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*The*  
***Gary Interstate***

Established Sept. 6, 1878; the only newspaper in the world solely interested in the welfare of Gary, SD and vicinity.

Owned By The

***Gary Historical Association***

**A monthly newspaper with news of the past and present. September 2010 issue.**

[www.experiencegarysd.com](http://www.experiencegarysd.com)

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## Down Memory Lane

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By Bernice Jensen

Recently I was looking out of my living room window watching for storm clouds as a thunderstorm was predicted. Looking across Hwy. 101, I remembered those homes as a child. I always thought they were special. Where Darwin Engessor lives, I remember it as the home of Bill and Lucy Battles. I know they were not the original owners of the home. Grace and Harvey Schulte called it home for many years. Harvey and Grace Schulte owned and operated the Sports Inn down town in Gary. This site is now a vacant lot. Harvey was a taxidermist and pheasants were his specialty. I remember when I was in High School and you walked past the City Liquor Store Harvey had a squirrel bar scene. This featured a bar and seated on the bar stools were squirrels being served by a squirrel bartender. Harvey was well recognized for his work. Grace did a fine job of managing the café. She was so proud of the white dish towels. They were so white!

The next house is owned by a gentleman I have never met and was built by Gib Brainard, the local undertaker, which is how they were referred to at that time. Mr. and Mrs. Brainard were well thought of and enjoyed their town and their home.

The home on the south side of the Brainard home was Charlie Cobb. Charlie was the Editor of the Gary Interstate and his wife and Gib's wife were sisters and enjoyed each others company. Their homes were designed identically. I was told that in the morning they wore their work dresses and at noon they changed into their afternoon dresses. The ladies would set out in their sun porches and visit and play board games. They loved to entertain. That house is now the home of Jack and Linda Weir and they enjoy their home there.

The next house was the Henry Wells home. Henry built the house I was told and had a dairy and it was later owned by Mr. and Mrs. Herman Reihle and their children Vera and Herman Jr. They Rubies had a board and care home for the Elderly there and they later sold the property to Nels and Ann Engeseth. They later sold the care home to Eric and Lavonne Engeseth and

they operated the home till the nursing homes were built in Clear Lake and Canby and in the surrounding area. It is now the home of Don and Teresa Nothum. They have done a lot of work there and the house looks very well kept.

The next house was the home of the Sheppard family. Many people have called it home. Hilda Kuecker and her brother Garfield lived there for many years. When Hilda passed away, yours truly purchased the home from the estate. My children and I lived there for five years. It was a great place to call home.

The next home is owned by Jean Hinsvark, a new home built by Elmer Hinsvark. The original home was purchased by Calvin and Margaret Zanke and moved out to their farm. When Margaret purchased the home, it was sold with many of the furnishings in it. I believe the owner was a Stoltenburg at that time. The Zankes did not want the furniture so they dug a trench and threw everything out and she said there were many large family pictures with frames disposed of there. In those days, it was considered old furniture and that would be a real find today.

Across the street is the home that Otto Baer built. It was a pre-cut home from Montgomery Ward. Otto said if he made one mistake the entire home was off and it was a real chore. The Baers passed away and Ray and Velma Taylor purchased the home and Velma built an upholstery shop for covering furniture for many customers. The Taylors passed away in the 80's and a gentleman, Freeman Oval from Astoria purchased it on an auctions sale and kept it very neat. My son and his wife Linda purchased the home as a weekend home after Brian was called to Iraq. The sold it to the current owner, Amy Nichols.

The home to the left was the home of many families through the years. The home was Eric Koeppen's before the current owner purchased it. The next house was owned by Harley and Edith Cole.

Across the street is an apartment house where the old Bixby house stood. When I was a child about 7 years old, my folks would visit the Herman Miller family. One Sunday there was a group of children playing by a tent they made and they asked me to join them. They were going into the tent. The tent was about 5 foot high in the middle and they made an entry way of cardboard boxes to crawl through like a tunnel. Well, I was always big for my age and they asked me to join them and I barely made it through. After I got in Rita McClain had a little program that she was in charge of giving. Everyone was having a great time and I was worrying about getting back out without taking the tent down. I did make it out but it is a memory I will never forget. I wonder if Rita remembers? Mrs. Jay Rude was the last owner of the old Bixby house. On the site now is an apartment house next to the apartment house that I live in. On this site a two story house once stood and was the funeral parlor, as it was called then. I wonder if Gibb Brainard across the street didn't own that. Later it was lived in by several families. The last family was the Louis Fricka family. It was a well built home with a comfortable interior and good floors and wood work. The house was sold and torn down. I have an apartment in the building that is very comfortable, ground level, and well managed. I am proud to call this home.

