

## Migration to Wisconsin

Casper's brother Philip Jacobs was the first of the family members to migrate to Wisconsin looking for work. The Koerners' were good friends of his and encouraged coming to Wisconsin where there was at least a chance of getting employment. When he lost his farm he came to Wisconsin alone to earn enough money to send for the rest of the family. His wife Pauline and their four children, Marcella, Ray, Irene, and Mary Ellen came by train in the middle of the Depression. Philip only returned to Kansas once at his father's request to see him before he died. It was very difficult finding an apartment for a family of six. In order to make ends meet Pauline also found employment and Marcella stayed home to take care of the younger children and keep house. There was a state law that children must attend school at least one day a week, so they hid the fact that Marcella was in the family for quite some time. She had to grow up too fast in very hard times as did many other teenagers of that era. Growing up in these times made her very sensitive to the hardships of others. She is a woman of a great deal of compassion and love for her fellow man. She worked at the Guardian angles home, an orphanage in Oneida, until it closed. After that she worked for the county as a social worker helping poor people learn how to take care of themselves. I saw her in a grocery store in town once showing someone what kind of groceries they should buy to stay healthy. I remember thinking at the time what a smart thing to do instead of just giving them money they don't know how to spend.

Alex and Armella Sanders moved to Wisconsin in the mid 20's. They got homesick and went back to Kansas for a short while. It did not take them long to find they could not make a living there and came back to Wisconsin to stay. Alex and Armella had nine children. They are Ivan, Norman, LeRoy, Patricia, Carol, Margaret, David, Patrick, and Marie.

When Armella was a young girl, her father called her Mike because she did a man's work on the farm. There was only one older brother Alex, but there was too much for him to do alone and he didn't care to do the farm work. It was expected that Armella could do it. The other older girls did the housework while she worked outside. Twice while working outside she was injured severely, but a bone setter named Lang came to the Jacobs farm saying he felt that someone needed him there. One time the header from the wagon Alex was pulling tipped over and broke every bone in her foot. The next injury occurred when she was chasing some horses into the barnyard and one kicked her in the leg. Her parents and older brother were not home. She was there caring for the small children. When Armella was injured she drug herself into the house with bone marrow oozing out of her leg wondering what to do. Suddenly Mr. Lang showed up. He said he felt like someone on Casper's farm needed him. He set her leg and stitched her up. She recovered fully from both injuries. Armella is living in a nursing home in Neenah, WI because she is suffering from dementia, a disease that seems to inflict many of

the Jacobs women in later life. Her older sister Rosa is also suffering from Alzheimer's or dementia. She is in a nursing home in Hays Kansas. These women both lead very active and sometimes difficult lives and don't deserve such a fate as they have.

Aunt Lidia came to Wisconsin for a short time while she was pregnant with her first son Paul. She went back to Kansas and married John Seitz. They had another son named Larry. He was about the same age as us twins and we thought he was the cutest cousin we had. We corresponded quite a bit when we were in grade school. Aunt Lidia made us very welcome in their home when we went to Hays for a visit. As I remember they had a white house with a large front porch. They lived right in Hays not far from my grandparents home. Her husband Johnny has passed away now and she is living in an apartment complex built for the elderly, at Hays, Kansas. Paul lives in Menasha, Wisconsin.

Tillie and Clara were two single girls who came to Wisconsin to earn a living for themselves and find husbands. They came to Menasha about 1928. They both got jobs at Marathon and spent their early days unloading boxcars.

