A close-up portrait of an older man with short, graying hair, looking slightly to the right with a gentle smile. He is wearing a light blue button-down shirt with thin white vertical stripes. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

**WILLIAM
J.
HORVATH**

1938 -

*An
Autobiography*

Foreword

The life of anyone person is more significant to others than to the person in question. That's the way I look at myself even though I have to confess that at times I self diagnose myself as having more importance than I deserved. A reality check usually occurs following those episodes as you move through life.

I remember pitching my first and only two hitter in high school baseball blaming the loss I suffered not on my ability to pitch but on my team's inability to get more than one run. The truth is I should have thrown a no hitter.

Later in life I ran into these delusions when I was in public office. My self-employed ego was deflated when I got defeated in a second bid for my state Assembly post. Some would call this being pig headed, egotistical or self-centered. I guess I'd say it's just being able to look at yourself in a bathroom mirror and feel good about yourself.

This is my feeble attempt to honor that suggestion. Recognizing both time and mind tend to play tricks on accuracy, I don't claim to have a lock on absolute truth. It's the way I remember things as seen through my eyes. I'll let others be the critics. That's what authors do, I'm told.

Bill Berry, former editor of the Stevens Point Journal, our local newspaper, and I became friends during a long history of covering my political career and working together on projects funded by grants gathered while employed with NACD. We shared the same political philosophy and interest in the environment and he does the biographies needed to prepare people for induction into the Wisconsin Conservation Hall of Fame.

He encouraged me to record my life, as he felt I led an interesting and challenging life and he felt others would find this interesting as well.

So in 2010 I began to fulfill his request.

Autobiography

I don't know how you go about writing an autobiography except to start with your birth.

That happened March 23, 1938. The Shawano Evening Leader indicated the high temperature that day was 71 degrees with a low of 22 degrees. March 23, if it was like any other March 23' was a time of frozen ground and perhaps plenty of snow with fair weather expected as spring was near.

I was born in Shawano, Wisconsin, at the Shawano Municipal Hospital. At least that is what my birth certificate says. The Shawano Evening Leader in its new arrival section stated "Mr. and Mrs. John Horvath, Navarino, announces the arrival of a baby boy born at the Shawano Municipal Hospital today March 23rd".

My mother kiddingly said I was not born, just found under a rotten cabbage leaf. In reality she said I was born with a black eye and a cut under my chin from a forceps used in forced birth. I still carry the scar to this day and can actually feel it. I really had no choice in the matter and when I took a first look at the world, I said "hell no I'm not coming" and planted my feet and arms in that birth canal until they forcibly removed me.

So be it. I was born the second of five children of Helen Meta Sindelar and John Henry Horvath. My older sister Joanne was born in September 23, 1935 at home in Crandon and my second brother, Donald Henry in February 1940. A pair of twins, James and Judy, were born on September 17, 1946.

I was born under the sign of Aries, a cardinal fire sign and was according to the horoscope of that day, born to be active and known for my will power with my arch type the warrior. My wife Nancy, kids and friends would say amen to that. The name William means conqueror.

The Shawano Evening Leader newspaper on that day advertised white shirts for 77 cents and new suits for \$14.77. The paper also advertised a used Tudor 1937 Ford at Bonduel Motors with 11,000 miles, heater, defroster and radio for \$495. Mom later on would own a '37 Ford as her first car.

There were some other note worthy costs, like the average home at \$3,899; a new Ford at \$859; a gallon of milk 49 cents; a pound of butter 35 cents; a gallon of gas 10 cents; and a loaf of bread 9 cents. A movie cost 40 cents.

The Dow Jones index stood at \$132.39 with an ounce of gold at \$20.67 and silver at 38 cents an ounce.

Franklin D. Roosevelt was President. The number one movie was "You Can't Take It With You," with Spencer Tracy and Bette Davis, the best actress of the year.

What was more important was the major story in the Shawano Evening Leader, dated March 22, 1938, dealing with a new menace Adolf Hitler. Addressing the Viennese after Arrival as Conqueror of Austria, he said "I declare to history the entrance of my native land into the German Reich. Hail Victory". Adolf Hitler had seized power as dictator of Germany and on March 11, 1938, invaded and seized Austria as his first prize of the Reich with out firing a shot. The Shawano Evening Leader in their editorial that day warned of the threat of Hitler's Germany. The March 28, 1938, issue of Life, the popular picture magazine devoted 25 pages to Hitler and his dream to conquer Europe. That warning was to come true and involve the U.S. in World War II. In more ways than one it was to have a lasting impact on my entire family and shape lots of events, my attitude and my life.

The ancestry of the Horvath side of the family is of no particular interest to the world, perhaps. But is interesting to the family who bear it. Like most Americans, I'm a mutt, bearing several nationalities; it includes German, Austrian, Czechoslovakia, Hungarian, Croatian and Bohemian. You can include all of these because those countries all existed with boundaries changing by invasion or war.

I doubt very much if there is any significance to this mix of nationalities, except some people like to claim nationalities as some kind of badge. Not me! I'm a Caucasian born as an American who is here simply because grandparents decided to make a new life in this country. Otherwise, I might have been in Adolf Hitler's army or standing in front of a tank in Hungary as it was invaded by the Nazis. I'm here and that's all that counts.

Nevertheless, ancestry has a certain intrigue about it so I'll record at least what I know for posterity and so that future generations don't try to claim some royal heritage like Von Horvath.

The Passage

John and Theresa (Zarnzy) Horvath were married in Hungary as part of an arranged marriage. There were given a trip to the U.S. in 1906. He was 28 and she 18. Theresa had a sister and brother-in-law in Milwaukee, and once they got here they stayed. Her brother was a skilled mason while John had no skills. They were part of the wave of immigration around 1900. The first Horvath, Joseph Horvath, immigrated to Boston in 1882. By 1947, 11,675 households in the U.S. bore the name Horvath – a common peasant name – the Smith of Hungary.

Eventually, John and Theresa had five children, Theresa, Barbara, Dorothy, Mary and John.

They would eventually move to Crandon, Wisconsin, and settle on a farm.

Several years later they migrated to Navarino, bought a farm, and it was in 1925 that Theresa and John were divorced. The settlement included turning over 140 acres to Theresa and recorded in the abstract of the property at that time. The four girls and

Theresa would eventually move back to Milwaukee when Dorothy contracted TB and was placed in a sanitarium – a common practice in those days.

As a teenager in early 1900's Henry Sindelar would emigrate to the U.S. from Austria and send passage money back to Austria for a mail-order bride. They would settle in Milwaukee and produce two children, a son and, Helen Meta, born May 2, 1915 before their mother died. A second marriage would produce a half-brother, Johnny.

Milwaukee was a hotbed of Nazi sympathizers leading up to World War II and the Sindelar family, at least the parents, were part of that. Both parents came from Austria, where Adolf Hitler was born and couldn't wait until he took over the U.S. Helen was later to expound on how she was ostracized in school for her family's support for Hitler.

It was there in Milwaukee that young John Horvath and Helen Sindelar met. They were married in 1934 and promptly moved back to the farm in Crandon, Wisconsin, living with John's father and mother and other sisters. One child, Joanne, was born at home in Crandon before they moved to Navarino to take over the 140-acre farm Theresa had inherited in her divorce. Other than this, very little is recorded about this farm and farm life.

The Navarino house was cedar shingled on the sides and roof, two-story and with no insulation. It had double-hung windows and a dirt floor garage attached by an open breezeway. To the west about 200 feet stood an old log barn with concrete floor, stanchions for about 20 cows and a low haymow. It was never painted, just weathered in typical barn board grey.

Kitty-corner to the north and west was a long pine log building that was barely one story high with a flat, tarpaper, slanted roof. That was where chickens and other fowl, including geese, were raised.

John Horvath, according to his sister Mary, was well known for his volatile temper. I remember when I was only four an incident that still sticks in my memory. There was a gravel county road separating the barn and house from 60 acres of pasture and woods to the north. That was where John grazed the cattle during the day. The lead cow was a Guernsey named Granny with a bell tied to her neck. The bell did two things. The herd followed her, and it was easy to always find the herd in the woodlot. There was one problem. She was stubborn and just because you called "Bossy come home its time for milking" was no guarantee she'd come. John Horvath was not particularly patient about that, and I recall at the age of four her taking her good natured time to bring the herd home for milking.

After she arrived, the cows were placed in their stanchions. What happened to Granny still stands out vividly in my mind since John took a two-inch lead pipe to the cow, knocking it to the ground and bending the pipe in the process.

The four-foot pipe was still standing bent in the corner of the barn well into the time I was a teenager. Mary, his sister and my aunt verified the beating and the violent temper.

Our next door neighbor, Ludwig Olsen, had two sons Lemual and Ted. A conversation I had with him added to the temper legacy. John was repairing a barbed wire fence separating his and neighbor Ludwig's property when Lemual went to converse with him. The distance from the fence to Lemual's house was perhaps 100 yards. Whatever he said now lost in time, set John into an instant rage and he chased Lemual across the field and into his house.

Our mother, Helen, never confided in any of her five children that there was any violence in the family and or battering of her. All she ever said was that he had a terrible temper. Joanne can remember one incident where mom was hit with a belt across the chin, but even Joanne admits it might have been an accident.

All three sons were to inherit the temper, but not to the degree their dad had it. Certainly, no one ever called me Cool Hand Luke. Later on in this autobiography I bring up several examples in all three brothers that merely reflects that one inherits more than looks.

The Shadows of War

When World War II hit, and the U.S. entered the conflict, American men by the millions volunteered. Some to the Army, some to the Marines, some the Air Force and some the Navy. Over five million eventually served. As a child I can remember all branches of the military by the uniforms of young men all neighbors of ours, home on furlough or basic training, before heading off to war.

John Horvath was one of those volunteering for the Navy. His photograph in his Navy attire shows him to be about six feet tall and probably about 165-175 pounds. That perhaps is not much different than a lot of other volunteers except that he left a wife and three kids to do this. No one knows why he did this except if you look at where he went later it becomes clear he had a wandering way. After his discharge he worked in Saudia Arabia, Alaska, was in the Korean War and worked for AID reconstruction in Vietnam, besides winding up with a construction company in Ventura, California, with a second wife and family.

At home in Navy uniform during the War, perhaps on leave was the last recollection of him I had until I was 19, when I visited him at his home in Ventura, California. Joanne would have been eight at the time, I about six and Donald about four years of age. With faint recollection I remember mom and him arguing about something, and then the door was closed by our mother, who had caught him with another woman, Viola, whom he later married.

When I went to Redondo Beach, California, following my freshman year of college, I decided to visit my father, who now was remarried, owned a construction company and lived in Ventura, California, north of Los Angeles.

When I drove up he was sitting in a chair on his front porch drinking a beer with his neighbor. As I stood there not wanting to interrupt, he finally turned to me asking what I wanted.

I introduced myself as his son, and the look on his face and his reaction almost sent him backward off of the porch. His neighbor left and this father whom I barely knew carried on a conversation for a couple of hours.

I finally left and would not see him again until late in my thirties, while living in Middleton, WI. There was no bond developed as a result of that visit and it really made no difference if I ever saw him again. He was nothing more than a total stranger. Brother Don stayed in frequent contact with him for some reason but for me just meeting him again after 13 years was enough. There were no regrets and no hard feelings about his leaving. It was just another part of life to deal with.

Nancy, my wife, never agreed with this personal assessment, feeling that I always held myself in reserve from personal relationships because of the divorce. She is probably right because I can only count two or three men and no women (other than Nancy) as what I call good friends. In my personal view, I can't get disappointed by people if I'm not personally close to them. Later, you'll read about two of those close relationships, both of which gave me good reason to stand away.

The divorce was instigated by our mother and finalized in 1946. Ironically, the property abstract shows the settlement to include all property, some 140 acres, placed in her name. Now there are two Horvath divorces in two generations involving the house and farm acreage. I was to tell Nancy that she and I should probably divorce just to keep the tradition and abstract up to date.

Beyond this, I have little knowledge of John Horvath except mom would say he always spent more time in fox holes during World War II than building anything since he was in the Navy Construction Battalion commonly called CB's. For whatever reason, all of his Navy clothing eventually wound up in our household. The blue uniform, the white hat, the wool underwear, the duffle bag, navigator gloves and navigator hats were part of the mix. The CB insignia – a bee – was on his clothes. Donald and I wore the lined leather navigator hats for the winter and the gloves which were much too big, but served their purpose. I wore the wool, long-legged underwear well into married life as part of my hunting gear. I still had the underwear in my 68th year. It was still good, except that my girth prevented me from wearing it.

The House

Life is shaped by lots of things – family, friends, community, teachers and the home. Home for me was that two-story, green shingled house until my 9th birthday then my 12th and 13th years and again weekends and summer while in college.

When mom received her divorce in 1946, I was eight years old. Joanne was 10 and Donnie was 6 years old. The twins Jim and Judy came along shortly after the divorce.

Mom's divorce left her with 60 acres on the north side of highway W and 80 acres on the south side, which she soon sold to Charles Linston, a farmer to our west. She also received a two story shingled house with a single-car attached garage. The second floor had a junk room, one bedroom for Don and me and one for Joanne, and a room unfinished with lath and plaster that had nothing more than a linoleum covered floor, floor register for gravity heat and a huge victrola with lots of records. The stairs were steep, leading down to an entryway and the scene of several head-first falls by all of us. The first floor had a bedroom where mom slept, a large kitchen and a living room which I would guess about 600 square feet at the most. The ceiling was about nine feet high.

The kitchen walls were plaster and lath with high-gloss yellow paint. The living room was wallpapered as long as I could remember. Mom's bedroom was painted, having a single double hung window to the east.

The basement was something else. Like many farm homes of the era, the foundation was made of stones cemented together with a couple of small windows for light serving the double purpose of a chute for wood or coal. We burned both in the furnace.

The basement also was a storage area for coal and wood. Coal in those days came in rectangular packages and was put into the furnace that way. Wood slabs were also purchased and dumped outside the basement window, and it was my job to split those that needed it. Using a double bitted ax at six or seven became old stuff to me, including using a flat file to sharpen it. It was just part of growing up.

The basement floor was concrete but where wall met floor it leaked like a sieve in the spring. It was not uncommon to have a foot of water in the basement for a good part of the spring, thus flooding the furnace and rising to the potato bin. Mom also had racks for canned goods, and occasionally the quart jars would be found floating in the water. If the water got too deep, we simply took buckets and bailed it out. It took a long time, but we did the job. Since there was no electricity at that time, at least we didn't risk electrocution. Floor to ceiling shelves stored canned foods and wooden bins stored potatoes, squash and other vegetables.

The basement always had rats and mice. Mice got upstairs, but never the rats, although you could hear them crawl in the walls on occasion. These Norway Rats were big and smart. Mom had two kinds of traps – an oversized mouse trap and steel traps and

occasionally would catch one. More than once we heard the snap of a spring trap and occasionally the squeal of pain by its victim. But rats are smart. So mom lived with them. Digging holes in the basement floor was their way of letting her know they were here to stay.

Later mom had a cement block cistern built in the basement to collect storm water for household use. Occasionally a dead mouse would be found in it but never a rat.

There was no electricity until 1951 when Barney Tyle wired the house. I can still see the magic of electricity as the living room ceiling light went on as Barney flicked the switch.

The attic and junk room, as we called it, contained some interesting things, including a travel trunk with dad's sailor clothes.

A wooden ladder went up into the unfinished attic. That's where mom kept her quilt frame, used for making quilts.

The chimney went up through the center of the attic. The chimney was made of tan bricks with a clay liner. You had to crawl through a hole in the roof to get to the chimney. I remember crawling out the hole with a log chain and dropping it down into the chimney to clean it. Creosote would build up if you didn't, which could burn down your house if it caught on fire. I only remember going up on the roof once to douse a chimney fire with salt, which is a scary thing when you are six or seven.

Life in the house centered around the living room table or the kitchen. The living room table was a round oak table that had several leaves for expansion. We did our homework there by kerosene lamp and played games, particularly cards, for entertainment. Meals were relegated to the kitchen table.

The Christmas tree was always in the living room. Most often it was a spruce but occasionally a balsam. Since there was no electricity, real candles were on the tree and briefly lit on Christmas Eve. When the winter wind howled outside, the living room curtains practically stood straight out. That was how much the windows leaked air. More than once snow piled up on the bottom of windows during a snow storm. Of course, the leaks allowed flies and bugs in, too.

The kitchen was our center of activity. Meals were rather simple. They had to be with no refrigeration. Mom always planted a lot of navy beans, which we dried and shucked for use during the year. Those could be placed in bags or canned for storage.

Her flour was stored in a round can about ten gallons in size. It was a beat-up yellow metal container, which served the process.

Mom's cabinets were enamel yellow in color and held the normal stuff cooks keep in cabinets including sugar, cream of wheat and oatmeal cereals.

I often trapped rabbits in the winter, using a common leg hold trap. Trouble was rabbits could twist off their leg in the struggle, resulting in lot of three legged rabbits running around the woods. Those I did get generally went directly into the oven.

In the spring Don and I would spear suckers and red horse, which mom would fry up for meals or can for winter use.

We always had about a half acre garden on the north side of the highway W. Mom planted potatoes, cabbage, carrots, pickles, squash and beans. We helped plant, hoe and harvest. They became our winter food.

One thing I learned early on as I visited farms like Erbs, Christiansons or Schuelkes, they had food and lots of it. Meat, potatoes and vegetables were in plentiful supply, and I really liked that. It in part was the driving force for leaving home at nine. It was just plain food, and lots of it.

With no electricity or water in the house you don't have plumbing, including a toilet. Instead you have a "two holer," an outdoor toilet about 150 feet outside the back door. A two holer is just that. Why two holes is beyond me since people use the toilet one at a time. The toilet paper generally consisted of the Spiegel or Montgomery Wards Catalog. Depending upon the time of the year, it really could smell, unless you put some lime on it. It might just as well have been a mile away when it was twenty below.

It was perfect to keep sister Joanne hostage in the outdoor john with a barrage of green apples when the "greenie" tree was producing quarter-sized apples. Don and I used them effectively to keep Joanne holed up in the toilet. Usually, it was a call for help to mom that ended our siege. We thought it fun, but I'm sure Joanne hated every moment. Bottom line, kids make their own fun!

The house we called home was located about 200 feet to the south of county road W – then a narrow gravel road that had sink holes in the spring that sucked in many cars. Sometimes the condition was so bad it was impossible to use the road. You waited for spring to be over so that the road would dry up. One such place was just down the road from Ludwig Olson's farm, and I can recall long poles stuck in the quicksand area to warn what few motorists passed that way.

Our house had the typical lawn, with just quack grass or whatever popped up. Farmers used their hay mower to keep it clipped. We used a push mower with a twelve-inch blade that cut most of the grass but often left tall timothy stalks standing like spikes in the lawn. Dandelions were acceptable, primarily because they were inevitable. Mowing was done right up to the ditch – a task shared by all three of us and our mother.

On one end of the lawn was an old crab apple tree, which produced canned cinnamon crab apples for winter and nearby was a Wolf River apple tree that had some of the hardest if not the sourest apples around. But mom made good tasting apple pie from them. There were no deer to eat apples as they fell to the ground, so they stayed where

they fell. We often would pick one up, take a bite out of the good side and throw the rest away. In the fall, yellow jackets loved the fallen apples for the sugar. We were careful not to pick them up.

On top of that the yard had a peach tree that bore fruit for several years and then was toppled by a tornado. Peach trees should not exist this far north but it did. .

In one corner of the yard, pin cherry trees grew. The fruit was a favorite of lots of cedar waxwings, but mom also made jelly from the red tart berries as well as the goose berries, which grew in the corner.

We had lots of English sparrows, most of which belonged to nearby farms. After Uncle Jim Stevens gave me the Remington Pump .22, the population got thinned out, but they never were totally gone.

The only incident of a deer was that Skippy, our dog, killed a fawn in the corn field south of the house. Since we never saw a deer, yet alone a fawn, it was the talk of our family for sometime. Skippy went unpunished. The area south of the house was a haven for ducks in the spring, along with woodcock doing their courting in the marsh. It was fun to watch both.

There were pheasants, bobwhite quail and Hungarian partridge, as well. I never shot a quail or hun but got a bunch of pheasants and woodcocks, all with the .22 pump as I got a few years older. I don't know if that early success made me a hunter but it was fun so it became natural thing to do.

Something needs to be said about climbing in trees. Donnie and I used the crab, Wolf River and Macintosh apple trees to test our climbing skills, but our favorite was the white pine in our front yard. The pine was about 24-28 inches in diameter, with branches starting about six feet off the ground.

We loved to climb that tree, since you could see in three directions even though your hands got sticky from pitch. You get a good view from 25 feet up, but more importantly, the top was flexible and easy to whip. We would climb clear to the top to secure the whipping action and why the top never broke is beyond me. We were lucky I guess. If it had broken we probably would have bounced from limb to limb on the way down. Not a good thought.

The Pine also had a more practical use. When our twin sister and brother got to be a year old, Mom put up a snow fence in a square around the tree. Those two were like dogs digging out under the fence, so I put ropes on their leg and tied them to the tree. It stopped the digging but it started them howling as they wound the rope around the tree. Mom never said a word so we just assumed she approved.

The Divorce Years

Following the divorce, which meant nothing to us kids, life began to get hard. Twins, James and Judy, were born September 17, 1946. Our mother got pregnant while John was home on leave. Perhaps the last act of affection between the two, as the divorce was final on November 18, 1946. The divorce decree left her the house, 140 acres, \$50 a month alimony and \$75 support money for the five children. I don't remember her ever getting the alimony or child support.

Mom's bedroom was off the side of the living room, while Joanne had an upstairs south bedroom – if you could call it that, since the upstairs was only partially completed. Don and I slept in the north bedroom in a bed with a big steel head board, tick pillows and mattress. Heat upstairs in the winter came by gravity through a one foot square hole in the floor in the middle of the room. There was no other furniture besides the bed, so we piled our clean clothes on the floor.

Neither Don nor I, and we guess Joanne too never felt we were deprived. After all, Don and I made entertainment out of the bedroom.

First of all two, large windows with storms in the winter and screens in the summer let in plenty of light. It gave you perfect views for frequent summer electrical storms, which shook the house while lighting the room with resplendent fury. It's the only time Donny and I witnessed Saint Elmo's Fire, a big ball of plasma that rolled in one window and out the other window without breaking either. It looked like a peeled grape as it floated across the room.

The bed was of particular interest because when we were in it, it sometimes began to rock back and forth and Don and I would grab the headboard trying to stop it. We never did.

Later, upon the death of our mother, younger brother Jim bought the house, remodeled it and experienced one of those out of the world episode a couple of times.

He and his wife, Arla, were sleeping in the same room when Jim awoke to see a small boy and girl in white bedclothes standing next to the bed. A second time he saw a checkered flying carpet floating across the room. He never talked about this to anyone, fearing they would question his sanity. Don, Jim and I in later years talked about the bed and Jim's sightings. As it was found out later, a young girl and boy died of diphtheria in the room.

Besides that, mom always said there was more in the house than just her as she continued to live out life alone until her death in 1977. She said many times she could hear somebody walk around upstairs but eventually became used to it without any fear.

The bedroom served a second purpose for Don and me, as we played up there. We had no toys to speak of. Somebody gave us a rubber-tired Allis Chalmers toy tractor, which had a pull-behind plow, which we dutifully pushed around the floor and in our sandbox in

the summer. We made our own fun by catching mice in the family dump west of the house and turning them loose on our linoleum floor after we had closed the floor register and door so they couldn't escape.

Can you imagine the mouse's terror as each of us waited with a wooden shingle on our end of the room for it to scurry near? Then we'd snap the shingle on the floor and watch and laugh as it made a futile attempt to escape. We thought it great fun to watch the mouse try to get traction on slippery linoleum only to have to reverse direction and be confronted with another shingle that made a loud crack that sent it scurrying the other way.

Don and I would do that until the mouse was totally exhausted. If we had two, we continued our fun until we put them in an old tin container which they couldn't chew out of. I don't recall either Don or I killing any mouse, even though mom had mouse and rat traps set in the basement.

Our food was pretty simple, as I recall. Baked beans and bread and occasionally canned meat, usually suckers that were canned in glass jars and placed on basement shelves for winter use.

We had cereal. Hot Ralston in the winter and some kind of cold cereal. I know that, since there was always things like Tom Mix rings or secret component rings you could send for with a quarter and a box top.

Theodore Christianson owned the farm one-half mile to the west, and Don and I would trug across the road and across the field to get milk. Our containers were one gallon metal cans with seal-down covers. We bought the milk at 10 cents a gallon and left the dime on the edge of the cold water tank where the farm milk cans were left submerged right up to their handles. In the winter, we took a sled to haul this back always being careful not to spill the milk. Occasionally mom would ask us to haul back cream, which we dutifully dipped off of the milk can. I don't recall what we paid for that, except I know it was used to make homemade ice cream which we did as a treat on occasions.

When neighbors butchered, they occasionally gave our mother some meat, but since there was no refrigeration it wasn't much. One of the items neighbors frequently gave her was a pig head which generally had lots of fat. We'd help her render that down into lard, which she could use for cooking. The rendering process of boiling lard produced what we call "cracklings" lumps of little deep fried residue, which the three of us constantly fought over. They were good.

One treat beyond that was hot lard poured on thick-sliced homemade bread topped with sugar. That was our dessert, much like you might finish off a meal with a cookie.

While our food was pretty plain, we always ate at the table. The table usually had a red and white checkered oil cloth for a covering. TV wasn't invented yet so there was no favorite program to get in the way of any meals.

Occasionally, we had as a particular treat, a ring of bologna. They were not big, perhaps six or eight inches across. It was cooked in boiling water and sliced in half for two meals. Each piece wasn't very big but it tasted good. We also had fresh suckers from the Shiocton River because lots of neighbor speared them. Occasionally we had a can of Spam.

Mom was always a canner. Suckers were canned in glass jars, along with peaches and apples. Strawberries, wild blackberries and raspberries also lined the shelf and were used for special occasions.

She also made lot of cookies both summer and winter, baked all the bread we had, pies and lots of cakes – always for birthdays. There never was a shortage of milk, and we had homemade ice cream in the winter using snow, ice and salt to provide the cooling mechanism as we turned cream into ice cream.

There was garden produce, such as potatoes, which she stored in the basement along with carrots and in-season things like peas.

We never really ever starved, but our plates were always bare when we finished. Sometimes she made tapioca pudding out of a box, and that was the only food I ever hated. It reminded me of fish eggs. Mom said it was good for me so my refusing to eat it didn't last long. If I didn't it was back on my plate for the next meal.

Mom always gave us chores. Washing dishes was always one of the two or three things on our list. Joanne, Don and I all hated it and I probably did more than my share because of punishment. Don was an easy crier and could turn a tear when ever it was to his advantage. He often did and seemed to find some excuse for something I did to exempt him from dishes. I don't recall Joanne ever doing that to me, but as I recall, Mom tried to team Don and me to some unified task. She failed miserably.

Another kitchen task was securing a pail of water from the outside pump. It was right off the outside steps but we could make a special criminal case out of the job. All three shared in the task whether it was 100 degrees or 25 degrees below zero.

The pump was sunk in the ground with wood sides in a three foot square area packed with straw to keep it from freezing. If the pump froze up it was part of our task to thaw it. All three of us shared in the lie "it's not my turn" and in the "I dare you" trial of sticking your tongue on the pump handle when it was below zero. The result was pretty predictable, with skin missing. Somehow the fresh water always got in a pail sitting next to the sink with a long aluminum dipper in it for drinking purposes. There was no thought about personal hygiene in those days.

The dipper also served a second purpose. It was a hand club our mother could use to squall a ruckus, generally between brother Don and me. The dipper had a big dent in the bottom from cracking someone's head, usually mine. That dipper is as real today as it

was then. In spite of it, I survived, and I can only assume today I deserved the occasional crack over the head.

The kitchen also served as a place for Friday night baths. Mom had two items of importance for that. One was an oblong copper tub you see in antique stores. I assume it held about 20-25 gallons of water. That tub was stored in the basement until bath time on Saturdays and served as the tub to heat water.

The second tub was a round galvanized tub she used for soaking clothes. Less than three feet across and 12 -15 inches deep, it served as our bathtub. Once the hot water was poured in the round tub, each of us got our Saturday night bath in the same water. Hot water was added as needed and ivory soap got the dirt off. I remember it being pretty scummy and gray after three of us, and generally one of us got the job of dumping the water outside, regardless of temperature. It was dumped off the end of the porch.

Those of us who grew up burning wood and coal automatically were taught the danger of creosote, although I doubt at this early age I could spell the word. But if you ever had a chimney fire, you never forgot the roar as the fire burned the creosote out of the chimney. At first the chimney had no flue to provide a smooth surface, which discourages the formation of creosote, but after one chimney fire, mom had that installed. So much for the house.

Mom eventually sold the 80 acres south of the house to the neighboring farmer, Charlie Lindston, who still farmed with horses. That field was planted to corn for silage but because of high water was often flooded, requiring him to harvest it by hand.

It also was pastured by his Holsteins, and to keep them out of our yard mom put a woven fence around the south and east side of the house. Cedar posts were used, and one in particular was a night time roost for a whippoorwill.

Anybody who grew up with a whippoorwill knows the constant noise they make, calling in a summer night when you are trying to sleep with the windows open.

Mom had a constant war with one every summer, throwing things at it in the dead of night which really gave but a brief respite. She loved birds but not whippoorwills.

The Garden

How does a woman left with five mouths to feed find enough food? How does a woman with no income survive? How does a woman with no electricity and no car get essentials? How does a woman who has so much pride get by without accepting any kind of public welfare? Well she did it in a number of ways.

First she had that half-acre garden across the road. Charlie Lindston and Ted Christianson, the two neighboring farmers, plowed it for her.

Navy beans were always saved for seed as was watermelon, pumpkin, squash and others that could be taken from harvested vegetables.

We were expected to provide help in hoeing, keeping weeds out and eventually harvesting. Mom always planted plenty of pickles that were harvested, graded and sold to the pickle factory, which had a sorting machine and pickup at the Hilliker garage in Navarino. We all shared in the harvest, but mom kept the money.

Fertilizer came from manure spread by our neighbors.

Corn and beans were planted with a hand planter, and I remember doing that. The tanks on the side of each handle were blue with a flip-top cover. You put the seed in that and 2-4 beans were fed down to a hole in the ground.

Potato beetles were a real pest. Everyone had them, and control was simple. Pick each one off. All three of us hated the job of hoeing, picking potato beetles and picking beans or potatoes, but we did it. We had metal two-gallon buckets, and when full we dumped bean or cukes into bags. I can't recall how they got into Navarino for sorting. I can only remember someone picked them up.

The woodlot north of the house also provided a source of blueberries, blackberries and raspberries. Don was a constant complainer and was always looking for an excuse to stay out of a berry patch. We picked all we could, which was canned for later consumption.

I don't recall anything bad happening except for one incident. We were picking blueberries and as I stripped berries from a bush, I disturbed a ground hornets nest. The result was 14 stings, a lot of crying and compresses of baking soda – the common cure.

Another source of income was picking pickles on the Emil Tohack farm. He planted huge fields of pickles and all three kids and mom were involved in picking. Pickles were graded by size with the smaller pickles receiving the highest price. They were placed in bags and hauled to Navarino for grading.

The Road

Every road leads somewhere, and Highway W was that road for us.

If you went east 1½ miles, you were in Navarino, and on the western outskirts you wound up at the Navarino grade school.

Travel west, and 10 miles later you were in Clintonville, or 13 miles west and north you wound up in Shawano, the county seat and home to the hospital where I was born.

The road, which later was updated to blacktop, was a graveled with a right of way of 33 feet. Why county roads were 33 feet was of no concern to me.

Ditches were deep and V-shaped, unlike today's shoulders. As you might guess there were few cars and people often limited their travels to town once a week for groceries. As a result, any car could be identified at night by its headlights. Elroy Robley drove Hudsons. Ted Christianson drove Chevys. The road in the summer had its own attraction to me since the roadside also held habitat for wildlife. At that time, 13-striped ground squirrels had a 10-cent bounty on them. Donny and I would haul buckets of water to drown out these gophers. We'd cut off the gophers' heads, stuff them in a glass quart jar and when we had a bunch take them to Elmer Robley, town treasurer, to collect the bounty. Elmer never questioned the number in the jar since it smelled and often was full of maggots. What Elmer didn't know was that some of those gopher heads were really the heads of chipmunks that some how wound up in our collection.

Skippy, our mutt dog that looked like a miniature collie, was about as good at gophering as you could get. Once you dumped the water down the hole to drown them out you had to dispatch them, and Skippy loved to do that. About all he got was a pat on the head, although I doubt he even got that for thanks most of the time.

About one mile west of our home was the Navarino Ascension Lutheran Church, pretty much frequented by the Norwegians in the area. But it also had a cemetery that was kept clipped and always served as a home for numerous gophers. Since Joanne, Donny and I went to summer church school, recess offered the time to drown out some of them. Oftentimes there was a whole family of young gophers. Didn't make any difference, their heads went in the jar.

The 10-cents per head was shared by brother Donnie and me mostly for buying ice cream at the store in Navarino. An ice cream cone was 5 cents a scoop, and they were really big scoops. This was a real treat for two brothers who grew up in a house without electricity.

The road to school also was an adventure. One time I found a little coin purse with \$25 in it. I hurried home, gave it to mom, who promptly got it returned to the woman who lost it. There was no reward with her final comment "good, that was my drinking money". Mom told me later she was sorry she returned it. Me too, since it was the equivalent of 250 gopher heads! But I never regretted being honest, since it was not mine.

