

Alfred Martin

80th Birthday

November 4, 1996

A TRIBUTE TO DADDY FOR HIS 80TH BIRTHDAY
MEMORIES OF MY CHILDHOOD
NOVEMBER 4, 1995

Daddy, this is how I remember my childhood: You were a very good father. You were a Christian man and it could be seen in the way you lived. You stayed at home with your family, didn't smoke, didn't drink or run around. In fact, you were always kind, extremely patient and helpful to anyone you ever met. I can't ever remember you being loud or angry. We were not wanting for anything; however, we were not monetarily rich, in fact, we were probably "poor" but we never knew it. We were rich in love. Church and family were the centers of our lives!

I have fond, very pleasant memories of my childhood. I wish today, that many kids could have half of what I had. We didn't have a lot of material things, but we had family unity, knew Christian love, togetherness, tons of common sense, and we learned that working could be enjoyable. You always said: "You have to work all your life, so you might as well enjoy it." In this booklet, you will find a lot of my memories as a child. It is possible that some of the facts are not quite accurate, but that is how I remember many, many good times. They are not in any order.

I remember....

...right after Epiphany taking the dried up Christmas trees from our parlor and from Grandma/pa's parlor upstairs and setting them in buckets in the barn...one in the cow barn next to the silo chute and one in the horse barn in front of the dry cows. Handfulls of hay and silage were tied with binder twine and fastened to a branch. We had the trees up for a few days and then gave each animal a gift of food from the tree. I also remember one time the milk inspector, who came monthly, ordered it "removed". Saying to the inspector in my timid little voice: "How would you like it if you were a cow and nobody gave you a Christmas tree?" He told me "it had better be gone the next time I come." (It was.) I looked forward to doing the above, more than I looked forward to Santa bringing me something. I think this was a highlight of my childhood!

...we listened to "Billie the Brownie" on WTMJ radio during suppertime from Thanksgiving until Christmas Eve. We went to the Christmas Parade on Mitchell Street which was sponsored by Schusters on the Saturday night before or after Thanksgiving. We wrote lots of letters to Santa. Were they ever mailed?

...a few days before Christmas we cleaned the parlor very well, vacuum and dust and the room was locked so it would stay clean for Christmas. While we were in school, you and Mom brought in the Christmas tree and Mom decorated it. Of course, we could smell the fresh pine needles, and when we commented to that effect, Mom said: "You're so excited for Christmas that you can even smell it". Then on Christmas Eve, there was the beautiful tree!

...driving home from church on Christmas Eve, you and Mom could see reindeer tracks along the road and into our driveway. We got so excited to see what Santa brought. We left hay for the reindeer in a box by the porch and the reindeer made a mess of it. Wine and our prettiest decorated sugar cooky were left for Santa; he took one bite out of the cookie and drank a swallow of wine.

...playing "house" in the corn crib when it was almost empty. Boards slid into the slots as our "beds" and instead of our dolls, we used kittens or puppies as our babies. Our food was water, soda crackers, and tomatoes, raspberries or green apples from the orchard. It was shortly after the war because "our husbands were in the war".

...we played school in the sun porch and used Farm Journal and Wisconsin Agriculturist magazines for textbooks. I was the teacher most of the time. Then Ellie, our hired man's sister who was a school teacher, gave us some old school books that were no longer used at her school.

...you loved to watch wrestling on Thursday nights upstairs by Grandma/pa's. Uncle Louie/Aunt Lydia bought them their first TV. We didn't get a TV until 1955. Grandpa liked TV. He said: "There are horses and people in that box." TV aired only a few hours a day. (Firestone Playhouse, Kraft Comedy Hour, I Love Lucy, Howdy Doody, Mickey Mouse Club with the Mouseketeers)

* ...in the mid 1950's, the 41 Twin Outdoor opened and we got free tickets to see "Ma and Pa Kettle at the Fair". It was hard to stay awake because it was dark and late (bedtime). We could see the movie from the top rung of the ladder in the haymow in the barn! Each evening we'd hear the cars honking their horns they were lined up past Ervin Dietz's waiting for the Outdoor to open at dark.

* ...Mud Lake was "off limits" to anyone living a mile around it. Your Great-Grandpa lost a team of oxen/wagen in that "lake" (quicksand). (Today, it's called "Grobschmidt Park")

* ...egg route on Saturdays was fun. Since Mom didn't drive and I was the oldest, I went with you. There was the bull-dog lady, the "n_____" man, the barber, the brown-egg lady, the duck-blood lady. We didn't know their names. Yes, it must have sounded like prejudice, but we respected everyone and never knew what the word "prejudice" meant.