Tillie met and married Anton Voissem. They had seven children. Twins named Thomas and Elizabeth, Rita, Dennis, Robert, Antonette, and Frances. During the Depression it was difficult to earn enough to feed a family that size. Anton worked several jobs, one as sexton of St. Mary Cemetery. Anton died in July 1944 from cancer. Tillie never remarried. She said, "I had one good marriage, and didn't expect to ever find another man like Tony." She worked at Gilbert Paper Co. while raising all of those children on her own. She was loved by all the relatives. She was one of the people who organized the family reunions every year. She loved to sing with her brothers and sisters and children. Victor told about how Tillie would take Irven and himself out into the fields and teach them all the names of the flowers. She read to them and taught them how to read when she was only about ten years old. She made beautiful hand made aprons that she shared as gifts with many. She was the midwife for anyone in the family who needed her and for neighbors and friends also. Her son Tom remembers her coming home to fix up a dresser drawer or orange crate as a crib for one of us twins since two babies were not expected. Tillie died from leucemia.

Clara is my Godmother and a beautiful woman. She married Irven Weber 19 June 1929 and had seven children. James, Elaine, Mary Lou, William, Eugene, Diane, and Richard are their names. She always had a smile and a cheery word even though life wasn't always easy for her. She loved to sing, and would do so, every time Albert played music. She knew all the words to the old songs and taught many to me. Irven had a problem with alcohol, and she eventually divorced him. He died shortly after that. She met an old childhood sweetheart at a funeral they were attending while she was visiting at Hays. She was living in California at the time but decided to marry Leo Storm and moved back to Ellis, Kansas. Leo Storm has also died. She is now suffering from Dementia and is in the same nursing home as her

sister Armella in Neenah, Wisconsin.

After arriving in Wisconsin, Albert would go to the paper mills every day to find work. Mr. Strong from Marathon couldn't have understood the severity of the problems in Kansas because he told him he would be much better off going back to where he came from. He said land is selling for 50 cents an acre there. What he didn't know was that farmers fences were covered over completely with dust. Land owners were in such despair, they just walked away from their farms. I remember my father telling about taking a cane pole out into their corn field and riding up and down the rows on horseback to knock all the locusts from the tassels. By the time he quit the locusts had almost eaten the shirt off his back. The corn survived the locusts, but at harvest time the cobs didn't have any kernels on them because he had knocked off all the pollen too.

The first job Albert got was working for a farmer named Jacobson south of Neenah. He worked shocking corn, and filling silo. After that he worked for the Woodenware, the Foundry and Fleur Brothers Construction. A few nights he had to walk all the way home from Kimberly to Menasha because he couldn't afford the 10 cent bus fare. He pushed concrete in wheelbarrows to build the catch basin for the city of Menasha. He was digging ditches for Angermier Plumbing on Adams Street when the Second World War broke out. He then got a job with Kimberly-Clark.

The family lived in a \$12 a month upstairs apartment at 7391/2 Appleton Road. A neighbor worked for Chandler Real Estate and offered to build a home for them for only \$100 down and \$20 a month payments. They didn't have the \$100 so they went to Household Finance for a loan. Albert worked at the Foundry, at that time, making \$15 or \$16 a week. Because he had a job, they got the loan and paid it back at \$20 a month.

One year after coming to Wisconsin, Walter was born. It is good that he was born in the hospital because he was a breech birth and had the cord wrapped around his neck. Without proper medical attention, he would have been still born. There was a staff infection epidemic at the time in Theda Clark Hospital so he was lucky to survive that too. After that Mildred said she would never go to a hospital to have a baby again. On October 31, 1941 the Jacobs family had a Halloween trick or maybe treat. The neighborhood kids were trick or treating at the door and Mildred was having twin girls in the bedroom. Dr. Forkin was the attending doctor and aunt Tillie the midwife. They named us twins Ruth and Rhoda. They had the name Ruth picked out and a visiting nurse told them about some twins up north named Ruth and Rhoda. I was the first one born but I got the name Rhoda anyway. As a child it was quite an unusual name. I never met another Rhoda in all twelve years of school. We were usually dressed the same, which gave us a great deal of attention. It was great being born on the Halloween holiday because almost every year we'd get to have a combination Halloween-Birthday party. Some of the spooky games my mother thought up were lots of fun.

