

I Remember the Days Gone By

John Patrick Schmidt

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Epilogue

Sitting here in the park a block away from my home, with the social worker Mary Beth. Going to go through some notes, some one-liners for a book. This is for my kids and grandkids or anyone who might enjoy them.

Walking to Silverdale Grade School for eight years.

Silverdale School was about 50 acres from where I was born and raised. I believe the school building is still there. Originally, a one-room school, it is now a nice home. The Silverdale School was the school that I attended for eight years. In those eight years dad would ask every once-in-a-while could we stay home and help pick the stones. There were days when we wanted to get out of school. It was good to walk to school regardless of what the weather conditions were. We would come home for lunch and Mom would have lunch all ready for us. One thing I was particularly proud of was that my eighth grade year in school I never missed a day in school, was never sick. I really had a good time in that one room school saw it as an advantage starting from first grade with one teacher for all students. By the time you get up to the fifth and eighth grade you have heard all of that so many times, it made for a better student.

Picking the cherries with the Blanco's family at the Petersons.

If you go right across the road from the school, there is an orchard. This orchard was several acres with large cherry trees. As a kid there were two brothers there, Joe and Phil Peterson. Most of everyone in the family went up there to pick the cherries. This Blanco's family that I was referring to, they had around 20 kids in their family. Every year they would come from Mexico, with a new truck. I would imagine how long it would take them to make it here from Mexico. Would they stop along the way and help others out or would they drive all the way in the back of the truck with all 20 kids? They were a delightful family. They would start picking the cherries when the sun would come up, because we would get there at seven in the morning and they would already have fifteen to twenty pails of cherries sitting out there. It was fun knowing the family would be there, we looked forward every year to seeing them.

Going to Christophersons with Bill Peters so he could get his haircut from Delia.

Delia was a large figured woman, weighed approximately 300lbs. Delia's son, Arnold, went to grade school with me and I suspect that he was afflicted with ADD; he was the only child in his family. Delia's son had a neighbor kid named Bill Peters that was a year older than me. Bill and I would walk over to Delia's and get a haircut for Bill. She would take a bowl and put it on his head, this is how she determined what length to cut the hair.

Playing marbles at grade school.

Growing up we wouldn't have a lot of entertainment, we would have to make our own entertainment. We would play a lot of marbles at school. Mom would give us marbles, whether she purchased them or how she obtained them I am not sure. My uncle John, who lived with us for several years, got irritated with us kids and somehow that bag of marbles would disappear. When we remodeled the home some twenty years ago by changing the attic into a living space, I was sure that my uncle had hidden those marbles in the floorboards. But we never did find them.

Uncle John Pfeifer

Uncle John was mother's uncle and was never married. With thirteen kids there is always a lot of work to be done. That is how I got my name John Patrick Schmidt. I sign it John P. because of being in the army. The army has you sign your name with first name and middle initial, then last name. Back to my name. I have a cousin that is a year older than me, John Erskine. One summer John Erskine and his family lived across the road for about 2 weeks in a tent. Which John is which, that is why they started calling me Pat rather than John, otherwise there would be three Johns running around and which one were you talking about. When I got out of the army, I threw everyone a curve ball I started signing everything as J Patrick. So now, who is this guy.

2 or 3 weeks ago we went up to the cemetery. I wanted all my kids to know who are all my first cousins, and my aunt and uncles are. I went to all my aunts and uncles kids and asked for pictures of their moms or dads, along with all the family members. I also asked where they were buried and took pictures of the headstones. My sister and I went to see Uncle John's gravestone and we could not find the location. We called my brother Bob to get a better description of where Uncle John was located. There was only a small headstone about the size of a football, covered up by sod. It just says John, nothing else, doesn't say John Pfeifer, Mom's maiden name. There was a larger headstone with Pfeifer on it, but way over in the corner. Marge and I peeled the sod back and washed the headstone off and took a picture of it. John had gone to live in Sturgeon Bay with one of his sisters, aunt Lena Waters in 1955. Going down the stairs, fell head first down the stairs and never came to. I remember a couple days before he died I was playing football in high school as a sophomore. I went in to see him in the hospital, he was pretty out of it. I believed that he could hear me talking to him. It was a special time for me to communicate with him, he died a few days later. Marge said that Uncle John always had four or five stories that he used to talk about. When we were five or eight years of age and we would ask Uncle John to tell the story of how he got the lump on his arm. He said that he had been shot and the bullet was in his arm. I don't really think that was the case, but that was the story we remember. He was a pretty neat guy. He was an influence on my being a farmer later on in life. I would ask him to wake me up in the morning to walk down and get the cows at five in the morning, particularly Tippy. Probably didn't have a hard time going to sleep at night because I had been up couple hours earlier than normal.

Riding calves and catching my left knee (I can show you the scar) on the spike and tore my knee open.

Triangular scar. Don't know where mom and dad were, but we were cleaning out the pen on Saturday. We thought we would ride the calves like we were cowboys right there in the pen. Little did I know that there was a spike sticking out of the wall and riding one of those calves drove that spike into my knee. I wasn't going to tell mom and dad. I knew it was on a Saturday because I had to go to church the next day and I had time kneeling down for church. Heaven forbid if I told mom and dad that we were riding calves. It sure was sore and I still have that scar to prove it, 60 some years ago. I did finally tell Mom later when I was much older.

Skating on Ice pond South of Jorgenson's. Sliding down the hills on the sleigh.

Jorgenson's was a farm west of us and they had some property that was low land and when there was melting during the winter it would create ice ponds in that area. We had our own ice skates and we would go down there and go skating. Along with the low land was some hilly land back on the land that Jim and Paul own right now. This was a great place to take our sleigh and slide down the hills. We thought it was great going down there. What if we took and rode on a tandem. Neighbor kid jumped on my back and rode with me down the hill. We hit a soft patch of snow and both slid off the sleigh. He slid off the top and my face went into the snow bank. I am sure that everyone knows that when your extremities go to sleep, there is that prickle feeling. This is what my face felt like. There was one time I was laying down in the house and woke up from a snooze and had the prickly feeling in my arm. I told my Mom that there was something wrong with my arm. She asked what. I said it felt like a bunch of ants crawling up my arm. So she told me that my arm went to sleep because I cut the circulation off.

Playing Football my senior year in high school and getting kicked in the nose.

1956. This was before face guards came out. I played defensive end (except the last in the last game of year I played offensive end) and got kicked in the face, on the right side caught a cleat there. They laid me off the field, my tear ducts opened up, I couldn't see a thing. I had a high level of pain tolerance. Sat on the bench for one play and I said to the coach, I've got to play now, played till the end of the game. Went home that night, mom and dad had some relative there and when I got home around ten they asked how the game was. My nose was all swollen, so I told I got kicked in the face. The next morning I went to see the coach and he said that we better send you to the team doctor, Dr. Dan Dorchester. So I walked a couple of blocks to see him. He had a bar about the size of a pen with a bend in it and went in to straighten it out. He did it without any local anesthesia and I wanted to kill him. I can still tell that the nose was broken. I played all four years in high school. The last game I played was at Minahan Stadium in DePere, where St. Norbert's College is. As I remember, the game was in November because there was snow on the ground. I would go to tackle a guy and would slide for about ten to fifteen

yards. I played the whole game so I never got cold, but the poor guys on the bench with their parkas on were freezing. I was used the cold anyway.

Taking a large group of Guernsey cattle to both the Door County fair and the Luxemburg County fair for the last time, 1950 (eight years old).

Growing up, dad had all registered Guernsey cows. 17 or 18 cattle were taken to the Door County fair. I think most of us boys trained, lead, and washed the cattle, then showed them at the Door County fair. We never took them back after that, I don't know why. One of the times we were grooming the cattle the night before the fair and had a bad thunderstorm. I was holding on to the one of the cattle and dad was clipping them. We had a really close strike of lighting and it knocked me down to my knees. It startled me and the cattle jumped. Don't know what dad thought. The other time I was walking between the grainery and the barn and had a flash of lighting that I could see hit in front of me about ten feet away. Dad was proud of Betty (have pictures) was a super good cow that we had in the herd. Dad had the grand champion cow at the fair that year named Betty.

Going to the swamp with dad to get our evergreen tree for Christmas.

Dad would take the tractor and we would drive down to the swamp. The big pine tree was roughly 300 yards from the tree I would hunt out of. As a kid I thought that was five miles away. When your five years old distance doesn't mean that much to you. Dad would have his axe and his saw and cut down our own home grown tree. That pine tree I thought was many, many miles away.

Making posts in the winter time.

We had a lot of fencing on the farm. We would make our own post. Using a cross cut saw that requires two people to operate it we would go down in the swamp with nothing but a shirt and no jacket. Because of all the movement from cutting with the saw that is all we would need to stay warm. We would cut different lengths, pile them up and take them home. Some time we would let them dry and use a draw shave, which is a piece of metal about a foot long with a handle on. You just peel that bark off, which was necessary because in a couple of years it would be rotten without taking that off, wouldn't allow the moisture in or out.

I remember when the Schlise and the Thomas's kids lived next door to us.

That house still stands today. Paul and Jimmy will relate to this, Steve Kramer lives there. Schlise lived there first, they had about six kids. We had enough kids to put a ball game together. Annie Lori Thomas was a twin, her brother, Laddie, is dead now. I just chatted with her about a month ago, she lives in Kentucky or some place like that, her older sisters are still alive. Not sure about where all the Schlise family are anymore.

Dad having the first Massey Harris chopper with a blower on it.

The first choppers came out for chopping silage or hay. It had an elevator that came off the back of the machine. It would elevate the feed into the wagon. Dad had farmer ingenuity, he was always thinking of trying to create different things. Dad had gone to school for a short time at the University of Wisconsin. He had a short course in Madison, and then he had worked for the University up in Ashland, in the Northern part of Wisconsin. He had a very creative mind. The guys took a blower off a threshing machine, they fastened that on the back of the chopper and got rid of the elevator. Which meant that no one would need to be at the back end of the wagon. Back to the chopper, we had a Negro named Pinky that would come around when we were growing up as kids. Every summer Pinky would show up, I have no idea where he was during the winter time. He would live in the basement. One day Pinky was in the back of the wagon forking the hay -- Dad was chopping. I remember Dad talking about this. Dad had run a big pine snake through the chopper and there were big chunks of snake that snake had come through the chopper. Pinky was back there forking the hay and Pinky ran out the wagon, scared to death of snakes. There was no way he was going back in that wagon. Dad will still be laughing about this today.

We had a couple of animals that were aggressive and Pinky would teach us how to get out in the yard and get a hold of the tail on those aggressive animals and hang on to the tail. Of course, that's like a dog chasing it's tail. Your hanging on to the tail the animal is going around and around. It was a little tricky releasing that tail and getting away from it. He showed us how to slide under the fence and that animal would come over the fence and put the brakes on. It is amazing how you remember that kind of stuff. If Pinky ever got a scratch or something, he would go and get Tippy (little black dog we had) and have Tippy lick on it. The dog's saliva, it has some kind of healing property. They lick their own wounds. A start of alternative medicine?

Putting long hay in the barn with a hayfork rope.

Something I can barely remember. They loaded the long hay with a loader in the field, then back it into the barn. They would have forks that they would put down in the hay, step on it to fork. On the gable in the barn there was a track that ran from one end to the other and they had a rope with a block and tackle fastened to the hay fork. You either had a horse or tractor hooked to that rope and as then as the tractor would drive away with that rope, making it go whichever way by guiding the rope. Dad could not stand a lot of dust, so we baled hay more rather than chopping the hay. We used to bale about 20 thousand square bales every year. We did custom work for other farmers, but then self-unloading wagons came along. Dad was one of the first to buy a wagon like that; he did not have to stand there with a fork breathing up all that dust. Dad owned 198 acres of land. 158 on the home farm. There was an acre for the school, and the Schlise's and Thomas' house, came off that 160 acres. Then there was another 40 acres across the road where we used to pasture our cattle on, so it was two parcels separated by a road. Dad starting renting more land after we started needing more feed because we started putting

more cattle in. Dad would go to the elderly neighbors that would be getting out of farming and would lease or rent their unused land. The most we had at one time was 735 acres that was owned and rented. That 198 acres was enough to sustain a family of 13. Mom had 3 gardens. We butchered all our own animals. Uncle John's family (Pfeifer) were butchers and they had a butcher shop in town. Between John and dad, they would butcher the pigs or cows and hang them up at the side of the barn. We did not have to worry about the salmonella poisoning. We used the whole animal. We would make head cheese, pickle the heart, liver, pig feet. But if she(Mom) didn't can it, she would freeze it. She would rent locker space at the Olson's General Store with a big locker plant. When we no longer butcher the animals, they would come and pick them up and butcher the animals for us.

Custom bailing hay for neighbors

I am the second oldest of six sons and one of us boys would always go with Dad to do the custom baling for our neighbors. One gentleman, wanted to help bale the hay. I was in jeans and tennis shoes and was the first one in the family to get a suntan because I was not wearing a shirt or gloves. This gentleman would start piling bails and get up against it with his arms, his arms would then be all scratched up. He asked how do you do that without getting all scratched up. There are little tricks to handling bales. Use that bale hook and get used to handling them with one of the two strings around the bail and use your knee put it on the load, never touches your arm. We baled a lot of hay for ourselves and for our neighbors. Not sure if dad charged them by the bale or by the acre, to be honest with you I really do not know.

Picking cherries for Herman Krause

Herman Krause was a farmer that lived in the next farm south of us and my younger brother Joe lives on that farm now. The cherry orchard is gone. Herman and his wife, Marguerite only had one child Lyle. Lyle went into the Air Force, not sure if he is dead now. I do remember dad saying he came home on leave from the Air Force one time and had a motorcycle. They had a big pile of wood out in the yard and he was a kind of a wild and crazy kid. Came home on the motorcycle and came right up side the woodpile. I did not see it happen, but dad did, he said "that kid is just plain nuts". That was the farm that was eventually sold to another guy, but my brother Joe now lives on that farm. We had a cherry orchard on either side of us. We would go pick cherries for Herman Krause

Going to Franny Rose's

Franny Rose was our first cousin and was like a brother to me. We would go over there, not a lot, but we would go over to play with his Lionel train. Lionel train was a little train set that you could actually run on electricity and we were just fascinated by that. He had a little table that was twice the size of this picnic table and we thought it was just a great deal, just to sit there and watch him roll the different cars and what not. I think he actually had one that ran on

steam one time, little steam engine. We were always fascinated by that and sit there glued to watching it going round and round that track.

He was a first cousin to me. Franny, I think, was what four years older than me. He was a Korean Veteran and died, (gosh I have to go and look, I have a picture of his tombstone) probably within the last ten years. I was best man for his wedding. He worked for a construction company Joe Zettel Construction Company. I would ask him if Joe was looking for any more employees and he would, we were just talking about it not too long ago. He got me a job working for Zettel Construction Company. Of course, I worked for dad in the mean time. I would milk cows in the morning, go work construction during the day and come home and milk cows and bale hay at night. I would jokingly tell people living on the farm that I use to work a lot of 25 hour days. Some people would catch that and some would not. I would work two jobs from five in the morning until dark at night and did not think anything of it. Franny got me that job working for Zettel Construction Company, that was the year before I went into the army, 1956.. The two of us were really close, not only then but after that. He had some kind of disease that he was paralyzed from the neck down. He had been to Mayo clinic, he had been to many different places and no one could figure out why he was paralyzed other than.....In fact I have a book that he put together, that is what tripped my trigger into putting this thing together, of his life story. It was fairly brief, because he had some pictures in there and whatever. The only thing he could point back to, and they still couldn't prove it, that when he was in Korea he got scratched with wire that was barbed wire that they put up around a perimeter of an area to keep the enemy away.

Franny was pretty special to me, like a brother to me in many different ways. As long as I am talking about that, he has three sisters and a brother that are still living yet today. For the benefit of whoever is listening to this. Father Donald Rose, he is some eighty some years old. Betty, she is the oldest of all my first cousins. Sister Wendelin, we call her Margie, I think she is about 80 years old, and Mercy, the youngest. The two older ones, Father Donald and Betty lived on the farm where Franny at one point was a farmer, dairy farmer on that particular farm when he got out of the army. He did all of the electrical work, he was an electrician. I am not so sure but that may have played a part in him being paralyzed, being around all that electricity. Cannot prove that, but my feeling is that was one of the factors. He didn't really not look at it himself as being handicapped, he knew he was, but here's a man now that someone had to do everything for him. They had to feed him, bathe him, put him in bed, everything. His son David took over the electrical business, when he took that over Franny was still supporting and helping him. Someone said, "How could he do that"? He could take a pencil Mary Beth and a popsicle stick, and he would take tape and tape that popsicle stick around that pencil, put that in his mouth and get up to the computer, that is how he ran that computer. He did not figure he was limited to what he could do. Amazing guy, some people go through just a small percentage of what that man went through they would give up and he didn't. Pretty special guy.

Working for Uncle Adrian.

One summer my sophomore year, that would have been 1954. I do not know how that all happened. Uncle Adrian was my dad's older brother, and I don't know if he came to dad and wanted to have some extra help, because he only had one son and he is on the farm today. I know that Junior or they call him Ace. I think he was an asthmatic kid, I do not really remember him being around a lot that summer that I worked there. I just stopped to see him two weeks ago and he remembers me taking him in an old pickup truck. I do not remember that, but he did. I do not know if Uncle Adrian came to Dad. Dad had six sons. "Could you spare one of the boys for me?" Do not know how that all happened and there again I do not recall how I got to the farm or how I would get back on the weekends. Dad took me out there on Sunday nights or Uncle Adrian came to pick me up, that is a void, do not know how all that happened. I know that I would work there; I would go home on Saturday afternoon or Saturday night and be there Monday morning. I was always home on Sundays. I worked all that summer for him and did everything on the farm, milking cows to you name it.

One particular thing that I kind of smile at, I know that he had a calf that was born out in the pasture and boy they get pretty frisky. He tried catching that calf and he just could not get it. I said to him that I'll get it. He said, "There is no way that you are going to catch that calf." I said, "Yeah, I will." One night we let the cows out and they went down to pasture and I stuck in between the cows (I don't know if I told him to come with the truck, I was going to catch that calf that night, I made him alert that I was going to catch that calf somehow that night). I think he was pretty close. I snuck in between those cows and he took off running, I just dove in there and tackled that calf. He asked how I did that. I said, "I didn't play football for nothing in school." Talk about holler, did he holler. He put him the pickup truck and put him back in the barn. He was amazed at how.... I said, "I'm going to get him."....He said, "No, you won't"....I said, "Damn right I'm going to get him!" (laughing).

I did everything on the farm. I know that little tractor he had, the little John Deere MT, a fairly small tractor. He had a collaborator on it. I just told his son two weeks ago when I was there, I said see that field down there, by the Goss farm, I cultivated a lot of corn down there with that little John Deere MT, I said. He was amazed that he did not have a lot of tractors, but he had that little John Deere MT. He would do the chopping, I would go pick up the wagon. While he was filling the next one, I would unload it and take the other back out to field then. It had a pulley on the back of the tractor which would drive the blower, which would blow the feed up into the barn. I unloaded some 40 some loads of hay. I would just back up in there, put the belt on, and never had to pull ahead because I was not lined up. He said how do you do that? I said real easy, normally the pulley on most tractors is out in front that you can line the tractor up; dad showed me how to do that. But this one is on the back, which makes it harder. He said how do you do that and I said see that stick laying down there on the ground, the stick was about a foot long, and after I got it lined up I would just laid that along the tire. I take the tractor get the load of hay, back in by the blower, unhook, put the belt on the tractor, and line up there on the

stick. All these simple things, he did not know. I do not know what he did when he lined it up but I had some 40 some loads of hay one right after the other. I think, well, I do not think, I know that I got some of that from dad. Just learn to adapt to certain situations. What did that stick cost me, nothing (laughing). I had a lot of good times working for Uncle Adrian. I am sure that when school started I just stayed home then, probably May, June, July, August, yeah that is probably how much I worked for him. That was dad's older brother, Uncle Adrian.

Emery coming up one winter night to give us kids a ride with horses and sleigh.

