

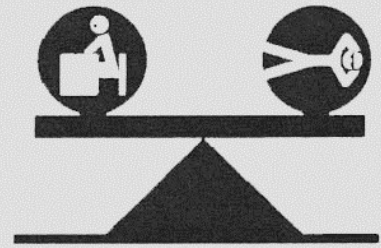
POST POLIO PACER

Conserving Strength and Energy through Pacing

October 2020 — Madison, Wisconsin

Madison Area Post Polio Support Group Newsletter

MAPPSG formed in 1985 — This Is Our 35th Year!



A Recollection of My Confrontation with Polio in 1952

By John Uhler

Part 1 : In the July Pacer

Part 2: Coming to Terms

I remember the day after I had made my way to a regular hospital bed, listening to a discussion with my mother, the nursing staff, and Dr. Fox, concerning the obvious musculo-skeletal effects of the polio. They noted the difference in size of the large sternocleidomastoid muscles on either side of my neck. The right side appeared to be of normal size while the left was very thin, resulting in a reduced ability to turn my head sideways to the right. They noted that generally the upper portion of my body was fairly normal, although my abdominal muscles were a bit weak.



As for my lower body, my left leg appeared to be fairly normal, while my right leg and foot were clearly smaller and weaker. In addition, my right foot was turned out, so they put a foot board at the bottom of the bed to keep the foot turned inward. That didn't work too well, and a few years later I had to have it corrected surgically. As I was able to start using a wheelchair and then to start learning to walk again, the setbacks became clearer. My quadricep muscles were affected, as were my

gluteus maximus. The combined weakness of the abs, quads, and gluts caused me to adjust my ambulatory posture to take advantage of strengths & weaknesses.

To this day I walk with my rump pushed out to compensate for the quad deficiency. Also, of note was that when I was finally able to begin walking, my quad and glut weakness also affected my ability to squat or to kneel on one knee and to walk up stairs. My stronger left leg made it often advantageous to lead with that leg for stepping up curbs or high steps. And notoriously, if someone accidentally bumped my rear from behind, the whole delicately balanced conglomeration of muscle and bone would land on the floor.

In addition, comments were made and later confirmed as to the effect that lying on my back for several months with weakened muscles had on my spine and core muscles. I had begun to develop a significant spinal scoliosis which among other things caused my head to be positioned slightly off center and one shoulder to be held higher than the other. In subsequent years physical therapists and doctors have considered various options to correct the situation. In the end they concluded that it would be better to do nothing than to risk more damage. After 67 years that judgement seems to have worked out for the best.

One of the important events in my saga was the removal of the tracheotomy tube from my neck when it was determined that I no longer needed it. The "trach" back then was a curved metal tube inserted through the skin into the trachea. It had a flange on the end to keep it from sliding inside and it had a cord

attached around my neck to hold it in place. It let air in and out and, also, provided a means to externally aspirate anything that might have gotten into my trachea.

Removing it wasn't as easy as it might seem. In order to be sure that I didn't need it, the nurses began to cover the opening with tape a little at a time over a series of days. Eventually, it was completely covered and clear that I didn't need it for breathing or suctioning. So, finally, the doctor came in and used a scissors to cut the cord around my neck that held it in place. And then he just lifted it out. It didn't hurt or anything, but I just bawled. I can't say why. When they calmed me down, they taped a piece of gauze over the opening and in a few days, it closed-up and healed. I still have the scar, but I never think about it anymore.

Most of the time I was there, I used a bedpan for bowel movements. I remember that one day one of the nurses brought me a bedpan and said that she hoped I had "good results." Well, when I finished, a different nurse came in to pick it up and I announced that I had "good results." Apparently, that cracked up a few of the nurses who were within hearing range of my room.

