

MARIAN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

I was born in Arkansas City, Kansas, on August 23, 1916, on a hot afternoon. Mother said that the metal frame on the bed at the Arkansas City Hospital on South A (or B) St. was too hot to touch. Katherine was five years old and Doyle was 7, when I arrived. Milton was born three years later. My childhood was a happy one. I played most of the time with Lillian Clough, who lived in the corner house on our block. She was one month older than I. Her mother and my mother would take us in the same baby carriage for walks in the neighborhood.

Lillian and I played with dolls, making doll clothes when we were older. We played jacks on the sidewalk in front of our house, as well as hop-scotch. In the fall we made houses with walls of the rooms made of leaves. We ran out to the ice truck to grab bits of ice when the driver was delivering ice to our ice-box on the back porch. We liked to spend our pennies for candy at the grocery store two blocks south on third street. It was fun to dress up in Mother's old clothes and hats! We could "skin the cat" on the green apple tree, next to Mrs. Pittinger's house north of us.

My mother's sister, Floss, and Margaret came from Blackwell, Oklahoma, (30 miles away) to stay with us in the summers. Aunt Floss taught school and later was a principal, so she had the summer free. Margaret was one year younger than I, and we had great times playing together. We liked to jump from bed to bed on the two beds in the sleeping porch. Mother and Aunt Floss kept busy sewing dresses for Katherine, Margaret, Carolyn (born in 1924 when I was eight years old) and me. Katherine and I took turns washing dishes and drying. Milton swept the floor and emptied waste baskets.

Aunt Floss and Margaret lived with her sister, Alma Humphries, and her husband, Charlie, who was a contractor. He made a children's kitchen cabinet for Carolyn and one for Margaret. The playhouse he made for Margaret had two windows that could be opened and shut. I can remember several occasions when we were driving to Blackwell, and the mud was terrible. The driver tried to stay in ruts of the car ahead. One time Milton went to Blackwell to stay for a week when he was 6 or 7 years old. He got the mumps and then Margaret got them.

On Memorial Day Aunt Floss and Aunt Alma would put flowers in Mason jars and take them to the cemetery where their parents were buried. They would get water in the cemetery for the flowers. When I was growing up, Mother would catch rain water in a bucket at the spout in back of the house. She used this to wash our hair, as we stretched out on the draining board in the kitchen, since the city water was highly mineralized. On Sundays Daddy would give each of us a nickel for Sunday School. On Mother's Day we always wore a red carnation or a rose to church, and Mother wore a white one to signify that her mother was not living.

We spent many hours swinging on our front porch as we counted the cars going by. We liked to play miniature golf, and in the summers we often went to Wilson Park to the

Chautauqua shows. Best of all was when the circus came to town. Mother would take us in the car early in the morning to watch the circus people getting set-up.

My one serious activity as I was growing up was playing the piano. I took lessons from Dr. Druley in his home where there were two grand pianos side by side in his music room. I practiced one or two hours every day. Lillian was also studying the piano, and we played a piano duet for our 9th grade graduation. During the two years when I went to Junior College, I took organ lessons, also from Mr. Druley. I enjoyed this very much. I was able to accompany the children's choir when they sang in church.

For junior and senior high school we had to walk a mile to school. At noon, Lillian and I could usually ride back to school with Dad, who came home for lunch. I took three year's of Latin along with all of the other college preparatory courses. I took public speaking from J. D. Davis, and I was on the debate team. I was in Girl Reserves, and one year we published a cookbook, which I still have. Gym was also required, and I learned to play tennis. I took typing, which was very useful in my later activities.

When I was in High School and Junior College, I worked on Saturdays in the office of the Domestic Laundry, which Dad owned. He taught me do to his bookkeeping, and I enjoyed that. Katherine had also worked in the office when she was in high school and junior college. Doyle and Milton worked at the laundry, but their job was sweeping the floor in the laundry area. One Saturday afternoon when I was working in the office, a man came in to get his laundry. Dad was waiting on him, and I heard their conversation. It seemed that this man was talking about Dad's first wife, not my mother. I didn't say anything, but that evening I asked Mother about it, and she said that Dad's first wife had died, and then he had married her.

My high school years coincided with the years of the depression. Many people were suffering, and the laundry business took a plunge. Dad held on, although he lost ownership of the building (which he was later able to buy back). The prospects of my going away for the last two years of college looked pretty dim. Luckily, Mother's friend, Edith Cox, offered to help us out. Maybe she was influenced by the fact that my mother and I had been in the Sunday School class which she taught, when I was in high school. She gave me a check for \$500 for each of the two years, and that was all I needed. Tuition at the University of Kansas at Lawrence was only \$18.75 for each of the two semesters. I stayed at Presbyterian Hall on the campus, rent free, for being the one to clear the downstairs of male guests at 10:30 pm and lock the door! There were twenty women students living on the 2nd and 3rd floors. The house mother was a kind and friendly woman, Mrs. Anna Olinger.

I had decided to become a medical technician, so I majored in bacteriology with a minor in chemistry. At the end of my senior year, I was lucky enough to be one of the seven women who were chosen to take the one year's training in medical technology at the University of Kansas Hospitals in Kansas City, Kansas

In the spring of my junior year, I met Phil while on a picnic with others from the Presbyterian youth group. We walked back together from the picnic (a cemetery, no less), and I made some cocoa for Phil in our kitchen. That was the beginning of our dating. The coming Sunday Phil invited me to dinner at the Eldridge Hotel. Later, when I met his sister, Jane, she asked me to be her maid of honor at her wedding to Irwin Robison in the summer of 1938.

After I finished my technician training, the only job I was offered was in Phoenix, Arizona, at St. Joseph's Hospital. I arrived there the first of July at noon, with the temperature around 110 degrees. I was able to get a room with a family, and sometimes I would get up in the middle of the night to take a cold bath. About six months later I moved into an apartment with another technician, where there was some kind of a cooling system.

I enjoyed the work in the hospital and my co-workers. Phil came to visit me at Christmas in 1939, and we became engaged. In the spring I had an appendicitis operation. In order for Phil and me to get married, I had to have a job in Madison, because Phil was doing graduate work at the University of Wisconsin at this time. I was able to take the Wisconsin civil service exam for bacteriologist in the Phoenix Hospital under the supervision of the hospital pathologist. I got the highest grade of anyone taking the exam and was offered a job in the Wisconsin State Laboratory of Hygiene in Madison, starting January 15, 1941.

I stopped in Arkansas City en route by train to Madison, and visited with my family. Times were still hard, and there was no possibility that they could come to our wedding in Madison. I left work at 12:00 noon on Saturday, February 1, and we were married at 5:00 pm in the Presbyterian Church. Doyle and Jane came from Milwaukee, and several of Phil's friends, Margaret and Eliot Waples, and Raleigh Barlowe and his fiancée were our only guests for the wedding and supper afterwards. We spent the night in the Eldridge Hotel, and then went to an apartment on the third (top) floor of a private home at 320 Lathrop, just a few blocks from the campus. I was back at work on Monday.

We stayed there until Phil had finished his preliminary exams for the PhD, and had received a fellowship at The Brookings Institute in Washington, D.C. We left Madison in October, 1941, in our 1931 Chevrolet with all of our possessions packed in that car. We were able to rent a one-room apartment at 900 19th St., N.W. in Washington – just a few blocks from the White House. Phil was typing on his thesis on the afternoon of December 7, when we heard on the radio that Japan had bombed Pearl Harbor. We drove over to the White House to see what activity there was, then drove past the Japanese Embassy on Connecticut Avenue, and saw them burning papers in the Embassy back yard.

This was to change our lives very soon. Phil decided to give up his fellowship at Brookings and he got a job at the OPA (Office of Price Administration). With Washington gearing up for war, Phil decided to apply for officer training in the Navy. He was accepted and asked to report for one month's training at Noroton Heights,

Connecticut. While there, learning Morris Code and ship signaling, his mother was riding on the train from Indianapolis to Great Bend. She sat next to a woman, Mrs. Dreany, whose son was a senior officer with the Merchant Marine. She said her son needed officers for their training program, and Phil should apply if he was interested. So, he did – and he was sent back to Washington, D. C. as a Naval officer to work with the Merchant Marine, rather than being sent to Casablanca with his other classmates to prepare for the campaign in North Africa.

When we arrived in Washington, D.C., I applied for a civil service job as a bacteriologist. I was offered one in the Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Animal Industry. I didn't really like the job, because I had to work with small animals. As luck would have it, I had a miscarriage in April, 1942, so I took this excuse to resign from the job, after having worked there only about six months.

Before my miscarriage, we had been looking for a one-bedroom apartment. We signed up for one at 2112 Suitland Terrace- at the end of Pennsylvania Avenue near the Maryland border. We moved there on May 1, 1942, which required purchasing a bedroom set, tables and chairs, a sofa, and a couple of upholstered chairs.

I was soon looking for another job, and I found one at George Washington University Hospital working for a cardiologist. My job was to do E.K.G.'s on this doctor's patients who were in the hospital. If one of them died, I was to take sections of the heart after the autopsy, and make microscopic slides. These two procedures, giving E.K.G.'s and microscopic technique, had been a part of my technician training. I stayed with this job until Phil, Jr. was born on June 11, 1944. I resigned a short time before the birth, and was never again employed.

While we were living in Washington, D.C., Rowland, Phil's brother, stayed with us for awhile, and slept on the sofa in the living room. He was in the Air Force and was working in aerial photography. Immediately after Pearl Harbor, the government started issuing food stamps and gasoline coupons. We were allowed 3 gallons of gas a week so you can imagine that we used our car only for special outings.

In the spring of 1945 when it looked like the war was ending and some government services needed to be provided for Berlin, Phil decided to apply. He was accepted, and was asked to go to Berlin on July 1 to work in Military Government. We put our furniture in storage, and I and Philip, Jr. planned to spend the year with my parents. They were remodeling their house, so Philip, Jr. and I stayed with Phil's parents on their farm for a couple of months. I was pregnant and was expecting in March. By Thanksgiving we were in Arkansas City. My Dad did not retire until 1948, so he was at his office during the day.

Katherine and Bill were living on North 2nd street, so it was Katherine who sat with me while I was delivering Martha on March 4, 1946. Martha was a bottle fed baby, because I got a breast infection, although I had nursed Philip, Jr. for six months. I had a pretty easy life, just taking care of two children, while Mother did the cooking.

Phil had expected to stay in Berlin only one year, but as the months passed, and he found out that families could come later, he signed up for me to join him with our two children. As it turned out we were in the second plane load of wives to be taken to Berlin. Phil's mother went with me and the children to New York to get the plane. We were all loaded up when an engine caught fire, so we deplaned and went to a hotel overnight. Some of the women who lived nearby decided to wait and take the plane leaving a week later. This was unfortunate, because that plane crashed in Newfoundland, and all were killed.

I was glad to be leaving only one day later than planned. Martha was in a little bassinet. The plane was propeller driven, and it took us 24 hours, New York-Berlin, with stops at Gander (Newfoundland), Reykjavik (Iceland), Prestwick (Scotland), and Bremerhaven (Germany), to take on gas. Phil was at the airport at 7:00 am when we arrived in Berlin. I was dead-tired, but at least, we had survived.

When Phil went to Berlin in July, 1945, he was assigned to billet in a house at 20 Vogelsang. This was in the Dahlem area of Berlin, about one mile from the American Military Headquarters. The two-story brick house was owned by a banker when it was requisitioned by the Army. When Phil got permission for us to join him, he was permitted to keep the house, and the three other army personnel were sent to another location. On the first floor there was a living room, dining room, den, kitchen, and a small lavatory. There were three bedrooms and a maid's room on the second floor.

Before I arrived, Phil had hired a cook, a housekeeper, a child care helper, and a furnace man. The latter person, Herr Fischer, took care of four adjoining houses, stoking the furnace and taking care of the yard. After about six weeks, I let the child care helper go. Ursula had worked for the four officers as a housekeeper, and she stayed on for awhile, and then we hired Frau Pfortner, an older woman. The cook was also replaced by Margot Köntges, the wife of a young German officer who had been killed in the war. She had two boys, Helmet and Herbert, about the ages of Philip and Martha, so we became good friends.

