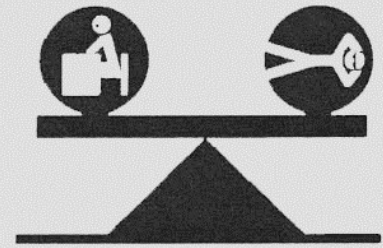


POST POLIO PACER

Conserving Strength and Energy through Pacing
October 2019 — Madison, Wisconsin

Madison Area Post Polio Support Group Newsletter
MAPPSG formed in 1985 — This Is Our 34rd Year!



Polio Eradication

As we look toward World Polio Day on October 24th, we are happy to bring more information about the enormity of the world wide effort to eradicate this terrible disease. Sadly, there were more cases reported since last month of both Wild Polio Virus and Vaccine Derived Polio Virus.



What's incredible, is that the GPEI is more determined than ever NOT to quit. For every tax deductible dollar you donate to the Rotary Foundation to eradicate polio, the Gates Foundation will match it 2 for 1. Your \$10 will be turned into \$30.

A Note about the Polio Eradication Effort

In our August issue (of *Pa. Polio Survivors Network*), we covered the Global Polio Eradication Initiative from the standpoint of "What" is being done and "Why" it needs to be done. As we publish this newsletter, an article written by Shashank Bengali, was published on Sept. 5th in the *LA Times*. In part, it says:

"An anti-vaccination movement rooted in suspicions of modern medicine.

Unsubstantiated rumors fueled by social media.

Children infected with a disease that had been all but wiped out.

Polio is making a troubling comeback in Pakistan, and it is being driven by some of the same forces spreading measles in the United States.

Two years after health officials declared they were on the verge of eradicating the crippling childhood disease from Pakistan, one of the last countries where it remains endemic, at least 58 children here have tested positive for the virus since January. That is nearly five times the total of all of last year, and the most in a calendar year since 2014 — a major setback for a \$1-billion-a-year global eradication campaign."

"All polio programs, when they get to the end, have to guard against complacency," said Jay Wenger, Director of polio eradication at the Bill & Melinda Gates Foundation.

We were fascinated by this article and what we have seen in the last few months. With the number of cases going in the wrong direction, NO one is giving up the fight to eradicate this terrible disease -one that we personally understand all too well.

The Gates Foundation is more determined than ever to continue it's partnership with the GPEI by continuing their 2 for 1 match for every dollar donated to the Rotary Foundation for the eradication of Polio. They aren't quitting and neither will we. Join Team Survivor 2019 on page 2. Feel free to share the attached information with your friends and family.

Together, we can make a difference.



**Team Survivor 2019
Hosted By
Pa. Polio Survivor's Network**
www.papolionetwork.org

How Do I Donate?

Make a check payable to The Rotary Foundation (note: "Polio Plus" on the memo line). The Bill Gates Foundation will TRIPLE whatever amount you send. (Your \$5 will become \$15). 100% of the proceeds will go to the Rotary Foundation—Rated 4 Stars by Charity Navigator.

Are you a Polio Survivor?

Let us know. Together we can make a difference, helping each other go forward as we become part of the solution.

Fill Out The Form Below and Mail

I would like to make the following donation to Rotary International's "Polio Plus" program. I understand that their focus is to eradicate Polio through worldwide vaccination.

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

City: _____ State: _____

Zip: _____

Email: _____

Phone #: _____

Are you a Rotarian? Yes -District # _____
Rotarian ID (if available): _____

Are you a Polio Survivor? _____
Is this Donation in Behalf of a Polio Survivor?
(Y/N) Name: _____

Can we publish your name as a "Member" of Team Survivors? (Y/N) _____
Donation Amount: _____

**** Please make the check payable to:
The Rotary Foundation**

Mail to: Pa. Polio Survivors
Attn: Polio Plus
PO Box 557
Doylestown, Pa. 18902

Feel free to email or call us with any questions.
Contact us: papolionetwork@gmail.com
(or) 215-858-4643

**Do the upcoming holidays
cause you stress?**

Consider conservation of your energy as a gift to yourself. That is easier to say than do for most of us..., but below are some ideas to consider.

Halloween is at the end of this month, but Christmas decorations, etc. are already in the stores and online. Now is the time to set a budget, make a list and check it twice--after you have browsed online for the "perfect gift".

If you prefer store shopping--rest before you go, take a list, and let your *body* tell you when it is time to go home.

