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THE LIFE STORY
OF
CARL W. DANHOUSER

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THE LIFE STORY
of
CARL W. DANHOUSER

Carl W. Danhouser
June 1981

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For future generations -
May they enjoy this account
and gain an insight of the
past.

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Carl W. Dankauer

THE LIFE STORY
OF
CARL W. DANHOUSER

I, Carl Wilhelm Heinrich Damsheuser, was born in Appleton, Wisconsin, on July 15, 1903. The house I was born in had a kitchen, pantry, living room, parlor and one bedroom on the first floor. A stairway to the second floor went up from the kitchen. There were two rooms on the second floor, a bedroom, a paint room for father and storage space. There was no basement at first.

When I was about five years old the house was jacked up and the basement was dug out. The stairway to the basement went through the pantry. I knew where the cookies were kept and would put a couple in my pocket on the way down. At first the family used kerosene lamps, but later gas pipes were installed and each room had a gas light, manufactured gas. A wood burning stove stood in the kitchen which was used for heating, cooking and baking and had a reservoir on the end which held hot water, if and when there was a fire in the stove.

In the back yard there was a wood shed where wood and coal were stored for the stoves. Attached to the back of the wood shed was a three-holer, one smaller hole for us children. It was attached to the wood shed so it couldn't be tipped over on Halloween. We had a large garden and had several apple trees there, as well as vegetables.

A year before I was born my sister Helen died of spinal meningitis and that left only my brother Walter, who was seven years old. A year later I was born and my mother was very disappointed because she wanted a girl. She dressed me in dresses and sun bonnets and kept my hair in long curls until I was four years old when my father put his foot down and told mother to cut

my long curls off and dress me in boys clothes. As I grew up many women in the neighborhood would ask me who I was and when I told them they would say:

"Oh yes, I remember now, you used to wear dresses and sun bonnets when you were little"

To me it wasn't one bit funny.

Saturday was the day when mother cleaned the house and did the baking for Sunday. Sunday was the day I had to go to Sunday School and mother went to church, but the rest of the day there was not supposed to be any work performed. Saturday also was the day when I had to clean father's spittoon. Boy, that was a nasty job. I also had to sweep the outhouse out, make sure there was a Sears or Montgomery catalog there and check the burlap bag that was kept there in a corner to hold old rags and rubbers that we sold to a junkman. Once in a while the boys would sneak a stone in the bag so it would weigh more, but I'm sure the junkman got ahead of us by rigging the scale.

Uncle Oscar, father's youngest brother used to get a Sunday paper, he lived with my grandmother, and would keep the funnies for me. I had a large cardboard box in which I kept them, and whenever a rainy day came along I would get them out and look at them again and again.

Uncle Oscar and Aunt Annie got married and for a long time they would walk over to our house and play sheephead with my father and mother in the evening. When they were almost ready to quit playing cards my mother would hand me a tin pail with a tight cover, dad would give me a dime and I would go down to the closest saloon and have the pail filled with beer and bring it home. I had to go in the family entrance and ring a bell for the bartender. When I got home with the beer mother would give me her cards to play while she put my sister to bed. When she came back and picked up the cards I was sent to bed too.

When I was five or six years old I had the measles and my mother set me in a rocking chair when she worked in the kitchen where I could watch the kids through the window skating on the ice on the lot next door. Someone had given me a pocket knife for Christmas and when mother wasn't watching I carved my initials "C.D." on an arm of the chair, for which my bottom was justly tanned. I still have that rocking chair and it still is my favorite chair.

I went to the Fifth Ward School to kindergarten. Miss Buck and Miss Morgan were my teachers. I had a girl friend, Laura, that I played with a lot and one day I took her to kindergarten with me, which was against the rules because Laura's folks were Catholic and the Catholic children were supposed to go to the church school.

One July 4th my brother put a cannon cracker in the hole in the hitching post in front of our house and blew it to smithereens. The milk man's horse took off and milk cans were scattered for two blocks before someone stopped the horse. That cannon cracker sure was a doozy, and so was the licking my brother received from father. On another occasion my brother got into a fight and came home with a black eye, and father gave him a licking and turning to me said "let that be a lesson to you".

My sister Florence was born four and one-half years after I was born, on Valentine's Day, February 14, and mother was happy again to have a girl.

My brother Walter left school when he was in the fifth grade and went west to work in the harvest fields. He would come home only at long intervals and between his infrequent returns my parents wouldn't know where he was or whether he was dead or alive. He was a complete stranger to me when he finally came home to stay. I was in high school at that time and the first World War was in progress then.

My father had another brother who was named Robert after my grandfather, to me he was "Uncle Bob". He and his wife had several children but I remember only the two oldest. Their oldest boy was a couple of years older than I. The girl got married when she was fifteen years old but she was a big girl, almost twice as big as the man she married. He also had a sister who married Albert Pasch and they had a boy and a girl. The last I can remember of her was that she married and was living in Hortonville which isn't too far from Appleton.

One of my mother's sisters, Aunt Mary, married Emil Baer who had been married before and had several children, three of the girls often visited our home, they were Ellen, Serena and Serepta. Ellen was my favorite. Besides these girls there were Wilber, Gilbert and George, who was the oldest of the first family and I never saw much of him.

For years the Circus would set their tents up in a big field about two blocks from our house. On the day of the arrival of the Circus I would get up real early and go down to the railroad yards and watch it unload. After this I would rush home and get some breakfast. I would help water the elephants, put up bleacher seats or whatever the Circus men would let us kids do. The last year I worked at the Circus to get a ticket we had moved to the farm. I hurried home, cleaned up, ate and hurried back with my ticket to watch the show. I was so tired that I fell asleep and slept through the entire performance. My love for the Circus gave me the incentive to help start the Zor Shrine Clown Unit with which I performed for about fifteen years.

While I was still in the grades our church used to have church picnics and they were something like a carnival. The men set up fishing booths, target booths and other places of chance. You paid a certain amount for a chance and may be won a prize. There also were stands where they sold ice cream cones, pop, cracker jacks, candy, sandwiches and other edibles, most for only a nickel each. We had all kinds of races too. The women would

be busy getting a big dinner together, huge mounds of potato salad, boilers full of weiners, bread, butter, pickles and of course coffee pots full of coffee and containers of milk for the kids. Each kid was given five tickets to buy cracker jacks, ice cream cones, and other goodies. My parents gave me about twenty-five cents to spend and so did grandma and I had a little of my own money saved.

At one of these picnics my parents didn't go but grandma was there working in the outdoor kitchen. I ate ice cream cones, cracker jacks, sandwiches, etc., and every so often I would go to see how grandma was doing and she would give me weiners and other food from the church kitchen. All of a sudden I realized I was going to be sick so I started for home and as grandma's house was about half way I headed for it. I made it to the door of her outhouse but nature filled my pants before I could get them down. As there was no one home I had to clean myself with catalog pages the best I could. I sure didn't smell very good and I was afraid I would meet someone I knew who would want to know what happened and would laugh at me. I don't remember whether I did meet anyone--but mother saw me coming a half a mile away and she knew something was wrong because I was walking with my legs as far apart as I could and still walk. She met me at the door and helped me out of my nasty clothes and filled the wash tub with warm water and gave me soap and a towel and wash cloth and got me some clean clothes. Mothers are wonderful people!

I used to love to stay overnight at grandma's house occasionally because grandma had a tall potty, at least two feet tall, so you didn't have to stoop so low, ours was only about six or seven inches high. Ice cream wagons used to come around to sell bulk ice cream and cones. You could hear the bell for several blocks if it was still. One time I had money for a cone and wanted to try chocolate ice cream. I ran several blocks to get one but didn't like it when I had it.

Shortly after I was ten years old my father had to quit painting houses as he had lead poisoning. He started painting pillow covers which mother sold to young men to give to their girls for Christmas presents. He also painted pictures on wooden picnic plates to sell. For several years things were pretty tough and we had nothing to eat but soup, at least that was all I can remember eating then.

Father sold our house on State Street and bought five acres of land in the country with no buildings. Father planned our house himself. I can still remember him pacing the floor nights and making changes in his plans. I think it was during this time that I started selling horseradish to the saloons for my grandmother. On Saturday mornings I would go to her house with my "Teddy" wagon and get the horseradish she had ground up and put up in glass containers and sell it to about a dozen saloons. They had free lunch counters in saloons then. Each bartender would pay me for the horseradish he took and give me a small glass of beer. By the time I had made the rounds of a dozen saloons I was feeling pretty good.

After a couple of years the farm was doing pretty well in growing vegetables, strawberries and raspberries for sale and all of our own vegetables including beans and some fruit. Father made a box for my wagon and several times a week I went to town and sold fresh vegetables, onions, carrots, cabbages, kohlrabes, radishes and califlowers door to door. We always raised an acre or two of strawberries and it was up to mother, Florence and me to pick them every other day. That was real hard work, we kneeled, sat and stood before we finished. Strawberries were not shipped in during those days. We also had to make our own wooden quart boxes the day before. We had a lot of regular customers who came to the farm to get the strawberries. I remember mother had a friend who drove out in an electric car to get the berries. It looked just like a single seated buggy without a top and without a horse. The night after we picked berries we would always have a huge strawberry shortcake and we never tired of it.

We also would raise four pigs each year, butcher them in the fall, with the help of a couple of neighbors and grandmother who made the sausage. There was a story that went around about that time about a man who would get drunk every so often. On one occasion he got home finally but instead of going to the house he ended up in the pig house and lay down along side one of the sows. When he rolled over his hands touched her nipples and he is supposed to have said;

"Gee honey, I didn't know your nightie had so many buttons on the front."

During the first World War boys who were not old enough to enlist could join the Boy's Working Reserve, which I did. This meant you had to work on a farm to help produce more food for the boys over seas. Those who joined had to do several months of classroom work ahead of time so you could spend about five months working on a farm. In the fall when we were back in school, and our record showed we did serve on a farm we were given a bronze metal as our reward.

Walter who had come home to stay was injured while working in a paper mill, and after being in and out of the hospital for about two years, died. He had become interested in a wonderful girl, Myrtle Baer. She lived on a farm outside of Neenah which wasn't far from Appleton. I remember she had her own car, a Studebaker, and often came on Sundays and took my brother and our parents for a ride. Florence and I had to stay home and look after the animals. My brother was only twenty-eight years old when he died. My folks received a settlement from the company and I received a new bicycle which I rode to high school every day. It was stolen my last week in school, and the police were never able to come up with it. I also got to wear a salt and pepper suit of my brothers which was about three sizes too big for me.

After father recovered his health mother and my sister and I ran the truck farm, pulled the weeds and picked the berries. Father had been striping cars and trucks and doing other fancy painting for quite awhile. (He never would have made a very good farmer.)

Grandmother had remarried after grandfather Damsheuser died and his name was Innow but he also died before I knew him. Grandfather was a personal bodyguard to the old Kaiser Wilhelm and was awarded four medals of which I got two from grandmother and my son David now has them. My grandfather brought his family to America in about 1882 and my father was about twelve years old at that time. They had lived in Kalbe on the Zalle River which is located in East Germany (old Prussia). As I grew older I would stop to see grandmother and always went to the side door where she would let me in and almost always she would shake hands and she would have some money in her hand for me. Grandmother never learned to speak English so I had to talk German to her, which I could speak fluently at that time.

CHAPTER TWO

The butchering of the hogs was a big event on our farm. Father secured several men who were familiar with butchering the hogs and cutting them up for hams, bacons, roasts and chops. They had to have a big barrell to hold hot water to dunk a hog in and platform to put the hog on to shave the hair off.

The throat had to be stuck and the blood caught in containers so "blutwurst" (blood sausage) could be made. Then the hog would be cut up and the pieces taken to the kitchen for mother and grandmother to take care of. They would have the sausage machine and stuffer ready to put the meat through and stuff it into the cleaned intestines for sausages. By the end of the day the kitchen floor would be so greasy you could skate on it.

They would make blood sausage, onion sausage, summer sausage and head cheese. The brains would be fried for supper--it was supposed to make us smarter if we ate them. The bacons, hams and most of the sausages were smoked in our smoke house which father built. The pork chops would be half fried and put in large crocks and would be covered with lard to preserve them, and then stored in the cellar.

For the long winter months our cellar would be filled with potatoes, cabbages, carrots, onions, beans and other goodies. Hanging from the rafters would be smoked hams, bacons and sausages. In stone crocks would be pork chops (half fried) buried in lard and of course sauerkraut. There was a cistern full of soft water beneath the kitchen and a pump in the kitchen to pump the water up from the cistern.

We always had a hundred pound sack of flour and also of sugar on hand as mother baked all of our bread, coffee cakes, doughnuts and cookies. We always had a cow so we would make our own butter and cottage cheese. When our cow was dry we could buy milk from a neighbor at five cents a quart. (Raw milk with no cream taken out). On Sunday mornings mother would have buttermilk

pancakes to get us up in time to go to church, if we weren't up in time you didn't get any. On Sunday nights she would have a wonderful white cake with an inch or more of whipped cream on top. After eating the cake, really after it had digested a bit, we would have an evening of music. Mother would play the piano, father his violin (he played only by ear) and sister and I would sing.

Mother loved to take care of the pigs, chickens, the cow and horse and I hated it so when I got home from high school she would have supper started and I took care of the supper while she did the chores. She loved the animals and it gave her a chance to get out of the house for awhile.

We raised Rhode Island Red chickens because when they grew up you really had a big fat chicken to eat. Mother usually was the one who killed the chickens by chopping off its head with a hatchet. One time she handed the chicken to me and told me to chop off its head. I got hold of its legs and wings, put its head on the chopping block and tried to chop its head off like I had seen her do. I only got part of the head and blood spurted all over.

She said: "Oh give it here and I'll finish it".

She never asked me to do it again. Dad always found something else to do when mother needed a chicken, and I finally figured out he wasn't any better at it than I was. There always were a bunch of roosters in every batch of chicks and when they grew large enough she loved to invite her lady friends to a "Rooster Supper".

One year I had a number of chickens that I cared for and they belonged to me. A friend of mine lived down the road a ways and he was raising Banty chickens, a small chicken known for their fighting ability. One Sunday afternoon we traded chickens without telling our parents. I sneaked my Banties into the hen

house after dark and went to bed. The next morning my mother went out to feed the chickens and ran back to the house hollering:

"A weasel has been in the hen house, all the chickens are bleeding!"

We all ran out to the chicken house and it sure looked like there had been civil war out there, everything was spattered with blood and the chickens sure looked woe begone. Dad spotted the Banties and roard--

"Where in Hell did those things come from? And I was sure caught with my pants down.

I admitted they were mine, and that I had traded my chickens for the banties. They made me take them back and get my own and also told me the LORD would punish me for making the trade on Sunday.

I recall the first time our cow had a calf. None of our family had ever been present at the birth of a calf or knew what to do. When the day came father had gone to town and promised to return soon. It wasn't long before the cow lay down and started to labor --- and father hadn't returned, although he wouldn't have known what to do anyway. Mother sent me over to get the nearest neighbor and by the time father arrived so had the calf. Father had been over imbibing of spirits (which he seldom did) and weaved all over the place, happy as a lark. I don't think I ever saw mother madder than she was on that occasion and she really let him know about it, even though the neighbor stood there and laughed.

One time I was still small the family went to visit some people on a farm. Mother told me to put on my new pair of blue serge knickers and good shoes, but be careful I didn't get them dirty. She should have known better, little boys don't like to just sit around when there are so many exciting things to do on

a farm. The folks we visited had a boy about my age, and after running around the front yard for a while he suggested we slide down the straw stack. That sounded like fun so off we went and by the time we got tired my behind cheeks were exposed and the new blue serge knickers were ruined. Then we went into the barn where I slipped into the manure gutter with my new shoes so I ended up looking like something the cat dragged in, and smelling like it too! I got scolded all the way home; I still don't think it was my fault.

My friend Ralph would come out to our farm occasionally and we would go to the woods nearby to hunt for wild flowers or frogs. One Spring we went frog hunting and we came upon one pond where they were really raising a racket and the pond was plumb full of frogs. We speared quite a few when we decided to quit and gather them up. When we looked closely at them we realized that we had been spearing toads instead of frogs. We were sure we were going to get warts all over ourselves and didn't know what to do. We decided we better go home to my house and get some strong soap and wash ourselves good, but it wasn't Saturday night, how could we take a bath? I decided to ask my mother what to do and when I told her we wanted to take a bath she was shocked and couldn't believe it!

"What for?" she asked.

I told her so we wouldn't get warts, and explained what had happened. Well, she laughed and laughed until the tears rolled down her cheeks. When she could talk again she explained to us that you don't get warts from handling a toad.

Another time Ralph came out and we went out to Tamarack Swamp where I had been told we could cut down a Christmas tree and bring it home. The swamp was at least five miles from our house. When we got there we separated to look for a good tree.

I found a good looking tree and chopped it down. After looking a long time Ralph finally found one and cut it down. By this time it had started to get dark and very cold. After a mile or so Ralph got so cold he threw his tree in the ditch and wanted me to do the same, but I was too stubborn to throw away my beautiful tree, so I told him to run on ahead to my house and send my father to help me. It got darker and colder as I pulled my tree along the road and I had to stamp my feet and clap my hands to get warmed up a little, but I refused to leave the tree. My father met me when I was about a mile from home. He took over then and told me to run home and get warm, which I did as fast as I could, which wasn't too fast because I was nearly frozen stiff and very tired. Mother was at the door waiting, as I knew she would be. Mothers are wonderful people, and so are some fathers.

The warm kitchen felt so good as I stripped off my cold clothes and stood next to the stove and got warm. We put the tree in the parlor by the piano and I always felt it was the most beautiful Christmas tree we ever had. My folks agreed with me.

For several weeks before Christmas mother started making Christmas candy and cookies. There was a candy she made called "cream candy" and nuts were in it. It had to be cured and she would put it on a board on the clothes rack above the stove. She also made many kinds of cookies and she had cookie cutters to make men, women and animals. She made a frosting that Florence and I spread on them and added colored sugars on top of the frosting. She also made pfeffernuts and sugar cookies. All were put away until Christmas.

On Christmas eve mother, Florence and I walked the two miles (or more) to the church to take part in the program while father stayed home to decorate the tree. All of the kids would get a small bag of candy and probably an apple from the church. On the way home we would see many people decorating their trees.