You've seen the old type sleigh, they used to haul anything and everything, from wood to milk cans to whatever. He had a team of horses; he picked us kids up one night. He had a lot of blankets on the back and he gave us a sleigh ride. I remember going down the road, there was a lot of snow on the road. We just thought that was the cool thing, to be out there riding on that sleigh behind those horses. Here is a man that loved horses, Emery he was a next-door neighbor to us. He was like a second dad to me, Emery Roberts. For the kids and grandkids, if I mention Tom Schmelzer, that is the farm that Emery lived on. After he sold his dairy herd, he had two racehorses that were half sisters, two pacers. He had to have something to do, with the race horses on the farm. He used to go to the fair and watch these guys race and somehow talk this guy into purchasing some horses. The guy sold him Magic One, and the horse did so good, so he got another one, so he had a half sister. In fact, the younger one, Port Janie, was the horse of the year in the state of Wisconsin. I know I've got a picture back home, I don't know what the date was on it. They would just go around and race at all the county fairs. She had the horse of the year in the state of Wisconsin that is quite the accomplishment. Emery's second wife, Mabel worked for Dr. Wright, who was the veterinarian. When we lived on the farm, we used a lot of colostrum. We had a bottling process, we did not have it but the company we dealt with on colostrum had about 15 products. In fact, my brother Bill after we had farmed together, he went on to be general manager for Impro Company and they were the colostrum company that I am referring too. It was probably through Bill's contact or his boss that we learned that if you give horses, particularly racehorses, some *Aerobacter Aerogene*, that was one of the colostrum products, that would make the horse, breathe a lot better. They would race at county fairs. They would leave on Friday night, and race on Saturday and Sunday at many county fairs around where we used to live. His wife worked for that veterinarian and we did not inject the horses, we would give it to them orally. I would have liked to give it to the horse a half hour before the race, but if we had gone to the fair and some of the other guys he was racing against saw us in there with a big a big 60cc syringe squirting stuff in the mouth of the horse, they would disqualify them and pull them out of the race. They could take blood tests and everything; they would not find anything, but in the meantime he's out of the race. My life has always run on plan B, sometimes I go to C and D, but there was a plan B. So I told Emery we would do the next best thing, what time does Mabel get home, 10 after five. So I would be there about a quarter to five on Friday afternoon, he would have everything set to go. All he had to do was load the horses up on the trailer and she would pack some food, and they were off to the races.

Anyway, I would be there about a quarter to five and we would give those horses about 20cc or 30cc of the this colostrum product orally, just take a syringe put the needle on and, pull it out of the bottle and squirt it in their mouth. They could blood test them and they are not going find out anything. It would give the horse a lot of stamina, particularly a lot of extra oxygen. To prove it he got the horse of the year in the state of Wisconsin. I have done a lot of crazy things in my life, but Emery had a horse track behind his barn and I use to help him with training the horses. We would start off a month before race season, we would give the horses a small amount of this colostrum product and we would do it twice a week on the week days that he was going to race on. We had a lot of fun doing that. His wife never did know that was what we were doing.

He had a national champion foxhound; he used to hunt a lot of fox. I have hunted fox with him. He would take his foxhounds and go down to Kentucky, where they would have field trials. He had one famous dog, I am drawing a blank, and I am trying to think of that dog's name. He had a lot of dogs that he raised out of that particular family, but to have a national champion is quite an accomplishment. He would go down there in March or April and have these field trials. He was just so proud of those dogs; he had lots of trophies around. He knew some of the farmers in the area, some of the guys at the field trials. Being down in Kentucky, you are in moonshine area. He said, these guys would take him up in the hills and they would have a couple of glass gallon jugs, they would go out into this building in the sticks and knock on the door. A guy would come in the little hallway about six feet wide; the guy would meet them at the door with a shotgun. He would hand him the two jugs, the guy would go in the back room and come back with the two jugs. They would exchange the dollars, nothing was said and go on down the road. I remember, "Do you want a little shot today?" Emery would say. It was just as clear as this water sitting in this jug here. Talk 'bout 'potent stuff that was my first taste of moonshine (laughing). My kids did not ever know that though, I don't think. Emery was a pretty special guy to me. I know that Dad used to say that, he was always done milking before we were, we had more cows then he did. We would be eating breakfast and he would be done milking. Emery would drive in the yard and quite often Dad's comment would be, "Well I wonder what Emery wants today?" because it was very seldom that he would ever show up that he just came to visit. He always wanted to know if we could come and help him or could he borrow something. So Dad would say, "I wonder what Emery wants today?" We did not mind that, it was just something unique that Dad just happened to notice. We used to trade a lot of machinery back and forth. He was a special guy in many ways.

Cleaning out the old septic system with a rope and a pail.

That could be a mound system, but we had too big of a setup, as far as milk cows and whatever. We had a fancy set up, it was a called a 55-gallon drum that was buried outside the wall and the drain that was coming out of the wash tanks or floor would go down through a pipe and out into that 55-gallon tank. There was a pipe that went out into a drain field. That 55-gallon tank then, the solids would settle down in that tank. If the water backed up on the floor of the milk house, guess what, we got to clean that tank out. Yucky, smelling stuff. So we

would have to dig down about 3 feet, take the cover off and get down in there with a bucket on the end of a rope, scoop that stuff out of there, cover it back up again. Hopefully it wasn't in the dead of winter when we had to do that. That was our modern, so called, septic system. A whole lot different than it is today. That just triggered something else. I know that my brother Bill, he is going to laugh when he hears this on tape. He studied to be a Jesuit priest. He taught school on the Pine Ridge Indian reservation in South Dakota. I went out to visit him a number of times and one of the brothers that worked on a the reservation there at the school, I think (Bill might correct me on this) he had a 24 lb turnip that he took to the local fair and won first place on. 24lb, it's got to be huge. But he told me his secret was, evidently he didn't share that with anyone else, he said every night or every so often he would go out to the septic system with human waste. He was feeding that turnip out of that, maybe at 2 o'clock in the morning. Somebody said yuck, I said, "now wait a minute, let's look at the Japanese, they have been doing this for thousands of years." Using human waste and converting it into something good. But that was what he was doing, 24lb turnip is a pretty big turnip. Feeding it with human waste. I don't know if he ate it, but hey the Japanese did that so why not. I know if I could get a hold of some human waste and I could get that spread on my garden or on my fields and I could find some good calcium carbonate. First of all, I would spread it out there on a really warm day on top of the ground, let it dry out, and not bury it down like these guys out here with the chisele plow. They've got a great big tooth and bury that stuff down in the anaerobic zone, meaning where there is no air or lack of air. You create all these aldehydes (formaldehyde) and it is toxic to a plant. These guys inject that stuff, whether it be the liquid manure from all these lagoons that all these hog farmers now got do to something with the manure. That's what they do is bury it down there deep and create a lot of turmoil for the plants that are going to growing on, because they are putting it down there in the anaerobic zone, not in the aerobic zone. Most farmers, I tell them as an agriculture consultant that I only want them to be tilling in the aerobic zone. Most of them only have an aerobic zone about 2 inches. How do you till that? Impossible to do that, but if you have something that is six or eight inches in that aerobic zone, then you can incorporate whatever you want to put in there. I could go and spread that human waste on top of the ground, let the sun bake it a little bit which is going to detox some of the organisms that might be in there and then spread some barn lime on it or calcium carbonate. I could antidote all the toxins that would be in that human waste and put it to use in a good way. Some of the tricks out there, well they are not tricks because they really do work.

Picking Blackberries with Uncle John and getting stung by a wasp

He said he was going to put some mud on it and it really helped. I know that Jim and Paul, and some of my brothers and sisters when I talk about that, they are going to relate to that. The birches was down near the swamp I was talking about. In fact, Jimmy owns that property, that's where they hunt deer. We had some wild blackberries growing down there. Uncle John, my mother's uncle, and I don't know how many of us kids would go down there picking wild blackberries. Evidently, we got in there and there was a wasp nest and got stung somewhere on

my body. The swamp was a couple hundred yards away, he just went down there and got some mud, which is real lowland black wet ground. He brought that home and just pasted that on there, the sting was gone instantly. Uncle John knew enough what to do with that. If that happened today he would go get a fresh squeezed lemon, cut it and stick it on there. That will suck that, it is formic acid is what it is that causes that burning from the bee sting, but that lemon will take that sting out of it. John knew enough that you put that mud on it and it would do the same thing. You won't hear that on the six o'clock news, by the way.

Christmas Programs at grade school

At Christmas time a little one room school, we put on a Christmas program. We would have all the kids in all eight grades in there, the parents, maybe some grandparents. I think it must have been the parents that built a manmade stage that was about a foot and a half high, had a little curtain on top that some of us had to run that curtain. Of course, all of us had assigned things to do and we put on the Christmas program. That was when I was first introduced to the stage, the stage. When I was about a sophomore in high school, I think that Leah Wildhagen was my speech teacher. We would go to the auditorium and then you would get up in front of your classmates and put some kind of skit or speech or something together. That was a great introduction for what I do today when I teach class now. If she was here today or she had told me at that point in time that down the road I would be real comfortable getting in front of people and talking and not being nervous, you talking about me? No way! I have been to Kathy's research down in Florida. There might have been 50 doctors or more in the room, I got asked to fill in for one of the doctors that didn't show up. You normally have a written sheet of paper while you are talking, normally you have to have that ahead of time to hand to the all the doctors coming in there. But she said that, I think that it was the second talk, well I had met her that morning and she said that the doc didn't show up and she said could you talk then, fill in. I said sure. The first speaker got up and talked. She said we are going to take a little break. Then after the break she got up there and said that Dr. so and so had something going and he didn't show up, but Dr. Kathy's husband is here and he is going to fill in and give us a speech here. She asked are you ready to go, I said yep. Grabbed my water jug and walked up to the front room, talked for about 45 minutes with no notes. I was the only one that got a standing ovation. I was talking about water, my pet thing. Had a doctor from Toronto came up to me after the break, he said I would like a copy of your speech. I said you will have to talk to the registration gal back there, I think I gave them a little bit of a handout, but I didn't have a hand out for everyone. I said, "Those gals have some notes of mine". I said, "Why, what are you going to do with that?" He said, "Oh that was so good, I want to give that to everyone of my patients." I said, "Thank you very much." I've been at seminars and teaching, I might have 20 people there or a hundred. I am not intimidated by who is sitting out there. When did that happen, oh, probably back at that Christmas program, that might have been my introduction of getting on stage. I don't know, evidently it was. When did it really happen, I really don't know. I said, if dear Leah Wildhagen

had told me that later on in life I'd be able to get up and talk in front of anybody, no way in heck. Well, guess what it happened.

Having Clara Kreft for a grade school teacher

Clara was a really neat neat teacher. Taught me, I don't really know how much she taught after that. I had her for my teacher for all eight grades, when I went to grade school. We had another lady and her name is going to show up down here somewhere. It was kind of unique to have the same teacher for eight years in a row. I am sure that we gave her a lot of flack. She never had her three foot stick out there to beat on us but she had her way of disciplining kids without beating on them, I know that. I just have a lot of fond memories of having that lady as a teacher and help mold me into what I am today. I think of her quite often. I did contact her later when I was out of school. I don't remember the occasion, but I did contact her. This was a lady that was in her late 30's or 40's when I was going to school, so I don't know how many more years she taught. I don't know if I just ran into her while I was in the store or whatever, really nice teacher.

Having Ernie Ehrbar for a terrific high school teacher.

Ernie was the best teacher I ever had, bar any of them. I took AG all four years in high school. This was a guy who was born and raised on a farm. He married a local lady. I have a lot of fond memories of someone who taught me a lot of things that I incorporated into when I was running the farm, from testing milk to whatever. He was a wonderful coach. I know that that within the FFA (Future Farmers of America) and that still exists yet today. Between the two high schools we had a basketball team. FFA kids. I know that I have a picture of, might have been my sophomore or junior year, of the team that we played on and we won the championship that year. My brother Bill is in that picture as also. We had about 10 guys, our coach was Ernie also. Neat, neat fellow, thee best teacher I ever had.

Father Feeney taking some boys to WBAY gym to play basketball.

WBAY was one of the TV stations in Green Bay, still exists today. Father Feeney was a Catholic priest that, I think brother Bill might have been the guy that probably made the contact with him, would come and pick a bunch of us guys up and take us down to that gymnasium down in Green Bay to play basketball on a Sunday afternoon. We would go over to, I'm drawing a blank now, there is a restaurant on the east side of Green Bay that serves the best hamburgers of anybody. I'm drawing a blank of what the name was. We just had a heck of a good time, going to play basketball for a few hours. I don't ever remember us buying the hamburgers, I think he did. Pretty special guy to take us under his wing and go over there and have an enjoyable Sunday afternoon.

Father Jacobs teaching us Catechism on Saturday at Corpus Christi.

He was the priest there then and when we would go to Saturday religious instructions, him and some of the nuns were teachers. But I specifically remember him; he might have been the pastor or the assistant pastor. He was teaching us, I won't say that he gave us our foundation; mother and dad gave us our religious foundation. He was one of the people that really molded us into looking at where we are coming from as far as Christianity, all these special people.

Stopping to see Grandma Pfeifer at Goettleman's after Catechism.

My grandmother, Emma Pfeifer, my mother's mother, was a secretary. Goettleman's was a clothing store. For the kids that are familiar with Sturgeon Bay went into being Mac's Sport Shop, today it is some kind of pizzeria. I know that Jim and Paul go there when we go deer hunting they would always stop there with the guys and have pizza, but that was the building that was a clothing store. As a clothing store, my grandmother was keeping the books. My mother then would, catechism was about an hour maybe two hours, do her shopping and she would come back and pick us up. She would either do some shopping or our opportunity to see grandma. We would sneak in the back door because her desk was just inside the back door. I know that she would kind of look around and make sure the boss wasn't around. I don't know that he would have said anything, I doubt it. I just remember that it was a unique time, it might have only been ten minutes that we were in there to see my grandmother. Grandma would come to the farm off and on. Never did get to know my grandfathers because they both died before I was born. Both of my grandmothers, my mothers and my fathers, were pretty special ladies. I'll talk about Grandma Josephine Schmidt further down. My mother before she was married, she did a lot of secretarial work at the banks. Evidently my grandmother had an influence on her as far as looking at secretarial work. I know my mother was an excellent book keeper of keeping books for dad on the farm. Grandma had an influence on that looking back on that. Neither of my grandmothers ever remarried. My grandma Pfeifer, I forgot when Grandpa Joe died (I don't remember what he had for a disease), his traits show up a lot in my brothers. Particularly my brothers, more than my sisters, I would say the slender build, looking at the facial features and whatever, go back to my grandfather on my mother's side of the family. My dad's father, never go to know him, I'm drawing a blank as far as date, I know I've got it at home, the tombstone. He committed suicide, which was when my dad was about either 15 or 16 years old. Dad didn't talk about that until he was about he was 70 some years old. My uncle and my Dad found their dad hanging in the barn, or in the grainery on the home farm. It had to have been a traumatic experience for them. My grandmother then, my dad's mother, never did talk to anyone about it. No family members, nobody in the family about possibilities of why that happened, she took that to the grave with her. As much of a lot of us would have liked to know that but never did. I know my oldest first cousin, Betty Rose said that times were really tough at that point. It was spring of that year, whether the expenses got to be too much on the farm, nobody ever knew. Grandma never talked about that, she never did remarry. She would come to the farm quite often. Maybe you can relate to this, I don't know what the tool was to darn socks, looked like an ice cream cone made out of wood. They would stretch the sock over the tool and she darned

those socks. Now a days you get a hole in your socks and you go to the store and buy a new one. Well times were tough on the farm and grandma would come off and on, I can just see her sitting there darning, with 12 kids around there had to be a lot of socks around. That was one of the things that she would do in the fall of the year my mother would get a bushel of peaches and grandma would help her with canning. I don't know if they had a set time that grandma would come four times a year. I know that there were lots of times that grandma was there to help out and I know that there were a lot of times that she was there that I really didn't know that she was there. Those are some of the things that I remember. There was something else that I remember I was thinking about her, ah, maybe it will come up.

Stopping at Don Mathison's little store on the way home from church on Sunday's.

That building still exists today, just a little mom and pop grocery store. I think there is some kind of, I think whoever owns that is into painting their own paintings or something creative in the artistic field, maybe sculpturing, I don't know. That building was a house and a store all in one. They could walk out of the store into their own home, so it was incorporated into one building. It was about the size of our garage. Mom and Dad would stop there to do some of their grocery shopping on the way home from church. Dad always wanted to stop and get the Sunday newspaper. A man by the name of Don Mathison owned that store.

Playing softball with the neighborhood kids

We never really had to worry about if there were going to be enough kids around to put two ball teams together. We had 10 kids in the family, the Schlise's had about 10 kids in their family, and within a half mile there, I don't know we had a bunch per se, we had extra kids. There were more than enough kids to have two teams. So, we had lots of good times playing ball. In fact I just put a note in here yesterday or the day before. See my little finger; see how it is bent like that? I remember my eighth grade graduation we had a grade school picnic and that was on a Sunday afternoon and we were playing hard ball. We were getting up to the big league now, not soft ball, we were playing hard ball. Everyone had their own glove, but someone hit the ball, I had that glove on the right hand and got that ball with the left hand. Split that finger at least a half an inch, right between the little and ring finger, tore it right open. That was about three o'clock in the afternoon, it was my turn to go down and get the cows that Sunday afternoon. I went into the pasture to get the cows, I know the rock is not there today, but there was a big rock in the lane. I just about passed out because of having that tear in the finger. Either going or coming back, I remember sitting there on that rock, like it happened today. That's all the memory that I have of that, whether I bandaged it or what, I know that the crook in my finger that tore that open catching that ball bare handed.

Going swimming in Lake Michigan at Uncle Pat and Aunt Lena Watters

We only lived a mile and a half from Lake Michigan. That is my mother's Aunt, Aunt Lena that I am referring to. They had a cottage and Sunday afternoons, we didn't go every

Sunday afternoon, but we would want to go swimming *to many, maybe you can help me out*. My mother always said that we always had to lay down and hour after we eat so that we didn't get cramps when we were out swimming. *is there some truth that, what do you know about that*. *(Mary Beth), I think it is an old wives tale, but every mother says that* *really, still yet today?* *(Mary Beth), mmmhmm, I think it has just been passed down from history, don't know if there is any proof to it. I still hear mothers say it.* "You kids go and lay down." I think Mom and Dad wanted to get an hour sleep after lunch. *(Mary Beth), *that's exactly it too,.* I think Mom and Dad wanted some quiet and that's one way they got it. Because kids were willing to lay down so they could go swimming. So, we had kind of a contest then that...imagine piling all the kids into one car....we would put our swimming suits on at home and drive down to the lake. We would see who could get out of the car the fastest and get in the water first. Every time we went swimming we had a contest. I don't know how that ever got started. I don't know if we got a prize for that or whatever. See who could land in the water first. We never looked for cars. Their cottage was across the road, then another cottage was over here, but we never looked for cars. We would just get out of the car as fast as we could and jump into the lake. I could see that happening, like it was right now.

Having the family reunion on the farm when I was about six years old.

I think that I have a picture of that. Particularly, Grandma Josephine Schmidt, my dad's mother, dad had to be (well that was 1944). We used to do a lot of family things back then. Things that I really think that are missing from today's society of having family reunions. People are going in so many different directions that we are losing that togetherness that a lot of families look forward too. We don't see a lot of that today. I don't know why that is, if it is that we are just too much of a business world that we live in or whatever. But I specifically remember that reunion for some reason, well I've got a picture of. I know my grandmother holding, I'd have to look at the picture, one of my brothers and sisters. The back of the picture has all the kids listed up and I know where that picture was taken, right outside the old farm house.

Going to the Midget auto races in De Pere on Saturday nights or to stock car races at State Fair in Milwaukee.

That was something that my Dad loved to do he would go to the races in De Pere, all of us kids didn't get a chance to go along. There again, I don't know if he would draw straws to decide who would get to go along. I could come up with a lot of names Miles Melious, all the drivers that. Gosh, I was only 10 years old when we were doing that. We didn't go every Saturday night. Mom and Dad, I don't know how they disciplined us kids, I only remember getting a spanking one time from my dad. My brother Bill, maybe one of my other brothers, we lit the wood pile on fire. We had a little miniature stove; I don't know if it was one of my sisters or whatever, we thought that might be cool to start a fire in that thing. We took it behind the wood pile, of course in the summer time there was a lot of brown grass got a fire going. Dad

took that belt out and we got a licking, which was the only time I ever knew my dad laid a hand on us with a belt. I don't know, to say what they did for discipline. Here's a case though that going to those Midget auto races, I had evidently done something that I shouldn't have done that week. Dad said, "Nope, you're not going to the races." Man I cried and cried and cried,. I couldn't go to the along to those races. What they did for discipline other than a stern voice, I don't know. I think us kids were pretty well disciplined looking back on it and turned out pretty decent. I know that they did not carry a big stick. They obviously, did verbally or some sort of way or whatever. They had a method. Dad loved to go to State Fair Park and watch the stock car races. As Dad was growing up there were two brands of cars Kaisers and Fraisers, not so much the Fraisers, but the Kaisers. There were a couple of pretty good stock car racers that we used to joke about. These were the old style bathtubs with the slant on the end, if you took that and turned it upside down that the way the car would look, the Kaiser. Turn that up and put a motor inside of it. It would look like that old bathtub.

