buddies from Nakoma. There was Bill Frazier, Jack Hayes, Bruce Schultz, and others. C.O. Plaskett was there too but had dropped back a year along the way, and somehow our paths did not cross much. The old friends accepted me back into their circle of friends, which was a concern for me after having essentially zero friends in Miami.

It was a good year. I tried to go out for football as a 145 lb. Senior who was not overly fast or strong, and even in those days there were 2 players over 225 lbs. and one was 6'6". Needless to say, I didn't even get to play much on one of the "B" teams. Our "B" team was called the "X's" and probably was commensurate in ability to the location of the letter "X" in the alphabet.

I had quite good grades during the previous 3 years in high school except for German Class in New Jersey, and physics with the "wine cellar" man in Miami. There was a question by the West High principal, Mr. Christopherson, as to whether or not I should be invited to be in The National Honor Society. He asked me once when I was in his office getting some papers, which school was the hardest? I told him; Leonia was the hardest with West almost as hard and Miami the easiest. He must not have liked the answer, as I was never awarded that honor.

Mrs. Winifred Rennebohm, a longstanding family friend, and the Home Economics teacher at West were up in arms over Mr. Christopherson saying that I didn't go to West High long enough. She said if anyone ever deserved a "National" Honor Society rating in doing well at 3 different high schools in 3 different states it was I, but that didn't move Mr. Christopherson. Somehow, I have survived even without that honor.

I did take part in two plays: Thornton Wilder's "Our Town" and Victor Herbert's "Red Mill." The latter I did not try out for. John Ruple (also to become one of 5 or 6 doctors to come out of our class of 369) who had a singing and dancing part as "The Burgermeister," unfortunately got mumps 7-8 days before the big play.

My Speech Class Teacher, Mrs. Hansen, asked for anyone in her class to try out for the emergency replacement. I tried out, got the part, and had to learn 27 pages of lines and cues, plus a song and dance routine. I blew one short line which cut off Mary Sneed's only line, for which I felt terrible, but the rest went off without a hitch.

When I was a little boy, I often thought and talked about what I would do when I became an adult. As a little boy, I wanted to be a carpenter like my hero Einer Kloppedall. By my early teenage years, I had it down to a farmer, an archeologist, and a doctor. I had already ruled out being a National Park Forester as there didn't seem to be much future, and besides, I was not wild about how the government Post Office was run. I also ruled out electrical engineering, as I did not feel strong enough in math. The first two were beginning to not feel practical. The doctor thing was definitely intriguing, particularly with Dad's occasional pointing out how wonderful it would be to be a Doctor. His reasoning was that as a doctor you could be in and out of any social strata, from the very highest to the very lowest, and that could give the best opportunity for a full, varied, and worthwhile, rounded life.

I decided, therefore, that I better figure out if I really wanted to do this doctor thing. There was an afternoon program one day at the Old Methodist Hospital put on by the Jackson Clinic. All the seniors at West who had listed Medicine as a possibility for career counseling, were excused from class to go. This got me excited. But would I really be able to handle the blood and guts part? I decided the best thing to do would be to apply as an orderly in the old 1000-bed University of Wisconsin Hospital on University Avenue where I had previously started out life. I only worked 1 or 2 nights per week, and I was not given much instruction in how to do anything. Sink or swim. Being a male orderly, my main job was to do what nobody else had gotten around to doing that day. Of course, that usually was to give all the enemas. There were a few private rooms, but most enemas were given in bed with a bedpan. Occasionally they were glycerin enemas, but usually they were of the famous soap suds "Triple H" variety enema which stood for "High, Hot and Hell of a Lot."

Mother and Dad wondered if this would turn me away from medicine. It didn't.

As an aside, Mother had the knack of never seeming to be sound asleep. I could come in at night after work and be so quiet that it wouldn't spook a mouse.

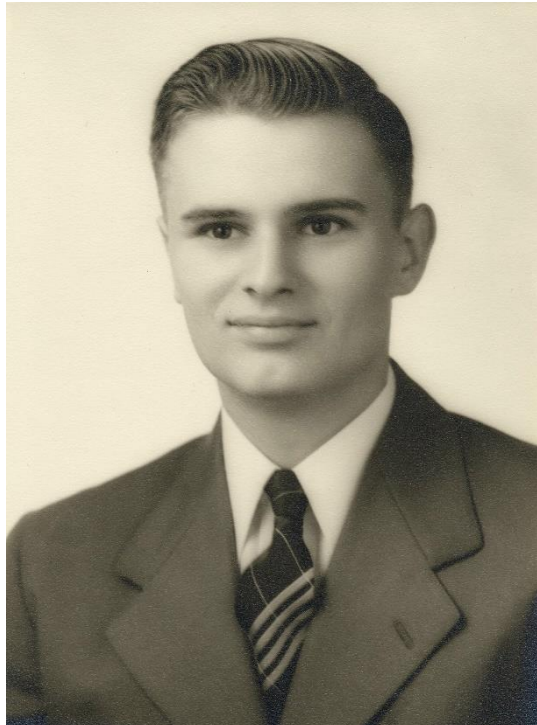
If I would very softly whisper, “Mother?” It would always be returned with a whispered, “What?”

Mother and Dad used to love to play cards, especially Bridge, with other couples. Dad used to love to play Jass (Old Swiss game), and he had a whole group of men in Madison that played Jass on an occasion in the evening. Cards never appealed to me, probably because I wasn’t good at it, and also someone had told me an old saying, “Lucky at cards, unlucky in love.” That didn’t seem like a good trade off to me. Be that as it may, I realized the only thing I liked about cards was getting up from the table.

One of the bad things we did on at least one occasion was that some of the kids at school found out that the UW Medical Students had their anatomy class in the top of the old, red stone Science Building on Park Street. Wouldn’t it be exciting to go up and see this place? It offered a risky, avant guard, spooky and career associated preview. It was after a school dance when about 5 or 6 of us girls and boys drove down to the Science Building and snuck in the unlocked front doors. We could see the watchman down the corridor, and fortunately he did not see us. We waited till he started “rounds,” and then we stealthily started up the big open stairway. Nobody knew exactly where the anatomy lab was but as I remember, Ki Amundson seemed to think it was in the very attic. We kept going up and up, as quietly as we could, and at last we found 2 swinging doors labeled “Anatomy Lab.” We entered with only a little light coming through the outside windows, and sure enough there were some long metal coffin-looking boxes on legs, with tin covers. We got up our nerve, and opened one of the tin covers, and low and behold there was a partially anatomized cadaver staring up at us. Wow! What an exciting and “Mission Accomplished” feeling we had. We had done it. But now getting out of the building unnoticed would be a bigger problem as undoubtedly, we had not been 100% quiet. We took turns going down one flight at a time, looking out for watchmen, and then signaling the others to follow. We finally got out unscathed, undetected, and exhilarated. It just whetted our desire, or at least mine, to get into the inner circle of medicine.

The year progressed quickly. The war was wearing on, and my going into the military began to appear over the horizon. I had two options: either enlist in a branch of the military or wait to be drafted. There was no great choice. Bill Frazier took the latter choice, as he was a few months older, and wanted to wait as long as

he could. Jack Hayes, Ken Livermore, and others signed up to go into Radar training. There were not called up until the end of summer.



Fred G. Blum, Jr. 1945

In about December of 1944 I found out if I enlisted in the Navy, they would guarantee that I could be in the hospital corps as a Hospital Apprentice 2nd Class. In as much as I was pretty certain by that time that I wanted to be a doctor, this appealed to me.

To give you an idea of how long people thought the war would still go on is as follows: Mother and Dad went with me to the old government Post Office on Monona Avenue in Madison (now Martin Luther King Boulevard), and we talked to the Navy recruiter. Dad asked the recruiter if he thought the Navy would be better, or if it would be better to go into the Army? The recruiter said the Army would be fine if you wouldn't mind marching around Asia during

1951, and 1952 or longer. This was before the Atom Bomb. I signed up for the Hospital Corps. In retrospect, this was probably not a smart thing as this was a fast track to being a corpsman with the Fleet Marines. Their job was to land, take, and hold the heavily defended Japanese islands. This came at great cost to marines and naval corpsmen. I feel rather certain that the Atom Bomb may have saved my life.

In early May of 1945, I received a letter from the U.S. Navy that I should report for duty to Milwaukee on June 6th. Graduation was to be a week later. I had to go around to all my classes to get my final grade a week early, and I missed graduation after all.

For virtually all my life, Marion Ruth had told me how a boy in her class was so friendly to everyone, not just the popular ones, but the unpopular ones as well. She encouraged me to be the same. I did try to take it to heart, and I guess it worked out, as the tag line for me in the West High yearbook was, "It Pays to Be Friendly." Thank you, Marion.

Chapter 46

Anchors Away

On the morning of about June 6, 1945 I was to leave by train from the Old Northwestern Depot on East Wilson and N. Blair Street. Mother and Dad were too depressed and downhearted to go. They had worked it out for our dear Mrs. Armitage (the 7th Day Adventist lady “who was very religious because she eats whole wheat bread” – a sentiment I expressed as a child) to meet me at 6:30 am at the railroad station. She prayed for me. I have had angels helping me all my life, and for many years didn’t realize or appreciate it.



Fred G. Blum, Jr. 1945. Summer at Boot Camp for the U.S. Navy at the Great Lakes Naval Training Base

I went from Madison to Milwaukee by train, and then onto Great Lakes Naval Training Base via the old North Shore Railroad.

We were to have 8 weeks of boot camp, but they didn’t know what to do with us, so we got 12 weeks instead. The first day the “old salts” that had been there a few weeks longer, told us “you must eat everything even if you don’t like it.” Being a finicky eater that was hard for me to do, but it was good advice. (Once at Boy Scout Camp I survived a week eating bread with butter smeared on it plus a layer of sugar!) In Boot Camp, I went from 145 lbs. to 165 lbs. in 12 weeks. At the time, Great Lakes Naval Training Base was the largest training base in the free world. All we did much of the day was march back and forth on the asphalt lot called “The

Grinder.” I thought there wouldn’t be much marching in the Navy. Was I ever wrong! One day, after we had been shining and polishing galvanized steel water buckets for an hour or two (which we had to do almost every day for busy-work) one of the guys said, “Chief Bullington, if I shine these anymore there is going to be a hole in the bucket.” The Chief replied briskly, “Then shine the hole!”

About 3 or 4 weeks after starting we were allowed visits on a Sunday. Mother and Dad, and maybe Marion came down with Professor and Mrs. Gibson whose

son “Hoot” was in another company nearby, and also eligible for visits. This was of course very welcome as we were all homesick.

Another good thing happened. I developed a friend, Dick Bleidt who was a streetwise, outgoing kid from Chicago. He asked if I wanted to come to see his family and cousins on a Sunday, later on when my folks were not coming from Wisconsin. I met his two cousins, Bonnie who was about 10 years old and really took to me. She said she would write me a letter. Her older sister, Nancy Wilcox was about 15 and was one of the 2 most beautiful girls I ever dated. (The other was my wife, Mickey.) A few days later, I got a letter from Nancy; she said Bonnie decided that she, Nancy, should write to me instead. I had big crush on Nancy. Another story about that later.

The first Atom Bomb was dropped on Hiroshima while I was in boot camp on August 6th, 1945 and the second one was dropped on Nagasaki on August 9th, 1945. The best news came on August 14, 1945: THE WAR WAS OVER! This became known as V-J Day, which stands for Victory over Japan Day.

Arguably, many people do not appreciate to this date the number of American lives, as well as even more Japanese lives, The Bomb may have saved. The Japanese declared that they were going to fight to the last person, and if that were true, it would have been terrible. I feel it is quite likely that the A-Bomb saved my life as I was scheduled to be assigned to a Fleet Marine Unit as a Hospital Corpsman and would have been going on to land with Amphibious Marine Units. Thank you, Lord.

After boot camp, we were sent on a troop train to Camp Farragut at Coeur d’Alene, Idaho for an intense 8-week Hospital apprentice course. That was a really tough course for all of us at least 30 trainees. I finished 4th highest. The other 3 had all had some college training. Two of those apprentices became my good friends: Clyde Gunn, a soft-spoken southern gentleman from Mississippi who went on to become a doctor, and Dean Plazak who also went on to become a doctor. He was a super-smart man as was his future wife, Margaret. Dean was quite an operator. We would go on liberty to Spokane, Washington, and he said the best way to find girls was to go to church. Sure enough, we went to a big Presbyterian church for morning service and got invited to a Doctor’s house. They had two girls; one was Mimi who seemed to fit with Dean, and her sister who seemed to fit with Clyde. I had a neighbor girl who was extremely flashy, and too much for me to handle. We saw them on more than one occasion and went horseback riding, roller-skating, and

also went to movies and dinners. One day, we had liberty during the week, and I got free tickets to the Esmeralda Golf Classic in Spokane. We saw Byron Nelson, Sam Snead, Ben Hogan, and others. I still have Ben Hogan's autograph which I later gave to my nephew, Rich Sweet.

After graduating from Corps School, I was reassigned to the Great Lakes Naval Hospital, and we essentially did nurse work. We gave meds, shots and of course, the never fail enemas. There were some nifty nurses, but they seemed too sophisticated, as they were officers. They seemed older and too unapproachable.

One weekend, Dick Bleidt took his future wife, his cousin Nancy, and me around to some of the big-name places in Chicago as he knew all the ropes. Nancy was from nearby Des Plaines. That was a terrific trip.

I might as well finish up this story now as later. After discharge from the Navy and in Pre-Med, I had several dates with Nancy. She came from Chicago to Madison, and I went from Madison to Des Plaines. While she was one of the nicest girls I ever dated, she was supplanted by Mickey Eye. We had Dick Bleidt and his wife up to visit us at the Tri-Delta House the first summer we were married. As a long term follow up, about 40 years later, I received a call from Dick Bleidt. He said that his cousin, Nancy Wilcox, had been divorced, remarried and her husband died. He wanted to know if I was still married, or available for his cousin. Needless to say, I had no continuing interest at this time as I was happily married to the love of my life.

One day during a month of night duty, one of the Corpsman said, "Let's go down to the Chicago Opera, and see if we can get to be "extras" in an opera." We went, and they told us where to go and what to do. We came back at the appointed time and appeared in the Opera Lohengrin. It was fun to hear the "stars" practicing and warming up their voices. They said we did a good job and gave us tickets to the "Barber of Seville," one of my favorites. I am the only one in our family that can say I was in an Opera. Sorry girls.

Chapter 47

This is not the Navy

On returning from Hospital Corps School at Farragut, Idaho to the U.S. Naval Hospital at Great Lakes, I was assigned to two wards of sailors with osteomyelitis, which is of course infection of the bone, which once started is very hard to treat. It required packing the deep holes in the bone and soft tissue either with sulfa or penicillin packs. After months to years of treatment, often times it would be improved, but it was a super difficult problem. Another poor fellow had been hit by friendly fire with a phosphorus bomb, and his skin was constantly being eaten away as the phosphorus never stopped burning. It was virtually impossible at that time to remove every last particle.

One day several of the less serious osteo patients said to me, “This whole thing here is not the Navy.” “The real Navy is aboard ships.” This kind of bugged me. I wanted to see what the real Navy was like. I realized a hospital apprentice Corpsman First Class wouldn’t cut much ice on a ship, so I studied up as quickly as I could, and passed my Pharmacist Mate Third Class rating.

Mother and Dad were not wild about it when I then signed up for Sea Duty. Nothing happened and nothing happened. When I had almost forgotten about Sea Duty, all of a sudden, I received papers that I was to go on a one-man draft to Norfolk, Virginia, and then go by troop ship to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba to be part of the Shake Down Cruise of the USS Tarawa, CV 40. Wow! That was exciting.

I went by train to Norfolk, then by Troop Ship to one of the most beautiful bays in the world at Guantanamo, Cuba. There, at anchor, were two big carriers: the Essex Class USS Tarawa, and an even larger FDR class. We went by a “gig” (small motorized boat) from the Troop Ship with our one giant sea bag with all our worldly belongings over to the giant carrier. We had to get out of the gig and carry the sea bag up the steps (ladder in Navy terms) to the hanger deck about 50 feet above the water.

We were greeted by the Captain, and ushered to the sick bay, where we met 3 officers and about 14 other Pharmacist Mates and Corpsmen. There was a room for sick call, twice a day - a pharmacy, an operating room. The bed section was built over and around a pair of 18” x 18” square tubes that ran right through the middle and carried 5” shells to the fantail gun emplacement. Built around this were 60 beds hanging and stacked, 2 or 3 high.

Our personal sleeping quarters were up a ladder through several bulkheads and into a separate compartment. Boy, was it hot! There was no air conditioning, but there were fans. The bunks were 3 high with another set 4 inches to one side and on the other side was an 18” walkway and then another tier of bunks. Also, more bunks at your head and still more at your feet. Each bunk was about 28” wide. If you lay on your back, you might poke the person above you in their back if you had your knees flexed. It was quite interesting. The war was over, and that was good, but I remember praying that we didn’t get into war with Russia. There was a big worry that it might happen at the beginning of the Cold War.

Sick call had the usual colds, aches and pains and goof-offs. The latter not getting much sympathy. I was placed in charge of the 60-bed ward, but did not have it long, as I did not crack the whip hard enough. We had a few unusual medical challenges. Once, one of the “Airedales” (those men who move the planes on the flight deck) got blown back into a propeller of a Corsair, fighter plane. He was brought down to sickbay. Surprisingly, he did not look chopped up too badly, but of course he suffered terrific internal injuries, and subsequently died on the way to the land-based hospital. Nowadays, I believe he would, and could be saved.

The point of a “shakedown cruise” was to take about 8 weeks to put the ship through all its paces, and to be sure the ship personnel knew everything they were supposed to, and make sure that everything checked out OK. The Navy would accept the ship from the construction people only if the shakedown was satisfactory. The routine was that on Monday morning, we left and headed out to sea. The next day the flight boys flew out to meet us from the land base and practiced ship landings. During the week, they did plane take-off and landings, and put the ship itself through its paces.

I remember once they had the 887-foot long Tarawa weighing 35,000 tons going at Flank speed (this is above “full speed” and is the absolute max the ship can go). All of a sudden, they threw it into full reverse, and our whole sick quarters jumped up about 2 feet into the air. Nothing seemed to break, but I don’t understand why it didn’t. Another time while at sea, a sailor got appendicitis and needed surgery. Unfortunately, the Chief Medical Officer was an “Internist” and the next in command was an OBGYN Doctor. They did an emergency surgery, and the patient lived. Another job I had was as a Dental Assistant to the two full time Dentists we had. I worked with mercury amalgams, and I have since wondered if it

affected my health in later life (Parkinson's) as we took no precautions working with it.

Our peacetime compliment was 3,000 men. During wartime, it would go up to 4,000, a decent sized city. We never dared throw anything overboard as this could give the enemy possible information about the ship. All the ships garbage had to go through a special superfine grinder for the same reason.

One of the big medical problems and concerns was that of syphilis and gonorrhea. After every shore liberty the troops went on, the sailors who had had sex were given treatment with a special mercury and bismuth (as I recall) ointment that was used externally and inside the urethra as well. This was a "prophylaxis" or "prophy." We had one corpsman, Rodney Pinkham who went to a Cuban brothel, and "fell in love" with one of the girls there. On his first experience with her, or any woman for that matter, he contracted syphilis. At that time penicillin, was just coming in, and they still were using mercury compounds for treatment. The saying was "A night with Venus, and two years with Mercury."

Some of the hard corps "old salts" would go down to the torpedo room and steal out the 95% alcohol (190 proof "Torpedo Juice" used to propel the torpedoes) to drink and get drunk.

One of the exciting times was General Quarters when the ship was put into battle condition. My battle station was by the 5" guns alongside the port bow just below the flight deck, where I was to take care of injuries if they occurred. It was set up so anybody going from lower decks would go up ladders (steps) on starboard side of the ship (right side as you face the bow). The port side ladders were used to go down to lower decks. This prevented people trying to go up and down at the same time.

These drills were usually held before morning when it was still dark. We would rush up the starboard ladder, and cross over to port bow. If we stood up at our station, our heads could just look over the flight deck. There were 2 steam-operated catapults: one on port, and one on starboard. The inverted Corsair gull wing piston planes were hooked on the catapult. Before take-off, they revved the planes up to full throttle. The plane strained forward against the temporary connection to the catapult hook. During this, the plane would be vibrating and rocking slightly. The roar was deafening, and blue sparks were coming out of the exhaust pipes against the night sky. It was a terrific experience. (As Jack Hayes, Bill Frazier and I used to say, to denote the epitome of strength, this was "A Powerhouse

Sledgehammer” experience.) All of a sudden, the catapult cut loose, and the plane would be air borne in several seconds. Everything was done to give the plane the utmost advantage. The ship was always heading into the wind at full speed; this would help the straining engine plus the catapult by another 35 miles/hour.

By about Thursday of the week, the planes would leave and fly to the land base. Approximately a day later, the ship arrived back at Guantanamo. I seldom went on liberty at the base as the only thing to really do was drink, and see the “ladies” (prostitutes), and I was not into that scene. I did go on liberty once and got Mother and Marion each an alligator purse.

After about a month, I got a 3-day liberty, and went by train from “Gitmo” to Santiago, Cuba. Cuba’s second biggest city was basically on the opposite side of the island from Havana. The train ride was 35 miles, and it took over 4 hours. They were selling Hatuey beer, sections of sugar cane and pineapple. The Cuban beer was 12% alcohol compared to about 8% for American beer, and the unknowing American sailors really got a surprise.

I tried to walk all around Santiago by myself, but a little Cuban boy wanted to follow me, and be my “helper.” We went out to see “San Juan Hill” where Teddy Roosevelt prevailed at a famous battle of the Spanish-American War. The hill was rather unimpressive (not nearly as big as the hills on the farm) but I am sure it was a tough battle back then in those days. Later in the afternoon I talked with a man on the street and he said, “I see you have been with my grandson.” This was rather startling. I figured maybe as late afternoon was approaching, I better be a little careful. I found a fellow from our ship and figured it might be good to stay with him. Unfortunately, he decided it was his duty to check out all the houses of ill repute. The girls would come and jump on us and say, “He’s mine – He’s mine!” Fortunately, we were too scared to give in to their callings. At one place, there was a young middle-aged man with sores all over his body. I am sure in my own mind that he had tertiary (end stage) syphilis.

When we escaped the clutches of those places, and it was getting time to go back to the hotel, he decided he wanted to “visit” with a woman after all. He picked the most beautiful girl who was being marched around the square by her pimp. He was then taken back to her home where her parents lived, who in turn protected the two of them from other potential customers who wanted to come in! I went directly to our hotel.

At the conclusion of the Shake Down Cruise, we returned to Norfolk (“Norfork”) as the sailors called it. They had signs in Norfolk: “Sailors and Dogs: Keep Off the Grass.”

At the time I believe was getting paid about \$57/month. Going on liberty could be costly, so I didn’t go too much as I wanted to send postal money orders home for school in the future. On one occasion, a cherubic, naive, baby-faced Tim Goodwin from Massachusetts decided to go on liberty. We could get haircuts for about 15 cents on the ship, maybe it was even free – I don’t remember. In any event, Tim decided he would stop in and get a haircut in downtown Norfolk while he was on liberty. The barber asked him if he wanted a regular Navy haircut, or a special cut. He didn’t know what a special cut was but decided it was a good idea. Did he want a shave? Probably a good idea (all he had was a little peach fuzz). Did he want a shampoo? Fine. Would he like a head massage? A neck and back massage? OK. How about Hair Tonic? Sounds Good. How about some secret facial oils? Why Not. He apparently was in the chair for over an hour and when he got done, he owed them \$28 and his monthly salary was only \$41! When he got back on the ship, we ribbed him terribly – his face was all red, shiny and aglow! He looked as though he had just come down from Mt. Sinai and the burning bush.

This next story will be short. There was a fellow from Wisconsin, and as you will see, not too bright. He hated the Navy. I mean he hated it. He was married with one child. The Chief Petty Officer told him that if he would reenlist, he would get an extra 30-day leave. He took the 30-day leave, and now had 4 more years in the Navy. This really bothered me a lot at first – on further reflection it could have been the best place for him – at least he and his wife would have a steady income.

After the ship had repairs, and modifications performed in dry dock, we went through “Hampton Roads,” one of the busiest shipping areas of the world. We then cruised around the Virgin Islands, but we unfortunately received no liberty.

Chapter 48

Barracuda anyone?

While we didn't get any liberty in the Virgin Islands, we did anchor, off the islands, on one occasion. Our super gung-ho Chief Petty Officer Gibson decided he would go fishing off the ship's side. Lo and behold he caught a beautiful big barracuda with its even rows of white razor-sharp teeth. He was ecstatic about that fish! He left the fish on the deck while he went back to his bunk to get a camera. In the meantime, one of the Pharmacist Mates thought the teeth would make great mementoes, and he broke out about a dozen of the biggest ones with a pair of pliers. He then passed out one big, glistening, razor-sharp tooth to each Hospital Corpsman and Pharmacist Mate standing around, including me. Pretty soon the Chief Petty Officer returned. When he saw what had happened, he was livid and upset beyond belief as he had planned on getting it mounted as a Trophy Fish. Needless to say, "nobody knew what had happened" to the fish, or who might have been the culprit. For some strange reason, I carried that tooth around in my pocketbook for many years.

Chapter 49

Too Bad

One day, I decided it would be fun to get a plane ride in one of the ships planes. The “Airedales” and pilots looked favorably on the corpsmen as they all knew they might possibly need our services (even though outsiders would sometimes derogatorily call us “Bed Pan Commandos,” “Penis Machinists” and some even less favorable names). In any event, I asked one of the pilots if I could catch a ride. He said to be at flight deck at 0730 tomorrow, and I could ride in the bombay of his torpedo bomber. I was right on time and got strapped in the bombay. The plane was all revved up and getting in line for the catapult hook. However, for some reason he couldn’t get the bombay door to close, even after repeated trials, and the flight had to be cancelled. Wouldn’t you know: the next day the captain said over the intercom that hence forth only flight personnel would be allowed as plane passengers. Well it was fun to think about, “Too Bad.”

Chapter 50

Panama Canal



Fred G. Blum, Jr. in the Navy - 1946

After the “Shake Down” cruise was completed we then headed for the Panama Canal, on our way to the Pacific. The ship anchored on the Atlantic side, on, as I recall, a Saturday afternoon. I can’t remember if we were waiting our turn, or if they didn’t run ships on Sunday or what. In any event, we stayed tied up on Sunday, and we were given liberty. I went from the Atlantic side to the Pacific side, to the “Old Panama Ruins” on the 35-mile railroad across the isthmus, and then back that night. This was an interesting trip, and there were a surprising number of people. I bought an “alligator” belt at a shop and found out later from a lady at another shop that it was not an alligator belt, but that it was

still a good value, nevertheless. I also bought a real Panama hat (they are really made in Ecuador). It was all rolled up in a tight roll, which would have to be sized, shaped and blocked, which I never did. As I recall, I sold it to my father years later.

The next morning the USS Tarawa started its approximately 8-10-hour passage through the canal. This was one of the largest, if not the largest ship to ever go through the canal. It was so large that the sides got scraped up. When we got to Gatoon Lake, a freshwater lake, in the middle of the passage, we anchored. They flushed out all the ships internal pipes with fresh lake water. The most exciting part was going through the famous Culebra Cut, which they were constantly working on to keep it widened out, and to keep falling rock from sliding and sealing up the channel. This was the portion of the canal that defeated the original French builders of the canal. Malaria was another cause (or even the main cause) of failure. Finding the cause of Malaria, and then draining and treating the swamps, allowed the then American led construction companies to succeed in completing the canal.

Chapter 51

Leaving the Panama Canal

The remainder of the trip to San Francisco was uneventful except for two interesting facts. They wanted to continue landing and takeoff flight training, and secondly, a directive came from Naval Headquarters in Washington to conserve the fuel that runs the ships propulsion turbines. The only way to do that was to go at about 15 knots rather than the usual 30 knots.

Our ship would be going northerly at 15 knots. Then they would decide to have “flight quarters.” The way the trade winds blew was from the south, so the ship would turn around 180 degrees to head into the wind. This was so the planes could get the extra necessary lift they needed along with the required full speed of 35 knots for the 6-8 hours, or so of flight quarters. We would head north for 18-20 hours at 15 knots, and then during flight quarters head south for 6-8 hours at 35 knots. Consequently, it took us forever to go from Panama to Frisco. We always had one or two destroyers as escorts. When we headed into heavy seas, we were quite comfortable whereas the destroyers were bobbing around like corks and were referred to as “tin cans.”

It was now August of 1946, and as a member of the USNR (United States Naval Reserve) once the war was over, we were to be released for discharge. Those of us in the Reserve were to get off the ship and go back to our bases of enlistment for discharge, whereas the non-reserve “Regular Navy” personnel went on with the ship to Pearl Harbor. All of us getting off were excited as we headed back towards Great Lakes on the steam train. Many of us were ready to start the fall school term and start making up for lost time. After 3-4 days, we arrived at Great Lakes. I was in line to get my discharge papers and be in Madison that evening. One of the Navy clerks said, “Any corpsman or Pharmacists Mates here?” “Oh yes,” I said. “Better read this paper on my desk.” It read: **To Whom It May Concern: Until further notice all hospital personnel are ‘frozen’ until further notice and discharge cancelled.** Wow, that was a temporary blow. But when I realized we would be taking care of all those wounded men; how could I feel bad?

And there were many to take care of. Some interesting things did happen. I ran into the ‘Old Salt’ who was still at Great Lakes. He was the one that said, “This is not the real Navy. You should go to sea.” When I saw him now, he said,” I

noticed you yesterday and you look different.” Or “You walk different.” And “You act different.” I was different.

I worked for a while at the Great Lakes Naval Hospital information desk. One day the Marines brought in a sailor who had been in their Brig. He was all beaten up. He, of course, needed to be taken care of, and we asked what had happened to him. It was obvious that he had been “coached” by the Marines that were with him what to say. He said, “I slipped in the shower on a bar of soap.” Another time, one of the O.R. Corpsman and a lady “wave” (the Navy female personnel were referred to as waves) were caught in the hospital operating room “in flagrante.”

The funniest thing happened later in the fall. I had been on night duty, and was sleeping in the barracks when somebody woke me up and excitedly said, “It’s the Captain’s Secretary calling and there are some people here that want to see you right away.” I got up quickly, got dressed and rush over to the hospital headquarters. Who should be there but cousin Vice Admiral Walter G. Schindler and Captain Zeke Jarman both to see a Pharmacist Mate Third Class?! They knew my plight of wanting to get going in school, and they went to talk to my commanding officer that they both outranked. Walter said, “I could have pulled some strings, but Captain Brown said you would be out anyway in early January in time to start the second semester.” I got ribbed plenty about Walter and Zeke’s visit.

Discharge came in January 1947 as Walter and Zeke had related. I went home to 2206 West Lawn Avenue in Madison, to live with Mother and Dad, and start pre-med. Our dear dog, Dobie had died from pneumonia shortly before my discharge. She was 14 years old. And that was the end of an era; my childhood had also ended. Marion Ruth was now in Law School at The University of Wisconsin.

Chapter 52

Dandelion Wine

By William R. Frazier

It is hard to say what inspired the making of dandelion wine, as that is lost in the past youths of Fred Blum and Bill Frazier. However, it was the spring of 1948 that their enterprise began. Fred's Mother provided the necessary technical knowhow from one of her cookbooks. I think it was an early edition of *The Joy of Cooking*. (It was actually the *Settlement Cookbook*)

Following the methodology given in the cookbook our first task was to harvest dandelion petals from blooming dandelions. What better place to obtain them, we thought, than near Anne's house, in Vilas Park, a Madison city park where thousands of them were in bloom. So, there we went with scissors and grocery bags in hand to harvest the essential ingredient. On our hands and knees, we began cutting dandelion blossoms and then snipping the petals into the bags.

We were working very hard at this task when several people approached us and one asked, "What are you doing?" Quickly Fred answered, "We're working for the city in a dandelion control project." "You are? Do you actually get paid for doing this?" Fred answered, "Oh yeah, and we get paid \$10 a bag." "Wow!" said the astonished watcher, how do you get a job like that?"

We then told them that all they had to do was to go down to City Hall and apply for a job as they were looking for more workers. It was hard to keep a straight face.

We took our petals back to Fred's house and followed the instructions in the cookbook, which consisted of adding water, petals, sugar, and assorted citrus fruits to a large crock. After mixing this we sealed the top of the crock with a pan, which was made airtight with candle wax.

Following the incubation of a couple of weeks in Mrs. Blum's cold cellar we opened our fermenter and lo and behold, a beautiful aroma came forth. I suspect we probably tasted our product before filtering and bottling it and obviously it tasted marvelous.

We then stored the corked bottles in the cold cellar for future use, which we decided, would be the coming New Year's Eve. The anticipated evening came, and Fred and I proudly poured glasses of our wine to our guests, among who were our future wives Anne and Mickey. The response was totally unexpected. Anne said,

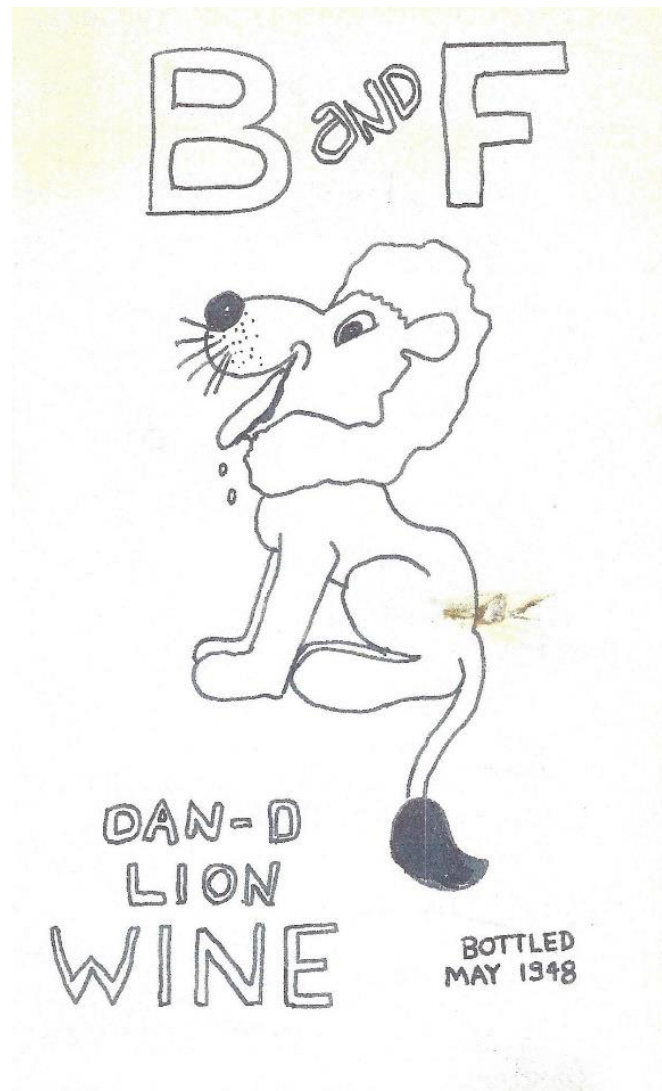
“This tastes like gasoline!!” Mickey had some equally complimentary remark, which obviously I have forgotten.

Despite this incident this did not stop true love and both couples were married in June of 1951. Of course, Fred and I know what the slight flavor problem was caused by, but we refuse to reveal it because of proprietary knowledge. Who knows? We might want to make more.

P.S. I have been given permission by Bill Frazier to divulge the proprietary secret. We stirred the above mixture of water, petals, sugar, and assorted citrus fruits with Mother’s golf putter.

Fred Blum, Co-Producer

P.S. II – The label of “Dan-D-Lion” Wine is enclosed. B and F is the specific brand name, and as you can see, B and F can stand for either “Bill and Fred” or “Blum and Frazier.” Artwork by Fred G. Blum, Jr.



Chapter 53

Westward Ho!

I think I have the wanderlust gene. In addition to all the family trips we have taken, I always had a hankering to strike out on my own. In a previous story, I mentioned a young man in a Reader's Digest article who waved good-bye to his Texas college football team as they pulled out of the railroad station, on their way to California. He hitchhiked starting right then. Believe it or not he was on hand to greet the team as the train pulled into the station in California. That story was rambling around in my mind for many years.

Ed Gibson and I had planned a motorcycle trip to Mexico sometime during our early college days, but for some reason it did not materialize. Having missed the fall semester in 1946 because of being frozen in the hospital core for another 6 months, I had to make that semester up with 3 summer schools. Bill Frazier, my long-term friend, best man at our wedding, and the co-producer of the infamous dandelion wine had talked for several years about the idea of hitchhiking someplace together. We tentatively set the time to be between the end of the summer session and the beginning of the fall semester in 1948.

We decided we would strike out for California and stop to see my Great Aunt Bertha and Uncle Dr. Clarence Hefty in Los Angeles. Bill's dad, upon hearing this plan, was not overly wild about Bill's going, and neither were my parents for that matter. Bill's dad and my father probably thought somewhat alike, as they were both friends in their high school days at North Division High in Milwaukee. Bill's mother had passed away by that time, and Bill did not want to overstress his dad by leaving on what was considered by some to be a hair-brained scheme. I don't blame him for a minute as Bill always took the high road in everything he did. I allowed that I would probably go anyway.

Mother and Marion made up a neat sign that read: "Westward Ho" (after a book by the same name). It was a banner of old white sheeting approximately 30" wide by 10" high with bright red block letters. I made two handles for either side of the banner from a wooden stiffener from the bottom of an old pull-down shade. It could be rolled up or unrolled quickly. The idea was that it would give perspective ride-givers a feeling of my legitimacy and reliability. I had a brown leather bag from the early 1900's with 2 belt-like straps to help hold the bag together. It was a little on the heavy side, as I did not know about lightweight backpacks and lightweight

travel gear at that time. I don't remember exactly how much money I had but it was around \$20 – not more. Dad gave me a bunch of penny postcards, pre-stamped, and said he would give me 10 cents for each one I mailed back no matter how many.

Telling people that I was going to hitchhike to California sounded very romantic. However, as the 15th of August approached, I must admit I felt a twinge of apprehension. This was especially true since I knew my good friend Bill was unable to go.

Finally, the day arrived, and about 1:00 pm I walked 2 blocks west from 2210 Keyes Avenue to the corner of Edgewood and Monroe Street. I waited about 20 minutes and four boys stopped to pick me up. They were heading to Iowa they said. They seemed nice enough, but they seemed a little strange, and they had their private jokes. I believe we stopped at Cedar Rapids, Iowa and I stayed at the YMCA. I sent my first and only post card of the entire trip. In the morning, I headed west, and I don't exactly remember the first ride of the morning. As mentioned, the bag was slightly heavy and clumsy, but I could tell the Westward Ho sign was helping.

Early in the afternoon a man in his early 40's with a Kaiser-Frazer car gave me a ride to the middle of Kansas (the Kaiser-Frazer was developed by the Kaiser-Frazer ship yards of World War II fame, and was made for only 4-8 years). The man that picked me up in Kansas said after a while that he was getting awful sleepy, and that the only way to get over being tired was to drive real fast. Wow, that was scary! A tired man driving a fast car, very fast, and of course there were no seat belts in those days. (The cars in the 1930's and 1940's would be easily capable of going over 100 miles/hour which was over 80 years ago.) Towards the western end of Kansas when the fast driving was over, (fortunately without incident) I was out in the middle of no place. A man dressed like a rich rancher drove up in a big Buick Roadmaster, and we drove to Cheyenne, Wyoming. By about suppertime, he said I should wait in the car and he would call home. He said he would like to take me to his ranch to meet his daughter, but he didn't know if it would work out or not. He went to check, and I sat in the passenger seat, and I did something I knew was wrong, but I felt an overpowering desire to do it. I knew, I just knew, there was going to be a gun in the glove compartment. I looked and sure enough, there was a pearl-handled automatic pistol in there. I quickly shut the glove compartment. Soon thereafter the rancher returned and said that unfortunately it wouldn't work out to go to the ranch. I often wondered if he had been watching me and decided I was not reliable, or if indeed their ranch schedule did not permit. I must say I was

disappointed. It sounded like a fun thing to do – to go to a ranch – and who knows, maybe the daughter would be O.K. (Mickey says, “probably not”).

I then went to the White Tower Restaurant and ordered my usual meal of hamburgers, which cost about 10 cents (they may have been 15 cents by that time). I started a conversation with a man, and he asked if I had a driver’s license. He wondered if I was going west, and could help him drive all night through Wyoming, as he needed to get to Oregon as soon as he could. I said I would, and I did help him drive, and we went by way of Jackson Hole. Unfortunately, I was so sleepy that he ended up doing most of the driving, but I did do some and it did help him out. By the next morning we got to a place called “Little America” in Utah, which was not much more than a fork in the road. The driver took the north fork to Oregon and I got out, as I needed to go on the south fork on to southern California.

On the back of the road marker signs at the fork in the road somebody had written: “Been here 2 weeks and still no ride!” It was about 11:00 am and it was hotter than blazes. Some miners came along and gave me a ride in an old truck. The truck ran out of water, and I suggested they put some water in from a nearby creek. Unfortunately, they didn’t put the water in slowly enough and it cracked the block. They were not very happy because it was my suggestion, but it was not the water that was a bad suggestion but how the water was used. Somehow or other they limped the vehicle into a nearby town to a garage. I felt bad for them but there was nothing I could really do, so I finally started hitchhiking again. After three or four hours, I was beginning to get a little discouraged from not getting a ride. I thought that maybe the effect of my “Westward Ho” sign was wearing out, as by now, I was already out west. Finally, a retired older man and woman stopped and picked me up. They said that they, “Never picked up anybody but with the way I looked plus the sign they could not resist stopping.” They took me by the “Devil’s Slide” which is a geological formation in Utah. It looks like a toboggan slide made of rock with jagged rock side railings. This rocky looking “toboggan slide” went straight down a fairly good size mountain. They took me into Salt Lake and dropped me off at the west edge of town as it was getting dusk. I didn’t know where to go to sleep or what to do as I was in the outskirts in this big city when God brought a young missionary and his wife along. They gave me a ride along with another hitchhiker that I did not know. They were headed to California and drove through the mountains. Their heater didn’t work, and we almost froze – or at least it seemed

like it. We drove all night, and I don't recall if I did any of the driving or not, but I don't think so. I slept most of the time.

By late the next morning they went as far as Fresno in the central valley of California. I got a room there in a semi-flop house and was too exhausted to even stop and get a meal, although I think I had a couple of candy bars. I slept the rest of the day, and all that night, and got up the following morning, which was the morning of the 4th day, as I recall. I got a ride with a young Cal Tech engineer with an old Buick, which according to him had 285,000 miles on it (cars in the 30's and 40's as mentioned were just about as fast as they are now but the engines didn't last a long time – Ford's would often start using oil at about 20,000 miles). He said he had been married to a minor starlet movie star, but he was divorced, and she was now married to Charles Lawton, I believe. He took me to the outskirts of Los Angeles, and I got a streetcar that took me to 6430 San Vincente Boulevard where Dr. Clarence and Aunt Bertha Hefty resided along with his aged parents in a duplex. Madison to Los Angeles in 5 days!

Clarence and Bertha had a nice house, but he probably retired a little too soon or the cost of living was catching up with him, and they were always pinched a little for money. To do something nice for me, Aunt Bertha took me to a dinner at a swanky restaurant in Hollywood. She had won two tickets for the dinner by entering some radio contest. Uncle Clarence claimed that he didn't want to go, but I'm sure that before I came, he definitely would have gone. While we were at the restaurant, Uncle Clarence answered the telephone. It was my father calling and Dad said, "Is Fred there?" Uncle Clarence said, "No, he's not here," (pause) (Dad's heart sank) Uncle Clarence replied, "But he was!" I had gone so fast on the trip that I never had time to write more than one post card. Dad had already alerted his friend, Sheriff Ace Fischer in case I wasn't there.

Several days later, Uncle Clarence took me to the old Gilmore Racetrack where they had midget car races, and that was very exciting. One good thing I was able to do for them was to fix a washing machine of theirs that they were told would cost \$45 to fix. I figured all it needed were some new "motor brushes" which we were able to purchase from a motor shop down near the University of Southern California for a dollar or two. The motor worked fine, as did the washing machine, and they were tickled pink. I tried to talk them out of it, but they insisted that I take \$15. I left for home about 4 or 5 days later. I took a streetcar out to the east outskirts of Los Angeles and started to use my now "Eastward Ho" banner which Aunt

Bertha had doctored up to make “West,” “East.” The first car that came along was a big Oldsmobile with a big U-Haul type trailer with California license plates. The man driving the car asked me where I was going, and I said I was going toward Chicago. He said he was going east, but was a little nebulous about where, as I suppose he wanted to be sure I was not trouble. When it came time for sleeping at night, he said he didn’t want to spend the money for a hotel, so he said he would sleep in the front seat, and I could sleep in the back seat. He was moving back to the east from California. To make a long story short, his name was Fred Caron, and he lived in Neenah-Menasha with his wife. He dropped me off as close to home as I could have gotten with the city bus, and all with one ride. I’ve always been sorry that I didn’t encourage him to stop and stay overnight at the folk’s house instead of encouraging him to drive the rest of the way home. With the \$15 that I got from Aunt Bertha and Uncle Clarence, and the 10 cents from the one post card, the trip cost me less than \$10! This is a case of all is well that ends well, and this was the grand finale to my previous hitchhiking episodes.

Chapter 54

Pre-Med

I looked forward to talking with my University of Wisconsin pre-med advisor regarding what things I needed to take, and what things would be desirable etc., etc. I went to the orientation meeting and was told that for the four or five hundred pre-med students there would be no individual advisors as there were no choices or options. There were so many pre-med students at that time because all the vets getting out of the service seemed to want to go into pre-med.

The first semester you took everything on the list. The second semester you took everything on the next list, and on and on. Pre-med, for the most part, was a grind. Bill Frazier and I didn't live more than 12 blocks from each other, and on Saturday nights we often walked home from the capitol square, and discussed girls, or tried to solve other weightier problems. The University of Wisconsin had some top-notch basketball teams, and one of the best boxing teams in the U.S., which gave us some fun things to do.

One day, Dad decided if we sold our present house and bought a cheaper one, we could take the difference and invest it wisely, which he could very well do, and be better off for it. We even went to look at an old, small, run-down place near the stadium. I hated it, and Mother and Marion didn't like it either. Finally, I said to Dad, "It seems every time we move, we go into a crappier house."

We could tell this really bugged Dad. He got off that idea, and the next house was the neat brick bungalow at 2210 Keyes Avenue where they stayed for fifty years (from 1947 until Mother died in March 1997). Then our daughter Elsbeth (Baeti) Blum Ng and Albert Ng lived there until 2005. Now Albert Ng's sister Helen and her husband live there. Incidentally, this area of Madison is one of the only places in the U.S. where you can go to school from kindergarten through doctorate level study, and still walk to all your classes. This can be done in either a public Grade School, public High School, and public University (University of Wisconsin); or a private Grade School, private High School and Private College (Edgewood College) without even having to take a bus!

Pre-med studying took most of my time. I had a few hour-a-week house cleaning job and took odd jobs wherever possible. I had planned originally on all sorts of fun summer jobs, such as working at a national park, or at a big resort in Northern Wisconsin. However, because of getting out of the Navy one semester

late, I had to make that up, which I did by going to 3 summer schools. I would not recommend this, as in fall when everybody was eager to come back and start school, we were still burned out from summer school. But it did work.

To keep from being a stick-in-the-mud, I joined the Dance Committee at the Wisconsin Student Union, and we put on many big dances including the 100th year Centennial Ball. We had one “name” band, I believe, Stan Kenton in Great Hall plus three other bands in other rooms.

On other weekends I would get together with Bill Frazier, Jack Hayes, and other West High grads. In about our junior year, Bill, Jack, Bruce Schultz, and Ken Livermore all joined a fraternity, which tied them up on weekends. So not having anything to do myself, I joined Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity along with Henry Carlson, Jim Karch and Jim Borden.

I dated quite a bit but wasn’t finding exactly who I was looking for. While in the Navy, I formulated and wrote down on a paper the prerequisites my future wife needed to have and carried it in my wallet until I got married. Actually, I had two versions: the long form and the short form. The short form was that she was to be “Beautiful In Mind, Body & Soul.” The long form was: honest, sense of humor, believe in God, loyal, like to travel, beautiful, fun, same religion, trustworthy, friendly, smart...and brown eyes.

I was always worried about being able to get into Medical School. By my second summer school session I had found a very lovely girl, Hannah McCormick; I liked her a lot. Also, her uncle was an Archbishop at Marquette University in Milwaukee, and she assured me that he would get me into Marquette Medical School. In those days, the Protestants and Catholics were becoming very polarized, and I was afraid this might present problems. Fortunately, later Pope John XXIII (1958-1963) defused many of the polarizing issues, and this antagonism melted away. (More regarding Hannah later).

Because I was so worried about not getting into Med School, I purposed to have a fallback position. I was trying to formulate what that would be. I thought it would probably involve going to study a year or two in England. Consequently, one evening, I went to the Education School Library to look up how one would go about applying to Oxford or Cambridge. When I walked into the library a gorgeous librarian looked over at me, and gave me a great big friendly smile, and I thought, “Wow! This is terrific.” As the night in the library wore on, I could see that the

initial enthusiasm I had definitely seen in this girl's face was giving way to a more serious, business-like countenance. What was going on?

The library closed and I walked down to the bus stop at University Avenue and Park Street. Who should be there but the same beautiful girl, but boy was she businesslike. What had I done? We both rode in silence until my bus stop at Commonwealth and Allen Street and I departed. Did I have B.O. or bad breath? What was the deal?



*Miriam Gale Eye – 1948.
This vision of beauty would
become my bride and the
love of my life.*

Several days later, I walked down to a bus stop on the other side of the block, and who should be there waiting, but the beautiful girl from the library. We acknowledged that we had seen each other before. The girl apologized for acting so standoffish. She said when I walked into the Education Library and she saw the big brown eyes, she thought at first, I had been her practice teacher at Wisconsin High. When she realized I was not the practice teacher she was embarrassed, and she stopped bubbling over. She volunteered her name was “Mickey.” I told her that my mother, dad, and I were going away on a 3-day trip to Duluth, but could I call her when we got back? She allowed that that would be O.K.

Mother, Dad, and I had a wonderful 3-day trip to Northern Wisconsin. Marion Ruth Blum Sweet was not along as in June, she and Elliott Sweet had been married, and now our family was smaller. On return, I set up a date with Mickey for the following Saturday night. Somehow, she found out I was of Swiss descent.

When Saturday came, I always was trying to squeeze in extra things to try to get done, and consequently was probably getting into the bathtub about the time I was due for the date. That day, I was washing and waxing Mother and Dad's beautiful maroon 1947 Deluxe Chevrolet with a terrific radio. Unfortunately, even being late for the date, I had only gotten the right half polished. Mother and Dad were very good about letting me use the car, as basically I was very careful with it. On one previous date with a dippy girl, I was trying to parallel park the car near a signpost. I asked the girl, “Am I going to hit the post?” “You're OK,” she said.

“Still OK?” I ask. “Yes.” Closer, then, “Still OK?” “Yes.” Crash, I hit the fender on the post. That was the last date with that girl.



Miriam Gale Eye and Fred G. Blum, Jr. - 1949

Back to Mickey, I got to her house at 438 Virginia Terrace, and had to park the car so the polished side would show up at the curb. I was undoubtedly late as I usually was in those days. Beautiful Mickey answered with a smiley, flushed face with a hint of anxiety in it and whispered, “I can’t remember your name.” This was off to a good start. She invited me in to say hello to her folks, Professor Glen Eye and her mother, Mrs. Lucile Eye. She had it all planned to recover fully for not remembering my name and she said, “Mother and Dad, I would like you to meet Fred Blum, he is Swedish!” Holy Cow - what about this girl? On further reflection, I realized I was not perfect as I was late in getting to her house, and I only had one half of the car polished so neither of us was perfect. And boy, was she pretty! I knew another date was coming.

One day, I met Mickey on the city bus on the way to class. Mickey was standing really close and holding my hand as we walked to the back of the bus. I looked down and who was there but my old girlfriend, Hannah McCormick. I wanted to drop through the floor! Mickey kept jabbering away and tugging on my arm. All I could muster was a weak, “Hello, Hannah.” I did not handle the Hanna situation right. I just sort of faded out without ever saying anything to her. I regret this. Things fortunately have a way of working out. Her brother, years later, when I was in practice in Madison, came to me as a patient. So, I guess there were no real hard feelings. To make it still better, her brother told me Hannah ended up marrying another doctor and his name was Fred!

During my senior year in Pre-Med, Mickey got the bright idea we should “go steady.” Although I had dated over 30 girls, I had never gone steady before. I didn’t know exactly what that would entail. She said, “Well, instead of dating only on Saturday nights, we would see each other during the week as well.” My goodness! That might be risky, as I didn’t know how I would get all my studying done. Also,

even though I had applied to about 6 or 7 med schools, I hadn't heard back one way or the other, and I was still worried about that. Mickey assured me that "meeting once during the week would be O.K." Naïve, Fred asked, "Would that mean we would kiss during the week as well?" Mickey further assured me that it would, and that that would also be O.K. Steady we went. One bad thing I did (many others during my life) was not to give Mickey my Fraternity Pin when she first asked for it. That was really bad, and I still feel like an ogre for that – I have tried to make up for it since.