Nobody decorated a tree before Christmas eve in those days. When we arrived home, after a bitter cold walk, our tree was decorated (by father) but we were not allowed to see it and were hustled off to bed so Santa Claus could come. (or Kris Kringle as grandmother would say). The next morning we would hurry downstairs to see the tree and what Santa Claus had left us. We had to wait, however, until our folks got dressed. Dad would go in and light the candles and make sure they were in safe places. The tree was covered with German Christmas decorations, candy cherries and other hard candy, cookies tied on with string and even popcorn strings and cranberry strings which we children had prepared. We usually got one present from our folks plus an orange which was a real treat as that was the only time we got an orange. Uncle Oscar's wife Annie always gave me a purple tie and I HATED purple. We always had a goose for Christmas plus always sauerkraut, plus dressing, dumplings, some vegetables and ended with pumpkin pie. I never tasted turkey until I went to college.

We had a German table prayer that grandmother had taught to my father, he to us children, me to my children and they to my grandchildren. I hope it will eventually be taught to my great-grandchildren. (I have five at this time - August 26, 1980)

Komm Herr Jesu Christ
Sei du unser gost
Und segne vas du uns
Besherest hast.

Amen.

CHAPTER THREE

During the first World War the railroad couldn't find enough men to work on the section, replacing rails and ties, straightening rails and leveling them so they hired high school boys. About a dozen of us signed up one summer. We were paid \$3.00 per day and worked six days a week at ten hours a day.

The railroad was a spur of the Soo line out of Appleton and called the "Wisconsin and Northern" and before prohibition it was nicknamed the "Whiskey and Northern" but after prohibition it was known as the "near beer and water line".

At first we worked out of Appleton and covered several miles north of Appleton. Most of the crew would take the early morning train north and a couple of us were designated to pump the hand cars to the work area. We had a main boss and a straw boss. The boss seldom spoke to us, he went ahead to see what work had to be done and then told the straw boss what had to be done. The straw boss was a real slave driver and we all hated him.

For the first two weeks I would eat supper and fall into bed completely exhausted. I would dream of this guy all night and be tired in the morning. I finally decided I had to stand up to him or quit the job. I figured behind his bravado he was a coward. I talked to the other boys and they felt the same way. So we decided to stand up to him and all stand together. So the next time he started to get rough we all ganged up on him and told him to lay off or we would beat hell out of him. Just then the real boss came along and wanted to know what the fuss was about. We told him we had had it with the straw boss. He turned to him and told him that hereafter he was to give us our instructions and see that the work was done but no more bullying would be allowed. He told us if we had any further complaints we should come directly to him. After that we got along very well.

After we had been working about a month they needed a crew to work around Lily. Ralph and I and a number of others thought it would be fun to go so we signed up and took the train north. We were stationed at Lily and we slept in a box car which had been converted to a bunk house. We soon found it was already occupied with bedbugs. We ate in a box car next to us which was occupied by a male cook and one-half was the kitchen and dining room and the other half he lived in. When we asked him what he did about the bed bugs he told us he had a small sack of caraway seeds tied around his neck. I think a bag of peanuts would have done as much good.

One day we were working north of Lily and when we were through for the day we piled on the hand cars and headed home. There was a train standing at our bunk car so we had to lift off our hand cars and wait until the train unloaded and pulled out. We had stopped in a wild blueberry patch and as they were ripe we ate them, and we ate and ate until the train pulled out.

Lily had a movie in the town hall once a week and as this was the night we all went. About half way through the movie I had to visit Mrs. Jones, and it wasn't long before the rest were leaving the show. As there was only a two-holer there wasn't room for everyone so we had to pull our pants down in the back lot. We got very little sleep that night. We would hardly lay down before we would be called again. If we had been given a big dose of castor oil plus croton oil it couldn't have been worse. By the time we were supposed to get up and go to work we were all too weak to get out of bed. NEVER eat ripe blueberries on an empty stomach.

Sundays we roamed the woods and lakes in the area. As there were no houses once you got out of town we didn't need any swim suits to go swimming, and we often went skinny dipping. One afternoon we were having a good time swimming in a beautiful small lake when mother nature called me and I went ashore. Not having any toilet paper I looked around for a substitute and found a vine near by with shiny leaves so I used them. After a couple

of hours I started to turn red and itch and swell. None of us knew what caused it so we went back to town but we got no help there except the proprietor of the local store thought it looked like poison ivy.

We went back to our camp and all the time I was swelling more and more, my fingers became so stiff I couldn't bend them and my eyes were nearly swollen shut. The railroad gang boss put me and one of the boys on the evening train to Appleton. I couldn't see and the itching was terrible and my friend had to lead me home from the station. When we got to my house my mother made a soda solution for me to bathe my entire body in. She had to cut my clothes off as I had swollen enormously. In a few days of this treatment I was back to normal. I wouldn't advise anyone to learn about poison ivy the way I did.

After I was fully recovered from my bout with poison ivy I returned to working on the railroad north of Lily. I now knew what poison ivy looked like and I kept a goodly distance from it; we had one boy working with us who suffered from it whenever he can near some. He didn't have to touch it. I am told you can also get it from the smoke of burning poison ivy vines.

One evening several of us borrowed a hand car to go to the movie in town. After the movie we put the hand car back on the rails and started for camp. Suddenly one boy saw a pair of eyes behind us and we heard the paralyzing scream of a wildcat. I don't believe that handcar ever traveled so fast, it almost left the rails, and when we reached camp we were so exhausted we almost passed the camp before somebody stepped on the brake.

One day we were unloading rails from a flat car. There were at least a dozen men (including boys) helping unload. The boss would have us spread out the length of the rail, tell us to take hold of the rail and when he said "lift" we would all lift together, walk to the edge of the flatcar and on his command drop it over the side and step back. One of these times those on the

end away from me stepped on a "frog" and when we had dropped the rail and stepped back the sharp point of the frog came down on my right foot crushing a toe. While it hurt like blazes I kept on until we had unloaded all of the rails and then I sat down and took off my shoe. My shoe was full of blood, my sock was soaked and one toe really smashed.

As there was no doctor in the area once again I took the next train home to have my foot taken care of. The railroad was very callous. When you were injured on the job and had to take time off you received no pay, and they didn't pay any medical costs nor any compensation for the injury.

One really bad feature of working with railroad men was the unprintable language we learned from them. They just didn't seem to know any clean words, and we began to talk the same way. I got into many embarrassing situations when I got back to school, and my mother threatened many times to wash my mouth out with soap if I didn't stop. It took me quite a while to get back on a normal basis.

The Winter of 1918 the flu went through the county, and mother, father and my sister came down with it, many died of it as you can tell by checking the old parts of the cemeteries. I stayed home from school to take care of them, but I didn't get it. Later they all came down with the mumps and again I left school to care for the family and once again I didn't get it. I must be one of the Lord's favorite people or he decided I could stand all the work of caring for the family.

I worked after school my last year in high school for the electric company who also operated the street cars. I was told Appleton had the first street cars in the nation, and they were one of the first to get rid of them. I repaired electric appliances and set electric meters in homes. At that time many people were having their homes wired for electricity. (About 1919 and early 1920s)

I was paid thirty cents per hour, and I had a pass to ride on

any street car in Appleton and on inter-urban cars that ran to Neenah, Menasha and Kimberly and to Waverly Beach on Lake Winnebago. On one occasion I set a meter in a farm house while linemen ran wires from the transformer to the house. We were always supposed to carry a test lamp and touch the wires to the switch contacts to make sure the linemen had run in a live wire instead of two ground wires. If I didn't have the test lamp along I would touch the switch with two fingers and if I got a shock it was O.K. On this occasion the switch was not located where the meter was to be installed and the electricians were not through wiring so I decided to let it go and went out to eat some apples (the linemen were already eating them). The linemen had run in 33,000 volt primary wires instead of the 110 volt secondary wires required then by an ordinary household and when someone threw in the switch it blew out the back of the house and caused a tremendous amount of damage. If I had touched that switch I wouldn't be here writing this story. Again the Lord looked after me by enticing me with apples.

I became fascinated with electricity and the future of electricity and read all the books I could get my hands on and I almost lost my long time ambition to become a lawyer.

From the time when I was in the sixth grade I had decided I wanted to be a lawyer. I was in a declamatory contest that year and I remember our expression teacher saying:

"Carl, in spite of being home for the better part of a week with a cold, you were able to come back and win first place with your rendition of 'The White Lilly'. I hope you will enter the contest again next year when you are in the seventh grade. Have you any idea what you would like to be when you grow up?"

"Oh yes!", I replied, "I am going to be a lawyer!"

"Well", she said (she was our part-time expression teacher), "You have a long and difficult road to travel to make your dream come true; one ability you do have, I know, is the ability to get up before an audience and not be afraid to speak."

In high school I entered every declamatory and oratorical contest I could. My mother was a great help, she would hold my script while I recited the piece, and would make me go over it again and again until I knew it perfectly. I didn't always win but the experience was good for me.

Socially I didn't make much headway because I was too bashful. I went to a lot of dances with friends and would usually end up dancing a couple of times. I had no older sister to teach me to dance and mother couldn't dance. At our senior class dance the boys all congregated at one end of the gym and the girls at the other with only a few couples dancing. A girl that I had longed to date all through high school was there, Estelle Hagen, the most popular girl in school. Mother would tell me to call her, she couldn't do any more than say no. Many times I looked up her number and went to the phone but always lost my nerve.

At this senior class dance some of the girls got their heads together and decided something had to be done to liven up the party so they came across the floor in a group to ask the boys to dance and I couldn't believe my ears when Estelle walked up to me and asked me to dance with her. I couldn't get a word out but I danced with her and I was in Seventh Heaven and didn't come down all evening.

Another time I took a girl home from our church young peoples meeting and asked her for a kiss, she turned to me and said:

"Carl, never ask a girl for a kiss, just kiss her".

I had taken the commercial course in high school which included bookkeeping, shorthand and typewriting. The Spring of my last year in high school my mother sprained her ankle so I had to stay home at the end of the school year and help do the farm work for a month before I could get a summer job. I still had not decided whether I should accept the bookkeeping job I was offered, or whether I should go back to work for the electric company or should I go to college to spend another seven years in school? And if I could, how could I meet the expenses? My father was a big help.

He said "Carl you better accept that bookkeeping job. I've taken you as far as I can. You are on your own now".

During the next several weeks I spent a lot of time trying to decide whether I should accept the bookkeeping job, go back to the electric company and learn more about electricity, go to Lawrence College a couple of years and take a chance on losing some credits when I transferred to the University of Wisconsin at Madison, or should I try to make my dream come true and take my chances on being able to work my way through law school. I finally decided I would chance working my way through the University and Law School.

The last couple of years on the farm my father had sold our horse and bought a second hand Model T Ford, 1914 vintage which I had to learn to drive, and now that I had decided to leave home I had to teach him to drive. It had an armstrong starter and you had to be sure the spark lever was pushed up so it wouldn't back fire and break your hand. You really had to learn how to crank it. Many times it pinned me in the garage because it would creep forward and I would have to crawl over the hood to get into the seat to back it out of the garage.

CHAPTER FOUR

In September 1921, Walter Zschaechner (later changed to Shekner) and I boarded the train and went to Madison to get educated, he to study engineering and I to eventually study law. Neither of us had ever been in Madison before. We had received a list of rooming houses and their charges from the University when we had registered (by mail). We ended up with renting a room on the corner of West Johnson and Spring Streets, one block south of the chemistry building. I had a single cardboard suitcase holding my clothes, other than those I had on my back.

There was a single double bed in the room, a small closet, a study desk and several chairs. The bathroom was down the hall so you had to get up early and watch your chance to get in. The toilet tank was up near the ceiling, at least it was better than the outdoor chick sales we had home.

When I registered for my classes I was given a booklet which showed the location of the various buildings on the campus and it also included a map of Madison which helped a lot. My adviser was Dr. Pearse who was head of the Zoology Department so I was signed up for Zoology. When I told him I was working my way through school he advised me not to try to take a full program because it would be too hard on me. I was stubborn and insisted on taking a full load. I suffered for this decision as I had a nervous breakdown before the end of that first year, and was sick a lot the second year before I learned I had to eat the right kinds of food and get sufficient rest to keep going. I lost fifteen pounds that first year.

I got jobs through the University employment office. I took care of furnaces, washed windows and walls, waxed floors, polished brass, waited on tables in restaurants and at fraternity and sorority parties and acted as chauffeur. All this for forty cents an hour which was the going wage at that time.

I got a job taking care of the furnace and washing windows at Miss Grady's girls rooming house next door to the old red gym building. It was a big double three story building and is no longer there. At 10:00 P.M., I would have to go over there and bank the furnace for the night. The girls would gather in the room above the furnace room every night for a "bull" session. I sure heard a lot of dirty stories while I was taking care of the boiler.

That Summer Miss Grady had had the house painted and the windows were speckled with paint so she hired me to clean her windows in my spare time. In order to clean the outside of the windows I would have to sit on the window sill with my legs inside the room and the rest of me on the outside and hang on with one hand. I was very bashful around girls and blushed easily so the girls would like to tease me and would start to undress while I was sitting in the window just to see me blush.

Miss Grady had told me to always knock on a closed door where I had to clean the windows and I always did, but one day I knocked on a closed door and a voice said "come in", so I opened the door and took my water bucket, sponges and cleaning cloths and went in. There on the bed lay a good looking girl with no clothes on. I backed out of the room and went to another room to wash windows. (I now wish I hadn't been so bashful). I sure received a liberal education in life while working for Miss Grady.

They used to have mixers at various halls at the University like the women's gym and the armory to help the new students get acquainted. At these mixers is where I really learned to dance, and got acquainted with other new students.

Between carrying a full load of studies and working outside too much I had a nervous breakdown at the end of the first year; I didn't eat the right food and I got only five hours of sleep and I was sick a good deal of the second year until I learned what to eat, and that I had to get enough sleep to stay alert in class.

I used to send my laundry home by parcel post in a laundry box of cardboard covered with canvas. Mother would wash my clothes and mail them back and always enclose cookies or other baked goods for me. I always looked forward to getting food from home.

That first year I met a girl in one of my classes, Lina Norman, and dated her once in awhile. I couldn't afford to very often, and Lina invited me to a dinner dance at Chadbourne Hall where she roomed. I had never been invited to any dinner before and I didn't know one fork from another or which you used for what--and I had never had coffee before. We drank Postum or milk at home. I watched what silverware the others at our table used and somehow got through my first ordeal of social etiquette.

The minister of Calvary Lutheran Church, which met above the old University Coop on State Street near Gilman, was in one of my classes. He stopped me one day to advise me not to think of marrying Lina because there was insanity in her family. At that point in time I wasn't interested in marrying anyone.

Later in the second semester I got a job cleaning up a lab in Ag. Hall and met a young woman, Grace Bitner, who was a lab technician who became my friend, and she helped me a lot. I told her I was working my way through the University and she told me about a summer job I might be able to get which paid pretty well. She told me to see a Mr. Neil Thompson who had charge of this work and to mention her name, but she didn't tell me he was her beau. The job was barberry bush eradication, these bushes harbored the black stem rust of wheat and other grains which destroyed the grain fields.

I went to see Mr. Thompson but he started to tell me that these jobs were saved for Ag students, but when I mentioned her name a big smile came on his face and he told me she had talked

to him about me, and he told me I was hired. All through the summers while I attended University I had this job and covered the entire state, and saved all the money I could so I could go back to school each fall. I owe a lot to her.

The Summer after my freshman year a Dr. Bryan had charge of our barberry group of about seven or eight students, he was a bachelor. We started at Glen Haven on the Mississippi River where we stayed at an old hotel where they sure fed us. Even for breakfast we had a banquet -- cereals, bacon, ham and eggs, toast, fried potatoes, milk and coffee and fruit. After starving myself while going to school I sure gained weight eating at this hotel.

This first year we dug barberry bushes out with a grub hoe. There are two kinds of bushes, the common barberry which were the ones we dug out, and the Japanese bush which are used for hedges and do not harbor the spores of the black stem rust.

One day I was digging a bush out that was growing along side of a fence and I accidently hit the lower wire and the grub hoe rebounded and the sharp point hit me in the head and made quite a gash. If I hadn't had a cap on it would have been fatal.

The others gathered up all the white handkerchiefs to hold on the wound and hurried me to the doctor in Glen Haven to have my wound bandaged. This must have been the first emergency he had had for a long time because he ran around like a chicken with its head cut off looking for bandages and something to stop the bleeding.

I was about to drop from loss of blood when the boys lay me on a couch and helped the doctor take care of me. I lost so much blood that I was too weak to work for two weeks. During this period we moved to Trempeleau which is also on the Mississippi River.

Bill Longenecker and Marv Schaars were in our group, both of whom became members of the faculty of the agricultural school

at the University of Wisconsin in Madison. I had bought the old Ford from my father and the Government paid me for gas, oil and storage and \$100.00 per month rental. We all had to borrow money to pay our expenses until the Government paid us for a month's work. Several times we were broke before we got any checks.

Bill, Marv and I got acquainted with some local girls and this made our stay more interesting. The girl I dated was Mildred. One Sunday we went along the river and had a picnic on the sandy beach, and that is where I got the nickname of "Sandy" which stayed with me for many years. Retired Judge George Kroncke, Jr., still calls me Sandy when we meet.

When we left Trempeleau we were split up into teams of two each and given separate territories to cover. Near the end of the season we gathered together again and worked near Milton and Milton Junction as there had been a nursery there which had sold a lot of common barberry bushes. While working in that area I bought a pure white collie pup. I kept it with me the rest of the summer but when I went back to school I had to sell her. She was a beautiful dog and very well behaved.

CHAPTER FIVE

The second year I attended the University I stayed at the University Y.M.C.A. which at that time was next to the old Red Armory. My room mate was Fred Clapp who also went on to law school. He ended up practicing in California. I got a job in the cafeteria carrying dirty dishes to the kitchen and sometimes running the dishwasher. No one wanted this job because you smelled like garbage after you worked at it for awhile, and taking a shower wouldn't get rid of the odor.