I was thinking on that the other day we didn't have interstate 43 going to Milwaukee at that time. That had to have been like a four-hour drive. I don't know who did the chores. I know that all of us boys didn't go along. I don't know if they hired one of the neighbors to do the milking or what, don't really know. Just thinking on that the other day, kind of crossed my mind. Lots of famous names I you gave me a list of names I could pick them out real quick, they are at the tip of my tongue at this point. I don't know if dad really had Kaisers or Fraisers because seeing that they performed so well in the races is that why he got in there and liked them that much. Don't know how he got into the midget stock car races either.

Racing go-carts on the tracks at the farm.

There again we would create a lot of our own entertainment. Two of my younger brothers Bob and Jim these guys were really good at, well we all were in fact dad gave us the hands to build and create things, building their own go-carts. We would put chain saw engines on them. I didn't know this until much later in life, our town chairman Ty Perry (he is dead now) he lived just a mile west of us and he couldn't figure out who was always cutting wood late in the day. We had work to do on the farm during the day so we weren't racing go-carts unless we got rained out of working with the hay. Most times, we would race the go-carts after chores at night. Ty Perry couldn't figure out who was cutting wood in the summer time when it was so hot. It was all of us kids racing go-carts because we had chain saw engines on them. We thought it was cool having one of the chain saws on there, we wondered what it would be like having two of them on there. We would put one on one wheel and the other on the other wheel; we would run two engines on there. We built our own race tracks south of the barn and horse shoe turns on them, that's how I learned to race go-carts. I've taken my grandkids, probably haven't done it in the last ten years, but I think I would take on all my brothers and my grandkids and beat them all. I remember Danny. Danny is my oldest grandson; of course we

would not do that today because we both would not fit in the go-carts, because he weighs 320lbs. I remember when Danny was a young age that we could go to Bay Beach in Green Bay where my son Paul lived; they had a go-cart track there. The track was all nice and slick because it was black top. Of course, there were spotters on the track to make sure that you are not bumping some of the other kids off the track. You can run single or double, so Danny jumped in with me, I think that we lapped everyone on the track. Danny was wondering how we did that, I said Danny we didn't have that track on the farm for nothing. We learned how to go around those corners.

When Jake Merkel lived on the Jorgensen Farm before George was there.

So I talked about the Jorgensen Farm when we were ice-skating. Before the Jorgensen lived there, a guy by the name of Jake Merkel and his son Wayne lived there. Wayne went to high school with my brother Bill and myself. That was my first introduction to a threshing machine. Years ago, not everyone owned a threshing machine. Farmers would contract out to have someone to come to your farm to do the threshing for you. We would always enjoy it because we could walk across the field about a 100 yards and we could see the threshing machine coming down the road. Periodically they would blow the big whistle that was on the steam engine for the neighborhood kids. We knew when they were coming with the big threshing machine because they would be out there blowing the whistle. I don't ever remember my dad threshing on the farm because he was a pretty progressive farmer and used the combine. If they did I probably wasn't at an age that I could remember that. It was always fascinating to me and probably to my brothers and sisters to walk a hundred yards and watch those guys, mom and dad didn't want us to go down there and get in the way when we were watching these guys with the threshing crew. I don't know if my brothers and sisters were as fascinated with threshing as I was. I don't recall any threshing machine coming onto the farm, I'm sure they had but it was probably before my time. Dad was a pretty progressive farmer that he had combines on the farm. Just like looking at all the different aspects of all that, in fact, somewhere in my boxes in my office I have a bag used to hold the grain, when they were threshing have lots, they would put the grain in the bags and the guys would have to throw them up on their shoulder and physically carry them in the grainery and dump them in. I've got one of those bags that brings back a lot of memories. Later on then Dad would use that for either storing feed in it or seeds that he wanted to plant. Show that bag to any old farmer, they can relate to that specific size bag.

Being so small not realizing that the road went any further past the farm.

I didn't know the rest of the world survived or really existed. We were caught up in our own little world on the farm I didn't know that there was more to the world, that we were in our own little world. In fact, my sister Marge, she is the one who worked for hospice for 15 years, said that she didn't realize that we were really poor until later on in life and saw some pictures when we were growing up as kids. We didn't have a lot of clothes. I tell people that I look at some of those good old times we always had clean clothes, we always had plenty to eat (Mom

had three gardens and I'll testify to that because I pulled a lot of weeds), and we had a lot of neighborhood kids to run around and play with. Mom and Dad loved us so we did not think that we were poor from a dollar stand point of view. We were happy campers; we did not need any more than that.

Old apple orchard on the side of the house

We had a lot of apple trees. I know there were a couple of specific trees there that in the summer time, I wouldn't say we would fight for the apples, but one had a pretty good taste to it and the others were kind of sour or wormy. There were at least 10 to 15 trees at one time on the north side of the house that someone had evidently planted years ago. How much they were used, I know my mother used to pick apples off there and make applesauce and can them. Of course, she would can a lot of stuff because they didn't have freezers.

Old smoke house north of the garden

Years ago on a lot of farms they did everything. It was like a little community in itself. A little business place, we had a building called the smoke house. I can remember that we would take the hams off the pigs and hang them up in there. I don't ever remember mom and dad going in there. Somebody, maybe Uncle John, had to go in there to get that fire going. I never saw it done, but they had to get a fire going or some sort going in there with either oak or something to give it the flavor. We did have a smoke house on the farm at one point. I remember the meat hanging in there at one point. Another one of those old buildings, something that you don't see now days.

Scraping carrots on the eavesdrop by the old milk house.

I could remember that we used to pump water. We had a building called the pump house and we would pump water out of there into a big stock tank for the animals. Years ago they used to make eavesdrops for the buildings and that had a sharp edge on side of that eavesdrop. Dad would pump water into that and it would go to out into the trough. We would go in the garden and pull up some carrots and use that edge of the eavesdrop to scrape the carrots a little bit and dip in the stock tank with the algae growing in there and everything to rinse them off. Those carrots would taste pretty good. We turned out pretty decent so maybe there was something to that carrots dipped in the algae water and scraped on the eavesdrop. I figured if the cows were drinking it, it must be ok for us, that's what we used to do. Not only did it fill the tank up, but we could use that sharp side for scraping the carrots. Those were the good old days that we talked about. Out of that same pump house we would pump the water for the animals in the winter time. We would pump that up into the barn and they had a tank then in the hay mow, so the hay would cover it up so the tank would not freeze. We would pump water maybe once a day or every couple of days to fill up that big reservoir up in the barn, then it was gravity flow for the animals into the barn. There was no worry about leaking pipes. You didn't have to worry about pressure or whatever is was all gravity. Less maintenance that way.

In 1949 we built a huge silo on the farm.

It was a 14x40 Madison silo, Stave silo. I remember that particular year because dad used to plant corn and the crows would get out there pick up the corn seeds. They knew based on the smell where the seed was, you go find the hole and peck them right out of there. Guess what we had some hand planters. We had to go back out there after the corn was up and growing and fill in those blank spots. We wanted to be back there building that silo because at that point a 14x40 silo was big for that time. Now they have 20x80, I mean just huge. That silo is gone off the farm as we talk here, but we put a lot of feed through that particular structure.

Dad hired a neighbor to come on the farm and they backed a Baler into the barn. I talked about that long hay being in the mow in the barn, they would go in there and pitch that back out of there into the large Baler. That wasn't string tied it was wired tied. You'd have two guys sitting on the machine, they were feeding the wire through. That was prior to when dad owned the square Baler, that was quite the operation. These guys would go around from farm to farm and they could bale the hay out of the barn then, rather than like they normally do if they were baling it out in the field. 1951 my mother would either holler out the back door, or one of the kids came and said dinner is ready. I don't know what I was doing, but I was up on the chopper wagon and was on my way down and fell backwards onto my back on the ground. Knocked the air out of me, that is an unusual feeling when you are still conscious. I wanted to get up but I couldn't get up. Took the breath completely away from me, I don't know how long I lay there whether it was 10 seconds or couple of minutes. Wanted to get up, but couldn't physically for some reason or another. I know what it means to get the breath knocked out of you. That was a fall of about eight feet onto my back.

Before we had a milking parlor, we had milking equipment, machines that we would milk the animals with. Somebody had to wash that equipment up. We take soapy water, go in the house and get some hot water with soap in it. We had a water container to wash those buckets out with. Did that outside, we had a big board that we would leave the pails and milking machines to air dry, what does that say to the grade A nowadays. Sunshine was doing the job. Of course, I'm sure that we didn't have as many pollutants in the air as we do nowadays. I know that we never were called for bad products off of the farm because of some sort of contamination. But it was air dried.

We use to have a guy by the name of Leo Fiest that would come on the farm to fill the gas drums. My dad had about four or five 55 gallon drums, he had a rack that he would put them on that rack sideways. He would put a spigot on the side and nowadays they have all this stuff buried under the ground with electric pumps, this was all gravity fed. This guy would come around with his gas truck and fill those up whenever Dad would call him, modern storage now.

I was talking about those Kaiser/Fraiser cars that Dad would like to watch. I forgot one more was Hudson, and Hudson was out about the same time as the Kaiser/Fraiser. I had

mentioned how the Kaiser being a bathtub upside down that was not so, it was the Hudson. Hudson, I don't know who bought them out later on, but dad bought a couple of the Hudson's, those were the hot ones that he liked to watch when they were racing. Not only did he have the Kaiser and Frasier's, but the Hudson's. That was about 3 or 4 years prior to me getting a license. I know that he had a nice bright blue Frasier car with a leather dash and radio. If I had that today, it would be worth many bucks, it would be in mint condition.

My mother had an Aunt Helen and Uncle Jim Amundsen. Uncle Jim used to be a captain on the big iron ore boats that would run up and down the Great Lakes. He wasn't home very often, but I can remember aunt Helen having a stroke. He would, about once a summer put Aunt Helen in the car and bring her up. He would drive on the front lawn, right up to the front door then aunt Helen would not have to walk very far. He really took good care of her.

Uncle Jim was a guy that would collect pens; right now it is tripping my trigger, because I know that my second oldest granddaughter Heather collects pens. If I had known that I could have way back when, I don't know whatever happened to Uncle Jim's collection. I know that he had a lot of them. Maybe that where I got started helping Heather collect pens. We always knew when Uncle Jim came because we would see that car driving on the front lawn, we knew that Uncle Jim and Aunt Helen were there.

We started raising canning and freezer peas in 1960 for Larson Canning Company out of Green Bay.

1960 was the first year that we raised them, we raised them up until about 1982, I think was the last year we raised peas. They came to us and asked us if we would want to raise peas for them on the Wagner farm. Of course, most of it at that point was done by hand labor where they would take the old hay loaders and fork it in there. Then they would take the trucks, haul it over to a station, and fork it off all by hand. Now it is done all mechanically, where they have a machine that will cut it, break the pods open, and store it all on one machine. These machines are about 50 to 60 thousand dollars per machine. I remember late one afternoon they had three crews that they were harvesting with, normally there were seven to eight of these combines and they ran behind and I remember milking cows one night and opening the parlor door. I looked out into the field and they had all three crews out in the field. Those guys ran about 20 hours a day. They would have lights on the combine and it looked like a moving city. I'm sure they had close to a million dollars there in equipment out there in that field from the trucks to the maintenance people. We raised a lot of peas for Larson Canning Company out of Green Bay for many years, did a lot of research information for them. We did test plots for them, we would plant them all with an old six foot horse drill. Just took a little Ford tracker and pulled that. So, it was six feet wide and about 100 yards long. One year I did an experiment of taking Folient spray and what I mean by a Folient is taking a nutritional spray and spraying it on top of the leaves on the plant or whatever it might be, whether it was wheat or peas. That would move the maturity up by about four days by putting a folier spray on. I went to see the guy who was in

charge of the tests plots and told him that I could move the maturity up. Normally peas are from a 58 to a 62-day crop and you can make it or break it depending on when the maturity is and depending on the heat units. What are heat units? Heat units are determined by taking the high and low temperature on any given particular day, they divide that by 2, and that gives them the number of heat units. That's what is used to determine how many acres they are going to plant. So, if you had a whole bunch of cool whether then they have no idea how many acres to plant. Two months later they are going to be into harvesting, well how many acres are we going to plant based on those heat units? Well, how do they know from year to year how that is going to change? They had to have some kind of guideline, so they would take a ten-year average. They would pull the book out and say based on the number of heat units for a particular month. Some years they could throw the book away because it didn't apply, but they had to have something for a guideline. Getting back to telling this guy about improving the maturity date. No he didn't want to do that because then he would have to have a bigger test strip. I said, "How many feet do you want?" "Well, run it all the way over to that fence line over there, I'll give you 300 feet if you want it." "No that wouldn't be good." He was a college graduate from the University of Wisconsin and here is little 'ol me and I'm not schooled at the University and I knew what it took to get quality peas out there. I think I was intimidating him, stepping on his toes. Do you suppose that he would take that extra footage, he just would not. I just kind of smiled at that and thought boy guys take the blinders off and get out here in the real world. But he never would resort to me giving him extra acreage.

When I finished growing for the Larson company they used to rank all their growers by dollar returned per acre and I remember after I sold my dairy cattle that we kept a few pieces of tillage equipment and let those guys do all the planting and harvesting. My son Jim came in and said the field man is out here, he wants to know what kind of fertilizer we put on. I said; just tell him that 200 pounds of 10-10-10, which is a standard number of fertilizer. That was enough to satisfy him. It just so happened that when it came to harvest time we had an extremely big crop and they had the chief field man out there and the president of the company was there, all the big shots from the company were there looking at the nice crop of peas that we had. I said I suppose you guys are wondering why we have such a good crop, well yah we are. I told Jim to go into my office and get that fertilizer slip. He went in and got the slip, I handed it to the field man, and the first item on the list was 400 pounds of white sugar. "What the hell is this?" I said, "Well your good bugs out in the field thrive on carbon and that's what sugar is. Plants love that sort of stuff." Well that was unheard of for these guys to be looking at alternative stuff. Here again, that's just another way I think of expanding of what I do today of getting into alternative health things. Whether it was raising my dairy cows or raising that sort of crop, that just laid a lot of the ground work for things that I do today. I just smiled at these guys. Another aspect, they wanted to spray the peas for thistles, if you have thistles in the fields and they combine them, thistle seed is just about the same size as the peas themselves. They have no way of taking those thistles out of there. I said, "I have a few little spots in the field, I can go in there with a hand sickle and just cut the tops off and they'll fall to the ground and we can harvest them." He said,

“Well no that’s our policy, we spray everything.” I thought something is funny here; I can go in there and isolate those or go around that spot. Come to find out that the chief field man for the company his son was doing all the spraying for the company. He was padding his son’s pocket. If I had known that, I would have been in there pounding on the desk of the president of that company and say “What the heck is going on here?” I know that I can raise good quality peas for you guys, forget about your policy of spraying everything. You guys have got your heads in the sand. It boiled down to two years later when the listing for the dollar per acre came out, when I quit that next year I had the 3rd highest dollar per acre than anybody growing peas for that company. They came the next year and wanted me to sign a contract. I said, “No I won’t.” “Well, why not?” I said, “I know how to raise good peas but you guys are arguing with me about spraying all the chemicals on there.” I said, “First of all, what’s it going to do to someone in the inner city that’s going to be eating those peas or some baby that’s going to eat that and that little tyke is going to get sick. This might come back to the chemicals that you guys are putting out there on those vegetables.” Even though I had a high dollar return per acre, I said “If you don’t change your policy I’m going to refuse to grow for you.” Somebody told me that you’re going to shoot yourself in the foot. I said, “No not really, I’m trying to educate people on how to stay away from chemicals, miss use or over use of them. That’s my responsibility to try to educate people that there are alternatives ways. There are better ways of doing this, rather than relying on the chemical industry out here.” I went round and round with them; they wouldn’t change, so I changed. To heck with ya, I won’t grow peas for ya anymore, which was sad.

I remember going along with my dad, he did a lot of custom combining. He was went everywhere from Dykesville up to Sister bay in Door County and anywhere in between. He combined for many different farmers. Dad had quite a reputation in the late 40’s and 50’s doing custom work for other farmers. Of course, with all of us boys around there was always enough help then Dad didn’t have to quit at five o’clock and go home and milk cows. That was short season for a month and a half; we were gone on the road custom combining for other people. He would take one of us along and had to drive a truck that we would dump the grain in. We thought we really had the world by the tail. With combines nowadays, those guys just combine and they have big gravity boxes. They unload on the go. Well, shoot, way back in the late 40’s we took that truck and unloaded on the go, drive that truck along the side and the machine never stopped, just kept going. So, Dad would need a little break two o’clock in the afternoon, he would jump in the cab of the truck and take a little snooze while either I or one of my brothers be out there combining. We were probably maybe 10 or 11 years old, dad taught us how to run that equipment. I was just talking about kids with driver’s licenses and you have to 16 years old. I said, shoot I was driving vehicles when I was probably about 10 or 12. I know I didn’t have a license went to town. Dad would say, hey, won’t don’t you go pick up some cow feed or take this seed down to get it cleaned, I didn’t worry about the police. Dad said to jump in the truck and go. I could get my feet on the clutch and the break, that’s all I needed to drive down there. Dad took the time to show us how to do all that sort of stuff. That’s one of the issues that I see nowadays is that the parents aren’t out here teaching kids the how to do’s. There are lots of lazy

kids out there because the parents don't teach them responsibility or give them the hands on, it's sad. Dad took the time to show us all those sort of things.

We had a 190 acres on the farm, I would say that 40 acres of that was across the road. That's where we used to take our cattle. Take them down the lane, it was rough pasture land that there was less than 10 acres on there that we could farm. The rest of it Dad would till it up every eight to ten years and reseed that. That's where we would take all the cattle, let them pasture during the day. Someone had to walk down there and take the cattle down there and cross the road. Also, go get them late in the day. I don't really know if we drew straws to see who was going to get the cows today, but somehow the cows were there at five o'clock when they were supposed to be milked.

That 14x40 silo that I talked about, in the winter time (of course there was moisture in the feed that you store in that structure, the walls were not insulated) that feed would tend to freeze to the outside of that silo. You would have to get in there with a fork and an axe and chop all that stuff out of there, throw those big chunks of the frozen stuff down. We would then pile that in front of the mangers in the barn, the heat from the animals would then thaw that out. That was our (I'm not going to use the word microwave) way of thawing out the feed so nothing was wasted. We would just throw these chunks up against the wall and sooner or later they would just thaw out. We didn't waste it and we could feed the animals, that was before silo unloaders. When silo unloaders came out then they would mechanically unload the feed out of the silo. Out on the outer end of that they would have a sharp wheel with a cutting blades that would keep all this frost cut away from the feed. So we didn't have to go in there and chop all that stuff out. We thought we had the world by the tail, it saved us a lot of broken handles and axes. We didn't have to do all that chopping.

1954

When I was 16 years old, I had a driver's license. Dad had a guy down on Mount Lookout Farm, that's about seven miles from the home farm. The guy was from Chicago and he was going to come to Door County and show people how to raise beef cattle. Before artificial insemination came around farmers always had a Bull on the farm to breed their cows. Well, guess what, this guy really had the answer. He had one cow and had four bulls. I think ratio wise he didn't have it figured out right. If my dad was still here to today, I think he would still be laughing about that. The guy, I don't know how many acres he had, but he wanted my dad to come and do some plowing for him. Dad got me started that was the first farm that I had done any plowing. Dad had a little model A coupe Ford. I would eat breakfast in the morning and after I would get done eating I would throw a couple cans of gas in there and drive down there and be gone until to noon plowing for this guy. Plowing with a three-bottom plow. I broke down and that guy just happened to be there. I needed a couple of bolts, so he said jump in the car and we will go over to the farm. I should have something here to repair that for you. I went along with him and he lived in a pretty fancy house. He said come in here and look at my wife's

bedroom; I thought why he would take me in there. Well his wife liked cats and she had a great big angora cat sleeping on her pillow. I thought, no way am I going to let a cat sleep on my pillow. He had to have me see that cat for some reason or other. I don't think he taught my father too much about farming after talking about having four bulls and a cow. I think instead of him being the teacher it was the other way around, I think Dad taught him a lot.

One of those custom combine jobs that we had was Werner Johnson. We had always known that people like to mix peas and carrots together. That's something that my mom never did was mixed vegetables, we always had individual vegetables. We knew there was one place that when we would do custom combining that we were going to get peas and carrots mixed together, that's when we combined for Werner Johnson. His wife was an excellent cook; I don't know what else she fixed. But we all knew that we were going to get peas and carrots mixed together when we combined for them. Ida did a good job of cooking.