I applied to the U.W. of course, and about 6 other schools. I was on the alternate list for U.W., and they said everyone on the alternate list almost always gets in on the final acceptance list. It didn't happen that year because of the Korean War coming on, and nobody was giving up his or her place.

Cousin Dr. John Schindler was probably the most famous M.D. in the State of Wisconsin at that time. He was one of the first to be interested in psychosomatic illnesses. He had a national best seller "How to Live 365 Days a Year," and some of his examples in the book still make me laugh when I think of them. During Pre-Med, I had a protracted time where I had terrible headaches. Dr. John gave me a most thorough exam including X-rays, a spinal tap, and the whole works. He told me in conclusion that I was suffering from nervous tension and stress, and once I realized that the headaches were gone. I have practically never had a headache since. In any event, Dr. John was pulling strings to get me in at Washington University in St. Louis.

I realized that if I did get accepted, I would be frantically busy, and not have time for social niceties. Consequently, in July I wrote all my Christmas cards including envelopes and stamps, so all I would have to do would be to drop them in the mailbox just before Christmas.

Chapter 55

Wow! I got accepted!

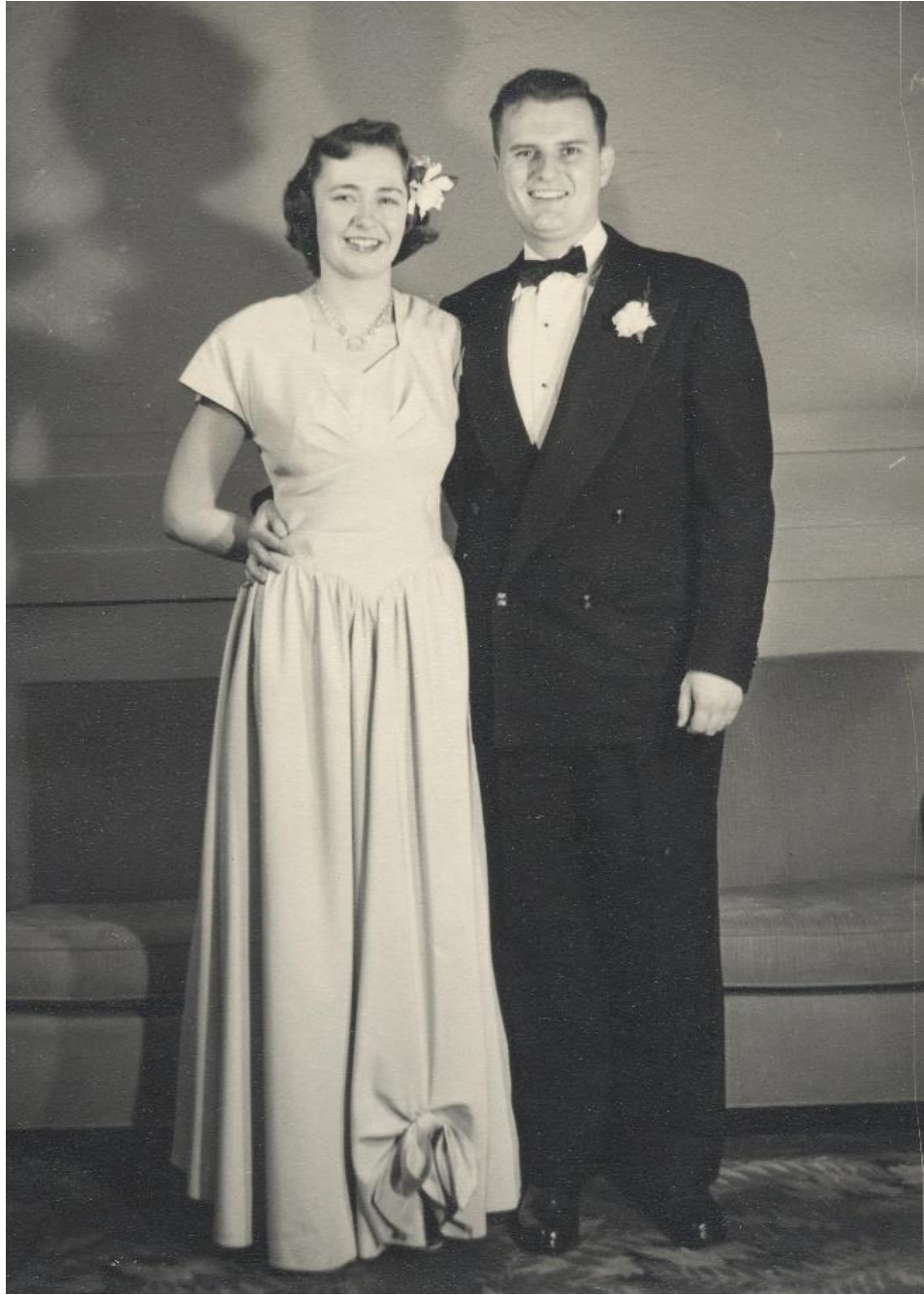
When the Pre-Med course was winding down, it finally became necessary to fish or cut bait, and start applying to medical schools. Dad had contacted his old college roommate Dr. Cleveland White, a noted dermatologist in Chicago. He got me in for an interview at Loyola in Chicago where he was on the teaching staff. They felt I would have a good chance to be accepted. Cousin, Dr. John Schindler was going to try to get me in at his Alma Mater at Washington University in St. Louis.



Fred G. Blum, Jr. Circa 1950

Then one Day I received a letter from George Washington University School of Medicine that I was accepted. Wow! I was so excited I couldn't stand it. I of course told Mickey and the folks. The folks said Mickey and I should celebrate. They gave us some money to go to the beautiful Nob Hill restaurant. It overlooked Madison and was spectacular at night. Wonderful. Mother and Dad let us take the brand new 1950 Green Flow Back Buick Special with its straight eight engine which was smooth as silk. The seats, radio and lighting were terrific, and so romantic.

I was so happy that I didn't have to rely on "pull" from Dr. John Schindler, or Dad's old friend Dr. White to get in Medical School, although both places would have taken me. Surprisingly, I was also accepted at the University of Maryland. I still have a warm feeling for Maryland. It was a blessing, as it turned out, not to be accepted at UW Madison as I got a whole new set of experiences I never would have had at the University of Wisconsin.



Miriam Gale Eye and Fred G. Blum, Jr. - 1949

Chapter 56

George Washington School of Medicine

George Washington or “G.W.” as it was usually referred to, suggested that it would be welcomed if the accepted applicants would like to visit the school first.

We decided to go. Mother, Dad, Mickey, and I drove to Washington D.C. Mother and Dad were excited to go as Uncle Al and Aunt Selma were there, as well as Admiral Walter Schindler, and his second wife Arlene. Additionally, Mickey’s Uncle Paul “Dutch” Terry and Aunt Helen were also in Washington D.C. We drove there in the Green Buick. Mickey stayed with her aunt and uncle, while Mother and Dad and I stayed with Al and Selma.

In those days Washington D.C. had a complicated traffic system. At certain times of the day, certain streets would be two-way streets, and at other times of the day, the same street would be all one way in one direction, and other times, one way in the opposite direction. I had been given instructions how to get to Mickey’s aunt and uncle’s house at night on a Sunday night, and this worked fine. The next day, I was going back to get her the same way. I proceeded up what had been a two-way street yesterday going up a long hill when all of a sudden, four lanes of traffic were barreling down toward me. There were no shoulders to go off on. I had to back downhill with traffic all stacked up, and finally I could back into a driveway. That was my driving introduction to Washington D.C. traffic.

The people at school were friendly. The school itself was very old, but right in downtown Washington D.C. at 1335H St. N.W. The good thing was that the teaching hospital was brand new. I liked it, and of course told them I would be coming.

We all had a good time. Mickey and I were in love. Mother and Dad said later that this long trip together would show if Mickey and I were really meant for each other. We were. This was our second year together. We had a few “second-year fights” but not too serious.

That summer I needed to earn money for school. Grandma Hefty let me use the old farm coupe for the summer. It was a 1935 Chevrolet, with front opening “suicide” doors, which were very handy to use, and also with the famous “Knee Action” suspension.

I answered an ad in the Wisconsin State Journal regarding selling electric lawn mowers from a Mr. Carnwright. He ran a small hardware-like store just east of the

Tenney building in Madison. The mowers were “Huffy” electric lawn mowers that used an electric cord plugged into the house current, and you would go in ever longer back and forth concentric swaths leading away from the house so you wouldn’t cut the cord. I was to have the exclusive area around Madison for sales. The next night, Carnwright took me out to demonstrate the mower in Westmorland. He was showing it off being a little careful because of wet grass post-rain. He told me to watch out for electric shocks in such conditions. Then the inevitable question came: “What happens if you accidentally ran over the cord?” Mr. Carnwright answered, “Nothing. See I will show you,” and he dramatically pushed the mower over the cord and whango, he cut the cord, and the mower stopped. You won’t believe this, but the people bought the mower anyway! I thought if this could happen, and they still bought one of the terrific ahead-of-their-time mowers, they must be great. So, I had to buy 3 “at wholesale” for about \$29, and they sold for \$49 retail. I had postcards printed up and mailed out; 100 cards outlining and extolling the virtues of this spectacular lawn mower. After several weeks, I had two inquires, and sold one machine. Finally, Uncle Otto and Uncle Herman took the remaining two of them off my hands at cost. Herman used the mower for over 10 years. Meanwhile, no money was coming in from the great lawn mower machine, and Mr. Carnwright allowed that I had tried pretty hard to sell the mowers, and that I should come to work at his store for the rest of the summer.

Mr. Carnwright’s full name was Lloyd Bristol Carnwright. He was trying to run his business as retail, and also as a wholesale business on the side. He used “Carnwright” as his retail name, and “Bristol” as his wholesale name. So, when someone would call and ask for “Mr. Carnwright” he knew he was talking to a retail customer, whereas if someone asked for “Mr. Bristol,” he knew he could talk to him about wholesale prices without giving the wrong information to the wrong customer.

Chapter 57

Med School

September 1950 came. I had said goodbye to Mickey, the folks and Marion and Elliott. I got a big steamer trunk from the old Ben Palm shoe store on Allen Street to put all my things in and had it shipped to Washington D.C. I went by train and went to stay with Uncle Al and Aunt Selma for a few days. Al had a good job with the Security Exchange Commission (SEC).

George Washington had accepted 110 or 112 students, only two of which were girls. They had 2,250 applications. Fortunately, they had 2 professors: Dr. John Parks, a former U.W. football tackle and Dr. Barter, both big U.W. football fans. That year they picked five of us from the University of Wisconsin. There was Jack Harris from Madison, whose father was an OB-GYN professor at U.W. and a former teacher of both Dr. Parks and Dr. Barter, so his son Jack got in. Joe Bloom had just received a master's degree in biochemistry from the U.W. His undergraduate degree was from Brown University and he graduated with the highest grades ever recorded at Brown up to that time. More about Joe later. Bob Bahr from Mukwonago was a very smart, already divorced young man with a child. Bob Heywood was from Northern Wisconsin. He had an I.Q. of about 163 but never quite performed up to the level of which he was capable. Then yours truly. Jack Harris, Bob Heywood, Bob Bahr, and I were anatomy partners for the dissection of our cadaver "Herman."

Dean Bloedorn told us that in contradistinction to some schools, G.W. had enough places to graduate everyone they accepted. We did have mortality anyway and graduated only 92 out of 112 with one girl, Ruth Ann Oertel.

School was tough. It seemed like it was one constant round of final exams. One fellow said just before he decided to quit that "God gave me an I.Q. of 120. I sure wish He had given me 10 more points!"

I rented a room from Mrs. Valley – an older divorced French lady who made her living by renting half a floor in an old rundown apartment building, and then renting out single rooms to others at a higher price. My room was just big enough for a bed and a desk. There was also a shared bathroom. For the first few weeks I ate supper at the rooming house where Bob Heywood, Bob Bahr and Jack Harris roomed. I knew from the Navy that I didn't want roommates as I might waste too much time shooting the breeze. Bob Heywood could fiddle around all the time, and

the night before the exam he could cram in the necessary facts. Bob was not at the top of our class although he could have been.

I did start out eating every meal at the rooming house, but finally had to give it up. The meals were relatively expensive, and it took time to walk over and back, but worst of all everything was cooked with tons of nutmeg, and I couldn't hack it. I started getting snacks at the grocery store and ate in my room at night – very often Vienna Sausages. For breakfast, I usually had a doughnut and a glass of orange juice, and at noon we would go to a restaurant typically for a hamburger. In retrospect, this was, a terrible diet. Jack Harris was ahead of his time and always had a “salad.”

As far as finances were concerned, I was very lucky. Having been in the Navy, I received the “G.I. Bill” that every vet received to “pay for” tuition. You could go to any school you wanted, for up to the corresponding number of months of your service time. Fortunately, I had taken the gamble that I would get into Med School (or go to school in Europe if I didn't), and did not use my GI Bill to pay for Pre-Med. I paid the tuition myself at U.W., which at that time was dirt-cheap. The Med School tuition was high, but the G.I. Bill covered most of the four years. I had saved some money, which I could use, and Mother and Dad helped me financially to the same extent they had with Marion, which also helped a lot.

The highlight of most days was receiving a letter from my dear Mickey, and then writing her back. Every night was study night and letter night.

About every other Sunday, Al and Selma would have me out to a terrific lunch. Selma was an excellent cook like my Mother. We had good times. I regret squawking to them about how I hated the government in Washington. They allowed that Washington D.C. etc. had been very good to me, which it had.

Finally, Christmas Vacation was on the horizon, and we had final exams. Part of the Physiology course was a practical exam, which was to experience some of the procedures we would be giving patients in the future. We had to put a big gastric tube with a brass ball on it into our stomach, via the nose or mouth, before we could pass the course. Wow, was that fun! The goal of going home on vacation was a stronger positive incentive, than the almost equally strong, negative incentive not to swallow that gagging snake-of-a-thing.

We had many interesting characters in Med School, and one of these was Joe Bloom. He reportedly went through Brown University with the highest undergraduate grades that had ever been received by any student up to that time. Following his undergraduate work, he was interviewing with a Dean at one of the

big eastern Medical Schools, and as the interview was winding down, the big Irishman said to Joe, “Why is it that all you Jewish boys want to go into Medicine?” Without hesitating, Joe shot back with, “Why is it that all you Irishman want to be cops?” That ended the interview and needless to say, he didn’t get accepted into that Medical School.

Since our first year in Medical School, we had heard that one of our Physiology teachers had experience with hypnosis. Finally, about our 3rd year, he agreed to give us a demonstration. He asked for volunteers to come down and be tested for acceptability as a candidate. Joe Bloom and I, and three others volunteered. We went down to the front of the theater-like amphitheater. He told us to squeeze our hands together very tightly for three minutes, and he would come around and tap our hands with his pencil at which time we were to release our squeezed hands. We all did this, and I guess I relaxed too quickly after the pencil tapping, and I was not considered a likely candidate for hypnosis. The best candidate turned out to be Joe Bloom. The professor told him to relax and fixate on his key ring, which he moved slowly back and forth, and said words to the effect that you are going to relax, listen to me and watch my key ring. He said these soothing words in a monotone voice, and pretty soon Joe’s eyes were going back and forth following the rhythmical movement of the keychain. We could tell that Joe was already hypnotized. Then the professor said, “Joe, when I get finished talking to you and you wake up, you are going to go back to your seat, and in a short time you will stand up in the classroom and say, “Heil Hitler!” (remember, this was only a few years after WWII and Joe was Jewish). The professor then said, “Wake up, Joe,” which he did (however he was still under the influence of post-hypnotic suggestion), and then he quietly walked back to his seat in the amphitheater. The professor went on with his lecture as though nothing had happened. All the rest of us surreptitiously glanced over to where Joe was sitting. After a few minutes, Joe became restless in his seat, and acted as though he was going to stand up, but then sat down again. Following this, he made a similar attempt to stand up, and he made it up about three quarters of the way up, but then sat down again. About 30 seconds later, with a burst he stood all the way up threw up his arm and shouted out, “This sounds crazy, but I want to stand up and say, Heil Hitler!” It was quite a demonstration of hypnosis, and especially so regarding this “post-hypnotic suggestion.”

Solomon Barr

Solomon Barr was from Washington D.C., and he was number one in our medical school class. He related how his previous summer job working for the Federal Government in Washington had transpired. Solomon was given a job doing some type of marginal office work. He and the other summer helpers who were also doing marginal work (of which there was not enough), came up with the following plan. He had a big desk facing the door which led from the hallway into his office. The only thing he could think of to keep busy was to read comic books. However, he ran the risk of being found out which he and the others did not want to happen. So, Sol would sit behind his desk in his chair with the top pencil drawer pulled out and laid out inside would be the open comic book. Then, if anyone would come in to see what he was doing, he would just stand up very graciously, lean forward and shake their hands, and thus doing would close the offending drawer. Nobody would be the wiser. And, as it turned out, nobody was the wiser!

The Eyes Have It

One of the funny things that happened in medical school was when we were at District General Hospital in Washington. This was a large, indigent hospital where we as medical students got our first taste of seeing real patients. Our assignment on one particular day was to do a history and physical on an assigned patient, and then return and discuss it with the medical resident on duty. One of the medical students very conscientiously examined his patient. He did the history and physical, and reported back to the chief resident and said, "Everything checked out pretty well except I couldn't see anything in his left eye." The resident said, "Well, let's go look at the patient." The resident glanced at the patient and walked over to him and took out his pencil and went "tap tap" on the eye. Of course, it was a glass eye which is why the medical student couldn't see anything. He didn't hear the end of that for a long time.

Later on, as eye residents, we discussed the situation, and thought it would be great if we made an artificial eye with printing inside that said, "If you can read this, you're crazy." Unfortunately, we never did. When I was in private practice, I had a patient who said that she went out to eat lunch with her friends, and that while eating the appetizer, her artificial eye came out and fell into her soup! (Mickey and Toni say that's enough of those little stories!)

“What I REALLY want to do.”

One afternoon, in our third and junior year of Medical School while on the OB/GYN service, we were shooting the bull with some of the senior students who were to be graduating in a few weeks. We were talking with Norbert, who happened to be from Northern Wisconsin, and we asked him what he wanted to do, and where he was going after graduation. He said, “I will tell you what I want to do but before I do, I want to tell you how I got to medical school. I got out of the Army in 1946 and it seemed as though everyone was going to medical school, so I thought, what the heck, why don’t I apply too. I got accepted and went through the first year but was not really wild about it. However, I had a hard time finding a job the summer after freshman year, so I thought I might just go back and take the sophomore year, as I didn’t know what else to do. I got through the sophomore year, and I thought that if I quit then, people would say I was not good enough to stay in school, and I didn’t want that to happen. So, I went back for the third, junior, year and when I finished that, I thought, what the heck, I’m this far now, I might as well finish it. But what I REALLY wanted to do is to go up north and run a bar.”

Part II

Miriam Gale Eye

My Beginning
1930 – 1950

Written by Miriam

Chapter 58

My Earliest Years



Miriam Gale Eye – 1933

I was born on May 26, 1930 at Holy Rosary Hospital, Custer County, Miles City, Montana. My father, Glen Gordon Eye, grew up on a farm near Miltonvale, in Cloud County, Kansas. During the farm recession following World War I, Dad's parents lost all their cattle, and he grew up relatively poor. However, Glen grew up in a household that would orient him outside of the farming community. Both of his parents had been one-room schoolteachers, and no doubt this had an influence on Glen that helped him aspire to succeed in the educational world.

After graduating from the local school, Glen attended Wesleyan University in Salina, Kansas. He slept in the boiler room and worked as a janitor to pay for school. While he was at Kansas Wesleyan, one of his professors,

who had graduated from the University of Wisconsin Madison, sparked an interest in Glen to attend UW, which he eventually did. After college, he landed a teaching job at Big Timber High School in Montana. After that first job, Glen moved his family to Miles City, Montana which was the only school district in Custer County.

My mother, Lucile Lillian Terry, was born in the small community of Portis, Kansas. Her father, Milton Terry, was a Methodist Minister Administrator, and was often gone for the better part of six months every year. Lucile's mother, Lillian, due to having to raise five children without a husband much of the time, became a somewhat bitter woman who was very critical when she visited us in later years.

Mother, Lucile, also attended Kansas Wesleyan University, and earned her degree in English. She finished as the Valedictorian of her class. She also met her future husband, Glen, there and they were married in 1927.

My mother, Lucile, stayed at home with my younger sister, Kay, and me. We lived at the same residence all during our years in Miles City.

As a child, I was required to help with household duties. I was young enough that it was necessary for me to stand on a chair to be able to do the dishes. All the while my friends were playing in the back yard in our sandbox. It was hard at that age, but definitely part of learning some early responsibilities and a solid work ethic that stood me in good stead the rest of my life.

In many respects, Miles City had many fine qualities and a unique personality. Cowboys would come into town and use the hitching posts for their horses while doing their business. The town's annual Easter egg hunt was held at the beautiful Strawberry Hill, and we were warned to be careful when looking under rocks because of the ever-present danger of rattle snakes.

Dad was a good basketball player and refereed for Colleges and High School games in Billings, MT, which was over 100 miles from Miles City. He had played in High School and college and was quite good. One team that came through to Billings, MT was The Harlem Globetrotters. He refereed the game, and afterward they asked him to tour with them, but he turned the offer down due to family obligations. Who could have predicted the fame that The Globe Trotters would have in later years! When my dad was a professor (and even after retirement) at the University of Wisconsin Madison, he always tried to attend the games when The Harlem Globetrotters played in Madison.

Chapter 59

Miles City, My Home

Our family lived on Lake Street in Miles City, Montana. It was a good place to grow up. In 1933, my sister, Kathryn (Kay) was also born at Holy Rosary Hospital, in Miles City, Montana. While I don't remember Kay's birth, I do remember that I was allowed to hold her.

I had Scarlet Fever and was in bed for five weeks. Due to the highly contagious nature of this childhood disease, everything from school had to be burned. We also had to post a sign on the front door that read "Scarlet Fever." During that time, Dad and my sister, Kay, had to live with friends. Dad would come and see me by putting a ladder up to the window and visiting through the window. My sister also had scarlet fever right after me, following which the whole house had to be fumigated. They had to burn my coat and all my schoolbooks. During Kay's sickness, she was given a special prize quilt to use. She was also given paper dolls and pictures to cut out, which she did, but she also cut out the pictures in the quilt!

I attended Lincoln Elementary School for First Grade. At that time, there was no Kindergarten available, so this was my first year of school. I had 2 teachers in First Grade. One was overly kind, and the other took everything out on me because I was the Superintendent's daughter. In first grade, I talked so much that I had to wear a Halloween mask for the rest of the day. Outside of school, there were local activities, such as the May Day celebration, in which a basket with little gifts was left at the doorstep of neighbors.

Our house had a front screened porch. Unfortunately for me, I had to go to bed at 7:00 on the screen porch while the neighbor kids were still outside playing. By 4:00 in the afternoon every day, the house was cleaned so Dad could come home to a spotless house. Dinner was always promptly at 6:00.

Mother was a singer at the local church and music clubs. She had an opportunity while in college to try out to be an opera singer but chose to get married instead. She wanted to have me take piano lessons. In those days, safety was not quite such an issue as it is today, and so I rode my tricycle to lessons a few blocks away at age four and a half.

On one of our yearly summer trips to Kansas, Grandpa Eye found a rattle snake in the hen house. He deftly and quickly picked the snake up by the tail, and making a motion like cracking a whip, broke the snake's neck, killing it.

As previously mentioned, our grandparents had lost most of their cattle in the farm depression, but they had two milk cows, several work horses, and some pigs. Grandpa would let us ride the big pigs much like riding a pony. Water was extremely scarce in the summertime and had to be hauled from the neighboring farm that had a deeper well. Kay and I were each given one cup of water to play with each day. The temperatures rose as high as 117 degrees. But there were also good things that happened such as playing with our cousins, Norma and Denny Evans, going to concerts on Wednesday nights in Miltonvale, and having a rare treat of ice cream.

In Miles City in 1936, I remember my folks listening to the news reports on the Spanish Civil War in which not only the Spanish, but the Germans and Russians were involved in testing out their military hardware.

One of the more stupid things I participated in as a child in Miles City involved a small cave across the street from our house in an empty lot. Some of the neighbor boys got the bright idea that we should have some fun and start a fire. Guess who was elected to get the matches for this endeavor? Little Mickey! The boys had built the makings of a nice fire, and all that was required were the matches. So, I got the wooden matches that were used to light the gas stove in the kitchen. We went in the cave, and the boys lit the fire in the most ridiculous, dangerous place you could imagine...the mouth of the cave. Fortunately, God was looking on us with favor. But, when Dad got home, he didn't look on it as favorably. I never tried that again.

We were not really aware of the depression or the dust bowl. We didn't know it then, but Dad, with his salary, was helping to support Grandpa and Grandma Terry, Grandpa and Grandma Eye, and Aunt Eunice. Dad took his responsibilities to help the family very seriously, and while in Miles City, we also took in Mom's brother, my Uncle Paul (Dutch) and Aunt Helen for 1 year. However, as children, we were blissfully only aware of the little kittens to play with on the farm visits.

Now, on to Ogden, Utah. Kay and I cried all the way there.



Miriam Gale Eye getting a big hug from younger sister, Kathryn. 1937

Chapter 60

Ogden, Utah

In August of 1937, we moved to Ogden, Utah. Dad had taken a position as Assistant Principal of Ogden High School. After two years, the Principal died, and Dad became Principal. He was the first Non-Mormon to become a Principal in Utah's history.

We lived on Taylor Street in our new city. All the streets were named for Presidents. The weather in Ogden was different from Montana. In Miles City, we had a desert climate in summer, and a very cold climate in winter. In fact, whenever the temperatures reached minus 40°F in Miles City, the schools closed. This usually happened several weeks every winter. In Ogden, the altitude was higher, but the winters were milder and had more snow.

We did have relatives close by during that time. The Terry Grandparents, who were starting to retire, lived in Tooele, which was just outside of Salt Lake City near the massive Bingham Copper Mine. At night you could see the eerie sight of red, hot molten slag being dumped along the mine railroad.

I attended Polk Elementary school for 2nd - 5th grade, and I had a good group of friends. We spent a lot of time playing Jacks. Occasionally, there was the stray unfortunate incident such as the time that my sister, Kay, while following me, threw a rock and cut a boy around the eye, and he ended up having to get stitches.

We had a cat, which we loved, but unfortunately it was killed by a Chow, a breed of dog. I was so lonesome for the cat that when I saw a cat hanging on someone's screen door, I thought it was lost and pulled it off the door and took it home. Mom assured me that the cat was not lost, and we took it back and apologized to the owners. About that time, we were given a black cat called Romeo which we grew to love so much that when the time came, we had him shipped to Wisconsin by train.

Our school was very non-regimented. In 5th grade, I headed a student delegation to see the Principal about some policy that we didn't like. I don't even remember what the beef was about, or how it was resolved.

I was taking piano lessons and had a very tough teacher who oversaw music at Ogden High School. I was supposed to practice two hours a day. While I wasn't very enthusiastic about the two hours, my mother was, so I became proficient at the piano. One bright thing I participated in was holding a string across the highway

with some boys. A car went through it, and the man ran after us, but we got away. We were scared enough, however, that we didn't try that again. We also picked up bottle caps and ice cream sticks, which we could collect and take to the grocery store. We could get one token for each bottle cap or ice cream stick. It took ten tokens to get one penny. Five cents would buy one ice cream cone, or ten cents would gain entrance to a movie. Silver dollars were in use everywhere, and not knowing any better, we would prefer the paper dollars because they were easier to carry. Too bad we didn't know any better.

In 2nd or 3rd grade, Wheaties, "The Breakfast of Champions" featured their hero, Jack Armstrong, The All-American Boy. Jack Armstrong told us how wonderful it would be if we could have a Dragon's Eye Ring that he and his compatriots used in harrowing circumstances. Of course, I agreed in my mind that I should have one of these too, if only I could get the box top, and struggle through the soggy Wheaties breakfast food. Kindly, my dad ate the cereal so I could send away for the Dragon's Eye ring. When the coveted ring finally arrived, I wanted to show the ring to a boy at school. We both went into the closet in the classroom and shut the door to make sure the ring would really glow in the dark. And when we came out, the whole classroom and teacher were watching us. Little did they know that all we were doing was looking at the Dragon's Eye ring. Embarrassing to say the least!

In the 3rd grade, a new girl, Marilyn, came to class. She was very beautiful and well dressed. That same year during school, we were taught ballroom dancing. She picked the most un-lovely boy in class to dance with. It was a beautiful gesture, and one I never forgot. Speaking of dancing, when my dad oversaw a school dance, lights were blazing. Families attended, and kids danced with parents as well as with friends and teachers. There was no drinking allowed, so that never became an issue.

I was involved with other activities, also. I spent two weeks at Girls Scout camp in the Mountains. To achieve my merit badge for swimming, I had to pass my test in a lake fed by mountain water. "Icy cold" only begins to describe it!



Miriam Gale Eye - 1938

For Christmas one year, Kay and I each received a pair of skis with just a leather strap for bindings. We took those skis about two blocks from our house to where the Wasatch Mountains began. We had no permission, but we went anyway. I went down the hill just below the ski jump itself, while my sister watched. However, instead of jumping or skiing in the normal fashion, I sat down on the skis and somehow survived the super steep slope. Not sure how though.

In school, we didn't change classes by marching from place to place in the usual fashion but were trusted to get to the next class on our own, college style. The school was very family oriented. There were 4,000 kids in the Junior/Senior High classes as it was the only High

School in Ogden. The High School also had an ROTC program which was almost unheard of at that time before World War II.

At graduation, the senior students would take the shoes of the underclassmen, and string them up on the Flagpole. They would then drive the students out of town and make them walk back. Dad had quite a time running around trying to help the underclassmen get back to town.

Mother and Dad created a wonderful home life for Kay and me. Every Sunday at 4:00, a card table was put up next to the radio, and we played Monopoly for an hour. Mom made hot chocolate, and Peanut Butter with hot Bacon sandwiches, and we would listen to the Jack Benny show, and also the George Burns/Gracie Allen show. Once in a while Kay and I tried playing games with ourselves at home, but we fought so much that eventually, Pick Up Sticks were banned.

Kay and I had saved enough money to buy new bikes: Miriam \$17, Kay \$11. Unfortunately, our house was robbed, and that money was stolen along with a pair of earrings that was a gift from Uncle Dutch to Mom. So sad.

One day Dad decided to take the family on an outing. He looked on a map, and the adventure began. We found a couple of caves on the map, but they turned out to be across from a lake, which made them inaccessible to us. Shortly after this, Dad saw a rattle snake under the floorboards of the car. He took a shovel from the

car and bashed the snake to death. We did take lunch out on the salt flats, however, as soon as the sun started to go down, we were eaten alive by mosquitos. All in all, the day ended being a rather miserable, memorable, occasion.

My sister and I were invited to social hours at the Mormon Church, and we attended. All in all, we had a very happy four years, but we started to become interested in the Mormon Faith, and Dad decided it was time to move. Dad accepted a job with the University of Wisconsin as a High School Principal of Wisconsin High, a teaching school for teachers in training at the University itself. As we left Utah, we took a detour through Bryce and Zion National Parks, two of Utah's five National Parks. We also stopped at Dinosaur Park. We bought some rocks there that were supposedly taken from, and polished by dinosaur stomachs. Sounds a little hokey! But we did see fossilized dinosaur footprints. By August of 1941, we were off to our next chapter in Madison, Wisconsin.



Kay, Lucile and Miriam Gale Eye - 1938

Chapter 61

Transition to Madison, WI

My High School Years



*Miriam Gale Eye, lovely at 10 in 1940,
the year before moving to Madison,*

The transition to Madison was difficult, but manageable. I had a lot of friends in Ogden, so this move was especially hard. When we drove into Madison for the first time in late August 1941, I can still remember the trees covering over the streets like an umbrella. We had been living in Utah at nearly 1-mile high and had become used to the high altitude. During the first six months in Madison, we were closer to sea level, and everything felt so heavy from air pressure. I had not been in Wisconsin since I was 5, and living in the West, I never saw so many trees, or so much green.

Dad found us a home during his summer school, and we moved to a rental house on Chamberlain Avenue. The house was located a couple blocks from West High. I started the 6th grade at Randall school on Regent Street. I hated the atmosphere. It felt like an army base as kids were moved in strict order, and had to ask for permission to go to the bathroom, etc. In the spring of 1942, when

I was walking to school with some other girls, we saw a horse drawn carriage delivering milk, which was packed with ice. As opportunity allowed, we took (stole) ice chips out to eat.

Prior to our moving to Madison, Dad had been working on his PhD in Madison every summer. The family had gone with him in 1935 and 1936. In 1936, we had stayed in a 2-bedroom apartment on Langdon Street. These were the two hottest summers in history. During the summer, I had red measles for the second time. I slept on the porch as there was no air conditioning. On another occasion, Dad and I were sunbathing on the University swimming pier. Believe it or not, I

rolled off, and was afraid I would drown, but Dad jumped in and got me out of the deep water. This was the last straw for the family coming to Wisconsin in the summer.

The Winter of 1941 was brutal. There was snow deep enough to close the University system, which was, and is still, almost unheard of. Despite the conditions on December 7th, the newsboys were out in the snow yelling, “Pearl Harbor has been bombed!”

The house Dad rented on Chamberlain was a 3 bed, 1 bath house that we rented from a couple named Usher. After we had been in the house a year, we decided to fix it up and paint everything. By the next summer, we were evicted because the Usher’s now liked how nice the house looked. While we were at Chamberlain, for my Mom’s birthday, we walked to a restaurant and Dad surprised her with a beautiful watch. Not surprisingly, she said it was so lovely that it would be the last one she would ever want. As was customary, Mom gave me her old watch because I was the oldest daughter. Unfortunately, 2 weeks after receiving this gift, I wore it in a bath and ruined it.

Wisconsin High School

When 7th grade arrived, just two of us from Randall went to the University High School named Wisconsin High. All the others in the class went to West High School. I had made some friends at Randall, and I hated leaving them. But I had always known I would be going to Wisconsin High.

Wisconsin High was on the U.W. Campus at University Ave. and Randall Street. It was a private school with 308 students from 7th grade to senior. This is where my dad was Principal for 7 years. During his first year, I was in 6th grade at Randall School. And, when I graduated from Wisconsin High, Dad went on, after having received his doctorate, as an Assistant Professor (PhD) in Education Administration at the University of Wisconsin Department of Education.

Wisconsin High used all the facilities at the U.W. We were allowed to use any of the libraries on campus. Most of our teachers were professors from the U.W. There were also many practice teachers in each class because teaching teachers to teach was the purpose of Wisconsin High.

Our school was made up primarily of students from Shorewood and Maple Bluff, as those communities did not have a high school of their own. There were also other students from around Madison – a lot of whom were professor’s children.

The tuition for Wisconsin High was also less than Madison West if you were outside the city – which Shorewood and Maple Bluff were.

Our basketball games were played in the U.W. field house. We were a tiny little crowd in a huge facility. I played bass drum in the band. Our football games were played at Breese Stevens Field on East Washington. We had to go by bus to get there. Our orchestra concerts were held at Music Hall. Our plays and graduation were at the beautiful Union Theater. Any student programs were at Ag Hall auditorium across the street from High School.

My classes were interesting and varied. The school offered Latin and Spanish. I chose Spanish. The gym class teacher, Miss Pervis, was at one time the world champion ping pong player. She was tough! I suffered with asthma most of my 4 years of high school, so I missed many of the activities. One of my favorite classes was music. I continued with piano through high school, and also played bass, kettle, and timpani drums. During my Freshman year, the band director needed a bassoon player, and so he picked me to learn it. I ended up playing bassoon all 4 years, and even learned the Baritone horn as a Junior and Senior. I used my acquired skill with the bassoon, and in the summer, I played for the “Music in the Park” program organized by the City of Madison.

In 9th grade, there was a beautiful school dance. Since Dad was the Principal, he always came to oversee the dance to be sure that drinking did not become a problem. At one point, some kids wrongly accused me of telling my dad something about one of the students. Not one of the kids would talk with me. I had to do everything, and walk everywhere alone, until one boy spoke with me, and then gradually I was accepted again. I never did tell Dad anything about anyone, but the kids never knew this.

My best friends were not the most popular kids, but those who studied the most. The popular kids were afraid I would tell my dad about anything they did, so they decided not to be friends with me. Wisconsin High had the unusual situation of having a sorority on campus. There were 25 girls in the sorority. It was an old tradition at the school, but my dad didn't like it. For my first two years of high school, I didn't get into the Sorority, and felt bad. Then I was selected to enter during my Junior year and had to go through a hazing. They asked me questions, and I had to eat pure garlic when I didn't answer a question right. One evening, the girls went to a bar. Dad was waiting and sent everyone home. At meetings, I felt bad for all the girls that wanted to be in and couldn't be because they weren't “up to

standards.” I spent two unhappy years in the group. As a matter of fact, I disliked it so much that when five sororities asked me to pledge with them in College, I turned them all down.

After we were evicted from the Chamberlain Avenue house because we had fixed it up so well, we found a second story apartment on Kendall Avenue. It was vacant because a speech teacher was on sabbatical for three months. When we moved, we took our piano – I was still taking lessons at the Wisconsin School of Music at this time. After about 3 months, we found a house that was vacant on a cross street one block from the apartment we were living in. We had that for only nine months. It was fun though having a whole house. Every day I would ride my bike to the Willows to swim in Lake Mendota. I was not a particularly good or strong swimmer. I was never accused of being a good athlete, but I loved to be in the water.

I had taken up typing in 8th grade, and it was easy for me – so I put up ads around the UW for typing. And I typed a lot of papers for students. My biggest job was a thesis for a master’s program in the school of education, which included an original and five carbons on a manual typewriter (there were no computers yet.) This was a terrible job. By this time, I was 13 and there were no labor laws that said I couldn’t get a job. I always looked older than my age. So, I took the bus to Bancroft Dairy on Park Street and got a job at their ice cream parlor. I then told my folks I had a job. It seemed to me I needed to help, and with my job, I was able to buy my clothes, and other things as well.

It was always difficult to be the principal’s daughter. When I was a senior, I was teaching music students during my spare classes. Most students, from time to time, would skip classes. One day my student cancelled – so I thought I would skip some classes, too. I planned to take a bus up town to shop, although I don’t know for what reason, because I had no money. As I walked out the back door of the school, my father walked in, and asked me where I was going. I don’t exactly remember what was said, but I do know I didn’t leave school after all.

After our nine-month house lease ran out, Dad found a house in the country on Nine Springs Hill. This was on the way to Oregon and was about a mile and a half from the bus stop. The house was owned by a Navy Captain who was gone for the duration of the war. I was in 9th grade when we moved there.

Our home was modern and nice. It had a basement bedroom which was mine. There were two bedrooms upstairs, and eight acres of woods. Dad used the

woods to hunt pheasants. We also raised about 50 chickens for meat. My dad did the butchering himself. We also had a one-half acre victory garden a few miles away. It was common for people to raise some of their own food during the war as much was allotted for the troops.

Of course, the war affected everyone. Rationing tickets were issued for gas and only two trips to Madison could be made per day. No other trips were allowed. I once had a date on a weekend to go to the movies with a boy and had to walk a couple of miles to the bus stop. The boy's name was Bill Nelson. I later learned that he was killed in Korea during the Korean War.

We couldn't drive more than 35 miles an hour in order to save gas and make the tires last longer. (Try it sometime!) Around 1944, we visited my grandparents in Kansas, and went 35 miles an hour the whole trip.

For the first year or so, the war was going terribly. We were losing everywhere, especially in North Africa against Rommel. And we were also losing in the South Pacific.

I taught ballroom dancing in Shorewood. I also continued typing papers for University students. I once worked on a thesis for a gentleman, and my mom had to sit with me while I was typing it. It was due the next day, so we all stayed up until 4:00 in the morning.

At 15, I additionally worked at the Bancroft Dairy on Fish Hatchery Road, making sodas, sundaes and malteds. The policy for workers was that one could eat as much of the dairy products as they wanted. After three weeks, I couldn't look another malted in the face! Unfortunately, those days are long gone, and the building was recently taken down to make way for a University Hospital office building. Even though I had my driver's license at 15, it was only for use during the daytime. To continue to teach dancing, I had to drive illegally at night. The rationing allowed one extra trip per day (a total of two) which my father needed most of the time, but he did allow me to use it once a week to go to Shorewood to teach.

Because there were only 306 kids in Wisconsin High, we teamed up with West High for school events. My best friend was Diane Holley who attended West. The football games were played at the Camp Randall Fieldhouse. I went steady with a boy from West High. I was a Freshman and dated him through my sophomore year. My parents disapproved and hinted that I drop this nonsense. I wasn't having any of that advice, and the more they pushed me, the more I decided to continue dating "my steady."

Just to show how head over heels I was in my decision, when my parents sent me to a two-week church camp, I decided I didn't like it. I stayed three or four days, and then walked out without permission. I purchased a train ticket and went home. My parents were furious, to say the least. I was grounded for the duration of the camp time.

After some time passed, my parents stopped badgering me to break up. It was then that I could see that he really didn't have much potential for drive in life and he wasn't that interesting. He wasn't good for me. I decided to break up with him on my own. The boy's mother was so heart broken, she called my mom, and cried to her about it. He did call me years later, and wanted to see me, but I told him "no," and have not heard from him since.

My mother's brother, Uncle Ronald Terry, was a minister at a Methodist Church in Dubuque. We visited with them often. They had two children, Franklin and Genevieve. Genevieve was older than I was. She was encouraged, and terrifically pushed to become a concert violinist by her mother, and she had to practice six hours a day. Consequently, as a young adult, she had a breakdown during a concert and ran away from everything. Franklin eventually became a professor of theology. Just like so many in my family, I don't know where any of them are anymore.

Chapter 62

College Years



Miriam Gale Eye – Graduation from Wisconsin High, Madison, WI 1948

When I was 16, we moved to 438 Virginia Terrace, a few blocks from West High. That was the first house my parents actually owned.

I graduated from High School in 1948. My graduation was at the UW Memorial Union and we wore white gowns. My graduation hat disappeared before the ceremony, and my dad had to search high and low for another one. Just one more stress on an already stressful day.

After I graduated, a friend of mine and I took a trip to Chicago. I thought we would be spending time together, but my friend decided to meet up with a boyfriend. She left me stranded with a badly sprained ankle. I had to call my dad to send me an airplane ticket, and then had to fly home alone. Not my best trip on record.

I had a brilliant class, but they could not follow any rules. They were always in trouble. So, I had no hesitation to start my new beginning in college.

After coming home on the train from my previously mentioned ill-fated summer camp, I announced to my dad that I was going to New York. He said he would not allow it without my mother accompanying me. So, we packed up, and went to New York for about two weeks. We stayed at an inexpensive hotel in Manhattan. We went to the beach and the usual tourist sites. I did go on the big roller coaster at Coney Island, and that was the last one I ever went on.

It was taken for granted that sister, Kay and I would go on to college. I loved history, but I started with the general education course called “Integrated Liberal Studies” for two years. It was designed to make a student well rounded by taking liberal arts classes. I decided on a major in Modern European History, and I also took one year of Russian history. I also completed two minors in Philosophy and Comparative Literature. I told my dad I wanted to take more Philosophy, and he said, “You don’t need more philosophy, you need to take Logic.” I never did take Logic.... oh well!

It was a happy time, going to dances and spending time at the Union, especially with my fellow Russian class members. Nobody drank, but we sat, and talked smart and solved the world’s problems, like students are supposed to do in College.

One time I stopped by my dad’s office because he said he would take me to lunch. He was talking with an African American lady, and Dad said to me, “I’ll be there in just a minute, honey!” The woman said indignantly, “Professor Eye! I’m ashamed of you!” And then he turned to his colleague and said, “Professor, I’d like to have you meet my daughter, Miriam.”

I spent time at the library, which is where I met a man who I thought was my practice teacher. I liked him, especially his brown eyes. But was he really a practice teacher??? More to come.

Part III

Doc and Mickey

Our Years Together

1950 – Today

“For this reason, a man shall leave his father and his mother, and be joined to his wife; and they shall become one flesh.” Gen. 2:24

Chapter 63

Is this a real Blue Wesselton?

Christmas Vacations were always fun, but we always felt guilty not studying enough. In those days, final exams for first semester were after Christmas vacation. This never made sense to me.

This was to be an especially memorable Christmas Season, because I was now going to culminate the fulfillment of my list of important qualifications for the perfect wife. I was going to give Mickey an engagement ring. The only quality she did not possess was brown eyes, but you can't have everything.

I had saved my \$300 Mustering Out Pay (equivalent to about 8 ½ ounces of gold) from the Navy Discharge for an engagement ring when the time would come. I decided I wanted to get a perfect stone in clarity, color and cut etc. Dad had gotten Mother a perfect stone, and it was called a "Blue Wesselton" which had become a household word in our house. Dad's friend and associate at the University Extension Division had a father in Horicon, Wisconsin, who was a jeweler, and would help us to get that caliber of ring for Mickey.

One afternoon just before Christmas, Mother, Dad, Mickey, and I took a ride to Horicon. Mother and Mickey stayed in the car, while Dad and I did some "business."

We explained to the jeweler that we wanted a Blue Wesselton-quality stone. He agreed. I had to add some money beyond my Mustering Out Money to get a decent sized stone. It was to be about .75 carats. A few days later we returned for some more "business," and picked up the ring. It looked very nice.

Holy Spirit – First Time

On a Saturday night, between Christmas and New Years after a wonderful evening and Christmas dance, we sat at Mickey's house in one of the brown armchairs Mickey's mother had so nicely upholstered. I pulled out a brown paper sack and said to Mickey, "Here is something you might like to look at." She took it and pulled out a small box wrapped in tissue paper. Inside that she found a little, purple fuzzy box that held the beautiful "Blue Wesselton" quality ring. Mickey was surprised and ecstatic. It was about 12:30 am, or later, but she called her dad down from upstairs to tell him the exciting news (Mother Eye was in Kansas visiting her

own mother). I have since wondered if Dad Eye was half as excited about the engagement as we were.

After he went to bed, we were basking together in the excitement of what this ring signified for our future, when a “happening” occurred. The significance of this moment would not be understood by us until 1984, thirty-three years later. While we were sitting there on a still night, all-of-a-sudden we heard a very strong wind blowing, and a very strong rustling sound coming from the direction of the sunroom. It wasn’t like outside wind, or like any furnace or mechanical noise. It was like no other noise we had ever heard. I still have a vivid remembrance of it, though Mickey not as much. More on this later.

After giving Mickey the ring, we decided we should get it insured, so prior to this I had to get it appraised. It appraised very well as to the value, but it had some “inclusions,” and there was a slight “yellow tinge.” Wow! This was not “Blue Wesselton” quality after all. Now what to do? I wanted and expected a perfect diamond. To make a long story short, we explained the situation to the jeweler friend, and he talked to his supplier. I added some more money, Mother and Dad felt bad and also added some, and the jeweler and supplier helped. In the end, we got a slightly smaller, but still way over half a carat diamond. But now it was and is truly a “perfect Blue Wesselton” quality diamond!

Chapter 64

The Vacation Is Over

In January of 1951, both of us went back to our respective schools, Mickey at U.W. in History, and I went back to G.W. Med School. We were planning to get married in August of 1951, but because of Dad Eye's summer Professorship in Eugene, Oregon, it was decided that we should get married June 10, 1951. Med School continued to be tough, but I made it through the dreaded first year.



Fred G. and Miriam E. exchange vows – June 10, 1951

Chapter 65

The Wedding

Or “How Are You Going to Support Her?”

Upon returning to Madison in late May 1951, I remember Mickey and I decided I would formally ask Dad Eye for the hand of his daughter, Miriam. (Side note: her parents never really called her Mickey, she decided just to call herself that before I ever met her.)

When I asked Dad Eye if I could have his permission to marry Mickey, he said, “That would probably be O.K., but how do you plan to support the two of you?” All-of-a-sudden reality struck, and I realized that while I did have a few hundred dollars in savings, and a few hundred dollars’ worth of stocks. However, I also had 3-7 more years of training ahead of me with little or no income. I told him of the few hundred dollars of savings and stocks that I had, which all of a sudden sounded pretty meager. I felt very irresponsible and cavalier.

I mentioned the fact that Mickey would have to work to keep us going. He did not press the issue of us being over our heads, but I am sure he and Mother Eye were pretty worried. He did extract a promise from Miriam that she would someday finish her last year of schooling and get her Bachelor of Science degree. She kept her promise and finished her degree 8 years, 4 summer schools, and 3 children later with High Honors. During her final summer school, while living at Loruth Terrace, she had 12 hours of baby-sitting help per day during which she attended her classes, did her studying and her homework.

The wedding was Sunday June 10th, 1951 at the First United Methodist Church in Madison. It was a lovely wedding, and Mickey looked like a beautiful queen. She had been given a budget of \$300 for the entire wedding: the bride gown, her going away suit, cakes, flowers, announcements, and everything! The wedding dress cost \$50 and was later used by 3 of our daughters: Marion Elaine, Heidi Hefty, and Antonia (Toni) Dorothea. A single rose for the bridesmaids and church flowers were from friends, as were the post-wedding desserts. Marion and Elliott gave us a wonderful photo album of the entire wedding.

It was a beautiful wedding, and Pastor Merrill Abby had us both memorize all the wedding vows. There were many relatives and friends. Bill Frazier was best man. Sister, Kay Eye (later Bading) was maid of honor. Marion Ruth Blum Sweet was matron of honor. The two bridesmaids were: Lois Sorentino and Eileen

Hammerli. As mentioned, the Pastor was Merrill Abby. His daughter married one of Mickey's old boy friends, and later Pastor Abby was our Pastor when we were in residency!



Miriam Gale Eye Blum leaving the church after the wedding.

very romantic. We returned the following Friday night in time for the pre-wedding dinner party for my best man, Bill Frazier who was marrying Anne McElvain and for whom I was also best man. Jack Hayes and Ken Livermore got married in short order thereafter.

My mother and dad let us use the wonderful green Buick Special for 5 days on our trip to Door County. We spent the first night at the Retlaw in Fond du Lac. Walter Schroeder, of the famous Schroeder Milwaukee hotel, was a big Hotel Chain operator that owned the Retlaw. He didn't want to name the hotel in Fond du Lac "The Schroeder," like the one in Milwaukee, so he spelled his first name backwards to eliminate the confusion. Mother and Dad Eye had a dozen roses waiting for us in our room when we arrived.

The honeymoon in a Northwood's cottage on Lake Michigan was

Mr. and Mrs. Fred G. Blum, Jr. – June 10, 1951. The happy couple embarks on their honeymoon. And a new chapter begins...



Chapter 66

Summer 1951 at the Sorority House

Following the wedding we did not have any money to spare. Fortunately, Mrs. Jerde, a Tri Delt sorority advisor, and friend of Mother and Dad Blum, got us a summer job house-sitting the Tri Delt house on Langdon Street in Madison. We got free rent as caretakers as the house was vacant for the summer. What a great experience.

It did SEEM as though all the previous sorority members in the whole world had keys to the house, and they would wander in and out at any time of the day or night. One night we had a big summer storm with the wind blowing the long window drapes, pictures falling off the walls and lightning flashes through the windows - just like a Hollywood Spook show. The house had 25 bedrooms, 3 living rooms, as well as a gigantic kitchen and dining room. Also, Mickey kept getting obscene telephone calls every afternoon, which added to the spooky effect.

One early evening, while the older lady advisors of the Tri Delt House were having a meeting in the dining room, I was trying to take a shower in the massive community shower upstairs. The only way I could get hot water was to turn on the multiple shower heads and faucets so the hot water would eventually come. All of a sudden, a bunch of ladies came running up to find out what happened as there was water leaking down on them in the dining room. Fortunately for me, instead of being angry about the incident, they were happy to know what had been causing the leaking; something that they could not find out from the sorority girls. All's well that ends well!

During this time, Mickey was attending the first of her four summer schools, and I got a job from a newspaper ad. A man named "Bill Mitchell" (not his real name) had a popcorn, peanut, pickled pigs' feet and smoked herring business. He sent a truck loaded with all these items and more, on a different route each day, except Sunday. He had a string of taverns and restaurants in Southern Wisconsin that he supplied. (He was losing his driver, and I was the replacement.) The different route each day was fun, and I stopped at about 30 different places for each of the six days of the week. Many of the places were at a lake or some other neat place, so it was kind of fun. Sometimes I saw a patron sitting at a bar at some tavern in the morning, and then maybe see that same patron sitting at another bar 90 miles away in the afternoon. The bartenders really wanted me to buy some beer or a drink

of some kind, but being a teetotaler, I didn't want to do this. The driver who was leaving the route said, "Just tell them you have an ulcer and can't drink alcohol." So, I did, and it worked. I also didn't want to waste the money as every little bit was needed for school.

