

On October 28, 1911 I was born to Carl and Emma Hammerberg at either 4309 or 4315 N. Lawndale Av. in Chicago. At that time it was common practice to be delivered by a midwife at home. I was the 3rd boy of 6 boys. Clifford and Carter preceded me. I was given the name of Simon Edgar, and baptized in the Irving Park Lutheran Church. In 1915 we moved to our newly built home at 4426 N. Hamlin Av. The cost was \$5,000 and after a small down payment was burdened with a large mortgage. I don't remember much of life on Lawndale. My mother used to say that the neighborhood girl ~~used to~~ enjoyed wheeling me about in the carriage. I was born with red hair.

In those days times were pretty tough. My father worked as an iron molder - 48 hour week. A long street car ride to and from work didn't leave much free time. Food and rent took most of the pay envelope. My mother took care of the home, cooked, cleaned,

washed clothes, made clothes, serimped and saved. Her good friend, Mrs. Sloan, told her that no matter how much money you may get, save 10%; Even if it's only 10¢ save 1 cent. I believe that's how they got enough for a down payment on a house.

When I was a little more than 4 years old a few playmates and I were playing in the dirt under the back porch. One of the children took a handful of dirt and threw it in my face. I got an eye infection which spread to the other eye. After home remedies didn't work, my father took me to a doctor (GP) on Ogutik - about a block away - Dr. Roebig & believe who treated ~~my~~ eyes but was unsuccessful in effecting a cure. When things got worse he recommended I be taken to an eye specialist at Augustana Hospital. My father then took me to see this Dr. who asked for \$25 for the visit. He removed the bandages and checked my eyes and said the infection was too far gone. Nothing could be done. I was to be blind.

What a blow! So my father carried me to the street car and on the Lincoln Av. car, he met a neighbor from Sawdale Av., Mr. Lind. They talked about my eyes and the dire prognosis and Mr. Lind said, "There is a German eye doctor by the name of Dr. Brown on your way home. He has an office in his home. Take him there and see what he says." I believe this was an answer to my parents' prayers. We came to Dr. Brown's home; it must have been about 5 PM or so, and Dr. Brown was in his office. He removed the bandages and examined each eye. He said "I believe I can save one eye but I have to operate right now - can you hold him?" My father held my hands and feet so they could not move and the Dr. held my head between his legs. My father said that he ~~got~~ ^{got behind} each eyeball and removed all the infection from ~~them~~ it and applied medication while I was screaming at the top of my lungs. After bandaging up my eyes he said I believe we have saved one

After the operation my father said he went out and sat on the front steps holding me. He was wringing wet. Several neighbors came and asked what all the yelling was about. We finally got home. I remember bumping into walls, doors etc as I went around ⁱⁿ the house. There were several visits to Dr Brown. I remember he had a large roll-top desk and in the upper right hand drawer he had some chocolate candy which he gave to me each time I came. After about three months he removed the bandages and asked if I could see anything. I could see some green coloring that cheered him up. He said that it looked promising. After that my eyes healed rapidly and finally the bandages were off for good. I am still rather suspicious of so called specialists.

By 1916 I was enrolled in Hangan school - only 1/2 block from home. The classrooms were crowded and there were

plans for adding to the school building. Before the new additions were finished they put up several portable classrooms in the school yard. Each had seats for 48 pupils with a pot-belly stove for heat. These served quite well until the new additions were completed.

World war I was in progress at this time and the children played soldier with home-made wooden guns. There was lots of vacant property about so we were able to dig caves or make huts etc.

Before I get too far ahead I'd like to give the birth dates of my brothers. Clifford Arthur was born November 2, 1907. He was named after Mrs Scott Jordan - her maiden name was Clifford Hall. Carter was born October 18, 1909. He was accidentally scalded and died Dec. 29, 1910. Robert was born Feb 22, 1913. His health was not good and he passed away on father's birthday Oct. 16, 1913. He was less than 8 months old. Carter and Robert

are buried in Forest Home Cemetery.
I believe each grave cost \$5. Chester
was born April 14, 1915 and
Paul's birthdate was October 5, 1925.

We used to get milk from the
dairy at 3710 Agate - Carlson's
Dairy. One of us would take the empty
bottles and get a couple of quarts of
milk out of the cooler and pay
one of the girls. One day I went for
milk - got a couple of quarts out of the
cooler, but no one seemed to be there.
So I pocketed the money and brought
the milk home. We were playing
soldier that day so I bought a package
of Sweet Caparral cigarettes and we
smoked and played until supper
time. In the meantime one of the
Carlson Dairy girls came and wanted the
money for the milk from my mother.

