

Life With Lou, Dick, Ted and Jim

August, 1957 – ??

In writing this separate Chapter, I am attempting to distinguish between my personal life and my professional life at Purdue post Ph.D. Naturally, there are many overlaps.

In August, 1957, I completed the requirements for the Ph. D. degree and started my position as Assistant Professor of Mathematics and Assistant to the head of the Department of Mathematics and Statistics. With the increase in income that came with this appointment, we were able to afford slightly better living accommodations and we moved from 120 Sylvania to 118 Sylvania. This side had more space and a better arrangement. Instead of entering the apartment through our bedroom, one entered the living room. Also, with the income of an Assistant Professor, we bought our first television set. Otherwise, we continued to live as frugally as when I was a student.

That August, 1957, we drove to State College, Pennsylvania, the home of Penn State University. The Summer meetings of the American Mathematical Society were held there and I presented some results from my thesis. To keep expenses as low as possible, a typical aim of those days, we camped in a nearby State Forest Campground – Black Moshanon State Park. The place was full of mathematicians that year as many camped at these meetings.

We took Lou's mother with us as far as Elwood City, Pennsylvania, where she visited relatives while we were at the meetings. This area, just north of Pittsburgh, was quite mountainous. One relative's home was a three story house built on a hillside. Both the first and third floors were at "ground level." Lou often spoke of one of her relatives there who, on a trip to Illinois, explained how he liked the fact the "sky came clear down to the ground." Later trips to Colorado showed us much higher mountains, but as "flatland" Hoosiers we were impressed by those in Pennsylvania.

Money was always a factor to be reckoned with. This forced us to make very long drives rather than spend money for tourists cabins. On the trip home from the meeting, we left State College, drove to Elwood City to pick up Lou's mother, drove on to her home in Moline and then on to Lafayette! This was a distance of 1,000 miles.

In August, 1958, we again attended a meeting of the mathematics society. This one was held in Boston, Massachusetts. Now I was Executive Assistant to the Head and got my travel paid by the department. Again this time we combined busi-

ness with pleasure. Unfortunately, some problems arose to complicate the trip.

We first drove to Chattanooga to visit Holy and his family. While there both Dick and Ted became ill with a respiratory virus. This delayed our departure and they actually weren't feeling too well when we went on. The next stop was Clingman's dome, the highest mountain in the eastern range. The views were spectacular, but also revealed while these mountains are often called the "Smokies."

The next stop was Princeton, New Jersey, where we visited our former Sylvania Street neighbors Dave and Judy Kleitman. They were going on a vacation themselves, so after welcoming us they left us to enjoy the area while living in their home.

Very shortly thereafter we began to experience serious gastric distress with diarrhea and vomiting. Unbeknownst to our hosts, their septic tank was stopped up and raw sewage was spilling out onto the lawn and seeping back into their well. The water had made us ill. The Kleitman's had developed immunity to these bacteria over time.

When I spotted the bubbles of this discharge we immediately began boiling the water. Our problems cleared up quickly after that. By now our time for the Princeton area had elapsed and we had to push on. Of course, the Kleitmans were surprised and chagrined to find us still in their home when they returned from vacation.

At the meetings in Cambridge we stayed in a dormitory at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology where the meetings were held. This also gave us the opportunity to see the sights of historic Boston just across the Charles River. We had trouble finding some sites until we discovered that cross road names might change at each intersection. Looking for the names on one side of the road was insufficient.

We walked the "Freedom Trail" and visited the Commons with its horde of Pigeons. On one occasion a friendly and well dressed man, noting from our badges that we were out of towners, delivered a speech which I thought included the name of a worthwhile restaurant which sounded like "dug in pack." His words, completely devoid of "R"s and with broadened "A"s was undecipherable. Upon our return I saw a friend's souvenir menu for Durgan Park and realized that if one omitted the Rs and broadened the As that could well have been what he meant.

The Gambills were our companions on some of these adventures and Herb Bailey often stopped

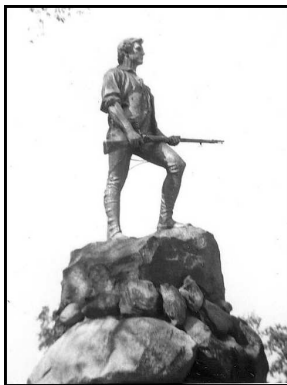
by our room for Peanut Butter and Crackers claiming, to preserve an image as scoundrel which he cultivated, that he would later turn in a bill to his company for steak!



Bob; Chandra; Phyllis; Dick; Bob, Jr.; Ted; Lou

Driving home, we added a little more history to the tour by passing through Concord and Lexington where the Revolutionary War started.

Two Historic Sites



There are several "Minute Man" statues. This one stands in Battle Green Square, Lexington, MA

The "Old North Church" from which steeple Paul Revere awaited the signal "One if by land - Two if by sea".



The next major event in my life occurred on the Morning of Monday, February 9, 1959. I drove to Indianapolis to visit NAFI (Naval Avionics Facility, Indianapolis; formerly Naval Ordnance Plant, Indianapolis) and to teach a course later in the day in the Off-Campus Program in Engineering.

I don't remember why I was visiting NAFI

that day. Since I entered into a short-lived consulting arrangement with them later, it may have been preparatory to that. The route was U.S. 52 to IND 100 (86th Street, Indianapolis) and then over to Arlington, etc. About a mile from U.S. 52 on IND 100 there is a refinery. As I approached the refinery, an oil truck pulled out of the plant into my path. Due to low visibility, the airport reported 1/16th mile that morning, I did not see the truck in time and collided with it. I suffered several non-life



threatening head injuries and other bruises. This was before seat belts and air-bags were standard. The impact caused my face and chest to hit the steering wheel, while bruises to my legs were caused by sliding down under the instrument panel. I was taken to Methodist Hospital in an ambulance.

When Lou received word of this she, of course, rushed to Indianapolis to see me. Her travel was accomplished by train and taxi. She has often reminded me that she asked me not to make that trip because of the weather.

As there is often some humor in even the most dire situations, so there was here. Because of the low visibility there had been many road accidents that morning. The hospital was crowded with injured persons. I was placed on a cart and left in some sort of store room. Finally a nurse came to attend to me. Her first question was: "Did you bring pajamas?" In spite of everything I laughed and asked her not to tell any more jokes because my ribs hurt when I laughed.

Needless to say, I recovered with little ill effect. My upper jaw was displaced rearward, so I have a pronounced under-bite. Although my dentist, who wanted to do cosmetic work to repair the jaw, always called me "the man who can't chew," I did quite well where food was concerned. I declined the proposed repair work. I did require all my food to be pureed for a while.

By now we were beginning to think that we would probably be at Purdue for some time. Buying a house in 1957 was out of the question. We still owned the house in Ravenswood, but what money we got from the rent went to pay off our

loan from Herb Bailey. There were some periods when our tenant was unable to make the rent payments. That didn't help our financial situation. Also down payments were very high because the shortage of houses. When we finally did buy a house we were required to pay 40% down.

Throughout 1957-1959 we saved as much money as we could to be able to buy a house. I did a short term consulting job for NAFI and also taught in the Off-Campus Program in Engineering. This brought in a little extra money. The teaching was done at the North Central High School near Nora, Indiana, a northern suburb of Indianapolis.

During the Spring of 1959 we started seriously looking for a house to buy. We wanted to live in West Lafayette. At that time it was said: "If you want good streets, live in Lafayette; if you want good schools, live in West Lafayette." We also wanted to be east of Northwestern Avenue so as not to have that artery between home and schools. We found a three bed-room house that we liked at 924 Carrolton Boulevard. The price was \$20,000, and 40% down was required. We had saved less than half of that. Carl Kossack (My boss at Purdue, see *Professional Life Starts*) petitioned the Purdue Research foundation to guarantee the remainder with the proviso that we would make double payments until the full 40% percent had been met.

