

Craig D: 47-57, sides 1 & 2: 8/28/80 **Read. Su 95. Stuff here, some**

He is taping from one poor quality tape to another!

Starting on Jan. 3, 1949. I drove up to Madison with Mary Bort and visited Joe and Carl. We ate at the Tenderloin Inn then went back to Joe's. I took color movies of my nephew Carl Peter Schmidt. I gave them to Joe, they end with his diapers being changed and saying The End. I'd gone to Hazel's earlier and taken pictures of her mantelplace and Lillian and the dog. I talked to an old lady from the Beta House who was there. Dad had a discussion group. I have a note from my journal on Jan. 21 that Dad's group that must have called themselves the Great Brains Club met here with Bennington, King, and all the college profs. I went to play rehearsal.

I didn't know how to study for college and I would have been lost that first semester without your help, Jackie. Someone told you I wasn't doing so well. I have a note from the 26th, that In the morning I studied 4 hours and then with a trembling chin went into Morse Ingersall History 101 exam. If it hadn't been for Jackie, I would have flunked it cold. As it is I think I got an A. 27th Bob Jackson and I went to a movie on insane people, Snakepit. I was in the play, the Barrets of Wimpole Street. The first night I forgot to take my horn-rimmed glasses off. I was the captain, or something, no one noticed. The next night, when Mr. Barret came onto the stage, Iand snapped the ... that held my pants up. They sagged. I was quite relieved to get off stage. 31st- After getting up to get Mrs. Bjerkl went back to bed only to be rudely jerked out again by Dad to go to Madison. We went to campus and heard five lectures on weeds, weed control, bugs, bug control. It was very interesting, Grampa went with us.

I was dating Sally Richardson, Ann S., Mary Bort, and Ann Bowles. Ann Bowles' brother was the one in Tucson who got killed by the Mafia.

I was initiated into Sigma Chi. After the secret ceremony, I wrote this: Roy C, the (?) of Sigma Chi was kicked out of Beloit College after he was caught grave-robbing. Guess what the Sigs have in their family closet? I've been talking about Sigma Chi all the time and Dad suggested I get my fly zipper monogrammed with Sigma Chi.

April 14, Maundy Thursday and Lincoln's assasination and Passover. Triple treat. Great evening. About 6:30 they arrived: The Kronises, the Benningtons, Kings, Fredericks, Rocky and Abbie Prentice, Madders, Walstons, Jackie and Bob, and I helped serve. Mrs. B and another lady had worked on it all day. Fish soup, fish, ham, aparagus, wine, sweet rolls, peas and pineapples, rum pudding--we three managed to stuff ourselves between shifts. Prentice and I discussed my Model T Ford and the telephone in his car. Soon Daddy announced "the game," a glorified game of charades. With all the professors it was fun. The acting terrific. Book titles and silly phrases. From "Kiss me again and again" to "Aquamarine harmonizes with certain Chinese jade." Bennington had "Lycenko is strictly stinko." And he got it! Fine evening. Bob and I took the truck down and the cows were out, we found. ...Now Jackie you asked about the cows. I don't remember specific jobs, we just rounded them up. So I chased them in the snowstorm.

At two I took the milk truck to church and took a load of little monsters to the

dairy for Jackie's Sunday School picnic. Too busy taking them to the bathroom, stopping fights and playing games. I had to watch a kid named Terry, I bent his arm and pushed him along the way. He seemed subdued, so during our trip through the cow barn, I let go of him. Immediately he jumped in with the cows and scared them shitless. I guess I shouldn't have let go of him. One little boy informed us that his father's brother Eno owned half the farm. The little girls were sweet, the boys terrible. Terry finally suffered casualties. He slipped in the milkhouse while swilling down two chocolates and cut his hand. Then I had to drive them all home.

George Chicken died today at noon.

That was a story of one of your picnics that didn't end in tragedy, like the time the truck tipped over.

A couple of nights later I took Mother to the Pro Arte String Quartet at the chapel. The first fiddle plays left-handed. It doesn't slow him down a bit.

April 23, Mom and Dad left for Colorado this morning at 5:30 with the Ruckmans. Spike Jones put on a show at the college. I was a freshman and you were a junior.

The next week was Grampa's heart attack and subsequent death.

Saturday, May 7, went on a Methodist fellowship field trip to Dubuque, IA, the Trappist monastery. The monks there take a vow of silence. I went off by myself and wandered around the farm yard, watching these guys work tractors, very silent except for the farm animals and machinery. A tractor rolled over one monk's foot and he let out a yell. I imagine it broke his vow, so he says, Goddamn it!