I had to take Latin this year and you had to learn two years of high school Latin in one year. A friend, Harold Ashcroft, had one and one-half years of Latin in high school but the University wouldn't allow him any credit so he had to take it over. I studied with him every night, especially the second semester when we got into Ceasar. Because I had to work in the cafeteria every noon and had only fifteen minutes to eat and get to my 1:30 class I would fall asleep. When the instructor called on me Harold would poke me and show me where to read. I could go ahead and translate it without hesitation.

She told Harold she wanted to talk to him after class one day, and she asked him why I fell asleep in class every day. He told her I was working my way through school and didn't get enough sleep, and he told her I studied with him every night and always knew the assignment. Harold didn't tell me this for a long time, but at the end of the semester she kept me after class and advised me to cut down some on my outside work and also take fewer classes. I found that there are a lot of helpful people in this world if you just look for them.

That second year I worked a lot for Mrs. Carl Tenny at their beautiful home on Lake Mendota at the end of Pinckney Street. I waxed floors and polished brass for her (of which they had an awful lot) and I sometimes chauffeured for her. They had a

Cadillac but she drove an electric car which was entirely glass enclosed. I never did learn to drive the electric but I could handle the Cadillac O.K.

Friday and Saturday nights were date nights. The shower room was down the hall from our room and I had taken a shower and started back to our room and as I neared the door, which had a glass panel in the upper half, I held out my arm while I talked to a friend in the hall and someone in the room purposely pushed the door hard and my arm went through the glass. My hand and wrist were cut severely. It was a good thing that the infirmary was next door at that time and a doctor took care of it immediately. He also forbid me to take part in the bag rush which was to take place the next day. Besides my getting cut by broken glass my room mate and I had to pay to have the glass replaced because it was our room.

The bag rush was a struggle between the freshmen and sophomores every fall after the start of school. Huge canvas bags were stuffed and tied and placed in the middle of the lower campus in a line from Langdon Street to State Street. The freshmen would be lined up on one side and the sophomores on the other side. The sophomores would try to hose down the freshmen side the night before the fracas so it would be muddy and slippery.

At a signal the two sides would dash for the big canvas bags and try to get as many bags as possible on their side of the centerline, the side that ended the struggle with the most on their side won. What did they win? I often wondered about that but I never found out. After the first burst of strength the bags would move very little and the struggle ended with many of the participants having their clothes torn off and some ended up with only their shoes on and would have to run for the old Red Gym where they had or found some clothes to cover themselves with. There were plenty of girls along Langdon Street to see what they could see.

I was sick a lot my second year because of the nervous breakdown I suffered at the end of my first year, but I did learn that I had to have a certain amount of rest, and I had to eat the proper foods. I learned that I could not get along on a five cent bag of peanuts for lunch.

In October I had gone to a university mixer where I met a black haired Jewish girl, Lillian Busch, and dated her a few times. Her home was in Oshkosh and her father had a clothing store there. Lillian did not look Jewish but at Christmas vacation I had a date with Lillian and when I picked her up at her house I met her sister and there was no question about her sister being Jewish.

One day I was walking east on University Avenue and I started to cross Park Street just as a street car was going to turn from Park Street onto University Avenue to go west. I had my mind on something else and was about to step in front of the street car when I was yanked backward just as the car passed in front of me. I looked around but there was no one there. The Lord must have sent my guardian angel to save me--it sure was a close call. I still remember the ghostly look on the conductor's face as he was sure he was going to hit me.

During that year I became a member of Phi Mu Delta fraternity and I waited on tables there to pay for my room rent. The fraternity house was on South Mills Street just a block from Long-fellow School and Madison General Hospital. I was initiated there and among the things we pledges were subjected to was being paddled with an oak paddle on which holes were bored half way through the board. Some paddles were broken but I still have mine, unbroken. Another thing I had to do was find some railroad spikes and the members would force us to start a good fire in the fireplace and heat the spikes red hot. Then we were blindfolded while a brother picked up a hot spike with tongs and held it under our noses so we could smell the heat while they touched our bare backs with---an ice cube. We each let out a yell--we were sure it was the red hot spike.

During that initiation week all the pledges had certain duties to do at the fraternity house. One night after we had finished our duties I bought a gallon of apple juice and we drank half of it. The other half I hid in the basement and forgot about it for a month or more. One day after I had set the table and was thirsty I thought about the rest of the apple juice and went to look for it. The apple juice had turned into apple jack and I drank a large glass full of it. Then I heard the diners and I hurried upstairs to wait on them. I began to get dizzy and the boys couldn't figure out what was wrong with me because they knew I was opposed to drinking any intoxicating beverages. The next time I looked for the apple jack it had disappeared.

That next Summer (1923) I was on barberry work again and part of the summer were stationed at Owen. Owen had their Main Street paved that summer and they had a street dance, and of course a carnival to celebrate the opening of Main Street. At the dance I met a girl who worked at the Post Office. Her name was Laura Beck, and when we got back to town in late afternoon we would stop at the Post Office to pick up any mail and Laura would wait on us. I noticed that she never had her glasses on when I came in.

I had quite a few dates with her and would go to her church on Sundays with her. I remember she invited me to dinner one evening at her house. I met her father who seemed terribly old to me. She had baked an apple pie and put about a pint of ice cream on it. She was a very nice girl and I hated to leave Owen. I stopped there once the next summer but she wasn't home and I never saw her again.

That year Buick brought out the first four-wheel brakes and there was all sorts of predictions regarding the safety of four-wheel brakes. It proved to be a wonderful invention, so much better than two-wheel brakes.

CHAPTER SIX

In the fall of my third year I started at the fraternity house, waiting on tables, but I knew I couldn't stay there and make enough to get through the year. I had worked a lot for Mrs. Carl Tenny each year and she told me a Dr. George Robbins who lived in College Hills on the west edge of Madison wanted a student to take care of the furnace, wash windows and do other work around the house for room and board. He came one afternoon to pick me up at the fraternity house and he had his sister, Grace Robbins, with him. I thought she looked funny, she had the first bobbed hairdo I had seen up to that time. Little did I know then that I would fall in love with her and marry her.

I moved out there and had a large room to study in, but with taking care of the furnace, washing windows, raking the yard, waiting on their table and washing the dishes I didn't have enough time to study. Dr. Robbins soon realized this and they got a Norwegian maid, Agnes, to do the house work and between us we got the work done. Agnes knew only a very few English words and when she took the food in to the dining room and the family would want something she would repeat it to me and I would show her what it was they wanted. Agnes was about seventeen years old and was fresh from Norway. A friend of hers who came from Norway on the same boat worked near the Robbins residence for another family. She also had a very jealous boy friend who didn't like the idea of she and I living in the same house. The doctor and his wife had two little daughters at that time, Jane and Dorothy.

Some years later I met her at a dance in Turner Hall in Madison and she told me she had married him but he made life so miserable for her because of his jealousy that she divorced him. She hinted that if he had not been in the picture she and I could have had some fun. There were times when the family would go to Mrs. Robbins' home in Troy Center and stayed over night and Dr. Robbins would ask me to stay at my fraternity house--which I did.

On Sunday mornings after I had completed my chores I was permitted to go in to the doctor's study (he made house calls on Sunday mornings) and read the Sunday papers. The doctor always brought his mother and his sister Grace to have Sunday dinner with the family, and I ate in the kitchen with Agnes. The first few Sundays I would go up to my room when Grace got there and study. I felt I had no right to sit in the doctor's study with his sister. One Sunday Grace stopped me and asked me if I had to study or was I scared of her. I told her I didn't think it was proper for me to socialize with the doctor's sister and she told me to sit down that she wouldn't bite me, and she wanted to talk to me. After that I always waited for her to come and we enjoyed each others company. Many times the doctor asked me to drive Grace and her mother home toward evening. I had learned to drive his cars which were gear shift cars while previously I had driven only a Model T Ford which was the one I bought from my folks. His wife had a Chandler with air brakes but I don't remember the make of the doctor's car.

One day the doctor said he had two tickets to a show in Madison and he would give them to me if Grace and I would like to go. I called her up and she accepted. The doctor told me to take his wife's Chandler. Everything went all right until we drove around the square and hit some ice and the car turned completely around/^{and}almost hit the curb. I was shaking because I was afraid the car might be damaged and a policeman came over to talk to us and he had seen what had happened.

"Now--now you are all right. Just take it easy and turn the car around, I'll hold the traffic back". I did as he told me to and parked the car and we went to the show. But the near accident shook us so and coupled with the fact that we both had colds we didn't enjoy the show and didn't have another date for six months.

In the Spring after I was through with school, I had a couple of weeks to wait until my summer job started so Mrs. Robbins asked me to paint their wicker outside furniture. While I was painting Grace and her mother returned from a trip to Omaha where they had visited Grace's sister, Harriet. She would come outside where I was painting and talk to me. One day I got up nerve enough to ask her what she was doing that evening, and she replied that she had no plans, so I said I was going to take a walk and she could come along if she wanted. She laughed at the way I had worded my invitation but she said she would be glad to.

After that we were together each day and evening whenever I was free and she got her house work done. She and her mother lived together in a house in Madison and took in roomers. We went to shows and one night we went to a dance in a dance hall across Lake Mendota. I still had the old Ford which I had bought from my folks. On the way back to town there was quite a hill and the car stalled. The problem was that I didn't have enough gas in the tank, which was under the front seat so we had to turn the car around and back up the hill. Before we got back into the car I reached for her to give her a hug and she gave me a kiss that nearly scared the daylights out of me!

Lightning struck us both and in two weeks we were engaged, and I was notified to come to work and I would be sent to Vilas County along with several other fellows, to look for barberry bushes. I also was told I would have to buy a new Ford if I intended to rent a car to the Government. I bought a new Ford Roadster which had an electric starter (1924 model) instead of the old arm strong starter. Grace was the first person to get a ride in the new car before I took off for Eagle River which is in the northern part of our State.

We stayed in Eagle River for awhile and found it to be very expensive. In those days the local merchants believed in soaking

the tourists and visitors during the summer as nobody went up there in the winter except when there was a three-day deer season. Later when our boss came up we convinced him to let us rent a cottage on Lake Buckatabon instead of rooming at the hotel.

One weekend I decided to drive down to Madison to see Grace. I left our cottage on Thursday after work and drove all night and got to Madison on Friday. I had to stop once in awhile and run up and down the road to wake up, and also stop at a restaurant for coffee. I slept a couple of hours and Grace and I went places Saturday and got very little sleep that night and started back to Eagle River on Sunday morning so I would be sure to get back by time to go to work Monday morning. Grace's brother Holden who was finishing medical school remarked

"I wouldn't do that for the Queen of Sheba!"

I got back to the cottage we were renting in the early morning and dropped into my bed and slept. When I woke up the rest of the boys were standing around my bed waiting for me to wake up. I asked them if it was time to go to work and they said.

"No, it is raining".

"Then what are you standing around my bed for? Let me sleep".

"Don't you feel anything at all?"

"No" I said, "should I?"

"Get up", they said, so I did.

They lifted the sheet on which I had laid and I saw the bed was filled with small pebbles, but I was so tired I never felt a thing.

That year I had to decide what my major would be and after going over the courses I had taken so far in the College of Letters and Science I had an equal number of credits in both history and

psychology, so I decided to major in psychology as I figured that would be more useful to me in my legal field than history. One of the courses I took was Animal Psychology in which we worked with white rats. We each had a partner, and my partner had a bad temper. We were supposed to teach our rats to run a maze and each took turns, but my partner scared the rat he worked with and it always took a long time to teach that rat to run the maze when it was my turn to work on the maze. Once a rat learned the maze (and my partner didn't scare it again) it would really go through the maze fast and retain this knowledge for weeks.

We also did some experiments with hypnotism and learned that you cannot be hypnotised unless you are willing.

Professor Hull became my advisor when I started to major in Psychology and I got along with him real well. At that time you had to write a thesis before you could graduate, but I decided that I didn't want to write a thesis because I did so much outside work to pay my expenses. I felt I couldn't write a good thesis so I dug in the University regulations and discovered a way to get out of writing a thesis. I went to Professor Hull and told him I wouldn't be writing a thesis because I had to work so much to earn my way I wouldn't have time to write a thesis.

"You have to write a thesis!" he told me.

"I'm sure I don't have to!", I replied.

"We have always required it, and you will have to write one!" he retorted.

"I'm dam sure I don't have to according to University regulations." I said.

"Show me!" he replied.

So I took out the University regulations I had studied and showed it to him, and after reading it several times he looked at me and said;

"You win, I've never seen that regulation".

After that he always called me "Carl damm sure" and I always got along with him and got good grades too!

During my last semester he called me into his office and told me he knew of a vacancy in the Psychology Department of Ohio State University and he would be glad to recommend me. I told him I was not interested in teaching and wanted to go on to Law School. He felt it would be a good opportunity for me, but I wouldn't be budged.

I decided not to go to commencement because I was broke and couldn't afford to rent a robe or pay for the commencement programs to send to friends and relatives. I had a running battle with the University for two years before I finally got them to send me my diploma.

I was a member of the University R.O.T.C. for each of the four years I spent in the College of Letters and Science. I also was on the pistol team for several years and became a crack shot and I was the recipient of a gold plated bullet given only to sharpshooters. Part of the four year military course was the requirement that you go to camp at Camp Custard, Michigan. I postponed my going until I had completed my four years of training. I was given a lot of shots and I sure had some sore arms. When I got to camp I was given the same shots again although I protested but they claimed they had no record showing that I had received them at Wisconsin. We were then put through a physical examination and they found I had a rupture and was sent home--all those shots for nothing. I was told I had to have an operation and return next summer. The army wouldn't pay for an operation and I didn't have the money to have one. I battled back and forth with the Army and they finally gave up on me and gave me a commission of 2nd Lieutenant and told the University to give me my diploma and forget the whole deal.

Later I completed the course for a Judge Advocate General, getting top grades but there were no vacancies so I decided to forget any kind of military career.

CHAPTER SEVEN

I entered Law School the next Fall and that was really hard work, much harder than classes in the College of Letters and Science. I was staying at the home of Mr. & Mrs. Carl Tenney on North Pinckney Street at that time. They had made a room in the attic for me which was alright during mild weather, but when it got cold I had to build a fire in the wood stove, and the fire would use up the oxygen in the room and I had to study in the library or go to Grace's house to study. She never bothered me while I was studying, but when I was through we did a little spooning on the davenport. Her mother was always just around the corner sewing.

Every first year law student had to take the course on "Contracts" from Professor Herbie Page and he sure was a tough cookie of an instructor. No one dared to enter the room after the doors were closed and he was calling the roll. A Mr. Zucherman did one day and after he entered and closed the door Herbie stopped taking the roll and watched Zucherman find a seat in the rear of the room. Then he exploded and said:

"Well Mr. Zucherman, we'll be giving you the keys to the city next!"

One Summer Bub Webb and I were given Green County to survey for barberry bushes. We stayed in Monroe all week but come Saturday after work we both went to Madison. I went to Grace's house, they usually had no roomers in the summer, but if they did I went to my fraternity house on Langdon Street, but we would spend every spare minute together. On Sunday night we headed back for Monroe.

Our landlord in Monroe was supposed to be real good at horse shoe pitching so Bub decided to have some fun with him so he started claiming that I was the champion horse shoe pitcher of the University. He kept up bragging and betting him that I could beat him. He had him so convinced that I was good that he didn't want to play against me but we finally got a match going, and believe it or not I had wonderful luck for the first game or

two, I got ringer after ringer but finally he got over being scared of me and beat me. Then Bub told him I hadn't played very much and that it was pure luck that I got those ringers. He felt better about things after that.

One Sunday we picked up a man who had too much to drink and had run into a concrete abuttment in the road smashing his car and getting himself badly cut up. We got him in our car and took him to the doctor in Monticello. As it was quite late, I should say early (in the morning) as I had had a hard time saying good night to Grace, and the doctor and his family were in bed asleep, We banged on the door and finally the doctor's wife came to the door and chased us off the porch. I have never seen such a beautiful women with such a foul mouth. We were almost back to the car when the doctor came out pulling up his pants and told us to bring him in. His wife kept up her cussing and swearing but he paid no attention to her.

His office was on the second floor of the house and while he was getting things together he kept telling us where to put the injured man and what to do to help him. He was so full of liquor he didn't give him any anesthesia and Bub and I had to take turns holding the light for him. When he felt we were almost ready to pass out we changed places and went out for air. It was a long night for all of us.

That year the Government furnished all the cars to be used by the barberry teams so I left mine at Grace's house and her brother, Holden, taught her to drive. He took her down State Street and on the square around the Capitol Building, and yelled.

"Look out, look out, here comes Gracie!"

When they were part way around the square he asked her to stop at the curb and he got out and closed the car door.

"Where are you going?" she asked him.

"I'm not going to ride with you any more" he said "Good Bye" and took off.

She was so scared she was almost petrified, but somehow she drove the car home and dropped on the davenport completely exhausted.

Balloon tires came into popularity that year and there was no question but that a car rode smoother when equipped with them. However, they did cause more problems with keeping the front steering mechanism in alignment. I arranged with a tire company on University Avenue to have four balloon tires put on my Ford Roadster, but as I would be in Monroe every week I had to have Grace take it to the shop on a week day to have them put on. I couldn't afford a spare tire so I bought an extra inner tube to have in the trunk in case I had a flat tire. Grace finally agreed to take it down to the shop even though she was still leary about driving. At the shop they parked cars with the front facing the sidewalk behind which was their plate glass window. Grace drove into a vacant spot but had trouble stopping the car and ended up about six inches from the window. The proprietor had been watching and he came running out and said:

"Lady, don't ever do that again! I damm near had a heart attack before you stopped your car."

I think Grace was just as scared.

Grace and I often went to Appleton to spend a week end with my parents, and one time Bill Rickers, a friend of mine arranged to spend an evening at a cottage his folks owned on Lake Winnebago. Bill had a date with a girl who went to Lawrence College at Appleton and I had Grace. We danced to records and Bill brought some Apple Jack which we drank. I had quite a bit to drink of the Apple Jack. It was a good thing Bill had his car and I had mine for when we got to the main road one of my new balloon tires was flat. As I didn't have a spare tire I got the spare tube and the pump out but then I started laughing and I couldn't get any-

thing done. Bill said he had to get his girl back to her dorm before closing time so he took off and said he would come back to help me. Grace kept getting madder by the minute and the more she shouted the more I laughed--I had a real laughing jag on, I just couldn't help myself. Bill got back from Appleton (we were on the edge of Neenah) and he pumped up the tire and we got home finally O.K.