Phil had purchased a jeep in Paris from a pool of surplus trucks and jeeps before I arrived, so we had transportation. In about a year, though, Phil was able to trade it for a Pontiac sedan. He took a bus to work, and I used the car to go to the commissary and PX, and do other errands. Americans were not allowed to eat in German restaurants, but we could shop in German stores. There was also an army sponsored barter mart in a sort of shed. This had been set up to allow Germans to turn in china or any article of value. They were given German money for the estimated value of whatever they brought in. Then Americans could come in, look over what was available, and pay for what they wanted with coupons.

All the articles had set prices of so many coupons. The Americans could accumulate coupons by turning in cigarettes, or food, particularly fat, coffee, or cocoa. The Americans could buy a limited number of boxes of cigarettes at the PX each month, and my mother was wonderful in sending me boxes of whatever I asked for. I had left some

money in a joint account with her in the Home National Bank in Arkansas City. I remember she sent a tricycle for Philip, Jr's 5th birthday. So, the barter mart was a fun place to go to buy Meissen china or figurines!

When we arrived in Berlin, Martha was six months, and Philip, Jr. was 2 years. The following year when Philip was three, I took him to a German nursery school, and Martha joined him when she was 2 ½ years old. They learned to jabber away in German, because we also had German household help. While I was in Berlin, I had a tutor come to our house once a week for a German lesson. She was the wife of a professor. I paid her with food, such as fat, which was very scarce on the German market.

Before I arrived in Berlin, Phil had gotten acquainted with a sculptor, Karl Hartung, and an architect, Mr. Henning. Phil had been taking pictures in Berlin, and while in a cemetery, he met Hartung, who was picking up pieces of broken marble. They struck up a conversation, and Karl explained that as a sculptor, he had a hard time finding marble to work on. He, in turn, introduced Phil to the architect. We saw these two couples from time to time, and when the Hartungs had a baby, I gave them some of Martha's clothes. We have several of Karl's sculptures. Mr. Henning designed a table and 6 chairs, a buffet, and 2 small cabinets for Phil's photo equipment, which we had made in Berlin. These were shipped back with our household goods when we returned to Madison.

Phil had also gotten acquainted with a Protestant lay person, Elizabeth Von Harnack. A friend here in the U.S. had suggested that he talk with her. He found that Elizabeth Von Harnack was involved with an orphanage. He wrote to his mother about the orphanage, and this resulted in her collecting used clothing and sending them to us, which we took to the orphanage. It was Elizabeth's brother who was one of those killed for plotting to kill Hitler.

In December, 1946, Phil and I took a week-end train excursion to Denmark, leaving the children in Berlin with our household helpers. This was exciting, because everyone was invited to stay for the week-end with a Danish family. We had another memorable trip, this time to Paris in May, 1947. Phil and I had planned this trip with two other couples. However, when the husbands found they couldn't get away, we offered to take the two wives with us, which, we did.

We had car trouble the first day, because the engine heated. We limped into Helmstedt in the British zone, just after leaving the Russian zone late in the evening. The military headquarters took us in, and we left early the next morning. The engine continued to heat, and we had to stop frequently for it to cool. Finally, we arrived in Amsterdam about 1:00 am and went to the hotel where we had reservations. They had already given up our rooms and tried to send us to a hotel in the red light district. After checking this out, we returned to the hotel, and the clerk, in desperation, took us to his own apartment, and routed his wife out of bed. We stayed there the rest of the night, then were able to get a room in the hotel for that night.

Phil was successful in getting the engine block and radiator flushed out, and we had no more car trouble. We drove by some tulip fields, and we were awestruck by the beauty of acre after acre of bright colored blooms. We continued on to Paris and spent a few joyous days there before returning to Berlin.

In August, 1947 we drove to Italy, again, leaving Philip and Martha in Berlin. We enjoyed eating fresh peaches, pears, and grapes. We met Eleanor and Stuart Van Dyke and did some mountain climbing.

I wrote a postcard to Phil's parents from Prague, dated, October 21, 1947. It says, "We are leaving here this morning after three very interesting days. Prague is a fusion of ancient and modern architecture and culture which has developed into a metropolitan city of distinction. We are stopping at Munich and Stuttgart and will return to Berlin the end of the week."

In July, 1948, we had a Bavarian vacation, taking Philip Jr., and Martha with us this time. We met Johnny and Walt Heller, and their children, Terry and Rick, while we vacationed in Bolzano, Chiemsee, Lake Garda in Italy, and Basel, Switzerland. Walt and Johnny had come to Berlin in 1947, so that Walt could work with the German currency reform, which took place in 1948.

I seem to have the dates of some of our trips mixed up, but we remember distinctly driving out of Berlin in June, 1948, having left Phil, Jr. and Martha with our household help. At Helmstedt we were held up over an hour while the guards at the Russian border checked our passports. Finally, given the go-ahead, we drove on only to hear over the car radio that the border had been closed at noon, blocking all rail and road entrances to Berlin. This was discomfiting, but we continued with our vacation plans.

We were obliged to leave our car in Frankfurt and return by air to Berlin. We eventually sold the car in Frankfurt. The Americans immediately started an airlift of supplies to Berlin. This was a tremendous undertaking, with planes arriving only minutes apart. Phil and I were not frightened, but a few families returned to the states. We were without a car the last year we were there, but we managed without too much difficulty.

Phil started negotiating for a job at the University of Wisconsin, and with a promise of one as soon as he finished his PhD thesis, we returned to Madison in May, 1949, just as the Berlin airlift was terminated. We were able to rent an apartment in University Houses, 41D, which was just being completed.

We went to Kansas to visit our families before settling in. Phil finished his thesis on German land reform in the Russian zone in short order, and became an Assistant Professor in the Department of Agricultural Economics. Philip, Jr. and Martha had lots of playmates, so there was no thought of nursery school. Gordon was born on July 25, 1951, and this completed our family.

It wasn't long after we arrived in Madison until we contemplated building our own home. There was a large house with an extended acreage just below the hill where University Houses had been built. Phil decided to ask the owner of this large house, Mr. Curkett, if he would sell his extra land. Fortunately, he said, "yes", so we bought the acre of land for \$5,000. We found an architect, Herbert Fritz, a student of Frank Lloyd Wright, and asked him to design our house. After the 3rd attempt, we agreed on the design, and were able to move in at 2801 Oxford Road, shortly after Gordon was born.

This summer was forever memorable, because six weeks before Gordon was born, Phil, Jr. was run over by a car on his way to our apartment from the first grade at Shorewood elementary school. He had been riding his bicycle. An ambulance arrived and took him to the University of Wisconsin Hospital, and a neighbor drove me there. Phil was out of town, arriving home the next day. It was determined that Philip had compression fracture of all of his lumbar vertebrae, so he was put in a body cast which he wore until October. This was June 6, and he was in the hospital for his 7th birthday on June 11. Fortunately, Philip's bones healed, and he has had no lasting problem from the accident.

After moving on Feb. 1, 1952, to our new house with redwood siding and a flat roof, Phil and I had a lot of work to do. I painted the rooms with sheetrock walls, and sealed the redwood paneling and birch doors. Phil made the kitchen cabinets out of redwood, and I applied a clear sealant on them. There was also yard work. Phil built a low retaining wall around a tree with concrete blocks. After the yard was graded, we covered it with fresh sod. Phil, also, built a very attractive mail box which he placed near the street. I made lined drapes for all of the windows!

We had not yet completed all of this work when Dr. O. B. Jesness, head of the department of Agricultural Economics at the University of Minnesota, arrived one Sunday to talk to Phil. He wanted to know if Phil would like to move to St. Paul to be a full Professor in his department. This was very appealing, because our good friends, Johnny and Walt Heller were at the University of Minnesota, Walt was there as a professor in the Economics Department. So we quickly decided that this would be a good move.

We got busy and finished work on the house, and by the first of June, it was on the market at \$32,000. Phil had to start work in St. Paul on July 1, so I stayed with the children in Madison to try to sell the house. Toward the middle of August we had received only one offer of \$28,000, from a local doctor with four children. So we closed the deal, and I started packing all of our books, china, etc.

Phil drove down to Madison to arrive when the movers would be there, and we drove back to St. Paul, arriving after midnight with our dog, Lassie, and three children to spend the rest of the night with the Hellers. We had rented the Barber house on Vincent St. in University Grove, so we were there to supervise the unloading of furniture the next day.

In the meantime we had leased a building lot on the opposite side of the block on Fulham Street. University Grove is an area about six blocks long, which the university owns. In

1932 the first house was built there. This area is adjacent to St. Anthony Park in St. Paul, and the St. Paul branch of the University of Minnesota. It was just a mile to Phil's office. The rules were that each house had to be architect designed. The university ceiling was \$27,500 at that time. We hired Winston and Elizabeth Close to design our house. Win was the university architect, and Lisl ran their private architectural office on Franklin Avenue. We worked with them during the winter, and by March, 1954, ground was broken. We moved in on September 1.

Some things were left for Phil and me to do, just as we had in our Madison house – sanding and sealing the mahogany wood paneling, painting the sheetrock construction in the bedrooms, and making drapes for all of the windows. Phil had a big job ahead of him to make cabinets in the living room and kitchen out of mahogany. In 1963 we completed the playroom downstairs with mahogany plywood. Also, the carpenter made a buffet with drawers and a lower cabinet in the dining room, and a cabinet in the downstairs lavatory.

We have a fireplace open to both the living room and dining room, a rather small kitchen, and an ell off the living room for Phil's study. This was never satisfactory, because it is a small space, 10 x 12 feet, and he could not close a door for privacy. There was a master bedroom, two small bedrooms, and a large bathroom with space for a washer and dryer. Downstairs was the playroom, two small bedrooms, two storage closets (one labeled darkroom, because it had water access, and Phil hoped to develop a functioning darkroom, which we never did), and a workshop room with the furnace. When the house was designed we did not put in air conditioning, but by 1987 we had added air conditioning.

When school started the day after Labor Day, Philip was in fourth grade and Martha in second grade. They were picked up by the school bus to go to the Falcon Heights elementary school, about 2 miles away, because University Grove is technically in Falcon Heights, not St. Paul. The children had a number of playmates in our block. Roy and Bob Close and Kent Fletcher, being closest in age. Martha was a real tom-boy and was a leader in the gang. Gordon tagged along.

In 1954 we bought a used Baldwin baby grand piano, and I started taking lessons, again, this time from Thelma Hunter at the university. Philip was in Cub Scouts and YMCA swimming; Martha started piano lessons. A year later I started taking music theory from Paul Fetler in an evening university class. Sara Page, who lived on Branstion St. a block away, and I went to this class together. Beginning in 1957 I worked for several years with the Women's Organization of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, selling tickets to the Friday concerts. There was a lively competition among the volunteers, and I was on the "Honor Circle" for several years.

Philip, Jr., in the sixth grade was an active stamp collector, interested in map drawing and geography, took piano and drum lessons, and was in Boy Scouts. Martha, in fourth grade was taking piano lessons and singing in the junior choir at church. They got a hot lunch at school and were gone from 8:00 am until about 3:30 pm. Philip and Martha both took dancing lessons one year on Friday evenings, Philip at the Congregational church, and

Martha at the St. Anthony Park Library. In 1957 I took a day class in Music Harmony three days a week at the university, and tailoring at the Minneapolis Vocational High School. I remember making two suits for myself and a coat for Martha, just before she left for college.

In April, 1959, my Dad died, after having received a broken hip in September, 1958. He was 86 years old; the death certificate said cerebral hemorrhage (he died 3 days later) and arteriosclerotic heart disease. My mother spent most of July with us after Dad's death. Philip, Jr., as a sophomore, was immersed in his World History class. Martha had "first chair" position in the flute section of the 8th and 9th grade band. I took a class in French at the university, and Phil, Sr., took Russian. Phil went with Gordon to Indian Guides once a week, and then to an Indian Guides camp at St. Croix.

We generally went with Phil to the annual Agricultural Economics meetings in early August, making that an extended vacation for the family. In 1959 we went to Cornell University, stopping at Monticello to see Jefferson's home, Niagara Falls, and back through Canada. On New Year's Eve we went to a party at Close's. This was a tradition with some of their friends – Kenneth and Jan Sigford, Jack and Ida Davies, and Allyson Christensen were the ones we continued to see every New Year's Eve, although Ken Sigford died in 1978.

Philip, Jr. was awarded a trip to Washington, D.C. in a World Affairs contest on June 12, 1960. In late August we drove to New York in our Ford Falcon station wagon, loaded with all of our possessions that we would need for the year. I had been busy the month before we left, cleaning the house and getting it ready for renters. We departed from New York on August 27, our car hoisted onto the ship and put in the hold. We sailed on the Greek Line, Olympia, to Naples. After retrieving our car, we drove on to Rome. Phil had a sabbatical year with a job in the Land and Water section of the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations in Rome. Phil was to work with Rainer Schickele.

