



Memories and
Anecdotes
1988-2013

Sponsored by the Wood County Society

**Mid-Ohio Valley Post-Polio Support Group
Memories and Anecdotes
1988-2013**

Edited by Judith Gould Peascoe

Photographs Compiled and Edited by Warren Peascoe



© Becky White

The Group acknowledges the generous support of the Wood County Society for funding the MOVPPSG in their efforts to educate and support Post-Polio Survivors, their families and friends in the diagnosis and treatment of the Post-Polio Syndrome.

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This is an adaption of **Mid-Ohio Valley Post-Polio Support Group Memories and Anecdotes 1988-2013** with permission of the contributors.

This memory book is dedicated to the parents and medical professionals who carried us through the acute phase of polio; friends and family who made life worth living during the stable phase of polio; to spouses and children who love us; and to caregivers and loyal friends who support us through polio's late effects.

In addition to the individual contributors, we thank
The Parkersburg News and Sentinel Inc.
(Formerly The Parkersburg News and The Parkersburg Sentinel)
The Marietta Times
The Athens Messenger
The Charleston Gazette

For their permission to excerpt information from their articles and reprint pictures published in their papers.

Special thanks go to Becky White for allowing us to use material she collected, for her help in going through her records to locate some of our inactive members, and for her recollections of the early history of the group. Thanks also goes to the contributors for their effort in creating their stories and their patience with the editing process.

A number of former members who made valuable contributions to the group have either moved away or died. We have been unable to contact either them or their families. As a result and with great regret, we have omitted their names and photos.

The records for the early years are sparse and I had to rely on people's recollections for much of the story. Any errors are of course my responsibility.
(JGP)

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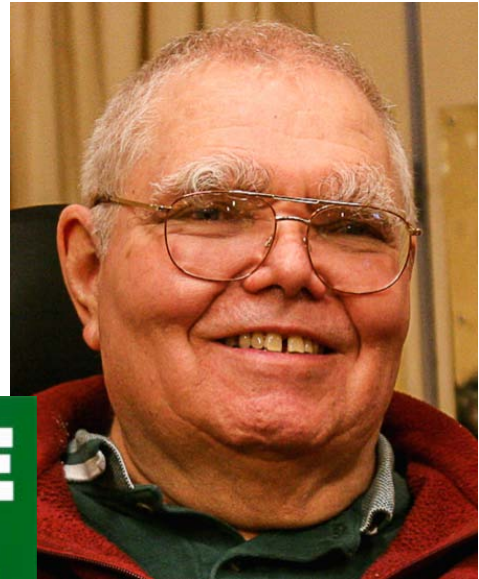
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Members of the Post-Polio Support Group of the Easter Seals Society of Southeastern Ohio Who Are Still Attending Support Group Meetings or in Contact With the Current Group.

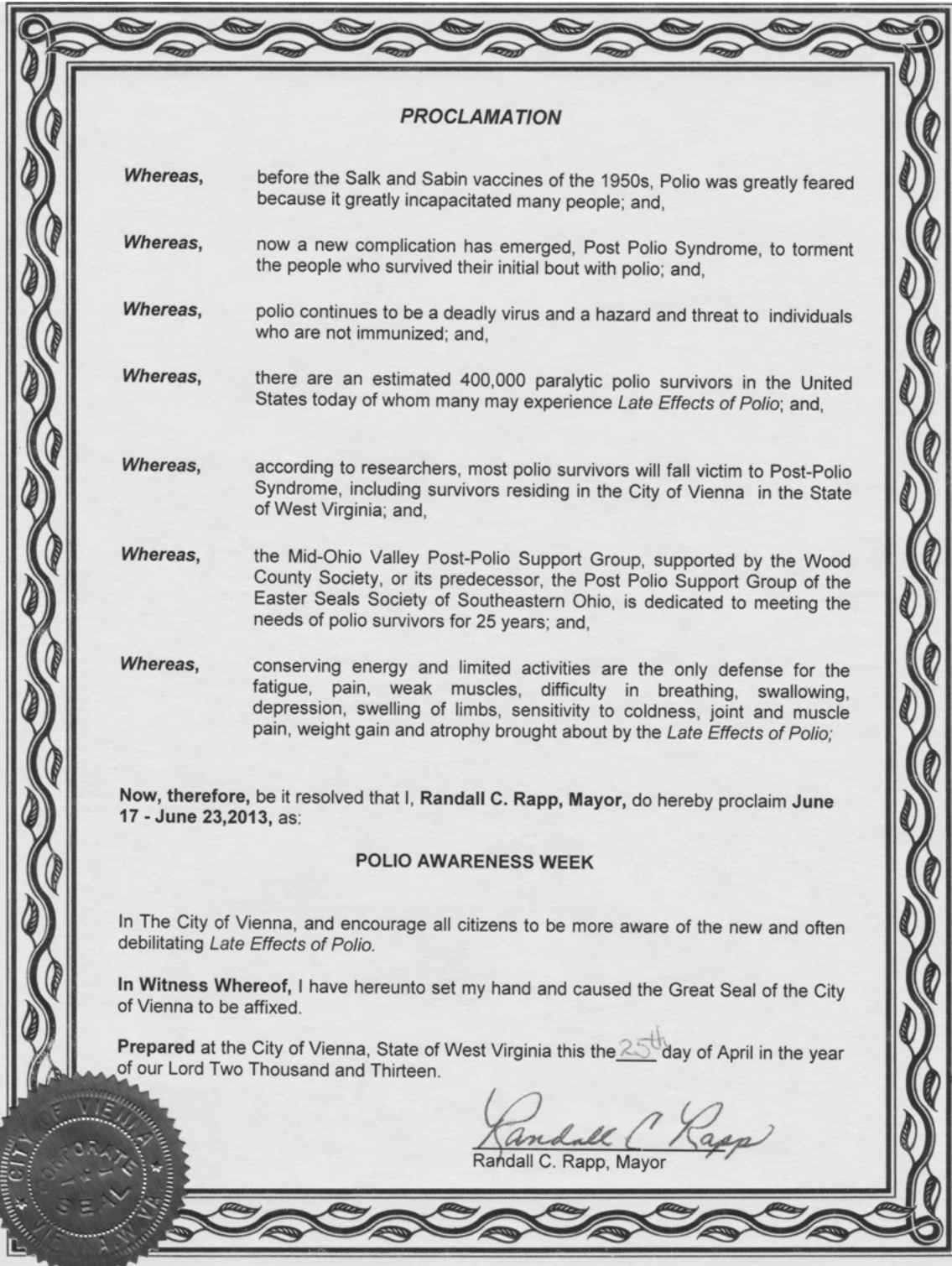
Clockwise from Left: Larry Young (Maynard Reynolds), Becky White (Becky White), Kayleen Andersen (Becky White) and Pat Kelly (Warren Peascoe). Logo Courtesy of Polio Health International (2007 campaign).



**WE'RE
STILL
HERE!**
www.post-polio.org



***Present and Former Leadership of the Mid-Ohio Valley Post-Polio Support Group Top (L→R):
Becky White (Becky White), Pres. 1988-2000, 2001-2011,
Warren Peascoe, Pres.(Nate Reese) 2012-Present, VP 2000 and 2002-2011.
Missing: Vice President until 2000 and in 2001, President from March to December 2000.
Bottom (L→R): Randall Andersen (Becky White), Secretary until 2007; Kayleen Andersen (Becky
White), Secretary and Girl Friday for years, Public Relations until 2007.
Unofficial Asst. Leaders--Judy Peascoe (Warren Peascoe) and Pat Young (Warren Peascoe).
Logo Courtesy of Post-Polio Health International.***



PROCLAMATION

- Whereas,** before the Salk and Sabin vaccines of the 1950s, Polio was greatly feared because it greatly incapacitated many people; and,
- Whereas,** now a new complication has emerged, Post Polio Syndrome, to torment the people who survived their initial bout with polio; and,
- Whereas,** polio continues to be a deadly virus and a hazard and threat to individuals who are not immunized; and,
- Whereas,** there are an estimated 400,000 paralytic polio survivors in the United States today of whom many may experience *Late Effects of Polio*; and,
- Whereas,** according to researchers, most polio survivors will fall victim to Post-Polio Syndrome, including survivors residing in the City of Vienna in the State of West Virginia; and,
- Whereas,** the Mid-Ohio Valley Post-Polio Support Group, supported by the Wood County Society, or its predecessor, the Post Polio Support Group of the Easter Seals Society of Southeastern Ohio, is dedicated to meeting the needs of polio survivors for 25 years; and,
- Whereas,** conserving energy and limited activities are the only defense for the fatigue, pain, weak muscles, difficulty in breathing, swallowing, depression, swelling of limbs, sensitivity to coldness, joint and muscle pain, weight gain and atrophy brought about by the *Late Effects of Polio*;

Now, therefore, be it resolved that I, **Randall C. Rapp, Mayor,** do hereby proclaim June 17 - June 23, 2013, as:

POLIO AWARENESS WEEK

In The City of Vienna, and encourage all citizens to be more aware of the new and often debilitating *Late Effects of Polio*.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the City of Vienna to be affixed.

Prepared at the City of Vienna, State of West Virginia this the 25th day of April in the year of our Lord Two Thousand and Thirteen.

Randall C. Rapp
Randall C. Rapp, Mayor



One of the Proclamations Declaring June 17-23, 2013 as Polio Awareness Week Being Issued by the Mayors of Towns in Which Members Reside. Some are Being Presented at Anniversary Lunch. Presented to Warren Peascoe and Randall Vannoy by Mayor Randall Rapp of Vienna.



MOVPPSG Members Accept Proclamation, Declaring June 17-23, 2013 Polio-Awareness Week, from Vienna Mayor Randall Rapp on April 25, 2013. (Warren Peascoe)



Members Visit Michael Lorentz to Receive Belpre, Ohio's Proclamation Declaring June 17-23, 2013 Polio-Awareness Week. (Nancy Murphy)

City of Belpre

Office of the Mayor

Proclamation

WHEREAS, before the Salk and Sabin vaccines of the 1950's, Polio was greatly feared because it greatly incapacitated many people; and,

WHEREAS, now a new complication has emerged, Post Polio Syndrome, to torment the people who survived their initial bout with polio; and,

WHEREAS, polio continues to be a deadly virus and a hazard and threat to individuals who are not immunized; and,

WHEREAS, there are an estimated 400,000 paralytic polio survivors in the United States today of whom many may experience *Late Effects of Polio*; and,

WHEREAS, according to researchers, most polio survivors will fall victim to Post-Polio Syndrome, including survivors residing in the town of Belpre in the State of Ohio; and,

WHEREAS, the Mid-Ohio Valley Post-Polio Support Group, supported by the Wood County Society, or its predecessor, the Post Polio Support Group of the Easter Seals Society of Southeastern Ohio, is dedicated to meeting the needs of polio survivors for 25 years; and,

WHEREAS, conserving energy and limited activities are the only defense for the fatigue, pain, weak muscles, difficulty in breathing, swallowing, depression, swelling of limbs, sensitivity to coldness, joint and muscle pain, weight gain and atrophy brought about by the *Late Effects of Polio*;

Now, Therefore, be it resolved that I, Michael L. Lorentz, Mayor of the City of Belpre, Ohio, do hereby proclaim June 17-June 23, 2013, as:

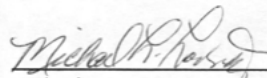
Polio Awareness Week

In Belpre, Ohio, and encourage all citizens to be more aware of the new and often debilitating *Late Effects of Polio*.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of Ohio to be affixed.

Prepared at the City of Belpre, State of Ohio this 26th day of April in the year of our Lord Two Thousand and Thirteen.




Michael L. Lorentz, Mayor

715 Park Drive • P.O. Box 160 • Belpre, OH 45714 • (740) 423-7592

One of the Proclamations Declaring June 17-23, 2013 as Polio-Awareness Week Being Issued by the Mayors of Towns in Which Members Reside. Presented to Nancy Murphy and Marie Cullum by Mayor Michael Lorentz of Belpre, Ohio.



©Becky White

HISTORY OF THE MID-OHIO VALLEY POST-POLIO SUPPORT GROUP

HISTORY



Ohio Polio Network
www.ohiopolionetwork.org

May 14, 2013

Ohio Polio Network
104 Iroquois Drive
Marietta, OH 45750-1219

Mid-Ohio Valley Post-Polio Support Group
of Wood County Society
c/o Warren Peascoe
5607 Greenmont Place
Vienna, WV 26105-3291

Dear Warren,

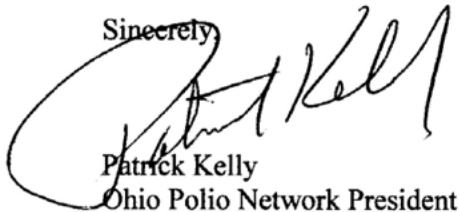
On behalf of the Ohio Polio Network, I would like to extend to you and all of your members, our most sincere congratulations on the 25th anniversary of the Mid-Ohio Valley Post-Polio Support Group.

It is with great pleasure that we express our deepest appreciation for all that you have done to promote the education of post-polio syndrome and all its aspects, as well as reaching out to the community to help those who have had polio.

Twenty-five years as a support group serving Parkersburg, WV, Marietta, OH and the surrounding communities is an outstanding achievement of which to be proud.

Again, congratulations and thank you for all your efforts to make a difference for polio survivors.

Sincerely,



Patrick Kelly
Ohio Polio Network President

HISTORY

SETTING THE STAGE by Judith Peascoe

For much of the twentieth century poliomyelitis caused a significant number of people in the United States to become disabled. This was especially true in the forties and early fifties. Many of the survivors, with disabilities, faced discrimination. People feared that they were still infectious, although scientists knew that polio is only contagious in the first few weeks after the onset of the disease.

The March of Dimes began as the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis in 1938. It was formed to raise money to treat the disease, to rehabilitate the survivors of the disease, and to develop vaccines to eradicate the disease. In the mid 1950s, Salk developed a killed-virus vaccine, and shortly after Sabin developed a live-virus disease. All of a sudden polio was a thing of the past. There were essentially no new cases, and most polio survivors were rehabilitated. The March of Dimes changed its focus in 1958, and its support for polio survivors and patients largely disappeared.¹

The National Society for Crippled Children² was formed in 1919, and carried out its first “seals” campaign in 1934 to obtain more funding during the depression. Known as The

Easter Seals, it now provides assistance to disabled adults as well as children.

Since the 1950s, an organization has existed to unite people with disabilities and is called the Gazette International Networking Institute³. The initials spelled the name of its founder, Gini Laurie, whose siblings had died of polio. In 1979, reports were made to GINI that polio survivors were complaining of additional physical problems that they felt were related to polio. GINI organized the first international symposium on post-polio syndrome in 1981.

When people had paralytic polio, the virus killed the nerves that allowed muscles to move, but not those that allowed feeling. Gradually most polio survivors regained use of their bodies. This was because the surviving nerves sprouted to control orphaned muscle fibers. Over the years, overuse and aging caused those nerves to die and the muscles to degenerate again.⁴ New complaints included fatigue, weakness, new paralysis, intolerance to cold, inability to concentrate, generalized pain, breathing and swallowing problems, memory problems, and osteoporosis.⁵

¹ http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/March_of_Dimes

² [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Easter_Seals_\(US\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Easter_Seals_(US))

³ *Vienna Woman Leads Polio Support Group*, The Parkersburg Sentinel, October 1, 1994, Pamela Brust

⁴ Traveling Without a Spare: A Survivor's Guide to Navigating the Post-Polio Journey by Wenzel Leff, MD; WAL Press

⁵ *Survivors' Stories*, Marietta Times, June 9, 1997, p. A5 Kate Fair

HISTORY

Diagnosis includes the history of polio infection, elimination of other causes, and electromyography which records the electrical activity in skeletal muscles.⁶ Treatment includes using devices as canes, braces, and wheelchairs; diet to avoid weight gain; non-fatiguing exercise; counseling; support groups; environmental adaptations; and respiratory care. Estimates of the proportion of the survivors of paralytic polio affected by post-polio syndrome were 22.4% in 1982, 70% in 2000⁷ and 100% in 2008⁸.

Polio survivors sought diagnosis, treatment or amelioration of the condition, and recognition of disability status by Social Security. Soon local support groups were being organized by polio survivors to get information, diagnosis, and treatment.

This book is about the Mid-Ohio Valley Post-Polio Support Group.



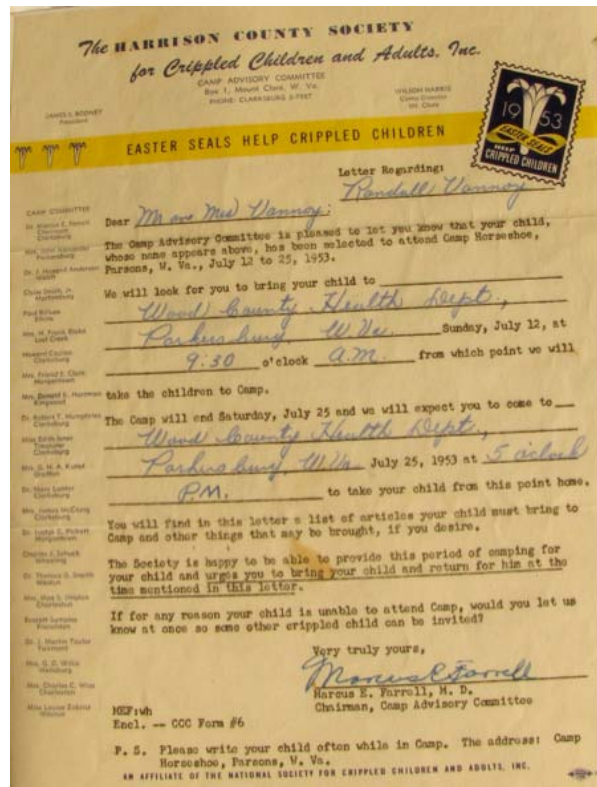
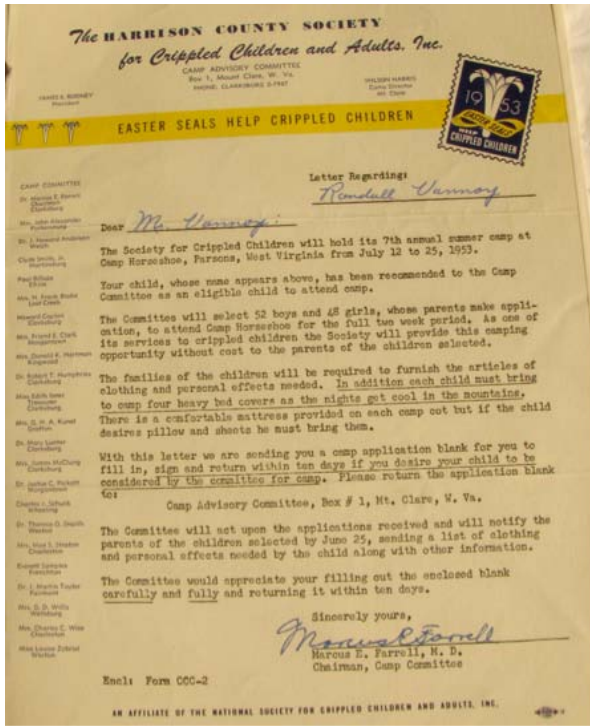
*Group Founder, Becky Greathouse (White)
as a Three-Year Old Easter Seals Poster
Child (Becky White)*

⁶ <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Electromyography>

⁷ *Not all polio was cured; it just went away*, B1, Marietta Times, July 7, 2000, Connie Cartmell

⁸ *Polio Support Group gains members*, TheParkersburg News, Nov.9 2008, Rachel Lane

HISTORY



Letters from the Easter Seals Society Inviting Randall's Parents to Apply to send Randal to Camp Horseshoe and Accepting Him for the 1953 Camp.



Sister Ambrose's Christmas Party for Children Who Were Her Polio Patients. (The Parkersburg News or Sentinel circa 1953 Photo by Wood)

HISTORY

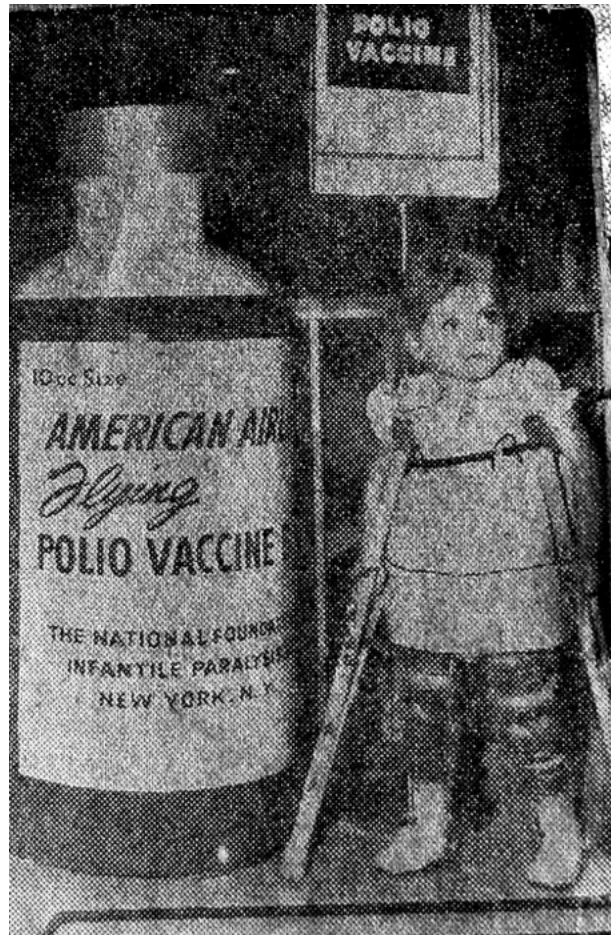
PAYING FOR POLIO by Judith Peascoe

Polio was expensive. It was paid out of pocket by families, by insurance policies, or it was paid for by charities. To compare the costs of treating polio, we may compare the costs with the median USA income of the early 1950s of less than \$5,000⁹ per year. The median income in 2012 was about 10 times that value! Just add an extra zero to the 1950's values to compare to today's value. There were other intangible costs as well, such as lost wages of the victim and care givers. Even to this day, most polio survivors generously support charitable fund raising to pay for research, treatment, and medical equipment for polio survivors and others.

The Easter Seals Society ran summer camps for disabled children. The March of Dimes, other charities, businesses, and community groups developed many novel ways of raising money for the treatment and elimination of polio. Al Montle, a survivor and group member, related that his father chaired a fund raiser held by his employer. The collection boxes were miniature iron lungs. Similarly, a pig was one of the items at the North Charleston Lion Club auction to raise funds for the March of Dimes Vaccination Campaign.

The following pages show examples of fund raising, expenses, rehabilitation, and

equipment, all of which continue to this day...



Rebecca Greathouse With the Flying Bank That Was Traveling Across Country and Raising Money for the Polio Vaccination Campaign. The Charleston Gazette p.8, Jan. 28 1955)

⁹ <http://www.stanford.edu/class/polisci120a/immigration/Median%20Household%20Income.pdf>

HISTORY



Top Left: Randall Vannoy gives his contribution to Chris Uhl of the March of Dimes in 1951. (The Parkersburg News or Sentinel in 1951)

Bottom Left: Al Montle (Center) at 20 months, brother, David, and Mother Campaign for the March of Dimes by Wearing Pin-on Contribution Boxes. (The Athens Messenger, p. 6, Jan. 8, 1953)

Right: Teddy Liberace, Al Montle's Fund Raising Bear, with the March of Dimes Pin-on Box and Al's First Brace and Shoes. (Al Montle)

HISTORY



Donnie Dillinger and Al Montle with Bill Barkie Proprietor of Barkie's Tavern. The Join the March of Dimes Contains \$80.00 Raised by Filling the Slots in the Letters. (The Athens Messenger, p.10, Jan. 12, 1956)



Donnie Dillinger and Al Montle with Mrs. Carroll Widdoes and Bill Meechem, Winners of the Polio Bowling Sweeper Trophies. Money raised went to the March of Dimes. (The Athens Messenger, 1957)

HISTORY



Wood County
Society

Serving Children & Adults With Disabilities

Dear Nancy, Patsy, and Warren

Thank you for participating in Wood County Society's Telethon 2013!!!! We appreciate you giving up your Sunday afternoon to make the Telethon a huge success!!!!

Love the pictures!!! You look like you are having a blast!!! Thank you for all you do for the MOVPPS group!!

Together we can make a difference.