I don't remember too much about my second year in Law School, except that it was mostly hard work and very little play. I was staying at the Tenny home. At the beginning of this year I was invited to a dinner at Gamma Eta Gamma legal fraternity. Two of the brothers called to take me to their house which was behind the registrar's building on the corner of State and Park Streets. Mrs. Tenny was proud to invite them in while she called up the stairway to tell me to come down. I knew quite a few of the members and I was invited to become a member. At first I hesitated because of the additional expense, but Mrs. Tenny urged me to join so I did.

I studied there often and Rusty Grim, whose father was a Judge, and I became good friends and often studied together. I remember his father visited the fraternity and talked to us about our future. One talk he gave us was about getting up before a group to talk, he told us to say what we came there to say and not to hem and haw.

I recall one evening when I stayed for dinner and the cook had prepared a big dish of baked beans. The beans were very good and all of us ate a lot of them. After dinner we adjourned to one of the rooms on the upper floor where we held a "bull session" on certain law subjects. After a while the beans began working until one by one the boys began to let off wind until it became a contest, each one trying to outdo the other until suddenly one boy's face turned green and he headed for the bathroom. That ended the contest.

Later we had a winter dance at the fraternity house. We were having a good time dancing when some of us noticed a peculiar smell like unwashed feet. Several windows were opened but it

didn't help much. Finally it got too cold so we had to close some windows but we couldn't stand the odor so we had to call the dance off. Later we discovered that some plumbers (engineering students) had gotten in the house and planted some crystals around the lower part of the house and the heat had activated the crystals giving off an awful stench.

The Tennys decided to take a trip to Europe that year and got an old maid aunt from New England to stay at the house and I was to stay as well as the maid who also did the cooking for them. One Sunday Gil Albrecht and I were studying in my room in the afternoon and toward evening we decided to go out to eat as I never had food in my room. A phone call came for me after we left and instead of only calling up the stairs the auntie ran up the stairs and on the way down tripped on her skirt and fell and broke her leg.

When the Tennys returned from their trip Mrs. Tenny blamed me for the accident and ordered me to move out. I rented a room from Grace's mother for the balance of the time I was in law school.

When June came around I was again working on barberry eradication, but spent the entire summer between Black Earth and Mt. Horeb. There had been a nursery in the hills at one time owned by a Scotchman, but it was abandoned and it had grown a lot of the common barberry bushes and the birds had eaten the berries and scattered the seeds all over the area in their droppings. We found thousands of plants growing. We were using salt then to kill the plants and we must have used several car loads of salt which we hauled out of Black Earth. Most of the plants were concentrated within about a ten mile area. We were furnished a Ford with a box on the back to haul the salt, but we would have to carry one hundred pound bags up the hills to where it was needed. At the present time (1980) I can't carry twenty-five pounds very far, in fact my doctor forbids it as I now have my fourth Pacemaker and my

heart has two wires around it leading from the Pacemaker to the heart and back to the pacemaker. The pacemaker and its battery is what keeps my heart working and keeps me able to still enjoy life.

Where we were working there were many wild red raspberries so I told Grace about them and she wanted to pick some so I arranged to meet her and her cousin Harriet who was visiting her, and took them to this place so they could pick them. They picked a lot of them and canned a good many, but at least I got to enjoy a large piece of Raspberry pie.

We worked over toward the Arena area and one day while working along a side hill out of the corner of my eye saw something hurtle toward me and swung the staff I always carried and hit a large snake. It turned out to be a bull snake about eight feet long. Bull snakes are not poisonous but I didn't know that then so I killed it. I had it tanned and was going to have it made into a belt, but that never came about. I still had this tanned hide, along with a rattlesnake hide when Grace and I were married, but when I hung them up on our bedroom she said:

"Either they go or I go!", and I'm sure you know who went.

We also worked the hills between Black Earth and Mt. Horeb and one day I killed nine rattlesnakes in one area. One day going through a pasture one of our boys was treed by a bull, the tree was quite small and the bull could have knocked him out of it if he had tried to. I managed to get to the fence and get over it without the bull spotting me. As the closest building was a cheese factory I asked the cheesemaker to help us. He got a shotgun and complained that the owner knew it was illegal to let a bull over six months old loose. He shot the bull in the face and it took off for more pleasant areas, like looking for cows in heat.

While working in the wooded and pasture areas between Mt. Horeb and Black Earth we ran into another problem which caused all of us great discomfort, ticks and jiggers. We would take a

snack lunch with us and find a comfortable shady spot to sit and eat it. After eating we would have to take off most of our clothes and put on various concoctions to try to get rid of the itching. The ticks we could pick off because they increased in size as they filled up with our blood, but the jiggers would burrow under our skin and itch like blazes. They would dig in wherever your clothing would fit tight, especially under our belts. We tried everything any druggist suggested but none did much good. We finally discovered that ammonia was the best.

That summer whenever anything funny happened I would make up little tunes to go with the incident. Because I would come up with a new tune for each funny incident the group I worked with would call me the "Song Tinker". I don't remember any of them, but I do remember it all helped to keep everybody good natured.

CHAPTER EIGHT

My last year in law school was the hardest of all. Once again I had a class under Professor Herbie Page, the title of which was "Wills". It was a very important class and I didn't ever dare to go to class unprepared because he always called on me. We were studying the construction of wills and I pronounced the word "executor" wrong and he stopped and corrected me and said:

"If you don't correct your pronunciation we will execute you".

I rented a room all of the last year from Grace's mother, Mrs. Jennie Robbins, as she had three rooms she rented to students. Her house which she rented from a Mr. Ball was about three blocks south of University Avenue and one block from the stadium. Grace and I planned to get married as soon as I finished law school. In fact we got married two days after I graduated. I had to borrow \$5.00 from Grace to pay the minister to marry us I was so broke. As the house was so close to the football stadium Mr. Ball rented space on his lawn (he lived next door) and also on the lawn of the house rented by Mrs. Robbins. He was a real pinch penny.

I finally finished law school and graduated June 18 and we were married June 20, 1928 in Trousdale Church which is located on Vilas Avenue just off of Mills Street in Madison. Grace had the church decorated with about a dozen canaries (in cages) and she had invited some of her kindergarten children. The school where she was teaching, Longfellow School, was only a couple of blocks from the church. She was determined that there should be no weeping at her wedding. Her older brother was to give her away (her father was deceased) and her younger brother was to sing for her wedding. Both brothers were doctors. My best man was Don Cameron who played end on the Wisconsin football team and who had worked with me on barberry work.

After the music had started and all the attendants were lined up at the front of the church, including me and the minister, her brother Holden sang and Grace and her other brother Hi were waiting

in the anteroom ready to come in, but when they heard Holden's voice it sounded so much like their deceased father that they had to go back downstairs to get control of themselves before they could come back up and start up the aisle. When Grace got up to the altar the tears were rolling down her cheeks and I took out my handkerchief and wiped her tears away so the wedding could go on. After the wedding we went out to the College Hills home of Hi and Eva Robbins where I had worked and stayed for several years, for a wedding breakfast.

At that time Grace and I had a second hand Chevrolet coupe, I had traded my Ford in on it and Grace had paid the difference out of her teacher's salary. We had hidden our car in a friend's garage so our friends couldn't decorate it or fix it so it wouldn't start. Hi had just bought a new Chrysler Coupe and a boy he had working for him was supposed to take us to our car, which he did but he told us Hi said he was supposed to take our car to Cottage Grove where we would meet him. I drove Hi's car there and when he got there with ours we changed cars. On the way back he turned Hi's car over end for end completely smashing it. We didn't know about the accident until we returned from our honeymoon.

The first night of our honeymoon we drove to Appleton and stayed over night at the home of my folks. They returned later the same night from Madison. The second night we put up the umbrella tent we had borrowed, in a camp ground somewhere in the North. During the night we heard a rumpus outside but it tuned out to be only a skunk. We stayed about a week at Lake Buckatabon in Vilas County where the old grandpa kept us supplied with fresh fish. We went fishing in the boat that came with the cottage. I tried to get Grace to row but she was always going in circles so I had to take the oars and I fixed up a rod for her to troll with while I rowed and she caught all the fish.

When we left Vilas County we decided we would spend one night at a hotel in Minneapolis. The room they gave us had twin beds, to our disgust, but we slept part of the night in one bed and the rest of the night in the other to get our money's worth. The next

night we put up our tent again in a park. While there we went to see Minnehaha Falls but were disappointed because there was only a trickle going over the falls. Then we proceeded to La Crosse where we spent the balance of our money (which wasn't much) on a chicken and other things to complete the meal which we cooked on our camp stove, and left for Madison the next morning.

Right after we returned from our honeymoon I went to work for my last summer on the barberry bush program. We were stationed at Mt. Horeb and as long as it was so close I started going home every night so I could sleep with my wife, but the boss found out and ordered me to stay in Mt. Horeb during the week, so I could only spend week ends with my bride.

One night all of us went to Pine Bluff for some home brew. (This was during prohibition) We all drank more than we should have, or the home brew was so potent it didn't take too much, I don't remember which, but I had to stop the car several times on the way home for the boys to relieve themselves. I had Eva's Chandler that time but I don't remember why. We stayed at a house on South First Street known as Mrs. Erickson rooming house. Farm girls would stay there during the winter while attending high school. As each guy lay down he got sick and I had to help him to the bathroom. Finally they were all tucked in bed so I crawled in, but the minute I lay my head down everything went round and round and I just barely made it to the bathroom!

Not long after Grace and I were married my sister and Harvey Hansen were married. I had gone to grade school with his younger brother Arthur. Harvey was older than Florence and had worked and saved his money and owned a house in Appleton. They invited Grace and me to visit them after they returned from their honeymoon. Harvey had a new Essex auto which was made by Hudson motors. Florence prepared a couple of ducks and Harvey and I had a contest to see who could eat the most duck, my sister was a very good cook and the ducks were delicious, but I think the contest turned out to be a draw.

We visited them quite frequently, and my parents at the same time, and they visited us and we always got along very well. Florence

and Harvey had two boys and our children also got along when we visited back and forth. Jim was the oldest and Ed came along a little later. At one time when they were growing up Florence called Ed "Rabbit Ears" because he always hid around the corner to listen to the conversation without being seen.

As I had to put in six months office practice before I would be admitted to practice by the Wisconsin Supreme Court I asked Hi to help me find an attorney in whose office I could serve my six months sentence. He knew many attorneys and he got Tim Brown, who later became a Supreme Court Judge, to look for an opening for me with Robert Nelson, a Norwegian lawyer.

That fall I started working for Mr. Nelson and in those days you were not paid for your term of office practice. His office was only one-half a block from the courthouse and I was sent over there with papers to record and had to look up many deeds, mortgages and tax records. It was all very instructive to me because in law school you learn the theory of law but you have to learn the practical side of practicing by actually doing whatever is necessary.

One of the first things I did was to legally change my name from "Damsheuser" to "Danhouser". All of my life I had been plagued with my last name because the family and relatives never pronounced it the way it is spelled but pronounced it as though it were spelled "Dumsizer", so I changed it legally to "Danhouser" and it is so recorded in the Register of Deeds office.

When I first came to work in Bob Nelson's office he had an assistant, Carl Christianson, but he soon left to become assistant district attorney for Dane County to Fred Risser who was elected district attorney. I learned a lot from Mr. Nelson and through him I got acquainted with the judges of the Dane County courts.

After I had been in Bob Nelson's office a few months his secretary left because she was going to have a baby, her husband was Dane County Highway Commissioner at that time. Mr. Nelson asked me if I could type and take shorthand, and if I thought I could he would pay me \$60.00 a month. I had taken shorthand and typing in high school

and while I hadn't used shorthand much I had done some typing all through college. I found my old shorthand book and after studying it decided to give it a try, after all \$60.00 a month was a lot better than nothing and times were real tough in 1930. I found that Mr. Nelson dictated so slowly I could have written everything down in long hand. I also had to type all of the pleadings and many times had to look up the forms to be used in legal form books or in the files of previous cases Mr. Nelson had had.

One day a woman came in to see him and he immediately called me in to his office and insisted that I stay. After she left he told me that if that woman came again I should always come in to his office and stay until she leaves. He told me he had run for the office of district attorney previously and the opposition, playing dirty politics, got this woman who was mentally defective to harass him constanly for sex. They convinced her that she had had an affair with Mr. Nelson and this she insisted on trying to carry on whenever she came to Madison. He told me he had not known her before the opposition had a Progressive paper to publish this B. S. in their paper. On the basis of this slander he lost the election.

After Grace and I were married we took over the house her mother had rented, but I was dissatisfied with the house and the rent was excessive. The furnace heated the basement real well but not the rooms above the basement. The reason for this was because the cold air returns had collapsed so there was no circulation. I finally got Mr. Ball to send over a young man who was a student and did work around his house, and he figured out a way to put in a cold air register in the hallway and connect it with the funace. This helped but too much heat was still lost in the basement.

I made some Root Beer but I didn't have enough bottles so some of it had to be put in gallon jugs. As you have to put yeast in there was some fermentation going on and one evening we heard an explosion in the basement. I went downstairs to see what had happened and found broken glass from the jugs all over the floor. The bottles were O.K. but the gallon jugs were all broken.

Hi, Grace's oldest brother tried to get Mrs. Robbins to live alone for a year so us newly weds could have a year to get better acquainted without a mother-in-law under foot all of the time, but she refused to leave her baby. Hi took me aside and told me not to worry about it, she had a bad heart and wouldn't live long. He died before she did and she lived to be 95 years of age.

We started looking for a different house to rent but couldn't find any and the real estate man suggested we could buy a house with \$500.00 down and the rest would be on two mortgages. We looked at a lot of houses and finally saw one on the south side of Madison we liked, but it was sold just as we found out who owned it. The real estate agent said the Carpenter Brothers could build us one like it for us so we talked with them and they agreed to buy the lot and build us a house like it, three bedrooms, a bathroom, kitchen, dining room, sun room, large living room, full basement and one car garage for \$8,900.00. Can you imagine that? But that was in 1929 before the stock crash. We found a nice lot at 2614 Mason Street and Carpenters bought it and built our house on it. They used non-union carpenters and tried to keep them busy the year around.

We watched our house go up and it went up without too many delays. Insulation of a sort was just beginning to come in then and they put one-half inch sheets of "Insulite" in to which they plastered. The men who did the plastering closed up several electric outlets and I had to make them find the closed outlets and clean them out. The kitchen was quite small so if we entertained we had to do it in the dining room and the table could extend into the sun room. We had a lovely fireplace in the living room and enjoyed it very much. The furnace was a large hot air, coal fired furnace and at first there were no cold air returns from the bedrooms so there was a terrific draft down the open stairway. I had a carpenter friend cut a cold air return from each bedroom and this made a big difference. I learned to keep the furnace going in good shape,

but everytime I left home for a few days, like when I went fishing or deer hunting with a few of the boys the furnace always went out and Grace had a terrible time trying to start it.

CHAPTER NINE

After Grace and I were married we became interested in theatricals. We lived on the west side of Madison and we became members of the Madison Civic Theatre. The first play was put on in the West Side High School auditorium and it was called "The Royal Road to Rome". I took the part of Fabius Maximus, the Emperor of Rome.

The play was put on in the early spring. There was a fountain in one scene and a water hose had to be brought in through a door which couldn't be closed entirely because of the hose. I was seated at a table near the front of the stage with only a toga for a costume. Grace and a friend of hers sat near the front and apparently saw most of my legs and asked Grace if I had shorts on.

Grace said, "He better have some on!"

As I was sitting there shivering I was supposed to eat a banana which slipped out of my grasp and went under me. That got a laugh from the audience.

In the Centennial commemoration of the First Dane County Board I took the part of Eben Peck in the Historical Skit presented in the Crystal Ball Room of the Hotel Lorraine on May 15, 1939. Albert Barton and I wrote the script.

On May 5th and 6th, 1938, I took the part of the "Interlocutor" in "Dark Town Minstrels" given at Trousdale Methodist Church in Madison.

In the Summer of 1934, the play "The Drunkard" was given, in which I took the part of the philanthropist, and Grace was the widow.

Also in 1934 I took part in the play "Getting Married" by George Bernard Shaw.

I was the butler "Oliver" in the play put on by the University of Wisconsin speech department called "March Hares".

I also took part in another play "The Nervous Wreck" given for the benefit of the Wisconsin State Journal Empty Stocking Club.

"Dulcy" a comedy in three acts was given in the Madison Masonic Temple and in which I again played the part of a butler, "Henry".

There were a number of short plays given by the Madison Civic Theatre in which both Grace and I took part.

I also sang as a member of the Madison Maennerchor, the oldest singing group in Wisconsin, for a number of years before moving to Mt. Horeb in June 1940. This is a German singing group. One year male groups from all over the United States sang in a Chicago auditorium, 5,000 male voices, it was a real thrill to be a part of it.

After we had moved to Mt. Horeb a group of Mount Horebites decided to put on a play called "The Song of Norway". While most of the original settlers of the Village were of Norwegian descent a lot of German settlers settled nearby in an area known as German Valley. Today the population is pretty mixed.

Grace became a director and I helped with make up for the men and Grace for the women. The play was given on a hillside on a ski area and people would sit on the hillside looking down on the stage. The play has been well received, and except for a couple of the main characters all are residents of the Mount Horeb Area.

As I had been in many plays and had acted out the part of a butler in many of them I knew how a butler should act and it hurt me to see young men try to act the part without knowing anything about the part. Eventually I couldn't stand it any longer so I tried out for the part and was accepted. During rehearsals I was asked to take the part of "Freddie the Fiddler" which had been taken by an older man who could play the fiddle but knew nothing about acting. So for several years I played both parts. I loved the part of Freddie especially because in one scene the small children gathered around me and marched behind me and I pantomimed playing the violin and they followed as though I were the Pied Piper. The organist played in accordance with my actions and people thought I was really

playing the violin. But the best part was when I would meet some of the children uptown later and they would call to me "Hi Freddie". It was a real thrill to hear them.