In Rome we had the help of a real estate agent to locate an apartment, while we stayed in a pension. In a week or ten days we were able to move into a fifth floor apartment at 22 Anneo Lucano, a mile or so northwest of St. Peter's on Monte Mario. The sister of the owner of the apartment, Elsa Mercanti, was very helpful, and we became good friends. She had a full-time maid, but she made pasta for her family every day for their noon meal. They had two boys in high school, and Mr. Mercanti picked them up at their school every noon, so they could all have their main meal at home.

Martha and Gordon were enrolled in the American school in Rome – Gordon in fourth grade and Martha in ninth grade. There was a bus that picked them up each day. They made friends at the school and were quite happy. Martha's science teacher was Beth Schickele, Rainer's wife, and our good friend. Philip, Jr., wanted to continue studying German. Arthur and Hilde Hanau from Göttingen, who had visited us the year before, offered to have him stay with them and go to a German gymnasium in Göttingen. So he

did this until Christmas, then he returned to Rome and enrolled in the German Gymnasium there.

We socialized with the Schickeles and also, with Lemen and Elsie Wells and daughter, Lynette, who were in Rome for the year. Lynette was one year older than Philip. At Christmas time we drove to Vienna and looked up Lisl Close's mother, Mrs. Hélène Scheu-Reicz. On the way to Vienna we had a brief stop in Ravenna, Italy, to see their wonderful mosaics, and in Venice at St. Mark's Square, where the pigeons were flying around. Mrs. Scheu helped us get tickets to the New Year's Eve performance of the opera, "Die Fledermaus" by Verdi. This was a memorable occasion to see their ornate opera house, and all the elegantly dressed people parading around at intermission! On our return trip to Rome we stopped in Salzburg and Innsbruck, Switzerland, and Bologna, Italy, with its beautiful arcades.

For Easter vacation we drove to Naples and Sorrento, and visited Pompeii, Herculenum and the island of Capri. Pompeii was especially exciting, supplementing our knowledge of early Roman history. We tried to visit some new place around Rome every week-end, and there were an endless number of historic sites. Gordon joined the Cub Scouts while we were in Rome, and I remember one dark, rainy evening when I was lost temporarily while trying to find the house where he had gone after school, so I could pick him up.

Phil was invited to a meeting in Israel of the Land and Water Development Subcommittee of the European Commission on Agriculture in late April, 1961. He spent a few days in Cyprus, before the meeting, and Phil Jr. flew to Israel to join him and to spend a day and night on an Israeli kibbutz. Martha, Gordon and I took the train to Brindisi on the southeast coast of Italy, then by ferry to Greece. The afternoon we arrived in Athens I took Martha and Gordon on the streetcar to visit the Parthenon. The problem was that I didn't know which streetcar to take back to the hotel! Not knowing Greek, we got on the wrong streetcar. However, we eventually got back to the hotel. Phil and Philip, Jr. arrived in Athens from Israel later that afternoon. With Rainer Schickele as a guide we traveled in a jeep with a driver in Greece for five days, visiting Mycenae, Patras, Olympia, Delphi, and Corinth.

When school was over in June, we packed all of our things in our station wagon and traveled for two months in Europe, including France, Germany, England, Norway, Sweden, Finland, and Denmark. We took our station wagon by boat across the channel to England, and across the Gulf of Bothnia from Sweden to Turku, Finland. We drove from here to Helsinki, where we spent 8-10 days. We were particularly impressed by the architecture of a suburb called "Tapiola", about ten miles outside of Helsinki. The variety in design of the different apartments, plus the woodsy atmosphere made it really breath taking. This was a remarkable vacation – gaining new insights of the culture in these different countries, where we had personal friends to visit, as well. We sailed on August 23 from Copenhagen to New York on the Bergensfjord (Norwegian-American Line).

By 1963 Gordon was taking piano lessons, and Martha was taking flute lessons and playing in the Metropolitan Youth Orchestra. The Agricultural Economics annual meetings were held here in the Twin Cities, and I served on the committee to plan children's activities. In the Fall of this year Vjravudh Nimboonchaj (Voodie), an American Field Service student from Thailand, arrived to stay with us during the school year. He slept downstairs in the middle room, next to Phil, Jr. in the corner bedroom. He made some friends at school, he liked to play tennis, and he adjusted well at school. I think it was quite a successful year for him. In the spring of 1964 we took him with the rest of the family to Texas to visit Katherine and Bill, and to the farm in Kansas to meet Phil's parents.

I took the Empire Builder to Chicago and the Santa Fe to Arkansas City on Dec. 19, 1963. My mother, Nola Harney Getter, died two days later, at 79 years of age. She had been ailing for a year or so, particularly with her stomach and acid reflux. The autopsy report said that death was caused by arteriosclerotic heart disease and generalized arteriosclerosis.

When Phil was on a trip to Europe in September, 1964, I drove Martha to start college at Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio. Gordon was with us, so I did not have to return alone. Philip, Jr., was in his senior year at the University of Minnesota, and on December 22, 1964, he and Judy Howie were married in a ceremony in the Howie's home in St. Paul. They found an apartment near the university. A cousin, Michael Getter, and Julie Eggart had been married on Sept. 12, 1964. On June 5, 1965, Philip's cousin, Fred Frailey, and Maggie Hughes were married. So the three cousins who had been born within six months of each other, all married within 9 months of each other!

In September Phil, Jr. and Judy moved to Boston, so Philip could do graduate work at MIT. Christopher was born on Dec. 9, 1965. Just after Christmas, Phil, Sr., Martha, Gordon and I flew to Mexico City, accompanying Martha, who was to study in Guanajunto for the winter quarter in the Antioch "study abroad" program.

Phil, Gordon, and I spent the year 1966-67 in Paris. We took a new Ford station wagon, this time on the Bremen (German-American Line), leaving St. Paul with 16 pieces of luggage! Phil was one of five University of Minnesota professors who had received a grant to study the beginnings of the Common Market in Europe: Harold Deutsch from the History Department, Bob Beck from Education, John Turnbull from Economics, Arnold Rose from Sociology, and Phil rented an office in Paris, hired a secretary, and set to work. They each worked in their own field, and on their return, they published a book with their analysis, The Changing Structure of Europe, Univ. of Minnesota Press, 1970.

While we were in Paris, Gordon went to the Lycée de Sevres in the troisième class (his sophomore year at home), taking a city bus clear across town. I attended the Alliance Française classes every day, and continued studying French at the University of Minnesota when we returned. In August when Gordon, Phil and I were in Copenhagen, I discovered a lump in my left breast. I consulted a Danish doctor, then we flew back to

Paris, leaving our car in Copenhagen. I had a benign cyst successfully removed at the American Hospital in Paris. Phil and Gordon later returned to Copenhagen to get our car.

On September 9 we left Le Harve on La France (French Line) to return to New York. This was almost its last crossing. In all, we crossed the Atlantic four times , 1960, 1961, 1966, 1967, with our car showing a Minnesota license plate! It could not be done today.

Kaarin was born on October 1, 1967 in Boston. While we were in Paris, Martha spent the year, 1967, in Bogata, Colombia, on a junior year abroad program from Antioch College, studying at the National University.. While she was there, she contracted mononucleosis, and was very, very sick for awhile. The Spanish-speaking family where she was staying did their best to care for her. Philip, Jr. completed his preliminary exams for the PhD in political science at MIT in May, 1967. In December, 1967, Philip, Judy, Chris and Kaarin left for Bogota, Colombia, where Philip had a teaching assistantship at the National University. They returned in January, 1969. They had purchased a car which was delivered in Panama. Judy's parents, Harry and Dorothy Howie, met them there, and they drove back to St. Paul together.

The Viet Nam war was increasing in intensity at this time. On March 1, 1970, Bill Borchert, son of our friends, Jane and John Borchert, spoke at a meeting of a newly organized group in St. Anthony Park, called "People for Peace". He had just returned from 13 months in Viet Nam. I was on the steering committee of People for Peace, which had about fifty faithful members. To show our concern about what was happening in Viet Nam, we invited a number of speakers to speak in our community. This included Ronald Ross, Minneapolis Tribune Far East correspondent, Representative Clark MacGregor, Dr. Arthur Flemming, President of Macalester College, and Dr. Joseph Elder, Professor of Sociology, University of Wisconsin, who spoke on "Two Visits to Hanoi in 1969".

In early 1970 Arlin Waelti and I became active in promoting a daycare center in St. Anthony Park. We talked with Judy Raup about this, and visited a number of local daycare centers. I was on the Board of Directors of this daycare group of approximately fifty St. Anthony Park residents. We did a census of the families in North and South St. Anthony Park and Commonwealth Terrace graduate student apartments near the St. Paul campus. The census indicated that a daycare center would be supported by enough children to make it worthwhile, and we worked out a detailed budget for such a center. In April, 1971, Arlin Waelti, Peg Houck and I met with Roger Trugood, head of the Children's Home Society, concerning this daycare project. On June 23, their Board of Directors decided to take over the daycare project, so that fulfilled the hopes of our daycare committee.

Another of my activities in those years was to practice and play with the Handbell Choir at the St. Anthony Park Congregational Church. This was directed by Jorgene Snoxell until her death in 1972. These English manufactured bells were owned by the church. Several of us were members of the church, but other women friends also joined us. We wore white gloves when we played, to protect the bells. Reading the music and striking a

bell just at a precise instant required a quick mind and good musical skills. Each person could handle three bells, by exchanging one of the bells in one's hand to one on the table. It was fun, and a real musical challenge.

Philip Jr, Chris, and Kaarin drove with us to the Raup farm near Timken, Kansas, in July, 1970. It was the day after they had left by train that Phil Sr. had an accident on his left thumb, in which all of the flesh was torn off the thumb while he was working with an electric drill. I rushed him to the hospital in Great Bend, and then to the local airport to fly back to St. Paul. Gordon met the plane and took him to the hospital where Dr. Eilers was waiting to operate on the thumb. This was a traumatic experience, but Phil ended up with a new thumb.

Phil's father died on September 6, 1970, at the age of 88, after being in a nursing home in Great Bend for a year or more. On October 21, 1971, Irwin Robison, Jane's husband, died instantly from a heart attack. In April, 1972, my sister, Katherine Frailey, had her third back operation, this time to fuse the third and fourth lumbar vertebrae. I went to Sulphur Springs, Texas, in June to help her, a trip which I made almost every summer for many years.

I had a hysterectomy in September, 1972, but I soon recovered. Phil and I spent the Fall in Europe. He had been invited to a conference in Paris, where we stayed in the hotel PLM St. Jacques. After that was over, we went to England and visited Gerry Wibberley and his wife in Wye, who lived in a restored several centuries old house. We spent six days in London, staying in the huge Regent Palace Hotel at Piccadilly Circus. Phil loved the smoked herring which he could get there for breakfast. We visited with Michel and Marlene Petit in Dijon, France, and with Louis and Danièle Malassis in Montpellier, before going to Spain. Our friends, here, Julian and Isabel Briz, drove us to Toledo, where we had lunch at a Parador (one of a number of restored monasteries in Spain).

In September, 1971, I had started teaching English as a volunteer to the wives of foreign graduate students. I was the director of the classes from 1976 to 1999. The classes were sponsored by the Minnesota International Center, and held at St. Matthew's Episcopal Church in St. Anthony Park. We met on Thursday mornings from 9:30 – 11:30, September – May. The classes were preceded by a social period of 45 minutes. We had six regular teachers, as well as a number of substitutes, for the beginning, intermediate, and advanced classes. Child care for pre-school children was also offered in two nurseries, one for the babies, and one for 2-5 year old children..

Refreshments for the social hour – coffee, tea, and cookies- were provided by churches in the Twin Cities, originally organized by Church Women United. We would have 40 – 50 students each Thursday, although the number enrolled would vary from 80 – 120, depending on the year. We had students from as many as twenty countries some years, with a preponderance from Asia. I finally withdrew from the program in 1999, because my hearing was deteriorating, and also, the Minnesota International Center decided to terminate their support of this program. They had been principally paying for the cost of textbooks.