Annette's recollections were of mysteriously being taken to

Aunt Pauline and uncle Alex's house where she was sitting on the couch with her brother Walter and being told that you have twin sisters now. She always thought adults must be pretty dumb because they would say they couldn't tell us apart. "Anyone can see that Rhoda has blue eyes and Ruth has brown eyes". Dr. Forkin gave both Annette and Walter a nickel to go the store and buy something for themselves on one of his visits to check on mother and twins. She remembers that when we'd get dressed up Rhoda always got the three corner tear in her dress or got dirty first. Most of the trips to the doctor that she remembers were because Walter stuffed something up his nose, (dandelion buds) or once he got a fish hook stuck into his finger. She remembered the doctor coming to the house when she got tonsillitis and whooping cough. The doctor would come when Rhoda had Quinsy for a few years and sometimes he had to lance her throat.

She remembers taking a train to Kansas when Grandma McMinimy was sick. It was during wartime and seemed like thousands of soldiers were around us. They actually helped mom with the four children when they found out why she was traveling alone with four small children. She remembered huge train terminals and the hot dusty train. She saw aunt Bea running down the dirt road after the twins who had gone for a stroll. She also remembered Rhoda packing some of aunt Frankie's pretty towels in mom's suitcase. We twins were also discovered on the stairs of the McMinimy farm cutting each others hair.

Annette had a boyfriend in high school named Ronald Treichel who lived in Kimberly. They went steady through her junior year of school. Ron went into the Air Force when he graduated from school and Annette went to work at American Can, as a secretary. They were married on 4 July 1956, one year after she graduated from high school. They moved down to Roswell, New Mexico after their marriage, because that is where Ron was stationed in the Air Force. He stayed in the Air Force as a career serviceman, so their family moved to many different locations all over this country. Their first daughter Patricia was born on 28 June 1957 while they lived in New Mexico. They were stationed at Truax Field in Madison, Wisconsin when their second daughter Jeannette was born on 28 December 1958. After that they moved out to Cottonwood, Idaho, Detroit, Michigan, and back to Virginia. For several months Ron was sent to Greenland and Annette moved home with the girls for that time. While they were stationed in Detroit, their son David was born on 12 January 1965. He lived a very short time and died from SIDS only eight days after he was born. Rhonda was born on 11 November 1966 while the family lived in Virginia for the first time. Shortly after she was born the family moved to Hawaii. While they lived there, mom and dad went to visit two different times.

Rhonda shared some of the things she remembers about her childhood. She was very young while they lived in Hawaii and remembers her sisters taking her out on the streets that were flooded after a big rain. She thought she was going to drown even though it was probably only inches of water. Her best

friend locked her in a refrigerator while playing. Needless to say the mothers didn't think that a very good game. From Hawaii the family moved to Arizona. Rhonda remembers usually having a cat as a pet. The family went on incredible camping/boating trips on Lake Powell. She felt like all the storms waited until they were in the boat to start blowing. They had some pretty scary times bailing water out of the boat on some of the trips. Most of their trips, although very cold sometimes in the mountains, were very enjoyable. She remembers riding her bike down a steep hill in Alexandria, Virginia where they moved after Arizona, and breaking her arm. While in Virginia Jeannette had to have spinal surgery at Walter Reed Hospital because she had Scoliosis. She spent months flat on her back in a body cast recovering from that surgery. Rhonda met her husband Kevin while in marching band when she was a freshmen in high school. He played the trombone and Rhonda the flute. He was lined up in front of her for a maneuver and proceeded to turn around a spit tobacco juice on her shoe. She didn't know him at this point but proceeded to tell him in no uncertain terms that chewing was a disgusting habit and he ought to be ashamed of himself. She peaked his interest with her spunk and he began pursuing her. They were restricted to dating once a week during high school because he was three years older than Rhonda. Ten years later they are still together and have been married for four of those years. She has many fond memories of coming to Wisconsin to visit Grandma and Grandpa and the rest of the family, wonderful times up at the cottage, and dancing at grandma and grandpa's 50th and Roy and Rhoda's 25th wedding anniversaries.

