

GEORGE RICHARD PETTERSEN His Life's Story

When I enrolled at Macalister College in the Fall of 1941. we were required to take Freshmen English. Our first assignment was to write an autobiography. It was a very difficult thing to do, and the thing that made it difficult was the fact that we had potentially more life in front of us than behind and the life behind didn't seem exciting enough to put it down of paper. Now in my eighties, there are many events that seem noteworthy. But I will start at the beginning.

I was born in St. Paul, Minnesota at 3:06 AM on January 1, 1924 to John and Mary (Hokanson) Pettersen. I was the first of the Pettersen children to be born in a hospital. (Bethesda Hospital). Another baby was born before that; so no prize was won for being the first born in the New Year. Father was born in Stavanger, Norway on December 10, 1877 and Mother was born in Malmo, Sweden on October 9, 1885. We lived at 236 Arundel Street in St. Paul at the time of my birth and when I was 2, we moved to 1374 Osceola Avenue. My earliest memory is the move to the new house that Father had a contractor by the name of Pearson build. Are we able to remember very many things in our early life? Maybe one would remember them if they were traumatic. but our family seemed to be without any major conflicts that would cause concern. I do remember a few spankings, however. One time when brother Jim and I had been acting up, Father spanked both of us, beginning with Jim. He seemed impervious to the pain and began to laugh which made Father hit him on the behind all the harder. When it came to my turn, I began crying right away and consequently received only a dusting of my britches.

Five brothers and one sister in addition to the parents fitted into the four bedroom house. My crib was in the parents' room. Bernice had her own room and the brothers paired up to occupy the other two bedrooms. In two years Stanley, the oldest, graduated from the University of Minnesota and moved to Winona where he was employed as an accountant by the Mississippi Valley Public Service Company. This eased the situation somewhat and I was able to move into one of the other bedrooms. Winter times were very impressive for a young lad because the snowdrifts seemed higher than one's head and the cold caused many cold fingers and toes. Father bought me a pair of high top boots after I dogged him for several days, but even with two pair of wool socks, my feet continued to freeze. Several times upon coming in from playing outside I sat on the radiator in the living room in order to thaw out. It was also a good time to listen to Jack Armstrong, Little Orphan Annie or the Lone Ranger on the radio. We would send for the prizes given to users of the products such as Wheaties, who was Jack Armstrong's sponsor, but Mother refused to buy Ovaltine because it was too expensive, so we didn't get Little Orphan Annie's prizes. As I got older I earned a quarter and sometimes fifty cents depending on how deep the snow was when I shoveled walks for the neighbors. Of course, we always shoveled our own walk first. The brothers sometimes required their shoes to be shined and I would get a nickel for one pair of shoes. Looking back, I often wonder how good a job I did. Once or twice I was sent back to make them shinier.

I went to Randolph Heights Grade School beginning with kindergarten in the winter of my fifth birthday. We took naps on little mats as part of the schedule. Some of us were allowed to skip the first half of the third grade in order to catch up; so we would graduate from high

school in the spring. We had very good teachers. The second grade teacher, Miss Linner, taught us a religious song which started out. "Father, we thank you for the night, and for the pleasant morning light ". It probably wouldn't be allowed now. I enjoyed arithmetic and competed for first prize with Jack Adler, who won most of the time. I was fairly good at spelling. In the second grade I fell off the swing on which another boy and I were standing up swinging, which I suppose was against the rules. It resulted in fractures of the left radius and ulna. Being left handed I was required to write with my right hand because of the cast and finished all the Palmer Method circles and letters with the right hand. It was not until the ninth grade that I learned to write with my hand below the line instead of twisting around above the line. We left handers had some disadvantages.

Athletic games were a prominent part of our lives. We played softball outside when the weather permitted, and we didn't use gloves in those days. We didn't play much hard ball because of the lack of equipment. Touch football was a favorite fall sport being played in the street with the curbs for the out of bounds markers. Bob Eggert, my friend, could throw the football farther than anyone. I still keep in touch with Bob. He is the only one from the old neighborhood with whom I correspond. We had sleds and four foot long skis that were held on with bands cut from inner tubes. Those same inner tubes provided the "bullets" for our rubber guns. We made the guns out of apple cartons and would shoot at each other without anyone getting hurt.

When I was twelve or thirteen, I was allowed to buy a single shot 22 caliber rifle from one of the older boys in the neighborhood. We would shoot it when we went to Jim's farm about a mile East of Milaca . After I began to carry papers, I bought a single shot 12 gauge shotgun at Montgomery Wards for \$8.35. No sales tax in those days either. We hunted pheasants on Jim's farm and surrounding farms every fall. Jim would brown them and cook them in an iron kettle along with potatoes and carrots. Jim was seven years older than I was, and he was a good brother to me.

The Boy Scout program was a big part of my life from the ages of 12 to 17. I attained the level of a Heart Scout after earning a certain number of merit badges. We went on camping outings and during the summer spent a week at camp. As an example I remember the time we were required to build a fire with two matches in order to get a merit badge. It was in the winter time, and we were able to find some dry twigs and birch bark to get the fire started. It was quite a feat for a 12 year old.

All of us Pettersen kids went to Central High School in St. Paul. I took algebra, Latin, German, History and English. There was also a course in shop that allowed me to acquire some carpentry skills. I was on the gym team all three years at Central and in my senior year, won sixth place in a meet which included all of Minnesota and parts of North and South Dakota. This was my one claim to fame. We got out of school at 1:30 PM and practiced the high bar, side horse, parallel bars and tumbling for an hour after which I carried my papers. I don't ever remember being reluctant to get up and carry the morning Pioneer Press, but then I suppose it had become a habit. It was just something that had to be done. My take-home pay was between \$20 and \$25 per month. I had gone to Maria Sanford Junior High for 2 1/2 years prior to Central and had to walk through the Macalester College campus on the way. Bernice graduated from that college sometime in the early 30's. Sometimes I washed the breakfast dishes before going to school, and my favorite sandwich was homemade bread with brown sugar which I carried along with an apple.

Jim moved up to the farm East of Milaca when I was 11 years old. Howard and I and sometimes another kid carried his paper route after he moved to Milaca in order to give Jim some income. He had a few cows and not much else to live on. We would get up before dark in the winter for the morning Pioneer Press. The Dispatch was the evening paper. I don't

remember how long we kept on with the paper route, but I had one of my own when I was 15. I had three apartments on my route which allowed me to get warmed up in the winter. Morning and evening delivery kept us pinned down pretty much.