The Agricultural Economics annual meetings were held in Edmonton, Alberta, in August, 1973. Phil and I drove there, also stopping in Banff and Lake Louise. This was a well remembered trip, because of driving on the glacier road, having car trouble, and having to be towed to a repair station, high in the mountains.

For two years, 1974 and 1975, I was a co-president of the local WILPF (Women's International League for Peace and Freedom). Another volunteer activity for many years was helping with the luncheon for senior citizens in the St. Anthony Park Methodist Church.

I think it was in 1974, when Phil, Chris, and Kaarin arrived in St. Paul for a visit that Philip said he and Judy were separating. Apparently it was mutual, and we continue to feel that Judy is still part of our family. In 1982 Judy, who had started a drapery business, made drapes for our living room, dining room, two bedrooms and the window by the front door.

We met Marjorie Stamberg when we spent Christmas in New York City in 1977. She and Philip were married on May 15, 1981. She was involved with the same activities as Philip, who had become the surrogate editor of The Internationalist, a bi-monthly publication of revolutionary Marxism. Marjorie got a teaching degree, and in 1998 she completed her first teaching class for adults. She is now an advisor of ESL teachers, in the New York City school system. Since Philip's job is without salary, he works, also, in a lawyer's office at night doing computer tasks

Phil's mother, Bertha, was in a nursing home in Dodge City, when she broke her hip in August, 1975. She died on October 6, at the age of 91. There was a graveside service in Larned, Kansas, where she was buried beside Phil's father, Jim.

I have been an active member of the University of Minnesota Women's Club ever since we moved to St. Paul. This organization has about twenty different sections, which meet once a month, October – May. I was active in the Music Section, Culinary Arts, International Affairs, and Non-Fiction Books. In 1962-64, I was the Secretary of the general club, transcribed the minutes of the monthly board meetings, and mailed them to members of the board, consisting of the chairs of the different sections. In 1978-80, I was the president of the general club, conducting the monthly board meetings. I have been the club historian from 2000 to the present.

In 1976 one of our projects was to make a quilt. I got a frame for the quilt, another woman designed the appliqué design, and 6 or 8 women met in our playroom downstairs once a week to do the quilting. The quilt was won by one of our members in an auction. I don't remember how much money we made. One of the goals of the UMWC was to give scholarships to women students at the University of Minnesota. We chose to give the scholarships to students who would be juniors or seniors in the coming year. As the club historian I reviewed our records this year, 2005, and analyzed our involvement with scholarships. I found that from 1945 to the present, we had given 343 scholarships; the

Student Section had given 55 scholarships, and individual members interested in the scholarship program had given 65 additional scholarships. This is a total of 463 scholarships. In dollar amounts, the total came to \$407,935.

Phil and I were both on church boards several different years, at the St. Anthony Park United Church of Christ (formerly the Congregational Church). I had been on the Music Board, and later on the Board of Religious Education. Phil was on the Board of Trustees for two terms of three years. We now rarely go to church, although we still support the church financially. There has been ferment in the church after the last minister came, Reverend Dean Packard, and many members left to go to other churches. Also, my hearing has deteriorated, and I can no longer hear the minister or other announcements well enough to understand what they say. Phil, also, finds it difficult to get to church. He needs a lot of sleep, and generally takes a long nap after breakfast. Of course, I have always liked to hear the organ music, and we have an excellent organist, Jean Krinke.

During the years I have done a lot of traveling with Phil. In 1965 we had a five-week trip around the world, stopping in Japan, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Thailand, Iran, Lebanon, Egypt, and England. The origin of the trip was an invitation to Phil to a conference on land policy, to be held in Taipei, Taiwan. To start the trip, we went to Tokyo, where we stayed in the Imperial Hotel designed by Frank Lloyd Wright. We were taken to visit a number of small farms, which averaged about five acres each. We also attended a geisha dinner, with kimono clad women waiting on us!

In Taipei we were entertained by General and Mrs. Chao, parents of Nancy Chen. When Nancy and Dean Tin Chen were married in Minneapolis, Phil had been the father figure to give the bride away. So we were given the royal treatment. General Chao's English was very good. He was a United Nations delegate in 1946, and attended Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, for six months training in 1956. Before leaving Taipei, we had a pedicab ride for an hour. What fun! When the hotel clerk was preparing the bill before we left the hotel, we noticed that the clerk used an abacus.

After a couple of days in Hong Kong, we flew on to Bangkok, Thailand. The sight of all the temples and men dressed in the yellow robes of Buddhist monks was an amazing experience. We were entertained by the family of our former AFS student, Voodie, who was now studying in London. The family had a tremendous dinner party for us with lavish food. I had a delicious purple fruit, which had to be peeled, mangosteen. Voodie's father, Vajra, showed us their altar room upstairs, which is an unusual collection of Buddhist figures. He gave Phil a bronze standing Buddha, very lovely, about 12 inches tall.

In Iran we visited Farhad Ghahraman, one of Phil's former graduate students. He and another couple in their own car, drove us to Isfahan, about 280 miles south of Tehran. It was semi-desert country all the way. The villages were completely built of mud bricks. We ate a picnic lunch along the side of the road. They had brought a bag of pomegranates and showed us how to suck the juice. You break the interior skin by massaging the exterior skin for about five minutes with your thumb, then you bite a hole

in the fruit, and a geyser of juice erupts into your mouth. It was delicious. In Isfahan I was enthralled with the Shah mosque, which was exceptionally beautiful. The mosques in Isfahan were built about 350 years ago of colored tiles – blue, yellow, white, and green.

In Lebanon we were awed by the Baalbeck ruins from the Roman area, about forty miles from Beirut. Beirut was a beautiful city on the shore of the Mediterranean. Don and Sally Taylor oriented us. Don had been a student in Phil's classes, had just received his PhD from Minnesota, and his first job was here at the American University.

In Cairo, Egypt, we visited an elementary school and watched the children exercise outdoors in a very militaristic fashion. A small hospital we visited was dirty and primitive. Phil was not allowed to photograph an old bridge, my first experience in a controlled state. We had a memorable day visiting Memphis and Sakhara, but we were especially excited to see the Sphinx and pyramids of Giza, about 15 - 20 miles outside of Cairo. The day in the desert was climaxed by a ride on a camel. We have a photograph to prove it!

Our last stop was a few days in England. In London we had a visit with Voodie (whose parents had entertained us in Bangkok). He went with us on the train to Wye to visit Gerry Wibberley, who taught at an agricultural college. Our return flight was to Boston where Phil, Jr. and Judy met us, and took us to their apartment. We returned to St. Paul the next day.

Eleven years after returning from an around the world trip in 1965, we again circled the globe, visiting England, France, Iran, Thailand, Bali, Indonesia, Singapore and Honolulu. The impetus for this trip was Phil's invitation to work with Raleigh Barlowe on a project at the Land Reform Office in Bangkok, Thailand. This time in Iran we landed in Tehran and flew to Isfahan. Two days later we flew to Shiraz, and from there we drove to Persepolis, about 35 miles. With our guidebooks, we walked through the ruins of the Achaemenian kingdom. There are a number of buildings and palaces. Persepolis was started by Darius I (521-485 B.C.). Alexander's troops looted and burned the site in 330 B.C. so we could only imagine what it was like once.

From Tehran we flew to Bangkok where we visited Voodie in his apartment. This is about eight blocks from his parent's home. He and his girl friend had prepared a nice dinner. We saw his parents later, and his father is now retired. One day Phil went in a Land Rover from the Land Reform office to Nakorn Nayok, 87 miles northeast of Bangkok to see a land reform district. A few days later we took the train to Chiang Mai, 470 miles north of Bangkok. Luckily we were able to visit some Blue Meo Hill Tribes who lived in a small village twenty miles from Chiang Mai. We found them slaughtering a pig for their New Year's celebration the next day. I was allowed (but not Phil) to go in the tent where an old woman was doing handwork, and watching a pot on the fire. A really primitive culture!

Our stop in Bali was also unforgettable. We arrived on December 23, and had a reservation in an air-conditioned bungalow on the beach. On Christmas Day it was

amazing to see Santa arrive on the beach by helicopter! The next day we took a taxi to see a performance of the Barong dance. The costuming and pantomime were very good. The next excursion was to see a temple at Besakih. This is the Mother shrine in Bali. We climbed to the top of the temple, and a guide explained the different buildings. The temples had a distinctive style – usually buff and rust colored bricks were used. On the way back we stopped to see the painter Madé in his home compound. It was very primitive. A woman, naked to the waist, was preparing vegetables in the yard. She disappeared when she saw us, and put on a blouse. We didn't see anything we wanted to buy, so we drove on to Mas to the Tilem gallery. Here Phil purchased an ebony cat, 7" tall, and a primitive stone figure, (speak no evil). Both are on our buffet at present. Our trip ended in San Francisco, so we spent New Year's Eve with Martha and Dianne, then flew back to St. Paul the next day.

In 1977 the Agricultural Economics meetings were to be held in San Diego, California. We decided to drive, and persuaded Chris and Kaarin to go with us. Chris was twelve and Kaarin was ten. They were good travelers, especially if we could stop for them to go horse back riding occasionally, or to go swimming in a hotel pool; they were very good swimmers. We had lots of picnics at lunch time, which broke up the monotony of riding in a car all day. We stopped at the Raup farm in Kansas, and visited Phil's sister, Jane, in Dodge City. In Mesa Verde National Park in Colorado we had a guided tour of the twelfth and thirteenth century cave cliff dwellings. We climbed a ladder to reach the various rooms. The Grand Canyon was another highlight of the trip. The ride through the desert was pretty hot, even with our air conditioned station wagon.

Martha and Dianne joined us in San Diego. Our day at Sea World was an unusual diversion, as we watched the seals, walrus, and dolphin play. Of course, we went to Disneyland! We met Philip Robison and ate dinner together at Knott's Berry Farm. We left Chris and Kaarin in Mountain View with Bob Howie overnight, and Phil and I drove on to San Francisco to stay with Martha and Dianne. Bob brought Chris and Kaarin back to us the next evening. We spent one day at Fisherman's Wharf, stopping at the Chocolate Factory on Ghiradelli Square for chocolate and ice cream

After San Francisco we stopped at the Devil's Postpile National Monument near Mammoth Lakes, hunted garnets near Ely, Nevada, took a tram ride in Dinosaur National Monument, and drove the 48 mile Trail Ridge Road to Estes Park, Colorado. This 48 miles took us six hours - a four mile stretch is over 12,000 feet high. We saw a huge herd of bison in Custer State Park in South Dakota, drove through the Black Hills and the Badlands, and were soon back in St. Paul, the end of a 6,233 mile, 29 day automobile trip.

Two years later in 1979, the Agricultural Economics meetings were held in Pullman, Washington. We again invited Chris and Kaarin to go with us; they were now 14 and 12 years old. In our Ford station wagon we headed for Montana and Glacier Park, and then on to Pullman, Washington. Again, swimming in the hotel pools, riding horses, and noon picnics were standard fare. We stayed in a college dormitory in Pullman. Activities had been planned for teen-agers, so Chris and Kaarin met other young people. When the

three day meeting was over, we spent the afternoon with Johnny and Walter Heller in their home on the Hood Canal. They were our especially close friends in St. Paul.

We spent the night in Seattle, then drove to the Grand Coulee Dam, which at that time was the second largest dam in the world. We played tapes of Sherlock Homes mystery stories which I had checked out of the library before leaving St. Paul, while riding in the car. I did a lot of needlepoint, sitting in the back seat with one of the children. Phil did all of the driving. We crossed the Continental Divide at Chief Joseph Pass –7,241 feet. At the Big Hole Battlefield National Monument Visitors Center we saw a movie about Chief Joseph. Lewis and Clark had camped near here in July, 1806. Yellowstone Park was a good place for horse back riding. The Mud Geyser and Old Faithful were impressive as always.

We crossed another Continental Divide at Craig Pass, an elevation of 8,262 feet. On to the Grand Tetons and Coulter Bay, where we had a nice, two-room cabin. We had an afternoon visit with Beth and Rainer Schickele, who had built a mountain cabin about 35 miles away. In the Bighorn Mountains we reached 9,666 feet elevation at Granite Pass. We met Kathy and Bill Wilson at Little America, a Best Western motel complex. Kathy, Phil's niece, is a Lieutenant in the Air Force.