Next door to them was a farmer by the name of Ev Betts. Here's a man that (this was the Betts kids I was referring to that we went to school with) worked two jobs. He had a farm with a few beef cattle and he also worked at the Bay Shipyard. I know there is a big crane, at Bay Ship and he ran that big crane when they were building the boats down there. So he would run the crane during the day time and farm at night. He had a Minneapolis Moline that was run on propane, which is kind of unheard of. There are some of the older tractors that ran on the propane, but it had a unique sound to the motor. It would be getting dark and we could hear Ev out there tilling the soil because he had to work his land at night in order to get the crops in. A very talented guy and we got to know all of his kids. He was the kind of guy that anyone could go up to the Mackinac Bridge, which connects the northern, (upper) and southern Michigan, he was one of the crane operators that helped to build that bridge. At the highest point I believe it is 300 feet off the water. He said that there were cranes that were located on the barge that were down below the bridge. If they had more than a five mile an hour wind they couldn't work. If you look on at a crane on a barge, that thing is up there that high, you go to the end of that thing with just a little bit of wind and the crane would be just flopping all over the place. There were a lot of days that they couldn't work because of the wind. I've been up to Mackinac, there's a lot of pictures up there. There some of them with him working on building that bridge up there, that was our next-door neighbor. Then later on after he passed on the boys took over the farm and they all had jobs. Dad rented the farm, and then my brother Bill and I rented the farm, and then my brother Lynn. My younger brother Joe still rents the farm today, that's been three generations that we have rented that particular piece of property, even though we don't own it.

I can remember prior to black top roads or concrete roads everything was gravel. The township had an old road grader we later inherited. We would grade our own yard or even grade part of the road that went by our place because it was just like dad would call it, a washboard. There were ripples on the road from driving over it. Why the roads would get that ripple affect, I have no idea. We ended up inheriting that road grader; years ago that's what was used to straighten out the roads. I can also remember driving down to the lake, where there was a lot of

low land where the roads went. On these low spots, they used to build a corduroy road. Corduroy road is when they get into those soft spots, use cut trees (possibly cedar or regular logs) and bury them crosswise over the road, and cover it with soil and put gravel over top of that. Depending on how much maintenance they would keep on those roads, you could actually see where those corduroys would settle down in the roadbeds. Or the frost would push them up and you would be actually driving on those logs trying to go some place on the road. That was called a corduroy Road. Not like these modern day black top and concrete roads. What was the guy telling me just the other day? North of here they are building on Highway 30 there is a four lane road going by his place and there are about 8 to 10 inches of concrete they are pouring on two lanes of traffic. They can pour, a mile a day. Think about that, ready mix that they can back in there with a truck every minute and a half. They dump 10 yards of ready mix in there, that's a lot of ready mix. To pour a mile a day 8 to 10 inches thick, that's what they build the modern roads with. A little different then I was born and raised with.

We had a freight train that ran near our house, even though it wasn't a train per se. We lived a mile and a half from Lake Michigan and if you had a windy day you could actually hear the roar of the waves on Lake Michigan, sounds like a freight train coming. As a kid we never used to know what that was until Dad informed us that is the lake. What do you mean that is the lake? Well, then when you drove down by the lake you could see these big six to eight foot waves. It sounded just like a freight train, only we were a mile and a half away. We had our own private train, that's what it sounded like a freight train.

Now we get into a little fun time here. My mother used to, I think, just about every Saturday, she would wash the kitchen floor and she would move all the table and chairs and what not. Then we had linoleum in the kitchen and dining were all one room, really. She would move all the chairs into the living room, we had carpet in there, then she could scrub that whole floor. She would put the wax on the floor, "Now make sure you kids don't go in there, I've got wax on and it's going to take a while to dry". I think she did that every Saturday. I don't know where dad was. Mom was gone one time and we thought we needed to have a little extra fun. We went out and caught a big tom cat and brought him in the house and took some paper and put it on all four legs, like putting mittens on the cat and put a rubber band on them to keep the paper on. We threw that cat on the wax floor. Well, you know a wax floor is pretty slippery. We had a lot of entertainment watching that cat trying to get out of there. Scooting around, talk about home entertainment, we created our own. If mom had walked in at that time, that would've been the second time where we would have belt laid to us. We were creative.

When we went to school prior to getting a drivers license. Even though we went to high school in Sturgeon Bay, in town, the school bus would drive by and pick us up, came right to the door to get us. That was about a 45 minute drive to go to high school in Sturgeon Bay. Of course then later on we got licenses and we could have a permit to drive to school. It had to be o.k.'ed by the principle, I think, in the high school. Those were some of the good 'ol days. I think that might have been part of the reason why maybe we didn't get caught skipping school

because we had our own private vehicle that we didn't have to worry about catching the bus. We didn't do it that much, but I did skip school every once-in-a-while. I could probably hold all those occasions on two fingers. Never did get caught. (To Mary Beth) *You never skipped school did you? * (Mary Beth) *I didn't.* Oh, ok, see you missed some of those good times.

I have a picture hanging in my office; I know that quite a few of my family members can relate to the picture. The picture was taken in 1949, an aerial photograph of the farm. As I point out on the picture, there is a body standing down there in the driveway, that's me. On the picture is a picture of my dad starting to chop hay east of the barn. Somebody else in one of the, as I said my mother had 3 gardens, so there were a number of other bodies out there. However, that is me standing down there waving at the pilot as he is taking the picture. I still have the original that was taken in 1949. In fact, one of my nephews, Ottmar Olsen had found somebody who restore old photographs, because the picture was all wrinkled. I was amazed at the job that guy did to, well it wasn't like new but he got a lot of the wrinkles out. Somehow, had the means of recreating that picture like it was.

I have five brothers, might have been six. I have five brothers and sisters that made National News. I would have to look it up. Somewhere I have a clipping out of a newspaper. I know some of my brothers and sisters can relate to that. My mother had a doctor that if any of us kids were sick, Dr. Hirschbeck, he lived in Forestville, just a little burg. He would come to the house. We never went to the hospital. If we got sick, enough mother would call Dr. Hirschbeck and he would come and take care of us right in the house. Some of the kids had bad tonsils and Dr. Hirschbeck said, "well, you know some of these younger kids, we may as well take some of the younger kids as long as we are going to operate on two or three of them". I don't think it was six, I think that five of my brothers and sisters they did them all at the same time. That picture went Nationwide in front of a lot of major newspapers. They chose my brothers and sisters, all of them on the picture, they are all standing there with their tongue out, sticking their finger and pointing to their...of course there was a caption underneath it of what they were pointing at. Little did they know that you don't want to be taking those tonsils out because that is your sulfur storage tank for sulfur, which is a mineral that you need in your body. Not able to get along without it, if you hear someone clearing their throat (sound of clearing throat), first question I ask them is do you have your tonsils. More than likely, they are going to say no. They will end up with a lot of phlegm in their throat. The tonsils are the clearing organ in the body; it clears all that out of there. The tonsils are the storage tank for the sulfur in the body. Why would you want to take that out? If you take it, you almost have to take an oral supplement of some sort on a daily basis, onions are rich in sulfur or they make supplemental capsules that you can take to build up the sulfur. I can remember one of my bosses, at the fertilizer company, I met in the parking lot one day and he was clearing his throat (sound of clearing throat) and I said Dave do you have your tonsils. He said, "Nope." So I told him about this procedure of taking some garlic or something that is rich in sulfur. About two weeks later, I happened to meet him in the parking lot again, we were talking business and he was just going to go into the office and I said,

“I notice something unique here Dave. You have not cleared your throat. what are you doing?” He just kind of smiled and said, “I did what you told me to, taking some extra sulfur in a capsule form and taking some extra garlic.” The signs are there if you know what to look for.

Growing up as a kid, when you have 13 kids, sleeping space becomes a premium. We had three bedrooms, so how did we get along with that. Well, that’s where bunk beds come into play. My mom and dad, I don’t know where they got them, but they got army bunk beds. Right on the ends was stamped US Army. Of course, there again we go to bed at night there was always a fight about who was going to be top bunk or on the bottom bunk. Whoever was on the top bunk, we would cradle our feet on the bottom of the bed and start bouncing them and bounce them off onto the floor. “Mom, can you come up here? They are kicking us out of the bed.” Those were the fun times we had; it would be fun doing it again.

Got a note here that we used to see a lot of deer when we would go and get our cows back to, what we referred to, the birches. We would go get the cows out of the field, some of my kids know what we referred to as the birches. My younger son Jim owns that piece of property. Our cows would be down amongst the trees for shade. We could see three or four deer mixed in with the cows. Maybe that is the start of when I got interested in deer hunting.

My dad called me in 1977 sometime, I don’t remember the exact date maybe August, it was a little after nine one night. He said, “Waldo’s barn is on fire”. Well, Waldo Stuth used to live where my brother Joe lives right now, the next farm south of us. His barn caught on fire and dad called me to ask me if I could come over and help. I went over there, Waldo had a great big bucket on the front of the tractor, and he had chopped hay in the barn. We started taking the hay out of the barn because it was burning inside the pile of hay in the barn. All of a sudden, the trackor overheated. He didn’t know what had happened to it. We looked at the trackor a couple days later, one of the radiator hoses came off. He could’ve put that back on and maybe saved the barn. The barn burnt down. The fire department came, we couldn’t see any flames but there was a lot of smoke coming out of the barn. He had a couple of openings up under the eave of the barn. So, I climbed the ladder, I told the fire department to give me that hose. I walked across one of the beams and I said keep feeding me the hose. I pushed the hose down there and pushed the hose down there. Evidently, it had burned a big cavity down there. One of the fire chiefs or someone said you’d better get out of there. It seemed that there was no end to where that hose was going. I wasn’t out of there for more than two minutes and boom the whole barn was on fire. I felt fortunate to be out of the barn at that point. The next morning we built a makeshift fence and ran all of his cows (he probably had maybe 50 or 60 cows), we milked our cows, then ran his cows through the woods and over to our farm. There were two herds that we were milking the next morning. I think by the next evening, he had milking equipment dealer that made a makeshift dairy set up for him. I think we only milked those cows one time. But he was a very creative guy that could make things happen. He never did rebuild, he probably had that makeshift dairy set up...well this was either August or September, yeah it had to be because one of my younger brothers Lynn worked for him, helping him chop hay. Lynn would come home

and I'd say what did you guys do all day? Oh, we chopped hay all day long. It was a day like today, cloudy out. What do you mean you chopped hay all day long, well we thought it was dry enough. Well, guess what happened, a month later the barn burned down because there was too much moisture, you guys should know that the policy is that you need sunshine to dry the hay. They put the hay in too wet, spontaneous combustion. (Mary Beth) *How old were you when this occurred*. (Pat) "I have a question mark here, so early 70s, I'd say, probably about 32 years old."

In the 50's we used to go out at night and take a 22 rifle, we had a grainery on the farm and had many rats around. Mainly because the township dump was about 40 acres away, the whole neighborhood used to come and throw trash. I do not know how that ever got started, it was on our property. Periodically, they would go in and burn it. So there was a lot of rats around, we would see them running around the grainery and we would take a 22. Two of us, one to hold the flashlight and the other would take the gun, shine the light at the base and shoot the rats. Darn things kept getting away, so what could we do. You could probably find today what is called a hollow point, where they drill a hole in the end of the shell and when that goes into whatever you are shooting at, it magnifies it and blows it apart. Well, we didn't have those because those were expensive. We were creative again; we just took a jackknife and cut a plus sign in there. The rats didn't get away because we plum blew them apart. Then when there weren't two of us around, one to hold the flashlight and the other to shoot the gun, we would take rubber bands and rubber band the flashlight to the gun and do it ourselves. We got a lot of that from our dad, we were always creative on the farm.

We had a big valley down by that dump that I just referred to and in the spring of the year most of the land was tapered toward that valley. We had spring runoff, particularly a lot of frost on the ground, you'd end up with about three to four feet of water down there. In the winter time, if it got cold enough, we had our own skating pond down there. It would cover about four or five acres or so. We didn't have to go to town to go skating. I remember that there is always a lot of Trilliums, I don't know if it was the state flower in Wisconsin or not, but I'm sure they are still in that little wooded area there that was around that dump. We would take the kids down there and my mother used to say you can't pick that because there is a law that says that you can't pick that. I would say, "Mom go on, there are thousands of them down there, if I pick you a dozen you can put them on your kitchen table and enjoy them. They aren't going to miss a dozen flowers." We used to go round and round about that. I'm sure they are still there yet today. When the kids were younger, the other farm that I lived on, I would take them and walk back into the field about 50 or 60 acres on a Sunday afternoon. Take the kids across the field and let them pick flowers. We didn't have to go to Flowerama like they do today, we had our own.

I remember shooting two bucks one year. I have to think back, I have to put a date on that one. My youngest son Jim, that was the year before he was able to hunt. He had to be 11 years old, so I can calculate that to give a date later on. I shot two bucks within an hour and a

half of each other. It used to be that the milkman would come hunting and the neighbors would come hunting. One of my brothers and my oldest son Paul, everyone was getting deer, they were always razzing me that I couldn't get any deer. We were shining deer the night before I shot these two bucks, came around an opening in the fence and here were those two bucks right there. They weren't more than fifty feet from us. This was about nine o'clock at night, I told Jim and Paul that we got to tell them deer to come back in the morning, we want to see you guys. We go down there just east of there the next morning, opening day of deer season. It was dark out, Jim was sitting next to me on a stone fence, the deer season opened about 6:30. About 10 after six it was starting to get a little light out, and I heard bang, bang. My oldest son Paul was sitting about 300 yards south of me, I could see the fire flying out of the end of his gun, it was still dark out. I told Jimmy, I wonder what the heck he is shooting at. About the third shot all the sudden I see this big black blob coming right at us. We were sitting on a stone fence, I think Jimmy thought that thing was going to run right over us. So I just stepped off the fence and used my twelve gauge shotgun and shot at that deer. The shot landed three feet behind him. I thought, holy man, he was just running flat out. Wasn't doing the normal jumping. He was running faster than I thought. The next shot I shot at him and he just kind of hunched down a little bit and jumped over the fence, I jumped over the fence, and he got into a big bunch of tall grass and down he went. So one of my sister's has got three sons, and I thought it was PJ was pretty good at calculating things, so I said OK I want to know how fast that deer was running now, I'll give you some figures and you figure it out. I said I was using a twelve gauge shot gun, at about say 70 yards, I shot two feet in front of him and hit him in the shoulder, so that's about 4 feet from where I shot to where it actually hit the deer. How fast was the deer going? I want to know miles per hour. So he's over there with his calculator and he said 900, and I said, no no they don't run that fast. I was just laughing. That was bright and early about 10 or quarter after 6, and so we field dressed the deer and pulled him back up to the stand, and I told Jimmy, I said we got to be watching for that other deer and I had a little kink in my neck, and so Jim happened to look around, he bumps me and he says "dad look up there in the field", and there was that other little buck. He was laying right out in the open hay field. He got up and he stretched, he walked down into the Cedars. I said we'll see him later on. Well about a half hour later, Jim bumps me again, and he says "dad look down there". Well the wind was blowing from the deer toward me so he wasn't smelling us. There stood that other buck standing broad side to me. He just stood there, and stood there and stood there. I told Jim I was going to shoot at him once, cause I'd told the boys I want you shooting at about 100 to 150 maybe 200 yards. For a shot gun that's kind of a no no, I mean that's beyond where you should be shooting, out of range, but just in case, I took one shot, the deer fell just like that. I stepped it off and it was 190 yards, so I shot 3 feet over the top of the deer, and it dropped that much hit him in the front shoulder and just dropped him, like right there. So now here in an hour and a half, I had two bucks, with three shots. There wasn't any more teasing then, I said you've just got to bring the deer around guys, I can get them. All those years I hunted, I never had any deer. (Mary Beth) *I take it your family ate all of that meat.* "Oh yeah, we always do." We had an old game warden, of course he's been dead a long

time, and he told one of my neighbors. He said, "You guys feed those deer all year long? Yeah technically you should have a license and only hunt in that assigned nine day season." Which is traditionally the Saturday before Thanksgiving and ends the Sunday after. And he said, But if you figure you need venison, go and shoot the deer, you don't go down to the local tavern and brag about what you're doing, use the whole deer and keep your damm mouth shut." That's a pretty good game warden. I know Jim and Paul, all of their kids really loved venison. Kathy doesn't much care for the wild taste, but my first wife could take venison, and she'd marinate it in orange juice, her dad taught her how to it with orange juice and, I don't know, whatever. If I wouldn't say anything to you, I could put it on your plate, and you'd think it was beef. Totally take the wild taste out of it. I'm sure there are other things you could marinate it with. We ate a lot of "speed beef". That's what I refer to as, you know speed beef, things that can run fast. The boys said they cut the steaks out of the back straps of the deer, then they'll grind it up and make wieners or sausage. Yeah we liked venison.

My daughter Linda, one winter when my son Paul was in Fort Knox Kentucky, in the Army. I don't remember why but we had to go see him so the two of us drove down there, and on the way back we were north of Milwaukee, in a bad snow storm. That's four lane highway going out of Milwaukee, and I was laying in the back seat taking a little snooze, and Linda said, "Oh gosh dad, look what's happening". Well there was a semi that had gone through the median, and down through the ditch, and up the other side, and he was cross ways in the road. The tractor was just going down the other side and just into the ditch. A guy in a little car had run up underneath the semi. I told her let me out of here, I didn't have my shoes on, so I slipped my shoes on, threw my jacket on, and ran down through the median. There must have been three feet of snow, I told her we were right near an exit, drive up there as we didn't have a cell phone. There must be a gas station or something up there and call 911. Someone else who had seen the accident said that they had called, so I went over there where this guy had run up underneath this semi right in front of the back tires of the trailer. He was at an angle so the passenger side was jammed in there underneath the semi. I went around to the driver's side and I said are you all right? "Well yea I thing so", so I helped him out from under the car. I said just lean up against the car here just a minute. I walked around the back of the semi, and the truck driver came out, and I said, I got the guy out of the car, he's standing over here. I think somebody has maybe called an ambulance. I walked back around to the guy, and said why don't you get back inside the car, I don't know when the ambulance will get here. At least you'll have something comfortable to sit on. Pretty soon the ambulance came. Took them an hour and half to get that guy out of that car. I said "hey he was just out here walking around" and they said yea but he could have been in a state of shock. They had to slide a board in, and put him on that board. Took them an hour and half to do this. I had a couple of blankets in the car, so I got them out and covered him up, so he wouldn't be in a state of shock. Had to wait an hour and a half. I don't know why but I've been involved, not personally involved, but seen a number of truck accidents. My second oldest daughter Mimi, went to the University of Lacrosse, the college over there, and we were coming back home, west of Omro. We had been following a semi that the

guy was pushing the limit. The limit was 55 miles per hour, and he was probably going 62 or whatever, and he went around an S corner. He was moving along pretty good, roads were dry, and he came around the second corner, and I see the back tires of the trailer went up and flipped that thing over sideways, sliding down the edge of the road. He then hit a driveway going into a field, and there was gravel flying everywhere, all over the place. I drove up there and I told Mimi to run over to that house over there and call the police. I went around to the front of the tractor and it was tipped on the side, and was still running. This was about a quarter to four, so there was a lot of traffic, as people were just getting done from work. There were a number of cars who had stopped. A guy came over, and the windshield was complete out. When I went around in front of the truck, there was this guy hanging in his seat belt, and he was just swinging back and forth. There was blood dripping down the back of his neck. I was thinking, here we have this truck running and this guy is hanging upside down. I told the guy that I would climb in the cab. See if you can go up top and open the door. I going to get underneath him, push him up, and see if you can get that seat belt unsnapped. We did that and laid him down in the seat. Spend about an hour there with those guys. I mean there were papers all over the place, the guy was from Tennessee, or Kentucky. The police came and they wanted my observation. I didn't say the guy was speeding, but he was. I have them a lot of details.

The next morning I called the Omro police department, and said I was a witness to the accident and wanted to know how that guy was doing. They said he was doing fine. When the truck flipped over he got hit behind the ear, and just knocked him out. That was the other accident I had. I'm glad I wasn't part of those two accidents.

Played football against my youngest son Jim when he was in eighth grade, when he went to Corpus Christi. It was dads against the kids. We had a lot of fun playing football. I was playing middle linebacker. Of course the kids were not very big at that time. I remember jumping right over the top of the center, and tackling the quarterback. Another time the quarterback had thrown a pass, this kid had caught it, shoot I don't know how far down the field he was. I took off after him and tackled him on about the 10 yard line. One of the kids mom's said, "Boy you're fast, I didn't think anyone was going to catch him". I said, "Well, I played football when I was in high school". (laughed) Amazing how you remember all these things and treasure them all.

We moved on that other farm in the 60's. The kids were bugging dad that they needed to have a horse, so we got one from a guy by the name of Cliff Empy. He had a little Shetland Pony, called Go Go. Cliff brought the horse over, he didn't have any saddles for sale, so we had to buy a brand new saddle to put on the horse. We let the kids ride the horse. I don't know which one of the kids, I don't know if Kathy saddled the horse up, but the kids didn't know how to ride the horse to good, and ended up over by the neighbor. The neighbor's called and said, "Hey one of the kids is up here, and they had the horse and they're out here in the yard"! We didn't keep the horse too long. We got rid of the horse and the saddle.