Walter didn't have any problem keeping all three girls in line while we were growing up. He ruled the roost. Since he was the only boy, he got away with more than we girls did. We all worked on the car lot doing chores for dad. Washing and waxing cars and cleaning upholstery. As Walter got older he learned more about mechanics and painting cars.

As a senior in high school he and a friend, Denny Vaneske, decided to go on spring break down to Florida. They left late one evening hitch hiking and forgot to tell their families of their plans. The next day we called all over to different friends to find out where Walter was. His friends told us about his Florida plans. South of Chicago they changed directions and went to Hays, Kansas instead. With limited resources in their pockets they decided to go where there were relatives who would take them in. Aunt Lidia called my parents to say when they got there. My parents thought they got themselves down there they should come back the same way. They got back before Easter vacation was over, so they didn't miss any school. Walter thought it was a great adventure, his only regret was that he didn't tell his parents about his plans.

After graduating from high school Walter joined the Air Force. I remember taking him to the bus station in Appleton on St. Patrick's day in 1960. While in the Air Force he did sheet metal work repairing airplanes. He was stationed in Texas, the

Philippines, and in Dover, Delaware. While in the Philippines, he remembers patching up holes in the wings of some aircraft that had flown over Vietnam before America admitted that they were at war over there. He met his wife Kathy Grubb, while he was out east. They met at a dance the girls from Wilmington would attend to meet some servicemen. They were married in August of 1962.

When he got out of service they came back to Wisconsin and Walter went into partnership with his father in the car business. Kathy wasn't so sure she wanted to stay in Wisconsin at that time because we had one of the coldest winters in history the year they moved back to Menasha. While living in Menasha their three children were born. Stephen was their first child, born 24 May 1963. Steve worked for his father for a couple of years after high school and then decided that garage work was not the life for him. He graduated from the University of Wisconsin at ~~Madison~~ *OshKosh* and has passed his state boards to be a licensed Certified Public Account. He works in Madison for WHEDA. Sharon was born 22 June 1964. As a high school senior she got a job in the credit department of Kimberly-Clark. After graduating from high school she got a permanent job at Kimberly-Clark. She is now married to Daniel Bailey from Appleton, Wisconsin and has two children named Scott and Jonathan. Their third child is Janice born on 12 August 1966. Janice is now married to William Cross and has a little girl named Jennifer. She works in the office of a large supermarket in Neenah.

When Albert and Mildred retired in 1976 Walter bought the car business and their home from them. On May 6, 1991, Walter died suddenly from a heart attack. He was buried on May 10. That was exactly one month to the day of his mother's death. These were very sad times for the family and I'm sure it will take a long time to recover from the sadness. They will both be missed very much.

My twin sister, Ruth, and I were very close all the way through school. We shared most of the same friends and went to all the basketball and football games together. We were both in the pep band, so we'd get into all the games free. By belonging to a band in a private school, we got to travel to a great many cities in the state for parades. It was always an adventure. I'm sure the experience of interacting with friends of all different ages helped us later in life to be more confident.

Ruth had decided early in high school that she wanted to go to the convent. Mom and dad wanted her to graduate from Saint Mary's first and then go into the convent. She got rheumatic fever as a junior in high school so that set her plans back for a while. One year after I was married, she joined the Carmelite Order as a Cloistered nun. Many aspects of the convent life she loved, but some of the injustices bothered her quite a bit and she had a break down. The doctors would not allow her to return, so after an extended stay at the hospital in St Paul, Minnesota, she came back home and recovered very well. She got her own apartment and got a job at Gilbert Paper Company. That is where she met her husband Leonard Glodowski. After their marriage they

lived in Neenah for a couple of years. Their son Michael was born on 2 October 1967 while they lived on Meadow Lane. They went to a correspondence school for Motel management and procured a job as managers of a large Best Western Motel in Parkersburg, West Virginia. They have done very well at that business and are still managing the Green Acres Best Western. Their son Joseph was born on 26 September 1971 after they moved to West Virginia. Michael is now married to Beth and has two children, Justin and Samantha. Joe is graduated from high school and both boys work for their father and mother helping manage the motel.