Sincerely,

Jane

Jane Stephens
Executive Director
Wood County Society



Patsy Johnson, Warren Peascoe and Nancy Murphy at the 2013 WTAP Telethon which raised funds for the Wood County Society. (Nate Reese)

HISTORY

STATEMENT OF PATIENT CARE SERVICES RENDERED

NAME AND ADDRESS OF HOSPITAL OR OTHER AGENCY RENDERING THIS SERVICE: Children's Hospital, Columbus, Ohio

PATIENT'S NAME: Brandeberry, Teresa Ann

PATIENT'S HOME ADDRESS: Torch, Athens, Ohio

DATE: August 20, 1952 to Sept. 25, 1952

SERVICES	NUMBER	RATE	TOTAL COST
INPATIENT DAYS	7	\$12.50 PER DAY	\$87.50
OUT-PATIENT VISITS	29	\$4.00 PER VISIT	\$116.00
OTHER CHARGES (ITEMIZED)			
Hot Packs			\$0.00
Laboratory			\$3.00
Physiotherapy			\$7.50
Drugs			\$23.50
Special Duty Nurses			\$211.00
Cardiogram			\$10.00
TOTAL COST OF SERVICES RENDERED			\$781.50

AMOUNT OF TOTAL COST ABOVE TO BE PAID BY: PATIENT OR PATIENT'S FAMILY: \$781.50

OTHER INSURANCE CARRIERS: Farm Bureau Polio Ins. \$25.00

COPY 1 TO BE SENT TO PATIENT OR FAMILY

VISITING HOURS AND FOOD RESTRICTIONS

EXCEPTIVE HOLIDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1952 -- 2:00 P. M. to 3:30 P. M.

- Visiting hours in The Children's Hospital will be from 2:00 to 3:30 P. M. Patients will have not more than two visitors at one time. This will include the parents. If one parent is with their child, only one other visitor will be permitted to visit.
- If your child is critically ill or if you work during the day, you may have special privileges granted to you to visit from 6:00 to 8:30 P. M. or stay during the day, in the case of critical illness. This permission is obtained from the Hostess. When the child's condition improves, this permission is cancelled.
- If you have a private room, it is permissible to stay with your child.
- One person will not be permitted to visit twice in one day. If one or both parents are working, they will arrange to visit separately once a day or together once a day. This will not be changed unless the condition in Section 2 prevails.
- If your child is admitted for surgery, you will be permitted to visit the Hospital any time during the day of his surgery.
- Please do not bring food to patients in the Hospital. If there is any special food the patient desires, you will contact the Floor Supervisor or the Chief Dietitian and it will be taken care of by the Special Diet Department, in accord with the diet prescribed by your physician. This is very necessary to the health and progress of the patient.
- Food and beverage must not be carried from the Cafeteria by parents or visitors. Parents may eat in the Cafeteria.
- NOTE, REGARDING POLIO PATIENTS: FOOD:** Polio patients are given a selective menu. Please do not bring outside food, their inactivity makes it very difficult for them to lose extra poundage. Extra poundage hampers their exercises. **PLEASE DON'T.** Special requests for desires should be mentioned to the Dietitian or Floor Supervisor.

Above: Left: Bill From Children's Hospital in Columbus for Seven Days Inpatient Stay and 29 Days Outpatient. Totaling \$781.50.

Right: Visiting Rules for Parents and Family at Hospital in 1952.

Below: Correspondence From Farm Bureau Mutual Automobile Insurance Co. Regarding Payment of Bills for Treating Polio Including Payment Stubs.

Left and Top Right: Payment for Ambulance of \$25.00.

Right Middle: Note Sent With Payment.

Right Bottom: Receipts from Insurance Co. Including Doctor's Bill for \$21.00 Marked Paid in Full. (All items contributed by Teresa Brandeberry Randolph)

FARM BUREAU MUTUAL AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE COMPANY
248 NORTH HIGH STREET
Columbus 16, Ohio

October 14, 1952

IN REPLY REFER TO
Claim AR 129-306
Policy FP 151-373

Mr. Charles W. Brandeberry
Torch
Ohio

Dear Mr. Brandeberry:

We are pleased to send you our draft for \$25.00 which covers the ambulance bill of September 24 which we have received in connection with your daughter's illness.

As soon as any more bills are available, please mark them with the above policy and claim numbers and send them to us for immediate handling.

Very truly yours,
E. E. Clauson
E. E. Clauson
Claims Department

o draft

ABOVE DRAFT COVERS ITEMS CHECKED WITH "X". DETACH STUB BEFORE CASHING

- Settlement on the above loss after mailing. *deduction in accordance with the policy.*
- Settlement in full against above Named Insured.
- Our share of your bill for repairing above Named Insured's vehicle.
- Settlement under medical payment coverage.
- For services.
- For examining and reporting on.
- For time spent in preparing medical report on.

Remarks:

For Home Office Statistical Purpose

STATE CODE	COUNTY CODE	AGENCY CODE	ADJUSTER	Line Amount	Adjustment Expense
Initial	Time	Settled	Reopened	Elim	Code
ph	72			92 25.00	

ambulance bill in full

"IT'S A PLEASURE TO DO BUSINESS WITH YOU!"

That's exactly how our Insurance Companies feel about more than a quarter million claims paid each year. We truly believe that our fair, prompt and kindly service has won thousands of thousands of friends and policyholders. We are happy to endorse our draft in payment of your bill or claim.

Sincerely yours,
CLAIMS DEPARTMENT
Farm Bureau Mutual Automobile Insurance Company
Farm Bureau Mutual Fire Insurance Company

ABOVE DRAFT COVERS ITEMS CHECKED WITH "X". DETACH STUB BEFORE CASHING

- Settlement on the above loss after mailing. *deduction in accordance with the policy.*
- Settlement in full against above Named Insured.
- Our share of your bill for repairing above Named Insured's vehicle.
- Settlement under medical payment coverage.
- For services.
- For examining and reporting on.
- For time spent in preparing medical report on.

Remarks:

For Home Office Statistical Purpose

STATE CODE	COUNTY CODE	AGENCY CODE	ADJUSTER	Line Amount	Adjustment Expense
Initial	Time	Settled	Reopened	Elim	Code
ph	72			92 21.00	

Dr. Bowdin bill in full

HISTORY

<p style="text-align: center;">STATEMENT</p> <p>MICHAEL A. SANTER, M. D. 1309 MARKET STREET PARKERSBURG, W. VA. <u>November 1, 1952</u></p> <p>Mrs. Charles W. Brandeberry Torch Ohio</p> <p>RENDERED MONTHLY FOR YOUR INFORMATION</p> <hr/> <p>FOR PROFESSIONAL SERVICES RENDERED</p> <p style="text-align: right;">\$2.00</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">MARION L. AINSWORTH, M. D. LOUISE P. AINSWORTH, M. D. 350 EAST BROAD STREET COLUMBUS 15, OHIO ADAMS 5566</p> <p style="text-align: right;">November 15, 1952</p> <p>Mr. Charles Brandeberry Torch Ohio</p> <hr/> <table border="0" style="width: 100%;"> <tr> <td>FOR PROFESSIONAL SERVICES</td> <td style="text-align: right;">Balance</td> <td style="text-align: right;">\$ 50.</td> </tr> </table> <p style="text-align: right; font-size: small;">BILLS PAYABLE MONTHLY</p>	FOR PROFESSIONAL SERVICES	Balance	\$ 50.
FOR PROFESSIONAL SERVICES	Balance	\$ 50.		

*Above, Left and Right: Two Doctors' Statements for \$2.00 and for \$50.00 Respectively.
Below Left: Receipt for Payment to Doctor of \$10.00 and Appointment Card for Checkup
Below Right: Discussion in Hand Written Correspondence Between Parent and Doctor About
Payment
(Teresa Brandeberry Randolph)*

H. P. WORSTELL, M.D.
41 South Grant Avenue Phone Ma 4650

N^o 0634

COLUMBUS, OHIO, Jan. 7, 1953

RECEIVED FROM Charles Brandeberry
Jan 10.00 DOLLARS \$ 10.00

FOR Theresa

AMOUNT OF ACCOUNT \$ 10.00
AMOUNT PAID \$ 10.00
BALANCE DUE \$ None

H. P. WORSTELL, M.D.
THANK YOU BY J.P. Lang

Dear Theresa

This is to remind you of your appointment with Dr. Worden for

Day Wednesday

Date Jan. 7, 1953

Time 4:30P.M.

Secretary
Department Physical Medicine
and Rehabilitation

January 19, 1953

Dr. Ralph L. Worden M.D.
Check in full for Theresa Ann Brandeberry
at Children's Hospital, Columbus O.

Charles W. Brandeberry
Cookeville, Ohio

Jan. 27, 53

Thank you. yes. this pays in full up to
her check at Children's Jan. 7, '53. Statement for
this will be sent later (\$5.00).

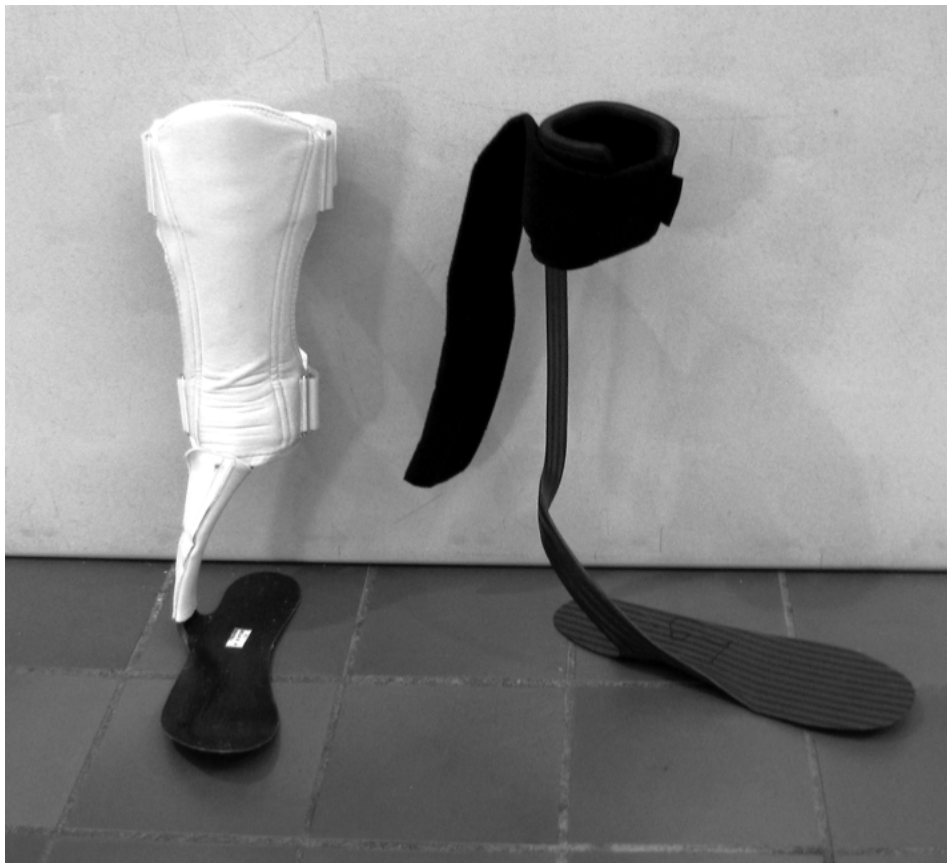
Sincerely
Ralph L. Worden

HISTORY

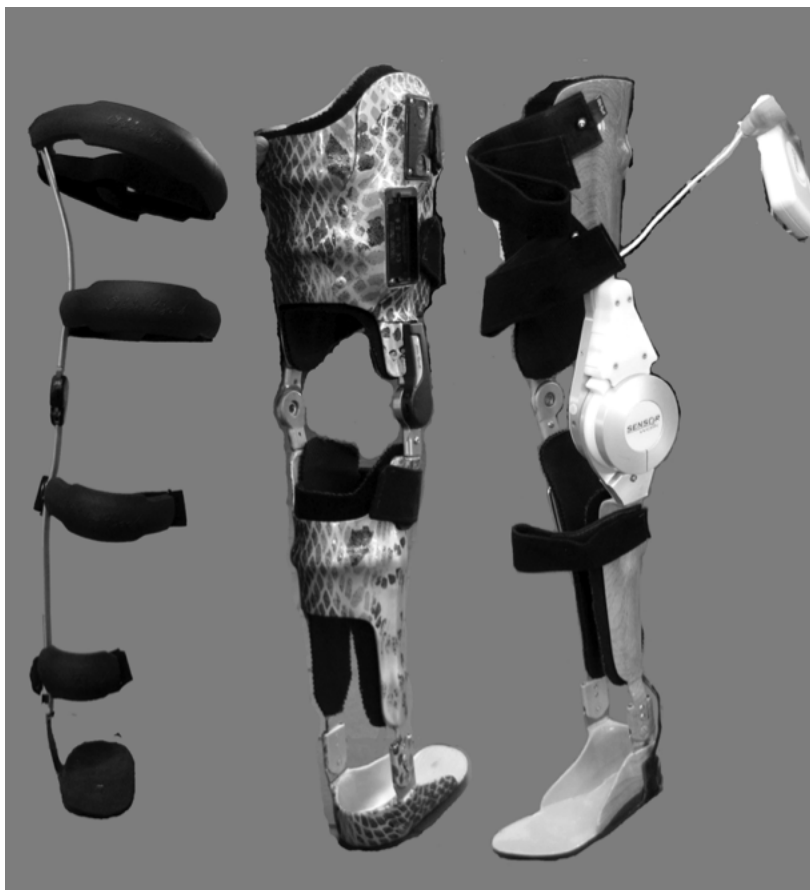
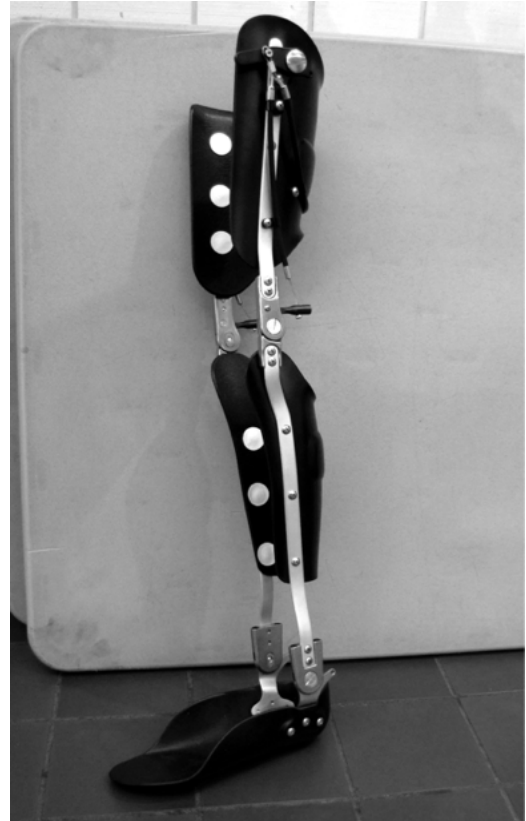


Left: President Franklin Roosevelt's Braces on Display in the Warm Springs Museum. The Left Pair Has Stirrups That Insert in the Shoes and a Lever on the Side to Unlock the Brace. Also Shown is One of His Canes. The Right Brace Has the Shoe Installed and No Lever to Unlock the Brace. (Warren Peascoe)

Below: Two Modern Ankle Braces with Flexible Footplates and Uprights That Allow a More Normal Stride. (Warren Peascoe)



HISTORY



Modern Braces Shown by Roger Marzano of Yanke Bionics at the 2012 OPN Conference.

Above: Modern Brace with Foot Plate That Goes in Shoe and Hand-Pulled Lever to Unlock Brace with Detail of Mechanism Shown on Left. (Warren Peascoe)

Left to Right: Three Full-Leg Braces: Left Brace Has One Upright. Middle Has a Battery Operated Knee Joint. Right Brace Has a Battery-Operated Controller. (Warren Peascoe)

HISTORY

HISTORY OF THE MID-OHIO VALLEY POST-POLIO SUPPORT GROUP by Judith Peascoe



*Mae Inscoe at 1997 conference in
Huntington, WV--Founder of West Virginia
Chapter of Polio Survivors. (Becky White)*

The Easter Seals of Ohio had each county in Ohio organized under one of the centralized offices in the state. Washington County, Ohio,

and Wood County, West Virginia¹⁰, were in one local affiliate administered by the Columbus' office area.¹¹ There were several polio conferences in the eighties in Ohio. At an Easter Seals Conference in Columbus, an alliance of all the individual polio-support groups in Ohio was proposed and the Ohio Polio Network (OPN) was formed. In 1993 OPN became independent of Easter Seals with its own elected board.¹²

In 1986¹³, Mae Inscoe, in Huntington, WV, incorporated the West Virginia Chapter of Polio Survivors. In 1987, Becky White, Kayleen Andersen, Larry Young, Paul Anderson, Pat Kelly, Shelba Boso, and Janice Burkhart drove to some of that group's meetings.¹⁴

Becky White approached Wanda Reynolds, of the Easter Seals Society in Marietta, about forming a local post-polio support group. Becky accepted leadership. The new polio support group met for the first time in Marietta in the Easter Seals Building in the summer of 1988. In 1990, Becky Greathouse (White) was listed as the contact person for the Post-Polio Support Group of the Easter Seals¹⁵ Society of Southeastern Ohio. The Marietta Support Group was also affiliated

¹⁰ Easter Seals Society of West Virginia, Private Communication

¹¹ History of Ohio Polio Network, p. 9, June 11, 2003, by Dave Livingston

¹² History of Ohio Polio Network, p.10, June 11, 2003, by Dave Livingston

¹³ <http://companies.findthecompany.com/1/6800440/Wvvest-Virginia-Chapter-Of-Polio-Survivors-in-Huntington-WV>

¹⁴ *Polio's Aftermath*, The Parkersburg News, June 30, 1995, Bonnie Donnelly, C1

¹⁵ History of Ohio Polio Network, p.12, June 11, 2003, by Dave Livingston

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with other Ohio post-polio support groups through the Ohio Polio Network. The Network organized and hosted conferences in 1990, 1992, and 1993 with Easter Seals sponsorship. Both Becky White and Pat Kelly were listed on the board of directors of OPN¹⁶. The support group has remained in the OPN.

From 1988 to 1993, Becky collected medical information, had it Xeroxed at Easter Seals, and distributed it to members. The group wanted to diversify its program but could get no funding. Then in 1993, Easter Seals announced the closure of its Columbus office and moved all activities and records to the Cleveland office. Washington County and Wood County activities, including the Marietta group, were placed under the jurisdiction of the Wheeling Easter Seals. Easter Seals' goal was to form groups large enough that they would all be directly under the Easter Seals Office in Chicago. This caused many changes.

Becky White was a patient of Dr. Michael Shramowiat, who had started working at NovaCare (now HealthSouth Western Hills Rehabilitation Hospital). Each time she had an appointment with him, she discussed the need for a more active post-polio support group. Finally he agreed to become the medical consultant. Dr. Shramowiat advertised the first meeting of a Post-Polio Support Group at NovaCare Western Hills Regional Hospital on Tuesday, July 26, 1994. Becky arranged for the group to meet at NovaCare at 6:00 p.m. on the second Monday of the month.

NovaCare
Western Hills Regional
Rehabilitation Hospital

NovaCare Western Hills Regional Rehabilitation Hospital announces the formation of a "Post Polio Support Group".
Tuesday, July 26, 1994
6:00 PM
Featured Speaker will be Dr. Michael Shramowiat, M.D., Medical Director.
For more information please call 420-1300.

NovaCare Western Hills...
"Helping Make Life A Little Better."
NovaCare Western Hills Rehabilitation Hospital
3 Western Hills Drive • Parkersburg, WV 26102 • (304)420-1300

Announcement of the Move of the Support Group from Ohio to West Virginia. The Renaming of the Group to the Mid-Ohio Valley Post-Polio Support Group Followed.
(The Parkersburg News, July 24, 1994)

In 1994 the Easter Seals Society of Wood County had become the Wood County Society Serving Children & Adults with Disabilities (WCS). After a presentation by Becky White and Kayleen Andersen, the Wood County Society accepted the Mid-Ohio Valley Post-Polio Support Group (MOVPPSG) under its auspices. The Society has continued to assist the support group in funding conferences, programs, and educational materials.

Dr. Michael Shramowiat and his wife, Dr. Donna Davis, worked hard with the post-polio community to assist them in getting permanent disability status and assistive technology. Over the years, people in the group found it easier to obtain Social Security Disability benefits if their employer granted

¹⁶ *History of Ohio Polio Network*, p.9, June 11, 2003, by Dave Livingston

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them disability retirement before they applied to Social Security.

The support group has always been run by volunteers, with polio survivors doing most of the work of distributing information and providing a social network. It focuses its efforts on raising awareness among former polio patients, their families, and the general public about the symptoms and the treatment of post-polio syndrome. The group advocates for the needs of people with impaired mobility. It tries to provide information on programs available to assist the survivors.

The year, 1995, was a big one for MOVPPSG. With funding from WCS, the group organized its first educational conference in May 1995, at the former Holiday Inn off Route 50 in Parkersburg. It celebrated its first “Polio-Awareness Week” during the week of July 9 to 15, 1995. MOVPPSG used displays at St. Joseph’s and the mall that contained handouts to educate people about post-polio and encourage them to join the group.



Becky White Arranging Door-Prize Table at Parkersburg Conference (Becky White)

A second educational conference in 1996, again at the Parkersburg Holiday Inn, was even more ambitious. It ran from 7:30 to 4:30 with breakfast and lunch. The speakers included:¹⁷.

- “Judith Slack, Parkersburg Social Security Administration, ‘How Social Security Works for You.’
- Steve Nicholson, Social Security Disability Determination Office, Clarksburg ‘Disability Applications.’
- Dr. Kenneth Wright, M.D., Charleston, ‘Exercise in Post-Polios.’
- Dr. Donna Davis, M. D., Parkersburg, ‘Osteoporosis.’
- Dr. Greg Nemunaitis, M. D., Toledo, ‘Long-term Affects of Pulmonary Dysfunction on the Heart.’
- Barbara King from WV Division of Rehabilitation Services, ‘Homemakers and Independent Living Services Through Rehabilitation Services.’ and ‘Rehabilitation Technology.’”

In 1997, MOVPPSG and the Huntington group held a statewide educational conference at the Best Western Inn in Huntington. MOVPPSG contributed \$500¹⁸ to that conference. Dr. Shramowiat used Becky White to demonstrate electromyography.

The Ohio Polio Network¹⁹ held a conference, in Athens at Ohio University. The Ohio Polio Network had created a People First/Disability Second Award which was later renamed the Bernice Krumhansl Award. Becky White received this award at the 1997 conference.

¹⁷ *Second post-polio conference slated*, The Parkersburg News, April 29, 1996

¹⁸ Becky White Private Communication

¹⁹ History of the Ohio Polio Network June 11, 2003, p9, by David Livingston

HISTORY



In 1997 Becky White Received the OPN's Bernice Krumhansl Award at the Athens Conference. (Becky White)

MOVPPSG held one last local conference in 2002 at St. Josephs which offered continuing education credits. Maryanne Weiss L.P.T. and Dr. M. Shramowiat spoke at this half-day conference.

As a thank you for its support, MOVPPSG participates in the annual telethon to raise money for its sponsoring agency the Wood County Society. Ed Dils participated most years and even taped a message the last year he was alive. A grandson continues the family tradition of participating in the Telethon.

In April 1997, several members of MOVPPSG participated in the WalkAmerica

to support the March of Dimes. These included Pauline Monfreda, Becky White, her daughter, Nicole Greathouse, and Wendell Littrell²⁰. Although some of the walkers were picked up by a sag wagon, the group raised about \$2000, enough money to win tee shirts and a soda cooler.



Becky White (Center) with Mayors Jean Ford and Rick Modesitt at signing of 1997 "Polio-Awareness Week" Proclamation. (Becky White)

The MOVPPSG continued to use proclamations to raise awareness. Mayors Jean Ford of Williamstown and Rick Modesitt of Parkersburg signed a proclamation for a "Polio-Awareness Week" at a potluck dinner on July 7, 1997. In addition, group members manned displays and distributed posters at

²⁰ *The Parkersburg News*, April 27, 1997

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various business sites. Becky White, Pauline Monfreda, and Wendell Littrell drove to Charleston to receive a proclamation declaring July 5 to 11, 1998, as Polio Awareness Week from Governor Cecil Underwood.



Proclamation by Governor Cecil Underwood of July 5-11, 1998, as Polio Awareness Week. (Becky White)

The group grew from about 25 members in 1994 to about 50 members in 2000. HealthSouth was the regular meeting place. They hosted us with splendid snacks and supplied equipment to present talks and videos. They also hosted an annual Christmas

dinner for which they provided the main course.



Marie and Larry Cullum Staffing Group Information Booth in the Mall in 1997 (Marie Cullum)



Tenth Anniversary Cake Prepared by Marie Cullum (Marie Cullum)

The Wood County Society sponsors an aquatics program at Martin School. Members of MOVPPSG were invited to participate. Several members used this program for many years and we even recruited one new member from that program.

HISTORY

In 1999, the Wood County Society purchased a large number of copies *The Late Effects of Poliomyelitis* edited by Dr. F. K. Maynard and Joan Headley. The group distributed the book to polio survivors, doctors, physical therapists, and home care providers in Wood²¹, Jackson, and Roane Counties in West Virginia and Washington County in Ohio.



Ed and Jane Dils at the 50th Wedding Anniversary Organized by MOVPPSG. (Shirley Huffman)

Several meetings each year featured serious talks, presentations, workbooks, or films. Most years also had a games night with prizes. There were one or two parties each year. Of course, the first spring meeting was usually dedicated to updating everyone's news after the winter shut-down. Becky planned and ran most of these meetings. One year she held a four-meeting workshop using a workbook on stress.