I began Macalester College after graduating from St Paul Central High School in 1941. Brother Howard was working as an orderly at Swedish Hospital while going to Augsburg College in Minneapolis at the time, and got me a job there also. Howard and I had bought a 1935 Chevrolet in 1939. When he moved to East Orange, NJ to attend college there, I had full possession of the car. During my second year at Macalester I worked from 5 to 9 Monday - Friday at Swedish and on the weekend from 11 PM Saturday evening until 11 PM Sunday evening. My grades at Macalester weren't too good.

We were fortunate to have Christian parents. Dad read the Bible to us every night and morning. It would be from the New Testament after dinner and a chapter from the Psalms after breakfast. When he was working as a railway mail clerk, Mother took over those duties. My early recollection of church was as a member of the Cradle Roll where we had cookies and ice cream and learned little songs. Then I sang in the children's choir and always had a piece to say at the Christmas program. We went to Luther League as we got older and sang in the junior choir. We always sat in the same pew in church. Before I was ten years old I recall going to vesper services as well. Dad liked to attend those on Sunday evenings, and sometimes he did the scripture reading. I often thank God for parents who began the development of our faith by taking us to church and also leading lives that would be examples for us. It may have influenced Howard to receive a call to attend seminary and become a pastor. As I have become older, I often think of the many things I could have done for my parents but didn't. They sacrificed much for me.

Life in the USNR

I was just finishing my second year in 1943 at Macalester College when I knew my draft deferral for the military was soon up. It seemed the sensible thing to do to enlist in the navy. I had an initial screening test which included a test for vision and a blood test presumably for syphilis and was told to report to the recruitment center in Minneapolis on July 9, 1943 to be officially inducted and to prepare to "ship out." Dad drove me over there that morning and we said our goodbyes. After a more complete physical examination, we were told to report back at 8 PM to go to Farragut, Idaho. I called Dad again, and he came to get me. I spent the remainder of the day with my parents in quiet talk. Jim, by that time, was in Italy having been inducted into the army in January, 1942; so they were a little saddened to see another of their sons going into the service.

We boarded old railroad cars at the Minneapolis depot on our way West. Those cars were so old that the seats were not upholstered and were really only wooden benches. To provide heat while going through the mountains there was a wood stove in one corner. The lights were kerosene lanterns hung from the ceiling. Not what we called first class, but then much of the regular rolling stock was in use in other places. By noon of the second day we disembarked at Athol, Idaho and were bussed to Camp Farragut about five miles away. We were given navy clothes, a mattress, towels, shoes, a hammock and a short haircut. My hair was pretty short anyway, but many of the recruits lost their long hair. Our gang went to Camp Hill, one of five camps each of which had approximately 5,000 potential sailors. Each barracks held two companies and each company had 100 men split between two floors. I am not too

sure of these numbers for the companies. We were trained to march with wooden rifles, and one time went to the rifle range to shoot 30-06 bolt action rifle. Some of the guys who had never shot a gun before got a black eye when the rifle kicked back upon firing it.

We were required to tread water for ten minutes and spent time on the obstacle course building up our muscles and experiencing a kind of discipline we had never known. During one of the rest periods, I met my boyhood friend, Bob Eggert. Neither of us knew that the other had joined the navy because we had moved from that neighborhood on Osceola the year before. Quite a coincidence. This training lasted for six weeks. I remember one night I had the duty to keep the fire in the boiler going from 2AM to 6AM. During the summer we did not need heat in the barracks but only to heat water for showers. It was a difficult job to make that coal burn, and I was happy to be relieved because things were not going too well.

We were given a two weeks leave which I spent in St Paul with Dad and Mother and even some friends who weren't in the service. Upon returning to Farragut we were assigned to the out-going unit. There we were given menial jobs such as shoveling coal, emptying garbage containers and cleaning up around the camp. I was assigned to Corps School because of my experience as an orderly and spent 12 weeks there at Farragut. We studied the books on how to care for casualties. We learned how to make a hospital bed and give a bed bath. During this time I had a real bout of influenza with a high temperature and ended up in Sick Bay myself for three days. There were about fifty of us in this training and seven of us graduated as Pharmacist Mates 3rd Class and the rest as seamen second class.

I was assigned to the U. S. Naval Hospital at Seattle, Washington and was able to visit Wallace and his family on occasion in Puyallup. This period was from about December 1, 1943 to February 15, 1944. My ward consisted of sailors who had heart disease. Most had rheumatic heart disease, and some came from Alaska where they were exposed to cold water while unloading ships. It was at the time penicillin came into use in the treatment of strep infections, and rather minute doses were given by today standards probably only five thousand units at a time. Corpsmen were the ones that gave most of these injections. Each ward of about 30 patients had one or two registered nurses in addition to two corpsmen.

I received notice in February, 1944 that I was to report to Willamette University in Salem, Oregon for further training. We had taken tests soon after arriving at Farragut, and the navy needed more officers. Because I had two years of college before and apparently did well on the tests, they sent me to Willamette with the prospects of becoming an officer sometime down the road. I had a two week's leave before reporting to Willamette U. and spent it at home in St Paul.

Willamette was a co—educational school but most of the male members were navy men. We occupied the girl's dorm. There must have been over 200 of us there. I was able to take many premed classes in addition to the courses that the navy required. It was there that I learned to develop film under the tutelage of Gene Strickland, and the two of us took all the pictures for the school annual. One time I traveled to Seattle with the football team when our little school played the Huskies at the University of Washington's stadium. Their team was made up mainly of navy guys too, and they were having trouble getting competing teams to play. We got beat of course, but I got some good action pictures. We also played the University of Oregon that fall.

We did 15 minutes of calisthenics every morning, and that got us in pretty good shape. Another fellow and I volunteered to play the drums. We stood in one place while the rest of the sailors marched back and forth. I had learned to play the snare drum while a paper boy. Howard had a drum when we lived on Osceola, and he taught me how to hold the drumsticks and play some simple rhythms. I am not sure why Howard had the drum, but he may have

played in the Central High School band. They needed drummers for the St Paul Dispatch drum and bugle corps for the Winter Carnival, and I practiced several times with that group. I never did march in the parade because we were required to buy our own uniforms, and they cost more than I could afford.