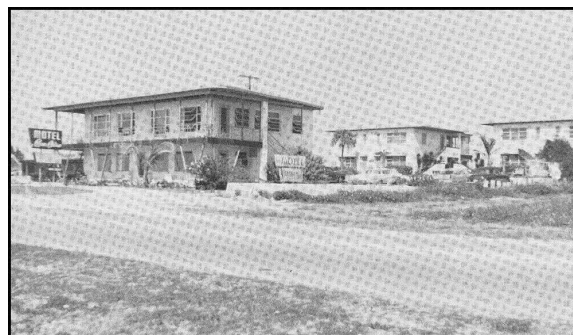
We moved into what was to be our home for over 40 years in June, 1959.

A humorous aspect of our search involved our literal-minded son, Ted. Ted came home from school one day with a sketch he had drawn of a house. This was a class time assignment. In his house was a room labeled: "Bath and a half room." When asked what this meant, Ted replied: "You're always talking about finding a house with a bath and a half."

Our house at 924 Carrolton Boulevard had one large bedroom and two small ones. I felt that I needed a "study" so one went for that purpose. Dick and Ted shared one for a while. Dick wanted more space, so he moved into the basement and about that time I walled off a room for him. It was fairly large with nice paneled walls, but rather dark as there was only a small casement window for natural light. This was Dick's room for several years.

As I explained in *Professional Life Starts*, I spent August, 1959, working at Cape Canaveral. The families of the nine colleagues went along. We lived in the beach front Bel Aire Motel across a bay

from the launching pads. We got to watch many rockets explode on their pads and saw an occasional success. The launches were always secret. To find out when there would be a launch, one had to go to one of the Cocoa Beach shops where the knowledge of these activities seemed to be known to all. Naturally, we spent a lot of time swimming in the Atlantic. Occasional reports of sharks did not deter us and none was actually sighted anywhere near Cocoa Beach.



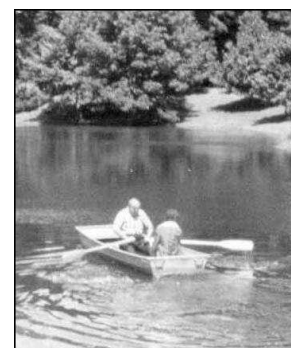
The Bon Aire motel, 3333 South Atlantic Avenue, Cocoa Beach, Florida, in 1959. On a later trip to Florida we found that the motel had been replaced by a high-rise motel. The whole ocean front was quite different.

Our visit got a big write-up in both the *Cocoa Tribune* and in the *Orlando Sentinel*.

This activity took place almost two years before Alan Shepard's historic first man-in-space sub-orbital flight on May 5, 1961.

We used this opportunity for some other visits. We visited Cypress Gardens and also drove to Orlando to visit the family of my cousin Eddie Fuller. There was no sign of Disney in the area at that time.

We seldom took vacations. Our use of vacation time was mostly to visit Lou's home town, Moline, Illinois, and her family and friends. In August of 1960 we took one of the few vacations that was not connected to a business trip. We reserved a rental cottage on Lake Freeman a few miles north of Lafayette.



One of the reasons *Lou and me in the Pram* for this particular spot was to float a small boat, called a pram, which I had helped Dick build in our basement. He found an ad for the boat in kit form in an advertisement that claimed a boy could build it in nine hours. Using several nights, and with the help of rented

power equipment, we did finish the boat.

Our next big family trip was in August, 1961, to attend a Symposium on Differential Equations at the Air Force Academy outside Colorado Springs, Colorado. Together with the Gambills, and with colleague Jim Lillo along, we caravanned across a hot, humid midwest to the cooler air of Colorado. It is hard to imagine, now, how we survived the heat of that trip in non-airconditioned cars. Together with the Gambills and Jim Lillo, we still reminisce about Phyllis trying to pull together some supper in the stifling heat of a Missouri campground.

All five of us (Because of its strong connection with professional events, the birth of our youngest son Jim, in January 1961, was described in the Chapter *Professional Life Starts.*) stayed in a Tourist Cabin. Jim was seven months old. Dick and Ted were, respectively, 17 and 12.

The modern motel was just evolving from the Cabin or Tourist Court. These more primitive establishments were actually on their way out as the more modern motels appeared along the Interstate System of highways. In a typical Tourist Court, each family had an individual cabin complete with cooking facilities, but sleeping for five was rather crowded.

One pleasurable evening near Colorado Springs was spent at a “Dude” Ranch where we enjoyed chuck wagon food and cowboy singing. We brought home a recording of songs from the evening.

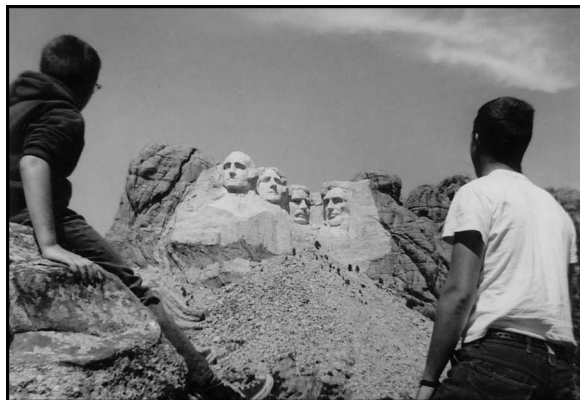
At the conclusion of the symposium, we visited Herb and Zelma Bailey, our friends from NOPI and graduate school days, at their home in Littleton, Colorado. We had warned Jim Lillo that Herb was a kind of jokester. After Herb welcomed us warmly, Lillo, not to be outdone, told Herb “You’re not nearly as bad as they said you were.”

Parting company with Gambills and Lillo, we spent a little time camping in the bitter cold in Rocky Mountain Park. We then drove to Fort Collins, Colorado, to visit other friends from graduate school days, Ralph and Lois Niemann.

Other activities on this trip included sight-seeing in Cripple Creek and the Rampart Range Road. This and other trips to Colorado had such an effect on Dick that he chose to live there after college.

Continuing home by a northern route, we went to the Black Hills to see Mount Rushmore, with the sculpted heads of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt. The Bad

Lands were another interesting spot as was Wall, South Dakota, with its famous Wall Drug Store. A tire shedding its tread and needing replacement kept the trip from being routine, especially as the mishap happened at dusk.



Ted and Dick at Mt. Rushmore

While we were in Fort Collins, Dick took a bus ride to Cheyenne, Wyoming, to visit a friend, George Carpenter. George had a new Vespa motor scooter which he let Dick ride. With this experience, Dick had to have one of his own. When we returned to Lafayette he found one in need of repair and bought it. He brought the

pieces home in a basket! It turned out that some parts were missing. When he discovered how long it would take the parts to come from the Sears catalog, he bought another scooter and later a third, for parts. From these he “built” an operating scooter. After he repainted it, it was a very nice looking machine and served him well for two or three years up

through his first year at Purdue University. The garage at 924 Carrolton was the site of this work. He rode the Vespa to high school and to a Summer job he had at the Duncan Meter Company at the intersection of the U.S. 52 Bypass and Duncan Road.

In 1962 we made an extensive trip to Vancouver, Canada. We had a big red and cream Plymouth station wagon which I had equipped with window curtains. This was to be both transportation and sleeping accommodations for Lou, Jim and me. Dick and Ted were to sleep in



Dick on his Vespa

a tent. Also to transport everything we had a one wheeled trailer which we had purchased from Lou's brother, Ed. This contraption was bolted to the rear bumper, a fact which caused us a problem enroute.



I also built a camp kitchen about the size of a footlocker. It had compartments for various kinds of canned goods and space for our Coleman Camp Stove. These photos were taken at Devils Tower.