The gravel road leading to our school in Navarino was also a road of fear. Imagine walking home from school as it got dark. There were several areas where the woods butted right up to the road. Joanne, Donnie and I knew that bears lurked behind every tree, just waiting to attack. It had a way of hurrying us along, which meant running for your life.

The gravel road had one interesting character that occasionally traveled it. His name was Tom Holmes, who lived about 6 miles west on Highway 187.

Tom was an eccentric who walked barefoot in the summer on Highway W to Navarino. How he could stand the sharp stones is beyond me.

Tom always wore bib overalls, had a long white beard and wore a straw hat with a wide brim. He looked like a typical hayseed but to us as kids, he represented absolute terror as rumors abounded about him. Some said his house contained chickens and other fowl, which was never verified. It was a rumor spoken as fact only kids knew was the truth. He was famous as a farmer for his apples and watermelons, which people came to pick.

He also had the ability to read palms, and it took the utmost courage as a kid to approach him for a reading. Any kid brave enough to request one forever held this as a badge of honor. So much for fearing those things you don't understand. Tom disappeared at the age of 100 into the bowels of Navarino history and remains today as one of those curiosities.

The whole landscape changed in the winter. The road could be a sheet of ice allowing us to skate to school or it could be blocked by snow drifts so high that we could touch the telephone wire strung along the north side of the road. We didn't touch them because we knew we would be electrocuted if we did.

The road often became impassible because of the drifting snow, and it might be days before the county snowplow with its V-shaped blade cut a single wide pass. Cars often got stuck, but there was always a neighbor tractor or horses to pull you out.

One particular event was important to all of us, and that was the delivery of the mail. The mailman, Ira Hilliker, early on drove Model T's for his vehicle on a route of 35 miles. It was his route for 32 years. In the winter, he had what we called a snow cat, which was the forerunner of the snow mobile with a cab on it. The snow cat was a Model A with skis on the front and tracks on the rear. I often wondered what happened to it, because it eventually disappeared when the road was upgraded.

"W" was a typical road that made right angle bends to stay on section lines. Cars were few and didn't go very fast, so those curves didn't cause problems. Later on "W" would be upgraded to blacktop and those sharp corners removed. Eventually, it would become State Highway 156 with sloping ditches kept mowed once or twice each summer. So much for all these fond memories a gravel road can provide.

Navarino State Graded School

There was probably no institution that had more influence on my young age than school. I began that formal education at the age of six, attending Navarino State Graded School.

Navarino has its own school until 1944, when I entered the first grade. In 1945 they consolidated school districts and our consolidation included Peterson School into the Bonduel School District.

The school was a brick two-story building and as I recall perfectly square with typical big single-pane windows. It was built in 1918 and got electricity in 1938, the year I was born. It was known as the Galesburg school until Navarino took its present name.

The first, second and third grade occupied one room (the little room) and the 4th through 8th the second room (the big room). While I can clearly see the entire classroom to this day, with the wood desks, blackboards, cabinets etc., I don't recall much about the "upper room," as it was called, where the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th grade kids went.

Part of that is due to the fact that the school board in 1950 brought in a town hall building as a second school. Fifth through eight grades were placed in that one room.

Recess is always important to kids, since it provides a break in a long day. We had a teeter-totter and a merry-go-round. The Merry-go-round didn't do anything except go around and around, but we liked that. We made up our fun with games of tag, kick the can and snowball fights and softball all of which entertained us to no end.

When not playing, school was serious stuff. My first grade teacher was Miss Brown. A beautiful (to me at least) black-haired single woman I had an immediate crush on.

She was a stickler for phonics and vowels, perhaps because she thought it was a key to reading. I guess I liked it because when I entered the second grade I was used by Miss Brown as her assistant. I helped kids with spelling and phonics and more importantly did seasonal chalk drawing like turkeys for Thanksgiving, the Easter bunny and Santa Clause. She discovered I had art talent. But I think I would have done anything for this teacher.

There are some other powerful memories during those first years. One is the bell. The school bell was located on a post just out of the windows on the south side. The bell rang when school began and when recess was over. We all thought it a treat to ring it for those occasions.

The second was the "masters." Miss Brown taught us early on the importance of the masters - the painters who created great treasures. She had flash cards about a foot square and we had to repeat who the artist was. One in particular really stuck out in my memory. It was called "The Gleaners," which was a painting of women going through a field of wheat picking up grain. To this day I think I would recognize all of the flash cards if I was shown them.

In 1944, we were still going strong in World War II and we had a role in helping to decide its outcome. In the fall, all classes went out and harvested milkweed pods. The silk in these pods was used in life preserves for floatation. We also were expected to

bring quarters to school in a special collection folder to buy war bonds issued in \$25 denominations. Where we got money for that obviously was mom, but where she got it remains a mystery. Ration stamps, blackouts, fanged Japanese and mean Germans were all brought to us as part of the war effort.

Miss Brown allowed us to go to a special cabinet to get wide lined paper and construction paper of various colors when we needed it. No permission required. One time we had a substitute teacher, Mrs. Hilliker, the wife of the local store owner/bus driver who didn't know about the rules for getting paper. I got up to get paper and at the cabinet Mrs. Hiliker pulled me by the ear back to my seat, admonishing me for getting up without permission. I was humiliated and cried my heart out, but there was no sympathy by her or protest from other students who sat quietly in their seats. I hated her from that day on and when I saw her in succeeding years I got flashbacks. My feelings were no less intense even after her death. It's still a bad memory of being wronged when you are not wrong.

I don't know how kids learn honesty, but I learned it in the second grade. During those days when you bought cereal like "Kix," they often included prizes like balsawood planes or special things you could order for a box top and a quarter. One such item was a Tom Mix secret whistle ring. One of my classmates left his whistle ring on his desk when he went to recess. I wanted it so bad I stayed in and took it, but before recess was over my conscience got the better of me and I put it back. Stealing today whether for a ring, nickel or something larger defines the character of a person. I have absolutely no respect for someone who would steal, no matter how small the amount.

Teachers in our day really pushed reading. You were required to read aloud to your classmates as well as read all the good books. We received a gold seal for every book we read, and it was friendly competition between some of us to see who could get the most.

Another source of education was the summer bookmobile – a traveling truck of books we could read. It introduced me to Mark Twain and Tom Sawyer as well as authors like Jack London and the Call of the Wild and James Fennimore Cooper and the Last of the Mohicans. I think I read every book in the bookmobile. Some, like Call of the Wild, my favorite, were read several times. That simple investment by school officials did wonders for expanding our world. We didn't know it then, but we do now.

In the 5th grade we got a new teacher, Mrs. John Tomashek, who was extremely strict with an assistant that was a black hose. We also had buses bringing us to school, and if one of our classes didn't do well, she held the bus an hour after school left out. It was group punishment at its best or worst depending on your point of view.

When I got to the 5th grade, I was a good student tutoring others like Louie Erb, and a couple of 16 year old 8th graders who got held back. They did that in those days.

It was those years that I began to act up, often getting in trouble. Mrs. Tomashek was the target most of the time. I remember smearing black tar on the school door, as she was

always the first to arrive in the morning so she got the tar. The whole school stayed when she couldn't get the culprit to fess up.

Snakes and toads wound up in her desk as well. One particular time I scotch taped about 20 thumb tacks on the underside of her desk chair. Needless to say it hurt and she was furious but never found out who did it.

Roger Makolski, a half-breed Indian, was my best friend. We both were in collusion on lots of pranks. One was holding our breath until we passed out and fell out of our seats. It was a contest between us, with the one falling first the loser. Mrs. Tomashek split us up. Me in the front of the room and him in the back, but we learned how to signal each other for our little contest. I don't know how many times we wrote on the blackboard "I will not hold my breath," but it was in the thousands.

That school room had all grades 5th-8th so you went to the 5th grade as an 8th grader and the 8th grade as a 5th grader. The teacher-student ratio was 50-1, and teachers now complain about a 15-1 ratio. Mrs. Tomashek as tough as she was, was an excellent teacher and became my inspiration for education.

That school room, that old town hall, had huge windows, and I remember being relegated to the front seat nearest the window. By the eighth grade, I was longing for my 21st birthday, and the windows gave me space to daydream.

Two kids in my class had been caught by game wardens for spearing suckers in a trout stream, and their spears were confiscated. The parents and neighbors didn't cotton much to that, and they threw the wardens into the river. Lots of folks including my classmates felt that was funny. I didn't and told that to Mrs. Tomashek. She had a degree from Stevens Point Teachers College in Stevens Point and handed me the Stevens Point catalog. It was about 6" x 8," white and included the conservation courses offered. She told me if I felt that strongly about the incident I should go on to school at Stevens Point. From that day on I set my sights on going to school at Stevens Point to become a game warden. Little did I know what that meant, but it became my goal at the age of thirteen.

There is also one other thing that needs mentioning. During those days, religious prejudice was rampant. Catholics never stepped foot in a Lutheran Church or vice versa. Lutheran boys didn't date Catholic girls either, as all the girls wanted was marriage and having a bunch of babies.

This prejudice went so far that when all the Catholic boys went to the Catholic Church after school on Thursday we knew they were receiving military training so they could take over the U.S. That's also why Catholics had so many kids. So much for knowledge and prejudice of the times.

As I noted earlier, I liked school and had pretty decent grades generally in the B+ to A range in grade school. Spelling was always one of my favorites, probably because of the

phonic training I got in the earlier grades. Math was more difficult, but I learned early on that I could master that too if I applied myself.

So ended eight grades of education at Navarino State Graded. Bonduel High was the next stop. As a final note, I still have all of my report cards from grade school, high school and college. One time, when our kids Tim and Kim were rummaging through a trunk, they came upon my grade school report cards. There was one term they did not associate with my C- and D's. It was the word "deportment" which simply means behavior. It sort of says it all.

Education was not limited to the school walls. We seldom went home without homework, and I can remember spending hours at the living room table under flickering kerosene lamps, doing homework along with Joanne and Donnie. I don't recall ever complaining about it, nor did my brother or sister. It was just part of the package. Mom often helped us with spelling, going over the same words time and time again.

We didn't have distractions like TV or even a radio, since the battery-powered radio was reserved for Sunday and the "Weekly Reader". Man, how we were deprived.

But we got ahold of magazines and books to read. One particular article in Red Book Magazine said it was a proven fact that kids coming out of broken homes became juvenile delinquents and often criminals. Funny how none of the five of us ever fit that description.

Navarino

On any day in 1944 turn right out of the driveway on to the gravel County Road W, walk 1 ½ miles and you are in Navarino, an unincorporated town of 109 residents. Navarino first was known as Mayville, then Galesburg and in 1950 officially named Navarino. America is full of these little towns, but if you are from there it is something special.

Navarino was a one-street town with businesses, churches, homes and other cultural features like a couple of taverns. On the west end was the Navarino ballfield. Next to the Navarino school was the Catholic Church and the parsonage next to that.

Across the street was a full working dairy farm and next to that was the home of a couple of Stockbridge Indian kids, Julius and Dorothy Davids. Both were adopted, with Julius eventually going to prison. He was a thief, even as a kid. He'd steal cigarettes and other things out of the local grocery store. Further down was the Evangelical Lutheran Church parsonage that housed the minister who confirmed all three of us kids. There were a couple more houses on both sides until you got to Henry Westgor's garage with a junk yard behind it owned by Art Kirmas. During the war years we regularly hauled steel to him that we had scrounged, and in return we were paid one cent per pound. Our favorite collection point was the railroad going through the center of town. We tested every bolt that held the Soo Line rails together, and if loose, out they came. The bolts were about

one inch thick and with the nut probably weighted a pound. We did the same for the spikes holding the rail ties. Why the train never derailed is beyond me.

In the middle of the town was the Shiocton River, which was the center of attention in the summer and winter. In the summer, we fished it regularly starting in March as the ice went out. Suckers and red horse were the two species we speared, netted or caught with worms. Later in the summer we fished for foot long shiners, which were cooked over a fire at river edge. Occasionally we hooked a pickerel. Most were 12-14 inches, but occasionally we'd hook one 18 inches or more. They are real fighters so as kids, it was special when we did. The big ones were in our favorite swimming hole about ½ mile north of town. We got there by walking the railroad track. The railroad trestle created a deep hole as it restricted flow, resulting in 6 feet of water – deep enough to dive off of from the 10 foot high railroad trestle crossing the river.

Everybody, meaning little kids to 20 years old, used this as our swimming hole. I was swimming with Julius Davids and his older sister Dorothy, when she went under. We pulled her out and probably saved her life. Dorothy would disappear again and not resurface until I was in my 50s. She was full Stockbridge Indian and both of us were appointed by the Board of Regents to the U.W. Stevens Point Board of Visitors, created to advise the chancellor. I approached Dorothy about our former relationship which she firmly denied. She had left her adopted parents and gone back to the reservation.

The river also was a big attraction in the winter, as it was our skating rink. The river under the Highway W bridge always froze but since it was moving water, ice got very thin in places. You couldn't always see this, particularly if it had a cover of snow and occasionally we fell through, resulting in wet feet.

Most of the kids had shoe skates but not me, Don or Joanne. We had straps-on which weren't much more than a steel runner and a leather strap.

In spite of this, we played hockey and our favorite game of tag. I learned to skate backwards and in doing so perfected my skating skills to the point that few could catch me. It was hard to catch you when you were always facing the person pursuing you.

We skated lots of time at night, usually on the weekend, and when we did that we often built a fire and sometimes roasted marshmallows on a stick.

When I was in the 7th or 8th grade, I was skating under the bridge, which was supported by I beams. I skated too fast, grabbed an beam, but my hands slipped off and as a result landed on my head. I was knocked out, but all the other kids thought I was faking it and skated off downstream. An older guy who had a chain saw to cut a tree along the river found me unconscious and took me home. I spent three days in the hospital with a severe brain concussion. I got lots of headaches after that.

Next to the river was one of the two taverns in town. I didn't go into that tavern until in high school and that was only after a softball game when we were given pop and raw

hamburger on rye bread. Yummy! It was also the previous home of Patsy Olson, a gorgeous six year old classmate of mine. I remember giving her a little heart candy on Valentines Day and asked her to be my valentine. She said an emphatic “no,” so it ended my first romance with a broken heart. I often wondered what happened to her since they moved away shortly after that.

The tavern was also important since it dumped its raw sewage right into the river where we fished for shiners. When you’re six or ten, raw sewage really has no impact on your behavior. About the only other significant fact about the tavern was that after Sunday Catholic Church services, cars were parked on the street packed with family members while the dad enjoyed a cold beer. That could last several hours.

Next to the tavern stood a vacant Galesburg State Bank that had gone under during the Great Depression. It was built of brick but had no windows or doors when I knew it. We used it to play cops and robbers in the vacant structure.

Across the street was the Navarino Post Office, a little square yellow clapboard building built in 1918. I don’t remember much about it except to know you took packages in to mail and picked up penny post cards. The only side road in town led to the Hurlbut concrete block plant that was run by one man. The German Lutheran Church was also on that street. I don’t remember much about that church except that if you were a member you never stepped foot in the Evangelical Lutheran (Norwegian) Church and vice versa. A little further down was the Hendrickson dairy farm that bordered the river.

On the other side of the street lived Anne Hauns, a lady who kept track of all births – primarily so she could gossip about women getting pregnant. She was a member of the Evangelical Lutheran Church Ladies Aid where church women went to do things like tying rugs and gossip. Even at a young age I knew gossiping was wrong. I overheard her and mom talking about a young women named Rachael Spohr, who at 16 was marrying a much older Wendy Pues. She knew it was a forced marriage because of pregnancy which turned out not to be the case. That’s one of the few times I really got mad at mom – for making that assumption. Words flew!

At the end of the street facing Highway W was the Clover Leaf Store owned by Web Conrad. It was a typical two-story wood building which housed general merchandise and also served as a grocery store. As kids we always had a reason to go into the store, including Julius Davids who probably never paid for one thing, including cigarettes and fishing lures.

Next to Web’s store was the Navarino Feed Mill, where farmers brought in oats for milling into cattle feed. It was owned by Art Kiermas and later a guy by the name of Torgenson. It abutted the railroad track and had a side rail for unloading feed mill materials.

Across the street was my favorite place, Harry Eng’s blacksmith shop. It was fascinating watching him use the forge to get things red hot to fix broken steel parts. Harry was a

little guy always with soot on his face. I spent lots of hours watching him make his magic. When he wasn't working he was playing cards with a guy named Jay Reimer and others who might be around.

His son Carl was an avid squirrel hunter who took me along primarily to chase a squirrel around a tree so he could shoot it with his .22. He was a good shot, and we always came home with five or six.

Harry wife's name was Idee who I think controlled the purse strings. They had about ¼ acre of lawn, and she offered me 15 cents to cut it using a 12 inch push lawn mower. I did it for 15 cents because I knew other kids would do it for a quarter. It was good extra money, and she always gave me a piece of pie or cake when finished. The lawn also has a silver-leaf quacking aspen. It always fascinated me because of the constant quiver.

When I turned 12 in 1950, I went deer hunting for the first time, Harry loaned me his single-shot 12-gauge shotgun. I clearly remember firing 21 shots at deer, only hitting one. Testing that gun later, I found it shot all over the place and you couldn't hit a bushel basket at 50 feet.

Next to the feed mill and across the road from Harry Ing was the railroad track. It was a single track going north and south and part of the Soo Line railroad. There was a depot in Navarino, with a siding next to the feed mill. The Depot later was moved and became a house.

The train had a huge, coal-fired steam locomotive pitch black in color. It always had a red caboose, which supposedly was a safety measure but in reality was just feather bedding by the railroad union. The ground shook when the train went through. Our idea of courage was standing as close as we could to the track as the train went by blowing the loud steam whistle. We loved to place a penny on the tracks to see how flat it could get which wasn't all that much since it fell off of the rail after the first wheel hit it.

On the other side of the tracks stood our second grocery store, owned by Eli Hilliker. It was the store where we got our big ice cream cones for 5 cents. Equally important, every Wednesday night served as a grocery shopping night and free movies. There was a big billboard-type backstop with a big white sheet where free movies were shown once it got dark. We suffered through misquotes to watch our heroes, Tom Mix, Hopalong Cassidy, Gene Audrey and the Lone Ranger. These were family events with ma, pa and the kids all watching these outdoor movies. I can't remember where we went to the toilet. Perhaps it was a dark corner with lots of high grass.

Next to the store was a tavern owned by Josie and Walt Anvelink. That tavern was rather dark, as I recall, and had a slot machine in it. I was in it a few times late in my teens but it really was not a hangout for us.

Across the street was Smitty's garage that served lots of purposes. He fixed cars, sold batteries, gas and oil. It also housed a grading station for pickles and beans. You brought

them in by gunny sacks and the machines separated them by size. Pickles 1-4 with #1 the smallest and beans 1 and 2. I don't remember what price pickles brought, but I remember a bag of #1 beans brought \$5 per hundredweight.

This was a major source of income for mom and spending money for shoes and clothes for school. But it also provided funding for a green-handled hatchet sold by catalog from Montgomery Wards. It was only a couple of bucks, but a great source of pride in my ownership.

Those same beans and pickles were the source of funding for my first gun, a \$59.95 Westernfield 12-gauge Montgomery Ward shotgun. It was a pump with a poly choke with a full, modified and improved cylinder. Louie Erb and I bought the same gun and we had countless trips after grouse. It was always a contest between us as we were good shots. The best we ever did was 5 shots, 5 grouse – both of us. We probably were 12 or 13 years old at the time.

The only other place of note in Navarino besides a Congregational Church and several homes was a farm on Highway W. It had a big house and barn. Kids were scared stiff of the place because we were told it was haunted. We never saw any humans around the buildings and that too had an additional impact on our fear.

Navarino will always hold a special place in my heart. It was where you got together with your friends and made new ones. It was also a service center, where different services were traded and the place where the sense of community begins. For me it provided lots of fond memories.

Chickens, Ducks and Geese

When you are poor, gardens help get you through the winter, and for meat you raise chickens with ducks and geese thrown in.

So it was in our family. Mom had chickens for as early as I could remember. They were purchased from hatcheries and shipped parcel-post in cardboard boxes as day old chicks. The box had round holes about an inch in diameter for ventilation. Occasionally one arrived dead in the box, but I'm sure there was no guarantee for healthy arrival.

Mom took the chicks to the brooder house, a small, low building with windows on its southside. They were watered with a 1 quart jar on a special stand and were fed mash, which was ground up oats, along with grit for grinding it in their gizzards. When they were young they remained in the enclosure until they started to feather out. Then they went outside in a fenced area. I always got the job of shoveling the chicken manure out of the coop. Ammonia levels were choking, and the effort led to asthma attacks.

Mom also had hens, which laid eggs, and one or two roosters just to keep them happy. The roosters were big white ones that got up to 7 pounds, were really mean and chased us

if we got to close. They always wound up on the table for special occasions like Christmas or Easter. They had real taste.

As for the laying hens, they kept doing it until they started “clucking,” which simply meant they were more interested in brooding their eggs than laying. They too became expendable and wound up on the table or in canning jars.

Execution of a chicken was fairly simple. You held it by the legs, laid its head over a chopping block and dispatched it with an ax by cutting off its head. They always flopped around for awhile but when done they were doused in a bucket of really hot water to release the feathers. Then the plucking began. Mom saved the gizzard, heart and livers for eating which to this day are my favorite part of the chicken.

Somehow I got interested in chickens and wound up raising Bantys, which included a small rooster that wasn't worth anything except for looks. I always had a few hens and a couple of roosters. The roosters were always mean and would attack anything that moved, including me. That's where the saying “mean like a Banty rooster” came from. The roosters were there for obvious reasons and soon the hens would have a dozen little chicks running around. I remember running around a corner of the house and stepping on one, squishing it flat. I felt bad, but picked it up, throwing it on the chicken manure pile for compost.

Louie Erb decided he wanted one of the roosters so we struck a deal for a buck, but I had to deliver it to his family farm. Trying to catch those little chickens was always a chore. This guy ran down by the log chicken house, which had a single barbed wire attached to a post. We both went under it the first time but on the way back I caught the barb on the bridge of the nose cutting a perfect W. Three stitches later and mom \$5 poorer, Louie got his rooster. Mom kept the money.

Mom also raised ducks and probably got the baby ducks in the mail, too. They had free rein in the yard, along with the 1 or 2 geese she raised so you always were stepping in duck or goose crap. We ran barefooted so it always squished. I know both the ducks and geese wound up on the table, but they were always greasy and couldn't compare to chicken – a real treat to us.

Ducks never were mean, but you could always count on one of the ganders trying to act like he owned the place. And he chased you to prove it. His hiss was always worse than his bite!

Toys and Games

When you grew up in a home with five kids and a divorced mother separated by 150 miles to the nearest relative you didn't get much outside support or toys. Most of my toys were wood homemade trucks with wheels cut from tree branches. But we did have something to play with.

There was a gravel pile on the right side of the driveway. The gravel was leftover material probably used for concrete work. Donnie and I both had metal Allis Chalmers tractor toys and accessories like plows and a manure spreader which we used in the gravel pile.

We also had two-wheel scooters that we ran on our gravel driveway along with a bicycle – a balloon tire Monarch with a carrier on it. Both Donnie and I double pedaled with one or the other riding on the carrier.

In one particular instance a pack of dogs had been terrorizing Navarino, which included shredding clothes on wash lines. One day the pack spied Donnie and me as we left Navarino and began chasing us. Had they caught us, who knows what may have happened? Shortly after, the Shawano County Sheriff shot most of the pack, ending their reign of terror.

I don't know where swings and little green apples fit in but are worth mentioning. The swing hung from dual chains from the pine tree and got used by all of us. Occasionally, it gave us a knot on the head when we failed to duck.

The little green apples were special as they were immature apples that we called sour apples that turned light yellow and soft when ripe. When green they were perfect missiles that Donnie and I used to keep Joanne locked up in the two holer outhouse. That ended only when her streams of agony were heard by mom. We kept pails of those little green apples as a ready supply when she ventured out. A toy is fun right?

The only other toy we had was an eight-foot toboggan. I think we got it for Christmas. It was useful to haul milk from Christianson's, but more fun for tobogganing down through the trees on Schuelke's hill about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile away. I had built a ski jump on a hill north of the house and one night Aryln Pues and I were jumping in the moonlight when he broke his leg. I hauled him out of the woods on the toboggan.

Our indoor toys were different. Donnie and I got a new Lionel Train for Christmas with enough track to go around our bedroom. English sparrows were considered vermin so we occasionally caught one, tied it to the railroad tracks and proceeded to run over it with the 5-pound engine. It usually derailed.

Occasionally we got balsa model planes that flew after you glued them together and used a rubber band to wind up the propeller to launch them.

Our favorite toy was really a mouse which I wrote about earlier. I don't remember how each mouse died, but I doubt if it was pleasant.

I always had lots of wildlife for pets. Wild cottontails, gray and red squirrels, chipmunks, and even toads, frogs and a red fox. I took a young crow out of a tree, raising him to maturity on bread, milk and bugs. He disappeared one day after two tries at theft by a hawk. He was rightfully named Crowbait.

As a kid I took two baby red squirrels out of a hole in a tree and brought them home. Mom let me keep both in the house. They were neat squirrels, eating at the top of only one living room curtain. They loved to chase each other, leaving their paper bag house at the crack of dawn. All of us including mom experienced one bouncing off of your face when you were sound asleep.

That all ended when one drowned in the toilet. The second squirrel with a broken tail had moped around the house so I released him outside. A couple of days later it was gone.

When you live in the country, as poor kids you made your own entertainment. We didn't know what the word "bored" meant.

High School Days

When I left Navarino grade school in 1952, I still had the catalog Mrs. Tomashek gave me when she suggested I go to Central State College in Stevens Point and take up a career in conservation. All I knew was that I wanted to be a game warden, but first I had to get through high school.

That fall I went to live with Willard (Bill) Harbor and would remain through my freshman and sophomore years. The Harbor farm was 12 miles from high school but we were on the end of the school bus route so pickup was after 7 AM. At the Grandi's farm during my junior and senior years, I had to walk more than a quarter mile to catch the bus, and if I wasn't there the driver never stopped. I never missed it, as I recall.

Seventy of us converged from rural grade schools at Bonduel that first day of September in 1952. We would be joined by 189 sophomores and juniors including 63 seniors.

Bonduel High was a single two-story building made of brick with an attached Agriculture classroom and a shop. The gym was in the basement and the two upper floors were classrooms.

On day one you got your books. You also got your locker assignment, which you kept for all four years. My locker shared with Ted Rudie was H265, combination lock 18-26-4. Ted and I still know the combination but he remembers the locker number as well.

I don't remember many of the courses I took as a freshman but it did include algebra and French. I was the only boy in the French class that was mostly juniors and senior girls. Those girls loved to see me blush by talking about their bras and panties, and they would laugh. I took French both as a freshman and sophomore since two years of a foreign language was required to graduate from Stevens Point. This way I was done with it.

Math was never one of my strong suits but I went through algebra, advanced algebra, geometry and trig during the four years. Al Folkman, Ezra Benz, Marlin Noffke, Norman

Klosterman and Don Wegner all loved math, and they all went to college majoring in engineering.

Following my name in my senior yearbook, the editor put the following statement. "Those who labor in earnest will come out ahead." They picked the right saying, since I didn't do a whole lot of extracurricular activities during my four years. Student Council, track (ran the mile in 5:30) baseball, (pitched), wrestling, Letterman Club, and vice president of our senior class.

Baseball was my favorite sport, and many of my teammates expected me to be in the pros. I wasn't that good but they thought so. The only home run I hit was against Marion High in the sectional tournament. Problem was the left field fence was snow fence and the fielder fell backward over the fence and caught it. I was elected captain of the team by my teammates in my senior year, but I asked that the honor be shared with my friend Norm Klosterman. I thought he deserved it and he reminded me of that gesture at our 25-year reunion.

School was a struggle for me, with five of my classmates going to engineering school and several women going on to college to become teachers. Besides that, some female classmates had the ability to rote memorize their class work so they got A's. I couldn't do that so wound up in the B to B+ range leaving me 15th in a class of 70. When you are 15th you don't get scholarships to college.

I didn't attend many functions in school. Never went to a prom or dance, and only attended a few football and basketball games. The reason was I had no transportation being 12 miles from school. Even as a senior I dated very little. The most steady date was Carol Korsmo, who went to Clintonville High. She was good-looking and smart, going on to college and majoring in chemistry. She always made it clear her goal was to marry a doctor so I just sort of accepted that. Years later I saw her at the Chicago airport. She was a wrinkled prune long before her time. Glad nothing ever happened in that relationship.

The school had a "Sadie Hawkins" school dance where the girls invited the boys. I never got invited except by France Herb who would have made a good scarecrow. I said no thanks. I dated a few Francis girls from Shiocton High and two from Bonduel High but those were casual dates.

One date came about when Don Johnson and I went to a drive-in diner in Green Bay during our senior year. Two girls pulled up and in our bantering back and forth, the driver threw her billfold into our car. Ginny lived in Green Bay so I took down her address and told her if she wanted to meet again to come to the Navarino ski jumping tournament that winter. I would be skiing in A class and I said would win first place. Sure enough she came, and after my second jump she came over by the fence. That led to lots of dates, but no real interest on my part since she was Catholic. I was more interested in pursuing my college goals.

In any school you will always find guys fooling around. Our 6'4" Principal, Frank Weix, wasn't beyond physically booting someone in the rear, so everyone was scared of him. Jack Tincher, one of my classmates, was always in trouble, and I recall one time Weix forced him to hold the big Funk & Wagnall dictionary at arm's length for an hour. The only trouble I ever got in was talking too much in chemistry class with Joan Schultz. Oliver Andrews, our teacher, grabbed me and stuck us in opposite seats of the classroom.

When living on the Grandi farm it was up at 5 AM to milk cows, in the house at 6:45 AM, wash up, eat and catch the bus at 7:15. Five days a week. We had what was known as a large study hall where you went to study when you didn't have a class. Teachers (there was 15) took turns monitoring that study hall. Miss Grainer, my French teacher, found out I was up at 5 AM and told that appalling fact to Don Aderhold, Assistant Principal, and Ag teacher, who often had duty in study hall. His assistant was an 18 inch wood ruler which he frequently used to discipline or to wake a sleeping student. He always let me sleep!

That summer following graduation, I went to work at the Black Creek Cheese Factory. I did everything, including driving the milk truck, which picked up milk from farms, to separating the cream to making cheese and filling in for those who went on vacation. Cheese making was hard and hot work I usually had a boil under one fingernail or the other that came from a bacterial infection from rennin used to change the milk to cheese. You also used salt to make cheese and that combination had a finger in constant pain.

I would wrap cheese for the presses, and it was the first time I caught hell for working too fast. The foreman, Ed Bergman, pulled me aside and told me in no uncertain words to slow down. I was putting someone out of work. Later I'd be told that at General Telephone Company too.

That summer was lots of fun. I was home. I pitched baseball on Sunday and played softball a couple of nights a week. I had a car to go out on dates and hang out at 18-year-old bars. Besides, that mom was a good cook. It didn't get any better than that.

At that time Wisconsin had 18-year--old beer bars, so when I got to be 18, Donald Johnson, Louie Erb and I would go to the dance halls on Saturday night. I didn't have any money to drink and usually didn't, so I often wound up driving Louie home since he always drank too much.

In 1956 Harry Erb, Louie's father had purchased a new Oldsmobile Rocket 88 that had a speedometer that read 120. Louie often tested the speedometer for accuracy when I was with him. Sure enough it went 120 miles an hour! Pretty dumb now that I think of the speed and tires that often blew.

Working at Harbor's farm and the Grandi farm my junior and senior year really didn't allow me to participate in things normal high school kids did. First I didn't have the money as I only got \$2 a week with room and board. Out of that I paid for clothes and school lunches so I had little or no excess to spend on fun things. Equally important was

the fact I didn't have access to a vehicle. Nelson Grandi never offered me their family car even though I was 16 when I went there. So I walked or got that occasional ride with high school classmates. The only other thing worth mentioning was my quietness or maybe shyness during those teen years. When classmates wrote in the yearbook many commented I was a nice guy but they didn't know me very well. Norman Klosterman and Louie Erb both were "jocks," and probably best friends. Don Johnson left Bonduel after his sophomore year. So our relationship was limited to ball games and occasional outings.

Independence of the Time to Grow Up

As kids, I knew we came from a divorced family, and as the Redbook said in those days, children of divorced families were doomed to failure. I was determined to destroy that myth and began to develop an attitude. Even as a little kid, I somehow began to develop an independent streak. Neighbors would stop by offering to take the three of us to the Shawano county fair. Joanne and Donnie eagerly accepted those invitations but I said no thanks. I didn't like sympathy or handouts and still don't.

But I didn't like going without, particularly when it came to food. Farm families like Erbs, Christiansons and Schuelkes always had a lot of food, including meat, potatoes and desert. I couldn't get that at home so the summer of 1947 at the age of nine, I left. Elmer Robly, the same town official who paid me 10 cents per gopher, had offered me to come stay with them.

Mom was pretty upset, and I guess looking back at it for good reason. After all, I was only nine. I packed what few clothes I had headed out the door onto the gravel road and it seemed like a giant rubber band got tighter, pulling me away from the decision I made. To this day, I remember planting my feet in the gravel road and saying "No, I'm not going back." The rubber band broke, and I was on my own.

Elmer Robley had one older son. Elroy, who worked at the Four Wheel Drive plant in Clintonville. He also had three daughters, all of whom were older than I. Alice was the youngest, followed by Leone and Marion. Alice I remember, because she was blond but extremely quiet. I spent two years there a mere mile away from home but it really was a break that today would be called a dysfunctional family. I became separated as a sibling, which carried through my entire life.