While at Willamette U, I had gastroenteritis one night and fainted on the way to the head (restroom). I ended up in Sick Bay again but recovered quickly. The trouble was that they only gave me clear liquids, and I was very hungry. I snuck out of the ward and headed for the cafeteria to get something substantial to eat. I was caught sneaking back in and went before the Captain's Mast, a tradition in the navy to punish misbehavers. I was required to stay on base for the two weeks that everyone else went on leave. It was sort of neat to have the whole place to myself for a change.

In February I received orders to report to Notre Dame on March 1, 1945 for midshipmen school. I was able to spend a few days with Dad and Mother on the way. This time I had a Pullman ticket to Chicago and then on to South Bend. We were given officers' uniforms and assigned to rooms in one of the dormitories at Notre Dame. The assignment was alphabetical so I was with Art Petterson from the Bronx. The training was rather intense in navy subjects. We learned navigation by the stars, the Morse code, the flag signals, how to identify various airplanes - both ours and the enemies. We took two trips to Lake Michigan. One time we slept in hammocks on a troop ship, and the other time we were in small groups of about 20 or so on a private yacht that was commandeered by the navy. It was very stormy and most of the trainees were seasick, so another guy and I were left to operate the boat. I don't know why we didn't get sea sick, but we ate the lunch prepared for us, while many were hanging over the fantail.

We did some more marching at Notre Dame, of course. I again offered to play the drums and was even in the orchestra that played at sporting events. I didn't know how to read music, but fortunately one of the drummers did and trained the other two of us. I also sang in the chorus, and after the victory in Europe in April, 1945 we sang at the radio station in South Bend. We sang the Navy Hymn, of course.

We graduated at the end of June, 1945 and had a week's leave which I spent at home in St Paul. Our orders were to report to the old Coast Guard Station in New York to await further assignments. I was there for approximately eight weeks. During that time I developed eczema on my arms and was sent to the navy hospital on Long Island. I had no real duties except to sign out when I left the base. The war in the Pacific ended in the middle of August that year, and although I was assigned to a YMS (Yard Mine Sweep), I was given the opportunity to go home. I wanted to continue with my education so took that chance to finish my navy career before it had really begun. They were discharging many people, and it took until November 5, 1945 until I was officially discharged and flew home. During my stay in New York I visited Howard and Dorothy in Roslindale, Massachusetts, a suburb of Boston. I was usually able to get a standby pass for the one hour flight to Boston. That was the end of my naval experience. Jim was discharged about the same time, and we went deer hunting at Milaca but didn't shoot anything.

Pursuing the M. D. Degree and Married Life

Returning to St Paul I soon got a job again at Swedish Hospital as an orderly. I also enrolled at the University of Minnesota for the winter quarter of 1946. It was at Swedish

Hospital that I met Eleanor, the best thing that ever happened to me. She had three girlfriends that I also dated a time or two, but she was the best of the bunch, and we got along famously. I went to New London during the summer of 1946 and met her folks and fished with Odin. It was a good time in my life and I was in love.

I began the pursuit of a medical degree by taking several courses in Biology and Zoology along with accounting and humanities. The BA degree was issued in December 1946, and the next month Eleanor and I were married on January 15, 1947, by Pastor Clifford Ansgar Nelson at the parsonage of Gloria Dei Lutheran Church in St. Paul. We had a short honeymoon, two days to be exact, and I returned to studies and Eleanor to her nursing position at Swedish Hospital from where she graduated the previous June. We started our married life in a basement apartment of an old Norwegian couple named Berg on 37th Street in Minneapolis.

Getting admitted to medical school at Minnesota was no easy task. I was initially rejected, and then had a conference with the dean who somehow agreed to put me on the alternate list. I had pledged to go into family practice which was the emphasis in those days because of the shortage in that area. We had my parents for dinner that summer at the basement apartment, and they immediately invited us to move in with them at 1620 Huron Street in St. Paul. At the time Bernice and her family was living there temporarily in preparation for their move to their new house. When they moved out, we moved in to the back bedroom.

I started medical school in September of 1947 and studied every spare moment because I was in fear of not making the grade. Consequently, at the end of the first quarter, I had good grades and saw that I could study effectively and keep up with the class. I finished somewhere in the fifth percentile of a class of 110. It was a stressful time in our lives with all the studying and trying to find resources. The GI bill paid for much of my medical education which helped. Eleanor worked off and on at Swedish Hospital during that time before Chuck came along, and that made quite a difference.

Chuck was born on November 26, 1947. What a great thing that was for us including the grandparents. Dad had a coronary shortly before Chuck's birth and was confined to bed. When he would hear Chuck cry, he would get out of bed and take him in with him. It must have been good for both of them. Because he had quit driving, he gave us his 1937 Chevrolet. We eventually sold it to Phillip Hagen, got it back, and sold it to Harley Racer, and after that we lost track of it.

We had applied for veteran housing as long as we had a child and were given a trailer in University Village on Como Avenue in Minneapolis. There was not much room in the trailer and I was not very well trained in how to operate the kerosene heater; so the thing ran out of fuel the first night, and it was below zero outside. We spent an hour or two before it warmed up again. When the ice man (yes, ice man) brought ice for the icebox, he told Eleanor who was bathing Chuck, "You sure keep it hot in here lady!" After five or six weeks we moved to University Grove East near the farm school campus in St Paul and into a two bedroom metal barracks. Three other classmate families lived there too: Racers, Rorems and Prentices. We rode the intercampus streetcar to school and walked across the campus to the medical school.

We sometimes carried our microscopes, and on some of the colder days in the winter it was really a struggle to keep from freezing.

Eleanor worked at Swedish Hospital on the pediatric ward off and on whenever she was able to. I had a job as ranger on the University Golf Course during the summer which was within walking distance from our barracks. She worked nights in the summer and would come home and sleep for a few hours. I would feed and bathe Chuck and put him to bed before I went to work, and when he woke up she would take care of him and try to nap from time to time. It was a hectic life, but most young people lived that way.

Medical school was very interesting especially when we started our clinical work in the third year. During the fourth year I did a junior internship at Swedish Hospital doing histories and physicals on the patients who were scheduled for surgery the next day. This was two or three nights a week from 5 PM to 9 PM. When we graduated in June 1951, I began a rotating internship at Minneapolis General Hospital which lasted until June 30, 1952. Our monthly salary was \$50. A few days after starting the internship, father died of another coronary, and shortly after we moved in with Mother because it seemed that she would have a difficult time living alone, and it helped out our finances as well. We were on rotating services and even rode the ambulances as part of the emergency department rotation. We did everything under supervision including scrubbing in surgery, delivering babies and working in the outpatient clinics. It prepared us for our eventual work in family medicine that was called general practice at the time.