* ...after egg route you handed Mom's grocery list to Mr. Stiglitz (27/Forest Home) who reached for groceries from the top shelf with a long tong. If one wanted cereal, one got cereal (Corn Flakes). He had everything.

* ...we bought flour in 100 lb. cloth sacks. We girls chose the bag which would become our dress, pinafore or apron when it was empty and mom would sew it for us.

* ...because I was afraid of the rats in the cellar, you'd advise me to sing real loud as I would walk down the steps. That way they'd hear me coming and the critters would be gone when I got downstairs. It worked!

* ...several times when I was in grade school I would go over to Pastor Hilmer's house to babysit Beth Ann and also to teach Mrs. Hilmer to cook. There were so many things she didn't know...she wanted to make spaghetti but couldn't, because she didn't have a "long enough" kettle for the spaghetti. And I showed her how to make potato salad and easily "peel" salad potatoes by cooking them first.

* ...on the way home from a funeral parlor visit, you treated us to ice cream cones from Leon's Custard (27/Oklahoma). We always went

along to the funeral parlor, and as grade school kids at St. Paul's, we often sang for a funeral. Death was not frightening.

...we went to worship at church every Sunday as a family, but because Grandma/pa went early, we went to Sunday School with them. And you and Mom came later. When I was very small, the men and older boys sat on the north side and fastened the brim of their hats to the "clip" attached to the pew in front of them. The women and children sat on the south side. Some services were in German. Each one of us kids got a penny or a nickle to put into the offering plate.

...we never ate a meal without first folding our hands in prayer asking the Lord to bless our food and thanking Him for it. We also always said our bedtime prayer..."Now I lay me..."

...we had a piano in the parlor, but only Aunty knew how to play it. To this day I wish I knew how to play piano. I taught myself to play simple hymns with two fingers. Mrs. Ray Sievert taught singing in school and was our church organist. She was one nice lady! I would tell Grandma "pretend that I'm Mrs. Sievert and that this is really pretty music." (It must have sounded terrible...plunk, plunk, plunk. Now Mrs. Sievert's son is an alderman at Franklin.

...every other Sunday it was our turn to use the car (a Terroplane). We shared it with Grandma/pa.

...once a year you took a horse/wagon (later tractor/wagon) to dump cans into the gully in our woods. All year long we'd collect them in the old wagon. In a year we didn't have the amount of cans people use in a week nowadays. There was no trash collection or recycling. Everyone recycled everything long before there was such a word as "recycling".

...for lunch on egg route, you'd buy a quart bottle of chocolate milk, a loaf of "store-bought" bread, a hunk of sausage which you'd cut with the jackknife you carried in your pocket, and "schnecks". We ate in the truck and then we finished delivering eggs, bought groceries, went to the bank and home for evening milking.

...sometimes we used the kitchen chairs on the lawn for a tent. Mom would give us an old blanket which we'd put over the top of the chairs and crawl under and sit and giggle. We had so much fun!

...or we'd go with Grandpa to cut grass at the church cemetery.

...or we'd visit relatives. If you asked where we wanted to go, it was always "by Ruthie". She and I were like sisters. By God's grace we are "sisters-in-law" now. We are very "close" and she is good to me.

...we got a freezer. Were we living! Mom froze foods; less canning.

...in 1955 Rawson Avenue was widened, our hill was cut down and it was the only time we could ever ride our bike on the road.

...we had only one bike for all of us kids. If we argued about it, it was hung on a nail in the grainery for a l-o-n-g time (seemed like a long time).

...remember when I jack-knived the tractor/hay-loader/wagon on that hill? I will never forget that. And you weren't angry at all.

...once with the tractor, I jerked the wagon so hard, you fell off. You weren't angry.

...you bought the John Deere the day I was born. Now Ron has it as an "antique". We also had Case, Allis Chalmers and a 1020 with lugs.

...when we were loading grain shocks, I was high up on the wagon and got stuck with a pitch fork when someone threw a bundle up. And when we were loading grain shocks, we'd take along a jug of water and put it under a shock (out of the sun) to keep it cool? When we got to that shock, time for a cool drink! Ten bundles of grain made one shock. No matter how hot it was, we wore long sleeved shirts and pants because we got scratched up from the dry grain.