Aunt Esther, May 8, Dad, Mom, Gramma, went to dinner at Shoppiere. Pierre was a junior or senior and he flew his own plane. On May 14, he took me up in this little Piper-Taylor Cub and flew over the farm and I took movies. They're somewhere under the table in the front room in WI. In 1949.

May 19, Jackie's radio play is broadcast over WBNB radio tonight, 'The eternal wavelength.' Remember that?

I played a dance job at Grenale(?) for Roger Mason. We lost \$20 because Docker's band, nonunion band was charging 30c at the Armory.

May 28, The whole family had worms. That scared us. I spent the day on the can because we all got de-wormed.

Summer, 1949, I worked at the YMCA camp, John Bolt was there. My transportation was my Model T and I drove back and forth to Beloit on my day off. 84 mile round trip. I'd have trouble with spark plugs exploding, one did in front of the Methodist church on a Sunday morning. And Phil Jones recognized my car and came running out to see me.

In August of 49, when Erv and Steve and I (Gilbert,too)shingled the roof of the barn behind Chez Nous. And told of frying eggs on top of it.

An interruption here, March 25, 1979, I was reading the Ten Commandments for Husbands, and the last one says "Honor the Lord thy God all the days of thy life and thy children will rise up and call thee blessed. So I looked over at Trever, aged 14, and said, "Trever, you haven't called me blessed. How come?" He didn't know what I was talking about. He looked up and said, "Well, I'll call you Leroy!"

Sept 9, 49, I helped with the contour plowing all day. Learned a little about surveying from the government man. That's when we first started plowing the Hill Farm. The next day were the field trials. On a milk route and saw a goat with 13 kids.

The only farm thing I can find on Oct. 22, is that Don Jenkins, Simmons, Dave M(?), and Mr. B(?) went pheasant hunting at the dairy farm. Got in after one o'clock and fed the coon. I imagine that was Sig the Jig. We had three coons. There was Sig the Jig, Bundle, and George Scrooge Raccoon Brown. He was the one I brought from Phantom Way(?).

Oct 23, Fed the coon and got hunting stuff together. Fine roast beef dinner. Turtle Y Club dedicated a lecturn of walnut to Grampa's memory in a ceremony at the cabin in the Y woods this afternoon. Lou Westfall made a dedication address and Arlie (?) the sermon. Walshes were there too. After that went to chapel and Chad Walsh gave a fine sermon called Two Plus Two Equals Five. Gave old Mr. Dean a quart of cider. Drove a truckload of Wellesley fellowshippers to the cabin and the new advisor bitched about how I drove. Had hotdogs, cider and a boring meeting. I guess I was leaving my high school days behind as I got more involved in college.

The next day Dad and I and Conway and Rutman and the rest of us went to South Dakota.

Nov. 23 Louie's dance band scabbed a job in LaGrange because we didn't have union cards for Cook County or Chicago. Jerry told me a variation on an old joke. He told me about the constipated mathematician. His version, the mathematician worked it out with a slide rule.

I can't remember me doing any milking on the farm. But in summer of 49 I was late for Bacteriology because I said I had to trot out a cow and milk her to get milk for an experiment. At least once I must have.

Dec. 18, Family packed rapidly--Mom, Dad, me, Jackie and Bob Jackson climbed into the car and headed to Florida. Stopped in Chicago to see Uncle Pat. Got as far as Shelby, IN and I'm shacking up with Bob Jackson in a Triple A court. Next day we got to Mammoth Cave. As Bob observed all the wet and moist rocks, he asked the guide, What made it so wet down here? Water, said the guide. 20th, Asheville tonight. We drove through the Great Smoky Mtns. and Mom was scared. I got movies. Signs said not to feed the bears. Toward N Carolina smelled terrible--Like OB Johnson's outhouse, gas. One gas station we stopped at, the attendant couldn't write out the form for the credit card. Dad had to do it for him. Next day, Brunswick GA today. Dull ride, crackers and graham crackers. Must be tough in a town full of poor folks, esp. if you are a poor folk. Bob drove a lot and scared me a couple of times. Red clay, chickens, pigs, pickaninnies, and so forth. Stopped at the Southeastern Bull Stud Farm this morning and then off we went. This is the time we saw

three or four way that they had of getting the bull excited. They didn't demonstrate, just explained. The next day we were at Brunswick, GA. Got up at five in the morning to see the shrimpers go out. Had fine sausage at the Courtview Tearoom. Red peppers in it. Traveled through Florida and stopped at Solar Springs. Took movies of it and saw the sights. Alligators, too. Then drove on and on. Got to Winterhaven and visited the Charles. That's who we've stayed with two or three times before. Couldn't put us up though so we stayed at one of their friend's houses. That was the last in 49 in my diary. It's very sketchy from then on. I don't think I have any more.