Kathy had a horse, she had a Quarter horse, when we first got married. We kept him on the farm. He was a well trained horse, she said she could neck rein the horse. You just take the reins like that, and wherever you pushed on one side the horse and the horse would go. You better hang onto the horn though, cause evidently, I don't know where the horse came from but it was a cutting horse, that they could go in there and isolate an animal in a big group of animals, and just like they had radar, they'd zoom in on that one. One day, we also had a lot of kids on the farm whether it would be high school classmate, or whatever. A kid came up, he was to suppose to know about riding horses. "Can I ride on Val?" I said, "Yeah you can ride on him". Kathy put the saddle on him, and he jumped on the horse, the horse was going along. Don't know if the horse picked up on that, or whatever, he was going to give him a really good ride. The horse was going along and jumped up in the air, went over and, what was his name, Oh yea Phil Crass, he landed up over there and the horse was over here. He got a real education that day.

In the winter time we'd feed our heifers silage, and put a little ground grain on top, he was smart enough to come along and nibble all the grain off, he'd chase the animals away and eat the corn silage. That's not the best thing for a horse to eat, so we'd tie him up while we were graining the animals. He was so strong, we'd tie him to a wagon and he could almost pull that wagon over to where the animals were. He'd has a taste of that candy bar. He was quite a horse.

1956, that was the year I graduated from high school, and my cousin and Frannie Rose, my first cousin Frannie. I think he was about four years older than me. He worked for a guy by the name of Joe Zettle. I don't know this conversation ever got started, I asked him, "does Joe need any extra help, for a construction company?" He said "yea he's normally hiring guys". I don't know if he talked to him, or I went to see him, or whatever, and I think about the month of June, I started working for Joe. We build the telephone company. I don't know what it is today, but it is still there. He had about, I think 8 guys working for him. He had a full basement under that building, we had to excavate up, and if you go work today there's only about two feet between that building the next one so they excavated within about ten feet of that building. That next door building didn't have any foundation, well you know what happened if you excavate over there, the building's going to cave in, so we excavated within ten feet of there, and so what we did, every eight feet, we go in there and dig a four by four hole, and take two by sixes, and make a crib. They were notched. We'd put two guys in a four by four hole, on the south side of the building. In June, hotter than Heck, had a guy up on top, we had a bucket with a shovel. Two guys in a four by four hole, and we bucket all that sand out down nine feet deep, and of course we always had a few smart guys around. "Oh we just happened to drop the bucket", and drop sand on you. We were working down there with just jeans on, no tee shirt on, so about 9:30 we had a little lunch break for 10 minutes, come out of there, you were just full of sand. The guy just say "bend over", take a hose and just wash us off. (Mary Beth) *How long did it take you to dig that then*. "Oh I don't know, we did that about every eight feet. In behind that we'd pour a wall in behind that, and have the guy come back with a big front end loader. He dug out and

took everything out of there. Of course every eight feet we had an eight inch wall dug in there and dug all the rest out, then filled every other one in.” I learned a lot about construction, so I handled a lot of rebar, and a lot of ready mix work, working for Joe.

It was the summer of 1956, no November of 56 then, I went in the Army. I had a classmate of mine, guy by the name of Jerry Grassell. We had another buddy of ours, guy by the name of John Urdahl. John was going to go into either the Air Force or Navy. He was going down to take us, oh I forgot the test, they give you about four, five or seven tests to see what you are qualified to be. I think most of the Armed Forces at that point, would run those tests. I’m drawing a blank right now, I can’t remember what they call them. “Oh John where are you going?” Well he was going down. “Why don’t you guys come down with me”, so, Oh I know I worked with Jay. Jay and I worked back in construction. Hank and I were 18 years old, and single, and yea why not. November 20th of 1956, we went to Milwaukee and took our aptitude tests, and there was probably 120 guys there, we qualified the top two in the class. We had the highest scores of anybody, and there was a recruiting Sergeant there from the Army Security Agency, and so he came to talk to the two of us. He said, “You’re the type of guys we’re looking for. I wonder if we could get you guys to sign up for that specific school in the Army?” I had a brother in law at that point, married to my older sister, Jean. I don’t know how many years Bill Olsen spent in the Marines, and he knew I was going in the Army. He said, “Make sure you don’t volunteer for anything.” He had jumped through the hoops. So I said “Yeah why not, we’re single, only 18.” So we decided we were going to sign up for that. The guy had one stipulation, he said, “Normally we were volunteering for the draft, so there was a two year hitch.” Meaning you were going to spend two years, whether it be Air Force, or whatever. But he said, “Because we’re going to have a big investment in you, you’re going to have to spend an extra year with us.” Ehh why not, instead of two years, spend three years. He was going on and on telling us about Army Security. He said that he remembered being in Japan. I don’t know what he did for Army Security, but he said, “You are going out on Army maneuvers.” Maneuvers being a mock battle that they stage. And he said, “We have equipment like a little hut on the back of a truck. You get up in the morning, just standing out there in your shorts, tee shirts having a nice cup of coffee. Look at the back end down here, and there’s those infantry guys out there in a fox hole, a big hole in the ground, They might have been there all night.” We thought yea, yeah, yeah, right. So we thought we were going to sign up for that. We took our basic training in Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri. I don’t know if that’s still an active base today, but they used to say that if you had... if a mother had a son in Korea, and you want to write to them, if you had one in Fort Leonard Wood you’d better pray for them. They had about 40 thousand acres there, which was nothing but scrub Oak, not the ideal place to have a Military installation. That’s where we took our basic training.

I remember being out on the rifle range in November, and saw the temperature drop, just in the afternoon to 30 degrees in a half hour. 30 degrees, oh man was it cold. That was my one and only time, up until two years ago, that I ever spent any time in a hospital. I had KP duty

(kitchen patrol) one night, and the mess sergeant said that the water was kind of cold , so why don't you guys let the heaters build up, and go out there and put the chair up on the tables and sweep the floor, and I'll come back.. He said the water should be warm, and he reached over my left arm, pulled that door open, build up of steam came out and burnt my arm, from my hand all the way down to my elbow. Oh talk about hurt, and so he said come over here and we'll put some butter on it. That was one of the worse things to put on a burn. It didn't take me more than ten minutes to say, "Hey Sarg, I gotta go to the hospital, this thing really hurts". Well the skin just rolled about three to four inches wide, all the way up my forearm. I have no scars today. So I went and spent an overnight in the hospital. The next day there was a Lady Bird Colonel came in and she ran that wing of the hospital. I said, "I don't need to be laying in the hospital. Don't you have something I can do?" " Well do you want to run some papers around the hospital for me?" I said sure, "I'll do that." I got dressed, she'd tell me where to take them. About three o'clock in the afternoon, I thought I'm not going to spend another night in the hospital here, cause I know Jerry and I'd gone in on the buddy system, meaning that they would guarantee that if you signed up with somebody that they would guarantee you would go through basic training, and you'd be in the same unit. I knew that if I was in more than two days, then they'd recycle me, and we wouldn't be together. If I'd stay overnight, there would be that second day. I went and talked to her and I said "Hey, I'm in the buddy system, so couldn't I get out, because I don't want to be recycled. Two of us are in here on the buddy system, and we want to stay together." She said, "If you promise to care of it, I'll let you go." Oh man, out on the rifle range, talk about hurt, it was bandaged, but that was tender, tender skin. Up until two years ago when I had that truck accident, that was the only time I'd ever spent in the hospital, 70 years. (Mary Beth) *Are you still connected to Jerry?* "Oh yes very much so, in fact he's coming, just talked to him yesterday." He ended up being best man for my first wedding. He was a classmate of mine in high school, we spent three years in the Army. We had some really good times in Germany. I'm sure it will come in here later, we'll talk about a number of things. His wife died of cancer, like three or four years ago, and he's going to get married to a classmate of ours, high school, who's husband died three or four years ago, neat lady. They are going to Branson, Missouri, for an Army reunion. We were down there three of four years ago, we had about a dozen guys, Jerry along with a guy from Michigan, are putting the reunion together, again. These two guys had there heads together, and Jerry said, "Well, Wayne said he's coming from Michigan, and he'd be willing to drive around by you, and pick up, take you to Branson, and then Sally and I'll bring you back, and drop you off." I said, man you guys are something else, I feel pretty special. He said, "Well we want you to feel that way". I called Wayne about a week ago and said, No way. First of all I'd have to send all my records down there." "Yeah I know we could make that happen, but that's too much of a change." And I said, "I've got too many things going on." I said, "I've got a massage therapist that comes twice a week. Yeah I could probably jump through the hoops and make it all happen, but I appreciate the offer" The guy from Michigan is still going to drive through here and stop and see me, the 18th. Saturday of next week, and Jerry is going to stop on the way back, see me on the way back. So I asked those guys, "How big of a

reunion Wayne you going the have?” “Oh there will be three guys.” All the other guys for some reason, most of us are 70 years old or older, for physical reasons, or whatever. They’ll have fun. You been to Branson? (Mary Beth) *Yeh.* With all the shows and whatever, good food, whatever. As much as I’d like to be there, I thought no, at this point in my life, I don’t need extra stress. Here are two guys who are going to make me feel real special. One’s going to stop on the way down, the other one’s going to stop on the way back. Jerry and I are very connected, we probably talk every week on the phone. He’s a pretty special guy in my life. You spend three years in the Army, he’s like a brother to me.

I remember coming home from the Army, normally that’s like about two months for basic training. We’d gone in on the twentieth of November, so they would allow guys to go home for Christmas. We caught a train out of St Louis, and went to Green Bay. It was 10 o’clock at night, so how were we going to get from Green Bay to Sturgeon Bay which was about forty miles, as my Mom and Dad didn’t know I was coming home. It was going to be a surprise to them. I don’t know if we started walking, and we got east of Green Bay, found somebody that stopped at a gas station, “you wouldn’t happen to be going to Sturgeon Bay would you?” “Yea we are”, “Could you give us a ride up there”? So they gave us a ride up there, so I spend, I don’t know, I think it was a week, I don’t really know the number of days, so Christmas of 1956, I got to spend at home.

After basic training, I flew to Massachusetts and that was where Army Security’s main school is. They had sent some of their people out for some further training. I went to Fort Gordon, Georgia, to go to school down there. From February 1957, until August. So I went to school down there for six months. That was part of the reason I had to take that extra year in the Army because they had a big investment. I went to school for 31 weeks, I cost the government 30 thousand dollars, to send me to school for six months. I think it was well worth the investment. I went to Fort Gordon Signal school, and I remember specifically in August, Bob who was a year younger than me, so I called home the 15th of August, that was his birthday. I was standing in a phone booth, sun was shining, it was raining at the same time, it was like being in a sauna. I mean talk about hot. I was talking to my mother on the phone. I remember that specific day. Jerry and I were in school down there and we didn’t know when we would have to go back to Fort Devins in MA, we didn’t know it at the time where we would be going after we graduated from training down there. Jerry’s dad had died in the mean time. Jerry’s mother and his sister, and my mom and dad got in the car, and they came down to Georgia and spent a couple of days with us when we were going to school down there. That was kind of neat. Well we flew out of there and back to Massachusetts, went to school for another 6 weeks up there. Still didn’t know when we started school, when we got done and graduated, where we were going to go. We went to Germany. They gave four, five, six days, maybe a week to go home. We spent twenty three months in Germany, so we were going to be gone for awhile. They allowed us to go home for that short period of time. Then we flew to Germany. We were just talking about this Army Reunion, and this guy from Michigan, a guy by the name of Wayne Gay,

when we had originally flown from Massachusetts to Georgia to go to school, we were in an airplane. I was sitting by the window, Jerry was in the next seat over, no Wayne was sitting by the window, I was sitting next to him and Jerry was sitting by the aisle. Wayne could not stand any turbulence, whatsoever, he filled his barf bag up, he filled Jerry's up, he filled mine up. Jerry reached around behind him and got another and he filled another one up. I told Jerry, I hope we never see that son of a bitch again. Well little did we know, we were going to be in the Army for the next three years with this guy.

When we were in Germany, we'd go downtown, and he didn't know what his limit was. Normally you'd take like that red book up there on the shelf, he was a red head so he was normally very flushed. Weekends he'd go down and drinking, and maybe about eleven o'clock in the morning, and on Sunday morning he'd say "oh can you guys get me a quart of buttermilk"? I mean he was way pale as that doily there. Wayne you just never learned your lesson did you? So someone would go get him a quart of buttermilk, and the next weekend the same thing over again. All these schools these guys go to and never graduate. Wayne's been a dear friend ever since.

We flew back to Massachusetts and we caught a troop ship late October in 1957. Caught a troop ship out of New York. Wayne was on the ship with us, he couldn't stand any turbulence at all, and you get in the North Atlantic in late Fall, early Winter, you get some pretty big waves. That poor guy, I don't think he ate anything, it took us ten days to go across on a troop ship. I think he ate soda crackers and sucked on lemons the whole time we were going over. We got to know my dear friend in many different situations. He's the guy coming next week. Still pretty special guy. Hopefully he's learned his lesson.

When I was taking my basic training down at Fort Leonard Wood, we had three hundred guys in the company. Had to take a PT test, (physical training test), and I got the highest score out of three hundred guys, so I got a three day pass to go to St Louis. Here's this little farm boy who has never been out of the three miles down the road from the farm. St Louis, where's that? What am I going to do in St Louis? They told me where I could go. I had no idea where I was going to go, or what I was going to see. I don't know if the Arch was there at that point, so I don't even remember what I did, but I had a three day pass, and thought that was pretty neat. I don't know what we did. It might have been seven different tests, from pull ups to sit ups, squat jumps to I don't know what all, but I got the highest score out of three hundred guys. For me that was easy, shoot, I was in good physical shape. Being born and raised on a farm, I should go back there, and see if those guys would give me a certificate and take my picture. I felt pretty proud of that.

So I remember taking that troop ship, and going out of the harbor in New York, and going by the Statue of Liberty. It was kind of an eerie feeling, when you get out in the north Atlantic and you look back, and see that Statue of Liberty standing there. 23 months later, I got to see it again coming back in the harbor. It gives you a little different way of looking at what

you might see in books, or whatever you might be seeing today. Coming back then, three days out of New York, there again this was late October of 1959, we were on an eleven hundred foot troop ship. We got three days out of New York, and hit a big storm with forty foot waves, “forty footers”. It was as high as that tree out there. There were garbage cans flying around, I mean lots of stuff flying around. They were supposed to have all that stuff tied down, from mess tables to whatever, and evidently didn’t. They put nine guys in the hospital that got hit with flying stuff. I remember being on the back end of the boat, when there was one wave coming on the bow, and another that were eleven hundred feet apart, forty footers. So on the back of the boat you’d look up, and I’m up on the third deck, you could see water way up above you, like that. Of course with the waves going by, that’s a pretty big wave with forty footers going by. I had a tough job, they wanted to have guys assigned a job when you are ten days coming back to keep the guys busy. I had a really hard job. There were some civilians on the boat, and so they wanted me to go into one of the dispensaries, and my job was to wash all the baby bottles for them. I think I may have washed two or three a day, so that was my job. “laughing” Somebody had to do it.

I’ve been a lot of different places, 1958 I remember standing on top of Zugspitze, which is the highest mountain in Germany. I think it is like ten thousand feet, so you drive up to three thousand feet with your car. There you get on a cog train and you go up to seven thousand feet. At the three thousand foot level there is a lake. About a half mile wide, and about three miles long. That’s where you got on the train. It went up to seven thousand feet, and there was eighteen feet of snow up there. They had a lot of big ski lifts up there. There you got on a cable car, and you go up the last three thousand feet, yeah I think it was about ten thousand feet, I’m sure it is about the highest mountain in Germany. When you got out of the cable car, they probably had a railing around, right on top of that building where the cable car went in, you had to walk up the stairs, and it was about twenty foot square. You would walk over to the edge, and it is seven thousand feet straight down. You could look down to the little lake down there, and it looked like it was a couple of inches long. It was an awesome picture. I looked over into one of the corners on the deck up there and there was some crazy black birds up there; at ten thousand feet. I thought, “Man what are you guys doing up here where its cold, and breezy.” I got some really neat pictures and a lot of slides. I got some really neat pictures of that little lake down there that I’d say is a three miles long and a half mile wide, looks like quite a distance. You’d look down, seven thousand feet straight down. Mary Beth, *you should get the slides out for next weekend when your friends are here.* That’s a good idea.

My 23 months in Germany, I had a lot of opportunities to go to some pretty famous places. I remember, it was some time in the summer, but I went to the Worlds Fair in Brussels Belgium, 1957. If you’ve never been to a Worlds Fair, I’m sure it’s probably changed since that time. I’m glad I had an opportunity to go and see the Worlds Fair. I took a twelve day trip with three other guys, my roommate, he’s passed on now, and two guys who were, well Bill my roommate was about 5ft 6in., I’m 5’ 11”, and these other two guys were like 6’ 1” and 6’ 2”, and

we were in a little Volkswagen Beetle. We took a twelve day trip to Italy, Spain, France, and Luxemburg. We bought about a \$100 of food and we'd stop at the side of the road, pull off some place and have a little picnic lunch wherever we were, Spain or wherever. I think for twelve days we added up, it cost us \$110 for a twelve day trip to all those countries. We stayed in the best motels, ate the best food, went to the Bull fights in Madrid, that was awesome day we spent there. I've stood under the Eiffel tower, in Paris. I remember going to Austria, Switzerland, Italy on a bus tour for ten days. I've stood in St Peter's Square, been on the isle of Capri., I've been in Milan, been to the Leaning Tower of Pisa, I remember the guy who's going to be in the Army reunion next week, he lives in Texas now, I've got a picture of him standing, I took the picture, he's standing out in front of the Leaning Tower of Pisa, about 150 feet out in front of it, and he had both hands out so it looks like he's holding up the tower. Not quite perfect. I remember taking that picture as if it happened today. Another place we went to on that trip was to, "ahhh," Pope John the 23rd was the Pope at that point, and he lived in a summer residence up in the mountains. I don't know how many thousands of people were up there that day, and I got within about 10 feet, and I don't know how many men had to carry him in on their shoulders. He was sitting up in a big chair. I got really close to Pope John the 23rd. I remember taking a three day bus trip, and going into Holland for the Tulip Festival. Maybe that's why I've got so many tulips around the house, as I got to spend some time up there. I actually went to a tulip auction, where you are setting in a kind of pavilion, and auctioneers down in front of you, and to your right they would have somebody walking with a cart, or they'd have flowers that were available that they could sell. A lot of them were a couple of small bouquets, so they are slowly walking through, I don't know if they had a number on the cart. Of course you could bid on all these, like you could get ten boxes, so they'd slowly walk through in front of you. I mean just gorgeous, gorgeous flowers. I went on a lot of the farms where they actually grow the tulips, like we do here in Iowa, grow corn and beans, there they grow flowers. It was fun to go where it actually happens. Gone three days on a bus trip for \$29. Of course we're talking a few years ago, and also all the good German beer. Every weekend we go down drinking beer, whether we were outside sitting on a deck, a patio at a Beer Garden. When we went home if we didn't have enough to drink, we'd go up to the enlisted men's club, and we could buy, oh gosh the bottles had to be a foot and a half to two feet high of champagne, a buck and a half a bottle. We had a little contest. They had a cork in the end, so we'd take the seal off and pop that cork off and see who could make it fly down the hall the farthest. I don't remember but whoever one might have got a bottle of champagne. (Mary Beth) *and that champagne mixed well with the German beer.* Of course! Here's that creative kid showing up again.

Do you remember when coffee was a nickel a cup? What is it now? (Mary Beth) "a dollar, you pay a \$1.50 for just a cup of coffee at a restaurant. I don't usually buy it, I make my own at home. If you're talking Starbucks you're talking two or three dollars." 57 to 59 when I was in Germany, we could get a cup of coffee for a nickel. Those are those good old days we talk about.

In the billets (they were like a big motel), that's where our housing was, when I was in Germany. We had our own tailor, right in the building. He was a German, Joe the tailor. He one room way down in the end, so if you wanted stuff repaired or altered, he was good. I enjoyed talking to him as he was an officer in the German Army in World War II, a fascinating guy. He lived off base, so I don't know if he had his own care that he'd come in, but he had one room there, that he did all the alterations for us, if he had the army clothes, we got that all done for nothing. I had him make me a couple of sport jackets, of course that was out of his pocket, I mean they were really nice jackets, so I paid him for that. The guy was just extremely good.