Jim and Karen Keimig live to the right on the corner. That was the Ben Filbert home. I don't know what they did in Gary. I remember them in their retirement years. Mrs. Filbert had a beaver fur coat with matching hat. As a child, I wondered if that coat was really comfortable? Later Mrs. Hannah Volk purchased the home and when she moved, Jim Keimig's call the grand old house their home.

We have traveled around the block and there were great people that built up this block, but the home owners today take pride in their ownership. These homes will be here for many generations. Gary is a special town with special people. Looking out to see storm clouds, bring back such great memories!

## My Life---Herbert Norman Meyer

### *The first 80 years of my life*

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I am writing this mostly for my grandchildren when they asked Grandpa, "what was it like when you were growing up, where did you go and what did you do"?

*~Part three of the continuing saga of Herbert Norman Meyer...*

I received my notice for a physical and Induction from the draft board. I was to report in two weeks. I had no choice but to go home, saying good-bye to the Iron range and the people that I got to know there and those that I stayed with. I did it as quickly as possible, no promises and no tears. I was home for a few days. Dad took me to Madison to board the bus for Fort Snelling. There were 11 boys that went to Fort Snelling. My good-bye was a hardy handshake. Some of the other boys had their parents and girlfriends to say good-bye. Most were teary eyed and a little hard to leave. Soon we were on our way. We were inducted into the army the 30<sup>th</sup> day of October, 1942. After our physical and after we were given army clothes, we were given two weeks to go home and return without any civilian clothes. My date of entry into active service was the 14<sup>th</sup> of November, 1942. We had no choice in what we would be doing or where we would be sent for training. We stayed about two weeks at Fort Snelling. We were given two sets of uniforms, two for summer and two for winter.

During classes we learned that we would soon be leaving by train to Camp Adair, Oregon to be part of the 104<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division, known as the Timberwolf Division. We were taken by a troop train in which only soldiers and a conductor were on. They were Pullman rail cars that were made into sleeping cars at night. The conductors did that even with pillows and sheets, how nice can it get! We also ate on the train. We were not allowed to leave the train. It was an interesting trip. We did see a lot of scenery. I enjoyed the train ride. Some of the other boys seemed a little worried because some had never been away from home. The troop train took us directly to the camp.

We arrived at 11:00 pm at night in the rain. With our heavy duffel bags strapped over our shoulders we stepped off the train in the rain to ankle deep mud and a small band playing welcome music. Boy what a change. We were loaded on trucks and taken to our Barracks, our

new home. All new arrival soldiers were quarantined for two weeks. I don't think we saw the sun for a month...lots of rain and mud. This was a typical Oregon winter. This was the beginning of our new life.

The first five weeks was basic training in camp saluting officers, addressing them by Sir, etc. We learned how to march. We were issued our rifles which were the M-1 30 caliber. You had to learn every part of it. You had to take it apart, clean it, and put it back together over and over again. It was now a part of you, don't ever let it get away. We learned how to come to attention at the officer's inspections. We all lined up in a straight row. When the sergeant barks "attention" you stood straight, chest out, belly in, and you better not move a muscle. When the officer walked by, if he spotted something out of place like a cap or a crooked tie or dust on your shoes... the sergeant would make a note of it. Something like this could result in "no pass" or "KP" or kitchen duties, such as scrubbing the floor or cleaning toilets.