Living at Robley's was neither hard nor easy. Elmer had about 25 milk cows and a bull for breeding purposes. His idea of a relationship with me simply was to order me up on the Case narrow wheel tractor and go plow with out any instructions. Fortunately I used to steer the Schuelke 1935 Allis Chalmers so I at least knew where the breaks were and how the shifting gear worked. His 80-acre field however put me to sleep from monotony as I went back and forth with the single plow. I remember falling asleep, going through a barb wire fence and ending up in a ditch. It scared me to death.

Next came planting with oats or corn, and not once did he ever explain the process. Usually my instructions were a grunt and pointed figure instructing me to deliver fertilizer or the seed. So much for learning.

At night after dinner I usually went outside to entertain myself by the Shiocton River, which flowed through the edge of his property. These were learning times for me with nesting bobolinks, meadowlarks and blue birds.

I learned to mend fences, milk cows, learned what bulls do and how to run a tractor but not much else.

There was no love ever expressed between Elmer and his wife or the three daughters and even at that young age I noticed that. Later I would see a sharp contrast to that at the Harbor family.

I don't have any recollection of how much I got paid. Obviously it included room and board, but I would bet it did not get to a buck a week. Navarino grade school was merely a 40 over – that's ¼ mile, so I walked to school. On weekends, Robleys went to the Lutheran Church. I probably went to church with them. Weekends, at least after milking and chores and Sunday church, were for fishing, swimming, ball games and in the winter, skating. So much for being 9, 10 and 11.

There are two years I really can't account for, my 12th and 13th years. During my 7th and eight grade I perhaps went back home but I don't remember except that in my 13th year I had my appendix out in the summer. I spent a good part of that summer lying around and shooting sparrows with the Remington .22 pump Uncle James Stevens gave me. He and Aunt Barbara lived in Chicago, and one time asked me to come stay with them for a month in their apartment. I was put on a train in Appleton and met by Jim in Chicago. It was the first and last time I had a train ride until I worked for a national conservation organization.

Uncle Jim worked for Peabody Coal Company and had some kind of office job in a storage building for coal. It was dirty and dusty and smelled of coal and didn't leave a good impression on me. Barbara worked out too, so they let me fend for myself in the apartment. I remember taking a really hot bath and getting so weak from it I could hardly function.

It was also my first experience with English muffins. That's what they ate and that's what I got for breakfast. It was an absolute flop of a trip, which I never took again.

Our Aunt Dorothy, Barbara's sister, was married to Fritz Bloomberg a graduate chemical engineer who spent his working life in Stuttgart, Arkansas, in the rice industry. He always predicted that hamburger would be made with soybean meal and not meat. So much for predictions. He originally was from Lakeland, Wisconsin, and he, Dorothy and daughter Ingrid spent their summer vacation at his parent's home. Jim and Barbara

would visit them and in doing that invite Donnie and me along to go fishing. It was my first experience in a boat and catching northern pike.

These trips would have occurred during my seventh and eighth grade summer as the following summers ending 8th grade I went to the Harbor farm about three miles from home and about 1½ miles east of Navarino.

Going to the Harbor farm was not a difficult choice in a summer before high school. Bill Harbor worked for a paper company in Neenah and somehow elected to stay on the farm with his elderly father who maintained a separate little bungalow next to the main house. His wife's name was Millie, and they had two sons, Corbett, who was eleven, and David, nine.

It was a regular dairy farm with perhaps 30 cows or so. The barn was about 80 feet long rigged for DDT spray and whitewashed regularly. They prided themselves that they never got written up by the state inspector for a dirty farm. The barn was on the north side of the Highway W with the house and fields on the southside. It was also my first experience with rocks, as the glacier had left plenty 10,000 years before. Since it was dairy, they used a standard rotation of the day, oats, corn and hay. Their only tractor was a Ford 8N.

My job was simple in the summer. It was regular chores, milking and field work. When I went to high school, I helped with morning and evening milking. In the summer I got two dollars a week and when in school that dropped to \$1. Out of that I paid my school lunch at Bonduel High (\$.25) and bought all of my own clothes. How I did that was beyond me except that I owned only one pair of shoes, green work pants I wore to school and plaid shirts.

The Harbor family was a great family, unlike Robleys. Millie and Bill openly showed affection to each other as well as to their kids and Bill's dad. They made me feel right at home and treated me as a member of their family.

I was a skinny kid during those years and always hungry. They never skimped on food with lots of beef and potatoes. Millie didn't work outside the home, so cooking was part of being a housewife, and she was good at that.

Bill and the two boys never did any of the farm work. His dad and I did it all. Not even at harvest time did they lift a finger. I just accepted that and really didn't think much about it.

My bedroom was on the second floor of the house, and Bill always called me at wake up time. All he said was "Bill, time to get up." Getting up was never a chore, nor was going to bed. In the summer, I played catch with both boys, and we usually stayed outside until dark. For some reason they always had a lot of lightning bugs. We caught hundreds, putting them in glass jars in our rooms.

My curiosity with wildlife continued as well. I took two red-tailed hawks out of their nest and kept them in a cage. They had ferocious appetites and would gobble dozens of mice a day. I had mouse traps at the nearby Herb farm, as the Harbor farm never did satisfy their appetites. I decided that summer to release them to the wild so I took them to the highest hill on the farm and released them. Knowing what I know today, it was wrong to keep them, and I doubt they survived.

A crow I had was a different story. While in the 7th grade I took a young crow out of the nest, raising it on regular table food. I named it Crowbait. He or she survived the first year only to fall victim to a hawk. The first time I scared the hawk into dropping him after he had swooped down and grabbed him. The second time he got Crowbait and that ended a short, one-year life.

I took Crowbait II out of a nest when he was partially feathered out. His food at Harbor's was all table scraps dumped in a metal basin in the barn. The dog and cats were deathly scared of him, so he always got his full first. He loved to bury bones and other scraps in the straw pile we used for bedding and would dare the dog and cat to try and get it.

Crowbait II had a good side, too. He loved to have his head petted and most of the time would go into a trance when petted. His favorite perch for that purpose was the porch railing and as I went out to the barn in the morning, gave him what I thought was the perfect petting, Trouble was you couldn't tell which mood he was in, and sometimes he'd just turn on you, pecking with his sharp beak. I didn't tolerate that much, and he got a good swat, which put him into a very foul mood with squawking and further threats. He usually flew off, winding up at the Herb farm ¼ mile away. He was stubborn and wouldn't leave, so many times I walked to Herbs and carried him home.

He never talked but could imitate a cat or bark of the dog and loved to play that game. His end came unexpectedly when I found him on the barn floor sitting on one leg. One cow stanchion was broken and a cow loose in the barn. He loved to fly up on a cow's back which scared the heck out of them so we surmised he did that and wound up with a broken leg for the effort. We just never knew for sure. His leg was broken at the top joint, and so I ended his life with a shovel. The dog and cats were happy.

By the time I left the Harbors', it was the beginning of my junior year at Bonduel. The two boys were growing up and could help with farm work. I left the farm feeling pretty good except that my class ring which I paid \$11 for fell off my finger while playing catch with Corbett on their front lawn. It still is there to this day as far as I know.

I really don't remember how I wound up working at Nelson Grandi's farm near Nichols. His two stepsons Jim and Don Johnson were teenagers and both had left home. Don, I remember, said he couldn't get along with Nelson. Jim at that time was dating sister Joanne, so I suspect Jim suggested I go work there.

Nelson's farm was much bigger, with nearly 90 milk cows. He had a modern Surge milking parlor, which held three cows for milking. It was always cold in the parlor as

compared to the stanchion farm at Harbors. It was cold in another way as well since Nelson seldom carried on a conversation. Nor was he very good at explaining his instructions or expectations to me.

Living there was entirely different than Harbors. The house was a two story house with bedrooms on the second floor. My bedroom had no heat or even a gravity register, so in the winter you piled on blankets. Even my Vaseline Hair Tonic froze sometimes.

I was always the first in the barn regardless of the time we rose, which was 4:30 AM in the summer and 5 in the winter. When I heard Nelson stirring, I was up and out to the barn, never using an alarm clock. I didn't even own a watch.

Farm life was pretty much a pattern. Up early in the morning, milk cows, eat breakfast, work to noon, eat lunch, and work until supper time and milk cows. Then go to bed.

I still went to Bonduel High, so the pattern was just a little different. Up at 5, milk to 6:45, wash up, eat breakfast, walk 1/4 mile to Highway 187 and catch the bus to school. I never missed the bus and wasn't sick the two years at the Grandi's farm, as I recall.

I enjoyed summertime, as it was a season of planting crops followed by harvest. Oats were planted and when ripe, shocked for the eventual threshing. It was a neighborhood threshing, as we went from farm to farm until completed. When it was time for the Grandi's farm, I had the job of unloading oats bundles into the threshing machine. It was a smooth and continuous operation only stopping for meals. One time I didn't get off of an empty wagon fast enough and Nelson barked at me to move it. I wound up unloading 32 wagons in a row without a break. I didn't like it, but said nothing, harboring an ill feeling toward him to this day. But, man the food. Tons of it as each of the neighbor's wives could really cook and the wives helped each other. If you went hungry it was your own fault.

Field work was another ritual, but with Nelson you never learned a thing. You learned that field work was hard work and nothing more. Haying was always a challenge, since the dust caused an asthmatic reaction and rash, both of which I hated.

In the winter, we took the International Harvester H Tractor and a log sled and hit the woods to produce firewood to heat the house. There were no chain saws just Nelson and me on either end of a crosscut saw. The tractor was used for power take off power for a portable saw rig to cut logs into 18-inch chunks.

While I never got hurt, I came dangerously close to it when a tree we were cutting popped back off of the stump picking me up and throwing me head-first to the ground. Nelson didn't even ask me if I was okay.

Nelson and Edna (her second marriage after a divorce from a Johnson) fit pretty well together. There were two daughters, Mary and Arla, both younger than me and, Joann by Edna's first marriage.

Meals were always on time and were typical farm fare. Heavy breakfast of eggs, pancakes or cereal. Heavy noon lunch of meat and potatoes with the same for dinner. It was there I learned that you never went to the table without a shirt by order of Nelson and secondly you learned to drink cold milk. A great big pot of water was heated for breakfast and sat all day on the cook stove to make Nelson tea, not coffee.

There were no five-day weeks for me, as cows needed milking twice every day. I never went to church, as the Grandi's attended a Congregational Church. I did play baseball for Nichols on Sunday afternoon, but since the diamond was a mere mile or so I always walked home. I used to go up in the barn haymow and practice pitching into a bushel basket. Perhaps I did that out of boredom, but I think it was just honing my skills as a baseball pitcher.

I left there in my 18th year, following graduation from high school with \$17 in my pocket. Nelson had paid me \$2 a week while in school and \$5 during the summer. Out of that I paid for my own clothes, school lunches and other expenses. I was glad to leave.

I had dutifully cleaned all of the milking machines and strainer before going in for breakfast, even during the school year. When I left, Nelson said I never had to do that but never had bothered to tell me I didn't. I always hated that job. It still grinds on me that Nelson did that to me. Another learned lesson in life, I guess.

The only other comment on those farm days was a futile effort to hold down a night job while a senior in high school. The work was at the Bischof Horseradish Factory in Black Creek. It's the only job I got fired from. It was illegal for them to allow me to work while in school. So I got a pink slip. Sort of a double standard. You could get up at 5 am to do farm work, go to school, and come home to do more farm work and that was okay? Sometimes life isn't fair.

When I graduated I had already applied to Central State College at Stevens Point and had been accepted. I stayed at home for the summer until the fall, then was college-bound. It was also the first time I had a saving account at a bank. I still have that Clintonville Bank Saving Deposit Book. That summer it got up to \$600, but it went in a hurry once college started.

That summer after graduation, I purchased my first car, a 1952 four-door Custom Ford for \$800. That was 1956. It was a plain Jane car with an 8 cylinder engine. My grandmother, Theresa Horvath, gave me the money as a gift to purchase it. Later she said it was a loan so I paid her the \$800 plus 3% interest for the years I had it.

The Black Creek Cooperative was about 12 miles away, so I needed a car for work. Gasoline was five gallons for a dollar, which was pretty cheap. The Ford got 18 miles to the gallon so I could go 90 miles on a buck. The Outagamie Cooperative paid \$1.15 per hour, so for a 40 hour week I made \$46. Some of my high school classmates worked in construction, which paid really big money -- \$2 an hour or \$80 a week. Big difference.

Both summers and on weekends, I stayed with mom at home. Donnie and Joanne were gone. Donnie had joined the Army at 16 and then worked somewhere in the Fox Valley. Joanne had married Jim Johnson and was on her way to raising a family of four.

On Friends

When you are a kid, particularly in those early years, every kid is your friend. As you grow in those relationships you start sorting them out. I doubt if I was any different. I had only three or four kids I really spent any time with. Perhaps distance separated me more than that desire.

Louie Erb, a farm boy about one mile away became one of those close friends at an early age and as far back as the first grade. One of two sons, he and Arkel were as different as two could be. Arkel finished high school in two years and went on to college. Louie was not college-bound and really didn't apply himself, just getting by from 1st grade through high school.

But we shared common interests. We liked to play. One thing we always did was play in a drainage ditch that ran ice cold in summer and harbored spawning pickerel and sunfish. Louie and I would cut a gunny sack open and used it as a sieve to catch the young pickerel, usually six or eight inches. These would wind up in the cattle watering tank next to the barn for the summer. Then we released them back into the ditch.

In those days, pesticides weren't used to control weeds in oats fields, including yellow mustard. Each stem had to be pulled by hand, and Louie had that job. I often helped him, and his dad Harry rewarded me with 50 cents or a dollar for the effort. Those were long, hot summer days in June, but we seemed to thrive on it.

Later as kids we began to experiment with homemade cigarettes made from corn silk rolled in toilet paper. We never got hooked on these but we had fun doing it. Later we would try cigars – big black ones Louie's grandfather used. Our first one was smoked in a hillside wood shack we built as a clubhouse. At least that's what we called it. Louie and I built it from boards ripped from an old barn on the abandoned Robley farm one half mile from our house. We saved every nail and straightened those that needed it. The boards were hauled in our little red wagon to our secret spot in the hillside.

In grade school, I helped Louie with spelling and math as a teacher-appointed tutor. I never looked at helping him that way as anything but natural. He was much stronger than me and we knew that by testing as kids do, which I suppose was an inborn test for dominance. But he never used his strength that way.

We loved to hunt together with our identical Montgomery Ward Westernfield 12-gauge pumps. We spend endless fall days hunting ruffed grouse. Besides, we both had .22s, which we used on squirrels.

After grade school, we went to Bonduel High School, where we started going our separate ways. Louie was a football and wrestling jock, and I was in track and baseball. He could also put the beer away, and I swear he had a hollow leg for storage. I didn't drink, so we drew apart in friendship. Besides, I knew I was headed for college and he wasn't.

In grade school I also picked up two additional friends, Julius Davids, a full blooded Stockbridge Indian, and Ronnie Westgor. Both were born thieves for as long as I could remember, always taking things like candy, cigarettes and fishing lures from Web Conrads store. I chummed around with them without ever engaging in theft because I liked to fish. The three of us spent countless hours on the Shiocton River in Navarino, catching suckers, shiners and an occasional pickerel. We drifted apart as well as we got to the end of our grade school years. Both eventually would wind up in prison.

The only other friend I had as a young boy was Roger Mokalski another half-bred Indian with a sister named Carol who lived with their mother in a log cabin on the corner of Highway W and what is now known as Navarino Road. Roger loved the outdoors, particularly hunting. He taught me how to snare grouse off the roost at night. We spent countless hours in the woods, attempting to snare them. He moved away before entering high school, thus I lost track of him. Later in life, I found out he worked at the Shawano County Home, where he got attacked and lost a kidney when a buck deer in a pen nailed him.

Entering high school, I really became a loner, and while remaining friends with Louie Erb, only picked up one friend Norman Klosterman. Norm and I pitched on the same high school baseball team and later as a senior he and I deer hunted together. I went off to Stevens Point and he to Platteville.

I've pretty well concluded that men don't really make as many friends as women do. As kids you make friends, but as you grow older you establish boundaries and barriers that are not destroyed unless you go into the military, which forces relationships. We all have lots of male acquaintances, but that is different than true friendships, at least as I see it.

Baseball and Other Sports

When I was a small kid at Navarino grade school, recess offered the opportunity to play softball in the spring and football in the fall. I was always underweight, slow and not very athletic, so I usually wound up as one of the last picked when choosing players in football. No matter, I really didn't like that contact sport anyway.

But softball was a different game, I found that if I owned the ball and the bat I always got to play and with that always a shot at pitching, which I got pretty good at. Usually somebody acted as captain and chose the players. You don't get left out when you own the bat and ball.

I guess if you do something often enough you become good at it. Such was the case with me on pitching. Later on when I moved to the Harbor farm at 14, I took extra time to practice pitching both with a baseball and softball.

I discovered early on that a hitter had trouble with a knuckleball, so I spent hours pitching into a bushel basket in the hay mow. I only had a couple of balls so I did a lot of walking back and forth to retrieve the ball.

I also discovered that I could throw both left handed as well as with my normal right. I was better with a softball but I could do it with a baseball as well.

Most of the softball playing occurred in the evenings with baseball reserved for Sunday afternoons. The Navarino ball field was next to the Navarino grade school. It was nothing fancy, with a backstop fence, a bleacher and a wooden bench on both sides serving as team dugouts. It also had lights, which allowed night ball games. The first team I played on was put together by Earl Holzer, who grew up next to our house. Earl was also manager for several Shawano High sports teams so it was sort of natural for him to do that. Almost every community had organized softball teams, often church related. The Navarino team was all local. I can't recall all members of the team but here are a few of them, Lewellyn Erb, Earl and Henry Holzer, Donald and Jim Johnson, Aryln Pues, Don Horvath and me.

I pitched using a combination of knuckleball, and windup. At night when the air was damp, the knuckle ball could break as much as three feet, but when it didn't the batter often got a good crack at the ball.

That's how I got a broken nose. Someone hit a softball right back at me. It took out the webbing of my glove before breaking the nose. It was the only bloody nose I ever received and led to a septum that grew shut and operation to open it when I was 31.

I played on a couple of other non-Navarino softball teams as a teen. One was Ray's Bar in Briarton. Jim Johnson, later to become my brother-in-law, played on the team as well. We were League Champions in 1959, and I continued my pitching on most teams. I didn't keep track of my win-loss record, but it wasn't bad as I recall.

Later, as a 19 year old, Don Johnson and I went to California (Redondo Beach) where we played on actor Johnny Horton's softball team in Los Angeles County. We were the 10th ranked team with a knuckleball pitcher, and a windmill pitcher on top of that. Our catcher was a Hawaiian who wore no shoes. Our pitcher was so fast the catchers hand was swollen by the end of the game. Most games ended 1-0.

I remember playing the number one seeded team in the LA softball tournament. I got nine swings at a ball that was a blur. The final score was 1-0. We lost.

Later, when I lived in Madison I played on a University of Wisconsin team and did some umpiring as well. That ended my involvement in softball.

Baseball was a different cat. This was big stuff in rural Navarino and always played on Sunday afternoon. Organized baseball started in high school. Bonduel High had about 270 kids in it with simultaneous baseball and track seasons. Freshman competed with seniors. I started out as a freshman pitching under the tutelage of Mr. Freid, our baseball coach.

I was on a rotational basis with Norm Klosterman as starting pitcher. For some reason, the team always had good hitting for Norm so he won. With me it was just the opposite, and as a result I won few games.

Two memorable events occurred while on the high school team. First it was the only time I even hit a home run. Trouble was the fence was slightly down in left field and the fielder fell over the fence and caught the ball. I never came close again.

The second was our annual trip to see the Milwaukee Braves play baseball. We looked forward to seeing Henry Aaron, everyone's hero, and the rest of the team all of whom we knew by name.

Somewhere along in those high school days, I started to play baseball in the Dairyland League which included several teams in the area. It was considered a semi pro league of about "D," quality although several players were good enough to have tried out for the major leagues.

I hooked up with the Nichols teams as a pitcher. We weren't very good as I recall but it was fun.

I remember that we picked up a night game in a town near Cecil. I was the pitcher. The opposing pitcher was Billy Wolfgang, who had pitched in the Detroit Tiger franchise. He was fast but very wild, probably the reason he was cut.

He beamed me with his first pitch, which flew over the backstop. In those days we didn't wear helmets so one could get hurt. My teammates flew off the bench since they thought the beaming was deliberate. I wasn't hurt so the melee ended as quickly as it started.

Later, I moved to the Landstad team a crossroads on State Highway 47 south of Bonduel. The team sponsor was a local tavern owner. Whether at Nichols or Landstad, we had regular uniforms owned by the team. They were made of wool as I recall with no numbers or name except Nichols or Landstad on the back of the shirt.

The Landstad team was never very good, so we won few games. The team we disliked the most was Navarino as they were usually the team to beat for the league championship. Perhaps I should say a word about my prowess as a batter. It wasn't much in baseball or softball. I was what you would call a .200+ hitter. Since I couldn't hit a

long ball, I concentrated on punching the ball to left or right field so hits were seldom more than a single. But I got a lot of walks since I could foul off good pitches while leaving bad ones go. I don't even think I was a good base runner since I wasn't that fast.

It was for that reason I ran track in high school as a miler. The best I ever did there was a 5 ½ minute mile. The state high school record at that time was 4 minutes 20 second. So much for speed.

Perhaps the highlight of my baseball career was the annual all star game where the best in the Dairyland League played the team holding the conference lead at the half way mark. The Dairyland League consisted of Black Creek, Bonduel, Hoffa Park, Landstad, Nichols and Navarino. I played for Nichols at that time. Navarino was in the lead and hosted the all stars. I started as pitcher for the all stars. I pitched three inning and didn't allow a hit or walk. I remember walking off the mound feeling pretty good about myself, particularly since I was from Navarino.

Later the Appleton Post Crescent sports page headline read "Dairyland stars win in 11th, 9-6. Bill Horvath hurls 3 perfect innings for victors".

Every kid has his dream about being a big league player. Some of my high school classmates thought I would be one too. As we get older, we learn that there is a vast difference between bush league baseball and the majors but I had fun while I played.

Ski Jumping 1951-1962

The things you do in life often come about as an accident. So it was with ski jumping. When I was 12 and brother Donny 10, we each got \$25 for Christmas. I remember the number but not who we got it from. Likely it was from Aunt Mary or our father, who sent the money via mail.

Our mother took us to Seymour, a small town about 12 miles away, where we went into a sports shop having an after Christmas sale. There we spotted down hill skis that fit within our \$25 budget. Donny came out with 5 ½ feet maple skis and I with a 6 ½ foot pair of hickory skis. They had a single groove and bear claw clamps to hold your feet on the skis.

As kids do, we went all over on these skis, through the woods and over hill and dale to our neighbors.

Enter Elroy Robley, a self-educated engineer (he passed the state exam without a college degree) who worked at Four Wheel Drive in Clintonville. Elroy was also a Hudson automobile nut, owning several during the period I knew him. It had the first 3000 cc engine and was a frequent winner in racing circles.

How Elroy got interested in ski jumping is unknown, but he designed and constructed a 55-foot steel tower ski jump south and west of Navarino in 1951. He never was any good at ski jumping, but he liked doing it. Later, he added lighting for night jumping that many of us enjoyed.

Enter Louie Erb, classmate of mine who lived next door on a farm. He too had purchased 8 ½ feet skis but his were hickory skis for jumping, with three grooves, 25 lbs in weight and with bear claw clamps. Louie approached me one day about going off the jump – he with his jumping skis and me with downhill skis. Only a 13 years old would be nuts enough to do that. Up the scaffold we walked and when we got to the top it was decision time. Louie agreed to go first but he didn't have the guts to start so I pushed him to get him going. He piled up on the bottom which could be expected the first time. Ironically I went down and actually stood up the first time. We went down eight times that day – Louie spilling most of his rides, but I stood up four of the eight attempts.

Both Donny and I eventually graduated to wood jumping skis. Where we got them and who paid for them is lost to memory. Plastic skies had not yet been invented, so we used two kinds of wax to prevent sticking and increase speed.

Later brother Jim would join the ski jumping troop and perhaps was the best jumper of the three brothers. He says he claimed the Navarino Hill record and so did I at 84 feet. We all out-jumped the hill from time to time because of icy conditions.

Ski jumping had 4 classes. Those in A class were the best and included Olympic quality skiers, B was for those up to 18 years of age and C was the lowest class by age. Seniors also had a class by themselves. I started in B class, eventually getting into A class competition.

Navarino had a ski jumping club that Elroy kept organized. He provided transportation for tournaments throughout the state, Michigan and Minnesota. Wisconsin had lots of ski jumps, all of which Elroy made sure several of us got too. They included Madison, Eau Claire, Oconomowoc, New London, Wisconsin Rapids, Iola, Stevens Point, Brokaw, and Westby, the largest at the time. All had jumping tournaments January – March. In addition we jumped at Duluth and our Class A skied at Iron Mountain, Michigan, as well.

We had two girls in our club, Carol and Barbara Korsmo. Carol was the older and better skier. Later as a junior and senior in school I dated her. She had strawberry blonde hair and Barbara black with a slight cross eye, but still pretty good looking.

I never got hurt ski jumping except for a sprained thumb while standing on flat ground. That wasn't so for a couple of my jumping colleagues. The worst thing you can do jumping is fall forward. Those old bear trap binding didn't come off of your heel and as a result you could pull all the ligaments in your leg. Elmer Robley did just that and wound up in a cast for six months.

I built a 25-foot scaffold of poplar trees on mom's property. We could jump 25 – 30 feet on the hill. Arlan Pues a neighbor kid and I jumped in the moonlight, and one night when he missed the take off, somehow wound up with a broken leg. I had to go home and get a toboggan to haul him out of the woods. He never totally recovered from the injury and was left with a permanent limp.

One time while jumping at Duluth, I kicked off the top and caught a steel bar across the bridge of my nose. It knocked me down and I didn't recover until the end of the jump. I bounced off of the knoll, winding up at the bottom of the hill.

The scariest thing that happened occurred at Mosquito Hill in New London. As we always did after the tournament, we continued to jump for fun as you only get two rides during competition. As I came down the jump a young boy walked across in front of the jump and I hit him dead-on with both skies. The speed I was going probably was 40 miles per hour. Luckily, he escaped injury and all I got was some strained stomach muscles.

We jumped no matter what the temperature. Sometimes it was 20 degrees below zero. When it was like that your eyes froze shut, since we didn't wear goggles in those days.

Our awards were generally 1st through 4th with a special award for the longest jump and most graceful ride. A combination of distance and style gave your placing. The awards were generally a ribbon or metal award about an inch square. I won a fistful over the years including longest jump and most graceful. That was big stuff!

I set a couple of hill distance records, most of which were broken by other jumpers. The longest jump was 230 feet at Iola, as I recall. It was no hill record but it was for me. Westby and Iron Mountain had much longer hill records.

At the end of competition, the host club provided a banquet following the awards and consisting of hot dogs, barbecue and hamburgers.

After one tournament in Stevens Point, held in Iverson Park, a couple of kids came over to me and asked that I go with them. They thought they found a dead man in an outdoor fireplace. When I got there, I tapped on his arm which sounded hollow, thinking maybe this was a wax dummy. I tried to scrape wax from his arm. I didn't get any. The police came and picked him up.

By the time I was 18, I was pretty good, having beat Gene Kotlaric from Duluth on a number of occasions. At 18 he was on the US Olympic team. Perhaps I could have been too except that Olympic trials were held at Lake Placid, New York, and I had neither the money nor way to participate.

But you always have the memory and feeling of "What if? The honor would have been worth it, even if US skiers couldn't beat the Swedes, Finns and Japanese.

The College Years

As I noted earlier, college was my intention since 8th grade, and I went to high school with that in mind. My eye was set on Wisconsin State College at Stevens Point as it was called then.

The college had about 1,000 students at the time and was known primarily as a teacher training institution but had the only general conservation curriculum in the U.S. It offered courses in all aspects of natural resource management, but didn't have a specific discipline like forestry or wildlife. It didn't matter, since my goal which I set at 13, was to be a game warden in Wisconsin.

The campus at Stevens Point had five buildings. Old Main, where all of the classes were taught, the library, which also housed some college administration offices, and the campus school where students received on-site training on teaching kids. Nelson Hall, a resident Hall for women and a resident hall for men just down the street completed the campus.

I drove my 1952 Custom four-door Ford to school. I wasn't sure what to expect, and I can clearly remember thinking that at least I'd go one semester mostly because of the size of the campus.

Upon registering, I found I had to find private housing because the dorm was full. I found a place known as the Bertelino House on the corner of College and Church Street that housed 18 men. Room rental was \$4 a week. Breakfast and dinner was on your own with lunch served in Nelson Hall five days a week at twenty five cents per day.

Tuition was \$64 a semester. I still have the receipt. Even after working all summer I knew I needed a job, so I worked 20 hours on weekends at the Black Creek Outagamie Cooperative. I had a car so I often drove other kids home for the weekend. They usually gave me a dollar for gas, which at that time bought you five gallons.

Three of my high school classmates went there as well, two of which were on scholarships offered to the top 10% of graduating seniors.

For some reason, I decided to triple major. A conservation and biology major fit together neatly, but I also decided to take an English major, which didn't fit well after the sophomore year of classes. You needed 32 credits to major in one so it really created a workload. I carried 18-21 credits every semester, winding up with 32 credits in conservation by the end of my 5th year.

Between working and school I really didn't do any extracurricular things and wound up my first year with a 2.4 grade point average – just "C" work. That summer, I went back home and worked at the Outagamie Cooperative with every intent to go back to school in the fall.

Don Johnson and I were the best of friends, and four days before I returned for my sophomore year, he suggested that I go to California with him as he was going to El Camino Junior College. So I said let's go. We drove separate cars. He had a 1950 Chevy convertible and I the 1952 Ford. He had a friend by the name of Clayton Henessey that was going to school as well, so we rented a garage in Redondo Beach, which had been converted to an apartment. It was owned by an elderly lady who lived next door.

Don and Clayton went off to school, and I looked for a job. It was the fall of 1957 when a major recession hit, but I managed to land a job with General Telephone at \$1.60 an hour. It was at their local central exchange which was all manual dialing. The job consisted of installing equipment needed for an automatic dialing system. This meant running electrical cable, installation of new equipment and testing it to make sure it worked.

New employees were sent to electrical school for a month or more so we learned the basics of electricity, which helped, since we worked with both alternating and direct current with all different amperages and voltages.

My ride to work was in a brand new 1957 fuel-injected red Chevy convertible. They were about \$2,700 at the time. Now closer to \$60,000 restored.

Working with hot electricity can be exciting. I remember getting knocked off of a metal ladder when my head touched a 120-volt line and another time burning my hand when I placed it on a block terminal of direct current.

We worked in pairs and we often installed equipment in one-quarter the time specs called for. We were told to take the entire time, period!

I also remember wiring up a bank of Wheat Stone Bridge testing equipment. My partner after four weeks of work reversed the battery and ground cable and burned up the entire system. It was also my second experience with unions.

At that time the central exchange was connected to the Pentagon and McDonnell Douglas, so when that happened every bell and whistle went off. The brass had a fit, but our foreman, Dick Howard, was a former submarine commander and nothing rattled him. We spent the next month rewiring the equipment.

I also had a weekend job at a screw plating factory, where screws that were used in jets were plated in stainless steel. I sat behind a large magnifying glass and inspected each for flaws. Boring work!

Don decided to become a professional boxer. He was 6'4", 230 pounds-plus and strong as an ox. I was often his sparing partner and broke my left thumb in the process. Don got beat up pretty bad in his first fight and dropped that idea.

We both dated California girls occasionally. I dated a telephone operator with a nick name "Leaky." Her real name was Sara Faucet. We went to places like the Hollywood Paladium and other hot spots in the Los Angeles area.

Don and I also took our cars to Tijuana, Mexico. He to get a new top on the convertible and I tuck and rolled my entire car in Naugahyde – green and white. It was our first taste of Mexico and experience with Mexican labor. Boy they could work. They did the entire inside of my car in 24 hours for \$250. About a dozen worked on it. That car would last me until I went to Pennsylvania in 1962.

As promised, I left for home in September 1958 to begin a second year at Point. I hadn't saved much money and needed to work again so I went and saw Orlan Radtke, the Dean of Men, for help to find a job. He directed me to Weber Tackle and their plastic division, which produced foam plastic coolers and Green Giant Styrofoam statues for display.

They were looking for help but my full load in school didn't fit their schedule so they said no. I went back 11 times before Milt Sorenson, the manager, basically said if you want a job that bad you got it.

I worked as a shipping clerk beginning in October of 1958 until June of 1962 when I graduated. By that time I had free reign with my own key and set my own hours. My major job was labeling cartons, determining weight, preparing shipping orders and loading trucks and railcars. I started at \$1.15 an hour and ended at \$1.40 an hour.

I learned two lessons from this. One, be persistent. Secondly, don't trust free enterprise. I was told to ship customers' coolers that leaked and didn't meet their specs even though Weber had a promise of "no leakers."

Year two at college started to bring changes for me. The English major began to emerge in importance and I began to get in trouble with grades, particularly chemistry and psychology, and by the end of the second semester I was barely 2 point.

One can blame the 35-hour work week on top of 18-21 credits considered really a full load. But I also got involved in Alpha Beta Rho Fraternity, intramural sports like softball, and Men's Glee Club.

Alpha Beta Rho was then a local campus fraternity, later affiliated with Alpha Gamma, a national fraternity. For whatever reason I was elected treasurer and kept that job until graduation. They said I was good at collecting dues.