Our family took Sunday afternoon rides and would stop for a frozen custard or ice cream. When we were given permission to buy a malt or sunday, Ruth would still get an ice cream cone because it lasted longer. Many of our rides took us to parks or scenic places around the state. Walks through the rock ledges at High Cliff were always an adventure. The state eventually made High Cliff a State Park because of its beauty. Whenever we had relatives visiting from Kansas or elsewhere, we would take them up to the Menominee Indian Reservation. The Wolf river has several areas where beautiful waterfalls have formed on the reservation. It was one of the prettiest spots in the state and not that far from home. We'd pack a picnic lunch and make a whole day of it. Another place we would drive to is Whispering Pines in Waupaca. The water is so clear up there we could see the fish all the way to the bottom of the deep lakes on the Chain of Lakes. The Casino Crossing at Waupaca became a hangout for my sister Annette and her friends in her later years of high school.

My parents felt that a good Catholic education was important and sacrificed a great deal to see that we stayed in a Catholic school. All four children attended St. Mary School for twelve years. They encouraged us to join in extra curricular activities such as band and choir. When I was in sixth grade, mother went to the bank to get a loan to pay for my saxophone and Ruth's coronet so we could be in the band. It was a good investment in our futures. Annette played the clarinet, Walter the drums, Ruth the coronet, and I played the alto sax.

We all have a great appreciation of a variety of music, but none of us inherited our fathers ability to pick up almost any string instrument and play it by ear. He brought a great deal of joy into our house with his ability. We are all proud of him and happy that he is using his talent to bring joy into so many others lives. He and mother retired in Mountain View, Arkansas. I always say, dad thinks he died and went to heaven already. They play music almost daily with friends in their homes, home for the elderly, the front porch of a friends music store, or on the courthouse grounds. The instruments dad most frequently plays are the hammer dulcimer, The four string banjo, the fiddle and the accordion. He can play the piano, guitar mouth harp and almost any other string instrument in existence. Mom didn't play an instrument, but she loved to dance and she was always there to listen and enjoy.

For the last ten years many of the relatives make and annual

pilgrimage down to Mountain View for a spring music festival where a city of three thousand turns into seventy thousand to hear all the folk music played. It has gotten to be a wonderful family reunion. This year is was a saddened affair because mom got pneumonia in late February and passed away on April 10 just before the reunion. We knew she was with us in spirit though. It was mom who always encouraged the family to stay close and keep in touch. We will always carry out the traditions as best we can in her honor. Her love will not die with her body, but will continue with the spirit of the family.

As a family we always did things together. There were many family weddings and our parents took us kids along. I drank so many bottles of cream soda at those weddings I don't like that flavor of pop to this day. We had family reunions almost every year out at Jefferson park. We would all bring food to share and there was always plenty. Albert would play music, we'd sing, and always had a good time. Aunt Clara Weber and aunt Tillie Voissem were the song leaders.

Family ties were important to my parents. They took the time almost every year to go back to Kansas to visit as many of them as they could. After different family members started moving to other parts of the country we went to visit them too. In 1955 we went on a ten thousand mile trip to see Yellowstone and Yosemite Parks the West Coast and dessert, and the Grand Canyon. We even went into Mexico at El Paso. On this trip we stopped to see Ray and Julia and their family in Redwood City, California. We saw Victor and Amillia at Cortez, Colorado, and the Foote's who lived in New Mexico. Great aunts and uncles were not abstract people to our family, they were wonderful people we got to meet. When we'd stop to see our Grandma and grandpa Jacobs they always spoke German in the house if there were older relatives and friends there. If it was only us they spoke english.