In the Spring of the third year we borrowed money from Stan and Halleen and bought a 1950 four door Ford. That summer we took a trip across Canada and ended up in West Haven, Connecticut where Howard and Dorothy lived. That was a wonderful trip for us but entailed much driving in two weeks. I was entitled to the GI Bill which paid for most of my schooling and paid a small stipend - probably \$35 or \$50 per month. I would check out of the program every chance I got to prolong the benefits. I also borrowed about a thousand dollars from a foundation.

MABEL, MINNESOTA

Mabel is a town about one mile from the Iowa border in the eastern part of the state. The town had about 850 people, and the town druggist, Norris Hanson, actively recruited for a doctor. Somehow he got in contact with me at Minneapolis General Hospital, and I visited with him. He had built a clinic building and the town folks had raised enough money to buy some examining tables, an X-ray machine, ultrasound therapeutic equipment and other things necessary for the practice of medicine. He turned out to be our benefactor for someone who had just started out to practice medicine. It was a little scary to begin alone without other doctors near for consultation, but I soon developed a connection with two doctors in Decorah, Iowa and began taking my patients there. One of them taught me how to do refractions because the previous doctor, Dr. Lannin, did them. It was time consuming when there were patients in the waiting room, but there was no optometrist in town; so I did that too. I soon learned about Dr. Ahlfs in Caledonia, MN, and because it was somewhat closer, I began taking patients there. Dr Ahlfs did surgery and helped me with cases that I had. We operated on hernias, appendices, even pinning hips and removing damaged cartilage from knees. We had a great relationship, and because he was soon ready to retire and because the other doctors in Caledonia kept to themselves, he enjoyed helping me out.

When we moved to Mabel, Norris Hanson had an upstairs duplex for us that he owned. He also owned one of the banks and lent us money to buy household stuff until we got going. The rent for the clinic building was minimal, and he even gave me a key to the drugstore in case medications were needed during the night for sick patients. My reportable income for the first five months was about \$3,000 in spite of being very busy. The income tax seemed to be out of proportion to the amount of our cash flow because we paid off our debt to Stan in the process. After about a year we moved into a house owned by Mrs. Huff. One bedroom in the second floor was full of her furniture and was moth infested. They were everywhere. and we soon petitioned her to remove her things which also removed the moths.

Our income gradually rose, but how much can one gross when the fee for a routine office visit was \$2.00? A house call was \$3.00 and a shot of penicillin was the same. Total care for a pregnancy was \$35 which included the six week check up for mother and baby. It seems ridiculous now but at the time it seemed about right for the largely Norwegian farming community. There are many stories to tell about the practice there and the friends we made some of whom are still alive. and we communicate with them each Christmas time.

One experience stands out in my mind as an example of what could happen. I was awakened at four AM one Sunday morning by a knock on the door. The man told me his wife was having a miscarriage and was bleeding. At the time it had just stopped snowing and there was two or three feet of snow on the ground. They lived out in the country and he had a Dodge Power-Wagon to broach the drifts. I got several instruments together and went with him. We got as far as the truck would go and he gave me a pair of skis to use. I skied over the top of barbed wire fences in order to reach the house. Using the instruments I was able to complete the abortion of a very small fetus and the bleeding stopped.

It was becoming more and more of a drain on the emotions, and one could say that I was burned out there. If we were going to stay, we would have had to build a house, and the thought of the drive to the hospital at least once a day and the rigors of daily practice and the difficulty of having time off for recreation or study seemed to weigh too heavily on the side of moving. I made arrangements for a physician who had just completed his internship to take over and we left Mabel at the end of June 1956.

ONE YEAR AWAY

We needed a vacation, and after moving to an apartment in Roseville, a suburb of St. Paul, headed West in our two door Ford and eventually ended up in Longview, Washington and stayed at Wallace and Kay's place. Kay was in Iowa attending to her mother who was ill. We visited Vancouver Island and eventually drove down the coast to Los Angeles where we stayed with Aunt Myrtle and Aunt Evelyn before heading back to St. Paul to end our six-week jaunt.

I began looking around for something to do. I explored a residency in orthopedics, but finally settled on a surgical residency at Bethesda Hospital in St. Paul. I assisted the surgeons every day and received good training in the routine things done at the time. It was there that I met Dick Burman who was interning after graduating from the U of M. We seemed to get along good together and looked around for places to practice. We took a trip to Wisconsin on one occasion, but because he was from the Aitkin area we began to think about going there. We talked to Dr. Closuit and Dr. Petraborg as well as other people, and the situation seemed to be a reasonable place to set up shop. There was a new 36-bed hospital and an office above the bank which had been vacated by another doctor a short time before. The bank was willing to

lead us money to buy equipment and get started. We both made arrangements to rent houses. At the time Burmans had two children and another on the way. We were all anxious to move and get started.

AITKIN, MINNESOTA

Eleanor, Chuck and I moved to Aitkin on June 1, 1957. We rented a house for a few months, and then purchased an old house on Minnesota Ave. Two years later we hosted a family reunion. The house was large enough, so we could accommodate many of the people and kids. We had a great time visiting. Howard and his family stayed at our cabin on a small lake near town. That was the last time we all were together including Mother. We attended First Lutheran Church where Eleanor was active in the women's organization and I sang in the choir.

I opened the office above the First National Bank the next day in which Dick and I would practice for the next eight years. Dick came one month later after finishing his internship at Bethesda Hospital. The patients at first were few as one could imagine, but with the help of Arnold Hoppenstedt, the pharmacist, we opened another office in McGregor. One of us would work there Tuesday afternoons and the other on Thursday mornings. The one who went to McGregor on Thursday mornings would have the rest of the afternoon off, a good time to play golf, which happened to be men's day at the Deerwood golf course.