We attended a luncheon in Colorado Springs to celebrate the 40th wedding anniversary of Eliot and Margaret Waples. They were one of three couples who had attended our wedding. Then we headed for Pike's Peak. The first eight miles were fine, then the road changed from blacktop to crushed rock and dirt for the last twelve miles. I thought it was scary, but Chris and Kaarin didn't seem to mind. The peak was all rocky. As we drove down, the trees appeared after we had descended six miles. At seven miles down each car had its brake drums checked to be sure they weren't getting too hot. We got down at 5:00 pm – it took one hour each way.

We stopped in Dodge City to see Jane Raup Robison, Phil's sister, in Larned to see his Aunt Laura Raup, and at the Raup farm to see Rowland and Pat. Phil took a few shots of movie film to complete our second roll. In Arkansas City, Kansas, we attended a picnic supper at the home of Dorothy and Bud Bishop. We had planned a mini-reunion of my high school girl friends. There was Lillian Shumway, whom we picked up in Great Bend (she had been visiting her in-laws nearby), Freda Miller from Louisiana, and three local women: Dorothy, Mary Lucille Neuman, and Gerry Musson. The next day we drove by my childhood home at 920 North Third Street, then continued on to Kansas City to see my brother, Milton, and his wife, Violet. We arrived back in St. Paul, totaled up the cost, \$3,041.5, divided by 30 days, and it equaled \$101.38 per day.

When Phil and I returned from living for a year in Paris in 1966-67, I was invited to join the Alliance Française by Jacqueline Baker, a French woman married to Donald Baker, a professor at the University of Minnesota. I continued to study French at the university, and later, took classes at the Alliance Française. It wasn't long until I was given a job – treasurer, so I was then a member of their Board of Directors. Over the years I served in

several capacities. . I have been on the AF Board almost continuously, changing to different jobs every four years.

I was the Vice President of Education, in charge of directing the classes when we decided to rent space in Baker Court, formerly the South St. Anthony Park Elementary School. We had one room and a small office. Later we moved upstairs to larger quarters—two classrooms, an office for two staff persons, and an office for a French Executive Director, paid for by the French Government. Our first director, Colette Saidane, arrived in 1985. I was the president of the Alliance from 1990 – 1992, so I was the president during Colette's sixth year, and during the first year of our second Director, Christian Chatton (1991-1997).

In 1996 we began looking for a building to buy, so that we would not have to pay a high rent. We found a building which we liked in late 1997. In January, 1998, the Alliance Française moved to this building in the warehouse district at 113 North First Street, Minneapolis, 55401. This had been possible because of our capital fund drive, bringing in a \$75,000 gift from Dr. Melva Lind, a former Alliance Française president, and a retired Professor at Gustavus Adolphus College in St. Peter, MN. At the same time, the French government gave us a grant of \$125,000. Our third and fourth Directors were each here for four years, Abdon Berthelot (1997 – 2001) and Eric Damien (2001 – 2005) Eric is leaving at the end of August, 2005.

We remodeled our building in 2002, so now we have nine classrooms and a large room for social gatherings. Our library books are along the south wall. In 2004-2005 we had 1225 class registrations in four ten-week terms. With the departure of Eric Damien, we have decided to hire our own Director, a French woman, Elodie Sontgerath, who has been our Director of Classes for several years. My present position on the Board is Chair of the Personnel Committee. A couple of years ago I gave up speaking French, because my hearing made it difficult to understand French speakers. However, our Board meetings are conducted in English.

Phil did a great deal of traveling without me, especially when we had children at home. He had been interested in Russian agriculture ever since he worked with the Russians in the Allied Control Council in Berlin. In fact, his PhD thesis was about land reform in the Russian zone of Germany in 1945 – 49. This interest continued, and he was able to go on three study tours of Russia in 1958, 1968, and 1978. This involved a team of 10 to 12 University of Minnesota faculty members, depending on the year. They had their own interpreters and drivers for their month long project of interviewing directors of collective farms, businesses, schools, university professors, and other experts in other professions. Phil was also a member of the last exchange of economists between the United States Department of Agriculture and the USSR in September, 1990. In May, 1991, he took part in a lecture tour on land policy sponsored by the United States Department of State in Moscow and in Kiev, Ukraine. The USSR disintegrated two months later!

I was part of a French speaking group here in St. Anthony Park for a couple of years in the seventies . We met in member homes once a week. This included Jacqueline Baker,

Mary Turnbull, Joe Michaels, and Ann Munholland. Phil and I were in a wine tasting group from 1977-1980 with Art and Pat Page, Bob and Netty Warwood, Lloyd and Pat Fish, Earnie and Anna Lee Grey, and Beulah Gray. We met in member homes, and dinner was often included. We have gone to symphony concerts – 6 – 8 a season – ever since we came to the Twin Cities.

In addition, we have gone to the Minnesota Opera concerts – generally about four a year ever since the Ordway was built, and to the Metropolitan Opera during the years before that when they were on tour. We, also, went to the Guthrie theater plays every year, until 2002, when my hearing loss was deteriorating, and I could no longer understand the dialogue. We belonged to a Faculty ballroom dancing club in our younger years. This would generally be preceded by a cocktail party at someone's home.

In May, 1978, Phil and I went to Martha's graduation from San Francisco State University. She had lacked just a few credits from graduating at Antioch College, where she had been in their work – study program for five years. In June, 1983, Martha and her partner, Dianne Joseph, bought a house in San Francisco. Martha was working as a mail carrier in the Post Office in San Francisco. In 1983 her evening schedule was: Monday – bowling; Tuesday – tap dancing; Wednesday – therapy; Thursday – psychology class. She and Dianne went bowling a couple of times a week for a number of years, and had entered several bowling tournaments.

Martha has been active in the Post Office Union, and a trustee for a number of years. As a trustee she balanced the check book. She later developed reflex sympathetic dystrophy syndrome, which caused her feet to ache. In 2001 she started working only four hours a day, and on January 1, 2005, she retired from the Post Office. In addition to the foot problem, she was having pain in one shoulder. Dianne retired in June, but they expect to stay in San Francisco for the present.

The annual Agricultural Economics meetings were held in Clemson, South Carolina, in August, 1981. We drove there, but first, we visited Jane Raup Robison in Dodge City, July 20-22, because she was ill with breast cancer. Phil received a Fellows Award at the meetings, and then we drove on to Washington, D.C. and New York City with Chris, who had joined us at Clemson. While we were in New York, Jane died on August 7. We returned immediately to Dodge City for the funeral on August 11.

On August 15, 1981, Bill Frailey died in Sulphur Springs, and I went to Texas to be with Katherine. It was soon after that, that Katherine had to go on kidney dialysis. On October 12, while on the dialysis machine, Katherine died. She was seventy years old. I, again, went to Texas for her funeral, and to be with her children, Carolyn and Fred. I was very sad to lose my only sister. We had been very close, particularly during recent years. On November 4, Jane Getter, Doyle's wife, was operated on for cancer of the pancreas. She died on January 27, 1982. I visited Doyle in July for a few days.

On October 15, 1983, Gordon and Sandra Hustad Ward were married in the St. Anthony Park United Church of Christ. Sandi, a nutritionist at Ramsey Hospital, had a four year old son, Joseph. There was a reception in the church afterwards.

Philip, Marjorie, and Martha were here for Phil's 70th birthday on January 4, 1984. We had a dinner in his honor at the Campus Club for twenty-two people. On June 23 there was a departmental retirement dinner for Phil. This was the year that he officially retired, although he taught classes for nine years after that. Two of his activities which have not terminated, though, are his two dinner clubs. He goes to Gown In Town once a month for dinner and a lecture by one of their members. The local chapter of the Council on Foreign Relations also has a monthly dinner meeting, with an out-of-town speaker. The members of both clubs include both men and women (but not couples), and spouses are invited to go once a year to these dinners.

Phil had a meeting on Soviet and East European Agriculture in Grignon, France, 35 miles west of Paris, on July 9 – 13, 1984. Phil and I left for Paris on July 4, and Kaarin arrived to join us on July 7. Phil and I were staying at the Hotel du Midi, on Place Denfert-Rochereau. We were able to take a bus from there direct to Orly, where we met her, and were back at the hotel in less than an hour! While he was at his meetings, I was with Kaarin through lunch, then I went to La Varenne Cooking School at 34 rue St. Dominique (metro Invalides) from 2:30 – 9:30 pm.

On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, we started with a demonstration of a menu we were to cook later, then the practical, where the students did the cooking,, and finally, we ate the dinner which we had prepared together. On Thursday there was an afternoon demonstration, and in the evening we were invited to the restaurant, Ferrero, 38 rue Vital, 16 ème, metro La Muette. The meal was delicious –out of this world. It cost about \$50 each, and was included in our tuition of \$526 (4475 francs). On Friday we had the last practical at 9:30 am., which ended with lunch, then the last demonstration at 2:30 pm. I returned to the hotel about 6:00 pm and found that Phil had returned from Grignon.

On Tuesday, July 17, we rented a Peugeot 205 and drove to the northwest coast to Honfleur. I visited an old Norman church with two wooden naves, and the Musée Boudin. The next day we drove to see the beach at Deauville, then on to Bayeux. I was thrilled to see the Bayeux tapestry. It is 231 feet long and 19.5 inches wide. This piece of embroidery on linen was made in the eleventh century to celebrate the Norman conquest. In 58 scenes from the Middle Ages, one can see details of their clothes, ships, and customs of this period.

Next was a stop at Omaha Beach. We walked to the beach, and then through the rows of crosses of some 10,000 American casualties. The next day we drove to Mont St. Michel, driving across a two kilometer causeway. This Benedictine Abbey church, cloister and refectory were built on this island between the 12th and 16th centuries. I found this most exciting. Then on to Rennes for a visit with Louis and Monique Mahé. Louis was a former University of Minnesota graduate student.

We took a drive with them the next day – had a picnic lunch and gazed in awe at the rows of some 3,000 menhirs (prehistoric stones) at Carnac. The tallest were about 12 feet high. These are the remains of a civilization between 2,000 and 5,000 years ago. We left Rennes on the 24th and had a brief visit in Blois with the family where Kaarin had stayed for a month last year (1983). The mother and two daughters were there, with their blue-eyed Persian cat. Back at our hotel in Paris, Kaarin bought a chocolate cake to take back to her grandmother, Dorothy Howie. I didn't know how she could carry it on the plane, but she wrapped the box in brown paper, and tied it with twine, and it was easy for her to carry. She left on the 28th, and we left three days later.

We had a trip to Malaga, Spain in August, 1985. Phil was to attend the International Agricultural Economics meetings. Chris joined us, coming from Madrid by train. He enjoyed swimming in the Mediterranean. After the meetings were over, we rented an Opel Ascara and drove to Cordoba to the Parador Arruzafa Nationale. My special interest was in the mosque, a reminder of the Moorish occupation in Spain (710 – 1492). The 800 horseshoe shaped arches atop slender columns have red and white brick alternating keystones. In the 16th century the Christians cut away many columns in the center to build a cathedral, which has beautiful choir stalls. Chris went swimming in the huge outdoor pool at the parador. In Madrid Chris and I went to the Prado Museum and ate lunch there.

Our next stop was at Seo de Urgel, just before Andora. It took ten hours to drive the 382 miles from Madrid, Chris and Phil alternating as drivers. Chris went swimming in their pool before dinner. We were the first people in the dining room at 9:15 pm, but by the time we left, there were 32. The pass over the Pyrenees in Andora was 7,462 feet. From there we drove on to Montpellier to visit Louis and Danielle Malassis. Louis was a professor and the retired head of the Institut National de Recherche Agronomique. We rode with Louis to see La Grande Motte, a resort on the Mediterranean. The architecture is ultra modern – there is a pyramidal type symmetry to all the apartments. We continued on to Aigues-Mortes – an old walled village – fascinating! Louis insisted that we stay that night at his home in the village of Montferrier sur Lez, 10 – 15 miles from Montpellier.

In the village of Nimes we stopped to see La Maison Carrée, the best preserved Roman temple remaining from the first century B.C. Then on to Arles and Avignon. We arrived in Paris and stayed at the Hotel Midi at Place Denfert-Rochereau, where we had stayed with Kaarin last year. The hotel is inexpensive - \$36 a night, but it is comfortable. We did all the sight seeing expected – Giverny to see Claude Monet's home, the cathedral at Rouen, the Louvre, Jeu de Palme Museum with their wonderful impressionist paintings, and the Orangerie, where Claude Monet's famous Nymphaeas (water lilies) are in two rooms on the lower level. Chris left on September 15, and we all took the metro to Orly airport to see him off; Phil and I left three days later.