The group had two long-term August marriages, Ed and Jane Dils, and Ted and

Virginia Deaton. In 1996, Becky White organized a celebration of the Dils' 50th and Deaton's 40th wedding anniversary complete with cake and gift at the August meeting.



Virginia and Ted Deaton at their 40th Anniversary Party. (Shirley Huffman)

At the 1999 Christmas party, the vice-president's family--all five--serenaded the group with Christmas carols. In March 2000, Becky White resigned as president and the vice president²² replaced her. Warren Peascoe assumed the roll of vice-president. The new century saw Becky as president again and with the original slate of officers.

Over the years Wood County Society funds allowed the group to purchase materials for their library. This included subscriptions to magazines, such as *Polio Health*, and the videotapes or CDs of conferences that no one could attend. These are stored in a filing

²¹ *Polio's Second Coming*, The Marietta A. M. or The Parkersburg News, Sept. 14, 1999, C1 by J. R. Brammer: Photo David Bowie

²² Minutes of Mid-Ohio Valley Post-Polio Support Group, March 2000.

HISTORY

cabinet at HealthSouth and can be taken out by members. The support of the Wood County Society also allowed the group to distribute books such as Post-Polio Syndrome by Julie K. Silver, The Polio Paradox by Dr. R. Bruno, Managing Post-Polio by Dr. Lauro Halstead and several others.

The Wood County Society also subsidized conference registration fees. This enabled the group to send representatives to three in Greensboro, NC, one in Johnston, PA, the 2009 conference in Warm Spring, GA, and the 2010 and 2012 conferences in New Philadelphia, PA. As a condition of being funded, the recipients presented reports to the group. After one North Carolina conference, the Peascos presented an overview of all the talks that they had heard. Pat Young regaled with the group with a lively presentation about the service dogs she had petted and the people she had met.

One evening a woman arrived wearing a full leg brace that had no knee joint. She was really having trouble managing such fundamental activities as sitting down. Warren tried to show her his hinged braces and explain what she needed to ask the doctor to prescribe. She never showed up again.

Al and Cindy Montle started to attend meetings. They told tremendous and fearsome stories of their medical misadventures. Al created wonderful antler-headed canes.

The group's longtime vice-president's heart problems reduced his mobility so that he could only attend meetings accompanied by a family member. His attendance decreased and

then ceased. Warren Peascoe assumed the role of vice-president.

Randall and Kayleen Andersen, the group's long time secretary, librarian, and publicity people, moved to Tennessee in 2007. This was a great loss. Jane Dils took over publicity and Pat Young and Cindy Montle agreed to share the secretary's job. Pat got sick. The Montles moved to Florida shortly afterward. Attendance sheets and minutes no longer seemed important.

As the group lost members, Becky undertook the card ministry and most other leadership and contact rolls. She did an excellent job sending out birthday, wedding anniversary and other cards.



Danette Stoneking, Dr. Michael Shramowiat, and Becky White at the Anniversary Celebration in 2008. (The Parkersburg News, Nov. 9, 2008, Rachel Lane)

HISTORY

Occasionally there was still a new face. In 2007 or 2008, a young woman limped in. Her name was Danette Stoneking²³. She had polio as a baby because a medical condition prevented her from being vaccinated. She had caught it from a cousin who had received the Sabin vaccination. This was one of the rare secondary infections caused by the live virus vaccine



Warren Peascoe, Group President, Presenting Golden Corral Manager, Michael Kelly, with a Certificate of Appreciation in November 2011. (Warren Peascoe--The Parkersburg News and Sentinel, p. B7, Nov. 20, 2011)

In 2008, the group celebrated its 20th anniversary at the Christmas party in the staff cafeteria of HealthSouth. Becky usually had some kind of game to distribute the presents in the gift exchange. This year, she had people sit in a circle and pass the gifts to the right or the left by one or more places. It was a wonder how she kept things straight so that no one got his own gift back and no woman got a man's gift or vice versa.

Some of the members met between the monthly general meeting for a social lunch at the Golden Corral. As they have aged and retired, they find they were more sensitive to bad weather, and avoided nighttime driving. Eventually the group dropped the mid-month meetings, ended most winter meetings and held most of their meetings at the Golden Corral at noon. The Golden Corral was very accommodating in letting them move furniture around to facilitate socializing, and the group has presented a certificate or thank you card each of the last two Christmases.

The Christmas party in December has become



Larry Young Giving Debra King, server at the Golden Corral a Thank You Card in November 2012. (Warren Peascoe--The Parkersburg News and Sentinel, p. A7, Dec. 4, 2012)

a Thanksgiving-Christmas party in November. When audiovisual equipment is needed, they often use the Vienna Public Library which has equipment that satisfies their needs. Currently, they use HealthSouth rarely as their treatment schedule precludes afternoon meetings. Since we meet at mealtimes, we often serve pizza at those meetings not at a restaurant.

²³ *Polio Support Group Gains Members*, The Parkersburg News, Nov. 9, 2008 Rachel Lane

HISTORY

The group's former vice-president died in 2009, and Ed Dils and Wendell Littrell both died, within a short time of each other, in 2010. Their friendship and wisdom are missed by the group as is the presence of Jane Dils who no longer attends the meetings.

For several years, members of the group have been invited to participate in interviews with student doctors in the Movement Disorder Laboratory of the Osteopathic College of Medicine in Athens, Ohio. The interviews increase the student doctors' awareness that people with movement disabilities do provide extra challenges in diagnosis and treatment, but that they are real and often very intelligent people.

Although ill health prevents Becky from attending most meetings, she arranged for three speakers during 2012. She still has great contacts. Warren Peascoe, with the assistance of his wife, assumed most of the leadership duties. He officially became president at the end of 2011.

Patsy Johnson moved into the area and started attending meetings in 2011 bringing high spirits with her.

Every couple of years OPN has a conference. At the 2010 conference in New Philadelphia, Pat Kelly, a member of MOVPPSG and longtime president of OPN, received the Bernice Krumhansl Award.

OPN scheduled another conference for September 2012. In July, Pat and Larry Young, who had once been very active but absent for several years with medical problems, magically reappeared. Pat had always generously helped with the Xeroxing, carried-out the card ministry, and provided

handmade favors for many of the parties. The group was discussing the 2012 OPN conference in New Philadelphia, OH. "Well," says Pat, "We're going and there are seven places in our van." Within five minutes all seats were claimed. Our pied piper had returned, was full of fun and willing to work creatively. She resumed the card ministry.

Polio Health International circulated a petition to send to elected representatives and candidates requesting ratification of the United Nations convention on persons with disabilities. At the October luncheon we signed multiple copies of the petition and sent them to various elected representatives and candidates. Senator Manchin's response made us wonder which side he was on. Later he did vote to ratify the convention. At the same meeting, we conducted an impromptu tutorial on voting rights for the disabled and accessible polling places. This resulted in two previously nonvoting members exercising their right to vote.



Pat Kelly, President of OPN and Member of MOVPPSG, Received OPN's Bernice Krumhansl Award in 2010. (Ohio Polio Network)

HISTORY

The last reported case of polio in the USA was in 2005. The work of educating people about polio and its late effects will not end anytime soon. When Warren hurt his shoulder this winter, he went to the emergency room for an x-ray. The physicians-assistant who saw him said, “So you have had polio. I have never seen one of them. You must be pretty rare”. We educated him that there were still several hundred thousand polio survivors in the US including some that were quite young. Some immigrants come from countries where polio has not been eradicated. Thus the role of educating the medical profession will continue until the last polio survivor has died. It also speaks for the need of strong support groups to which any survivor can turn.

Wood County Society provided the group with two books in 2012 and 2013. The first is Traveling Without a Spare: A Survivor’s Guide to Navigating the Post-Polio Journey by Wenzel A. Leff, MD. The group is using the book to discuss their lives, problems and solutions. The second, The Late Effects of Polio: Introduction to Clinical Practice, the group is using to educate themselves and their doctors as to variations in treatment required by polio patients.

This June was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first meeting of polio survivors in Marietta, OH. With the generous support of the Wood County Society about fifty polio survivors, their friends, and family gathered at the Blennerhassett Hotel for a celebratory luncheon. The group commemorated the event by writing a book containing life stories and group history, receiving Polio Awareness

Week proclamations from the area civic officials, telling the group stories through slide shows, and hearing an oral collage of excerpts of the stories.

For the last several years, about eight to twelve people meet for lunch from February to November, often at the Golden Corral. A number of the members keep in touch by phone and email as they are no longer able to come to meetings. Since we have started planning our anniversary, attendance has ranged from fourteen to sixteen. After its 25th anniversary, the group plans to continue with its mission of providing support to its members, information about post-polio, and social activities.



Bob Baumann, Physical Therapist and Speaker at the May, 2013, Meeting at HealthSouth, Receives The Late Effects of Polio: Introduction to Clinical Practice from Warren Peascoe. Photo by Warren J Peascoe Parkersburg News and Sentinel P. 9B, May 22, 2013)

HISTORY



Polio Survivors at the Anniversary Luncheon (Cindy Montle)



Logo used with permission of Polio Health International

HISTORY

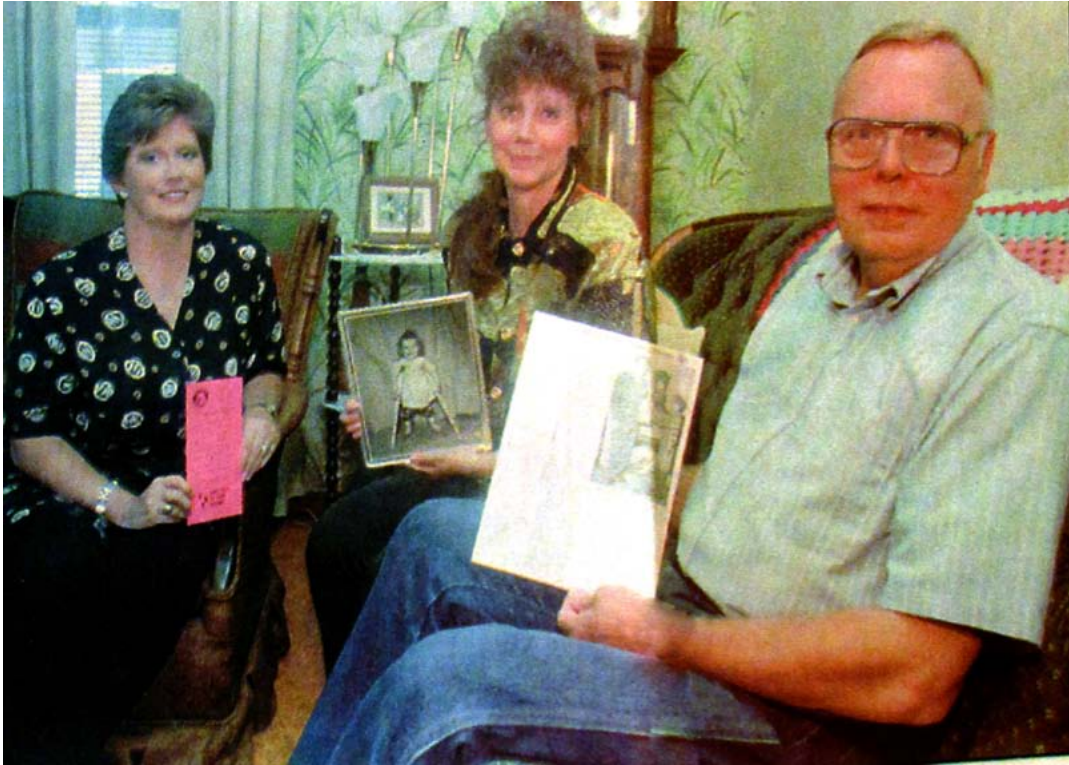


Members Participate in 1997 March of Dimes Walkathon--a Fund Raiser. (Becky White)



Members at Wood County Society Telethon. They Raised Over \$2000. (Becky White)

HISTORY



Executive Director of the Wood County Society (Left) and Members Discuss Raising Polio Awareness in 1995. (The Parkersburg News, July 30, 1995, C1 Photographer David Bowie)



Doctor Presented With a Copy of the Late Effects of Poliomyelitis for Physicians and Survivors. in 1999. (The Parkersburg News, Nov.14, 1999, C1 , Photographer, David Bowie)

HISTORY



December 1997 Polio Survivors:—Photo Electronically Edited (Photographer Maynard Reynolds)



December 1997 Full Group Including Members with Conditions Other Than Post-Polio, Family, and Friends:—Photo Electronically Edited (Photographer Maynard Reynolds)

HISTORY



Group at the Gateway Inn in Barbourville/Huntington in 1997. (from Becky White)



MOVPPSG Members Look on as Becky White Receives “Polio-Awareness Week” Proclamation from Governor Cecil in 1998”. (from Becky White)

HISTORY



December, 1998, The Polio Survivors:--Photo Electronically Edited (Photographer Maynard Reynolds)



December 1998, The Full Group Including Members with Conditions Other Than Post-Polio, Family and Friends:—Photo Electronically Edited (Photographer Maynard Reynolds)

HISTORY



Christmas Party, November 2007:— Survivors and Supporters. (Al Montle)



Meeting at the Golden Corral in the Summer of 2010. (Warren Peascoe)

HISTORY



Thanksgiving-Christmas Party Held at the Golden Corral in 2010. (Warren Peascoe)



Thanksgiving-Christmas Party Held at the Golden Corral in 2011. (Warren Peascoe)



Some of the Books Used by the Post-Polio Group to Educate Themselves and the Medical Community. The Books Were Purchased Using Funds Generously Provided by the Wood County Society.

HISTORY



Attendees at the 2012 OPN Conference in New Philadelphia (Warren Peascoe and The Parkersburg News and Sentinel, p. D3 Oct. 16, 2012)



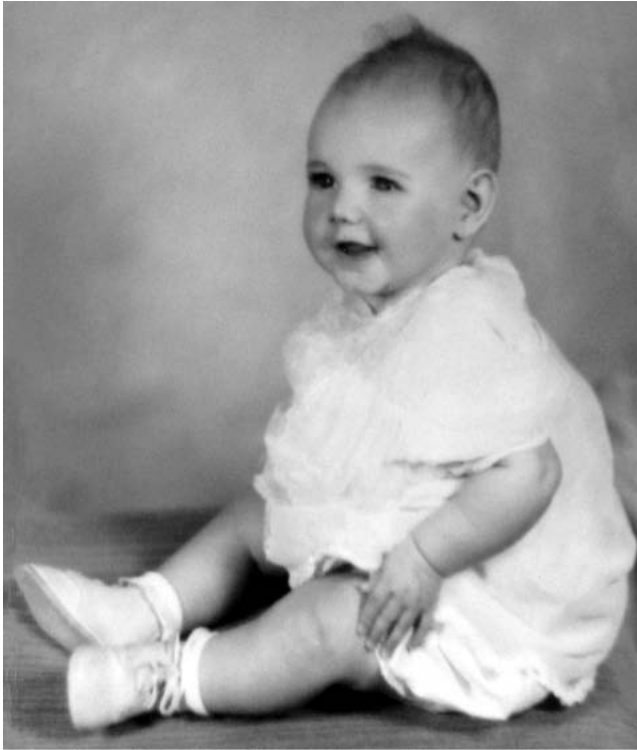
October 2012 Meeting of MOVPPSG: Members Signed Polio Health International Petitions and Sent Them to Elected Officials and Candidates to Get Them to Ratify the United Nations Convention on Persons with Disabilities. (Photo by Warren J Peascoe Parkersburg News and Sentinel P. 10B, Oct. 31, 2012)



©Becky White

**MEMBER
BIOGRAPHIES AND
PERSONAL
STORIES**

BIOGRAPHY



Left: Becky (Greathouse) White as a Baby Before Polio. (Becky White)

Below: Becky's Logo Used on T-Shirts and Becky Recovering at Home after her Release from Hospital in 1955. (Becky White)



©Becky White



BIOGRAPHY

“HOLD FAST TO YOUR DREAMS...”²⁴ ²⁵ by Becky White



Becky White and Mother, Tootsie Wright

My story is with the phrase “Hold Fast to Your Dreams...” This originated with my mother from the time I contracted polio, at the age of six months. My mother did not know if I was going to live or die. Her “dream” was for me to live.

I was in the hospital for the next nineteen months and came home with two crutches and two braces. Her dream for me was to live a normal life as much as I possibly could, so she started sharing her dream and passing her strength on to me. Growing up she always told me, “Becky, you hold fast to your dreams because you can survive this polio.” I did

survive and grew up to be my own person, with my own dreams.

I passed on the same encouraging words my mother always told me, “Hold Fast to Your Dreams,” to my daughter, Nicole, who was born deaf. Oh boy, did I ever have dreams for her. And she had dreams--she learned sign language and now has a family of her own.



Becky White and Granddaughter, Samantha Vanfossen. (Al Montle)

My dreams have never stopped. Back in 1983, when I was diagnosed with PPS, I knew I was not alone. I knew there were others in my local area who needed their own dream to survive PPS. Sooo--I “followed my dream” with the help of a local polio specialist and started a support group.

²⁴ Printed in *SnapShots: Polio Survivors Remember* edited by Nancy Baldwin Cantor NPSA Press, 2002

²⁵ Appeared in *Mid-Ohio Valley Post-Polio Support Group Memories and Anecdotes 1988-2013*, Sponsored by the Wood County Society. Posted on the Post-Polio Health International website with the permission of the author. No further reproduction permitted without further permission of the author. © Becky White All rights reserved.

BIOGRAPHY

My support group has been established since 1988. My dreams for my group are to have personal support with each other, have conferences, have medical information available and to continue to reach just one more polio survivor and to let them know

they are not alone. We will all survive post-polio syndrome together with our knowledge.

This is my motto: “Hold Fast to Your Dreams....”

BIOGRAPHY

BECKY WHITE'S LIFE²⁶ by Becky White



Becky White in 1997.

I was born on November, 23, 1952, in Spencer, WV, and named Becky Greathouse. My parents are Johnny and Tootsie Greathouse. My sisters are Libby and Tammy and my only brother is Little John. I am the third child.

I was diagnosed with polio, at the age of six months, in May 1953. I was paralyzed from the waist down. I had to wear full-length braces on both legs and use crutches until I was three years old.

My hobbies when I was a young girl were roller skating, riding my bicycle, swimming, walking, jumping rope (even Red Hot Pepper), playing marbles and hopscotch. This took a lot of energy, but the one thing I wanted to do and was not able to, was run to the bases while playing softball.



Becky with her Aunt Donnie in 1954. She was in Marmet Hospital.

²⁶ Originally appeared in Mid-Ohio Valley Post-Polio Support Group Memories and Anecdotes 1988-2013, Sponsored by the Wood County Society. Posted on the Post-Polio Health International website with the permission of the author. No further reproduction permitted without further permission of the author. © Becky White All rights reserved.

BIOGRAPHY

I have been married to Roy White for 21 years. I have one daughter, Nicole, who is married to Randall Vanfossen. They have three daughters, Samantha, Daphne and Clara.



Becky with her Mother, Tootsie, in Marmet Hospital. Note: Mother is Wearing a Mask.

I studied extensively and took classes to learn Sign Language. One class was at Washington State College. I took the (NAD) National Association of the Deaf Interpreters Evaluation test, and became an interpreter for the deaf in the Wood County School System.

In January 1980 I started feeling symptoms of fatigue, muscle weakness, and pain throughout my whole body. Dr. Barry Loudon diagnosed me in 1983 with Post-Polio Syndrome.



*Becky with Mother in Marmet Hospital.
Note Mother is Wearing a Mask.*

In the spring of 1988 I contacted Wanda Reynolds, Executive Director of Easter Seals in Marietta, OH, to get her support in forming a post-polio support group. I accepted leadership and organized the first meeting in the Easter Seals Building. At that time our group was called "Post-Polio Support Group". During the five years we were at Easter Seals, I researched for medical information from polio specialists to distribute to the group members. We also had guest speakers. The most important roles we had as a support group were sharing what symptoms we were having with our PPS and exchanging ideas that helped us to live more independently. Our first priorities were personal support and educational support

BIOGRAPHY

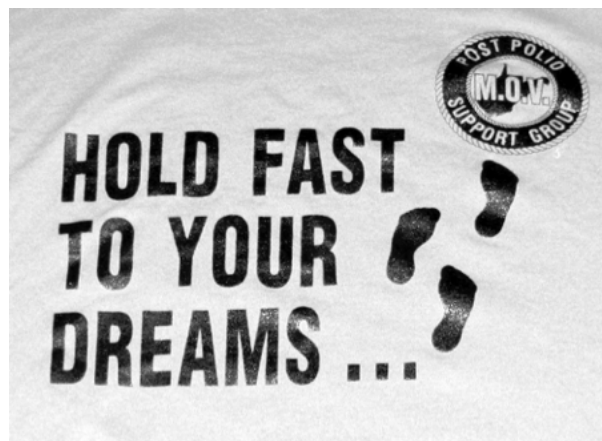
often through speakers. We knew we needed funding to purchase books, video tapes, audio cassette tapes, and magazines that our members could take home and view or read when they wanted to do so. Our goal: TO REACH AS MANY POLIO SURVIVORS AS WE COULD, TO LET THEM KNOW THEY ARE NOT ALONE.

I was a patient of Dr. Michael Shramowiat, a POLIO EXPERT, who moved to West Virginia in 1993. He had his medical practice at NOVACARE in Parkersburg, WV, which is known now as HealthSouth. He was the medical director at this facility. Each time I had an appointment with him, we would discuss how our polio group was expanding in Marietta, OH. I shared with him that we were needing "FUNDING" and the reason. Dr. Shramowiat held an open meeting, Tuesday, July 26, 1994, at NovaCare and shared his knowledge of Post-Polio Syndrome. He also told people who attended this meeting, if we were interested, we could have our group meetings at NovaCare.

We applied for funds from a Non-Profit agency named, Wood County Society Serving Children & Adults With Disabilities. I asked Kayleen Andersen to go with me to meet with the board members and to give a short presentation about our already established polio survivors group. We explained to the Board Members the medical issues that post-polio syndrome was causing to many polio survivors and stressed that there were many polio survivors in the Mid-Ohio Valley who needed to have a "support system". We explained the need for them to provide funds for books and magazines on post-polio, video tapes, other educational information and post-polio conferences. The board members felt that the support group

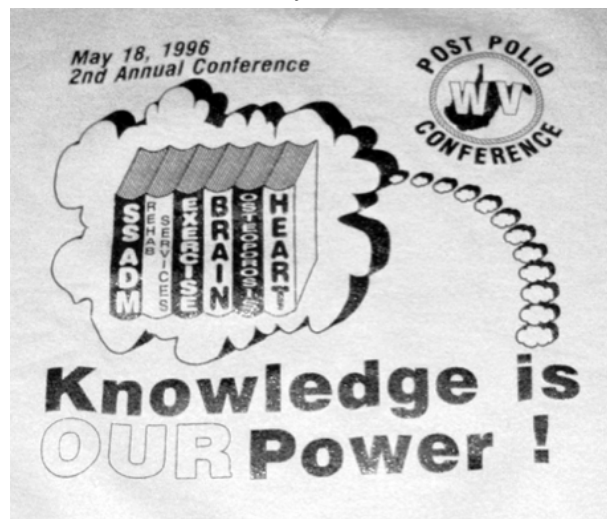
would be an asset to the community and accepted us under the Wood County umbrella.

Our group discussed and decided to change the name of our group from Post-Polio Support Group to Mid-Ohio Valley Post-Polio Support Group (MOVPPSG). By having Mid-Ohio Valley as the first part of our name we could cover seven counties. MOVPPSG began holding meetings at NOVACARE in 1994.



Becky White's Design for MOVPPSG T-Shirt. Shirt is Red with Black Design.©

Becky White



Logo for Tee-shirt and Sweat Shirt Becky Designed for 1996 Conference.© Becky White

BIOGRAPHY

My condition has progressed from being able to walk without medical devices to using a scooter for mobility outside the home.

Due to the deterioration of my health caused by PPS, I had to resign my position as an interpreter in April 1994, and apply for Social Security Disability. I was accepted.

During one of our conferences in 1997, the topic was, "How to Determine if You Have PPS ~ Perform an EMG." This is a muscle and nerve test that shows if your muscles and nerves are being torn down. I allowed Dr. Michael Shramowiat to do this test on me. The needles did not feel good going into my muscles, but the EMG is an excellent test.

In 1997 at the Athens, OH, conference, I was awarded the Bernice Krumhansl award for the involvement I was doing with the Polio Community. I have been active as the leader of the group for most of its 25 years. My health worsened or I would still serve as your group leader.

I was to have knee surgery in 2000, so I asked my vice-president if he would be the group leader until December. In December of the same year, I resumed as Group Leader. He did an excellent job and I thank him so much.

I was asked if a quote I had posted in a polio group web-site, I belong to, could be put in their newsletter, called GLEANINGS²⁷. It appeared in the April-May, 2012 Issue. This is part of the quote, "I'm one who can testify that if you definitely have PPS, you must slow down and make modifications with your daily life. Still be active, but listen to your body. When you are so fatigued or weak, take

a break, because if you do not slow down, you will destroy your muscles and they will not rebuild."