I gravitated to English because it was interesting for me and besides I liked the New England Literature course taught by Norman Knudson, who also happened to be the Director of the Men's Glee Club. The Glee Club served as the College Ambassador and traveled from high school to high school putting on concerts. It had about 40 men, most of whom were not music majors.

I couldn't even read music, but Knudson's motto was if you liked to sing, you were in. Tryouts showed I was a baritone with a good ear. I would occasionally slide over and sing tenor but always got caught and ordered into my baritone section.

It was fun, which included whispering to a new front row freshman that his zipper was open right in the middle of a song. One new freshman had that pulled on him every year.

It was also my first run-in with a gay, since Norman Knudson was one. He invited me to his cottage for the weekend but didn't tell me we had to sleep in the same bed. I remember his wayward hands, which I pushed off. It wasn't until years later that I even knew what a gay was.

I left school that year right on the verge of failure but would go back after summer work at Mitchell Sheet Metal in Clintonville. I was one of three employees and did a variety of work including steel and asphalt shingle roofing, house siding, along with furnace maintenance and installation.

Don Mitchell and his main guy, Audie, were easy to work with. I learned all kinds of things useful to any home owner. I worked there for three summers at the end of my sophomore, junior and first senior year.

Junior year came in 1959, and again I took the full load, but by now all three Deans I had as advisors began to tell me I had to focus. Three majors were too many. I liked English and got my only B's in it. I liked biology, but knew I'd have trouble with comparative anatomy, so left that as a minor.

The only problem I had was grades. I had lots of problems with psychology. A "Miss" Bloom, who hated men gave only one A in her class (by her own admittance), a couple of B's, mostly C's and always some D's and one F. I got scores like 20's and 30's on tests and I knew my college days were done if I got an F.

So I asked her for an IQ test to see if I was college material. The test showed I had an extremely high vocabulary, knew history pretty well and had a vivid imagination according to the ink blot tests. She said my IQ was 130 plus or minus 5 points, which is normal college material. She said there was no reason for my poor performance. Fortunately she gave me a D- and not an F, so the course counted and kept me in school.

My junior year had one important event. I met my future wife, Nancy Damrau. While I dated occasionally with girls back home and a couple in college, I didn't have much interest in women. I think that was simply a case of economics.

Herb Rosby was a roommate of mine during my sophomore year. He was older than me and had served time in the Army and was getting a college degree in sociology. We were fraternity brothers as well and when it came to our junior year Herb asked that I move with him to another house on College Avenue. We were both Lutherans, and he had met

his future wife, Joanna, in college and regularly attended Trinity Lutheran Church while participating in Lutheran Student Association activities headquartered at the church.

I met Nancy the first time lying on my back, putting paper mache on a wire frame of a pointer dog. The dog, a mascot for the University, was to be part of a float.

Nancy had begun school that year, and she was a native of Stevens Point, attending Trinity Lutheran Church with her family. When she walked by, all I saw was those long willowy legs in a short skirt.

Later Herb Rosby pointed her out during an LSA event and suggested I take her out. One of the activities of the Lutheran Student Association was to go roller skating. We met outside Nelson Hall for rides and Joanna and Herb, Nancy and two other guys rode with me. After taking her home that evening I asked her out on a date to hear the Messiah that involved a bus trip to Appleton. Nancy had a class in front of mine as well and I always said hi as she left. And that soon resulted in a regular relationship.

Nancy and I had the same geography professor, so we often studied together in the library and in the den of her family house.

By the time summer rolled around and classes ended in 1961, I was still on academic probation (below 2 point) and spent the summer working at Mitchell Sheet Metal. Nancy went on a six-week vacation with her parents, and when she got back I gave her a "flawless" diamond engagement ring. At least that is what I was told. We had the ring reset for our 25th anniversary and the jeweler informed Nancy that indeed the diamond was flawless and estimated its value at \$2,300, probably 10 times what I paid for it originally. That \$2,300 would buy you 10 brand-new Remington Wing Master Pump Shotguns!

Nancy decided not to go back to school and went to work at the Wisconsin Retail Hardware Association, and I went back to school for the first of my two senior years.

Somewhere in the course of our engagement Nancy decided to change the wedding ceremony to delete the word obey. (It is not in the vows.) We fought about that, finally coming to a truce with her getting her language in exchange for the 9 days of deer season, no questions asked.

I still worked at Weber's and took a full load, but because of the double major I would need a semester of a second senior year to graduate. I finished the year still on academic probation, slowly inching back to a 2 point.

The only incident worth commenting about was a teacher who taught an English Literature course I took. She was single and an old maid with a PhD from Columbia University. She made a statement during our class that the only reason women went to college was to catch a man. There were 14 women in the class and I took her on, indicating so what if they did. I went from an A to a C in the class just like that.

I went back to work for Mitchell Sheet Metal for the summer in 1961.

Nancy and I were married on August 19, 1961, at Trinity Lutheran Church. Donald Johnson was best man at our wedding, and Nancy's sister Judy was maid of honor.

Nancy's brother Gary had a brand new 1961 red Ford Fairlane convertible with 2,000 miles on it which he gave us to use on our honeymoon trip. We went around Lake Michigan and Niagara Falls for a two-week honeymoon. We had about \$400 in cash when we started, but returned early when we ran short.

September saw me enrolled for my second senior year, and Nancy continued to work at the Association. I also continued working at Weber's.

We set up housekeeping in an apartment over the Unique Bar on Second Street downtown Point. All of our furniture came used from family.

Nancy used to get mad at me since I always hung my dirty clothing on the bed post, so then I folded them up and put them on the floor in the corner.

Our first big argument came at Christmas time when she agreed to go out together to cut our first tree. I was to work to noon on Saturday and then we'd go to her uncle's farm to cut a tree. She decided instead to go shopping at Wausau with her mother, so when I got back to the apartment and saw her note I decided to get the tree myself.

There was two feet of snow on the ground and on the trees, so after cutting the tree I hauled it back to the apartment leaving it in the stairway to dry off. Nancy came home, didn't like my choice and words broke out that are better not reported here. We finally started talking three days later. There have been a few similar episodes like that over 50 years of marriage, all of which were worked out but not necessarily to each of our satisfaction.

I continued pretty much as I had with school, Weber's for work, fraternity, intramural softball and Men's Glee Club. I graduated in June and had taken the state Civil Service exam for forest ranger and game warden. I scored second on the forest ranger exam, and I did not succeed in getting an interview for a warden's position. There was only one opening at the time with 140 applicants including game wardens' sons and state patrolmen. The warden job required a college degree and was highly sought after.

The Civil Service Commission letter was curt and to the point "you were not selected." I took the letter to the Dean of the School of Applied Arts & Science, the forerunner to the College of Natural Resources. This was ten years of planning shot to hell. Paul Yambert, the Dean, merely said "Good, now I can send you on to graduate school at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor." I had no idea what graduate school was but I did know you had to have a 3 point or better for entry. I had finally gotten to where my

grade was 2.3. Paul had his PH.D. from Michigan, so his recommendation was worth something. I applied and was accepted solely on his recommendation.

I did not attend Stevens Point graduation ceremonies as I guess I thought that wasn't important. In the meantime I needed a summer job.

The Milwaukee Boys Club, had a conservation camp at Eagle, Wisconsin, where they sent gang leaders from Milwaukee for the summer. It was a forestry camp where these 15-18 year olds spent the summer in hopes they wouldn't go to Waupun State Pen. Paul Yambert thought that would be good experience for me.

They were looking for a camp counselor for the summer, so I applied and was selected. There was one other counselor from Milwaukee, who was pretty worthless. The summer camp director was the principal of New Richmond High School.

Nancy and I don't remember the discussion on my taking the job, but I left for the summer camp while she worked at the Association.

All the gang leaders were black, came from divorced families or one-parent families and never had three square meals. Most couldn't read or write, but they were very smart, and as they proved, could do complex jobs in forestry.

The other counselor and I slept in the same room with them. Most carried knives and occasionally used them on each other. They didn't know right from wrong and regularly stole from each other.

One kid stole a pair of green polyester socks from one of the other boys, and I told him if I caught him doing it again I'd ram a fistful of dirt down his throat. He laughed at me and after a chase I dragged him back to the others, put him on the ground and rammed the dirt down his throat. I never had problems with discipline again!

We had oak wilt in the trees, and during the process of cutting them down with crosscut saws, I almost killed two of the young men when a tree nearly fell on them. The other counselor had notched the tree on the wrong side and when we cut it, it fell the wrong way. One got his head sliced wide open from a branch that hit him in the head.

They loved to play chicken on a log with double bited axes. The one who ducked first lost. Obviously you didn't say a word while that was going on.

I occasionally came home for the weekend, and when September arrived I was headed to Ann Arbor for graduate school.

I went ahead while Nancy stayed at her job. We were housed in married couple apartments. Tuition was \$500 a semester. I pulled a trailer to Ann Arbor, checked in and registered for the semester in the College of Natural Resources Building. Registration was significant, since we had three professors as advisors for our master's degree.

The registration desk gave me a vanilla folder with the correspondence between Paul Yambert and the Dean of the U. of Michigan CNR. Paul said he had a student (me) with lousy grades and felt I would do well in spite of it. The Michigan Dean, Stanley Cain, said no way would I make it. As it turned out, Paul was right. I was all "A's" except for a B+ on my thesis, a fishery and a journalism course.

A master's program should have taken two years but because of my work at Stevens Point I was able to finish in one year with the minimum of 25 credits. I included several journalism courses as well since I was interested in writing, which I thought would serve me well in the future. I was right. It has.

My thesis was "Land-Use Adjustment Problems Created by Interstate Highways." It was against the objections of my advisors, who thought it was a PH.D. Thesis. I studied the problems created on 7 miles of I-94, which was new at the time. The biggest problem was land splitting and changed drainage patterns.

I also found that landowners sold outdoor billboard advertising rights for practically nothing. It was interesting that when Lyndon Johnson was elected President, Lady Bird, his wife, took on highway beautification. Later, when I had left school, her office in the White House called and asked if they could use my unpublished thesis to prepare the Highway Beautification Act legislation that would help reduce billboard proliferation. I always felt proud that my thesis helped produce the legislation that was enacted.

After I had settled in, Nancy came to Ann Arbor and took a job in the Women's Programs office at the University. During our year there she got pregnant and suffered the first of two natural-occurring abortions.

As I finished my year in 1963, I took the Federal Civil Service exam, which I passed. That resulted in an offer as Assistant Superintendent of Saratoga National Park with the National Park Service.

The State of Alaska also offered me a job as supervisor of ¼ of the state in the new Department of Natural Resources. Alaska had come into statehood in 1960, so everything was new for the state.

A third offer came from the Pennsylvania Soil and Water Conservation Commission. I accepted the offer with the advice of Dick Ackley, Assistant State Conservationist for the Soil Conservation Service in New Jersey, who along with other federal employees from the Park Service, Forest Service, Army Corps of Engineers, Fish and Wildlife Service and the Bureau of Reclamation were getting their masters degree in public administration from the University of Michigan. Nancy had ruled out Alaska, and Dick stated I should take the job in Pennsylvania because of my background. The job was Regional Representative in 23 northern counties.

David Unger, then Executive Secretary of the Commission, met me at the Pennsylvania border for an interview which resulted in the job offer at \$5,529. Dave later would become Executive V.P. for the National Association of Conservation Districts and would come after me again to take a job for a brand new position as Regional Representative in the Upper Mississippi area of NACD.

Pennsylvania Here We Come

Nancy and I packed up our belongings in June of 1963 and headed for Williamsport, Pennsylvania where the regional office was. We had to travel through several counties, including Clearfield, which was devastated by strip mining I had never seen before. I almost turned around for home.

Williamsport was in the north central part of the state down in a deep valley on the Susquehanna River. It had about 41,000 residents, mostly of Italian decent.

We needed to find housing, which we did on Linden Avenue in New Berry, an old suburb of Williamsport. We rented a downstairs flat in a house owned by a divorced guy. We had no furniture, so we bought a rollaway bed and a used kitchen table and dresser that became our furniture.

My office was about four miles out of town. It was a regional office of the State Department of Agriculture with an office manager (appointed by the Governor), a secretary who paid \$100 to the Republican Party to keep her job and a veterinarian. I was furnished a 1960 Plymouth station wagon for travel over a 23-county area.

Nancy went home for the summer, as she was sick. Mostly run down from a miscarriage, so I bach'ed it for about three months, which gave me time to adjust to a first professional job.

Upon returning, Nancy looked for work that fall and wound up in the office of a Sylvania Electronic factory, which was a subsidiary of General Telephone. She was eligible to receive GTE stock, and that was our first stock investment.

I was replacing Homer Hillner as Regional Rep. Homer was going to USDA Soil Conservation Service to head up their watershed planning program. He was an economist by training, and he gave me one week of training before he left.

I knew nothing about soil conservation districts, their relationship to SCS and the State Commission, which I worked for. The local district one in each county was run by a volunteer board of directors. Soil conservation districts were the creation of USDA as a result of the Dust Bowl days of the 1930s. Farmers didn't like government, so USDA prepared to work through the creation of local soil conservation districts. President Roosevelt sent each governor a model state soil conservation law asking them to pass it and if they did, he would assign USDA Soil Conservation Service personnel. That model

legislation also called for the creation of a state agency to oversee the program. In Pennsylvania that was called a State Soil Conservation Commission. I would become part of their staff, working directly with 23 districts.

Pennsylvania along with Missouri was a hotbed of resistance to creating districts, led by the opposition of the Agricultural Extension system, which saw SCS and districts as a threat to their county offices.

For instance, I had one county, Luzerne County, which was not a district due to opposition of the county Ag Agent. All it took to create the district was a resolution by the County Board of Supervisors. I got a call from the County Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service office one day that the county agent had gone to Florida on vacation. During his absence, I visited the County Commissioners and convinced them to create the district.

At the subsequent annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Farmers Association I got chewed out by the county agent for my action in front of about 500 attendees. On the other hand I could chew pretty well, too. The McKean County Soil Conservation District was two years old and had done nothing to promote soil conservation. I suggested to the seven member board to get with it or resign. Six of the seven did. Since I had no authority to say this, I reported it to the Director of the State Commission. He wasn't too happy with me. A new board was selected, which later won the award for the best district in the state. There were 63 districts at the time. I always felt I did the right thing.

I got to work closely with districts and the SCS, which had 19,000 employees nationwide. Most of the SCS staff were WWII vets that had gotten the GI bill after the war and were trained in soil conservation and pretty good with farmers, who were their principal target for assistance.

The 1962 Farm Bill created a new program called Resource Conservation and Development projects. I helped create the second one in the US. They were multi-county and since it was a new thing, we just winged it.

It was also my initiation to PL-566, The Watershed Protection and Flood Prevention Act of 1956. This federal law authorized watershed projects on small streams to reduce flooding. It was administered by SCS. The whole idea was to hold the raindrop where it fell by creating farm ponds and establishment of soil conservation practices to hold soil in place. Eventually there would be over 500 nationwide. They were great until SCS started using channelization of streams, which I'll comment on later.

We became good friends with Gordon Hiller, the Board Chairman of Lycoming County, where we lived, and his wife Mary, spending lots of free time at their farm. We also became good friends with Virginia and Frank Pekarski, who Nancy got acquainted with while working at Sylvania. Later, as we moved, we would come back to visit them many times. Frank would later die of a heart attack and Virginia of cancer during the 1990s.

When I went to register my car, the 1952 Ford would not pass state inspection so I had to get a new one. I bought a 1961 Red Dodge Polara, two-door hard top for \$1,500. Since we had no financial record, I had to finance it with high interest through a finance company.

Three things of notes happened while employed in Pennsylvania. We were encouraged to take our wives on business trips in the state owned car. I had a speaking engagement in Pike County in the Pocono Mountains and on the way back rolled the Plymouth Wagon trying to avoid hitting a deer. I was not hurt, but Nancy was injured with severe whiplash neck, and the wagon was demolished. The vehicle had bald tires, and I had threatened to smash up the car if I didn't get new ones. I also had to file a report on the damage with the State Patrol, which wanted to cite me for the bald ties, and the state wanted to dismiss me for allowing Nancy in the vehicle. The Secretary of the Department of Agriculture finally put a halt to that, since his wife regularly went with him in his assigned car.

The second was the assassination of President Kennedy – the First President Nancy and I voted for. I was upstairs in my office when the news hit. It was a terrible day!

The third was my initiation to partisan politics. Pennsylvania had a spoils system, which dismissed 80,000 state employees when a Governor of the opposite party in power was elected.

Governor Scranton was in power when I got there and the regional office manager – a Republican – asked me to contribute 2% of my salary to the party. I told him to go to hell in no uncertain terms.

My state office started putting pressure on me to make a contribution as well, but I refused. As a result the state kept me on probation not for 6 months but 18. They would fire you if you registered as a Democrat. I never registered, and never got off probation in Pennsylvania!

Mel Davis, deputy State Conservationist for SCS, who later became Chief of the entire agency, and I had a close working relationship. He put in a call to Eddie Kiel, State Conservationist in Maryland, and I was invited to apply for the Directorship of the Maryland State Soil Conservation Committee. I'm now 27 years old and offered a job to run a state agency with 34 employees, a state budget, elections of soil and water conservation districts officials, and 50% cost-share program with the 23 Maryland Conservation Districts.

Off To Maryland

My last day on the job in Pennsylvania was May 14th as reported in the June 1965 issue of "teamwork," a monthly newsletter for soil conservation districts in Pennsylvania. I had the opportunity to serve as editor for several months.

I became Executive Director of the Maryland State Soil Conservation Committee in June, 1965 with offices at the University of Maryland in College Park. I was officially an Extension Specialist and on the payroll of the University Agronomy Department without professorial rank. My salary was \$8,000. The chairman of the committee and Dean of the College of Agriculture said that's all they could offer because of my low salary in Pennsylvania. Bunk! They got a young, relatively inexperienced staffer for a low wage. At the age of 27, I was the youngest of the 50 state soil and water conservation agency administrators.

Gordon Hiller moved Nancy and me to Maryland. Nancy went home for her brother Gary's wedding. We got an apartment in Hyattsville, Maryland, not far from the University of Maryland campus, and right on the Washington D.C. line.

The job was not easy for someone who never had an employee. I now had 34, along with other administrative duties, but within a year after a full cycle, I had mastered it pretty well.

Eddie Kiel, SCS State Conservationist and I had a really good working relationship and I remember memorizing the entire federal code of soil conservation practices, something no one in the state office of SCS had ever done. I guess I impressed Eddie, since he offered me a job as State Biologist, which I turned down.

By this time we had a 10-pound black toy poodle from a litter Nancy's mother raised. He arrived when we were in Pennsylvania and never really liked me. He had allergies, and required hay fever shots and regular pills, which I had to administer. His name was Jacque.

I got a break from him when Nancy went home for Gary's wedding but when she got back she not only brought back the dog but my sister and Nancy's sister, both named Judy. They both stayed with us in our small one bedroom apartment. I wound up giving my sister a ride every day to the university, where she worked. Eventually they both moved out.

The apartment was never quiet. A prostitute lived above us, so we got an earful at night, particularly when she attempted to kick her clients out. Across the hall, lived two women who worked for the CIA.

Nancy later would teach sewing at the Hecht Department Store with another woman named Donna Schubert, the wife of the comptroller of the Marriott Corporation. Her husband, too, had taken a job with no experience where he had to invest \$18 million the first day on the job. We wound-up being good friends while in Maryland.

A couple of work-related things happened. I eliminated a long running "land day" celebration for conservation practices. My predecessor was livid, but everyone else sighed with relief!

Secondly, Maryland was a state with three separate regions. Mountains to the West, plains in the middle and the Eastern shore where chickens, corn and soybeans were king and where a huge drainage program was on going. Operated by SCS, it destroyed hundreds of miles of streams by dredging – all in the name of flood control. The state had no control but if we did I would have stopped it. This would play a significant role in my actions in my next job, in Wisconsin.

Maryland had soil conservation districts and forestry districts, both working independently of each other. I did my best to get them to cooperate and received my first professional recognition from the Forestry Association for that effort.

Because of our living in the Washington, D.C. area, we often had visitors, so Nancy and I dutifully escorted them on sight-seeing trips. We visited Gettysburg, John Brown's Ferry, The National Arboretum, The Mint, The Capitol and other places, like George Washington's Mount Vernon home and the Washington Monument.

Nancy and I loved the Eastern shore, since the seafood industry was big on the Chesapeake Bay. Soft shell crabs, shrimp, flounder and crab cakes all were good.

We liked Southern Maryland as well, such as St. Charles County, which had slot machine gambling.

Two other things happened. One, I proposed that the Howard Soil Conservation District be offered money to hire a manager – the first in the state. This was a foreign idea, since SCS generally provided all of the staff. Fortunately Ed Keil agreed to it.

Secondly, three of the five district officials on the local soil conservation district boards were appointed by the State Soil Conservation Committee. The University used these appointments for political leverage, which didn't always get the best conservation-minded candidates.

I set out to change that by recruiting conservation-minded board members. Dr. Carins, the Chair of the State Committee and a member of the Board of Regents serving on the State Committee, was helpless to stop the change. The Board of Regents member in particular gave me some pretty dirty looks when the appointments came up and their candidate didn't get reappointed.

The Eastern shore of Maryland was a flat expanse covering 11 counties. It was mostly agricultural, where farmers got 200 bushels of corn to the acre. Those counties were ringed by the Chesapeake River system, and their shorelines were very susceptible to erosion. Walter Denny, chair of the Queen Anne Soil Conservation District also chaired NACD's Shore Erosion Committee and had frequent contact with US Senator Tydings. Walter and I would go see Senator Tydings at his office in the Hart Senate office building. We would ride with him on the underground railroad system for Senators that connected his building with the U.S. Capitol. Walter eventually got 10 million earmarked

in the Army Corps of Engineers budget to do shore erosion work. That was my first experience of working with Congress and the Corps.

In the second year of our stay, Nancy got pregnant and went through a second miscarriage. It occurred at night, and I remember driving her to the Washington hospital and getting lost on the Whitehurst Freeway. She had lots of company, as other women were in the hospital for the same reason.

While there, our first winter, we got a doozy of a snowstorm, which dumped 25 inches of snow on metropolitan Washington, D.C. The blizzard raged for four days, disrupting power, travel and delivery of the food supply. Grocery stores were completely bare. Fires in buildings couldn't be put out, and women couldn't get to the hospital to deliver their babies.

A couple of us guys were outside after the storm when some old guy decided to take his car out and got stuck. His wife was in the back seat. We pushed him off the road. His explanation? He was going to get a loaf of bread at a store a few blocks away, which had bare shelves.

In February of 1967 not even two years had passed when the opportunity to leave came while attending my first National Association of Conservation Districts National Convention. I learned that the Executive Director of the Wisconsin State Soil Conservation Committee was leaving, and I was encouraged to apply. I did, and my third professional job became a reality.

The University offered to pay all expenses for moving and offered a salary of \$14,000 – not a bad raise from \$5,600 four years earlier.

Ironically, my boss, the Director of Extension at the University of Maryland, offered to match Wisconsin's offer. It's nice to know you are wanted! I told Maryland no thanks. Besides, Nancy really never liked our stay in Maryland.

Homeward Bound

Wisconsin paid my expenses to fly out for the interview, but what I did startled the whole committee. I interviewed them and they never got to ask me any questions. Guess it worked, since they hired me. Nancy's dad and mom found us an apartment in Middleton, seven miles north of the campus, so that became our home.

Little did I know what I was getting into. The Committee and other state agencies had been reorganized under what was known as the Kellett Report reorganization, which consolidated 88 state agencies into 12.

The State Committee, which had been an independent state agency, was assigned to the University Extension in the University of Wisconsin for administrative purposes, such as

budgets and personnel. Just as I took over, the reorganization led to lots of challenges in authority and responsibility because of the new administrative structure.

I was given the title of Executive Director, had department head status with 8 faculty members; was given academic ranking of Assistant Professor in the Soils Department and was given a Federal Extension appointment as a soil and water conservation specialist. That in itself created conflicts in the job, since you can't answer to three bosses.

By this time, I pretty much knew how to handle administrative duties, except this was even more challenging. Three of the staff wanted the job and I was 10 years younger than any of them. That didn't set well with them.

Secondly, the transfer of functions created conflicts. The state committee was my boss, but I reported to the Director in Extension and I was on the tenure track in the Soils Department.

Besides that, the University pretty well tried to dominate all decisions, resulting in a constant struggle between the two with me right in the middle.

For instance when the committee adopted a budget, I lobbied the State Legislature for it. The UW. Said I couldn't do that.

The UW policy was to not expend all appropriation and orders to do so were met with my rebuff. The Administration didn't like that either.

The chair of the Soil Conservation Committee was the Dean of the College of Agriculture with the Director of Extension and deputy Secretary of DNR serving on it as well. They saw my attempts to increase budgets for soil conservation districts as a threat to their budgets.

I solved that by working with the Wisconsin Association of Soil Conservation Districts to remove all agency reps from the Board. We were successful, but I was called on the carpet by the University for being part of it and basically told I wasn't a good University employee.

I was assigned an Assistant Attorney General by the name of Don Zuidmulder, who helped me through the legal transition, although I didn't always like his advice. His favorite saying was he could get me half a loaf but no more.

In the tenure track, you had seven years to get it. I was put up for tenure the fourth year, but it was blocked by the Director of Extension, because of the conflicts I created. Fortunately, Gordon Chesters, Chair of the Soils Department, went to bat for me on the second attempt and in January of 1974, I was granted tenure by the Board of Regents as Assistant Professor. I was to leave in April of 1974 for my next job, with the National Association of Conservation Districts.

I knew that I needed political friends, and since Conservation Districts were part of County government, which had direct ties with University Extension, I laid my allegiance with them. In effect, the University couldn't touch me without jeopardizing their relationships with counties, and we both knew it.

I also had a pretty good knack for getting funds steered to the University. I increased the agency budget to its first \$1 million and got two appropriations for the University of over \$160,000 for research on low-cost sewage disposal systems as an alternative to the standard septic tank system. Later, I was offered a full time job at the University as one of its lobbyists. Guess I was good at it.

Because of the distraction SCS stream channelization caused, I created a pre-preliminary Biology Investigative Team that went to work before the application for federal funds occurred. As a result, I was able to kill all drainage and channelization projects before they got started, just like I wanted to do in Maryland.

I learned you could not direct tenured staff to do anything, which was difficult, to say the least. About all you could do was to get them to act as a team and with a couple of them it was near impossible. One of the staff, Cap Barber, had applied for my job but didn't get it. He was pure Italian with an attitude. He was a World War II veteran and former tank commander under General Patton and was used to giving orders.

He and I conflicted from day one, resulting in poor performance reviews for him and no salary increases for three years. I recommended firing him, but the University personnel office said I couldn't. I persisted with termination and got it, along with migraine headaches.

His daughter was in a horrible automobile accident and in a comma, and with the firing Cap lost all insurance. I felt bad about this, which caused the migraines that took over 10 years to disappear.

Ed Englebert was Chair of the Soil Department when I arrived in 1967. He liked me and tried to get me to go with him to Brazil where they were creating the University of Brazil. He wanted me to start a soil conservation program. It required a commitment of four years in exchange for a yearly tax free salary of \$40,000 with a month of vacation (no big deal since I was getting that anyway).

When I turned it down, he asked if I would rent his house for \$125 a month. It was a big four-bedroom house in Middleton. We finished out my career at the UW in this house.

The late 60s and early 70s were also the time when riots occurred because of our involvement in the Vietnam War. The Madison UW campus was a hotbed for that resulting the shattering of my office windows and pepper gas and tear gas filling the building on occasion.

I was printing a newsletter out of Bascom Hall at the time. The guy I worked with on the printing suggested I come up to the hall before 9:00 AM since students didn't riot until after that time. Bascom Hall was the acting headquarters of the state police and National Guard, and when I opened the entry door there they were. Bayonets were stuck in your chest as they searched you for weapons. I wanted no part of martial law!

Soon after arrival in the spring of 1967 Nancy and I began discussion on adoption because of her two miscarriages. We had started in Maryland and by October had worked our way through Lutheran Social Services, which handled adoptions. Nancy had no interviews. I had three. Guess they weren't sure of what kind of parent I'd be.

On December 21, 1967, we were notified that a baby boy, 9 days old, was available in Neenah-Menasha and we could pick him up. He screamed bloody murder all the way home because as we learned later he had colic. Tim had strawberry blond hair, and I remember telling Nancy he would never become President of the U.S. because there was never a red-headed President. We drove home to our apartment in a blizzard with Tim.

Nancy didn't work while we were in Madison. She got pregnant with our daughter, Kimberly, while we were in Englebert's house, and Kim was 2 when we moved again. This time back to Stevens Point.

Two other things stood out. I reported to a Board made up of gubernational appointees. I always put one item on their agenda that I knew they would fight against. That way they always took charge, which I wanted them to do.

Secondly, a national wave of reorganization occurred for strengthening the soil conservation program by adding "water" to the title of the state soil conservation agency and districts.

I served as Executive Secretary to a special committee to revamp the district law, and I was ordered to prepare a draft of suggested revisions. I went way beyond their intent. It included renaming the State Committee, State Soil and Water Conservation Board and Soil and Water Conservation Districts as a separate committee of County Government. I also gave them all of the power of our Department of Natural Resources in the redrafted state legislation.

The State Conservationist of SCS, Bill Russell, and John Beal, Deputy Secretary of DNR, fought that because it reduced their agency power. They won that battle, but I got what I wanted in reorganization.

The State Soil & Water Conservation Board – the new name in the revised law, had state responsibility for PL 566, the Small Watershed Protection and Flood Prevention Act of 1956. We approved all applications for federal assistance and had a cost-share program with county government. DNR actually liked dams because they often prevented damage during flooding of trout streams. We also designed the flood routing and size of the dams

that were built mostly in southern and western Wisconsin in the driftless area encompassing 21 counties.

I had a good staff, including four faculty members who served as Regional Reps for the Board. Vern Reihert was the only one I hired and was selected because he had a good imagination, a trait most people are devoid of. Later, I recommended he be hired by Minnesota as head of their State Soil & Water Conservation Agency.

I also helped organize the National Association of State Soil & Water Conservation Administrative officers, which I felt was needed to speak as one voice on issues in soil and water conservation. It became a powerful voice in decision-making by SCS at the national level as well as an influence on NACD policy.

Time really flies, and before I knew it, 1967 turned into 1972. Whether I got itchy feet, was bored or looking for new challenges or wanted to be closer to the J & H Game Farm and hunting and fishing, I'll never know. It could have been all of that, including my dislike for the administrative function of a state agency. There was always a lot of pressure with personnel and budgets and sometimes conflict between state and federal agencies, like the Soil Conservation Service, Federal Extension and the US Fish & Wildlife Service.

Back Home

David Unger had left the Executive Director position with the Pennsylvania Soil and Water Conservation Commission and was Deputy V. P. for the National Association of Conservation Districts, headquartered in Washington D.C.

The Association was adding five new field rep positions, including an Upper Mississippi Region Field Rep (later called North Central Region), and they required all candidates to have experience running a state conservation agency. He asked me to take the North Central Region position.

I turned it down as I had just gotten tenure and had a \$16,000 salary which was pretty good in 1974. David sent Malcolm Crooks, one of the two original regional reps, to try to convince Nancy and me to take the job. He specifically said there was little traveling. Little did I know that meant about 120-140 days out of a year! I still said no.

Dave persisted, and one day I came home with a terrible migraine to a phone call again offering the job and matching the university salary with promises to raise the compensation to the equivalent of an Assistant State Conservationist in SCS, which was pretty high at the time.

I said yes, but only if I could have my office in Stevens Point. I felt it was best to have Nancy with two small kids near her parents. Besides, it would get me away from drugs in Madison and closer to good hunting and fishing, as well as the J & H Game Farm.

David's reaction was "where? How do you get there by dog sled? Do you have airplanes and an airport nearby?"

At that time North Central Airlines, later to become Republic Airlines and part of Northwest, flew out of the airport in Stevens Point.

Gordon Zimmerman, the NACD Executive V.P. flew into Stevens Point just to be sure I'd have airplane transportation, since that was the principal mode of traffic between the eight states of Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa and Minnesota along with national meetings and other assignments requiring travel.

I accepted in April and lived with Nancy's folks in Stevens Point while I located an office, bought office equipment and found a secretary.

Nancy and I also began house hunting and with some help from her dad, we found a 2,600-square-foot split-level under construction on Mary Ann Avenue. We offered the builder \$23,500, which he agreed to, with Nancy moving back to Point in May with the two kids. The builder tried to buy the house back after he decided the price was too low. We refused. I used the \$6,000-plus I had in my UW retirement account for our mortgage down payment. Mortgage payments were \$177 a month.

Since the position was new, even though we had job descriptions we were expected to make the job dependent on the needs of the region.

My region included eight states and 762 conservation districts that had lots of financial assistance from state and county governments, had good leaderships from state soil and water conservation agencies and strong state association leadership. My job was merely providing a presence at their regional, state and sub-state meetings.

But I was also expected to be a banquet and luncheon speaker, keynoter for state association annual meetings, provide assistance in state association organization, and serve as a speaker at workshops held on a wide variety of subjects dealing with national conservation issues.

I accepted the speaking roles, as I liked them and was good at it. Any evaluation of the speaking usually put me at the 4-5 level out of five. As a result, I was in constant demand.

My secretary was Cheri Smith, who at the time was finishing her bachelor's degree at UWSP. She was a sharp employee who was good at everything she touched. She and the other four regional rep secretaries deserved to be valued. I got their titles changed to administrative assistant to reflect their value and with it a higher pay.