Needless to say there was a lot of ex-
plaining to do when I got home. When
I was ready for bed mother discovered
the partially used pack of cigarettes
in my pocket. That's when my father
got in the act. He didn't spare the
rod. I have never smoked since.

One of my friends was Ray Johnson.
He was a step-son of Carlson of
Carlson's Dairy. He was my age. My
brother Cliff said I could beat Ray in a
fight and others said I couldn't. So the
arguing went on until they got the
two of us in the vacant lot across
the street with rosters for me and one
for Ray. It was a fist fight - no
gloves. After a few punches on both
sides Ray landed a solid punch on
my nose and it bled profusely.
That was the end of the fight!
I never had occasion to fight
again. Ray and I were friends
for many years until he passed
away a couple of years ago.

Religion

I was baptized at a very early
age at the Irving Park Lutheran Church.
My Godparents were Halmar and
Maria Swanson, my aunt & uncle.

I attended Sunday School reg-
ularly and was confirmed in 1925
by Pastor Joshua Allen. I attended
church regularly with my mother
and father - usually at the
Swedish service. My mother

couldn't hear, but was able to follow the service with my help with the psalm book. My mother + father were deeply religious and supported the church. Father's favorite expressions were "Don't cheat the church and the pastor's purse is never full".

Games We Played.

There were many games we played from ages 5-15. One was marbles. At first we had small ones made of baked + glazed clay. Later we had those made of glass in beautiful colors. The best shooters were made of a gate and these were quite expensive. We would play on a dirt surface. We made a ring 12 to 15" in diameter and each player would put a certain number of his marbles on the ring. Then each player would toss his shooter toward the ring, the closest to the ring would start to play. The idea was to shoot the marbles out of the ring or shoot your opponent's shooter away from the ring. A player continued to play until he missed.

In inclement weather or in winter we would form a small ring with a piece of white string on the parlor floor and grandpa, my father, would get in the game. He enjoyed it as much as we did.

In summer it seemed every kid in the neighborhood had a wagon. We were lucky to have a Sherwood coaster. It had 4 coil springs and was very fast. In those days everyone had an ice box and was delivered by ice men. If you needed ice you displayed an ice card in the window - on each of the 4 sides was a number, 25, 50, 75 or 100. Whichever number was up told the ice man how many lbs was needed. There was an ice house a few blocks from the house and when we needed ice we would take the wagon and a 10 or 20¢ piece. A 20¢ piece would fill our ice box and last 2-3 days. Our tenant, Mrs Kluge, would give me 5¢ to get a 20¢ piece of ice so that was big money.

Every kid had a pair of roller skates. When they got bored with roller skating they made "push-

"mobiles". They were easy to make. You took one roller skate apart and nailed the 2 front wheels to 3-4' 2x4 and the 2 back wheels to the other end of the 2x4. Then you nailed an orange or apple crate to the top front of the 2x4. One could make handles, a headlight (a tin can with a lighted candle inside), a seat, a name, etc. There were races up and down Hamlin and the droning noise really got to the wives in the neighborhood.

Soft ball was very popular in the vacant lots. We very rarely had enough players for 2 sides so we played "piggy move-up". When the batter made out he went to the out field and the catcher batted and the pitcher was catcher, etc.

During World War I we played soldiers and made toy guns using rubber bands made from discarded inner tubes. We also had cap guns but who could buy caps? We dug caves in the vacant lots and smoked corn silk in corn cob pipes.

at Independence Park, about 1/2 mile away they had an indoor

pool. Boys could swim there Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, Girls on Wednesday and Friday. You brought a pair of white tights and a towel and you could really have fun for an hour or so during the hot summer vacation days.

Our uncle Elmer Swanson lived on Belmont Avenue not far from ~~the~~ Lake Michigan and he and Cousin Rose would tell us how good the perch fishing was. So we got "hooked". We dug worms in the yard, fixed up bamboo poles with lines and hooks and took the street car to Broadway + Cornelia and walked down to the lake. We caught fish but they didn't bite too well on worms. Crayfish were better. So we decided, next time we'll have worms + crayfish. We went to the butcher and bought 5¢ worth of liver + about 1/2 lb. I guess and went down Hamlin to the river about 3/4 mile north. We tied a piece of liver on a piece of white bakery string with a small stick for a pole and fished

for crayfish. Two or three would latch on to the lines and we'd carefully raise the line and put a small net under and catch them. We fished for perch quite often. The best times were when the wind was south or west. We had some pretty nice strings of perch and they were really good.

There were other games like tag and run sheep run, etc. that we played after supper in the summer.

When I was 5 I was enrolled in kindergarten. The school was quite crowded and we only went half days. The first, second and third grades were housed in "portables". These were pre-fabricated buildings the size of a regular school classroom, set up in the school yard to ease overcrowding. Each had its own heating system - a pot bellied stove in the corner of the room. There were seats & desks for 48 students.