...our address was Rt. 5 Box 370, Hales Corners 5, Wis. Our phone number was a GArden exchange. Franklin became a 4th class city and our "house" number was 4000 W. Rawson, Milwaukee 15, Wis.

...Daddy, you never got angry! Many times I'd hear you say: "Awe, Ma, kids are kids!"

...sometimes you would say to me "now leave those cats alone. You'll get sick from their scratches." I'd sneak up behind them when they were eating and try to grab one and cuddle it. You were so lucky—they'd walk around your legs and you kicked them aside (you fed them milk from a fresh cow or the cotton from the strainer).

...our cats got "distemper" and we lost a lot each year. One time I remember putting a sick cat into a box and rubbing Vicks on it (that's what Mom did if we had a cold). I'd sit with the sick cat until you told me to come in for bedtime. The cat was dead in the morning.

...our cats were wild. The only one I could hold was the "Eddy Dietz" tomcat, when he came to visit our cats. We must have had twenty cats. There were two feeding dishes. I still have a large scar on my leg from the scratches. (My souvenirs!) Once I bled so bad and it wouldn't stop. It scared me and I couldn't tell anyone.

...poor Daddy, you were the first "Insinkerator" because you ate the food left on the plates from all of us kids, and you ate the food when your five daughters were learning to cook! And you're still alive! You ate our "rotten" (over ripe) bananas. If our cooking didn't turn out very good, it was "just the way I like it", you'd say.

...to this day when I hear a thunderstorm at night, I think of the many nights you got up, dressed and watched the barn. If lightning would strike it, you'd have to get the cattle out.

...I can still picture the time our machine barn was flattened by a tornado during the night. (before Ron was born). It sounded like a freight train.

...Henry Albrecht, our hired man (until Ron was born), had very bad eyesight. He couldn't see what he ate so we couldn't let anything near him on the supper table that he couldn't eat - he ate the whole dish of jelly once. I think of him often and I know how he felt.

...sometimes you'd send us to the milkhouse to find a surprise in the cooler! There among the milk cans was a watermelon! How sweet it was on those hot nights.

* ...remember what you called the outhouse? "The Little House" or "Tante Anna"; we used the Sears catalog cause we didn't have toilet paper.

...watching Bernice Behrendt make rugs out of rags. That was neat! Now there farm is "Princeton Estates".

...Evelyn Martin made storybook dolls and sold them at fairs. They built a "lannon stone" ranch and people came from miles around to see such a ritzy house, the fanciest house in Franklin. Her husband, Harold, rang the church bell and janitor at St. Paul's.

...visiting Aunt Clara and Uncle Christ Scherbarth, who had no electricity. Was it dark in their house! We visited after chores and we kids just sat on a chair. The most exciting thing was watch for the cuckoo clock to strike. They spoke German. They had a kerosene lantern on the table.

...we liked to visit Uncle Ervie/Aunt Wilmetta, but they locked the dog in the closet (not trusted around kids). Sometimes we stayed overnight. Aunt Wilmetta served us anything we wanted (usually sweet corn or ice cream) and Uncle Ervie would take us to Muskego Beach on the rides. They had pretty dishes (all colors)--I had the blue one set. I couldn't catch their barn cats either. She had a little yarn dog on the bed in the spare room, a spinning wheel and cuckoo clock in dining room. Look, but not touch anything. I remember when their baby died.

...we had white soda water, but only when we had company. It was \$1.00/case for quart bottles from American. "Squirt" just came out. On Sunday, Mom made jello, and we had "store-bought" meat (like weiners or bologna) and German potato salad with garden vegetables. We had a huge garden which Mom worked in every day.

...on Saturday nights we went to visit Mom's parents, Grandma/pa Schwartz when gravel roads and bridges weren't washed out. When we drove over the bridge on 51st St., it sounded like it was breaking.

...potatoes were served twice a day (cooked at noon: fried for supper). A large garden provided lots of vegetables for canning. We bought bushels of freestone peaches from the Fruit Boat during State Fair Week. Bananas were 10 cents a pound.

...you got grains for the cows from the brewery, but on Wednesday nights after chores in summer when the breweries made a lot of beer, you bought an extra load and unloaded it yet that night, pail by pail. How the cows loved that oatmeal!