I spent the Christmas of 1952 in Room 721. I have pictures of my room decorated with a small tree and some Christmas decorations. I still had NGT sticking out my nose. I was in a wheelchair in a bathrobe and my grandparents came to visit. And my dad set up my electric train set on the floor and even bought some accessories to go with it. I think that was about the time I got a new tricycle to start riding around the floor to get some exercise and build up my strength. Sister Jose-lind found some space in a closet down the hall where I could keep it.

First time we've all been together in three months- Dad and mom all dressed up from church. Mary Susan wearing the clown suit that I had watched Grandma Zanter make the year before. I have my cowboy outfit on - gun belt, chaps, and cowboy boots - riding my new tricycle.



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: In the October 2019 Pacer

Part 3: In the January 2020 Pacer

Part 4: In the April 2020 Pacer

Part 5: Courtship and Marriage

Our courtship continued with a couple of breaks along the way. I will just say that Mary's parents had some concerns about us getting married, due to my handicap. We could understand their concerns, but we also thought they were not seeing the complete picture as we thought we could. There were many prayers offered. We sought counsel of some of the ministering brethren and received encouragement to move forward. Under the circumstances, I decided that I would move to Ohio if I could get a job, & Mary had the privilege of coming if she chose to.

I went to the Annual Meeting in the spring of 1953, at Camden, Indiana. After the meeting, I started looking for a job. I went to a couple

Golden Rule of Post Polio Syndrome

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

of places before I was told that a jeweler in Greenville was looking for a watch repairman. I went to see Fritz Martin, and he agreed to hire me. Mr. Martin owned stores in Greenville, Arcanum, Covington, Urbana, Union City and West Milton. He was not sure which one he would send me to yet. I told him I would come to Ohio the beginning of July to start work. Mary was working at a garment factory which always closed around the Fourth of July for vacation. She and a couple of her cousins, planned a week's vacation to Ohio the latter part of June. They took the train on Sunday, June 28th, and were scheduled to return sometime Saturday, July 4. Mary would need to decide whether she would be on the return train, or if she would stay in Ohio to get married.

I came out to my brother, Howard's, on Friday July 3, 1953. My sister, Catherine, and Fannie Jamison (Brunk) came with me. We started about 4 o'clock in the morning. As we were going through Roanoke, some man came around the corner of an intersection, a little too fast, and hit us on the left front corner. It messed up the fender and moved the head light out of position. The police came and checked it all out and gave him a citation. The car wasn't damaged to the point that it could not be driven. The police said if I wanted to meet the driver in court that day it could be settled. I wasn't really wanting to go back home and wait for that. I knew that would make my parents a little uneasy, so we decided to just keep going. We exchanged insurance companies' information and went on our way.

When I got to Howard's I was informed by a letter from Mary that she planned to stay in Ohio. I could pick her up Sunday afternoon at Levi and Elsie's.

I stopped by the store in Greenville on Friday and informed Mr. Martin I was thinking about getting married and asked him about a little time off. When I asked if I could have Thursday off, he said, "Just take all day Thursday and the rest of the week."

I had rented a room at one of Howard's

neighbors to live in. On Monday, I took Mary with me when I went to work. She went to the courthouse to see what the requirements were to get married in Ohio. In the meantime, Howard checked in Indiana and found that the only requirements were that we had to have an Indiana blood test. He also learned that we could get the blood taken and get the results back the same day, and there was no waiting period to get married.

On Monday evening, Mary and I went over to Marvin Skiles' to see if he would perform the ceremony for us, which he agreed to do. We set the date for Thursday, July 9th at 3:30 p.m. The next day we invited our wedding guests: Mary's sister, Elsie, and family; my brother, Howard and family; my sister, Catherine, and Fannie Jamison. Tuesday and Wednesday, Mary and Goldie were busy doing some shopping, making a dress and getting the last-minute things done.