Due to medical issues, I asked my Vice-president, Warren Peascoe, if he would take over the group. His wife, Judy, has been so helpful in assisting Warren in having monthly luncheons. Our support group's 25th ANNIVERSARY is in 2013. Judy is working nonstop, on a beautiful project for the 25th anniversary celebration. She is putting together a MEMORY BOOKLET of events and members' personal stories. I commend her for what she and Warren are doing for our group.

I was dedicated to this group and gave 100% of my heart to the group each year. It is a blessing to have had the honor of knowing you members. We laughed together and we cried together. From having the personal support, educational information, the library, the speakers, the conferences, the newspaper stories, and the time we spent together...I will always be thankful for being a part of the Mid-Ohio Valley Post-Polio Support Group. Thank you for allowing me to be part of your lives.

The Mid-Ohio Valley Post-Polio Support Group has been a huge success. Without YOUR SUPPORT and YOU all attending the meetings, this event would not be happening. YOU are the reason the MID-OHIO VALLEY POST-POLIO SUPPORT GROUP is celebrating twenty five years together.

Remember to always "HOLD FAST to YOUR DREAMS..."

²⁷ http://www.ne-polio.org/Gleanings_Apr-May_2012.pdf

BIOGRAPHY

KAYLEEN ANDERSEN²⁸ Compiled by Judith Peascoe



Randall and Kayleen Andersen

Kayleen Andersen was the longtime secretary, administrative assistant, and community liaison for the Mid-Ohio Valley Post-Polio Support Group from its inception, until she and her husband retired and moved out of the area.

She²⁹ had polio at age nine when she was living in Omaha, Nebraska. Although initially paralyzed from the waist down, she recovered the use of her legs through physical therapy. She assumed that she had had a victory

against polio and that there would be no further complications.

She married, had four sons and lived in a two-story house. In 1978, she complained to her doctor about pains and extreme fatigue. At first, he put her complaints down to the work involved in raising her sons, but later he heard about post-polio syndrome. The family moved into a one-story house and she learned to pace herself, even using a timer to force herself to rest.

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²⁹ *Survivors' Stories*, The Marietta Times, p. A5, June 9, 1997, Kaye Fair

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MY POLIO EXPERIENCE³⁰ by Nancy J. Murphy

**Nancy
Murphy on
Scooter**



When I was three years old in September 1947, my aunt in California sent our family a box of used clothing, as well as toys and used large balloons. I enjoyed playing with the balloons over and over again. We think this might have been the source of my polio since our community did not have any cases of it.

A week or so later, I was taken to my pediatrician. Since I had a sore throat, fever and aches, she suspected polio and sent me to the hospital for a spinal tap. They sent me to the Wheeling Hospital four hours away from our home near Clarksburg. My dad was a dairy farmer so this trip was a hardship on him. My mother washed down the walls, sheets, and blankets in our home with a Clorox solution to prevent others from getting

polio. I had an older brother and sister. My brother got a milder case of polio three weeks later.

At the hospital, I missed my parents so much! They came on most Saturdays. At first, they were behind a glass window, and then later, in gowns and masks. The nurses said that I seldom cried and did as they instructed. I remember the hot and cold strips that they put around my arms and legs. The nurse would say how hot they were, but I said they weren't hot to me. They repeated the strips every half hour or so.

In the hospital I remember two toys before I was well enough to not be contagious. One was an orange ducky that dipped its head in and out of water and then put its head up in

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the air to swallow. The other was a cloth dog that could be laundered. I got chickenpox about a month after being admitted. The hospital was embarrassed that someone had exposed me to it. Some thought that the reason that I was not wheelchair dependent was due to the longer period that I had the hot and cold packs. I think that I was in the hospital about five months. At first I was paralyzed from my neck down to my toes. I almost had to go in the iron lung. That would have been very upsetting!

When I went to grade school, the only noticeable affect was a deformity in my right hand and arm. I did well in school but I didn't fit in well on the playground since I couldn't catch balls or be athletic. In High School I had some friends, but I still wasn't that popular.

I went to WVU from 1962 to 1966. I wanted to be independent and be away from home. I finally had more self-esteem and enjoyed life. I received a Bachelor of Sciences Degree in Secondary Education. I married and had two children. Life was similar to my friends.

I taught school or substituted for 15 years. When I divorced, I was employed at St. Joseph's Hospital as Dietary Supervisor for fifteen years. I enjoyed this position most of the time from 1981 to 1995. I married my present husband, Rick, in 1982. He has four children and I have two.

Rick has helped when I am outdoors and when I have had falls. I have been fortunate most of the time in not injuring myself enough to have emergency care. He has also found information on post-polio on the computer. Rick and I attended a conference in Huntington, WV, and one in North Carolina, as well as local ones. We visited a world

renowned specialist, Dr. Richard Bruno, for examination in New Jersey. He basically said that I needed to slow down and listen to my body. Later on, we went to Cleveland to see if they had any more answers. They really didn't.

I received Disability Insurance in 1995. I went to a post-polio meeting in the Mid-Ohio Valley and heard of a physician that could help me with the overall pain that I was having. Dr. Shamowiat said that if I didn't quit working right away, I would be in a wheelchair a lot sooner in my lifetime. I submitted my request for Social Security Disability Benefits with his help and received it on my first try which is unusual.

I have had chronic pain since before I got disability benefits. I do take pain medicine so that my pain is not out of control. I have a scooter for outdoors and for shopping. I am able to walk inside with little support. I am able to drive short distances in my van to go on short shopping trips to Parkersburg.

My husband has helped me so much while we both cope with this illness. My family and friends are invaluable as well. The acceptance of my present and future health after polio has been the challenge. Having our six children and 15 grandchildren has made life so much better.

The Post-Polio Group has given me a lot of reading material to help me understand what happened during and after my polio illness. I have been attending meetings for 20 years. They are very good friends with whom I can talk at any time. Without them I would have been so depressed and felt hopeless. As you can see, family, friends and our support group have made all the difference.

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MY POLIO STORY³¹ by Kay Eichmiller



Kay Eichmiller. (Warren Peascoe)

I was born at home in Tallmadge, Ohio, to Alphus and Rose Drayer. The doctor was delayed by a train and my Aunt Juanita and

Aunt Geneva, my dad's sisters, were there to help deliver me. I think the doctor showed up to cut the cord.

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My father had an accident while making a wooden jewelry box for my Christmas present and cut off the ends of two fingers. My Aunt Geneva convinced him to come to Florida to visit as the cold weather was hard on his fingers. While there he decided to sell our home in Tallmadge and to move to Fort Lauderdale, Florida. We moved into a trailer with a two room addition. It was next door to his sister's home.

Soon after we moved, there was a flood which caused an epidemic of polio in our area. The flood was bad enough that we had to put our furniture up on cement blocks. I got sick and Mom thought I had the flu. I was hardly able to walk so she took me to the doctor who diagnosed me with polio. I was quarantined in Coral Gables Hospital and not allowed to see my parents for a week, which was very scary for a nine-year old. I was there for nineteen days. Many of the children there were in iron lungs. I was more fortunate than most. The March of Dimes paid for the entire bill, for which my parents were very grateful.

My parents took me to physical therapy for two years which was a hardship because my mother didn't drive. While all this was occurring, my dad was building our home in Davie, Florida, not far from the beach. We all enjoyed the beach as a family. We lived in Florida for three years until Dad decided he wanted to move back to Ohio where he enjoyed the change of seasons.

While in school, I was one of those kids who was chosen last for teams in physical education. I never was very good at sports, and a lot of the exercises--tumbling and

such--were very hard for me. Physical education was required and I got through it.

I found out about the Post-Polio Support Group through the newspaper and attended my first conference at the Holiday Inn in Parkersburg in 1995. It was very interesting and informative. The first lady to introduce herself was Nancy Murphy. I've enjoyed her friendship ever since then.

I've always valued and appreciated Becky White's sweet, friendly personality and her dedication and leadership of the group. It's comforting to be a part of a group which has compassion because we all share a lot of the same difficulties. We learn ways to overcome the discomfort and fatigue in our lives through information from speakers at the meetings, publications and question and answer sessions. I've found out why I feel the way I feel physically and how I should take care of my body, mind, and spirit.

The last conference in New Philadelphia was my favorite. The speakers were interesting, the food was good and the companionship was great.

My best friend, Judy Hickman, participated in the Arthritis Pool Therapy at Ewing School with me for many years. She also agreed to attend the Post-Polio Support Group meetings with me so I wouldn't have to go alone. I really appreciate her support and friendship for over fifty years.

I cherish all the friends I have made through my participation in the Mid-Ohio Valley Post-Polio Support Group.

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THE POLIO-SUPPORT GROUP: HOW I STARTED ATTENDING³² by Judith Place Hickman



Judy Hickman (Warren Peascoe)

My friend, Kay Eichmiller, asked me to attend the meetings. Everyone seemed to be supportive and encouraged one another.

They invited me back even though I had fibromyalgia. This is a syndrome characterized by chronic pain, stiffness and tenderness of muscles, tendons and joints without detectable inflammation. Fibromyalgia does not cause body damage or deformity like polio does. Treatment can be a combination of education, stress reduction, exercise and medication. Possibly, moderation of these treatments can help polio survivors.

The first time I noticed someone with polio was in the first grade in the 1950s at Beverly Elementary School. I got to sit on the school bus with a girl with braces on her legs. I attended second grade in Belpre. Nurses came to the school to give us polio shots. The class gave money to the March of Dimes.

I didn't hear about polio again until years later when I joined the Mid-Ohio Valley Post-Polio Support Group with Kay.

God Bless this organization and the people who keep it going.

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SHELBA JEAN (MATHENY) BOSO³³ by Shelba Boso



Shelba Boso. (Al Montle)

On October 2, 1952, at the age of 14 years, my life was changed forever as I experienced *POLIO*. I was taken to Camden Clark Memorial Hospital, placed in the isolation unit and remained there for 10 days. I was paralyzed over about 80% of my body and could not walk for over a year. I received the usual treatments of the time for the new disease Polio. I did not need to be placed in the iron lung machine for which I was very

thankful. After going home for the first time for a short period of rest, I began physical therapy treatment with Sister Ambrose at St. Joseph's Hospital. I went three days a week in the beginning, and then eventually reduced first to two days and then one day a week. I continued therapy until I graduated from Parkersburg High School in 1957. I was then supposed to continue therapy one time a month. However, my life became very busy with college and work and I felt that I could not continue the treatments.



Shelba Boso in 1953-1954--She Was Walking Again.

As I previously mentioned, I could not walk for over a year, but with Physical Therapy Treatments I was able to begin walking again.

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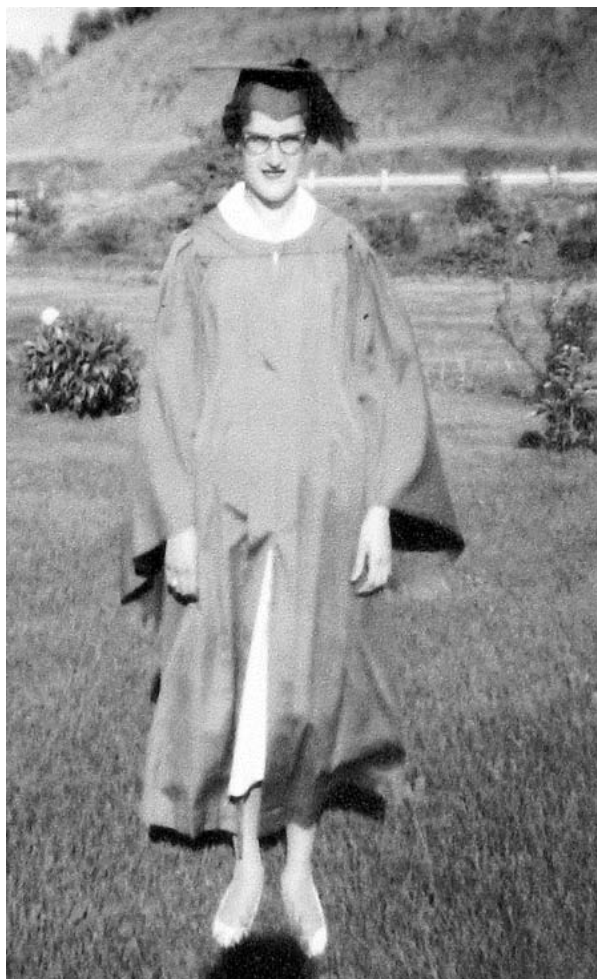
I continued to fall quite a lot though. I kept working and most of my muscle functions returned partially, with the exception of the quads in both legs. The lower extremities are still in a weakened state. Also, I was left with a curvature of the spine. These leave me very susceptible to falling.



Shelba Boso on Way to Hospital for Treatment.

After high school, I graduated in June 1958 from Mountain State College and went to

work for the American Viscose's Company. I married in November 1958 to my high school sweetheart. He was in the United States Navy and I traveled the world with him. We have two children, a boy and a girl. I was kept busy raising and managing our family as we traveled and lived in various countries.



Shelba Boso Graduating from High School in 1957.

My husband was injured, left with permanent injuries, and retired from the U. S. Navy in 1970. We returned to West Virginia in 1973 to build our retirement home and to continue working and living our lives. I was kept busy

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raising our children and caring for our elderly parents.

About 1987-88 I began to notice recurring effects from my past polio. I was experiencing more weakness in my legs and to a lesser extent throughout my whole body. I had to begin wearing a brace on my right leg in about 1988-89. I have had many falls and broken several bones.

In the early 80's I heard of a Polio Support Group led by May Inscoe in Huntington and I attended some of their meetings. There was a conference in Huntington which I attended. While at this conference I heard of a Polio Support Group in Marietta, but I was never able to attend their meetings or learn more about the group. However, I did hear about Becky White and the support group she led at HealthSouth here in Parkersburg. I believe I read about it in the Parkersburg paper.

I first attended the Mid-Ohio Valley Post-Polio Support Group meeting at HealthSouth

(or NovaCare as it was called then) in 1994. I have attended a couple of conferences at the Holiday Inn off Route 50. One was in May 1995 and another one was in May 1996. I also attended a conference in Barboursville, WV, with the Huntington Polio Support Group in 1997. The Parkersburg and Huntington Polio groups worked together. I enjoyed these conferences very much. I also worked with Wendell Littrell at a Polio Awareness Day at the Grand Central Mall, probably in the year 2000.

I received the Polio Network News and the Rehabilitation Gazette magazine from St. Louis, Missouri, for years but I no longer get them.

I am now 74 years old and my husband and I have been married 54 years. We have six grandchildren. I still try to stay as active as I can. The Post-Polio Syndrome has slowed me down quite a lot. I still am able to attend Church and teach an adult Bible Class. I am thankful.



Sister Ambrose's Christmas Party for Children Who Were Her Polio Patients. Shelba Boso Back Row Center (The Parkersburg News or Sentinel circa 1953 Photo by Wood)

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MY MEMORIES³⁴ by Patsy Johnson



Patsy Johnson. (Nate Reese)

I was at age three when I got the polio virus, so I don't have early memories of that time. I do know that I have blocked out a lot of memories that I can't remember even today. It was just easier to block them out than to deal with it all.

I remember my Dad taking me to the Shriners Hospital. He always took me by train. My dad worked for the railroad, C&O, so we had a pass to ride the train. Because I was so cute

and only the age of about six or seven at the time, and with braces and crutches, he took me to the head of the engine room where they drove the train. And they let me drive the train. Well, at the time I thought I was driving it. But I have a great memory of riding that train to the hospital.

I was in the Shriners Hospital in KY. I was a little bit on the restless side, as most all the children were back at that age. We would get in our wheelchairs and race them in the halls, and collide then in a game called chicken. We sure did get into trouble doing that.

I remember Roy Rogers coming to the hospital with his horse, Trigger. I was so excited, because I loved horses so much. He did an awesome show. I remember the Shrine Circus being at the hospital. All of us kids were amazed at the show.

A Shriner was always there after my surgery if my parents could not be there, sitting by my bed with a big bag of toys and a smiling face for me to wake up to. I always cry when I think back to that time. It brings back good memories. I love the Shriners. I always go back to that time when I see that big red hat.

I have memories of my Mom and Dad not stopping me from doing whatever I wanted to do as a Polio child. I rode my pony and climbed the hills and tried to keep up with the other kids. It was difficult and I often wondered why I had so much trouble when it

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was so easy for the other kids. But I continued on, until I caught up with them. I guess that is what made me a fighter yet today. Never give up!!!

I went to a public school at that time of my life. So some days were good and some were not so good, depending on the mood of the children for that day. I got mocked a lot in my childhood as most polio victims did. For the most part, I dealt with it as it came up, or just moved on to be alone.

I remember at about age seven or eight, I got to go to Charleston, WV,--to the capital--to be a "Queen for a Day". I was so excited to go there. Only my Mother and I got to go. I had not been anywhere except to travel to the hospital. This was so exciting for me. This trip was a fun trip, and there were kids like me there with braces and crutches and wheelchairs. Everyone was so good to us. I met the governor at that time. There were very important people there. And I WAS SPECIAL FOR ONE DAY!

I remember being in and out of the Shriners Hospital for several years. One time I was there on my birthday. They had this room that looked to me, at that time, to be as big as a football field. It was full of toys. I am sure it was probably a 12 x 12 room, as I think back on it now...lol. Anyway, I got to go in this room filled with toys to pick one for my

birthday. What a thrill that was...toys like that were not available very often at home at that time.

I remember how they made my bed at the hospital. Today I still make my bed like they did when I was in the hospital.

I always loved horses and had one growing up. I remember I was picked to draw and paint a picture of a horse on something like a round tray as I recall. I was told they gave it to a doctor as a gift. I truly loved doing that. I often wondered whatever happened to the things I drew and painted.

I remember the nurses asking some of us to go to the baby ward, to talk to them and play with them, because they seemed to cry a lot. I know they were in pain and missed their moms so much. So I did what I could to make them happy and laugh, and I talked to them. Their little bodies were in body casts and iron lungs. As I look back now I remember seeing a lot of that. I was one of the lucky ones, if you can call having polio luck.

I really feel growing up with what was dealt to me made me a strong person with love in my heart. I know one day I will be in a better place where I will no longer have pain in my body, my legs will be strong, and I will never hurt again.

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SIXTY FIVE YEARS OF ADVENTURES USING BRACES AND CRUTCHES AND WHEELCHAIRS³⁵

by Warren Peascoe, Ph.D.



Warren Peascoe (Nate Reese)

I like to jest that I hold the world record for walking with braces and crutches, over 65 years as a result of childhood polio. I was four and a half in San Pedro, CA, when I felt ill with an upset stomach. It took a couple days for the doctor to diagnose it as polio and send me to the hospital. Mom rode in the ambulance, and I had to keep asking her to straighten my legs. They would bend and I could not straighten them.

My memories of the hospital are limited. I remember one doctor asking to put some stuff in my ears and nose and also to give me a shot. I agreed to the ears and nose but not to the shot. After swabbing my ears and nose, he gave me the shot. I still think that it was unfair!

My strongest memory of the hospital is one of boredom. There isn't much for a four year old to do in a crib. I had some balloons but if I hit them out of the crib, I could not get them back. So I bit them just to hear them pop.

Each night a nurse put splints on my legs. For years after, I had an occasional nightmare of being overwhelmed by a big white blob. In college I figured out that the blob was based on the rolls of gauze wrapping my legs in the hospital.

After a couple months, I left the hospital with both legs paralyzed, a weak left shoulder, and very little abdominal strength. My parents moved in with my grandparent so that there would be more people to care for me. A slightly older cousin recently reminded me that she had become a nurse because of me.

I had to wear a corset for a few months in order to sit up. Mom did physical therapy daily with me for over a year. It took a full year before I could do my first sit up. She would also paint my legs with hot wax with a

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paint brush to provide a heat treatment. The first brush of hot wax would hurt, but after the wax cooled and hardened the rest of the wax didn't hurt. We would put my feet alternately in hot water and ice water to try to improve my circulation. I had to learn to walk with two long-leg braces and crutches. Mom would take me to a local park where I could practice and watch the ships in the harbor. We also went to a local polio clinic several times a week.



Warren Peascoe on a Scout Hike in Hawaii.

A wise doctor told my mother not to limit me, but to let me try what ever I wanted. Thank goodness she listened and taught me to be whatever I wanted.

Dad was in the navy so we moved a lot. We left San Pedro, when I was seven, and lived two years each in New Jersey, Connecticut,

and Hawaii before returning to my grandparent's house in San Pedro. Whenever we were in San Pedro, I went to the local polio clinic until it closed while we were in Hawaii.

Just before moving to Hawaii, my doctor at the San Pedro polio clinic, decided I needed an operation to lengthen a cord in my left leg. It was pulling my pelvis down and making my left leg functionally longer than my right. He would partially cut the cord at the knee and hip and I would be in a cast until it healed. I had seen people in a leg cast before and I figured there would be no problem. When I woke up after the surgery, the cast went from the toes on both feet to under my arms. I distinctly remember having to decide to panic or go back to sleep. I went back to sleep.

School started early with a home teacher and it took two and a half years to finish first grade. I was in special needs schools for two short periods in San Pedro and in public schools the rest of the time. I graduated from public high school as valedictorian.

My grandmother always referred to me as her "little Boy Scout" so I was primed to become a scout. I was in Cub Scouts in New Jersey and Boy Scouts in Hawaii and in San Pedro. I achieved the "Life Rank" and really enjoyed camping. Camping with the family continued until a few years ago. Then it just became too difficult.

Even though I had no PE in high school, the swimming merit badge encouraged me to ask to join the swim and water polo teams at Caltech. I walked to the pool with my braces and crutches and explained to the coach: "My legs are paralyzed, I have no kick, my left

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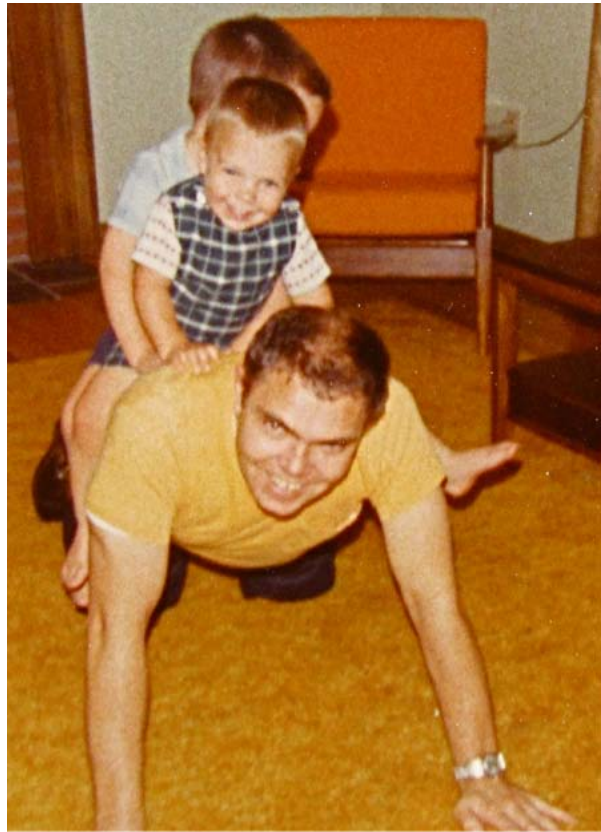
arm isn't very strong, and I want to be on the swim team. I can change in the locker room, walk with my braces to the pool deck, take off my braces on a bench, and crawl into the pool." His response was, "Lets see what you can do." Even though I was not good enough to compete on the intramural teams, I got to swim competitively at the collegiate level! I once even beat an able-bodied swimmer in a meet. I never expected that a sports coach would have a major effect on my life. Lap swimming became my major aerobic exercise. Through the support group, I participated in the Aquatic Swimming Program at a local school for many years.



Warren Peascoe in Warm Springs Pool in 2009.

After the grind of Caltech, which was all male, graduate school at University of Illinois was more like high school. There were girls! A friend suggested that a group go canoeing on a creek in Indiana. I discovered that I could get into nature in a canoe and was not limited to only smooth areas where I could walk. Paddling became my sport of choice. Fortunately I met a girl whose passion for boating exceeded mine. Taking a YMCA canoeing course at a local park became an

important part of our courting, and she later became my wife.



Sons Ride Their Horse, Warren Peascoe.



Warren Peascoe is Surprised in Surprise!

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The Appalachian Mountain Club introduced us to white-water canoeing in New England. After the birth of our children, we stopped canoeing for many years. A local kayaking club made a presentation at a support group meeting and invited us to join them, we jumped at the chance. For about five years, we paddled on a local river once or twice a week until their water access became inaccessible for me.



Warren Peascoe in his Inflatable at the End of a Trip on the New River.

The first summer the club took us on a white-water trip on the upper New River. They provided my wife with a sit-on kayak and me with a one-man raft. We camped in a grassy field and launched into a calm pool in the river. The final rapid was called “Surprise” because you couldn’t see it until you were right on top of it. Some people carried their boats around it, but I chose to run it. Only by good luck, did I line up just right to successfully go through the best part.

This trip made me feel that I was living the first part of the 23rd Psalm. (“*The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He makes me lie down in green pastures, He leads me beside quiet waters, He restores my soul.*”) I will just have to wait to experience the rest.