On the morning of the day of the last performance of that year I went out to the woods on our property and fell down a big ravine and sprained my ankle and had to crawl home because nobody could hear me at the house which was a long ways away and a neighbor boy was mowing the lawn. That night I had to be carried on and off the stage. I had a sore ankle for six months, and the doctor told me I should have broken it, it would have healed faster.

CHAPTER TEN

In June, 1932, Mr. Nelson called me into his office and told me he would have to let me go. This was about the bottom of the depression. I did not know where to go, but after searching and looking around Ole Severson, an insurance man whom I met through my church work at Trousdale Methodist Church, said that he and Harry Nohr had a room they could rent to me for about \$10.00 or \$15.00 per month in the suite they rented in the new Tenny Building. Carl Tenny had started building a new building on the site of the old one on the corner of East Main and Pinckney Streets in Madison but the construction came to a grinding halt when his money ran out and he could not borrow any and for a long time it stood half built, and Mr. Tenny became incapacitated and lost his health because of it.

We stayed in the Tenny Building until the management decided to boost the rent and we looked around and found that the Washington Building on East Washington Avenue was gradually being refurbished and we rented a suite there consisting of four small private offices plus a desk space and a desk for our secretary in the outer room. Three of us shared the expenses and rented out one private room and the desk space.

George Keenan, the grand lecturer for the Wisconsin Grand Lodge of Masons rented the best office and whenever he came back from a trip visiting Lodges we would gather in his office while he told us all of the good stories he had heard while he was gone. He usually had some pretty good stories to tell. Ruth Hamann was our secretary and she had to share her time with all of us, but of course those we rented space to came first. I had a number of divorce and bankruptcy cases then but I received very little pay because nobody had any money. I had one divorce case for the wife of a University professor (it was sent to me by Holden Robbins, Grace's younger brother) and she kept wanting me to stop at her apartment and sleep with her. She assured me that I wouldn't have

to worry about getting her pregnant because she had had a hysterectomy operation. I loved my wife too much to get involved in such shenanigans and eventually sent her to another attorney.

At the same time I had another divorce case and her main complaint was that her husband was an alcoholic, even keeping a bottle under the bed. She said he would get her all worked up but then couldn't do anything because he was too drunk. She really was a frustrated woman. She offered to meet me any place any time but I refused.

One day she came in my office determined to rape me, and she would have tried if I hadn't called Miss Hamann to come in. I finally got rid of her by sending her an exorbitant bill.

I put a young couple through bankruptcy who had bought too much on time payments and couldn't pay their bills. They managed to get enough to pay the clerk's fee but I had to take a Scottie dog for my fee. We learned to love "Whiskers", as we called him.

After we moved into our new house at 2614 Mason Street the neighbors began giving us flower plants. I didn't know anything about raising flowers but I didn't want to hurt their feelings so I took them and planted them around the edge of the lot for borders. I soon found that I had planted the small plants in the back and the big plants in the front. I went to the library and took home books to study evenings and I learned when the different plants bloomed and how tall they grew. I changed the plants around in my borders in the back yard and got the plants in their proper locations. Since that time I never lost my love for flower gardening.

A friend of mine helped me build a pool in one corner of the yard with a small rock garden in back and a bird bath made out of a hollowed flat stone, and the excess water would drip into the pool. We attached a 1/4 inch copper tube to the house water system and brought it (underground) to the bird bath so it could spray into

the bird bath. As soon as I thought the cement was cured I turned the hose on to fill the pool but the water leaked out almost as fast as it went in. I was terribly disappointed but I was sure there must be some way to seal it so I went to the cement company and they told me cement is naturally porous and I would have to make pure cement and water and paint the pool walls with several coats and that would solve my problem. It did, and I was happy.

After the pool was holding water I bought some gold fish and put them in the pool. Now my garden was growing and blooming beautifully so I entered a garden contest sponsored by the Wisconsin State Journal. I entered the category where you were your own gardener and were an amateur. I won first prize with my flower garden, so my studying and hard work was worth the effort. I would take the fish out of the pool in the fall and there always were more when I took them out than there were when I put them in. I would keep them in the basement in a wash tub until this same friend helped me build a large fish aquarium which we put in the sun room.

Dona Marie, our daughter, was born on September 19, 1931, so now we had another mouth to feed. We were happy to have her even though it meant we would have to find someone to take care of her during the day. Grace's mother was still with us, of course, but she was still working as a dress maker for a single woman by the name of Miss Luttrell. She was a typical Old Maid. We had a series of young women but one was really the best of all. She was trained as a teacher but couldn't find a position.

As Grace was the bread winner I tried to relieve her of the night feedings for our baby. One night I couldn't wake up and Grace got Dona's bottle warmed up and went to feed her but she had been so used to me coming at night to feed her that she wouldn't take the bottle but cried out--

"I want my daddy!"

This naturally hurt Grace very much but to me it was a reward for all the nights I got up to feed Dona that I will never forget.

My mother came down to Madison a year or so after Dona was born to visit us and see her new grandchild. One day Dona became constipated and the doctor advised us to use a suppository to relieve her. Grace and I were in the bathroom trying to use the suppository and Dona was screaming. The two grandmas tried to crowd in the bathroom and give their advise and I finally had to order them out so we could get the job done. For several hours afterward they kept telling us how cruel we were to poor Dona, they never did anything like that to their children.

Conditions did not improve very much and finally Congress passed the H. O. L. C. Act which helped home owners to hang on to their homes and prevent them from being foreclosed. We were able to secure help under this act and hold off any foreclosure proceedings against our home. Grace was able to keep her job teaching kindergarten in Longfellow School, but every year we had to go before the Madison superintendent of schools and report the exact amount of our income in order to prove we could not survive unless Grace was permitted to continue to teach. In 1936 conditions began to improve a bit and we decided we should not wait too long before we had another child. So Grace made an appointment with the superintendent of Madison schools to get permission to have a baby without Grace losing her teaching job. By this time Grace had the reputation of being one of the best kindergarten teachers in the system so we secured his permission.

Grace became pregnant and we figured David to be born on my birthday, July 15th, but I took Grace out for a boat ride on Lake Mendota on July 6 when the water was pretty rough and I had to hurry to shore and get in the car and take her to Dr. Holden Robbins' house. He took one look at her and said:

"My God woman, do you want to have the baby here?"

I hurried her to the hospital and they called her doctor, Dr. Schneiders, but the baby wouldn't wait for him and Holden had to deliver his sister's baby. Dr. Schneiders got to the hospital right after the baby was born.

A day or two after that the Dane County lawyers had their annual picnic and a number of us younger men played baseball. I was catcher on one team and caught a ball in one eye giving me a beautiful black eye. That night when I went to the hospital to see Grace several nurses saw my black eye and they really kidded Grace about me stepping out while she was in the hospital.

The baby was a boy and we named him David Carl, Born July 6, 1937, and now we had a girl and a boy. As President Roosevelt would have said "we planned it that way".

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Like many a boy I wanted a Daisy BB gun to hunt with. My parents did not want me to have a gun, but eventually there appeared a Daisy under the Christmas tree, and I was warned not to shoot the gun around the buildings, or even aim it at any person. As there was woods nearby I would go there to shoot me some wild game. The only game I can remember shooting was a sparrow or two, but I did a lot of target practice. I went hunting with a cousin of mine several times, but he had a 22 calibre rifle which I knew it was useless to ask my parents for.

I never did have a gun other than this BB gun until after I had finished law school and was married. I then went hunting with friends, mostly pheasant and rabbit hunting until I got interested in deer hunting which became my major sport, hunting for twenty-five years in Vilas County and later with another group for ten years in Bayfield County.

I remember the first year I went deer hunting. I didn't have the proper clothing and I had to rent a gun which I failed to try out before leaving for the north. There were four of us who went that first time, Charley Jones who organized the hunt, Louie Kraemer, Roy Marsden and myself.

We thought that Charley had found a place for us to stay but when we got near Merrill he informed us we would have to find a place. We took a road leading west out of town and finally saw a tavern. We went in, and after ordering a beer inquired if they had rooms to rent during the hunting season. The woman behind the bar told us they did have several rooms to rent, and also they were going to have several ladies come up from Chicago. We decided that this was no place for us and left.

We continued down the road which seemed to head toward the woods. We saw a farm house and sent Charley in to see if they

would have some rooms they would rent out for the deer season. In those days it was only three days, and the deer season was open only every other year. I think this was about 1934 or 1935. The farm was owned by a middle aged couple who said they would be glad to have us for the season. They were a jolly couple and we enjoyed our stay with them, especially as we could walk to the hunting area from the house.

The next morning we were out in the woods by dawn. We found stumps to sit on for the first couple of hours but didn't see any deer. Finally we lined up to walk through the woods, keeping in sight of each other. One of the fellows on the further end of our line was having a problem getting through the brush so we stopped until he caught up. I was on the further end of the line so I stood still and kept looking for a deer and finally saw a beautiful buck standing about seventy-five feet from me. I looked at him and he looked at me for several minutes until I heard one of my friends call "let's go" and I started walking. All of a sudden I came to my senses and realized I should have shot at that buck, but when I looked around he was gone. Did I have buck fever?

On the last day we were hunting separately when all at once I heard shooting to my right. I knew Louie was in that direction so I slowly headed over there. On the way I saw Roy and the two of us went over until we saw Louie working on his rifle. He told us he had shot several times and severely wounded a buck when his gun jammed. We could see a lot of blood so Roy and I started on its trail. Very often we could see where the buck had fallen and then got up again. Finally we got to where two other hunters were getting ready to dress out the deer. There had been no shots so we knew they had not shot the buck. I called to them and said that was our deer and we were trailing it. They made no pretense of having killed the deer but turned their guns on us and said:

"What are you going to do about it?"

What would you have done under the same circumstances?

We never hunted in that area again.

The next deer season we made better preparations for our deer hunting trip. I had water proof boots, a warm wool coat and pants and a new 30-30 Marlin rifle and I went out in the woods and practiced with it until I could hit what I aimed at at a reasonable distance.

Charley assured us that this time that he had a definite place for us to stay in Sayner, and we would be hunting about ten miles east of there. The roads were icy in the northern part of the state on this trip and just before we got to Minocqua a Cadillac filled with hunters passed us, going too fast. They turned and went down a grade to a bridge to cross the river just outside of Minocqua still going too fast, and broke through the railings and all drowned. The authorities were trying to raise the car when we got there.

We continued on to Sayner and found that we would be sleeping in a garage with a farmer and a school teacher both of whom had been celebrating considerable. The farmer was given to preaching to all and sundry so we nicknamed him "The Preacher" and he didn't know for a number of years why we called him that ~~that~~ name. We kidded Charley about the deluxe accommodations he had found for us. It was very cold and drafty in that garage, but the best part was the cat that insisted on sleeping on Roy's face. He threw the cat out many times but it always found its way back again.

I hunted hard and saw about one hundred or more deer, all does, until dusk of that last day when I heard a crashing in the brush behind me. I stood up and saw a young buck coming toward me down a hillside. I shot at him three times and he kept on going. I thought I had missed him so I sat down on a log. In a few minutes I heard Charley call, "come over this way Carl". I got up and walked toward Charley and when I got to a big log saw the deer lying dead on the other side. This was the first deer I ever had shot.

I dressed it out and dragged it to the road, at least this deer hunt was successful.

The last year I hunted in Vilas County Charley had invited two men who worked for Hult Chevrolet garage in Madison, and one of them brought his son along. We stayed in a cottage about a half mile off the road. It snowed so much that we couldn't get into the woods to hunt so we went to Sayner to get some food and some liquid refreshments. Sayner didn't have any fresh meat so we bought a canned ham along with vegetables, bread, etc. We played cards most of the afternoon until someone started to get hungry and suggested we should put the ham in the oven so it would be ready when everything else was ready to eat. As one of the men started to put the canned ham in the oven we all jumped on him telling him he had to either cut the cover off or at least puncture some holes in it. He told us his wife always put a canned ham in the oven without putting any holes in the can. I told him that if he insisted on doing this and any damage was caused he would have to pay for the damages himself.

Have you ever eaten exploded ham?

We went back to our card game when all of a sudden there was a tremendous explosion--cards went in every direction and so did the players. The oven door blew off and ham splattered all over the refrigerator opposite the stove. The rest of us blew up too and really jumped all over the wise guy who wouldn't listen to us. The stove blew up one second after his son passed the stove. That really shook him.

I refused to ever go hunting with him again.

I hunted in Vilas County about twenty-five years and Charley and I were the only ones left of the original group.

Charley went to his happy hunting grounds and I had to look for another place to hunt. It was just as well Charley left for he didn't really have anything to take with him. His three wives had pretty well cleaned him out.

After we had moved to Mt. Horeb I joined a Mt. Horeb group who had a hunting camp in Bayfield County. They had built a good concrete block building on their land and had a dormatory with

double bunks plus a kitchen and a bath which wasn't finished at the time. They had a chick sales out back plus an old telephone booth which served the same purpose. Later we added electricity and water. There were sixteen shares in the club and I bought a share.

The first year I hunted with this group I got my buck in the morning and shot one for Leo Sutter in the afternoon. The most memorable time happened when Roman Sutter and I hunted together. We each found a stump to sit on and for a while there was no activity. Suddenly I heard a deer crashing through the brush toward me. I stood up and readied my gun but the buck saw me and turned directly away from me. I fired several times and wasn't sure whether I had hit him or not. Roman came over and we followed the direction he was going in and found him laying still. We checked him carefully and couldn't find any blood anywhere. Roman said:

"Carl you must have scared him to death, I can't see any bullet hole anywhere."

When we dressed him out we did not find any bullet hole in his hide but a bullet had blown up in his chest cavity.

Frank Clark who lived down the street stopped at our house one day and asked me if I would like to go fishing some Saturday afternoon. I told him I didn't have much in the way of fishing equipment but I would like to go fishing. Frank and I went fishing together many times on Saturday afternoons and we always caught fish, mostly Perch, Blue Gills, and an occasional Black Bass. Frank made a study where the fish were on Lake Mendota and kept a map to show their movements. Eventually I bought a used boat and Grace and I went fishing, mostly on Lake Mendota.

CHAPTER TWELVE

I had decided to get interested in politics soon after we were married, but in those days the Progressive Party ran the state government and there were very few Republicans or Democrats to be found. I went to a few Progressive Party meetings but never could get very interested in the party. When Philip La Follette was Governor he called for a big meeting in the new field house to dedicate a new banner which would be unveiled for the Progressive Party. After quite a few speeches it was announced that the Governor would now display the new emblem of the Progressive Party. The emblem was the "SWASTIKA"! I was there----and this killed the Progressive Party for good. After that most of the party members joined the Democrats.

In October 1938, I decided to go out to Mt. Horeb one day a week and see if it were possible to work up a practice. A Madison attorney had just passed away and he had been going out there one day a week for years. Having become active in politics as a Republican I got acquainted with a number of fellows from Mt. Horeb. Some of the business men came to see me one day and wanted to know if I intended to eventually move to Mt. Horeb or just get what I could out of the people. I told them I hoped to work up a practice and they said I had better move to Mt. Horeb.

One June 1, 1940, we moved to Mt. Horeb and on that day I went to the State Republican convention. I eventually went to about thirty-five annual conventions as a delegate. It had been very hard to find a house to rent, but finally the police chief told me of a house near the Methodist church that would be available in a couple of months. I was able to make arrangements to rent it and then I had to rent our home in Madison, we didn't want to sell it at that time because the price of homes was way down.

The house we rented was a two story old house with a coal fired boiler, a cistern for rain water, that did not hold enough to last so it had to be filled with village hard water or the soft water faucets wouldn't work and there would be no hot water. There was a bathroom off the kitchen which was a converted pantry and a second door leading to a spare bedroom or study. If you wanted privacy you had to lock both doors as someone was always walking in on you. There was a large living-dining room and a parlor with a rounded silo effect in the front corner. You had to go to the front hallway to take an open stairway to the upper floor where the bedrooms were.

There was a full attic with a wooden floor and when we lived there there were many pictures there as well as pigeons. There were several openings through which pigeons would crawl, lay their eggs there and raise their young and leave their mess there. We had to get the owner to close the openings and clean this up.

For a garage there was a large barn. That fall we went out into the country and picked up a lot of black walnuts and put them upstairs in the barn to dry, leaving an upper door open for air. One day Grace was working in the kitchen and happened to look out and saw a very strange sight. She called me and I looked out and saw half a dozen squirrels going in the lower door running up the stairs grabbing a nut and running back down with it. They had a real assembly line going and within an hour they had cleaned out every nut in the barn. We decided they wanted the nuts more than we did.

For a couple of years I spent part of my time in the office in Madison and the rest of the time in Mt. Horeb. Many of my clients stuck with me for a long time. Grace was still teaching in Madison, and her mother took care of the children. Dona started to go to school in Mt. Horeb and soon had a good friend right next door. On the days when I went to Madison Grace and I would go in together

and come home together. November 11, 1940 was one of the days we were in Madison. I had driven over to Grace's school to pick her up and we had done some grocery shopping so we wouldn't have to stop on the way home. The day was warm and balmy but shortly after noon it changed very rapidly.

After I had taken Grace back to school the sun disappeared, the wind became very strong, it rained and sleeted and froze. I had only a rain coat in the car but I put it on and it soon became as stiff as a board. I was attorney for an estate which we had just started and the deceased had a car in a garage off of Langdon Street. The administrator was in Boston and as I had the keys I knew I had to get some alcohol in the radiator before it froze. Every garage and filling station was too busy to pull it in and I ended up starting it and driving it to a station and waiting in line to get the radiator taken care of. I ran it long enough to circulate the mixture and put it back in the garage.

By this time it was time to pick up Grace and head for Mt. Horeb. I was almost frozen by this time as I walked back up town to get my car, but when I tried to open the car doors I found they were frozen. I tried to heat the key up with matches but the wind blew them out as fast as I could light them. I went to a garage a half block away and asked if they could thaw out my locks, and the manager said:

"Sure, just drive her in."

I said, "But I can't get in it, I'm locked out."

"Sorry! he said "We can't spare anyone out of the shop right now."