Gordon started working for Kurt Manufacturing in February, 1984. He worked from 5:30 pm – 4:00 am. On May 31, 1984, David Matthew Raup was born in Ramsey Hospital, St. Paul. Sandi had four weeks maternity leave, then hired a nineteen year old

girl from Switzerland to take care of Joe and David, starting June 27. This lasted until the end of October, when the children were put in a daycare program, New Horizons. It was licensed to take four babies.

In September, 1985, Gordon started going to North Hennepin Community College, 11:00 am – 1:00 pm, taking accounting and trigonometry, while working nine hours a day. In 1986 he was able to transfer his credits to the University of Minnesota. This enabled Gordon and Sandi to move from Brooklyn Park, where Sandi had been living when they were married, into the student housing for families off Como Avenue. This they did on my 70th birthday, August 23. Kaarin, Chris, Martha and Dianne were here, and two days later, Marjorie and Phil Jr. arrived. In June, 1988, Gordon and Sandi moved to a house on Brooklyn Boulevard. A year later, Gordon received a BS degree in Electrical Engineering from the University of Minnesota.

Phil and I were saddened when Johnny (Emily) Heller died on June 5, 1985. She and her husband, Walter, were our closest friends here in St. Paul. Johnny had been suffering from lupus for a number of years. Walt had a heart attack and died just a year later, while he was at their summer home on the Hood Canal in Washington.

In August, 1986, my brother, Doyle, contracted Guillain-Barré syndrome and became completely paralyzed. Phil and I visited Doyle in September, and he was still paralyzed. To turn him over, two nurses would pull the sheet under him. He was sent home from the hospital on February 23, 1987. I went by train to visit him in June. He was able to take care of himself, except buttoning his shirt was difficult. We had some good visits and read a lot. He had never been reconciled to wife, Jane's, death, and his relationship with his daughters, Nancy and Kathy, was stormy at times. On October, 14, 1987, he committed suicide in his garage from the car exhaust. Phil and I went to Milwaukee later in the month for a memorial of sorts – a gathering of the family for dinner at his favorite restaurant.

Phil and I had two big trips in 1986. From July 21 – August 14, Chris accompanied us and helped drive on a trip to Reno, Nevada, to the annual Agricultural Economics meetings. We drove through the Badlands National Park and stopped to see the Devil's Tower National Monument – a huge monolith, 867 feet high. There was spectacular scenery through the Bighorn Mountains, the Powder River Pass at 9,666 feet, and the Grand Teton Mountains.

In Reno we stayed at the 2,000 room MGM Grand Hotel. The lobby had acres of gambling machines. Chris took a tour of Virginia City and Lake Tahoe with undergraduate students. I took a tour to Virginia City with spouses of the participants, and ran into Chris. When the meeting was over at noon on Wednesday, we drove to Lake Tahoe and spent two nights in Bob Howie's house. He and his new wife, Kimberley, arrived about midnight, before we were to leave the next day.

We drove through Zion National Park and Bryce Canyon National Park in Utah, magnificent colored stones all the way. We stopped on the north rim of Grand Canyon

and had lunch at the Grand Canyon Lodge. We made a quick trip to Mesa Verde National Park and went on to Durango, Colorado. At the Great Sand Dunes National Park, Chris climbed to the top, but I lasted only to the first dune. We continued into western Kansas and stopped at the Raup farm. We found that Corky (Tom) Raup's two boys, Ryan (age 12) and Matthew (age 7), were visiting Rowland and Pat. Chris said he would like to visit a slaughter house, so he and Phil drove to Holcomb, Kansas, 150 miles one way.

We stopped in Arkansas City overnight, then drove to Blackwell, Oklahoma, for Aunt Floss's 100th birthday party! There were 13 of us, including Carolyn and Clarke Keys from Sulphur Springs, Texas; Bob Bishop (her grandson) from Dallas, Milton and Violet from Kansas City, and a niece, Lucille DeNike from Blackwell. Aunt Floss couldn't hear much, but we hope she was pleased to see all of us. From here, overnight in Lincoln, then home in St. Paul. Aunt Floss died on February 20, 1989, 102 years old. She had outlived her time. Unhappy after Margaret's death in 1984, unable to hear or see very much, it was a release for which she had long wished.

Our second big trip in 1986, September 19 – October 14, was to Spain. In Seville there was an International workshop on "Agricultural Real Estate Market and Land Prices". Phil and I were able to do some sight seeing before the conference started. We visited the cathedral and the Alcazar, with beautiful decoration similar to the Alhambra in Granada. I went to a travel agent and asked them to make some reservations for us. We wanted to stay in paradors whenever possible. These are converted monasteries of unusual architecture.

We rented a Renault 9 and left for Badajoz the first night, then on to Lisbon, Portugal. In Santiago de Compostela, I particularly enjoyed our luxury hotel, the Hostal de Los Reyes Catolicos, which was adjacent to the cathedral of the 12th century. It originally was an inn and hospital for the pilgrims who came by the millions from France and Spain to worship at the shrine of St. James.

On our way from Santiago de Compostela to Leon, Spain, we decided to stop for a stretch in mid-afternoon while driving along low mountain roads. Phil locked the car before we walked along the old road. But when we were ready to go, we found the keys to the car were in the ignition, and we were locked out! We stood by the side of the road for about an hour, hoping someone would stop to help us. Finally, Phil walked some distance away when we saw some people. Not being able to speak Spanish, it was difficult to explain to them our problem.

Fortunately, one young woman could speak French, so that helped. She said they would drive to Astorga, their home, about 20 km away, to try to get a Renault mechanic to come and open the car. An hour and a quarter later, they returned. The mechanic used a flat metal rod to stick in the window beside the lock, and he was able to get it open. Phil paid the mechanic 6,000 pesetas (\$48), and profusely thanked the kind people who had helped us. It was dark – 7:45 pm – and some three hours after we had stopped, we were able to continue on to Leon.

The next day the drive was beautiful with many deciduous trees turning yellow or orange, but the roads were up and down and twisting, while we drove through extensive wheat fields toward Burgos. From there we continued on to Salamanca and then to Madrid. Here we had lunch at the apartment of Julian and Isabel Briz. Julian had earlier gotten a PhD from Phil's department. The Briz family have been very good friends, and we admire their three accomplished children. Home again, with many delightful memories of our Spanish trip.

On December 20, 1986, I fractured my left heel when I fell over backwards off of the concrete entrance at our friend's home, John and Jane Borchert, in Scandia. This was very painful, I remember, as I lay on the back seat of the car, while Phil drove me 45 miles to the emergency room at St. Mary's Hospital in Minneapolis. There were no complications, but I took physical therapy classes three times a week during February and March.

Phil and I went to New York City in May, 1987, to attend the opening of Chris's photography exhibit. He graduated from New York University a few weeks later with a BA, majoring in photography. In the Fall of 1991, Chris started engineering classes at New York University. He later got a scholarship at Cooper Union, earning a BS degree in Mechanical Engineering. He soon started working for Brooklyn Gas, which later changed its name to KeySpan. He was working with stations dispensing natural gas. In September, 2004, he and Donna moved to Rotterdam, so that Chris could study for an MBA at Erasmus University. This includes an internship at Royal Dutch Shell for three months. His last semester will be in Milan, Italy. He got the coveted exchange spot at Italy's top-ranked MBA school, SDA Bocconi. He will finish before Christmas, 2005.

Kaarin graduated from the Boston Latin High School on May 20, 1985. That summer she went to an acting school, the American Academy of United Arts, five times a week for two hours a day. She learned computer programming from Chris. She also was working back stage and taking two classes at an acting school in October, 1988. She surprised us all by renting a hall in New York City and directing a play. This was staged on February 9, 10, 11, and 12, 1990. In 1992 Kaarin got a job with the UW World Cup, and in 1994 she went to Russia with the Goodwill Games.

In the Fall of 1994 she moved to Chicago and got a job as the head of production for a live event audio-visual company. In August, 2000, Kaarin visited us in St. Paul. We watched her skate at Ridgedale (Portland Ave. and 66th street). She has taken skating lessons for a number of years, and has entered skating competitions. She is quite good, and she loves to skate as often as possible. She purchased a house in Atlanta, GA, and also has acquired a little puppie! She worked as a freelance live event producer from 1998-2003. Since then she has been working as a graphic designer for live events.

Joe and David were growing up, and we saw them often. We visited a program at David's daycare center in 1988 when he lustily sang a song, while holding a microphone to his face – very proud of himself! He often stayed here overnight. Joe and David were

in a Christmas pageant in 1990 at Our Savior's Church. Three days later Phil and I took them to the Peter Pan exhibit at Dayton's. I took David to the Alliance Française's one-week summer classes in French for children in 1990 and 1993.

We took Joe with us to Manhattan, Kansas in 1991, when Phil was going to the Agricultural Economics annual meetings. This included spending several days at the Raup farm, visiting Rowland and Pat. Phil took Joe to a symphony concert in January, 1991, and in 1992, we took David to a symphony concert. While listening to the music, David drew sketches of the orchestra instruments. We have preserved these, nicely framed. David was in Cub Scouts, and he made a wooden race car which he took to a competition at the Centennial Methodist Church.

Joe was taking trombone lessons, and we attended a band concert where he played with them. In 1992 David went with us on the two-day Farm Manager's Tour to Worthington, and in 1993 when we went to Morris. In 1993 Joe flew to San Francisco to visit Martha and Dianne. We had dinner at Gordon and Sandi's for David's 10th birthday, May 31, 1994. In June we took David with us to Cragun's Resort where Phil had a meeting. On returning I took him to a karate class, and he stayed with us overnight.

What a terrible shock it was to receive that telephone call on July 2 from a nurse in a St. Cloud, MN Hospital. David was brain dead. He was sitting in the front seat with Vicki Hustad, Sandi's mother, who was also killed. A drunken driver crossed the median, hitting their car head-on. Gordon and Joe were in the back seat, with seat belts tightened, and they both suffered an injured hand. I don't know how Sandi got to the hospital, but Phil and I received the message on our telephone answering machine when we returned home after going to the Sofitel for breakfast.

Gordon and Sandi bravely decided to give any of David's organs which would be useful to some other child. There was a visitation at Our Savior's Church in Brooklyn Park on July 6. The funeral for David and Vicki was held at the same church the next day. Burial for David was at St. Patrick's cemetery in Maple Grove, MN. Phil, Jr., Marjorie, Martha, Chris and Judy were here. Kaarin was in St. Petersburg at the time. The loss of a child cannot be imagined. Our hearts went out to Gordon, Sandi, and Joe.

Gordon and Sandi had been talking about starting their own business in home care for some time. On November 6, 1992, Gordon quit working for Kurt Manufacturing, but agreed to work ten hours a week for them on contract. One of his friends, Mike Hiebel, was going to join them in this project, which they called the Epsilon Company. However, Mike soon dropped out. The first version of CareFacts HC was released on December 1, 1993. It was defined as "a complete health care record system comprised of a documentation system and a quality improvement system. Nurses or other providers use notebook computers to record the data. A centralized computer in the office receives the collected data for storage and printing."

Epsilon had its first sale in April, 1995. They rented an office at 929 5th Ave., NW. in New Brighton in January, 1996, and moved into larger space in the same building (about

10 rooms) in 1998. Scheduling and billing record keeping was added this same year. Staff was added gradually as the business picked up – in November, 1998, they had 13 employees. They had five plans: (1) Home Care; (2) Primary Care; (3) Out-Patient Rehabilitation; (4) Public Health Nursing, and (5) Case Management.

In order to understand the Alliance Française finances better, I took a bookkeeping course in South High School in 1989. A year later I started taking computer classes. On my 75th birthday, 1991, Gordon went with me to buy my first computer, an Acros. I continued taking computer classes at various places – the Science Museum, Moundsview High School, Como Park High School, and the Earl Brown Center on the St. Paul campus of the University of Minnesota.

The classes at the Earl Brown Center were self-directed. The staff had written the textbooks, full of exercises, and each student progressed at his/her own rate. The courses which I took there were Microsoft Word 7 for Windows 95, Advanced Word 7 for Windows 95, Microsoft Excel 97, and in March, 2000, Introduction to the Internet. In June 1995 Bob Holloway came to our house to help install Quicken, a finance program, because Gordon had not yet started to use this. Every year since then, I have been entering and categorizing all our checks and deposits, so at the end of the year, a printout is very helpful for Phil to have in working out the income taxes.