Kayaking in nature does restore my soul. For many years in a canoe or kayak, I had the same mobility as anyone and greatly enjoyed seeing deer, beavers, rabbits, turtles, and garfish. The upper New River is a great place to get “flushed” down the river. Since I can no longer get up from the ground, I have curtailed my paddling.

As my post-polio syndrome worsened, I became more aware of how the weather affects my activities. I have always been afraid of getting my braces wet while I changed on the ground. Fear of rain caused me to cancel out of kayaking trips at the last minute. Now fear of getting my power equipment wet continues to limit my activities.



Warren Peascoe Kayaking at Warm Springs Conference in 2009.

I was employed for 30-plus years as a polymer chemist before I retired early on disability. I have not experienced overt discrimination, although one professor thought I should have gotten more job offers. One plant manager would not allow me into his plant because the plant was designed for

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small explosions, which could require fast egress, and I could not run. I did improve his product, but never saw the inside of his plant.

One day while working in the pilot plant, I asked a coworker to carry some samples to our second floor labs. He later told me that he almost snapped at me, "Carry your own samples" before he realized that I couldn't. I consider this one of my greatest compliments; I had been accepted!

In 1988 when I transferred to Parkersburg, WV, I called an orthopedic surgeon to monitor my condition. He said, "I don't know anything about polio." I finally found the local support group and learned of a local doctor who specialized in polio.

One day I was sitting on the bench in the examining room waiting for him. I noticed that if I leaned back against the wall, the metal flexed and made a "deep twanging" sound. Finally he and another doctor came into the room. I said my wrist was making a funny noise. When I bent my wrist, I pushed on the wall, and claimed that my wrist made the "deep twanging" sound. The eyes of both doctors got large, and they began to rush over to see what was going on!

As I aged, I gradually lost abilities and attributed it to aging. Rapidly swinging through on my crutches became a sedate walk. I had heard of PPS on radio programs and my sister had once asked if I was having trouble. I said no I thought it was just aging. Then one night I could not make a reach. Each night I take off my braces sitting on the floor in the bathroom. With my braces off, I would use my left arm to reach the sink counter. That night my arm would not go to

the counter top. I tried three times, but just couldn't do it. No more denial, I had PPS!

That night as I was meditating, I had an overpowering urge, a compulsion, to look for a reading in the bible. When I got to my bed, I closed my eyes, picked up my bible, opened it at random, flipped a few pages, and pointed at a passage with my finger. When I opened my eyes, the bible was upside down. I righted it and the text was *Isaiah 9: 1a*. "**Nevertheless, there will be no more gloom for those who were in distress.**" I about fell off the bed. My wife had given me the New International Version of the bible a few months before. When I checked other translations of the bible, none used these words for this verse!

A few months later I had a similar experience: a compulsion while meditating to look for a reading. When I opened my eyes, again the bible was upside down. This time the verse was *John 14: 27-31* "**You heard me say, 'I am going away and I am coming back to you.'**" This was on Holy Saturday, Easter Eve! I keep these verses in my wallet and they comfort me whenever events threaten to overwhelm me.



*Proud Parents with Their Two Eagles
Michael (Left) and David (Right) at
Michael's Eagle Ceremony.*

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There are so many people who have made it possible for me to lead a successful life, and I can never acknowledge or repay them. My parents who taught me that I could try anything. Friends who carried books for me in school. My wife and sons who put up with me, understand my limitations, and keep me independent. With her help, our boys, both Eagle Scouts, are independent. Many friends and strangers have helped me to canoe, kayak, and camp. Many brace repairmen have kept me walking.

Once when my wife and I were traveling in a strange city, I broke my brace at 4:00 PM just before a three day weekend. I called a brace man and he volunteered to meet me at 8:00 PM that night to make the repair so we could continue our vacation.

When I had a heart attack in Alberta, Canada, my wife called our local Polio Support Group who then called the Alberta support group. Within hours the Alberta group supplied the hospital with information about the special needs of polio survivors.

As PPS reduces the strength that I have left, I am transitioning from walking with the assistances of braces and crutches to using a scooter and now a power wheelchair. My greatest complaint about the wheelchair is the isolation of not being able to get into people's houses or even to attend some meetings in restaurants' upstairs rooms.

Photography is my current hobby. I use a digital camera that I can rest on the arm of my power wheelchair. When I get home and look at the pictures, I find that my soul has been restored by being outdoors and the pictures serve as a reminder.



Warren Peascoe Visiting President Roosevelt in Dowell's Knob Park, Georgia in 2009.



Warren Peascoe Photographing Flowers at Callaway Gardens in Pine Mountain, GA in 2009.

I once snapped this picture of our dog jumping into a river. Since it looked like she was actually walking on the water, I made it into a business card with the caption, *Even My Dog Walks on Water!*

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My grandfather was a marine engineer. He used to tell the story about a voyage he made without a ship's cook. No one in the crew knew how to cook or wanted the job. They solved the problem by taking turns doing the cooking. They made it a rule: if you complained about the cooking, you had to cook the next meal. The way to voice a complaint was to say, "This meat is really salty, but *that's the way we like it!*" My life may not have been as I would have chosen, but it's the only one I have. I must do my best to make it *the way I like it!*



Shadow "Walking" on Water.

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MY TWO CENTS ³⁶ by Judith Peascoe



Judy Peascoe with Late Walking Companion, Shadow, in 2012.

I was born in Canada, the only child in a family that moved so much that, coupled with 30-year generations, we lost track of most of our relatives. I only remember a great aunt,

who died when I was seven, and an aunt who went to the UK to study art and visited about once every seven years. My mother dreamed of me becoming a ballet dancer. Since this was not my dream, I became very bookish and dreamed of becoming a college professor.

I attended graduate school at the University of Illinois in Champaign. As graduate courses extended over the years, the towns of Champaign and Urbana became Cham-bana and then Ur-paign to the students desperately trying to complete their degrees. But we had fun. With two other girls, I bicycled regularly to train for a Youth Hostel trip through several New England states. I also ran with a group that included Warren.



Judy Peascoe, five, with Mother in Canoe.

When a canoe trip was planned, I grabbed the chance. The trip ended with canoe--1, Judy--0 and blistered hands. Warren noted that the local recreation department was offering canoeing instruction. We were the only two of the group who enrolled.

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During the summer, we went swimming at an outdoor pool that was handicap accessible. In the fall, I wanted to continue swimming with Warren, but the pool that allowed mixed swimming only had access through the showers. After studying the situation, Warren figured out that he could go into the stands, climb over the railing, change, swim and then reverse the process on getting out. All this to bypass the showers and still get to the pool. Cookouts or going to a restaurant for a desert often followed swimming. We still remember the delicious apple turnovers served by the Pancake house.



*Judith and Warren Peascoe on Their
Wedding Day in 1970.*

We married and after his graduation, Warren got a job in New Jersey which led to my initiation in four-lane traffic. I had only driven about a year before entering graduate school and had no car; so, I let my license lapse. Not only that, I had rarely been on a four-lane highway--they didn't exist where I

grew up. Warren gave me a crash course in driver's re-education and after the second test, I passed--about one day before we went on an apartment-hunting trip in New Jersey. Warren ordered a hand-control car but when we arrived to pick it up, it wasn't there and there were no options. We got a regular car and, with great patience, Warren tutored me in the art of Turnpike driving. By the time we got to our motel, about thirty miles from the airport, I was a wreck--he won't admit it but he was too. As a result, we only looked for apartments in the local area and took almost the first one we saw.

We joined the New York Chapter of the Appalachian Mountain Club. The club was very helpful in renting equipment. They were also great at getting Warren onto streams and over logs blocking the stream. We managed several trips a year until we had our children.



Judy Backpacking Son

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Buying a handicap accessible house with most things on one level was a great problem. Warren found one in a very affluent area of Connecticut after his company moved there. We had more than an acre of lawn to mow. A division of labor quickly developed. He did jobs that required skill but not much movement. I did a lot of the manual labor like snow removal and lawn mowing. This continued when we camped. I set up the tents, hauled gear around, and collected wood. Warren cooked.



Michael (L) and David in Their Sandbox.



Scouting Family: David, Bear Cub; Warren, Cub Master; Judy Den Leader; and Michael, Wolf Cub.

After having two boys, I learned how much help even a little help could be. Warren built a sandbox; eight-foot by eight-foot by ten inches deep. We ordered the sand and it was dumped in the front yard. It had to be transported to the back yard. The boys were excited and wanted the box filled right then. I

had a big wheelbarrow, the boys had a small wheelbarrow and a wagon. They hauled their small loads to the backyard as I hauled my big loads. They moved about five percent of the sand but BOY!! did that five percent help. The boys went to bed happy that their box was filled. We quickly applied that principle to other jobs.

Life was busy volunteering at the boys' school, being a Cub-Scout leader and being a member of the League of Women Voters. One morning I became an American citizen; that afternoon I was leading the Cub den after school and allowing the boys to play outside before the meeting. It was the only time a red-tailed hawk flew over the playing field. That night my American friends gave me a surprise party.



Judy Peascoe (center) and Friends at the Surprise Citizenship Party.

A job transfer to Massachusetts, again put us in a rural area. We decided to build. I modified an existing plan. We did the painting, staining, insulating, and landscaping. It took a couple of years to get

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an improperly installed septic system corrected at the builder's expense. A further transfer to West Virginia had us build another house. This time we only modified the floor plan and managed to get in a more urban area.

During our courtship and early marriage, we shared a number of outdoor activities together. When we first married, he could give me just enough assistance to get a 70-pound two-person canoe on top of the car. As his PPS progressed, he became unable to do that. Kayaks were light enough for me to handle alone. Once the boys were out of college, we had the time and money to start kayaking--first with Adventure Pursuit and then with the West Virginia Wildwater Association (WVWA). WVWA insisted that Warren use an inflatable kayak as he would be less likely to capsize.

Warren's white-water career ended when the small dead-end road to the section of the New River, we used, was washed out in a flood and not repaired for five years. We continued with flat water kayaking at Forked Run in Ohio. We would take our black lab and put her in a yellow life jacket for visibility. She could swim for about to three miles. She sometimes even towed Warren's kayak. Warren claimed it was his way of keeping her under control. Finally, Warren's PPS advanced to the point where he could no longer get up from the ground. He stopped kayaking unless there was a large support team.

When we were first married, Warren could walk several miles. He swung through on his crutches at a rate that forced me to run to keep up. We enjoyed hikes over gentle terrain. I watched his gait slow until I could easily out-pace him. The distance he could

walk decreased until I had to get the car to pick him up after he walked the length of the mall. A scooter and then a wheel chair brought him some freedom.

There has been a similar loss of shared activity in swimming. When we were first married, Warren could adapt to almost any pool and changing room. Recently he finds even some fully ADA-compliant pools and changing rooms not easy to use. So swimming has become a chore for him rather than a pleasure.



Judy Peascoe White-Water Kayaking.

I want and need to be supportive of Warren and so am involved in some of his activities such as MOVPPSG and OPN. But I don't take part in his photography clubs or groups involved with handicapped issues. I find that my involvement in his activities often becomes greater than his. Besides kayaking, I find satisfaction in membership in the League of Women Voters of Wood County. Until she died, Shadow, my dog, was a great support, and forced me to get needed exercise. Now I often neglect exercising. To maintain my health, I have to have some independence from Warren, but this often requires me to travel alone to my great regret.

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And sometimes I worry. Most couples can fill in for one another in many of their roles if one of them falls ill. That is not true for us. Dr. W. A. Leff³⁷ explained in his book that normal humans have many duplicate parts whereas polio survivors have little or no

reserve--or they travel without a spare. This is also true for us. If I become incapacitated, there is no one to fill most of my role. And Warren would have problems maintaining his independence.

³⁷ Wenzel A. Leff, MD, *Traveling Without a Spare: A survivor's Guide to Navigating the Post-Polio Journey*, WAL Publishing LLC, Pullman, WA, © 2011, p. 93

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THE QUESTS³⁸ by Jane Anderson



Jane Anderson in 2007. (Warren Peascoe)

I want to take a moment to remember my mother, Beverly Quest, and my stepfather, Charles Quest. In August 1957, they lost their lives to polio, within four days of each other, when she was 25 and he was 27. Within a few weeks I also was admitted and diagnosed with polio. I was four years of age at the time. As I grew I had some problems with the after effects of polio but, as most things in life, you tend to compensate for those shortcomings.

I began work at the age of 16 and continued to work steadily until I was in my 50's. I could tell over the years that my endurance



Beverly Quest: Mother of Jane.

was not what it once was but just assumed it was due to normal aging. So many people who had polio, unfortunately, carried the signs of it all through their lives in the form of leg braces or other needs of assistance. I am grateful that was not the case with me. I am an example of the polio survivor who outwardly shows no signs of ever having polio but the late term effects are there, nonetheless.

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One day I found an article that referred me to the Mid-Ohio Valley Post-Polio Group and it changed my life. I contacted Becky White and she was such a blessing to me. I had no idea that “Post-Polio Syndrome” even existed and after going to several of the meetings I realized that my previous few years of symptoms were in fact due to this condition. Because of this group I was able to be seen by a doctor who specializes in Post-Polio and was still able to continue to work full time for several more years.

I continue to be a part of this wonderful group of people who come together once a month and share their life experiences and day to day living challenges. In spite of the toll it has taken on so many, they are an encouragement to others in so many ways.

Congratulations on your 25th anniversary Mid-Ohio Valley Post-Polio Group. It's because of your voice that Beverly and Charles Quest will never be forgotten and many in this valley can thank you for educating them and directing them for assistance through this group.



Jane Anderson as a Child.

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AL MONTLE'S STORY³⁹ by Al Montle



Al Montle in 2013

I was born March 16, 1951, in Athens, Ohio. Life was pretty normal and uneventful for me until August 13, 1952. At the age of 16 months, my mother went into my room one morning and found me paralyzed from the neck down. I was first taken to Sheltering Arms Hospital in Athens, and later transported to Children's Hospital. My mother immediately realized I had polio, as three of my cousins, Roger, Rachel, and Donnie, had all just recently contracted the dreaded disease. The week after I was admitted to Children's, another cousin,

Teresa, soon joined us at the hospital. We five added to the already overflowing polio wards at Columbus Children's Hospital. The wards



Al Montle with Mother in Hospital 1952.

were so full of polio victims then, that non-polio patients were cared for in makeshift beds in the hospital corridors.

1952 was the height of the polio epidemic in the US. Of the nearly 58,000 cases reported that year, over 3,000 died and over 21,000 were left with mild to disabling paralysis⁴⁰. "To many people in the 50s, there was only one thing worse than dying of paralytic poliomyelitis--one could get the disease and live".^{41 42}

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⁴⁰http://www.tchd.org/pdfs/60th_anniversary_annual_report.pdf

⁴¹<http://www.plosin.com/beatbegins/projects/sokol.html>, "Fear of Polio in the 1950s, Beth Sokol, 1997

⁴²Jane Smith, *Patenting the Sun: Polio and the Salk Vaccine* (New York: William Morrow and Co., Inc, 1990)p. 37

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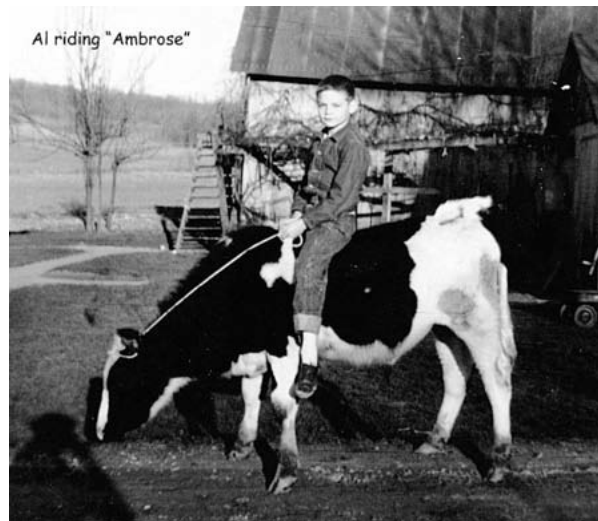
Al Montle (Left) with Brownie and Brother Dave.



Al Montle About Five.

My mother was immediately told by the doctors that because of the severity of my polio, I would never walk again. But the doctors didn't know my mom--whatever the

doctors and nurses told her to do to help me, she did! I endured hot baths, exercises, surgeries, etc. I would cry, she would cry and my brother told me he would hold his ears and go outside. I was fitted with a heavy brace on my left leg that went down and fitted onto my shoe. It was clumsy, but it supported my leg. Finally one day, with my arms wrapped around the neck of Brownie, the family dog, I learned to walk again.

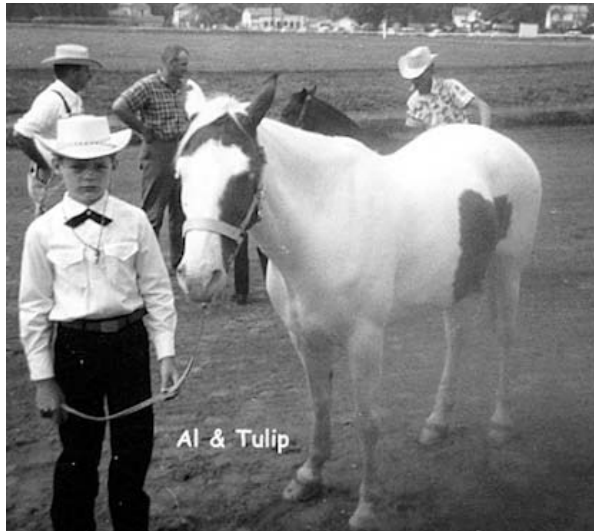


Al Montle Riding His Bull Ambrose.

Despite their fears, my parents gave in when I wanted to be like other kids and ride, first a tricycle, then bicycles. I not only wore out the bicycles they bought me, I wore out the braces I wore while riding the bicycles. When I was eight, I was given a full-blooded Holstein Bull. I named him "Ambrose" after the very nice local farmer who gave him to me. I taught Ambrose to walk, trot, and canter just as good as any horse. When I was 10, I finally got a pony and named her "Tulip". I took Tulip to many horse shows. I was never one to take anything sitting down. I always forged ahead, happy, and confident. My

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family and friends never made a big deal about my handicap, because I never did.



Al Montle and Tulip.

My father and mother were very active in the March of Dimes. Cousin Donnie and I went to many events to help raise money. I was fortunate to never need the assistance of the March of Dimes. My parents had purchased a Polio Policy shortly before my illness, which paid for the majority of my medical care, therapy and braces. My parents felt it very important to help raise money for families that were not as fortunate.

Having polio at the age of 16 months, I cannot remember what life was before. I don't question, "Why me?" I grew up with my limitations. They were always there. I am not thrilled that I had Polio, but I am not angry either. You see, I have been dealing with Polio so long that I don't feel different or that I was dealt a bad hand. I have usually been able to accomplish everything I set out to do, often in a very unorthodox manner--just ask my brother. This was how I approached my life--figuring it out for

myself, using what I had and forging ahead. I was lucky that my parents caught on early and did not overprotect their youngest son.

Through the years as I returned to Children's Hospital for surgeries, I met many children, some children without polio but with other problems. One of my favorite friends was Freddie. He was in a closet playing with matches and ended up being burned over much of his body. He had a very small patch of red hair on the top of his head and his poor body was covered with scars. He was a born entertainer and a favorite of the nurses since he lived at Children's for a very long time. I have never known a child as ornery as Freddie, though I tried my best to duplicate his pranks. I often wonder where Freddie is today.

My orthopedic surgeon was Dr. Worstell, an old gruff navy surgeon who dearly loved the children in the polio wards. He nicknamed me "Bozo". I can't remember the early surgeries, but I can remember a couple of the surgeries later on. I remember once having a cast clear up my leg. In second grade, I had surgery on my dropped foot. Dr. Worstell fastened a muscle behind my toe that allowed me to pick them up. This surgery was pretty successful and worked quite well, until a playground accident the next year made the foot drop once more.

I wore a leg brace on my left leg until I was 18. I stopped wearing the brace because it was both expensive and limited my working ability. I was more mobile when I was younger, so I adapted to not using a brace by building upper body strength. It would have been impossible to go through tunnels (some as low as four feet) to work on the heating system at Ohio University hindered by a

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brace. I have always worn a three-eighths inch lift in my right shoe which is technically my “good leg” as it is my left that is atrophied. Dr. Worstell loved showing the interns how my bad leg was longer than my good leg. Guess I was always an oddity.



Cindy and Al Montle.

I went back to wearing a brace in 2002 and using a cane. I enjoy making the ones I use as I have never found one that suits me like the ones I design myself. When our grandchildren, Jordan and Zack, were just learning to walk, they always enjoyed playing with my canes. So I got the great idea to make them their own personal “little canes”. Whenever they came to visit, they would practice their walking skills and had great fun. I won’t ever forget when I presented them these canes in front of their parents and they both took off walking with them. After this, I had to make all the grandkids canes. Making canes is a project that I greatly enjoy. I have given away close to a hundred canes and walking sticks. One of my canes made it all the way to Germany.

In 2002, I joined the Mid-Ohio Valley Post-Polio Support Group as a means for education

and an exchange of information. At that time, I was starting to have a lot of problems with fatigue and found that I no longer had the strength I once did. My arms and legs were getting weaker and extremely “clumsy” and I was finding myself falling often. It was getting harder to make it through a work week. I also saw a polio doctor for the first time since I was 18. I learned that I had post-polio syndrome. The doctor recommended that I stop working. I retired from Ohio University with 32½ years of service.



Al Montle Teaching His Granddaughter, Haylee to Walk.

Now for an update on the five little children who had polio in 1952. My cousin, Roger, who was 16 when he contracted polio, died at the age of 19. His sister, Rachel, who had polio at 11, died at 62. She had been living in

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a nursing facility for several years. Cousin Donnie, who was 19 months when he had polio died at the age of 58. He lived a very full life, went to college, worked, and was active in many civic activities until his health declined.



Al and Cindy Montle

My cousin, Teresa, who contracted polio at three and one-half years and I, who contracted polio at 16 months, are the only two to still survive. According to my baby book, my first baby shoes were Teresa's first. Teresa was listed as one of my very first

playmates. She has always been a very special cousin to me.



Al Montle with Catfish He Caught During Visit to Ohio in 2013

The Mid-Ohio Valley Post-Polio Support Group became much more to me over the years than a place to educate myself regarding my post-polio syndrome; it was a welcoming place to bond with fellow polio survivors. In 2010, we sold our home in Ohio and moved to Florida for my health. I am now a member of a Post-Polio Support Group here in Florida but I am honored to return for a visit to help the Mid-Ohio Valley Post-Polio Support Group celebrate their 25th anniversary.

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A SHORT STORY OF A MOTHER'S LOVE⁴³ by Teresa Brandeberry Randolph



Teresa Brandeberry Randolph. (Warren Peascoe)

Once upon a time, over 60 years ago, our medical adventure with polio began. The first part of my story is a recollection from my mother, Esther (better known as Chick) Brandeberry. After all, I was only three years old at the time, and do not remember much which is a God's blessing. It began on a summer day at the St. John's Catholic Church near Guysville. We had been invited to attend the occasion since my Aunt Blanche Montle and her family were members. The first children to become inflicted with the virus were Rachael Kinnen (age 10) and her brother, Roger (age 16). After about a week or

so, Donnie Dillinger (age two), who is a first cousin to my first cousin –Alfred Montle (age one and a half), became ill. I was the fifth victim and the sixth victim of Athens County was Larry Doherty (age four). I have always heard that the polio virus was not contagious but I wonder. After a visit that my mother had taken with her sister to Children's hospital in Columbus, Ohio, to visit Al, I became ill. Mom had left me with my paternal grandmother when she had gone to Columbus with my Aunt and when she came home that evening; our episode with polio was just beginning.

My parents were friends with Audra and Wendell Bretz who lived next door to us in Torch, Ohio. The adults enjoyed playing cards and after an evening of entertainment, I wanted to stay all night with them and their two daughters, Nancy and Carol. I wanted Audrey to make me pancakes for breakfast. I slept between the two girls and woke up the next morning not feeling very good and when I tried to eat the food it came out my nose. My parents took me to Dr. Baldwin, a pediatrician, in Athens, Ohio, that morning. I had a fever and he sent me directly to Children's Hospital in Columbus, Ohio. Jack White of White's Funeral Home in Coolville, Ohio, also ran an ambulance service and came directly to Athens and transported my parents and me to Children's Hospital. My Mom remembers that when we got to the Fairview Methodist Church just five miles past Logan, Ohio, I almost "choked to death".

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She ran her finger down my throat and removed the mucus and Jack stepped on the gas. It's a miracle that my Mom didn't come down with the virus because it afflicted both children and adults. Back then it was only a two lane Route 33 to Columbus, so the trip was long. I'm sure that my parents thought they would never arrive in time.



Mother, Esther Brandeberry. (Warren Peascoe)

When I was admitted to Children's Hospital (which became a 36 day stay), my Mom was a little worried when a black nursing aid came to take me to my room. By being only three and from a predominately white area, I was a little timid of black people. My Mom said that I was so sick that I just went to her and laid my head on her shoulder. My Mom and Aunt Blanche were able to rent a room from a nice little old lady that lived only about a block from Children's Hospital. My mother never returned home until I was released from the hospital. At the time, I was an only child.