The owner of the business, believe it or not, made his popcorn in a rented storage garage without running water. Popcorn was the only product he made; he purchased all the rest of the items. He popped the corn on some homemade boxes on the floor with an electric popcorn popper. The popcorn was then stored in large wax-lined paper bags, and then dumped into a heated popcorn dispenser at the tavern ready to be served to the customer. The popcorn really had a good taste, but the sanitary conditions were maybe a little less than perfect.



1951 – Fred G. and Miriam E. Blum, Jr.

Happy Beginnings!

Chapter 67

The Blue Nash

As the summer of 1951 drew to a close, we realized we didn't know how we were going to get back to Washington D.C. Uncle Henry Freitag (my Grandma, Regula Freitag Hefty's brother) had a Blue 1939 Nash Sedan. This car had been his pride and joy since his eldest daughter, who had since died, had picked it out. But he had the use of the farm car, so he didn't need it anymore.

We paid \$400 for it, which was a lot of money at that time, but it seemed to be in such terrific shape that it would be worth it, or so we thought. It had the famous, highly touted Nash "Weather Eye" heating and ventilation system (way before air conditioning came out). It really was nothing more than a heater and a good blower system. It had one other famous Nash Innovation which we probably felt made the car worth more. It was that you could put the back of the front seat down and make a bed out of it. We used this feature on the way back to D.C., but the sleeping was definitely less than ideal. Before we left Madison, I took the car to Jim Schmeltzer on Monroe Street in Madison where Dad always got his car gassed and serviced. He looked at the Blue Nash, of which we were so proud, rather disdainfully and said, "Kenosha" (Kenosha, Wisconsin was where they were built and later became American Motors). Jim said nothing more. I sensed that this maybe was not a good sign. The brakes were a little "spongy."

In late August we packed our few belongings, and car bedding into the beautiful-looking Blue Nash, and headed for Washington D.C. When it was time to find a place to park the car, we found we would have to pay at any RV park. We had not factored this in as we had planned on just going to county parks. Unfortunately, we could find no such place, and had to resort to paying to sleep overnight at RV parks. Sleeping was less than ideal with mosquitoes, uneven seats (bed), and early morning sun etc.

When we got to the hilly part of eastern Ohio or the western part of Pennsylvania, we ended up behind some big trucks that labored up the steep hills at about 10 or 15 miles per hour. You couldn't pass them because the traffic in the other one lane coming toward you was going so fast down the hill. Then when you finally got to the top of the hill, the trucks would go downhill so fast you didn't dare try to pass them. The cycle of crawling up the hills and speeding down the other side was repeated over and over. This was all before we reached the Pennsylvania

Turnpike. My folks had a similar experience in 1939 traveling east across the country.

In addition to this maddening situation, it became apparent that the “spongy” brakes were not improving, to the point we were afraid we were going to have a wreck. We stopped at a small-town Pennsylvania garage, and a middle-aged mechanic said he would see what he could do. He rebuilt all the brake cylinders and said this should help. He felt sorry for us as he had children about our age. Although he was very reasonable with his charges considering everything he did, it still took over half the money we had budgeted for the trip. Were the brakes better? Maybe 5% better but we were never quite sure. More about the Blue Nash later.

We finally arrived in D.C., and Uncle Al and Aunt Selma were very good to us and helped us find a place to live. It was more than we felt we could really afford - \$85 a month – but it was new, and we thought it would be safe. I could easily walk to Medical School. However, on many days we now had to go to various D.C. area hospitals, which required the car.

Chapter 68

District of Columbia

Mickey finally landed a job at the Navy Department in the Bureau of Ships Division as a secretary. She got her “first raise” in part because of a cram course in “Speed Writing,” which is a poor man’s shorthand, and she could type up a storm. Her Navy Commander boss read comic books or history books while she, and the others, did all the work.

She had a long way to walk from our Commander apartments to the Navy Department. Every day she walked past the White House – you could get really close in those days. She went by so regularly that the guards would say hello to her.

Her job was not overly challenging, but she was very conscientious and stuck at it, as it maintained our livelihood.

Mickey at the Navy Department

by Mickey Eye Blum

Not only was I in the Bureau of Ships, but also in the civilian side of purchasing. Our whole job was to purchase products and equipment for ships. We had to spend all the money congress gave us so that we could get the same amount the next year, or even more. During parts of the year, I also got a part time job at night typing requests for parts and equipment for ships.

I was so desperate to earn more money that as Fred mentioned above; I took a six-week course in speedwriting and passed the government test for shorthand. That way I went from a G3 to a G5 pay scale. In order to take the speedwriting class, I had to walk to a classroom in a seven-story building at night.

One night when I got on the elevator to go to the fourth floor for my class, I realized when the door closed on the elevator; I was alone with a very big black fellow. I needed to get off on the fourth floor, but he took me to the seventh floor and would not let the door open. I was terrified but did not show how I felt. I just stared at him. After a few minutes, he took me to the fourth floor and let me off. Ever after that experience, I walked to the fourth floor, and never took an elevator in that building again.

Fred and I were so short of money that I had to make a few lifestyle changes. I started carrying my lunch to work. Once I had established that, more and more of the people I met started to bring their lunches, also. In nice weather, we just

walked out the backside of the Navy Building and ate lunch at the reflecting pool. The Washington Monument was at one end of the reflecting pool and the Lincoln Memorial at the other end. Occasionally President Eisenhower was at one of the Memorials, and we could walk over and see what was going on.

*Side note by Fred. It is interesting to note that they had a big gala inauguration when Eisenhower was elected in 1950 to start serving in 1951. Washington, DC was all spiffed up, and someplace on Constitution Avenue, they had some bleachers all decked out where the dignitaries would be sitting. I was too busy studying, or too skeptical to think we would be able to get even a half mile from the big dog festivities and did not go. Whereas Mickey, decided to see how close she could get, and to make a long story short, she got into the bleachers right across from where Eisenhower was sitting, and watched the entire inauguration! It doesn't pay to be a doubting Thomas!

*Mickey narrative. I also brought a tea bag with me. I could buy hot water for 5 cents, and then have something to drink at our 10:30 break. (I always wished I could keep on with my work instead of taking a break because I had so much to do.)

I also stopped buying nylons because they were so expensive, and I noticed others did that too after I started the trend.

I was fortunate to have a job for the three years while Fred finished Medical School. I loved being with Fred, but I really did not like my job in the government.

Whenever the government had a visiting dignitary come to visit the President, they would let all the government workers out early, but not let the busses run and everybody would line the streets waiting for the eventual bus runs, and when the dignitaries would drive by in the limousines they would think the big crowds of people all came to see them. (End of Mickey's commentary.)

The "Commander" apartment that we had was one room (now called efficiencies) with a 5-foot Pullman kitchen, and a small bath. One Sunday we heard a commotion outside our 3rd story window, and a purse snatching was happening on the sidewalk. On another morning occasion, when I went to pick up the car 1 ½ blocks away, there was a note under the wiper and it said, "Please Call Homicide." I did, and they asked me if I knew anything about the body they found in that parking lot the night before. Also, in the next block, a man crawled into a ladies' apartment, and strangled her to death - so much for the safe place. We decided after that first year together, to move to Alexandria, Virginia not far from the pentagon.

The rent was about half, and it was safer than on Massachusetts Avenue in downtown D.C., but a longer commute.

Before leaving the Commander, don't ask me how we thought we could do it, but somehow, we thought we could take about a thousand dollars we had saved up, and go to Europe. Mother and Dad Blum, for all their love and interest in Switzerland, had never been there, and decided to go but almost backed out at the last minute. It was early 1952, and it was still hard to get a boat or airplane passage ever since the war ended in 1945. The folks had tried to get reservations in Madison and were turned down. I believe this is when they thought about not going after all. Not wanting to take "No" for an answer, we checked with a local tourist agency in D.C. I had always heard that you should go on a French Ship, as the food was so terrific. So, we talked to the travel agent, and told him our preferences. He said he would see what he could do. We heard nothing for several months, and all-of-a-sudden he did call and said, "I can get you 4 passages, but I can't get a French Ship. However, I can book you on the maiden voyage of the 'U.S.S. United States,' would that be O.K.?" Would that be O.K.?! Wow! I guess that would be O.K.!

I worked to finish the second year of Med School and completed Part I of the worrisome National Boards. Mickey worked overtime to make some spending money for the trip. We bought a used Rollicord 2 1/4 x 2 1/4 reflex camera, and on the last day, with Mother and Dad's help, we bought a 35mm David White 3D Stereo Realist Camera. Mickey had to take a risk in that she had to give up her job and hope they would rehire her in fall, as they wouldn't keep her job open for her.

P.S.: Mickey loves to tell this part of the story, which she should rightly do. Because we were so short of money, Mickey was working nights as well as her regular daytime job. At the conclusion of medical classes for that year, I was supposed to be cleaning the apartment in preparation for renting it out for a sublease during the eight summer weeks we would be gone. However, buying and working out the 3-D camera deal, somehow or other kept me from holding up my end of the cleaning bargain. So, unfortunately, Mickey and I ended up cleaning until about 3:00 in the morning of the day we left town. Another near divorce catastrophe was averted!

Chapter 69

Our Hearts were Young and Gay

In early June of 1952, the folks drove to Washington D.C. in preparation for the trip. After everything was wound up, we headed for Madison, N.J. to Toni and Bill Cook's house for the night before boarding the ship in New York City Harbor. That following morning, we got on board the brand spanking new U.S.S. United States Passenger ship. Toni and Bill Cook from Madison, N.J.; Crombie and Louise Aldrich from Leonia, N.J.; and Bill and Anne Frazier were on hand to see us off.

About 10:30 am the ship left the harbor with a fleet of fireboats shooting streams of water arching up into the air making a beautiful sight. We glided past the Statue of Liberty, out through the "Narrows," and into the North Atlantic. Mickey and I were led to our staterooms, which were nice. Mother and Dad on the other hand, were told that, "We know your tickets are good, and we know the room is somewhere, but right now, we don't know exactly where your state room is!" To make a long story short they were not able to find Mother and Dad's stateroom until 11:30 that night!

One of the reasons for having all the difficulty finding these staterooms was that the "United States" was built with a dual function. Not only was it a state-of-the-art passenger ship, but it was also built so it could be converted to a troop ship with minimal change-over. For this reason, it was exceptionally well compartmented, so that if a hole in the hull developed, it would not spread throughout the ship, as happened when a hole was made in the hull of the Titanic. For this reason, the ship did not have long promenade corridors running the length of the ship as most large passenger ships usually had.

On the maiden voyage everything was special. They did not cordon off our tourist class from the second or first class. The food was sensational. We had our own special time of day to go to the 3 main meals, at our own special table, and with our own special waiter. You could order anything you wanted at any meal. You could have big filet mignon steaks three times a day if desired. All the meals were at least 3 or 4 courses. In mid-morning there were snacks including sandwiches and cakes. They did the same thing in mid-afternoon; again, after supper; mid-evening; and still more snacks at midnight. I don't know about Mother and Dad or Mickey, but yours truly gained 18 lbs. in 5 days!

I told Mickey, to allay her fears of seasickness, that the U.S.S. United States was too big to get seasick. She retorted that there was no ship in the world big enough for her not to get seasick. She was right. She did get sick for several days. About the second night after supper, the ship was on the “Great Circle Route” in the Grey North Atlantic. It was dark and the clouds were thick. I decided to go out on the upper deck and get some fresh air. I was standing at the base of one of the two giant smokestacks when all-of-a-sudden they cut loose with the blast of fog horns. It was the loudest, and most startling noise I have ever heard before or since. I could feel my whole anterior chest wall actually vibrate – it was astounding! Needless to say, I didn’t go out on the upper deck on anymore foggy nights.



Fred and Mickey enjoy some time on deck. - 1952

It was customary, in the old days, for big (potentially fast) ships to try to strive for a transatlantic speed record. It had been rumored that the U.S.S. United States might go for such a record. The Queen Mary held the then present record. It was also rumored that they were concerned that one of the main turbine drive shaft bearings was heating up, and consequently, they probably would not go for the record. The first day we got reports that they were doing about 33 knots per hour, the second day

about 35 knots, and the third and fourth days we traveled over 37 knots. We were supposed to take about 5 or 6 days to make the crossing, but we got to La Havre, France in four days. We then anchored off the coast for 18 hours, or so before proceeding for 7 hours to the London Harbor. Yes, we did set the new Transatlantic Speed Record, which as I understand it, held for 38 years! We must acknowledge that we had to wait off the coast of France for 18 hours, so that the British would have time to get a welcoming party ready, as well as berthing space, as we arrived in Europe a day before expected. The British were very gracious with all kinds of their fireboats blasting off and decorative bunting everywhere. It must have been hard for them having been the premier Naval power of the world and losing the coveted

Transatlantic Speed Record to the brash United States. I wonder if we will be so magnanimous when the Chinese start taking all kinds of records from us, which is only a matter of time.

London was very interesting, but in many ways, a challenge. It was now seven years after the end of World War II, and the British were still hurting more than we knew. We had promised Cousin Dorothea and Dr. John Schindler of Monroe, Wisconsin to visit Dorothea's cousins – the Jim Hayes Family. We looked them up, and they invited us for supper with their two adult boys. The elder had been in the Royal Air Force, but in what capacity I cannot recall. The younger boy, Peter, was a third-year medical student at one of the London Hospitals and Med Schools.

We had a nice, but rather simple meal with small amounts of meat and cheese available. Upon finishing, I was still somewhat hungry (probably from having a stretched stomach post U.S.S. United States unlimited gorging). In any event, we found out later that even though it was 7 years since the war's end, they used almost a month's ration points for that meal. The younger boy, Peter was very jealous of me. British National Health Care provided only a small potential income, which was in great contrast to doctors in the free market medicine in the United States.

Peter did invite me to visit his hospital, which had very large wards of 30 plus beds as contrasted with our private (or semi-private) rooms back at George Washington University Hospital. It reminded me of the days I did orderly work in the big wards at the old Wisconsin General Hospital.

He introduced me to one of his patients who had a very complicated history of some type of combined liver and kidney disease. He asked me if I would want to tell him what I thought was the problem. Fortunately, in studying for the recently completed "National Boards," I had read a book called "Pathologic Physiology" in which they discussed the presumed physiology in just such complicated cases as this. I believe I surprised him with my discussion of the situation. I later found out somehow that he told his mother "He really knows his medicine." Sometimes things do work out well. However, this successful "discussion," did not translate into the real friendship that I had hoped for. Peter lived on a houseboat tied up on the Thames River (and refused to let us see). It sounded really neat, but he was not going to let us get close to the boat or him. (We later heard that he moved to Canada.)

Poor Dad had a terrible time in London with the tipping. Not for lack of trying, he could never get it right. Upon taking the Taxi from the Ship to the

Grosvenor Hotel, Dad paid the taxi driver, and gave him what he considered to be a generous tip. The taxi driver handed it back and said, “You keep it – you need it more than I do.” It is possible, the trip being so close after the war, that there was something of a “jealousy of Americans” factor at play.

To return the favor of such a nice dinner at the Hayes house, the folks invited their whole family to dinner at a fancy hotel. Dad related the taxi incident to Jim Hayes, and he seemed surprised. Dad said, “Jim, when we are done with this meal tonight, please tell me how much I should tip.” When the meal was concluded, Dad said, “How much should I tip?” Jim allowed that a certain amount would be very generous. Dad decided he didn’t want a repeat of the taxi incident, so he added even more to the tip than Jim suggested. Lo and behold, the waiter still complained that the tip was too small!

The sights and sounds of London were terrific! We visited many locations including the Thames River, The Tower of London, the Crown Jewels, Madame Tussauds Wax Works, Buckingham Palace, Hyde Park, Stratford Upon Avon, Piccadilly Circus, Double Decker Busses, Cambridge, and Oxford.

Would you like a bottle of ale?

After a few days, we left England via plane for Amsterdam, for a 20-minute flight. I was feeling rather debonair, and gladly accepted the bottle of ale offered by the stewardess. It tasted great. (Wait five minutes.) As the plane was descending, I turned as green as the label on the ale bottle. I was barely able to stagger off the plane and into the terminal. I won’t try to be “debonair” next time!

Netherlands

We had a nice boat ride through the canals of Amsterdam, and this was very exciting. We took a trip to the Island of Marken, where they still wore the old traditional clothes with wooden shoes, and the whole nine yards – mostly for the benefit of the tourists. We ate raw fish and apparently did not get any parasites. As a child, I always had read how clean everything was in Holland, and that you could eat off the floors. Unfortunately, they had changed since those stories were written, as the streets of Amsterdam were littered with trash and dog poop. We traveled on the train to Brussels, which had a lot of lace work and tapestries available for purchase. Mother always was intrigued by these things and bought some to take home.

'Gay Paree!'



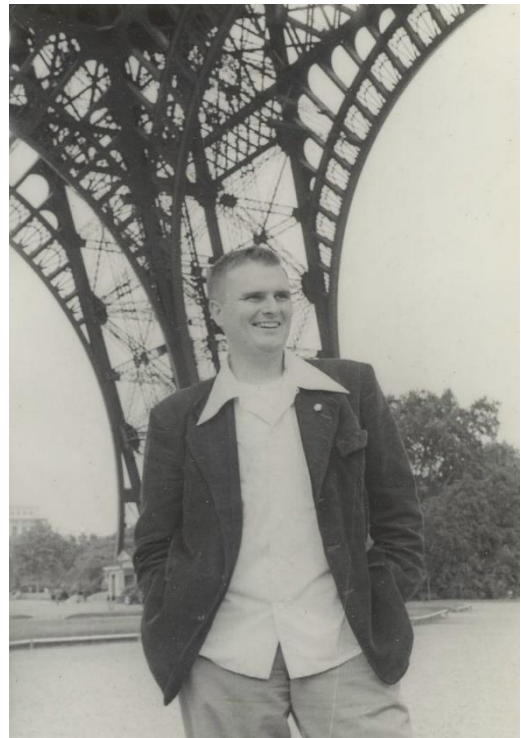
1952 – Mickey and Fred enjoying the sights and sounds of Europe.

someone you know. We sat there and we did see some people from the ship (if that counts). We saw the Louvre, the Eiffel Tower, the Seine River, Notre Dame, and the risqué Folies Bergere. We also went to “Paris by Night,” and saw the bookstalls (kiosks that sell books and artwork) along the Seine River, Napoleon’s Tomb, Fauchons (a very fancy, beautiful, gourmet food store), Versailles, and the pissoirs along the Champs-Elysees.

Driving around the Arc de Triomphe was an experience. There are about eight lanes going around the Arc, and they go lickity-split. The car on your right has the responsibility of not hitting the car on his left, which is your car. You just worry about not hitting the car on your left.

From Brussels we traveled to Paris and picked up the car, which we were to use for the next 6 weeks, at the Triple A (AAA) office in Paris. It was a brand new black, 4-door, 4-speed Peugeot with an exciting sunroof! We had reservations at the Saint James Hotel in the center of Paris. It was a classic hotel of Old Elegance. The meals were impeccably served, and we always wondered if our etiquette was up to par.

We traveled all over Paris, seeing among other things, the Opera house and The Place de la Concorde. We went to the lovely Café de la Paix, which I learned in French Class, that if you sit there a while, you will see



The first night we were in Paris at the St. James Hotel, we unpacked all our clothes (of which we had too many in retrospect. We learned how to do better for the next trip.) Mickey's one expensive blue crêpe dress was all wrinkled. I said I could fix it by sponging out the wrinkles. Mickey said, "You will ruin it, Fred." "No, I won't," I said. I fixed it all right. Pretty soon the dress looked like a shrunken head. Mickey was furious, and I was semi frantic. The folks could see our problem and wanted to smooth out our feelings. They suggested we turn it over to the hotel concierge office (which I hadn't wanted to do in the first place to save money). I believe Mother and Dad helped with the expense, which they did numerous times on the trip. We never could have made it on our own without their generous help. Our insisting on going did get them on the trip however, and it turned out to be their first of 6 or 7 trips to Europe. An hour later the dress came back and was magically like new and now we could go to the Folies.

After Versailles we drove south through the beautiful French countryside. We picnicked in one of the most beautiful wheat fields I have ever seen. It surprised us to note that in general, the farmland in France was of such high quality, while the land in Italy was so poor. We ate French cheeses (France has more varieties of cheese than any county), juice and the famous French bread. When we went to the bakery to get the bread for our picnic, we pointed to a beautiful baguette. The baker's wife accidentally dropped it on the floor, picked it up and handed it to us. We motioned and gestured, and I marshaled my meager French to tell her we wanted a different loaf. She reached into the bread case, pulled out another one and handed it to us. The one picked up from the floor was placed back in the case without any qualms. Oh, well, what you don't know won't hurt you.

We continued traveling to the Town of Chartres where there is one of the most spectacular cathedrals in the world. Mickey was the prime mover to go there as she had written a lengthy term paper on the cathedral for one of her many history classes. It took over 400 years to build and was breathtaking. We still have some beautiful 3D Stereo pictures of Chartres as well as many others from the trip. Later that afternoon, we stopped at the very quaint, and typically French, town of Avalon. They had a nice restaurant and we felt obligated to get cleaned up for supper. Mickey and I were in a room. and Mother and Dad in another. All of a sudden, the lights went out. French words were being shouted loudly up and down the hallways. Finally, after much shouting and running footsteps and a considerate amount of

time, the lights went on. It turned out that the lights went out when Dad tried to use his electric razor. Nobody else ever knew.

All over Europe, we had many spectacular meals (too numerous to mention) but the meal in Avalon was one of the top five spectacular meals on the trip. Besides the superior quality of this meal, the most amazing thing to me was that we were served a bottle of wine from the year 1933. This was the time when Hitler was just getting started. To think that somehow this bottle survived all those 12 years (including 5 years of German occupation), astounded me. In my dimming recollection, that bottle of wine still stands out in my memory as the best wine I ever had. Even though neither Mickey, nor I, are wine connoisseurs but, she definitely agrees.

Chapter 70

Switzerland At Last

The next day, around July 15, 1952 we drove to Switzerland. Mother and particularly Dad were eager to try out their almost perfect Swiss which they both used daily all of their lives. They were 4th generation Americans. Unfortunately, (and they regret it too), they only spoke Swiss when they did not want Marion and me to know what they were saying. Consequently, we never really learned to talk Swiss. (Marion Ruth could do quite well with her good knowledge of German, though.)

We arrived at the Swiss border and expected the crossing to be a formality. After all, being 100% Swiss descent and American besides, we should just sail through. It didn't work that way. The Swiss customs officials looked at everything. Dad told them in Swiss that they "sure were particular." I don't know how well that went over. The real problem probably was that the car had French license plates and that was confusing to them. From the French-Swiss border crossing we drove to the town of Glarus, Switzerland which is in the Canton (state) of Glarus, and the namesake of New Glarus, Wisconsin USA. Dad seemed to know a lot about Switzerland, it seemed by osmosis, as he had never been there before. He either knew of, or had already, lined up accommodations at the preeminent Glarnerhof Hotel and restaurant in Glarus. The Hotel was very strategically located just a stone's throw from the Glarus train station, which was at the center of activities. The town of Glarus was located in the opposite direction from the Hotel. Across the street was a beautiful green tree and flower-lined park with a beautiful spraying fountain in the center. The final direction served as backdrop to the "Glarner" Mountain looking above the town in this narrow valley. It was almost too beautiful to fully appreciate.

Glarus is equivalent to a state (canton) capital and they still vote outside in the open air in a big square by raising hands. It had only been since about 1970 or 1980 that the women finally got to vote. It is as close to a true democracy as almost any place on earth.

After several days in Glarus, Schwanden and Hatzingen (where the Hefty family hailed from), and a day at the archives, we had a date with our distant cousin Marie Muller and family at Kilchberg, a suburb of Zurich. We had heard back in the States that Europeans were short of everything such as chocolate, cigarettes, and

dollar bills. We decided to take scarce items along and pass them out to people as needed. Dad had quite a few dollar bills along. We didn't take any cigarettes as Dad no longer smoked (and the others of us never did) however, we did bring lots of chocolate Hershey bars. This visit to our cousins seemed the most logical and deserving time to bring out the chocolate bars.

Kilchberg was a beautiful suburb with large closely spaced houses. Land is so terribly expensive that the land requirements must be kept to a minimum. Even agricultural land is sold by the square meter (just a tiny bit bigger than a square yard). Their 3-story house was very imposing. We walked up the many steps to the front door, toting the Hershey chocolate bars. By that time, they were a white tinged from getting a little too warm in the car.

After several moments, the very pretty Marie Mueller with full-face and ruddy cheeks came to the door with several children in the background. She greeted us with hugs and kisses. Dad dutifully gave her the candy bars, which she graciously accepted and thanked us for. A few hours later it came up in the conversation that they were the owners of an entire Swiss Chocolate Factory! Swiss Chocolate is known to be the finest in the world. That we gave them Hershey bars brought many laughs over the years and it still makes me chuckle. As I recall, we stayed there a night or two. During that time period, we took the children out for some Swiss Ice Cream, which was to be a special treat. The Swiss Ice Cream was different than what we are used to. It was more of a gelatin or an ice, which was a little disappointing to us.

Marie had scheduled another cousin to visit on the morning near the end of our visit. His name was Shosh. Sure enough, early Sunday morning Shosh arrived. Mother and Dad were eager to converse with him in Swiss. (Mickey and I used our tiny but best Swiss on the 3 or 4 kids, and they tried their best English on us). In any event, upon arriving, Shosh made it clear that he would have to leave right after lunch. Lunch came and went, and Shosh was still there and 2:00 and then 3:00. Finally, 4:00 came and went, and Shosh was still there. Marie started preparing supper, and Shosh was still there. Finally, Dad said to him, "Shosh, I thought you had to go right after lunch?" Shosh replied, "I only said that in case I didn't like the Americans!"

Even after 4 generations of being in America, Mother and Dad could talk near perfect Swiss German. It was confusing to the people in Switzerland as they could hear the near perfect Swiss, but something did not seem quite right. One man

in Glarus finally figured out that they were not speaking present-day Swiss because Dad was talking about “fifaltra” which means butterfly. The man said he figured out they were speaking an older dialect of Swiss because “fifaltra” had not been used in Switzerland for 100 years! The Swiss had since adopted the German word “schmetterling” for butterflies.

Almost everyone in Switzerland has heard of New Glarus, Wisconsin. One day, Dad asked a farmer up in the mountains if he had heard of New Glarus. “Oh yes,” he said. Dad then asked him how big he thought New Glarus was. He thought awhile, probably figuring everything in the U.S. must be big, and replied, “Oh, about 200,000.” (At that time, it was actually only about 1,500.)

We traveled through Switzerland in almost every direction in the trustworthy Peugeot. We saw Zurich; Schwanden; Glarus; Hatzingen; the Matterhorn; Jungfrau; Lake Geneva; Chur; St. Moritz; the Castle of Chillon and other places too numerous to mention. The beauty and grandeur cannot be explained; it must be experienced. I hope everyone can live long enough and have the opportunity to spend a lot of time in this tiny, but power-packed country. We did not use the train system much on this first trip because of having the rental car. However, the trains were probably the best in the world in the 1950’s. In those days, 1,200 trains passed through the train station in Kilchberg (near Zurich) every day!

Chapter 71

Schwanderhof Hotel – Schwanden, Switzerland – 1952

“Fred and Mickey, are you ready?” asked the enthused voice of Fred G. Blum (Sr.) (known to most as “F.G”) Until this point in my life I had been commonly referred to as “Fred, Jr.”. However, that no longer seemed quite appropriate having just finished my first year of medical school. Dad took on F.G. to make the distinction clear. F.G., upon hearing that indeed we were ready, announced to us and to Olga, his constant companion and wife, “Today we are going to the Archives in Glarus to find out more about our ancestors.” Before leaving the Hotel Schwanderhof we had our usual wonderful breakfast of hard crusted rolls, sweet butter, tart Hero red current preserve. We washed this down with strong coffee mixed with copious amounts of rich Brown Swiss cream and a helping of sugar. The four of us got into our rental, a brand new 1951 black 4-speed Peugeot sedan. With the sunroof open, we drove the 5 miles (8 km) or so to Glarus. Dad, who always wanted to get the most out of every trip had called ahead, and they were expecting us. Dad and Mother were able to converse in Schweizerdeutsch (Swiss-German) with the precise, efficient and mustached man at the archives. After doing this for many years, he understood how excited Americans of Swiss descent, and especially those from New Glarus would be. To be here in an archive so voluminous, and of such antiquity, made it seem as though we should speak in hushed tones. Even then they had a very sophisticated means of storing the large bound record books. There were about ten double-sided storage racks or shelves. To save space the shelving units could slide on tracks from one side of the area to the other, so that only one aisle was accessible at a time. The efficient use of space was a theme we saw again and again throughout Switzerland, not only for those storage files, but saving space is applied to the houses, factories, roads and farms.

The Archival man in his crisp white shirt and dark pants had known ahead to have the Hefty and Blum books at hand. We were startled to find out that not only were our ancestors listed in the big ledger books, but that the American-born Swiss including Mother and Dad, 4th generation Auswanderers (expatriates), were already listed in the same penmanship as well. Not only that, but my sister, Marion Ruth Blum Sweet and I were also listed there even though nobody in our family had ever made contact with the archives! We later found out that there were persons in New Glarus and Monticello who monitored the local papers and sent all the pertinent

information of births and deaths, adoptions and divorces directly to these canton Glarus archives. Actually, up until our generation, divorces were very rare.

We found the Blum and Hefty (Hefti) sides of the family could be traced back on paper, generation by generation for several hundred years. See appendix for Blum and Hefty (Hefti) family trees.

Chapter 72

Historical Digression

In the 1840's in Canton Glarus, Switzerland there was a shortage of food, and particularly a shortage of jobs. Because of this, people were asked to migrate out of Switzerland. America seemed to be the preferred place however, two other groups of Swiss were sent to two other places: one to Brazil which didn't seem to flourish, and another group to Russia from which nothing much was ever heard. In 1845, the Emigration Society from Canton Glarus, Switzerland bought the original tract of land in New Glarus for \$1.25 per acre. One hundred and ninety-three people left from Switzerland. They landed in Baltimore. When nobody was there to greet them, they made their way to New Glarus via St. Louis. A few people stayed in Baltimore, and a few others stayed in Pennsylvania. Fridolin Hefty and his wife, Rosina Schiesser Hefty came to New Glarus in 1846 at ages 42 and 43, respectively. They brought their son Thomas, age 1.



2nd Swiss Reformed Church built in 1858.

Up until our son, Silvan, delved into the genealogy we always assumed that Fridolin was a farmer. His grave marker suggests otherwise. Fridolin, along with Rosina, was buried in the front yard of the Old Swiss Church in New Glarus. Then in 1900, at the cost of \$15,000, the New Swiss Church was built (this is the red brick building

that stands today). However, the graveyard in front of it was in the way, so they left the graves, but removed the gravestone markers. Not knowing what else to do with them, the markers were put in the basement of the new church.

When the historical village was instituted, on land donated by the Schindler side of the family, a wooden replica of the first church was built. Someone had the

good idea to fish the gravestones out of the church basement and erect them in the churchyard of the Swiss Historical Village, next door to the New Glarus Cemetery. Fridolin's and Rosina's bodies still rest in the yard south of the imposing red, brick church in the center of New Glarus, but their grave markers are in the historical village. We honor them each year by placing brightly colored wreaths in front of the grave markers before each Memorial Day. On Fridolin's marker: born 1804 and died 1870, it says: "Seckelmeister" which designates the person responsible for the financials of the commune or town (finance director or minister of finance). The "Seckel" was the bag in which one put the silver and gold coins. "Meister" means master, head, responsible. He also appeared to have dealings with the original New Glarus Brewery. One Hefty married a Blumer who had the Blumer brewery in Monroe. There may have been additional intermarriage between the Blumers and Heftys.



Large cow and horse barn. Circa - 1890

In 1848, Fridolin and Rosina purchased the initial tract of land, including the site of the Stone Barn and other buildings on Hefty-Blum Homestead Farms. This was the same year Wisconsin became a state. The initial purchase of acreage was from a government "patent" that is somehow related to a Military Service warrant.

Fridolin and Rosina kept buying land until they had enough for 4 quarter sections (i.e. 160 acres x 4) or 640 acres (a square mile). We surmise that this was so they could give each of the four male children 160 acres*. We don't know how or where they got the money for all the additional land they purchased, or for the building spree. In a 25-year period from 1859-1884, they built a 44-cow stone barn; a large 78-cow and 8-horse barn; a granary; a buggy shed; a 6-bedroom house and a Cheese Factory. Apparently one or two of the children did not want the land, and some was sold bringing the farm down to 400 acres. There is no picture available of Fridolin or Rosina that we know of. (In order to complete the "hall of ancestors",

which is located in the entry of the main house, talented niece, Barb Sweet Cash rendered a water color composite of Fridolin and Rosina based on other family photos and typical Swiss traits.) Their son, Thomas (2nd generation) looked like a Kentucky Colonel, and was one of the founders of the Bank of New Glarus.

*New documents located now support that upon Rosina's death, all 7 children, including the daughters, were given an inheritance of land. This land was sold to Thomas over a 3-year period by each of the other children for a variety of amounts until he acquired the entire property.

Historic Stone Barn circa 2004 after renovations were undertaken to restore the building. This was originally built in 1861 under the direction of Fridolin Hefti, first to homestead the farm.



Chapter 73

Italy

After about two weeks in Switzerland, we took a train to Rome, Italy. We felt driving in Italy might be too difficult, so instead we took the train to Florence, and saw all the wonderful statues, museums and churches.

Villa Schifanoia

The next episode was very neat and was made possible by Dad Eye.

Dad Eye had a number of grad students while teaching in the U.W. Education Department that were nuns at Edgewood College, also in Madison. They told him on numerous occasions that if he ever traveled to Italy, he should spend a night at their convent, Villa Schifanoia. When he heard we were going to Italy, he contacted the nuns and they set up a day for us to visit the Villa, near Florence. Toting our big bags, took the train as close to the Villa as we could. We were unable to find a taxi or bus, so we started walking up the big hill (actually a small mountain) towards the Villa. The more tired we got with all the bags, the steeper the road got. In those days there were no roller bags, only bags with a handle. That day, we learned in spades the lesson over and over on that trip, “go light!”

We arrived as it was getting dark, and a Sister greeted us and got us to our rooms. The next morning the villa was like an enchanted place. The view from the Villa high on the hill, overlooked the beautiful city of Florence, Italy. The sun was shining through the many different kinds of trees. There were classrooms, partly out in the open where American girls were working on making marble sculptures. The Villa had, as I recall, been donated to Edgewood College by a rich American lady and her husband. We were told that the intention of Schifanoia was to provide English-speaking girls with a European (Italian) experience that would expand their artistic abilities. It really was a very serene, comforting and peaceful place – the kind of place it was meant to be.

We had a lovely breakfast with the head Sister, and she was most cordial and interesting to talk with. After further tours of the Villa, we left with all our oversized bags, and traveled back to the train station. It was all downhill this time. It is a wonderful memory.

Roma

The train trip from Florence to Rome was a short, but pretty trip. We stayed at the Atlantic Hotel and had another one of the “highlight” meals of the trip. We had all Italian food and found it very different from what we get in America. It had much less red sauce, and was much more subtle, just exquisite in taste. There was always a waiter silently standing by, or near each table. He would stand beside or partly behind a column, and you were hardly even aware that he was there. He would be at the table in an instant if the slightest thing were needed: another napkin; the next course; a refill of water or whatever was needed. He took care of our needs before we even realized we had them. This was without a doubt the greatest “service” any of the four of us had ever had before, or these many years since.

The sights of Roma such as the Coliseum, St. Peter’s Cathedral, the Pantheon, the beautiful churches, fountains, and the Victor Emmanuel Memorial were almost too exciting, and revered, for us to completely “take in.”

Chapter 74

Back to Switzerland

On the train from Rome to Zurich we went through the famous St. Gotthard Tunnel which circles through the mountain three times. The first time you come out of the tunnel, on the way from Italy, you can look way down the mountainside and see a beautiful church at the bottom of the valley. The next time the train circles through the mountain, the church is now seen at the same level as the train. Then, when the train makes the third, and final, circular pass through the mountain tunnel, the same church is now viewed high above the train windows. The triple circular tunneling is, of course, to let the train gain or lose elevation so that the high mountain passes could be traversed – that was some engineering for the 1800's.

Rivers Galore

The German Rhine River, The French Rhone River and the Danube Rivers all have tributaries which come from Glaciers in Switzerland.

We returned to Glarnerland to pick up the Peugeot and head for Austria. We stopped at Salzburg, and Mickey got some beautiful leather hiking boots, and I bought some special Rollicord portrait lenses for the Rollicord Reflex camera.

Dad had heard that the Grosse Glockner Mountain Pass was spectacular. He was told that once you started up the mountain it was up, up, up, no let-up. This is in contrast with American mountain roads in that they start going up, but from time to time, level off for a while, and often even dip down for short periods. But the Grosse Glockner is a steady “up” without ceasing. It was snowcapped and Dad felt most comfortable when he was driving. During his lifetime he had driven many hundreds of thousands of miles, and never had any significant accidents. He was an excellent driver with quick reflexes.

Sojourn to Austria and Germany

On our way out of Austria we went through a small German town. It was time to stop for the night. There weren't really any hotels or motels in such a small town, so Dad asked some local people about who might have rooms for us to rent. We were directed to a three-story house and had to ask in high German if they had toilets and showers. “Yes,” they had toilets, but no showers. We decided we would have to let the shower idea go, but we at least had toilets. What we later found out

was that the third-floor toilets were nothing more than a toilet seat connected to the basement or outside by a long tube. There was no water, or anything to flush – only gravity. Needless to say, it did not smell like roses. Other than the “toilet” deal, the room was O.K. This was in contradistinction to some other private homes we stayed in. (One private home in French Switzerland had bed bugs, and Mickey and I both got bitten – Mickey rather severely.)

We had quite an experience in the evening in the same town. We asked the aforementioned private home hausfrau where we should go to eat. We went to the suggested place, which was quite large and bustling with activity. The noise of a boisterous crowd was evident. As soon as they heard us talking English, everything went dead silent, and all the activity ceased. Wow, that was spooky. We just sat and looked straight ahead, ate quickly, and talked little. We were really glad to get out of there without incident. This reaction from the German people was understandable when you realize it was only seven years after the end of World War II.

We headed back to Switzerland, and then on to Paris to turn in the Peugeot before heading back to the airport. We celebrated the 4th of July in the U.S.A., Bastille Day in Paris, and Swiss Independence Day (the first of August) in Elm, Switzerland.

As previously mentioned, we took way too much clothing etc. on the trip - much of it we never used. We hadn't learned the trick of traveling light and being more nimble travelers. Less bulk made a big difference when traveling by train.

Not only did we have too much stuff on the way over, but with all the nick knacks and art objects etc. that we picked up during the seven weeks, we had a ridiculous amount on the way home. We had so much that we had to pay something like \$1.50 for every pound over a certain weight. I wore my heavy Swiss Hiking boots so that I could pack the more lightweight walking shoes to save extra shipping weight and some money. Even still, we were 15 pounds overweight.

When we arrived back at Madison, N.J. we picked up the folk's Buick, which Toni and Bill Cook had been using at Dad's encouragement. After arriving in Madison, Wisconsin, Dad realized that he had taken the insurance off the car for the seven weeks, and that they were driving without insurance!

We will not bore the readers with descriptions of every trip we have taken (maybe a few). However, this first trip to Europe with Mother and Dad was so special, that we had to include it. It is a large part of our heritage. Our niece, Barbara

Sweet Cash has so astutely observed that when you go on trips, you get the benefits and fun three times:

- 1.) The fun of thinking about and planning the trip
- 2.) The fun of actually being on the trip with all its excitement
- 3.) The fun of thinking about it, reading the diaries and looking at the pictures afterward and reliving the “sea stories.”

She is right!

Mickey and I have spent money and time on many things that we regret. But we don't ever regret the amount we spent on any trip. It must be hard to be in a marriage when one spouse likes to travel, and the other does not.

Chapter 75

Back to Reality

Shortly after returning to Washington D.C. in late August 1952, we moved from the Commander Apartments at 1335 15th St., NW, having sublet it during our summer absence. We moved to Alexandria, Virginia to a one room efficiency. I studied every night till the wee hours of the morning while Mickey tried to sleep with the study lights on. This went on Monday through Saturday. On Saturday mornings I had the dreaded CPC (Clinical Pathological Conference). We were given case summaries of the signs and symptoms and lab studies of very complicated cases. Every week at random, one student would be called upon to come up and discuss the case, and what he or she thought about it, in front of all four years of students. That was a fright. That ended at noon, so we would walk over to the Farmer's Market, and each get a square slice of pizza for 10 cents. After lunch I returned to the apartment and studied until 8:30 pm. If studying was under good control, we would walk down 14th street to the "Little Theater" which always had foreign films. Most Sundays we went to Mt. Vernon Place Methodist Church, and then back to studying.

As part of our training for psychiatric problems and mental illness, we had a unique opportunity in Washington, D.C. Several times a year we would go to St. Elizabeth's Hospital, which was a government hospital of over 7,500 patients. It was said that with 24 hours' notice, they could come up with a patient that showed any of the possible psychiatric diagnoses in existence. 2 patients are still in my memory. One was a fellow that you could ask any question you could think of, for example: who was the President of any Country; or the Governor of any state; or any scientific fact that you could think of, and he would have a good answer. Another patient was a lady who was in the hospital for (I believe) depression but that was only part of her problem. Her core situation was that she was physically and verbally abused at home. She stated that she could hardly wait to get back to her situation. We asked her why she wanted to go home to get beaten up and punished physically by her husband? She replied that when he beat her up, "then I know he loves me!"



Uncle Al and Aunt Selma – always gracious hosts.

vious that I was allergic to chocolate. I loved it, but not enough to endure 3 or 4 days of a sore throat.

Every 3 weeks or so, Aunt Selma and Uncle Al would have us out for a wonderful Sunday noon meal and outing. The heavy duty studying, which was like a constant round of final exams was hard for me, but it was also hard for Mickey. She was not known to sit quietly by and say nothing. She tried to be careful with small talk, but it was hard for her. As a diversion and for something fun to look forward to, every Saturday Mickey would make a big chocolate cake with thick, creamy fudge frosting. Lo and behold, almost every Monday I would have a sore throat. After a number of such incidents, it became ob-



Studying hard in 1952



A rare occasion of taking a break and having some fun – 1952.

Chapter 76

The Final Nash Story

One day while driving into D.C. from Alexandria with the wonderful Blue Nash the following happened: The traffic light one car ahead of me changed to red and the car in front stopped suddenly. And, even though I pushed on the brakes as hard as I could, the spongy brakes just didn't do the job, and I bent the bumper on the car ahead. Nothing happened to the Nash except a tiny scratch on the bumper. The driver in the car ahead was, of course, very much full of righteous indignation. I had to give him names, address, and insurance. He worked at the Post Office. I later got a bill, which was only about \$50-\$75, but that was a lot for us.

This incident is still not the end of the Blue Nash Saga. Just before this happened, we had taken the Nash to another brake specialist place in D.C. where they again changed all the brake pistons to new ones, put on new brake shoes and even a new master cylinder. After considerable expense, the mechanic said he was afraid the brakes were not much better, and that there really was not much more that could ever be done except to get a new car. He was right.

We made another big mistake with the Nash. About that time, high detergent oils were coming into general use. These oils were supposed to give superior lubrication and keep the engine clean etc. Well, let's give the old Nash the best, so we put in the best high detergent oils. Lo and behold, it cleaned all the crevices in the pistons, the piston rings, the valves and the crank shaft etc. Ever after that attempt to improve the car's performance, it used oil in a new inefficient manner, which I must say, never did before.

Mickey and I decided the Blue Nash must go before we had another more serious crash up because of the "spongy" brakes. It was decided that Mickey would stay on for the main part of the summer to earn extra money, and I would go home and also try to earn money. Before doing this, we felt it would be best to sell the Nash in D.C. rather than risk driving it all the way back to Wisconsin.

We put an ad in the Washington D.C. Sunday paper and got a number of calls. We were trying to get \$150 or \$250. Finally, two boys came. They wanted us to guarantee the crack in one window, the brakes, the paint, and I don't know what all. After talking with the two boys for a long time they finally decided they would buy it as is without the guarantees and they would write a check for \$175, as I recall. I was very leery of taking a check, but they assured me it would be perfectly good,

and that their uncle was behind the check. He was from downtown D.C., and all would be perfectly wonderful.

That was on a Sunday. On Monday, my worst fears were realized. I went to the bank and the check bounced. I finally got a hold of the boys and they said to go down to a certain address in the old central part of D.C. to get a “good check” from their uncle. As I rode into the old part of D.C. by bus, things were getting tougher and tougher looking. I finally found the location. It was an old, run-down pants pressing establishment. I asked for the man I was supposed to ask for, and they said he wasn’t there. I asked again if they were sure because he was the man I was supposed to meet. I reiterated that I came here to meet him and finally they said, “Oh, yes, he is here.” So, I talked to the uncle and he said he didn’t have any money. I said, “Well I was supposed to come down and you were to make the check good that the boys had written.” “Oh, well yes, I do have it,” he said, so he gave me the money in cash. Then, I was almost afraid to leave the place because I was afraid someone would come by and take it from me or hit me over the head and take the cash. I hotfooted it out of there as fast as I could without looking like I was running away. I got back onto the city bus, and although it worked out, it was rather hairy. And that is the last of the Nash, and the last of the Nash stories. Thank Goodness!

Chapter 77

Transitions

The rest of the summer of 1953 turned out to be rather uneventful. Mickey worked her heart out at the Navy Department earning and saving money, and I worked for Clarence Johnson. I was doing painting, and saving as much money as I could, and of course, living at home in Madison with the folks was really a big benefit.

We were able to scrape together enough money to buy a new 1953 blue Chevrolet 4-door with a stick shift. It was the stripped-down model that did not include seat belts as they were not standard yet. We purchased the car from Kubly-Richart in New Glarus from Delmar Kubly, who was a distant relative of ours. We also had a windshield washer that you'd fill up with water, and when you pumped your foot on a pedal, it would squirt water on the windshield (also an add-on). That was really basic transportation, but it was a good car.

The 4th and last year of Medical School was “cutting and chalking,” working and studying. Finally, in June 1954, graduation came. Mother and Dad gave us a graduation present of an air flight to California which will be mentioned in the next chapter.

G. W. had been a wonderful place to go to Medical School, and I have fond memories of it, even though it was very difficult. Uncle Al and Aunt Selma made our Washington stay much nicer.

Chapter 78

Interlude

After graduation from George Washington University School of Medicine in early June of 1954, we had a special treat in store for us. The folks had offered that instead of coming to Washington D.C. for an hour's graduation program that they would buy the four of us airplane tickets to California. We could visit with Aunt Bertha and Uncle Clarence, and then have a nice trip back to Madison. Needless to say, this sounded like a terrific idea, especially after such a school grind. Also, Uncle Al and Aunt Selma would be on hand for the graduation ceremonies, and this was next best thing to Mother and Dad being there.

Our class had a graduation celebration at the new Dulles Airport in D.C. We regaled each other with famous "stories" of our four years. There were many happy but nostalgic goodbyes. Mickey had already said her goodbyes at the Navy Department.

It was still very exciting to go by air in those days, and we had a nice trip. It was great to see the folks, and Aunt Bertha and Uncle Clarence. The trip home was via Solvang, a beautiful Danish ethnic town in central California; a place Dad would have liked to have lived. We looked at a small ranch to buy, but of course, didn't. Had we done so; it would have become a multi-million-dollar property in a dozen years.

The trip home from California was beautiful and exciting but was otherwise uneventful except for one episode. We stopped in the evening at dusk at a restaurant in the middle of no place. Dad got out of the car, he said, "I think I know that man over there." Mother said, "No you don't." "Yes, I think I do," as he rushed over to the surprised man. It turned out it was a boyhood acquaintance he had not seen in over 40 years.

Chapter 79

Internship

Internships were just beginning to be determined by a matching system. As I recall, you would list 3 or 4 of your desired picks of internships around the country. Your decision was made by what you felt the strong points of the program were. Would it help you to get a good residency? Was it in the part of the country you wanted to be in? Did they pay enough to live on etc.?

Ruth Ann Ortel, the only surviving female in the class, Carl Sweat and I had all been matched to the Delaware Hospital in Wilmington, Delaware. It was a rather unique private hospital whose Board of Directors was composed mainly of DuPont and Atlas Powder executives. If they were convinced that something “good” should be done by the hospital or for the hospital, it was done.

We had to work hard but we were treated well. There was free medical care for each intern and their families. Also, our spouses could come and eat with us free at the evening meals when we were on duty (which was a lot). One of the senior residents on the Medical service took very good care of his patients, and because of his efforts one lady patient donated 7 million dollars!

We made about half a living wage or so at the hospital, so we still needed Mickey to find a job to round out our financial requirements. She checked every place: Atlas Powder, DuPont and other places. They all sounded very interested when she would start interviewing until the dreaded question, “Where have you worked before and what did you do?” As soon as she replied, “The Navy Department in Washington,” the faces’ of the interviewers would fall, and they would say that they would let her know if anything turned up. Mickey couldn’t figure out what was going on. Finally, one of the interviewers leveled with her and said that they had very poor experience with former U.S. government employees as they were “well – lazy.” Mickey didn’t know what to do. She had always done most of the work in her small Navy Department.

Meanwhile, back at the hospital, I was taking care of my medical patients on one of the wards. There was a DuPont executive who was very friendly, and one whom I had helped quite a bit. He asked how we liked Wilmington, and if we were happy etc. I said we liked it a lot (although we didn’t have time or money to look around much). I mentioned that my wife was having a hard time finding a job. He said, “Here, have her take this paper back to DuPont, and tell them I said to see if

they can find something for her.” Mickey went back the next day, and sure enough, they found a job for her right away in the Explosives Division. (I always felt that was a fitting place for her to be! Sorry, Mickey. I’m just kidding.)

We had a wonderful apartment over-looking the Delaware Bay and it was very nice. The countryside around Wilmington was quaint, and eastern, and there were lots of small streams, farmettes, quaint old homes, horses, covered bridges and general old elegance.

“Don’t forget to look at Ophthalmology”

“Don’t forget to look at Ophthalmology,” were the prescient words of Uncle Otto (Dr. Otto) who was my general practitioner uncle, who took a residency in Chicago to become an Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat doctor. In the 1930’s and 1940’s, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat was all one specialty. By the 1950’s, Eye became its own specialty.

The Delaware Hospital had a number of good ophthalmologists on its staff, and once a week or so they had “Eye Clinic” staffed by one of their good men. I decided that I better listen to Uncle Otto’s advice and check out Ophthalmology. So, whenever I could get away, I went to this eye clinic usually staffed by Dr. William LaMotte or Dr. Durham. The more I went, the more I was intrigued. Bill LaMotte invited me to assist with some of his surgeries, which I found even more intriguing. He invited Mickey and me to his beautiful house. His father had been an Ophthalmologist and Bill, I believe, did some teaching at the University of Pennsylvania. He wanted to set up a mentor type Residency program one-on-one for me. While I appreciated his wanting to do that, I felt I needed a more formal and structured Residency. Consequently, I applied to a number of residencies, and got accepted at Indianapolis and Ann Arbor. That was an easy choice as the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor had a terrific reputation. I have always been glad that I heeded my Uncle’s advice not to forget to look at Ophthalmology.

A Lesson Learned

I might as well get this off my chest to you, my readers, if any of you are still reading.

One of the medical floors at Delaware Hospital consisted of all private rooms. We could talk to patients from the nursing station to answer their wants, or we could of course go down to see them. The rooms were private, and they all had partial swinging doors like some restaurants have at their kitchen entrances. This was for

partial privacy, but a full solid door could also be closed when necessary. I talked a lot to one of my patients and his wife in one of these private rooms. This patient had many longstanding and complicated histories of medical problems that never seemed to be able to be sorted out to any conclusive diagnosis. I talked to both him and his wife and was very sympathetic. I tried to be helpful and spent quite a bit of time there, and they both really liked me, I could tell. It was a little frustrating because as soon as you would sort out one set of symptoms, this would be supplanted with another whole new set.

One day I was sitting at the nurse's station discussing this man's changing symptoms with one of the staff nurses. I allowed that I thought he was a "crock" etc. About 90 seconds later, there standing in front of the counter was my patient looking down at me disdainfully. The intercom channel had been left "open" to his room and he heard everything I had said. This was one of the worst feelings I have ever had. I felt like a complete phony, a traitor, and an uncaring doctor. I got the comeuppance I deserved, and I learned a lesson I have never forgotten.



We welcomed Marion Elaine Blum into this world June 9, 1955.

I thought you had a baby!

While I was on the emergency room rotation Mickey told me one morning that she was having cramps, and thought she was going to have the baby before long. I said, "You can either come along with me this morning or take a taxi when you're ready." She decided to come with me. About midnight the baby was ready to come. Mickey was given some medicine, and she was "completely out." The next morning while she was in her room, a cleaning lady came in to mop the floor. In visiting with her, Mickey said she was there to have a baby. And the lady said, "I thought you had a baby last night." Which she had! Talk about an easy delivery!