These were temporary - until the additions at the north and south end of the school were completed.

^{ethnic}
The make-up of the students was quite a mixture. There was a pre-dominance of Jews and Bohemians. The Bohemian boys and girls came from the Bohemian Orphans Home on Pulaski near the river. The rest of the students were 2nd generation, Greeks, Irish, Italians, Swedes etc. We all got along great together. Discipline was strict and the teachers were dedicated to their job, and we all learned the Three R's.

During World War I the kids played "soldiers". We saved War Savings Stamps (5¢ each). When we had the required amount we exchanged them for a War Bond. My mother knitted socks, wristlets and many other things for the soldier. Cliff even learned to knit and was quite good at it. When the war ended Armistice Day - there was quite a celebration. I remember the conductor on a Montrose street car allowed the kid to tie tin cans and assorted pieces of junk to the rear of the car before he signaled the motorman to start. Boy - what a racket. There were

lots of parades and flag waving.
Everyone celebrated.

During the '20s there was quite a building boom in our neighborhood. A lot of apartment buildings were erected and gradually our play lots disappeared. We played in these buildings as they were being built. There was a lot of kindling wood available and that was welcome as we had stove heat at our house. The first floor we rented out - it had a furnace, but the second floor where we lived had a kitchen stove year round and a coal stove in the dining room from October until April 17. On April 17 mother's birthday, the dining room stove was taken out and on cool days we hung around the kitchen.

In grade school they had 2 shops & manual training (woodshop) and the print shop for 7th and 8th graders. I guess I got my start in printing at that time. Cliff helped out at the church where they had a printing press in

the basement and printed the weekly bulletins - later he got a part-time job at York Printing Co. on E. Elston and Montrose. When I was about 12 years old I would get part time jobs at York Printing - helping to fold circulars when they were busy. After I graduated from grade school I got a job in the print shop doing odd jobs during the summer. My starting pay was 20¢/hr. When I started high school I was able to work after school for 2 1/2 hours each day and 5 hrs on Saturday. There wasn't much time for fooling around. After supper it was home-work until bed-time. During the summers I went to summer school in the mornings so I was able to have a lighter schedule during the school year. In my final semester at Schurz, I started at 8 and was through at 11 and worked all afternoon. I enjoyed school but never took part in the extra curricular activities - no time. I was always on the honor roll. I liked one girl very much but I was too shy to do much about

I gave her a ride home once in the old Ford - it was kind of scary because there had been a sleet storm and ice was covering everything, but I got her home safely. I don't think she was much interested in me. I couldn't dance so I didn't attend any of the school dances. I graduated in June 1929 and I had hopes of being a mining engineer. I would have liked to attend the Michigan school of Mines or the Boulder Colorado school but it was depression - no money for that. My father worked a couple of days a week for a while - then not at all. My mother worked a day or two a week for Mrs. Jordan for a few dollars washing and cooking so there wasn't much of a cash flow. I paid \$20/week room and board, but that was usually almost a week's wages for me. I managed to save some money. Clever + Cliff helped out and we managed to survive. I had lots of time on my hands so I decided to build a sail boat. Plans were in the Popular Science Magazine. It was 15' long, 60" beam, had a centerboard. It was gaff rigged and had a 15' mast and 128 sq. ft. of sail. I made all the frames in the basement and then moved to the garage. Always had a lot of advice etc. because all our friends would hang out in the garage when I was working on it.

The lumber cost \$70.00. The sail was made by an awning company where our neighbor Carl Klemm worked and cost \$10.00. We decided to call it The Hammercraft and Bob George - who was very artistic - sign painter and Cliff's friend, put the name on the sides in gold leaf - a really nice job. We sailed it on several lakes. One day on ~~the~~ Lake Geneva, one afternoon on Lake Michigan at Zion, one week on Pioneer Lake in Wisconsin (our first sail). For several summers it was moored on Lake ^{Elizabeth} ~~Madison~~ - one of the twin lakes - in Wisconsin. Part of the lake was in Illinois.

We sailed the boat mostly on week-ends for several years. I believe I dismantled the boat in ~~the~~ 1940. Between 1929 and Dec. 1936 I worked at York Printing Co. for Mr + Mrs Beadon Turner. Mrs. Turner's brother, Richard Wagner also worked there and we became good friends. We talked over many possibilities to improve our lot. We almost set out for Idaho to pan for gold. Another idea was to buy some low land in Michigan and raise celery but that fell through. During that time there was a lot of publicity about the golden opportunity in Diesel Engineering and we got a lot of literature from a Diesel school which was just starting up in Chicago. We figured the first graduates would be placed

in jobs as sort of an incentive for future students to enroll. I believe they said if after completing the course, the school did not find us a job then the last tuition payment was to be omitted. Well after completion of the course I don't believe any of the students got a job thro' the school.