I found a few diaries. April 9, 1950. Stories I was considering writing. Two mice chewing away on corn cobs to get into a bldg of seed grade. At the same time the father is showing the son how to make cyanide and placing it. I went on and wrote that story, Jackie, I'll try to find it. It was written in college but it was nowhere near as good as the detasseler. It described the bldg from the mouse's point of view. The second idea was Saturn and how I felt about it the first night I saw it. I was up in Santa Catalina Mtns with some SAS boys. This is part of your book, Jackie. You felt the same way up at Pleasant Lake when you saw Saturn for the first time at Boy Scout Camp. ... Remember the night Ron fell and I rang the gong at the Girl Scout Camp, it's on a previous tape.

May 16, 50, this is the specific. The Sunday School party where I almost killed myself today. Wasn't even scared. A 47 Pontiac hit the back end of the International Metro I was driving with Jackie and seven Sunday School kids. Whirled me around, flipped me over and slid ten feet. Kids screaming and dust flying. I felt the truck going over and I hung onto the steering wheel. I felt it hit then slid. Jackie fell on me. First thing I thought of was Jackie and then the kids. Cops came, firetrucks came and washed the gas away. Kids ran around. Other driver was on an errand for a man whose boy was being treated for a scald burn at the hospital. Dad and Irv came, Bud Right turned the truck back up. Jack Kelly from high school saw part of the wreck. Doc B(?) wasn't home. I think I've got a cracked rib. I didn't even know I'd been hurt, Jackie. Good day, however. Jackie's picnic was nice and we built a fire. Strange.

June 11, commencement. Jackie graduated summa cum laude. Jammed into my diary on that day is a piece of yellow paper. Pretty well falling apart. With these poems in your handwriting, Jackie.

The snowy owl flies from star(?) skies
And bumbles into man's domain and dies.

He loved the land and drew from it a part and sharing it gave me a seeing heart.

The kids are leaping high
Their white legs flame. flinging)I bet)
The goat sedately walks
her udder swinging.

Autumn afternoon a pheasant goes berk, berk behind
the rest is torn away.

Jackie, Barbara says you're a stable head and I should read this one because I was feeling so sweet towards you those days, that commencement, so proud of you. Then on the 17th you got married. I described the ceremony and the big reception. Then you folks got all the way, made your getaway and

nobody followed you. Then came this plaintive call from the Silo Motel in Evansville, I guess it was. You had forgotten your suitcase. So Daddy had me jump in the car and I roared up to Evansville. I got there and the guy at the desk was very suspicious of me. Until I finally told him, Look, I'm her brother and they forgot the luggage. He thought I was the headman and I was looking for you people to run a shivaree. I remember now that this was very rural WI and it went on all the time. In your case, you didn't have a shivaree, you were just embarrassed having your brother come from Beloit to bring you your luggage.

This has nothing to do with the farm but can you imagine a night at the Blue Note with cousin Jerry and we heard Louie Armstrong, Cozy Cole, Jack Teagarden and Barney Bagard and Father Hines. Wow!

The next day I was in Chicago with Jerry. We went to Hudson Ross's music store and later we went to Madison Street and looked at the winos. That's the semester I moved into the Sig house, Jackie, one of my first comments was that I was pretty well fixed up here. Two fine roommates Frank Gross and Ken Whirley. Wonderful life. Tonight Ken swiped a pie and split it with us. Very kind of him. My grades dropped that semester. I don't have much in my diary. I'm beginning to think that it wasn't so much living at the Sig house but having a roommate like Whirley that contributed to my grades dropping.

Another anecdote. I was in medical school. In Chicago at the Medical Center. My colleague Dave Downs reported he was walking down Maxwell Street and a little Negro, couldn't have been over seven, said loudly with awe and wonder in his voice, They got the mother-fuckin' Christmas decorations up already.