Mom remembers that there were many iron lungs in the hospital and also a lot of Amish children. She recalls that they tilted my head back to suction the mucus from my throat. She also recalls that they used very hot compresses on our legs. She worried that they were so hot that I would get burned. At a meeting on one of the mornings, Mom had asked one of the nurses about my condition and she told her not to expect too much because I was a mighty sick little girl.

One morning after I had been in the hospital for some time (I was in a ward with a lot of other children), my Mom came in and I told her that Robin's father went to heaven in an airplane. Robin's family was visiting the area from Texas when Robin and his father came down with polio. His father had passed and they flew his body back to Texas to be buried. One morning I told my Mom that I wanted a pink angel doll. When Aunt Blanche and Mom went shopping for one they could only find an angel dressed in blue. When they gave it to me I told them that it was pretty but it wasn't as pretty as the pink angel that had visited me. My Aunt Blanche said that she would always believe in angels because a three year old had told her that they existed. My Aunt Blanche crocheted me a little pink angel and I still have it. I have the newspaper clipping that I was the fifth victim in Athens County to be diagnosed and was discharged from the hospital right before Christmas in 1952. I turned four on December 29th of that year. When we returned to the Coolville area we did not have a bathtub in our house so we moved in with my Dad's aunt, Annie Walden, who lived in Coolville. My Mom had to give me several hot baths every day and administer exercises each day. Mom said that I cried a lot. Her instructions were to do this every day

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no matter what! I want to "THANK YOU" Mom for struggling through this for me.

According to The Athens Messenger newspaper clipping that I have, it states that the March of Dimes contributed financially to the care of many of the polio victims. I know that my parents did have insurance with Farm Bureau and Mom does not remember paying any hospital bills. I have a copy of the hospital bill from Children's Hospital and the total was \$781.00. I have another newspaper clipping which was cut out and kept by my grandmother that was submitted to our local newspaper.⁴⁴ It read as follows:

A Little Child...

Editor, The Messenger: On Thursday night of the past week I was one of the mothers out on the March of Dimes campaign. I went to the home of little Teresa Brandeberry who was a victim of polio last summer. This little girl had been saving for this night and gave all of her savings.

It was dropped in my can so of course I didn't try to count it but know it amounted to several dollars. This was in addition to a gift from her parents. She was so delighted and so excited to give that I was greatly touched, as I think any mother would be.

She is too small to read but I am sure she would be pleased to have her parents read this to her.

(Signed) A Mother

Coolville, Feb 2, 1953

Now back to the story. Over the years, I remember that Al had to have several operations on his leg. He wore a metal brace that was attached to his shoe sole. He could run and play and keep up with the best of the bunch. He sure didn't let it slow him down much. Donnie was always in a wheelchair. He died several years ago. I have had difficulty swallowing and walk with a limp. As I have gotten older, my limp is worse and I now wear a support brace for a drop foot. With my weak muscles, I do have a tendency to trip a lot and fall when I become tired.

I have had several careers in my lifetime with my last job lasting 31½ years at Camden Clark Memorial Hospital.

Approximately five to six years ago, I started going to Dr. Michael Shramowiat at the Mountaineer Pain Relief and Rehabilitation Clinic in Vienna, WV. He has contributed a great deal to my care. I did stop working in June of this year after the tiredness, fatigue and pain got to be too much for me. I guess that polio cursed me early in life and now in my golden years.



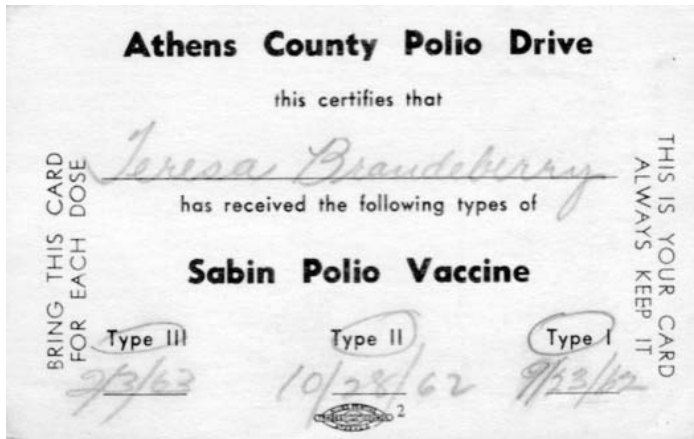
Teresa Randolph and Mother, Esther Brandeberry in 2012. (Warren Peascoe)

⁴⁴ Letter to the Editor, The Athens Messenger, Feb. 1953

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I have much to be thankful for. My Mom is a very healthy 86 years young. I have a wonderful husband, Roger, of 44 years. Our only daughter and son-in-law, Tammy and Von Wotring, have given us two special little

granddaughters, Brooklyn and Sophia. Even with what I deal with daily, God willing I hope that I can live a long life to see my grandchildren grow up.

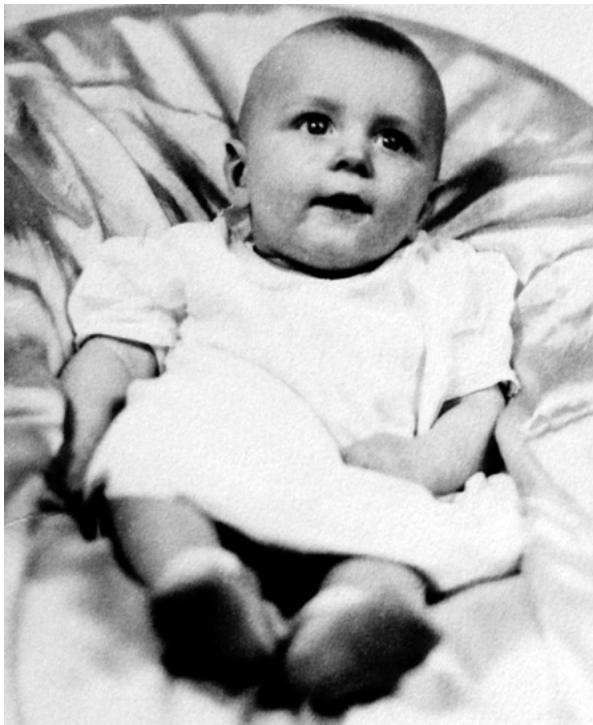


Sabin Polio Vaccination Card--The Sabin Vaccine Was Hailed as the Savior From Polio. It Provided Immunization for the Recipient but Occasionally Passed Polio on to People Who Had Not Been Immunized. Today the Sabin Vaccine Is Not Used in the USA. (Teresa Brandeberry Randolph)

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RANDALL AND LOIS VANNOY⁴⁵ by Randy and Lowey Vannoy

Randall Vannoy was born September 2, 1940. He was the third child of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Vannoy. He had an elder brother, James, and a sister, Judy. He contracted polio in 1941. During his early childhood there was a great fear of contagion from people who had recovered from polio. People would cross the street to avoid passing those who had had polio.



Randy Albert Vannoy, January 16, 1941, at four and one-half months.

As he grew, he had a number of brace changes--all provided by Easter Seals. He attended their camp for handicapped children

and was a poster child for them. He was also selected to attend Camp Horseshoe, Parsons, WV, in the summer of 1953 by the Easter Seals Society of Crippled Children.



Randy Vannoy and Elder Sister, Judy.

By 1952, he was operated on to pin the growth center of one leg so that his legs would be the same length when he was grown. He was taken by ambulance to the

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funeral of his younger sister, Cheryl since he was recuperating from the surgery.



Randy (Center) with His Parents (L) Meeting Lowey's Parents (R) at United Seminary.

Mountain State College on a scholarship for people with disabilities from the state of West Virginia. He studied accounting.



Daughter, Eunice, with Randy.



Lowey and Randy Vannoy with Rev. Emerson Wood (1964).



Mrs. Vannoy Teaching her Special Education Class in Williamstown.

Randy worked at Seddens Restaurant during high school and college years. He attended

After graduation, he got a job in Dayton, Ohio. There he met Lois (Lowey) who was studying at the United Theological Seminary. They married in 1964. After she graduated, they moved to Robesonia, PA, where Lowey

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was a youth minister at Bethany Children's Home of the United Church of Christ.

In 1969, their daughter Eunice was born. In 1972, the family came back to West Virginia where Lowey was hired as the special education teacher.



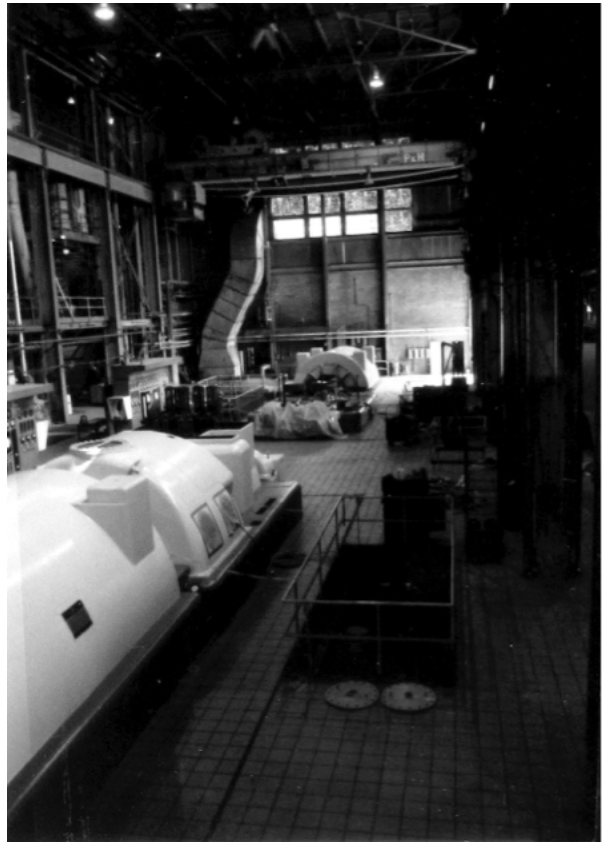
Outside of Gorsuch Plant--Notice the Height of the Plant.



Randy's Truck Outside Gorsuch Plant.

In March 1974, Randall got a job at Union Carbide in their power plant on Route 7 North in Ohio. He worked in several positions in the plant before he became a driver for the company. The company was bought by Elkem Metals from Norway in 1981. By 1987, the company had changed hands again to

American Municipal Power (AMP-Ohio) and the plant name became Gorsuch.



Inside the Building--Looking at the Great Height to the Next Level to Which Randy Had to Climb.



Randy with His Truck at the Loading Dock at Work.

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Randy was the truck driver until 1999 when he retired on Social Security Disability. The company had built a new storeroom accessible only by four flights of stairs. The doctor said that it was too difficult for him to climb because he had post-polio syndrome.

The Vannoys built a handicapped accessible house in Vienna, WV. It was one of the first accessible houses in the area. It was built on a slab with no steps. The doors have levers, the electric outlet can be reached from a wheelchair and the bathroom has handrails



Slab for Vannoy's Accessible House.



Vannoy's Partially Completed House.

After 48 years, the Vannoys decided to renew their wedding vows with new rings and their grandchildren in attendance. Granddaughter, Kazandra was maid-of-honor, grandson

Trenton was best man, and step-grandson Ray was ring bearer. Their new silver rings have Song of Solomon 2:16 engraved in Hebrew: "I am my Beloved's and my Beloved is mine."



Vannoy's Handicapped Accessible House: Completed and Now a Home.



The Vannoy Family at Lowey's and Randy's 48th Anniversary and Renewal of Vows in 2012.

From Left to Right: Step-Grandson Ray, Grandson Trenton, Randy and Lowey, Scott Hannas, Minister and Granddaughter Kazandra.

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Vannoy's New Rings.

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TED DEATON⁴⁶ as Told by Ted Deaton



Ted Deaton (Shirley Huffman)

I got polio in 1950 when I was in high school. Some boy tossed a girl's billfold in a second story window of the school--the first floor was basically below ground. One boy suggested that he get down on all-fours and that I climb on his back. I did that, got the purse, and tossed it; but I lost my balance and fell on my neck and shoulder. At that time, my mother was in town looking after my stepfather who was in the hospital. I was caring for the livestock at home, but staying overnight at a neighbor's house. I went home but was hurting badly and had a terrific

headache. The next day, I went to school with a headache so bad that I couldn't think. One of the girls was going to the nurse if I didn't get a pass to the infirmary. I went to the nurse and she called my aunt, who lived in town. My mother was staying with my aunt as well.

My aunt called my mother and they took me to the hospital. The doctor said that I had appendicitis and operated. I woke up three days later begging for a shot of morphine as I was in terrible pain. The doctor said that I didn't need a shot. But I couldn't move as I was completely paralyzed. Gradually, I began to be able to move my left arm and my right leg. I was in the hospital there for thirty days and then they sent me to Cleveland to check for a brain tumor. The doctor there said that if I had a brain tumor, I wouldn't be improving which I was. He thought I had the brother of polio. I was in Cleveland for seven days. Another doctor said he hadn't heard of the brother of polio--it was just old polio.

When I got home, my mother had to carry me. She would wrap me up well and put me on the porch. She would have a neighbor watch me when she went to town. In the house, I would slip out of bed, and practice standing, and then walking a little. Once when my mother was home and a neighbor lady was visiting, I stood up. My mother told me to be careful. I surprised them by walking three steps. Then I started to fall but managed to catch myself. They both screamed.

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I finally got back to school. The principal would pick me up to go to school. Before I had polio, I had finished ninth grade and started tenth. I had to start tenth again. By this time I had girls on my mind--in fact I was dating the girl who would become my wife. I also got my driver's license.

I quit school and decided to go to my dad's in Martin's Ferry, OH. I didn't know exactly where he was but I knew he was in Martin's Ferry, probably at Deaton's Garage. An aunt gave me the money to take the bus to see Dad so that I would not hitchhike. She made me promise not to tell my mother. When I got off the bus in Wheeling, I still had to get to Martin's Ferry. I had a little over a dollar left. So I flagged a cab and gave him all I had and asked him to take me as far as that would go towards Martin's Ferry. The cab driver pulled up in the middle of Martin's Ferry and said, "That's as far as it will go." I asked around for Deaton's Garage but no-one knew. I finally asked a policeman. He directed me down the street to the railroad track. I walked down but didn't see anything. Then, I turned around and the sign for Deaton's Garage was behind me.

I found my Uncle Randy at the garage. I worked there for six months, working on equipment, and lived in his house which was about four houses from the garage. Then I went to Uncle Dan in Pennsylvania. He ran a gasoline shovel to strip-mine coal. While I worked in the strip mine, Dad had held my money. He knew I wanted a car. He bought one for me and refurbished it for me at the garage.

At one point I had a brace. Then the doctor just had a metal plate put in my shoe. Dad

said I didn't need it and threw it out. I was doing very well. Polio was gone.



Ted and Virginia Deaton Holding the 45th Anniversary Cake. (Becky White)



Cake for the Deaton's 45th and Dils' 55th Wedding Anniversaries. Made by Marie Cullum (Becky White)

I hadn't seen Virginia for two years. So I came back here and got married on August 12, 1956. We had six kids in all. Virginia had one miscarriage and one child died when he was about six months. Three boys and one girl survived.

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I first got a job in a service station. Then I got a job at Axelrod's on Avery Street doing shop work. Axelrod's had both a garage where they sold and serviced cars and a store. My job was to grease the vehicles. Once, I got grease on a car and the owner complained. I was moved to help in the store. I had to deliver a refrigerator up an outside staircase and bring the old one down. Fortunately, I had a helper but I still didn't know how I was going to manage it.

Then I worked for a service station. Finally I got on at Pure Milk. They were bought by Fairmont Foods. I drove a retail milk truck for them for 18½ years. Then I worked for Ames for 14 years and two months. I needed 25 years to get a pension. I had to wait 15 years to be able to draw my \$140.27 pension.

I had my first heart attack when I was 48. I had gotten slips from doctors to excuse me from certain jobs. I could still drive a forklift or be an inspector, but those jobs were not available, so the doctor told me to go out on disability when I was 49 or 50.

I have had heart attacks, cancer, diabetes, breathing problems, and lost a leg because of cellulitis. My other leg has cellulitis as well. It is painful but does not have skin sores so the doctors have not had to amputate it.

I have been going to church regularly ever since my daughter got me a handicap accessible van. My son, Joe, who had cancer and is cured now, takes me to church regularly.



Virginia and Ted Deaton Holding 40th Anniversary Bell in 1996 at MOVPPSG Anniversary Party. Cake Made by Marie Cullum (Shirley Huffman)

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MY LIFE WITH POLIO⁴⁷ by Patty Barbarow



Patty Barbarow.

It was summer 1948. Like most kids, I looked forward to enjoying the summer with no school. Polio was at an epidemic stage, causing parents to be afraid to let us kids do the things we were accustomed to during vacation. One of these was going to the county fair. We lived in the country in Gilmer County. Therefore the Gilmer County Fair was something you just didn't miss! I had to stay home! I wasn't allowed to go to movies or local dances.

One very warm August night I became very ill. I was taken to Weston to the doctor. He

said I had the flu. That night I got up and couldn't use my left arm. Of course there was no doubt--Polio. I was taken to Wheeling by ambulance to the hospital. I was in isolation 2 weeks, then in the hospital 6 weeks. I had paralysis to some degree in all my body. My left arm and right leg were the worst. Even with therapy most of my life, I was left with little use of my arm. I had one surgery on my hand to give me a grip. That was all the surgery I was willing to have. I had my 13th birthday in the hospital. I became a teen! I listened to Johnny Ray music and enjoyed the

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things teens do. I missed one year of school with homebound teaching.



Patty Barbarow in High School Band Uniform.

I have never considered myself handicapped, I just did things a little differently than others. I had taken piano lessons for six years and

was pretty good at it. That was over, but I still played with my right hand. To satisfy my love for music I played trumpet in the Gilmer County Band all during high school. I was able to march and do what was required of me. I had a normal high school life of dating, parties, and lots of friends. My friends didn't treat me any differently than anyone else; however, if I needed help carrying things, they were there to help.

After high school graduation, I attended Glenville State College receiving my degree in education. I taught two years in Gilmer County and then was married and moved to Parkersburg. We had two boys and I continued to teach in Wood County. I got my masters degree from WVU and retired in 1997 with 36 years of service. I have baby-sat all three of my wonderful grandchildren. The children are all in school now. They live next door to me. I delight in cooking dinner most of the time for my family.

I am a widow and am fighting lung cancer. This is another struggle in life. There have been a lot of struggles in life, but don't tell me I can't do something, because I believe I can do whatever I need and want to do. This was the attitude of my parents, husband, brother and now my son and his family. Thank God for all of them helping me stay strong. So please don't tell me polio handicapped me because it didn't. I just might need a little help sometimes, but I can help others too. God heals in many ways. He has healed me in many ways. Without faith in God I would be handicapped.

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DANETTE STONEKING⁴⁸ Compiled by Judith Peascoe



Danette Stoneking in 2014 (Nate Reese)

Every polio survivor or supporter has heard of them--those who had gotten polio by being exposed to someone who had had the Sabin live-virus vaccination. But most of us had never met such a rare case of polio. In 2007 a young woman limped into the support group meeting and announced that she was Danette Stoneking, a polio survivor and under thirty.

Because she was born with a dislocated hip⁴⁹ and put in a body cast, her pediatrician elected not to give her vaccinations until she was out of the cast. He failed to warn her mother to avoid exposing her to youngsters who had just been vaccinated.

When she was about six months old, a cousin, younger than her, and his mother visited her home. He had had his polio vaccination that day. The next morning she was sick and not using her legs.

Because polio had been essentially eradicated, local physicians couldn't diagnose her. She was taken to a children's hospital in Morgantown where she was diagnosed. Danette was treated at the Shriner Children's Hospital in Kentucky annually until she was 18.

After graduation from high school, she worked for a retailer until she broke her leg in a fall. She was also diagnosed with osteoporosis, a common bone-weakened ailment suffered by people with paralysis. This forced her to go on permanent disability.

She discovered the support group online and started attending support group meetings. Through the group she has learned more about the late effects of polio and found support among people surviving similar problems

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⁴⁹ Polio Support Group Gains Members, The Parkersburg News and Sentinel, Nov. 9, 2008 Rachel Lane

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BUTCH DAVIS⁵⁰ as Told by Butch Davis

Butch Davis was born in 1955, the year the polio vaccine was first distributed. However, he did not get vaccinated before he contracted the disease. It affected his right side, especially his right leg. Between the time he contracted polio and the time he entered junior high, he had a number of surgeries at the Shriners Hospital in Lexington, KY. He also wore a brace on his right leg until junior high. His right leg is about an inch shorter than his left.

Many polio survivors were treated in a number of places and so are unsure of where their records are. He is lucky in that he was treated in one place. So he was able to call the Shriners Hospital and receive all his medical records.

He graduated from Parkersburg High School in 1975. He was employed by the City of Parkersburg as a heavy equipment operator

until his retirement on disability in 2002. He operated all kinds of equipment such as backhoes, shovels, and graders.

He married twice and has six children. He is raising 16-year old twins, a boy and a girl, by himself. They expect to be PHS alums like their dad.

Currently he wears an Ankle-Foot-Orthosis (AFO) made from plastic that slips inside his shoe. He doesn't notice that he is wearing it.

He enjoys watching his son race 4-wheelers. He also hunts and fishes. His son frequently accompanies him.

His mottos have been:

Hang in there!

Don't give up!

Back off and pace yourself!

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CROSS GENERATIONAL INTERVIEW CASE STUDY⁵¹ by Catherine Adams



Norma Adams in 2009 at 85.

Norma Jean Adams, my grandmother, was diagnosed with poliomyelitis, or polio, at the age of three years old. Polio is a disease that is acute and infectious which can spread from person to person. Most individuals affected by polio show no symptoms at all or at least not until old age. Norma suffers from a specific type of polio and the most common, spinal polio, where it has greatly affected her legs and mobility.

My grandmother was born on July 4, 1924, to Mildred and Albert Kuehn in Marietta, OH. My grandmother's parents were both born and raised in Marietta. This is where my grandmother still resides today. She became the oldest sibling to three sisters, Evelyn, Rosemarie and Charlotte. My grandmother was born and raised Catholic, attending Catholic school from kindergarten through 12th grade and, to this day, has never wavered in her faith.

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(L→R) Catherine Whelchel (Catherine Adam's Mother), Norma Adams, and Catherine Adams.

Norma's mother found her lying on the floor after Norma fell out of a chair because she was unable to sit up when she was three years old. This was the initial moment when her mother knew something was wrong. Norma's mother immediately decided to take her to a specific clinic where they specialized in polio cases. My grandmother believes that the Selby Osteopathic Clinic is the reason she did not suffer her entire life from the debilitating disease of polio. My grandmother grew up with other kids her age who suffered from this disease who did not seek out the Osteopaths at Selby. She believes their

suffering could have been worse because they did not seek the help of these specialists.

My grandmother remembers, "My mother would carry me from the car, up the stairs and through the halls of this clinic every day and it felt like they were shooting electricity up my back." Besides the manipulation of her body, as well as the electric shocks given by the doctors of Selby, they also suggested some other unique prescriptions for her leg mobility. "The doctor told my mother that she needed to put me in dance lessons so that's what she did." My grandmother says, "I took dance and then swimming and then tap dance all suggested by my doctors."

Grandmother talked of how her sisters had to help her and remembers seeing a picture of herself on the back of a bike with one of her sisters pedaling because she was unable to do so. She said how she was affected by this because she was the older sister and did not like that she could not pedal her little sisters around.

By the time she was of age to start school, she was unaffected by her condition and the trips to the osteopaths had proven worth it. Norma now had the ability to walk, run and play with children at school and no children ever knew the disability she had dealt with so early in life. She was fortunate enough to never experience any form of discrimination in reference to her disability from other children or adults. Due to the diligence and financial situation of her parents, they were able to seek the right type of treatment so that she could run, jump and climb like any other child. She lived the majority of her adulthood unaffected, walking everywhere, and was able to carry four children.

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In her sixties, she started to experience difficulty with steps and walking too much. When she visited a doctor to discuss the issue, he stated the bones in her right leg were deteriorating due to her polio. She had lived such a fruitful and normal life, always walking everywhere, she had somewhat forgotten of her disability. She began attending meetings of the Post-Polio Association for about five years, around 75 years old. She wanted to gain some insight and opinions about how other people have dealt and are dealing with the disease. She will be 89 this year and deals with frequent doctors' visits, as well as exercises she must do to strengthen her legs. She had to move to a house with no steps many years ago because she was unable to climb up to her bedroom. She has experienced many falls in her home due to instability in her legs, but is very strong. She has always been able to get to a phone or crawl to the stair railing to pull herself up. She uses a walker in the house and a wheelchair outside. Norma is healthy and aware. I know she will live for many more years despite her polio.

I have known of my grandmother's condition for many years but it was never something I would have been able to identify in a physical way. Fortunately for my grandmother, her case is not so severe. However, she and I both believe that this is due to the diligence of her parents making it possible to not have to experience this disease through her entire life. She was able to be just like everyone else, play with other kids, walk everywhere, get married and carry and raise four children. My grandmother is a strong and inspiring woman whom I admire dearly. I feel that I am unable to truly relate to her experience dealing with her disability since I do not have a physical disability. One thing I admire is, despite the hardships she dealt with as a child and aging adult, she has never allowed this disease to define who she is. She is the person she wants to be!