Following a brief visit with Lou's Mother and family in Moline, our next stop was to be Nebraska. We wanted to visit the White Horse Ranch, where one of Lou's mother's horses had come from. White horses were, naturally, the distinguishing feature of the ranch.

Camping over night near Valentine, Nebraska, we woke to find an ominous dark puddle under the vehicle which turned out to be gasoline. Our tank was leaking. We quickly drove into Valentine to seek a Plymouth garage. No replacement tank could be gotten in a reasonable amount of time, but the mechanic thought he could weld the hole shut. This was a half day job in the heat of Nebraska August. The nearby public park with its few shade trees was our only relief.

The leak was caused by salt, which was used to deice the Indiana roads, accumulating between the gas tank and the straps which held it in place. This drew moisture continually, resulting in the erosion and leak. We did, finally, get to see the

White Horse Ranch.

We drove on to Fort Robinson in western Nebraska to see a bit of history of the old west. Our route then took us to Devil's Tower in Wyoming. We camped there several days while the boys enjoyed some climbing; we all enjoyed the antics of the prairie dogs.

Our drive on through western Wyoming brought us to several more historic sites and tested Lou's nerves as this was our first experience at mountain driving.

Outside of Missoula, Montana, our problems with the hitching of the trailer showed up. The twisting, turning route along some of the river hugging roads had caused too much flexing of the metal (bumpers were metal in those days) and there was a threat of losing the trailer. The bumper did hold out until we reached Pullman, Washington, where we were to spend a few days with our friends Joan and Merton Pubols. There we had stronger anchors attached.

The Polouse Hills of eastern Washington were apparently created by wind action piling up softly rounded hills. It was a great wheat growing region, but required special farming equipment, capable of keeping the center of gravity of the vehicle between the wheels. A friend of the Pubols, Daniel Boone, gave us a ride on one of these huge tractors.

Our next stop, in the company of the Pubols, was Portland where their parents lived. Merton's father organized a Salmon roast in a nearby park where we enjoyed a feast and renewed our acquaintance with Gary Collins, a friend from BBU days. We also visited the Oregon coast, which had been kept free of housing, and Portland's beautiful Rose Garden.

Continuing with our friends, we were guests of Joan's sister's family in Seattle for several days. Our stop there was to visit the World's Fair being held that year. We didn't visit the Space Needle. I don't recall whether money was the problem or whether it was the long lines. These were faced everywhere at the fair.

Driving north we passed by Mount Ranier (we had also seen Hood from a distance after leaving Portland) enroute to Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada. This was actually the main reason for our trip – to attend the Summer meetings of the American Mathematical Society. I also took time, with my family, to visit the Japanese Gardens and the Queen Elizabeth Arboretum. The latter a beautifully salvaged former gravel pit.

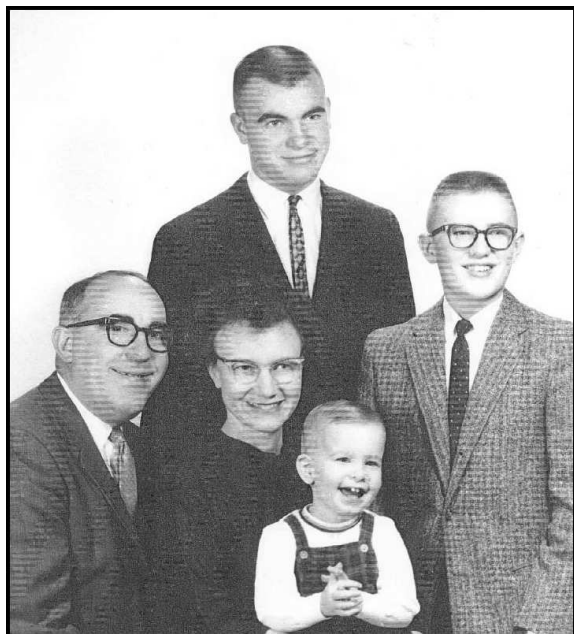
At the conclusion of the meetings we had to rush home. We had five days to complete the 2,500

mile trip. Our route took us by Revelstoke, where we stopped briefly for a walk on the Glacier, and Banff for a view of the lovely Lake Louise. The TransCanada Highway was newly opened and was to be dedicated just after our passage. This wonderful road greatly facilitated our getting home in time for Fall classes. It also took us through Calgary, where preparations for the Stampede were underway. There just wasn't time to accede to Dick's desire to stay for that.

On the outskirts of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, we had another adventure with the trailer. We pulled into a gas station for fuel. As I stepped out of the car I heard a hissing sound. The trailer tire had developed an unreparable rip. Fortunately we were able to get a replacement in Moose Jaw. Our continuing homeward route led us through the vast wheat producing regions of Canada to Winnipeg, where we turned south.

Our constant moving about had had a bad effect on Jim, now a year and one half old. For the entire trip home, he stood on the front seat by my side, patting my shoulder and sucking his thumb. This was before mandatory car seats or even seat belts.

Also for the entire trip, all radio stations played and replayed a current favorite – "Ramblin' Rose."



Our Family in 1963

We were required to drive very slowly the last few miles as I had discovered that our 6,000 mile trip had worn some of our tires down to the underlying fabric. We were indeed glad to be home from a very interesting and tiring trip!

In 1963 our oldest son, Dick, graduated from West Lafayette High School.

Also that year was the first of several occasions when Ralph Niemann invited me to lecture for two weeks in Summer Institutes for High School Teachers at Colorado State University.



Dick – 1963

In 1964 I had completed 7 hectic years at Purdue. I was eligible for a sabbatical leave and with Phil Haas' help, as described in the Chapter *Professional Life Starts*, I determined to take it.

It was decided, mutually as I recall, that all three of our sons would go with us, although Dick initially thought of staying at Purdue. He was finishing his freshman year at Purdue in Civil Engineering. We arranged for him to study for the year at Oakland Community College. Amazingly, because we lived in California for the moment, tuition was free. Ted would attend Berkeley High School where, among other activities he would continue to play the trumpet in the Berkeley High Band as he had at West Lafayette High School. Jim, of course, was only three years old.

Housing was a major obstacle. The Housing Services office supplied me with a long listing, but negotiations at a distance were difficult. Sarah Hallam, the departmental secretary, was one of those jewels every well-run organization needs. She knew everything, knew everybody and was willing to be helpful. Harley Flanders suggested that I contact her. I asked her if she knew any faculty member who would be on leave concurrently. She supplied me with the name of Ronald W. Shephard, Chairman of the Department of Industrial Engineering, who was planning a sabbatical. After some negotiations we agreed to rent his two story home in the Berkeley hills at 1089 Keeler Avenue. The rent was to be \$300 per month, out of which they would pay a gardener \$50 per month. We finally settled on \$250, with the proviso that we take care of the garden. Dick did most of that work. A copy of the contract signed on July 8, 1964, no longer exists.

We arranged to rent our house to an incoming faculty member, Ellis Cumberbatch, who was bringing his family from England.

Since the house we were going to was furnished, we wouldn't need to take much more than our clothing. We could take what we needed in that one wheel trailer pulled behind our new 1964 Chrysler Newport.

We left Lafayette in late July or early Au-

gust for a somewhat leisurely drive to California with stops in Moline, Illinois and Fort Collins, Colorado. Dick left a few days before we did, driving his MG, with his friend Bill Pullen, to Colorado and then to continue on by himself to California where he would meet his high school friend, Phil Boyle. We would then meet him at a certain motel on University Avenue in Berkeley on Labor Day weekend.



Dick and Bill Pullen ready to leave

Before leaving Lafayette, we decided to meet our friends Merton and Joan Pubols in Colorado for some camping. Dean George Hawkins had previously offered the use of his camp near Nederland, Colorado. Enroute, I wrote him of our change in plans and he graciously mailed me the keys to the property and a map of how to get there. The site was beautiful and we had all we needed except, as George had warned us, "Trails End" was padlocked. We overcame that by removing the screws from the hinges that held the door on. A little less privacy, but accessible.