Early Thursday morning Howard and Goldie took us to Richmond, Indiana, to get the blood tests done. The first doctor's office we stopped at informed us that Thursday was the doctors' day off in Richmond. We learned of one that was open, so we hurried over to his office. He, like most others, had trouble finding a vein that wouldn't roll around, from which to take the blood. He finally found one and said, "I was just about ready to get some from your brother; at least it would be in the same family." The blood had to be mailed to the lab, so Howard rushed down to the post office and mailed it.

The wedding was a few minutes late I think, but before 4 o'clock. There was a saying that one should get married when the clock hands are going up, not down. Mary and I walked out. I used my crutches to be standing up for the wedding.



There were some refreshments served: cake and ice cream and some nuts and drink.

Someone had tied a few tin cans onto the car, so they made a little rattling noise as we started off on our trip. We stayed at Winchester, Indiana, that night. We took a little trip north, ended up in Canada one day and ate lunch. We were back home by Sunday evening. Short and Sweet!

Our Family Grows

A few days after we returned from our honeymoon, we learned of a furnished apartment for rent in Winchester, Indiana. We were glad to rent that apartment for a short time. Mr. Martin wasn't sure which of his six stores he wanted me to work in yet, so we weren't sure where we would be living. About a month later he decided he wanted me to stay at the Greenville store.

We found and rented an apartment in Greenville about two blocks south of Martin Jewellers store, on West 5th Street. This made it real convenient, that I could go to work without driving. We lived there until we purchased one of Mr. Martin's stores in West Milton in July of 1954. Then we moved to the corner of Front and Miami Street in West Milton, just a block from our store. This was a small apartment on one side of the landlord's dwelling. We lived in this apartment when our first child, Myrl Lyndell, was born Sept. 4, 1954.

The summer after Myrl was born, we were going up to Howard and Goldie's one evening. The sun was shining through the windshield and Mary was trying to put something on the sun visor to keep it from shining in Myrl's eyes. I guess I was paying more attention to what she was doing than watching where I was going, and when I looked back at the road I was headed toward the ditch. We missed a telephone pole and ended up out in the field. This caused me to slide off the seat and break a leg again. It did not damage the car beyond driving. I got back in the seat and drove back to Greenville to the hospital and spent a couple of nights.

Our second child, Charlene Sue, was born October 23, 1955 at Troy, Ohio. We were needing more room than our apartment afforded,

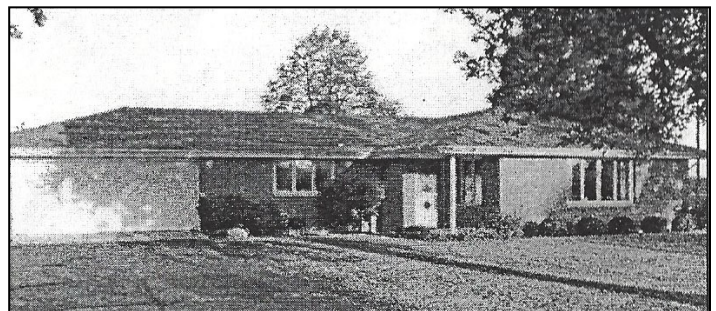
so we started looking for something a little bigger. We found a house on South Main Street in West Milton, about a block west of where we were. There was an unattached garage, and a back yard for the children to play in. We rented there until sometime in 1959.

Wanting to get out of town, we started looking for a place in the country, but not every place we looked at was suitable for a wheelchair. We found one on Nashville Road east of West Milton that we thought would be fine. It had just been remodeled and we thought the rent seemed a little high - \$75 a month! However, it was a nice place and we lived there six years, until we built on Range Line Road in 1965.

Rachel Ann, our third child was born December 15, 1961, also at Troy. My mother came out to help us this time. I'm not sure what day they came but I remember the morning they went home. The weather was cold, a little below zero. I told dad to put his car in the garage so it would not be so cold for them. I never had any trouble with mine not starting. Guess what! When I went out to go to work, it wouldn't start.