So I went back to the car and I found a lighter in one pocket, and after a number of attempts finally got one door unlocked. By this time I was so cold and stiff I had to leave the motor run until I could get my hands unstiffened so I could drive. The roads were slippery going home but we finally got home, only to find the boiler was out and I had to get the fire going so we could warm us and the house. What a day! But we were a lot better off than the poor duck hunters who lost their lives that day on the Mississippi River

That Christmas we put up our tree in the rounded silo-like corner which was a delightful place for it. Dona got a beautiful doll for Christmas and David a cowboy suit with two guns. We nicknamed him "two-gun Pete". As I was taking their picture by the tree Grace said:

"Yes, take their pictures by the tree so we will remember the year we lived in Mt. Horeb."

Because she was gone everyday she hadn't gotten acquainted with very many people but that all changed the next year and she decided we would stay in Mt. Horeb.

It was while we lived in the house on Oak Street that I began to have back trouble that was to plague me the rest of my life. Between the house and the barn where we kept the car there was a dip which would get icy and slippery in the winter. One day after I had the car in the barn and was returning to the house I slipped on some ice, my feet went up and I came down on my tail bone. I went to Dr. Holden Robbins, my brother-in-law, and he eased the pain somewhat by rubbing my lower back and told me to take aspirin and be very careful so as not to slip again. The next day I slipped again and the pain was excruciating. I went back to the doctor and he taped up my back and said:

"Carl you will have back trouble the rest of your life."

And he was right. I have had a lot of back trouble. After we became more acquainted in Mt. Horeb I started going to a friend of mine who was a chiropractor and he would usually get me over these attacks by manipulating my back to get the muscles to relax. He would also tell me to sit in a straight backed chair instead of a soft chair, and apply moist heat to my back several times daily and get up and walk around occasionally. It all helped. The attacks would come on without any warning. I recall one time after we had moved to our new home on Grove Street I was going up the stairs and stooped to pick up a pin and I couldn't straighten up--the pain was ex-

cruciating. It was several days before I could straighten up completely.

My mother died in October 1941. She had suffered for many years from asthma but her heart finally gave out. She was a wonderful woman whose family and church were most important to her. When we were children we always ran to her for comfort when we were hurt, and after putting medication on our injury would always dry our tears and comfort us. She was the one who punished us too when we needed it, my father was always too harsh she felt. She enjoyed living on our five acre truck farm and feeding and caring for the animals, in fact she didn't want to move back to town when the farm was sold, but she suffered for many years from asthma, and walked the floor many nights unable to get relief. All the medicine prescribed for her would only work for awhile and then wouldn't help any more.

The last year she lived she was sent to the Wisconsin General Hospital and they tried every possible test to determine what was causing her asthma but couldn't come up with any solution. Grace and I went to see her several times a week. She was in a room with no visitors allowed except immediate family and she kept begging to go home. Her doctor finally said we might as well take her home because there was nothing more they could do. We took her back to Appleton and the trip was very hard on her. She had been a heavy woman but she was down to eighty pounds when we drove her home. We took her to Florence's house so she could take care of her, and Florence put her to bed. Grace and I stayed there that night and in the morning I went in to see her and tell her we had to get back to Mt. Horeb. She said she had slept well and we should go home, and the next time we came she would have some of my favorite dishes prepared for me.

I kissed her goodbye and we drove back to Mt. Horeb, but we had just gotten in the door when the phone rang and my sister was on the line to tell me our mother had left us, her heart finally had failed.

When we moved to Mt. Horeb I was a member of the Dane County Board representing the 19th ward. Bill Evjue of the Capitol Times gave me a hard time, but my term was almost over anyway, and I didn't know if we would stay in Mt. Horeb. A group of citizens wanted me to run from Mt. Horeb but I declined as by then I had definitely decided to stay in Mt. Horeb and needed to build a law practice.

We had bought a house on Grove Street which had been newly remodeled and was in excellent condition. I had told my mother about it but she didn't get to see it. There was a front entry way and clothes closet which had been added during the remodeling process, a beautiful long living room with a fireplace on the south end, an open stairway leading upstairs a sunlit dining room and a kitchen with a wash bowl and toilet off the northeast corner. A door on one side led to the basement. This was the first house we had owned or rented that had an oil burning boiler. We had a clothes washer in the basement and during the winter Grace hung the wet clothes down there to dry. I had a hobby room in the front part of the basement and I hated getting slapped in the face by wet clothes whenever Grace washed.

We moved into the house on November 1, 1941, just one month after my mother passed away. It was a cold rainy day--just plain miserable. Four families all moved on that same day. Talk about confusion, our movers loaded up our furniture while the old owners had other movers move their furniture. They moved to the old funeral parlor while another moved out to a house on the west side of Mt. Horeb and a family who lived in the country moved in to the house we were vacating, and everything got wet.

We enjoyed the house on Grove Street very much. There was no garage there and as there was a vacant lot next door I went to see the owner about buying half of the lot so we could build a

garage and have a garden, and we made a deal. The first year or two we had to park the car on the street and in the winter rented garage space at the Ford garage a half block away. We had a beautiful lawn in the back of the house and I didn't want to dig it up for either a garage or a garden. Our lot went to an alley in the back so we built the garage there on the half lot we had purchased. There was a sidewalk in the back which ended where the backhouse used to be and a pear tree had been planted there and it bore pears like you wouldn't believe. We gave a lot of them away each year.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

The next year we thought about driving to California and visiting mother's sister Aunt Mary Baer, her husband Emil and my cousins Serena, Serepta and Ellen, whom I hadn't seen since they had moved to California from Shiocton, Wisconsin. Grace found three teachers who wanted to go with us and offered to pay the car expenses, otherwise we couldn't have afforded to make the trip. Grace also wanted to visit her Aunt Aggie and two cousins Harriet and Ruth Minster.

On the way west we stopped to get something to eat at a town just before you get to Las Vegas. Besides being a restaurant it was also a gambling casino full of one arm bandits. I watched an old grandma feeding two machines. She had a cigarette hanging out of one side of her mouth and kept putting money into both machines, when she ran out of coins she went to the cashier and got more and no one dared to touch her machines as long as she was still playing them. In Las Vegas we found that every store, restaurant, drug store, 5 & 10 Cent stores all had one armed bandits in them.

We drove to Bryce Canyon and spent several hours there. The formations are beautiful, reds and browns predominating. We expected to drive to the north side of the Grand Canyon so when we were ready to leave we asked the manager how we could get there and what were the accommodations. We told him we had to have a reasonably price place and couldn't afford to stay in any high priced place. He told me they had very nice tourist cottages at Grand Canyon which would cost us only \$5.00 per night plus the rental of any extra blankets. He wanted to call ahead for us to reserve one as they had their own telephone system. They were operated by the Union Pacific Railroad. I called the women over and had him repeat what he had told me and he then called, in our presence, and asked to reserve a \$5.00 tourist cabin for our party.

We then drove where he told us to go. As the next day was July 4th, I was glad we would have a place to stay, there were no other motels in this area. We passed the entrance to the tourist cabins without seeing it and ended up at the main lodge. We were immediately suspicious but went in and I asked about reservations for the Danhouser party and the desk clerk said:

"Oh yes Mr. Danhouser we have the reservations for your party."

He called a bell hop who took us to the most luxurious apartment, two bedrooms and bath and a large living room with a fireplace. We knew something was fishy so before we unpacked anything we had a pow-wow and decided that we should try to pay the bill before we used the room. The clerk told us we couldn't pay the bill then but had to pay in the morning. We insisted we wanted to pay tonight as we wanted to get an early start in the morning. He again refused to let us pay and wouldn't tell us the price.

We slept uneasy in our "Deluxe" apartment and got up early to get an early start. When we had our bags all packed we went down to the lobby we told the clerk on duty we wanted to pay the bill and he asked if we had made any phone calls or ordered any refreshments, we said we had not, so he looked up our bill and said we owed \$25.00. We refused to pay that price and told him the manager of Bryce Canyon had phoned in our presence reserving our quarters for \$5.00. After trying to pay the night before we thought that maybe the cabins were all filled up so the hotel decided to give us the Deluxe apartment for the same price.

We waited over an hour for the manager to wake up and come down to the lobby and when we said we would not pay the \$25.00 and for him to call the manager of the Bryce Canyon quarters but he wouldn't, and then the little old lady who was with us really got mad and backed him across the lobby--she really let him have it with both barrels and finally she backed him in a corner and he said;

"O.K. O.K., just get out of here".

We offered to pay the \$5.00 we had been told it would be but he refused to accept it.

We left, and believe me we were all mad and worked up and didn't want to hear the word "Deluxe" again, but someone was always bringing it up so we decided that the next person who said the word "Deluxe" again would have to buy ice cream sundaes for the whole group. And before the day was over someone did so that evening we all had a free ice cream sundae, except of course the gal who had to pay for them.

When we got to the next canyon which is called Zion Canyon we were stopped at the entrance which is nothing unusual, but then the guard called to his superior;

"Here is that Wisconsin car", and we were invited to get out of the car and come in to their administration building. We all trooped in and he informed us that the manager of Bryce Canyon had called and said we had jumped our motel bill, and we told him we had not stayed at Bryce Canyon, and we told him the whole story. When we had finished he said he didn't blame us for not paying the \$25.00 bill, and as they were not a collection agency for Union Pacific told us to go ahead and enjoy our stay. By this time we were all so mad it is a wonder someone didn't bust a blood vessel. It took us several days to get over this experience and whenever I hear the word "Deluxe" I think of this experience.

Just before we got to the California border we were told we could not take fruit into it and as we still had a lot of fresh apricots we stopped and stuffed ourselves with them, and when we stopped at the border they told us we could have brought them in with us. We did bring them with us but inside our stomachs.

We drove to Los Angeles and left the three women off and agreed on a date to pick them up for the return trip. We visited Grace's auntie and two cousins and then went to see Uncle Emil and Aunt Mary who were in their 90s and I'm so glad we did because it was the last time I was to see them alive.

We returned to pick up our three companions and went on to see Yosemite National Park where the big monument is "Half-Dome". It is an interesting park to see. The employees, all college students, put on a parade and after that some square dancing but not knowing how to dance the square I didn't participate. Grace was the navigator and map reader on our trip while I was the driver, and she was always looking for short cuts of which I learned to be suspicious.

According to the recommended highway we would have to go back one hundred miles or more to get the main highway over the mountains. But Grace found a short cut and although I protested she insisted and we ended up taking it. It started out as a two lane black top road. I spotted a park guard and tried to ask him what kind of a road it was but he just waved me on as there were a lot of cars behind us. The road quickly narrowed down to one lane and we started to climb straight up the mountain in a zig zag pattern. There was no turning back. As we made the hair pin curves the back bumper would hit the rock side of the mountain. The ladies in the back seat looked straight down to the floor of the car and prayed all the way up. When we were about half way up the car ahead of us stopped with an overheated engine and that meant everyone behind it had to stop until their engine cooled off enough to start up again. We finally made it to the top where we found a long line of cars all getting water from a dozen or more hoses. Everyone's radiator was empty by the time they reached the top. I was so weak from the ordeal I had a hard time just standing up to fill my car's radiator. There was a line of cars waiting to go down and waiting for the last car with the flag which told them ~~no~~ one else was on the way up.

After we had recovered from that experience we settled down to enjoy the gorgeous scenery that the mountains provide. Did you ever believe you could be up high with the clouds? It is wonderful to climb up and then look down and see clouds floating about below you, and see the hair pin curves you had just negotiated and here you are up in the sky with the Eagles. All of the struggle to get there

was worth the effort. To see people skiing in the middle of summer to me was almost unbelievable but I have movies to verify it. We stayed at a small hotel high in the mountains and the temperature went way below the freezing point. I noticed piles of cones behind the hotel of various sizes and I asked the proprietor if we might take a few home with us. He told me to help myself, that they used them to help start the fire in the fireplace. I picked several of the largest cones, each about two feet long and I thought they must be from the giant Sequoia trees, but when I inquired I was told they were from a sugar pine tree, that the Sequoia has small cones. I wrapped them in paper and tied them to the inside of the back bumper as everything else was stuffed to overflowing.

The next day we got an early start and went down into the heat again. By the end of the day I was hot and tired so after we had found cabins for the night I told the women I was going for a beer, I was really thirsty. I stopped in at the first tavern I saw and went in and asked for a glass of beer. The bartender looked at me with disgust and said:

"We only sell hard liquor here."

I turned around and found a tavern that did sell beer and enjoyed several thirst quenching beers. We took a walk after this and saw the statute of William Cody, better known as "Buffalo Bill", the idol of many a boy when I was a boy.

It wasn't long after we had moved into our new home and I was spending all of my time practicing law in Mt. Horeb that I was appointed treasurer of the school system. At that time there were only three members on the board and we ran both the grade school and the high school. It was a period of considerable turmoil and change. I was on the school board for seven and one-half years and during this time a movement was started for a Union Free High School and we had a lot of meetings in the area about this, but before this was concluded it was switched to school

districts which ended with the closing of most of the rural schools and bussing of the children to Mt. Horeb, Ridgeview to the east and one other school called LaFollette school. Feelings ran pretty high as always happens when a major change comes about. After seven and one-half years I decided I would not run any more. My business had increased but I was also making enemies in the area. The rural people blamed people from Mt. Horeb for all these changes, which was not true.

While I was still on the board we decided Grace should retire from teaching, and driving to Madison was too strenuous. So she stayed home and got involved in so much charitable work and other organizations that she was working harder for no pay, than she had been while teaching. About this time we lost our kindergarten teacher which was only a half day position and the principal asked if she would please take on the kindergarten. Because Grace always loved little children she jumped at the chance. Grace taught for several years and when the enrollment increased so much that they required a full time teacher I insisted she should resign, which she did--for a couple of years. By this time I was no longer on the board, and one year they had such a punk kindergarten teacher that a number of mothers formed a delegation and went to see the grade school principal to ask him to talk to Grace and get her to come back, which she agreed to do.

I was invited to join the Mt. Horeb Rotary Club and became a member and was active for a number of years, and also was elected president. Rotary met every Tuesday noon which later became very inconvenient for me as Tuesdays were court days in Probate Court, and if you missed a meeting you were supposed to make it up by going to some other Rotary club so when the club became inactive for a couple of years I dropped out.

After awhile Lions International sent an organizer to Mt. Horeb and I was asked to help organize a club. As they met just twice a month, and although they did meet on Tuesdays it was in the evening so it would not interfere with my court days. I am also a past-president of the Lions Club, but am inactive now.

In the early 1930's I became a member of Hiram Lodge No. 50 F. & A.M., but took a demit after we moved to Mt. Horeb and became a member of Mt. Horeb Lodge No. 228 and am a past-master of the lodge. Both Grace and I were invited to join the Eastern Star and she was a past matron and I served six years as patron.

In 1944 I became a member of the Madison Consistory which takes a mason through the degrees beyond the third through the 32nd degree, and for several years I played the part of the beggar in the 32nd degree, and the tinker in the 31st degree, better known as the legal degree because it was almost entirely made up of lawyers.

In the fall of 1944 Sverre Braathen, a lawyer and circus fan asked me and others to help organize a Clown Unit of the Shrine, which I had become a member of. At first our clowning efforts were pretty amateurish and our make-up terrible. We had a lady come up from Chicago one Sunday and she helped us a lot and gave us some pointers on clown make-up. Each clown had to figure out his own make-up and decide what kind of clown he wanted to be, and after he had it decided any other clown dare not copy it but must work out his own type of clown and make-up to go with it. Early in this process I developed "Big Feet" which went over a pair of shoes. Grace was the one who really helped with them and made them for me. My basic clown outfit was that of a tramp with big baggy pants and an old derby hat. I eventually developed two other outfits but I wore the big feet with all of the three outfits. They became my trade mark.

After we had formed a unit and was accepted as a unit of ZOR Shrine we were very active and were the first Clown Unit in all Shrinedom. Today just about every shrine temple has a clown unit. We clowned all over the midwest, Winnipeg, Canada and Chicago. I was active for fifteen years, and served as president, vice-president and director.

I also organized the Mounds View Shrine Club and was its first president.

Our two children, Dona Marie and David Carl grew up in Mount Horeb and attended grade school and high school there. When Dona was a senior in high school she met her future husband, Donald Fieldhouse, and one day after she had left for school (high school) we found a note telling us she wanted to marry Don and if we wouldn't consent she implied she would marry him anyway so nobody else could get him. We knew they were going steady but we didn't expect this because she was still going to school. Grace and I didn't know what was best to do.

After talking it over several times we finally decided we might as well give her our consent and let her make her own mistakes. Don turned out to be a wonderful husband for her and I couldn't have asked for a finer son-in-law.

We gave them a garden wedding in our large back yard at 112 Grove Street. It was a hot day, June 30, 1949, but there were a large crowd of guests present and many village people watched from the neighbors yards. It was a beautiful ceremony. They took our Higgins camping trailer to take their honeymoon in northern Wisconsin where Grace and I and the children had spent many a happy two weeks summer vacation for a number of summers. They came back about four times to get something they had forgotten before they finally got on their way.

Dona got six months of schooling in at the University before she became pregnant, and Don continued until he secured his Masters

and Doctors degrees in agriculture. By the time they left for Delaware in about 1954 or 1955, they had three children to take with them, (Diane who was born on July 19, 1950, Deborah who was born on December 29, 1951 and Denise who was born on December 4, 1953), plus a trailer full of miscellaneous furniture. Grace and I had cared for the three girls so much that it seemed as though we were parting with our own children and the tears flowed down both our cheeks to see them go. Don had been offered a position with the University of Delaware. Just before they got to Newark, which was their destination, the trailer broke loose and up ended in the ditch, and the car was almost turned over also. Fortunately, it happened by a farm house and the farmer and his wife took them in and cared for the little tikes, and had them stay with them overnight and helped get everything back in order so they could proceed the next morning. (Doris was born in Delaware on February 19, 1958).

The next spring, after income tax time, we drove to Delaware to visit them and when we got to their house we found a note telling us that they had had to go to the southern part of the state but would be back shortly after we would get there. We tried to find some way to get into their house but they had every door and window locked securely. We walked around until we got tired and ended up sitting in the car grumbling about driving so far and then finding nobody home. Finally when we were so mad we had about decided to turn around and go back to Wisconsin, they pulled into the driveway and our grandchildren ran to put their arms around our necks and hug us, that would melt anyone's resolve to be mad. Their old car had given them trouble and they had had a hard time to get someone to fix it so they could come home.