Unfortunately, perhaps from all the work of getting ready which had left me rather exhausted, I developed a high fever the first night in camp and had to drive down to Boulder to the hospital where it was determined that I had pneumonia. That ended my camping and left Ted and Merton the job of closing camp at the end of the week. It also caused Lou a lot of trouble as she had to spend the night in Boulder at a time when a visiting convention had most of the rooms. While I was in the hospital, Lou rode back and forth between the camp and Boulder with Merton who was attending a conference there. It was fortunate that our friends Ralph and Lois Niemann were out of town and generously offered us their home in Fort Collins for my recuperation.

The rest of our drive to California was uneventful. We visited Dinosaur National Monument in northwest Colorado where skilled workmen are continuously involved in chipping away stone from dinosaur remains. We spent a night in Reno, Nevada. I dropped a quarter in a slot

machine!

A major concern that we had had, but could do nothing about, was earthquakes. We felt we were putting the boys in harm's way by spending a year atop the San Andreas fault which had devastated northern California in the past. Our concern, however, was brought into focus on our first weekend in Berkeley. At a local grocery I asked about writing a check on an out-of-town bank. That was OK, but when presented the check, the clerk said: "Wow, you're from Indiana. I'll bet you're glad to get away from those tornados!" You learn to live with your own problems. There were a few minor tremors while we were there, but nothing serious.

The house at 1089 Keeler was on the west facing side of a hill overlooking the Bay with a wonderful view of the Golden Gate Bridge. The garage was about 5 or 6 feet above the



road with a sharp turn and steep entrance. I was never able to get the Chrysler in it, so I parked on the street; Dick's MG occupied the garage. Another 10 or 12 feet up was a level with just bedrooms and another 10 or 12 feet above that the main living quarters. The view was never dull. Especially interesting

was the morning fog covering Berkeley and the Bay, leaving only the tops of the bridge supports visible above it.

We all enjoyed the sights, sounds, food, etc., of San Francisco, the redwood forests, dormant volcanos and famous sites such as Marin County, Yosemite Park and Kings Canyon. Other pleasures included afternoon drinks in a bar atop the Fairmont Hotel, where one could watch the fog roll in under the Golden Gate Bridge and follow the Sacramento River up stream, spreading out until the entire bay area was under a blanket of fog, or our favorite Chinese restaurant which we discovered by accident after watching the Chinese New Year parade in "china town" in San Francisco.

My father came to stay with us at Christmas time and with him we rented a trailer and made a trailer trip to the south, visiting Tijuana at the extreme.



Jim, Ted, Dad, Lou, Me, Dick in Tijuana

In January, 1965, I attended the AMS meetings in Denver, Colorado. Among other things, this was my first meeting with Gerald MacLane, who was being recruited to be Head of the Division of Mathematical Sciences.

Over Spring Vacation in 1965 we drove to Pullman Washington to visit our friends Merton and Joan Pubols and to revisit attractions in and around Portland, Oregon. En route, we saw Crater Lake and visited Lou's aunt in Salem, Oregon.

For the visitor, San Francisco was a gigantic playground: beautiful parks and gardens, fantastic zoo, Fisherman's Wharf, where there was always something to do and great eating. The "cable cars," while actually part of the transportation system, were like an amusement park ride. They were, of course, pulled by cables under the street; a lever in the car grabbed the cable for propulsion. When the motorman released the cable, the car stopped.

The motormen were also showmen. They performed their work with flair. A particularly great memory was provided when a motorist was trying to back a car into a parking space as our cable car came along. To warn people out of the way, the motormen tugged on a rope which activated a clanger. The style of this clanging was a part of each motorman's "act." Each motorman has his own distinctive rhythm on the bells.

As this driver attempted to park, the clanging of the approaching cable car surely added to the driver's anxiety. The cable car was forced to stop, but the clanging did not. After several unsuccessful efforts on the part of the driver, the motorman locked his brake, went over to the car and indicated that the driver should get out. He then parked the car, returned to his post and we proceeded on amidst more clanging and applause of the passengers.

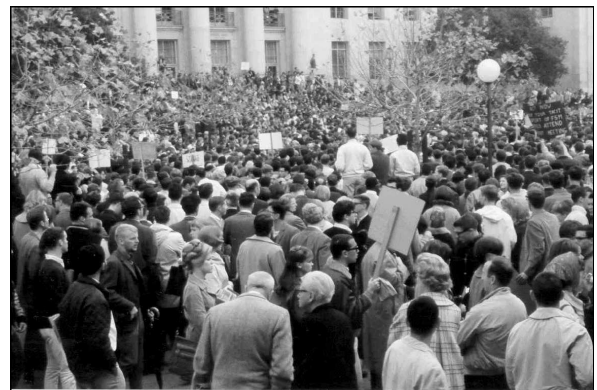
On campus, I attended courses in Algebraic Topology, a subject that I had not encountered as a graduate student. From my work with Lamberto Cesari, I knew a little of the work of Berkeley professor Steve Diliberto in Differential Equations so I attended seminars in that field with his graduate students.

A major noon time activity on the Berkeley campus was provided by the "free speech" movement. Students had been forbidden to collect money for off-campus activities on the Plaza in front of Sproul Hall, the administrative building, and Saither Gate, the official entrance to the campus at the north end of Telegraph Avenue. However, some persisted in these activities claiming the protection of "free speech."

A graduate student from mathematics was arrested for such effort and placed in a police car. Other students "sat down" around the car and refused to let it be driven off campus. This stand-off continued for three days during which speeches and demonstrations were held by persons on both sides of the controversy. It was temporarily resolved when the administration agreed to discuss with the students their concerns.



The police car surrounded by students.



Typical Noon-Time Scene at Sproul Hall

The discussion provided only for a respite during "Parents Weekend" and then resumed

when the students were not satisfied with the outcome. Except for the days when the beleaguered police car was trapped on campus and a subsequent “sit-in” of Sproul Hall, all “free speech” activity was carried on during the noon hour.

These activities attracted a lot of press coverage and people remote from the scene were given the impression that the campus was in a state of siege. My Father and Lou’s Mother, back in Indiana and Illinois, were concerned for our safety. Even Meyer Jerison, on leave in Paris, commented on the news coverage of these events in Berkeley.

There never was any violence at that time, but many came to observe. Among those attracted to the cause was Joan Baez, an extremely popular “folk” singer. In fact, many songs were written about the events. One, inspired by the student trapped in the police car for three days, was entitled “Bed Pans Out The Window.” I bought the album of Songs of the Free Speech Movement and took hundreds of photographs.

We had intended to return to Lafayette in June, but, during the Spring, Dad crossed a street at night and was struck by a car. His hospitalization lasted several weeks and his doctor thought it best for him to stay as long as possible before returning to Indiana. Berkeley Mathematics professor, Steve Diliberto, came to my rescue by asking me to prepare three of his students for their Ph.D. preliminary examinations, paying me from one of his research projects. Two of the three passed on the first effort which I understood was better than experience would have predicted. Since the Shephards were returning, we had to vacate their house. We spent the two additional months in a nice little house down in Berkeley at 40 Rock Lane.

The commercial Skate-board had just been introduced and some young people from the church we attended had one with them on a visit to Rock Lane. There was a nice slope to the street so I tried it. I don’t really remember the outcome. I didn’t try it again, however.

According to a letter to Meyer Jerison, written in July, we intended to leave Berkeley on August 14 and arrive in West Lafayette on August 22. So far as I can recall, we did.

We returned to West Lafayette in August, driving by way of King’s Canyon, the Grand Canyon, Painted Dessert and other less well-known attractions. One of these was Walnut Creek Canyon. Here there were remnants of cliff dwelling similar to those at Mesa Verde, but with a twist. Erosion had washed away different levels of the limestone wall creating a tier of openings. The

early dwellers had used rock, as at Mesa Verde, to wall off individual living units. I referred to these as the first “high-rise” apartments.