On our trips to Kansas we would visit with uncle Leo and aunt Bea who live in Ashland Kansas. Bea's mother and dad were Andy and Nora Degnan who helped my parents get together and get married. Bea and Leo have retired from farming and live in Ashland. When we would visit on their farm we had a good time riding their horses. Their son Patrick and daughter Martha were both rodeo riders and were expert horsemen. My twin sister Ruth enjoyed the horses much more than I did. She always dreamed of owning a horse some day and she realized that dream after she was married and living in West Virginia. I was afraid of their size and strength and the horses could sense that. Patrick moved down to Oklahoma and made a living breaking horses for other people. Martha went into nursing after she was married.

Our parents carried on many of the old German traditions. We hung our stockings up for St. Nicholas Day and they would be filled with fruit and nuts and candy. Before Christmas the girls in the family would make all sorts of candies and cookies to put out for company when they visited. We'd drive by all the big houses in Neenah on Christmas eve to see the pretty lights and



when we got home Santa had always come. During the Christmas holidays we would go to all the Catholic churches in the twin cities and see how beautifully they were decorated. The whole family would go up to see the baby Jesus in the manger. At Christmas time we would go around to visit all the relatives between Christmas day and the Epiphany. We always had a decorated Christmas tree that would stay up through the whole Christmas season. My job for many years was to hang the tinsel strands on the tree one by one. Our family didn't drink very much beer. We'd kid dad that if the relatives didn't drink up the beer he bought, it would still be there the next Christmas.

Every Easter we would wear a beautiful new outfit, usually sewn by our mother. She was an excellent seamstress and tailor. One year the whole family was in a fashion show because she had tailored suits for all of us including my father. After we got a little older we would go down to Milwaukee annually to find a new Easter hat and shoes. Mother made our wedding and bridesmaids dresses also. After all the children were in high school, mom went to art school and started painting landscapes and stills with oils and water color. We all have some of her paintings hanging in our homes. She did beautiful work and was a very talented artist, something she didn't even realize as a youngster.

During the war Albert worked at Lakeview mill in Neenah on the beaters. At that time he worked with a man named Roy Benedict who eventually became my father-in-law. The women all wore white uniforms with caps for sanitation and his first days at work he thought they were all nurses. The job at Kimberly-Clark helped the family get on their feet and save a little money. The war was going on in Europe and in the Pacific and this country was finally pulling out of the Depression. Dad did not have to join the army because of having a young family of four children to support. He was considered a 4-Fer.

Victor Jacobs attended Junior college for two years and then the war came along. He served in the Army during World War II. He gave his mom and dad the 1930 Model A coupe he owned when he went into service. Casper drove that car until he died. After he got out of service, he wanted to see the USA so he hitch-hiked about 10,000 miles to see whatever places he had read about and not seen. His travels took him from San Diego to Seattle on the West coast. He saw the Grand Canyon traveled across Texas and into Mexico, then to New Orleans. He also saw sights on the East coast too. After all these travels he decided to complete his degree, so with scholarships and the GI bill he got a double degree in Electrical Engineering and Business Administration. He married Amellia and had three children. He loved the Rocky Mountains, so when he was offered a job in Cortez, Colorado he grabbed it and worked as an engineer for the Utility lines for 34 years. He is now retired and enjoying life as a rancher out there in that beautiful country.

Irven Jacobs also served in the Army during the war. He attended high school in Hays at St Joseph's Military Academy, and

after graduation at 18 was commissioned into the Army as a 2nd lieutenant. He served in the Fifth Infantry Division in Europe during World War II under General George Patton. He commanded the first force and was the first American to cross the Rhine during that war. He received the Silver Cross and Bronze Star awards for meritorious action while facing enemy action. After the war he graduated from Kansas State College at Manhattan in 1948, and Washburn University School of Law in 1951. He served in the Air Force during the Korean conflict in the Staff Judge Advocates office at Write-Patterson Air Force Base, Dayton, Ohio. He married Beverly Luke in 1945 and had two children, Jeffery and Judy. They were eventually divorced. He then married Jean Jackson April 23, 1955. He was manager of Kansas Claims Service in Topeka from 1958 until 1969 when he became manager and owner of the service. Beverly married Charles Weber, but has always kept in touch with this family. She did a great deal of work of the Jacobs genealogy so her children would know about their heritage.