OB-GYN Service

As a resident, the emergency room was the most difficult physically. We each spent 2 months working shifts: 12 hours in the day, and on all night for another 12 hours. (We could sleep if there were no emergencies but there usually were.) Then we were on the following day for 12 hours. After that, we could go home for the next 12 hours, and then repeat the cycle over.

The second busiest service was the OB-GYN service. During medical school I had thought I wanted to go into OB-GYN but had since changed my mind. The OB-GYN service at the Delaware Hospital was one of the first that I know of that ran a group service of three or four doctors who took turns at the hospital at night and delivered all the babies that night regardless of whose specific patient they might be. A number of interns and residents had babies that year, and all of them, ours included, happened to be girls. Marion Elaine Blum was born June 9, 1955.

Who are you?

As previously mentioned, the Obstetrics Department at the Delaware Hospital was the first hospital that I knew of where 3 or 4 OB doctors banded together so they could take turns taking night call. Some of them were real characters. One of them wanted to retire at Cape Hatteras and build a concrete shelter so he could sit and watch the Cape Hatteras storms and hurricanes. On one particular night he was on call at the hospital making his early evening rounds to check how dilations were progressing so as to gauge the approximate time of delivery. Because of their call rotation, every lady did not know first-hand every doctor in the group. That night he was checking one very persnickety and fussy lady that didn't recognize him. She said in a very frantic and excited voice, "Now I don't want any residents or interns checking me. You aren't one of those are you?" He answered her back and said, "Hell no lady, I'm just the Janitor!"

Just like in the movies.

On one Sunday afternoon three men strolled into the hospital and on to the pediatric floor. They appeared neat and tidy, but something did not look quite right. They wanted to know if the pediatric doctors were available. We said they were. In about three more minutes approximately five Gypsy women appeared wearing long black skirts, dark hair and gold earrings just like in the movies. They were bringing in a little gypsy child who was running a fever. We were all very apprehensive as we

didn't know if they would try to steal everything in sight, or worse yet, if the very sick child should die, would they go after the doctors? Fortunately, the child responded to treatment and all ended well, but I am quite sure the hospital never received any compensation.

Hot Stuff

Early in my internship on a very hot August day while on the "Medical" service an unconscious man was brought into the Emergency room. The medical resident on call examined the patient. His temperature was 106 degrees F., so she rightly concluded that he was in "malignant hyperthermia." We put him in a bathtub with cold water and added ice cakes from the food department icemaker until he was almost lying in solid ice. After about 20 minutes his temperature got down to about 102 degrees, and all of a sudden, he blurted out in a loud voice, "J---- C---- but it's cold!"

Dr. Mulronev: "You can't call her that."

About 7-10 days before we were ready to leave for Ann Arbor, Mickey delivered our first baby, as was mentioned earlier in this chapter. Mickey was in the hospital, and by the 3rd day they wanted to know what we were going to name our dear baby girl. We had decided on "Tracy." When the Chief of Pediatrics, Dr. Mulronev found out the name we had picked he said, "You can't name a child that! It is too trendy." I think he meant too superficial, and not serious enough. We agreed. Well...back to the drawing board. Finally, we decided, why not name her with a good solid name after my sister? "Marion," it is. Dr. Mulronev was satisfied, and everybody lived happily ever after!

Dr. Mulronev is also the doctor that told us an interesting story. We asked him once how is the best way to raise children? "Is it better to be real relaxed and let them do what they want or be real strict and hold them down with a tight rein?" He said, "Well, in the final analysis, it probably doesn't make a whole lot of difference, but if you let them do anything they want to do, it will drive you crazy." He said, "I went over to my psychologist-friend's house a few weeks ago to have supper with them. They have two children that they have decided to raise as free thinkers, and let them do whatever they wanted to do, and be raised without any restrictions. That night, the kids had that whole theory going strong, and it was all pretty hectic before we had supper. They were jazzing around, and running around,

and whooping and hollering, but the final crowning glory was that, while we were eating dessert, they sawed the legs off the piano!”

Ken Huxhold

One day in August, Mickey received a call from her old high school friend, Pat Patterson who was married to Ken Huxhold. Ken was a former Wisconsin Badger Football Star, and now was playing guard for the Philadelphia Eagles. Pat wanted to know if we could come to Philadelphia in several weeks to see the Eagles play football and have dinner with them after the game. Wow! That sounded like fun, and we were able to get that Sunday off.

We met Pat at the stadium. It was quite an experience as we sat with all the wives of the Eagle’s players. Their outlook on the game was different than the average fan in the stands. First of all, the wives were afraid that their husbands would get hurt, and secondly, they were afraid that their husbands might screw something up. These were not yet the days of the big salaries, and virtually all the players had to have another job to do for the rest of the year. The Eagle’s running back had a broken jaw, which they wired up, and he played the whole season that way. He had to exist all season on malted milks (and if he would have to vomit, he might have choked to death.)

We had a lovely meal after the game, and Ken was banged up all over, but he said he had a good time. He did say that when they told you to play, you played regardless of how you felt, and that if you had a sprained ankle they would inject it with Novocain, and you would play anyway.

Winding up the Internship

Soon it was time to transition to Ann Arbor for residency. Fortunately, Mickey’s mother, Lucile came to help us make the transition with the new baby. About a week before we were ready to leave, I went with Ruth Ann Ortel and Carl Sweat to Baltimore to take part III of the National Boards. While we were gone, Mickey was taken by ambulance back to the hospital because of uterine hemorrhaging and had to stay in the hospital 4 days. She returned home, and the next morning when we were still in bed, I awoke to find Mickey in a sea of blood. In all my medical practice, I have never seen any person lose so much blood and still live to tell the tale. Although she was so tired, and she just wanted to lie there and not move, she didn’t even faint!

We got Mickey back to the hospital and as I recall, she had a D&C to try to stop the bleeding. She was there 1 or 2 more nights. Meanwhile, Mother Eye had all the blood in the apartment cleaned up, and we were ready to move.

The day before we left, we went to the U-Haul “Adventure in Moving” and got a big U-Haul Trailer. The Blue 1953 Chevrolet Sedan had bumpers, which stuck out away from the car, and the hitch clamped on to the slightly vertically curved chrome bumper. The trailer seemed so big and heavy that it seemed imperative to fasten the hitch tightly. I really cranked up on the clamp, and before I knew it, I could see the bumper was starting to crush. Needless to say, I couldn’t go any tighter. While I was working on this, Mother Eye was taking care of Marion, and Mickey started to spot again. Dear Ruth Ann was on the OB-GYN service and came over with all kinds of Ergostrate (it causes the uterus to cramp up which in turn, hopefully stops the hemorrhaging), which she loaded Mickey up with. The next day we pulled out, overloaded with a too-big trailer, three adults, a baby, and all the baby gear.

The “Adventure in Moving” part came as we were driving down a long slight downgrade on the Pennsylvania Turnpike. All-of-a-sudden a harmonic motion started with the trailer fishtailing. If I tried to brake the car, the fishtailing worsened to the point that we were all afraid the car would jackknife and tip over. As I recall, all I could do was keep the car pulling slightly even though it speeded up. Finally, when we came to an up-grade, the harmonic motion ceased. That was one of the scariest automobile incidents that I can think of.

We stopped at Mickey’s Uncle Dutch and Aunt Helen’s, at the V.A. Hospital where he worked in Pittsburg and had a nice visit. We would soon begin our adventure in Ann Arbor.

Chapter 80

Wolverines, here we come!

Driving north from Ohio up to Ann Arbor, Michigan in July of 1955 was an exciting experience. I felt very fortunate to have been selected for a residency at such a big-name place. Neither Mickey nor I had ever been to the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. I had filled out application papers and I did have to interview with a Michigan Alumnus at Walter Reed Hospital in Washington D.C. I remember Dad had said when he learned we were going to Michigan, “Well, I guess I will have to get used to pulling for Michigan (football) now (after Wisconsin of course). This was a lot for everyone as after Ohio State, Michigan was probably the most “hated” and feared team for Wisconsin Football fans.

We were additionally fortunate to have been eligible for the University Housing, which was only a stone’s throw from the big 1000 bed University Hospital. It was only about \$50/month rent, however, the salary was \$150/month, so it did not leave much left over. It was a second floor, 1-bedroom apartment with a living room and kitchen. We put Marion in a playpen for sleeping.

Chapter 81

Settling In

The first day Dr. Keith Gates, a fine man, came over to help us unload the U-Haul trailer and get our apartment set up. He and his wife, Ora, and daughters, Sheila and Allison were from Logan, Utah and were Mormons. He had been in private practice for 6 years before deciding to specialize.

Dr. Bert James and his wife, Evelyn and their 2 children, Buzz and sister were from Fresno, California. He had been in private practice for 7 years. He had been so busy that the only time he could see his kids was to haul them around in his car to see them between evening house calls. For the first year, every time the phone would ring, he would jump, as he was so shell-shocked from constantly being on call.

There were 5 residents in each of the 3 years at Michigan in those days. We had two other residents from the State of Michigan: Dr. Dale Roth from Grand Rapids and Dr. Conrad Heyner from Detroit.

That first day we were all invited to a picnic at the Dr. F. Bruce Fralick farm. He was Chief of the Department and was the youngest ever selected. He was a dapper dresser and the big cataract man in the area. Second in charge was Dr. Harold F. Falls probably the foremost and world authority on hereditary eye diseases. He was a person who didn't take kindly to foolish questions, as we will see later. Dr. John Henderson, an M.D. and PhD, rounded out the senior staff. He was interested in strabismus (crossed eyes) and neuro-ophthalmology. He was a big, handsome, debonair man.

Mickey struggled to the farm picnic, even though she was exhausted from the trip, and especially from the huge loss of blood, (which of course would take time to replenish). Mother Eye was an invaluable help with Marion who was already showing tendencies to be a busy girl. The picnic was good, and the farm turned out to be a tree farm of several hundred acres, which Dr. Fralick was in the gradual process of planting.

The Eye Clinic Department was housed right next to the hospital, and at the time was only several years old. It was considered "state of the art." One thing we noted about the campus as a whole was that the student body dressed more upscale compared to the sloppy attire of Madison – not important probably, but an observation.

As first year residents, we did visual fields by the trainload. This experience led up to the three married residents: Bert, Keith and I, doing a research paper on 10,000 Central Visual Fields as part of an M.S. (Master of Science of Ophthalmology) degree that we were each working on. Our paper was published as the lead article in the Archives of Ophthalmology. This a big feather in our caps! First year residents also assisted the three senior staff ophthalmologists with their surgery, so we could start to learn how the surgery worked. (I just now crystallized in my thinking that all fifteen residents were male – now I believe more are female than male.) Times change.

The second-year residents did most of the refracting (checking to see if glasses are needed and if so, what strength), muscle balance, and strabismus (crossed eyes) testing. We started to do simple surgical procedures such as chalazions (first cousin to a sty) etc.

The 3rd year residents did the more complicated fundus exams, and surgeries including cataract, strabismus, retinal detachment, lid, trauma, glaucoma and plastic.

The residency was really a relatively relaxed and gentlemanly experience for the most part. Keith got the good idea that we should divide the surgery equally, i.e., nobody could do a rare surgery until all five of us had done a first one. This made for a feeling of common goal and camaraderie, and we all worked well together. (This was a far cry from what I was to find in St. Louis in the future!)

In addition to the 3 chiefs there was: Matt Alpern, an Optics guru; a German man who was kind of an all-around helper; and Ida Iaacabuchi, the famous Orthoptist (eye muscle exercises). Then, there was the one and only Dr. John Smiley. He was an exuberant, University Professor Wannabee who oversaw the eye department of the associated V.A. Hospital. He was rather pedantic, and volatile and talked a really good game. On one occasion, Chief Fralick characterized John Smiley by saying, “He is a ‘talking ophthalmologist.’” This has come to be one of our famous household quotes, which explains a lot in a few words.

We got to do quite a bit of surgery at the V.A. It was interesting that many of the V.A. patients would transfer to a V.A. in Florida or Texas in the fall, only to return to the Michigan V.A. in the springtime. There was one old fellow from the U.P. (upper peninsula of Michigan) who kept saying he was going south for the winter. Finally, we asked him where in the south he was going? He replied, “Oh, I’m going to Indiana.”

As mentioned, Dr. Harold Falls did not suffer fools lightly. They tell the story that he was sitting at a table of young interns, and one young man asked Harold a question, which was apparently rather stupid. Harold slowly turned toward the unsuspecting intern, looked at him right in the eyes, and said slowly, distinctly, and loudly; “Doctor, have you given that question a-n-y t-h-o-u-g-h-t a-t a-l-l??” This became another family phrase known to a certain generation. Keith Gates also had lots of sayings. One, which comes to mind, is when something was really complicated and kind of all screwed up, he would say, “I don’t understand all I know about this.” One lecturer who came to instruct us was a man after my own heart. When someone flashed a slide up on the screen with all kinds of fine print and detail he said, “Oh just forget that slide. It’s an ‘Oh Hell Slide.’”

Chapter 82

Marion Elaine Blum Hobbs



Marion Elaine Blum – June 9, 1955

Mother Eye had long ago left Ann Arbor and gone back to Madison. Mickey had her hands full taking care of Marion who was turning out to be a really busy baby. As she got a little older, she could also run like the wind. One day when Marion was about 2, she disappeared, and Mickey looked all over for her in the apartment, the building, and the common playground behind a circle of housing units....no Marion. Mickey got help from the neighbors....and still no Marion. Finally, Mickey found her sitting under the bushes in the front yard laughing.

As part of our basic science for the Residency we had to take a home study course sanctioned by the American Academy of Ophthalmology. (For interest sake – The American Academy of Ophthalmology is the oldest and first medical specialty group in the U.S.) This was homework type work that I did at home. I had a month's worth of papers that Mickey laboriously typed up on "optics." The study area was alongside the playpen where I could watch Marion. We were constantly short of money those three years, as Mickey could not get a real job because of taking care of Marion. Mickey did get a job selling pictures that had been taken of newborns at the maternity ward in the hospital, which was only a block from the

apartment. Because Mickey was away that night doing her job, I was trying to entertain Marion. I had the optics paper all lined up, and about ready to mail in, when I went out of the room to get something. You guessed it. Marion reached out of the playpen, got all the papers on optics, and proceeded to shred and homogenize all of them. Wow was I sick. We had to reduplicate it all over. There were no computers then - only our manual typewriter. However, "All is well that ends well." My re-done paper on optics was selected as a model and was posted at the American Academy of Ophthalmology meeting in Chicago that year.

Marion had no apparent fear of anything. At 6 months old she was walking around the coffee table, and at 9 months she was going like "60" (mph). On one occasion, another resident's child was visiting and Marion bit him on the forehead, which required stitches. One Sunday afternoon, things were very quiet. We came out to the kitchen area where Marion's bed was located, to find that Marion had gotten a box of crayons somehow and had proceeded to draw pictures all over the walls. On still another occasion, Mickey was planning on entertaining, and had made two-dozen schaum tortes for the party. Following Mickey and Marion's afternoon nap, we found out that Marion had somehow gotten a hold of the schaum tortes and had taken exactly one bite out of each of the twenty-four tortes!



*Fred G. Blum, Jr. and Marion Elaine Blum – 1955.
Taking some down time for play.*

During Marion's formative years she always wanted to be a "princess" whether it was a birthday party or a Halloween dress-up. In her teens, being the oldest of the girls, Marion was looked-up to by the younger ones. And, she had her own ideas on how things should go. On one of our trips she wouldn't rest until she got some special "seaweed cookies." They tasted like what they were made of, but she didn't want to admit that she didn't like them herself. She proceeded to try to palm them off on the

younger girls by telling them how good they were! (We never did finish them.) On

another occasion, Mickey asked her to take care of the younger girls and make supper for them during our temporary absence. Marion asked the younger girls, “Would you like macaroni and cheese for supper?” They enthusiastically replied, “Yes!” She replied, “OK, make it yourself.”

In her late adolescent years, Marion arranged “tornado drills” for the younger girls. She took them outside and showed them how to find a ditch in case the tornado was coming too fast and they could not get to shelter. Her lessons then led to “bull drills.” Marion warned that if a bull were to be loose, they should run to the house or barn for safety. One of the little girls asked what they should do if they couldn’t reach the house and Marion replied, “Call Schutzie,” our sweet, mild-mannered lab.

Marion earned a bachelor’s degree from the University of Wisconsin in Economics and married a pre-med student, Jan D. Hobbs who later became an Ear, Nose and Throat Doctor. They had four of their own children and adopted three more. Her extra amount of energy came in handy raising this family. She also earned her master’s degree in Social Work and has also become a very successful real estate agent where they live in Roswell, New Mexico. Marion and Jan also entertained many foreign students in their welcoming home. One particular student they took into their household, was an undergraduate student from Kenya, Pastor Reuben Kawinzi. They in turn introduced him to us, and he became a part of our greater family when he visited America almost every year.

Our good friend Dan Gilroy told us to read the book *Rich Dad, Poor Dad* by Robert Kiyosaki. We did and sent it on to Marion. She credited this book for her interest in real estate. She in turn got Mickey and me, motivated enough that we actually invested in some rental properties in Roswell, NM which she has since helped us to maintain. She and Jan graciously hosted us during our yearly winter vacations and Roswell became our home away from home. Marion gave a copy of *Rich Dad, Poor Dad* to Reuben on one of his visits, and he took it back to Kenya. Pastor Bishop Reuben, who by that time had over 3,000 Pastors under his tutelage, gave a copy of the book to one of his parishioners. This parishioner who lives in Nairobi got all steamed up in entrepreneurship. His idea was that the municipal bathrooms in Nairobi were basically just “stink holes”. He asked the town council if he could take over the management of several. They were ecstatic to have someone take even a few off their hands, as they were a nightmare for everybody. He cleaned up the bathrooms until they were spotless, and then charged a small fee

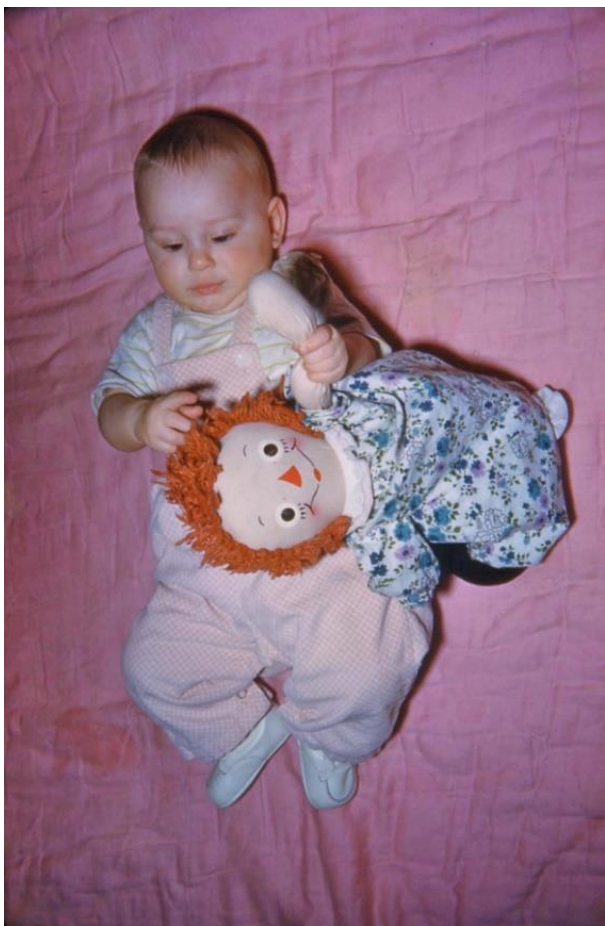
for their use. This became so successful that he got to take over more and more of them. He supplied jobs for people and gave the Nairobi population a chance to have clean and safe bathroom facilities. He became a well-paid entrepreneur, so this was a win-win-win situation.

Marion's signature saying as she has gotten older and is faced with a perplexing situation is: "Whatever, Whatever."

Marion and Jan's children are Hans Blum Hobbs, Erika Elaine Dunne, Lisa Marion, Monika Diana, Phillip Andrew, Sara Xiao Ming, and Rosemary Grace.

Chapter 83

Gale Terry Blum Duval



Gale Terry Blum – September 26, 1958

Marion was the “princess” and Gale was the “pixie” as evidenced by her spirited look as she jubilantly smashed the Easter eggs one after another on one momentous Easter in Madison.

Another “famous” Gale story involved Gale’s great-grandmother, Anna Schindler Blum. “Grammy,” as she was called, came up every spring from Florida to spend the summer with her oldest son, Fred, Sr. Grammy would bring little Florida gifts: things such as fans made from palm leaves; pink flamingos standing on one leg; sunshine water glass coasters, etc. About the 3rd year this event unfolded, Gale couldn’t wait any longer and hollered out to Grammy, “Grammy, when are you going to pass them out?!?”

When Gale was about six years old and living in Madison, she ran across an article with a picture of a lady in South America who was lying in bed and got hit by a small meteorite fragment. This bothered Gale terrifically. At night, she couldn’t think about anything else except that this might be the night she would get struck by a meteor. We tried to reassure her that this was very, very unlikely, but to no avail. Finally, I hit on the idea of telling her that if she did get hit by a meteor, we would buy her a pony. Fortunately, this did the trick and the worries about the meteorite subsided. She never did get the pony, but the offer is still good today.

Gale used to like to go out to the swing set in Madison when she was very small and would sing “opera” at the top of her lungs. This may have been a forecast of things to come. Robbie Schneider was the proprietor of the New Glarus Hotel and a transplant from Switzerland who was a world class yodeler. After moving to



Gale Terry Blum – 1960. The fashion queen.

the farm, we said to Robbie once that it was a shame that the yodeling in New Glarus would die out when he was no longer around and was there anything that he could do about it. He magnanimously responded that he would be glad to set up some free yodeling classes for the New Glarus students. He did just that and allowed anyone to come who wanted to learn how to yodel. As I recall, several dozen showed up initially, but as with many things, most of the students dropped by the wayside. The one who

showed by far the most promise turned out to be the former “opera star,” Gale. She went on to yodel at many of the New Glarus festivals, and make a record with all the New Glarus yodel stars of that time.

Gale married Kent Duval at age 19. She earned her degree (double major) in Fashion Merchandising, and in Clothing, Textiles and Design at UW Stout in Menomonie, WI. After she finished college, she set up a drapery business. She and her husband, Kent Duval, had a church ministry in Menomonie. Kent studied for the ministry after finishing his BS in Hotel and Restaurant Management. Since 1998, Gale and Kent have run “Homestead Market,” a successful internet business featuring specialty items from around the world. Kent is now an ordained minister with the Assemblies of God and has been a Pastor at Grace Church where he and Gale worship since 2000.

They have 4 children: Alexis Claire Duval Harris, Renata Christine Duval Lee, Jana Lanae Duval Crandall and Joshua Geoffry Duval.

Signature sayings: “I want to have a B to B talk.” This stands for “Business to Business” as opposed to “emotion to emotion.” Having a “B to B talk” is a “brass tacks” talk that focuses on the practical and separated from emotion.

One of her famous sayings as a child: “Dad, you’re one half farmer and all doctor.”

Chapter 84

Heidi Hefty Blum



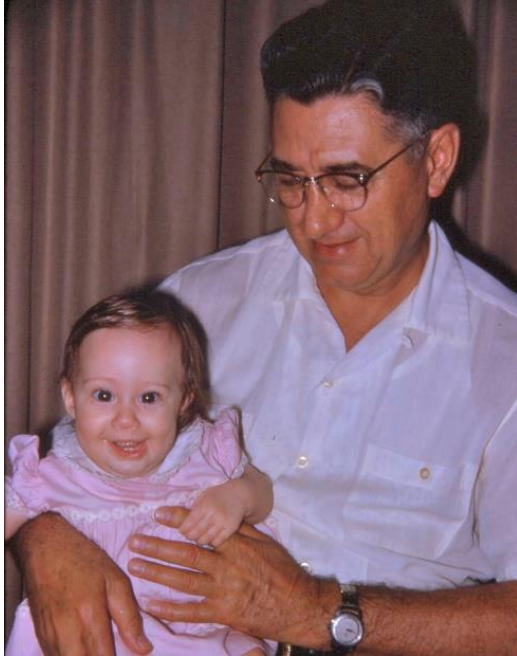
Heidi Hefty Blum, born February 15, 1962. She had an early love of horses.

If Marion was a Princess, and Gale a Pixie, Heidi was a Bulldog. She received this moniker for her dogged insistence on getting a definitive answer to a definitive question (which usually required some sort of action on our part.) Consequently, we developed a defensive posture by giving the non-definitive answer “maybe later.” She famously (in our family) once responded by saying, “Not ‘maybe later’, **now!**”

With Gale moving on to college and marriage, the yodeling mantle fell to Heidi. She also performed in front of large festival crowds in New Glarus, and also for busloads of people at the New Glarus Hotel. She too had the special necessary yodeling “click” that her sister, Gale, had. During her senior year in high school and first years of college, she was a yodeling cocktail

waitress at the Chalet St. Moritz in Middleton, WI, where she was accompanied by the renowned Rudy Burkhalter of Monroe, WI.

As good as her yodeling was, she could not claim fame as a New Glarus High School track star. On one memorable occasion running the two-mile race, she was so far back that they had the finishing ribbon set up for the next race before she finished her race. She will tell you with a laugh that this was only 1 of 2 times she ever got to break the finish line ribbon! She also raced in a weekend competition in which one of the divisions was dominated by the great Eric Heiden of Olympic ice-skating fame (5 gold medals).



Proud Great Grandparents Glen and Lucile Eye with Heidi Hefty Blum - 1962

During third grade, Heidi was always getting poor grades because she was doing last week's work during this week. So finally, we told her she should get ahead of the game, and study next week's work this week. Her Bulldog spirit took over and she was never late on her homework again. She went on to do very well in school.

During their formative years at home, we taught the girls to do annual goals lists. At that original time, she did not like to do this, but she has since come to value the practice of a goal list, and credits much of her nursing career to this practice. Her original University degree was in Criminal Justice. After she finished raising her children, she shifted gears,

and went into nursing. Heidi earned her R.N. degree after the age of 50.

Heidi has three children: Heidi Miriam Hughes, Donald Robert Hughes III, and David Glen Hughes. At this writing she has two grandchildren: Avianna Angelina Hughes; and Donald Robert Hughes IV.



Chapter 85

Elsbeth (Baeti) Eye Blum Ng



Grandma Olga Blum taking some rocking chair time with Elsbeth (Baeti) Eye Blum, born on October 25, 1963.

Marion was the Princess, Gale the Pixie, Heidi the Bulldog and Baeti was the one that “questions authority.” In fifth grade, Baeti wrote a petition to get rid of social studies and many of her classmates signed. The kids were called into Mr. Monroe’s office, the Principal, to discuss the merits of social studies. It was agreed by all that social studies would remain.

Baeti was also a star at hiding her vitamin pills around the house. In approximately 1967, I switched from a multivitamin that was small, round and tasted good, to healthier more powerful vitamins for the girls. Baeti did not like the taste of these new vitamins and swallowing was difficult because they were triangle. After the switch, we began to find vitamins everywhere: Schutzi’s dog dish (conveniently close to her chair); pushed way into the corner of the staircase; under cushion pillows, or on the floor.

Heidi and Baeti (in those days, where there was one, there was the other) decided to make some cookies with their newly received Betty Crocker, battery-run mixer beaters. They found a recipe called “Never Fail Sugar Cookies.” Unfortunately, the cookies did not live up to their billing. Our dear dog, Schutzi, (who would normally eat anything, including apple peels,) turned up her nose at their cookies.

Baeti also did well as a yodeler, but being so close in age to Heidi, she did not get the opportunity to perform as much.

Another classic Baeti story: Once we came home from Madison and found that somehow or other a woodchuck had gotten into the house. It pooped up the basement steps; tore down a set of curtains; and apparently chewed a hole through

a copper screen on the porch and exited the house. Baeti was up in arms and shouted, “I think we have to get rid of this house now!”

Another story we like to tell is after her first year in the dorms at Edgewood College in Madison, WI, she was moving to an off-campus apartment. Somehow or other she moved her whole dorm room belongings in a taxicab. We still don’t know how she did it, but we do know the cab driver was not a happy camper.



*New Puppies!
Elsbeth, Heidi, Gale
and Antonia – circa
1968.*

In 1987, she went to a College in Baton Rouge, LA. After one year there, she transferred to North Central Bible College in Minneapolis, MN. Later, she earned her master’s degree in Counseling at the University of Wisconsin in Madison. She lived with her Grandmother Blum for 8 years while attending the UW and working at Madison Eye Associates.

Baeti is currently working for UW Health as a psychotherapist. She is married to Albert Ng, owner and chef at Wah Kee restaurant in Madison, WI. Her signature response is a beautiful and hearty laughter.

She is excellent in keeping up contacts with her friends and family and takes Mickey and me for rides.

Chapter 86

Antonia Dorothea Blum Seitz



Marion was the Princess; Gale the Pixie; Heidi the Bulldog; Baeti the one that “Questioned Authority”; and Toni was the No Nonsense Girl.

One day Toni wasn’t feeling well and called her mother, who was working at the Hefty-Blum Farmstead Store in New Glarus and complained about a stomachache. Mickey asked her the logical question of what she was eating, and she replied, “7 green apples.”

After Toni worked for 2 summers during high school at the New Glarus Bakery, she had the desire to run a bakery. But now she had to decide what to do upon graduation from Edgewood High School in Madison. I frequently interrogated her as to what her plan was. A concrete plan never seemed to be forthcoming until one bright day, Toni exclaimed loudly, “Okay, I’ve got a plan!” “What is it, Toni?” I asked. Toni replied, “I just joined the Army!” And since she was 18, the legal age to join without parental permission, she had done so.

Prior to joining the Army, Toni was not as stoic she would become in the army. As evidence, she would take many lemonade breaks while doing the job of mowing the grass. This attitude really changed with Army life, and she now runs her family slightly on the Army model!

Toni excelled in the Army. She did Basic Training at Ft. McClellan, AL and became an MP (Military Police) She earned the Army Service Ribbon; Army Achievement Medal; Army Commendation Medal; “expert” status with pistol and grenade and “sharpshooter” with the M-16 Rifle. She finished her service with the rank of Specialist, having served her three-year tour of duty at the Presidio of San Francisco, CA. (This was also the location of the movie “The Presidio”, starring Sean Connery. Toni had the opportunity to be an extra in the movie!)



*Antonia Dorothea – Out on vacation
and wearing a hay shirt.*

Toni took up the family mantle of yodeling and was known as “The Swiss Mrs.” She did a marvelous job. One company used her yodeling as background music for advertising their gum on a national TV campaign. Toni also has a wonderful CD of yodeling songs that sells on Amazon.

Toni never let the vision completely die of owning and operating a bakery. When the cheese factory was remodeled on the family homestead, a bakery was built into the bottom basement area. She made some wonderful bakery items, but she found she could not sustain caring for her family and running a successful bakery at the same time.

Toni is married to Bob Seitz, whom she met while working as a secretary to Governor Tommy Thompson. Bob has

been heavily involved in Wisconsin Politics for many years, in very responsible positions. Currently Bob works at the Public Service Commission, and Toni works as administrative assistant for an accountant. They have 4 children, Christopher Robert, Shannon Gill, Miriam Rose and Thomas Michael.

Signature saying: The pronouncement of “We’re going to have fun now!”

Starting with Silvan, Marion, Gale, Heidi, Baeti and Toni, we are sometimes asked, “Which one is your favorite?” The answer to this difficult question is always the same and is taken from the Wilhelm Tell play when Tell was asked the same question before having to shoot the apple off his oldest boy’s head. His classic answer is, “The children are dear to me alike.”

*1970 Christmas – L to R: Gale, Marion (back), Heidi (front),
Toni (back), Baeti (front)*



Chapter 87

1955 - First Summer of Residency

Before we got married in 1951, Mickey promised her dad she would finish getting her University Degree by going to summer schools. Her first summer school was during the summer we got married in 1951; the second was the summer of 1956.

On one August vacation afternoon while leaving the farm, I was driving the folks' green Buick Sedan with Mother and Dad in the backseat. Mickey was in front next to me holding Marion who was about 2 months old. We had just passed the first corner going east from the farm (the road was very narrow, much curvier and gravel in those days). I had my seat belt on but was the only one. I took my eyes off the road to see if Mickey had hers on when Wham! We hit the solid concrete abutment, which was just at the edge of the road and boy, we stopped right now! Fortunately, I was only going about 20 miles an hour, but Marion went flying under the dash. Mickey did not have her belt on and went flying against the dashboard, breaking her nose. The folks bumped their shins hard as they didn't have belts on either. This was a bad thing to happen, but a good demonstration of seat belts. (I was a stickler on seat belts going forward. I was known to check when our daughters were picked up by a date.) Because of the accident, Mickey's nose was pushed to one side. We went to Monroe Clinic after Voegli's came to tow the car. The folks were amazingly calm about the whole thing. We saw our cousin Dr. Fred Kundert, an ENT man who looked at Mickey's nose, and made an adjustment under local anesthesia.

We had to return to Ann Arbor the next morning by car. I could tell in the morning, in spite of the swelling, that her nose was not straight. It reminded me of Diana, Otto Andregg's Doberman who had a crooked nose following a kick by a drunken cheesemaker. When we got back to Ann Arbor, I asked the ENT (Ear, Nose and Throat) Chief to look at Mickey's nose, and he explained the problem. We were standing in the hallway where I had buttonholed him. He looked at her carefully and reached to look at it, he then made a sudden, super painful movement of Mickey's nose, but behold! IT WAS PERFECT. She felt it was worth the intense burst of pain to return her nose back to its original position. Then, as always, Mickey was a trooper.

Chapter 88

1956 - Second Year of Residency



1956 – Marion, Mickey and Fred.

Mickey went back to Madison with Marion in June for her third summer school. She stayed with her folks and went to school while Mother Eye took care of Marion. At the end of Mickey's summer school, and at the end of the same Friday afternoon, I left Ann Arbor and drove all night to Madison. The next day we went up to meet Marion and Elliott at Boulder Junction where they had a cottage at Island Lake. We stopped in Rothschild to get a hamburger for lunch and went on our way. When we got to about 80 miles north of Rothschild, all-of-a-sudden Mickey said, "Where is my purse?" It was gone. Where was it? Way back at the restaurant? To make a long story short we drove on extra 160 miles, but the purse was there, and it was intact, for which we were grateful. I suppose it was a good thing I was so lonesome to see Mickey!

We didn't get to Island Lake until after midnight. During the next week we had a great time with the Sweets at the Cottage that Marion and Elliott had rented.

The remainder of the vacation was uneventful except for one unsettling thing. It was several days before returning to Ann Arbor for our third and final year of residency. Mickey and I were sleeping in Uncle Albert's old bed, which then resided in the upstairs penthouse of 2210 Keyes Avenue in Madison. Morning had come, and I happened to brush the lateral aspect of Mickey's left elbow when I felt a slight protrusion. I wondered if she had bumped her elbow – she had not. I didn't like the feel of that lesion and told Mickey we would have it checked next week at Ann Arbor.

After arriving back at Ann Arbor, we made an appointment with the orthopedic department. They agreed that there was a lesion there, and that a diagnostic biopsy should be done, and which was scheduled in several days. I

remember going up to the big general surgery operating room suites to wait for the orthopedic surgeon to finish the case. He came out and did not seem to be smiling very much. He came over and said, "I haven't got very good news. The frozen section looks like a spindle cell fibrosarcoma." Wow! I never was a great pathology student, but I knew enough to know that was one of the most malignant of tumors. I was shell-shocked. He told me they would verify the diagnosis with the more accurate permanent sections, and then do more surgery. "What kind of surgery would that be?" I hesitatingly asked. "Well, we will probably have to amputate just below the shoulder." Now things really got blurry in my mind and vision. He said he would keep in touch with me. I thanked him.

Now what was I going to do? What was I going to tell Mickey? How was I going to tell her? We had always prided ourselves in being honest and truthful with each other. I believe that is one of the things we both respect about each other. I was tempted to make up a sugarcoated story, but that wouldn't be right. Being a physician, I knew I could go down to the recovery rooms. I wanted to go, but I didn't want to go. I felt like I was walking my last walk to my own execution. When I got there, Mickey's arm was all bandaged up, and Mickey was still groggy. She was in the halfway stage between still being under the effects of the anesthesia and being able to talk a little. I remember her saying, "Is everything alright Fred?" (Now or never Fred.) "No, not exactly." "Everything is alright, isn't it, Fred?" "No, it is not so good," I said. This conversation was repeated over and over until she was fully awake. Finally, when she was fully awake, I had to tell her that they were going to verify the diagnosis, and then they would have to take the arm off. She was so overwhelmed that I don't think she knew what to say or do either. As I recall, she never really cried much, and she knew she had to make the best of it. Undoubtedly and fortunately, the long-term effects had not yet sunken in. It was a warm early fall day, and I remember leaving the hospital in the late afternoon. Everything was a blur. I went out in the front yard of that great hospital, sat under a tree and cried. Several good people came up to me to see if they could be of help. We did not really know the Lord at that time.

I did not know until writing these stories that the next day in the hospital, the nurse asked Mickey if she wanted to go and see where the amputees were working with their prostheses? She said she did not want to go.

I heard from the orthopedic doctor a few days later that the diagnosis of the highly malignant spindle cell fibrosarcoma had been confirmed. The amputation

surgery was scheduled in about two days, and Dr. Frederick Coller, the big chief of all the surgery at Michigan, was going to scrub in on the case. He was an older, physically big, and gruff; the sort of man who had a terrific reputation. One of the true stories that the residents throughout all the services used to tell over and over was as follows: He had been asked to serve as an expert witness for the defense of a malpractice case. The young opposing plaintiff's lawyer had decided that the best way to win the case would be to cast doubt on whether Dr. Coller was up to date on his medical studies etc. So, the young lawyer said, "Dr. Coller, when did you graduate from Medical School?" The Dr. answered. The lawyer asked, "What is the last medical book you have read?" The Dr. gave his answer. The lawyer further asked, "How many Medical Journals do you read?" Again the Dr. answered. The lawyer pressed further, "What are the names of the Medical Journals you read, etc., etc. Finally, Dr. Coller turned directly to the young lawyer and said, "Son, I don't read the Journals, I write them!"

In any event, Mickey and I were resigned the best we could to the upcoming surgery. We had talked a little bit about how we would manage with Marion, but not much more than that.

The surgery was to be in the afternoon, and I remember again waiting for the surgery to be over. They were finished sooner than I had anticipated. Pretty soon both the orthopedic man and Dr. Coller came out. He came up to me and said, "We didn't take the arm off." I, of course, wondered why? He quickly followed up with, "We decided that this is such a malignant lesion that it probably already had metastasized and taking off the arm probably wouldn't gain much. This way she (Mickey) will still have both arms to take care of her child. We shaved off as much of the lesion as we could and still leave the arm as a good functioning arm although it will not be quite as strong." This explanation was both good news and bad. Good in that she still had her arm, but bad because now it was unlikely that even a remote possibility of a "cure" could be achieved. As they say – this is not the end of the story.

Chapter 89

Last Year of Residency

The last year of residency 1957-1958 was interesting. Marion was growing. Mickey seemed to be holding her own with her arm. We had a miscarriage, but in those days, not being a Christian, this did not seem to be a big deal. We were constantly short of money. The folks would send a letter every week and enclose a dollar bill. Many times, we used that money to buy groceries.

The Wolverines were having a fairly good football season and if they won their last game, they would go to the Rose Bowl. If that happened all the senior residents could go along as chaperones. Wow, were we excited! Needless to say, the last game was lost, and we didn't see the Roses.

From the second year on, I had taken a moonlighting job every other Saturday as the Eye Consultant at the Jackson Prison in Jackson, Michigan. At that time, it was supposed to be the largest known walled prison in the free world with between 5,000 to 7,000 inmates. I didn't know it at the time, but my good friend Paul Johnson of Nakoma School of Madison fame was originally from Michigan. His father had, somehow or other, taken over a failed construction company in order to complete the building of Jackson Prison in the early 1930's – small world. In any event, it was an interesting place to go. Each visit, I had to go through the

security locks and get frisked etc. All I had for help were prison inmates, both for running the clinic and for doing surgery, which I also did there.

A few years earlier there had been a riot at the prison, and they were just now allowing the inmates to eat using utensils as knives, forks and spoons had been converted into deadly attack instruments. There was a big steel barricade in the front of the mess hall, behind which guards would stand with machine guns.

Mickey and Fred - 1957





Fred G. Blum, Jr. - 1957

I clearly remember three of my helpers. One was a white fellow who was in prison for writing bad checks. He had an I.Q. of over 160. Why he didn't use that brainpower for a good use is hard to fathom. He was a good surgical helper.

Another white fellow was more or less a common crook. He used to tell me, "Oh yes, crime is a good profession." One of the accom-

plishments of his "good profession" was that once he took a big straight truck down to the Hudson's Department Store in downtown Detroit. He parked that truck at the loading dock and then went inside to the warehouse and said, "Say, I have to take all these TV sets here over to our other warehouse. Can you give me a hand?" They helped him load up all the TV's and he drove off into the wild blue yonder. I was never quite sure what ended his "good profession" and what brought him to Jackson, but I was sure he had new and better ideas of what to do when he finally got out again.

The third fellow was very friendly to me. All of the helpers wanted to be helpful because they realized helping "Doc" was a whole lot better than doing prison laundry or making license plates. This third fellow who we will call "Mike" was a big black man about 38 years old. He was in for homicide. I never just felt it was a good idea to enquire too specifically about the history regarding this. He had a longstanding retinal detachment that I finally found out was probably secondary to the fact that he had been one of Joe Louis' sparring partners.

I don't know why I ever did it, but "Mike" asked me one day if I would like for him to show me around the prison. Wow! What a dumb thing to do, but I said that would be fine. He took me out in the big courtyard where numerous inmates were wandering around. Here I was with a convicted murderer walking around in a courtyard probably full of other murderers – smart, right? Then he took me to a cellblock. It looked just like the movies only much bigger. We walked in the door, and looked up, 4 cellblocks high. We looked to the right, and the cellblocks went

for half a city block. We looked to the left, and the cellblocks went another half a city block. I was the only white guy. Wow, was I glad to be with Mike, my own personal bodyguard, and breathed a sigh of relief when we got back to the safety of the clinic!

During our senior (third) year of residency, all five of us residents were trying to decide what to do, or where to go. Keith Gates wanted to return to his beloved Logan, Utah. Although he was considered for a full-time person at the eye clinic, he turned it down. Burt James wanted to return to his home base in Fresno. Conrad Heyner wanted to practice in Detroit with an already established ophthalmologist. Dale Roth wanted to take some retinal detachment work with Dorman Pischel in San Francisco. Mickey and I were trying to be very scientific about where to go. We took a weekend trip down to Mt. Vernon, Ohio to look at a Hospital. We didn't have enough money for a motel, so we went camping in the small tent that we had. It was hard to get dressed up in the morning after tenting and still look presentable at the hospital. The hospital was nice, but it didn't seem right. Maybe Madison was "pulling" in the recesses of our minds.

In late fall we got a call from Bill LaMotte in Wilmington, Delaware. He wanted us to come and visit regarding the possibility of joining their practice. We drove out there, and it was very nice, but we just couldn't see ourselves as long-term Delaware (Blue Hen) residents, and respectfully turned him down.

One of the residents, a year ahead of us, was Bob Jampel. In his final year he traveled around the country going to high powered eye conferences. He went to a meeting where Dr. Paul Cibis from Washington University in St. Louis was talking about his Retinal Detachment Techniques. Bob Jampel felt these techniques were lightyears ahead of what we were doing with retinal detachment surgery at Michigan. He said somebody ought to go and work with him. This kind of stuck in my mind, and during our senior year I wrote to Dr. Cibis to see if there might be an opening. He wrote back that he would have an opening in 3 months, starting the first of October of the year 1958. He said I could apply for a Heed Fellowship. I decided to accept his kind offer, and also applied for the Fellowship. He saw to it that I was accepted as a Heed Fellow, which gave me a stipend of \$650/month, which was vastly superior to the \$175 as a Senior Resident at Ann Arbor. This conveniently put off the decision as to where to start a practice.

No description of Ann Arbor and the University of Michigan would be complete without telling briefly about football. All the residents bought tickets at

bargain prices as students, and Keith Gates and Ora; Burt James and Evelyn; and Mickey and I, sat together in “The Big House” as it is known throughout the football world. The stadium is a perfectly rounded rectangle with the bottom row of seats very close to the field. At that time there were 101,001 seats (there are more now). The former coach, and then athletic director, Fritz Chrysler said he was the 01 seat. The seats were close together and every game was a sellout. In those days, some of the schools with small stadiums were overwhelmed when coming to play at Ann Arbor. It was all very exciting! Still sorry the Chaperone Trip to the Rose Bowl went out the window.

Other than the very serious ordeal with Mickey’s arm, the three years at Michigan were great years personally and professionally.

Chapter 90

What should we do for 3 months?

Being accepted at Washington University School of Medicine Eye Department in St. Louis, and receiving a Heed Fellowship to boot, was almost too good to be true. However, we had to decide what were we going to do for the 3 months between finishing residency at Ann Arbor and the start of the Fellowship in St. Louis. We definitely needed income, and Mickey was expecting our second baby who was due in late September.

Two Weeks in Kentucky

“A SPECIALIST FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN COMING TO THE WAINER CLINIC JULY FIRST”

These were the headlines that greeted me in a half page ad in the Providence Kentucky local weekly newspaper. Providence was an interesting, work-a-day town in the coal mining part of western Kentucky. The eccentric doctor that I was filling in for had presumably had a heart attack and needed some recuperation time. However, when I started to see patients in his office, I found out that he was listening in on all the phone calls that I made to patients having problems. After several days I discovered that there were patients going in and out of the office that I had never seen. It turned out that the office personnel were giving diathermy treatments (for muscle and joint aches and pains) in the office without my knowledge. These were potentially very dangerous treatments in that they could cause severe burns if not monitored extremely closely. I had to put a stop to that right away because that was a terrible, fertile ground for malpractice. They were also giving allergy shots to patients I had not seen, and that was also fertile ground for malpractice. He had a big refrigerator full of biological supplies, vaccines, and intramuscular medications of all types. When I looked at them closely, 95% of them were outdated by a year or more. Did I ever clean house!

The worst thing was, a patient would come in to see me, and there was no information at all about the last visit except the date, and I didn't have any idea why the patient was coming to the office. I tried to find out why they were coming to the office without really asking them because they would say, “Why are you asking me this because it is all written down in the chart!” Of course, there was nothing in the chart except the date.

Everybody knew there was a new doctor in town and a new doctor's wife. They soon started asking Mickey all kinds of questions. Mickey soon learned that I had placed about half the town on a weight reduction diet!

One night about 2:00 am, I got a call from my office "nurse" that an old man was having breathing problems, and I should make a house call. She described how I should get to his house which was way out in the country. I finally found what looked like the place. The house was nothing more than a glorified chicken coop made with rough sawn boards. You could see through the cracks between the boards, and there was an old dirty cot with dirty bed cloths. An old black man sitting on the side of the cot breathing hard. I gave him some medicine (that I can no longer remember the name of), and it seemed to ease his breathing. I thanked the Lord that it didn't make him worse. He finally stabilized, and I was able to leave him for the rest of the night. The office "nurse" was somehow distantly related to him, and I think we were finally able to get him into the hospital the next day for definitive care. I had no idea that there were still people living in such difficult situations. The two weeks went quickly, and while I wouldn't want to live there, I would miss the feeling of really being needed.

Summer in Lima, Ohio

Somehow or other, we found out that Dr. Tom Edwards of Lima, Ohio had taken in Residents from Michigan before. He agreed to let me come for 3 months as locum tenens, which is a "substitute doctor". He would charge us so much for each patient we saw, and we could keep the rest. It really was a good experience. I thought I knew how to refract from Ann Arbor, but I learned a lot and made some money. We lived in a converted Stable House as part of one of the largest homes in Lima. It was very quaint. (This big house was owned by a Mr. Faurot who was the brother of the famous Missouri Football Coach – Don Faurot.)

Lima was otherwise another work-a-day town. It had been the home of Lima Baldwin Locomotive Works, though now defunct, had been the main steam engine manufacturer and rebuilder in the U.S. Mickey and I have always been fascinated by trains, and for excitement we would go to a spot in town where an East-West train track was crossed by a North-South train track. It was fun to watch the trains go by. We joined a swimming pool club whose pool was elevated up above the ground like a small football stadium. It was very beautiful and sunny. It was also in Lima that my great career as the next Bobby Jones of golf came to an ignominious

end. I stormed off the 5th hole of the local golf club in utter disgust, never to play another hole again.

Tom Edwards and his wife were into the local social set quite heavily and been nice to us by giving us a job and all. We felt obligated to do something nice for them, so we invited them for a dinner at the stable house. Unfortunately, daughter Marion was in rare form. During the salad course she knocked over the big stand lamp sending it crashing to the floor. During the entrée part of the meal she got a hold of some marbles and stuck them up her nose and in her mouth and started to choke. I had to up-end her and pound her on her back until the marbles fell out with big bangs onto the floor. For dessert Mickey made chocolate cake. This was no ordinary cake. The Cake was two inches thick and the frosting was over an inch thick. We of course wanted to treat them really well, so we gave them about a 6" square piece. They diddled a little with the cake, eating no more than maybe 10%. About 6:45 pm they allowed that they had had a really great time, but they had to be on their way!

Mickey was getting pretty big by midsummer, and we didn't know if the baby would come before, during, or after leaving for St. Louis. We decided to take her to Madison to have the baby in a safe environment while I remained in Lima to work. During this summer, with Mickey and Marion in Madison, I received a call from Mother that Grandma Hefty had a stroke. She said I should probably go see her at the Monroe Hospital. I took the train home and we saw grandma who was not good. I was returning to Lima via the train, when I got paged in the big Union Train Station in Chicago stating that Grandma Hefty had died.

At that particular time, I was about as tired as I have ever been. I had patients to see the next day and felt I couldn't go back for the funeral which would not be for a few days. I have always wondered if I made the wrong decision. I can also see, but maybe it is rationalization, that it is better to spend time with people when they are alive rather than after death. Both are important though.

I returned to Madison a few weeks or a month later, and Mickey was close enough to term that Dr. Britton could induce the delivery so that I could be there for the birth of dear little Gale Terry. That was wonderful.

After my 3 months at Lima, and after Gale was born during my weekend in Madison, I loaded up the car and drove to St. Louis for the Heed Fellowship.

Mickey, Gale, Marion and Mother Eye left for Chicago three weeks after Gale was born. This was against the admonition of Mickey's OB-GYN doctor that he

would not take any responsibility for her leaving so soon. Mickey responded in her own independent way, “Well, I’m awfully sorry, but I’m leaving.” Mickey, Marion and Gale then proceeded from Chicago to St. Louis on their own.

The time spent in St. Louis was good for me professionally, but it was hard for Mickey and the girls. There was nothing fun to do and we had no real friends there. The laundry facilities were a block away and she had no car available. We had only about three or four pieces of rented furniture: a davenport, a bed, a card table and a chair and that is about it. It is not any wonder that Mickey said in early January of 1959 that if I took any more training, we would have to get a divorce. By that time, I was about 32 years old, and it really was time to get started in my practice.

Chapter 91

“Just call me Paul.”

We were initially scheduled to have a 3-month Heed Fellowship at the Washington University School of Medicine Eye Department, which was chaired by Dr. Bernard Becker, a very knowledgeable ophthalmologist and probably the foremost authority on glaucoma. The fellowship I had was to be under Dr. Paul Cibis who was a German expatriate. He had been brought to the U.S. in a group of select German Scientists right after World War II (now known as “Operation Paperclip”.) Many were brought by the U.S. to keep them from falling into the hands of the Russians who were grabbing not only all the German Scientists they could, but they also packed up and shipped entire German factories back to Russia. Paul Cibis had been brought to the U.S. in such a group of scientists, along with the most famous German Scientist of all, Werner von Braun who was the World’s leading Rocket Scientist. He was instrumental in getting the U.S. space program and moon landing program up and running.

Back to Dr. Paul Cibis. I don’t know exactly how Dr. Cibis got to Washington University in St. Louis, but he did. In any event, Paul was born in Germany and was on the teaching staff at the University of Heidelberg. At some point, he was conscripted into the German Army as an ophthalmologist. Eventually, he was sent to the Russian front somewhere around Stalingrad, and, as I recall, during the terrible Russian Winter. They were stationed at some outpost and everything was frozen as only it can be in Russia. The tough German Regular Army Line Officers were always kind of picking on Paul for being too much of a straight arrow and not a regular drinking buddy, etc. On one particular occasion all the Line Officers were in the process of becoming dead drunk, and they expected Paul to follow suit. Paul would stand up with a big glass of beer and pretend he was starting to get drunk. He would let the beer slobber down out of his mouth and down his uniform to make the Line Officers think he really was one of them.

After a while, all the officers had passed out and Paul was the only one still sober. He went outside in the freezing weather I suppose to go to the latrine, when he found another German Officer lying on the ground half stiff, and almost frozen to death. Because Paul still had his wits about him, he was able to get the man in and save his life. After that, the other officers never picked on him anymore.