EDITOR NOTE: When contacted about her contribution and the next meeting, she explained that she could not attend because her bridge group was meeting at her house. She still has her priorities straight.

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LARRY CULLUM AND BROTHER⁵² by Larry Cullum



Larry Cullum in 2013. (Warren Peascoe)

My name is Larry Cullum and I had polio when I was a small child. My brother, Bob, from my mother's first marriage and I are the only family members to have had polio. Bob had a very crippled foot from the polio. He was able to get a college education and teach for over forty years before passing with cancer. I have been very fortunate to only have the left leg one and a half inches shorter than the right leg. I was so young that I can only remember wearing a brace.

My grandmother went to the neighbors' to get some fresh milk and never came home. She had passed away at the neighbors'. That is when I remember throwing my brace down the outside toilet. I was about three years old then.

My back hurts constantly because of the left leg being shorter. But I managed to work until I was fifty-six and diagnosed with rheumatoid arthritis and diabetes.

I am able to do most of the things I like to do and the things I must do. I have had a good life with my wife of fifty-two years and our family.



Marie Cullum in 2013.(Warren Peascoe)

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JEANNIE HOY⁵³ by Jeannie Hoy



Jeannie Hoy.

My name is Jeannie Hoy. I was a normal baby at birth, but at 18 months, I became very ill. The doctor told my parents I had Polio. I was in Marmet Hospital for a time, but someone kept taking my blanket. So Mom and Dad brought me home. They told me they had to give me shots, and my Mom ran from the room, leaving my Dad to give them. I am the seventh child. My family all looked after me, but Mom and Dad were afraid to let me try

something new. Dad bought me a bike, and when I rode it and wrecked, he wouldn't let me have it again. They spoiled me terribly, and anything I wanted (unless it was a bike) they would give it to me.

As I grew into a Teenager, I was constantly falling, but I tried my best to be normal. I didn't get to finish school. It was really rough on me.

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I was very lonely, until in 1960, I met the Lord. From then on, He helped me overcome a lot of things. I feel I wouldn't have been here, if not for Jesus.

I was a Pianist, and a young man called me to play for his church. He directed the singing. Well, we fell in love, and in 1966 we were married. In 1968 I gave birth to a baby boy. I was so very happy. He is a precious son.

In 1956, I had major back surgery, for scoliosis. Also surgery on my foot. Then in 1988, I had back surgery again. My spine had

tilted to 75%. When they implanted Harrington rods, they brought it back to 45%. That was a rough surgery. I cried for a month, due to medication.

My foot is now turned over almost all the way. It is really hard to walk. I am getting a brace for it, and hope it will work.

My Husband, of 47 years, is so good to me. He is a fine Christian Man. Through all of this, I can still say, "God has been so good to me."

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LARRY YOUNG⁵⁴ by Larry Young



Larry Young in 2007. (Al Montle)

My name is Larry Lee Young, Sr. I was born on November 4, 1942, on South Fifth Street in Marietta, Ohio. I was the second of eight children born to my parents. I weighed in at 15.5 lbs., maybe more. All we had to weigh me was an old fish scale. It only went to 15.5 lbs. You see I was born at home and brought into the world by a midwife. I didn't have any length measurements but Mom always told

me I looked like a three-month-old baby when I was born.

Nothing unusual happened to me until the summer after I turned six in 1949. My brother, sister, and I decided we were going to go swimming. Our cousins, Gene and Jack, who lived with us, said they would go also. They both knew how to swim. We didn't. At

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that time, there was only one place to get wet. That was the Fourth Street Landings which was only a block and a half from our house. There were quite a few people there already so we started to splash around and play in the water until Joyce, also my cousin, dunked me under the water. I got a mouth full of that water and started choking. I could hardly catch my breath. Well, that was enough for us. So we left there and went home.



Larry Young (Middle) With Brother and Sister

About two weeks after that, while sleeping one night, I woke up and couldn't feel myself. It was dark. I couldn't see. I was afraid. I started to scream and cry and couldn't stop. Mom and Dad came upstairs to quiet me. Mom checked me all over but she couldn't find anything wrong. I told her I couldn't feel

my legs or my left arm. They said I would be all right in the morning. I asked them to leave a light on, but all we had were lanterns. So they left one on, but at the bottom of the stairs.

The next morning I had a fever and pretty much just lay around the house. I remember Mom making bread. I walked into the kitchen where she was. I tried to ask her what the xxx meant on the flour sack but I couldn't lift my left arm. So I used two fingers to walk my hand up the side of the cupboard to where the flour sack was. Mom asked me what was wrong with my arm and I said I just couldn't lift it. She knew something was wrong. She laid me on the sofa and started rubbing me with some kind of liniment oil that Dad had gotten from a neighbor. Then we just waited for Dad to get home.

The next few days were kind of hard on my parents. We lived up Route 7 between Newport and New Matamoras off on the right approximately four miles on Leith Run. We had no car so Dad had to carry me. He carried me down Leith Run to Route 7 and then started for Marietta.

A Greyhound Bus came along and stopped. The driver opened the door and asked Dad if he needed a ride but Dad said, "I don't have any money." The driver said he didn't ask him that. He said, "Would you like a ride? Get on as far as you can so I can close the door. Put the boy on the front seat so you won't have to carry him all the way." Dad thanked the driver who took us all the way to the doctor's office. Dad thanked him again. We got off and went in to see the doctor.

We had to wait a while but we finally got to see Dr. Bennett. He was old but was a good

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doctor. He said he thought he knew what was wrong with me but he wanted a second opinion. He wanted Dad to take me to Parkersburg to see old Dr. Lutz. Dad told him our story about not having a car. So he said, "We will just close up here and I will take you myself." He did. I saw Dr. Lutz and he put me in St. Joseph's Hospital with "infantile paralysis" which is also known as acute poliomyelitis or as "POLIO".

As I grew up I went through many operations to be able to use my left arm better. I had already gotten a lot of the use of my legs back from hot towels and salve treatments, hot whirlpool baths and stationary bike riding.

I can remember one thing the doctor said to me and it really sticks out in my memory. He told Dad and me that I would never walk again. I asked Dad to make me a metal box I could stand in so I could learn to walk again. Dad was the one who converted the little bike into a stationary bike for me to ride.

From nine years old to eighteen, I would caddy at the Marietta Country Club. I started out carrying only single nine holes. After I got used to carrying those, I started taking two light bags nine holes. Then I started doing single 18's, and finally started taking two bags 18 holes. By that time I was walking very well.

They never did get my left arm to respond like my legs did. After my last surgery, my Dad said that I was 18 and only had to have another operation if I chose to, which I didn't.

All the time I was caddying, I was having operations (12 of them in all) in White Cross Hospital on Broad Street in Columbus. At one point, they removed my ball joint in my

shoulder. For what reason, I do not know. That is why I cannot rotate my left hand and use it for a lot of things.

One of the operations that stands out in my mind was when I was about 12 years old. The doctors came down to Marietta to look for kids that had problems that the doctors could find a way to fix. Dr. Dawson, my doctor, sent a messenger to my school to ask the principal, Mr. Sams, if he would let me go with this person to the YMCA downtown where they were holding a clinic. The principal let me go. "BIG MISTAKE!" I was down there until seven or eight o'clock. They went over ways they could make me lift my arm higher. I could not lift it as high as my shoulder. The doctors felt if they fused my shoulder at the height to which I could lift my arm, I should be able to double my range of motion. "WRONG!" It didn't work. Just ask me and I will show you.

To end this story, when I didn't come right home from school, my parents started looking for me. The person who brought me home was the first to catch my Dad's wrath, but not the only one. He spilled the beans on Mr. Sams. Dad had to go to school the next day to talk to Mr. Sams. They had to call the cops and had them stand guard over the two men because at one time they came to blows. Dad told Mr. Sams never to let anyone take any of his children off school property without his permission.

BIOGRAPHY

PAT'S COMMENTS⁵⁵ by Pat Young



*Pat Young in 2013 After Shoulder Surgery.
(WarrenPeascoe)*

My name is Pat Young. I am the spouse of Larry L. Young, Sr., a polio survivor who now has Post-Polio Syndrome (PPS).

I have known Larry since I was 13 and he was 18. I guess you can figure out that Larry is older than I am. We both went our separate ways. I moved out of the area and didn't return from Cincinnati until 1988. Larry's wife, Judy, was my hairdresser after I returned to Marietta. She and I became friends. We went to fairs together, just the two of us, and to other places also.

Judy died suddenly in September 1996, as the result of a brain aneurysm, at the age of 46. My dad had died in 1995. Larry and I grieved together. We talked and talked about old times and just wanted to be friends. Well, we went out and were almost inseparable thereafter. It is hard to forget your first love. We were both married several times, but we just seemed to "click" together.

When Larry and I first married, I did not know anything about PPS. We went to Post-Polio meetings in Parkersburg and I listened to others talking about how polio had affected them. Well, I did not think that those things would happen to Larry—but they have. Not many people think Larry has any "disability" because he walks without any assistance and just has a smaller left arm to show for it.

NOT TRUE! I have watched this "mountain of a man" go from being able to do almost everything to not being able to hold a salad plate at a salad bar. No, he does not wear braces or ride in a chair but his PPS is taking its toll on him. I am not making light of anyone wearing braces or sitting in a chair but--there are other disabilities.

It has been almost 16 years since we were married. I have seen the toll this dreaded disease has taken on the man I love and the other members of MOVPPSG and it breaks my heart. I just keep trying to make everyone smile and thank God for what He has done for all of us.

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DREMA LANHAM'S TALE⁵⁶ by Drema Lanham



Drema Lanham in 1997. (Becky White)

I was diagnosed with Polio in 1951 at the age of five. I was admitted to Marmet Hospital in Marmet, WV, where I was put under quarantine. Of course, at that time, Polio was thought to be contagious. Another girl and I were in a room by ourselves and were not allowed any visitors. In order to see me, my parents and grandparents had to stand outside and talk to me through the hospital window. This was devastating for me at this age because I did not understand why anything

my parents brought me had to come through the doctors and nurses.

The Polio was down my whole left side. I was treated with physical therapy, whirlpool baths, and heat therapy. I walked with braces and crutches for a while. As I became stronger, the braces came off. The Polio had settled in my left arm. I was not able to raise my arm. I had to stay in the hospital for seven months. When I came home, I had to exercise with sandbags of different weights, which my mother made. I also wore a brace that sat on my left hip and went up under my arm. The only movement I had was to move my forearm in and out and wiggle my fingers. That was pretty restrictive for a little girl, but I never let that get in my way. I went to school every day and did all the normal things I could.

When they came out with the polio vaccine, I was not allowed to have it in school. They said that I didn't need it since I had already had Polio. Mother took me to my doctor and he was really upset. He said, "Don't they know she can get Polio again because there are three different strains." My doctor gave me the vaccine.

To make a long story short, I grew up pretty normally, and did just about everything any other child could do. I used my right arm to my advantage. My right arm helped my left arm in a way so that no one knew I had a problem. To this very day, no one knows I

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had Polio unless I tell them. I am and have always been very independent. The only problem I have now is that I cannot get anything down from a high place because of weakness. I do have a lot of muscle pain, but I have medication that helps.

I am really glad that Polio is practically a thing of the past! Most of us, I believe, have learned to live with it after all these years--even those that were diagnosed at a later age. I know we are strong people and would never let POLIO get in our way. I have had an amazing life. There are times I don't know if I would have made if not for GOD. He has helped me through some hard times and some good times. God Bless each and every one of you that have this terrible disease and are still praising God for all that you have today.



Drema Lanham as a Six-Year Old with Arm Brace (The Charleston Gazette circa 1953)

BIOGRAPHY

"The only limit to our realization of to-morrow will be our doubts of to-day. Let us move forward with strong and active faith."

Franklin D. Roosevelt

FROM HIS UNDELIVERED LAST ADDRESS

Quotation Carved on a Wall at Warm Springs. (Warren Peascoe)



©Becky White

MEMORIALS AND OBITUARIES

MEMORIALS AND OBITUARIES

IN MEMORIUM

The Mid-Ohio Valley Post-Polio Support Group has lost a number of members since it started. Some have moved away. Some have just stopped coming to meetings. Others have passed on. They are all missed. In this section we also pay tribute to those we know have passed, both polio survivors and family members. We have been unable to contact some of their families to do more.

MEMORIALS AND OBITUARIES

EDWIN DILS 1922-2010⁵⁷ by Jane Dils

This was included in the service bulletin used at Edwin Dils funeral and exemplifies what group members felt in his presence.



Ed Dils about 1945.

“The following are Dad’s New Year’s Resolutions for 1945 written ‘January 2 somewhere in Germany’ a few days after the

end of the Battle of the Bulge. His war experiences profoundly influenced the years that followed. Dad carried these resolutions in his wallet for many years.”

“For 1945

- 1. To be more tolerant, but at the same time more firm in my convictions of right and wrong.*
- 2. To do all in my power to hold on to my faith in human nature.*
- 3. To keep aglow my faith in the future, the hope for a brighter tomorrow for America and her institutions. (For without faith, all is lost.) Remember--“It’s not the situation that is hopeless, it’s the individuals confronted by those situations that are hopeless.”*
- 4. To be ever mindful of my many blessings--helping others to see theirs.*
- 5. To practice the ‘Golden Rule’--no matter how difficult at times it may be*
- 6. To integrate into my thoughts the solemn obligation that after the war, to assist in any and every way to not allow another war to come to pass.*
- 7. To appreciate my heritage, family, and Janie.*
- 8. To accept cheerfully and willingly the hard things that come, but not to assume a passive attitude. To maintain my drive and incentive in the good and worthwhile.*
- 9. Not to criticize--’Judge not that ye be not judged.*

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10. *To be proud in my accomplishments, yet humble in my thoughts and beliefs. Remember--'Silence is Golden.' And 'in silence and confidence there is strength.'*
11. *To keep myself physically, morally, and spiritually worthy of those who have faith and believe in me.*
12. *To integrate into my beliefs--'All things happen for good to those who love God.'*

Signed: Edwing Lee Davidson Dils.



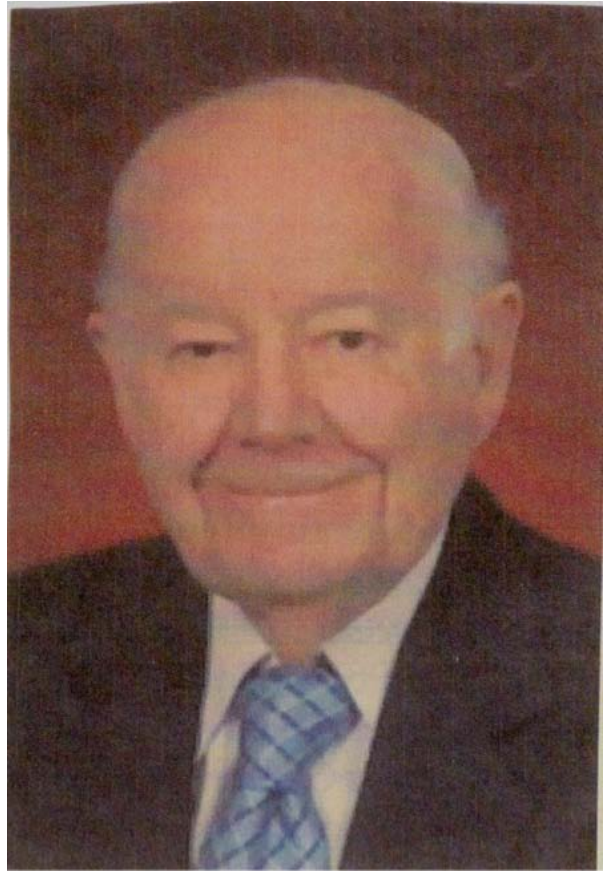
Ed attended Nash School and Parkersburg Junior Senior High School where he lettered in football, basketball and tennis. For 13 summers, he enjoyed Gauley River Camp in Webster County.

After High School, Ed attended Yale University where he played on the varsity basketball team. In his junior year, he was drafted by the U. S. Army. He served from 1943 to 1946 as a Staff Sergeant in the 78th Lightning Artillery Division. Ed fought in the battles of Hurtgen Forest, The Battle of the Bulge, Remagen Bridgehead and the Ruhr Pocket. After being discharged from the Army in 1946, he returned to Yale and completed his degree.

Ed and Jane McDougle were married in August of 1946 and moved to Winchester, Massachusetts, where Ed attended the Harvard Business School. In 1947, they returned to Parkersburg and Ed joined his brothers in Dils Brothers Department Store. Ed and Jane had four children from 1947 to 1955.

Labor Day weekend in 1956, Ed played in the city tennis tournament, and then, probably

exhausted, he went swimming with the family. Three weeks later, at age 34, Ed developed flu-like symptoms and weakness on his left side which was diagnosed as polio. He was hospitalized for several weeks and then received therapy at St. Joseph's Hospital. Before Ed's illness, his three older children had been given the Salk vaccine.



Ed Dils.

Ed was very active in the community, serving on the Boards of the YMCA and the Community Bank for over 50 years. He was a founding member of the Parkersburg Area Community Foundation. He also belonged to the PHS Stadium Renovation Committee and the PHS Foundation. Ed served on the Board

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of West Virginia Wesleyan College which awarded him an Honorary Doctorate.

Edwin was active until his death. He attended First United Methodist Church where he was

a lifelong member. The Edwin Dils Family enjoyed a reunion in Greenbrier County, West Virginia, just weeks before his passing on September 6, 2010.



Ed and Jane Dils at the 50th Anniversary Party Hosted by MOVPPSG at the August 1996 Meeting. (Shirley Huffman)

MEMORIALS AND OBITUARIES

WENDELL CARROLL LITTRELL 1935-2010⁵⁸ by Angie Deitz



Wendell Littrell in 2007. (Al Montle)

Wendell Carroll Littrell ⁵⁹Jr., 75, was born in West Palm Beach, Florida. He contracted polio as a child; but recovered enough to serve as a Naval aviator, become a union electrician, and rear a family.

Wendell⁶⁰ was 11 years-old when he became ill with polio. Since he was told he couldn't

go back to school until he could walk, he was walking and back in school in five months. His attitude was to whip polio.

After recovering from polio, he recalled as a teenager encountering a high school teacher on the street who asked him why he was

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⁵⁹ *Wendell Littrell, Jr. Obituary*, Parkersburg News and Sentinel, Oct. 24, 2010

⁶⁰ *Survivors' stories*, The Marietta Times, Marietta, OH A5, June 9, 1997, Kaye Fair

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walking funny. This remark still caused pain for the rest of his life.

But most of all he was my dad. We lived in West Palm Beach, Florida, where he had grown up and where I also grew up. He had a brother, Johnny (John), and a sister named, Marilyn.

He loved to fish, golf, tie flies, reload bullets, and shoot guns, AND THE ATLANTA BRAVES. He took me, as a child of four or five, to watch them practice in Expo Stadium in West Palm. I didn't think it was such a fun time, but it sure made a GREAT MEMORY!

One day, Dad was hunting and he accidentally shot a mama raccoon. Well, he brought the only surviving baby coon home and we kept it for a pet. It seems like yesterday that we were riding in swamp buggies and air boats, but its been 45 years.

He spent every Christmas that he was able with his grandkids, Skye and Brittney. He also had two great-grandchildren.

His mother brought him up in the Church and he has always been there. The family were Wonderful Christians. It taught me that God was a very important part of our lives. God still is important in my family a generation later. I am sure that I made him very happy

when I told him I was a Christian. I remember him being so happy he cried.

When I was growing up, he liked country, blue grass and classical music. But the last time I saw him he was listening to gospel music. He changed a lot over the years. He mellowed and became closer to God. In Parkersburg he was a member of Emmanuel Baptist Church.

Wendell thought that he began suffering the late effects of polio many years before it was diagnosed. In 1991, he thought his arthritis was causing problems with his feet. His mother sent him information about the post-polio syndrome and put him on the mailing list for a newsletter. He was forced to stop work in 1994.

He was a regular attendee of the MOVPPSG meetings when he was in town. When Becky started mid-month luncheons, he was almost always one of the diners at the Golden Corral.

He was a union member, a member of the International Brotherhood of Electricians, and a member of the Masonic Lodge 169. He was also a member of the VFW and the DAV.

Dad will be with me until the day I die. Then I get to be with him in God's Kingdom.

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ELWYN STEPHENS 1917-2010⁶¹ ⁶² as Told by Ted Deaton



Elwyn Stephens (Sunset Funeral Home and Memorial Gardens, Parkersburg, WV)

Elwyn E. Ashby Cordray Stephens was a polio survivor who had contracted polio when she was already a mother. She was Ted Deaton's aunt by marriage as she was his mother's brother's wife. She had two sons

and two daughters by her first husband, Paul Cordray, before he died. Later she was happily married to Denzil Stephens. She considered his children hers. She served as a Sunday School teacher and VP of the UMC women at the South Parkersburg United Methodist Church.

Ted told this story. Her first husband had arranged for a double plot at Memorial Gardens and the appropriate headstone, but after her remarriage she wanted to be buried by her second husband. She didn't know how to get rid of the other headstone. The headstones at Memorial Gardens are flush with the ground for the convenience of the power mowers. One mower went over the tombstone and cracked it in the middle. The cemetery offered to replace the headstone. She told them just to replace her first husband's half of the headstone and to put the second plot on the market. So she arranged to be buried by her second husband. Ted commented, "The Lord works in mysterious ways."

In her last years, she was no longer able to attend support group meetings. One of her daughters cared for her at home.

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⁶² <http://obits.dignitymemorial.com/dignity-memorial/obituary.aspx?n=Elwyn-Stephens&lc=1452&pid=146788046&mid=4447582>

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GERTRUDE E. JAMES 1923-2005⁶³ by Charlotte Ann James King



Herman and Gertrude James

My name is Charlotte Ann James King, born March 18, 1946, to my parents, Herman and Gertrude James. I am writing this message in memory of my Mother, Gertrude E. James and in appreciation for my living Father, Herman C. James.

Mom was born in Richwood, WV. She was the eldest of 10 siblings. Her mother was Bertha Westfall Boggs and her father was Thurman Boggs. Mom was predeceased by three (3) sisters and one (1) brother.

My Mother was six (6) years old when she was diagnosed with Polio. This diagnosis was made in a Charleston, WV, hospital. She lost the muscle in the thumb of her right hand and the muscle in the ball of her left foot. She had to wear specially made shoes. After I was diagnosed with MS, Mom would often tell me this story.

My Mom's mother, would say to her, "Sister, you're dragging your foot." I am sure that Mom's mother was trying to make my Mother aware of her dragging her foot, so she wouldn't. Since I have MS, this story has made me aware of foot dragging so I won't do the same. Hopefully, it will help someone reading this not to drag her foot.

My Mother had therapy as a child which I'm sure helped her. However, as an adult, she was very determined to be able to wear shoes that were fashionable. Also, she carried a job for over 40 years using her hands, taking telephone messages, etc., and being on her feet a great percentage of her working days. This wasn't enough. When she got home after a busy day, she wrote approximately 10 letters a week. Mom kept in communication with out-of-town friends and family until she passed this world and went to meet Jesus Christ, her Lord and Savior.

Due to her busy schedule with church, work and extracurricular activities with me and my brother, Mark, I'm quite sure that my Mom experienced pain in her hand and foot. But I can't ever remember her complaining about that.

I pray that this message for Gertrude and her loving and faithful husband, Herman, may bring Faith, Hope and Love to others with Polio.

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BONNIE ARLENE CUTSHAW 1934-2007⁶⁴ by Shirley Huffman



Bonnie Cutshaw.

On August 9, 1935, my Mother took Bonnie to the doctor for her One Year checkup. Everything was fine at this appointment. That afternoon Bonnie became very fevered with temperatures up to 106½ degrees followed by convulsions. At the hospital the diagnosis was Polio. My parents did all that the doctors recommended, going to many appointments in Columbus, Ohio, and Huntington, West Virginia. Various surgeries were done to help correct the paralysis on her left side. Some successful and some not.

Bonnie was two years and two months when I was born. As a toddler and beyond, I learned

how to play. I have fond memories of our playing together. In our yard on Walnut Hill Drive, my Dad had built a square sand box with corner seats. Above it was a striped umbrella. He also built a teeter-totter and merry-go-round. Oh, how we played and laughed! Bonnie managed with arm and leg braces. Then there was the little plastic pool and lots of splashing! Neighborhood children came often to join in the fun. Bonnie also liked blowing bubbles with a small plastic ring.



Shirley and Bonnie Cutshaw in Front of Their Sandbox. Bonnie is about 6.

Caring for Bonnie was a vital part of Mother's life. In Faith and Hope, Belief and Perseverance, she lovingly gave of herself. Through tears and disappointments, she

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continued each day with expectation in her heart. Bonnie's responses and accomplishments were her reward.