I went on a lot of different maneuvers, a main over is a mock battle. Most of them were in southern Germany, up in the mountains. I remember 1957, I got some pictures of a local newspaper, and also an Army newspaper, called Saber Hawk. I don't know why but they put a name to each of the maneuvers. As I said these were in southern Germany and because we had equipment that was top secret, we had a three inch white piece of tape, that we'd put around our piece of equipment. We maybe had three or four of them, and put them in a kind of cluster, and then put that tape around there. We were down on this maneuver with the infantry and artillery. We were stationary and these guys had to go around us. I remember working one night, and a little three quarter ton vehicle with a small hut with a bunch of equipment. I heard a knock on the door, it might have been ten o'clock at night, I don't know, at least it was dark out. I opened the door up, and here stands a guy with three stars on his shoulder. Three star General. He said, "I'm General So and So, and I want to come in." We normally carried a loaded carbine just inside the door, and I said, "No sir, we've got classified equipment in here, you can't come in here." He made one step, and I just grabbed the gun like that, and just put it in his chest. I said, "Sir I hate to tell you, but I'm not allowed to let anybody in unless we specifically know who it was." They told us in school that you might be challenged sometime, and there may have been three stars on that guys shoulder, but it might be a sergeant from the company next door, impersonating him just to see are you doing your job or aren't you. Somebody said, "What if he'd taken another step, would you have shot him?" I said, "I'm not going there." I said, "Probably not. He had three stars on his shoulder." I never heard anything after that.

I've got a lot of old reel to reel tapes. We had a lot of good music, and the Armed Forces Network, came out of Luxemburg, or we were close enough to the East German Border to, we were probably within a hundred miles, so we could listen to radio Moscow. They had a lot of English, and a lot of good music. I don't have a tape recorder to play the reel to reel tapes, so I'm looking for one, to where I could have a reel to reel tape recorder, so if you know where there might be a good used one, (Mary Beth) *Antique shops in Valley Junction? They have some vintage shops you might try.*

One time when we were on maneuvers, in southern Germany, we were supposed to, if we saw any kind of foreign military vehicle, we were to supposed to report that to one of our superiors in the company. Most of them had a license plate on, and we saw the number one Russian Vehicle. It had the number 1 license plate, I don't know what that meant, but evidently

a high official. He had a Hammer and Sickle on the license plate with the number 1. They were right up in the mountains with us. I don't know how many more they had up there.

I'm going to back up to 1956 here, right prior to going in the Army, the Russian's had put up an unmanned space craft called Sputnik. I remember the specific place. I could go out on the highway and show you right where I was, I think my older brother Bill, and my brother in law, Bill, married to my oldest sister, Jean. The three of us were going from Algoma to Sturgeon Bay, maybe about 9 o'clock at night, I can remember all the details on that. I don't know if he knew that particular day or a couple of days after they put that up there, that you could tune into a specific radio station hear that thing "beep, beep, beep". It was just a beep and thought that was pretty neat to hear that Russian space craft. Amazing that I can remember as that was fifty some years ago.

After I got out of the Army in 1959, I farmed with my dad. So that was when we started expanding, we built the lean to on the east side of the barn. That was our first free stall barn. We had a forty cow stanchion barn, and we probably had eight or ten extra cows that we would chase in and out of that free stall area on that lean too. Those were our money makers, the extra ones. If we didn't have the stanchion barn we'd bring them in the barn to milk them, chase back out to feed them, and that's where they were housed. It was basically a shed. We found by putting them in a cold environment they would seem to do better than in a warm environment. This was before I was married.

I don't how many years ago that I saw a survey that said Michigan State University had run a survey that said how cold it could get before it would affect production on a dairy cow, I think it said that when it got down to 15 to 20 below zero was when you would start losing production. We all hear what we refer to as "chill factor". If it's not windy out, it can be cold out, but if it's not windy and the sun is out it doesn't feel too, bad, but I've seen graphs of chill factor if you've got a five mile per hour wind it is the equivalent to a certain temperature with no wind. I know in the winter time we'd have a basically that freestyle barn was like a machine shed, just a pole barn. No insulation, had a lot of fresh air going through there, and on a real cold day, it was open on the east side where those cows would be, it was really cold and it wasn't windy, they'd be standing outside in the sunshine. They liked sunshine just like we do. We found if it got twenty below, that was when you'd start losing milk production. So we built the pole building, and they thrived better out there. Fresh air, big factor.

I'm a Graham school graduate, I think it still exists today. Down in Kansas where there for three or four days would they teach you how to breed cows, how to trim feet, all sorts of stuff. There was a guy from back home. Guy by the name of Carl Fehl, and myself, we saw this ad in the paper, and we decided, I don't even remember what time of the year it was, maybe early Fall, we drove to Kansas to go to the Graham school. I remember them showing us, taking a big bull that probably weighed, oh I don't know maybe 1500 pounds. You could take a forty foot rope, and have somebody hold the head of the bull with a staff, a long rod, we'd take that

forty foot rope and put it up over his head like this, down between the front legs, crisscross it over the top of the back, right above the hips, down between the back legs, and stand back there. If you pulled on both of those ropes, it would pinch that nerve up in the spine on the animal, you could go right up there and push them, and they'd fall right over. The more they'd fight it, the easier it was. As there was that nerve up there on the spine where you'd crisscross that rope, so if they'd fight, it would make it that much easier. If you wanted to trim some feet on an animal, that's what they'd do, and just push them over and they'd just lay there and have somebody stand back there and put some tension on the rope, and you can do all sorts of things with them. A few tricks of the trade. I've actually taken a forty foot rope and done that with some animals. Prior to going to that school, I had a lot of mastitis in my cows, and I had a guy come to the farm, this was about a month and a half prior to me going to the Graham School, A guy by the name of Hors Schmidt not, a relative. I said I need to know what I can do, to infuse the uterus of those cows to get rid of that mastitis. Little did I know what was causing it at that point, but he taught me a lot. He took a pad of paper like this, and he drew out the reproductive tract on the animal. He showed me where the horns were, and everything else. We went in the barn and had a cow that had mastitis, uterus infection. He took a pipette and put it in the uterus of that animal and basically what he had drawn on that paper, he said stick your arm in that rectum there, he'd put that pipette in there and walked me through it, he said take your finger and do you feel what I'm verbalizing. I said "yep". So he pulled the pipette back out, and handed it to me. He said "OK " when you've got mastitis in a cow you have a lot of swelling in the uterus. It's extremely hard to get a pipette in a tube about 14, 16 inches long. It isn't any different putting fluid in there than inseminating the animal, the procedure is the same, you're just going to run a whole lot more fluid through the thing when you are treating them for an infection. He pulled it out and gave it to me, I put it back in there, and said "OK I'm ready". He stuck his arm in there and said you've got that in there already? He said, You are the fastest guy I've ever picked up on that." I had a jump start when I went to Graham School, because they taught us how to breed cows, shoot that was a breeze, because I'd done that in a complicated situation. That was pretty easy for me.

I'd talked to our County Agent, asked him about going to Graham School, and learn how to breed cows and what not. He said "I think that is a waste of your time. You need to rely on your technician. Jim is a pretty good technician, I don't think your breeding efficiency would be very good." Well I went to Graham School and came back and I had a higher breeding efficiency than the local technician did. I learned a few tricks of the trade. My older brother Bill went on to work, he'd farmed with me and he went on to work a Colostrom company, and this guy who'd shown me how to infuse cows, worked for that colostrum company. We'd infuse a lot of colostrum into the uterus of the animal and did it naturally. When you've got mastitis in the uterus, we'd put a pipette in there and extract some fluid, and put it in a sterile tube. We'd also take a milk sample out of the udder of the cow, and send both samples to their lab and run a culture. In eight out of ten, what was in the uterus was in the udder of that cow. There was a saying that if you got clean reproduction, you'll have good production. They go hand in hand, it's almost like there is a tube that ties those two together. I've done a lot of experiments with

that, I've taken colostrum from an aged cow, which is the first milk after they have the calf, and taken a first calf heifer. If she was sick, whether she had mastitis or whatever, taken that colostrum from that old cow, and drenched the animal, the younger one, I'd put it in a big wine bottle with a long neck, and down the hatch, and drench them in that colostrum. Got rid of the infection by doing that. I know one of the Vet's early on when we got to doing that, he'd kind of scratch his head, cause he knew we were kind of radical guys in the things we did. It was a natural way of fortifying their immune systems. We were known as real radical farmers in the community.

I'm also a Carey Reams student. Dr Reams is dead now, but he was a guy that lived in Florida, but he's known in the agricultural community the world over. I just think that Dr Reams was a guy that was thirty to forty years ahead of everybody else. He had a lot of famous sayings, and I felt quite pleased that I had the privilege of sitting down and having breakfast with that man one on one. One of his famous sayings was "Do you see what you're looking at?" Lots of times you'd have to have somebody come from a hundred miles away or an expert to show you what you are walking by every day, that you're looking at and not seeing. That was a quotation that I use. "You see what you see. You're looking at it but are you really seeing it?" You can apply that to many walks of life.

I feel quite proud seeing our kids grow up, and going to school. I always encouraged them that if you need a higher education when you get out of high school, whether it be a Trade School, or further education, it's going to be a benefit to you, and I hope it's going to stick with you for a lifetime. I really don't care, you don't have to go to a four year school, go and learn a trade of some sort. Like Kathy and I say, "We love doing what we are doing. If you don't then do something else." I don't hear too many people saying that. That is a statement you don't hear very often. I tell the kids, you should be looking to better yourselves no matter what you are doing. I know this guy over here, he is going to be retiring in a couple of months, shoot, I could be working a job I might not like the best, but I know I'm going to have a good opportunity to take over where he is leaving off. I could do about anything at that point. If you're happy hauling garbage, keep hauling garbage. If you're not then get a different job.

I had my first wife who loved me a lot, she supported me no matter what the circumstances were. On our wedding day in particular, a wonderful start to a big part of my life. She was an extremely good mother to the kids. Her mother, being my mother in law died of esophagus cancer, Kathy, the other Kathy, my first Kathy, smoked for 40 years, my health was going to heck so I gave her a choice. You either need to quit smoking, or we're going to part." You would think the light would go on seeing your mother die, basically choking off with all the smoke going on, I mean the kids had a really wonderful Grandmother. It's just a dirty habit, much like alcohol or anything else. I've never done it so I haven't walked in those shoes. She made a choice, she was going to keep on smoking. Cancer eventually got her.

We had a lot of good times together. The kids had a really good mom. The two of us belonged to a couple of good bowling leagues. We had some extremely good times doing that. My dad used to bowl, I know at least 3 nights a week. He was an extremely good bowler. "Have you ever bowled?" (Mary Beth) * I'm not a good bowler, but yeah I've bowled.*

Dad had a lot of 600 games, or series I should say. In fact he bowled in a major league on Monday nights, and gosh I wasn't home a month. I don't know if one of his team members couldn't make it and he wanted to know if I wanted to fill in. I said, "I will." And I bowled in a three man league. My sergeant that I worked for in Germany, him and his wife were in a league and they wanted to know if I wanted to bowl so we had a three person team. I had a lot of fun doing it, so I came home and Dad asked if I wanted to fill in and I said. " Sure." First game I had 269. Best game I ever bowled. I've never had one since. The team I bowled said, "Where did you find this ringer?" I don't even know what I got the other two games. I could throw the ball down there and everything would fall down, I obviously hit the head pin, but, 269, I remember that game. (Mary Beth) *Did you take your kids bowling?* Oh yeah, but my dad used to take us kids in the long hallway, in the house, and he'd take a whole bunch of pillows off the sofa or couch, or off chairs or whatever, down to the end of that hallway. He'd have some plastic pins, and that's how I learned how to bowl. I don't know about the other kid's , but that's how we learned to bowl, and if got some brothers and sisters that are pretty good bowlers. That's how our dad taught us.

(Mary Beth) *I'll bet your mom had to be pretty laid back.* "Oh yeah she was." (Mary Beth) *Took things as they came.* Oh yeah, she was a pretty special lady, to have 13 kids, she was a 4H leader, sung in the church choir, involved in a lot of different ways. I can't be specific to times I really saw her upset, I never heard my mom or dad holler at each other. I sure there was friction as there is in any marriage, but never anything that I could put my finger on, both of them were pretty unique individuals, and I know that's rubbed off on me, and my brothers and sisters. Hopefully that's rubbed off on my kids, that good foundation that Mom and Dad gave to all of us kids. That's why we're all successful today. I really kind of get upset, with these one parent families, whether it be dad raising the kids, or mom raising the kids, and the other one is not there, so where's the mother, or where's the father issue that these kids are missing because they are not growing up with it. You wonder why the crime rates are as high as they are, or the kids don't do well in school. Everyone knows that I put a great priority on my family whether it be kids, or grandkids, I like to spend a lot of time with them, and help them out in any way I can. Unfortunately I've had a few who have gone through divorce, or whatever, they're remarried. Kids have that image that they can be looking too. I always tell my grandkids, that you've got my phone number, and you can always call me, I might not say anything, but at least my ear is there on the other end to listen to you. I just got a call from my Granddaughter Emily, that's my oldest son's second oldest daughter. Emily is a freshman in high school this year, and she called me last week and said "Grandpa, I'm just looking at the photo album you and Kathy put together." I think it was 2004, where we had her and her older brother, and her cousin. The

three of them, we've had them down her a number of times. That particular day we took them down to Adventureland, and we took them to Branson. That was when we were putting the addition on our house, so they spent probably about a week with us. She was looking through that photo album, and she said, "This is really nice, thanks for the album." It evidently meant something to her. (Mary Beth) *She will always have that, you can't take away those memories.* That's why I take a lot of pictures, and a neat thing about a 35 millimeter you've got that delete button on there. Both of those girls there, Emily, I referred to and Heather, when I get to a family situation and I know those girls like to take pictures, especially Emily, she's very good at it, I say, "Hey, just keep taking pictures." Where she gets all of those ideas from is beyond me. For a young lady who is only 14 years old, she is extremely good. In fact her older sister, my oldest granddaughter, Jessie, is 22 or 23. I remember taking her to Chambers Island one time, where that Retreat House is. Went up there with a work party, in the fall of the year, and I said, "Jessie, go and help in the kitchen, but here is my camera." Showed her how to run it, it had a zoom lens on it. I said, "Just walk around here, and you see guys painting the screens, and see some of the shots you've got. With that telephoto lens you can sneak up on them. Those pictures are all going to be sent up here, and they are going to go into some of those photo albums that you see upstairs." She took a lot of pictures, so on Saturday night the administrator said "did you see your granddaughter?" I said yeah she was around her someplace, and he said, "Look out the window." We were sitting in the Dining Room, and I walked over by the window, and she was standing over by a tree, and there were three little raccoons up in the tree. It was like a wild Cherry Tree or whatever. I opened the window and said "Jessie, go and sit at the base of that tree." So she sat about four feet from the base of that tree. She just sat on the ground and they were up there munching on berries. A couple of them came down and she could have reached out and touched them. She is there with the camera just snapping pictures. Pretty soon I see a big male, probably dad coming so I said, "Jessie you'd better come in." It was getting dark, but they can get pretty aggressive. She said, "Grandpa I didn't know." At that point I had a 35 millimeter stripped film. I didn't know if I was going to run out of film. I said, "Jessie when you get an opportunity like that you just keep shooting, don't worry about running out of film." I remember going back on the boat and she said, "Grandpa you know, I'd maybe like to work for National Geographic or something sometime." "Dang if that is what you want Jessie, you just go for it! I know you could make it happen." Those three girls are extremely good at pictures, I normally just hand it to them and say, "Go for it." (Mary Beth), *It's got to be fun to see the pictures, cause you didn't take them. To see what they saw.* "Just like Emily, I don't know how she comes up with the combinations, or angles, she'll have them on a slant, like this. I'm really impressed with what she does."

So I say my first wife was an avid cook, she used to make what the kids would call "pretend pizza", or coffee cakes, gooey buns, chicken. She had an extremely good recipe for chicken, but she used bacon fat. Oh, I mean the tastes in my mouth right now as I talk about that. She may have gotten that from my mother as I know my mother, she was good at baking a lot of stuff. I was blessed many times over for having her in my life, but she made a choice.

When our kids were growing up, her mother and father, used to come out to see the kids, and they'd bring a little jar of mints, and someone had screwed the lid on pretty hard. And I'd gone over to the other farm, (it was separated by about a mile and a half). Normally when I got up in the morning the kids weren't up and on the weekend, Kathy said she got up one morning, and three of the kids were sitting underneath the kitchen table. And they got that jar of mints out, and couldn't get the cover off. So I don't remember which, but I'll have to ask the creative kid who went and got a hammer, and broke the jar. So they are all sitting there, in all of this broken glass eating mints, when she came down. Must have rubbed off from her. "You could see that happening right?" (Mary Beth) *Yeah I could.*

My oldest daughter is Marlene, and I remember we were trying to decide, before she was born what we were going to call her, and her birthday is the 23rd of August. We were watching the Miss Universe contest. I said whoever wins that contest, I going to use that first name. Miss Germany had won, and her name was Marlene, so that is how Marlene got her name. Kind of a unique way of having your name pop up.

I've got a trophy in my office out there for winning the fourteen thousand pound class at the local fair for tractor pulling contest . There was a guy the year before who had that same tractor and he traded my dad, he bought that tractor, and so I thought, "Well I'd never been to a tractor pulling contest before." Fourteen thousand pounds, at that time back in the 50's, no 60's it was, that was the heavy weight class, now they have them up to twenty thousand pounds. Well the guy won first place, so I thought I'd go talk to him, "How did you do, how many pounds did you put on?" We took, we had a makeshift cab that we put on that tractor, so we took the cab off , and went to the neighbor, and got some extra weights, hung them on there. He told me where he had all the weight placed on the tractor, what gear to put it in and whatever, and so I won the fourteen thousand pound class. I was the only the only guy who had a full pull, it was three hundred feet long. I've got a picture somewhere, but I also have a trophy. I think dollar wise, it cost me a lot of money, well not a lot of money, after the contest you need to buy some beer. I said, "Yep, guess who's got the trophy." (Mary Beth) *Now did you do another tractor pull?*" "Yes, that was when I went to Door County Fair that I went to. That was about two weeks later, and I went to Luxemburg Fair, and I think I got third place there. It was a county south of us. I never went back again after that."

My oldest daughter Marlene, is a pilot. At one time she said she wanted to be a pilot and fly 747's for UPS over seas. She's 49 years old, so she'll never get around to doing that, but she's got her private pilot's license. I remember one time she wanted to come fly out of the little local airport, and so we had a guy who lived across the road from the farm, a guy by the name of John Birmingham. He was the youngest guy to ever get his pilot's license out of Cherryland Airport. He went on to be an instructor. Marlene didn't know where she was going to get a plane from, so she asked if I could call John and see if he could rent his plane, he had a Cessna 175, I think. I said sure, so I called John and he said, "Yeah, we'll go." It was a four seater plane, my youngest son Jim and I sat in the back, and Marlene flew the plane and John was

sitting over to her right. It was a gorgeous day, and we flew out over the farm. I got some really nice pictures with Marlene as the pilot. John said “OK, I’m going to test you a little bit. Here is the runway, I’m going to put you over to the side, and your flaps are broken, we’re going to simulate that. If they’re broke and you’ve got to get on the ground, you see what you can do knowing what you know. If that’s broke, how am I going to make that happen?” She takes the plane over like this and aces it! Wow he says, “You’re good.” When they are training they obviously do a lot of what they call “touch and go”. They come in for a landing, touch the wheels to the ground and take off again, and go back up. You would hardly know that she even touched the wheels down. We had to put two pillows on the seat, because she only weighed about 105 lbs and that point, she could barely see out over the windshield. She had to put a couple of pillows under her so she could fly the plane. She was good at it, and she knew I liked to fly, especially little planes.

John used to hunt deer with us. A couple of days before deer season, he’d call me up and ask if I wanted to go up today, so we’d go up scouting deer to see where they were on the farm. Then my brother Bill, who farmed with me -- John gave him lessons. I think Bill still has his pilot’s license. John would take his airplane which was out at Cherryland Airport, which was five or six miles away, and we built an airstrip down on the farm, right across from where he lived. He kept the plane down there. I remember milking at night and opening the door to let some cows out and “Oh Bill must be flying, you’d see him fly up and take off.” We had our own airstrip.

I get the local newspaper and I should have brought the article from back home called the Door County Advocate. One of the sports editors in there, John Gast. He’s getting up there in age, but he always writes just one column in there, and about three weeks ago there was an article in there, I’m drawing a blank on what the title was, something about thoughts remembered and he went back 35 years. I’ve got a note here that my second daughter Mimi, was playing softball, and it was the first year of girls organized Little League. They went to the World Series in Williamsburg, Pennsylvania, and got fourth in the Nation. He recaptured that 35 years later, so I called her up last week and I said, “Hey, did somebody call you and tell you what was in the Advocate?” She said, “No”. I said, “So nobody called you?” She said, “Just a minute Dad, I can pull that up on the computer.” “I’ll be darn’d, there it is,” she said. I clipped it out and sent to a couple of my other daughter’s then. And I think if she hadn’t broke her arm, she’d have played on a boys team the year before she played in the girls little league.