Chester worked as a butcher during the depression. First as a helper in the corner meat market and as he learned more and more he worked in several chain markets and became a very good butcher. He also got along well with customers. When Rich and I talked about going to Florida to "seek our fortune" Chester thought it was a good idea too and wanted to go along. He didn't know what we would do, but Rich said we could all stay with his sister Grace Link until we found a way to earn some money. I had the Pierce-Arrow and a trailer and a lot of camping stuff and on Jan 15, 1937 we started for Florida.

In 1933 the Chicago World's Fair was opened and people came from all over to

see the wonders. Some friends of my mother wrote to us from Wichita, Kansas and asked if they could visit us and see the Fair. Well we were happy to have them and so they came. Mrs. Holmberg, her daughter Linnear and her girl friend Mrs. Boucher and an elderly spinster whom mother knew from Sweden, Maya. They stayed for over a week and took in the fair every day. Linnear was a year older than me & we got to like each other. We corresponded for several years. Linnear returned in 1934 and had another girl friend with her and they enjoyed their stay here. In 1935, I believe, Linnear took a summer course at ND and lived in Evanton. We would see each other on week ends. Our "courtship" was mostly by mail. On Jan 15, 1937, Richard, Dagmar, Chester and I started out to seek our fortune in Florida. We packed all our camping gear in the trailer and we took a round-about way to Pinecastle Florida. I wanted to pay a visit to Wichita Kansas to see Linnear we stayed a few days and then headed down south to the gulf and then east to Florida. We had no definite plans for the future - jobs were just as scarce there as in Chicago. We put up our tent and sort of camped out in the backyard.

of Paul and Grace Link. Grace was Richard's sister. Chester managed to get a job as a butcher in Riley's grocery and market in Orlando. Getting some meat in our diet sure helped. There was a big abandoned barn on the property which we tore down and used the lumber to build a small cabin. It contained 3 bunk beds, a stove and kitchen table and chairs and a chest of drawers. It was more livable than the tent. After that we got the idea to build a hamburger stand out front as we were on the main highway between Orlando and Kissimmee. We designed it and situated it so the south wall could be seen on cars travelling north. The stand was a few feet out of parallel with the highway. Everyone would come by and ask why we built it. "Catty-wampus"; after a while we decided that that would be a good name for it. So we had signs made Katy-Wampus. It consisted of a long counter with stools, two tables, 4 chairs each, soft drink cooler, big ice cream cabinet, stove, refrigerator. We had to put in a well for water and since there was no electricity we had to get set up for an electric power pole etc.

In the meantime our funds were getting low and after a lot of work we started selling hamburgers, hot dogs, pop, ice cream, road beef sandwiches etc. An occasional few bucks from home sure helped. Without Chester the whole enterprise would have failed. I was not cut out to be able to sell anything. Anyway, in June of 1938 I had a chance to go back to Chicago - a friend of Danilla Smith was going to Chicago and needed someone to go along to help drive. We took 2 days to get here and I was glad to be back home again. I was able to get a job at York Printing and saw there was not much of a future there. Cliff urged me to register at Wright Junior College and take up classes. So for the next 2 years I worked part time and studied hard. I did very well - got a gold key for scholarship and was readily accepted to attend Northwestern University. I worked full time at York from 1929 to 1937. Stella in 1935 York - now on 330 So Franklin St downtown hired Stella as a bindery girl. She was a good worker neat and cheerful. We dated now + then and corresponded while I was in Florida. When I got

back from Florida in 1937 I was able to work at York until I started school at Wright Jr. College. I encouraged Stella to go to Schurz night school to take up typing and Comptometry. After 2 semesters at Schurz she got a job in the pay-roll dept. at Sears as a comptometer operator. She continued on this job until Aug. 1942 when she came to Buffalo. I had rented a furnished apt in South Buffalo and she stayed there. Me and Leon Cook stayed in a rented room a few blocks away. I moved in to the furnished apt on Aug 8 after we were married. Stella + I contacted the Priest - Father Rochford - to make arrangements for the wedding ceremony. He said he needed \$5.00 to get a special dispensation from the Bishop. Also he said ~~we~~ since we wanted to get married ~~on~~ August 8, on Saturday we could not get married in the afternoon so we figured the closest to Sat afternoon was 11:45 AM in the priest's office. We got there