When one of the girls was born, don't remember which one, we went in the hospital (Mary was pushing me) and the nurse asked what ward we wanted. When I told her the maternity, she seemed a little surprised - she thought I was the patient.

On August 30, 1966, Michael Owen, our fourth child, was born. He only lived about 6 hours. There were several physical issues which did not give us any hope of him surviving. I am sure this was a blessing. There were



Our house on Rangeline Road—built in 1965

twins to start with but one never developed, which may have had something to do with Michael's condition.

Soon after we moved to West Milton, we became acquainted with Chester and Betty Deaton, and became good friends. They were a little older than we and were married eight years before we were, but also in July. We decided one year in the early 60's we should go out to eat to celebrate our anniversaries together, after which we made it a yearly occasion.

We shared many enjoyable times together over the years. The first time we decided we would like to go to a Chinese restaurant. We found one located in a motel on the edge of Dayton. We went in to find it to be a rather "up-scale" place (according to our standards). This was somewhat of a new experience for us and as we looked over the menu the prices looked a little high. Chester and I looked at each other thinking "WOW". However, we justified it since it was our anniversary and wouldn't be doing it every day. We opted to get the cheapest meal... which was \$2.50! It turned out to be a very good meal, the vegetables were served family style and the chicken was delicious. We look back on that today and just grin - at the price of a chicken dinner.

In the spring of 1964 (I think it was) Chet and Betty were at our place one evening and they suggested that we go together and buy a tent and go camping. After some discussing we agreed to do that.

The first year we went to northern Ohio on Lake Erie, in East Harbor State Park. This was an enjoyable experience. We found a camp site on a short lane with a circle drive at the end, so we were pretty much to ourselves. The next year didn't prove to be so desirable. The only site we could get was right up with all the other campers and we were too crowded for comfort. I thought "if camping is going to be like this, it's not for us."

Part 6 will be in the January 2021 Pacer

History of Mobility 4 Vets Wheelchair Shop In King, WI

This article was posted on Facebook.

Mobility 4 Vets Wheelchair Shop Inc. was founded in 2012 by a group of American Veterans who had previously volunteered at the Disabled American Veterans (DAV) Wheelchair Shop, located at the Wisconsin Veterans Home in King, WI.

The Wheelchair Shop at King had been instrumental in repairing, restoring, and redistributing manual wheelchairs, walkers, crutches, motorized wheelchairs and motorized scooters. After the DAV wheelchair shop was closed in October 2011, six of the volunteers who had been working there decided that the operation was too important to those with mobility issues, and decided to begin operations anew, with a new name and new location. Although the Veterans Home had scrapped all inventory from the previous operation, the existing vets knew there was a need in the community for such services and began working in uncharted territory. With the generous donation of a rent-free building, and the assistance of a supporter who pledged maintenance work, we began anew.

The previous motto of "Veterans Serving Veterans" is our motto too, and we strive to provide the necessary equipment for members and patients at our veteran's facilities, as well as, those in need from various veterans organizations around the state of Wisconsin, including AMVETS, The American Legion, The Disabled American Veterans, The Veterans of Foreign Wars, The Purple Hearts Organization, The Marine Corps League, The Women's Veterans Organization, The Vietnam Veterans of America, and the Wisconsin Vietnam Veterans, to name just a few. We also strive to help non-veterans who suffer from polio, muscular dystrophy, and the many other restricting diseases and disorders.

The number of repairs to be made requires a large inventory of spare parts, and consistent cash flow for purchasing essential parts and equipment to put these units back into good working order for those in need. We have to depend on donations to help make this happen, and to keep the Mobility 4 Vets Wheelchair Shop operating. This is why we need donations of walkers, crutches, canes, and any other type of mobility equipment. We will also collect and distribute other such devices used by those with mobility needs, such as commodes, lifts, tailgate accessories, etc.

If you know people who no longer need mobility

equipment, please advise them about our organization and our need for this equipment. We accept all donated items, give them a thorough going over, and when possible, put them back into good serviceable condition. We need your help to do that.