*At Camp Adair, OR*



We were told the army could not make you do anything you did not want to do, but they sure could make you wish you had done it. Most boys smoked. Those that did even had rules about what to do with the Butt. They had to put it out with water or spit on your thumb or finger to put it out, then take the butt, tear the paper, take the tobacco out, and sprinkle it out on the lawn or field. Then you would have to take the paper, roll it into a tight little ball, and drop it in the grass or field outside. There was a little detail you would have to do if caught throwing a butt away by an officer or sergeant. Your penalty would be to dig a six foot by six foot by six foot deep hole. They would measure it to be sure it was correct, and then they would take the cigarette butt and throw it in the middle of the hole. Next you would have to cover it up. After you did that and had it all nicely covered up, the sergeant would give you another order. You had to dig up the cigarette butt and give it to the sergeant so that you could dispose of it properly. You also had to close the hole again. You can be sure there were not many butts to be found or anything else.

After basic we were taken outside the camp area for field maneuvers and long marches, 5 miles-10 miles-25 mile marches. You marched mostly with full packs on your back with all your stuff in it, like mess kits, which you would eat out of, blankets, pup tent, and canteen for water and so on. We spent many days on the firing range to learn how to use our rifle. We also had training in other weapons. I fired the M-1, the 45 pistol, the Carbine, the Browning Automatic, the 30 caliber machine gun, the 50 caliber, hand grenade, the bayonet, the 57 M.M. anti- tank gun and I trained in hand to hand combat.

I had been placed in the anti-tank and mines platoon company. We also were trained in the use of explosives, like the anti-tank mine containing 11 lbs of TNT, all types of personnel mines, and booby traps. We also learned about the use of mine detectors and about all types of enemy mines so that we would be able to identify whether the mine was enemy or friendly. We also had lessons on what the other soldier had to do in the 104<sup>th</sup> Division.

Now I'll tell you what a Division is and what it consists of. By December 15, 1942 the number in the 104<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division starting out at Camp Adair was 840 officers, 22 warrant officers, and 16,261 enlisted men. There are many units to a division with a Major General Commander. The units are: 104<sup>th</sup> Division Headquarters, 104<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division, 104<sup>th</sup> Division Reconnaissance Team, 104<sup>th</sup> Military Police Division, 104<sup>th</sup> Signal Company and 413<sup>th</sup> Infantry, 114<sup>th</sup> Infantry, the 115<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment. Each unit had 9 rifle companies and an anti-tank company. There were 4 field artillery groups; Engineers Battalion, Medical Unit, and Quarter Master's Supplies. Each Company or unit had about 250 men.

On field maneuvers we went to the coast. It was my first glimpse of the ocean. To walk to the beach and touch the water will never be forgotten. During training, each soldier would be given his part as to what his job would be in the unit, like leader, drivers, gunners, etc. The early part of my job was in the motor pool since they knew I could drive truck. I would train other drivers. My main job was an officer's orderly. I was assigned a jeep for use by the officer as his driver. Officers on maneuvers were not allowed to drive or to enter the chow line at meal time, so an orderly had to get his meal for him. Hence came the name *dog robber*. I needed to keep the jeep in good condition. I had to be ready to go any time the officer needed the jeep for transportation or the sergeant of the company, if so ordered by our officer.

I was not a part of any squad or gun group. It was just me, my jeep, my officer and sergeant. Which left me and my jeep alone most of the time while they were commanding the rest of the anti-tank company soldiers.

After 10 months at Camp Adair we left camp for eastern Oregon which is desert area for mock war maneuvers. Other divisions there included the 91<sup>st</sup>, the 96<sup>th</sup>, two tank destroyer Battalions, the 705<sup>th</sup> and the 644<sup>th</sup>. The maneuvers were conducted by the IV Army Corps.

During this time my company was sent to the eastern part of the state of Washington to set up camp for the artillery units to train in firing their big guns, also a desert area, then back to Oregon and on through California to Arizona. Here in the middle of the Arizona desert, the 104<sup>th</sup> was trained for night fighting of which they became famous for; the Night Fighters of World War II. There were also the cactus, the rattle snakes, the cold nights, and the hot days. But yes, we made it.

After this we were given 30 day furloughs to go home. On this leave and my last weekend home, a couple of friends and I decided to go to Tunerville to a dance hall. I danced with a young lady that night and many years to follow; my wife Eleanor.