Over the years with NACD, I would accumulate over one million frequent flier miles on Northwest; a half a million on United and about the same on American Airlines, which I used for personal use, like taking Nancy and the kids on trips.

There were lots of close calls or accidents, including blown tires, icing in the air, fire and hitting deer on take off. Regardless, flying was always the easy way to travel, and no matter where I went, I was always picked up by my host. Occasionally I rented a car at the site, but not often.

NACD had 38 employees at its peak, with five regional offices, a service center in League City, Texas, and the Washington, D.C. headquarters.

Gordon Zimmerman the Executive V.P. at my hiring had been the information officer for the Soil Conservation Service before joining NACD. He died at an NACD national convention, and David Unger took over. David later would leave to become Assistant Secretary of the USDA in charge of the Soil Conservation Service and US Forest Service. He went on to become Associate Chief of SCS and Deputy Chief of the Forest Service. Both were topnotch leaders.

The five regional reps all had run state conservation agencies, and as a result, we were part of the management team. I served as Regional Rep for 25 years at my choice and was offered the CEO job twice during that period. I didn't want to move back to Washington, D. C., and worry about budgets, personnel and the organizational politics that went with the job.

In 1968, the Congress created a new agency, called the Environmental Protection Agency. Farmers hated it, since they worried about water quality regulations on soil erosion and animal waste. The Chicago regional office, one of seven in the country, had the largest chunk of their budget.

My region wasn't afraid of EPA, so I began to develop working relationship with the staff in their water resource division. I was able to secure nearly \$14 million over a 25-year period for watershed work, soil erosion, beach erosion on Lake Superior and two water quality films on non-point pollution. I got the University of Wisconsin-Stevens Point Communication Department to produce the films. Both films were 38 minutes long and in full color. One dealt with the water quality deadline of 1984, while the second took a much broader topical approach. Our 3,000 conservation districts used the films extensively, and NACD records showed over a million people saw the films. The 1984 film won a national award and the 7,000 feet of extra footage wound up in National Geographic films.

I never got any recognition for getting the money to produce them or for the films themselves. Later, the master print was destroyed by the service center manager without even consulting me.

Chevron Corporation was interested in creating a new No-till Farming Research Center in the Region. Jim Lake, NACD's Water Quality Specialist, and I met with them and convinced them to create it inside of NACD's structure. We called it the Conservation

Tillage Information Center with a broad makeup of private no-till equipment, fertilizer and seed corn and soybean companies guiding its operations.

Eventually, 45% of all cropland switched from plowing to no-till. When the director of the center retired, I filled in for about one year until they filled the position. It was fun and informative and put me in a working relationship with some high power executives and government agency staff. We later changed its name to the Conservation Technology Information Center to reflect its growth.

Over the course of my employment, I raised over \$24 million from foundations and other entities, including the Joyce Foundation, National Pork Producers, USDA Natural Resources Conservation Service, Farm Service Agency, EPA and US Forest Service. I seemed to know where the money was, and as a result was asked to serve as first director of NACD's Foundation. I turned that down.

It is difficult to explain what my job was during the first 25 years. Besides serving as NACD's rep in the eight states, I also was responsible for putting on an eight-state regional conference each year, hosted by one of the states. My office ran the conference with the state host. The agenda for the three-day conference was worked out mostly by me with the three regional directors to assure we had the national agenda worked into it.

As a staff member, I also had responsibility for our national convention, always held in Southern states like Florida, Texas, Arizona, California and Utah. I planned and helped execute forum and general sessions and located speakers. Unlike the regional conference, which attracted 400-500 people, the National Convention attracted around 3,000 and was the largest conservation convention in the United States. My region always had the most attendees, so its influence was the greatest.

NACD's Resource Committees held forums, usually two to three each over the four-day conference. I was responsible for four of those committees. I always managed to put on the best-attended forums, which the other four Regional Reps always disliked, since it showed them up. The success was pretty simple. Put on agenda topics people wanted to hear.

The biggest forum I put on was on carbon sequestration, attracting 800 in each of two sessions. I had government speakers from Canada and U.S., as well as private industry including John Hancock Insurance.

My other role besides planning the convention was taking charge of registration. People got nasty when they thought they had registered and hadn't or when they checked into the hotel only to find they had no room. I acted as a buffer and sort of as a bouncer when the occasion arose. The women staffers always appreciated this.

Our banquet was always the biggest event, with over 2,000 people. Some people forgot their tickets and with assigned seating my job was to make sure everyone got seated at

the right table. People like to sit with their friends, so I sometimes had to get a little rough to get them to their right table.

I also put on three large conventions with over 1,500 attending. One was on water quality, one on no-till and the third on forest fragmentation.

NACD has seven regions with their members making up the Executive Board (24 people) and a Board of Directors (one from each state) that set the national organization's policy, including that with natural resource involvement.

Their policy-making procedure became so cumbersome that the Board finally ordered the officers to fix it. Nobody on the staff wanted the responsibility to fix it, so I volunteered. The other staff said I was nuts and would not help in the process. I used my eight states as a pilot and sounding board and after the next year, when executed, the National Board gave me a standing ovation for my work.

I fixed other things as well. One was the 16-committee structure, which was cumbersome, ineffective for the most part had membership from the regions without proper background and had poor charters. I fixed all of that by reducing the numbers to nine; creating non-duplicating charters and making sure that a Forestry Committee member, for example, had experience or interest in forestry. My biggest compliments came from the chairs and organizations like the Wildlife Federation, which also had committees. They thought NACD's was the best.

Because NACD established resource policy each year, the Policy Book was 191 pages. I offered to redo the book by having committees review all policy for germaneness and accuracy. As a result, I cut it to just over 100 pages. Again, I volunteered for a job nobody wanted, and got recognition from the Board for doing it.

With 38 employees, NACD had one of the smallest staffs of any of the 360 national conservation organizations such as the Wildlife Federation which had over 800.

All of the bigger ones had organizational specialists on board. We didn't have that luxury, so that function usually fell to NACD staff, particularly Regional Reps, who had previously run state agencies. I always volunteered for the personnel stuff because of my agency experience and the fact that I served as Personnel Committee Chair for nine years beginning in 1974, when elected to the Stevens Point Common Council. We had 180 employees with five unions, so I understood personnel stuff.

I was the most outspoken of all the staff, so other staff generally let me take the shots from the CEO or officers on issues dealing with personnel.

Following Gordon Zimmerman and David Unger, NACD hired several CEO's, which in my opinion were not the best choices. I had only myself to blame since I was offered the job twice but turned it down.

Things went from bad to worse under Ernie Shea, a young, inexperienced CEO whose main goal was to flatten the organizational structure of NACD, which included eliminating the regional offices as part of middle management. By that time the five of us Regional Reps had developed our own power base.

He and I did not have a good working relationship. I used my position from a "lead from behind position," so I always had a buffer from the regional board and the four committees I had responsibility for.

There was no question I challenged him. I did things that constantly brought praise from the NACD Board, Committee Chairs, officers and cooperating agencies and organizations. His annual appraisal always included a statement that I didn't listen well. That meant to him! On several occasions he even included statements to the effect that I did too much. That was true. But I saw opportunities and I took them.

As an example, I had responsibility for the Wildlife and Recreation Committee. Advisors to the committee included the US Forest Service and Department of Defense, both of which had recreational facilities. The Land & Water Conservation Fund funded both, as well as providing grants to state and local government for purchasing and developing recreational facilities. They pointed out that they had no way to judge whether a local project was needed.

My committee decided to do a national inventory of 47 types of recreation facilities in all 3,000 counties. This had never been done before.

The coordination was at a very high level. Bureau of Outdoor Recreation Director James Watts (later Secretary of Interior) and I were on a first-name basis as a result of the project. We used the National Institutes of Health computers to gather the information, which was also important for State Conservation Outdoor Recreation plans (Scorps as they were called).

All 3,000 districts participated, except for Texas, which said it was an invasion of private property rights. I coordinated the two-year effort and had 12,000-plus professionals at the county level say what they needed in facilities. At the time it was campgrounds.

When the data was collected on the NIH computer, I got a frantic call from the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation, saying the IRS wanted the list of owners to cross match with income tax filings. I ordered the National Inventory tax erased. President Nixon had nothing on me. I did it first!

I also had staff responsibility for the Ag Resources Committee. That committee had oversight over the Federal USDA Environmental Quality Incentives Program administered by NRCS. NRCS in a national series of workshops determined that it was running smoothly with involvement of districts. I knew it wasn't, and got the committee to conduct a national inventory of districts to find out what the problems were. The

response was the largest ever received by NACD, most of which blistered NRCS for its administrative high-handedness.

I compiled those into a report that was given to NRCS, which created a national committee to review it, with me on it. NRCS and NACD were pretty tight throughout my career, so criticism was hard for NRCS to take, but they made substantial changes in program delivery.

A sister agency in USDA was the Farm Service Agency. FSA and NRCS didn't get along particularly well and both politically often tried to do the other in. I cultivated FSA relationship with districts to the point where they called me, offering \$50 million to deliver technical assistance on EQIP. The officers said no, simply because of being in tight with NRCS.

My favorite committee was the Forestry Committee, which I coveted until 1988, when I took responsibility for it away from David Fior, the NACD Regional Rep in the South. That committee had a wide range of agency and organization advisors, including USDA, Forest Service and NRCS, the Forest Foundation, EPA, National Association of State Foresters; National Forestry Association, Bureau of Land Management and Department of Interior among others.

It became a powerful committee to foster forestry programs at the district level. That led to a \$2.5 million grant from the Forest Service/Department of Interior that I administered four years as a contractor after retirement. That interagency/organizational relationship remains strong to this day.

Over the years, I became a pretty good speaker and had more demand than I could handle. Oftentimes, I was given subjects I knew little about, so a lot of research was required. This always made me feel pretty good and also helped me learn about resource issues, so I became a more knowledgeable employee.

Three of my favorite workshops I did were:

1. Working with your state legislators. Having been one, this was easy. The workshop covered how to organize for communication as a district or individual and how to think politically, like a legislator. It called for involvement of a legislator in district events.
2. Leadership vs. management. The terms are not the same. The workshop taught district officials when to lead and when to manage and the major differences between them.
3. How to get money out of county government with out trying. Using my 10 years experience on the Finance Committee of the Stevens Point City Council and chief labor negotiator on labor union contracts, I taught district officials how to approach and secure funding from county government using role-playing and human behavior as the basis for instructions.

Ernie Shea left after 15 years and was replaced by a woman from Georgia who was big with the National Soybean Association. I left shortly after her arrival, but we tangled when she decided to take some of the \$2.5 million for a southern staff position. I said no, and she eventually blinked, but since I was by then a contract employee in her eyes she treated me like one, and I did not get along with her.

I made lots of friends over the years in NACD, and Nancy and I often took up their offers to visit. One was Hillard Morris from Illinois who had inside access to the Indianapolis 500. We went with him and his wife to one with 450,000 people. We got to see the pits, cars and people involved, including a pileup of 12 cars at 212 miles per hour.

I got to turkey hunt on a ranch owned by Gene Peters in Oklahoma with a friend from NACD, Robert Toole. These were Rio Grand Turkeys and I managed to get 18 toms over the years. We could shoot two each season, which began the first week in April.

We also became good friends with Tom and Terry Quink. He was a retired Massachusetts state Forester who also served as Editor of NACD's Forestry Notes and she a retired French teacher. We visited them several times at their retirement home in Northport, Florida.

We got to Hawaii twice when NACD's Convention was held there and eventually into all 50 states during the years with NACD.

I also hunted turkeys in Alabama on the Charles Holmes 53,000 acre plantation, which was an original grant from King George. Charles served as Forestry Committee chair while I worked for NACD. Turkeys on Charles' plantation were the Eastern turkey, which was by most experts, one of the most difficult to get.

Robert Toole and I were given personal guides who were experts but the first year we got nothing. On Thursday evening, the men in the neighborhood cooked out with booze flowing freely. At first his neighbors were a little shy and didn't talk much except to ask about my success hunting. Keep in mind that I'm a Yankee from the socialist state of Wisconsin, and these are all Alabama natives not more than 50 miles from Selma – the Deep South.

Year two came along and again we are invited, given guides and had our cookout. One of Charles' friends said after I said no to getting a turkey that Alabama turkeys were smarter than any damn Yankee, and that was that.

That was Thursday. On Friday morning, I shot a 20-pound tom, which is good size in Alabama. I told Charles to tell his friend that I had proven I was smarter than any Alabama turkey. They got a good laugh out of that.

Nancy and I also took several trips to Maine, and I hunted deer there as well. Maine is a fairly poor state overall, and most people struggle to make a living and usually have a second job or something to make it go. But they are good people, friendly and

accommodating. Bob Spear, a soil and water conservation district official who chaired the NACD Water Resources Committee, farmed vegetables and was a state legislator and later state Secretary of Agriculture. We stayed in their cottage when we visited. I sat in his chair in the State Legislature. He had no staff and was paid \$9,000 salary at the time Wisconsin State Assembly Reps got \$22,000. Maine, however, allowed no billboards along highways. The only state that did that.

Nancy and I could travel all winter and stay with people we had become friends with if we wanted to accept their invitations.

My career came to an end in 2002, after 30 years as an NACD employee, but I stayed on as a contractor to handle the \$2.5 million dollar FS/DOI grant. My contract after four years by mutual consent was not renewed. After Ernie Shea left, I began to see hope for significant salary increases, but it was too late. Inflation had eaten up much of the gains I did get, but I did have a comfortable salary at retirement of \$84,000.

NACD's defined benefit retirement program was to pay 80% of the average of my highest three years. Ernie Shea lost that for all employees and we wound up with a 401K arrangement. They basically gave me back the money I had in it with 3% simple interest. I had only 4 years to develop a decent account. I've always called this my "Enron," because those employees, too, lost all of their retirement.

When I retired from NACD, I rolled my 401K account into an IRA with Thrivent Financial. It did pretty well until the economy collapsed in 2007 when 40% of my investments disappeared. DOW Jones dropped from 14,000 down to 7,000 in matter of a year and by 2011 had finally recovered to the 12,000 range. In 2012 it finally made it back to 12,000 and almost \$18,000 at the end of 2014.

When I retired and went on Medicare and Social Security, Nancy and I found ourselves paying around \$16,000 just for medical insurance. If you're working, that means you would need to get \$8/hr just to pay for it. As a result, we always have to pinch pennies. Our investment advisors we sought out when we retired said we could withdraw 6 to 7% of our retirement fund each year and it would still grow. After the 2007 economic collapse, those experts no longer say you can withdraw any without impacting your account. Experts say that in 2011, 5% of our work force has \$5,000 in savings. With companies eliminating pension plans, new retirees will be in deep financial trouble in the future.

The satisfaction of being able to do a good job over a wide range of assignments has always served as an award. I have 42 plaques on a wall in the basement of our house in Whiting, attesting to that, and I have a, \$700 Horton Cross Bow, \$1500 in cash and a Henry Golden Boy 22 as icing on the cake.

Besides the friends I made, I got to hobnob with Governors, United States Senators and Congressman as well as a number of Secretaries of Interiors and Agricultures; federal

agency heads, two administrators of EPA, a whole host of conservation organizations CEO's and private company leaders. How can you beat that!

Did almost 40 years in conservation make much of a dent in resource problems? Not really. I remember the pesticides Division Director of EPA telling me that industry was producing 1,400-plus new chemicals each year. Most were not tested for environmental impact, particularly water. When asked the question on how we are doing to solve problems my answer is, "We're holding our own".

On Planes and Things

It's extremely difficult to remember back 65 years ago to the day I saw my first plane, I probably was five or six but it really doesn't matter. What matters is the awe of seeing B-29 flying fortresses practicing low-level flying. Those lumbering giants flew all the way from Truax Field in Madison for that practice. They came in formation barely over the treetops. I can still see the gunner and pilots with leather helmets wave as they passed overhead. Unforgettable, as was the noise that went with them. It is still my favorite plane, because to me it was a thing of beauty.

No other civilian planes were flying at that time – just military propeller-driven planes. Some of those came from Green Bay, where they simulated carrier takeoffs. A few are still on the bottom of Lake Michigan. Too bad so few of the thousands made still exist. Those that do are in museums or make the air show circuits held around the county.

I never dreamed of being a pilot, and none of my school friends did either. But as the '50s came on with the jet age, we often turned to see the contrails when we heard the boom of jets breaking the sound barrier. Nobody in our family had ever been in a plane, so we didn't know what that was like.

My first experience up close to planes occurred when I became Director of the Maryland State Soil Conservation Committee. We attended the National Association of Conservation Districts' annual meetings. The second year, 1966, the convention was held in Cincinnati, Ohio, and I flew there. Through the years 1965-72, I had infrequent flights to meetings and conventions flying out of Washington D.C. and Madison.

The big change came when I went to work for NACD in 1972. As an eight-state Regional Rep, all my travel was by plane.

North Central Airlines flew out of the local airport when I first started. This was shortly moved to Mosinee, when the new regional airport opened. I used lots of different airlines but North Central got most of my business. They flew the prop jobs, Convairs, or DC-3's. They were old but reliable.

North Central was bought out by Republic Airline, which later merged with Northwest which in 2007 merged with Delta Airlines.

There were lots of changes over 30 years; Ozark Airlines went out of business as did TWA. Midwest Airlines started as a Milwaukee based airline famous for giving each traveler a newspaper and chocolate cookie.

Midstate Airlines first owned by Sentry Insurance was headquartered in Stevens Point and later moved to Wisconsin Rapids when sold to Roy Shwery. What was memorable about Midstate was they flew to O'Hare Airport in Chicago with a six PM flight back to Point. It was a Champagne flight for the maximum 12 passengers with hors d'oeuvres and sandwiches put together by Roy's wife. Occasionally there were just a couple of us as passengers so we really could party, passing the champagne back and forth, as well as the food basket.

Two incidences were worth mentioning. On one trip to Chicago the left engine caught on fire just before we landed. It self-extinguished, so we landed without incident. On another trip, we clipped a deer crossing the runway on takeoff at the Wisconsin Rapids airport. The plane wasn't damaged – just a loud thump as it hit the landing gear.

I flew over one million miles on Northwest Airlines, United, American Delta and Midwest. They all gave perk miles and if you flew 25,000 miles a year you often got to fly first class. I loved it, because you drank out of glass and had first class meals. I used the frequent flyer miles for taking Tim and Kim on flights but mostly reserved the mileage for Nancy. She went to Alaska, Hawaii and other places at no expense, since my expenses were paid including room.

In the 1980s American Airlines inaugurated a flight to Chicago. The owner of Marathon Travel, Rick Frederick, had a gorgeous wife, Sally, who ran the Travel Shop. She called me and in a sexy voice said "How would you like to go to Boston for a lobster lunch?" I asked her if Rick knew about this and she laughed and said yes. She said American Eagle was inaugurating a flight to Chicago and since I was a frequent flyer they were going on to Boston for a lobster lunch at the Boston Harbor.

Monday morning came and I arrived with Sally for the flight that American Airlines had overbooked. Sally asked if it was okay for me to go home, and I said yes, but before I got to the car, American found they had made a mistake.

Away we went to Chicago, champagne and all. Problem was when we got there American could not find transfer tickets to Boston. That dilemma was solved only to find that when we got to Boston, the restaurant didn't know we were coming and had only 18 lobsters for 30 people. I wound up with filet of sole with just enough time to visit Old Ironside, which resided at the dock.

When we got back to Chicago, I found out that they couldn't find a ticket to get me back to Mosinee. That was settled with a promise that American Airlines would make it up to me and Sally. They did by offering two roundtrip tickets to each of us for anywhere they

flew in the world. Sally took her daughter to Switzerland skiing. Nancy and I decided to go to Great Britain, with Don and Kay Pryor.

It was a wonderful trip that didn't start out that way. Don drove us to Chicago, but O'Hare experienced the worst flooding ever, and we had to walk our baggage in. We were eleven hours late in takeoff since pilots, crew members and food necessary for the trip couldn't get in. I struck up a conversation with lots of the passengers while we waited, including a gentlemen who identified himself as a Sheffield. I knew that if you had a Sheffield hunting knife you had something special. He loved that and identified himself further as the last heir of Sheffield Knife Company from Sheffield, England. He asked us to stop by during our travels, and when we got back home, there was a knife insured for 70 pounds with a beautiful hand-scripted note, which I still cherish today.

While in London, Nancy and I hopped up on a bar stool in a Pub and began talking to a gentlemen from Ireland who raised potatoes. He knew Louis Wysocki, who raised potatoes here in the Point, and that mutual acquaintance led to another invitation to visit him in Ireland and a week-long guided tour of the island.

Lots of those nice things happened by flying, including some incidents of passenger behavior. One example happened when a flight back to Mosinee from Chicago was canceled because of fog. Fog was a constant enemy and the cause of most missed flights. Two Marathon County deputy sheriffs scheduled to be on the plane rented a car to go home, and I agreed to pay for half. Trouble was I shared the back seat with a bloodhound they had trained in Missouri that had bad breath.

My favorite plane was always the DC9, which held 95 passengers. It was smooth, but you knew you were flying. DC10's were like a flying box car, with 395 passengers. You had no sensation of flying. I only had one ride in a 747 Jumbo Jet that held 400-plus passengers. It was only half full coming back to Chicago, so the flight attendants took good care of us. I think the ratio was 3 to 1.

I had my share of close calls in airplanes over the years. Another deer was clipped on the runway taking off from Austin Straubel airport in Green Bay.

We slid off the runway because of ice in St. Louis, and one time an American blew both front tires, one on takeoff and one landing at Chicago. Crash trucks were lined up on both sides of the runway.

At Chicago, we missed another plane by about 100 feet. Banking by both pilots prevented a mid-air collision.

Another time a DC9 door seal let loose and the pilot went from 20,000 feet to 7,000 in a blink. The noise was tremendous, but we really were in no danger.

Another time a DC3 started popping rivets off of the engine cover. I told the flight attendant, who told the pilot. He came and looked said nothing, and we safely landed at Mosinee.

A couple of times, we were alerted to the fact that the instrument panel said our landing gear would not come down but both times that was merely a faulty signal.

What was real close was a Republic Airlines trip to Lansing, Michigan. Before I left to go back to Point I received a call from Floyd Heft, Director of the Ohio State Soil & Water Conservation Commission in Columbus, asking me to come there first. I changed planes and later the plane I was scheduled on collided on the runway in Chicago with a Delta plane, killing 23 passengers. But for the call I could have been one of them.

Flying for me was easy, and I never disliked it, as some frequent flyers did. There was never a day I got up rueing the fact I had a fly again. That was until the terrorists hit on 9-11-01. Then flying became a chore with lots of inconveniences like removing your shoes. All kinds of rules for your bags and carryons. It ceased to be enjoyable and never did change for the better. Such is life, I guess.

Partnership One and Two

In 1975, three years after we had moved to Stevens Point, Jerry Rolstad, a friend of mine and State Farm Insurance agent, asked me if I wanted to invest with him in a house and vacant land in Whiting. It was worth \$55,000, according to an appraisal we had done.

The bank gave us a 100% loan on the property. We converted the house to a dentist office and split that off, recouping our entire investment.

We now had a vacant chunk of land free and clear with a mapped road running through it. I vacated the road, which gave us a buildable lot for a medical building. We built a 6,000 square foot building, which was rented out to a psychologist, dentist and insurance agent.

Jerry was an easygoing partner but could never make a decision without thinking about it for a long time. As a result, I basically took over all financial dealings with the bank, lease agreements and maintenance. I cleaned up the building every Saturday with help sometimes from Tim.

One time, Tim said he couldn't help because he had a debate. He was in the high school debate club. He left about 3 PM, when someone picked him up.

About 8 PM, he arrived home said hello and went right to his bed. Nancy and I both thought that was strange, so I went down to his room, popped the light and flipped back the covers from his face. For some reason I asked if he was drinking and asked to smell his breath. All I could smell was peanut butter, which I found out later was used to cover the smell of beer.

So I left, but before I got upstairs he flew into the bathroom and heaved up. Since he was with other underage drinkers, I hauled him down to the police station where they grilled him pretty good.

He really got sick, and they made him wipe up the floor every time he heaved. The Department never found his buddies, but I had a pretty sick kid on my hands when we left at 1 AM.

Jerry and I sold the property in 1986 to the resident doctor. That was the last year for capital gains taxes, which would be set at 15% in 1987 with all capital gains eliminated on your primary house which Nancy and I also decided to sell as well. As a result of these 1986 sales, I got clobbered with taxes.

That was also the year of commercial real estate busts in the U.S. My investment firm advised me to invest the proceeds in a Carlyle limited partner project in Houston. The project went bankrupt, so I basically lost all gains in the property we sold.

The second partnership was with brother Jim. When our mother died, we bought the house from the estate with the intent to fix it up and sell it.

Brother Jim is a good carpenter and the rebuild was well done. So much that he bought out my share and moved in. That worked out all right, except that I made little on the deal.

Legislative Days

In 1982, our State Senator had been elected to the Wisconsin Supreme Court. Bill Babblitch and I had served on several committees and commissions together and I really respected him. He also served as Senate Majority Leader.

That vacated the Senate seat, and State Representative David Helbach ran successfully for the seat.

That vacated his Assembly, seat which called for a special election in September of 1983.

Problem was, five of us filed for the same seat, all former Democratic chairs of Portage County, except for me. The survivor of the primary would face the Republican Scott McQueen in a run off.

I had never been involved in partisan politics because employment with NACD prohibited it. I had to get special permission to do so with the understanding that if I succeeded in an election for a second term, I probably was done with NACD as an employee.

I won the primary, I think primarily because I was known in Stevens Point metro area because of City Council and other community services.

While I soundly defeated Scott McQueen in the second phase, Scott scored heavily as a Republican, primarily because he used the issue of abortion against me. The US Supreme Court had ruled on abortion and it was not an issue legislatively except what I stood for. I was pro choice and he was against all abortion. The Catholic vote reflected that, and I lost several friends because of it. It was a very divisive issue.

My secretary for NACD, Betty Barnes, was a staunch Republican and wife of a Missouri Synod Pastor and leader of the anti-abortion efforts in Portage County. Her attitude was it was just plain murder and she told me so. I doubt I got her vote.

Nevertheless I succeeded in winning the election and asked Fred Fleishauer, Circuit Court Judge, to swear me in at the City Council Chambers. He raised his right hand asking me to do likewise and I advertently raised my left. He laughed, saying he didn't think that would work. With that, I headed for Madison.

I was a the newest member of the 99 State Reps, so I was assigned the last seat in the Chamber on the far left and a female Legislator Barbara Agronomus as my office mate. She became important a bit later in efforts to win approval of a trespass and liability bill I authored.

I was assigned the Environmental Resources; Primary and Secondary Education; Forest Productivity; and Small Business Committees by Speaker Tom Loftus.

The Forest Productivity Committee had the job of revising the Forest Tax laws, which resulted in passage of the Managed Forest Land Act.

The Education Committee had the job of redefining truancy under orders of the State Supreme Court.

The Environmental Resource Committee had the lead on Wisconsin's first groundwater protection bill and pollution limits on sulfur dioxide and nitrous oxides.

The Small Business Committee didn't have much going.

My assignment on the Environmental Resource Committee involved my first opportunity to speak on a bill. There were 191 amendments to the state's first comprehensive groundwater bill of which I was to lead efforts to defeat one third of them. The Committee chair, Mary Lou Munts, decided I was an expert on groundwater because I worked in soil and water conservation. The Democrats were in the majority and most amendments were sponsored by Republicans, so it was usually a partisan vote. Tom Loftus called me to his office right after I got seated and reminded me that the first time I spoke on the Assembly floor would define me as a legislator. I got by this first speaking challenge pretty easy.

Coming in the middle of the session had its limitation, but Democratic Leadership wanted me re-elected so they held fundraisers and gave me the opportunity to introduce bills. One of which was trespass and liability legislation for private non-platted property.

When NACD did a study that produced model legislation, I had asked Don Last, a University of Wisconsin Professor and President of the Soil & Water Conservation Society Wisconsin Chapter to get a bill drafted to fit Wisconsin. Tommy Thompson, then Assembly Minority Leader, and David Helbach agreed to sponsor the bill.

They couldn't get the bill out of the Judiciary Committee, where it was assigned, so when I arrived they threw it back in my lap saying it was now my bill.

I made some amendments to the bill and reintroduced it as a substitute bill and asked Tom Loftus to assign it to the Tourism Committee, Chaired by Barbara Agronomos.

It is now the law of the land and has been upheld in several Supreme Court decisions.

The second bill I introduced was a group deer hunting bill that allowed one deer hunter in a party to tag another person's deer if requested. All hell broke loose with its introduction. Game Wardens were opposed. Game managers were for it as was the DNR Board Chair, John Lawton. The Milwaukee Journal and other papers ran editorials against it, as did several national conservation organization magazines.

It was a common sense bill, since deer drives were designed to use the same principle. Tommy Thompson promised to deliver all 36 Republican votes if he could have an amendment deleting the requirement of a tag to possess deer meat. The bill passed both houses easily, but Governor Earl's staff came to me with a veto threat. The Governor said he would re-introduce this bill without Tommy's amendment which he did. My very first bill vetoed by my own party's Governor! It's still the law today, however.

The session ended with disgruntled Portage County Democratic Party bound and determined to force me out in a primary again. I was to go through three elections in one year.

Stan Gruszynski, one of the previous primary contenders and some of the hierarchy of the County Party made sure he won, and he did, by 500 votes. It was my first experience with negative campaigning and I made no attempt to counter it. He even called me a Republican! I always thought if he and I went in the woods only one of us would come back. It took me a long time to get over the loss but I eventually did. The public does not owe you elective office. You have to earn it.

While my political career was short, it was a great experience. I got to play poker with Governor Earl in his mansion and drink beer with other elected officials, both Democratic and Republicans. I also taught me not to trust friends who said they voted for me, but in

checking the record, they never even voted! To this day, I don't understand how trusted friends can lie to you.

The process also exposed me to some of the partisanship that exists between the two extremes – Republicans and Democrats – which was driven more by leadership than by the right to vote your conscious. More than once, the Majority Leader came to my desk after a vote asking if I knew the difference between green and red, the colors of our voting buttons as a way of saying I voted on the wrong side of the issue.

Later, Tommy Thompson, who went on to become Governor and then US Secretary of the Department of Social Services, told me that if he knew I was in trouble he would have campaigned for me. A Republican campaigning for a Democrat? I told him no thanks and the kids got another civics lesson first-hand.

Getting defeated for a full second term in the Assembly taught me lots of lessons, particularly about our partisan system. I have lots of friends on both sides of the aisle. For instance, Pat Stade, Director of the County Aging and Disability Center, was a really liberal Democrat and served on my steering committee for the first election. She asked to be relieved the second time she said because of job pressure. While she never said so, I know it was pressure from the Gruszynski camp to switch sides. How she voted I'll never know.

Betty Barnes, my secretary for NACD was a staunch Republican and I doubt ever would vote for any Democrat including me, even though we spent 21 years working together.

Ken Shibilski, who later would become village of Plover President and Chair of the Republican Party in Portage County, was a long-time friend, but I doubt I ever got his vote. I never asked, either.

Bob Hermann, a friend of Nancy and me was a banker at Sentry Insurance. Pretty conservative, but professed he voted for me and said after the election that if he could, he would have pulled the lever for me again and again. I checked the voting records after the election. He never voted!

Regardless, I still have a strong respect for our political system, in spite of its shortcomings. I think as punishment, everyone who complains about politics and politicians should be forced to run for public office. They might then understand how demanding and difficult it is to be in public office.

I went back to NACD as a full-time employee. I had cut my salary in half as the job of State Representative was \$27,000, and my NACD salary was about \$50,000. I had an election debt of about \$9,000, which my friend Ralph Olsen and local potato growers reduced to \$2,000, I paid the rest out of my own pocket.

Several of my NACD co-workers never liked it that I was allowed to serve in public office while still employed by NACD. They never said it publicly, but the word got back.

Two of them were fellow Regional Reps. Neither had ever done anything in the public area.

I used that experience two ways. First, it served me well in my relationship with people in power in the state and in Congress with people like my Congressman, David Obey. I could walk into their offices any time.

Secondly, I taught a special workshop on how to work with your State Legislator. This was used as training with our 17,000 conservation district officials. It was in great demand, and I could speak with authority, because of the personal experience.

Extracurricular Activities

I attempted while on the City Council to be active in community affairs.

Dan Trainer's idea of a Conservation Hall of Fame to recognize conservation leaders had been buried in the back of my head since 1980, and in 1982 I wrote to 20 statewide organizations, calling them to a meeting in the Sentry Restaurant to explore the idea. Sixteen of the organizations elected to participate in the formation. Ron Zimmerman, Director of Schmeckle Reserve at UWSP, offered to house the Hall of Fame.

The Conservation Hall of Fame Foundation was formed as a 501c3 nonprofit organization and incorporated in 1983, with induction ceremonies begun in 1985.

Problem was, we had no building to house the Hall of Fame except the existing Schmeckle Reserve Visitor Center. Ron and I proposed to change that by adding an addition to the existing building. The building addition cost \$180,000 with most of the funding coming from the City Hotel Room Tax. My time as an alderman really paid off as I lobbied for the funds. Ron had a student design the exhibit hall and we hired Mike Metcalf, a local architect, to design the building.

Going through the University bureaucracy to get building approval was out of the question, so we asked the Board of Regents to vacate enough land to build the addition, thus freeing us from all the state rules and requirements for contractors. Ron lined up a Land & Water Conservation Fund grant and the Wisconsin Job Corp to help in construction. Sommers Contractors was hired to build the building, and we paid that out of CHOF accounts.