This is the kind of man I met on my first day as a Fellow at Washington University Eye Department. “Good Morning Dr. Cibis, I am Fred Blum.” “I am glad to see you Fred, just call me Paul!” We had Grand Rounds every Friday evening from about 4:30 to 8:30. Dr. Becker would have cases presented by the Residents, and he would discuss the differential diagnoses of all the various possible causes. He would discuss all the internal medicine medical possibilities that might be related. He knew more about internal medicine as an ophthalmologist, than most Internal Medicine Specialists did.

The residency program at Washington University was entirely different than at University of Michigan. At Michigan, every resident of a given year had the same standing and everyone got along well together. It was more or less one big happy family. Everyone worked hard, but no one had a gravy train. At Washington U. it was entirely different. The competition was fierce. One out of the four residents in the senior residency year would be selected by the senior staff professors to become the “Chief Resident.” He would have more responsibility, and he got the choice of all the surgical cases. In other words, he hogged all the good surgery for himself. Obviously, this was such a good deal, and so important to each resident, that they all fought to try and become the anointed Chief Resident. They were always trying to “one up” their fellow residents. As a true example, it was so bad that some of the residents would go home at noon to see if any ophthalmic journals might have come in the mail that day, so they could quote some new article that afternoon back at the Eye Department, so they could look better than their colleagues!

In any event, after one of these Friday night meetings we went to the cafeteria for supper and then completed the meeting afterwards. I was going through the food line picking up what I wanted. Paul was ahead of me and he ordered a hot dog. This was in the days when Catholics like Paul were to only eat fish on Fridays. Dr. Miller, a fellow Catholic who was just ahead of Paul, turned and said upon hearing the order for a hotdog. “Paul, I thought you were a Catholic?” Paul turned to Dr. Miller and said, “Oh, I am, but I get a special dispensation because I am a hard worker!”

On the serious side, Paul was indeed a very hard worker. During the late 1930’s of the Hitler era and during the war, German Medicine had become isolated from the rest of the world. Germany had kind of fallen from being a leader in Medical Science to falling behind the rest of the world, particularly behind the U.S. and Britain.

The most definitive repository of ophthalmic knowledge was the Encyclopedia-like Duke Elder Series and was considered “the bible of ophthalmology. It was compiled by Sir Duke Elder of Great Britain. The current series was then out of print, and a new series was anticipated. Before the new series came out, everybody wanted a copy of the old volume relating to external diseases to help elucidate this part of our training program. Keith Gates and I were taking a special course in Ophthalmic Plastic Surgery from Dr. Fox in New York City. We wandered into a large “rare book” bookstore, and I thought I could ask for something I knew they would not have. I asked for that very special volume. She said, “Let me look.” Keith noted she had a card with the Duke Elder Volume in question and the card said, “Very Rare.” Lo and behold, she found that special volume and it was rare. It was priced at \$55 when as a second-year resident I was making \$175/ month. I gulped a few times and decided in any event it was now or never – so I did buy it. When I got back to the hotel with this prize, I looked in the flyleaf and it had belonged to Dr. Neff of Davis & Neff in Madison, Wisconsin. Dr. Neff had been my ophthalmologist when I was a little bird wearing glasses!

Meanwhile back to Paul Cibis. After arriving in America, he realized that even though he had been a professor at the prestigious ophthalmology department at Heidelberg, he was now behind in his ophthalmic knowledge. By this time, I believe the new revised series of Duke Elders, the blue set, had now come out. Believe it or not, Paul sat down and read through the entire three-foot long, 19 volumes set from cover to cover! He was then up to date and ahead of almost everyone else who used the series only as a reference. It was almost like deciding to read the entire Encyclopedia Britannica from cover to cover!

Incidentally, my name was included on page 1049, volume 8 for a new surgical procedure that I developed. A “ring graft” or “doughnut” of “Fascia Lata” (a tough fibrous layer of connective tissue) taken from the thigh and used to reinforce the sclera of the eye because of a condition called “Scleromalacia-Perforans” which is a condition in which the sclera (the tough white layer of the eye just under the conjunctiva) starts to melt away. The retina can herniate through the developing defect in the sclera, which can lead to total vision loss, and even loss of the eye. I submitted the article along with my resident, and it was published in the Archives of Ophthalmology, and Duke Elder had included the reference in his new series of ophthalmic reference books.

Paul was a great medical innovator. He was the first to use liquid silicone to help replace a detached retina. He was the first to use photocoagulation to seal down the retina with a \$40,000 Meyer-Schwickerath Xenon Arc Photocoagulator, which was the forerunner of the Laser photocoagulator. Paul was always trying new things. My 3-month Fellowship was extended for another 3 months. Paul wanted me to stay on with him permanently as a professor, but I wanted to get back to Wisconsin. This was a terrific experience as I learned so much about retinal problems and glaucoma.

Paul had a wife named Lisa who was also an ophthalmologist. He had one daughter, Andrea and one son, Gerhard, both of whom also became ophthalmologists. Can you imagine four out of four!

Paul died four or five years later in a very untimely death as he was only in his 50's. He was a great man, a great scientist, a great friend, and a great colleague.

Chapter 92

Where to Set Up Practice

For the past several years when we couldn't think of anything to talk about, which was actually rare to nonexistent, we would discuss where we should set up practice. Mickey was extremely good about being flexible about where we would go. Ever since being a little girl, her mother, Lucile, had always told her that she should always be willing to go wherever her husband needed to go, without complaining – she never did.

With this as a backdrop, we had the whole country to think about setting down in. We had previously turned down the offer by Dr. LaMotte in Wilmington, Delaware. If we had wanted to live in the East, we couldn't have had a better place. We had also turned down the offer from Dr. Cibis to stay on at Washington University in St. Louis. I had decided after living in Westwood Village, California in 1938 that while California was a beautiful place to visit, it was not a place where I would want to live permanently.

For some reason, we didn't consider Florida too much either. After I lived there in 1943-1944, it somehow did not seem like a "real place", although I realize that that is not really true. Texas sounded interesting in the abstract, and we even had considered Alaska at one time. In fact, we had it lined up to do an ophthalmic "locum tenens" (temporarily taking over a medical practice) in Fairbanks. but Mickey was pregnant with Gale. and we didn't feel it wise to be so far away.

I guess the "pull" of Wisconsin with all the folks and relatives plus the pull of the farm, which had always been in my boyhood dreams, was still strong. We tried to look at every place objectively, but somehow Madison and the Farm kept coming back. I believe the final decision, or rationalizing straw, that finally tipped the scale was what somebody said to us. And that was: "if you liked to travel, it was best to move back to your home area so when you had vacations, you wouldn't have to use your vacation to go home to visit, but instead, you could go to new places. Both of us being travel bugs, this made perfect sense and the die was cast.

The summer before, we briefly considered Appleton, Wisconsin. But by the Christmas of our third year of residency we had decided on Madison even though everyone told us we would be "cracked" to come to Madison, as at that time there were more Board Certified Ophthalmologists per capita than any place in the U.S. I went to visit some of the ophthalmologists at Davis & Duehr (14 ophthal-

mologists) and Dr. John Buessler and Dr. Don Peterson among others. I was going to set up practice on the near Eastside of Madison in Warren Harris' Building at Schenks Corners. Several weeks later I received a call from John Buessler and Don Peterson, suggesting that I join them in their practice in the Tenney Building at 110 E. Main Street on the square. They wanted to set up a group to better compete with the big Davis-Duehr Clinic. This sounded great and I joined them after my Heed Fellowship in Retinal Surgery at Washington University in St. Louis.

By the time I had a 3-month extension of my Fellowship, John Buessler had been offered the Chairmanship at the Eye Department at the University of Missouri. He accepted it and was gone by the time we got to Madison at the end of March 1959. John Buessler was an amazing person. He put himself through school driving a truck etc. After he went to Missouri as Chief of the Eye Department he went into the Green Berets. He then became Chief of an Eye Department in Texas and was later given the responsibility of building an entirely new Medical School from scratch at another Texas University. In any event we did arrive at our Madison Goal at the end of March 1959 right after a gigantic snowstorm, but we were home!



1959 – Home again! On a picnic: Mickey, Marion Ruth Blum Sweet and Elliott Sweet.

Chapter 93

Early Practice Years

We arrived in Madison in late March 1959 in the middle of a big snowstorm. We were really thankful that we were essentially without any leftover debts from all the schooling. However, I was now 32 years old and Mickey had previously told me, in jest, that if I took any more training, she would have to divorce me. While we didn't have any significant debts, we also didn't have any money. My folks, Olga and Fred offered to let us live at their house which we did for 6 weeks. We then went to live with Mickey's folks, Glen and Lucile Eye ("Eye" should have been my name) for another 6 weeks before we finally figured we could afford to rent a 2 bedroom apartment in Britta Parkway in Madison, just beyond Nakoma.

I started the practice with Don Peterson. The deal with the medical practice was that Don Peterson and I each had 2 examination and refracting lanes and we shared an office in which we each had a desk. There was a waiting room, which looked out over Lake Monona from the 5th floor of the Tenney Building on the square. We were each to have our own practice and our own patients and share equally the office rent and the expense of 2 office people. Dr. John Buessler had left for Missouri before I got to Madison, and he sold me all his equipment at favorable pricing and payment terms. Don Peterson had not been in business too long, and he was still building his practice, so there was really no overflow of patients coming from him.

When patients called in for an appointment if they didn't have a specific doctor in mind it was up to the discretion of the secretary as to which doctor would be assigned that particular patient. This was a problem, which worsened with time. In the first few months I had very few patients. Four or five a day was excellent. There were some days I went in the morning and come home at night with zero, no patients. It was touch and go to pay the rent and other expenses. Without the free room and board from both sets of parents for the first 3 months I don't know how we would have made it.

Medical Detour

We shared expenses of the office early on and on some days, as previously mentioned, I didn't have any patients. So, I would take off on Wednesday afternoons to visit general practitioners in a 50-mile radius and ask if they would

consider sending patients to me. One of those doctors was Dr. Ihor Galarnyk from Plain, WI, and he said he would do so. Shortly thereafter, Mickey and I came down with Cocksackie virus. We were both in bed trying to recover with 2 children to care for, apartment rent and office expenses going full blast. One day while we were both in bed, we got a call from Dr. Galarnyk. He told us to hurry up and get better as he had 14 patients he wanted to send down. Wow! He might have just as well said he had a thousand, because 14 sounded like an immense number at that time. He was a wonderful doctor and he sent many patients to us over the years.

Mickey seemed to recover from the virus faster than I did, and unfortunately the oral portion of the Ophthalmology Boards was coming up in St. Louis and they only gave it once a year. Mickey marshaled her strength, piled me in on the back seat and hauled me down to St. Louis where we had 3 days of oral Boards. Fortunately, I gained strength back as the days went on, but I did have a problem. Dr. Bruce Fralick, our Chief at Ann Arbor, was on the Board of Ophthalmic Examiners, and he said, "All examiners are good except one, by the name of McGavic." Dr. Fralick stated that when McGavic was a junior examiner, the senior examiners could just override him if he failed somebody for little or no reason. However, now that he was a senior examiner, they couldn't override him anymore. Who do you think one of my examiners was? Yes, the infamous Dr. McGavic! What do I do now? He read off some long convoluted ophthalmic question that I really didn't know what the question was, let alone how to answer it. So, I said, "Well to be honest with you, I don't know." He sat there awhile and finally said, "Well, I think that's a pretty good answer!" I was really glad I had not tried to bluff my way through it. Everything did work out okay, but it was a hairy experience.

And now back to the story...

Dr. Peterson and I took on an Optician, Mr. Kelley, who set up a tiny optical shop at one end of the waiting room. About 18 months later we moved to 20 South Park Street in Madison. Many of Madison's up and coming M.D.'s felt they would be stronger and more efficient by being closer to the hospital (Madison General, now Meriter). Furthermore, it would be an all medical building as contrasted with the Tenney Building, which was part medical, part lawyer, part insurance, etc. This move did help our practices to grow, and it was handy to see patients at Madison General. We also were doing surgery at Methodist Hospital and St. Mary's as well. Both Dr. Peterson and I also were Assistant Clinical Professors at the U.W. eye

resident's surgery program at the Veterans Hospital, and each taught one morning a week.

At the new office we each had two 20-foot refracting and examination lanes and again a shared office. There was a larger waiting room with an optical shop in the corner for Mr. Kelley. We eventually sold our optical business to Mr. Toohey who had a very nice optical shop on the ground floor of our building across the lobby and the Schwartz Pharmacy.

During this time my practice grew very well, but my cataract surgery never grew, and I couldn't figure out why. I took all the emergency patients that came in, and I even worked some Saturdays. On occasion, I mentioned to Don Peterson that I couldn't see why my cataract patient surgery never increased – it was always about 1/3 or less of what his was (more about this later). In those days one surgeon operated, and a second surgeon assisted while cataract surgery was performed. So, we helped each other. His answer as to why my cataract surgery never grew was that my surgery base was too small. Wow, that was circular reasoning, or maybe reverse circular reasoning.

In any event two of the good things about the arrangement were that we had a good reputation in Madison and took care of many doctors and their families. In those days you never charged another doctor or their families for any medical service. It was considered an honor that they felt good enough about you to entrust their families to your care. The other nice thing about the arrangement was that when either of us wanted to get away on a vacation, the other could easily cover the practice and take emergency calls.

Chapter 94

“I see 50 head of cattle there and 50 head of cattle over the hill.”

By about 1961 we had moved from Britta Parkway to Loruth Terrace in Orchard Ridge, Madison. The practice was growing but not the surgery. At this time, we were going through a canoeing phase as well as a horse phase. We had 5 horses, which we were boarding at Earl Pottinger's Bar M Ranch next to the Dane County Fairgrounds. We decided that what we needed was a small farm near Madison so we could keep the horses. This would save the boarding fees and have the horses closer to ride.

When we had a free afternoon, we would drive around the periphery of Madison looking at farmettes. We talked with Paul Craig and his father who were good friends of Uncle Tom Hefty as they managed some of his farms. They came up with a 160-acre Farm on Old Sauk road with 2 houses. It was a neat place, but we hadn't saved up any significant amount of money and couldn't offer quite the amount of money they needed. At about that same time Mother had decided that she better sell her farm, the Hefty Homestead. They decided the Craig's would be the best people to sell it. So, Mother asked if we would take Paul down to the farm so he could get in mind what it looked like and try to figure out how much to ask for it. It didn't seem like anything we should buy, even though it had always been my boyhood dream, because it seemed too far from Madison for us. One day in fall, when I had an afternoon off. we went with Paul to the Hefty Homestead farm, and he looked it all over. I remember we were standing high on the hill in the most southwest corner of the land looking back to the northeast over much of the farm. Paul said, "I can just see 50 head of beef cattle down in the bottom, and 50 head of Herford's over on that other hill." Right then, the lights began to turn on. Mickey and I both thought "why hadn't we seriously consider buying this, our own family Homestead Farm anyway?" We could let somebody live on the farm, like Bob and Ester Pulver, who were doing that now. We could keep our horses in the big barn, and we could come down on my Wednesday afternoons off and on weekends; that would work out well.



Mickey taking some time for fishing – 1961.

Marion Ruth said she was not interested in buying the farm, so we went to see Uncle Tom, who was President of the First National Bank in Madison, about maybe buying it. He said that would be nice, but the Trust Department who had been managing the farm since Grandpa's untimely death in 1926 would need to get an appraisal as the sale would have to be a legitimate arm's length deal. The appraisal came in at 125 per acre or \$50,000 for the 400 acres. At the time, this looked awfully big, but we knew it was something we should do if we could work it out. In retrospect, we probably had no business buying such a big place. The price now seems very cheap, but Cousin Waldo Freitag

had submitted a bid in writing about a year earlier for \$75 per acre which would have been only \$30,000 for the entire farm (which was turned down by the Bank Trust Department for being too low). Wow!

We could buy the farm if we could figure out how to do it. I don't remember if the Trust Department required \$5,000 or \$10,000 down payment. I do remember we had saved enough for about half of that amount. It was in fall, and Grammy (Anna Blum) was visiting in Wisconsin. When she found out about this, she said I could borrow about half of the amount needed from her. Aunt Selma and Uncle Al Blum offered to lend the remainder at a reasonable rate of interest.

Our down payment was now available, and in December of 1963, we met in Uncle Tom's private President's office along with Warren Harris, who was a lifelong family friend of Mother and Dad. He also was their lawyer and was acting as our lawyer on that Momentous day. After a few pleasantries, we signed the purchase agreement.

Fred getting ready for a break in the outdoors – 1961.



The ink (which was real ink in those days) was barely dry when Warren made his most famous and now oft quoted statement, “Now you will have plenty of things to think about.” No truer words were ever spoken.

Once we had gone to see Uncle Tom, we asked to see if he had any repossessed cars that were a good deal. I, of course, was hoping they had a great buy on hand, which they didn’t at the time. I suppose I was acting rather anxious or worried, and Uncle Tom made two obvious, but crystallizing statements. The first was that a car was just another piece of machinery that wears out like anything else. However, to me, a car always seemed like something special, something with a heart, and something so special and extraordinary that it didn’t seem like a piece of ordinary machinery. His other crystallizing statement, “If you’ve got money, you can always buy something.” Meaning, that I did not have to be in a hurry or anxious about trying to buy a particular or specific car. Another statement that seemed right on the money from Uncle Tom was, “Fred, how did you ever get such a damn good-looking wife?”

Chapter 95

Who really lives in that old white house on the hill?



1963 – Making the trip to the farm from Madison every chance we had. Who lives in that house? We do! Heidi, Mickey, Gale (front), Marion (middle) Fred (back). Mickey was pregnant with Baeti.

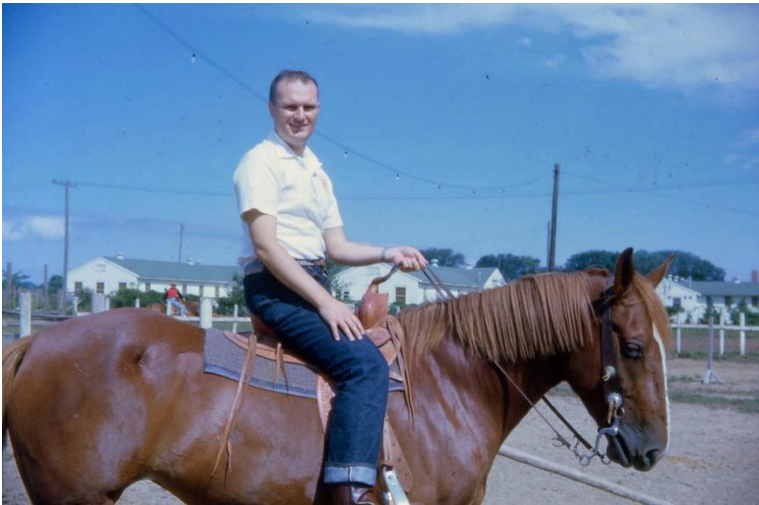
There are at least three things that people from the city do when they move to the country. The first thing is, they want to get some kind of animals – a dog, a cat, a horse or a cow. The second thing they want to do is to buy a tractor (usually a Ford 8N). The third thing they want to do is to put their name on the mailbox. We were no different. We already had the animals and the 8N tractor. We then got a big, oversized silver colored steel mailbox. In New Glarus we found some beautiful gold block letters outlined in black. These were individually mounted on the mailbox by their own pressure sensitive glue. In these glorious letters, it proudly said “FRED G. BLUM.”

All was well for the first year and a half until the mailbox had gone through several freezing winters and one hot summer. Lo and behold – the weather had taken its toll and the “F” letter fell off the mailbox and it now said, “RED G. BLUM.” A few months later the “R” fell off and it read “ED G. BLUM.” Soon thereafter the “E” fell off and now it was “D. G. BLUM.” Several months later, the “B” fell off and it was “D. G. LUM.” Shortly thereafter, the “G” fell off and it was now “D. LUM.” A few weeks later the “M” fell off and it read “D LU” – which must mean there was a Chinese family living there, because after all our Chinese son-in-law is “Albert Ng” – another two-letter name. Not too long after, that the “U” fell off and it was “D.L.” At this point we had mercy on the people driving by and decided to remove the last two letters. Uncharacteristically, we had great trouble peeling off these last two letters. From then on, we left it blank and people would either know we lived there, or they wouldn’t.

Chapter 96

Horse Business

A few years before we bought the farm, our niece Barbara Sweet (Cash) had become, as they say, “Horse Crazy.” (Mickey and I were, too.) I could easily appreciate this as I had always wanted a pony at the farm when I was a boy, but never really got one. However, as previously mentioned, when I was really too old, I was told that Daisy, a 32-year-old mare could be my horse – I took her. Better late than never!



Fred riding Angel at Bar M Ranch - 1963.

Barbara drew horse pictures; she could whinny like a horse; and she would ride a broomstick with a horse’s head that she had so deftly and accurately created. Somehow, we felt that we should try to help her realize her dream of having a horse, so we took her to Earl Pottinger’s Bar M Ranch. She loved the

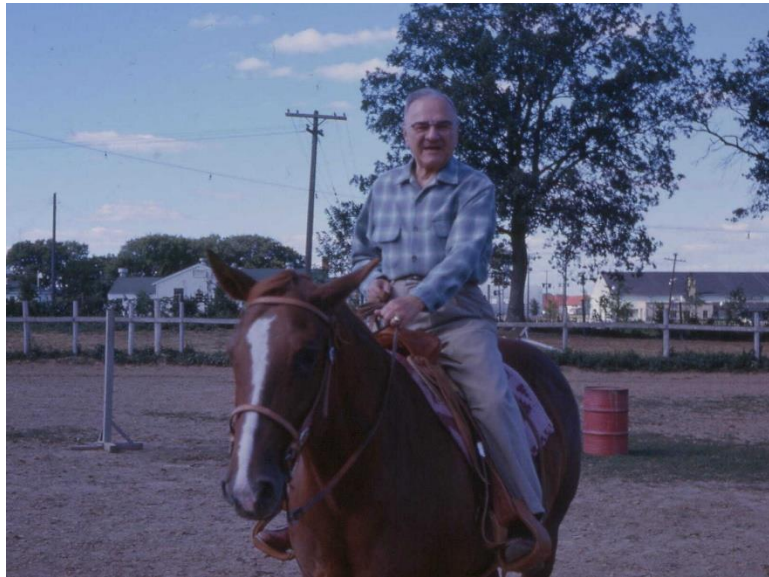
lessons, and after a while Mickey and I also decided to take lessons. Pretty soon Earl found just the horse we should have, “Angel.” She was probably the best horse we ever had, although once going around the ring in a cantor she led with the wrong foot, slipped and went down. I fell on my right wrist and cracked it. It was O.K. but it really hurt if I tried to use my hand in any way. Dad took a slightly dim view of the whole horse business, so I didn’t want him to know I had cracked my wrist. Whenever we met, we gave each other a very firm handshake as he rightly prided himself with his good grip. I tried not to wince when I needed to shake hands.

One thing led to another and Barbara got a beautiful horse named Duke. We also got Shep, a Tennessee Walker, who used to look through the window at the trailer and watch the TV programs through the living room window!

One day, Earl said, “Doc, why don’t you go out to the Meyer place (not real name) and look at a horse they have that has a bad eye problem.” This sounded interesting. Mickey and I went out to the farmette and found Gay, a beautiful

registered quarter horse filly. Unfortunately, somehow, she had poked her eye on top of a steel fence post, and the globe (eye) had been ruptured, and the aqueous (internal eye fluid) was draining out from the eye itself. It would not be long before infection went in retrograde (back into the eye), and the eye would be lost, and she would end up with a big hole in her head. I couldn't offer to try to fix the eye for the owner, as I was not a veterinarian. The only thing I could do was to offer to buy Gay, and then try to stabilize the eye with surgery. If we owned the horse, I didn't feel we would have any problems with anybody getting upset.

So, we bought Gay and brought her to the Bar M Ranch. The scheduled surgery was quite a production. We happened to have two post-graduate Veterinary Students, Dr. Hal McClure and Dr. Art Hall currently living at the farm at that time. They were going to give the anesthesia (they both declined to do the eye surgery as veterinary



Fred G. Blum, Sr. enjoying some horse time – 1963.

eye surgery required sub-specialty training). The anesthesia was to be Magnesium Sulfate IV (intravenous). When humans undergo general anesthesia, just prior to “going under” they go through an “excitement stage.” The vets assured me that the same would be true for horses, and they were concerned. They also cautioned that there was an important facial nerve that went over the bony ridge of the horse's face. If the horse went down, and if the face hit the ground too hard, the nerve would be injured, and the face would be paralyzed which would lead to other complications. The other worry was that when Gay finally went down, she would go down on the wrong side. If that happened, it would be impossible to operate and probably impossible to turn her over as Gay was by this time essentially a full-sized horse.

The event was planned for the next Saturday morning when the two vets, Hal McClure, Art Hall, and I were not at work. Earl Pottinger had all his usual retinue of young people and “wannabe” cowboy and cowgirl helpers available. Everyone

had their jobs. I had to assemble all the surgical equipment I could imagine we might need and see that it was sterilized. Hal and Art assembled all the IV's and Magnesium Sulfate solutions and tranquilizers. Earl and his crew were responsible to clean out the "operating suite" which turned out to be the Bar M Ranch clubhouse. They put down about 1 foot of straw over the entire floor in order to try to protect her facial nerve if and when she finally succumbed to the anesthesia and went down.

The day finally arrived, and everything was in readiness: My instruments, the vets, their anesthesia equipment, Earl, his "men," and the operating suite. The tranquilizer was given IM (intramuscular) and this was not a big problem. The "men" had her head in a halter, but Gay was very apprehensive and was shifting her weight from one foot to another, which also made us apprehensive. The vets had to try to get the IV started while she was in this nervous state, which they finally were able to do. They gave the large amount of magnesium sulfate (MagSO₄) which they calculated would be the correct amount. Meanwhile the "men" got ropes loosely around two of her legs to hopefully control her when she started to go down. They gave her what appeared to be gallons of Magnesium Sulfate (MagSO₄) solution and after about 15 minutes she started into the excitement stage and was hopping around the clubhouse in a dangerous way for all of us.

Earl's crew did a really admirable job keeping her under adequate control. After about another 10 minutes she started to settle down and we could see she was starting to get woozy and she started to wobble on her 4 legs. This was the critical time. As I think back on it, I am not exactly sure how the "going down" transpired, but somehow the crew got her to go down on the correct side so the injured eye would be facing upwards. She did hit her face on the floor but not overly hard with the foot of straw covering the cement floor and we hoped that aspect would be O.K.

Now it was the vets turn to keep giving her magnesium sulfate to keep her asleep and yet not so much that it would kill her. This was a touchy situation because none of the sophisticated equipment for anesthesia was available. Now it was my turn. The vets said go as fast as you can because we don't know if we have enough magnesium sulfate to keep her asleep very long. I got out my skin prepping anti-germ solutions and washed her eye socket. I had never worked on such a terrifically big eye before. There was a diagonal jagged linear penetrating corneal laceration extending for $\frac{3}{4}$ of the diameter of the cornea with an iris prolapse (iris coming out through the laceration with aqueous draining out as well). In relation to human and

cataract surgery what had to be done was relatively simple from the surgical standpoint. The prolapsed iris was excised, and the cornea was sutured with absorbable sutures. This was not ideal. Silk sutures would have been better, but I knew we would never get her to sleep again, so absorbable sutures were the only way to go. I also knew there would be no way to make a bandage stick on a horse's face with the minimal supplies that we had so again I used absorbable sutures to stitch the eyelids shut. The big and overriding worry was that infection could take over and destroy the eye and everything we had done. She moved a time or two while the suturing of the cornea was being done but the vets did an admirable job keeping her "under" and Earl Pottinger's crew did a great job.

Gay recovered and after about a week the lid sutures dissolved, and she could open her eye. The corneal sutures dissolved as well. She had a scar on her cornea as we knew she would before we ever started. Good sight was impossible, but she did have a good cosmetic appearance, and did not appear to be in any pain and the eye was saved.

Unfortunately for her and for us, her first beautiful registered quarter horse stud colt tried jumping over the picket fence one night, became impaled, and died. However, she did have one more beautiful colt.

Gay and her colt. New life in the barn was always a happy occasion – 1965.



Chapter 97

Hefty-Blum Homestead Farms Since 1848

We decided on the above name because we wanted our name in the title. But more importantly we wanted to honor the real founders of the farm and we wanted people to know that it was a homestead farm. Also, we wanted everyone to know how old the farm was as it happened to coincide with the exact year that Wisconsin became a state.

I remember Mickey and I went down to the farm one early March day of 1964. There was no snow and the weeds were grown up all over the barnyard. One of the barn doors was loose and banging in the wind. The gates were falling off the hinges and the big farmhouse had a forlorn, bedraggled look. Mickey and I looked at each other and said, “What have we gotten ourselves into?” The farm had really been let go by the Trust Department to a greater or lesser degree ever since Grandma died. One unfortunate thing that was done to try to make it look like they were being good stewards, was to tear down the dilapidated original small house on the hill that had been the second house built on the farm. (Can be seen in the picture.)



Circa 1964 – The early years on the Family Homestead. Mickey standing in the forefront.

This was in addition to the original log cabin that initially stood where the present “big house” stands. We undoubtedly would have resurrected that house had it still been there. When we took over the farm, only the stone foundation was still present, which for a time we used as a burning pit.

Bob Pulver and his family who were living in the main house when we bought the farm. He was a stonemason from Switzerland with an American wife and children. He decided not to take the house for free rent in exchange for caring for the horses, because in Switzerland if you had that responsibility it meant currying all the horses every day besides all the feeding and cleaning up. He was a bear of a man. I once saw him pick up a cement-caked, full sized contractor’s wheelbarrow. With two hands he just picked it up and lifted it up over his head and placed it on the top of his station wagon. We put an ad in the Wisconsin State Journal; free rent for taking care of the horses etc.

We got an answer from Dr. Art Hall and “Tucky” (Kentucky) Hall that they would be interested but they had friends, Dr. Hal and Jo Ann McClure who needed a place to park a trailer. The men were both Veterinarians who were doing postgraduate veterinary studies at the University of Wisconsin. That always seemed strange to me in as much as the U.W. didn’t even have a Veterinary School at the time.

We divided off the big house so we could keep two rooms downstairs and 2 bedrooms upstairs and use the back stairway to connect the two. We could use this apartment arrangement for weekend stays. Art and Tuckey would still have two living rooms, a study, dining room and kitchen downstairs and 3 bedrooms upstairs accessed through the front stairway.

As far as the trailer was concerned, we knew with 400 acres there should be no problem finding a spot, which we did. In retrospect, I still feel embarrassed as to how much work we expected them to do for the “free” house rent and the “free” trailer space. They had something like 14 hours of work each week to do, which they did. Hal was especially conscientious, and once broke his thumb driving the tractor. The 8N Ford without power steering hit a hidden rock which violently spun the steering wheel making the spoke turn against the down-turned thumb causing it to break. Hal even continued to do his agreed upon work with a cast on his thumb.

We joined the “City Farmers” club that Paul Craig wanted us to join, and we continued to go to the farm Wednesday afternoons and on most Saturdays and Sundays. Art and Tuckey told us they would be leaving after the Spring U.W. session

in 1965, but Hal and Jo Ann wanted to stay on. Finally, we got the brainstorm that, heck, we were coming to the Farm 3 times per week, why not drive 2 more times and move to the farm? Nowadays this is something that is done all the time, but then it wasn't.

Besides the psychological mind jump we had to make, there were practical jumps also. One was the telephone. When I was little the telephone was about a 14-party line with each party having a special designated ring sequence by a hand crank to signal the operator. Our farm had been "long ring, short ring, and long ring." Once you had the operator, you could give her a number, or the name of the party being called. Unfortunately, all 14 parties could hear the hand crank rings in their houses as well. Some of the busy bodies would listen in to everything that was being said. Personal items should not be talked about. Also, sometimes people would talk for a long time, and you couldn't even get a free line to talk on.

By the time we took over the farm, the telephone lines had been upgraded considerably and now these were only 4 parties per line. This of course couldn't work for confidential and emergency medical calls. Consequently, we had to have a private line brought all the way out from New Glarus to the farm at considerable expense. It has always been a little confusing to everyone that we had a New Glarus telephone number and a Monticello address. Probably because of this, we had the option of joining either the Monticello or New Glarus school district. We didn't know which one to pick but we decided on New Glarus.

The move took place in June of 1965. Mickey had severely sprained her ankle the day before the move and Mickey's dad took her to the hospital to have a cast applied while the movers loaded the truck. On arriving at the farm, the first thing Mickey saw was a big rat coming up the stairs out of the basement. The house was a wreck, but we couldn't afford to fix it up. Commuting to Madison was not a big problem, but I remember one Sunday making 3 separate trips to Madison for emergencies.

The horses gradually increased in number and types. We had Angel, the unregistered grade mare plus several other nondescript horses; Gay, the registered Quarter Horse (the one that had the eye surgery); Ethan, a registered Morgan Stallion; Shep, a registered Tennessee Walker; several half Arabians, and Love Noah and her Philly, both registered Thoroughbreds. For non-horse readers, "purebred" is any type of animal or line of animals such as a Quarter Horse or Holstein cow that is bred pure with no outside blood. A "Thoroughbred," is another true distinct

breed like a Quarter Horse, or a Morgan Horse. All Thoroughbreds are purebreds. Purebreds are, of course, not necessarily Thoroughbreds.

We were up to 25 horses and were beginning to wonder how the horse business was going to pay off. We had no real business plan. Only Hope. I remember our good and dear cousin, Clarence Hefty from Renwick, one of the premier Brown Swiss Cattle Breeders in the U.S. (along with Jake and Howard Voegeli – our neighbors) came to visit us about this time or maybe even before. We proudly showed Clarence our great horses. He took one look and said, “Well, you aren’t going to make any money with these,” - another “truer words were never spoken” message.



1967 – Fred busy working in the field.

We thought that with that admonishment probably the best thing to do would be to go into the Thoroughbred horse business where the “big money” was. It must be Thoroughbred Racehorses! Mickey and I took a trip to Kentucky in about the spring of 1968 and went to see jockeys work out the horses at the Keenland racetrack. The next day

Keenland was having a big Thoroughbred Sale and of course we went. They had young fillies and colts lined up all over the place with their trainers and grooms. You could inspect and touch the animals to check them for anything you wanted to check them for. We noted that everyone, who seemed to know what they were doing, was reaching down and checking their foreleg for good or not so good “bone.” What they were looking for, we found out, was for the bone not to be round but more “H” shaped in cross sections. This configuration was less likely to break under stress. So, we would go up to these beautiful, expensive horses and bend down and check their “bone”, and comment as to whether we thought it was good bone or

not. I suspect the handlers thought what rubes, but they said nothing, and we felt quite proud of ourselves. We were probably lucky we didn't get kicked in the head.

After several hours, they held the sale after a fancy meal. Sitting across from us and undoubtedly to add class to the sale (and money) was the famous actor Don Ameche. (Incidentally, he was a cousin of the Badgers' famous Alan "The Horse" Ameche who also played for the Baltimore Colts). I guess both Ameches had connections to horses. In any event, we went to a very large tent completely filled with folding chairs and attendees. We sat in the back and shortly they brought in a beautiful young filly under the bright lights. The announcer read off the dams and studs that were behind the breeding of this particular horse. After this the auctioneer started his auctioneer's singsong, "12 thun now 25 thun, 50 thun, 75 thun, 100 thun, 112 thun." After a few of these sales we realized that the "thun" meant thousands and wow, did we ever sit quietly! We made no sudden moves as an unplanned accidental nod of the head could get you a \$175,000 horse!

Well, we didn't have any money like this so what were we to do! We needed to get into the Racehorse Business. There has to be money in it. Back at the Motel, I looked in the paper and lo and behold there was a Thoroughbred Mare and her foal for sale at \$800. Wow, what a difference, and two for the price of one!

We drove out to the Thoroughbred Farm and there met the owner, Mr. Cleveland who was about 75 or 80 years old. The farm looked like an old run-down plantation. He wore a white shirt and tie even though he was doing farm work. He showed us the mare and foal. They looked good to us, and for that price we thought we were getting a steal. I believe we paid him half on the spot with the balance to be paid when they were to be picked up in two weeks. Two weeks later, Mickey and I took our one-ton red Ford truck with an oversize dumpable grain box on it and drove to Kentucky. We were afraid we might be picked up in Illinois because we didn't have some kind of interstate permits, but nobody stopped us. At one of the truck-stops we got gas and the cashier said, "Do you want the discount to show?" If you were a driver, driving for someone else you could say "No, don't show the discount" and he would give you the discount in cash. You could pocket the money, and no one would be the wiser. We did feel a little funny buying 25 gallons of gas while the real truckers would buy 400 gallons of diesel. At another travel stop on the way home, a fellow asked me in the men's room if I knew how to get around the weigh station at Tomah. I had to allow that I was not sure how to do that. We got to Lexington and stayed at a motel not too far from the Thoroughbred Farm.

A man knocked on the door and said he saw our license plates and wondered if we were looking for thoroughbred horses. We told him that we were picking up a mare and her foal at the Cleveland Farm. He seemed to know the place and the horse. As we recall, mare Love Noah had had twins and one died. Mr. Cleveland was selling the mare and foal as it was thought to be more difficult for a mare to be rebred after twins.

The man at the motel went on to tell us that he had a registered thoroughbred mare that had some relatively small health problem (a bad leg as I recall) and that he would sell her for \$400 as he was in a financial bind. Wow, another good deal (Ha Ha)! If we would pay him the \$400 now, we could pick up the horse in another 2 weeks. We said it sounded good, but if we paid him the full amount ahead of time without seeing the horse, maybe there wouldn't even be a horse to pick up. He said, well, he knew it sounded like a scam but to make us sure that he was on the up and up, he would leave a large suitcase full of breeding and race records and lineage of a whole slew of Kentucky Thoroughbreds. He said this was his life's work. When we would pick up the mare, we could give back the suitcase full of valuable records. We looked in the large black, hard sided non-descript looking suitcase. There were indeed literally thousands of index cards alphabetically arranged by various famous (and not so famous) stud and mare families. It was most impressive. So, we gave the man \$400, took his phone number and his suitcase full of records and were off to the Cleveland farm where we were invited to eat breakfast. As previously mentioned, the place looked like a rundown "Tara" from *Gone with the Wind*. Everything looked kind of overgrown and seedy.

The breakfast, however, was outstanding. We were treated to a real country breakfast with toast, homemade preserve, their own farm eggs and wonderful country ham. It was better than a Bed and Breakfast. After this wonderful meal Mr. Cleveland and two hired men rounded up Love Noah and her foal. We loaded them onto the old red Ford truck, followed by "Goodbye" and we were off. The trip home was surprisingly uneventful except for the shifting weight of horse feet as we went around corners. We stopped at a motel and felt a little strange to hear the horses making noise just outside our motel room, however, we got back to Alpine Road in good shape. (Alpine Road was later renamed Hefty Road).

When we got home, we unloaded Noah and her foal in the pasture just across the creek from the big house. This later became to be known as the "Silvan Field" because he felt it was too valuable a piece of ground to be used for pasture and

should instead be used for growing crops. In any event, as soon as they were unloaded, Noah, (as we called her for short), who was about 23 years old, ran around the 6-acre pasture like a true racehorse. She easily ran circles around the other much younger horses in the pasture.



1969 – Olga and Fred Blum, Sr. come to the farm for a visit, Olga’s childhood home.

We conversed on several occasions with the Lexington (KY) suitcase man, and the horse was still “recovering” from something or other. After a number of conversations, he said we could come and get the horse who could now travel, but she had lost a lot of weight and he was not sure if it would be worth the trip to get her. We were not sure if another round trip with the rather tired out Ford truck to Kentucky was worth it either. Another Horse Lesson: (“YOU AREN’T GOING TO MAKE ANY MONEY WITH THESE”) again, rang in our ears. We never got the horse but turned the suitcase records over to Millicent Allard. She was the owner of the

Allard Truck Lines, and also the owner of a thriving Thoroughbred Horse Farm in Ocala, Florida. Surprisingly enough, Millicent and her cousin said later that the several thousand horse genealogy records were very informative and helpful in their breeding program.

Once we had the Kentucky mare, Love Noah, we had to try to get her rebred. There were no Thoroughbred studs in Wisconsin that we knew of. However, Illinois had special incentives for Illinois Thoroughbred Breeders so there was a good, small but thriving Thoroughbred industry in northern Illinois. We got our good friend Earl Pottinger from Bar M fame to go down to look at a lot of Thoroughbred Studs. Earl knew his way around any kind of horse, so he gave us “dudes” some real legitimacy. We went to a number of stud farms, but the one that still stands out was a place that looked as though it was in its heyday during

prohibition. All the buildings were super well-built, and everything was kind of secluded. There were a number of round cement pits about 8' or so in diameter and about 6' deep. We asked what these were for. They said the pits used to be used for cock fighting. This most likely was a fancy speakeasy type of illegal prohibition hang out. In any event, they did have the stud we finally decided to use. It was a somewhat aggressive stud and was slightly over 17 hands high. This is a monster. A "hand" in horse terminology is 4 inches so that stud was 68" at the withers, which is at the base of the neck!

Mickey later took Noah down there in the Ford truck where the mare stayed for about 6 weeks. The stud fee was, as we recall, about \$250 or \$500 plus room and board for Noah. To make this story a little shorter, Noah got pregnant, and had a filly that was really big and aggressive like her father. When she would be in her wooden stall, she sometimes became agitated and would kick the back of the stall with one of her hind feet. She could kick 3 times so fast that it sounded like a machine gun. She was like having a loaded gun around the house. We finally sold what Mickey called "The scariest horse I ever saw" to some horse racing people from Illinois. I don't think we even got our stud fee back from the sale price (another horse lesson). Several years later these people showed up at the farm to see if we had any more thoroughbreds for sale. The one we sold them had won several races. Fortunately (maybe) by that time we were beginning to come to our (horse) senses and were beginning to admit to ourselves that Clarence Hefty really was right – "You aren't going to make any money with these!" We had other ideas....



*Even our dear dog, Schutzi, works hard and needs rest on the farm.
Circa 1969*

Chapter 98

Silvan D. Blum

“Who are we going to get to cut the grass?”



Silvan Disch Blum – Born March 20, 1950. Working on the lawn mower - 1966

In the spring of 1966 as the grass in the yard started to grow, we were presented with a dilemma. Who was going to cut the grass? We had a big yard to mow and the girls were still too young to handle it. Neither Mickey nor I had time to do it because we were too busy with other things, and after last year’s disaster with the goat project, we still didn’t know how we were going to

get the grass mowed. For those of you who don’t know about the goat project, we will briefly outline that saga. The previous year, we got the bright idea that maybe we should buy some goats so they would eat the grass on the steep banks around the house. We would get the goats fed and cut the grass at the same time. What could be better? We finally found two goats to purchase and we tried to put them in an enclosed area to eat the grass. However, they decided that the grass was greener on the other side of the fence, and we were always chasing them around. The next bright idea was to put collars on them and tie them to a stake in the ground and let them eat grass that way. The goats decided they didn’t like to be tied up and they kept lunging on the rope that tethered them to the ground. They did this repeatedly until they started to get sore necks from the collars. It got bad enough that it looked as though they were getting boils on their necks, so we decided we would put them in the empty, big white barn in the former milking area. This was another disaster. The goats hadn’t forgotten they were goats, and they ran all around the barn pooping everywhere and climbing up on the window ledges and staring down disdainfully at us poor mortals. Now what to do? The obvious thing to do was to get rid of the blasted goats. But who in the world would want these mangy,

loafing critters? Fortunately, at about that same time, we ran across an ad in the New Glarus Post that said Kubly-Richart Chevrolet dealer would take anything for trade on a new or used vehicle. Wow, that sounded good! We called them up and asked if they really meant they would take anything. They assured us that they would, and we said, “Terrific! You’ve got a deal!” So, we traded the goats in as partial payment on a used blue 1947 military Jeep. (Incidentally, this was a Jeep that while parked on the upper edge of a steep bank probably saved Mickey’s life from a run-away tractor that she was driving when the brakes failed. The tractor would have gone over the bank if the Jeep had not been parked there. That old jeep probably kept her from being pinned by the tractor, which probably would have rolled over on top of her.)

Now back to our story about the grass. Mickey got the bright idea that we should call New Glarus High School to see if there was any young person that would want a part-time job mowing grass at the farm. She called Blanche Foster, the school secretary regarding this idea. Blanche allowed that there was a young boy who was 16 years old, Silvan Disch, who would probably fit the bill. He came out that evening and he sounded very interested. He looked like a nice boy, so we hired him. When



school let out for summer, we found that there were many more jobs that needed to be done in addition to the yard, including to help build the new bull pen for some new bulls we were getting.

One day he said to Mickey, “I want to come and live here.” Mickey downplayed that idea and a week or two later he said again he wanted to come and live here. Mickey replied, “You have your own parents you are living with. That wouldn’t work.” A week or two later, for the third time, he told Mickey, “I still want to come and live here” and then he added, “My parents

Silvan in 1967 – Volunteering for the Wilhelm Tell Play, New Glarus.

don't want me." At this point Mickey didn't know what else to say except, "Well, have your parents come over here and we will talk about it," thinking they probably would not come. Low and behold, the next Saturday, his father and his stepmother showed up at the house. We told them what had transpired with Silvan. They asked a few questions about various things, and the upshot was that if they had no financial obligation what-so-ever, they agreed. He came to live with us and when he turned 21, we adopted him.

Silvan went on to be voted class President in his senior year at New Glarus High School. He later went to The University of Wisconsin-Madison and earned a bachelor's degree in Agriculture. He was also in the Wisconsin National Guard during the time of the Vietnam conflict, and the political unrest on campus during the 1970's. He operated a dairy operation at the home farm for a number of years, and then he became interested in cheese making. He apprenticed under the prize-winning cheese maker, Fritz Kopp, of Chalet Cheese Co-op. Silvan must have learned the right way because Silvan has earned numerous first and second prizes at the Green County Fair; the Wisconsin State Fair; and the World Competition for Swiss and other cheeses.

Silvan developed a hobby of making cookies and all kinds of fancy hot dishes and other gastronomic delights. This was initiated after he suffered a broken foot following the bailer accidentally dropping on his foot. In order to overcome the boredom of convalescence, he started making pies and eventually his much-loved Christmas cookies. He and his present wife, the former Jane Johnson, take dinner to the church prayer group every Wednesday night. They also bring Mickey and me a dinner for the week which he calls "meals on wheels" during the winter time, and "meals on feet" during the summertime when he walks the food over from the remodeled old farm Cheese Factory where they reside.

Silvan has become the Genealogy expert of the Blum and Hefty family. It is fascinating to hear the stories he has to share from his wealth of knowledge.

Silvan's daughter, Jessica, is married to Kevin Geib and they live in New Glarus with their daughter, Amelia.

Silvan's signature saying is: "Good Morning!" It doesn't matter if you see him early in the morning, the middle of the afternoon or late at night, he always greets you with a cheery "Good Morning!"

Chapter 99

The “tail” end of the horse stories.

As previously mentioned, one of my many dear patients was Millicent Allard who had inherited a big trucking company from her father, The Allard Truck Lines located somewhere in central Wisconsin. Millicent and her niece Jan, who were close in age, had both become interested in Thoroughbred horses.

Before I go into this saga, I must tell you about one of my most difficult decisions. It was December 31, 1967 when The Green Bay Packers were a Lombardi Team with Jim Taylor, Willie Davis, Ray Nitschke, Paul Hornung, Max McGee, Bart Starr etc. They were to play in what became the famous “Ice Bowl Game” in which Bart Starr made a final quarterback sneak to win the game in the last few seconds. It was later called the “The Longest Yard.” In any event, a few days before the game, Millicent called me on the phone and asked if I would like a ticket to that game. I imagine even then the tickets were worth a thousand dollars or more. Wow! What an offer! In the final analysis I had to turn it down because I had 60 patients starting early Monday morning, and surgery the following day. I was afraid I would be too tired to do my best medical work. Oh well, it was only one of the most famous Packer games of all times! It was like when I was about 9 years old and on my way to the dentist, I had an opportunity to ride on a new generation of Madison City buses. This was a free test run, but for some unknown reason I turned it down. I literally relived that poor decision to turn down the bus ride for months, even years. For the most part, the free tickets to the Packer Ice Bowl Championship notwithstanding, I learned that when an opportunity presented itself, grab it and go for it.

I promise this next story will be the last of the horse business. Millicent Allard and Jan had really gotten into the Thoroughbred business in a big way. Millicent had purchased a beautiful farm in the beautiful area near the premier horse country around Ocala, Florida. Ocala was even beginning to threaten Kentucky as the Capital of the Thoroughbred Horse Industry. They invited us to visit them for a day the next time we visited Florida. We did just that and we went out to their beautiful farm and house, which was like Architectural Digest. We were served mint juleps on the veranda and shown around the spectacular house. They had small ponds on the property which Floridians like to call “lakes”, and each seemed to have a resident alligator which Mickey and I had a hard time viewing as a “positive.”

The barns were terrific as were the Thoroughbred mares. Jan did her own foaling (helping the mares to deliver the foals) and apparently, she would go day or night to aid in the delivery of these very expensive babies. She also did her own selection of studs, vets, nutrition etc. Jan in particular was very excited when we gave her the big black suitcase containing the thousands of cards with their voluminous information on breeding mares and studs, family blood lines and racing results etc. They felt, and probably rightly so, that they were shaking up the local Thoroughbred Business. Well you never know when you can turn a flop (the big black suitcase) into a victory! An incomplete (and possibly inaccurate) postscript is that over the next few years a ton of money was spent and lost, and the working relationship between the two ladies soured. Their horse operation was disbanded, and the property was sold. There is also the inference that some slick horse operators took advantage of the two single ladies, maybe in more than a monetary way, and this may have hastened the demise of what looked like a terrific idea. Maybe they ran into more men with black suitcases. Good old cousin Clarence Hefty, the Brown Swiss Dairy farmer from little old Renwick, Iowa with a population of 113, knew more about the horse business (“Well, you aren’t going to make any money with these.”) than many of us city folks. I’m beginning to believe that maybe nobody makes money in the horse business. This is really the end of the horse “tales” ...I think.

Chapter 100

Two Dr. Blums

One summer day, I needed to go over and see Howard Voegeli about some farm project at their beautiful Brown Swiss Farm on Highway 69. Being one of the premier Brown Swiss farms in the world, they were used to having visitors from all over the US and abroad. When I got there, they were unloading a bus of visitors and I could tell many of them were from Switzerland. I marshaled my best Swiss and talked to one of the ladies and she asked, among other things, what my name was. I replied, "Doctor Blum." And she said very excitedly, "Dr. Blum! Dr. Blum!" And she hollered to her sister, "Martha! Martha! This is Doctor Blum!" I couldn't figure out what was so important about me being Dr. Blum and she replied, "Martha, this is Doctor Blum!" And then she went on to say, "We have a Doctor Blum in Sool, Switzerland who's a doctor veterinarian and he looks like you, and he talks like you, and he walks like you! I can't believe it!"

After visiting for a while, I told her we would be glad to look him up when we got to Switzerland the next time, which we did, and invited him and his wife to dinner at the Schwanderhof Hotel. Unfortunately, he couldn't talk English much better than I could talk Swiss so communicating was difficult. But Mickey was astounded that indeed I looked like him and talked like him and walked like him. He was even about the same stature. Mickey also says that my hair was receding the same way his was and we were similar in age. The following day, we looked into the possible relationship at the archives in Glarus, Switzerland, and indeed 8 generations back we did have a common ancestor! We all felt amazed!

Sool, where Dr. Blum lived, was a town just a few miles from Sardona where we had purchased a one-room condo in the hotel in Elm called Sardona. It was a beautiful sport hotel that you could look out the windows and see waterfalls coming down the mountains. In the morning, you would never know if you would see brown swiss cows walking up the road, or swiss soldiers and army tanks. Unfortunately, as beautiful as it was, we couldn't and didn't get there as often as we should. The last time we were there was with our daughter, Toni, and we decided to sell it while our Swiss friend, Martin Zimmermann was still able to help us.

Chapter 101

A New Beginning

By 1968, it had become obvious that the center of the Thoroughbred horse racing industry was not going to be our farm in Monticello, Wisconsin. We thought we had better think of something else to try to make money farming. Our dear accountant, at the time, Larry Sweitzer would, from time to time, gently remind us that what we really needed was for the farm to show a profit. Otherwise the increasing losses might be disallowed because the Internal Revenue Service would try to claim that our farming operation was really a hobby farm and not a real farm. This encouraged us to close down the horse business with greater speed. We also remembered the great wisdom of Dr. Art Stienon, who likewise was into farming and belatedly found out that “there is no loss as good as a profit.” Regarding horses, we got down to; niece Barbara Sweet’s (Cash) horse, Duke; our original horse Angel; Heidi’s horse, Ethan, and an Arab named Aladdin. After some years, the feeding and watering of the horses became more difficult to manage, and Barbara was on to more grown up things and these last horses were sold or more or less given away. (I won’t repeat Clarence Hefty’s admonition.)