1957. On Sat. I came home from medical school and drove around northwest Beloit with Dad. Went on a fine run to Shopiere and to Howard Milners to hear the talking crow. The crow told me to fuck myself, and stick it up my ass. Foul fowl! I voted against daylight savings time and against tying dogs all year. Ate supper with Dad at the Elks. Best meal I've had in months.

The next day, I ate at the dairy. This is when Ralph Anderson and Mrs. Gurkey were running it. Their parakeet shat upon my head.

Dad and I called on Burt Saul, an old employee of Grampa's, 1914-18. He went to Wayland Academy. Everything fine except his aged wife attacked doctors. I got tired of that. Hated to leave Dad, but Dunbar and Otis, Child and I drove to Elkhorn to see Phil Jones and Beth's new baby. Cute little wrinkled bastard. Phil's proud as a peacock.

I went to the undergraduate Sigma Chi house on April 1st. This was so many years out of college I felt as out of place as the illegitimate child at the family reunion.

April 28, 1957. I was up at eight with Dad and got a canoe and we went for a river trip on Turtle Creek, seeing bird. Saw grackles, male and female cardinals, little blackbirds, vireos, wrens, crowns, crows, bluejays, kingfishers, bank swallows, very pleasant.

Sunday, May 12, '57. Wonderful morning. Breakfast with Dad and Mom and

Jackie. Then to Walshes to see Demi Lee and Megan. Demi sang My ABCs and Finnegan Begin Again. Then we went for a tour of the estate. The super highway is coming through our farm. Shit. We talked with farmers about this unwanted road. To the woods, quiet, wet, bleak, gray day. The green young spring with wet leaves, wet woods, and wet violets and other wildflowers; still, birds and other small animals about, perfect.

The next day I noticed that there's one good thing about polio, it keeps the kids off the street.

Why can't I see the movie, Mommy? They aren't showing it in Braille, dear.

Jackie, if you're still there when this tape comes you won't understand this but I have here, again, it's 57 and I'm up north with Mom and Dad. We found some fitgers(?) in the back woods, again. Dad sang out Peace and joy come to you, and to you your fitgers(?) too. etc. Dad also said noisy as a coon on a garbage can.

Night before I left medical school, Jackie, for my internship, I had quite an afternoon in Beloit saying goodbye to all my friends. And Goble's dad. After supper Dad told me to climb in the car and he was going to go down, and we were going to meet with his employees. We went to the dairy and he drove right out on the field. Then his employees were all the cows. I misunderstood, I thought they were going to have a going-away party for me. Dad's humor. He said, One thing about being in farming--when he went on vacation, the cows kept working for him. When I went on vacation as a doctor, the money stopped coming in.

I was called in on consultation for one cow with bloat. She survived after eating grain and belching. Cows belch, but don't fart. Horses can't belch, but they can talk.

My last day home, I went to Rotary Club with Dad. Sat with Dr. Robby R(?) and (?) Russburg. Then the packing and a nap. Took black ladies home and got my car at Bud Weiser's. Stopped for a bratwurst and wine at Pat's lawn party for Jeannie Redlake. Then home for good ham salad and cheese and potato supper. Went out in field with Dad and watched the crew work late baling in the field west of our house. Quiet with only the baler making noise.

Flash pictures, then with a reluctant, aching in apprehension heart, I kissed Mom. Shook hands with Dad, kissed Dad. Took off for Salt Lake City for a year. Stopped at Benningtons, then picked up Roger. I had strawberries and cream and said goodbye to his folks as long as I said goodbye to mine. Dad brought the lunch I had forgotten. We got going at 10:45 p.m.

Jackie, Jo might like this one. Sunday, Feb 17, 1957. In Madison. Ate at Pisans, then to Jo's to show her my new sportscoat. Nice sweet sister, she's been fine to me during my Madison stay of five years. Jerry came running down to get his toy dog. Danny gets a sucker whenever he'll do his BMs on the toilet. We took Carl some ice cream and called it WIBA.

March 2, 57. Home from Madison. Hadn't been home for several weeks. Saw Gram, who was 86. And Hazel. (Something about his car at the dairy) Continued my feud with (?). I called him a low-life, and Fonda, with a great

deal of affection, called me a horse turd.