Later we would give the building back to the UW system for operation and maintenance while retaining control of the exhibits and the Hall of Fame.

Induction ceremonies were held each spring for inductees who were the leaders in conservation in Wisconsin. Wisconsin has more than any other state! These were selected by a Board of Governors (outside experts) and ratified by the 20 member Board of Directors representing their organization. I served 21 years as unpaid Executive

Secretary and voluntarily stepped down in 2003. Over 77 inductees were enrolled through annual ceremonies usually three each year. It's the only State Conservation Hall of Fame in the country!

In 1974, the College of Natural Resources at UWSP named me their Alumni of the Year, and again their Environmentalist of the Year which I'm pretty proud of since some of the 5,000-plus graduates have important jobs and have made great societal contributions.

Because of my relationship with CNR Dean Dan Trainer and the Executive Director of the UWSP Alumni Association, I was asked to serve on the Alumni Association Board of Directors. I accepted because it gave me an opportunity to give back to the institution which had given me a good education. I served on the Board of Directors from 1980-1991 and served as President from 1983-85.

By virtue of that offer, I also served on the UWSP Foundation Board, where you were expected to give \$1,000 as a member.

Later, I would chair the College of Natural Resources Advisory Board while Victor Phillips was Dean. The Advisory Board had some important members. Louis Wysocki, former chair of the State Department of Ag Board; Tony Earl, former Governor of Wisconsin and DNR Secretary; Paul Johnson, former Chief of the USDA Natural Resources Conservation Service, and Mike Dombeck, former Chief of the USDA Forest Service and Director of BLM. I told Nancy when I got home that day after our first meeting I couldn't believe me running a meeting with that leadership on board!

Later, the Board of Regents would appoint me to a 13-year term on the UWSP Board of Visitors, which advised the Chancellor on University matters. I really didn't like the Board all that much because everything was done and said in a politically correct way.

For instance, the Director of the Office of Diversity was complaining about the cost of attracting nonwhite students and faculty, which wasn't bringing much results. So I suggested that he quit spending the money. Somebody had to say it, and I did.

I guess Chancellor Thomas George liked me since he gave me a permanent parking permit, admonishing me to never give it up. The next Chancellor took it away! Yet they want me to donate every year to UWSP. I still do in spite of that. The university gave me its Distinguished Service and Outstanding Alumnus Award. I'm only one of a couple that got that dual award.

Dan Trainer and I had become good friends and frequently had breakfast, coffee or lunch together. While he was Dean of the College of Natural Resources, he was appointed to the DNR Board by the Governor.

The Board was sponsoring a conference on hunter-landowner relationships, and Dan asked me to keynote the conference.

In my address, I lambasted the Department of Natural Resources for not paying any attention to private landowners, where 80% of wildlife resides. They spent \$18 an acre on public land but none on private. That speech made John Keener, Director of the Bureau of Wild Management livid. I think he bit his pipe stem in half before he stomped out of the room.

A few days later, Dan Trainer called with a note that if I could criticize, then I could chair a 10-member committee called a Hunter/Landowner Council appointed by the DNR Board that would bring forth recommendations to improve hunter/landowner relationships.

Among those 10 were Tommy Thompson, State Assembly Minority Leader and later to be a 15 year Governor, and the chair of the Conservation Congress, who didn't get along at all. More than once I had to call them up to restore order.

Two years later, we presented our 33 recommendations to the DNR Board. While accepted, few were adopted primarily because, as Dan would say, "It wasn't DNR's idea!"

I suggested that DNR give the counties responsibility for their animal damage program. Both Tommy Thompson and the Conservation Congress Chair thought I was nuts, since counties would not take over the hotbed of controversy. They did, and it is still successful today!

Our second recommendation called for hiring private land biologists. Four were hired, but funding these positions was difficult. A third recommendation was for hunter safety training for youth. The Legislature adopted that. The fourth called for revision of our trespass and landowner liability law. I was to get that passed when I entered the Legislature in 1985, with Tommy Thompson's help.

While I served on a number of statewide bodies and study groups, I was asked to help organize some as well. One was the League of Conservation Voters. Kathy Pielsticker, whom I had worked with when she was Deputy State Conservationist for NRCS in Wisconsin, became the organization's first Executive Director. She asked for organizational help, and I was elected to the League Institute Board as its chair – a spot I told her I'd take only until it was organized. George Meyer, former Secretary of DNR, served as the League Board Chair. That organization is now firmly entrenched in our conservation circle.

I served on quite a few boards and councils over the years, including two I'll mention. The first was the American Forest and Paper Council External Review Panel for the Sustainable Forestry Initiative, which was their forest certification program. Our job was to review their actions and make suggestions for change. Members of the panel included three Forestry School Deans, the CEO for the Society of American Foresters. CEO for Ducks Unlimited as well as the Ruffed Grouse Society and Deputy Chief of the US Forest Service. I sort of represented the private woodland owners if that was possible.

Their quarterly meetings were always in downtown Washington, D.C., at AF&PC headquarters. We stayed at some of the ritziest hotels, where rates were \$250 a night. Our group dinners always included lots of drinks, lobster and other good food.

I served on the panel from 2001 until 2006 and attended their annual conference at their full expense at Disneyland, in Maine, San Antonio and other places, all of which were first class. I got to meet lots of company executives, including the President of Home Depot.

I followed this up with participation in the Wisconsin Woodland Owners Association Board of Directors. In 2002 Marv Meier, President of the Association, called and asked if I would run for the Board of Directors. I was a charter member dating back to 1979 and had been asked to be their first Executive Director. I had turned it down, since the salary was 50% of what I was making with NACD and because I really wasn't interested.

I elected not to run for a fourth term of three years and September 2011 was my last meeting. It had been the most frustrating 9 years, since it's made up of leadership that wants to use old methods in today's modern world. I've been basically "shunned" because of efforts to bring change, including hiring a new executive director. It's one of the few times where I've been truly disappointed in the lack of my ability to bring about changes. As they say you can't win them all!

The Shunning

The dictionary meaning of shunning is simply "to avoid deliberately or habitually." The term is used in religion, but in my case it is in the Wisconsin Woodland Owners Association.

As noted, Marv Meier, then President of WWOA called me asking me to become involved with WWOA by running for election as a board member.

I had helped form the organization in 1979 and became a charter member but had not been active in the organization. Tom Rausch, Deputy Director, Bureau of Forestry, also asked me if I was interested in being the first Executive Director but my answer was no.

But I ran for the board and was elected by the 2,000 members to a three-year term beginning in 2002. All eleven board members were new to me, but I found them capable, committed and willing to give talent, time and money.

From day one, however, I never got along with Nancy Bozek, the Executive Director. She was like most others I worked with in a similar capacity, a self starter, but she was often bossy and not willing to allow any board member to exercise any opinion if it differed from hers.

But another more interesting thing occurred. During my professional career, I had assumed a number of leadership roles as Director of two state agencies, President of the Stevens Point City Council, President of the UWSP Alumni Association, and chair of the DNR Hunter Landowner Council and UWSP College of Natural Resources Advisory Council. That and dozen of other leadership roles resulted in 42 plaques and citations stating I had excelled in one thing or another.

The WWOA organization would not use any of those talents, and I was never even offered a committee chairmanship by the President until my third term.

The officers were elected by the 11 board members and never once was I even asked if I was interested until the treasurer quit in a dispute during my third term.

While I served on the Membership and Legislative Committees even with my extensive NACD and Wisconsin Legislative experience, I was never offered any lead roles. Nor was I ever asked to represent WWOA at numerous events WWOA was involved with.

So I took some without asking by volunteering to represent WWOA. Others I had to fight for. For instance, when the Wisconsin Forestry Council was authorized by the State Legislature, another board member was promoted. I put my nomination in, and the Governor appointed me instead. The President of WWOA, who had encourage me to run for the Board, circulated a letter stating WWOA had no one to represent the private woodland owners even though I often stood alone on issues involving them. When I called him on it he didn't back down.

When it came to creating the Legislative Council Study Committee to revise the Managed Forest Land Act, two other members were promoted by WWOA to serve on the committee. I had to promote myself (since I was one of the sponsors of the 1985 legislation) with some help from Bill Berry to get one of the 20-member slots.

There were other examples of the shunning during the nine-year period as well but the crowning came in December of 2010 when the Chairman of the nominating committee called and asked if I was going to run for a 4th term.

I had been wavering on that decision, so I predicated my response on my discussion with the President. He made it clear from our discussion that Ed Moberg and me, another Board member, stood in the way of electing new board members who would be potential candidates. The decision was made. There would be no fourth term.

I have discussed this shunning with several people trying to get an understanding of why it happened. I know it's not the lack of leadership ability, lack of time or interest. I'm disappointed in the result because I could have and would have given more.

I'm not bitter about it, since I've been disappointed, betrayed and passed over before. I just think those in charge are damn fools. Something else will get my time and interest.

Public Service

When we moved from Madison to Stevens Point in 1972, both of our kids, Timothy and Kimberly, were nearing school age.

Dave Curren, Director of the UW Experiment Station at Hancock whom I knew as a UW faculty member, served on the Stevens Point School District Board. I asked him which primary school was the best, and he said Washington School. So we purchased our house on Mary Ann Avenue because our kids could walk to that school.

I was always a strong supporter of education primarily because of the education I got, and Nancy shared the same values. Most of our friends we made in Stevens Point were all college-degreed people.

The Stevens Point Area School District was one of three city school districts in the state. That meant that the Finance Committee of the city and representatives of outlying townships set the budget for the school district. My 12th ward Alderman, Jerry De Nuchio, chaired the Finance Committee. He was fiscally conservative so in 1973, I decided to run against him.

The Ward had about 1,400 families with about 90% college graduates in the adult households. Later I would find that it included 138 public school teachers, lots of UWSP faculty members, including the Chancellor, lots of Sentry employees and Don Hein, who owned the building my office, was in.

I went over to Jerry's house one evening to introduce myself and inform him I would be his opponent in the April election. His reaction was cold, and he informed me that I wouldn't beat him, and if I still had interest in the city he would get me appointed to one of the boards and commissions.

It made me mad and more determined, so I organized the ward with captains and pounded on doors all winter. It was my first experience with voters, many of whom didn't know who their alderman was and since Jerry worked for Sentry, some were willing to vote for me solely because I didn't. Pretty dumb reason!

I won by 200 votes out of 1200-plus cast and was seated in April of 1974. I had never been to City Hall and the City Council Chambers, so I didn't even know where I sat until the City Clerk pointed it out.

Paul Borman, the Mayor made Aldermanic appointments to committees, and he appointed me to Finance, Chair of the Personal Committee and Council Rep to the City Planning Commission.

I later would serve on every committee except Public Protection and Public Works. I unlike many other aldermen attended committees meeting I wasn't on just so I knew what was going on. That number was 392 meetings in 1983.

I went on to be re-elected five times until 1983, when I ran for the State Assembly.

Those 10 years were a fruitful time and a mental growth time. But one thing I never did was allow the city functions to conflict with my NACD work schedule. There were lots of times, however, when I stepped off a plane at 6 PM and drove directly to a city meeting before I went home.

I took a very active role in city government and local government as I knew it was a strong council – weak mayor system, which required it.

As a result, I was elected Council President, steered the first computerization of the Police Department, revamped job descriptions and salary schedules and served on the Downtown Committee that steered the downtown mall project. I chaired a committee that built the Piffner Pioneer/Bukolt Riverfront Park project and really got the urban forestry program going, resulting in the first of 24 Tree City USA awards, chaired the committee that ran the bus system and the airport committee, which ran the airport. I got to serve on the Sewer and Water Commission and as chief negotiator for the city on union contracts.

It is too difficult to cover 10 years of activity, so I'll merely relate some interesting items.

Serving on the Finance Committee for all 10 years really put me into the heart of funding all services of the city, and I learned a lot. For instance, I knew that if we spent \$213,000 that was the equivalent of raising mine and every other homeowner's taxes by \$1 per thousand. So that guided my spending decisions at budget time.

I also learned that if I took the minutes of budget deliberations then I could steer the final budget. Information is power.

John Shannon, a local attorney always would represent the Humane Society, which was in part funded by the city, since its shelter was in Bukolt Park.

No one sat at the Finance Committee table except the five members of the committee and the city Treasurer. John always whittled his way to a chair by claiming he had a very hard day in court. I knew that, but I'm sure the ruse went right over the head of other committee members. I was in support of the Humane Society and its request so it was okay with me. I would teach this technique in workshops I held for NACD.

As a member of the Planning Commission, we constantly had developers before us asking for permission and sometimes for the public to pick up the costs. I constantly fought to keep the taxpayers out of these developments.

A proposal was brought forth to develop a commercial mall across from the city well fields. It would have required sewer and water extension beyond the city limits and change traffic flow through my ward. I moved to block it on environmental grounds at the Planning Commission meeting and when passed, Bob Kluck a 6 foot, 4 inch

contractor, put his fist under my nose and said “Horvath, I lost \$125,000 on your motion, and you’ll never get another vote from my family.” That blocked the mall.

The developer, however, wanted a mall in Stevens Point, so we proposed the downtown for redevelopment. That required condemnation of some buildings from unwilling sellers, so I was placed on the Community Development Commission, which handled the project. I made all motions to condemn from unwilling sellers. Some of those were my constituents but I never once on this or any other matter ever voted politically. It was either right or wrong, and that was the way I voted.

While on the Finance Committee, I always supported the Parks and Recreation Department budget. It was my belief that the city needed recreation facilities and a good environment for its constituents. The urban forestry program was part of that.

When I came on the City Council, the city had one forester and a tree planter. I supported greater efforts at tree planting and expansion of our park system, which already was four times the national average of acreage per capita.

I walked my entire ward and asked homeowners if they wanted trees in their boulevard area. Surprisingly some in the city didn’t, particularly on Bukolt Avenue, which was the oldest part of the city. By agreement with the city forester, if he had problems with landowners, he was to call me and I’d come to the location. I did that on several occasions. Bukolt now is tree lined and beautiful.

One of Nancy’s family friends lived on Minnesota Avenue. Harry Gehrke didn’t want any trees in his boulevard area and had pulled out two the city had planted. The third time a tree was planted, I was there and warned Harry, he would be fined if he pulled it out again. He was a little guy retired from Sentry as an auditor and he slunk off back into his house. No problem after that.

I was not always right in my position. Ralph Olsen, Chair of the Finance Committee, proposed to put housing in our tax incremental finance (TIF) district, which covered part of our industrial park. TIF districts were never intended for housing development, rather industrial and commerce facilities. I tried to block my friend Ralph’s proposal in the Plan Commission and City Council floor but failed. It now has some of the best housing in the city in a former industrial park that had never really developed.

I was asked to chair a special Riverfront Committee to explore development of a three-quarter mile area along the river. My idea was to create a “Venice” type area, connecting the river to the downtown. That idea fell on deaf ears. Dan Trainer, Dean of the College of natural Resources and a DNR Board member served on the committee. He suggested the last building standing from the 1900 logging era be used for a Conservation Hall of Fame. It didn’t happen, but I filed the idea away for two years and picked up the idea for another location.

The result of the project was a beautiful three-quarter-mile long waterfront park which is used extensively by the public and by the city for Riverfront Rendezvous, a 4th of July celebration.

The only other thing worth mentioning is efforts to get the city to do capital improvement planning, which merely meant planning ahead for future public expenditures for city improvements. I proposed a committee be delegated that responsibility and asked for its chairmanship. I got it and institutionalized the process.

Following Paul Borham as Mayor, the city residents elected Jim Feigleson as mayor. Jim was a Pied Piper that expected people to follow him even though he constantly bullied the Council leadership, City Commissions as well as the School Board. He tried to run the city as Mayor rather than as a strong Council so I openly challenged him. He got so exasperated with me one time during Council proceedings that he threw his office keys at me with the statement "Here, you always wanted to be mayor anyway. Here's the keys to my office."

Mike Haberman, a freshman alderman and I discussed getting him defeated, and I told Mike unless he ran for mayor I would. He decided to and defeated Jim by several hundred votes.

I left the City Council in 1984 after 10 years when I ran for State Representative. I was actually elected in a special election in September of 1983 and some people thought I ought to resign my position as alderman. I didn't, because I believed my ward was best served by someone who won an election not appointed to the vacancy. Lois Feldman who followed me, served several terms all by regular election.

A couple of side notes. I used to take Tim to committee meetings with me and while he was fidgeting he learned a lot about local government. Best civics lessons he could get.

I also kept a card file on every family in the ward along with their voting record, employment, kids' names, etc. On Saturdays, I would sometimes walk the ward looking to catch these people in their yards. It always stunned people to find out what I knew about them. I used this in one NACD workshop I developed called "Working with your Legislators." Talking about their families when you met with them as well as about the weather. You also got their attention.

The Family

I have not said much about my family in writing this autobiography. Yet it shapes one more than one sometimes cares to admit.

When I first met Nancy, she did not exhibit the self assurance I always felt. I often told her to make her own decision which wasn't well received.

My life was basically aimed at career. The family was part of it, but perhaps a distant second.

Tim was adopted after two bad miscarriages for Nancy. Kimberly was born two years later while we were in Madison. Nancy suggested I be present during the birth but I said no thanks, since I had helped deliver lots of calves on the farm and to me it wasn't any different. Kim was born with lots of black hair and would have fit right in with a family of apes by her looks. She grew out of that to be an attractive woman.

We moved to Stevens Point when Tim was four and Kimberly two. Kim was suffering from vertigo due to a blood vessel over her ear lying on a nerve with no cushion between them. When the bone structure in her head changed she would become ill. That prevented her from doing lots of things with kids that involved any athletic skills.

Both did well in grade school, often taking accelerated classes. Nancy and I believed they should be trained in music, and both took piano lessons under the Suzuki method. Tim later took trombone lessons and Kim settled on the oboe. Tim also would sing in a jazz quartet in high school.

Nancy was a stay-at-home mom until 1980, when she and our Pastor's wife opened a fabric store in Plover, which she later moved to Stevens Point. A year after the move, she had a different partner. She was active in Junior Woman's Club and later became President of the Stevens Point chapter of the General Federation of Woman's Club. She even took time to organize two investment clubs for women. She also stayed active in the church, including teaching Sunday School.

I stayed away from active involvement in the church. I taught adult Sunday School in Pennsylvania, but resisted all further involvement, including serving on the Church Council. Too much time and politics!

Both kids went on to Junior High at P.J. Jacobs, and Nancy closed her business in 1987. She also worked in the church office part time for five years. Later, she went to work for the Copp's Corporation in the accounting department, working 14 years before retiring.

Tim and Kim went on to high school at Stevens Point Area Senior High, and that is where things started to go wrong.

Tim's friends, who all tended to be excellent students, said Tim was smarter than all of them. But he only got by with C's and D's. He played basketball, football, ran track and was on the swim team but didn't stick with them.

As a senior, with one credit to go for graduation, he joined the Marines. In basic training, he chipped his elbow and was discharged. He had signed up for educational benefits, so off he went to Waldorf Junior College in Iowa. After 1 1/2 years he switched to Stevens Point. He quit that and moved to Minneapolis. Then he got married and had a baby and

graduated from Dunn Witty Institute mechanical school. He did well there and got a job in a large auto repair shop.

Kim wouldn't finish either, as the bouts with vertigo messed up her attendance at SPASH. She finished by taking the general equivalency exam and scored very well, high enough to get her enrolled at the UWSP.

She was to meet her future husband at Bible camp, and both finished their degrees at Concordia Lutheran College in Minneapolis. She would have two daughters and a son. That was one too many, I thought, since I always believed in zero population growth, and I suggested she take one back or leave one at home when she came to visit.

Nancy and I lived on Mary Ann Avenue until 1988. We liked the neighborhood, except for the Cynaski family next door, and the house itself we really never liked.

Frank Cynaski and his wife moved in next door as a result of an industrial action settlement at her work at Joerns Healthcare. Frank drove truck for the county.

They were bad neighbors. I had to threaten Frank because they threw their garbage out the back door rather than place it at the curb.

They didn't cut their lawn or even rake leaves. Their house smelled so bad you couldn't leave your windows open.

Frank never kept the house repaired. Screens remained ripped and doors broken. But what got me even more his paint job. The house had been painted grey by previous owners and Frank decided to paint it light yellow. That didn't cover, and Frank only went $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way around and then left it.

So I decided to repaint his house while he was away for the weekend playing in a polka band. I bought the paint, telling my neighbors of my intention, and when he left I went to work. He never thanked me and I doubt he ever noticed.

Frank did a lot of drinking, and one time he came home while I was cutting lawn. He wobbled over and in his Polish accent told me to stay on my own property. I gave him a good lecture on maintaining a house but I doubt that ever sunk in. So much for a good neighbor!

While in church one Sunday, after I was out of the State Legislature in 1986, Arnie Fox, a local Realtor, suggested I buy a house on McDill Avenue in Whiting. It had been in an estate for two years and for sale.

I looked at it and offered \$35,000 -- \$10,000 less than I thought they would take. I wound up with a home with roughly one acre, which needed a new roof, furnace, hot water heater, new electrical system and lots of remodeling. I always was pretty good at

these tasks, including electrical wiring, plumbing, carpentry and all the other things that come with remodeling, so I went to work.

The intent was to sell it after fixing but Nancy and I liked that house built in 1943. It had only 950 square feet of living space, so we later added a 16-by-20-foot family room. It was home, and we liked it. People sometimes asked why we sold our other home, and I always kiddingly said to pay off election debts.

Because of my constant involvement in political and civic affairs and because I traveled for NACD about 140 days out of the year, Nancy became more independent and took over many responsibilities the male spouse normally does. One thing she never did was cut lawn or carry out the garbage if I was home. In everything else, she played an active role.

I loved wood working but never had the tools to build furniture quality items until I retired. Then I invested in equipment and built things like an oak sewing center, chest of drawers and bookcase. I also built more than 75 bird houses and several small tables I sold through the Holly Shop at the local senior center. I love the smell of wood being sawed.

Nancy and I share a couple of things. We both love to play cards, and particularly bridge. Our couples bridge group has been together for nearly 40 years. In spite of the fact I never read a book on bridge, I've won first place at the end of each year more than anyone else. I have all of our couples bridge group (12 people) scores since 1980. People's memories are short, but the scores don't lie. I'm aggressive there, too.

In 1979, Nancy bought me a set of golf clubs. She golfed, as did her parents, and lots of her friends. I got to be an 80-plus golfer, but never cracked a 40 game. As I get older my scores rose to the point I had a hard time getting under 100 for 18 holes. After hip surgery my score is consistently below 100. I don't compete against others as much as myself.

I'm a record-keeper and have all my golf scores at Wisconsin River Golf Club where Nancy and I have a membership. It keeps one honest and humble.

I also have an extensive diary on deer hunting since 1979, including every deer seen and shot out of the deer stand I have used since 1982. Reviewing that diary brings back lots of fond memories of past hunts, including what kind of weather we had and other wildlife seen.

As one gets older, those memories become more pleasant and fun to spend time on. That goes for family and friends too. They become more precious as you grow older. Your past achievements become far less important.

Church and Religion

Besides being born poor, I also inherited a religion. Aunt Mary explained it this way: Her mother and father, Theresa and John Horvath, were divorced while on the farm in Navarino. John left, leaving Theresa with daughters Mary, Barbara, Dorothy along with son John, wife Helen and daughter Joanne to fend for themselves.

The St. Lawrence Catholic Church in Navarino, built in 1922, decided it needed stained windows. The local priest demanded \$100 from her mother as the family contribution for the windows. Her mother refused and after pressure from the Priest, retaliated by joining the Ascension Lutheran Church. As a result, instead of me being a Catholic I became a baptized Lutheran. So much for freedom of choice.

The Church in those days, whether Catholic, Lutheran or whatever, was the social center for the community.

The Ascension Lutheran Church was a brick structure with big windows (not stained), a steep roof and a steeple with a church bell in it. The steeple was always a place of curiosity for us kids, and we loved to ring the bell while in the steeple. It about broke your ear drums. The hymnals were in Norwegian until 1918 when they switched to English.

The Sanctuary had really tall ceilings and a balcony or choir loft in the back, although never used for that purpose as I recall. The altar was wood with the church organ and choir area to the left.

Tradition in the Church was hard to break. When entering the church for services, the men always walked in first, going to the left of the isle, the women to the right. I guess that was the old Norwegian way. The men always ate first at the dinners, while wives waited until the men and the kids were fed. It was improper for women to ever wear slacks in Church. It was heresy, no matter how cold it was outside. Joanne did one Sunday in spite of the prohibition to exhibit her rebellion to the rule. She didn't die as a result as some people thought she should have.

The Sunday school room was back of the Sanctuary on the north end of the building, where everyone parked. The basement was nondescript as I recall, used most often for Norwegian dinners and lunches following weddings and funerals. We ate lots of lefsa, rosettes, meatballs and butter pudding.

Outside and just off the front steps was the cemetery full of headstones with names like Johnson, Kettleon, Olson and Peterson, which sort of lays out the heritage of the church.

Mom didn't attend church very often, even though a member, perhaps because of the stigma that befalls a women regardless of whose fault a divorce was. But she made sure we went and participated in Sunday School for kids and summer church school.

We always had a Christmas pageant with kids acting out the birth of Christ. The church was adorned for Christmas with a tall tree and lights. We sang songs of Christmas like Away in a Manger, O Holy Night, Joy to the World, and We Three Kings. All the church members gathered on Christmas Eve for the pageant along with the church choir celebration of Christ's birth. As kids, our highlight was the paper bag filled with goodies like salted unshelled peanuts, wintergreen and special hard candy, assorted nuts and an orange. That was worth going to Sunday School all year.

Both Joanne and I sang in the choir and Joanne even taught Sunday School. Neither of us had any music training and could only read music to the extent that notes were either high or low. My choir participation and church attendance ended when I went to work at Harbors, some 5-plus miles from the church, which was just too far for walking. While I lived at home until that time, we often got free rides from neighbors to church or we walked. Elmer Robley and family attended the same church, so while living there I assume I rode to church with them. Brother Don, while going through the same rituals as Joanne and me, didn't really participate in anything beyond attendance. Part of it was his stammering during that time, which always caused him to draw back.

Pastor Henderson was elderly with a visible shake to his hand, and he was old school. He would not serve communion to mom on one Sunday simply because she didn't attend regularly. Today, our church invites everyone to partake regardless of church affiliation. How times change.

Joanne remembers more of this than me, like parishioner Adolph Peterson. They are all a blur to me. The only thing I remember is two men talking on the outside steps after church about men being on the moon. They said it would never happen, for if God meant us to be there he would have put us there. Thirty years later we were there!

One of the rituals and in my words trauma was going to catechism, where we were supposed to learn all about the Sacraments and other details of our religion. Every Saturday morning we were required to troop to the parsonage in Navarino and recite all of our religion lessons to Pastor Henderson. It was strictly rote memory and I doubt ever meant anything to us except it kept us away from a ballgame or fishing on the Shiocton River. A couple of kids, Louie Erb and Ronnie Westgor, never could recite anything back to the Pastor, which must have been terribly frustrating to him. Eventually we graduated by appearing one Sunday before the congregation and reciting back to the Pastor some predetermined answer. While I did this, I really began to question the fundamentals of my given faith. I found it hard to believe that a star shone down on a manger and three kings brought spices to Christ's birth place, yet alone someone dying and rising from the dead. As kids, we didn't talk about this, but at 13 years old, I'd almost bet all of us went through this mental process. If the Church teaching won, you became a believer and a practicing Christian. If not you supposedly were doomed to hell.

There were some other things worth mentioning growing up in this church. You did not ever go into the Catholic Church or St. Mark's Lutheran Church, a German Lutheran Church in Navarino. I think God would have struck you dead.

Nor did you inter marry between churches, as that was plain heresy. It was OK to date Catholic girls, but marriage was out. I learned later on as a teenager that it was a lot of bunk. Catholic girls were more fun. Only problem was they always wanted to get married and have lots of kids. That was for the purpose of taking over the country, as I was taught by well meaning Lutherans.

Eventually the St. Mark's Lutheran Church closed due to lack of parishers so if they wanted to continue in their religion they had to swallow their pride and prejudices and join in with Norwegians. Heaven forbid.

Religion pretty well escaped my grasp during my teen years until I entered college. My roommate, Herb Rosby, had met his girl friend at the Lutheran Student Association activities hosted by Trinity Lutheran Church in Stevens Point. He encourage me to go, and that is where I met Nancy. Finding her in church is a whole lot better than saying we met in a bar.

Ceremony was important to Nancy and after engagement, she decided to rewrite the wedding ceremony, leaving out the word obey.

As noted earlier, we argued about that for six months and I finally agreed if she would give me the nine days of deer season, no questions asked. She agreed in part because her dad and two brothers were hunters and she thought she was getting the better end of the bargain. As I write this its 53 years since the decision, so it must have been the right deal for both.

We attended church services while at Ann Arbor in graduate school, attended services in Williamsport, Pennsylvania, Washington, D.C., and Madison before returning to Stevens Point in 1972. I even taught adult Sunday School and found it rather interesting since it taught me a lot about the history of the Middle East.

Later Nancy worked as an assistant to the church secretary at Trinity and always worked to get me involved in the church. I always rejected those overtures in favor of political life and social work perhaps as an excuse. Church politics are terrible.

Following tradition both of our kids were baptized and confirmed Lutheran but neither Tim nor Kim practice their Lutheran faith. So much for being born a Lutheran and such is life. You fall into it and fall out of it but you're always in it while alive. That's sort of a Yogi Berra statement.

Neighbors

Growing up in a rural area has a whole sense of community entirely different than an urban area. In urban areas you can live in an apartment building with four other families and never learn their names.

That would never happen and didn't happen while growing up. Neighbors went to church together. They dropped in unannounced on a Sunday afternoon and often shared birthday cakes with their friends as well as their families, and they helped each other out.

Yet they maintained their family identity and each was unique. The Erbs on the west end had no relationship to mom, but with me it was extensive. I spent lots of time with my friend Louie and sometimes stayed for lunch. Yellow Mustard in oats fields meant I could earn 50 cents a day helping to pull it on the fourth of July. Erbs had tons of firecrackers and bottle rockets, while I had none.

Christiansons, Ted and Minnie, had twin boys, Ray and Bob. They were much older than me, but for some untold reason I believed that angels and twins were the same thing. I never saw their wings but I knew they had them. The Christiansons' farm provided our milk and cream, so it was important to our family and it was my job to trudge the half mile or so come spring, summer or winter to get it.

A little further east was the Thorson family, which had two boys. They were good at making go-carts out of abandoned windmill steel and scavenged two cycle motors. They were good welders, so I learned that and how to put pieces together.

Down the road was Leo Jaskolski with son Richie and daughter Kathleen. Leo drove milk truck, picking up the hundreds of stainless steel milk cans full of milk from each farm in the neighborhood. I don't know where he took it but at that time there were several cheese factories nearby.

Leo always warned me about staying out of the barnyard, since he often let the two Percheon females and stallion out in it. Richie and I decided to cross that barnyard one day at the same time Leo let the horses out. When they spotted us they came after us at full gallop. We dove under the barbwire fence just as they hit the fence. I can still see the laid back ears, the teeth and hear the fence crack as they hit it, Richie and I survived that but later he fell off of the tractor Leo was driving and was run over by the manure spreader. His scalp was almost completely removed and he was never the same after that.

Immediately to the east of our house was Ludvig Olson. Both sons Lemual and Ted were in the Army during World War II, so Ludvig farmed by himself, keeping a few cows and a bull as some farmers did. He kept it chained in his front yard to serve as a lawn mower but occasionally it broke free. More than once it would end up on mom's lawn. It was big and mean looking, so I stayed clear.

Later Ludwig would clear-cut his entire 80 acres of wood with the help of two young men who he had hired to cut the timber. Both young men often would come over in the evening to play Canasta with us. I suppose that was to get away from evening boredom.

One day Elmer Robley stopped by our house and asked me to go into Ludwig's barn. He had gone in there and seen Ludwig lying in the gutter. I have no idea what he expected

of me but I remember helping him pull Ludwig out of the gutter and onto the alleyway. The Sheriff and coroner took it from there.

One hundred and twenty acres, that's three quarter miles further east, was the Schuelke farm. It was 80 acres of farm that raised three boys and a girl for Father Benny and "Mrs. Schuelke," as we called her.

Benny had won a 1939 Allis Chalmers "C" in a raffle and that was his pride and joy. He plowed, disked, seeded and harvested with that little tractor, which was still there in 2011, running like a top. He had chickens and ducks and always kept a pig for butchering. I saw for the first time how they slit the pig's throat with a knife to kill it, then put the pig in a kettle of boiling water to loosen the hair prior to butchering.

Benny cut Donnie's and my hair in his basement when needed for 25 cents. It was there that I learned that you could light steel on fire if it was filed to powder. Benny smoked a pipe all the time and loved to demonstrate the puff it made when lit.

Benny also had the best watermelon patch in Navarino Township and to protect it he had built a fence hung with vegetable cans to alert him if somebody was to attempt theft. Besides that he had a big brown dog that was alerted by cans clanging. Each and every boy had to prove his manhood by stealing one. We carried jack knives to cut a wedge shaped plug to determine ripeness since we always did this in total darkness.

One day I was in his shop where he was preparing a small sign for staking in his watermelon patch that read "one of these watermelons is poisoned". We put up a similar sign one night which said "now two watermelons are poisoned".

All kids (all boys) really liked to get Benny going. I remember one Halloween they moved his entire shocked cornfield into his hayfield.

Another time they took apart his stone wagon and put it together on top of his barn roof. Benny was barely over 5 feet tall and I can imagine his furry when he saw that the next morning.