Sometime in the 1957-59 era, Ted had started taking piano lessons. At first he was a student of a lady in the neighborhood, but later and for many years he studied with Helen Wollan, whose husband Gerhard (Gus) was math department colleague.

At that time we bought a very large, used, up-right piano. When we moved to 924 Carrolton Blvd., we moved that big piano. I mentioned to the movers that we might buy a new piano and put the big one in the basement. They quipped: “Great, give us a couple of weeks notice when you are ready – so we can get out of town!”

While we were in Berkeley Ted continued his piano studies with, as I recall, the Youth Director of the church we attended, The Foothills Baptist Church in Oakland. Shortly after our return to West Lafayette we decided Ted needed a better piano and we bought a rebuilt Chickering Piano from the North Side Music Company in Lafayette. This was a fairly nice instrument with good tone. Ted still has it in his home in Blacksburg, Virginia. Ted also played the trumpet in the West Lafayette High School Band and, during my Sabatical, in the Berkeley band.

Early in 1966 Professor M.L. (Les) Madison approached me about applying for the deanship of the College of Arts and Sciences at Colorado State University. Les was the Head of the Mathematics Department there. I had met him in the course of lecturing in several teachers institutes organized by my friend and fellow graduate student, Ralph Niemann. Les was chairman of the dean search committee. My family was very interested in the possibility of moving to Colorado, so I went through the process.

The incoming Dean would have been presented with a rather forbidding task – how to develop a school with practically no promise of financing by the state. When the committee asked how I would propose to build something under



Ted around 1962-63

these circumstances, I suggested what I called “spikes of excellence” That is, faced with limited resources I thought it possible that a school could develop a reputation by building a few very strong areas as opposed to spreading the money thinly over the whole institution. This, or other features I offered, resulted in an offer of the position. I declined it, much to my family’s disappointment. I was comfortable at Purdue, the salary offered to me was not an improvement over Purdue, the top CSU administration’s chief selling point for the job was weekends of camping and fishing in the Cache le Poudre river valley. Not being an outdoorsman, this may have been the worst part of their offer.

Also by 1966, Dick’s MG needed an overhaul. Again our garage was the site if this activity, with Jim’s old swing set brought to hoist the engine out of the car.



Phil Boyle (l) and Dick Fuller

I tell elsewhere about returning from Sabbatical Leave as Associate Dean of the School of Science. Dick had tired of sleeping in the basement and, in general, we felt we needed a larger house. When a search failed to turn up anything, we decided to remodel our present house.

I drew up some plans which included converting the garage into two bedrooms, combining a small bedroom and tiny dining room into a family room (with fireplace) and building a carport for the cars. We secured an additional mortgage from the Lafayette Life Insurance Company and hired a local builder, Gerald Rausch, to do the work. We were our own contractor, paying suppliers directly. Gerald did most of the shopping for material. Occasionally, Gerald would finish a par-

ticular portion of the work and ask me: “Is that what the architect had in mind?” It always was. Gerald was an excellent craftsman.

Where we opened up walls for new windows, we carefully saved and cleaned the brick for use in closing the front of what had been the garage. Dick and Ted (mostly Dick) plied hammer and chisel to do this cleaning. The result was that most viewers could not tell that the front had not always been that way.

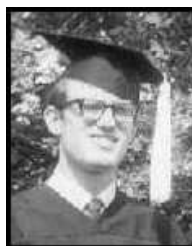
The remodeling started in the Summer of 1967 and continued through that Fall and maybe into 1968. According to Lou’s meticulous records, we took on a second loan of \$11,507, and also spent another \$4,784 on the remodeling. We had a \$36,291 investment and a debt of \$18,510.



924 Carrolton Boulevard before remodeling



924 Carrolton Boulevard after remodeling



In 1967 our middle son, Ted, graduated from West Lafayette High School. That Fall he entered Purdue University in West Lafayette. He had already earned some university credit in mathematics as a result of accelerated programs in the West Lafayette schools. His first courses were at the Sophomore level. Ted did, however, get off to a bad start; he had contracted mononucleosis which greatly re-

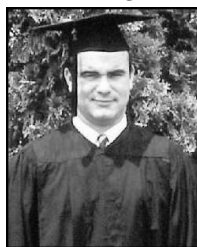
stricted his activities. He could go to most classes, but otherwise required a lot of bed rest. He passed the time with reading, and playing Go and Chess. A graduate student friend, Lloyd Harris, brought his Go set; Ted had his own Chess set.



Ted playing Chess with Jennie Breen in the pre-remodeling dining room

In 1968 our oldest son, Dick graduated from Purdue University with a Bachelor's degree in Civil Engineering. Also in June, 1968, Dick married Donna Higginbotham. We had known Donna for a couple of years as she also attended the University Baptist Church. Dick met her when Lou had asked her to show my niece Sandra Fuller (daughter of Holy) around the campus. We gave them a new 1968 Ford Mustang as a wedding gift. They drove it to Colorado to begin their life there. Before this life completely began, however, Donna had to return to Purdue to complete the one more semester to complete her degree in what was then called Home Economics.

Our Colorado adventures had a profound influence on Dick, our oldest son. When he graduated from Purdue, he had attractive offers from several places, including Cessna Aircraft Corporation. I thought that would be ideal for him, given his fondness for flying. However, The Colorado Public Service Company won out, giving him the chance to live in Colorado.



In June, 1969, Ted married Susan Hill.



She was the daughter of Richard Hill, a professor of Sociology. They were both involved in their quest for bachelor's degrees so they needed money for their apartment more than a car.

We supplied that. Also there would be no room for a piano in their apartment. To provide Ted with a keyboard, I built a Clavichord from a kit purchased from the Zucherman Co,

Unfortunately, this union did not endure and they divorced, amicably, in 1971 while Ted was a graduate student at the University of Michigan.

In the Spring of 1969, using a Purdue Staff Aero Club plane, I flew Jim to Moline to visit Grandmother Peterson. On this flight, I took along Jim Mullikin, one of Jim's friends, who was the son of a math department colleague, Tom Mullikin.

In August, 1969, we were scheduled to visit our son Dick and his wife Donna. They were living in an apartment in Denver, Colorado, where Dick was employed by the Colorado Public Service Company.

We offered to bring Ginger Patterson with us, to Denver. She had been flower girl in Dick's and Donna's wedding where Jim was the ring bearer. Ginger was Donna's cousin (once removed). She was vacationing with her parents near Warsaw, Indiana, so I first flew up there to get her on July 31. On August 1, Lou, Ginger and I set out for Moline to pick up Jim. We then flew to Salina, Kansas, where we refueled at what had been a SAC Air Force base, before continuing to Columbine Airport, south of Denver.

One of my goals as an amateur photographer was to photograph the Maroon Bells near Aspen Colorado. We made reservations for all six of us to stay in a motel there. On the morning we were to leave, I noticed that Lou drug her right foot instead of lifting it from step to step. She told me she had no feeling in that whole leg. We called Donna who contacted her doctor for us. He recognized that her problem was neurological in nature and contacted an appropriate neurosurgeon, Dr. Sadler. These doctors were almost as fearful of the circumstance as we were. We were unknown to them and they acknowledged that they were unknown to us. Being a thousand miles from home and faced with a deteriorating situation, we had no choice but to proceed with them. Dr. Sadler proved to be an excellent surgeon.

After hours of painful examination, it was determined that Lou had a neurological tumor at the sixth vertebrae. By now she was completely paralyzed on her right side and had no feeling on the left. We had no choice but to authorize immediate surgery. The tumor was described as encapsulated, which meant that it had not attached to surrounding tissue, but the pressure on the spinal

cord had caused the paralysis. Indeed, it did permanent damage. However, Lou did recover much function.