In 1944 Ray Jacobs was in partnership at the Silver Star Ball Room on Racine Street in Menasha. Ray and Julia had five children. Lee Allen, Janice, Kenney, Kathy, and Charles. They lost their young son Kenny who scalded himself by pulling boiling water over himself. Ray went back to Kansas to help with the harvest and then came back to Wisconsin. He suggested that he and Albert go into the garage business together. They were both good mechanics and because of the war there was a scarcity of automobiles. They could fix up the existing ones and sell cars too. They stayed in business together for a few years and then Albert bought him out and Ray and family moved out to Redwood City, California.

By 1950 Albert and Mildred had bought two acres of land on Appleton Road, between Menasha and Appleton, from Wilber Fritch. They built a brick home on the property and then the car dealership. At this time they decided to rename it Towne Auto Sales. The whole family worked on building our home. My twin sister and myself took hammers and knocked out every one of the knot holes in the pine sub-flooring in the living room. Of course my parents didn't think that was too helpful.

Our Grandfather Tom McMinimy came to live with us at that time so he could help build the house too. Unfortunately he died in his sleep while he was staying with us and never got to see the house completed. It was wonderful to have him at our home for a while so we got to know him better. Most of his life was spent in Kansas. We all went back to Ashland for the funeral. It was a time I got to meet a lot of my mothers relatives I didn't even know existed. I was only in about 3rd grade at the time but I remember them well. Family are always so kind and loving when someone dies. I remember the choir singing Whispering Hope at my grandfathers funeral and have always had a place in my heart for that song. Some of my mothers cousins took us twins down town to the drug store and we got one of the best fresh lime phosphates I've ever had in my life.

Since mom and dad were in the car business right next to our house, all the children were involved in the business too. We were paid a pretty good salary to clean and polish the cars that were for sale. It was always expected that we put in a couple hours of work when we came home from school. The rewards of having a father that was a car dealer were numerous. We got our licenses as soon as we turned 16. It was a big help for mom and dad to have licensed drivers to bring cars home from auctions. We particularly liked going to the auction at Lake Geneva. It was a summer resort area and we could spend the day at the beach in the summer time. We went down to the auction in Chicago during the Polio epidemic of the 50's and were not allowed to eat any raw fruit or vegetables because of the danger. Thank heaven Jonas Salk invented the polio vaccine during this era to wipe that disease out. Sometimes, mom and each of the kids had a car off the lot to go out. Whenever we did that dad would complain a little and insist that we double up so he can have some cars left to sell. Walter, Ruth and I had a wonderful red 1949 Studebaker to drive to high school. At that time we had to provide our own transportation to a private school because school bussing was only for the public school children. We had a lot of great times with that car driving our friends to ball games and out to a teenage bar we called F.S.U. (Ferro Springs University) Ruth and I were always best of friends through school and went almost everywhere together. We took a convertible with the top down early in spring after our Junior year of high school. Within a few days Ruth got strep throat and ended up in the hospital with rheumatic fever. She stayed in the hospital for almost a month and had very good care so she didn't have heart problems later.

Ruth's boyfriend Perry introduced me to Roy Benedict one noon hour during my junior year of high school. He was so cute, but I was rather shy and didn't want him to think I was too interested. When my father heard his name, he asked if he was a little old for me. Of course, he was speaking of Roy's father. I asked Roy to a Sadie Hawkins, girl ask boy dance. Even though he was a little reluctant to go out with me because I was so tall, He made some heel wedges in woodworking class to put inside his shoes to make himself a little taller. He accepted my invitation and the rest is history. We have been married 30 years on June 3, 1991.