Angel was the first horse we bought, and the last one we sold. She was our best overall horse, but there was nothing special about her except that she was reliable, steady and not a problem horse. One bright morning, after we’d had her for about 8 years, one of the children said, “Mom and Dad come quick! Look across the pasture and what do you see?!” And there of all things was a foal, standing up on spindly legs. Wow! We didn’t know she was going to have a foal and neither did Angel. She hadn’t been around any Stallions, no Stallions had broken through the fence, but there it was. We never did find out how she got pregnant, and the foal looked just like Angel so that didn’t give us a clue either.

About that same time, Phil Anderson, the editor of the New Glarus Post Newspaper, came to me and said, “We really have a problem or an opportunity that somebody needs to pick up on, and I was wondering if you would consider.” I, of course, asked her what it was. She said, “All the equipment from the newspaper printing department is being phased out for more modern technology that does not require heavy-duty printing equipment. This equipment is going to be sold at junk metal prices and that would be a tragedy. If this could be preserved, it would enable people to see what a complete print shop in this era would look like, including the

big civil war era printing press which weighs approximately twelve tons and would be the centerpiece.”

Mickey and I both liked historical things, and we said we would be willing to help out although we were not in the best financial position at the time. We agreed to buy all the equipment including furniture, but the next problem was exactly what would we do with it, and where would we keep it until we had a specific use for it. Phil assured us that she felt that the local New Glarus Swiss Historical Society would eventually want it, but that didn't solve the immediate problem. Somehow or other, it came to light that Mr. Arnold Kehrli had a building he wanted to sell. Indeed, it turned out that he had an old cheese storage miniwarehouse down by the old Depot that he was willing to sell for \$400. That sounds like a real bargain, and in a way, it was, and in a way, it wasn't. That \$400 bought the building, but not the land under it. That was owned by the Railroad which was no longer in use in New Glarus. They charged a modest amount of rent for the land use. Not having a place to put the contents of the printing business, we bought the building. Fred Heller and Vern Johnsrud figured out how to move the large printing press and all the supporting contents down to the basement of the cheese storage building.

Being Swiss, we didn't want to waste the useful upstairs of the building. Hm...what to do with it. We decided to set up a Swiss Import business that would be interesting to the visitors of New Glarus and allow them to be able to purchase real Swiss items. For the Swiss people coming to visit New Glarus we sold real Indian jewelry and other artifacts. Fred Heller remodeled the upstairs, put in a bathroom, a stairway, and a balcony to the upstairs room. Mickey and our niece, Barbara Sweet, were in charge of The Hefty-Blum Homestead Farm Store. Marion, Gale, Heidi and Baeti (Elsbeth) ran the retail portion including the Indian items, the Swiss items and made cheese sandwiches. Gale, Heidi and Baeti, yodeled for busloads of people that would come by. It was not a money maker, unfortunately, and I would inquire about the revenue on any given day of Barbara, who by that time had a taxidermy business in the basement once the press and equipment had found a home at the New Glarus Historical Society. I would ask Barb, “Did we have a good day?” She would answer, “Oh, yes! We sold \$9.37 worth of sandwiches and honey.” I later found out that “our helpers” ate \$10 worth of Swiss chocolate bars. People would come in and want to buy 50 cents worth of cheese, cut into small pieces, and use the bathroom as well. We had this shop for about 2 years until another opportunity came along that will be presented later on. This family episode

as mentioned was not a money maker, but gave valuable experience to Mickey, Barb and the four girls in entrepreneurship.

Well, what to do? The 25 horses we accumulated didn't work, but we hadn't really given the two or three beef cattle that we had from the beginning a chance to show us what they could do. Furthermore, if we would enlarge the beef herd it would fit in with Farm Manager Paul Craig's vision of "50 cattle on this hill and 50 cattle on that hill!" (This now reminds me of Psalm 50:10 "For all the animals of the forest are mine, and I own the **Cattle on a Thousand Hills.**")

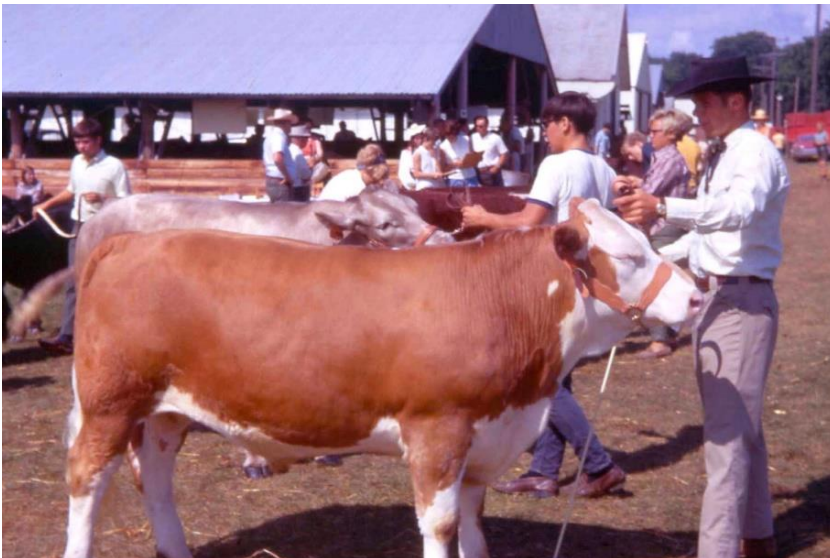


1969 – Early in the beef era.

When we were still living in Madison, we were going to the City Farmers Meetings. In addition to the horses, we also became interested in Charolais, the big, white French cattle with heavy muscling and lean meat. When we knew we were really going to buy the farm we answered an ad regarding Charolais Cattle. A Mr. Bloom came to the house and told us about a wonderful Charolais heifer he had. He was with the new Charolais Breeders Association of America (and, not the International Charolais Breeders Association which, as it turned out, was the preeminent Charolais Association). Because there were so few Charolais in the U.S., both breeding associations had two ways to get purebred cattle. You could buy a purebred cow and breed it to a

purebred bull and go from there. Or, you could buy say, a Herford or Angus cow, and breed it to a purebred bull, and the offspring would be a "1/2" Charolais. When the calf was old enough to breed, its offspring would become 3/4 Charolais, on the next round 7/8. When the offspring became 15/16 it was considered a purebred. You could get purebred papers on the animal if you had registered the sire and dam at each stage of parentage. Bloom said the heifer he had in mind was especially good

in that it was a purebred and was registered in the new Association, which was a better Association because it was based on performance – weight gain etc. instead of just on looks. It was also special because she could be double registered in not only the New Charolais Breeders Association, but the older “less desirable” ICBA if you wanted to. The assurance was that we would shortly be receiving the ICBA purebred papers, as well as the purebred Charolais Breeders Association papers. We paid \$750 for “Charlene.” Well by the end of the horse business we had the wonderful “Charlene” for whom we never did get the purebred double registry with the ICBA. Years later we found out from the ICBA registry, dear Charlene was only a “3/4 Charolais.” We had also acquired several Herefords or “white faces” as they were called. They were the old tried and true “out west” cattle, and were the favorite of Paul Craig, our farm manager. They were quite hardy, easy keepers with good dispositions for the most part. Their main drawback was they got “pink eye” very easily because of their white faces. Well, we marshaled some money (or more likely probably borrowed some money from the bank or PCA (Production Credit Association)) and ordered a semi load of 20 head of Charolais cattle from the Bauman Ranch in Wyoming. They were a mixed bag of percentages, from 3/4 percentages to 15/16, and of different body types, from good confirmation to fair confirmation, and of various temperaments. Charolais had a reputation for not being as easy to handle as Angus or especially Herefords. This was borne out immediately when one of the just delivered cows (that later was named “Kookeroni”) climbed up an 8’ dry-laid stonewall, then up and out of the barnyard. (Several weeks later she climbed up and out through the top of the cattle squeeze chute and out onto the ground.) Wow, we were learning about Charolais cattle fast!



Now that we had these “wonderful” cows, we needed a terrific bull that would transmit the fast gaining abilities that Charolais were famous for. It was of course

1969 – Silvan showing a Hereford bull at the Green County Fair.

going to be very scientific. We weighed the calves at birth, put a tag in both ears with their number, year born and sire and what percentage of purebred they were. So, to compliment this scientific plan on the cow side we needed a terrific bull. The Litton Charolais Ranch in Missouri was the premier Charolais Breeder in the U.S., probably even in the world. His bulls ran from the \$5,000 to \$20,000 (gold was \$40 per ounce) plus range, which put them out of reach for us. His bull, "Sam", won all the shows, and so did Sam's offspring. They were always near the top for pounds of weight gain per day at an official testing station. We'll forget that Litton breeding line for the time being. Somehow, we found out that the Demorest Farms in Waldo, Ohio had some fast gaining bulls so Mickey, Silvan and I drove down there and found that indeed they did have a raft of good young bulls. There was one that he was not talking about that caught my eye. This yearling bull had the biggest hindquarters and rump that I had ever seen although his front end was average, and his head was somewhat course. He showed us yearling bull after yearling bull, but my eyes always came back to that one almost freakish bull that was of course a purebred and was registered as "Beau Jack." Mr. Demorest allowed that Beau Jack would probably do a good job for us. I don't remember exactly the sale price, but it was somewhere between \$500 and \$750. We paid him half as I recall, with the other one half to be paid on delivery. We left Demorest Farms, went to the nearby town to get something to eat. It was right next to a bank, and in about 10 minutes, who did we see but the two Demorest Brothers, probably checking to see if our check was O.K. or possibly to get much needed funds. In a few weeks Beau Jack arrived and he started to work right away.

With all the voluminous records we had to keep on each cow and offspring, it was more bookwork than I could keep up with and we needed some part time help. A good friend of ours, Phil Anderson the editor of the New Glarus Post and the one that had encouraged us to purchase the printing press, said that we should ask Elda Schiesser, as she was very reliable. We did, and she was. We have become great friends.

At that time the farm was 400 acres of which about 250 acres were tillable. We were adding cows and Ben Feldt, a big beef man near Monticello found a dozen or so milking shorthorns for us to buy. They were wonderful milkers as they were a dual breed of beef and milk cows. Like the Brown Swiss, they had terrific calves. Their weak point was that they were fine-boned and poorly muscled and consequently not very powerful. One morning after a rainy night, somebody

Mickey and Fred overlooking fields and cattle – 1969.



reported to Mickey the fact that a cow was stuck in the creek and might drown. She called me at work, and I suggested she call John Stenbrotten of Voegeli Chevrolet Buick in Monticello to see if he could bring out his wrecker. As was previously mentioned, John was a great person. He probably almost drowned himself, but after several hours he finally freed and saved the cow. We learned that we needed more rugged cows. We were now getting upwards of 100 cows, mostly grade (not registered) and they had been bred 9 months previously so that they would calve in late March or early April. Silvan, Mickey, daughter Marion and I would take turns going out before bedtime, and again about 2 am to see if there were any new calves. If so, we would try to grab them and throw them into the back of the old 1946 army jeep. We had to get the calf in the jeep before the calf's mother knew where it was, otherwise, the Mother could come charging after us and they were not kidding. We had large orange tags with heavy black ink already preprinted and punched them into both ears and they looked rather comical. First cross 1/2 purebred reddish-brown Herefords already showed as only a slight reddish tinge, and 1/2 cross Black

Angus already showed up as a dusky grey white, 3/4 purebreds were already looking quite white and quite like Charolais.

Somewhere about this time we were running short of weekend and evening help and thankfully, Keith Field from Monticello was able to help us. He was one of the most friendly and conscientious people you could ever want to know. Our girls helped when they could but for heavy-duty cattle work, they were a little too small and too young, but they still did a lot. We used to have to run the cattle into a funnel-like wooden fencing arrangement which then led into a long narrow double wooden fence just wide enough for 1 cow at a time but too narrow for the cow to turn around. Then they passed individually over the cattle scale so they could be weighed and then into a metal chute whose sides could be squeezed in so the cows, calves or young bulls could be immobilized for shots, castration, checking for pregnancy etc. One Saturday morning when I was at work in Madison at the office, Mickey, Silvan and Keith were running cows and calves thru the chute for some procedure. Kookeroni, the “schizophrenic” and “ADD” cow, climbed the 8-foot rock wall out of the barnyard was in the 40 foot by 40 foot holding area. Mickey got between Kookeroni and a calf she thought belonged to her (she didn’t even have a calf) and she went after Mickey. Bulls, when they charge, come after you with their heads down and they try to pick you up and throw you up in the air. Cows on the other hand run right at you without putting their head down, so you are not sure what they are doing. Then they knock you down and use their head and nose to mash you into the ground like a big hammer. Well, Kookeroni did just that. She knocked Mickey to the ground and started to mash on her. Keith grabbed a shovel and hit Kookeroni on the head. She then turned on Keith. He climbed the fence while Silvan hit Kookeroni on the head with another shovel and he quickly climbed a fence also. In the meantime, Mickey had time to climb out of the enclosure to safety albeit with heavy trembling (ask Silvan). Not long after that, Kookeroni did some other aggressive thing and Silvan shot her with a .22 long rifle right smack in the forehead. The .22 bullet just bounced off her head like a pea from a peashooter. Because she was so dangerous and uncontrollable, she eventually had to be put down. She was the only cow ever to climb up and out of the chute.

Over the next year or so we got our cow numbers up to about 225 head, and we were having our ever-present problem with cash flow. We would have big expenses all year long and our only income would be the fall sale of calves that had

been born in the spring. They never brought enough dollars to run the farm for the rest of the year. The medical income had to come to the rescue.

We asked Professor Ed Hauser from U.W. Extension to come and give us advice. The first thing he said was that for beef cattle we did not have enough land! Wow, that was a surprise. There was a lot of land that was for sale, as this was about the time of the big exodus of small farmers leaving the dairy business. A man from Illinois, Louis Lagree had purchased several farms in the area, one of which was the old Conrad Senn-Urban Farm just to the North and contiguous to our farm. It had never been a particularly good farm, land-wise or otherwise and the house and barn were all wrecked up and vandalized. Louis was tiring of being a landlord and we purchased the 153 acres by borrowing the money from the PCA as I recall. The sale was consummated for \$22,500 (gold was \$39/oz.). This gave us extra land about 90 acres tillable, the rest was scrub trees, creek bends, ditches, etc. We wanted to be able to store more than just the hay we could get in the big white barn on the home farm, so we did 2 things. We designed a big, approximately 100-foot-long by 8-foot-wide by 20-foot-high, ear corn crib made out of rough sawn oak from Wilbert Stauffer and his steam engine powered sawmill in nearby Monticello. Our dear Fred Heller built it almost entirely alone. It could hold many thousands of bushels of ear corn. It was our novel design. It had a cement floor with a gradual slope in each direction so if any rain of significance ever got inside it would drain away. It had removable doors on top so it could be filled using a bale and grain elevator. Each end of the 100-foot long structure had a door or panel that could be removed, and the grain could easily be scooped out from either end mechanically with an end-loader or Bob Cat. Our 430 yellow industrial Case bucket (end loader) was just the “checkers,” (as my farmer friends used to say when I was a boy visiting the farm). The structure was made with beveled slats spaced about 1 ½ inches apart to let air flow in to keep the ears dry and prevent any rotting. The beveling of the slats was so that the water from rain would not sit on the flat portion of a flat slat but drain off to the side so very little of the water would get inside the structure.

This building designed by us really served its purpose rather well. However, we still needed more hay and cattle shelter. What to do? Where to go? There really wasn't a good place at the home farm, as it seemed that wherever we wanted to build it was “in the 100-year flood plane” and the government zoning board forbade this. We finally found a place on the nearby newly purchased “North Farm” where part of the hillside could be bulldozed and leveled out to put in a 25 x 70-foot cement

stave silo. This structure could hold 2,000 tons of hay silage, and also a 60 foot by 66 foot loafing shed and 160 foot 2-sided feed bunk for the 225 beef cows that we had accumulated in all stages of Charolais breeding percentages.

Two things about this silo business. A year or two previously, we built a monstrous trench silo, bulldozed out of the hill just to the north of the cheese factory on Hefty Road. This had irregular limestone rock walls and bottom and was very wasteful of haylage (hay silage) so that is why we decided to go with a large upright hay storage unit. We borrowed more money from PCA. After all, if we couldn't show a profit, all our tax deductions would be disallowed, and we would be devastated. By doing all this building it should help us to show a profit, shouldn't it?

The cement stave "Madison Silo" was built by row upon row of cement staves that interlocked both from the top to the bottom and both sides. They had hard working crews that would throw one stave from a scaffold on the outside to a man working on the inside of the circular structure and row upon row would be placed till the silo was up to the desired height. They placed strong metal hoops around the staves every little way for extra strength needed to hold the terrific outward pressure of the damp hay silage.

In any event, the silo construction team came bright and early one morning when I left for work. When I got home that night, the silo was almost half built already. It looked good from a distance but in their hurry to get done they had broken corners off about every third or fourth stave and it looked terrible. I knew I didn't want to look at that sloppy looking mess for the rest of my life so I called the company and said I will not accept that kind of workmanship. They said words to the effect that "the American Silo Council allows for so many (a lot) of chips in the cement staves and it is acceptable." I told them, "It may be acceptable to the American Silo Building Council, but it wasn't acceptable to me." They said, "We can't do anything about it now." I told them "they could do something about it now by tearing it down and starting over." How popular do you think I was with the four silo workers? To keep a short story short, they did take it all the way down to the bottom layer which had been done right and rebuilt it up again by that evening to half-way. This time there were only minimal chips present. By the third and final day they were all feeling much better, as was I, as the final result was good. I hope that episode had a lasting salutary effect on the quality of their construction. In 2014, we are no longer using it, but it is still nice to look at.

There was a fancy control system such that one side of the feed bunk could be fed one amount of feed, and by a mechanical electric control, a deflector board could be flipped over to feed another group of cattle on the other side a different amount of haylage. This was all controlled by a nifty control house built by Fred Heller that was up on stilts with a glass window so you could look down and watch the entire feed bunk. It even had a stairway up to the control tower and an electric bathroom heater. On bitter cold January days, that climb to the control tower didn't even make anyone sweat.

Fancy farm equipment never seems to work very well or for a very long time. This was true for the silo unloader and feed bunk. It was all supposed to be state of the art stuff, but it never really worked like we had hoped. Somehow the feeding got done and the cows came through the winter much better than the previous year. Before the new silo was built, we had to get Roger Klassy to help us get cows on ground ear corn to keep them from getting too thin.

Now our cattle numbers were about up to the max that we could feed and support. We were now having heifers that could not be bred back to the same bulls that sired them including Beau Jack. What to do? Alex Stauffer was a wonderful man from Blue Mounds, WI who was one of the premier Charolais Breeders in Wisconsin. Believe it or not, he had a full brother to the mighty Litton "Sam" bull called Shamrock. Alex had done extremely well with this bull but his whole herd was almost entirely "Shamrock" daughters and he could not use him for breeding any longer in his herd. Therefore, he decided he would sell Shamrock. If bulls are beautiful, Shamrock was beautiful. He weighed over a ton and had terrific confirmation. Alex said he wanted \$3500 (gold was \$36/oz.) and that we could stretch out the payments for 3 or 4 months.

Now a slight diversion about Alex Stauffer and his wife, Marty: His family of Stauffers were cheese makers in Switzerland for many, many generations. About 200-300 years ago, they were invited or somehow induced to move to Hungary to start a cheese industry. His family moved there and set up a cheese making business. Everything apparently was copasetic until somewhere before, during or after World War II when things politically became intolerable because of the communist (statist tyrannical) government in Hungary. This was too much for a freedom-loving Swiss "Auswanderer." In the older days when a Swiss citizen left the homeland, they were not necessarily considered to have left permanently but were considered "Auswanderers." The Swiss government and people would at any time accept back

to Switzerland an “Auswanderer” no matter how long they had been gone, but the returnees had to still carry their original Swiss Family name. The Stauffers really put this to the test as their family had been gone over 200 years, and they were accepted back. I don’t recall exactly, but Alex and his family somehow were able to get some money or cheese making equipment back into Switzerland. They were lucky to get out of Hungary before it completely disintegrated. (Mickey and I had hoped that we also could get dual citizenship for being Auswanderers too, but about the time of the end of WWII they stopped allowing that for most requests. Rumor has it that if you have multiple millions to deposit in their Swiss Banks, citizenship can still be had.)

It seems as though Alex must have found a Swiss wife in Switzerland but then they decided to emigrate to the U.S. as I recall via a short spell in Canada. It is not clear exactly how he ended up in Blue Mounds, WI but probably because of an opportunity to buy a cheese factory on good terms. To make a long story shorter, he bought a cheese factory in Blue Mounds and made all different kinds of specialty cheeses in those little multishaped tin foil wrapped appetizer cheeses. Everything Alex did turned to money in the bank. His son had the same touch, and he did very well re-building high-powered vintage sports cars like, Ferraris, Bugattis, Lamborghinis etc. in the \$200,000 plus range.

Boy, did we get far afield of the cattle business! We went to cattle shows and rode once with Alex to Omaha to the International Charolais Association yearly show, which was of course a big extravaganza. One night after the show was over and almost everybody was gone and all the bulls and cows were tied up in their stalls, one of the biggest Charolais bulls started acting up. He was bellowing and you could hear his chains pulling on the pen. There was a cowboy standing close to us, somebody we didn’t know. When we heard the big bull making all that noise, we became a little apprehensive. About that time the cowboy said in a loud voice, “There is only one guy in the world who can handle that bull and I am not that guy. I am getting out of here!” We all did the same.

As was previously mentioned, while we are talking about scary bulls, I have to mention that I have been scared of bulls, especially dairy bulls (as well as snakes) since I was a little kid. Once when I was very young, I was in the big white dairy barn when it still had alleyways that went crossways in the barn. The alleyway that was closest to the milk house was angled and had a row of milking cows on the west side. On the east side of the cattle alley was a solid wooden wall that was basically

the wall between the cattle part of the barn and the 8-stall horse barn. The wall also additionally fenced off the big glass batteries that were used in conjunction with the gasoline operated generator for the light plant. In any event, as I was walking down this narrow alley towards the barn door, all-of-a-sudden a big dairy bull with a long chain hanging from his nose ring and dragging on the ground came walking in the door right at me. His head was swinging from side to side and snot was dripping from his nose. I had to quick duck in between two cows and hope he did not want to come there. In retrospect, I am sure at that moment, he was not interested in me but was intent on finding a particular cow in heat. Nevertheless, it scared the daylight out of me, and for many, many years when I was too tired or under great stress, I would get bull dreams. The dreams were usually of one or two types. In the first, I would be in bed upstairs and all-of-a-sudden I could hear the bull coming up the stairway to find me. The other dream in later years, was that I would be at some kind of fair or cattle show. The bull would come charging at me, and at the last instant I would jump out of the way, A few times I actually dived out of bed onto the floor head first, once even while we were at a motel with cement floors. I believe this is how my left rotator cuff got damaged. These bull fears were also enhanced by the stories of Uncle Bosh in Iowa getting knocked down and trampled by their dairy bull. Also, a lady at our church in Monroe lost her husband by being trampled to death by their dairy bull. (I have learned since being diagnosed with Parkinson's Disease in 2010 that violent dreams such as these often predate Parkinson's diagnosis by many years.)

I was going to say that that is enough "bull" for a while, but I still need to tell you a little more bull yet.

After we got Shamrock, we bred him to as many cows as we could as he was a terrific bull; a full brother, or at least a half-brother, to the world-famous Sam bull. Some of the things we did were completely nuts. For example, Shamrock needed his feet trimmed from time to time so he could walk O.K. and breed O.K. None of the local vets had the facilities to handle such a bull so we found a Veterinary in Milledgeville, Illinois who would trim his feet if we could bring him to the office. The only time they could do it was during the week and of course Mickey got the job of hauling that one-ton plus bull in our old red Ford truck with the dump capable cattle box and grain rack. When Shamrock would shift his weight going around a corner, it felt that the whole truck was going to tip over. What a dumb thing to send one lone woman 100 plus miles each way with a one-ton bull in an old rickety truck!

Mickey also had the job of putting the bulls who were in the barnyard back into the barn by herself because no one else was usually home. She would start yelling at them as she walked out of the house and usually, she could chase them into the barn but she would still have to go in and shut the barn door - another dumb thing to do. Once when Keith Field and Mickey were in the barn feeding and bedding Beau Jack, who had always had a fine temperament, he started after them and started ramming the pen and they had to jump the fence.

Another time Mickey and I were sorting 1000-pound yearling bulls in the mud under the little cattle bridge and the mud was so deep we could barely move. All-of-a-sudden the dozen we were trying to run through the cattle chute bolted and come running back towards us and we couldn't move because of the mud. We were again lucky that God had his hand on us, and we did not get trampled to death. (We didn't even know God yet.)

Chapter 102

The Last of the Bull (Stories)

After all of our record keeping and selecting, our cattle breeding was getting better. Elda Schiesser helped every Wednesday, when for a relatively short time, I did not work at the medical practice on Wednesdays. Elda was busy keeping the detailed records of age, sire, birth weight, calving difficulties, rate of gain etc. The record keeping was beginning to pay off in higher quality cattle. Elda had one lesson that she tried to tell me but at the time, unfortunately, I was not receptive to it. She knew we were having a hard time making ends meet even with large and frequent infusions of medical practice money. She said that maybe we should do as they did when they started out and that was to “make do” which meant you didn’t spend money for anything that was not almost a matter of life or death or that didn’t have an almost immediate payoff. (We did learn that lesson quite well later on but not then yet.)

We started taking bulls to some of the official University of Wisconsin bull testing stations at Hancock, Wisconsin and later at Platteville, Wisconsin and steers to the Wisconsin State Fair in Milwaukee for carcass competition and testing. The first few years we had average results, but after that the lid blew off. The offspring of Beau Jack bulls out of Shamrock daughters were outstanding. At the Wisconsin State Fair in about 1969, one of our steers received Reserve Grand Champion Carcass. This is the actual testing of the carcass measuring the size of the ribeye, amount of marbling etc. after the animal has been slaughtered. It has nothing to do with the appearance or confirmation of the animal. The rib eye on our animal was over 50% larger than the rib eye of the Angus given first grand champion status. Some of the judges surmised that the Angus might be more tender because of “marbling” but much of meat tenderness is how fast they grow as evidenced by the big tenderloin of our Charolais. Maybe we should have been first, but who knows.

Around the timeframe of 1971, one of our Beau Jack bulls from a Shamrock daughter, was the top gaining bull out of all the bulls at the official University of Wisconsin test station in Platteville, Wisconsin. The following year we sent three bulls for testing. One of the bulls was first place in rate of gain and set a new record for the fastest gaining beef bull ever recorded in the State of Wisconsin. Another of our bulls came in second. That is, both of our bulls eclipsed the previous all-time rate of gain record.

After the 3-4-month test period was completed and the results were posted there would always be a big auction of the bulls that had just been tested. In spite of the unbelievable test results, those terrific breeding bulls only brought a few hundred dollars each over their meat price. They weighed over 1,000 pounds as yearlings and the one averaged over 4.45 pounds of gain per day for the entire 3-4-month test period.

I recall one of our friends, Wally Feldt, a big beef cattle man from south of Monticello bid on and bought one of our bulls, "Homestead's Beau Jack." He later told me that was one of the best bulls he ever had. Wally also related how one day the angus bull in the pasture seemed to be bothering Homestead's Beau Jack and Beau Jack turned to the side of the angus bull and got under his belly with his head and just lifted him up off the ground.

Because the great record of the Shamrock daughters, Shamrock's great confirmations and being so closely related to the almost deified Litton "Sam" bull, we felt we should have semen drawn from Shamrock and sell the frozen semen. We sent Shamrock to have semen collected and we got several thousand ampoules set aside. We advertised in cow magazines but had only 1 or 2 takers for what was again a super value as we sold our semen for about \$3.00 an ampoule and "Sam's" was hardly available at any price. That was the bargain of the decade.

We needed another bull now to go with the Beau Jack's and Shamrock's offspring and went back to the Demorest well one time too many. The Demorest's were looking for some kind of new gimmick to sell their bulls. Initially any kind of Charolais bull or cow would sell. Later on, you needed good weight of gain test results. Now the Demorests were looking for the next new test parameter and they got a little goofy. He said, "The important thing is to get as many of the cows in the herd bred so there would be few 'open' cows and the best way to do this is be checking the size of the scrotum. If the testicles are larger there should be more semen and there should be a higher percentage of cows bred." I asked him if he actually measured and compared the scrotal sizes of all of his bulls and with a straight face, he said he did. That was the biggest bunch of baloney (or the biggest bunch of bull) and while we did buy a Cotano bull from them on this occasion, it was not because of scrotal size. This was the last bull we bought from Demorest Farms.

This Cotano bull got in a fight with Shamrock and got his leg broken and he had to be shot. It turned out to be a great blessing. A year or two later we found out through our records that all 3 or 4 of the calving deaths we had that year were

from daughters of this bull. He was siring daughters with pelvises that were too small to deliver large Charolais calves. It was lucky we didn't have more of their daughters. We had super carcass results. We had super rate of gain results. This never made sense to us that in spite of our super test results we could have such poor sales outcomes. Upon reflecting on these facts later, we wondered if industry politics could have played a part in how things turned out?

Chapter 103

The Early 1970's

“Well, how are we doing?” “Not so well.”

As previously mentioned, we started the medical practice in the Tenney Building on the Madison Square in 1959. In about 1964 or so, we decided to join the modern era and move to 20 South Park St., in an all-medical building which was in contrast to the Tenney Building which had Doctors, Lawyers, Accountants, Insurance Agents, etc. Going to an all-medical building was considered avant-garde in those days and especially so since it was adjacent to a major Madison hospital: Madison General (now called Meriter).

In those days, Dr. Peterson and I operated at Madison General, the old Methodist Hospital, and St. Mary's. Also, we both taught surgery to eye residents from the University of Wisconsin who were rotating through the Veteran's Hospital. We received a small stipend, but most of the pay was in the glory of being appointed as Assistant Clinical Professors.

My practice grew as far as general patients were concerned, but the cataract surgery and other surgeries never seemed to grow beyond 40 to 60 patients a year whereas Peterson's was 2-3 times that amount. I knew I was an equally good surgeon, and this could not be explained from that standpoint. When I would ask Peterson about it, he would always say, “You don't get the second eye because you don't get enough first eyes.” This sure seemed like circular reasoning, but more about this later.

Meanwhile, we were struggling to make the farm financially solvent, but this proved to be extremely elusive. Our conscientious accountant, Larry Sweitzer made clear to us the concept of a “hobby farm.” In a hobby farm all the money we were spending and deducting, as business losses were all fine and dandy as long as the government did not claim and prove that the farm was nothing more than a hobby. If they were able to prove this, then all the previous expenses deducted would be disallowed and all the taxes would have to be paid back on this burgeoning amount of expense deductions. This would be catastrophic. This admonition turned out to be a two-edged sword in that we knew we didn't dare be classified as a hobby farm. However, this drove us into an escalating, viscous circle of debt load in order to try to make the farm profitable. We started to have debt and loans in too many places.

*Wilbert Arn – 1987. One of the greatest influences
in our walk to the Lord.*



In spite of our worsening financial situation, we still took trips. One trip that comes to mind was to Cologne, Germany. We found ourselves waiting at a railroad station. To change tracks, you would go down a stairway, under the tracks and come up another stairway and be headed in another direction. While we were doing this, suddenly, one German person started singing a very militaristic and nationalistic German song. Within several minutes, the whole big train station was singing this out as loud as they could. This was a real eye-opening demonstration of the tough morale and this still present nationalistic bent of the German people.

In the meantime, our nieces Jackie Sweet Kuehn and Nancy Sweet Payne would occasionally ask if Mickey and I “were saved?” To be honest, we really didn’t know what that meant. We didn’t know what we were being “saved” from. However, we had gone to mainline churches all our lives with a two-year digression to a Unitarian Church, but still did not know what “being saved” really meant. We felt that we were “good people,” and if being saved meant that--we must be “saved.” Our dear friend and farm helper, Wilbert Arn (who prayed for our family’s salvation every day for 11 years), always listened to the Christian radio station while milking and while doing other farm chores. Our son-in-law, Kent Duval, became interested in and liked the Christian content and music that Wilbert listened to and decided to listen to it during his off time in the trailer where his wife, Gale Blum (Duval) held forth. Upon hearing this music, Gale announced to Kent, “You can listen to that stuff in the barn, but you can’t listen to it here in the trailer.”

About this time, soft contact lenses were coming into vogue and some fellow from Bausch & Lomb told us how easy it was to get started in the soft contact lens venture. In as much as we had fairly extensive experience in hard contact lenses, we felt the soft contact lenses would not be a problem. Well, that turned out not to be true and he more or less disappeared and we ended up sitting with over \$1,200 (gold was \$35/oz.) investment in soft contact lenses that we really didn't know how to use. Needless to say, we weren't very happy with this venture nor were we happy with Bausch & Lomb either. One afternoon several months later a big, friendly, outgoing Irishman named Dan Gilroy appeared on the scene and said that he could help us with the soft contact lens business. We made an appointment with him and lined up 3 or 4 patients desiring soft lenses and we had a fitting and teaching session. That was the beginning of the Dan Gilroy saga. With each visit by Dan Gilroy we became better and better friends, and we trusted each other more and more. Shortly thereafter, we were invited to Dan and Fran's wedding reception at the Eastside Businessman's Clubhouse.

About this time our family was not living right. We were swept up in the aftermath of the 1960's where anything went. We were not using good language, in fact, a pastor told me, "You're a pretty nice fellow, but you swear too much." We were escalating our wine from weekends to every night. The children were also escalating their use of alcohol. Mickey and I both made decisions that hurt each other.

Meanwhile, we were accumulating more debt in the ever-present effort to avoid the hobby farm classification by somehow trying to turn the farm profitable by investing (going into debt) more. We had a succession of farm managers. About this time, I could see that the long-term practice with Dr. Peterson was becoming problematic. I wanted for us to modernize and enlarge the practice with more help, more equipment and more modern techniques, including a high-tech auto refractor system for determining the strength and power of glasses for our patients. As I

*1978 – Peterson & Blum office at 20 South Park St.,
Madison, WI. Mickey Miller standing*



recall, this piece was about a \$35,000 (gold was \$35/oz.) machine, which was a lot of money in those days. Dr. Peterson didn't want to have anything to do with it, so I decided to purchase it on my own. It was quite a machine. Surprisingly, the person who was most impressed with it outside of me was a recent University of Wisconsin Nobel prizewinner. The salesman said after I put in the order with considerable trepidation, "Either Peterson will say let me try this refractor on more patients and then offer to 'buy in', or in less than a year you'll be separated." He was right. The final impetus to separate came unexpectedly. A patient came into my office that I had been previously following for years with cataracts. I hadn't seen her for several years, but she returned only to find out that she had had both cataracts removed. I said, "Janet, we've always gotten along really well, and I think you trust me. How did you happen to get the cataract operated on by someone else?" She replied that when she called up to schedule cataract surgery with me, she was told by one of the ladies at the front desk that "Blum does the refractions and Peterson does the cataract surgery." So much for the second eye theory!

It happened that 1 South Park Street medical building could never get any doctors to locate there and they were wild to get a busy doctor to move in. They made a terrific lease agreement with up-front money to provide the where-with-all to provide for the "build out" of the empty space. Mickey and I traveled to Boston to see Dr. Sam Sachs who was a combination ophthalmologist and architect. To make a long story short, he came up with a brilliant floor plan for the 4,500 square feet we thought we needed, with 6 fully outfitted examining rooms. We hired Harry Krueger, who did an outstanding job of designing and interior decorating. As one of the equipment representatives said one day when visiting our office, "This place is so beautiful, it's almost sinful."

The most dreaded has happened.

My practice was building up very nicely and the surgery was going well, and the volume was up considerably. On the day in question, I had five cataract surgeries for the afternoon. Everything went well with all of them as far as I could tell. I saw each patient the next day and they all looked fine. However, late that afternoon, the third patient's wife called up and said her husband was having pain the eye. I told him to come right in and I would look at it, but they said they didn't want to come. So, I told them to come first thing in the morning, which they did. It was obvious that an ocular infection had developed. I immediately had him admitted to the hospital, and we got a consultation from an antibiotic specialist. The patient was

cultured and started on a broad-spectrum antibiotic. In spite of all the heroic measures that could be instituted, the eye was lost and had to be enucleated. There were several things strange about this case. One was that the man was a bacteriologist, and secondly, he was very vague about the condition of that eye in that he wasn't clear regarding the history as to whether that eye ever had good sight. Initially, his wife told me he was very hard to deal with and very volatile. She stated that once he came home and she was watching a certain television program which he didn't like and told her that if she didn't turn the program off, he would throw a hammer through the screen. The organism was e-coli which is a devastating infection in an eye. Also, his was a middle case, which is not particularly logical if there was contamination somehow in the equipment it would most likely be the first or the last, and not the middle case. All the other cases around his went perfectly. I have since wondered whether, being a bacteriologist and having an eye that was probably never any good, that he could have done the unthinkable and contaminated his own eye, in order to do just exactly what he did, start a lawsuit. A big settlement could make his retirement years more pleasant. This may sound like a preposterous idea, but this gentleman was a strange individual. As anticipated, I received a summons notification of a lawsuit naming me and the hospital as co-defendants. Of course, immediately, the wife clammed up and no longer talked about his bizarre behavior during their married life, and his daughter who was initially very sympathetic to the situation, quickly changed her tune and became rather belligerent. When something like this happens, it's like getting hit in the stomach with a 2 X 4. You feel terribly sorry for the patient that this happened, the lawsuit is like a personal attack on your integrity. You go to bed thinking about it, and when you get up in the morning you think about it and all during the day you think about it. I was so distraught the first night after the summons, that I couldn't operate a simple code unlocking the door to our house which had never before been a problem. I called my malpractice carrier and got a lawyer they assigned who happened to be a patient of mine. He was a good lawyer but a character. One day I said, "Tom (not his real name), how are you today?" And he replied, "Great! Just great. Everybody is suing everybody." Every time something bad would happen, I would think about the lawsuit. Every time something good would happen, I would think, "that's nice" but then thoughts of the lawsuit would follow. This went on for about two years. At that time, medical lawsuits were not tried by a jury system, but were tried in a system in which a peer group of doctors heard the case. Typically, the trial just described

would be the end of the situation, although either party could request a jury trial, and that was not usually helpful in changing the verdict and was not usually done. Our side of the defense pointed out that in spite of every precaution known to man there was a residual devastating eye infection that occurred once in about every thousand cases. (I performed many thousands of cataract surgeries and only had this case and one other one with endophthalmitis. The second case was successfully treated with antibiotics.) I was really upset at this trial by peers in that Tom, the senior defense attorney for the insurance company, who is the one I talked about earlier, had a more important lawsuit the same day and he sent a young attorney who didn't know what he was doing to defend me. One of the bad things was that he let several things go by without making a big deal about them because he was so inexperienced. One of the things he let go was he quoted from a medical book, which lawyers like to do, and it stated that "If a patient has diabetes or other medical problem, special precautions should be taken." I had already taken special precautions. I was using a new iodine base solution prior to surgery that was the latest in bacterial prophylaxis. The crowning glory of this facet was that the book he was quoting from with this great piece of advice was written after this case of eye infection (endophthalmitis?) had occurred, and this young lawyer did not pick up on that to make a good point in my regard. Another glaring omission by the young lawyer was on cross examination by the prosecuting lawyer, he said that I should have called them in because of the pain the eye the second night but I had in my notes in the medical record in the office that he should come in. They retorted that I should have forced him to come in because the pain was so great that he couldn't stand it. We had cardboard boxes that had instructions on how to take each medication, and when to take it and they were all labeled with a very simple system including a system for pills that were there for pain only if needed. I asked to see the box that the patient had, I checked the pain pills and there was not a single pain pill missing which means he could not have been in terribly bad pain since he hadn't taken any. Once again, the inexperienced lawyer didn't jump up and down to make a point of this, and it was a key reason that they were buying about what happened. Fortunately, the verdict came out in my favor in spite of the screw ups by the neophyte lawyer. The prosecution then said they wanted so much money to settle, otherwise they were going to request a trial by jury. The hospital had to pay some because they could have been at fault for something unsterile from the nursing staff or their sterilizing technique for this case. And my insurance carrier had to pay some

if we wanted to settle. Seeing the way my law group defended me (or didn't defend me), I declined the lawyers offer to go to jury trial. I didn't want two more years of agony of a lawsuit of this type which is like a personal attack and is very debilitating. One final thought, is of course, the compassion we feel for the patient when something like this happens. One thing many lay people do not understand is that every unfortunate happening in medicine is not automatically malpractice. An unfortunate event could be malpractice, but it could also be an unfortunate result and with no malpractice.

Madison Eye Associates was very progressive: we were the first in Madison to use a team approach in which we had an optometrist to do the refractions, Dr. Eugene Cropp; we used ophthalmic technicians (which we called Madison "Eye Angels", Linda, Pat, Barbara, Jane and others) to take all the routine measurements including blood pressures on every patient, routine screening fields, and all the usual ophthalmic procedures. We were one of the first ones to not patch the eyes following strabismus (cross-eyed) surgery. We were the first in Madison to do one-day cataract surgery. We were one of the first in Madison to do phacoemulsification (high tech cataract) surgery. We were also one of the first to do refractive surgery, radial keratotomy, and one of the first to do "natural eyes" (tattooing of the lid margins). We were also the first practice to have an in-office laser and one of the first to have automated visual fields machines. Additionally, we were the first to send literature regarding the patient's diagnoses. We also were the first to use recording technicians ("Scribes") who recorded my dictation of the patient findings so that in one fell swoop the necessary findings could be recorded in the chart, and at the same time the patient could hear the results of the examination.

It sounds like bragging, and I guess it is, but good things did come out of starting my own practice. My practice built up until I was seeing on the average of 60 patients a day and as high as 80 on occasions. The University of Wisconsin Department of Ophthalmology invited me to come and operate at the UW Hospital as by now I was doing twice as much surgery as Don Peterson had been doing in his heyday.

An Interesting Story: It is a small world.

One of the pleasures of being in practice were the many wonderful people I met over the years. One of my patients related a very interesting story (not in confidence), that I want to share here. He was a Professor at the University of Wisconsin who entered the 1932 Olympics as the odds-on favorite to win the 4X40 or 4X80 race, (I do not remember which one). He was off to a good start, but one of the opposing team racers put on a burst of speed to pace him, and purposely knocked him into the center field, causing him to fall. He obviously couldn't recover fast enough to be back into contention, and unfortunately, they didn't have any way to give him any satisfaction of rerunning the race or anything like that. In 1936, he and a fellow Olympian buddy decided on a whim to go to the Olympics in Berlin, Germany. The Professor and his buddy stopped at the official Olympic booth and told the German officials that they had been in the 1932 Olympics in Los Angeles and wondered if they could get tickets for that day's races. The official said, "Wait a minute. I will check and see if that's possible." He came back a few minutes later and asked them to follow him inside. He led them to a great seat, equivalent of being on the 50-yard line and as they were sitting down, they looked in front of them, and 2 rows ahead of them was none other than Adolph Hitler! The professor had a front row seat to history as he watched Hitler's displeasure as Jesse Owens shredded the record books!

With the help of Dan Gilroy, the University eventually bought my practice because they wanted to see how a private practice worked. They also requested that I send a critique on what could be done to improve the functioning of the University Eye Clinic. Our daughter Elsbeth Ng, who worked for our Madison Eye Clinic for many years, helped me write the critique. Following this, the University set up a working task group to see which of these suggestions could be incorporated in the University Eye Clinic. They also bought Styleeyes Optical Shop, which Mickey nurtured through a difficult time, and then guided to become a very successful optical shop in Madison. This was her operation; she ran it entirely on her own. The University expanded it to four or more optical shops after they purchased it.

One final note of bragging is that after the University bought my practice and I became an employee, I went to an eye meeting; I believe it was at Koehler, Wisconsin. I sat down in the lecture hall next to a young man who was obviously a resident and I turned to him and said, "Hello, my name is Fred Blum." He said, "Fred Blum?! You are a living legend!" He repeated, "You really are a living

legend.” I was so taken aback that I didn’t ask him what he meant, but I suspect it was because one ophthalmologist and one optometrist team was able to thrive in the face of a 14 ophthalmologist clinic, Davis-Duehr. It may also have been because of the many innovations that Madison Eye brought to the area. I later heard via the grapevine that the aforementioned clinic considered me their competition!

By the early 1980’s debts were continuing to mount up and we had loans everywhere. This was another 2-edged sword in that I had such a good medical practice it was easy to get financial institutions to lend money. The other side of the sword was that it became harder to keep up with the mounting loans. In many ways we were very careful with our money, but we did some dumb things. I always felt that it was nice to have a good car, and we usually did as Dad would sell his one-year old Buicks to us at a good price. Somehow in addition to that, I felt I needed a Mercedes diesel and Mickey felt she needed a yellow Corvette with a big L85 engine to make up for the fact that our living room was still gutted down to the bare studs.

Mickey’s folks, Glen and Lucile Eye, were unhappy with the fact that she was working so hard in the barn and on the farm and still the house wasn’t fixed up properly. This did not fit their image of a Dr.’s wife. This living space disaster was because every time we were ready to fix up the house, we found we needed to buy another bull or some big piece of equipment.

A really bad side story from this period of time. Somehow or other, a couple, (I’m ashamed to say were from Switzerland,) became “interested” in our farming operation and we had them here for an all day Saturday visit; they only lived about ten miles away. We didn’t really know them much and the wife was quite good looking. For some reason, he wanted to buy our dairy cows and I didn’t know why unless it was that he figured we were in some financial bind. We said we weren’t interested and that seemed to end our relationship. We never heard anymore from them, until several years later, we heard they were running a very bad scam that they had worked on several of their neighbors. They offered to buy several of their neighbor’s dairy cows as they were going out of business. When it came time to deliver the cattle and exchange the money, the cattle were delivered, and when the check was to be given in return, the man buying the cattle said, “I have to finish milking this morning. You go up to the house and my wife will give you the check.” The unsuspecting seller went up to the house. The wife came out, tore her shirt and started crying. Conveniently, the husband came into the house and she threatened

to expose the innocent neighbor to the world unless he just let them have the cattle for nothing. They did this to several neighbors who were too scared to try to fight it because it would be their words against hers, so they let them get away with the scam. They apparently bought a motel in Florida and did a variation on the same scam with an unsuspecting male guest getting trapped in essentially the same way with the wife pretending to be an abused chamber maid. They asked for money to keep quiet.

Back to our financial situation. I am embarrassed to say that in spite of the big debt, we decided to take another big trip to Switzerland. We did have the ominous feeling that things were not right and might be getting on the desperate side. So before going, we made an appointment with a high-powered financial planner in Madison and laid out our whole financial picture. He said he would study it over and get back to us after we got back from Switzerland and give us his recommendation. We got back O.K. but did not hear anything from the financial planner. We still had the uneasy feeling that things were getting really bad. Everyone was now asking for payment on all kinds of loans and open-ended equipment purchases we had made but not paid for. Another great thing that happened in late winter about this time was an IRS full federal Internal Revenue audit in which they wanted to meet with us at the farm and go over our records. I believe the auditor expected to find a beautifully appointed house with swimming pools, white farm fences, and all the latest equipment. Instead, he found no swimming pools, living room and music rooms were plaster-less and down to the bare studs. The barnyard was muddy and slushy, and the cattle looked dirty. I think he was taken aback at the starkness of the situation and his only comment was, "I'll let you go this time but I'm going to be looking at you again soon."

One of the things that gave us some occasional relief was the fact that Marion Blum Sweet and Elliott Sweet graciously allowed us to use their cabin on a lake near Minocqua on weekends. This allowed us an inexpensive weekend respite and was most appreciated.

By this time, we had become great friends with Dan Gilroy. A year or two after arriving on the scene he became the Number One Bausch & Lomb salesman in the United States. We had kept him apprised all along of the farm situation and he knew probably better than we did how much trouble we were in financially. He had taken several more interesting jobs after B&L and one afternoon I got a call at the office from Dan and he said, "The company I'm with just failed and I'm out of

a job. Would you like me to come down and help straighten out the farm mess?” Talk about a drowning man grasping for a life preserver, this was it. Dan came down and said we needed a new lawyer and he called one that he knew from his Badger football acquaintances. This lawyer friend in turn recommended Don Bailey, a no-nonsense accountant who was highly recommended by others. I suggested to Dan that he go and talk to the financial planner before we charged off in any direction because as yet, we had not heard any follow up from him. Dan went to see him and came back a few hours later, and said, “Fred, we didn’t get very good news. The planner really does not want to have anything to do with you as he feels your only hope is to take Chapter 13 (bankruptcy).” Needless to say, that didn’t make my day. Dan then said he would go over and interview Don Bailey and see if he was the right one to be the new accountant.



*L to R – Fran Gilroy, Mickey Blum, Fred Blum, Jr., Dan Gilroy.
Better friends could not be had.*

Dan interviewed Don for over 4 hours to see if he would be willing to try and sweat the whole thing through if we decided not to take the Chapter 13. Dan came back with the more encouraging announcement that he thought he had found a very good accountant. Mickey, Dan and I at no time ever really considered bankruptcy; we wanted only to

work off the monstrous debt. We then set up a team of the three of us plus Don Bailey to strategize. The really bad news was that at the age of 58 we were in debt one million, one hundred and seventeen thousand dollars (\$1,117,000.00 - gold was \$317/oz. which equates to 220 pounds of gold!).

At the first meeting Dan and Don said we have to close down the dairy operation, which was going full blast (also losing money full blast) at that time. They said we must stop the financial hemorrhaging. This was in November of 1985. I said, “Well, we can close the thing down in the summer when the calves will look

better, and everything will look nice.” They both replied, “No, we need to do this in about 8 weeks.” Wow, this was short notice.

Another very unfortunate and sad thing that occurred on December 14, 1985 was that my dear father, “F.G.” passed away at age 91.

With the help of our dear friends, Wilbert Arn and Dwight Buri, and our daughters, Elsbeth and Toni, everyone worked hard to get the cattle and machinery looking the best they could in the winter weather. The big sale was on March 15, 1986 on a typical grey March day with slush and mud everywhere. We had a big turnout, but the machinery went very cheap, however the cattle did go a little higher.

As I recall when the auctioneer wrote out the check that night; it was for \$186,000 (gold was \$317/oz.). We were very excited to think of taking that amount off our debt. “Wait a minute;” Don Bailey quickly informed us that \$160,000 would have to go for taxes. That only left about \$26,000 to take off the debt. We were still desperate. Elsbeth said, “We must start selling things.” So, believe it or not, with the debt of still about a million dollars, we started rounding up stuff we could take to New Glarus to sell at the antique shops. To make a long story short, we sold about \$600 worth of stuff, which was obviously a small drop in a big bucket, but it did have the salutary effect that we knew we had to make every dollar count. What we did then was to take the smallest loan that we had which I believe was about \$6000, and we made a chart that we hung out of the way in the bathroom. We divided the chart into 300 squares of \$20 each. Every time we would pay a little, we would cross off one of the squares. When we got this loan paid, we then went on to the next smallest loan and did likewise. Fortunately, the tax structure was still under the Reagan Administration’s smaller tax burden. This helped, along with Mickey’s and my good health, which permitted long hours of work. Mickey did her part with the optical shop and I extended my hours by getting up at 4:30 am and returning home about 6:30 to 7:00 at night.

In summation of the farming operations, we reluctantly decided that there were one or two ways to make money in farming, but a thousand ways to lose it.

About this time, our daughter Gale had gotten more sympathetic to her husband Kent’s Christian music and the Christian message. We started to listen to Jimmy Swaggart. Mickey and Elsbeth attended the Assembly of God Church in Monroe, Wisconsin and the next week they coerced me into going. I couldn’t believe that people were shouting out “Amen”, “Hallelujah” and speaking in tongues. I quickly slumped down to make myself as inconspicuous as possible. To

make matters worse, a few days later some of the good people from the church came to the house to pay us a welcoming visit. When I heard who it was, I really didn't want to see them, and I ran up the back stairway to the second floor. However, the Holy Spirit has a way of getting His way and shortly thereafter, Gale got saved, Elsbeth got saved, Silvan got saved and Mickey and I got saved (by now we understood what Jackie and Nancy meant).