on time - Leon Cook (best man), Rose + Blanche were bridesmaids, Evan Binkert, guest - and me + Stella. The priest arrived at his office and the ceremony was over before noon. We had a very nice wedding cake and had pictures taken in the afternoon. We had dinner at a nice restaurant in the evening. On Sunday we all went to Niagara Falls which was about 50 miles away and spent the day. On Monday Blanche + Rose returned to Chicago and I went back to work at the Chemical Plant. The apartment we had was very nice and we were both very happy. After a few weeks we enquired about the wedding pictures - they said they could not locate them. The photographer kept the films away for processing and somehow they were mislaid somewhere. By this time many of the 50 chemists who started on June 15 had left. Leon Cook decides to play football for the Phila. Eagles. Binkert got a job in Chicago working for the Armour Research Lab. I was shifted to different parts of the plant to be familiarized with many operations. My boss, Bill Allen, told me that I was entitled to 1 week vacation after 6 months so on Jan. 2 Stella and I hopped on the Nickel Plate R.R. and came to Chicago for a week. In Chicago we

paid a visit to Benberd + his wife on the far south side and he urged me to come to Armour for an interview. He arranged it - an interview with Ralph Potts who was in charge of chemical research at the Pilot Plant in the stock yards and also at the chemical plant at 31st St. after the interview - he hired me. When we returned to Buffalo I had to go to the vice president and tender my resignation - He was quite upset but there was nothing he could do.

We came back to Chicago with all our belongings in a trunk and several suit cases which we checked at the baggage room of The Nickel Plate R.R. Luckily there was no charge for this. We stayed at 4426 for a very short time until we were able to rent an apt. It was at 3622 N. Troy St. It wasn't long before we had 2 boarders - Blanche and Stella's brother Joe. The flat was very convenient to public transportation a block away was Clinton Av. street car line. 1/2 a block away was the Addison street which we took to the Ravenswood Elevated. For many years I took public transportation to and from work. The Pilot Plant of Armour Research was located close to 47th

street and Ashland Av. The Ashland Av. street car stopped at 47th and there was a 1-block walk to the Pilot Plant. If I took the 'L' - there was about a 3 block walk. The elevated train, in those days, went right into the stock yard area. We transferred at Indiana Av. to the Stock yard branch. On July 1, 1944 Marilyn was born. Our Dr. at that time was Dr. Waggoner.

I believe Stella's health problems started in August 1989. Her problem at this time was a vaginal prolapse (dropped bladder). Dr. Ackley recommended that she see a gynecologist, Dr. Brubaker at Rush Presbyterian, St. Lukes hospital. She was head of the dept. at Rush Medical School. On Aug 25, 1989 she had surgery. Over 5 hours - they secured her bladder, removed 2 small fibroid non-malignant tumors, performed a hysterectomy. She was back home in about a week but her bladder control was not good. On Oct 19, 1990 I got up

at about 7am to go to the bath room and when I got there Stella was lying on the floor, apparently she had passed out during the night. I revived her - all it took was a slight shake and got her back in bed. I called Dr. Ackley & he said to bring her to the emergency room. I got George & Sylvia to help me and we got her to the hospital, after many tests, etc. they admitted her to the cardiac section and said she probably had a heart attack. They decided to transfer her to Illinois Masonic hospital for further testing of her heart. They performed angioplasty Nov. 7. On Nov. 8 she had quadruple bi-pass surgery which went well. Stella was discharged from Ill. Masonic Hospital on Nov. 17, 1990. Her Drs at Ill. Masonic Hospital were S. Saab, Naffah, Masher, Abhtalab, and J. Walsh - all M.D.s.

Previously Stella had been having trouble with varicose veins in her left leg also a sore on her left foot which

never seemed to dry up and Stella kept trying to heal it for a long time. Dr. Ackley finally sent her to Dr. Hunter at Rush Presbyterian Hospital and he recommended removal of the varicose vein in her left leg. A date was set and he removed it and after a short time all was healed. On another occasion Stella had a office visit to Dr. Ackley and he started by taking her pulse rate. He got alarmed because there was no pulse on her left right arm. He stopped everything and I had to take Stella to Rush Presbyterian Hospital emergency room with a note to Dr. Hunter's group to operate immediately on Stella arm. One of the Drs took over - and with a special instrument found a pulse rate of 5. He got her to an operating room and by 9 PM about 3 hours later he came and said the operation

went well. He flushed the arteries in her right hand from below the elbow. Said a lot of crud came out - clots etc. and finally all was clear and the operation was a success. She stayed overnight and came home next day. Then there were several times when her heart rhythm was erratic and Dr. Eschane would have her hospitalized "for 3-5 days" but each time she got pneumonia in the hospital and also a virus the antibiotics could not cure. One of those hospitalizations lasted almost a month and after that she was unable to walk or stand up by herself due to the lung thing stay on her back in the hospital bed. It seemed that every time she was hospitalized at Swedish Covenant hospital she caught pneumonia

and a virus that the antibiotics could not cure. She never did get her strength back completely. Depended on a wheel chair - also a portable commode on the side of her bed. She had to urinate 2-3 times during the night. For a long time she would poke me for help but gradually she was able to manage by herself