...the roadside grass was kept short because farmers staked out young stock (we staked out our sheep) and we'd carry pails of water to the animal at noon. We'd fill pails at the pump and you'd carry them.

...we took turn jumping up to reach the handle of the pump, hang on to it and with all our weight, pull it down, and cool fresh water filled the pail. You or Grandpa would carry the pails to the animals.

...the horse barn had no running water, so each animal (calves, bull, horses, dry cows and heifers) could drink pails and pails of water. On hot days, by the time we got done watering animals the first time around, it was time to start over again.

...we kids would play baseball in the orchard with neighbor kids (Connie and Bonnie White, Pam and Jeff Puzach); apple trees were bases and we sure had fun. Depth perception was difficult for me.

...when Mr. Nabasic, living in Fred Goad's rental property, worked at General Mills and brought us a case of Sugar Pops in individual packages when they first came out. That cereal was like eating candy.

...speaking of candy...when our school, St. Paul's, played baseball at another one-room school, Stargard, (only 1 mile away) - we walked. After the game we walked another 1/4 mile south to Sellhorns filling station to buy penny candy. We also walked to the games at the one-room school at Hwy 36/S. 76th (only 2+ miles) and then bought penny candy at Pottses after the game.

...also speaking of candy...Grandma would give us one piece of candy only if we were "really hungry". The only candy she had were round peppermint pieces (pink and white).

...we walked to school through the field (1 mile) or Mrs. Dietz or Mrs. Kolbow would pick us up and drive us to school. When Ronnie, from the orphanage, lived with us, I rode with him on the bicycle, but he would dump me and I'd cry. I got skinned up knees...girls wore dresses.

...I cried easily. Mom said she never had to spank me, just look at me crooked and I'd cry. In grade school a little girl told me their car wasn't going to wait for me (to get my snowpants and boots on). I believed her and was was afraid I would be left at school and would cry. The teacher would help me get dressed. I must have been in first grade.

* ...I remember the polio scare. We couldn't go out of our yard or to the church picnic or anywhere. Each day Mom would check us to see if we could move our heads, our arms and legs. Then we could get the vaccine! We stood in lines for the sugar cube but it was worth it. A little boy from church died of polio. (Wendt)

...and Adrian Behrendt died of leukemia. I was afraid I had leukemia the day I became a "lady".

...in summer we went to area church picnics...Tess Corners, Oakwood Rd, our own Smith Rd. church, etc. It was the wish of every girl to be old enough to wait on tables for the picnic supper but the picnics were discontinued just when I was confirmed and old enough to serve!

...we looked forward to the annual meeting of AAL. "A Letter to Nancy" was the movie, which was a real treat; however, it was an "adult" movie, not a cartoon. Boring!

...a bathroom built into a corner of our dining room when I was seven years old (1948). I still remember holding up my dress waiting for the plumber to finish so I could "go". Grandpa never liked the "out-house" in the "eatin' room".

...we got our first telephone when I was 13. It was black, rotary and set on the treadle sewing machine in the dining room. We used it only to call the vet. Grandpa didn't like the "talking machine".

...we wore dresses but when it was cold, we had boys jeans which we wore under dresses to do chores in the barn. Afraid someone might see us wearing boys jeans as we walked from the house to barn, we kept our jeans in the barn on a nail.

...Daddy, your hair and eyebrows were gray when you ground feed in the grainery with the hammermill. That made us giggle.

...we'd ask why you would sometimes put a cow in the pen in the chicken house and you'd put our bull in there too. You said they had to have a 'visit' as they got lonesome too.

...it was fun shelling corn with you and Grandpa. The mice ran out of the crib. We used a wheelbarrow to get cobs from the crib. Sometimes we got wheelbarrow rides!

...there were milk utensils to wash every day. We had to use a certain disinfectant (per the milk inspector) and it was strong on our hands.

...sometimes you'd buy one of us shoes after egg route. If that child was along, feet were "x-rayed" at the store to be sure the shoes fit right. If that child couldn't go along, we traced her feet on a brown bag and cut it out. You bought new shoes! If we had a hole in the sole, we used cardboard in the bottoms of our shoes.

...we had a John Deere tractor that started with the flywheel. Only you were strong enough to start it; you'd help me start to side-deliver-rake a field driving v-e-r-y s-l-o-w-l-y (so I could also turn the corners at the same speed). When the tractor killed, you'd come out and start it again. You must have been keeping an eye on me and you never got angry. Erdman's field took 1/2 hr. to make one round.