I remember my return trip to Arizona by train. The trains were very crowded, coaches only. I got on but there was no seat. There were more soldiers without seats. We sat on the floor or just stood. After two days on the train we were tired and sore. We made it back to the desert area where we lived in tents. From here we moved to Camp Carlson, Colorado, close to Colorado Springs. Here we did more night training, amphibious training, malaria training, firing range, and specialized weapons courses, along with more battle drills. On the 17<sup>th</sup> of May a mock battle was done along with a full dress inspection. We marched in review for our Secretary of War, Robert P Patterson and our Major General Terry Allen. The results of this test showed

that the 104<sup>th</sup> were set. On the 11<sup>th</sup> of July, 1944 from the war department, moving orders came to the 104<sup>th</sup> to be moved to Camp Kilmer, New Jersey for destinations overseas.

To move this Division within a few days from Camp Carlson, Colorado took 24 trains. The trains took different routes, some by way of Canada. On our short stay here at Camp Kilmer each man was processed for overseas shipment. They were given final clothing, weapons and equipment check. While staying here we were given passes to see New York City. I saw Times Square and a U.S.O. show with a performance by Marlene Dietrich. A chaplain held a religious ceremony in an open air amphitheater.

On the 25<sup>th</sup> and 26<sup>th</sup> of August the Division filed into coaches for the ride to New York Harbor. The heavily loaded soldiers marched onto ferry boats. The soldiers rode silently to the piers. The first group went on the ship U.S.S. Lejeune. The second group, which I was, went on the U.S.S. George Washington, the third group on the U.S. A.T. Cristobal, the field artillery on the U.S.S. Ocean Mail.

Other ships including freighters, battered tankers, aircraft carriers, destroyers, and battleships. Fifty six ships made up this convoy. During the voyage there were ship drills, gas masks, calisthenics, care of weapons, and French classes. Most of the voyage was free time except on the upper open deck that had to be shared by everyone. Most of the men got sea sick, some a



*(Taken from the official web site of the U.S.S. Washington) On the trip to Europe, we were in the largest convoy of the war & the first one direct from the U.S. to France. Fifty-six ships in the convoy. Our advance party sailed on 17 Aug '44 . The balance of the division sailed on 27 August as follows: USS Lejeune: 413th Infantry Regt., HQ & HQ Battery, 104th Div. Artillery & 385th Field Artillery Battalion. USS George Washington: 414th Inf. Regt., 3rd Battalion 415th Inf Regt, 386th & 929th Field Art., Battalions, 104th HQ Co., 104th Quartermaster Co., 804th Ordnance Co., & 329th Medical Battalion. USAT Cristobal: 415th Inf. Regt., (less 3rd Battalion), SS Ocean Mail: 387th Field Artillery Battalion.*

little, some a lot. I was sick for two days where I could not eat once. I hurried to the railing, but was able to keep it down. Most of the voyage was O.K.

It took 11 days because we would change directions twice a day to avoid enemy submarines. The blackout regulations were strict. It was forbidden to put trash overboard as submarines could track a wake of Milky Way wrappers and orange peelings. No one knew where or when we would land. Some were sure the Generals and the ship's Captain knew. On the evening of September 6<sup>th</sup> guys spotted some land in the distance. It was the shores of England. On the morning of the 7<sup>th</sup> our ship the USS Washington and the USS Lejeune were in the Great French Harbor of Cherbourg, France. The other two troop ships anchored at Utah Beach, ours being the largest convoy of ships from New York to the shores of France and arriving safely.

The port of Cherbourg was in ruins. All about us, we could see the destruction of war. With our heavy load of gear we were put on barges and landing crafts to take us to the shore. Stepping unto a steel wet pier resulted in a big slush. Here was the land of Utah Beach where two months before was one of the bloodiest battles of the war. From here we walked or rode to

our staging area which was near Valognes France. We waited for all of our trucks, jeeps, and anti-tank guns and equipment to arrive. For two weeks we had many men driving trucks and moving supplies. They were busy day and night. The supplies were everything the front line troops needed. They also brought back German prisoners from the front line. Our division and the attached units were given many different things to do while we were in staging to get ready for front line duty. This was taking place in Northern France where we saw some Normandy country side with small grain fields, apple orchards and pastures, surrounded by high hedge rows.