Early in December 1993 we just were about through eating supper when Stella started to choke. She tried to swallow her saliva but couldn't. What to do? We got the plastic dish pan under her chin and hoped for a change - no change. We got her to the emergency room at Swedish Covenant and they tried to push a tube down her esophagus which was very painful ~~finally~~ finally a better nurse took over and inserted a very tiny tube and got the esophagus open. She was hospitalized and Dr. Segorta was called in. His group performed a resection of her esophagus

which showed that she had a hiatal
hernia and a short distance above she
had a structure which almost closed
the esophagus. They were able to pass
a plastic tube about 1/2 inch in diameter
and about 30 inches long down her
esophagus and hold it there ~~for~~ for 3
minutes. They also took a tiny sample
of the structure and also one of the
upper esophagus to check if any cancer
was present. No cancer showed in any
tests. I was given a tube similar to
the one they used to dilate the esophagus
and instructed in its use. In the
beginning I had to dilate her esophagus
for 3 minutes 3 times a week. I would
spray her throat with an anesthetic and
pass the 30 inch long tube - plastic - filled
with mercury and sealed - down her esophagus
and hold it there for 3 minutes. As time
went on the interval was extended until
it was finally once in 3 weeks.
This went on from Dec. 1993 until
June 23, 97. When she was in the
hospital in July 1997 Dr. Sapota made a
scan of her esophagus and was happy to
say the structure was finally gone.

During the last couple of weeks in June 1997
something was going on that puzzled me.
About 3 or 4 evenings Stella would go into
"slow motion" after supper. It would take
her about 15 minutes to button the new
buttons on her blouse or when she was get-
ting ready for bed she would use bobby pins
and a hair net to keep her hair from
getting mussed-up. It usually took about
15-20 minutes while she watched T.V. But
on the "slow motion" times it took 2-3 hours
to get the job half done. I would push
to bed regardless of whether she was done
usually about 10 PM. The next day she was
OK after these spells. The last week of
June was a busy one for Stella. She got her
hair washed and set, had Holy Communion
with anointment with oil. I thought that
communion with anointing with oil was for
"the last rites" but she hadn't had that for
years, I believe. Pastor Murphy would give
her communion about once a month.
She had an appt. to see Dr. Dubane on
Thursday and all her vital signs were
O.K. I asked the Dr. about her slow
motion periods, but got no answer.
In retrospect, I believe he should have

referred Stella to a neurologist at once.
Anyway we got back home O.K. and she
was her usual self. Sunday morning
she was up early and watched TV from 7.30
till 8.00 - Mass for shut-ins. Everything
seemed O.K. Early on Wed. July 2 I got up
to go to the bathroom - about 7 AM. When I
got back to the bedroom Stella was in a heap
on the floor at the side of the bed in front
of the portable commode. Apparently she
had to get up and urinate in the commode.
When she was done and tried to get back
in bed she had the massive brain
hemorrhage or stroke. She didn't wet
the bed (she never did) or the floor but
I couldn't get a sound out of her. I
got her back in bed and called 911
and they got here in a few minutes.
By 5 AM she was in the emergency
room at Swedish Covenant Hospital.
They performed a brain scan and the
neurologist said it was the worst he
had seen and predicted that Stella
would last - maybe 3 days. It
was difficult for Stella to
swallow any food so they

pumped liquid nutrients into her arm for
weeks. She seemed to be doing well and
the medication - blood thinner and
heart pills + therapy were effective. They
performed an operation inserting a tube
into the side wall of her stomach so
they could pump food directly into her
stomach. She was then transferred from
the main hospital to extended care - across
the street and they continued her medi-
cation and therapy until Sept 3
when she was transferred to St Paul
nursing home. She was alert - and sat at
the side of the bed for short periods of
time, but had trouble swallowing any food
so they continued feeding her thro' the tube
into her stomach. They brought in a
reclining back wheel chair and she
spent a few hours each day either in her
room or out in the hallway. I was
able to feed her small amounts of apple
sauce at noon each day in an effort to
get her swallowing mechanism
to work properly, but with little success.
On October 5 she + Ruth stopped at
the nursing home on their return from
Orshosh, Wisconsin. Stella + Ruth