He had three sons Elroy, Raymond and Jerome. Raymond delivered milk for a dairy and Jerome went on to be a chiropractor. Jerome made wooden toys in his dad's shop, some of which wound up in our house.

Their mother was a hypochondriac who was always ill. Regardless, I liked going into this house because she made excellent flat molasses cake smothered in ice cold cream. Besides that, they had a kaleidoscope that when turned made hundreds of pretty stone patterns.

Further down the road was the Tom Wilkenson's, the Olsons and Johnsons, all who were interrelated, so you never talked about them. Tom Wilkenson and his wife had two kids, Tom and Beverly. Tom Jr. who was a year older than me and never was close as I recall

but close enough so I was his best man when he married. They were a religious family, with Beverly eventually marrying and spending her adult life as a missionary.

We spent lots of birthday parties together, always playing Chinese or regular checkers and a game called Carroms.

There were others in that circle of friends in the community, all of whom knew each of us Horvath kids and mom. They helped each other as needed. They often went to the same church but more importantly were friends and community.

Indians

Growing up in Navarino, an Indian name, and in Shawano County, another Indian name, and bordering the Menominee Indian Reservation, one couldn't help but know something about Indian culture. Besides that, four of my grade school classmates were Indian.

Roger Makowski and his sister Carol lived in a log cabin at what is now Navarino Road and Highway 156 (highway W when I was in school). Carol was pretty good-looking and shapely, but interest in her didn't supersede interest in Roger. How they got the Polish name is beyond my memory but Roger and me were great friends. He knew how to snare rabbits and ruffed grouse and the two of us were always trying to catch them.

I don't know what Indian tribe Roger belonged to, but Julius Davids and his sister Dorothy were Stockbridge Indian and adopted by a white family in Navarino.

Julius was call "Jiggs" for some reason and as Navarino grade school classmates we spent a lot of time together fishing and then cooking shiners caught in the Shiocton River for lunch. He was a thief even then and often swiped cigarettes and other things from the Cloverleaf Store in Navarino. I knew he did it but as kids it didn't register with me. He later wound up in the penitentiary as stealing led to robbery.

Dorothy was a couple of grades ahead of me. As teens, I remember pulling her out of our swimming hole on the Shiocton River north of Navarino. I ran into her again when the University Board of Regents appointed me to the University of Stevens Point Board of Visitors. Dorothy had gone back to the Stockbridge Reservation at Bowler and was an activist in the Indian tribe. I reintroduced myself but Dorothy denied she was the Dorothy I knew. She was in a complete state of denial!

I did date an Indian girl once. She was a twin in a double date with Roger Maltby, a high school guy I knew in Shawano.

When I worked in California in 1958 many of my co-workers thought all Wisconsin had was pine trees, wilderness and Indians. So much for perception.

Christmas Trees

When I lived at home, we always had a Christmas tree and mostly Balsam as I remember. Where mom got it is beyond me but since we had nine-foot ceilings, it was always pretty big.

There was no electricity in the house, so there were no electric tree lights. There were, however, lots of Czechoslovakia and Bavarian balls and a couple of ornaments brought back from an Austria trip she made there with her father. One was a dog dressed in plaid shorts and another was a mountain goat common to Austria.

In those days, we hung lead icicles on the tree, one at a time and before the tree was taken down the icicles were retrieved and carefully put away for the following year.

The last thing put on the tree were the candles in colorful small candleholders. They were lit on Christmas Eve in spite of the fire danger.

The Navarino Evangelical Lutheran Church Tree was about 15 feet high and of course had electric lights.

I loved both because of their beauty and because of their smell. I don't remember anything about the Robley, Harbor or Grandi trees. I know they had them, but they didn't make a memory dent.

Nancy and I continued the "real" tree tradition until our first house on Mary Ann Avenue in Stevens Point purchased in 1972. It had a red shag rug and needles were really tough to pick up. So Nancy decided it was time for an artificial tree. Some of our friends were aghast with me being in natural resources, and I took ribbing because of it.

The tree purchased at Steins in Appleton was \$120 and lasted until the 2000's. The second one was listed at \$500 with 500 lights on it and still serves us well.

Wisconsin still is second in the raising of real Christmas trees with the Fraser Fir the most expensive and spruce most popular.

On Guns

In 2010, it is estimated that Americans own over 300 million guns. I own 14 of them. I've often said that when Russian spies reported they always said forget about invading America as everyone has a gun.

Gun ownership started with a purchase of a BB gun through the Montgomery Wards catalog. Brother Donnie and I had picked beans, raising enough for the order. His was a Daisy Red Ryder lever action. Mine was a more powerful pump Daisy. We used both as our favorite weapons as we played cowboys and Indians racing through the sand hills west of the house.

But we often turned the guns on each other playing crooks and good guys and one event wound up with a BB in Donnie's eye that sent him to the hospital. Mom took both guns away. We probably were no more than 6 or 8 at the time.

Uncle Jim Stevens (our dad's sister's husband), who lived in Chicago, often went fishing on Wheeler Lake near Townsend, Wisconsin. He would pick us up in the process.

On one trip he brought a Remington Model 12-A Pump .22 along and gave it to both of us. Keep in mind that I was less than 9 years old. It was a fun gun for shooting sparrows as it shot only .22 shorts that were so slow that you could actually see the bullet as it flew to the target. Nevertheless, lots of sparrows and gophers died. I still have the gun and when you find one at a gun show they sell for over \$600. There were lots of them made beginning in 1919.

My next weapon, purchased during my 12th year, was a Westernfield 12-gauge pump shotgun paid for by picking beans and pickles with the price of \$59.95. It had a polychoke which can be changed into improved cylinder, modified or full choke.

Louie Erb, who lived on the farm next to us, bought the same gun and we often went hunting together after ruffed grouse. Both of us were excellent shots and more than once we each limited out, which was five at that time. It's a heavy sucker and well over 8 ½ pounds, loaded with five shots.

I did not purchase another gun until I moved to Pennsylvania in 1963. One of the federal USDA Soil Conservation Service employees I knew had arranged to use a cabin in a state forest during deer season. I purchased a used Remington 12 gauge Model 870 (the most popular shotgun ever produced). It had a smooth barrel and I later purchased a slug barrel and then later a Remington rifled barrel for it to which I attached a scope. I used that gun for deer hunting until 1974 and had probably shot close to 75 deer with it.

When I moved back to Wisconsin in 1967 I purchased a new 20 gauge Remington Model 870 for deer hunting. It, too, shot lots of deer, but I eventually went back to the 12 gauge since it had more knock down power.

When we moved back to Point in 1972, I bought a Ruger Model 10/22 for \$49. Today that same gun sells for \$170 with a Maple stock, not Walnut. It's one of the finest balanced gun I ever shot, and I harvested lots of squirrels to prove it. It is used now primarily to keep chipmunks in check around our house with shells filled with BB's.

When Tim turned 12, I bought him his first gun, an Ithaca Ultra Feather Lite 20 gauge pump shot gun. It was made out of a special airplane steel and weighed just 4 1/4 lbs. It was nearly \$400 new.

In his wisdom or lack of it Tim sold it to one of his teachers for \$100, and when I tried to get it, back the teacher refused. I made arrangements with two local sport shops to call if

it showed up. They did and I bought it back for another \$400. I still have that and another Ithica 37 pump 20 gauge in the gun rack. When Tim asked to use it the answer was NO!

Dan Trainer sold me my next purchase. His dad was a game warden and had confiscated a Winchester Model 12 gauge pump shot gun. I bought it for \$400 knowing that it is one of the 100 best guns ever made in the U.S. I've used it for duck hunting since, that is what it is famous for.

My next purchase was a Remington Model 870 Magnum pump 12 gauge which is used exclusively for turkey hunting because the steel is muted grey. That gun has harvested six turkeys on my property.

My last purchase was a Savage 99 300 caliber made in 1937. I paid \$600 for it which was a good price. I used it for deer hunting in 2013 and shot a doe and buck. As a kid I used to read Outdoor Life magazine where Jack O'Conner, one of the writers, made his case for the Remington Model 270 vs. the Savage Model 99. The 270 was a bolt action. Both are beautiful guns.

Along the way I inherited from Tim a 50 caliber flintlock rifle and two pellet guns and a CO2 powered Daisy BB pistol from Nancy's sister.

I like guns, but really am neither a nut about them nor a serious collector of guns. I enjoy going to gun shows where about every gun ever made is often on display. That's where you find the real collectors and gun nuts. Of the 100 best guns ever made, I'd still like to own two more.

The second gun is the Garand a 30-06 automatic rifle, the first ever used in combat in World War II. It's a 9-shot, top clip-loading rifle with the reputation that it won World War II. Germans had the bolt action Mauser, which was much slower to fire.

The third and last is the M1 30-caliber carbine often carried by officers in World War II. It's a neat gun and used for close combat. They made lots of different models including a fold-down steel butt model.

I'll die happy if I get all three.

On Sickness & Health

There are more medical research trials going on than you can shake a stick at many of which predict your longevity or your attraction to certain diseases. These trials can prove anything since they often are paid for by drug companies.

I think it's more in your genes. There has never been a heart attack on either side of my family. Brother Don died at 58 from colon cancer. He never had physicals or went to a doctor. Mom had ovarian cancer at the age of 63 but died from an overdose of radiation

given to her after her operation. Dad died of pneumonia due to complications of diabetes when he was in his 70's. Nobody died in my family until I was 33 years old.

When I started on this autobiography I was 73 years old. My Doctor, an internal medicine doctor says he can get me to 80, with no guarantee beyond that.

My birth was difficult simply because I didn't want to be born. They came after me with a forceps and as a result was born with a 1 ½ inch cut on the underside of my chin which I still bear today. They also gave me a black eye in the process. As with all new born boys I experienced automatic circumcision.

I wouldn't see a hospital again until I was six when tonsils and adenoids were yanked out. That happened to all kids that age. They put you under with ether and you woke up with a sore throat. The Green Bay hospital had an elevator, which scared the dickens out of me as it was my first ride.

At the age of 13, chronic appendicitis resulted in removal of the appendix. That was a good time since Mom now had electricity, and I could listen to the Milwaukee Braves play ball. Those were the days of Henry Aaron, Warren Spahn, Lew Burdette and company. Besides, I could sit in a chair outside and shoot sparrows with the Remington 22 Model 12. Very few didn't die on the first shot.

You didn't run to a doctor or dentist unless you had to. You worked baby teeth loose until they fell out and you lived with cavities with a simple cloves leaf to ease any pain. I don't recall ever seeing a set of braces until I got to high school. Before I left for California at the age of 19, I had 14 fillings all put in at one setting. Those were the days of slow drills too.

While my grade school report cards show I was frequently absent from school, I don't remember ever missing any days in high school even though I rammed a silage fork through the instep of my left foot. You worried about tetanus in those days and resulting lock jaw. I didn't get it.

My next injury came from a softball during my teens. I was pitching and the batter slammed it back at me. The ball went through the web of the glove and connected with my nose, resulting in the first and only bloody nose I ever had. The septum grew closed so I could not breathe at all through my nose, so I had it operated on while living in Madison.

I asked the doctor if I could watch the operation and he set up a camera while he cut the tissue and cartilage. That created lots of blood so they put a roll of gauze up each nostril which backed the blood up into your frontal sinuses. I had a headache for five days. They kept me in the hospital, but the only space was in their terminal ward, where everyone died while I was there. That was 12 people, all adults, which included traffic accidents, cancer patients and one old Dane 80-plus years old who just died of old age.

The only other broken bone I suffered was during a boxing sparing match with Don Johnson while living in California. A left upper cut attempt resulted in a broken left thumb. I can still almost turn it 360 degrees.

When I returned to Stevens Point in 1972, I was pretty much free of injuries but had frequent bouts with asthma. At that time I was still running four miles in 28 minutes and the breathing attacks also had symptoms of a heart attack. Allergy tests found me allergic to oak trees, grass, cats and Norwegians. I had all four.

My next hospital stay was brief. In 1990, I had experienced a headache for 11 days and went to the doctor. He gave me cortisone shot and said to come back if it persisted. It did, so he sent me to a neurologist at the Wausau Hospital where I underwent an isotope injection in the blood. She (the doctor) determined I had an event which she called it. I called it a stroke, so she said it was. All she said was go home and take an aspirin daily the rest of your life even though she said at the time I probably wouldn't have another stroke.

That exam resulted in me being denied long-term health insurance which usually occurs with heart attacks and strokes. Later, when I was to have heart surgery, the heart specialist said I did not have a stroke. It was merely an occlusion, whatever that is.

Somewhere in the middle 90's, I developed an irregular heart beat and a resting heart beat pounding away at 120 beats per minute, twice what I normally had. At St. Michael's Hospital they put me under, stopping the heart and then restarting it. It went back to normal but retained an irregular heart beat that occurred only occasionally.

Shortly after that I woke up at midnight with a severe pain when a kidney stone decided it wanted out. Trouble was it was too big to pass. I rolled around in pain on the living room floor until 6 AM; took a shower with involuntary tears flowing and drove myself to the hospital. Once in the emergency room I tried to talk but no words came so we played 20 questions till they asked about X-rays. Sure enough the stone showed on one set.

In those days, you had two choices either surgery and a seven-week recovery or Lithotripsy, which was an ultrasonic sound blasting procedure that broke the stone in fine grains for passage.

Problem was, they used a portable machine hauled from hospital to hospital and I had to wait a month. They inserted a hook on the stone through the penis and held it in suspension for a month. Problem was it felt like you were peeing in your pants all the time.

The procedure for stone blasting was done at the Wausau hospital by putting you in a tub of water and then blasting the stone with up to 1400 hits of ultrasound. When I came to, I was strapped on a gurney with two tubes running down my throat. I choked. When the attending nurse heard that she ripped them out, leaving me a sore throat for five weeks. Then I got the bad news. They didn't get it all and I had to go through the \$19,000

procedure again. When I told the doctor my insurance wouldn't cover it he knocked \$5,000 off of his bill. I never told him the truth that it did.

Before they lifted me off of the gurney to put me in the tub for the second blast, I wrote a note to the same attending nurse threatening her with a gun if the tubes were still in when I came to. This fell to the floor when they lifted me and upon reading it the nurse asked Dr. Zickerman if I really meant it. He went along with it saying I was a mean SOB!

Several years later I would go through the same procedure at St. Michael's in Stevens Point for a second kidney stone that developed. They left a second stone that they didn't think would ever move. I told the doctor he left it for seed!

For several years I also suffered from high blood sugar – pre diabetes to be exact – which the doctor said would disappear if I dropped 50 pounds. I could never get more than 15 pounds off my weight of 230 so I take sugar pills.

At this same time they found a chronic irregular heart beat so they put me on a blood thinner called Warfarin to prevent any blood clots. A six minute visit and test is \$90 once a month.

Another common ailment of age is stiffness in joints, including hips. In 2007 I had both X-rayed, to find the left hip had deteriorated to an 8 on a scale of 1-10. On January 13, 2008, I became one of tens of 1000's who now carry an artificial hip. The pain is gone. It was a simple \$37,000 procedure that killed all of my backache and improved my golf score by five strokes. Some day perhaps I'll need the second hip replaced so my score will get better yet.

By chance in 2009, I happened to see a notice in the paper for presentation by the Wausau Heart Institute on atria fibulation, which is an irregular heart beat.

I attended the session with 150 other people, mostly men, where they explained afib. Only seven hospitals in the nation including Wausau did a non-invasive procedure that eliminated the irregular heartbeat. You went home the second day. They created scar tissue on the backside of the heart. Since I was on the blood thinner Warfarin I jumped at the chance to get off the medicine. On January 8, 2010, I underwent the \$58,000 procedure but in the process they accidentally cut into the heart resulting in a 9" opening to repair the damage. What was supposed to be a three hour surgery wound up as six with 22 tubes sticking out of me and a four day hospital stay. The afib is gone and no more Warfarin! At 60 beats a minute my heart beats 3,153,600 beats per year. Yet those dumb doctors want you to exercise that poor heart. Not me!

Both Nancy and I are pretty healthy otherwise. We get out flu shots and I have not had the flu since 1982. The reason I know is because I wrote it in my deer diary. I went hunting anyway.

On Records

There are more Germans in the U.S. than any other nationality. Germans keep good records, and I'm no exception.

I still have the bank loan note for my car purchase in 1956 and the receipt for tuition at UWSP in 1956, which was \$64.

I have all my grade school, high school and college grades. As a side note in grade school I got lots of D's in deportment – that's behavior.

I kept the letter of appointment for my first job in Pennsylvania. My second in Maryland and third in Madison and my 30 year career with NACD.

I kept the letter from the White House asking me to serve on V.P. Gore's Global Warming Task Force.

I clipped articles out of the newspaper on my ski jumping and softball heroics and political career as alderman and State Legislator among other things.

I have kept a diary on deer hunting since 19979 recording the weather, the deer seen and shot as well as other observations.

I also kept track of nearly 10,000 trees I planted on my property and took yearly photos on their growth and development. You can't beat pictures for proof.

I keep a diary on all of my golf scores by hole and putts since I started golfing at the Wisconsin River Golf Club in 1979. I shot in the low 40's when I started but by 2011 was closer to 49 for 9 holes.

I kept 10 years of men's bridge score for the 8 of us and still kept the couples bridge club (12 members) scores since 1980. It's fun to tease the gentle sex that women have won our year long competition only 8 times out of 32 since that time. Since 1980 I've accumulated 1,034,561 points with my closest competition 996,281. I've wound up in first place in 10 of the 32 years and second 5 times. None of the other 12 had even half of that record and on a monthly basis I was high for the night 41 times. My closest competitor 25, and my earnings were \$623. My nearest competitor \$439.00. The women in the group always say I'm just lucky. I say no. I'm a good player and an aggressive bidder with a great deal of card sense. When you're good, you're good.

We grew up playing sheepshead and smear and later poker and hearts in college and after marriage, pinochle and a couple of other card games like hand and foot. To me cards are always fun and a challenge.

I have also kept key canceled checks for important events in our life including the first payment on our house in 1972 which was \$172. Our brand new 2600 square foot house

on Mary Ann Avenue in Stevens Point was \$23,100 at 7% interest on the mortgage. We sold it in 1988 for \$69,000.

I have also kept photo albums of our family, friends and trips Nancy and I took including those to Jamaica, Canada and Great Britain. I occasionally go through them with Nancy and our friends, i.e. bridge group, because they are happy memories.

As Nancy and I found out as her father, mother, sister and brother died, few people, including other family members really care about the dead. It's really all about the living. I think that's a little sad but I'll probably keep records until I can't, then my family can discard them all as well but only after they looked at them.

Travel

Growing up the way I did, it did not give me any opportunity to travel. To me, travel meant going to the County Fair at Shawano some 13 miles away.

My first real travel experience came when I drove to California in 1958. I drove south to San Diego and to Tijuana, Mexico, and that was it until I came back home in 1959.

In my sophomore and junior years in college, I would travel the state with the Men's Glee Club and at Christmas break to Florida, all by university bus.

My next experience was travel to Ann Arbor to attend the University of Michigan Graduate School, then to Pennsylvania for my next job. Then I went to Maryland, where as agency head I attended meetings from New York to West Virginia.

Serving as Director of the Wisconsin Soil & Water Conservation Board, I traveled to warm spots for NACD's annual convention, like Florida, Texas, and Arizona and traveled to Midwestern states for 8 state regional meetings and many other states for special meetings.

When I joined NACD, it was a different matter. It was basically flying, which eventually led me to every state including Hawaii (3 times) and Alaska for a 19 days, including a forestry committee meeting and touring.

Nancy often went with me on trips and both kids occasionally went to regional meetings. Tim went to Washington, D. C., when he was 13 and Kim to South Dakota. Tim got a real treat in Washington, D.C. I turned him loose as I had meetings. A co-worker was a friend of the head of the Secret Service who gave us a 10:30 PM special tour of the White House. We got to see the Oval office, the Gold Room and I got to sit in Dan Rather's chair in the room where they gave press conferences.

We went down the Colorado River through the Flaming Gorge with all of its hieroglyphics. Tim didn't seem impressed until I overheard him tell his friends about the trip. Then I knew he enjoyed it.

We had good friends in Stevens Point and traveled to Jamaica and Great Britain with them. The Great Britain trip was memorable because I had received two tickets from American Airlines for fouling up a trip to Boston. So we took a two-week trip to Great Britain. It was a great trip and both Nancy and I said we could live there.

There were a couple of memorable events on this trip. When we arrived at the Heathrow Airport it was nighttime and raining. I drove the rental car in the rain on the left side of the road to our hotel. We visited the Lake District, all the scenic spots in Scotland, Wales and England. We drove to downtown London to our Bed and Breakfast destination only to find that our room had been given away. So we stayed in a hostel hotel, which was being remodeled.

Our first car on this trip caused everyone to get sick except me. We discovered the car leaked fumes into the car, so we got a different one and the problem stopped.

I never thought I would get sick of seeing castles and abbeys but we all did since there are a lot of both.

We saw all the great things like the Tower of London, Stone Hedge, Bath, Hagers Wall and Shakespeare's home. We even dined in a restaurant (Tavern) built in 1215.

The only other trip out of the country was Canada when Nancy and I attended a Soil & Water Conservation Society National Convention in Toronto.

We went fishing with a canoe in Quetico Provincial Park, which is the Boundary Canoe Water separating Canada and the U.S. Fishing was great with lake trout, bass, Northern and walleye. We went with other couples and sometimes I went just with the guys for a total of 11 times.

Ken Shibilski and I took on a wilderness canoe trip for 10 days by flying in 81 miles past the last road. It was the first week in June, and water temperature was about 32 degrees. We had instructed the pilot to come looking for us if we didn't return, but when we got back he said he didn't even remember taking us in!

Other than that Nancy and I drove or flew to Pennsylvania and Massachusetts on several occasions to visit friends. We also antiqued along the way for Depression glass, which was really good in Pennsylvania and Maine. Good buys!

I also took seven trips to Oklahoma to hunt turkeys on the Gene Peters Ranch near Geary. I always got one, but more often two.

Carl Madison, a private lands specialist for the US Fish and Wildlife Service, invited me to spend a week in South Dakota hunting pheasants and sharp-tailed grouse. That was fun. What wasn't fun was pulling porcupine quills out of a springer spaniel's nose with a pliers. The dog didn't like that.

Later on I took a trip to Maine with Mark Pecha to hunt deer in a wilderness area for seven days. We saw one deer, a buck which I passed up as too small. Our guide, a retired high school athletic director didn't like it that I passed up the buck simply because he said he knew lots of poor people who would like the meat. There were four deer per square mile compared to Wisconsin, where I hunt, with 30-40.

Much of my travel was arranged with help for natural resources agency heads I knew or federal employees in the Forest Service of Department of Interior who had lived and worked in other states. I got lots of good advice where to go.

Yes there is a "little Brown Church in the vale" as the song went. A state agency head in Iowa took me there while on a speaking engagement.

Cars

When I graduated from high school I needed a car to get back and forth to work. I purchased a 1952 custom, two tone green 4 door Ford.

That car lasted from 1956 through 1963 when it failed Pennsylvania inspection so I bought a 1961 Seneca Dodge. It was red with push button drive and a two door. We had 114,000 miles on it when I traded it in.

I traded up to a 1966 Bonneville, 4 door Green hardtop when we moved to Stevens Point in 1972.

In 1973 we bought our first new car, a Pontiac Compact 6 cylinder that got 13 miles to the gallon. I traded it before 12,000 miles for a new 1974 Ford Pinto, blue in color, that we kept until I was elected to the Legislature in 1983. We managed with one car but the Pinto never heated properly for long trips to Madison so I bought a 1978 Eldorado red and black Cadillac for that trip. I paid \$4,000 for the Pinto and \$5,000 for the Cadillac.

I also bought a 1961 Cadillac door Sedan Deville that I drove to work. It weighed 5,000 pounds-plus, and got 7 miles to the gallon in the winter and maybe 13 on highway driving in the summer. I eventually stripped the car of its bumpers, which weighed about 200 pounds each, and sold it for junk.

My next car was a 1979 Seville yellow Cadillac, which had a diesel engine. It was the car I liked the best. Nancy didn't because it leaked oil because of the high compression in the 350-Chevrolet engine. Under a threat of sale, I switched the engine to gasoline and eventually gave it to son Tim.

Our next car was a 1984 Buick 4-door brown La Sabre purchased in 1991 from one of Nancy's friend's mother, who lived in the state of Washington. It had 12,000 miles on it and we paid \$4,000.

When giving up on the 1979 Seville I purchased a 7 year old 1978 Mercury Grand Marque from Minnesota, maroon and white with 31,000, miles for \$4,100. It had never been driven in winter. It was a good car.

Nancy's Buick started to rust so Tom Quink, a friend in Florida, located a 1997 Buick, grey four door in Florida with 21,000 miles in 2002. We paid \$10,500 for that, which we still have at the time of this writing with 101,000 miles. It gets 32 miles to the gallon.

In 1995, I sold my 1978 Grand Marque for \$200 and purchased a 1993 gray Mercury Grand Marque. It had 51,000 miles on it, and I bought it for \$4,000. Sticker price still in the glove compartment was \$21,000-plus. I sold it to Kimberly in 2012 with 140,000 miles on it. It gets 26-28 miles to the gallon, not bad for a big eight cylinder.

In October of 2012, Nancy and I few to Florida and picked up a 1999 Grand marque with 45,000 miles on it. It, too, gets 27-plus miles to the gallon.

In April 1979, while driving home from the office I spotted a 1965 green Mustang convertible at Len Dudas Motors in Stevens Point. I offered him \$1,400, which he took. I drove it for about two years before I decided to restore it as a candy apple red car. It took about \$7,000 to do it as it was a real rust bucket. It had only about 21,000 miles on it but, Mustangs were known as rust buckets. I keep it insured for \$13,000 as I've been offered \$13,000 for it a couple of times. Fully restored, they are worth \$30,000.

While it's only a 6 cylinder, it has a bench seat, which is rare, with only about 1% of all Mustangs having a bench seat. Very few Mustang collectors have ever seen one, since most have bucket seats.

I bought a second hard top for \$800 from a university professor and later sold it for \$2,000. I also bought two Mustangs and stripped them out for parts for \$200 and sold all of it for \$500 in 2009.

My favorite car is a 1953 Eldorado Cadillac convertible. Only 900 were built and few exist today. Restored they are about \$250,000. I could have bought two of them for \$8,000 each, but Nancy put her foot down on that investment. However, she did give me a die cast model of one for my shelf. It only cost \$125.

While I rode in Louie Erbs' Rocket 88 at 120 mile an hour as a teenager I myself have never been a speeder. If the speed limit is 25, I go 25 and if 65, I go 65. As a result I never got a ticket for anything except going through a red light while living in Williamsport, Pennsylvania. That cost me \$10.

Perhaps because of that I never had an accident when I was young. The closest I came to it was misjudging a corner in a blinding blizzard when driving home from college on Friday afternoon. I wound up in the ditch a half mile from home with the car staying there for three days.

My first accident came in Pennsylvania when I was 26, trying to avoid a deer in the Pocono Mountains late at night. That state car overturned and was demolished, but neither Nancy nor I really were hurt except for sore necks.

My next accident would occur in the 1980's when I owned the 1978 Cadillac Eldorado. While turning left into my Navarino property, a school teacher driving too fast because she was late for officiating a softball game in Green Bay, slammed into the rear of the car. She slid 186 feet before she hit me with her American Eagle Station wagon wiping out the rear end of my car and causing \$4,200 in damage. She was in her insurance company's high risk pool.

I was not so lucky after I turned 60 with deer collisions. The first one I hit I was going to brother Jim's for dinner during gun season. It smacked right into the side of 1985 Grand Marque. Since he invited me for dinner it was logical the collision was his fault. I gave Jim the bill for \$1,400 to repair it, but he refused it.

The second also came driving back from the Navarino property in a light rain. Two does bound on to the road and when I slammed on the breaks, I went sideways and I hit both, again with the 85 Grand Marque.

The third and last time was with the 1979 Seville Cadillac. Again coming from Navarino, a yearling doe ran across the road and I killed it without damaging the car since it had a solid steel bumper. Today's cars have plastic bumpers.

Many drivers in Wisconsin have had collisions with deer or close ones. Guess that's why wild animal collision is automatically covered by insurance. Now we have to worry about turkeys, too!

On Speaking and Writing

All of us who went through grade school and high school got a chance to test our speaking and writing skills. It was part of the curriculum.

I was the only first grader, and as a result I never went to first grade but rather learned every thing taught to second graders including phonics – the old “e i o u s.” I was good at that, and when several schools were consolidated, my second grade was spent teaching second graders phonics. We also had recitation exercises when we got up in front of our classmates and read or recited poetry. That was my first speaking experience. Of course, part of our homework also involved writing stories we made up as part of a class assignment.

In high school, I got several other lessons in speaking. First I had French. Not only did we learn to read it, but also speak it. Our real test though came in our sophomore year when our English teacher had us do declamations before our classmates. They were no

more than speaking contests, and if you were good you were on a team competing with other schools. I was not.

I always liked English, even in high school, and perhaps that is why I took an English major along with my conservation major in college. That included composition 101, which basically refined what you learned in high school. There were lots of reports that were handwritten, which tested these skills, but very little that contributed to speaking.

In Graduate school, it was another matter. I took journalism courses because I liked to write and in one course we had to produce 19 short stories. I got all A's on them except for the final exam, which was to rewrite and shorten one of Einstein's articles. You got one grade and that was the final exam. Mine was a B+.

We got plenty of opportunities to write in grad school because every course ended by writing a paper. There were no tests. I couldn't type but Nancy was good at it so she used the Olivetti at work to perform the magic. Those were the days of mimeograph and carbon paper. Computers still weren't invented.

When I moved to Pennsylvania, I got to use both writing skills and speaking skills. Nancy went with me to my first speaking engagement a banquet of the Pike County Soil & Water Conservation District. Her evaluation was simple "you were terrible." Criticism from her hurt and I learned from that to prepare.

I also edited a publication called "Teamwork," which honed editing skills, but also gave me as editor an opportunity to expound on conservation issues. Later I would do the same in Maryland and Wisconsin.

But what came easy was speaking at events, and as I grew in administrative skills I also grew in speaking skills.

By the time I was with NACD, I was fairly accomplished. That included being a keynote speaker for 1,000 people, serving as a banquet or luncheon speaker, or just putting on a workshop.

I never read my speeches, but memorized them to the point where I could speak off of notes which kept me on track. I also read books on speech delivery, which helped hone those skills.

In the year of Nancy and my 25th wedding anniversary, we decided to take a trip to Washington State to visit one of her close friends. Tickets were purchased but before we went Ernie Shea, the new CEO of NACD decided I had to stay and do a "How to operate a committee" workshop in Rapid City, S.D. I protested, but it didn't do any good so Nancy and I spent our 25th in two different places.

The keynote speaker for that leadership conference was paid. When the evaluation were completed, my presentation got a 5, his a 4. I never liked Ernie after that.

One of the things I always had to watch out for was outdoing the president of NACD. Most of them weren't good speakers but they didn't know it, so I made every effort not to be in front of them as a speaker or follow them. That's one skill I really enjoyed, and when a person who didn't know me asked me what I did for a living I often said "I talk a lot," and that was true. Lots of times I shared the podium with governors, congressman or US Senators, heads of federal agencies, including the secretaries of the Department of Interior or agriculture. It put me in good company.

I used my writing skills in lots of ways, including getting around \$24 million in grants, preparing manuals or internal publications for NACD.

During the last years while under contract with NACD, my friend Bill Berry, a professional journalist and editor of the Stevens Point newspaper, and I would develop all kinds of publications. I also served as final editor for Forestry Notes – a monthly newsletter that went to 4,800 people.

While I was a voracious reader when in grade school in later years most of my reading related to my work in natural resources, mostly publications and magazines.

I don't particularly like fiction although I've read some, but prefer magazine-length articles so therefore our house gets about 20 of them ranging from Time to Mother Earth to woodworking and hunting magazines.

If I read a book, I read real stuff like the History of the 1927 Flood, the History of the United States, The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich, Megatrends, Theodore Rex (Roosevelt) Napoleonic Propaganda, or Colin Powell's biography.

I never wrote a book but was asked on several occasions to write chapters. One is in the Yearbook of Agriculture put out by USDA. The subject was farm ponds. I did several on wildlife and watershed work for others who wrote books and lots of articles for magazines. This autobiography is close enough.

On Music

The five kids in our family didn't enjoy the privilege of owning or playing a musical instrument. That was a little sad but in the scheme of things perhaps not very important.

Our exposure to music was mostly in school and church, where we sang the traditional carols and hymns. Joanne and I both sang in the Lutheran Church choir, which was mixed adult – youth choir complete with black robes. Donnie was never involved and I was long gone when Jim and Judy were old enough to join the choir.

My next exposure was in the University of Stevens Point Men's Choir. I had an English professor named Norman Kundson who also was director of the Men's Glee Club. There

was no requirement that you had to be in music – just that you liked to sing. I tried out and became a member of the baritone section.

We sang all over the state at high schools and were considered the ambassadors for the university and used as a recruiting tool for students.

At Christmas time we took the university bus (there were about 40 of us) to Florida. It cost us nothing as we sang for our lodging and meals. My favorite stay was Key Biscayne Hotel in Miami. Lots of guys got diarrhea because they ate too many oranges and as a result the bus made lots of unplanned stops.

I sang in the Glee Club until I graduated in 1961. During my junior year, we decided to cut a record of one of our concerts. I still have that record. My favorite song is the Lord's Prayer, soloed by Al Vanderbloman, a tenor and now retired game warden.

My only singing now and since college is in the shower or in church. I still can't read music. It's all by ear!