We started tithing, and at no time did Don Bailey, new Attorney Greg Scallon or Dan Gilroy (The Irish Brain Trust) ever suggest that we not tithe. As soon as we did start to tithe, it was almost like a switch had been turned on and everything we did financially turned up roses. We were able to slowly work off the debt, and with a generous inheritance from Mother and Dad, we were able to get set up with a decent retirement. We also had great help from Dan Gilroy in planning how to tackle the financial mess we were in. Without becoming "saved" and without tithing, I don't know, to this day, whether we would have gotten out of debt completely. Many people including Mrs. Armitage, Julian Elmer (professional farm fence builder), Wilbert Arn, Gale and Kent Duval, Jackie Kuehn, Nancy Sweet Payne, son Silvan, Jimmy Swaggart and especially the Holy Spirit and many others all had a hand in finally getting us "saved." I, along with my parents and sister, went to various churches during our childhood: Presbyterian; Methodist; Lutheran and at no time did I ever hear the Salvation Message in a way that it really sunk in. Consequently, I did not want to let this go by without giving the salvation message now so that the readers of these memoirs will not be left in the dark. The Salvation or "born again" message has its basis in Scripture: Romans Chap. 10: 9-10 explains that to be saved from sin and spend eternity with Jesus, that each of us must acknowledge that we are sinners and repent (or turn away) from sin. I accepted Jesus Christ as my Lord and Savior, and know that He was crucified, died and buried and on the third day He rose from the grave, thus defeating death. Jesus took all our past, present and future sins with Him to the grave that we might have perfect communication God, the Father. There is nothing that we can do to earn this salvation. It is completely a free gift. All we have to do is accept it as mentioned. By committing ourselves out loud in this fashion, we are born again of the Spirit and now have eternal life. We know we'll spend eternity with Jesus, God and the Holy Spirit in Heaven. As an aside, the Book "Imagine Heaven" by John Burke gives a wonderful insight into what Heaven is all about and I thoroughly recommend it.

Fred Heller and Roger Clark – Where Credit Is Due

I want to recognize Fred Heller and Roger Clark who at different times in our farming operation, built projects and rebuilt projects too numerous to mention. They are both remembered with fondness by our entire family and they each have a room on the farm named in their honor.

Chapter 104

Mickey's Close Calls

Mickey had many close calls over the years, but God in His Goodness preserved her for a long and productive life. In addition to Mickey's tumor of her left arm, which almost resulted in an amputation, and in addition to her leukemia, Mickey had a number of close calls. On the farm she had a wagon tip over when she was driving the tractor on a steep hillside which could have been a disaster. On another occasion, while haying on a steep side hill, the clutch of the tractor gave out and went careening down the hill. Fortunately, it was stopped by a waterway before it went over the bank into the creek. On another occasion, she was parked on a steep hill with the tractor, and there was a major design flaw in the Case tractor which would only allow the brakes to work if the tractor was running. The tractor engine shut off before it was supposed to and went careening backwards and was headed for a steep bank which undoubtedly would have resulted in the tractor tipping over backwards, and she probably would have been crushed. While riding our good horse, Angel, the cinch broke and the saddle came off. Mickey was being dragged along the road and fortunately she was able to get the horse to slow down and get disentangled before she was dragged to death. On another occasion, while riding in a train in Switzerland on a trip with Toni, we hesitated too long to exit the train, and it had started to move forward. Toni and I jumped off and Mickey was the last of the three and the train was going so fast that when she jumped, she landed and struck her head on the concrete and could have received a heavy concussion or worse. In about 1990, we were walking along the beach at Daytona, FL where they allow cars to drive on the beach in addition to the sun bathers. The beach is beautiful and one man from out of state was watching the beach and not where he was going. At the last second, I saw the car coming right at Mickey. Fortunately, I was able to push her out of the way to prevent her from being run over. Fortunately, the sand was soft, and she didn't get hurt from the fall itself. In 1964, while returning to Madison from the farm before we moved down, all of a sudden going up Spring Valley Hill, North of New Glarus, a big deer decided to jump out from an elevation at the side of the road into the windshield on the passenger side. All I could do was say "Mickey!". She turned to look and thus avoided being cut by the glass where her eye would have been. The glass shattered all over the car and Marion and Gale were in the back area of the station wagon and you can imagine the bloody murder

that issued forth. We continued to Madison and I sewed up the cut she had on her face and that was that. God is good. One, hopefully last, situation was that we were doing target practice and Mickey was using a high-powered rifle. She had on a nylon jacket that was slippery, and when she fired the gun, the stock slipped up and off her shoulder thus allowed the back circle of the optical scope to make a circular punched out area in the upper eyebrow area. Once again, this necessitated going to Madison and suturing up that 360-degree incision. It's fortunate it didn't hit her eye. God is good.

As mentioned elsewhere in the story, 3 days after Marion was born in Bloomington, DE, she almost hemorrhaged to death. Another major harrowing situation occurred in January of 1996 when a fire developed at the farmhouse after an explosion in the basement occurred, about 10 minutes after she came up from the site of the explosion.

People can say that all these incidences are just coincidences, but I can't help but think that God had a hand in keeping her safe.

Chapter 105

“God – It’s You.”

I recorded this someplace years ago but don’t know where it is as I put it in a good safe spot so I wouldn’t lose it. My memory for the basic facts is good, but some of the details are a little sketchy.

On Thursday, January 11, 1996, I had the most remarkable experience of my life. In those days, I was still getting up early at 0430 (or 4:30 am) and nothing was different than any other day. I had slept normally and had no bad or unusual dreams. I was in apparent good health and felt good. I was not worried about anything and nothing was abnormal. It was a relatively typical January day, still dark of course as I started out about 0530 to 0540 (5:30 to 5:40 am). I proceeded on the usual early morning way of going east up the hill of Hefty Road to county highway N., then north to county H. Everything was as normal as apple pie. I turned east on county H and as I was just beginning to start down Dahlk hill and before the gravel pit, a sudden strange sensation came over me and I started involuntarily to say out loud, “I don’t know, I don’t know, I don’t know” over and over. All-of-a-sudden, I heard or felt somebody say, “I have control of your life/lives,” (I don’t know if it was life or lives). After that, all I could say was, “I know, I know, I know” over and over. During this time, I was crying out loud like a baby, which was not my nature in those times. I was so shaken I had to stop at the bottom of the hill to get my wits about me enough to even be safe to drive. All the way to the office that was all I could think of. I know I wrote down the episode in greater detail but so far, I am still trying to find it.

When I got home that night I of course discussed the encounter with Mickey and it appeared obvious to us that it was the Holy Spirit talking to me just like the rustling wind I heard when I gave Mickey her engagement ring. Exactly one week after the Holy Spirit said he had control of our live(s) we had the explosion and fire in which Mickey could have been killed and which almost destroyed the whole house. There are undoubtedly many take-home messages from this; maybe we don’t even yet understand or know them all. The fire turned out to be you might say, a comedy of errors, although it really wasn’t a comedy. It had to do with building the addition on to the house which replaced the old dining, kitchen and porches. When the drainage from the roof was routed underground to the lower elevations of the creek, the gas line from the propane tanks to the house were broken by the man



Mickey and Fred after the house fire in 1996; photographer looking down from the living room into the basement at Fred and Mickey after a gas explosion that left a 10-foot hole in the living room floor.

with the backhoe. It was repaired by another man, but it turned out that the coupling used was a water coupling and not a gas coupling which would have been much stronger. This then bridged the trench and the digger man dumped dirt on top of the repaired gas line and didn't get dirt underneath for support. This caused a leak of gas under the house in the area of the furnace in the basement. Plants in the house were dying and in retrospect we probably should have called the fire department, but it seemed as though the newly installed furnace was the culprit. The fire alarm system was not operational in the new part of the house nor in the old part for that matter. The propane tank ran out of propane (400 gallons more or less) and when a propane tank runs out it is mandatory to do a pressure test. The gas man did not do this and admitted under oath that he was too lazy. We had ordered a professional gas detector in the mail to see if we could determine where the leak was coming from. It arrived on the day the fire blew up, but it had to be

plugged in and charged for 24 hours to be usable so that unfortunately didn't help us. We were eating in the basement while the addition was being built. We called the furnace company for the umpteenth time that there had to be a gas leak. They said they couldn't find it and there was nothing else they could do. They left Mickey in the basement and she came upstairs about 10 minutes before it blew up. They had 60 firemen that came from Monticello, Belleville, New Glarus, and Monroe. Mickey had the renter call me at work that the house was on fire and it took a while for that to sink in. That was the slipperiest and iciest day in several years. The firemen told Mickey they couldn't save the house, that it was going down. The fact that it didn't was probably that the internal walls were covered with lathe and plaster rather than sheetrock. One final screw up was that the insurance man had been previously informed that we were adding on to the house and doing the construction, and he failed to increase the insurance. To make a long story shorter, the insurance company stood by us as they knew we had called our agent to tell him about the construction. The gas man, the furnace man and the construction digger all had to chip in to help cover the errors they had made. In essence it was a perfect storm and everything that could go wrong, did go wrong. The firemen did a wonderful job in saving the important furnishings and photographs that we had in the house although it did take over 6 months to rebuild and refurnish the house. We were taken in by our daughter and son-in-law, Toni and Bob Seitz during that time.

It could be that God was trying to tell me that we don't need all the material things in our life that we lost and of course most of it we don't even miss at all.

Another could be that no matter what happens in the past or future, God will take care of us, and that He has control of our lives.



60th Wedding Anniversary - June 10, 2011

Part IV

Appendix

**Family Histories/Trees
Stories and Pictures
Vision for the Future**

Afterward

Written Saturday, July 12, 2003

Updated March 15, 2013

Past History and Future Vision for Hefty-Blum Homestead Farms

Hefty-Blum Homestead Farms has been in the family uninterrupted since 1848. This is, of course, also the same year that the State of Wisconsin was founded.

It is our intention that the farm is to become a refuge to be used and enjoyed by all who are present here today and for Marion and Jan Hobbs who could not get here for the meeting from New Mexico. Not only should the farm be beneficial for all of us, but it should also be good for the families of all future generations.

We have, over the years, thought and discussed with all of you all different kinds of ideas as to what to do with the farm. As you know, some of the ideas that were thought of were:

1) selling the farm while we were alive or after our demise. This was felt to be our least desirable plan,

2) Another idea was to divide the farm into six 90 plus or minus acre farmettes. This initially seemed feasible as it had the theoretical advantage that each child would have his own bailiwick and that there might be less of a chance for hassles. However, trying to figure out how to equitably divide the farm especially with the buildings being such a large part of the value, looked like it would become a nightmare. Also, with six 90-acre plots, the farm would no longer be a very good and viable commercially economic farming unit, especially with houses scattered over the whole farm. It would also lose its rural characteristics.

3) A majority of you children felt the farm should be kept as a farming farm.

This farm, with all its historical background, illustrious ancestors and historical buildings, is a very unique situation. If the farm were once broken up, it could never be recreated no matter how much money might be available.

Yes, some might feel they would rather sell the farm, take the money and run, but once this was done and the money gone, there could no longer be the unique roots oriented toward a lasting inheritance for the present and future generations. So, while this farm will be a big part of your inheritances, you will in turn, be able to automatically have inheritances for your children, grandchildren and future generations.

We feel that with the world being so uncertain and with terrorism and political and economic upheaval now and in the foreseeable future becoming more prominent, this type of farm plan will offer the greatest feeling of roots, a place of solace and freedom from some of the cares of the world and will always be a refuge and a place to live for all of you, if desired, and for your children and children's children as well. By keeping the homes and lots clustered about in relatively inconspicuous and non-productive locations, this will keep the flavor of a true rural preserve with wide open unobstructed spaces, as well as woods, streams, wild flowers, savannahs, hiking, nature and horse trails, etc. Other areas that are available or could be made available are a three-hole or more golf course for the family, camping areas, hunting, fishing, and picnic areas, as well as a possible place for new businesses to be hatched. All of this, and possibly more, should be able to be accomplished and still leave the productive farmland intact, as well as continuing our forty-year effort in conservation. These plans probably also keep alive the dreams of the previous generations that had so much to do with preserving and making the farm what it is today through their foresight, hard work, honesty, sweat, frugality and perseverance.

This plan will give present and future generations the opportunity to have one foot rooted in the past, one foot rooted in the future, one foot rooted in work and one foot rooted in tranquility, while still having both feet rooted in the Lord. (That is a lot of feet.) These are also Mickey and Fred's dreams.

So, in summary, the plan that we have chosen at this time is essentially set in stone. This plan is to keep the farm intact for all our use and for use by all future generations in perpetuity.

Some of you children may elect to live year-round on the farm. Some may work out a summerhouse, or a home or apartment for retirement, and others may just want to come and visit with the other siblings who do have homes here. Or some of you children may elect not to ever live here, but maybe some of your own children or children's children someday might desire or need an especially beautiful and peaceful refuge.

Beside the tillable acres, we hope the nooks and crannies will be planted with beautiful, productive and interesting plants, flowers and trees. One of the big six spouses once declared that he thought the farm was going to become a 550-acre park! We are already planting trees in certain boundary fence lines so many potential houses on neighboring lands will eventually be screened from view.

History

Before we look towards the future and all that it means, we should take time to look back at what our ancestors accomplished. The first (generation) homesteaders were, Fridolin Hefti and his wife, Rosina Schiesser Hefti. They spelled the name H E F T I which was the original Swiss spelling. Fridolin Hefti and Rosina came from Canton Glarus, Switzerland, to the New Glarus area in 1847 and bought the first piece of land for this farm in 1848. Silvan Blum believes Fridolin was a brew master in old Glarus and probably in Monroe and possibly in New Glarus as well.

Thomas Hefty (second generation) and his wife Barbara Kundert Hefty Anglicized the name from Hefti to Hefty. Presumably, this was done because they didn't want to be perceived as foreigners. In Iowa many of the relatives still use the Hefti form. Fridolin was responsible for building the Log House, Granary/Hog Barn, and the Stone Barn. Thomas was responsible for building the big White Barn, the Cheese Factory along with the original portion of the big White House as well as the Buggy shed. Thomas Hefty was also one of the founders of the Bank of New Glarus. Fridolin started the farm with an original 80 acres. By the time Fridolin died, he had amassed 640 acres. This was enough to give 160 acres to each of Fridolin and Rosina's four sons. This was one of the first farms to switch from wheat farming to dairy farming in Green County and they also built an on-site cheese factory.

Fred K Hefty, (one of the two sons of Thomas) and his wife, Regula A. Freitag Hefty, was the third generation on the farm. Fred K. Hefty originally was given the name of just Fred Hefty. However, at the time he took over the farm there were five Fred Hefty's within four miles, so to set himself apart, he took the first letter of his Mother's maiden name (Kundert) as his middle initial. From then on, throughout the county he was always known as "Fred K." He was a master farm manager who really had the whole farm operating at full tilt. He was on the Green County Board and later was elected as the Green County Representative to the Wisconsin State Legislature. Fred K. died in 1925 at age 54 while still in the legislature. Before the great depression of 1929, he had one of the most progressive farms in the county and had milk machines in the early 1900's as well as their own generator operated light plant. They had a gravity water system to supply the two houses, the cheese factory, barns and milk cooling and watering tanks with running water. Fred K. died two years before Doctor Fred G. Blum, Jr. was born. Fred K's father, Thomas, (second generation) outlived his son, Fred K, by about three years.

Fred K. died of stomach cancer in the main farmhouse in the northeast bedroom. The story was that this was felt to be secondary to his great love of highly smoked and highly salted home-cured meats. Medically this could be possible. When Doctor Fred Blum, Jr. was born on May 30, 1927 in the old University Hospital on University Avenue, Thomas Hefty, Fred K. Hefty's father happened to be a patient in the hospital at the same time and he asked that Fred, Jr. be wheeled over to his hospital room, so he could see me. Unfortunately, Thomas died soon thereafter. (This was my first instance of nearly scaring someone to death)!

One other interesting fact was that there was a triple wedding on October 25, 1894 at the cheese factory on the farm in which three Heftys (one brother and two sisters) married two Freitags (one brother and one sister) and one outsider, all on the same day. Fred K. Hefty married Regula A. Freitag. Elsbeth Hefty married Nick Freitag. Rose Hefty married Albert Voegeli. They celebrated for three days and three nights in the big house and the cheese factory, one day and one night for each of the three weddings, with the farmers going home just long enough to feed and milk their cows and then return to the farm to continue celebrating and dancing still more in the cheese factory. It was very muddy at the time of the wedding, so they made side walks out of hay and straw laid on the ground all the way from the big white house to the cheese factory and other buildings so the ladies wouldn't get their shoes and dresses dirty.

Fred K.'s brother, Thomas R. Hefty (third generation), was for many years the President of the First National Bank in Madison (formerly, Wisconsin Bank Shares, then later First Wisconsin, then First Star and now in 2003 US Bank). According to Fred Blum, Sr., T.R. Hefty was considered to be the best banker in the entire State of Wisconsin. He also owned what is now the governor's mansion in Madison, and he sold it to the State of Wisconsin for the gift price of \$50,000.

A few years after Fred K.'s death in 1925, the Great Depression started in 1929. Two of his wife Regula's brothers, (Dick Freitag and Hank Freitag) managed to keep the farm intact and barely solvent, which was a big accomplishment for those difficult depression years, as many farms went bankrupt. The brothers had to do such things as reverting from milking machines to hand milking just to save the cost of machinery replacement and the cost of operating the generating plant.

A lesson was learned from the Fred K. Hefty will. Attorney Greg Scallon, Dan Gilroy CPA, Don Bailey and Ron Boeck are already well aware of this lesson, but we believe they will still appreciate it. The original will of Fred K. and Regula

was made out when things were booming on the farm financially. Fred K. and Regula felt very well off and specified that \$10,000 be given to charity in Green County. I believe this was to be paid at or before the death of the second to die.

Consequently, when the depression hit, and stock prices dropped by 90% and farm land prices dropped down to the neighborhood of \$50 an acre or less and you could buy a brand-new Ford, Chevrolet or Plymouth for \$375, this \$10,000 bequest became a gigantic percentage of the estate, and became a significant problem to be paid off, thus leaving the Fred K Hefty and Regula Hefty Estate significantly strapped for liquid assets. If there had not been any other assets available, it would have forced the sale of the farm way back in the Depression years of the 1930's. In actuality, eventually the money was scraped together after the Second World War and the bequest was paid off before Regula's death. This is a good reminder to you children that putting large dollar amounts in a will for bequests could come back to haunt you. Another interesting thing is that up until we bought the farm in 1963, there had never been a mortgage on the farm and, of course, this fact also helped the farm to survive the Great Depression.

In 1963, Olga Hefty Blum (fourth generation), and her husband, Fred G. Blum, Sr. decided to sell the farm. Dr. Fred G. Blum, Jr. (fifth generation) and his wife Miriam Eye Blum (Mickey) had wanted to buy a farm near Madison so we could live on it and I could still work at my medical practice. To make a long story slightly shorter, we bought Mother's farm, if you can imagine it, with the down payment borrowed from my Grandmother Blum and my Uncle Al Blum. We came down to the farm on weekends and Wednesday afternoons. Later, we felt as though we might as well drive a few more times a week and live on the farm. Thus, in June of 1965 we took the big step and moved the family, with children (Marion Elaine Blum Hobbs, Gale Terry Blum Duval, Heidi Hefty Blum Sarbacker, and Elsbeth (Baeti) Eye Blum Ng) lock stock and barrel to the farm. Son, Silvan Disch Blum was adopted in 1971 at age 21. Antonia (Toni) Dorothea Blum Seitz was born in 1967 while we were living on the farm. In an attempt to make the farm profitable, we tried everything, starting with raising horses; we then went to beef cattle, then Charolais bulls and finally a dairy operation. This was with great effort of time and money, but with decreasing success.

By the spring of 1985 we had an uneasy feeling that financially things were getting even worse on the farm. We discussed these feelings on the telephone with our best friend, Dan Gilroy. We told him that in order to try to show a profit, so the

government wouldn't call our operation a "hobby farm," and disallow our tax deductions, we kept putting in more and more money into the farm, trying, hopefully, to get the farm into a profitable position. However, this strategy wasn't working as it seemed the more we put in, the more we were losing.

Fortunately, in the early summer of 1985, Fred (fifth generation) and Mickey were "saved" through the efforts of many people, especially Gale Blum Duval (sixth generation), her husband Kent Duval and Wilbert Arn who worked on the farm with us. We later found out that Wilbert Arn had prayed for our salvation every day for over eleven years. Another person instrumental to our salvation was Mrs. Armitage, a very religious Seventh Day Adventist lady, who lived with us when I was about four years old. As part of her religious personality, she happened to be a vegetarian and she would always read bible stories to me. Somehow, as a four-year old, I got confused between her bible stories and her prayers and her vegetarian diet. Thus, at one very large gathering of family and friends, I very proudly and profoundly declared in a loud voice, that, "Mrs. Armitage, is a very religious person because she eats whole wheat bread."

Back to The Year 1985

As mentioned, we were "saved" in May of 1985. By July we were developing a still greater feeling of financial uneasiness and, consequently, we contacted a financial advisor and asked if he would go over our entire financial situation. He said he would study everything and make some recommendations and get back to us. In August, I believe, we took an escape trip to Switzerland and when we got back we were too busy trying to keep the farm, Styleyes and Madison Eye Associates going to call the advisor back and he didn't call us back either. In late October or early November, while at work one day, out of the blue, I received a call from our best friend, from Minneapolis, Dan Gilroy. Dan said, "the company that I was working for is in bad financial shape, and they are closing out my job position, so I am between jobs now and I wondered if you would like me to come down and help straighten out the farm mess?" Wow! That was like asking a drowning man if he would like a life preserver.

Dan said he would be down in a week or two and he would stay a while and get things organized. He came to the office as anticipated. I told him that he probably could get a lot of information from the financial adviser and probably some good ideas, as we had not heard from the advisor since we got back from vacation.

So, Dan went to see the financial advisor and came back an hour or two later and said, "I didn't get a very good report." You are 1.15 million in debt and the advisor said the only thing he felt that could be done was chapter 13 bankruptcy. WOW! To say the least, that was a sinking feeling of the first order. Dan, Mickey and I all thought about it and decided that bankruptcy was the last thing we wanted to do, but where should we start? Dan said, "We need to get a new accountant." Mickey and I are not sure how Dan decided whom to call, but I believe, a lawyer who used to sit next to Dan and Fran at the U.W. football games recommended the accountant! This was Don Bailey. The following day, it seemed, Dan was gone at least half a day and he spent three to four hours interviewing Don regarding our situation. Finally, Dan came back to the office and said, "I think I found the right new accountant. He doesn't seem to be afraid to tackle this problem and he, too, is not interested in bankruptcy." That in itself was a great relief.

Then, Mickey, Dan and Don and I had numerous meetings going over how we would surround the problem. As I recall, Don wanted all our personal records, our tax records and of all our farm records to check over. As long as it was already so late in the year, we all agreed Don would try to straighten out all our records along with our estimated taxes that would be due for the 1985 tax year. All four of us would then meet early in 1986 and reevaluate the entire situation. Thus, in early January 1986, we all got together again in Madison and Dan and Don said to Mickey and to Fred, "You have to stop the financial hemorrhage on the farm. You will need to get out of the farming (dairy) operation immediately." I asked, "Do we have to sell the farm?" Dan and Don replied that it was too early to decide that as we might have to, but for now, we must stop the dairy operation and have a farm sale in three to six weeks. Fred said, "get all the cattle and machinery ready and have a farm sale in three to six weeks!?" Wow! To shorten the story a tiny bit, with the help of primarily our daughters Elsbeth (Baeti) and Toni, and our dear friends Wilbert Arn and Dwight Burri and others, we had a very large farm sale on the dreary, cold, wet, slushy day of March 15, 1986. We got, as I recall, about \$180,000 from the sale and we were terribly excited about cutting down our debt by that much. However, our new accountant said, "Don't forget that more than one-half will go for taxes on the depreciated assets." To this day, Mickey and I cannot really understand how we were able to get out of all that debt and still have a comfortable retirement, but after we became "saved" and started tithing, everything changed and instead of everything going financially sour, everything financially started turning up roses. We did receive

a significant inheritance from my parents, Fred G. Blum, Senior and Olga Blum and that helped a lot. We might add that even though we were in so deep that the financial planner told Dan Gilroy that we should take Chapter 13, not once did either our Attorney, Greg Scallon, Dan Gilroy or our Accountant, Don Bailey ever say we should stop tithing. We never could have gotten out of debt without God's help and without the terrific people He sent us. Despite all these financial problems, we did have some positive accomplishments. Here is a partial list of these, but not in good chronological order:

Positive Accomplishments

- 1) We got the farm buildings patched up after several years of neglect by the last sets of farm renters.
- 2) Built the Wick building in circa 1978.
- 3) Built the lean-to on the big white barn circa 1982.
- 4) Converted the stone barn into a heifer-raising facility.
- 5) In late 1960's received a State DNR conservation prize for stream bank improvements.
- 6) 1967 bought the north farm of 153 acres to add to the home farm of 400 acres bringing the number of acres to the now present total of 553.
- 7) Had probably the first no-till corn planter in Green County.
- 8) Had probably the first giant round hay baler in Green County.
- 9) Silvan D. Blum will never forget this baler as it fell full force right on top of his foot.
- 10) Have done over two miles of conservation waterways and diversion.
- 11) Have put soil conservation contour planting strips on the hills for erosion control.
- 12) Put up the Morton Building circa 1980 and silo and feed bunk facilities on north farm.
- 13) Gradual refurbishing of big house with new electrical, plumbing, plastering, heating, siding, and roof, etc.
- 14) New addition in 1996 for "main" house replacing old summer kitchen, dining room and porches, with new kitchen, dining room, porches,

sunroom, bedroom, and bath, and “everything room,” as well as a three-car garage.

- 15) Devastating "main" house fire on January 16, 1996.
- 16) A new second "house on the hill" was built in the fall of 1996 for the dairy renter to replace the old trailer.
- 17) New siding and roof on Granary circa 1998 as well as on the big white barn and milk house.
- 18) State prizes two years in a row for having the fastest gaining beef bulls at the official University of Wisconsin Test Station at UW Platteville circa 1969 or 1970.
- 19) One year later we had both the first and second fastest gaining beef bulls at the same test station.
- 20) The top one of these two bulls were the fastest gaining beef bull that had ever been recorded in State history in Wisconsin up to that time.
- 21) In 1970 received a prize for the Reserve Grand Champion Beef Carcass at the Wisconsin State Fair in Milwaukee.
- 22) About that time (1969) Mickey and I went to Kentucky in the old Ford one-ton truck and bought an old thoroughbred mare and her thoroughbred filly for \$400. We later bred that filly who foaled another thoroughbred filly that later went on to win several horse races after she was sold.
- 23) Have had thousands of Walnut, Pine, and Ash and Maple trees planted.
- 24) Have done timber stand improvements on at least 54 acres of woods.
- 25) Have cleared out unneeded fences and fencerows.
- 26) Have made at least 5 miles of walking and nature trails; most of these are part of the existing conservation diversions. Bob Seitz oversaw much of this project.
- 27) Have torn down buildings too wrecked to save on the north farm.
- 28) Have enlarged fields and built improved farm roads. Tillable acreage increased from about 360 to about 382 acres.
- 29) Have improved the fertility of the soil.
- 30) Have helped stop erosion by contour strips and no till planting.
- 31) We have planted trees along border fence lines for screening purposes for houses that are or will be built across property lines. So far, we have planted 500 trees for this purpose.

- 32) We have started looking into two or three plots on the farm for Prairie and Savannah Restoration. Savannah's are what much of Wisconsin looked like when the Indians were here. This project would include open spaces in the wood plot, as well as prairie grasses, native plants and wildflowers. It would also necessitate "burns" to keep it as a prairie and savannah.
- 33) Silvan has done a lot of research on the Hefty side of the family. He is also interested in the cheese factory restoration, which was completed in about 2009.
- 34) We received a Sesquicentennial certificate in 1998 at the Wisconsin State Fair for being a farm that has been continuously in our family for 150 years. Gale and Kent Duval went to the State Fair to receive the certificate. Mickey and I hope all of you here today, as well as those in absentia will be around to celebrate the 200th year anniversary in 2048. Every year there will be less and less Homestead Farms. For background information, in 1910, the first year of accurate state records, there were 178,000 farms in the State of Wisconsin. This reached a high point in 1935 of 200,000 farms and the number has been dwindling ever since. By 2002 there were only 77,000 farms in the State of Wisconsin. As far as actual homestead farms, i.e., one's that have been present continuously since the first government patent on the land there are no good records for this. However, currently, there are 7,547 Century Farms in Wisconsin, and only 332 Sesquicentennial Farms in Wisconsin. In Green County there are 142 Century Farms, and 10 Sesquicentennial Farms. These numbers could go up or down over time, but the number of farms like ours that have land going back to the original government land patent can only be consistently getting smaller.
- 35) In 2003 after four years of complete and major repair of the stone barn originally built in 1861 and this makes it 142 years old. We now feel it has the potential to go at least another 142 years.
- 36) In the year 2000 the granary (circa 1859), the stone barn (1861), the big white barn (1878), the big white house (1880), the cheese factory (circa 1881) and the buggy shed (circa 1882) were all accepted into both the National Historical Registry and the Wisconsin Historical Registry of Historic Buildings.

- 37) The two farm dumps going back many years have been completely excavated and cleaned of trash, metal, barbed wire, glass and plastic, with over 15 tons of metal alone being removed, to say nothing of multiple monstrous dumpsters full of trash.
- 38) GEO thermal heating and air conditioning was added in 2012 to the two furnace units in the big house.

Two Final Statements

Something we must all keep in mind is that no one really owns anything permanently. We are just acting as God's stewards and when we are gone from this earth our possessions just pass on to someone else.

Silvan and Jane Blum, Marion and Jan Hobbs, Gale and Kent Duval, Heidi and Bill Sarbacker, Baeti and Albert Ng and Toni and Bob Seitz, you twelve are the 6th generation and your children are the 7th generation. Long live the generations, the farm, our wonderful advisors, and God Bless You All!

Fred (Doc) G. Blum, Jr., and Miriam (Mickey) Gale Eye Blum

Current Advisors:

Dan Gilroy

Greg Scallon

Ron Boeck

Appendix A

History of the Farm and Buildings

Farm History

The Known Evolving History of our White Swiss American Barn by Fred G. Blum, Jr. and Miriam E. Blum and Silvan D. Blum - April 2010

The building date of the white barn is very definite as being in 1878, as there is an early photograph with the 1878 clearly printed on the east façade of the barn. This barn was built under the auspices and directions of Thomas Hefty, a second-generation immigrant from Switzerland. Under his direction, there was a major building program for the farm with the big white barn in 1878 and the big white house in 1880. The big white house also has a definite date with the date being lettered on the north façade as shown by an early photograph of the house. The third building of this major farm development was the cheese factory, with a circa date of 1881 and the fourth building was the buggy shed with a circa date of 1882.

The original barn was a structure 72 feet in length in the east and west direction and 36 feet in the north and south direction. The barn was originally painted red, as were most barns at that time, because red paint was probably the cheapest and most people liked red. We believe numerous changes were also made about 1917 plus or minus three years. At that time, a 15 ft. by 25 ft. milk house addition was attached to the south-east corner of the barn. This has a door opening to the west, which was in line with the walkway under the overhang. The milk house was divided into two rooms, a larger southern room which housed a partially sunken cement cooling tank, which was large enough to hold approximately twenty 10-gallon milk cans. These were picked up every morning by the milk hauler, and since the Pet Milk Plant in New Glarus had opened in 1911 the milk was taken there. (This was according to Olga Hefty Blum – 4th generation). Prior to 1911, the milk went to the on-farm Limburger and Swiss Cheese Factory. However, prior to the building of the on-farm cheese factory, circa 1881, we are not certain where the milk went, possibly to one of the neighbors to the north or south. The 10-gallon milk cans were placed on the truck through a set of split sliding wooden doors on the south side of the milk house. Water was used in the cement water tank to cool the milk and was pumped by the windmill up on the hill. There were two underground cisterns, supplied by the wind mill, one was for the big house and one was for the rest of the farm stead, including the white barn with its cattle drinking water cups and for the milk house cooling tank. Rather than wasting the warmed-up water of

the cooling tank on the ground, this water was drained by gravity into a nearby oval steel stock watering tank for the horses to use for their drinking.

The back portion of the milk house was outfitted with a gasoline or kerosene fueled electric generator, as well as an electric milking machine. This had to be one of the earliest milking machines around, and, as a matter of fact, when FGBJ (5th generation) was old enough to remember, in the early 1930's, during the depression, they had stopped using the electric milk machines because they couldn't, we think, keep up with the expense of the repairs, so milking again reverted to hand milking. We think also at this 1917 era, a north addition to the barn was added and was 14 feet in the north-south direction and 72 feet in length, the same as the main barn. Two rock wall silos with upper wooden portions were constructed on the western aspect of this north addition and were probably also added at this time. The central portion of the north side of the barn had a slopping driveway extending from a stone and earth slanted driveway. This ramp system, earth and then wooden, led to a horizontal driveway high up in the center of the barn mow, and traversed the north south 36-foot dimension of the barn proper. At the south end of the hay mow driveway, there was a removable panel that formed an open window. This allowed sunlight to enter as well as fresh air for the horses that pulled in the loaded hay wagons, and, of course, for the farm workers. The loose hay that was mowed (spread the hay all around the barn) was dropped from the track high in the peak of the barn by a trip rope when the loose hay had been hoisted off the four-wheeled horse drawn wooden hay rack. The loaded hay fork was pulled from the wagon to the peak of the barn by a single horse with a rope and pulley system by the horse going out north away from of the barn until the hay had been hoisted all the way up and then "tripped" in the optimum horizontal location where the hay was most needed. In subsequent years, in the 1940's and the 1950's, tractors were used to pull the wagons in the barn and this became very dangerous as the sparks from the tractor were always a danger for possibly setting the whole barn on fire. Barn fires were a big danger in and of themselves in as much as if the hay had gotten rained on or hadn't been dried properly, it would tend to "heat." I remember when I was a little boy and was climbing in the hay mow; there would be spots so hot from the "heating" that you couldn't touch it with your hand. This would make Uncle Henry Freitag, who was the farm manager at the time, very nervous because he didn't want to be responsible for the barn burning down, and he would have workers sprinkle loose granular coarse barn salt on these hot spots. Just exactly how this helped I am

not sure, but it was always done. This is the same barn salt that came in big giant wooden barrels about the size of 55-gallon drums and was used to feed to the cattle and horses, and it was excellent for us kids to use in the palm of our hand and dip green apples in to before eating them in mid-summer. This was supposed to keep you from getting “a green apple belly ache.”

Because of the added danger of bigger and heavier tractors breaking down through the high-up wooden driveway and crashing down two or three stories, Fred and Mickey Blum, when they were farming, put a big electric motor and winch right below the window at the south end of the wooden driveway in order to pull the wagons into the barn. This worked well and cut down many of the dangers. However, unfortunately, one day a heavily loaded hay wagon was being winched up the steeply slanted portion of the hay mow driveway, when the cable broke and the wagon went careening north on to Disch Road until it was stopped by the mulberry bushes and small trees just before going down over the steep bank. Fortunately, no one was standing behind the wagon when the cable broke, nor were any cars coming by on the road at just that time. God was with us!

It was for these reasons that when a new roof had to be put on the barn, that the big vertical doors and slanted wood driveway and the upper silos were removed, as we could never stop the leaking of rain around these 12 to 14-foot-high doors (even with the new steel roof, we are still having trouble with leaks coming down from the ventilators).

Talking about ventilators, the original barn in the 1878 photo shows a single central wooden copula type ventilator at the peak. Apparently, this did not give enough circulation from the stanchion and milking portion of the barn to get rid of the moisture of the animals, so that two large metal ventilators were spaced out at the peak of the barn, and the original central wooden ventilator was removed. They then built four square wooden flues, two of which went to each of the ventilators, one from the north and one from the south side of the barn, starting from the milking portion of the barn, all the way up through the hay mow and then along the under surface of the slanted roof until they connected to the metal ventilator. A similar single wooden flue was added to the exterior of the west side of the barn. This made for better circulation of air in the milking area and got rid of some of the moisture that 78 cows would produce. These changes were also made in the 1917 era of “big change.” But at this same time a single-story addition of 24 feet in length was added to the west side of the milking floor. None of the rows of stanchions

went through the length of the barn as they do now. The first two barn doors on the east side of the barn were for four double stalls each for a team of work horses, making eight horses (four teams) available for work at all times. There were no tractors on the farm until they rented a Farmall tractor from our neighbor, Tom Zwiefel, in 1938. But the tractor was to be used only for the job of pulling the very big and heavy corn binder which even with three horses was very hard for them to pull. Tom used to extol the virtues of his tractor in Swiss to my grandmother when they would visit and “lunch” in the kitchen. He loved to say how with a tractor you, “didn’t have to feed it when it wasn’t working.”

On the west side of the wall separating the work horses from the milking cows, were a lineup of 10 or 12 glass batteries that were part of the advanced Delco Electric Plant. That also had probably been put in during the era of “big change.” Consequently, this first row of stanchions, which was operated individually in those days, was on the west side of the alley, with the east side delineated by the wall between the horses and cows, along with the aforementioned glass batteries. It is of note that where the cows stood and by necessity would lie down on was originally made of thick slabs of cork bricks for comfort even then. During my early childhood about age 5 in about 1932, many of these cork bricks were loose and were gone and too expensive to replace. During one evening milking, when I was down in the barn “helping,” I was walking south toward the open barn door and when I was only a few yards from the door, a big Holstein bull with a ring in his nose came toward me. He also had a chain hooked on to the nose ring that dragged on the ground for one to two feet. This extra-long chain indicated that he was an extra mean bull and this chain would give him trouble running or charging as he might step on the chain and pull the ring in his nose which is the only way sensitive enough to control a dairy bull, but even that did not always work. In any event, he came toward me swinging his head back and forth and with mucus flying out of his nose; I was petrified as there was no door to get out behind me and with the batteries on my left, the only way to try to escape was to disappear in between the tightly packed cows. My five-year-old mind told me he was coming after me, but I’m sure in reality, his mind was fixed on some young heifer. It did give me nightmares, on occasion, for many years.

To the best of our recollection, the next row of stanchions was a double one, as was the third but the fourth was again a single row. The reason for the stanchions to be crossways oriented rather than oriented along the long axis of the barn as at

present, appears to be twofold: First, more cows could be housed in a smaller space with cross stanchions, but more importantly, in those days there was no mechanical way to clean the barns, except with a shovel and wheel barrel, and it was closer to the manure wagon from most areas in the barn than if the alleys and gutters ran parallel to the long axis of the barn. Once the wheel barrel was loaded with manure, they would go down a small step to the walkway made of large stones underlying the overhang, and then across a dirt and rock driveway of about 10 feet width, below which was a four foot wall so that a board could be placed from the rock driveway over the side of the manure spreader that was parked below so that the wheel barrel could be dumped into the spreader at the same level as the rock driveway using the different heights to make the job as easy as possible. The barn and the cross-alley configuration had 78 stanchions, plus stalls for 8 work horses but now with the mid 1975 configuration the remodeled barn now holds only 40 cows and space for 8-10 small calves. Part of the difference is the fact that the cows are now much bigger, some almost twice as big. Sometime in this era, Regula Hefty, wife of Fred K. Hefty (3rd generation) decided that all the farm buildings should be painted white.

So far there are six main eras relating to the big white barn. The following is a summary of each era:

Initial First Era - 1878 To Circa 1917

- 1878 – A 72 by 36-foot basic barn with cross alleys made for approximately 50-60 cows.
- We don't know for sure how the hay was brought in originally.
- We don't know if initially the horses were kept in this barn or in the lower level of the granary.
- We think the milk was taken to the on-farm cheese factory.
- Red Barn Color

Second Era – The Era of Big Change – Circa 1917 (Probably 1914 To 1920) To Circa Mid 1950's

- The barn was extended to the north by 14 feet.
- Two silos were added on the north side.
- A 15 by 25-foot milk house was added with a cold-water cooling tank.
- An on-farm Delco Electric Generating plant was constructed.
- An eight-stall work horse, housing was present on the eastern portion of the barn.
- An electric milking system was installed, later to be discontinued during...

The Great Depression

- A 24 by 40 single story addition to the milking portion of the barn was constructed on the west side.
- A rock and earth slope as well as a wooden ramp and driveway high up in the barn running crossways was constructed to bring the loaded hay wagon into the hay mow.
- We think a silo was also added on to the stone barn as well. We don't know if they initially milked in both barns or if they used the stone barn for dry cows and heifers.
- The barn was changed from red to white with black corners. The barn capacity was increased to 78 cows.

Third Era – Era of Neglect – circa 1950 to circa 1975 to 1978

The previous era lasted almost in an unchanged fashion until the 1950's. At this time, the cattle and machinery were sold, and the stanchions and water cups were ripped out.

1963 – Fred and Miriam Blum took over the farm and it was just a depressing gutted out milking barn, which initially we used for our very unsuccessful horse business, along with a few goats, which also proved to be a disaster. Then for a time we used it to house our Charolais and other beef bulls, all without any significant change to the white barn.

Fourth Era – Era of Modern Dairy Rebirth – circa 1975-1978 to February 2001

Cir. 1975 to 1978 – We started to gradually switch from 225 beef cows to dairy and we started in the north-east corner of the barn initially with 5 cows, including one Hereford beef cow that we used for milking.

About one year later, the milking part of the barn was completely taken apart, the old gutters, and stanchion bases, and cement were removed and 40 “comfort stalls” with rubber mats, vacuum pump and milking machines, and improved ventilation and watering cups and cow trainers, and barn cleaner were installed. The milking barn was also reoriented to the long axis of the barn. Several years later we had to increase the herd size in order to try to be competitive and for a time we shuttled cows all the way from the Wick steel pole building south of the house over to the big white barn. This was O.K. during the summer and fall, but during the winter and spring it was a nightmare of ice, mud, ruts and falling cows. Consequently, even though we didn’t want to do it from an architectural stand point, our backs were against the wall, and the only way we could see to expend, was to put a lean to shed on to the big white barn with a mechanical feed bunk and enough room for 40 free stalls which could handle 50 cows because they do not all lie down at the same time. Thus, by milking two or more shifts through the remodeled milking floor, we could more than double the size of our milking herd. The highest we milked was 89 cows. Miriam Blum (5th generation) and son, Silvan, (6th generation) did this for a while, after which time Silvan took over alone for a few years. This was later followed by son-in-law Kent Duval (6th generation) running the farm with hired help. Kevin McCarthy then took over the entire dairy operation as a rental in the winter of 1986, following an ultimatum by our accountant that we get out of the dairy business. This went on for three years at which time Kevin McCarthy decided to go into grain farming and Keith Disch and his cousin, Peter Von Arx took over the rental of the dairy operation and the farm acreage. (This was the time that use of the overhead crossways driveway high up in the hay mow was discontinued. It was replaced by a bale elevator which came in from the west up and over the west barn addition with 40-50-pound rectangular bales rising to the peak of the hay mow and running the full length of the long axis of the barn to be dropped at any necessary point in the 72-foot-long hay mow.) This continued until, February 2001, at which time Peter decided, as we previously had, that there was no point to continue working your heart out in the dairy business with little or nothing

to show for it. Low and behold, Kevin McCarthy again appeared on the scene and wanted to rent all the farm land and some of the buildings on a cash basis for his grain and hay operation, and this is how things stand at this time in 2010.

Fifth Era – The Era of Suspended Animation - 2001 to 2010

- The milking floor and milking house stand just as they were in 2001 when last used.
- The hay mow stores lumber full of bats (we have practically no trouble with mosquitoes around the farm).
- The south shed addition has become a storage area for a few family things, a tractor and mower, a skid steer, a machinery repair area as well as a storage area for firewood.

Sixth Era – 2010 To Present Day

Nobody knows yet what this Swiss-American Fore Bay Bank Barn will evolve into next. It is awaiting its next assignment.



The Known History of the Stone Barn by Fred G. Blum, Jr. and Miriam E. Blum. April 2010

The Stone Barn was built in 1861, we think, by a Mr. Geigle. After we first took over the farm, two men came from Iowa to look at the barn. Their grandfather built or helped build the barn. The men left the farm before we realized how important it was to talk to them.

The Stone Barn was built under the instigation of Fridolin Hefty, who was born in Switzerland, and along with his wife were the first owners of this land.

The barn was originally built for 44 cows. Cows were much smaller in those days. The stanchions were wooden and were four rows of eleven stanchions in each row. The two center row stanchions faced into each other so that the cow's heads were faced inward. Hay was dropped down from above into the manger below and this was the same for the two outward facing rows of stanchions. It was a very efficient system.

The barn was quite fancy in that there were actual tiles in the walk ways behind the rows of cows. There was no running water that we know of, so the cows presumably drank from the creek. According to Regula Hefty, there was no silo until approximately 1917 plus or minus three years. A door was cut through the original foundation in the southwest corner to get the silage from the stone and wooden silo. It was undoubtedly corn silage.

The window arches were originally horizontal wooden louvers. By 1939 the louvers were disintegrating. I believe it was Regula who told me (FGBJ) that they wanted to replace the louvers with a more durable window covering but still in keeping with the Swiss barns in Switzerland. Someone checked somewhere in Switzerland and found that the brickwork was actually more authentically Swiss for a stone barn than the louvers had been. If you notice carefully on the south façade, the color of the bricks in the left or west window is slightly different than the color of the bricks in the east window, (as well as all the rest of the windows,) because the louvers in the west window had been covered up and protected by the structure connecting the silo itself to the barn proper. The bricks in the west window were not actually changed until about 1970 and while they were then matched as closely as possible there was still a slight color mismatch.

Prior to the use of the silo, the cattle feed was primarily dry hay in the winter which was brought in from the bank barn doors on the west road side. Later, as the barn became fuller with hay, it was brought in from the north side via a hay fork or

sling and rope. Please note that this hay mow track is still a wooden one making this a very early hay mow track as later ones were made of steel.

The cattle feed in the summer was probably all grass pasture.

After the white barn was built in 1878, we think the stone barn was used more for dry cows and then heifers. When Fred and Mickey Blum took over the farm in December 1963, it was not used for several years and later became shelter for the horse business until the horses were phased out and then it was used for the few Charolais beef cattle that needed special attention or for young bulls prior to going on test.

Later, when we phased out the beef cattle and went to dairy, it was again used for heifers and dry cows. This was preceded by taking out the wooden stanchions and putting in free stalls, but only eight in each row as the cows had gotten much bigger. These free stalls have been subsequently removed and the barn has been vacant of animals since about 1992.

By the late 1990's it became evident that the barn was having serious structural difficulties. The west wall had been deflected inwards by approximately 8 inches, which we initially thought was due to road pressure. Stones were coming loose on the west wall and the northeast foundation corner was undermined by water drainage. The barn door sized openings which had been enlarged for cleaning by a skid steer were now developing sagging overhead beams, and the wooden super structure in the hay mow was being forced eastwards by the building deflection and rotting supporting roof beams on the southwest corner. The entire west wall in the lower level was about to fail.

We decided to enroll the farm with the Wisconsin Historical Society and the National Historical Preservation Division of the National Park System. An overall plan for the farmstead was outlined and the Historical preservation and restoration of the Stone Barn was initiated approximately 1999. We hired a structural engineer from the University of Wisconsin-Platteville to look over the situation, and he informed us that the road pressure was not the problem but it was all a hydraulic and moisture problem with the freezing and thawing and refreezing being the causing of the damage. He outlined that buttresses needed to be placed in the lower level of the west wall. I recall this required over a ton of steel rebar and many yards of concrete. He also required that a trench 18 feet deep on the road side and three to four feet wide be dug along the entire west wall. The exposed rock wall was washed and all remortared. A "U" shaped heavy duty butyl membrane was placed

at the bottom and sides of this trench. Two tile lines were placed in the bottom of the butyl membrane lined trench. One tile line was going north and then buried east to the creek and the other tile line was going south and then buried east to the creek. This membrane lined trench was then filled to ground level with washed river rock, so that water would not enter that space and freeze and refreeze but would be quickly drained away. This was to stop hydraulic pressure from the water build up and the subsequent freezing and expanding.

The door openings on the east side, which were beginning to sag, were restrengthened with multiple heavy “I” beams and railroad tracks. The roof was replaced with the same sawed board technique as was the original, and the hay mow floor was replaced with the same double overlapped board system as the original, minus the hay drop down chutes. The single board ladder from the lower level to the hay mow was replaced with a stairway so that more people could access the hay mow and enjoy the Architecture.

Four heavy turnbuckle systems were installed, one on the north wall and one at the south wall at the level of the hay mow floor and another similar set just under the eaves of the east and west wall. On the outside of the building, you will note Swiss Cross medallions that appear to be decorative but in fact are functional to help stabilize the integrity of four rock walls. They are the external functional ends on the turnbuckles. The entire exterior as well as most of the interior walls and the silo complex had to re-mortared, but with a relatively soft mortar so that the mortar was softer than the stones themselves. If the mortar was harder than the limestone rocks themselves, then the freezing and thawing would cause the rocks to start crumbling around the edges. This would speed up the destruction of the walls.

The door that had been previously cut through the southwest corner of the building was closed up as there was no longer any silage to be brought in from the discontinued silo. The wooden silo and round roof were blown down in a storm about 1950 and were not replaced for the following four reasons:

- 1.It was no longer needed,
- 2.It was actually not an original part of the barn,
3. It covered up the beautiful stonework and south facade of the building and
4. It made road travel more dangerous as cars approaching from the north could not easily be seen from the south and east.

NOTE: As part of an Historical Restoration with the National Park System, the Restored Building must be income producing, consequently a rental storage area has been placed in the hay mow that is being used to make insulated shipping boxes for Silvan Blum's cheese business.

The two previously enlarged east doorways were closed back down with barn doors and windows as close to the original as possible. The foundation on the east side between these two doors required considerable stabilization and there were large foundational rocks that were sticking out well beyond the central east wall and they could not be safely removed so that a small walled platform was constructed in this central section to keep people from running into these out of place foundational rocks and secondly, to add greater stability to this entire weakened central wall area.

In order to keep the birds and raccoons out and prevent their defecation from ruining the inside, copper screens are being emplaced on the inside of the brick work, in the windows, and the small rectangular openings are being closed with Plexiglas. Incidentally, we have talked to many people as to what these rectangular holes are, and so far nobody has come up with an explanation that really seems to make sense. We would be interested in your ideas.

NOTE: It is not known for certain where all the rocks for the Stone Barn, as well as the rocks for the foundation of the White Barn or for the White Main House or for the Cheese Factory came from. Some rocks appear to have come from the small stone quarry on the hillside north of the cheese factory and north of Hefty Road. This was later used for a farm dump during the 1960's and the 1970's. This is being sorted and cleaned out in late 2010 and 2011. The quandary is that this quarry does not appear large enough to supply all the rocks needed for these buildings. Also note well, the larger stone quarry at the north eastern portion of the farm along Hefty Road was started in the 1930's and was developed by the Washington Township (Town Washington) for road gravel and was not used for building purposes to the best of our knowledge.



Cheese Factory History

According to a verbal communication with the Wisconsin Historical Society, most cheese factories in Wisconsin are at a crossroads or at some type of independent location, whereas, this cheese factory is unique in that it is part of a specific farm and an integral part of the farmstead. The cheese factory did accept milk from several close neighboring farms, however.

As with most old cheese factories, they were built so the end that had the fire for heating the milk was at ground level and then the opposite end of the building went gradually further into a hill so this opposite end was entirely surrounded by earth, thus making this end ideal for storing the cheese as this would be the cool cellar portion of the building in summer and also moderated during the extreme cold of winter. This factory has this same general configuration except the earth naturally fell away on the south side of the building at the deep cellar end. So to make up for this, they built a 5 foot wide earthen buttress externally covered with stone and this buttress went approximately 2/3 of the way from the deep end toward the shallow end. This accomplished the same thing as being completely dug into a full natural slope.

It is felt that the factory made Swiss cheese in the summer because of the cows being on pasture, and then in the winter they switched to Limburger cheese when the cows went on stored feed. This made use of the fact the Swiss cheese made from stored feed does not have the perfect flavor that comes from cows being on pasture. In the U.S., at the present time, this distinction is no longer made, but in Switzerland they still do not allow Swiss cheese (Emmenthaler) to be made from milk that is made from cows fed stored feed, such as, silage. NOTE: In Switzerland all the many varieties of cheese are “Swiss Cheese,” but what we call Swiss cheese in America is really Emmenthaler as mentioned above. The cheese factory operated from its inception circa 1881 until about 1911 or 1912 when the Pet Milk Plant started 6 miles away in the Village of New Glarus. From then on the cheese factory was used only for living quarters for hired families, some being as large as nine members. The cheese factory was last used for living quarters in the late 1940’s or early 1950’s.

During its operation as a cheese factory, the milk was brought to the N.E. corner of the building and then unloaded through a special window ledge and door directly into the room with the fireplace for heating the milk in a large kettle. There are still two different horse “rings” on the outer side of the north side of the building

near where this window ledge is and these rings were used to tie the horse's reins while the farmers were unloading the milk.

After unloading the milk, the horse drawn wagons would proceed counter clockwise around the building until the south-east corner of the building was reached at which point the farmers could pick up whey in large cans, the farmers supplied, to take back to their farms for feeding to the hogs.

Another unusual design feature and one we have been unable to get a definitive answer for is the unique flooring of the east one-half of the building. This part of the flooring has four distinct layers. The uppermost layer is $\frac{3}{4}$ inches thick. It is tongue in groove and runs east and west. The next deeper layer or number two layer is $\frac{7}{8}$ inches thick and is not tongue in groove but is slightly wider and also runs east and west. The next deeper or third layer is approximately $\frac{15}{16}$ inches thick but is basically a space filled with crumbly tan mortar which appears to have been made from limestone sand. There must be supports spread though out this open layer to hold it up, but no definite ones were found. Finally, the 4th or deepest layer is $\frac{7}{8}$ inches thick, tongue in groove, and it runs north and south. The total depth of the flooring is $3\frac{3}{8}$ inches thick.