We enjoyed our visit very much, but when we were packed and ready to start back for Wisconsin, Diane came out of the house with her dolly and reached up to me to pick her up, which I did thinking she meant to say good bye to me, but when I tried to put her down she sobbed and said:

"No Bampa, I'm going back to Wisconsin with you!

I don't want to stay here anymore."

Her little hands clung to me and I didn't know what to do. With tears rolling down my cheeks I pulled each little hand loose, knowing I couldn't take her home with me, so much as I wanted to. I don't know who shed the most tears that day, Diane or me.

Today I received the loveliest Christmas card from her, with a picture of both her children so I know she still loves her grandpa.

During the years I was building up my practice in Mount Horeb I would have a senior high school girl work for me after school and Saturday mornings. Some were good and some were not so good. After they graduated from high school they all wanted to go to Madison to earn more money and to get away from home. I ran into one girl in the bank a short time ago I liked especially well, and our lives have become involved every once in awhile. Her maiden name was Ruth Minnig. She married a young client of mine, Dale Garfoot, after he and his wife had a divorce. Now she is married again. She had a habit of saying "Holy Cow" whenever anything went wrong. I tried to break her of this habit and fined her each time it happened and made her put some money in a box called "the Holy Cow box". When she left my employ I gave her the box, and there was quite a bit of money in it. She reminded me of this the last time I saw her.

David was very active in sports and music in high school. He was on the football team and also the basketball team, but the part that meant the most to me was to see and hear him playing saxophone solos with the band. Dona also had played the saxophone but Dave went on to play it in the University marching band, I had bought a saxophone hoping to learn to play in a dance band and earn some of my way through college but I never had time enough to learn to play good enough but I enjoyed it through my two children.

My father moved in with my sister and her husband and their two young sons, Jim and Eddie at Appleton. Our family visited them

a number of times and our children and their children became well acquainted, as cousins should. My father visited us several times but he would never stay more than a couple of days. One time Florence called us and wanted us to care for dad for two weeks so they could go on a vacation and we agreed to do it, we still had Grace's mother with us, but after he had talked to a friend, Mr. Vilberg, who was a real estate broker and insurance man, you couldn't hold him with wild horses and he took the bus to Appleton, spoiling my sister's family vacation. We had the same problem with Grace's mother and had to have her taken care of in a local rest home.

Father died in October 1946, just five years after mother had left us. I handled the legal end of father's estate but we had the court appoint one of Harvey's brothers as administrator. I had asked Harvey to act but he declined because he didn't want to take the chance of anything interfering with our relationship as we had become good friends. The probate judge of Outagamie County was very helpful. After the payment of funeral, taxes and other expenses Florence and I each received about Five Thousand Dollars as our share of father's estate.

I had wanted to buy a farm for a long time and my friend, Ray Bakken, who was a broker, found me a farm on the east mound of Blue Mounds that was for sale and I put my share down on the farm. The renters I had were not too productive but eventually the land increased in value, and Grace and I built a beautiful home on top of the hill in 1955. Leonard Peterson was the architect and we had several builders work on the house, but each was building so many other houses that we ended up with two brothers from Dodgeville. The bricklayer was from Ridgeway and always wore a tie. He was an expert when he was sober, but when he went off on one of his frequent binges you couldn't find him. Sometimes we couldn't find Leonard--he would be off fishing instead of giving the men instructions.

I had had a cabin built below the house and Grace and I lived there a couple of months and stored our furniture. We had sold our house in Mt. Horeb and had to give the buyer possession. We put the furniture in the Peterson show room on Main Street, Leonard sold cars and farm equipment, and many people wanted to get in and buy our antiques and Mrs. Peterson had a hard time keeping them out of that part. Don's brother Gerald knew the carpenters and one day he asked them where they were working. They told him they were building a house for a "crazy rich lawyer". He thought it was a big joke but we couldn't see the humor in this statement. He insisted we would never get our money out of the house, but he was really wrong about that. I apparently started a trend and many other people started to build out in the country, but we had the best view in the whole area.

We both loved the birds and the wild life around us. Deer would come up on our back lawn in the early morning. One evening we counted nineteen deer in the field below the house where I had the neighbors plant some corn for me. Foxes and Raccoons often could be seen around our home, "Blue Horizon", as well as an occasional opossum. We had a lot of humming birds each summer and I was able to get some close up pictures of them hovering over the feeder.

We were also snowed in, a number of times and it was really tough getting plowed out. I recall the winter when we couldn't get the car up the hill. We managed to get it off of the highway, "County Trunk F", and had to work our way through snow up to our hips to the house. I used skis to go back and forth to the car for the groceries. It was about a week before we got plowed out.

Dave and Yvonne were married in a Barneveld church on June 28, 1958. Dave wasn't through school yet but I was able to help get Yvonne a teaching job in the Mt. Horeb grade school. They

lived in the cabin we owned down the hill from our new home. That next winter was one of the worst for snow storms we had for a long time. Dave at one time had thought about becoming a lawyer but the army talked him into a military career so he spent fifteen and one-half years in the Medical Corps. He flew a helicopter in Korea and also Vietnam, always as air ambulance. Many times we worried about him when he was in Vietnam.

When the twins, Kitty and Kirk, were born in Texas, Grace had flown down to help and I drove down later, taking Dona's oldest daughter, Diane, with me. David and Yvonne's first daughter, Kim Renee, had been born on September 14, 1960. It was miserably hot down there and the heat was something I could not stand since I had had a heat stroke while working in the sun on our new house "Blue Horizon". I had to have an air conditioner installed in my car and I sure was glad I did because we hit hot weather all the way back to Wisconsin. We stopped in Nebraska for gas and Grace had on a sweater because it was hard to direct the cold air in the car, but the temperature outside was around 100^o and everyone stared at her when she got out. She took it off before she headed for the ladies room. Shawn, their fourth child, was born in Kentucky on January 21, 1970.

The first time Dave was stationed in Germany, Grace and I decided to take a trip over to visit them, and this was the start of our travels. We spent a lot of time in Bavaria and the city Garmisch. I still have a green felt hat I bought in Garmisch. Dave had some vacation time coming which he saved until we got there so he showed us a lot of Bavaria. We went up to "the Eagles Nest" Hiltler's hide out, and from the top of the mountain we could look over and see the Swiss Alps and the Austrian Alps.

One day we were driving along I was holding Kirk who was real small then, when he became real quiet and then threw up all over me. It was a good thing we had our suitcases with our clothes in the trunk of the car, because I had to go into the bushes and remove all of my clothes, and I mean ALL, and put on all fresh clothes.

After Dave had to go back on duty Grace and I signed up for a trip on the Rhine River and we saw many castles, most of them in a poor state of repair, and miles and miles of grape vines along its banks.

On our way home we stopped in Amsterdam and enjoyed a boat trip along the canals. We crossed the Zeider Zee to some islands and ran across a woman who said she was "Mae West" and invited anyone to come up and see her sometime. The people on the island were so inbred they were all as homely as you can imagine. The first night in Amsterdam we had a lovely room facing on a park but we didn't get any sleep because they were dancing, bands were playing and generally raising cain until four o'clock in the morning. We insisted on another room and when we got back that night we were put in a back room no bigger than a clothes closet, but we did get a little more sleep.

We went to London from there. The airport was several miles out in the country and we had no reservations at any hotel but had been told about a good hotel not far from Buckingham Palace where the changing of the guard took place. While we were trying to figure out how to get there a uniformed chauffeur came up to us and offered to take us in to London (for a fee of course), as he said his people hadn't showed up. We took him up and he explained a lot of london on the way in. He knew where the hotel was and went in with us to make sure we could get a room, and if not he would take us to another one. We were fortunate in obtaining a nice room with bath so we stayed several days.

I had caught a cold and told Grace I was going to take a hot bath and go to bed. She insisted we didn't have time for that because we might miss something. I told her she would have to go alone that I would not go anywhere that night except to bed. After some grumbling she gave up and stayed with me.

The next morning I felt much better and after breakfast we set out with my camera, to see the changing of the guard. While

we were standing at the fence a middle aged woman came up to us and told us we were not standing where we would see very much nor could we get any good pictures. She said she was free that day and if we would pay her expenses for the busses and for lunch she would show us the high lights of London. We soon learned that she was a regular guide, but she took us all over London on double decker busses. Without her guidance we wouldn't have been able to see a fraction of what she showed us. Of course I had to pay her a guides wages but it was well worth it, and I got a lot of good pictures of the changing of the guard. It was a wonderful trip but it was also good to get back to the U.S.A.

Once Grace started traveling there was no stopping her. The next trip we took was to Scandinavia which took in a little Ireland, England, Scotland, Norway, Sweden and Denmark. This was a conducted tour of thirty nine people, four men and the rest were widows and single women. This trip was in early May. We flew from Madison and the plane was supposed to stop in Milwaukee to leave off some passengers and pick up food, but it was so foggy at the Milwaukee airport the plane couldn't land and after circling for awhile gave up and flew to Detroit. Detroit wasn't prepared for us so no food was available. After refueling we went on to New York but the rest of the group had left one hour before we arrived. The airline company put us up in a motel but as it was after midnight we had to go to bed without supper, the kitchen being closed.

The next morning they furnished us with breakfast but we had to wait around until ten at night for the next flight to Shannon airport in Ireland. When we arrived at Shannon our group had left on a bus trip around the southern part of Ireland, and to kiss the blarney stone so we flew on to Dublin to meet our group there. We arrived ahead of them but got together with them at dinner that night in the hotel we all stayed at, which was called Four Courts Hotel.

On May 18, 1970, we flew to Edinburgh, Scotland where we spent the next day and on the 20th flew back to London and on to Bergen, Norway where we stayed at the Hotel Rosenkrantz. Bergen was celebrating their 900th Anniversary then. One of our U. S. naval vessels was tied up for some repairs there and the young men were at loose ends for some excitement. The hotel had a dance that night and they were so happy to be able to talk to some Americans they danced the feet off the women in our group, even though they were all much older than these young men.

From Bergen we had a private motor coach with a driver who couldn't speak English but a young guide who worked in a bank and he stayed with our group through Norway, Sweden and on to Denmark. We drove on to Odda and over the Haukeli Mountain Road to Oslo. The mountain roads have only one lane with turn outs every so far. Our bus met a sports car on a turn and the sports car had to back up to a turn out to let the bus pass. There was some real squealing among the women when we met the sports car and had to stop. We spent some time at Oslo and went to the park where the famous statues of life are located, Frogner Park. They depict life from the cradle to the grave and all of the statues are nude. We had several women who refused to look at the statues. I have some real good slides of them--I mean the statues.

From there we continued on to Sweden and spent two days in Stockholm, then went south to Copenhagen. There we visited the famous Tivoli Gardens where I was able to get some beautiful pictures on my camera. There also we were able to get a good old American hamburger! The bus left us at Copenhagen and we flew back to London and then back home. Whenever Grace and I went out to eat there were also a half dozen women that wanted to with us. The rest would kid me and say "there goes Carl and his harem". That was a three week trip.

In April 1973 we took a Wisconsin Bar Association trip to New Zealand, Australia and Tahiti. That was a real long, hard trip which I wouldn't be able to stand again. We flew from Milwaukee to Los Angeles where we got out of the plane to stretch our legs while the plane was refueled. Then we flew to Tahiti arriving about 2:00 A.M. As Tahiti is on the equator the heat nearly knocked us out (especially me) as we got out of the plane. Everybody started lining up for the toilets. Tahiti is a French province and both men and women line up to use the same toilets. I got in one line but when I got to my turn I discovered it was one of the gadgets that gives your rear a warm shower and all I wanted to do was urinate, so I got into another line and finally was able to get relief at the end of the line.

The airport was not air conditioned so we suffered from the heat until the plane was refueled and we could go back to where we could cool off again. We arrived at Auckland, New Zealand about 8:30 A.M., and after getting our hotel room assignments took a shower and went to bed and slept until mid-afternoon. Grace and I had signed up for a tour of the city which we took after we woke up.

We spent several days in New Zealand and learned quite a bit about their history. Originally the natives were killed by the Maori Indians who were really Polynesians. When the English started coming they tried to kill them off too but there were too many of them and they had better weapons so they decided to compromise and live with them. We visited an area that had geysers just like the ones you see at Yellowstone Park. I was able to get some very good colored slides of the Maoris and of the scenery. I was fascinated one day at a meat market on a main street which was exactly like those we had in Appleton when I was a boy. Saw dust was on the floor and hams, bacon, legs of pork, beef, veal and mutton hung on hooks in the open, and the butcher would take them down on the meat block and cut off as much as the customer wanted.

From New Zealand we flew to Sydney, Australia. There we saw kangaroos, Emus, and Koala bears. We saw a tremendous amount of building going on in Sydney with big cranes piercing the sky in every direction.

From Australia we went to Tahiti and we stayed in a beautiful hotel on a cliff above the water. You took the elevator down to get to your room. The lobby was on the top of the hotel which was the upper ground level. But Tahiti was too hot for me, I was always glad to get back to our room where it was air conditioned. Each floor had a couple of ice chests but they usually emptied in a hurry.

It was a long tiring trip back home from Tahiti, and I was very glad to get back home again in time to see the flowers and to work in the garden, and also to get back to the office again. I always enjoyed our home "Blue Horizon" on top of the Mounds. Toward fall Grace sprung a surprise on me by telling me she had signed us up for a trip to Hawaii in November.

The trip to Hawaii was sponsored by the American Association of Retired Persons and the National Retired Teachers Association. They do a wonderful job of handling everything for the people who belong to either of the two organizations. We visited four islands on this trip and had a most enjoyable time.

I won two hula contests, one in Hilo and the other in Honolulu, the latter at a luau. At the Honolulu luau I tried to hide behind Grace but the woman director saw me and called out,

"You hiding behind your wife, get up her on the platform."

She picked about a dozen from the audience and I became the finalist and won a necklace of seeds and a kiss from the director. The group that we were traveling with gave me a big hand for winning.

We visited the volcano and other places of interest in the islands. The climate is lovely there. We had a Thanksgiving

dinner outdoors under the stars, and there were no flies or mosquitos or other bugs to bother us.

We took a boat trip to see the ruins of the American ships that were sunk in Pearl Harbor. I was sorry that I had run out of film and so could get no pictures here.

After leaving Hawaii we flew to San Francisco and spent a few days there seeing the sights and riding the cable cars. After seeing San Francisco we headed home to get ready for Christmas, and after January 1st to start making out income tax returns again.

In February 1974, Emma Thompson, who was the widow of Dr. Thompson who was practicing in Mount Horeb when we moved here had her 90th birthday. Her children gave her a surprise birthday party at the University Club in Milwaukee. Emma was living in a nursing home there. They invited a lot of her friends from Mount Horeb and Grace and I were included. We drove down with Sig and Hazel Syverud. After I had one cocktail and was holding the second I became very dizzy and staggered around and didn't know what I was doing. I never could remember what happened but Grace told me the next day that the doctors present said I had too much to drink but Sig, who was a chiropractor told them they were crazy, that I was having a heart attack. Because he was a chiropractor they wouldn't listen to him and had me put in a bed there. When I woke up the next morning I realized I was in a strange place but I didn't know how I got there. Grace and I walked to the bus station and took the bus to Mt. Horeb and got our car which we had left at Sig's place.

That spring Grace and I took a trip to Spain and Morocco, and this was destined to be our last trip together. In Spain and Morocco we saw the farmers and shepherders doing things the same way they had done them for centuries. We were fortunate in being able to stay in a new Holiday Inn on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea. A lot of the other people on the tour were put up in an old hotel in Tuloremia and really complained about their quarters.

We visited Granada and also signed up for a bull fight as did a bus load of people, but it rained, and although the bus went to the site of the bull ring it kept on raining and the bull fight was called off. We flew to Morocco and saw the Rock of Gibraltar from the air, but we didn't see the monkeys from the air.

We went to the Kasba, the old native quarter of the city that we visited. We were warned not to pay attention to any of the native "hawkers" trying to sell things, but Grace egged one on and I nearly got knifed trying to get her to stop. She eventually bought the hanging she was bargaining for. After we left the Kasba we went to a moroccon cafe and had a wonderful meal of chicken and other goodies. They kept our wine glasses filled constantly and entertained us with a real official belly dancer who was real good. After this we flew back to our hotels in Spain and then back to the good old U.S.A. We had to stay in the airport all night because the last plane to Madison had left Chicago some time before we arrived.

That summer we spent all the time we could at our A-Frame cottage on Lake Sherwood. We had bought a pontoon boat with a twenty-five horsepower motor and electric starter and enjoyed it very much. You can walk around on the deck of a pontoon boat and feel perfectly safe. You could anchor and fish wherever you felt like it.

On November 2, 1974, we were closing up the cottage for the winter and while I was outside I had my second heart attack. Grace was in the house and there was no one around outside. I had severe chest pains and had to hang onto a tree for support, and I couldn't call so I had to wait until the pain subsided and I could get into the house. I laid down on the davenport and told Grace what had happened, she told Mary Strong, out next door neighbor, and Mary said we better get right home and see our doctor. When we got home Grace called the Verona Clinic and they told us to come right

in, and took an electrocardiogram which showed my heart's pace-maker was slowing down drastically and I would have to have a Pace-maker installed if I wanted to live. So on the same day they made arrangements for me at the hospital in the intensive care unit. My doctor told me Dr. Henderson from the Dean Clinic would be my cardiologist, and Dr. Steinmetz the surgeon. He also told me they would probably want to observe me for several days before they operated.

The next morning while I was eating breakfast I had another heart attack and started to throw up. I yelled and passed out. They never told me how long I was out, but the first thing I saw when I became conscious was a doctor (Dr. Henderson) who was standing over me and he said "Welcome back to the living". That was my introduction to Dr. Henderson. They didn't waste any time after that but arranged to have me operated on as soon as possible. I was returned to the intensive care unit after some time in the recovery room where I had so many tubes, needles and things monitoring me that I couldn't move. This was my first time to be operated on and I couldn't urinate so they put a catheter in me, that is a painful process, and of all the things they did to me I hated that the most. A man put it in but after I had it a week I begged to have it taken out as I felt I could use the urinal instead. A middle aged nurse took it out (female) and she was very careful to hurt me as little as possible. After you have been in intensive care awhile you lose all modesty and are glad to have the nurses do everything for you. They are really well trained and efficient, and most of them are cheerful.