We always hired high school kids to help us with the milking, to give us a little relief when we got busy, or wanted a day off. Kids were swinging on a rope up in the barn, and I don’t know if, I think it was Mike who drove in the driveway and was getting out of the car, and he hears this BOOM. Mimi was swinging on the rope and the rope busted, and she hit the barn door, and fell down on the floor, probably eight to ten feet, and busted her collar bone. She had to sit in a lawn chair for a week and slept in the living room. I still think back that if she hadn’t busted that collar bone, she’s have been playing on some boy’s team. She had that thing in a

sling, of course it just had to mend itself, you couldn't put a cast on it, or whatever, so we had some kids that lived up on the corner, a lot of neighbor kids that played ball with them, Kathie said she went to town one day after lunch, and Mimi was up there with the kids and she saw Mimi out there sliding into second base. She said "Mimi" and Mimi said, "Well yeah I was sliding in my other side." She loved playing ball. (Mary Beth) *Did you coach Little League?* "No that is something I look back on as things I wanted to do, but as a dairy farmer you had to be there at 5:30 in the morning, and 5:30 at night to milk those cows. If the games were a little later or I could find those high school kids to help I'd go, that's one of the things I wanted to do, to coach my kids. All my girls played Little League. I also played in high school."

The next year then, they had organized girls Little League, and I saw the two games they played in Sturgeon Bay, and three days later they played two games in Milwaukee, they won the State Championship. Three days later they played in Council Bluffs, Iowa and three days later they played in Indiana, four days later they went to Williamsburg, Pennsylvania, played in the World Series. Mimi played left field, and she was also relief pitcher. It was slow pitch, not the fast pitch now. I'm amazed at all these little girls now, with fast pitch, how they can hit that ball. They can only pitch so many innings, per day, or per week, or whatever, she came like, I think about the tenth inning, or sooner than that, as a relief pitcher, and they lost the game in thirteen innings, the longest girls Little League game in World Series history. She was the losing pitcher. I said "Mimi, you're in the record book!" "Yeah dad, what a way to get in the record book." A girl had hit a ball out the center field and it went between her legs, and they lost the game in thirteen innings. In order to get there, when they played in Council Bluffs, the coach's daughter, who was one of the starting pitchers, was having a bad hair day. In the first inning, she walked the bases loaded and nobody out. The coach was smart enough to know that he had to pull her out. He called Mimi in, and told her to pitch. She walked the next batter, so walked in a run, then pitched a no hitter. On her birthday, she won the game. (Mary Beth) *What a birthday celebration." "Oh yeah eleven years old, to pitch the winning game and then to go on to only two games away from the World Series. That just came up last week in the local newspaper. She didn't even know it was there."

That first deer that I shot, I remember I refer to the man who I knew as my second dad, Emery Roberts, he was a next door neighbor. He was like a dad to me. He was a dairy farmer. That barn still exists today, it is called the Humke barn. Growing up as a kid, Dr Humke was a Veterinarian, and he had Dutch Belted Cattle. "Have you ever seen Dutch Belted Cattle?" It's a black dairy animal, it's a black animal and it has a white belt, right around the cow, right in the middle. He wanted to be real unique, so he had the barn painted black, and he put a white stripe right around the middle. He had unique cattle, so he wanted a barn to match. I don't know how Emery ended up with that farm, after Doc had died, he bought it, or whatever. Emery had something going, he said I know there are a couple of bucks down here. I borrowed Kathy's dad's little 25/20 rifle, and there was a pole sitting down there in the field, so I said I'm going to go down and sit behind that pole. It was getting late in the afternoon, around 4:30 or a quarter to

5, and Dr Wright, the veterinarian then, was hunting about 300 yards to the east of me, well he was hunting he was watching a football game, he had a little portable TV, sitting on top of fence post, and he was hunting deer, but he was going to have the best of both worlds. He was watching a football game of some sort. You go about 400 yards south of him, and I'm looking over towards the barn. "What's that thing standing over there?" I didn't have my binoculars along, and I thought it looked like a deer but it was facing me, and all of a sudden I saw it move, and start coming towards me a little bit. Then it just stood there and stood there, so I was sitting on a great big pole, sitting, so I took my gloves off, and got a good lean on that pole, and shot the deer, and he just fell over. When you are looking at a deer, if you are looking sideways, you've got quite a shot pattern, but when you are looking at them head on you could miss them pretty easy. I shot a 25/20 which is not a big rifle, so I shot a little over a foot over him, and hit him right here, and just dropped him. I went over and field dressed the deer, and by the time Doc had walked back over to his vehicle and came over here, he said, "Where'd you get that deer?" I said, "It came walking right out behind you when you were watching TV there." I said, "Right down here behind the barn. I shot him while you were having fun watching the ball game." That was the first deer I'd ever shot. I had many hunting seasons after that with Paul and Jim, my two sons and with John Birmingham, and my nephew, Kathy's oldest son, Joe Schreve, Shelly, that's Jim's wife, and Jessica, my oldest granddaughter, (Mary Beth) *it's a family sport* "Yep, Jessie, that's my oldest grandchild. She shot a deer out of the stand that I normally call "my Stand", and it was no big deal. That was her first deer. You only need to shoot one to say that you have experienced it. I wasn't there, I don't know where I was that year. I think that might have been when I was working out of HyVee and I couldn't get off." Jim said, "Jessie, you shoot the deer, you've got to field dress it" They helped her and walked her through it. She got her knife out, poked a hole in the cavity, and it moved and scared the heck out of her, I guess, I'd like to have that all on video.

Of course now Danny is hunting, that's her younger brother, and Tyler, he's what 6 years old, he's eager to be hunting. Of course you can't hunt till you are 12 years old. Yes it's a family deal. It's something my dad never did. My youngest brother Joe, hunts, and his kids hunt, my nephew, his only son, Chris. My brother Lynn used to hunt, but I don't know why he gave that up. None of my other brothers hunt, nor any of my sisters hunt. Mimi has hunted down in Missouri. she shot a deer, so no big deal, she's like Jessie, she got one. Been there and done that. I loved hunting, but I gave my deer rifle to Danny when he was twelve years old, he was seventeen the 29th of August. I remember that day, everyone knew what was going to happen, other than Danny, so Kathy and I drove up there, and went in Paul's family room, and I don't know if it was his actual birthday day, or a couple of days before or after. I said, "Okay Danny I have a birthday gift for you." And I went in their family room. They had a coffee table, so they were sitting on the couch with their cameras. So I went and said I had his present out in the truck, and said, "I don't want you looking. Let me go out and get it and when I come back to the door, I want you to shut your eyes." I had it in a really nice gun case, hard cover, brought it in and laid it down on the coffee table. I said, "Okay Danny, (I'm sitting next to him on the

couch,) you can open your eyes.” I’m sitting there smiling, and I said, “Aren’t you going to open it up?” Of course I had a 30/30 that I’d bought brand new maybe fifteen years before that, and took pretty good care of it, he opened it up, and I said, “Happy Birthday Danny”. Oh man, I know they caught it on film and some still pictures. You know being twelve years old, and getting Grandpa’s rifle to hunt with. He’s shot a couple of deer with it already. (Mary Beth) *He’ll always think of you every time he cleans it, and uses it.*

In fact Emily, his sister, she helped me build a tree stand, and the kids refer to that as the “Highway to Heaven”. It’s on Paul’s piece of property, and it took two three by twelve planks, they were twenty feet long. I just put them on a slant like that, and went up about eighteen feet. I brushed everything out around it, and four cedar trees. Emily helped me. I took my generator up there, as they didn’t have any current up there, but they had a saw, and an electric drill, and whatever, bolted it all together. I said if I was going to make it, it was going to last a long time. I don’t know if Paul, or Jim, or somebody, put that name to it, but they call it the “Highway to Heaven”.

(Mary Beth) *How many grandkids do you and Kathy have?*

I’ve got ten and she’s got two. Her daughter is expecting within the next couple of weeks. She’s in her early forty’s, and she hasn’t had any children, so this will be her first one. Kind of unique, as her birth date is the same as mine.

Jessie shot a deer, Jim’s wife Shelly, she shot a deer, so I say it’s a family thing. I think I only saw my dad hunt one time he had a single gauge, 12 gauge shot gun, and I remember him going down the lane and there was a flock of geese east of the barn down on the ground, and he snuck up behind them, behind a fence post, and shot a goose. Other than seeing him shoot it, I did not see him clean it, or anything else. The only time I saw my dad shoot anything wild. In fact I don’t even know what happened to that shot gun. So I loved to hunt. I’ve been shot in the face with a twelve gauge shot gun. There were two guys who I loved to hunt with, John Thenell, and Dick Baudhuin, they’re still living yet today. They lived within a mile and a half of Lake Michigan and we had a lot of geese on the farm. They called me up one day and said, “Do you want to go hunting with us?” “Yeah I’ll go along.” So we drove south of the farm about 3 miles, and saw a flock of geese down in the field, and John said, “I’m going to stay here.” Or Dick said, “I’m going to stay here on the road, if you guys want to go on that fence line. Then I’ll wait till you get in there, and then I’ll walk in and flush them up.” About that time a kid came along and wanted to know if he could hunt with us. We said, “Why don’t you drive up in that farmstead over there, and drive in behind the barn, go down the lane, and walk towards the two of us?” So John’s out here in the road, and that kid goes over here, and coming towards us and John and I are standing over here and Dick comes in off the road, and the geese take off flying. And the kid’s up here with his gun like that, and we all say, “Look before you shoot.” Well I could see how the accident happened, but it should have never happened. The kid is following the goose, and while he is focusing on that goose, he’s not seeing what’s behind it. He’s coming along like this, and “bang”. John and I were standing right in the line when he shot. The geese

were probably twenty feet off the ground, and I had my gun up like this here, and I felt a whole bunch of pellets hit my jacket. John was standing about ten feet to my left, and I said, "Man what was that kid shooting at?" I turned toward John, and he said, "You've got blood on your face." I went like that and said, "Holy Mackerel, I didn't feel that." I had my face turned like this and caught a pellet right here. I just took my finger and went right here and it went almost all the way through my cheek. There was only a little membrane holding it. I could take my finger nail, and could take it out. The kid came over and I said, "What the Hell were you shooting at?" I said, "If you focus on something, and no matter where it goes everything is a blur behind it." H knew where we were, but he should have looked at it, totally. These two guys knew this kid, so that night, I called his mom, and I said, "Did he tell you what happened today?" She said no, well I knew something happened, as I normally make him supper for him, and here is a kid maybe 18, 20 years old. He normally eats a good meal, and he said, "No Mom, I'm not hungry tonight." He was so upset over it. I mean I really let into him. Two inches higher and he would have taken my eye out. She said he wasn't feeling good and he went up to go to bed and didn't eat supper. I said I went to the doctor, and I went to the hospital, and they wanted to run x-ray's. I said, "**** x ray's, hell, here it is right here, x ray's hell, just cut the thing out." (Mary Beth) *You don't have any scars?* No but I said, "I was holding my face like this, and went in there and pierced it." I feel fortunate that I've got both eyes. It never deterred me from wanting to hunt. It was an accident that never should have happened, but I could understand how it did happen.

Grew up in Chambers Island, and I'm done going there. I'm only going to go back one more time. My oldest son Paul is going to take half of me up there in the form of ashes. Paul worked up there when he was sixteen years old, he was part of the staff. That was 1952 or 53 when that place got started. My dad got involved in it, making it one of the first retreats up there. When I got out of the Army in 1959 I started making some retreats up there, but dad was involved with opening and closing work party. The thing was run on generators and water. Somebody has to get it all operational in the fall of the year, and then go back there and pressurize, and get all of the water out, and put alcohol in the lines, and whatever. Dad asked me if I wanted to become involved with that, so I said sure I would. They had a Lay Board, and I was secretary of the Lay Board for a number of years. We had a neighbor and the three of us would go up there. Red Kenny, (He's dead now), and I know that fifty percent of the pictures that are up there, he'd taken of us. When he died, I went to the administrator of his estate, and said I'd like to have that camera. I used to carry that on the boat, and I still have the camera case that I used yet today. I probably carried it more on the boat than he did. He took a lot of pictures there, and I'd like to buy that 25 millimeter camera from you. I have one stipulation. The money I give you for that, I'd like to have go to Chambers Island, to the administrator, and they can do what they want with it. That's how I got that camera. If you go up to the retreat house, down at the end of the dining room, they've got a picture of all the administrators that have ever run that place, and early on they had a Priest who was the administrator. Later on they had lay people, husband and wife, or a single person who'd be the administrator, so I feel quite

fortunate, other than the present administrator, I knew everyone of them personally. There aren't too many people who could say that. I've got lots of fond memories of going to Chambers Island. I refer to Chambers Island Retreat House as my home away from home, so like I said, I'm only going back there one more time. I've got a picture of me standing out in front of the retreat house, I think I remember who took the picture, but it is a four generation picture, my dad, and Paul, and Jessie, she's my oldest grandchild, and myself, so we've got a four generation picture that was printed in Register Paper. That was taken in August of 1993, no it couldn't have been, Jessie was about 5, I think.

Dad on the farm, he taught us boys how to run machinery, and Dad bought a John Deere Sixty. One of the early ones. That as a kid, dad had a lot of used machinery, but he bought this John Deere Sixty, brand new. I said, "If I could find that tractor today, I'm sure that the back rest on the seat would probably be in mint condition, because as a kid you weren't sitting back here, because your legs weren't long enough to reach down to run the brakes." Of course it had a hand clutch, so you are sitting like I am way up in the front of the seat. I don't know if my dad taught my younger brothers, 8 or 9 years old driving the tractors. He showed us how to do that. I know that I planted oats early as a kid. We had an old eight foot steel wheeled drill, and you go and look at oats field, you couldn't tell where I had any lap at all. They were spacing either 8 or 9 inches apart on the disc, and then you come around the next time you couldn't tell where the wheel track was. Dad taught me that when you looked back, take your hands off the steering wheel, just for a short period of time. Otherwise if you are driving in this direction, and you go to look back here is where your hand goes. You take it off for just a second. I felt quite proud about that, here I am 9 or 10 years old, and once in awhile you could see a lap. He took the time to show me how to do it.

I have many fond memories of working on the farm, with Dad after I got out of the Army. Probably the hardest time that my dad really struggled with was March of 1983. That was when Dad had raised all of us kids on that farm, and I had heart problems due to all of the stray voltage I had on the farm, because I relied on over 30 electrical motors on the farm. From elevators to silo loaders to whatever, and all of that transit voltage around the farm was affecting my heart. As I sit here today, I don't have a heart problem, but I told Dad that I've got to do something about this as I'm doing a good job at farming, but it's killing me because of all of the electricity that was floating around. Well, my dad had an expert in transit voltage come in, and he showed me what I could do, particularly in the milking parlor. Break into the rebar in the floor, and showed me how to ground all of that, so it wasn't affecting the cows or me. All of these other motors were taking their toll on me. We made a decision to sell that dairy herd, in March of 83. It's a lot of work to get ready for an auction. I sold all of the machinery, other than a few pieces, sold all of the cattle, other than ones that were about 12 months old, up to. I kept a few bred heifers, so I sold three quarters of the animals. That's a lot of work to get all of that together. The hardest part to making all of that is to make the decision that, yes, you are going to do it. I met a guy in Green Bay, a guy that had taken care of the auction for me, and he had an

officially tested herd, so he wanted all of the production records, so I met him in Green Bay late one Saturday afternoon. I gave him all of the records, and man I just got sick to my stomach knowing that I had made that decision to turn it over to him, emotionally sick of the whole deal. I pulled over for about a half an hour, just put the seat back. My sister Marge lived in Green Bay, and I said, "Do you mind if I come over and lay down for awhile, I'm just not feeling very good at all?" You move on after that, but I say that the auction was about three or four weeks later, and I've got a picture of my dad standing by a rounded bale, with my older brother Bill's daughter Ami. You could just see a lot of emotion going through his head, to know that he raised all those kids there, and gave us a good foundation, and whatever, but six months prior to that, or four months maybe, I wanted him to understand where I was coming from. I said, "Dad, I'm just not able to keep going, here." I said, "My heart's bothering me, and I'm doing a good job of farming, but it's killing me." So he understood where I was coming from, but it was still a tough decision for Dad to know that he had bought that farm when I was about five years old, so at least he understood, but that was a choice picture, you could see a lot of thought's going through his mind. (Mary Beth) *heartache* "Yep."

I did some cash cropping after that. That was March of 1983. I think it was about August of 1983, I had a guy who was doing my soils work, by the name of Steve Weston. He had brought me a tape of a guy who could construct some energy towers on the farm. You've heard of that word energy before right? (Mary Beth) *Yes.* If you deal around Kathy or I you will. My youngest son Jim, his birthday was in April, Mimi was going to the University of Wisconsin, in La Crosse, and she said she'd like to invite Jimmy to come over spend the weekend over there. I said, "Okay." I said, "I've got to go see Ruth Mallin." Ruth was a farmer who lived in Western Wisconsin. She really knew a lot about cattle and nutrition. She worked with Albion Labs there in Ogden Utah, probably one of the best labs I know of, that can analyze hair, and feed. Ruth was a dairy person herself, so she flew to the farm, and met with Bill and myself when we were dairying. That was just a really good beginning in, or an extension of wanting to take our cattle to, feed them naturally without added all of the antibiotics, and whatever to it. Well that gave me a good opportunity and I took Jim over there. This was after I sold our dairy herd, and I'll just drive up there and see how Ruth is doing. I listened to this tape that Steve had given me about these energy towers. I listened to them over, and coming back and I said that I'm fascinated by what I'm hearing. I called this guy up, Jerry Freidenstein from Ohio, and him and his son came then, and motor home. That's probably one of the first times I had muscle testing done on myself, because I'm a very inquisitive individual, I like to ask a lot of questions. It doesn't cost me anything to do that. I encourage people to do that. I'm in the motor home talking to Jerry, and his son is outside constructing those towers out of copper pipe, and I was asking a lot of questions, so he said, "You might be interested, come in the back of the Motor home, I've got a piece of equipment that's given me a lot of answers. I think you might be interested in going to school and learning how to run that." That was August of 1983.

The guy that was doing my soil work, Steve Weston, was in that same class, I think we had about fifteen people. About three quarters of them were from Wisconsin. We went all the way to Denver Colorado to go to school. We went five days and four nights, I mean intense school. I never looked back after that. After the guy who built the equipment, about six months later, after we took that class, a guy by the name of Peter Kelly, asked Steve and I if we wouldn't go out and teach. I've been teaching for twenty six years. I'll show that equipment to you sometime. It gave me more answers than anything else.

I was cash cropping for a number of years, and a guy by the name of Dave Larson, he was a year younger than me, ran Agri Energy Resources, in Princeton, Illinois. It is one of the largest biological fertilizing companies in the world. Steve Weston had known him, had done some work for him, and so Dave Larson called Steve up, and said, "Do you think Pat would go to work for me?" Steve said, "I don't know you're asking the wrong guy, go call him up." Dave called me and he said, "Tell you what, I'm having my first seminar here in a couple of weeks, and I'd like you to bring your wife along. Come on down to the seminar, and make an observation and see what you think about what is going on and give some feedback on what you think of the company." He had a pretty fancy set up there, and he had a big machine shed. He probably had a couple of hundred farmers there. "Don't tell Arden why you are here." Arden was a farmer, Arden Anderson. He ran Dave's Soil clinic for him. He did all of the soil testing. I'd met Arden a couple of different times, he knew a little bit about me. He was born and raised on a dairy farm. Now he is Doctor Arden Anderson. He's gone and worked for some pretty prestigious organizations, and people. I haven't chatted with him for awhile. I just said hi to him while I was there, and he never did ask me what I was doing down there. A couple of weeks later, after the seminar, Dave called me up, and asked me what I thought. "I was kind of impressed," I said, "with what I saw there. I'm too busy farming right now with cash crop to make a decision like that". He let it go. He called Steve back in about three weeks and said, "Do you think Pat will work for me part time?" Steve said, "You're asking the wrong guy, call him". I said, "How much time do you want?" And he said, "As much time as you'll give me". I started in October of 1983 working there, and I worked there for twelve years.