In January 1997 I bought a Micron IBM compatible computer. In August, 1999, I got a scanner and color printer for my 83rd birthday, and in July, 2002, I got my 3rd computer, a Hewlett-Packard, with Microsoft Office XP. This has been a very productive occupation for me, because the Alliance Française conducts all of their communications by e-mail. In addition, I have been using the “Family Origins” program for genealogy research since 1994 or earlier. Updating our family history is a never-ending process, which I will continue to work on. But from the very beginning, it was Gordon who installed my computers and continually helped me when I got stuck. Even today, I sometimes call on him, and he can usually solve the problem very quickly. I have been very grateful for his excellent teaching skills and his cheerful help whenever I asked.

On April 22, 1992, my brother, Milton, had a stroke. We visited him on May 9, and it was pathetic – he tried to talk, but couldn’t. He died on July 2, while we were in Europe. We called Martha, who was in Houston, and she and Dianne drove to Kansas City to be there for the funeral. I was very sorry I couldn’t be there, but was glad that Milton was no longer suffering. Phil and I visited his grave later at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. His wife, Violet, died on December 10, 1998, and we flew to Kansas City for the funeral.

Another of my activities in later years was to tutor first graders at the St. Anthony Park Elementary School. I did this from 1992 – 1996. This involved taking one child at a time, out into the hall, where there was a table and two chairs, and the student could read to me. On the last day of class, I talked to the children about my trip to Turkey.

There was a reception for 100 people on January 7, 1994, in the West Wing of the Campus Club for Phil’s 80th birthday. Martha, Phil, Jr., Marjorie and Chris were here.

About this time a group of my friends started celebrating our birthdays together. Elsie Wells, Marion Hill, Flossie Caldwell and I were the original group. We added Lois Bick after Elsie died in 1996. Later we added Evelyn McDonald and Vera Likins, so now we are six. The birthdays are not evenly spaced, so the six of us go to a restaurant for lunch every other month.

In March, 1995, we flew to Dallas for the funeral of Clarke Keys in Sulphur Springs. He had died at age 62 of brain cancer. It had been diagnosed just a year before. In June the Big Ten University Women's Clubs had a three day conference here in Minneapolis. Evelyn McDonald and I were co-chairs and stayed overnight at a Minneapolis dormitory with the other participants.

We had a wonderful trip to Turkey with Martha and Dianne in April, 1996, with Cultural Folk Tours. We had an English speaking guide, Bora, shepherding us and two black women from New York City. The five of us, plus the 18 year old son of our bus driver, were riding in a big bus. The Church of Hagia Sophia in Istanbul, completed in 527 A.D., is now a museum. It did not have many mosaics, so in that way it was a disappointment to me. The Basilica Cistern was very interesting, though. There are 336 marble or granite columns – the distance between them is around 4.8 meters. It is now a tourist attraction, not a functioning cistern. In Goreme we went to an Open Air Museum where churches cut into the cliffs are amazingly preserved.

A trip to Turkey wouldn't be complete without buying a rug, and we bought the rug that is now on our living room floor. Ephesus, one of the best preserved of Turkey's ancient cities, was especially interesting. The Library of Celsus, built in 110 A.D. was restored and has an imposing façade. The Theater, which provided seating for 25,000 people, is the largest Greco-Roman theater in the world. Our guide, Bora, was always helpful and knowledgeable, and all in all, every one of us were fascinated by our glimpse of Turkey.

I wrote to Joe Frank Harney in Georgia in January, 1995, and said that I had been given his name by Tommy Webb in Smithville, Tennessee. Joe Harney replied right away, sending along information about the Harneys. Joe is a retired Baptist minister. He told me that there was an annual reunion of Harneys in Murfreesburo, TN, each year in August. Phil and I were able to attend this one on August 5, because we were going to go to the annual Agricultural Economics meetings in Indianapolis on August 6 – 9. We were, also, able to go to the Harney reunion on August 7, 1999, because the Agricultural Economics meetings were in Nashville, TN, August 8 – 11. What wonderful timing! Gordon was able to go with us this time, when the family reunion was held in a Baptist church.

I went with five members of the UMWC Genealogy Section to Salt Lake City, October 25 – Nov. 2, 1995, to do genealogy research at the Mormon Family Research Center. Jim and Paula Warren, St. Paul genealogists, were the sponsors of our group. We stayed at a nearby Howard Johnson Hotel. This was a very productive trip for me. One of the books I found was A Bicentennial Histoy of DeKalb County, Tennessee, written by Thomas G.

Webb and published in 1986. I copied excerpts from it, and in December, 1995, I received a copy sent to me by Mack Harney, whom I had met at the reunion. The reason that I was so interested in this book, was that I was seeking information about my grandmother, Michael Allen. She and James Jennison Harney were married in McMinnville, DeKalb County, Tennessee on 20 November 1867.

There was a Getter family reunion at our home in St. Paul on August 31, 1996. A luncheon was catered by Taste of Scandinavia. Fred Frailey, William and Barbara were here; Carolyn Keys, Phil, Marjorie, Chris, Martha and Dianne, also. I had served a dinner the night before for those who were here (10).

Gordon and Sandi moved to 3744 Brighton Way South, St. Paul, 55112, on September 28. In October we flew to Dallas to be present for the wedding of Carolyn Keys and Tom Stewart in an outdoor ceremony. Two weeks later, on October, 31, Chris and Donna Hill were married at City Hall in Manhattan, New York.

My life-long friend from childhood, Lillian Clough Shumway, had a heart operation and died a month later on March 24, 1997. Phil had a prostate operation at Methodist Hospital in April. A good friend from the Alliance Française, Melva Lind, died in April, at age 94. She was buried in Lakewood Cemetery. Winston Close, our neighbor and the architect of our house with his wife, Lisl, died on June 15.

The Agricultural Economics annual meetings in 1997 were held in Toronto. We drove there, then spent a week or ten days in Pennsylvania doing genealogy research. This was a very exciting trip for both of us. We found the graves of many Raups in Turbotville. At St. Paul's Lutheran "Blue" Church in Coopersburg, the minister showed us the old church records of births, baptisms, and marriages. We found confirmation that Philip Raub and Maria Barbara attended that church, and the christening of Maria Sara on June 11, 1744.

I had written to the Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, Public Library for information about Coopers living in that area. They copied a sheet from the telephone directory and sent it to me. I wrote to the ten Coovers listed, and one them, Leon Coover replied. We figured out that we were third cousins! So we decided to visit them. He and his wife, Kathryn, invited us to their home for lunch, and we enjoyed visiting with them about our ancestors. Phil and I wanted to find the Barbace private cemetery plot where Jacob Coover (1792-1870), my great, great grandfather was buried. We searched on two different days and finally found it. This was a big thrill. We had to walk through some woods and over an embankment to find the walled stone enclosure, about four feet high, partially broken down.

David Mellinger, husband of Marguerite Coover Mellinger (my 4th cousin) had met us at the Middle Springs Presbyterian Church. Their records began in 1738. This is the church where Sarah Ann Duncan, my great grandmother was baptized on April 13, 1824. Also, her father, David Duncan (my great, great grandfather) and Elizabeth Herron were married here on March 21, 1816.

On our way back to St. Paul, we visited Sarah and Mark Johnson and their three year old twins. Sarah is Phil's cousin, once removed, being the daughter of George Raup, Jr. and Betty. In Chicago we stayed overnight with Libby and Edward Kuhn. Libby is Phil's cousin, being the sister of George Raup, Jr. Then we drove to Washington Island, at the tip of Door County, Wisconsin. Here we visited Judie and David Raup, Phil's cousin, son of Hugh Raup. Their home is surrounded by a forest, on the edge of Lake Michigan.

We, again, went on a trip with Martha and Dianne, this time to Morocco, March 14 – 29, 1998, sponsored by TravelLearn. The tour guide, Larbi En-Najbi, met us at the airport in Casablanca. There were three other women in the tour group, plus a couple from Kansas City. Our tour took us to Rabat, Mekness, and Moulay Idriss. In Volubilis we spent two hours with a local guide, viewing the Roman ruins. I took pictures of a number of floor mosaics. We saw lots of olive trees and shepherds with their sheep. The houses were mostly square, white-washed or beige in color, with flat roofs. In Fez we spent the whole day in the souk. This was such a big market that we had one guide in front, leading us, and Larbi behind everyone. A rug merchant showed us about a dozen rugs. I said I wanted a narrow rug for our hallway. We selected a very nice one, which cost \$1,000, after extensive bargaining.

TravelLearn had arranged for us to have lunch in the apartment of a university student in the medina. We climbed two flights of a circular, concrete stairway to enter the apartment. TravelLearn had paid this family to entertain us, and the mother and older sister prepared a typical meal. We sat on padded benches around the room with pillows for our backs. We were first served milk and dates, which the student said was traditional. His sister brought a teapot of water, soap, and a towel to each of us, so we could wash our hands. We had a couscous course, then salad (cucumbers, tomatoes, olives), and bread (baked in a communal oven). Next was roasted chicken, followed by fruit (oranges, apples, bananas), and lastly, mint tea. Our host said he had applied for a Fulbright grant to study in the United States. We gave him our presents, and he led us back through the medina to reach our bus.

Martha and one of the women in our group got sick with vomiting and diarrhea, which lasted about twelve hours. Dianne was sick, too, a little later. I had a sore throat and a cold for several days. After crossing the High Atlas Mountains, we arrived at Marrakesh. The souk was smaller than in Fez or Rabat, but it was fascinating, nevertheless. In Casablanca, Morocco's largest city and the commercial capitol, we stopped at the largest mosque in the world, built on land-fill adjoining the Atlantic Ocean from 1987 – 1993. Since we couldn't go in, I was not impressed. We left Morocco with a remembrance of many fine meals, and the pleasure of viewing another culture.

We attended Joe's high school graduation party on June 7, 1998. He went on to St. Cloud State University for awhile, then transferred to Brown College in St. Paul to major in radio. He graduated from Brown College in June, 2005. He is now planning to move to Philadelphia and look for a job in that area.

On September 19, 1998, Rowland, Phil's brother, died in his sleep, his oxygen breathing tube disconnected. He had had emphysema. We drove to Larned for his funeral. Pat (Patricia) remains in their small home on the farm, while Tom and Carol, living in the original farm home, provide companionship or assistance as needed. She, also, has emphysema and must constantly be connected to an oxygen tank.

I continue to be active in the University of Minnesota Women's Club (UMWC), and often have section meetings in our home; 15 – 25 people usually attend. In 1999 International Affairs met here in February; Phil was our speaker on "Morocco and its Neighbors". The Music Section also met here in February; Non-Fiction Books were here for a pot luck lunch in May; and the Genealogy section was here for a pot luck lunch in December.

In April, 1999, we went to Arkansas City for my 65th high school reunion. In July we went to the Farmer's Market and had breakfast at the Sofitel. This was something we especially enjoyed during the summer months. In December Chris and Donna visited us, and we spent Christmas week visiting Martha and Dianne in San Francisco.

My hearing began deteriorating in 1980 (age 64). I had a tympanoplasty. Dr. Terry Rhodes took out the stapes bone and reshaped it. I don't remember which ear! In 1986, 1988, and 1991, I had bilateral myringotomy (putting tubes in my ears to drain the liquid in the middle ear). I purchased my first hearing aids in March, 1988, a Qualitone hearing aid. On February, 24, 1989, I had an appointment with the audiologist in Dr. Rhodes office. The audiologist tested my hearing and said that I had approximately 25% hearing loss in both ears. This was because of deterioration of the nerve, and wearing a hearing aid will not bring that back.

A hearing aid magnifies sounds that you can hear – either a human voice or background noises. . I remarked that I sometimes cannot hear or understand the first syllable of a word. The letter sounds of F, T, D, S, SH and Z are in the higher frequency range, and are more difficult to hear, and my hearing loss is in the upper register. She said normally each nerve cell identifies a single level of sound, but if hearing is impaired, the nerve cells may confuse 4 or 5 sounds. Thus a person can hear the sound, but cannot distinguish what it is. In 1998 my comprehension of words in the right ear was about 30% lower than two years ago. In January, 1996, I got 3M programmable hearing aids, and in December, 1999 I got Danalogic digital hearing aids. In summer, 2004, I tried out two more hearing aids, but they did not improve my hearing, so I didn't get them.