Wrap and label as you buy and sit to wrap if possible. If standing, use a high table or top of the washer/dryer. Other options are using a gift bag or having the store or a friend wrap for you.

Need help decorating? Have a decorating party so guests can help you decorate and at a later date put decorations away.

Rest and eat something before going to holiday parties. Enjoy small quantities of holiday treats.

Options for hosting a meal—prepare what you can in advance, ask each guest to bring a dish to pass or order a prepared meal from a grocery store.

**Conserving your energy
is a gift to yourself. Enjoy!**

Treasured Memories

By Kathleen Blair, Columnist

The high point of my summer was celebrated at High Point Village in view of Timm's Hill, the highest point in Wisconsin. Although the reunion on August 8th was about as perfect as it could have been, the entire trip became a treasured memory, thanks to my eldest son, Ron.

We left McFarland at 10:30 a.m. on Wednesday, August 7th, and arrived in Medford early that afternoon after driving past Auburndale, through Marshfield, Spencer, Unity, Colby, Abbotsford, Dorchester and Stetsonville – towns and countryside I had not seen in more than 50 years.

After an early dinner we wasted no daylight hours as Ron drove me north through Chelsea, the small town of my earliest memories, now seeming to be even smaller. The railroad tracks, church, grade school, and many old buildings are gone, but I showed Ron the location of my first childhood home where we lived when I was a toddler and where my brother, Wayne, was born, the location of the store, post office, school and church, and the hill on which I learned to ski. Happily, my maternal grandparents' house where my younger sister, Leah Mae, was born, and an old farmhouse where my elder sister, Margaret Ann, was born are still standing. And we drove past the Chelsea cemetery where in the past I have recognized the name on almost every tombstone. I was happy to see the house my dad built in 1950 was still in good shape.

From there we continued north through Westboro and on into the beautiful, thickly forested area of the Mondeaux Flowage. Driving slowly along winding roads around lakes and occasionally stopping for wildlife, Ron showed me his favorite campsite and where he had fished earlier this summer. We even found a clean, accessible outhouse when I needed to use one, and Ron promised to tell his siblings that I had to "go" in the forest. As the sun set we made our way out

of the forest and back to our hotel.

After an early breakfast at Boarders Inn Thursday morning, we headed north/northeast this time covering the rural Rib Lake area: my parents' farm which originated as property homesteaded by my paternal grandparents and great-grandparents in the late 1800's, the farmhouse my dad built, the grade school and country store. As we followed the country roads, I recalled long forgotten names and faces from the past. What a nostalgic experience!

Stopping on a bridge Ron pointed down a stream showing me the rocky shore where he and his cousin Bobby fished for trout. Ron was 7 and Bobby was 8 at the time and they were visiting relatives nearby. He thinks it was Grandpa that attached pieces of red cloth to their fishhooks, and the trout were eager to grab those red hooks. Under 8-year-old Bobby's "orders" they sat very still whenever a white vehicle came into sight. (*Was that the game warden?*) When they trudged back uphill to the house carrying a long string of trout one of the adults was shocked and said, "It isn't even trout season yet!"

A few country miles from there we stopped at St. Anne's Church that was built during my grandparents' generation and is still maintained today as a historical shrine. Five generations of my family are resting in peace in the adjacent cemetery.

A cruise around the Village of Rib Lake past the location of the old high school and down Main Street triggered scores of memories of my high school years. I showed Ron the approximate location of the building where I was born in an upstairs room that served as the "hospital" in 1936. The doctor's office was on the first floor and his wife served as his nurse. (*This info handed down to me by my parents, of course.*)

It was now after 10 a.m. We drove out of Rib Lake on Hwy 102, turned north on Hwy C and headed deep into the peaceful wooded countryside along winding roads near Spirit and Ogema on our way to our final destination --

High Point Village and the Hill of Beans Restaurant below Timm’s Hill.

A large room filled with two long tables was buzzing as we entered, and I began recognizing familiar faces. Thanks to a careful review of our 1953 and 1954 yearbooks, I remembered the names of all 12 classmates who were present as well as five from the 1953 class. Ron seated me at the closest table where I could see the entire room, then collapsed my wheelchair and set it out of the way. The view out the wall of windows across the room was filled with nature’s beauty: a



Kathleen Marie, Mary Ann, Edythe, Alice



Standing: Irene, Kathleen, Marie, Mary Ann, Edythe, Beverly, Doris, Ray. Sitting: Alice & Evelyn

gorgeous park with Timm’s Hill in the distance and the constant flurry of hummingbirds just outside the windows. It was heavenly!