...because you were the only person with a watch (pocketwatch). Mom or Grandma would hang a white dish towel out of an upstairs north window when it was time to come in for dinner.

...St. Paul's tolled its bell when a member died. We'd hear the bell toll when we were in the field. The first three tolls were the Lord's Prayer. We'd count tolls...which signified the age of person who died.

...our milkman (Heup) was the news carrier. When someone died or had a baby, he knew and would spread the news when he picked up the milk or dropped off the empty cans. Dorothy Prochnow came to our house (rode to our house with George when he went to work) and rode into Milwaukee with the milkman.

...after school, there were chores to do, chickens to feed, eggs to gather, milk utensils to put together, potatoes to peel, wood to carry downstairs to the furnace, but those high school teachers couldn't understand! They expected me to stay after school to work on a float for Homecoming! (Guess we had nothing better to do) The only time I had a detention was in high school when the whole class had to stay after. I was very good in shorthand (my teacher wanted me to be a "court reporter", but I didn't want to), typing, grammar, geography and writing. I had trouble reading unless I used a ruler under each line and a bright light. I was an "A" student.

...it was "painful" (in more ways than one) to wear glasses, especially when I first got them when I was 8 yrs old ("lazy eye"). They were little round wire rims and I bled behind my ear and at the nose, so I wore adhesive tape often. No one else in school had glasses. Later Larry Behrendt got glasses. It was "stressful" just knowing we were getting our eyes examined by the school nurse. I could barely see anything with my right eye, and due to lack of space, we were tested in our classrooms. I had to walk up to the eye chart until I could see it with my right eye. My nose touched the chart; I still couldn't see it. I was teased so much about that! I know you said many times: "Sticks and stones can hurt my bones, but names would never hurt me." But it still "hurt".

...I got my "big doll" when I was nine (October 5). I think of her every year. She wore Ron's baby clothes. She opened and shut her eyes!

...when I had my tonsils out at age five, I could have anything I wanted if I was a good girl. I got a red truck.

...we played in the limestone pile in the cowbarn. Yes, the cats used it for a litter box too.

...cleaning out the barns. The manure bucket was on a track way up high and sometimes the manure would splash out of the bucket. The bucket was heavy to push when it was full, but tripped it to spill right into the manure spreader.

...we could never go into the hog house or touch the pigs. If a baby pig would squeal for any reason, the sow would become angry and probably bite. Nothing worse than an angry mother.

...we'd swim in the cow tank when it was really hot! Had to get out when the cows came to drink.

...keeping the reservoir on the cook stove filled with water each morning and each evening. We had a faucet in our kitchen sink for as long as I can remember, so it was not hard to draw water.

...when a can of milk was rejected by Borden's for any reason, we used it up immediately. Butter, cheese, custards, pudding, etc.

...we always kept a pitcher of milk souring on the pantry shelf. It was always ready for making bread, cake or pancakes. It seemed like we baked almost every day: bread, kuchen. We ate three big meals a day.

...we washed clothes on Mondays. When we were tall enough to reach the washline, we helped hang clothes outside on the line with wooden clothespins. When it was windy, we had to watch the clothes in case they came loose. In winter the clothes froze stiff.

...we ironed on Tuesdays. Collars and aprons were starched (starch was cooked on the stove), when clothes were dry, they were sprinkled, rolled into a towel and kept in the refrigerator until ironed. Almost everything had to be ironed...there were no permanent press clothes.

...your suits and coats were sent to the dry cleaners. We put a card in the porch window for pick up and delivery.

...the first plastic that came out was brittle and cracked easily. Plastic bags were thick and had to be washed and dried out.

...the living room chairs were taken outside each summer. Burning wood and coal was very dirty. The parlor carpet was hung over the line and beat. That was sort of fun, but hard work. We had a vacuum cleaner with water in the bottom and later an Electrolux.

...the rag man came up the driveway with his horse and wagon. "Rags, rags, rags", he called out. We waved to him; he was nice.

...the Wilson and Watkins salesmen gave us suckers. We had a choice of color. Fuller Brush also came but didn't give suckers.

...when the airport was way out in the country.

...when Southgate was built.

...washed eggs every night to prepare them for egg route on Saturday.

...Friday night was butchering night. Mom caught chickens and slit their throats and then left them "run" and we had to watch where the chicken fell and carry them to the basement to be plucked and gutted. We all plucked feathers, but Mom gutted.