I was scheduled to start teaching a pioneering computer oriented calculus course that Fall. While sitting by Lou's bedside, I was learning FORTRAN. Without a computer to practice on, it was not easy to make progress. When the semester started the mode was: "I'm on page nine, catch me if you can." I did manage to stay ahead of the students. There is more on this in the chapter *From Here to . . .*

After several days of indecision, Ginger's parents decided that she had been gone long enough and was too big a burden for Donna. They had Dick and Donna put her on an airplane to return to Indiana. Incidentally, all five of us had been staying in Dick's and Donna's apartment.

We continued to hope that Lou would be able to return to Indiana when Jim and I did. However, her progress in regaining use of her limbs was slow although she was self-driven to work at it very hard. Finally, we decided that I would have to take Jim home to start school, leaving Lou to recuperate in Denver.

Jim and I returned to Lafayette on September 1. All of these flights were in Cessna 182 N2029G. Special aspects of this flight are described in the Chapter *My Life in the Air*.

Inspired by being left in Denver, Lou worked diligently at her physical therapy and was able to fly home in a couple of weeks accompanied by Dick's wife Donna. Rudy Higginbotham, Donna's father, met them at the airport and drove Lou to Lafayette. Although her tumor was diagnosed as benign, she underwent weeks of Cobalt radiation therapy in Lafayette.

In 1971 our middle son, Ted, graduated from Purdue with a Bachelor's degree in Mathematics. Along the way his interests had shifted toward Sociology, but he had so much credit in math that it was reasonable to complete that degree. He had also been accepted by the University of Michigan graduate school.



Ted 1971

In 1971 I joined the Board of Directors of the Lafayette Symphony Orchestra. This activity continued into the 1980s. I describe these events in the Chapter entitled *Other Adventures*.

I have related the fact that in 1947 I stumbled on a bump in our living room carpet and caused a slipped epiphysis. This resulted in several months

in a cast and a permanent malformation of the left hip socket. It did not prevent my W.W.II service, but as age advanced I began to have more and more arthritic pain in that joint.

By 1976 it became clear that I would have to avail myself of the new orthopedic procedures and have a prosthesis installed. I was already using a cane to walk (which Nancy Hansen, Purdue President Arthur Hansen's wife, thought made me look distinguished). I began to make inquiries about the procedure and learned of Professor Benny Hillberry of Purdue's Mechanical Engineering School. He was doing research with an Indiana University doctor on knee prostheses. His collaborator, Dr. Merrill Ritter, was already a widely recognized orthopedic surgeon specializing in hip replacements. After investigating a few surgeons my decision fell to Ritter. My thinking was that a person involved in research was most likely to be at the fore front of the field.

Upon examination, Dr. Ritter felt that both hips should be done as it was only a matter of time until the right one would need it anyway. I scheduled the procedure to take place shortly after the end of the Spring semester in May, 1976. The double surgeries were performed in about three hours that morning.

The process involved cutting off the top of the femur and removing the soft inner material. Then the steel shafts with the ball at the top were cemented into the femur. Plastic sockets replaced those nature had given me. The outside of the hip received a gash about nine inches long to allow the inside work. A piece of the femur on the outside is cut loose with the muscles attached. Part of the healing process is allowing these bone parts to knit together. The surgery was performed at Methodist Hospital in Indianapolis.

Post operative pain relief was not well developed; I was in considerable discomfort. I quipped to Ritter that I now knew why he thought I should have both hips done at once. "You'd never get me back for the second." I said. At night, I experienced the delusion of being in a pure white room with rounded corners. In this delirium I felt that my problem was that I was not aligned properly with the force fields criss-crossing the room!

After 13 days in the hospital, involving some physical therapy, I was discharged. Jim loaded a mattress in the back of Jean Rubin's station wagon and she brought me back to Lafayette laid out in the back on that mattress. More therapy continued at home, with Lou or Jim pulling each leg out to the side following which I pulled it back.

This strengthened the inner thigh muscles while the bones knit on the outside. There were other exercises which I did more or less regularly. Support hose were required to prevent clotting in the veins of the legs. Helping me get these on was a major job for Lou.

Although it will be out of sequence, I'll tell more of the "saga of the hips" now.

The Saga of the hips

In 1990 we arranged to spend a few days at Turkey Run State Park with Holy and Fran and Bob and Rhoda. As I was loading the car, I felt a slight pain in my right hip. We were to stop by Wishard Hospital in Indianapolis where Jim worked. The pain was so severe by that time that I had trouble walking with a cane. By the time we got to Turkey Run it was all I could do to hobble in. We went directly to our room to await my brothers' arrivals. I was convinced that something bad was afoot. When Bob arrived he drove into a nearby town and rented a pair of crutches for me. With them I could get around. I had no pain so long as I put no weight on the joint. So we had our visit although with a lot less activity than we had planned.

I arranged to visit Dr. Ritter's office on the way home. By this time he had moved his operation to Kendrick Memorial Hospital near Mooresville, Indiana. An Xray revealed that the prosthesis had broken. The ball is at the end of an arm sticking out from the imbedded element at about 120 degrees. Thus, this part experiences minor flexing with each step. This caused it to fatigue over these fourteen years and break. This was close to the projected life span for the units at the time it was installed. Dr. Ritter, himself, was on vacation, so surgery had to await his return. I also wanted to store up some of my own blood in case a transfusion should be necessary.

Another interesting sidelight of this operation had to do with a visiting Brazilian orthopedic surgeon, Dr. Bissacotti. Bissacotti was from Santa Maria, Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil. This state is the Partner state of Indiana in the Partners of the Americas, of which I was a member at the time. I met him through this connection. He had come to the states to study for a year under Merrill Ritter. He participated in my surgery and came by the night before to write "Não" on my right hip. Não is Portuguese for No. This was to indicate that the right hip was not the one subject to surgery this time. This was somewhat tongue in cheek, but such mistakes have been known to happen. A few years later I visited Bissacotti in his home town,

Santa Maria, Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil.

The replacement appliance was somewhat different from the original. The part inside the bone had a larger diameter and surface full of squiggles. The prosthesis was literally pounded into the femur, actually causing minor fractures of the bone. When these knit, the bone was actually stronger than before. Also the bone grew into those squiggles forming a better bond than the cement used fourteen years earlier.

To bring me home this time, Lou's brother Ed came with his Lincoln Continental. He had bought one of these giants before a brief period when the U.S. realistically faced the gas consumption of big cars. The realism brought on by an mid-East oil embargo quickly faded, but he had his big car. Of course, there was again the therapy. For the bed exercises we arranged for Paul Niles, the son of church friends, to come by twice a day to help me.

Because of this accident, I wasn't able to continue with my classes that Spring. I had enjoyed being one of the first to teach in the new Class of 1951 Lecture Hall.

But the saga isn't over. In 1992 Lou and I were visiting Bob and his family in Coon Rapids, a suburb of Minneapolis, Minnesota. I was with Bob and some of his grandchildren in his car. I turned around to the left to speak over my shoulder and to hear better what the kids said. In so doing, I allowed my right thigh to cross the center line of my body. This is a no-no! Such action may cause the ball to slip out of the socket. That is what happened. There was no pain, but I could feel the unpleasant strain on the muscles of my leg when I tried to stand.

I called Dr. Ritter and he suggested I go to an Emergency Room nearby. I experienced no pain so long as I didn't bear weight on my hip, so I was tempted to drive home that way. Cooler heads prevailed and Bob took me to a local hospital. An Xray revealed that the ball had come out of the socket. An orthopedic surgeon was summoned and with some twisting and turning, popped the ball back in the socket. Once it was back in place, there was no discomfort of any kind and we continued our visit. As I recall the bill for this was around \$1500.