Close friends, Marie and Marvin and Edythe and Bob chose seats across the table making visiting delightful. My dear friend, Alice arrived last and Ron gave up his seat for her. She had traveled from Virginia with her son to be with us. It was so good to see her.

This event was made even more special with Jeanne, June, Mary, Beatrice and Joan from the class of 1953 joining us. Plus three more classmates – Bonnie, Marvin and Barbara – sent letters and joined us in spirit.

For three happy, noisy hours we chatted about the good and positive things in our lives. At 83/84 years of age we were overjoyed just to be there. All fears, worries, and health problems were put aside as we simply enjoyed the company of old and dear friends.

Everyone was grateful to Mary Ann for her leadership in planning and organizing such a delightful reunion, and we thanked Irene and Evelyn who helped her. And the delicious food and service at the Hill of Beans Restaurant were as outstanding as the atmosphere.



The “secretary” in me circulated a pad of paper for everyone to write their name, spouse’s name, address, phone number, email address, etc. which I will share with everyone when I mail them a copy of this Pacer.

As we said our good-byes, Marie and Marvin invited us to their home only a few miles from High Point Village. This was a bonus added to my day. We relaxed on their deck, surrounded by flower gardens in bloom and thoroughly enjoyed our visit. Thank you, Marie and Marvin.

As we drove away along the tree-lined, winding roads I laid my head back, closed my eyes and said to Ron, “*This was about as perfect as a reunion could be.*” And I am sincerely grateful to my eldest son for making this entire adventure possible.

Golden Rule of Post Polio Syndrome

**"If something you do causes
you fatigue, weakness or pain,
you shouldn't be doing it!"**

FOOTPRINTS & MEMORIES OF JACOB & MARY MONTGOMERY

By Jacob E. Montgomery

Editor’s note: Jacob Ezra Montgomery was born in Wirtz, VA, on April 12, 1928 and passed away on Father’s Day at age 89 in 2017. His daughter, Charlene Denlinger, sent me his book for “anyone who may be interested in reading it.” With her permission, excerpts of the book follow:

Part 1: In the July 2019 Pacer

Part 2: School Years/Deciding on a Job

I had not attended school before going to Richmond, though I am sure I had picked up a few things from my older siblings. A teacher came out to the hospital and taught school. My first stay there was about ten months. I was in third grade books when I went home. I was there a total of four times. I think the second time was about ten weeks and I don’t remember the length of the other two. I came home to stay sometime in early 1942. When I got home the last time I was fourteen and ready to start sixth grade. By then my brother, Levi, was old enough to drive, and he took me to school. It was the two room school house called Germantown School. It was two miles from where I lived. Levi was taking the seventh grade for the second time. It was not because he failed, but some students repeated the seventh grade to get another year of schooling in without going to high school. After I finished the seventh grade the teacher agreed to let me come to her house a couple hours two days a week and do the rest at home. That is the way I went through eighth grade. Mrs. Susie Angle, the teacher, said she did not think she was qualified to teach any higher grades. Thus ended my formal education.

Deciding on a job

While I was taking the 8th grade, a man from the Virginia State Rehabilitation Department came to see me one day. He informed me that there was help available for some training in a

trade, if I knew what I would like to pursue. Since I was still in school, and I had not really decided what I wanted to do, we asked him to come back when I had finished school.

When he came back, I had decided to go with either watch repairing or bookkeeping, with watch repairing as first choice if they thought it would be something I could do. They gave me an aptitude test, which I passed, so we decided to go with watch repair.

The state was thinking of purchasing an army hospital near Fishersville, Virginia. They planned to use one-third of the complex for a vocational school for the handicapped. Since the buildings were all connected under one roof, it made an ideal location for such a school. There were seven miles of corridor to connect all the buildings of this complex.

However, since it might take a little time for them to be ready for students, they decided to give me a few tools to work with while we waited. In the meantime, I took a correspondence course in Clock Repair. I am not real sure how long it was until they were ready for the school to open, maybe close to a year.