...January was butchering time for pigs. I didn't like it; I always cried. One time Mom was sick and I had to catch the blood in a dishpan while Eddie Dietz slit the throat. That was terrible!

...cleaning casings in the cellar. Our hands got cold from the water, and we blew into the casings to be sure there weren't leaks...these would be used to make sausage. The kitchen was set up with an electric grinder and the dining room table was covered too (with newspaper) and everything on a pig (I mean "everything") was used for sausage except the "squeal". We had a smoke-house for the hams and bacon.

...catching poulets at the end of summer while they were roosting in the trees in the orchard. I would hold the chicken coop door open, but not handle the chickens. A scary thing was walking past a cluck sitting on eggs in the corner of the stairs going up to the grainery. I'm still scared of chickens and birds and moths, but not of spiders or snakes or mice.

...when I was nine, I got blood poisoning in my left leg from a spider bite. The doctor came to the house; I was sick a long time and missed a lot of school that fall. Penicillin was a brand new drug and healed me. I still have the scar on my leg.

...we were fortunate health-wise. I don't remember anybody being really sick or hospitalized. I never caught the measles, mumps or chicken pox, although the other kids had them.

...once when you were really sick with flu or something, you were milking and peuking in the gutter. Cows needed to be milked twice every day. And animals needed to eat. There is no such thing as a sick day (or vacation) for a dairy farmer!

...gathering eggs and feeding chickens. I used to take a big stick when I walked into the chicken house to keep the chickens at a distance from me. The chickens saw me come with their mash in the bucket and ran toward me. I hated that job.

...our leghorns would go up into the grainery if someone forgot to close the trapdoor. When it was time to feed chickens, I'd walk upstairs to get the mash, and the chickens that were up there were so nervous (because they knew they shouldn't be up there). They would fly out the only entrance...where I was walking up.

...we made our own paper dolls that we cut from the catalog. We also wallpapered a pasteboard box to use as a dollhouse. (We had a dollhouse an uncle made, but there were several of us girls.) We also jumped rope and played jacks at school.

...once a year we'd go to Sullivan to visit Gleasers. We liked going there. We left after morning chores, had dinner with them and got home in time for chores. Their farm was fun. They had 5 kids and wild barn cats.

...we'd go upstairs by Grandma as she always took time to play "Hide the Button" or "Pick up Sticks", even if for just two minutes. Grandma always "had time" to play with us...even just a couple of minutes.

...Aunt Lydia (we called her Aunty) was especially good to us. I remember her wedding; Jeanette and Ellyn were asked to be the flowergirls. She said "next time" to Ruth and me. Hope there never is a "next time".

...Grandma carried a basket, wore her bonnet and apron and we gathered walnuts from the tree in the cow lane. I still wear Grandma's apron when I bake. It was always too large for me...but I "grew" into it.

...a man from the city came to run his two big dogs...he brought us candy.

...another man came to pick mushrooms in the woods.

...when you cleaned stove pipes. What a mess when you took them apart. We spread newspaper on the floor.

...the metal cabinet in the kitchen with your work clothes on the hook next to it. Our boots were in the corner. The pantry had a doorway to the dining room also, but only really skinny people could fit through that.

...as dairy farmers, we had a number of types of animals: we had milking cows, dry cows, "teen-agers", the heifers, a bull, horses, calves (if they were heifers, chances were we'd raise them; however, if they were bull calves, they'd be sold within two weeks). We had sheep, pigs, ducks, geese and chickens (mostly leghorns as they were better layers, but we had some New Hampshire Reds).

...you or Mom (later me) taught the young calves how to drink milk from a bucket. With the warm milk (straight from the cows) we put our hands into the bucket and let the calf suck on our fingers and gently lower our fingers into the bucket until they sucked the milk. (I think the fresh milk may have been mixed with water so they didn't get diarrhea.)

...after a calf was born, the mother cow's milk was not good for human consumption. In a few days, you'd send a sample into the house to boil and the way it looked then, determined whether or not it was ready to ship and the calf was weaned.

Dad, these are memories I cherish. I had no intention of writing this much, but once I got started, it just kind of rolled out...sounds a little bit like Reminisce magazine, doesn't it?

All good things happened to me in life, and I married the best person in the whole world, Jim White!!!

We wish you a wonderful birthday with all of your friends. We all love you and respect you.

I love you, Daddy,

Linda
(the oldest of 7)