End of Side 1

Side 2

Father Dougan, at our house, in 1978, saying Bless the Lord oh my soul. We'll skip some of the chatter of our family till Mommy starts talking. I am in receipt of your letter of Aug 1 1980, sent from Vt. with some of your wonderful stories and some of mine that you've added. One I wanted to add on Howard Milner's stories. I don't have my diary, so I don't remember it exactly. Sad and his friend Roger Mason were playing in the dance band. I must have been 21. I was legal, Roger wasn't. We'd played with Louie Dalvitt at the Black Hawk tavern, a long job. Nine until one a.m. Being tired and weary, we retired to a illegally open tavern called Morks. If you recall, it was the foulest place in town. At least we could get a glass of beer, quietly in the back room, which we were doing. Roger and I little knew what was going on in the basement. Suddenly the back door flew open and there stood Howard Milner with a gun drawn, two cops behind him. He saw Roger and me with our mouths falling open and miserable little glasses of beer. He said, Craig, get the hell outta here! The guy next to him escorted us out. Then they proceeded to make the raid on Mork's. It's in the paper the next day, MORK'S RAIDED--ILLEGAL GAMBLING. They were having a cock fight in the basement. I always had a warm spot in my heart for Howard Milner, after he got me and Roger out of there, why, that was a very appreciative time.

You might work this in somehow. I used to buy colored margarine in IL for Jo and Carl. It was at Jewel's Dairy. His dad had a little dairy and Jewel was his first name. I would buy it there and run it up to Madison. When Dad found out about it he asked me, How would you like the headline, DAIRY- MAN'S SON CAUGHT SMUGGLING COLORED MARGARINE INTO WISCONSIN?

The day I started practice, sister Patty (Owleyes) sent me a telegram, Knock'em dead, Thad!

Here's Grampa I hope!

THE story of Mr. Pripps (Mommy defending):

...The car slid on the ice and tipped over and killed him. ...I'm just telling you the truth, now, Blanche, because I wanted all of you to know about it. (Something about a canal until they found him.) ...Mr. Pripps was a wonderful man. ...He was going to come down to meet us at the Miami airport on the night before Christmas. Some of the children had seen everything....but the younger ones hadn't. So we decided that we'd it easily and go and see everything, give them time to enjoy it. We'd swim and fish and do things, too. We were to get down to meet Daddy. But before we went, Daddy got worried about sending me out with four children without him. (Something about a big semi) going up a hill, it didn't make it and it started sliding. It went all the way down. By that time it had hit something else and they both collapsed (down by the something). Now, why they dragged Mr. Pripps into, I have no idea. (the gist is that they saw an accident that smashed a car up like an accordion, someone must have noted that that's what happened to Mr. Pripps, and had the kids scared all the way to Florida.) (This was a great source of

amusement to the entire family!) (Mommy goes on to defend Mrs. Pripps who is one of her close friends and a fine lady.)Mrs. Pripps is out of money, ...I never see her.

Craig: When does Jackie think her book will be published? Will it be soon? or what? It will be a remarkably good book.

May 1, 1980--Craig: I was convulsed with laughter on many of things that happened. We have Redbone singing some choice songs that I like. I was listening to this about a year ago. We've been through so much together, how much I love you. I hope you can get some chapters of our memories, even this late. ... Last night: Realized we had our first thunder and lightning storm. Portland OR seldom has thunderstorms. It's almost always raining. We are living about 40-60 miles south. The thunder came closer and closer, we counted the seconds. 25 seconds. Trever and I brought up chairs from outside and sat on our Colonial patio in front of our fantastic four acres. It came closer and closer and the moon was out. We could see the thunderheads and the lightning going from cloud to cloud. From cloud to ground, from ground to cloud. All this took about an hour. Finally I gave up and came inside. I was sitting in the bedroom, Biscuit sitting at my side. Suddenly, WHAM! the thunder and lightning hit the same time. I suddenly had this huge dog in lap. Apologetic, grinning and smiling, licking my face, embarrassed to be there. But scared shitless, so was I. I hung onto this dog and she slobbered. Then I put her down disdainfully and she looked at me adoringly. Bucky came running in, wondering what was going on. There was a very tense but joyous moment.

(music)

1980, 112:10, 30 of April: Talked to Mommy and Dad. Mommy told me all about her son who has a beautiful new house. She also told me about the new fantastic drug that her son had prescribed for her. Of course Dr. Fast prescribed the drug and of course the beautiful new house is my house. Dad is handling this very well, and so is Mommy. I hope we both have as much strength at her age and Daddy's age as they demonstrate to us. It still gives one pause. You have degenerative arthritis of the spine (osteo) and you asked me earlier aren't you a little young for that. No, not at all. At about age 21, we all start getting it, because that's when we begin to quit growing and start to degenerate. You don't recall, but mine began when I was all of 38,39. Has continued. Swimming is the best exercise all the way. If you can get a brew called Schludwiliieger of the CA Eastern Brewing Co. It helps to take it before exercise. Don't go to a chiropractor, it'd probably kill ya.