We enjoyed practicing together and attempted to split the time off as evenly as possible. It was fun when both of us were in the office seeing patients because we could confer on problems at a more leisurely pace. We would begin the day by meeting at the hospital, and then make rounds on all our patients. As time went on, we were busier and busier. People from McGregor would see us in Aitkin because they knew they could also make office visits in McGregor. I never did keep track of the number of deliveries I attended, but it must have been over one hundred babies in the 14 years we spent in Aitkin. There are many interesting anecdotes to be told, but my purpose is to just cover the high points of our tour in Aitkin. We moved into a new house built for us by Paul Lofgren in December 1962. The Burmans also built a new house shortly before that. We were at the top of the hill on Highway 169 just South of town and Burmans on the Ripple River also South of town but within the city limits. Our families had many interactions. Eleanor taught the girls to knit, and sometimes Jane would travel with us to Jim's farm near Shevlin. Dick and I could seldom do things together because one or the other of us needed to be on call. We were the only doctors who would take emergency call at the hospital for people who had no doctor. We became experts in fish hook removal especially on the first day of fishing season. Being at the crossroads of two main highways (169 and 210) we saw many accident victims too. Our surgical practice consisted of things for which we were trained. Having taken the surgical residency at Bethesda, I felt comfortable doing appendices, hernias, hemorrhoid surgery, cystocele and rectocele repair and even pinning hips which I had learned from Dr. Ahlfs in Caledonia MN. We took care of gunshot wounds if not too serious and had the backup of Dr. Clark Marshall from Crosby for any other surgery. Dr. Joe Marvin from Brainerd would come to Aitkin for surgery in obstetrics and gynecology. No doubt we made some mistakes, but we practiced within our knowledge base and were honest with our patients. I continued to do refractions and eye examinations such as I did in Mabel. It took too much time for what we were paid, and later we tried to discourage that part of the practice. We always had good office help. Our mainstay was Myrtle Anderson who we "captured" from the bank where she worked. She stayed on with Dick after I left. We had many good times in Aitkin and had many good friends.

We had snowmobiles and took trips around that area mostly with Salls. One time we went to Savanna Portage State Park north of McGregor for an afternoon with the snowmobiles. As it was getting dark, we found ourselves in snow three feet deep in a boggy area. I was able to ride on top of the snow and the others followed, and we finally reached the road where our cars were parked. The situation in Aitkin changed when more and more people moved to Aitkin to retire or spend more time at their lake homes which now were winterized. It meant more work for both of us. I finally reached the point where I felt my health was being affected, my time spent with patients was not as productive, and I felt that I needed to do something else less stressful. In March 1971 after 14 years together and much thought, I told Dick that I was moving and would quit the practice on May 31st of that year. It was hard on him, but he is a strong person, and I hope he has forgiven me. He wasn't able to get any other doctors to come to Aitkin until two years later when he left for Edina as two or three other doctors from their internships bought him out.

The Hope Ship

In the latter part of May I received a phone call wondering if I would be interested in going to Kingston, Jamaica. Eleanor was agreeable but asked where Jamaica was. We had to look at the map to find it and both agreed to give it a shot. We took off the month of June during which time I went fishing in Canada with Norris Swenson, and Eleanor took a two week refresher in nursing at Brainerd. We had sold our house in Aitkin and moved our furniture to the garage where Chuck and Connie were living in Verndale and stayed with them until we left for Jamaica on July 6, 1971.

We flew to Miami and then on to Kingston. We were met at the airport by a "Hopie" who took us to the ship. A staff meeting was going on at the time; so we were introduced to the gang. We moved into an apartment about two miles from the ship, and soon became friends with Louie and Lena Viera, native Jamaicans whose ancestry was Portuguese. We spent many good times with them traveling around the island and just hanging out together. Louie worked for the government. He took me to his golf course, Constant Springs, where we played several times. On one of these occasions Louie had a hole in one! He was so excited, he had trouble playing the rest of the round.

Eleanor worked in the x-ray department on the ship as a receptionist, while I made rounds at Kingston General Hospital and took some of the patients on the ship for further workup and treatment. I also went to the University of the West Indies where I helped Ian McKiever at the problem clinic. We saw sick patients from many parts of the island that were referred by outlying physicians who were unable to make a diagnosis. It was one of the greatest experiences in my professional life.

The Hope experience was not without social life. There were parties and even a wedding of one of the crew members that we attended. We went on a trip with Louie and Lena to the north shore where we stayed at a luxury hotel and took side trips to the interior. Another time we rented a car and took our maid to her home in the interior about forty miles from Kingston where her mother prepared a chicken dinner for us and poured coffee grown from a tree in their yard. Quite an eye opener for us white people to be among only black folks

We ate on the ship most of the time, and traveled back and forth to our apartment on one of the Hope vans that made a circuit to pick up Hopies several times a day. Phil and Marge Hagen came to Jamaica shortly before the ship left and participated in some of the going away parties. After the ship left, the four of us took a swing around the East and North sides of the

island and stayed at several resort hotels during the week-long vacation. In Jamaica they use the English system of driving on the left side of the road. It presented some problems, and I only had one minor accident because of this difference.

In Natal, Brazil

Dr. Walsh, the chief of Project Hope, asked me to go to Brazil as a Deputy Chief of Staff and ship's doctor when the ship was to leave Baltimore in February 1972. We agreed, and Eleanor would again be a receptionist in the X-ray department and thereby eligible for meals on the ship. We had some memorable moments on the ship on our way to Brazil. Several of us were billeted in the crew's quarters with only a steel bulkhead separating us from the forward storage compartment. Unfortunately, the storage compartment sprung a leak, and water caused the cargo to float, thereby bumping against the bulkhead and making noise which prevented sleep. We went up to the pediatric ward and slept there until they got the problem under control. As ship's doctor I attended the burial of the ashes of seamen one morning. Our chaplain read the rites and then the ashes were given to the water only the wind blew many of them back on to the deck and had to be washed off by the hoses for that purpose.

We arrived at Natal early in the morning of Ash Wednesday which also was the last day of Carnival. Brazil takes several days off to celebrate Ash Wednesday. We were met at the dock by a host of Brazilians who, even though thoroughly exhausted from the night's activities, welcomed us with much exuberance. As ship's doctor I was responsible for the health of the crew. I also had to certify that there were no diseases in any of the personnel or disease conditions in the ship. It was there I first met Marcos Fernandes Gurgao, the ship's agent. He was responsible for obtaining proper documents and supplies for our stay there. We were soon to become good friends with him and his wife, May.

Eleanor and I moved into a house about two miles from the ship that had recently been vacated by some Hopies. It had three bedrooms and a sturdy wall around it. Although we had studied Portuguese on the way down, we were certainly not conversant in that language. After awhile we learned that a "guardo" had been watching all the houses in the neighborhood during the night and expected to be paid by the occupants. We fell in line but considered ourselves relatively safe even without the guardo.