The French children had acquired three profitable phrases; cigarettes, pour papa and bonbon candy and gum. All army installations, railroads, pipelines, pumping stations, warehouses, docks, etc. had many things taken from them by black market looters. They took thousands of gallons of gas, raiding trains for army food and cigarettes. The Commander of the 415<sup>th</sup> Regiment was guarding a large area. His orders were to shoot to kill. Under these guards the losses were a mere trickle.

*~Part four continued next month...*

## Greetings from Canby~

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### *First Annual Baer Reunion*



The first Annual Otto & Emma (Loeck) Baer family reunion was held at the Gary Fire Hall on Sunday, August 15, 2010.

The Baer's had four sons, Walter, Rudy, Arnold and Erwin. Walter and his wife Edna and Rudy and his wife Gertrude are deceased. Therefore, since the only family historians from that generation are Arnold, "Yogi" and his wife Eldeen and Erwin and his wife Fay, several of those from the younger generation felt the need for a gathering of the Baer clan!

At 10:30 am many attended church together at First Evangelical Lutheran Church in

Gary as this is an important way to start the week for the Baer's. The table grace was given by Arnold and Erwin before the lines formed for the delicious food that was brought in by the great cooks in the family! Much reminiscing caused gales of laughter and even a few tears, but the highlight of the afternoon was the musical performance by Brenda Hunt on her "**Wisconsin Hum**





**Strum!”** While a few were up twirling around the floor the rest sat and clapped, hummed or sang to the music!

Those in attendance from **Walter/Edna Baer’s** family: Sharon Baer, Michael/Joyce Baer and Kathy VanSanten. **Rudy/Gertie Baer’s** family: Dennis Baer, Donna/Dennis Zinter, and Billie Jo/Richard Kreger & family. **Arnold/Eldeen Baer**, Brenda/Dave Hunt, Becky Gilbertson, Beth/Dennis Koenig and Bill/Heidi Baer. **Erwin Baer**, Deb & Jerry Hauge, Joan Baer, Haia Zea, Jory Baer, Melan and Brady.

The Second annual Baer gathering is in the planning stages for next year!

The demolition begun as of, August 31, 2010 of the buildings standing in the way of the new motel that will be going up on the corner of 1<sup>st</sup> Street and Haarfager. Work has been on going with the shoring up of the retaining wall and other specifications to bring it to code. It takes time to conform to the all the government rules and regulations,



but from what I hear, construction should begin shortly. This will be a terrific opportunity for the growth of Canby.



**Subway** will be opening soon! Applications are being taken for employment. Facebook, for those of you with access to the Internet, has been posting progress reports on a fairly regular basis. The front driveway is completed and soon the landscaping will commence. This is a lovely addition to main street as well as revenue and employment opportunities...Oh, but the best is the

sandwiches and not having to drive to out of town to get one.

School is in progress so please drive carefully.

Until next time...

Joyce Olson-Baer

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# A Poets Thoughts

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The summer days are all but gone, and autumn time is creeping fast.  
And tis the wish of everyone, these wonder days could only last.

The cottonwoods are dressed in gold, and her maple in her red,  
The willow soon with naked boughs and the leaves will rustle to ones dread.

The golden rod too soon will die; the wild aster will fade away,  
The meadow lark no more will sing, at dawn of the coming day.

The wild geese will gather in a flock, the ducks will join them, too,  
The robins have left their empty nests, and the prairie birds are few.

So summers gone and autumns here, on this prairie vast and lone,  
And we may be proud to claim that Gary is our very own.  
.....Marietta Thomas





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Mr. Eric Koeppen is in the Hendricks Nursing Home. He would enjoy hearing from his friends and neighbors. His address is *Mr. Eric Koeppen, c/o Hendricks Nursing Home, 503 East Lincoln Street, Hendricks, MN 56136-0106*

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## Looking Back...

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*News from the Past...* Thursday, September 13, 1990

### **“It’s Beginning!” Sr. Citizens New Bldg. Becoming a Reality**

The dream of a new Gary Senior Citizen’s building by it’s patrons is becoming a reality. After all the hard work of bazaars, donor drives and the many other activities that it took to reach their initial starting goal, the trenches for the walls of the Senior Citizens building have been dug and the work has begun. The final goal to finish this project has not been reached but will continue with more projects. Good Luck All! {In the picture from this article Nora Grabow, Lars Johnson and Donnie Grabow were pictured at the site of the digging}.