were very glad to see each other and talked and had a really nice visit in the hallway. They stayed a long time that afternoon. The following days Sunday + Monday I visited Stella as usual, but could not get any verbal response - I figured she just didn't want to talk. She wasn't able to swallow any food and didn't seem like her former self. From that time until March 13, 1998 she didn't utter a single sound. When Michael was here he said she answered "yes" to a query he asked her after strenuously squeezing her right arm. On the 23 of Feb-1998, during the night Stella vomitted and inspection of the vomit showed black material similar to coffee grounds. They figured she was having stomach bleeding so the Dr advised she be brought back to Swedish Covenant Hospital. After many tests they decided the feeding apparatus was shifted somehow and rubbing on the stomach wall and caused excessive bleeding. They re-arranged its position and secured it

so it ~~would~~ wouldn't move and that problem was solved. They also said she had pneumonia (every time she came to Swedish Covenant she got pneumonia). They also said she had an anti resistant virus which they were trying to treat. Finally they operated on her rt shoulder area and inserted a tube directly into a blood vessel so they could inject a potent antibiotic to knock out the virus. This proved effective and on March 13 she was transferred back to St Pauls. In a joking manner I told her to be very careful because it was Friday the 13th - an unlucky day. I could tell by the sparkle in her eye she smiled inwardly. At about 3 PM they moved her to St Pauls and I was there when they brought her. They got the bed all set and put her in it and she looked beautiful. She was ~~tired~~ tired and I stayed til 4 PM and then I left saying "see you" tomorrow morning."

after supper - and after the dishes
were washed and put away the
telephone rang. It was the nurse at
St. Pauls. She said "I just came
in to check on Stella and she wasn't
breathing."

She must have passed away
in her sleep. I don't think she
gave up. The Dr. said she probably
had a heart attack. She had
irregular heart beats now and
then for years.

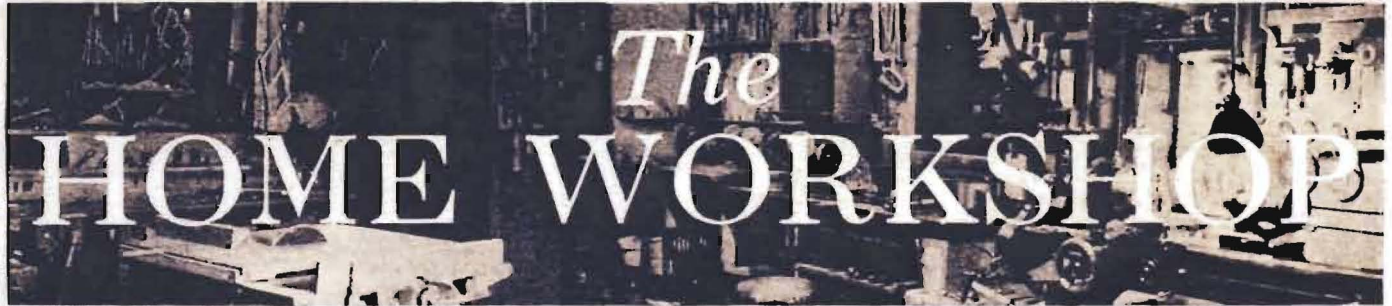
I visited her every day from
July 2, 1997 until March 13, 1998.
Sometimes twice a day when there
was a driver available. I missed
only 1 day after a heavy snow fall.

Wake - March 19, 1998 - Mee + Ramme

Funeral March 20, 1998 St. Edward

Burial March 20, 1998 - Ridgewood





The HOME WORKSHOP

MODEL MAKING • HOME WORKSHOP CHEMISTRY • THE SHIPSHAPE HOME

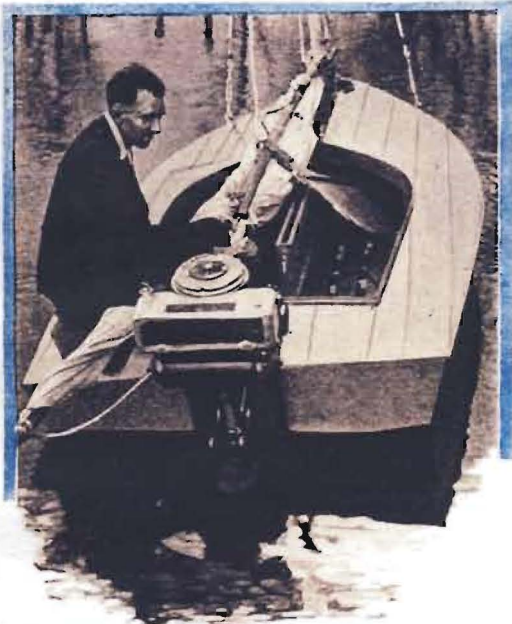
Speedy New Sailboat-Motorboat

Gives *All-Around* Sport

By WILLIAM JACKSON



Under sail, *Dauntless* is not only safe but exceedingly speedy for a boat of her dimensions. She is easily controlled and does not tend to hang in the wind or "yaw."