We bought a VW bug only two years old. It carried us back and forth to the ship every work day. There were three of us who took turns being in charge during nights and weekends. Hal Royaltey was the Chief of Staff while another physician and I were assistants. That meant every third night and every third weekend we would stay on the ship and sleep in a small, noisy compartment. We soon adjusted to this schedule.

As ship's doctor I held sick bay every morning. There was a special nurse to check in the patients and administer some treatments as required. We had a pharmacy and three pharmacists; so prescriptions were no problem. When people needed to see a specialist, I referred them. The doctors who were called "rotators" flew down from the states for a six week tour and were all specialists in their fields. I also was the disease control officer for the wards and made daily visits to investigate any infections that appeared in the bed patients. As part of the accreditation process, we needed to keep good records on infections.

We also had a project in the interior to start doing surgery in an outlying hospital; so we wouldn't need to do it all on the ship. I needed to have the mechanic go with me to fix the sterilizer and other equipment we needed for surgery. Finally we were able to do vein stripping

and other rather minor procedures. When the ship left, the Brazilian surgeons took over that job. We took some trips on our time off. The longest one was a trip to Rio de Janeiro. We flew to Salvador and took a bus from there to Rio de Janeiro, a journey about eight hundred miles. We stopped overnight at Teofilo Otoni. It is in the center of the semiprecious stone mining area, and the men there were constantly offering various stones for sale. The hotel manager met us at breakfast and had a display of his own to show us. I was interested in emeralds and bought several of them as well as some opals, garnets, tourmalines and others for little or nothing. We could watch the young boys with good eyesight grinding the stones on large wheels in the church basement. The bus trip from there to Rio took all night and part of the next day.

We stayed in a modest hotel, and spent an afternoon and evening with Marcos' brother, Gelano. He drove us around town, and we had dinner that night with him and his family at his apartment. He spoke passing English, so we could understand each other quite well. His nephew came over to his house. He worked in a bank and had spent some time in the states; so he was able to tell us many things about the city and country.

Twice we drove to Fortaleza, a city about two hundred miles North of Natal. It is on the seacoast and we could watch the fishermen come in to shore in the afternoon in their jungattas, a raft-like boat with a sail. They divided the catch among the crew. It is amazing that those little boats held together with thongs could go far out to sea, out of sight of land. On one trip to Fortaleza a radiologist and his wife rode with us in that little VW. On the way we almost ran over an iguana. We also took shorter trips to Joao Pessoa and Recife during which times we stayed overnight. On one of these trips we went to a port where the Japanese were bringing whales they caught. That night they had five whales, and we watched them cut up the whale and presumably sent it back to Japan.

Marcos and May became our good friends, and we were together once or twice a week. The plan was to speak Portuguese when we were at their house and English when they came to our house. We would sit on the patio and drink beer and chat about various things. We learned a great deal about Brazil that way but very little Portuguese because they were both conversant in English and our skills in Portuguese were limited.

The medical work on the ship was interesting with most of the patients having one type of intestinal parasite or another. The surgeons performed many operations to correct palatal defects. Each rotator had a counterpart on shore to teach. The nurses, housekeepers, pharmacists, and sanitarians did too. My counterpart was a short anesthesiologist named Antenor. The electricity at our house was disconnected one Friday afternoon because the bill hadn't been paid. Our understanding was that the owner would pay the bills. I informed Antenor that we needed electricity over the weekend. Together we went to the electric company and were told that it couldn't be hooked up again until Monday. Antenor told them that unless they connected it up right away, the Hope ship would pull out of the harbor the following day, and they would be responsible. It was connected that evening.

When we left Brazil, Eleanor and I had Dr Walsh's stateroom on the upper deck near the bridge. It was deluxe, and we invited all the Hopies in that first evening for a party which included some of Dr. Walsh's booze. We ran into a big storm in the North Atlantic, it being December at the time, and several people were either sick or terrified by the way that 600 foot long ship would be tossed around. No damage was done to the ship and we landed at Baltimore in good shape. We stayed with Chuck and Connie as well as Phil and Marge in St Paul until I left for Los Angeles sometime after Christmas.

UCLA

While still in Brazil I made application to the UCLA School of Public Health and was accepted for the winter quarter of 1973. I drove out West and stopped at Mesa to visit Wally and Kay shortly after Christmas in 1972. Proceeding onto Los Angeles I rented an apartment two miles away from the campus and registered for classes in January 1973. Eleanor flew out shortly after that, and we spent the year studying and traveling around Southern California. There was a break after the spring session; so we returned to Minnesota for a month and then back to California to take a test to apply for a license from the California Medical Board. It involved an oral examination which I passed, and the license was forthcoming. I also was involved in a project before school started, and completed the work by December that year.

There are many stories to tell about the students and the activities. Many of the students were from other countries and brought ideas and stories of their homelands. I remember one doctor from Ethiopia who would have gone back home as the head of the public health department there, but during that time the emperor, Haile Selassie, was assassinated; so he stayed in this country because he said if he went home he would be in big trouble. This period was an interesting one for both Eleanor and me. We lived quite frugally because we had no real income although I had received a stipend which paid for my tuition and books. I received an MPH degree from UCLA in December 1973.

I looked for a position in the public health field toward the end of the school year but could find only clinical-type work. We returned to Minnesota for Christmas. The Hope had a position for someone to travel to Asmara, Ethiopia and establish a land based program. I interviewed with Dr. Walsh in Washington, DC. in early 1974 but decided not to take that offer. I drove alone to California again looking for a public health job but found none to my liking. Then Dr Lyle Weed of Rochester, MN contacted me about a position in the county health department there. We had met the Weeds in Jamaica and Brazil where Lyle was the rotating microbiologist and pathologist. It was a good offer because the previous director of the department had retired; so we moved to Rochester and bought a house to start our life at the

Olmsted County Health Department - ROCHESTER, MINNESOTA

The home of the Mayo Clinic was an inspiring place to begin public health work. Dr. Lyle Weed was retired from the Mayo Clinic and volunteered as the microbiologist at the health department. I was able to work with the physicians at the clinic in several areas but particularly with disease control. The patients in our sexually transmitted disease clinic were part of the initial studies being done regarding Chlamydia, a somewhat new but largely unstudied cause of urethritis at the time. I also wrote a paper on gonorrhea screening of patients in Olmsted County.