In 1994, I had cataract surgery on my left eye, and in 2000 on my right eye. I had basal cell carcinoma spots removed, first on my right shoulder, then later on my forehead. In October, 2001, a barium exam showed that I have a hiatal hernia. Acid reflux began to be a problem, so in September, 2002, I bought an electric bed, so that I could easily elevate my upper back. This has been a wonderful investment of \$1,350. On May 19, 2003, I had my left knee joint replaced, because of osteoarthritis. From Regions Hospital, I went to Presbyterian Homes rehabilitation center for a week. I had pain one night while

in the hospital, and they said I had congestive heart failure. Fortunately this cleared up, although I have a leaky mitral valve.

Phil had a meeting of ESAV (University of Padova – Agricultural Development Regional Agency – University of Minnesota) on June 9 – 15, 2000, and we flew there for the meetings. They were held in Bologna this time. They began in 1989 at Motta di Livenza (about an hour from Padova), initiated by Phil and Danilo Agostini, a professor in Padova. Carolyn Easter and I and the other spouses enjoyed visiting Italian historical areas. In Bologna I particularly enjoyed seeing the illuminated manuscripts in the Archeological Museum. Another place of special interest was the Anatomy Theater. There is considerable dispute whether Bologna or Padua built the first anatomy theater, and we had seen the one in Padua, also.

After this meeting was over, we flew to Berlin, changing planes in Amsterdam. This was very nostalgic for us, to see the vibrant, restored city where we had lived from 1946 – 49. We called Harald von Witzke, a German professor, who had been at the University of Minnesota for about nine years. He picked us up in his Mercedes, driving us around the city, including where we had lived in Dahlem at 20 Vogelsang. He also took us to Potsdam to visit the Cecilienhof Schloss where the conference was held in July-August, 1945, ending the war, with Truman, Churchill, Stalin and their staffs negotiating. A visit to the Pergamon Museum, built in 1930, contains a huge collection of stones excavated by the German government in that Turkish city. It was very, very impressive.

On February 3, 2001, we had a luncheon for about 100 people at the Sofitel for our 60th wedding anniversary. Martha, Dianne, Phil Jr., Marjorie, Kaarin, Judy, and Steve Getter arrived to join us. The next day, Sandi had a lunch for the family, in which she used only recipes from my 1932 Girl Reserve cookbook. Very delicious, too! On March 30, 2001, John Borchert died. He and Jane have been very dear friends for fifty years. Jane is still living in their Scandia home on the St. Croix, although she is rather feeble.

Sandi decided that she would like to go to law school to become equipped to work in the medical policy field, so she resigned from her job as nutritionist at Fairview University Hospital. Gordon and Sandi sold their house in June, 2001, and slept in our basement a couple of weeks before they moved to Washington, D.C. where Sandi had been accepted at George Washington University Law School. Gordon took semi-retirement from his company, CareFacts, but continued to do work in Washington for them. He returned here about once a month for the next three years, to go to Board meetings and keep in touch with the business.

Phil and I went to Washington, D.C., August 15 – 28, 2002, for a Getter reunion. We were glad that we could stay with Gordon and Sandi in their apartment. For this event Carolyn (Keys) Stewart produced a professionally printed guide, complete with many pictures of family members, biographies, a family tree, maps, and a list of our activities for three days. We had dinner in Alexandria, Virginia, on Thursday, August 15, dinner at Fred and Cathie Frailey's in McLean, Virginia, on Friday, dinner in Annapolis, Maryland,

on Saturday, and a goodbye breakfast at Crystal City Embassy Suites on Sunday. My contribution to the event was a 52 page computer printed list of my favorite recipes.

The people who attended were Carolyn and Tom Stewart; Betsy and Kenny Levenson and children Grant and Katie; Scott Keys and daughter, Kelly; Fred and Cathie Frailey and their children , Liz and Patrick; Barbara Frailey; William Frailey; Nicole de Sibour (Cathie's daughter); Nancy Hankin and partner Hal Walzer; Brad and Karen Zwintscher; Margo Kelly (Nancy's daughter); Mike and Julie Getter; Joe and Kate Getter, and children Lydia and Simon, Amy and Radhamés Santos and daughter, Ellie (Amy is daughter of Mike and Julie); Steve Getter, Chris Raup and wife, Donna Hill, Martha Raup, Dianne Joseph (Martha's partner), Gordon and Sandi Raup, Phil and I. My count is 29 adults and 8 children.

After the reunion was over, Gordon and Sandi took us to tour Harper's Ferry. We ate dinner in Leesburg, VA. On August 21 Phil and I had lunch with Tom and Charlotte Carroll and Gordon at Bread and Chocolate Restaurant. On the 23rd, Phil and I had lunch with Fred Frailey, Mike Getter, and Gordon; in the evening Gordon, Sandi, Phil and I had dinner with John and Carol English. It was a double celebration, because Carol and I were both born on August 23.

On August 1-5, and August 19 - 23, 2003, I was in Regions Hospital with chest pain, but the pain soon left. EKG tests and a stress test indicated that heart was not the problem. In August 9, 2004, I had a swallow test at the Riverside Clinic, and the gastroenterologist, Dr. Purdy, said I had achalasia. This is a condition in which there is no peristalsis in the esophagus to push the food down to the stomach. He explained that I must take a drink of water after each bite of food, preferably soft. I have had to learn gradually what foods caused a problem, and I have to eat very slowly. Sharp pain and vomiting result if I am not careful. So mealtime isn't much fun anymore, but I am learning to live with it. I no longer have the energy to prepare and serve dinner parties, which for many years were our principal social activity. We take friends to restaurants for dinner, or invite them here for a dessert.

On August 23, 2004 (my birthday), Liberty Oxygen Company brought a machine to our home for me to use at night to alleviate the symptoms of "sleep apnea". I am not sure that it is a panacea for getting a good night's rest, even though I have been taking ambien, a sleeping pill, for several months. But, I continue to put the mask on every night before going to bed, to breathe a steady stream of moist air.

Reading is my favorite activity, and all day I look forward to sitting down and relaxing with a book. In the Non-Fiction Book Section in May (UMWC) we all make suggestions of what to read in the coming year. In May, 2003, the meeting was a pot luck held at our house. Everyone is expected to read the book chosen for the month, but one person is designated to lead the discussion. In October, 2001, I reviewed Eleanor of Aquitaine by Alison Weir. In November, 2003, I reviewed the book, The Coming Anarchy by Robert D. Kaplan.

On December 15, 2003, about 5:00 p.m. Phil was hit by a car as he was crossing the street in front of Health Partners near us on Como Avenue. Several nurses were leaving then and saw what happened. They called 911, and one nurse held Phil's head off the pavement. He was unconscious a short time, but was able to call me from Region's Hospital before I had begun to worry about his not coming home. The diagnosis was a broken collar bone, a couple of broken ribs, and two cut tendons in his right knee. He was sent to Presbyterian homes rehab on December 23. He was there until January 3.

I had been planning a party for December 27 to celebrate Phil's 90th birthday, to be held at the St. Anthony Park United Church of Christ, and invitations had already been mailed. As it turned out, we were able to have the reception at the Presbyterian Homes in their activity room. I asked nine of my friends to call the people who had replied affirmatively, to tell them about the change of location. Taste of Scandinavia catering charged us for 187 people, but my count of the number of people who showed up was 173. Yes, the room was very crowded! Tom and Carol Raup, son Matthew, and Ryan and Kimberly and their two small children came here for the occasion. Matthew and Ryan live in Arkansas, but they all came together, making the drive in one day from the farm in Kansas.

Phil had physical therapy here at home twice a week for six weeks, then eleven sessions at Saunder's in April and May. An occupational therapist and an aid to help Phil in the shower came in January and February. Martha came here for a week in early February, and again in April to help us. On February 25, Phil took a shower by himself, but I sat in a chair beside the tub. One day, much to my surprise, he fell out of the tub onto the floor! I was able to get him up off of the floor, and he was not hurt. However, one other time he fell in the bathroom, and I had to ask my neighbor, Todd Rhodes, to come and help me get him up.

Phil was having trouble with dizziness when he turned his head to the left, so he had five sessions at Ramsey Hospital with a therapy specialist in dizziness. On March 9 Phil was picked up by a friend to go to his monthly Gown In Town dinner, so that indicated that he was eager to get back into his regular routine. On July 10, I took him to his office for the first time. He now goes there regularly two or three times a week for a few hours. He reads his journals, and has an opportunity to talk with his colleagues from time to time.

Phil and I started walking at the HarMar mall in June, 2004, and we still do it every afternoon that there is not a conflict. After walking in all of the hallways (which I estimate at $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile), we stop at Barnes and Nobles to share a coffee mocha and a biscotti for each of us. In addition, I have been walking a mile before breakfast this summer, 2005. Just before going to bed, Phil and I do about 30 minutes of exercises which his physical therapist, David Millard, recommended for Phil. This is probably not the best time of day for exercises, but it fits in best with Phil's sleeping habits.

Phil and I flew to Denver for the annual Agricultural Economics meeting, July 31 – August, 4, 2004. Just the night before, I had gone to Regions Hospital about 10:00 pm with chest pain. After the pain left, and some testing, Phil and I returned home by 2:00

am. We took a taxi to the airport, and had requested wheelchairs to get to the plane, in Minneapolis and in Denver. We stayed at the Adams Mark Hotel, where some of the meetings were held. While we were there, I was able to have lunch with a former French teacher of mine, Blandine, and her husband, George Sevier. Also, Phil and I had lunch with Phil's cousin, Bob, and his wife, Carol. This worked out pretty well, but as far as I am concerned, travel no longer has any attraction for me. I am very thankful, though, that through the years, we have had some wonderful traveling experiences.

Phil had two lectures planned before his accident, which he was able to fulfill. May 12, 2004 in Maple Grove, and October 18 in south Minneapolis. I drove him to both lectures, and I continued to do all of our driving until the end of the year. By that time we both felt he was ready to drive, again, and I, myself, was feeling less able. On November 22, I started taking vytorin, a drug for decreasing cholesterol. I think it was causing fatigue, and finally Dr. Butcher changed my medication to zocor (10 mg) on July 13, 2005. I believe I have more energy, but for some reason, my balance in walking has deteriorated.

Christmas, 2004, was unusual in that we had no children with us. However, the Easters invited us to have dinner with their family, so we were not alone. Phil, Jr. and Marjorie arrived at midnight on Dec. 28, and we had dinner together at Vincent's French restaurant on the 30th. They left at 6:00 a.m. on New Year's Day. A very short visit, but it was nice to see them.

To terminate this story with a happy ending, I want to report that Sandi and Gordon have moved back to the Twin Cities! Sandi got her law degree at George Washington University Law School, plus an MS degree in public health. They arrived here on January 2, 2005, and have moved into an apartment on Lexington avenue, between County Road C and D. Gordon has returned full-time to his company, CareFacts, and is working doubly hard to improve its business.

Martha arrived on February 1, 2005, and we went to dinner with her and Gordon at Vincent's to celebrate our 64th wedding anniversary. Sandi was immersed in studying for the Minnesota bar exam to be given at the end of February. She passed! For the first time in three and a half years, the pressure for her has lifted.

Our friends are leaving us. Mary Cochrane's memorial was on January 5, 2004. Her husband, Will, the same age as Phil, is in Assisted Living in Stillwater, WI. Allison Christensen died July 23, 2004, at age 100. She had been one of our New Year's Eve group. Lisl Close, our neighbor and close friend, has been living in Jones Harrison Retirement Home since mid-2004. Madeleine Renaud, our French friend with whom we shared many luncheons along with her husband, died May 25, 2005.

On March 7, 2005, Dr. Purdy injected botulinum toxin into the lower esophageal sphincter "to paralyze and then relax the sphincter, allowing food to pass readily into the stomach". Frankly, I can't see that it has helped me. I continue to have chest pain from time to time, and occasionally vomit at meal time.

I have found that ordering groceries from SimonDelivers helps some. I should do it more often, but then we walk through Cub Grocery at HarMar, and it is tempting to stock up. We also often go to a restaurant to eat after our walking – many times at the Old Country Buffet, because they have such a wide variety of food to choose from, and always chicken noodle soup. Gordon has been coming by on Monday evenings for dinner and to help us with any problems that have developed. This is greatly appreciated! And now we are awaiting Martha and Dianne, August 16 – September 7. It will be great to have them here for three weeks!

Au Revoir!

Marian Getter Raup,
August 13, 2005