## When Life was Simpler

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*~The Thrashing Bee*

by Roger Baer



Travel the rural byways these days and you won’t often see farmers plowing their fields. The once conventional practice of turning of the soil has fallen from grace because it contributed to plenty of soil erosion over the years. But plowing is still practiced by some farmers and even more old iron enthusiasts. You don’t have to look very far to find a vintage tractor plow day in a field near you such as what

was put on by the Gantvoorts and the Diekmans of Clear Lake.

Back when relatively few farmers owned thrashing machines, several families would get together and split the grain-cleaner's cost. When it was time to thrash the wheat or oats, those same families would come together to form crews

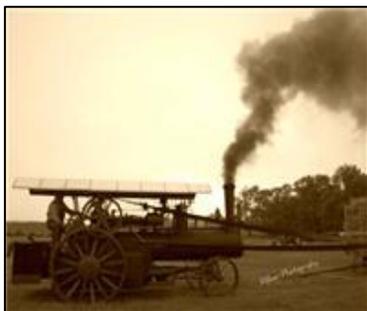


of men and boys to bring in the shocks and thresh the grain and crews of women and girls to keep the thrashing crew fueled and hydrated. These so-called thrashing bees were once commonplace. Today, as reenactments, they exist pretty much in name only. But I can't think of a better way to while away a summer or fall day than watching a group of men, women, girls and boys tossing shocks into an old



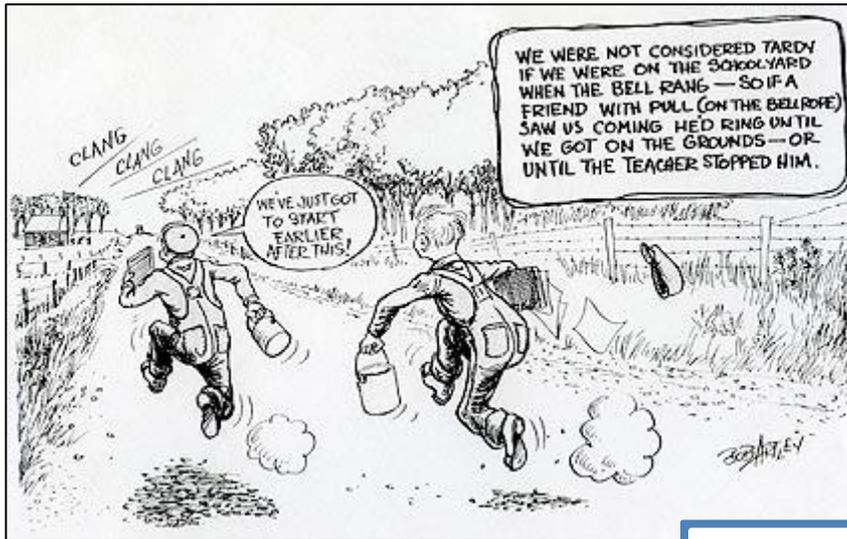
thrashing machine, that is, unless, I am participating in the action.

Plow days and thrashing bees is only the tip of the old iron iceberg though. These thrashing bees are devoted to the preservation, display and demonstration of all manner of antique agricultural equipment. These happenings occur in virtually every state and Canadian province. Most occur between the months of April and October, but one of the largest events occurs in Florida in the dead of winter.



I would like to thank the Diekmans and the the Gantvoorts for letting us take the pictures we did at the bee. You can find additional pictures on the Face Book page of Roger Baer under thrashing. Also watch for pictures of old machinery. Credit for some of this information is given to Grit (Cappers)

## Memories of a Former Kid by Bob Artley



From Reminisce On-line

## New Look for the Gary Inter State

The Gary Inter State is under-going a face-lift. We value your opinion and are asking for your input on the new design. Suggestions and news are always welcome. News of interest and upcoming social events that are open to the public are encouraged to be shared in this format. Please keep in mind that this is a family publication and we reserve the right to what is printed on these pages. News or stories can be e-mailed to [rstbaer@itctel.com](mailto:rstbaer@itctel.com) or [joyce.baer59@gmail.com](mailto:joyce.baer59@gmail.com) or submitted by mailing to Roger Baer...

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