The west one-half of the flooring in the building is made up of the same three wooden layers as the east one-half, but there is no mortar filled third layer of approximately $\frac{15}{16}$ inches so that the total flooring is approximately $2\frac{7}{16}$ inches thick.

Our son Silvan Blum, who is a cheese maker, asked Mr. Albert Deppeler, who is one of the oldest cheese maker's still living in the area, to look at this unusual flooring several years ago and he also did not know exactly why the east half of the floor was built in this way.

The only ideas anyone has come up with so far are that in as much as this portion of the building was over the area of the cheese factory where the milk was heated and turned into curds and whey that this type of flooring may have been:

1. To keep the heat of the fire below from making the upper level too hot,
2. To cut down on the humidity coming from below where the heated milk was giving off large amounts of water vapor,
3. To act as a fire barrier in case the open fire used to heat the milk got out of control,
4. Combination of above ideas, and
5. Some other idea we have not thought about.

Because of this unique flooring situation, we will consider putting a glass plate over this cross section of the floor construction by the basement stair well so it will be visible to future generations.

My mother, Mrs. Olga Hefty Blum, born in 1895 stated that the east end of the building was used to wrap and pack the cheese boxes prior to taking them to town for sale, and the west half was used for living quarters for the cheese maker and his family.

There was a porch added to the south side apparently in early 1900 which rotted to such an extent that it became a safety hazard and had to be taken down in 2003, this is to be replaced to its approximate original size and position.

The original shed attached to the east end of the cheese factory, we feel, was used to store supplies but primarily for storage of wood to be used in the fireplace to heat the milk. There is a doorway that has been bricked up leading from the southeastern most portion of the basement into the original shed area (the present machine shed). NOTE: (After this written history, the Cheese Factory was renovated, and the machine shed removed.) This may need to be reconstructed or reopened, depending on the final configuration of the new shed addition.

Another interesting feature currently impossible to see, is that when the present machine shed, which replaced the original, was put up in 1973, there was a hand dug stone-lined well in this area under the shed. For safety reasons, we covered it over as it was wide open and we were afraid someone would fall into it.

There also was a small shed like structure over the eastern approximate one-fourth of the southern façade of the factory. We do not know exactly what this was for, but it was in the area where the whey was picked up and this shed probably had something to do with that.





Main House – Originally built in 1880



Granary – Built Circa 1859

Appendix B

History of the Families of

Fred and Miriam

Family Trees

Family Pictures

Blum and Hefty Family Histories

The next section is a glimpse into the history of Fred G. Blum, Jr.'s family. He had an amazing number of stories that brought each and every person he knew to life and made them our own personal friends.

The story written next was published in 2016 ahead of Cheese Days by Fred and Mickey's granddaughter, Jana Duval Crandall. She did significant research on the first immigrants who arrived in Wisconsin from Switzerland.

The first picture is of the Fridolin and Dorothea Blum family in Monticello, Wisconsin, referred to in the Blum Family Tree. They celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in 1902 with all 8 of their children. E.J., Fred's Grandfather is sitting on the far left side of the picture next to his mother and father.

The family trees have been presented as accurately as possible at this time. I wanted to take the time to thank the many folks who helped make this possible. The 1902 anniversary photo of the Fridolin and Rosina Blum family was given to Fred G. Blum, Jr. recently by a 3rd cousin, Richard Smith of Monticello. His father had told Richard before his death that he wanted Doc Blum to have that photo. We are grateful to Richard for this gift from his family.

My Aunt Marion, Fred's sister, spent many, many years in research of the families. The love which she poured into this project to preserve the family history is nothing less than astounding. We are truly blessed to have this history to pass to the next generations.

My brother, Silvan, and my cousin, Barb Sweet Cash have both added many hours to this project and it is with a grateful heart that I thank them. I have added information in preparation of this project, including family records from the archives in Glarus, Switzerland, and as always, to preserve the accuracy of what Aunt Marion and others started with their research.

Please enjoy this collaborative effort.

Toni Blum Seitz
Daughter of Fred and Mickey
October 31, 2017



Fridolin and Anna Dorothea Stussi Blum

50th Wedding Anniversary - 1902

Swiss and proud of it!

Gruetzi! Green County Cheese Days Ambassador Jana Duval Crandall here with a bit about my family roots in Green County – dating back to the mid 1800's. For this month's article I'll share some background about the genealogy and proud Swiss heritage of my ancestors.

The first generation in the United States from the Blum side of my family was Fridolin and Dorothea Stuessy Blum, who immigrated here in 1853 and were running a successful farm by 1855. Of their eight children, my story continues with their son, Edward Jacob, who married Anna Schindler in 1893. Edward (E.J.) and Anna had five children, one being Fred Gabriel. E.J. and Fred started Monticello Motors circa 1918.

Switching to the Hefty side, Fridolin Hefti and Rosina Schiesser Hefti married in 1827 in Switzerland. They arrived here in 1847 and had nine children, with three leaving this world too soon. One of their children, Margreth, married Adam Blumer. With Margreth's brother, she and Adam became owners and brewers at a business to be known later as "The Blumer Brewing Company," which was run by their son, Fred J. Blumer.

Listed by trade as a brewer in Switzerland, Fridolin became a farmer when he settled here. One of Fridolin and Rosina's other children, Joh. Thomas married Barbara Kundert in 1871. These two had four children. Thomas was president at the Bank of New Glarus, director of Central WI Trust Company of Madison, and a farmer who became the sole owner of the Hefty property after buying out his three brothers' shares. He was very influential in welcoming families to America, by inviting them to stay and work on the family farm until they became established. Barbara passed away and Thomas was remarried to Elsbeth Luchsinger.

One of Thomas and Barbara's children, Fred K., married Regula Anna Freitag on October 25th, 1894 during a triple wedding, where his sisters, Elsbeth and Rosina, also were married to their husbands. These marriages brought together the Hefty, Freitag, and Voegli families. Fred K. served on the Green County Board and the Wisconsin State Legislature. During this period there was a thriving cheese factory and dairy operation on the farm. Regula's brother helped run the farm after Fred K. passed away. She also ran a successful painting business known for painting barns white – a symbol of prosperity – rather than the traditional red color. Fred K and Regula were parents to Olga Barbara Hefty.

Fred G. Blum and Olga Hefty, my great grandparents, married and had two children, Marion Ruth and Fred G. Blum Jr. Fred G. was a WWI army veteran and Olga was a home economics expert who was a cherished citizen in the community. Fred G. Blum Jr., MD married Miriam Eye Blum in 1951 – this year they will be celebrating their 65th wedding anniversary. Fred (or Doc), was respected as a renowned eye surgeon and Miriam (known as Mickey) was his partner in business, when she opened an optical shop within his practice in Madison. Doc and Mickey (my grandparents) have six children, one of whom is Gale Blum Duval, my mother and world-famous yodeler in her younger years. Doc and Mickey updated and preserved all of the buildings on the farm in order for the younger generations to enjoy. This legacy has taken hard work, dedication and patience, but those are traits that have been passed down through our family. I am proud to be part of the Hefty-Blum family and look forward to passing the stories down to my children.

You'll see me this month at Super Cows on the Square on June 4th, Old Time Cheesemaking at the National Historic Cheesemaking Center June 11th, Monroe Balloon and Blues Fest June 17th, and the Green County Dairy Day Parade June 25th. Mark your calendars for Green County's Cheese Days Festival, September 16-18, 2016!

Cousins

My father, "FG", was one of five children. Three of those children had a total of 4 offspring and my sister and I made up half of those. Cousin Grant was a very precocious little boy who was always building roads on the floor with decks of playing cards. From time to time, people would say to him, "I think you're going to be an engineer when you grow up," and this would throw him into a crying spell of which nobody could figure out the reason. It finally came out that he thought that meant that he would be an "ear" on an engine. Our mutual uncle, Al, was quite the tease and he would question us about all kinds of things such as which was heavier, a pound of feathers or a pound of lead, or which would you rather have, a chocolate sundae or 2 ice cream cones, or which would you rather have, a ride on a Ferris wheel or a puppy. Finally, Grant became somewhat tired of this game and said, "Uncle Al, what would you rather have, 10 cents or a bowel movement?"

Another cousin was Bill Theiler, whose claim to fame as a toddler was to raise his hand in the direction of the moon and say, "Hi, moon."

We had many second cousins but we will spare you the stories of them.

Blum Family Tree

***Peter (Bilten)** m. 1612 ***Katharina Luchsinger**
 1590-1639 -1667

*Jacob 1613-1688	Anna 1616-1620	Peter 1618-	Anna 1620-	Maria 1621-	Rudolph 1623-	Fridli 1625-	Engelina 1627-1632	Katharina 1628-1633	Heinrich 1632-
----------------------------	-------------------	----------------	---------------	----------------	------------------	-----------------	-----------------------	------------------------	-------------------

m. 1637

***Magdalena Elmer (Glarus)**
1616-1687

Anna 1639-	Katharina 1640-	Anna Maria 1642-1646	Peter 1643-	Anna Maria 1646-	Angela 1648-	*Rudolph 1651-1693	Jacob 1653-1673	Barbara 1655-	Fridolin 1657-1665
---------------	--------------------	-------------------------	----------------	---------------------	-----------------	-----------------------	--------------------	------------------	-----------------------

m1. 1674

***Barbara Luchsinger (Bilten)**
 1652-1686

m2. 1687

Barbara Schiesser
 1666-1733

*Jacob 1674-1746	Susanna 1677-1687	Hans 1679-	Susanna 1683-	Peter 1686-1687	Magdalena 1688-1733	Barbara 1690-	Anna Katharina 1693-
----------------------------	----------------------	---------------	------------------	--------------------	------------------------	------------------	-------------------------

m. 1700

***Elsbeth Arzethauser (Bilten)**
1678-1753

Continued on next page...

*Rudolph	Florian	Jacob	Katharina	Johannes
1702-1741	1705-	1708-	1711-1711	1719-

m. 1729

***Elisabeth Becker (Bilten)**

1706-1783

Elsbeth	Caspar	Jacob	*Rudolph	Hans Heinrich
1730-	1732-	1734-	1738-1794	1741-1741

m. 1756

***Anna Leuzinger (Bilten)**

1737-1818

Johannes	Rudolf	Elisabeth	*Johann Rudolph	Anna	Jacob	Joh. Melchior
1767-	1768-1769	1770-1770	1771-1850	1773-	1780-1787	1782-

m. 1796

***Verena Schneider (Elm)**

1769-1842

Johann Rudolf	Anna	Johannes	*Oswald	Johann Caspar
1797-1869	1799-	1801-1826	1804-1858	1805-

m1 1827

***Verena Iselin (Glarus, Glarus)**

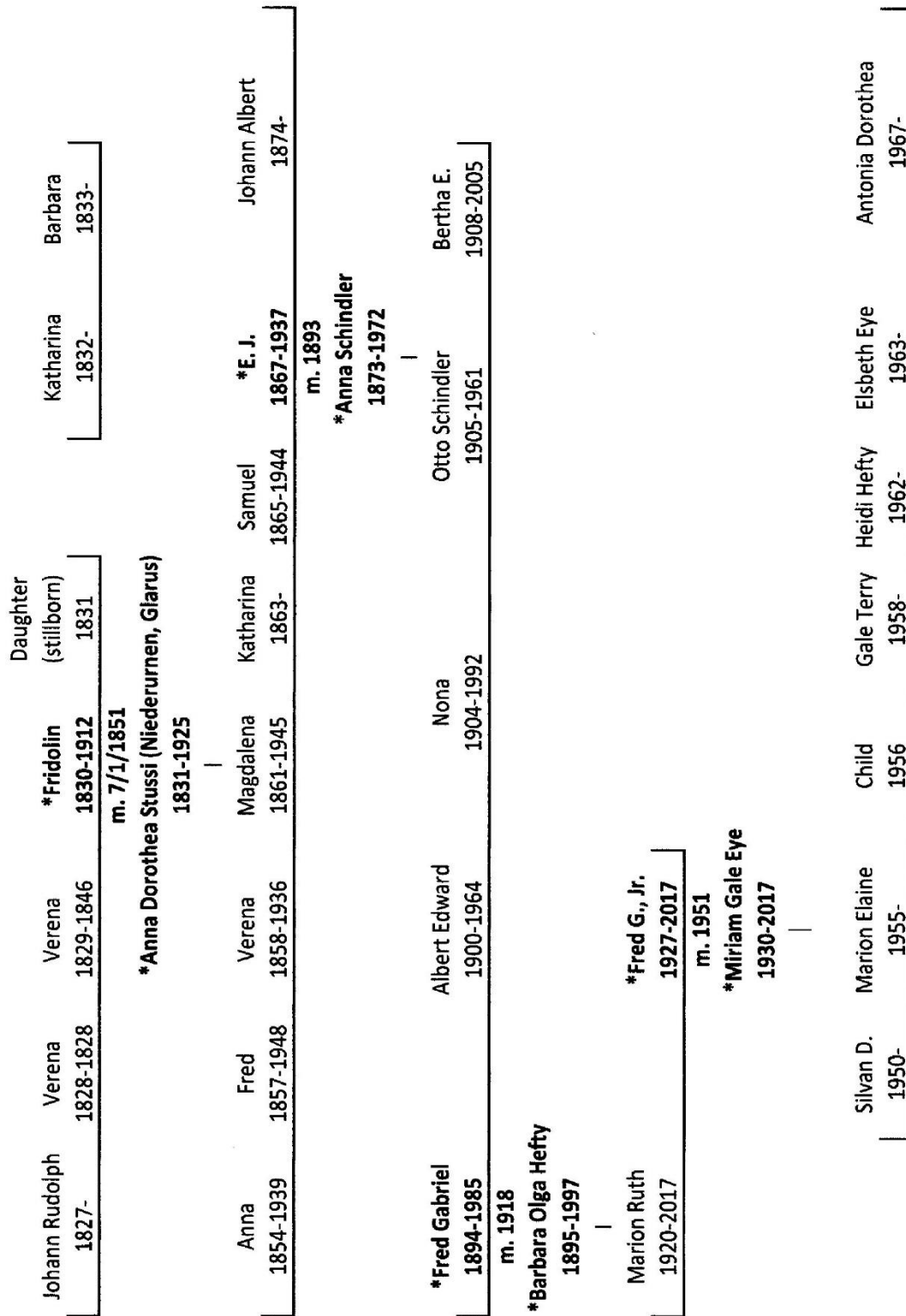
1801-1831

m2 1832

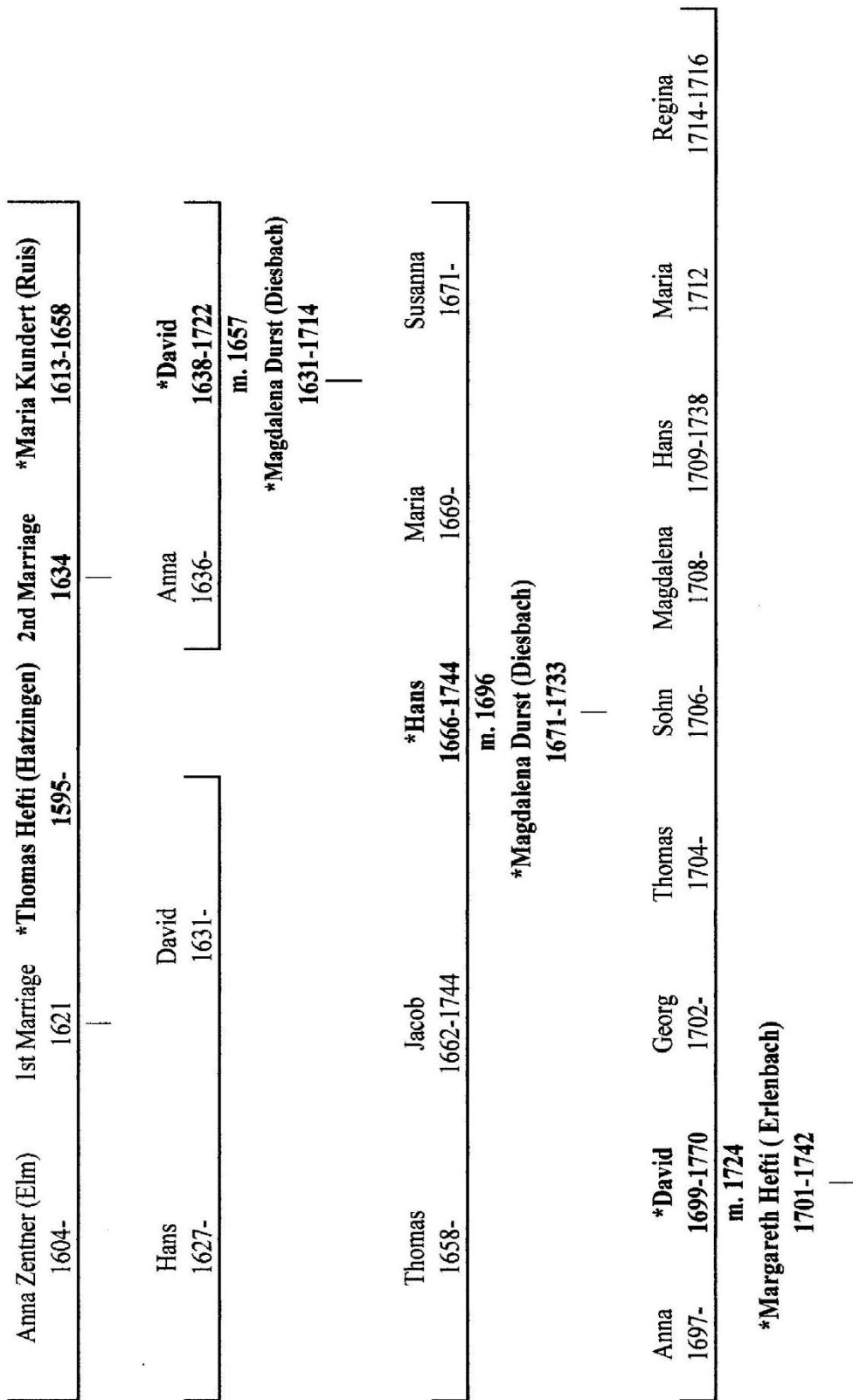
Barbara Hefti (Schwanden)

1806-

Continued on next page...



Hefty Family Tree



Continued on next page...

Hans	Barbara	Magdalena	Sohn	Sohn	*Fridolin	Barbara	Anna	Kind
1725-	1727-1732	1729-	1730-1730	1732-1732	1733-1800	1735-	1737-	1740-1740

m. 1758

*Anna Katharina (Hatzingen)

1739-1777

David	Maria Magdalena	Jacob	Maria Magdalena	Fridolin	Melchior	*Adam	Johann Melchior	Margaretha
1759-1768	1761-1762	1765-	1766-	1768-1787	1770-1771	1771-1849	1773-1777	1775-1776

m. 1797

*Rosina Schiesser (Linthal)

1776-1838

Maria	Johann Thomas	*Fridolin	Anna Katharina	Rosina	Adam
1798-	1801-	1804-1870	1807-	1810-	1814-

m. 1827

*Rosina Schiesser (Diesbach)

1805-1873

Daughter	Adam	Johann Jacob	Rosina	Fridolin	Melchior	Margareth	Margareth	*Johann Thomas
1827-1827	1828-1902	1835-1891	1837-1926	1839-1918	1841-1841	1843-1843	1844-1925	1846-1927

m. 1871

*Barbara Kundert

1849-1898

*Fred Kundert	Elsbeth	Rosina	Thomas Rudolph
1871-1925	1873-1941	1877-1965	1885-1967

m. 1894

*Regula Anna Freitag

1874-1958

m. 1894

Nicholas Freitag

1872-1952

m. @1923

Albert Voegely

1873-1947

m. @1923

Madeline Johnson

1901-1979



*Selma Waage and Albert
Blum – Circa 1920's*



*Anna Schindler Blum, E.J. Blum, Fred G. Blum, Jr., Fred
G. Blum, Sr., Olga Hefty Blum, Mrs. Armitage –*

Circa 1929



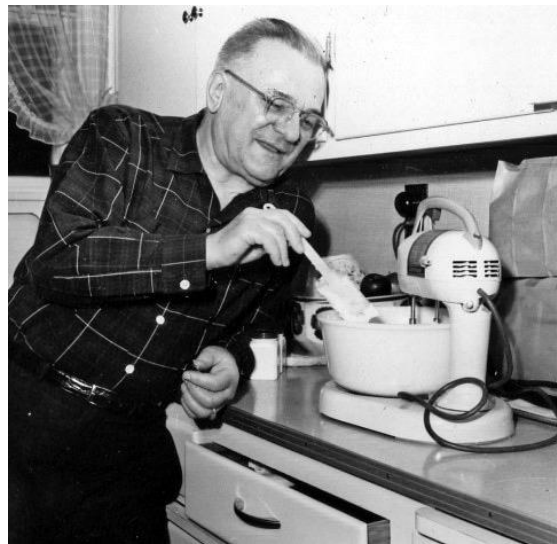
*Berdie and
Herman Theiler –
Circa 1930's*



*Elsa (Elsie) Dawn Feinberg
and Otto Blum – Circa 1920's*



*Nona Blum
McKinney – Circa
1930's*



*Fred G. Blum, Sr. and Olga Hefty
Blum*



Left: Fred G. Blum, Jr. – Circa 1930's.

*Below: Fred attending a family reunion Circa 1960's
– Edyth Stoll to Fred's right.*



Fred G. Blum, Sr., Anna Schindler Blum (Grammy), Marion Ruth Blum Sweet and Fred G. Blum, Jr. – 1930's





Barbara Kundert Hefty and Johann Thomas Hefty – Circa 1880's



*Regula Anna Freitag
Hefty – Circa late 1940's*

Eye and Terry Family Histories

When I was about 16, my grandfather, Glen Eye, gave to my mother, Miriam, a box of photos and letters from his and my grandmothers' sides of the family. We went through the box and she told me who some of the folks were and how she knew them. Because they were mostly of folks that had passed away, she made the comment, "I think I'm pretty alone in my family." I took that to heart and set out on the quest to find out her family history.

About 15 years later, I was able to present my mother with my initial findings of how extensive the Eye family was. She had many hundreds of relatives scattered around the country and we found that her roots went back to before the Revolutionary War in Virginia! She was pleased, to say the least!

I have since worked on the Terry side, and even if I could spend every day in research, there would always be more records, more cemeteries to walk, and more stories to compile. It has been a privilege to work on this project for her and to continue research on my dad's side as well.

The family trees I am presenting here are as accurate as I have been able to find information. The Terry line has been more of a challenge to find records and I'm sure I'm missing children in the first generation. The Eye side I have spent more time on. I have taken trips to West Virginia to walk the mountain cemeteries, meet distant relatives and pour through local histories. I once had the privilege to make the trek with my husband, Bob, through a farmer's field to stand where the first Eye Homestead was in the United States.

I look forward to doing more research and preserving this history for future generations.

Toni Blum Seitz
Daughter of Fred and Miriam
October 31, 2017

Eye Family History

The Eye family history began in the early years of the United States. The earliest known records of the Eye Family were of Christopher Eye. He purchased land in the 1760's in what is now the area around Franklin, West Virginia.

The best guess is that his origins stem in a German speaking country as he was a founder of a local German-speaking Lutheran church. His wife, Catherine Zorn, was of Dutch heritage and they had many children while expanding their land holdings, raising animals, and growing their crops in West Virginia.

Christopher served in the local Militia during the Revolutionary War fighting for the freedom of these United States. He and his family settled their homestead during hardships not uncommon to new immigrants staking out their own claims in a new country. The farm passed on to their oldest son, Christian. By the third generation, Christian's son, Henry staked his own claim farther north in Virginia and it was here he raised his own family, including his eldest son, Christopher.

During the Civil War, Christopher found himself raising his family on the wrong side of the Appalachian Mountains in Virginia, and because of their allegiance to the Southern Cause, found himself an outlaw in the newly created State of West Virginia. After surviving this ordeal, it was time for the next generation, Cornelius, to move away from the homelands. Cornelius, with wife and a small group of extended family, moved to Kansas.

Cornelius (5th generation), with his wife Anna, started a homestead in Cloud County, Kansas that eventually was turned over to his son, Christopher and his wife, Dillie. It was in this setting that my father, Glen Gordon Eye was born and raised. He and his sister, Cornelia, no doubt worked very hard to help with day to day operations on the family farm, raising pigs, chickens, and crops.

These people I loved dearly and spent so much time with make up part of my history and influenced my future. I am proud of my deep roots.

Miriam Gale Eye Blum



A quiet, happy Moment. Miriam with her Dad, Professor Glen Eye, circa 1970's.

Eye Family Tree

	*Christopher Eye 1747-1797	m. 1770	*Catherine Zorn 1751-1813
Mary Catherine 1770-1845	Henry 1773-1813	*Christian 1775-1848	Mary Ann 1777-
			George 1779-1811
			Frederick 1781-1854
			Christiana 1783-
			Anna Elizabeth 1785-
			Rachel 1789-

m. 1796			
*Elizabeth Propst 1775-1860			
Jacob 1798-1861	*Henry 1799-1867	Elizabeth 1800-1877	George 1806-
			Reuben 1807-1885
			Catharine 1808-
			William 1808-1874
			Christian 1810-1891
			Mary 1810
			Sarah 1812
			Susannah 1813-1867
			Phebe 1818-1901

m. 1819			
*Barbara Amick 1803-1896			
*Christopher C. 1823-1923	Lewis 1826-	Elizabeth 1826-1911	James W. 1833-1883
			Mary Kate 1842-1883

m. 1844			
*Mary "Polly" Dorsey 1824-1903			
Sarah Jane 1845-1893	Elizabeth 1846-1922	Christena Ann 1849-1933	*Cornelius Callahan 1851-1945
			Rachel 1854-1861
			Mary Catherine 1856-1943
			Barbara A. Ledonia 1860-1861
			Barbara E. 1865-
			1880

m. 1870			
*Anna Octava McCutcheon 1853-1928			

Continued on the next page...

Clara B. 1871-1964	Cornelia C. 1875-1902	*Christopher Johnson 1876-1948	Frank Borton 1882-1962	Lillie 1885-1984	Child Before 1900
-----------------------	--------------------------	-----------------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------	----------------------

m. 1902

*Dillie Gertrude Park (Iowa)

1880-1970

Cornelia Edna
1903-1965

*Glen Gordon
1904-1997

m. 1927

*Lucile Lillian Terry
1904-1978

*Miriam Gale
1930-2017

Kathryn Elaine
1933-2006

Terry Family History

My mother's side of the family is a little more elusive, but the rich history reaches more than 160 years in America and begins in Lockport, New York in 1828 with the birth of Harvey G. Terry. Lockport is the birthplace of the famous Erie Canal. Most of the workers brought in to build this important system were Scottish and Irish. I can surmise that one of these two Celtic heritages are part of my background.

Harvey's wife, Julia Bradford, was born in Vermont and they began their life together in matrimony in Plymouth, Wisconsin, due to members of her family already settled there. Harvey moved his family around the Midwest over several years, where the jobs could provide for his growing family. Harvey and Julia lived for a few years along the shores of Lake Michigan and who knows, could have been part of the growing lumber industry as he is later listed in a census as being a teamster (this term in those days meant driving a wagon drawn by draft animals). They moved away for a few short years to Ohio where they unfortunately lost their home in a fire, and then moved back to Wisconsin.

In 1863, during the height of the Civil War, Harvey enlisted into service in Madison, Wisconsin. He served for two years and at one point was injured and spent a few months in a hospital in Tennessee. Due to this situation, he had to take jobs at an earlier age that were less physically demanding, and his children supported him and his wife for the remainder of their lives.

My grandfather, Milton George Terry, was born in 1870 in Rockland, Wisconsin (Manitowoc County). He was number 8 of 11 children, and soon after his birth, the family moved and settled in Wilson, Kansas (Ellsworth County) for the remainder of Harvey and Julia's lives.

Miriam Gale Eye



Glen and Lucile Eye in 1960



Eye Family Farm in KS – circa 1915. Standing: Christopher Johnson Eye, Dillie Gertrude Park Eye, family friends in the background, Anna Octava McCutcheon Eye. Sitting: Cornelia Eye, Cornelius Callahan Eye, Glen Gordon Eye.

Below Left: Rev. Milton Terry. Below Right: Lillian Mead Terry – Circa 1930's.

Lucile's Parents



Pioneer Days - '41



Left: Miriam and Kathryn playing during Pioneer Days - 1941.
Right: Miriam all dressed up - circa 1945



Miriam - 11 - Kathryn 8



Kathryn - 1948 Age 15

High sewing class - Miss H. S.



Miriam's sister, Kathryn. Left: Age 15 in 1948. Right: Sewing project in high school - circa 1950



*Glen G. Eye – A Moment with a pal –
circa 1940's. Below: Lucile Lillian
Terry Eye – Circa 1940's*



*Left: Miriam Gale Eye Blum
– enjoying one of her
favorite pastimes playing the
piano – circa 1945*

APPENDIX C

MARION RUTH SWEET STORIES

Stories by My Sister
Marion Ruth Blum Sweet



Memories from Marion Ruth Blum Sweet

Foreword

This has been a labor of love. And even though I've tried to sound anonymous, occasionally I have to inject an "I" or a "me" as Fred's sister; and occasionally, when I may be in a spot where I'm not certain of a fact and I don't want it to be taken as absolutely true, I may have to use an "I think" or "as I recall," or "probably." Mickey and Baeti have furnished me with most of the historical and technical details, for which I'm very grateful.

"The child is father to the man."

I used to ponder the deep meaning of that.

But now, having known Fred Blum, Jr., since May 30, 1927, I think that I know what it means.

When Fred was about two, our Monticello grandparents arrived one Saturday night for a weekend. Among the supplies which they brought was a vague-something that little Fred knew had been placed on the counter just above his seeing. What was that? A feller just had to know, so like lightning, he put one small hand up there to feel of it, perhaps to grab it. And down, crashing and smashing into the freshly-scrubbed floor – came all twelve of those newly-laid eggs. Well, anyway, now he knew what had been put up on the counter!

Once when a city assessor came to check out our house, as usual, little Fred was very interested in the process. The assessor asked Dad some questions, which he answered forth-rightly. Then the man asked, "You have two bathrooms, don't you?" Dad said that we did. But Fred piped up, "No, we have three!" (In all fairness to Dad, one had only a simple sink and toilet – does that make it a "bathroom?")

Not too many years later, "Einer," a fine cabinet-maker from Norway, stayed with us for a while, and Fred was captivated by his strength and his ability to build anything. Once, as we were going through Carlsbad Caverns and saw some huge rocks, Fred admitted that probably not even Einar could lift one of those – and then added, "But God could!"

For several years after Einar's visit, Fred's goal was to become a carpenter when he grew up, and indeed, he had a great flair for creating things. Only two examples are the excellent copy of our parents' Swiss music-box, using his own adaptations and innovations; and a good-looking table lamp which he made out of a clay flower-pot, an extension-cord, a lightbulb, a lampshade, and some adhesive tape. It necessitated knowing how to do some basic wiring, which Mother had

already taught him. To the best of my knowledge, this was his own design, and it worked very nicely.

Not long after that, in a grade-school manual training class, he learned how to use a coping-saw. Possibly he had found some special Christmas instructions in a magazine. The results were his teaching me – seven years his senior – how to use such a tool, and our making together a several-layered silhouette with rounded arches and buildings and palm-trees cut out of plywood. It required much coping with the coping-saw and it used Christmas-tree lights, several colors of paint, and lots more adhesive tape. When the lights turned on, the whole assembly turned into a pseudo-Arabian or Bethlehem scene which was quite beautiful. It still exists, I believe.

Before another Christmas season, Fred was admiring the Christmas tree which was nestled near the electric player-piano. Suddenly, his eye landed on what appeared to be an extra electric cord on the floor. He crawled under the piano to check. One cord was for the piano, so that was okay; another one was for the radio so that was okay too. But there was a third one there. He tried to trace it to its source but was somehow unable to do so. Finally he asked Mother why there should be an extra cord there. That question threw the household into a small bout of consternation, as it was the cord to a small, new, Christmas record-player that was to be his and my big surprise present for the year.

Around that time, Fred had a cold which developed into an earache, rather common in those days. Though we told him that it probably would not need lancing – with which he'd had unpleasant earlier experiences – it did become necessary. Things continued to get worse, and he was taken to the hospital. There, it soon became obvious that his mastoid was infected. The serious step of performing a mastoidectomy had to be taken. Fred did recover after some time, but he returned home, very thin and pale, his usual sparkling brown eyes deep-set, circled, and huge.

In around 1941, as a Boy Scout in New Jersey where war seemed more imminent than it did in Wisconsin, he was one of a troop of scouts who were to act as victims in a medical exercise. Presumably they were each to act in some specific manner so that one of the doctors, also in the exercise, would examine each one separately and figure out what should be done in case of a true emergency. This was to aid the medical community in assessing area facilities, numbers who could be treated, available personnel, and so forth.

As was usual with any job he was doing, Fred wanted to be completely thorough. After one or two of his fell-scouts had been successfully “treated” and had jumped back up to normal life, he still remained motionless and expressionless under the examination of a doctor. The doctor went on to other boys. More boys were treated or imaginarily transferred to a medical facility. The doctor returned to Fred, who still remained motionless. The doctor’s voice became a bit more urgent, but Fred didn’t respond. Shortly, another doctor came to check. His talk, and even, possibly tickling, also accomplished nothing. By now all the remaining boys had been excused. Other worried doctors came in to ponder and discuss Fred’s phenomenon.

After more time – and I don’t really know how long it was – Fred felt that the doctors were extremely worried and that he had better “come to.” To their great relief, he did, but it caused a stir for some time afterwards.

Fred had a second hospital experience, probably in seventh – or eighth-grade, during which he had a routine appendectomy and stayed in a six-man ward. The only trouble with that stay was the teary lonesomeness he felt for his five entertaining adult, male room-mates when he returned home. I’ve wondered many times if these two notable hospitalizations had much influence on his decision to become a doctor. I don’t know.

Several weeks before a presidential election, probably in a problems of democracy type of high-school class, an opinionated and positive teacher explained that political discussion and study never sway anyone’s opinion as to his/her preference for one specific candidate. This teacher proposed to illustrate that. So, each class-member voted for his or her preference of the current candidates. The teacher made a careful count which he immediately announced, saying that they would re-vote sometime later. They did, and wonder of wonders, there had been a change; one student had been persuaded under the fine work of the class discussion to change his vote. Worriedly, the teacher counted the votes again, and recounted them again, but it always turned out the same. Later, with a twinkle in his eye, Fred explained to his family that he had voted the first time for his less-preferred candidate; the second time he had voted for the one he really wanted!

He had a “Saturday Evening Post” route at one time; and during summers, some Christmas holidays, and some weekends during his high-school years, he carried mail for the U.S. Post-office, was a mail-boy for the fastidious box of a

national geological society, was a grocer-clerk in a small Wisconsin grocery-store, and even did some housecleaning.

Sometime before his high-school graduation in 1945, I think, he enlisted in the U.S. Navy so that he could be considered for the medical-corpsman program. Consequently, he had to leave Madison only days before his graduation. He did become a medical corpsman, and that was the true beginning of his medical training. Part of the time his duty was on the monstrous airplane-carrier, "The Tarawa." Of course, he learned a great deal about basic medical care and life and death. (He and his colleagues were watching as several planes were practicing landing on the deck. One pilot missed and went into the water. But, horribly, there was nothing to be done about it."

He served in the Navy until the early spring of 1947, I think. With that experience behind him, he received his BA degree from the University of Wisconsin in 1950, during those years applying to many medical schools, since there was great competition for the places.

One of the medical schools which invited him was the George Washington University School of Medicine in Washington, D.C. He entered it in the fall of 1950 and found a room to rent with a busy little French landlady. After he had been there a short time, he told her that he felt that he really needed a desk at which he could study. She assured him that she would take care of that.

For several days after that, she seemed to be gone a great deal of the time. But one evening, she happily announced that she had been shopping around the city at second-hand stores to find a good buy on a good "dext" for his room, that she had now found a good one and that as soon as she had refinished it, Fred would have it. And there it was in his room soon afterwards, possibly giving out a faint aroma of linseed oil or varnish.

It may have been at this time that one of the medical-school faculty-members suggested to Fred that the size of his nimble hands in conjunction with his other qualities could be just the right features to make him an excellent ophthalmologist. Also, his Uncle Otto, an eye-ear-nose-throat doctor from Wisconsin, had earlier suggested that he look well into ophthalmology as a strong possibility of a specialty.

On June 10, 1951, he and Miriam Gale Eye were married and she became his excellent helpmate and interested partner in all his ideas and curiosities. And, like jugglers, they both necessarily became experts in handling many things at once –

such as organizing and accomplishing complicated, split-second moves, often not too long after the arrival of a new baby and/or winding up demanding jobs.

Their first move took them to Washington, D.C., where Fred left his French landlady and his nice desk as they moved into an apartment. All during their time in Washington, Mickey worked for the Navy Department, I believe. So, after lots of hard work on both their parts, in 1954 he received his MD degree from the George Washington University School of Medicine.

From July 1, 1954, through June 30, 1955, he was an intern at the Delaware Hospital in Wilmington, Delaware. Shortly before the end of that internship, their first daughter, Marion Elaine, was born. And in a quick move, by July 1, 1955, Fred, Mickey and Marion had moved to Ann Arbor, Michigan, where he became a resident at the University of Michigan. That appointment lasted until June 20, 1958. While there, he also complete the requirements to earn an MS degree in 1958.

After a short breathing space, in September of that year, the trio plus new little Gale Terry (born on September 26) moved temporarily to St. Louis, Missouri. There, he studied as a Fellow under the Heed Fellowship in Retinal Surgery in the McMillian Eye Hospital's Department of Ophthalmology at Washington University. That appointment expired in March of 1959, but I believe that it included the opportunity to meet and have some social contact with the widow of the fellowship's namesake. That meeting resulted in an invitation to spend an afternoon at her summer home. And that, in turn, gave Fred an insight into summer-home maintenance; Mrs. Heed explained the theory that for, say, the first six weeks of a summer, it was fine to indulge in heavy physical changes (such as installing a new pier, or planting some new trees); but, after that time (4th of July) was up, it was time to call a halt to work and just enjoy the summer home. He and Mickey may be using that principle in their home, although I rather doubt it, since they're always busy.

In March of 1959 – which boasted the worst snowstorm of the year – he and his family returned to Madison, much to the delight of their relatives and friends. On March 29, he began his practice in the Tenney Building on the Square with another Doctor and Dr. Peterson. In that same year, he became a clinical instructor and assistant clinical professor of ophthalmology at the University of Wisconsin.

Later, when the other doctor left the practice, Fred and Dr. Peterson practiced together. In the nineteen-sixties, they left the Tenney Building to be early tenants in the new Medical Arts Building at 20 south Park Street, conveniently close to the then Madison General Hospital – now Meriter-Park. (Later moves took them:

(1) across the street to One South Park in August of 1978; and (2) across the street once more, in November of 1996, to 780 Regent Street, the current address, where real artwork decorates the suite's walls.)

By this time, Fred and Mickey's family had grown again; Silvan Disch who had entered all their lives some years earlier, exuberantly entered their family in 1961; Heidi Hefty was born on February 15, 1962, and Elsbeth (Baeti) Eye was born on October 25, 1963. Antonia (Toni) Dorothea was born on November 2, 1967.

In the early 1970's, he and Mickey set up a unique shop in New Glarus which specialized in selected antiques, items imported from Switzerland, American-Indian jewelry, and freshly-made cheese sandwiches. Later, in around 1977 or 1978, they established Styleyes on the same site as Madison Eye Associates. Mickey was the manager, and Styleyes provided stylish spectacles made to the prescriptions resulting from the eye examinations.

During these years, Fred participated in various clinical studies, and he wrote for several professional society publications. As is customary, he attended numerous continuing education courses concerning new developments in his fields. He has developed many firsts in the Madison area, probably the most important having been his performing phacoemulsification cataract surgery with intraocular lens implants. He was the first to perform "Natural Eyes" cosmetic eye-liner surgery and one of the first to perform radial-keratotomy surgery.

In 1980, when Optometrist Eugene Cropp joined his practice, theirs was the first practice in Madison to out-patient, one-day cataract surgery, as well as the first to offer course-work to optometrists regarding the cataract post-operative care of those patients. In fact, theirs was the only group in the entire state to take this optometrist/ophthalmologist-team approach to eye care, which is now becoming the medical model for most major eye-clinics and private practices in the country.

This one-day cataract surgery has always been a wonder to me, as it was an unheard-of occurrence in the 1930's until our good next door neighbor, Mrs. Bents, underwent such surgery. It then became common knowledge that she was in the hospital for six weeks, flat on her back, with sandbags on each side to keep her still so that she could not move and risk pulling the tiny stitches out of her operated eye.

In the late 1980's, Fred painstakingly researched the potential of establishing satellite practices in several outlying areas. He and Dr. Cropp succeeded in getting those satellites well-established, which, unfortunately, did not remain with the practice.

Regarding innovative and new technology, Madison Eye Associates has always striven to be in the forefront, including being the first in the state to have – on site – surgical lasers, an auto-refractor (first in the area), and an A-scan for determining the axial length for intraocular lens powers.

To care for their significantly large glaucoma practice, they were the first to have a Humphrey Visual Field Analyzer – now one of the standards of care for managing patients with ocular hypertension or glaucoma. To greatly improve on the older method of using the stereoscopic ocular photographs to monitor any possible optic-nerve changes, they have recently installed a new technological marvel called a “Laser Disc Analyzer” which provides far better evidence than the camera did of physical changes in the optic nerve from one examination to the next.

On a lighter note, Fred’s practice was the first and is the only one to use “scribes” (his medical technologists) to write down medical findings during the medical evaluation and to read back to him the earlier findings, thereby furnishing a right-now comparison of any changes. This increases efficiency and quality of eye-care by many times.

It’s been unofficially estimated that over the past thirty-eight years, he and his impeccably-organized practice have seen over one-quarter of a million patients. Fred has greeted each of those persons who appeared in his office with a warm smile, and repeat patients often receive a personal comment such as “Well, how is your Mother these days? You know, I used to go to grade-school with her.” And each patient who reports to the hospital for one-day cataract-surgery finds a beautiful dewy-fresh flowering plant from MEA in his/her temporary quarters, which, of course, accompanies the patient home several hours later.

Those are some of the built-in features of Fred and Dr. Cropp’s methods which have endeared their patients to their practice.

So, some of Fred’s main characteristics – care, curiosity, compassion, sense of humor, enthusiasm, persistence, conscientiousness, interest in listening to worries and trying to give good advice – developed throughout his childhood and youth – came to the fore when he became an adult; hence his busy boyhood and youth were the creators of the fulfilling adulthood which provided service to others by this remarkable and dear man.

m.s.

Christmas –New Year’s, 1997

Room at the Top

I've always felt that, at least in the early days, this wonderful old haven illustrated – among other things – the “Snowbound” Syndrome, as in the poem of the same name by (Ask Marion about this). That means that it would always contain supplies of everything that might be necessary for ordinary living and for cases of emergency food; extra warm clothing and blankets; simple essentials of what home medical treatments were available; home canned meat or fruits; homemade jams, jellies, oven-dried apples; stacks of split firewood cut into stove-lengths; extra gardening, farming, building tools, mending and patching tools; sturdy fabrics, needles, thread and yard for sewing or making or mending all sorts of items; string and twine that would be hoarded and/or recycled; other things that I can't imagine.

And, of course, I have no idea at all how Grandma's in-laws managed the attic when they lived there nor, really, how Grandma and Grandpa themselves managed it when they lived and farmed there after their wedding. Maybe they all kept the attic supplies to a minimum. However, I now think that if the two generations did keep many potential necessities up there, Grandma Hefty might have felt concerned about her own future after Grandpa's death and thought that she should clear things out somewhat. I say that because, in the few times that I went up the straight, strong steps into the attic, I was amazed and dismayed at the neatness and near-emptiness of it.** I recall only a few pieces of furniture; some hat boxes; and in a set of sturdy drawers with white, porcelain knobs, some hat-pins and silk scarves and black-silk ties for the fashionable “sailor dresses” that Mom wore as a young lady. But the item which I loved the most was a hat-box, which contained some long, graceful feather-plumes in pale buff, soft orange, and beautiful soft green. They had been, I suppose, carefully saved memories of earlier hats of Mom's and maybe Grandma's. It also contained, and still does, old buggy cushions and milk pails from the first milk machine that dates around 1917 as well as Uncle Tom's Saddle.

Grandma Blum's attic, on the other hand, was a treasure trove of old, fancy dresses hanging on a sagging rope strung from rafter to rafter: old trunks, suitcases, and old jewelry and high-heeled shoes of Berdie's and Nona's; likely old letters and pictures and all sorts of other fascinating things that I didn't have time to see when I had my short nine-year old glimpse!

Grandma Blum's attic had a sensational climb into it – a stairway that was pushed up into the ceiling and needed to have a trapdoor pulled open by a little

hanging rope or chain, and then it could be pulled down into a c climbing position. She also had a wonderful word for her attic. Sometimes I think that it might have come from Italian – as some words were – but then I think more likely that it came straight from Switzerland a generation or two earlier. It was: RUE-STI-LI. Maybe Grandma Hefty also used that word, I'm not sure; but I wish I were.

So after many words, I feel that the self-sufficiency idea lost its importance after the several generations in that wonderful house. But I will have to say that I still have very favorable feelings toward that sort of foresightedness!

Room for Improvement

Bedroom/Birth Room/Library rooms

This room was entered from the dining room and also from the second living room and also from the bedroom just behind it; consequently, though it was a smallish room, it had three doors into it. Also, the dining room door was almost one-half plain glass window, quite amazing. I don't know the earlier everyday name for that room (now the "office," I think); maybe it was the library (Room where Mother, Olga Blum, was born).

The oak desk of Grandpa Hefty's was the important part of the room, and its memory to me is a bit sad. For some reason which I can't recall, it became mine in Nakoma in around 1936, when I was in about seventh grade. When we moved to New Jersey, it went with us along with a small amount of other furniture. And then, somehow, when we moved back to Wisconsin, we left it in a storage place in New Jersey along with a few other items. I still can't believe we did that, as it was almost a hallowed piece of furniture all the time I was growing up.

Anyway, the desk, which may have had an ornate crown, was composed of several sections – a desk at the top at desk height, with a pull out writing surface and little neat pigeonholes and drawers. Now, I have to admit that the writing pull out was never braced sturdily enough so that one could actually feel comfortable in leaning his/her arms on it. Below that, were several glassed-in bookshelves, which could be opened and shut by carefully lifting the framed vertical glass panels up to horizontal and then pushed straight back into the cabinet above the books themselves. Below those, as I recall, there was a plain base which supported the upper portions – 2 or 3 back sections ??? top. There was also an oak swivel and tall back arm chair. (Dad has notes for this section that I can't decipher)

Grandpa was an assemblyman from Green County for several years, and I don't know if the assemblymen had access to their desks at the State Capitol. So, I assume that they did not and that this desk was the place where he kept his records and reference books for his assembly work. Mom said that one of his areas of responsibility was the bridges of the county, and he had many calls and visits regarding those bridges. I would think that it was there where he wrote requested answers to his constituents in his graceful penmanship.

While he was in that office, those shelves would have had to contain the bright-blue year books which the State published regarding laws, ordinances, definitions, and other important information as well as his detailed farm records.

That desk-bookcase probably held also the books that Grandma Olga eagerly read. I know that one was “Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,” but there were also more demanding ones: “The Light that Failed” by Rudyard Kipling. It also held the fat, brown “Green County History” which later became a source book for many of us.

I recall, on the wall opposite the desk, a little “what not”, a side table, and a heavy, some 2 1/2X5 mirror framed in oak above it. I have a feeling that that may be part of another function of the room, in view of another memory: around the corner from the mirror was a treadle sewing machine, probably made of golden oak, and I’m sure, much used in earlier days by Grandma Regula and Mom Olga and the seamstresses who would come to stay for a week or so, making complicated and fashionable dresses for the two.

***I know that Grandpa served at least one full term of State Legislator office. He may have served a second one. In either event, he was requested repeatedly to “run again.” But after his term(s), he reluctantly had to drop out; his health had begun to fail badly and that is yet, another story.

***I believe that he had several years at an academy in South Wayne, Wisconsin – I’ve seen some of his practice note books.

The Back Sink Room

“The Sink Room” was the real name of a little enclosed space just behind the kitchen, maybe about four and one-half feet wide by nine feet long. In the winter, the space was a kind of limbo between the cold outside and the warm house. It contained three doors and a winder, as well as a pass-through into the kitchen, with a slanted, hinged lift up cover. That lift up cover played a big part in Mom’s (Olga Hefty Blum) early life. In all seasons, but in winter especially, it was her responsibility to trek out in round-trips to the woodshed, returning with armfuls of split, sour-smelling oak wood. She would haul them into the Sink Room and stack them neatly into the pass-through to fill the cupboard – all ready to enable her Mother to reach quickly into it from the kitchen side to grasp enough oak to feed the “Quick Meal” stove.

At other times, Mom would collect eggs from under the hens – also in the woodshed – and bring them into the kitchen through the Sink Room. This job was not as fright-free as the wood box work; she often had to lift up a sitting hen to reach into the nest and pull out the eggs from under her. Mom often expected, and received, an angry peck. I think that, in moderate weather, the collected eggs often were kept in the sink room – most likely in an old pail no longer able to hold water.

I never saw the sink, as such, but I believe that at one time, there might have been a pump on the counter as well as a dry-sink which drained into a pail under the counter, or possibly out the back of the house onto the back sidewalk. When I knew it, the counter was merely a place on which to store things neatly, as was the cupboard below.

I think that the Sink Room would have been an ideal place to store apples early in fall to protect them from the cold until they could be made into applesauce on the stove or into apple pie or dried apples in the oven.

To finish up the sink room, an old chair, painted with the same thick, hard-finish, somewhat shiny, pale-orange paint as the cot on the front porch, fitted very neatly at the end of the counter right under the double hung window and a 2-wheel spring loaded devices to clamp a highly used broom. It also had a sparse assortment of supplies.



APPENDIX D

ADDITIONAL AND MISC. STORIES

Eating Bullets

One day when Silvan Blum and Kent Duval were milking in the big white dairy barn, one of their old nemesis showed up in the form of a belligerent raccoon. Silvan took a shot at it, and I believe, dispatched the coon to coon heaven. But bullet ricocheted around and all of a sudden Kent realized he had a lead slug in his mouth by his tooth. Fortunately, he escaped further injury but there was some explaining to do to the police department. God is good.

Art Robinson

In about 1990, we read an article about how Art Robinson was designing bomb shelters that could be buried next to a house and could be manufactured from large oil tanks. We decided to visit him after spending several days with Marion and Jan and family in Colorado. So, we traveled up to Oregon where he was living with his 4 children following the death of his wife, Laura Lee, who was a scientist in her own right. Art Robinson was one of the smartest men I had contact with. Art collaborated with a two-time Nobel Prize winner, Linus Pauling, on work done with Vitamin C. They later had a falling out because Linus wanted to neglect reporting on some of the results that didn't quite fit the research. Art then went up to set up the Oregon Institute of Science of Technology and he's been doing unbelievable research on biologic clocks having to do with AMIDES. He also is doing research on many other fronts but especially novel and important is the work he's done on dividing out the components in urine that determine the health of the patient. Hopefully, before anything can show up in a clinical basis, the culprits can be found out and treated and he is doing a large scale study in this regard. They have some Nobel Prize winners on their staff. By determining which of the thousands of components of the urine are abnormal, they hope to be able to stop diseases in their tracks by jumping on these early disease trends. When Mickey was diagnosed with Leukemia in 1996, I wrote to Art and asked him for his advice on who we should go to for the best cutting-edge treatment. He suggested Dr. Block in Evanston, IL who gave Mickey a thorough going over and put her on low sugar, high vegetable diet with supplemental mushrooms. This was a very novel approach at that time. That coupled with the good care she received at UW Oncology, led to a 21 year remission. Art explained the fact that sometimes when people say I took fried bird droppings and it cured me of my back trouble, or frozen beet juice, or I took split pea soup every day and I got cured of my cancer or my arthritis or whatever have you, this may not be bogus in as much as the human body systems are in complete and total flux at all times. And if the situation happens to be right, and the fried bird droppings are taken, the results may be positive and beneficial. Whereas, the same treatment at a different time interval, would probably not reveal the same positive results. As an aside, Art is very conservative and ran for Oregon State Senate several times, but was rebuffed by the political machine in Oregon. His 4 children, as I recall, all have their PhD's or MD's or DVM's based on their excellent homeschooling. They also have a complete homeschooling curriculum from K-12

that is thought to be one of the best homeschooling programs available. Art and his kids are so smart and industrious that it's almost scary. We can be thankful that there are people in this world like that yet and they happen to be Christians as well.

Matthew 25:21

*“Well done, good and faithful
servant...Come and share in your master’s
happiness!”*



Fred G. Blum, Jr., MD
(May 30, 1927 – October 31, 2017)

Miriam Gale Eye Blum
(May 26, 1930 – January 16, 2017)

Thank you, Mom and Dad.
We Love You!