In the Summer of 1993, at a Math Picnic at Fort Ouiatenon, in West Lafayette, Indiana, I swiveled around on a picnic table seat and popped the right hip out again. Jean Rubin drove Lou home to get my crutches so I could walk to the car. After driving home, I called Dr. Ritter. He suggested that I call a friend to come over at which

time he would give telephone instructions as to how to get the ball back in the socket. We called Paul Niles to perform this process. Ritter told us to tie a blanket around my ankle in such a way as to form a loop. Paul was to stand inside this loop and pull with all his strength. The ball was supposed to pop in.

Several minutes of effort failed to produce the desired result. Ritter finally said that I should come down to Mooresville in the morning and he would fix it. Paul wanted to keep trying. After struggling for almost an hour, I suggested he let go and relax. I'd take care of it the next day. When he relaxed – the ball popped in place as if by magic. In contrast to the \$1500 plus dollars the Coon Rapids episode had cost, I gave Paul \$20!

In May, 1994, I popped the right ball out of the socket again. This time we were in Denver. We were there for the high School graduation of one of our granddaughters, Kara Jean Fuller. At a reception at Dick's home, I again unwisely swiveled to the left and the right ball came out of the socket again. Dick drove me to an Emergency Room in a Denver hospital where a very wiry female doctor easily determined the joint was out. She essentially stood on the end of a gurney and pulled and twisted my leg in just the right way and the ball popped back into the socket. I don't remember how much that one cost.

The next episode with hips was the failure of the left prosthesis in 1998. No surgery is fun, but by now the techniques and the pain management had progressed to a much higher state. This procedure was also performed at Mooresville by Merrill Ritter. Also hospital stays were dramatically restricted. I spent five days in Kendrick Hospital. We felt that caring for me during my recuperation would be too much for Lou to handle. I arranged to spend three weeks in a rehabilitation center, Regency Place, on the south side of Lafayette. Again Jean and Herman Rubin brought me back to Lafayette in their wagon.

After this surgery I had a very unusual experience. My body retained water so that by the time I left Mooresville I weighed 50 pounds more than when I arrived. All water. I could not fasten my trousers about me. On the morning I was leaving, I was given my usual diuretic. This resulted in my wearing a diaper for the ride to Lafayette.

I end this long tale of hips with a final episode. In 1998 I was sitting in Peter Cook's office as he explained something he was doing on his computer. I swiveled to the left to see more clearly what was on the screen. Out went the joint. Peter went to

the parking lot where I had crutches in my car. I drove home. We had supper with our son Jim who was visiting and then, rather than wait until morning to go to Mooresville and Dr. Ritter, Jim went with me to the local emergency room. A local orthopedic surgeon worked valiantly but was unable to put the ball back in the socket without anesthetizing me. This resulted in my spending the night in Home Hospital.

I interrupted the stream of my history to include the full saga of my hips. Now, let's go back to 1976 where, as I related in *From Here to . . .*, I had resigned as Associate Dean of Science, having served 12 years in that capacity, including the interesting work of helping start a new school, and returned to my professorship in Mathematics,



Jim (R) and friend
Voyagers – 1972



Jim – 1976
in WLHS Band

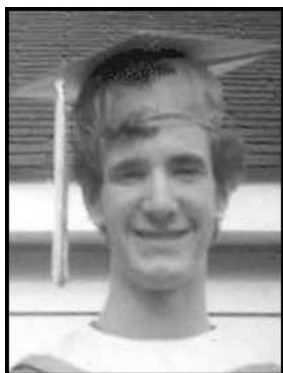
One of Jim's (our youngest son) activities for several years was the Voyagers Fife and Drum Corps. Composed of teens and preteens, the kids performed for various groups where there were frontier or colonial type themes. A major venue was the Tippecanoe County Historical Association's Feast of the Hunter's Moon, held annually just after harvest time. Naturally, the Corps involved Moms; making uniforms, selling coke at the Feast, etc. The Feast involves a week-end in October, plus weeks of preparation. Jim also played in the West Lafayette High School band. He first played the clarinet and for some reason changed to the oboe. He played the second oboe in the Lafayette Symphony for two years and, while a Pharmacy student at Purdue, played in the Purdue Symphony. He also played in pick-up orchestras as theatrical accompaniment.

It's hard to remember when Jim didn't take music lessons or perform music. In elementary school he started on what looked like a small

recorder and may have been one although I seem to remember it had a different name. My recollection is that he started piano on that that big old upright that I mentioned earlier. But he also played on the rebuilt Chickering that we bought for Ted. Jim studied piano under Helen Wollan and oboe under Jan Applegate.



Jan Applegate and Jim in the LSO



In 1974, while a graduate student at the University of Michigan, Ted joined a project to study various social aspects of relocating native villages. President Lyndon Johnson had proposed a huge hydro-electric project, similar to our TVA project, in the Mekong River. This would have required relocating hundreds of villages. Before leaving for this project Ted not only learned to speak Thai, but bowed to suggestions that the Thais did not appreciate facial hair by shaving off his beard, leaving only a mustache. In 1977, Ted (above left), completed the Ph. D. degree at the University of Michigan. His field was Sociology. His thesis reported on work done in Thailand connected with the proposed dam in the Mekong River.

In 1978, while an Assistant Professor at Virginia Tech, Ted married Beverly Roth.

In 1979 our youngest son, Jim (above right), graduated from West Lafayette High School.

In the Spring of 1979 Jim wanted to present an oboe Recital. We rented Duncan Hall in downtown Lafayette, for the event. He secured Larry Dunning as an accompanist and friends to form

a quartet for one number. Members of the quartet, in addition to Jim, were: Ella Kovacs, Susan Grabow and Tom Beck.



Jim with accompanist Larry Dunning at his recital

In 1983 our son, Ted, was on a Fulbright Scholarship in Thailand where he had done the research for his Ph.D. thesis earlier. Lou and I felt that this would be a good time to make our first trip outside the USA. (I describe this in the chapter *Our Foreign Travels*.)

In 1984 I was missing contacts with the Lafayette community. My association with the Lafayette Symphony Orchestra had ended for the moment. Professors Harold Michaels and D. Richard Smith approached me about becoming a Rotarian. To be honest, memories of *Babbitt*, by Sinclair Lewis, had not given me a great impression of such clubs, but I accepted and actually felt honored to be invited. It became a thoroughly enjoyable experience about which I tell more in the chapter *Other Adventures* which also contains my account of the LSO years.

In 1984 Lou, Jim and I made a self guided trip to northern France and Belgium followed by several days in England.

In 1985 Lou and I, accompanied by Jean and Herman Rubin, made another self guided tour of England, Wales and Scotland.

In 1986, Lou and I decided that we would like to make a trip to South America where we understood Halley's comet could be seen better. We never did get to see the comet while in South America.

I tell the story of these three trips and fill in some details of trips referred to below in *Our Foreign Travels*.

The trip to Brazil began a multi-year association with the Partners of the Americas, which I also tell about in the Chapter *Other Adventures*.

In 1986 our youngest son, Jim, graduated from Purdue with Bachelor's degree in Pharmacy.

All three of our sons graduated from Purdue University. Dick graduated in Civil Engineering; Ted in Mathematics and Jim in Pharmacy. Only Jim joined a fraternity; Alpha Kappa Lambda, where he lived for one year. Otherwise, all three lived at home. Dick didn't participate in many campus activities. His escapades with Jim Damon, Phil Boyle and Norm Williams centered around flying and cars kept him busy. Ted belonged to the Go crowd and the Math Club. Jim belonged to more groups: AKL (his fraternity), Alpha Phi Omega (a service fraternity) and as volunteer for the Crisis Hot Line among others.

An amusing incident on a picnic with APO got us a pink Weigela bush for the back yard at 924 Carrolton. As I understand it, he took a good bit of good-natured ribbing about his efforts to find a tree behind which he could relieve himself. To make sure he was never without a refuge in the future his fraternity mates gave him the bush at a later function. It was still decorating a corner of 924 Carrolton, when we moved out in 2005.