Mr. Jackson tested the boat with several classes and makes of motors and found it both fast and seaworthy.

little water and is not heavy; and when propelled by an outboard motor, she does not squat and drag.

Dauntless is 15 ft. long and has an extreme beam of 5 ft. 5 in. She is fast under power, and her beam makes her seaworthy. In our tests this craft proved faster than either round- or flat-bottomed rowboats powered with small outboard

motors. The following are the motors adapted to this boat and the speeds:

Class "A," 2 to 8 H.P.—8 to 15 M.P.H.
Class "B," 12 to 16 H.P.—12 to 18 M.P.H.
Class "C," 18 to 25 H.P.—15 to 25 M.P.H.
Class "D," 24 to 32 H.P.—20 to 28 M.P.H.

Should the boat be used solely as a motorboat, the sail can be either dismantled or dispensed with.

If you are a confirmed sailboat "bug" and look upon motorboats as a landlubbers' craft, well and good. *Dauntless*, besides being safe, sails extremely fast for a boat of her dimensions. It requires but the slightest effort to control her under sail. When going about, a push on the rudder spins her around, and you are off on another tack. She does not hang in the wind and "yaw" about like many of her kind.

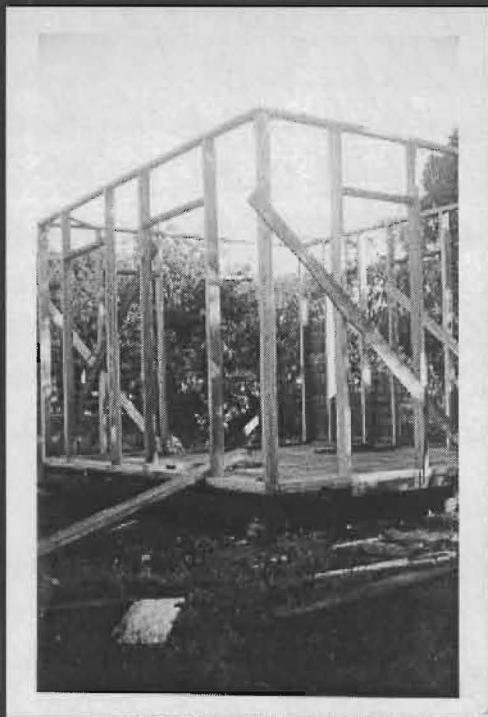
At times the wind is fickle. If you are becalmed, unship the rudder, attach the trustworthy outboard that you have provided for this purpose, and you are home-

THIS new combination motorboat and sailboat affords more diversity of recreation and more genuine pleasure on the water than any one-purpose boat. She is so useful, versatile, stanch, and fast that she well deserves the name *Dauntless*.

Designed especially for POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY readers, this craft is no makeshift or haphazard combination, but represents a carefully studied effort to produce a boat that will give satisfactory service with either sail or power. Unlike many sailboats, she draws very

If you have ever skimmed over sunlit waters, sheet and tiller in hand, you know what fine sport there is in sailing. But motorboating has its thrills, too; and a motor always gets you there! By building this boat, you can enjoy both these sports.

*Framework
up*



*Front view of stand.
Teddy in foreground*

*Rich, Ches, & Turner
Hard at work on stand*



*Turner, Dick & Ches
Cutting roof boards
(Note meat saw)*

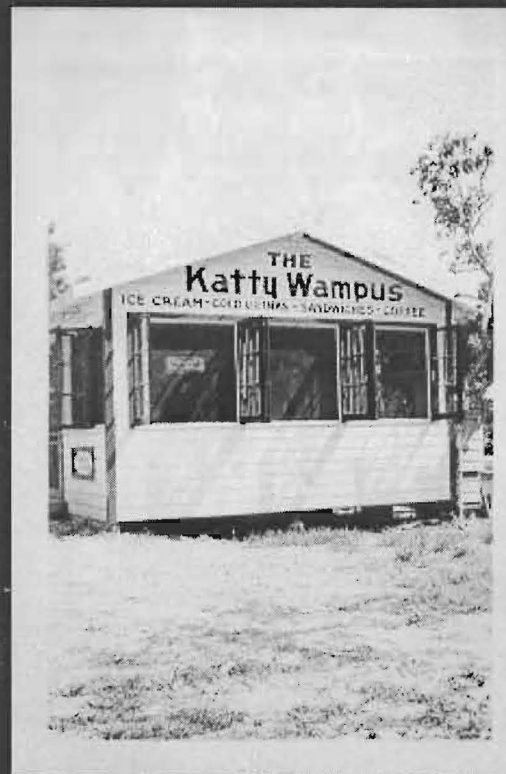


*South wall
of stand*

*South side
of stand*



*North side
of stand*



*North wall
of stand*