We bought a new split level house in the northwest part of town. It had an unfinished basement, and I spent several months creating a family room and woodworking shop. The room had a fireplace as well as one in the living room upstairs. We soon had an air conditioner installed because the summer humidity, and temperatures were often high. Our house was a few short blocks away from the Lutheran church that we joined. We had great neighbors some of whom we still contact at Christmas time. We hosted our second family reunion in 1975, and all of the brothers and sister showed up. Shortly after that our mother died in the Lyngbloomsten Home in St. Paul at the age of 89.

The county allowed me to travel to the annual meetings of the American Public Health Association. At one of the annual meetings in Washington DC. I took tests for two days and obtained certification from the Board of Public Health Examiners. Eleanor traveled to all of

these meetings too and enjoyed visiting various sites while I attended sessions. The health department had a Board of Health which met once a month. They acted as a buffer between the health officer and the county commissioners. It was a good relationship.

All was going well, until one July evening in 1978 the Rochester area experienced a real downpour which turned into a flooding of the Root River which ran through the center of the city more or less. Altogether a total of 3-5 inches of rain fell in a matter of a few hours. I was called out about ten o'clock because the water was up to the front door of the health department building that was situated just a few yards away from the river. We had storage space in another building nearby which was also threatened by the rising water and were able to move important things to higher shelves, but we were not able to get to the main building because the water was rushing between the two buildings. As the water receded the next day, we found the water had risen to a level of over three feet inside of the first floor of the health department and most of the records of immunization and other records had been under water for over 15 hours. It was a big job to dry them out, so they could be recovered. The county agreed to computerize the records which was a first for Minnesota.

THE MINNESOTA STATE HEALTH DEPARTMENT

When Al Quie took office as governor in January 1979, He appointed several new department heads. The process involved interviews before a committee, and I was asked to appear before that group. Subsequently, I met with the governor and was offered the position of Commissioner of Health. It meant moving to the Twin Cities and rearranging our life, but it was a great opportunity and hard to ignore. I accepted and in the later part of January of that year, I began commuting to Minneapolis from Rochester until we could find a house and sell the one in Rochester. The events worked in our favor, and we bought a split level house in Prospect Park only about a mile from the office. I was able to walk to work most of the time which was my exercise.

Eleanor stayed in Rochester until we were able to move to Minneapolis and sold the house there while making arrangements to move our furniture to the new location. In the meantime I would leave for Minneapolis on a Monday morning, stay in a motel for that night and the following night, return to Rochester on Wednesday, go back Thursday and then go home for the weekend on Friday. Life became less complicated when we finally moved to our new house.

Al Quie was a good person to work for. We had different convictions on one or two issues relating to public health, and he told me he would not interfere if I continued to work for the health of the people and follow the public health model. As a department head I was also on the Minnesota Environmental Quality Board. The department had an excellent division of environmental health which eventually became involved in the big controversy regarding the direct current power line that crossed Minnesota from its source in North Dakota. Farmers who had land under the line claimed that their cows were aborting their calves more than what one would expect. We, along with the Environmental Protection Agency, conducted a laboratory station West of the Twin Cities to measure the ions that might do harm. We could not determine any damaging effects of the direct current. It was a great four years. Quie had meetings with all the department heads once or twice a year. Some of us accompanied him to outstate meetings and met with people in these communities who had an interest in our areas. At one meeting in Brainerd I met with people who were protesting the DC power line. The meeting got very hot and the crowd was edging nearer to the front of the room. The governor's guard saw the

situation and rescued me by announcing that the governor wanted me in another meeting right away. It wasn't often that things got out of hand. The governor declined to run again, and I rejected a temporary offer by the incoming governor, Rudy Perpich, to continue on with the health department. I was out of a job as of January 1983. Health department heads of the various states would meet once or twice a year to discuss our problems and how to relate better to the federal people in Washington, DC. Soon I was on the governing council of that group and had an opportunity to learn about positions in California that might be open. Eleanor and I drove West in February 1983 and explored five of these situations. One especially became interesting, that being in San Bernardino County.

SAN BERNARDINO COUNTY

It was March 22, 1983 that I began employment at the San Bernardino County Health Department. I had flown to California in February of that year and with the help of Beverly Sax I bought a house on 34 W. Hilton from the Whalens. We moved in toward the end of April, 1983. We had sold our house in Minneapolis before I left for California, and Eleanor completed the arrangements for moving our furniture, etc. The new house was 20 years old at the time and had a swimming pool and a large yard. We also inherited a small dog, Bear, who guarded the fenced in back yard. He was with us until he died of an injury in 1992 when a ladder I was handling slipped and fell on his back. An interesting sidelight is that Mrs. Whalen came from St Paul and was a member of Gloria Dei Lutheran Church, the same one we attended as children. Beverly Sax was our realtor and became a good friend who lived only a short distance away. It came about that my contact at the health department was Don Rice, and his wife, Rusty, knew Barbara Merrill who was a friend of Beverly's. In that way Beverly was recommended to me as a good realtor to find a house in Redlands. It really worked out well for us. We wanted to be Southern Californians and needed a swimming pool to complete the requirement. Beverly also was good friends with Bill and Ruth Preston and arranged for me to stay with the Prestons while we waited to move into the house. What a good thing that turned out to be because we spent many enjoyable times with Bill and Ruth while we lived in Redlands, and they introduced us to many areas of California that we would have not otherwise have known.

I began at the health department as a medical officer in charge of the Division of Preventive Medicine. At that time the health officer, Louis Mahoney, was on leave with the US. Public Health Service but returned to interview me for the position on my first visit. Don Rice was the acting health officer and indoctrinated me into the operations of the health department. Three months after that he retired, and a short time later Lou Mahoney retired to join the US Public Health Service. I was appointed acting health officer in July 1983 and received a full appointment the following year. San Bernardino County is the largest one in the continental United States and I traveled to many of the outlying communities over the next ten years. I flew by private plane and sometimes with the sheriff's pilots to other counties for meetings. I became involved with emergency services because California laws gave counties a great deal of authority to regulate emergency services including paramedics and ambulances. There were often conflicts with the fire chiefs in the county about these regulations. The health department's means of regulation was through an organization known to this day as ICEMA (Inland Counties Emergency Medical Agency).