Since they were going to pay for my schooling, they required a physical from the doctor. Their doctor of choice was a Dr. Boyd, and they scheduled an appointment for me at 1:00 on a Thursday afternoon. My parents took me over. When we went in, the receptionist said she was sorry, but this was the afternoon the doctor was not in. Dad told her he thought we had an appointment. She looked, and said, "That's right. I will call him". Dr. Boyd came back and took me in the examination room. He began to check me over, and to shake his head. He said, "This polio really messes a fellow up, doesn't it? I really wouldn't know where your heart is if I couldn't hear it." Well, it always made me nervous to go to a doctor anyway, so my heart was beating a little faster than normal, I am sure, and his words and actions didn't help that at all. He ended up telling me that he didn't think it would do any good for me to take the

schooling because he didn't think I would live long enough to get any benefit from it. Wow! What a blow!

On the way home I told my parents that if Dr. Boyd sent in a report to the state like he talked to me, I would not be going anywhere. Sure enough, in a few days the state man showed up at the door. He said they were not real satisfied with the doctor's report in regard to my heart and wanted to make an appointment with a heart specialist. The specialist requested an electrocardiogram. I can still hear what he said to my dad when he finished the exam. He turned to him and said, "Well, Mr. Montgomery, we may have to knock this fellow in the head come Judgment Day." Sigh! What a relief! That satisfied the state, and I was permitted to go to school.

Part 3 of the story—"Watch Repair School and On My Own" will appear in the January 2020 issue.

Many Thanks to:

- Gail Beckwith & Fayth Kail for their leadership & arranging speakers for our luncheon programs.
- Kathleen Blair, who provided three interesting, thought provoking columns for the 2019 Pacer.
- The *Post Polio Pacer* "folding, taping & labeling" team: Tim Duffy, Sandy Person, Theresa Post, and Marcia Holman.
- Monona Garden Family Restaurant's owner, Nick, for providing the Banquet Room for our meetings and their friendly staff for serving luncheons to us.
- And, last, but not least, Easter Seals Wisconsin for: 1) printing of and postage for approximately 240 copies of the print edition of the *Pacer*. 2) Easter Seals Wisconsin also pays for speakers' luncheons.

We need to remember that this group would not exist without their help.

Please remember Easter Seals Wisconsin in your end of year giving.

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 Fayth Kail 608-249-1671
 Sheryl Shaffer 608-224-9201

Suggestions for speakers, topics, books to read and discuss, etc. are needed.

Call or e-mail (see e-mail list) one of the people listed above to suggest program topics or speakers, volunteer to organize one meeting program, share your knowledge (or find an expert) about becoming a non-profit organization or volunteer your talents (financial, organizing, etc.) as a committee member.

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To get your Pacer in color on line, set your email program to always accept messages from mchwgh@gmail.com

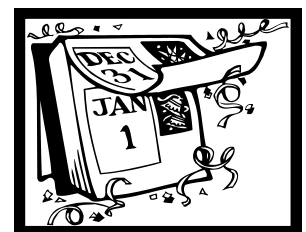
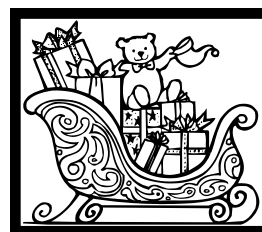
Names in bold are new to the list or have an address change. To add your name and/or up-date your e-mail address to this list, notify Marcia Holman at: mchwgh@gmail.com

POST POLIO PACER is a quarterly newsletter published in January, April, July & October for polio survivors, the Madison Area Post Polio Support Group, health care professionals and interested persons to share information and to promote friendships. Articles in this newsletter are for information; medical advice is always necessary.

Please request permission from the editor to reprint articles from the Post Polio Pacer.

Disclaimer: The opinions expressed in this publication are those of the individual writers and do not imply endorsement by Easter Seals Wisconsin or the Madison Area Post Polio Support Group.

Time flies when you are having fun, especially when you pace your activities!





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A NEWSLETTER FROM THE MADISON-AREA POST POLIO SUPPORT GROUP

Mark your calendars!

**2019 meeting dates:
 November 9**

NO MEETING IN JANUARY

Printing and postage
 is provided by:

EASTER SEALS WISCONSIN

608-277-8288 voice
 608-277-8031 tty
 608-277-8333 fax

<http://www.EasterSealsWisconsin.com>



LOCATION:

**Monona Garden Family Restaurant
 6501 Bridge Rd., Monona
 Noon to 2:30**

November speaker:
 Dan Fritz,
 Accessibility & Mobility Specialist,
 Access to Independence, Inc.
 will be our last speaker for 2019.

March 4, 2020—Open discussion