Jim receiving the Weigela

Our three sons were unique; each having his strengths. Lou has said the Dick was the “doer”, Ted was the “thinker” and Jim was the “joiner.” To look at them as I write this account of my life, I have to say they were all “doers”! Dick is winding down his career as Senior Engineer for Xcel Corporation (formerly Colorado Public Service Co.) in Denver Colorado, Ted is a Professor of Sociology at Virginia Tech in Blacksburg, Virginia and Jim is Director of the Pharmacy Department at Wishard Memorial Hospital in Indianapolis.

I've included a few photos from the hundreds Lou as compiled into memory books for them. There one which was never taken but is clearly present in my mind – Ted and his friend Mike Jerison standing on the corner of Northwestern Ave. and Hillcrest St. I would see them about 5:30 PM as I drove home from the campus - suggesting that their conversation had gone on for hours!

In 1987 Lou and I toured England again. This time we met Bob, Rhoda and Debbie and Fran and Holy for a mini-reunion.

In 1988 we made a trip to Brazil.

In May, 1989, in connection with the Silver Anniversary of the Partners of the Americas, we traveled to Brazil again. See *Other Adventures*.

In November/December of 1991 I went to Rio Grande do Sul in my role as President of the Indiana Chapter of Partners.

In 1992, I planned to make a pleasure trip to Brazil along with Paul and Dorothy Van Cleef, Gordon and Harriet Coppoc and Grace Tolliver. We were to visit our old friend and former symphony conductor, Eduardo Ostergren, in Ribeiro Preto. The schedule then called for a visit to Porto Alegre.

Unfortunately I had one of those hip dislocations, (see the **Saga** above), and it was felt that it would be unwise for me to make the trip. The others did. Dorothy described their trip in a report: *Trip to Brazil October 17-November 9, 1992*.

In November, 1993, the Annual Convention of the Partners was held in San José, Costa Rica. See *Other Adventures*. A group from Indiana, including: Jim Fuller, Ann Grove, Sallie Dell Lee, Norma Singley, Nancy Hughes and Lou and I went to this meeting.

Aside from the Symphony, Rotary and Covenant Presbyterian Church, we did not participate much in the West Lafayette Community. Perhaps that was because our heritages had made me a Democrat and Lou a Republican. Our votes, which we faithfully cast, frequently canceled out and our biases prevented us from being active in political parties. We did not either one adhere blindly to these parties, but the bias was there.

In the Winter of 1993 our community was embroiled in a debate about what to do with school construction. The Junior High School had been combined with the Senior High School on North Grant Street site. This, along with population increases, had brought about severe crowding at the Grant Street building. The School Board and Superintendent Tom Fihe offered five alternatives to deal with this. Four of them involved building a new high school building, on property owned along North Salisbury, at the extreme north edge of the city.

A majority of the school patrons seemed to be opposed to two things: the combining of the Junior and Senior groups and the construction of a new school at the proposed location.

The Board had been indoctrinated to the idea

of a combined Junior/Senior school by the previous Superintendent Judith Shook. We understood that, to ensure that the Happy Hollow School which had been built as a Junior High School could not be used that way so far as chemistry labs were concerned, she had caused the drains in the labs to be permanently plugged.

This issue was non-political and we were in agreement in wanting the Junior High separated from the High School and keeping the High School where it was. In addition to attending rallies on the subject we wrote to Superintendent Fihe concerning our position. We favored separating the Junior/Senior groups and remodeling the High School on the current site. I also wrote a "Letter to the Editor" concerning the inadequacies of a telephone poll the Journal and Courier had conducted.

The whole debate was the "big story" of early 1993. The issues were ultimately resolved by the Board deciding to remodel and enlarge the high school at the current North Grant Street location. The sports facilities were located at the North Salisbury site. The separation of the Junior and Senior high school groups was never possible in the School Board's thinking!

April, 1994, I made another Presidential visit to our companion chapter in Rio Grande do Sul.

In November of that year, eleven Gaúchos visited Indiana in a return trip to our 1989 visit there. For more on that visit, see *Other Adventures*.

In November, 1994, following the gaúcho's departure, Jim and I drove to Atlanta for the Annual Meeting of the Partners of the Americas. Enroute, we spent a night with Holy's family in Chattanooga, Tennessee.

While at the meeting I suffered a heart attack. Lou felt that she must come to Atlanta to be with me. In the end Ted came, too, and the four of us celebrated Thanksgiving there. I learned later this was an outstanding site at which to have a heart attack as the Crawford Long Hospital of Emory University was a pre-eminent cardiac facility.

From my youth I had suffered with a leaking aortic valve. Advancing age and these ongoing problems led my cardiologist, Dr. Robert Riddell, to recommend a valve replacement procedure. Along with this they would do a by-pass to replace the portion of an artery held open by a stent.

The surgery was performed, in December, 1996, by a member of the Shumacker, Isch, Jolly, Fitzgerald, Fess and Glasser, M.D.'s, Inc., whose offices were at St. Vincent Hospital in Indianapolis. These doctors appeared to be a team of inter-

changeable surgeons. Dr. Fitzgerald performed, in October, the initial interview and the catheterization of the heart to determine what was actually necessary. Dr. Paris performed the surgery in December and Dr. Stobb(sp?) discharged me in December.

While visiting me in the hospital, Lou contracted a rather virulent virus. After I came home she passed this on to me. In my weakened condition, it was very bad for me. I needed visiting nurse services for several weeks.

The value that our society puts on a life was quite impressive. Due to the U.S. Medicare program my fellow citizens spent about \$40,000 of tax money to give me a renewed life.

At the same time I was suffering from an inguinal hernia. Dr. Riddell wanted me to delay the repair of this hernia until I had recovered from the heart surgery. This repair was accomplished by Dr. Gerritt Smith in the Spring of 1997. While I knew that the heart surgery was more important to my life, the fact was that the hernia repair gave me more physical relief. When I related this to Dr. Riddell he expressed the idea that he would have great glee in relating it to the Shumacker, Isch surgeons. He thought it would lower the excessive estimate they had of themselves.

In November, 1997, I attended the Partners Convention in Buenos Aires, Argentina where I was elected to a three-year term on the International Board of Directors. After the Convention, I spent a week with partners in Porto Alegre and had Thanksgiving dinner at Carmem's Apartment – (For further details see *Other Adventures*).

We became "empty nesters" in 1986 when Jim graduated with a degree in Pharmacy and moved to Indianapolis to work for Wishard Hospital. He is currently (2011) serving as Vice President for Clinical Support Services. Dick, naturally, was the first to leave with his BS in Engineering earned in 1968. He and Donna Higginbotham married the following year. They located in Denver where Dick worked for what was known then as Colorado Public Service Company. He recently retired as Senior Engineer after 42 years with thw company. Ted graduated from Purdue in 1971. He and his wife Sue Hill moved to Ann Arbor Michigan for graduate studies in Sociology. Two marriages later he is Professor of Sociology at Virginia Tech. He and Sheila enjoy life in Blacksburg and globally. There's more to their stories; hopefully they will write them one day.

We struggled mightily with the idea of moving out of our Carrolton Boulevard home into a

retirement community. Fear of the unknown was part of it. We consulted a financial planner in the hope that he would tell us we couldn't afford it. He said we could. We consulted Lou's Podiatrist in the hope he would say the slab floors would be too cold in the winter for Lou's life-long ankle problem. He said that should pose no problem.

So, in January, 2005, after years of hesitation and false starts, we gave up battling snow removal, lawn care and home maintenance to move into Green Tree at West Lafayette. Green Tree is a collection of 40 Patio Homes in 10 buildings, for Independent Living, and a large apartment building for Assisted Living. Dick and Donna, Ted and Sheila and Jim all came home for several days to assist in the move.

We had lived at 924 Carrolton Boulevard for 45 years!



Our condo is just off the lower left corner of this photo