Dave and his family returned to Madison from Germany the day I was operated on, and I was glad to see them after they were permitted in to see me. The head nurse was a tough cookie and wouldn't even allow Grace in the room for more than five or ten minutes at a time.

After about two weeks they put me in a room down the hall from the intensive care area, and after a couple of days there

the doctor checked me over and said I could call my wife to come and get me. I sure was glad to call her so I could go home. Grace came for me and when we got home to "Blue Horizon" Bob Harper came over and helped get me around the house to the south door so I wouldn't have to go up any stairs. That was about November 20, 1974.

I was home recuperating when in the morning of December 24, 1974, Grace suffered a massive heart attack and I called the doctor and rushed her to the hospital where they were waiting for us. I wanted to call the ambulance but she insisted that I should drive her in. She did tell me that she was scared. The doctors worked on her in the emergency room for several hours before taking her to the intensive care rooms. The nurses made arrangements for me to eat Christmas dinner with Grace which I appreciated very much, but Grace couldn't eat a thing. It sure was a good thing that we both had good medical insurance as it sure cost a small fortune for the two of us. Her heart problem was different from mine and a Pacemaker would have done her no good.

After two weeks I took her home and the doctors told her she would have to rest and do no work whatever and maybe then by surgery they might be able to take a vein from her leg and by getting more blood to the heart help her, but she wanted no part of that, and she refused to set and do nothing but rest, and about 2:00 A.M., on January 24, 1975, she woke me to open her heart medicine container because she couldn't get it open, but I couldn't open it either so I went to the kitchen to smash the container with a hammer, and when I got back she was gone. I called the ambulance and they worked on her for a long time but it was no use, she was gone to her maker.

The men who came with the ambulance would not leave me alone and called Harpers, who lived next door, and they came right over. I called my son David who lived in Madison and he came as soon as he could. After he got there he called Don and Dona and when they got there they took care of all of the funeral arrangements.

Dona's girls took turns coming and staying awhile with me to keep me from getting too lonesome. Dona wanted me to move to town right away but I told her I wasn't ready yet for that move. X

Finally, in June, after the last of Dona's girls had gone back home I really became lonesome, and on Sunday, June 19th, I decided to go to Club 18 to have supper. I had just sat down at a bar stool when two widows came in and sat down near me. I still could not see very well coming in from bright sun light into a dimly lit night club. One widow sat next to me and said:

"Well Carl, how are you?"

I knew her voice even though I couldn't see her clearly (Gayle Steffens), and the other widow sat down but didn't say a word for awhile, but I soon learned she was Pearl Brager, the widow of one of Mt. Horeb's dentists. Even though our paths had crossed in various ways I had never really noticed her, but her husband and I had been members of the Rotary Club and I saw him often before he died. After dinner I invited them out to Blue Horizon for a Brandy Alexander, but Pearl insisted we should go to her house to have one so we went there. She had very little brandy and very little ice cream but we had a lot of fun and I got to know her.

During the week I got up my courage to ask her for a date on the following Sunday. She accepted so I picked her up after 2:00 P.M., and we went to Blue Horizon and sat in the swing and I showed her my house and the lovely flowers blooming around the house. We decided to go to Thyme's, just north of Dodgeville, for dinner and had smoked pork chops. We each took one chop home as they were too large to eat both chops.

Pearl and I got along real well and dated regularly after that. We spent many happy days at my A Frame at Lake Sherwood where I had a pontoon boat. At Blue Horizon we picked black raspberries, blackberries and wild grapes in the fall. Pearl loved the flowers and loved to see the deer and other wild animals as much as I did.

We drove up to Appleton and I introduced Pearl to my sister, Florence, who was the same age as Pearl. Florence's husband, Harvey, was in a nursing home then, and although his mind was good he couldn't move any of his body or speak many words. Florence said she would like to have Pearl for a sister. Now Florence is in a nursing home in Oshkosh where her son, Edmund lives. After Harvey died her health went to pieces.

In November 1975 my first pacemaker started to slow down and Pearl had to rush me to the hospital and the doctors had to hurry and get their team together to operate and put in another pacemaker. Something went wrong and after I was back in the intensive care unit I got started to hiccup and nothing would stop them so the next day I was taken back to surgery. From the anesthesia and going through the second operation I had terrible hallucinations and they had to tie me down--I didn't know what I was doing. Pearl came to see me almost every day--I learned to recognize her footsteps coming down the hall. After two weeks recuperating the doctors decided I could leave the hospital but as I still needed some nursing care I couldn't go home to Blue Horizon, so Dave made arrangements for me to stay at Ingleside, the nursing home in Mt. Horeb. This was handier for Pearl, and I could come and go pretty much as I wanted to. Pearl would take me for a ride and we would go out to Blue Horizon to see if everything was all right there. The neighbors watched the place while I was in the nursing home. Julie Harper had planted some tomato plants among my flowers so Pearl and I had tomatoes to eat.

In the nursing home I ate my meals with the other guests and Clarence Schwenn was seated at a table next to mine. He always was a cheerful and happy man and he and I had a lot of fun using and passing his mustard and horseradish back and forth. After I left the nursing home I brought him a fresh bottle of horseradish several times. Clarence had painted the interior of Blue Horizon for us and I had done his legal work for a number of years.

Sometime in February 1976 I thought I was having trouble again with my new pacemaker so Pearl took me to the clinic at Verona where I had been going since I had first started having heart trouble. Dr. Lloyd reassured me that I wasn't having any heart trouble but said I was coming down with the "Shingles". I breathed a sigh of relief. I didn't know what "Shingles" were. He smiled and gave me several prescriptions, one was a strong pain killer. He told me there wasn't much they could do except to put a soothing ointment on my back, where I couldn't reach, and where the pain was intense, and take a pain pill every four hours or whenever it got too intense. Julia Harper came over several times a day to put the ointment on my back until one day when I came home from the office at noon and a terrific ice storm came through that knocked out my electricity and telephone for five days and many of my beautiful birch trees had huge branches down and blocked part of my road and all of my driveway.

I had no heat except the fireplace on the ground floor, no electricity and not much water (electricity operated the pump). I had to sleep on the davenport before the fireplace and try to keep the fireplace going. Ted Moll brought me wood every day and groceries. I couldn't get out at all and the pain pills lasted about four hours and so did the fire in the fireplace. Ted came and got me and he brought Pearl out one day before her electricity was turned on again. The pain pills that Dr. Lloyd had given me were so strong that while standing talking to her I fell asleep. I incurred a severe infection on my back when several shingle blisters broke and I was wearing my red suit of hunting long underwear. The red dye in the underwear certainly added to my miseries.

After being boxed in for several days I went out one morning and knocked enough of the ice off the branches hanging down

before the garage door and over the driveway so I could back my car out and get out of the house. I knew that Pearl had electricity, water and heat so I took my electric razor, some clean clothes and drove to her house. I guess I must have looked pretty tough when I knocked at her door and asked if I could have a bath and a bed to sleep in for a while. After five days the electricity and telephone wires were finally repaired to Blue Horizon. I was president of the telephone company but was almost the last one to get service again, so you know no favoritism was shown.

Ted Moll came up several times and cut up fallen branches for me, and two men and their sons came up on several Saturdays to clean up the woods behind the house. I was in no shape physically to do any hard work, in fact my doctors gave me strict orders to do no hard physical work or I might break the wires from my pacemaker to my heart.

As the weather got warmer I began to feel better and the shingles began to ease up little by little. I had gotten pretty thin and quant and many people later told me they didn't think I would pull through, but I did.

That spring and summer Pearl and I picked a lot of berries on Blue Horizon, all wild, and we had asparagus every day from my garden. There also was a bumper crop of wild grapes and Pearl made a lot of grape jelly while Dave and Yvonne came out and picked all they wanted and made wild grape wine.

That May (1976) Pearl and I attended my 50th Anniversary at the University and I became a member of the "Half Century Club". My law school graduation was two years later but I didn't attend it. At our fortieth, which I had attended, there were only about three of our class in attendance. In 1980, I received an invitation from the Dane County Bar Association to a dinner honoring fifty year members, who had practiced law for fifty years.

Although Pearl and I enjoyed the A-Frame on Lake Sherwood it was just too much work to keep it up so I sold it March 7, 1978 and also sold "Blue Horizon" as much as I hated to do so.

I bought a new house at 709' View Court in Mt. Horeb and with Pearl's help moved in. There was no lawn yet nor was the exterior trim painted, but eventually all was taken care of. I had the lawn sodded and had McKay nursery plant trees and shrubbery and it really is a wonderful home now. I bought just at the right time, prices have really soared ever since. Pearl did a lot of packing for me and we hauled a lot of things in our cars. Ted Moll brought most of the heavy furniture. I have a lovely family room on the ground floor where I spend most of the time when I write, and during the week-ends when Pearl and I are together. She loves the kitchen because it is so handy and has so much cupboard space. We really enjoy being together. Many of our friends tried to break us up but we ignored them and now they expect us to be together all of the time.

Lately Pearl and I have been discussing the possibility of selling both our houses and moving to Madison where we would be closer to Dave and Yvonne and their family, but I don't really believe we will leave Mt. Horeb.



Robert Damsheuser
Born - April 5, 1843
Died - August 26, 1882
My Grandfather



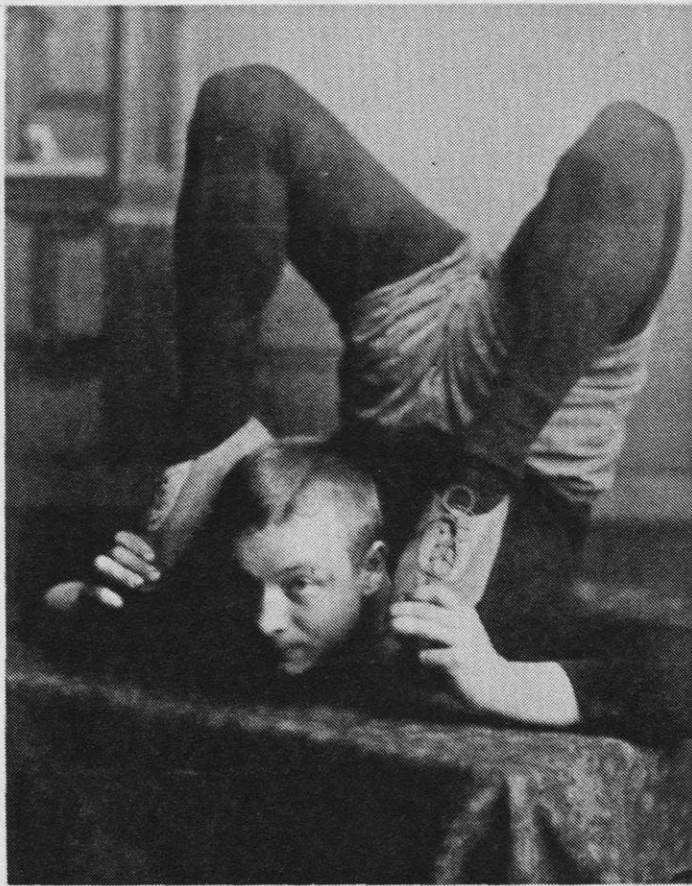
Johanna Damsheuser - Ihnow
1848 - My Grandmother - 1923



Charles R. Damsheuser and
Bertha Koenig
My father and mother



Charles R. Damsheuser
My father before his marriage



Charles R. Damsheuser
As a Turner - Before Marriage



Walter and Helen Damsheuser
My brother and sister



The Koenigs
My Grandparents and
parents of my mother



Robert Damsheuser and Bride
My father's brother



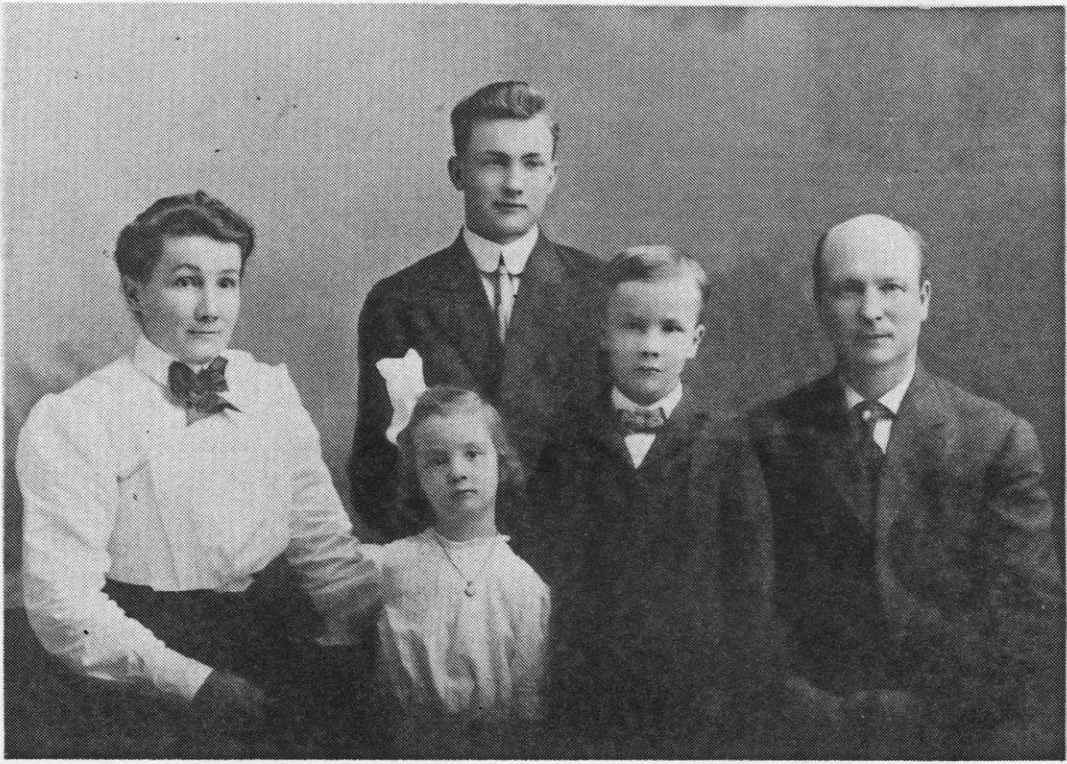
Mr. & Mrs. Pasch
My father's sister



Mr. & Mrs. Koenig
My mother's brother



Anna Koenig
My mother's sister
July 1880 - November 5, 1908



The Charles Damsheuser Family
Mother, Walter, Carl, Father & Florence



My Kindergarten Class
Fifth Ward School



My Third Grade

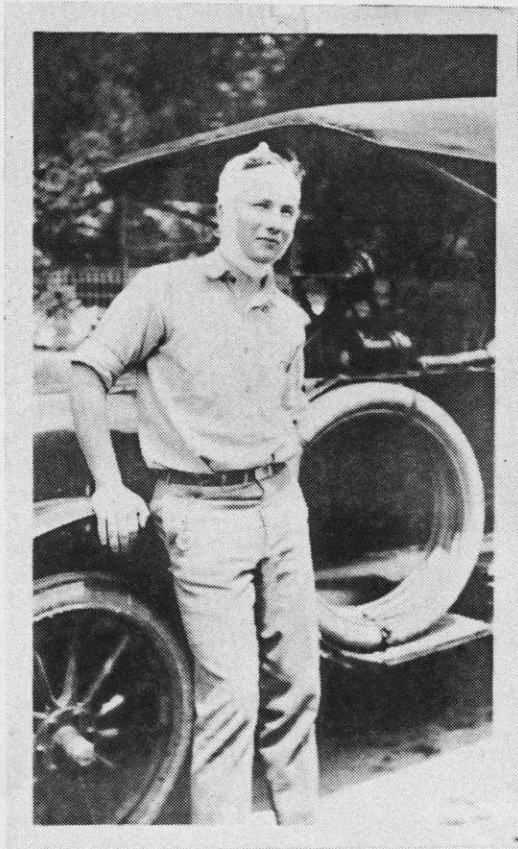


My Parents on their porch

Grace's mother
Florence & Grace (top)
The two Hansen boys
Dona and David
Carl (bottom)



Barberry Work
My 1914 Model "T" Ford
"The Gang" at Glen Haven



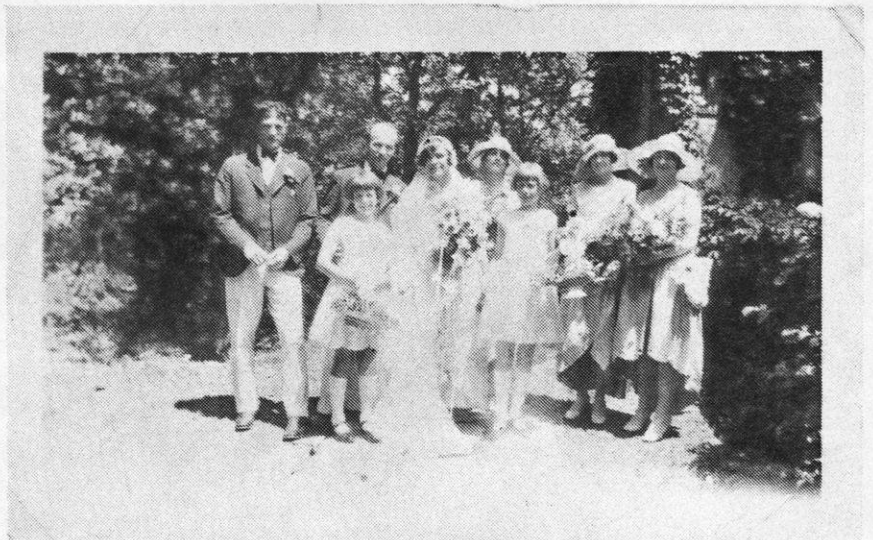


GRACE

Grace and one of
her Kindergarten Classes



Our Wedding Party
at College Hills





PEARL



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9/81

Da

Danhouser, Carl W.

The Life Story of Carl W. Danhouser

977.5

9/81

Da

Danhouser, Carl W.

The Life Story of Carl W.

Danhouser

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OCT 20 81
NOV 3 81
NOV 3 81
DEC 2 81
FEB 17 82

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