Next a bit about Harry Truman, not the president, but a man who wouldn't leave the Mt. St. Helen's area. Several new songs. It was quite a blast. I was on call the third time the mountain went, had to rush up to third floor to see it. (Hear one)

Mon. Aug, 4. Biscuit sings.

Thurs Aug 7. One time I came home from medical school and there was a great big furor. Fonda was helping in Ruby Obeck's field. We still had corn shocks. We could wait before harvesting. We used to make little houses inside the teepees. I remember lining the houses with corn. They found a

dead man in one of them. Frozen stiff. Irv was sick. We've gone through this. They picked on the poor man working for Ruby. Irv was still awfully sick. I was very interested, I was in pathology at the time. I was hoping this one would come to the U of WI for diagnoses and it didn't. That's just a follow-up.

You asked me about how I decided to go to medical school. I can't find any but intermittent diaries from college. Grampa never discouraged me from going with him, he never encouraged me, either. I was at Beloit, loaded with liberal arts. I had enough credits for almost four majors. You had to choose one. I chose biology because I thought I was going on into ministry. There's a tale. I thought it would be great as a minister to have a BS. Now I wish I had a BA when I went into medicine. I went on in biology because of Bennington and Welty. I can remember the precise moment that I decided to take a crack at medical school. That's what it was, Jackie, a crack. There were a lot of things leading up to it. I remember working late, many, many nights in the lab in comparative anatomy. It was marvelous! Bennington would be there at night. He didn't have to be there. But it was so tough, but after our labs, etc. most of us would go up and do extra. We liked it. We'd dissect this and that just to go on with the cats. I remember one fellow who was delighted because he found the cat with kittens, and rubberized arteries and veins made it like a slingshot. He dropped his little ovarian pouch full of cat and they bounced like a yo-yo. It's kinda rough, you probably don't want that in your story. It wasn't a malignant thing, it just happened. We all just looked at it, Oh, my goodness-- isn't that interesting. Specifically, the one time I decided that I wanted to try for medicine was when I was dissecting out the semi-circular canals of a dogfish. I was having trouble with it. Bennington came over and helped me whack down to it. This is written up in *Highways to Faith*, edited by David Wesley-Sober (?). I was dissecting beautifully and Bennington came over and cut through an awful lot of bullshit and said, Now go, now dissect. He saving me about four or five hours of dissection. We all were timid. He got me right down, to the semi-circular canals and then I was able to dissect this fantastic part of the hearing system which is very similar to ours. Dogfish, coon. At that point, I think I was a senior. There it was. How fantastic the dogfish was, the human might be. I'm rambling now, but this was the one spot where I thought Gee, I'd like to learn an awful lot more about it. Why not medicine? I talked to Dr. Knilans one time indirectly about schools. There was no veterinarian school in WI. I had already taken Daddy's nickel to go to Beloit--it was private, not cheap. The closest vet school was Ames, Iowa. That was expensive. I applied to two or three medical schools. But after I had taken all my requirements, I applied at Western, MO; St. Louis. It's a Catholic school. I thought a great deal of it because of some friends. The U of WI I really wanted but didn't know if I'd get in. I got accepted to all three and got rejected from Columbia where Jerry got in. The same week I got accepted to Garret which was Northwestern's seminary for Methodist preachers.

Don't put this in, but I put in a lot of time on my knees and a lot of time thinking and kicking up my heels in the field. Which way am I going to jump? I chose the U of WI med school. Can you imagine that being a med student cost 300 dollars a semester? For tuition? We bitched because you could pay 150 dollars just to be an undergraduate. Now to be a state student, it's something like \$1500 or 2000 a semester.

I didn't answer your question, but I wanted to get that down while I was thinking of it. I'll try to come up with a hilarious story. Good night, Jackie, and I

love you to pieces.

Aug 15: eagerly awaiting Gramma and Grampa who are coming in Weds the 20th. We'll pick them up and then have a good time. We're so looking forward to them. And Jackie, I just got your letter tonight about Grampa's death, made a few corrections. Was overwhelmed and rather disarmed the rest of the evening. Superb, magnificent, you are the finest writer I have ever known. Can't say much more. I'm tremendously touched, so was David, Barbara is upstairs reading it now. (Notes changes he made.)

End of tape