The county health officers met monthly with the state health department people. They also had a separate organization of health officers that served as a "political arm" of the health officers. As time went on I became more involved in both of these groups and became president of HOAC, the Health Officers Association of California.

The county health department had about 800 employees and operated several programs including maternal and child health services, communicable disease, clinical programs for the elderly, veterinary services, school health, public health nursing care, health education and others associated with the health of the citizens. We had excellent program managers and held periodic meetings with the management group to coordinate our work.

We developed several good friends in Redlands and bought a trailer in Mexico from Beverly at a place known as LaJoya Beach on Punta Banda near Ensenada. Prestons, Barbara Merrill and others from Redlands had places there; so we spent time fishing from Bill's boat and walking the beach and just visiting and relaxing. Bill and I hunted quail for several years in that area and had several good stories to tell. His dogs also helped make the hunt enjoyable as they would find the downed birds. One time one bird I shot jumped out of my game pocket and ran between my legs. Before I could react he got away, and I never did find him. Finally the Mexican regulations became so complicated that we gave it up.

Bill introduced me to hunting in Colorado with a group of men who had been hunting there for years. Dave Thompson, a friend of Bill's, owned the land and cabin. It was at 9000 feet elevation which challenged my exercise tolerance more so as the years went by. We shot several deer and elk but more deer than elk. One year the temperature was below zero, and it was difficult to keep the cabin warm; so we curled up by the fireplace with our sleeping bags. The last few years there were fewer elk, but the deer thrived; so there always seemed to be enough bucks.

Bill and I also hunted ducks in Mexico for two years, but then switched to doves in Arizona. We still have pleasant memories of these hunts. It was quite hot at Gila Bend during September when we hunted doves; so we only hunted until about ten o'clock before the hot weather hit. We got together with some other friends from this area and had a good time cooking and eating the dove breasts for dinner each night.

In 1993 after ten years with the health department I retired. Shortly before that we sold the house on Hilton and bought a condominium in an association known as Dearborne Grove at the corner of Citrus and Dearborne in Redlands. It was a good move because we retired from the yard duties that kept us tied down so to speak and were free to travel. Actually, Eleanor did much of the yard work. We bought a Class C motorhome. At about the same time we bought a 28 foot trailer and Bill Preston moved it to our site at Punta Banda with his pick-up truck. Along with the trailer we got a membership in Thousand Trails, a resort organization for RV people. It allowed us to stay at several of their preserves as they called them in western states and Canada. We traveled throughout California, Oregon and Washington while staying at these various places. One I particularly liked was at Long Beach, Washington where I fished for salmon on charter boats in the mouth of the Columbia River. We would barbecue the fish, and those we didn't eat we would freeze. At about that time Mary Ann and Baxter Brown began having family reunions at their place on Lake Coeur d'Alene in northern Idaho. We drove the motorhome to these reunions and from there would stay in Washington or Oregon for several days at Thousand Trail camps. We traded for a Class A motorhome in 1998 and on our first outing met Chuck and Connie and their girls at Yellowstone Park. From there we went to Coeur d'Alene to another of the Brown's reunions. How the host and hostess worked and planned for these events! We became acquainted with the nephews and nieces and their offspring and other friends as well. It was a good period in our lives. Baxter arranged golf outings at various courses around Coeur d'Alene and Spokane. These events occurred every two years through 2002. Once following our stay with Mary Ann and Baxter we went to the Grand Coulee Dam and stayed in an RV park there.

I soon became involved with the management of our condominium association and when the president resigned. I was elected to that post. It was interesting to learn about the

various problems one has with an organization such as this. I learned how to fix the sprinklers, adjust the time clocks, but mainly how to contact the various companies to repair and maintain the property. Our swimming pool needed attention and the inspectors came once or twice a year to check on it and the spa as well. After six years of board membership, I refused to run again and was happy to shed that responsibility. We continued to travel to Minnesota and also an occasional trip to New York. We had several interesting experiences with Elderhostel programs. Together with the Prestons we went to New Orleans, and it was a real gustatory adventure because we ate at a different famous restaurant every night and gained several pounds. At another time we attended the Getty Museum program and also two in San Francisco.

Altogether our stay in Redlands lasted 27 years, our longest residence in one city. During our stay in Redlands we were members of First Lutheran Church where Frank Gearhart was the pastor. Although he left Redlands for another church we became good friends with him and his wife Jane. Our experience with the church and its members brought us into a closer relationship with Jesus Christ.

MOVE TO MINNESOTA

Even life seemed more complicated at the condo because of our failing ability to keep up with the ordinary work required to maintain the place. We had heard of the new retirement center being built in Crosby, MN and during the summer of 2009 we drove to Minnesota and visited places in Minneapolis and St Paul before heading north to Crosby. It seemed the best place because it was new, close to Chuck and Connie and they had an opening. We signed up for space 203 and told them we wouldn't be moving until six months or later.

Upon returning home we listed our condo for sale and began plans for getting rid of all our "junk". The condo finally sold shortly before we moved. In March we had a big yard sale and also gave away some furniture that wouldn't fit in the new apartment. At the end of April of 2010 we moved to Crosby. It took several months to get everything organized, but we have made our final move we think. We are now members of Salem Lutheran Church in Deerwood.

In January of 2011, we drove to Mesa to leave the snow and cold behind where we stayed for two months. Niece Phyllis Fortuin owned the space where her parents lived and insisted that we live in their park model mobile home. We really enjoyed our stay there. John Pettersen and his friend, Janus Newton, also lived in Venture Out, and we had many pleasant outings with them. We also made a trip to Del Mar, CA where we were with Phyllis and Floyd for two days. The Fortuins have been very good to us by inviting us to many of their family gatherings. From there we went to Redlands and visited our old friends while staying with Barbara Merrill in her apartment.

In the fall of 2011 we drove to Door County, WI to attend an Elderhostel program centering on the history, farming, geology of the area and tourism. It was an interesting week. I was getting "cabin fever" during the winter; so we got in the car and drove to Las Cruces, NM and from there to CA and AZ. We saw many of our old friends and relatives along the way.

Throughout our lives together we have moved many times as you can glean from this missive, and Eleanor has been the best companion one could possibly have after being moved about from one place to another. She hasn't complained about my restlessness in finding work in these various places and said many times that we haven't had a single bad move. We have

been able to have good friends at each stop. She has maintained our house in excellent fashion at all times working every bit as hard as I. We have each done our own thing and remained good friends in the process. So all is good.

May 27, 2013