I went through a divorce, and met this dear lady upstairs here. I'll make a statement, but I can't prove this, but I think if the late Dave Larson was still alive, I'd still be working for that company full time, even though I live in Iowa, because I can do it long distance. That's history anyhow, his brother in law owns the company, and so you move on. I've got pictures of two individuals in my office, who have really molded my life, and that I've got a lot of respect for. One is my father, and the other is Dave Larson. Dave was an Agronomist with Purdue University, a graduate, and he was known and respected the world round, and I was quite honored that I could go to work for that man. He hired me as a private consultant, but I got treated as part of the staff, even though I was not part of the staff. We used to meet when he was alive, once a week, and his wife would cook a noon meal for us. Then after the meal, we'd just go around the table and say, "Okay Brenda what did you do this week?" He was like taking a

lasso and putting it around that staff, and pulling them all together, so they'd say "Yeah that Brenda, all she does is sit up there and answer the phone." Well Brenda was doing the tax work, and they had a better understanding of what all the others were doing to make that a unique organization. I'm sitting down at the end of the table, and I said, "That I do a lot of travel, and I run into a lot of people." I'd tell you this whether Dave Larson was sitting down at the end of the table, or not. I said this is a unique organization here, and I respect it, but that little technique that he has of having each one of you explain what you are doing, I said there are a lot of companies that would like to have that togetherness, and they don't know what to do to get it. He's got a great, unique capability in making that all happen. (Mary Beth) *How many people worked for this organization?*" When I was there probably ten, I don't know what they've got now. He was a year younger than me, we had kids and grandkids that were the same age, and he hired me to do programming for Fall Fertilizer programs. He also wanted me to keep track of his health, and the health of his family. I did that behind the scenes. It was quite an honor for me to work for an individual that was known the world around, cause he at one time went to Vietnam, and somehow he got hooked up with the US government. They had people from different walks of life, so from an agricultural aspect, he was invited to go there. I don't know who else they had go there, they might have had eight or ten resource people, and Dave was a big guy, he was about 6'4" and weighed about 270 lbs. He was among those Vietnamese who are generally small people. He donated; there was a liquid fertilizer company that he owned Agri Energy Resources, that he donated a semi load of fertilizer. I had the privilege of working the fork lift that loaded all of it on that semi, then it went from there to San Francisco, and from there, I don't know where they unloaded it, in Japan or wherever. He actually had some feed back of different test plots, whether they were raising rice or whatever, and he donated all of that. He was just a wonderful individual. In my office I have a picture of him and my dad. They really molded me into what I am today. I worked there for about twelve years, and then I moved over here. His brother-in-law knew my involvement in the company over there with the equipment that I had, and I sat down with him a number of times, and gave him tools knowing that it was equipment that was not out front in the agricultural industry, but Dave was respected the world around, and I heard him say many times, "Until somebody can find us a better analytical tool to get answers for us, out here when we run into problems, we're going to be using that equipment, because it is second to none." I'm sure if he was here today, he'd still be saying that. Why his brother-in-law made that decision I don't know. So you move on. That's quite a statement for somebody to make. (Mary Beth) *Did you ever do work for Iowa State University with your agricultural background?*" No, they're like Grandpa's horse, they're coming around, but basically they're like Grandpa's horse blinders. They don't see what is going on out here in the real world, but they are changing. They're strictly basic people, nitrogen, phosphorus, potassium, they don't look at calcium, they don't look at trace elements, they don't look at the life in the soil, which was the basis of that Biological Fertilizer company. Ok, what kind of good bacteria are out there, because if you get the right kind of bacteria growing in the soil, they are going to produce

most of the nutrients that are needed by that crop you are growing out there. They don't look at all that sort of stuff. They are coming around, but it's a slow process.

I know when I was farming, we used to run a lot of test plots for Larson Canning Company, and they were a canning company out of Green Bay. They've since been sold, and moved on. We ran a lot of test plots for them, and planted with a little horse drill. It was about eight feet wide, and about three hundred feet long, and the guy who was in charge of test plots, he would ride the back of the drill, and he had a little whisk broom in his back pocket. He knew how many pounds of seed to put into this to plant that three hundred feet. You'd get down to the end, you'd pick the drill up, and he'd take his little whisk broom, and as I'd be driving back along the row, he'd clean it all out, move over a foot, put the seeds in there. I think we had twenty eight varieties side by side one year. I had put a nutritional spray on winter wheat one spring and had a pea field right next to it, so I thought, here is the wheat field, and here is the pea field, so I drove right next to it and put a boom on to the peas. I thought these nutrients are good for the wheat, it sure isn't going to hurt to put it on the peas. We took two combines, both self propelled, I put one on the strip that was sprayed, and went over about sixty feet, and put another combine there. When this guy here had his tank full, the one that was sprayed, he went about another sixty to one hundred feet. So it moved the maturity up on the peas by putting that nutritional spray on those peas. I went to the guy that was in charge of the test plots, and I said "hey I can move the maturity up on those peas, from anywhere from a fifty eight to a sixty two day crop, depending on the heat that they are grown under. I can move them up just by putting a nutritional spray on there." He said, "Oh really." I said, "What I think we need to do is, go across all of those test plots and put the boom there and put a nutritional spray laterally across all of them." "Well no then we'd have to have a longer strip." "How much do you want? I'll give you a couple of hundred. Do you suppose he'd do that?" He was not like me, not schooled in any University system, I think he was intimidated by what I was doing, I was stepping on his toes, he was trying to protect his title.

Oh we've got a hot air balloon here, the guy that was plant manager, he died here about a month ago. He moved to Pennsylvania, and I went to work for an Amish man, who he worked for out there. This is ten years ago maybe, of course he knew I was coming, my friend Merlin, and I didn't know this prior to going out there, but he said we're going to do something special tonight, we're going to give you a little gift. Three of my daughters and myself have bought you a ticket. We're going up in a hot air balloon. Man it was just a quiet as it could be. I don't know, we went up about five o'clock, and other than hearing when they turned the burner on, I mean just still, you hear nothing. There was very little wind at all, and you are out over corn fields, or whatever. It was just a super nice experience. (Mary Beth) *Did you have your camera?* Yeah I did, I've got pictures. They had a chase vehicle that follows them wherever they go, and it was getting close to getting dark out, so they looked for a field to land in. The vehicle comes, they gather the balloon up, and whatever. Anyway that was quite a unique experience. Have you ever been up in one? (Mary Beth) *I haven't, but I always go the

Indianola Balloon Races and the festival.* I'd urge you to jump in one, (Mary Beth) *I'd like to, I'd also like to sky dive.* Neat experience, that's something I'd like to do. Whether I get around to doing it, I don't know.

I remember going to a Packer game. This was like when I was, this was like 1954, so I was like a Sophomore in high school. The Packers didn't have big Lambeau Field like they are playing in now. They played the game against Detroit, so they at East High School. That's where my granddaughter Emily goes to school. It was not a very big stadium, but they didn't have all these mega bucks stadium's like they have now days. I remember doing to a game there, and that was my first introduction to the NFL. Course now I own the Green Bay Packers. I have one share of stock, so I'm officially an owner of that organization. I tell you what, I have more fun with that one share of stock. There were two little boys who lived next door to us. They've moved now, up north of town, but they'd milked that thing to the end when they'd go to school, and for someone who didn't know that the Packers are the only stock holder company in the NFL, so I own the Packers with 111,000 other people. I have one share of stock, so I'm officially an NFL owner. You've told your husband about that right? (Mary Beth) *I'll have to tell him about that.* "He doesn't know that?" (Mary Beth) *No,* "Yeah I own the Green Bay Packers." Then I say, "Oh yeah with 111,000 other people." (Mary Beth) *Who will inherit your one share?*

I'm not able to sell it, I can notarize it, my oldest son Paul is going to get it. I do have voting rights, which I exercise. They do have a meeting every year, that I'm invited to go to the meeting in the stadium. I mean it is a prestige thing. It costs me \$200 for the share, and \$40 to get it processed. I have a certificate out there that says I am an official NFL owner. (Mary Beth) *Have you gone to one of the meetings at the stadium?*

I've not, no, but I can send my ballot in. I get a notice every year of what they are going to vote on.

I remember, November 22, 1963, a unique day. That was the day that President Kennedy was shot. Dad and I were out in the afternoon, about two o'clock. There again, it is just like it is happening today. My mother came out, she was running out into the pasture where we were putting the cows outside for exercise, and she came running out and she was about in tears. "President Kennedy's been shot," she said. 22nd of November 1963, so that date is stuck in my mind. I could see the stress on Mom's face when she was running out and I thought, "What's going on here". That's the day he was shot.

I walked to school, about 50 acres every day. I went to a little one room school out in the country. Every Christmas, we'd have a Christmas play. I think it must have been some of the fathers of the students in the school, they build a little elevated stage. It had curtains on it, it may have been eight feet deep. In a one room school you don't have much room. You had to have room for all the parents to sit. It may have been my first introduction to getting up in front of people, and shaking like a leaf, and whatever. I go back to thinking when I took Speech, either as a Sophomore or Junior in high school. My dear Speech teacher Leah Wildhagen, if she would have told me at that point, that later on in life I would be able to get up in front of forty people, or two hundred and be comfortable talking, AHHH, YOUUUR TALKKING to me? NO WAY.

People asked when that happened and I say it was a gradual thing. I don't get intimidated by people. I've been to Kathy's research, We used to go down to Florida, and they have assigned speakers, and if you are going to speak at that seminar for research you have to present them with a paper prior to going down there. They want to know what you are going to talk about. It's, printed and handed out to everyone who comes through the door. Someone for some reason or another did not show up, so the moderator asked me if I would fill in. She had called Kathy, and she said "Pat? Oh Pat would love to do that." I didn't know if I was going to be talking or not. I didn't make up any notes or anything. The second morning of the meeting, she came over to me, and she said, "Well, some person was talking first thing in the morning, and we're going to take a break, and I don't know if that guy is going to show up or not." So she came over by me, and said that, "The guy was not here so she got up, and said that this guy did not show up, and Dr Kathy's husband said he'd get up and are you ready?" I said, "Yep." And I got up and grabbed my water bottle and walked up in front of the room. I didn't have any notes, talked for about forty minutes and I was the only one who got a standing ovation. Some doctor came up to me, and this was a room full of doctors, some doctor from Toronto, and said, "I'd like to have a copy of your speech." I told him I didn't have anything written, that I had a few notes, but check with the gals back there at the desk. I don't know what I'd given them, but they might have something there. I asked, "Why, what are you going to do with them?" I talked about water. Oh he said, "I want to give that out to all of my patients." I said, "Good." I said, "Most people don't have a clue about all of the crap you are drinking, or bathing in."

Kathy didn't used to think of that, and I convinced her that this dear lady need to look at what you are drinking, and that she would be shocked at what I was finding out here. If you hire me as an agricultural consultant, and I come on your farm, whether you've got lame chickens, or a sixteen hundred pound Holstein cow, and you won't give me a sample of the water they drink, I'd refuse to work with you. That is the importance I put on water. I know that I'm very conservative about water, to say that at least fifty percent of, and I know it might be higher, and I know that it is higher what she finds in her patient's, I can trace it back to the water sample. (Mary Beth) *Don't you do a water sample for most of her patient's?* Yes I do. I test for about forty different things. It is frightening what we find for people. Most people bring samples in, and of course traditionally farmers and going to smell it, and most won't smell anything. They'll hold it up and they won't see anything floating around in there, and you would be amazed at what we find in those samples. People don't have clue at how big an influence that has to their overall health. You take a bath every day and you have all of those toxins and guess how much is going in that biggest organ, your skin. Why do you have diarrhea? Why does my shoulder hurt? How come I have headaches every afternoon, or these sort of things? It scares the hell out of people, then at least we take them a step further, and what can we do to correct that? Well, filtration, or give them some ideas so they don't have to worry about what they are taking in. That is kind of a pet thing for me.

Growing up as a kid, we used to pick a lot of cherries for our neighbors. Peterson Orchard, owned by two brothers, Joe and Phil Peterson. They are both still living today. Herman Krause, (he's passed on) he used to have a cherry orchard over on the farm where my brother Joe lives. They had a lot of Mexican migrant workers that would come, of course this was prior to mechanization, now they pick them all with a machine where they shake the tree. They picked them all by hand, and there was one particular family that had about twenty five kids in the family. The Blancos family, and they'd come from Mexico. They obviously worked their way up to Door County to pick cherries. On the way they might have stopped to pick cucumbers, or whatever. They'd buy a brand new truck every year, they'd put all those kids in, well it was like a big grain truck that dad would have. The Blancos family, and we would kind of look forward to them coming, just a neat, neat family. We had a lot of neat experiences, you'd get out there in the morning, and of course we had to milk cows and whatever, and get up there at eight o'clock in the morning, and they'd probably have, well as soon as it was light out, they'd be out there picking cherries. They'd have twenty five to thirty barrels of cherries picked by the time we got there in the morning. (Mary Beth) *Did your mom make cherry pie?* Oh yes, in fact, Kathy and I don't eat a lot of pie, but she knows what my favorite pie is. "Cherry", Not real sweet, on the tart side.

I was somewhere in Door County and I said I wanted some cherry pie, and she said, "We don't have any," and I said, "Oh come on, Door county used to be cherry Capital of the world at one time, they had ten thousand acres, and you don't have a cherry Pie? Oh come on. Do I need to go pick some and bring them over here?" They used to have, I think twelve processing plants, and in Door County, I think they are down to about one or two now. They figured that they needed to spray those trees with lots of chemicals, and they might have had ten to fifteen different sprays they put on. In order to keep the tree alive, well I know better than that, if they were open up to it, in fact my neighbor Joe Peterson, one year he knew that I was working for a biological fertilizer company, so I told him, I said, "Hell Joe, I could move the maturity up on your cherries", and man he had a bumper crop. I mean just lots of cherries on the trees. I said, "Let me pick a couple of trees, and I'll put a nutritional spray on there." I had a little had sprayer and went and sprayed those couple of trees, and ran out of spray. I couldn't get it up high enough, I didn't have enough pressure up on to the tree, so I ended up putting a whole lot more on the tree than I wanted to. I was on the phone the next day talking to somebody, and I hear this knocking on the door, and here stands Joe. I had a bunch of leaves and you could see the edges of the leaves were all burnt, because I had too much of a concentrated spray on them. He said, "Look what you did to my leaves on my trees." I said, "I'm sorry about that." Then I said, "Oh by the way Joe, how do the cherries look?" "They're all ready," he said, "When you have a heavy fruit set like that, normally the interior ones will be light colored, but putting that nutritional spray on them brought them all the same. He was kind of impressed with that. I know if I could have done more work I could have cut back on the chemicals. Here is a guy know, he is eighty some years old, he's just hunched over, and I'm sure if somebody ran a blood test on him that would be just full of chemicals, even if he looked like he had a space suit

on, I mean that he was wearing when he was spraying the orchard, he would just inhale all of that stuff, and getting it on his skin. I'm sure that it created a lot of havoc with his overall health.

Then I had a chiropractor, he has now passed on. I met him in Indiana. He had a deal that I met quite a few years ago, and he invited me to come to Indiana, on a Saturday. We went down in the basement of his office. I walked in there and there was him and another dentist, and I forgot who the other doctor was. He wanted me to come over and talk about some of the stuff that I'm into. I said, "Well doc what do you want to talk about?" He said, "I don't know, just start talking." We spent about five hours there. The four of us did, and I got to around noon, and he said, "You guys hungry?" I said, "Yeah." And he said, "Let me run over to Subway, right next door." I said, "That'll work." So we went over there. We were sitting there munching, and talking, so I got to know this chiropractor pretty good. He claims that I saved his life twice, I don't know if it was the information I gave him or what. He said that his wife was originally from England, in fact she wanted to go back over there, so they went back over to England, and he said, "I owe my life to you". "Why don't you give me a free trip to London?" "Oh when can I come?" "Really" I said, "You think I saved your life?" He went on to expand why he thought I did, so I got a free trip to London. His wife was born and raised there, so they knew all the back roads and where to go there, and whatever. He knows the Radionics Society there. It is some alternative way of dealing with the Medical establishment. In fact it started there many years ago, and so Doc knew the organization that dealt with farmers, and they've got 125 practicing practitioners. He looked up the list of names, and we went around there. He said my guru is coming from the United States, and can we come and visit you? I don't know how old he said the lady was, 82 or 83, running her farm. She said, "Oh man, I'm going to be gone, but come back some other time." He found another man who was only about ten minutes away. We took the equipment along, and we had my briefcase along, and just left the stuff in the car. He said lets go in and talk to him. Do you know what Feng Shui is? (Mary Beth) *Yes* We went in there, and boy he really had that house balanced. You could feel the energy. We chatted for awhile, and I said, "Would you like to see our equipment?" He said, Sure." I went out to the car and got my instrument, and brought my briefcase in, and showed him some of the work sheets I was doing, and he said, "You've got a bunch of worksheets that I use, and I've got some worksheets, that show, but you've got some new stuff here that I've never been introduced to." Come to find out that guy was the president of the organization at one time. Here was guy about 63 years old, and he invited me to come back and teach a class. I don't think it's going to happen, but that was a pretty nice invitation. That was my trip to London. (Mary Beth) *Did Kathy go with you?* Nope. I didn't know Kathy at that point. I was working for Agri Energy Resources at that time. That had to be the early 90's.

I've got many places that I've been to in Europe. From Luxemburg to Spain, to Germany, to Italy. My son Paul, was in the Army on his second tour, he was in Germany, and he spent two years there. Of course I was still farming at that point, and I wanted to go back there in the worse way, and go to some the places that I had been, and I could never make that happen.

Oh, we were talking about taking a finger print. When I got out of the Army, my Uncle Lawrence Virlee, he was married to my mother's younger sister, Genevieve. He had a linoleum business. In the winter we had only about forty cows, so I told Dad I could use a few extra dollars, with three young kids that were growing up, and so how about I go work for Uncle Lawrence as he needs some extra help. He had asked me on a late Saturday afternoon, if I could stay an extra half hour, then we could finish that job up, and then we could move on the something else come next Monday? I said, "Yeah I can." So he said, "Go lay that tile there above the stairs." And I know there is a different guy that owns a funeral home now. I remember sticking those two tiles in down there, and that is where I cut my finger. When you are laying tile that is a no to put your hand like that, and go the other way with it, but we were in a hurry, and we were going to take a short cut, and I got cut. It was a short cut all right. That is where I got that scar from. I cut it right down to the bone. It took about nine months to get the feeling back, and if my hand gets cold, that's my indicator right there. You hear about people who have injuries to extremities that show's up.

Wrap Up

So I'd like to make a few comments, for... I don't want to use the final statement, I've got an issue with that statement, so I'd like to make more of a wrap up. I feel very fortunate to being born into a family of thirteen kids, and twelve of us are still living. Having a mother and father that really gave us a good foundation to each and every one of us. I look back at all of my brothers and sisters and they are all successful, and all real unique. Boy you hear of some families that there is so much turmoil within the family, they haven't talked in over ten years. We don't have any of that in our family at all, of which I feel real fortunate. I say that mom and dad gave us that good foundation, and so every one of us are blessed with that. Because of the age difference of my oldest sister to my youngest sister, of twenty to twenty one years, it is quite a bit closer than some of my family members, my brothers and sisters, and I can understand that, but I'm still close to them. More so to a couple of my brothers, my brother Bill who is a year older than me, and my brother Jim, gosh those guys call me at least once a week. I know that they know that I appreciate that, but a whole lot more than they realize. They are pretty special to me. I've got a sister who used to work for Hospice for fifteen years, Marge, and we seem to have some kind of mind linking ability, that either she'll call me, or I'll call her, "I was just thinking about you yesterday". I don't know how all of that happens, but I just marvel at that one when it does happen. All of my brothers and sisters are special to me, and each one in a very unique way.

I've basically had a very good life up until, I'd say two years ago, after that truck accident, and I've now gone through all of these tests, and x rays, and ER, and I'd like to take an eraser and erase out those last couple of years. I've got a firm belief that, that was part of my life for various reasons, because I know that people that have gone through similar situation like I have, I think of a couple in particular, that just by verbalizing what I'm going through, has helped them tremendously. I feel that God has put that on my plate for various reasons. I feel very

firm about that. If I had a choice to take it or not take it, of course I wouldn't want to do that. I look at the positive side of that, there was a lot of good that came out of that. I'm just trying to understand what is God's plan for me, and I feel pretty comfortable about that. The medical establishment, particularly when you get into stage four cancer, thinks you don't have long to live. I really don't buy into all of their terminology, they understand where I'm coming from, that I don't want to do radiation, nor surgery or whatever, I think there are other things we can do out here, that's really where I'm coming from. That is really not unusual for me to make that statement, because growing up as a kid, or when my brother Bill and I were farming, we were known as radicals, and we liked to do things naturally. That all really just fits in with the whole scope of things. All in all I say I've had a good life, even the last couple of years. I've learned a lot from that, and can talk pretty intelligently with somebody if they need a little advice, maybe that will be meaningful to them. I say that a few of them that I have enriched your life. When my head hits the pillow at night, I know that maybe I've helped somebody out.

All in all my life had been good, and I've been blessed in many, many ways. Hopefully all of these recordings that we're working on here to put that book together are going to be somewhat of a treasure to my kids and my grandkids, or whoever else would like to have a copy. That's where I'm at.

THE END