*Shirley in Swing and Bonnie Standing.
Bonnie is About eight.*

Bonnie's family was very important to her. She called each by name: "Mama" and "Daddy"; Grandmother, who assisted whole heartedly, was "Mamal"; Great-grandmother, was "Sissy"; her brother-in-law was "Ed"; her nephew, Jim, was "Mimmy"; and his wife, Julia, niece to Bonnie, was "Juju". Julie, our Daughter, was "Baby Juju", probably because Julie was five and one-half years younger. Great nephews were Cole and Grant, and her niece was Willow. Each understood Bonnie in their own way and showed her love, as did their parents. Bonnie's speech was understood, only after being around her for a

while. We also understood Bonnie from her eyes and facial expressions. Because of the extremely high fever of 106 1/2 degrees she experienced developmental disabilities.



*Bonnie's Mom Serving Bonnie Cake
Outside at Her August Birthday Party. Pork
Chops--Grilled Outside--and German
Chocolate Cake--Made from Scratch--Were
Always on the Birthday Menu.*

Paralysis caused Bonnie's left elbow to be permanently bent with the hand closed. Her left leg and foot were also smaller, requiring a smaller shoe size. This made buying shoes difficult. Also, the left shoe needed a built-up heel and had to be suitable for a knee-length brace.

During teenage and adult years, what others wore--clothing, jewelry, etc.--was really observed by Bonnie. She must wear a watch on her left wrist, a bracelet on her right, a ring on her left finger. She really wanted wedding rings on her left but we didn't give in to that. Also she wore a pin on her shirt, preferably a seasonal (holiday) one and she loved wearing a USA flag!

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What else did Bonnie like? She liked wearing blue, her favorite color; perfume; a purse to carry, especially on Sundays with church offering inside; favorite foods; birthday and holiday gifts; decorations; music (hymns, patriotic music, and polkas); books, especially her Children's Bible; rhymes and the story about "Peter Rabbit"; and being read to. If someone said "Going", Bonnie exclaimed, "Me too!" As Ed has said, "Bonnie liked to GO" by car, recreational vehicle or to go swimming and float in her chair in our pool. Movement brought tranquility and contentment.



Bonnie Cutshaw at 14.

Bonnie liked to eat outside, asking "eat outside"? As the weather permitted we ate on the patio. Bonnie walked 100 feet to the end

of the walk, which she called "the City Park" and carried a small picnic basket. Those were happy days when she could walk on her own.



Bonnie Cutshaw at 23.

She looked forward to attending church where she was quiet and attentive. An offering, she had taken from her purse, was usually ready—if not, the offering plate stopped until she put hers in with great satisfaction. During Sunday afternoons she attended a Sunday School Class and choir practice offered at Christ United Methodist Church. The "Exceptional Choir" sang in many area churches and at the Methodist Church Conference in Charleston. The choir went by bus to Oglebay Park to see the Christmas decorations. They had picnics and

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dinners at the home of one of the Sunday School teachers. Teaching and singing drew each closer to God; Bonnie understood that she was a Child of God. Her favorite hymn was “Just As I Am”; she was overjoyed with many expressions!

She adjusted to a move from Marietta to Parkersburg after her Father’s death in December of 1969. It soon became evident that keeping a household going for two was not worthwhile. So a move into the first level of our house was made. Bonnie was excited, saying, “Move to Sissy and Ed’s!”

Mrs. Betty Shrewsbury, Executive Director of the Association for Retarded Citizens, was instrumental in directing us to a program for Bonnie. The ARC provided a daily Adult Day Care Program from 8:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. Bonnie attended and rode their van both ways. The challenge for Mother was having Bonnie dressed with her breakfast eaten in time for the van. Time meant very little to Bonnie especially if she had something else in mind to do.

A sticker on a small notebook for a good day, and/or a fun size package of M & M’s was a pleasing reward to bring home. A daily rest followed in her blue recliner, usually for an hour. Then Bonnie enjoyed working puzzles, 25 to 35 pieces, on her own. She liked Lotto too, matching objects. It was extra fun if Willow could be here. She knew how to have fun with Bonnie. Not everyone could play because Bonnie could be very possessive, so it was good for her to share. “Baby Juju” made pictures and matching cards. These were very colorful and appealing to Bonnie.

During 2005 and 2006, Bonnie began having falls; she became more frail. After many lengthy bouts with pneumonia, and being

hospitalized, she weakened. Daily breathing treatments were necessary. She always took medicines willingly, thinking all would make her feel better. She always said, “Me feel good—no sick!”



Bonnie Cutshaw Going for a Ride in RV.

Family, or a caregiver, stayed around the clock when Bonnie was in the hospital. Rev. S. Ward Robinson was one of the pastors who visited. He was the special one who would sing “My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean”. Oh, what response! She must have thought the song was written for her! She enjoyed the many cards she received and wanted them displayed on the bulletin board. It took so little to please her. A comment from Rev. Robinson to our family was, “Bonnie is very spirited!” Perhaps we had overlooked this and it brought us good feelings.

On January 1, 2006, Bonnie fell in her bedroom. She was admitted to St. Joseph’s Hospital. X-rays and tests did not show why, but Bonnie did not walk again. My hope was

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that Physical Therapy would help, but Bonnie could not cooperate. She could only transfer with two assistants. For the first time, she was cared for (unsatisfactorily) in a home; then at two different health care facilities. Our hearts were broken; we were distressed. Bonnie seemed to take the changes slightly better than we. It was a period of 18 months before her death occurred April 18, 2007. God blessed us by taking Mother home on June 1, 2005. We're so grateful for this. We believe there was a joyous reunion.



Bonnie Cutshaw With Her Mother.

I had started writing about Bonnie soon after her passing, when I would awake early in the morning and could not sleep. I hadn't finished writing, so when the Peascoe's asked me if I'd like to share about my Sister in

celebration of the Mid-Ohio Valley Post-Polio Support Group 25th Anniversary, I agreed to do so. With tears, memories and love I have tried to get my thoughts on paper. My hopes and prayers are that someone reading this may be inspired to carry on in whatever caregiving capacity they may find themselves. I also hope that there is a minister, or a lay person, who would become more aware of and better able to minister to those affected by a disability.

The Exceptional Choir of Christ United Methodist Church began with one Mother. She and her husband were active members of Christ United Methodist and she began to ask, "Where will our son be a part of this fellowship?" He was injured at the age of ten and suffered developmental disabilities. She thought, "He likes to sing." Then she asked, "Is it possible for him to sing in a church choir?" After much planning and acceptance by church members, a choir was "born"! It started in January 1974. Not only was the need of her son fulfilled, but needs of others in the community with special needs were met. Approximately 30 individuals were accommodated. Some had solo voices; others had supportive voices.

An article entitled "The Disabled Body of Christ" published in *In Touch*, a publication of IN TOUCH Ministries in Atlanta, Georgia, states the following: "We should be able to look out on the congregation on a Sunday morning and see 10% of the congregation who are living with a physical, mental, emotional, or psychological disability that would place them outside of what we consider the norm and we simply do not". We should stay focused on the need and the miracle-working God who has promised to provide.

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LORRAINE DUNN 1938-2001⁶⁵ by Jerry Dunn



Lorraine Dunn with Son, Husband, and Daughter in the 1970s

Lorraine Dunn was born Lorraine Mary Edwards, in Alberta, Canada, on July 31, 1938. She was the daughter of Neil and Dorothy Edwards, and the oldest of three children. She had a brother, Ralph, and a sister, Leila.

Lorraine was diagnosed with polio at a very young age. She went on to work through this disease and lived a productive and happy life. She had four children: Jim, Buddy and Tammy Sanford, and Jerry Dunn.

Lorraine met John Dunn in Blaine, Washington, where he was stationed in the Navy. They were married and John, Lorraine, Tammy and Jerry moved to WV. Lorraine lived most of her life in WV. Though she and John divorced in 1989, they remained friends.

When Lorraine began to experience symptoms of post-polio, she was unaware of what her problems stemmed from. After much research and direction from several medical doctors, she realized this was something many others, who had survived polio, were experiencing. Lorraine became very active with the Mid-Ohio Valley Post-Polio group in the early to-mid 90s. This group meant a lot to Lorraine and she made some of her best friends in this group.



Lorraine Dunn (R) with Sister, Brother, Mother and Father in the 1980s.

Unfortunately, in 1997 Lorraine's daughter, Tammy, was diagnosed with a rare form of terminal cancer that would take her life in late 1997. Not long after that, Lorraine moved to

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Florida to be near her younger sister, Leila, and her mother.

Lorraine passed away September 25, 2011, due to an infection in her stomach.

I'm really glad to hear that your group is still meeting and I know my mother will be with you in spirit. She truly loved you all!

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GEORGE D. YEAGER 1943-2010⁶⁶ by Beverly Yeager



George Yeager (A GREAT MAN).
<http://www.leavittfuneralhome.com/obituary/George-D.-Yeager/Parkersburg-WV/793054>

Notable Events of the Year 1943

What do you remember about 1943? I know it's quite some time ago, but let's have a little history lesson.

- * Pentagon, the world's largest office building, was completed at a cost of \$64 million.
- * The first withholding of tax from U.S. paychecks.

- * The American Broadcasting Company (ABC) was formed.
- * Chevy Chase, who found fame as a cast member of Saturday Night Live and migrated to the big screen, was born.
- * Mick Jagger, who grew up to form "The Rolling Stones", came into this world.
- * Joe Pesci, a genuine child star, was also born. On the radio at four, Broadway at five, and a regular on TV by the age of 10, he had great success in major films for the rest of his career.

Most Notable Event of 1943

What sticks out in my mind the most about this year?

George D. Yeager, my dad, first blessed this world in January 1943. He is the son of the late George Uvalde and Ruby Bowling Yeager.

The Early Years

As a youngster, starting about one year, he spent about two years straight in St. Mary's hospital in Huntington, WV, with a severe case of Polio. As a result of his condition, March of Dimes photographed him standing there in his leg braces, his momma right by his side. An adorable poster child, he was! Over the years, he endured countless surgeries. In 1952, they tested a polio vaccine in children and in 1955, a polio vaccine was

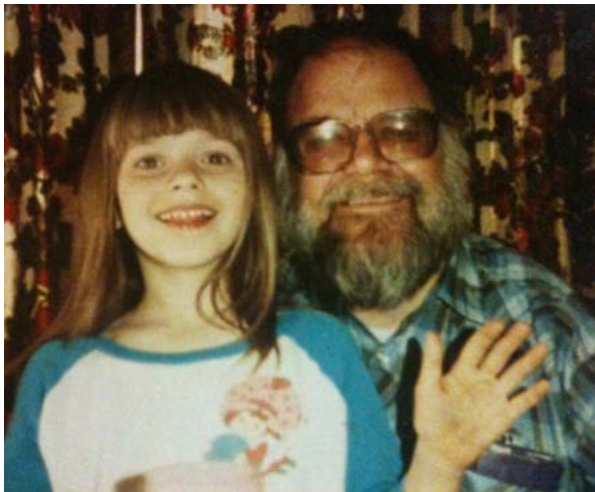
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licensed (too little, too late for Mr. Yeager). He graduated Chapmanville High School in 1961, thereafter becoming a high school teacher in his hometown and nearby Man, WV. He was a swim instructor at this time.

Personal Growth Through Difficult Challenges

He also took on the challenge of playing basketball with other guys, which earned him the nickname, “Snake”, due to his ability to slither his body as quick as he could up and down the court. He continued pursuing his education, but due to financial circumstances, in 1972, he had to take a job at Kaiser Aluminum in Ravenswood, WV. In the face of adversity (with all of his mental and physical challenges and the surgeries under his belt always adding up) he was able to complete his degree. In 1975, he received a Bachelor’s Degree in Engineering Science from Marshall University.



Beverly Yeager, About Seven, and Her Father.

Family Man First

Two years later, he married my mother, and one year later, in 1978, they had their first-born. A lot of good things seemed to be happening in his life, but that didn’t stop another hospital stay. He had to leave the aluminum plant to be treated, and upon completing a program in connection with that stay, he was blessed with an opportunity to work for the United States Army Corp of Engineers. He enjoyed six years of working for the government, during which time he had three more children, until he had to take an early disability retirement in 1986.

Self-Sacrificing for the Love for His Family

My first memories were when I was about seven years old, around 1986-87. Just a little tike, I remember watching my dad, with his unsteady walk and crippled-up arm, do most of the things a parent would want to do with a child:

- * Take us to fly kites,
- * Take us to the park to grill out,
- * Have Easter egg hunts,
- * Take us to church to learn about the bible,
- * Teach us to ride bikes.

I remember him repeatedly showing me how to tie a shoe the correct way until I got it. He took us kids to swimming lessons at the local pool, and we couldn’t forget the annual summer camping adventure. I’m sure many of you experienced things like this with a parent, but what made these stories unique is the fact that he couldn’t interact the way most of your parents were able to. When we went to the

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open field with our kites, he would try to get us started the best he could, but his mobility really limited what he could do for us. When we went to the park to grill out, he would walk as far as he could on the grass, but couldn't go too far on it, for the reality that he could fall at any time. Among the many other times I noticed his sacrifice and love for us... Imagine being at the city pool in the dead of summer with the sun beating down on the concrete! You could hardly make it without at least dipping in the pool once in a while to cool off, right? Well, my dad, bless his heart, waited in 100 degree weather, IN HIS JEANS (that he had to wear due to having crippled legs). At our summer camping trips, the poor fella couldn't get in the tent with the rest of the family. He couldn't get back up if he got that low to the ground, so he would sleep in the vehicle by himself. When he let us go on bike rides as youngsters, he couldn't ride with us. He patiently followed behind in a car, to make sure we were safe.



George Yeager (R) Walking with the Assistance of Alvin Paine (L). Brother, John Yeager (C), Looks on. (circa 2000)

A Solid Sense of Humor

This reminds me of a funny story. On one occasion, he was slowly following as we peddled along. We noticed he dropped off, but we kept on truckin'! When we got to our destination, we found that daddy had been stopped by the cops. They wanted to know why he was following little kids. So, he had to identify all of us and convince the police that he didn't have any bad intentions. Ha ha! I'm glad they were looking out, but he was safe to let go!

Responsible Father Who Planned Futures for His Children

As I started growing into a young lady, I always remember him telling me about the important things in life:

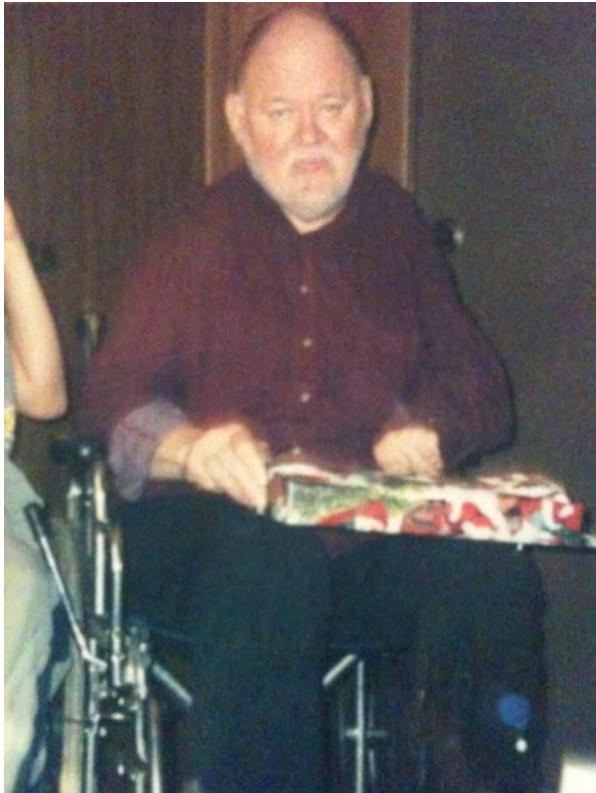
- * Always get good grades in school,
- * Try to be involved with extracurricular activities,
- * Take good care of yourself physically,
- * Take care of your finances,
- * Learn how to cook,
- * Different ways to save money.

He taught us anything you could imagine, that a parent should try to pass on a child.

But during those years, I also remember seeing the beginning of his deterioration (literally). His back started hurting him if we were out and about too long. He'd have to stop and take breaks as the rest of us went about doing whatever we were doing. I felt for him and wished I could take away the pain. Before we knew it, he needed his first wheelchair. I pushed him in it, as needed, when we were going to be out for a while.

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(This happened about 1994, the year that polio was finally eliminated from America). Next thing you know, it was an electric wheelchair that was needed. In no time at all, he was pushing that joystick every time he needed to get somewhere.



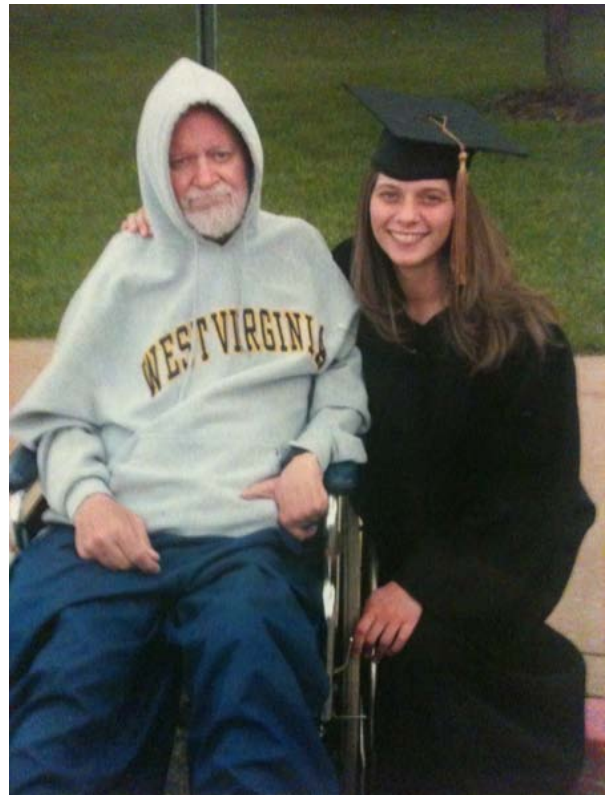
George Yeager in First Wheelchair Opening Christmas Present.

Always the Source of Positive Energy and Wisdom

None of this seemed to faze him mentally. He was still the one that had the positive attitude in the group, was trying to help someone else out of a bind, and was cracking jokes. They were even funnier just because you wouldn't expect them out of the mouth of the most straight-laced person you could ever meet.

My Absolute Love for My Dad

I was definitely a daddy's girl! At the lil ol' age of seven, I remember loving and respecting my dad so much I made a solemn promise. I would always do anything he needed. Just as he had always done anything anyone else needed. 'Treat others as you want to be treated' paid off for him.



George Yeager and Beverly at Beverly's University Graduation.

Throughout school years, I spent every possible weekend, holiday and summer vacation I could with him. Upon high school graduation, this happy girl moved to Vienna, WV, to be closer to her dad! Being able to be around him on a daily basis was great! He was so full of knowledge and life.

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Now, don't get me wrong, his getting progressively worse was demanding and very hard on me at times, but we did what we had to do to make it. For years, I would go to his home at least three times a day to take care of his needs. As time passed, his health worsened. It got to where I would have to go any time of day or night, unexpectedly. I graduated with my bachelor's degree in 2006. By 2007 he had a leg amputation because of diabetes, and we thought it was best to just move him into my residence. With his polio worsening, and without one of his legs, it was difficult for him to enjoy life. We would go to his regular doctor's appointments and go out to eat while we were at it. I did all I could to make him as comfortable as I could his last years. I hosted as many family functions as I could, and as you can imagine, those holidays and birthday parties are some of the best memories we have.



George Yeager (R) Gets Hug from Son, Kenneth.

Slowly, I watched the most amazing human being I have ever known slip away. It broke my heart at times, but I would remain strong for him. I just kept a chipper attitude towards him and did all I could to make him feel loved and cared for. On May 28, 2010, the

most dreaded day of my life came. Now, I am left with cherished memories that I'll forever hold dear in my heart. I am so glad I was able to fulfill the promise I made to myself as a little girl, as I was fortunate enough to spend even his last moment with him.



The Yeagers in 2008. (L→R) Kenneth, Michael, George, Amie, and Beverly.

Unconditional Love for People

George Yeager had the most compassionate heart. Whether he knew you 10 years or 10 minutes, he would do anything he could to help you. Whether it was a random favor or even handing out the big bucks, he wouldn't hesitate to help even a complete stranger.

With an absolute heart of gold, he touched many lives!

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His Legacy

George D. Yeager is survived by

- * Four children:
 - * Amie Yeager of Ravenswood,
 - * Michael Yeager of Charleston,
 - * Beverly Yeager of Parkersburg,
 - * Kenneth Yeager of Ravenswood;
- * Four grandchildren:
 - * Dailyn,
 - * Gracie,
 - * Evelyn.
 - * Makenna;
- * One brother, John Yeager;
- * One sister, Janice Warner.

In addition to his parents, he was preceded in death by one sister, Deanna “Bub” Cline.

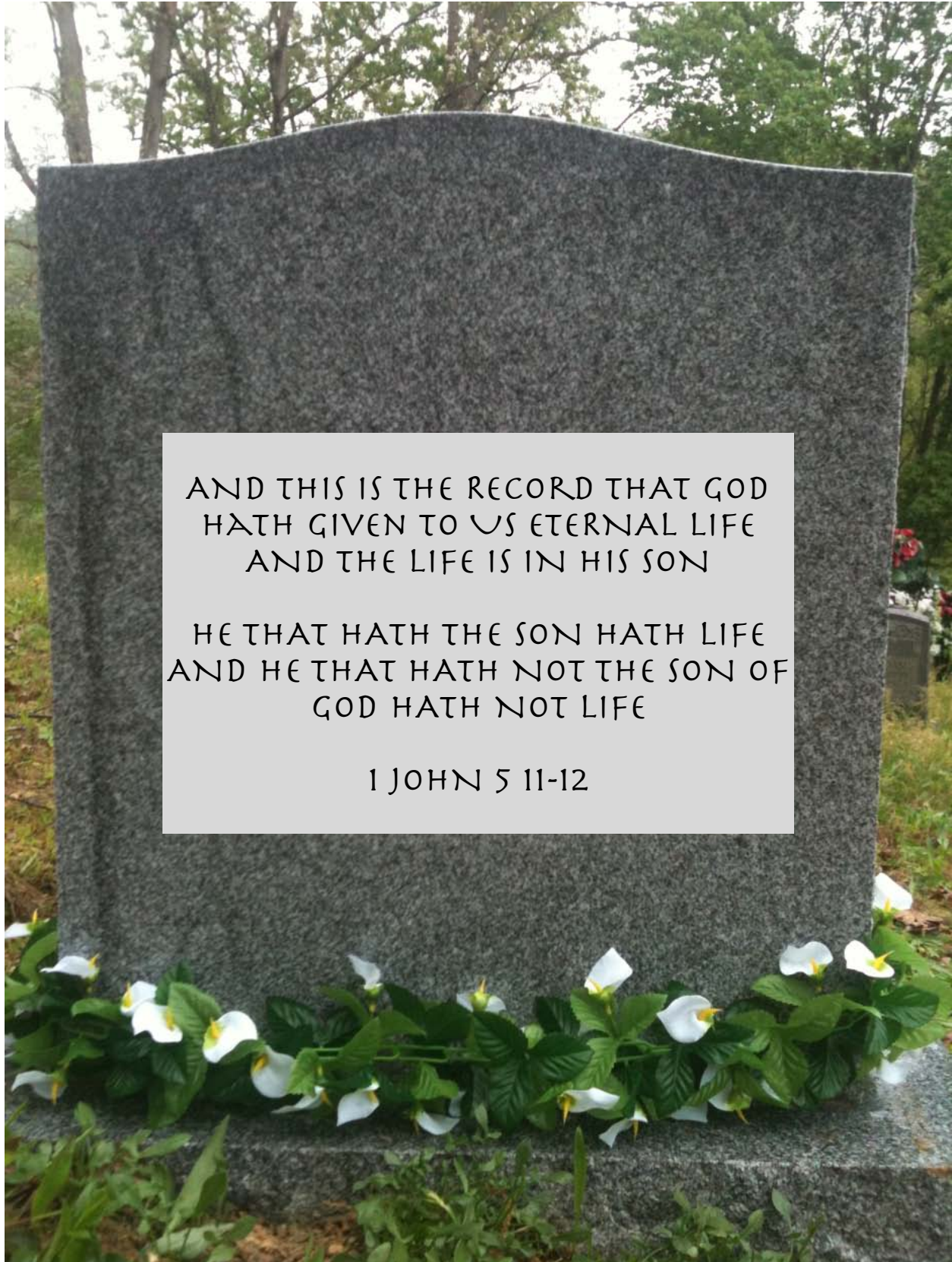
I am so humbled and thankful to have been the daughter of such an extraordinary person.



Front of George Yeager's Tombstone with Inscription

I can only hope to be half the person he was!

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AND THIS IS THE RECORD THAT GOD
HATH GIVEN TO US ETERNAL LIFE
AND THE LIFE IS IN HIS SON

HE THAT HATH THE SON HATH LIFE
AND HE THAT HATH NOT THE SON OF
GOD HATH NOT LIFE

1 JOHN 5 11-12

Rear of George Yeager's Tomb with Inscription Copied and Inserted.



**HOLD FAST
TO YOUR
DREAMS ...**

**WE'RE
STILL
HERE!**

www.post-polio.org