For more information, you can visit us at 270 Grand Seasons Drive, Waupaca, WI 54981 or call us at (715) 281-6175 on Mondays and Wednesdays between 8:00am to 2:00pm, or email us anytime at info@mobility4vets.com.

We're here to help you!

In Memoriam

Our condolences to the families of: Betty Heisig, Madison, WI, Jerold Newport, Madison, WI and



Karen Hauge, Loyal, WI

From the Editor:

This has been an unusual year—no meetings due to the Covid-19 pandemic, so we hope everyone has “masked up”, stayed socially distanced and thoroughly washed your hands frequently and have stayed safe.

We haven't met since Nov., 2019! Those of you who usually attend the Madison Area Post Polio Support Group have been missed.

Our thanks to:

Easter Seals Wisconsin for continuing to print and pay postage to assure the Pacer gets to you.

And also to Tim Duffy, Theresa Post, Sandy Person & Marcia Holman, the “folding, taping, and labeling team for 2020.”

How Many Motor Neurons Do I Lose as I Age?

A Bruno Byte “Tidbit”

From Dr. Richard L. Bruno, HD, PhD

Director, International Centre for Polio Education

Question: My leg muscle weakness seems to be increasing faster as I get older. I read that polio survivors lose 7% of muscle strength each year. How do I stop losing strength?

Answer: PPS symptoms on their own don't increase more quickly as you get older, but, two things do happen over time:

1) Everyone over the age of 60 loses 1% of their motor neurons each year, not 1% of their muscle strength. A study by Dr. Alan McComas of untreated polio survivors (untreated meaning that they did not slow down, use braces, crutches or wheelchairs) found that they lost as much as 14% of their remaining MOTOR NEURONS (7% each year) over the two years of his study.

2) Some polio survivors will ignore muscle weakness for years and so do get weaker over time.

One of our Post-Polio Institute studies found that polio survivors who applied our “conserve to preserve” protocol closer to the beginning of their symptoms had less muscle weakness, fatigue and pain after treatment than those who waited to be treated.

Bottom Line: Treating PPS sooner is better than later because symptoms will increase if you don't treat them. Some polio survivors will ignore PPS symptoms until they “need” an assistive device. Unfortunately, by then it's too late because the motor neurons have died a natural or unnatural death.

The Encyclopedia of Polio and Post-Polio Sequelae contains all of Dr. Richard Bruno's articles, monographs, commentaries and “Bruno Bytes”

<https://www.papolionetwork.org/encyclopedia.html>

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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

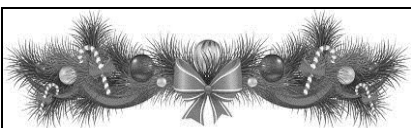
Names in bold are new to the list or have an address change. To add your name and/or up-date your e-mail address to this list, notify Marcia Holman at: mchwgh@gmail.com

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.

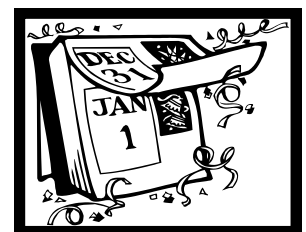
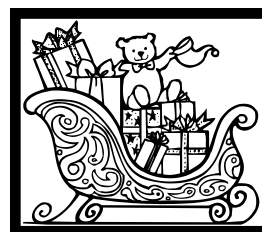
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Disclaimer: The opinions expressed in this publication are those of the individual writers and do not imply endorsement by Easter Seals Wisconsin or the Madison Area Post Polio Support Group.

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



Happy Holidays,
 Everyone!
 from
 Kathleen Blair and
 Marcia Holman





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A NEWSLETTER FROM THE MADISON-AREA POST POLIO SUPPORT GROUP

Mark your calendars!

2021 meetings on hold until the Covid-19 pandemic is over.

As things open up, perhaps we will be able to meet in...

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