Antiques

While in Madison 1967-72 Nancy, I and kids stayed at my mother's house while I worked at the J & H Game Farm. Nancy and mom often went to rummage sales and auctions and picked up some nice things like two old rocking chairs, an oak secretary desk, cherry drop leaf table and some depression glass.

When we moved to Stevens Point, Nancy would inherit a 1895 China Cabinet made out of Tiger Paw Oak, a walnut veneer credenza, walnut chest of drawers and a veneer one along with a couple of antique bedside end tables made out of Maple.

Nancy always wanted a harvest table for 12 and we found a refinished 1890 walnut table for the dining room along with four Walnut chairs from the Civil War era. Nancy also inherited a 1919 Victrola with all the big band 33 RPM records.

But our focus was developed on Depression era glassware when mom gave Nancy her first pieces.

Over the years Nancy collected Moonstone (a setting for 12) and Monax and Pink American Sweetheart patterns. I went along with her antiquing and got involved as well learning all about the 65 different patterns of Depression glass.

I collected a set of Aurora, which is blue Cobalt; Ribbon, a green luncheon set; and presently am working on a green set of Cameo, a very large set which I probably will never complete. Nancy's American Sweetheart is the more expensive because it's popular to collect it. Her special pieces are the hard to find, including salt and pepper shakers and a sugar bowl lid for her Monax set. The Monax salt and pepper shakers are worth about \$450 and the rare sugar bowl lid about \$500. At least that is what we paid

for them American Sweetheart also comes in a rare red and blue color and pieces are hard to find. A full setting for eight during the depression was \$2.50. Today it's worth about \$10,000.

It is amazing to watch women come to our house for the first time, spy the salt and pepper set display in wall cabinets, and say "Nancy, what beautiful salt and pepper shakers you have." They are stunned to find out they are mine and not Nancy's. I've collected 28 of the 65 patterns.

We often go to Depression glass shows and know almost every antique store in Wisconsin and many in Minnesota. We've antiques in Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Indiana, Michigan, Iowa, Illinois, Florida, Arizona and a few other states. It's really fun. It's another side of me people often don't see and it's something Nancy and I can do together and enjoy the topic and hunt.

Hunting

If I had to pick a date for me to start hunting I'd probably guess 1944, when I was six. Hunting would be looking for gophers in Ludwig Olson's field next door and drowning them out of their hole. Skippy, my Shepard dog, dispatched them as they fled their hole.

It would also include trapping rabbits with steel traps simply placed in cottontail runways in the woods. I probably had more three legged rabbits running around since they often twisted in the steel leg hold trap until they pulled free – minus a leg. Their bloody stump left a pink trail in the snow as they hopped down the trail.

Those I caught were dispatched with a stick, skinned and eaten for dinner. Occasionally I caught a weasel and when their pelt was white I got \$2 for it.

Then came the BB guns, which are not classified as guns, but served the purpose. I shot lots of English sparrows, which loved to nest on the end of the house, usually at a range of 15-20 feet. The only other vivid memory was getting six gray squirrels, which included one albino in a tree in the woods. I tried to kill it, but left him with nothing more than black and blue sore spots.

Then came the Model 12 Springfield .22 pump Uncle Jim Stevens brought from Chicago when I was 7 or 8. It only shot .22 shorts which were so slow moving you could actually see the bullet leave the end of the barrel. The gun served its purpose of making war on sparrows and starlings, both considered pests.

My real introduction to hunting came through Carl Eng and his .22. He'd take me squirrel hunting so I could serve as a decoy driving a grey squirrel to his side of the tree where he dispatched it. He got lots of them, teaching me the skills of squirrel hunting which included slow stalking and looking for the tail among the branches.

Hunting jumped from then to 12, when I used his dad's single-shot shotgun for my first deer hunt. I shot lots of slugs at deer but never hit a thing.

The following summer I purchased a Montgomery Wards Westernfield pump shotgun for \$59.95. It held five shells and had a poly choke you could change from full to modified or improved cylinder. It was 8 ½ pounds fully loaded but really good for hunting. It shot pheasants, ruffed grouse, woodcock and an occasional squirrel and later deer. I purchased the gun through the mail after picking lots of pickles and beans the summer I turned 12.

Louie Erb and I both had identical guns so we had lots of boyhood contests as to who was the best shot. We were both pretty good as evidenced by the fact we each went 5 for 5 while grouse hunting one day. Occasionally, we took our .22s pheasant hunting after the snowfall. One day we got two pheasants with three shots – all on the fly. Other than the fact that hunting pheasant with .22's was illegal, we found it fun and mom had another meal with meat.

I used my shotgun on full choke as my deer hunting gun getting a spike buck when I was 16, followed by 5-pointers two years in a row. I'm well over 100 as I write this, but those first few deer were exciting. At that time, if you shot a buck with 3-inch spikes, you were a real macho buck killer.

I hunted with the .22 and my pump shotgun all through high school and college. In college, I became a certified hunter training instructor. It was not mandatory at that time but lots of kids went through the training. When I went to Pennsylvania I bought a Remington Pump shotgun – Model 870 pump with a peep sight on it. I hunted deer in Pennsylvania two seasons and got nothing.

I almost shot someone the first year. As daylight broke, I saw what I thought was a bear climbing a tree. Fortunately I waited for more daylight when I discovered it was a man. In Wisconsin it was illegal to hunt out of a tree and it never dawned on me that you could in Pennsylvania. I still shudder when I think of it and the rule we taught kids "to always know your target."

One of Louie Erb's cousins wasn't so lucky. He was in the woods with Louie where I was hunting. He was wearing light brown clothes, sitting on a hillside when a grouse flew up. I shot, not knowing he was there and peppered him with number 7 shot. He still carries pellets in his legs.

Another time brother Donnie had used my pump, bringing it into the house loaded and placing it in the corner hallway with the chamber closed. I never left the chamber closed and without thinking pulled the trigger. I was only 15 feet from Joanne, who was ironing clothes at the time. The shot missed her but blew a neat hole in the couch and living room wall. So much for another rule "always treat a gun as if it was loaded."

The last incident occurred when I was 16. Deer drives were pretty common as a method of harvesting deer. Oftentimes a dozen or more would participate in the deer drive. I was a driver on the outside left and passed through some heavy willow brush. All of a sudden a slug came my way from a stander who missed my hip by six inches. The shooter, Ray Schiselsick, had fired at a doe that ran between us. He got chewed out for shooting back into the drivers. Two weeks later he hit a bridge abutment with his car and was killed.

I didn't hunt while in Maryland but began again when I moved to Madison as Director of the State Soil & Water Conservation Board in 1967.

In 1963, Donald and Jim Johnson and I had purchased 360 acres and incorporated it as J & H Game Farm, so I hunted on those lands for grouse and deer.

I bought my next gun, a model 870 Remington 20-gauge pump with a scope specifically for deer hunting. I probably shot 40 deer with that gun before going back to my original 12 gauge with a slug barrel later converted to a rifled barrel.

As I write this, I'm now at 25 turkeys since I'm always getting a turkey each fall and spring on my property. I use a different 87 pump I bought in 2005 just for that purpose.

I have also hunted in South Dakota for sharptails and pheasants once with a friend of mine who worked for the Fish & Wildlife Service and another time with Ken Shibilski. Lot of pheasants in S.D.!

In 1982 I hunted on land owned by my brother, building a tree stand for deer hunting where 5 deer trails crossed. A total of 111 deer have been shot out of that stand as of the end of the 2011 season, and I took most of them. There were more does shot than bucks because I always practice quality deer management which has a motto "let the little ones grow." I've passed up about four bucks for everyone I shot. I've had three heads mounted and a lot of antlers, which hang in the garage or basement. I've never gotten that 30 point buck – the subject of the singing group Da Yoopers – but I've seen some big ones. Somehow, they manage to elude the fatal shot.

In 1990, I purchased 27 acres from the J & H Game Farm Corporation and the 60 acres my bother owned. I re-flooded 21 acres by building small low-head dams and had pretty good duck and goose hunting for the first few years. The soil is poor so the marsh quickly deteriorated in food and cover. Now it's an occasional duck.

One duck story is worth telling. When we bought the 360 acres as our first purchase for J & H Game Farm, we laid out several miles of roads for access and dammed up about 200 acres of blueberry marsh. That became a 100-acre area of open water with excellent goose and duck hunting.

One day, I took my canoe out in the middle of the open water on a cold early November day. I shot a wood duck which promptly swam into some reeds. I followed and when I

spotted him I reached over to grab him, completely flipping the canoe. I went overboard into icy water neck-deep and on the way down I grabbed the duck but lost my gun. I had hip boots on that filled with water and after dispatching the duck, got rid of the waders, feeling the bottom for my gun. When I found that I dumped it into the canoe filled with water and basically swam to shore some 100 yards away where my car was. The moral of the story is don't reach for a wounded duck.

When I retired from NACD, the NACD Forestry Committee gave me a Golden Boy Henry .22, which is lever action with hexagonal barrel. It is worth about \$400.

The whole organization also gave me a gift certificate worth \$700, from which I bought a Horton crossbow. It's a 200-pound.-pull model that you need to cock with a crank. I haven't shot a deer with it, but I've missed a doe three times!

I should also mention that as a teenager I purchased a 55-pound ParX aluminum bow for deer hunting. I later sold it before it snapped, but not before registering a doe. The last gun purchased was a lever action, Savage 99 300 in 2014.

If I had the money, I'd be going after the Osceola and Merriam turkey to complete the grand slam with my Eastern and Rio Grande turkey I have. Maybe next year.

I don't get too excited about deer hunting in other places, but Canada has 300-pound whitetail deer with huge racks. It's difficult to get guns into Canada because of restrictions, so I'm pretty well relegated to reading about them.

No man really has enough guns. It's a lot like women having 65 pairs of shoes to go with different outfits.

The Game Farm

In 1963, when I worked in Pennsylvania, I became keenly aware of the new boom in outdoor recreation.

I called Jim Johnson, my brother-in-law, married to sister Joanne, suggesting we needed to cash in on the coming boom that hadn't reached to Wisconsin. Jim and Joanne were living on a small farm south of Navarino at the time.

I suggested we start looking for hunting land. He found 350 acres west of Navarino, just south of my mother's house for \$5,000. Trouble was, neither Jim nor I had the money. I was 26 and Jim 28. We brought Don Johnson, Jim's brother, into the picture. He was 26 as well.

I took a trip home for a week and scoured banks for a loan. My mother offered to sign her house as collateral, so Bonduel State Bank gave us the money.

Keep in mind, I'm just out of school in my first job with a financed car and no furniture and when I came back Nancy was furious and threw that loan and my \$50 payment in my face on more than one occasion. I saw it as an investment. She did not. Secondly, she did not like the idea of doing business with a relative. Later I would find she was right on that.

I took the lead on setting up a corporation, which we called J & H Game Farm, Inc. formally established in 1964. The three of us owned all the stock.

When the 180-acre farm adjoining it became available, we bought that, too, along with 40 acres of woods adjoining that. Our total investment was \$28,500 for over 650 acres. Later, that would be expanded to purchase the Holzer farm and 27 acres west of that.

I was living in Pennsylvania and then in Maryland so I really could do little except keep sending in the mortgage payment check.

Jim decided in the meantime to move to the farmhouse on the property and serve as general manager. Donald and I concurred with that decision.

I arranged to have the farm designated as an experimental farm for wildlife shrubs and trees furnished by the USDA Soil Conservation Service. Over 40 varieties were planted. I also arranged 50% cost-sharing from USDA for level ditching for wildlife. More than 1 ½ miles of ditches 30 feet wide and five feet deep were established, closed on both ends to hold water. It was a good practice for waterfowl.

We also decided to develop a lodge building, utilizing the foundation of a shed that was never built. It was 30 feet by 80 feet with fireplace, bar and kitchen.

Snowmobiling was just getting started as well so our property was part of the trail system. Jim and Donald decided to sell and service snowmobiles and established a Friday night fish fry as well. I went to help only once and after being sworn at by a female snowmobile for failing to get her food order correct, I never helped again.

Jim tried several other things, including raising rabbits, but pheasant shooting early on was the major source of revenue.

Our first real argument came over Jim and Donald's decision to buy a used Caterpillar dozer. It was used, and I knew from the cost-share program I ran in Maryland that Cats and draglines were expensive to maintain. They bought it without my approval, and as it turned out, it was never a useful tool on the farm.

In 1967, I left Maryland for Madison, to run the State Soil Conservation agency. I was now closer at 159 miles, but with agency duties and two small children, I didn't get a chance to help much.

Jim, Donald and I discussed that and it was agreed that I would build an A frame cottage on the premises at J & H Game farm expense with the idea my family and I would have a place to stay. That was in 1972.

Two years later, I completed the A frame, which Nancy and I and our two kids stayed in once. On February 4, 1974, Jim called me to inform me that a friend of his and another guy (both were with Wisconsin Public Service) had stayed overnight. One had died of carbon monoxide and the other was unconscious.

It was not long before we were slapped with a \$2.5 million dollar lawsuit. Each of us was sued as individuals and as officers of the corporation so we had to have four law firms defending us.

About two years later, we settled out of court for \$123,000 but since the three of us didn't have that cash we had no option but to sell stock, which was sold to those who liked to hunt. We didn't have much trouble selling 49% of the stock and paid off our legal fees. Up to this point there were only Don, Jim and me as stockholders – now there were 23.

Since day one, I had served as Corporation President and Chairman of the Board of Directors. Jim decided he needed additional stock for his management, and it was given to him. I also arranged for an audit of our books. In 1980, I got a call from the auditor asking me if I knew of the loan Jim and Donald had arranged at the bank as collateral for financing Don's failing equipment company. That was the beginning of the end, since our corporate bylaws prohibited that and upon confrontation, Donald merely said the corporation owed him that privilege for use of his equipment. So much for trust!

My interest in the J & H Game Farm waned after that but what sounded the death knoll was another issue.

When we bought the property in 1963 we put all of the woodland under a forest management plan. While we did some planting and thinning, the plan basically called for even age management of our oak and maple, some of which had been harvested just before we bought it.

About 1988, Jim decided without consultation with anyone, to hire a shyster logger and without bids logged off the property, basically cutting all the high-value timber without regard for sustainability. That meant red oak valued at \$1 per board foot, stumpage were sold way too cheap, and then the logger went bankrupt.

When I came down to the farm one day, I confronted Jim with that decision and he basically said it was his decision. Jim had no training or experience in forestry as I had, and it devastated me.

It also ruined my reputation as a conservationist in forestry circles, and I was blamed for high grading the woods. We had tree farm designation and as a result lost that certification as well.

As a result, I decided I wanted out of the corporation and sold my stock in exchange for 27 acres north of Highway 156. That occurred in 1990. I bought 60 additional acres that my mother had originally owned, adjourning it for \$14,000 from brother Jim, so I now owned 87 acres free and clear.

God's 87 Acres

Lots of times as you go through life, bad things happen to you or at least at the time you think so.

One of those events occurred when I decided to leave the J & H Game Farm as a stockholder and as one of the three founders. Twenty-seven years went by the wayside as a result of that decision.

As mentioned, it was not a happy parting. But it did result in trading my stock for 27 acres and the purchase of 60 acres which had originally been owned by my grandmother, followed by my parents and then mother and later my brother.

It was also full circle on the drainage project that left a perennial stream nothing more than a deep drainage ditch. And it was full circle on land, particularly the woodland, that had been abused by over-cutting and pasturing of cattle.

My purchasing occurred in 1990, and my first efforts were to develop a road throughout the property. As I told the contractor who built the road at a cost of \$3,300, "They had to be good enough to drive a Cadillac." Shortly after owning it, Bonduel Telephone Company asked for a 50-foot easement along Highway 156 to bury a fiber optic line. They paid \$4 a foot. I followed that up with two permanent easements on two cornfields under the Wetlands Reserve Program. My actions were not as altruistic as it might seem since the state highway plan called for Highway 156 to be a major arterial, which meant widening and taking out the curves. Putting the six acres in the WRP Program would force the state to take land on the other side. Most of the 27 acres were in cropland. Thirteen of those went into CRP.

I selected nine acres of the best soil for the tree planting program. I started in 1990 with the first planting of red pine, as trainer trees for 14 species of deciduous trees including red, white and swamp white oak; Kentucky coffee tree, black cherry, Ohio buckeye, hawthorne, walnut and butternut. I later would replace dead trees with green ash and beech, primarily for wildlife mast.

I also planted red and white pine three rows deep around the west and north perimeter of the property. I planted patches of 100 white spruce for thermal cover in seven locations along with a smattering of hemlock.

Since I had seen tree shelters in Great Britain, I decided to try them on the deciduous trees planted and used over 700 of them in the process. As I learned, deer love red oak,

and I wouldn't have any without the shelters. All the shelters had netting on the top to prevent bluebirds from falling in.

My next project was to restore the inland wetland that had been drained as a result of the 1944 ditch project. When I was a kid, it was an open marsh with red willow and no trees. Drainage had resulted in black ash and maple.

The Fish and Wildlife Service had a Partners for Wildlife private wetlands management program. I asked for their help, and they built small head dams, closed off the drainage ditch and provided the seeding mixture. All for about \$12,000 out of my pocket. They asked for nothing in return except not to drain it for 10 years. They also installed a riser in the drainage ditch, which kept some water in it but below the root zone for Daryl Olson's field crops next door. Daryl also removed the dead trees for firewood and some lumber as the water profile rose in the wetlands. Later Mike Johnson would continue with this effort.

The Shawano sandy loam is not a good wetland soil, so after a few years of flush duck food, it began to revert to cattails. Reconstruction of the wetland did result in greater wildlife. Otter and muskrats moved in, as did blue-winged teal, mallards, wood ducks, sandhill cranes, herons, kingfishers and lots of warblers, many of which I have trouble identifying.

Because it is in transition from trees to lots of brush, it is also a major bedding area for deer. A neighbor who bow hunts has seen as many as 16 different bucks, which is a phenomenal number for that acreage. Since it is bounded by woodland on the east and north sides, deer use it for watering in the summer and fall.

My next project was to restore 10 acres to prairie to serve as nesting site for teal and mallards. I had put up 12 wood duck houses on the marsh, since they are cavity nesters. I put the land under a 10-year agreement in the USDA Conservation Reserve Program (CRP). That paid me \$491 a year for taking it out of production.

I planted purple coneflower, Canadian cinquefoil, brown eyed susans as forbes and mixed that with switchgrass, big and little bluestem and Indian nutgrass. It was seeded with a Brillion no-till seeder provided by the US Fish and Wildlife Service. The seed cost about \$1,700, primarily because neighbor Daryl Olson, who provided the tractor, decided to change the rate for spreading in the planter. He used twice as much as a result.

Management of the property included replacing dead hardwoods planted in tree shelters. There were always 25-50 that died each year until they got to be two inches or more in diameter. This was mostly due to deer damage.

Seventy-five Bluebird houses were placed along the CRP fields and other openings. About half are used by bluebirds, the rest by swallows and other cavity nesters.

The roads and part of the CRP are mowed each year to control brush. I have a Dr. Field 42-inch, walk-behind mower, and the game farm mows primarily the field for me.

I have two invasive species problems. One is with prickly ash, a native shrub that invades woodlands and open spaces. I've slowly been eliminating that by cutting it and treating the stem with brush-killing chemicals.

The second is autumn olive, planted in the '60s by me (at the request of SCS) as an experimental wildlife shrub. It is a prolific seeder and will never totally be eliminated, because the Game Farm makes no effort to control it.

The property is still licensed as part of J & H Game Farm (a state license) for pheasants, so I do occasionally harvest one or two.

In 1995, I clear-cut 15 acres as part of my forest management plan. I had lost all of the ruffed grouse, once plentiful, because of habitat change. In two years, they came back. I have rabbits, squirrels, turkeys and deer and have harvested all of these species, including over 100 deer since 1982.

I have a 17-foot travel trailer parked on the east end, which serves as a hunting cabin for turkey and deer seasons. I hunt primarily alone, except for the nine-day deer season when a friend from Stevens Point joins me. Two neighbors who bow hunt use my property as well.

The first year of ownership, my taxes were \$650. That has raised to \$2,300 in 2012. Forty-three acres qualified for the Managed Forest Land Act, which reduced the taxes by \$900, but when the state Legislature prohibited leasing, I repaid the back taxes and got out. I've been offered \$3,500 for a hunting lease if I ever decide to quit. Neither of the two kids have shown any interest in the land, so it will go on the market when I quit hunting.

I've managed the woodland under a forest management plan and have the first Forest Stewardship Plan prepared by DNR Foresters.

My wetland reserve contracts (2) are the first contracts filed in the state.

I had a 10-year agreement on the 21-acre wetland restoration project with the Fish and Wildlife Service as well as a 10-year CRP contract for the prairie restoration with USDA NRCS. Presently I have a five-year contract under their Conservation Stewardship Program, which pays me \$200/year. I spent more than that establishing over 600 wildlife shrubs as a requirement of the plan.

Owning this land has been a real blessing, besides being a good investment. First, it gave me my own place to hunt and enjoy without worrying about someone else being there. But more than that, it has given me a chance to practice what I preach about care of our land, water and wildlife. It gives one the satisfaction of improving those for mankind. In the scheme of our 2 billion plus acres in America, it isn't much, but it is the collective action by landowners like me that makes the difference. It's what drives many of our

wildlife organizations like Ducks Unlimited, The Audubon Society, Sierra Club and Wildlife Federation, among others.

Then there is the personal satisfaction.

On Leadership

I am firmly convinced that it is always good that you see yourself differently than others see you.

It took two Briggs Meyers Personality tests for me to understand that people saw me as aggressive in nature and that it was difficult to work with more or less aggressive people.

But I also found that leadership is what you make it and people are always looking for leaders. I had the penchant to step forward without being asked, often because I thought I could lead or had an idea whose time had come. When you do that you're not always right and you can expect failure. President Lincoln lost 11 elections before becoming President.

The other characteristic I had was the ability to speak and do a pretty good job at it. People liked that and often complimented me on the job I did at a microphone. Nancy will tell you I was far from polished when I started but practice sure helped.

That leadership capability is often seen by leaders. When the Secretary position for DNR became vacant, Dan Trainer urged me to apply. At the time the agency had a \$200 million-plus budget and 3,000 employees, and in my opinion I did not have the experience to run the agency. Dan said I did, and September 8, 1980, I applied for the vacant position.

The DNR Board went on a nationwide search for a secretary and all of the candidates except Buzz Besadny and me were from out of state. The candidates included a couple of former high ranking staffers from the US Fish & Wildlife Service. Buzz headed up the Research Program for DNR.

The Board boiled the search down to six candidates and much to my surprise, I was one of them.

Andy Damon from DNR called to set up an interview with the Natural Resources Board, but the date was complicated with my schedule, as I was in Minnesota. They arranged to pick me up in a DNR plane at the Minneapolis Airport. The pilot was Ken Corbett, DNR's first flying warden, who had been stationed at Clintonville. I had spent time with him while I was preparing for career as game warden.

When the interviews were through, two candidates were left. Buzz and myself. As I understood it from Dan Trainer, Buzz got the job on a split vote. He died in office after

several years, with a spinal tumor. Buzz did a super job as Secretary and was a good choice.

That wasn't the last time I was asked to apply for a position. When Dan Trainer retired as Dean of the UWSP College of natural Resources he suggested I apply for the position. He insisted it was an administrative post and I countered it was academic and demanded a PH.D. qualification. I said no thanks.

When Leo Walsh retired as Dean of the College of Agriculture in Madison, he called, suggesting I apply for the position. Leo and I were colleagues in the Soils Department at UW Madison and had occasionally crossed paths in our work. Again I said no thanks since it was a PH.D. type of position.

Two other requests came as well, when the head of DNR in Alaska and Missouri Department of Natural Resources posts became vacant. I elected not to apply, as both were political appointments by the governor.

In retrospect, it would have been fun to be Secretary of Wisconsin DNR, but I believe it was not meant to be.

I took one more shot at leadership when I ran for Stevens Point mayor after my defeat as State Legislator. I was a distant third in the balloting. Nancy always said I ran without enthusiasm and really didn't want the job. I think she was right.

When we moved to Whiting, Tom Hagen, Village President, tried his best to get me to run for the Village Board. He always said if I did, he could retire. It wasn't until 2010 that I said yes by applying for a vacant seat. In 2012 I ran again, getting the most votes of three candidates. It's fun being in public office but I will retire after 3rd term.

I used to teach a workshop for NACD on leadership, what it meant and how to use it. It was well-accepted but I can honestly say I spent more time on those workshops preparing myself than any others I did. Leadership is a funny thing. People think elected officials are leaders, and they are not. They just got more votes than the other guy. Some people just ooze it. Governor Knowles did. When he walked into the room, you knew he was in command. Russell Means, head of the American Indian movement in the '70s, did. I was in a hotel in North Dakota when he walked into the room. His presence brought absolute silence.

Leadership is not always being out front. I got my way on the Stevens Point City Council and in NACD by leading from behind. It can be just as satisfying if you don't need the credit.

On Personal Philosophy

Having worked with gang leaders off of the streets of Milwaukee, I often said, "There but for the grace of God go I."

But it's more than that. It's a society that believes in providing a good education for both whites and minorities and pays for that with property tax.

It's also parents who care. While I grew up in a divorced family, I did not fail, in spite of the warning by Redbook Magazine that kids who grew up in divorced families were bound to be juvenile delinquents.

Mom gave that positive support we needed. She would read to us, made sure we got the proper sleep and always demonstrated a positive personality even though we were basically in poverty and shunned because of the divorce in a rural area. She encouraged us for school, which resulted in Joanne going two years to Outagamie Normal School, where she received her teaching certificate. I went through six years of college, and even Donnie, who quit at 16 got his GED. Jim went three years to college at Green Bay and our sister Judy went one year at Stevens Point.

Mom also taught us honesty. I value honesty as one of the highest virtues. Without it, you get in trouble. Nancy and I deliberately left change lay around to test our kids' honesty. They never took any of it as far as we knew.

People have disappointed me in their honesty. Jim and Donald Johnson, when they failed to involve me in a loan Don took out against the J & H Corporation as an example. Most of my friends are impeccably honest, although there is a fine line between a lie and embellishing a fact.

Trust comes a close second with me. Once you lose it, you seldom get it back. Some of my friendships ended because of it. That's one thing Nancy and I share, as both of us have felt the string of deceit. I told one of my friends during a philosophical discussion that I equated trust to being in a boat that was sinking and I could trust the other friend to sacrifice his life for me by jumping out so I could survive. He felt that was asking too much, but that to me is trusted friendship.

That trust was tested when a business partner and friend, Jerry Rolstad, began stepping out with other women while married. He was on the School Board and me on the city Council, so as friends we were in the public eye. Until his wife told me, I wasn't aware of his indiscretions. That ended our business relationship and our friendship.

When it comes to religion, I feel pretty comfortable saying "I don't care what you believe, just believe something." I could have been Catholic had my Grandmother Theresa Horvath not left that church because the Priest demanded she give \$100 for a stained glass window in the Church. She left the Church and went to the Lutheran Church instead. All that resulted in me being Lutheran. I will likely die a Lutheran only because I was raised one, and Nancy and I don't have a mixed marriage.

I don't harbor any ill will against any religion except I share concern over the Islamic Religion, which I am sure will lead to a 4th Christian Crusade.

Politics are another matter. Philosophically, I'm a Democrat but a conservative. Our two-party system has served the country well by giving choice to citizens.

I abhor the thought that people don't vote and sometimes feel we need to prosecute people for failing to exercise that fundamental right, which makes our system work. Problem is, I don't know what punishment that would be.

People know I'm a Democrat because I served in the State Assembly as one. Some of my friends hide their political leanings so well that I don't even know how they vote or what they feel. Most have never been in public office. I do believe everyone should serve at least once and then maybe they would understand why it is important to elect the right person. I have not missed a vote since the first election I was able to vote in.

On population I've always said I could have gone to work for the Zero Population Growth (ZPG) organization because of what I believe is too many people for the resources. I abhor people with more than two kids, and I detest them bragging about their 21 grandchildren. In 2011, we hit the 7 billion population number worldwide.

At this writing, there were 309 million people in the United States. Only China and India have more. We consume 25% of the world resources now, and I don't want to share the resultant standard of living with a bunch of people we don't need. I believe strongly we ought to shut down all immigration, even though people say diversity is our nation's strength. I say we have enough.

I spent my entire career in natural resources and saw some of the worst things as well as the best things we are doing with our resources.

I'm a firm believer of protection of our ag land base, which has been disappearing at the rate of 3,000 acres a day. I always told our incoming minister in our church that my job was more important than his because without soil there are no souls to save. You can't argue against that!

While we are getting better, we still are messing up our water, which I believe is our long term Achilles heel. There isn't enough of it, and it's getting highly contaminated in some places. Only 3% is fresh water.

Today, consumerism is 70% of the economy. Much of that is driven by addiction to energy, primarily oil, which is used in many things including making plastic bags – something I detest. I'm hoping gasoline will raise to \$5 a gallon and maybe then we will change our attitude towards energy.

I'm a consumer like everyone else. I'm not an environmental zealot, because I too want the good life. But you don't need a new car every year, a 3,000 square foot house or a second house in Florida to enjoy life.

I for one would tax the hell out of those consumers so the bottom end of our population can enjoy what we call middle class living. Amen to that, brother!

On Food

Throughout this autobiography, I've hinted at the importance of food. When I was little, there wasn't much of a variety because there was no electricity in the house. As a result you got a lot of beans and food you finished off in one meal.

Meat in particular was pretty scarce and when you did get it, it usually was from a jar mom canned, like chicken or fish. The most vivid memory was mom slicing a ring of bologna in two and then carefully slicing it again into six slices which resulted in not much more than a swallow for each of us.

Food was one of the good reasons to eat at your neighbors. They all had electricity and as a result a refrigerator and electric stove, so you got a variety and lots of it. Besides all farm women were good cooks. However, as I recall as a teenager, I was always hungry and when I graduated high school I only weighed 145 pounds at six feet in height.

College years tended to be more of the same. Never enough food but even then it was a defined portion.

Later when I married Nancy, things changed. She would make a whole chicken and I'd eat the whole thing except for the one piece of white meat she reserved for herself. She came from a whole line of good family cooks.

At the same time, I was never fussy in what I ate. I ate everything and could also eat bologna sandwiches seven days in a row for lunch.

I weighed 145 pounds when we married and one year later 207 pounds. Nancy put me on a diet while I was in graduate school, which dropped my weight to 175 pounds, a weight I carried until 1985 when I was elected to the State Legislature. Then I gained weight due to the inactivity of the position, the beer and poor food habits. I stayed in the 220 range until later in my 50's and to this day carry about 230 pounds, which is about 50 pounds more than any doctor said I should.

Working for NACD got me into all kinds of good food since I was often in a capital city and after a day's work, we went out on the town often to some pretty good restaurants.

If I was in San Francisco, we ate Chinese. If I was in Omaha, we had steak or in Indianapolis, we ate at Don Shula's Steak House.

In Harrisburg, it was Italian, and in New Orleans it was seafood, particularly shrimp or crawfish. In Maine, it was lobster. But my favorite city was Washington, D.C. because you could get all of the food noted plus lots of ethnic dishes. Our favorite places were

Blackie's House of Steak and Watergate, a seafood house that was very popular to NACD folks and everyone else in Washington D.C. This was the place of the Nixon scandal, so it was famous anyway. It was always crowded, so when we registered, I always used the name Smith rather than Horvath since it was easier to say and respond to when seating was available. I got caught once when another Smith had signed in before me. The hostess seated us first anyway.

Like most Americans, we grill out a lot in the summer. Hot dogs, brats, steaks, chicken are all standard fair, with a beer or gin martini or two.

Friday night in Wisconsin is fish fry, usually cod, perch or walleye. Wisconsin is the only state where this is practiced, and oftentimes eating out all week on the road for NACD, I never changed clothes when I got home. It was out for fish!

If I had to pick my favorite food I'd probably say a pork or beef roast baked in the oven with carrots and potatoes. It's the most satisfying of all meals as it tastes the best and I can eat as much as I want.

I only bring food into the picture for two reasons.

First and foremost, the lack of it resulted in me leaving home at nine. Not many white kids can say they went to bed hungry.

Secondly, I worked with the agricultural industry all of my life. Americans only spend 11% of their income on food. All other developed countries are 22% or better so I think we are pretty lucky. I have never once complained about the price of food, since it's always a good buy. Most Americans don't know that the opening paragraph of the Farm Bill produced by Congress says "It is the policy of the United States Government to have a cheap food supply."

So much for food.

WHY

One of the things I noticed about kids, and I was no different, is we question things with the simple word of why. I guess that's the nature of growing up. But I still do that, which I'll get into later, but first the big whys as a kid.

There were lots of them but two will illustrate that.

The first is about the stars. As a little kid, I often went outside, laid in the grass and looked at the stars. My first questions were "Why can't I see them during the day? Why do they twinkle and why can't I see what's on the other side of them?"

A second fact was, I was fascinated by ants. Why were they so orderly? Always seeming to have a purpose. But I also always questioned their viciousness and a nature to fight

back. I remember watching two colonies of little red ants going to war with big black ants and wondering why the red ones who really got chewed up in the process would persist in war they would lose just because of their inferior size. I often thought about what they would be like if they weighed 200 pounds.

I always questioned why I could not get the A's like other kids, never once figuring out that I just wasn't intelligent enough. That there are differences which I couldn't overcome entirely just because I wanted to. I've learned to accept the fact that you can't be better or as good as everyone on everything. Still fun to try, though.

Why is it that wives can generally tell if you do something wrong without ever telling them? Why is it men can't do it? Nancy can do this, but sometimes I do nothing wrong, and she knows I'm guilty just because of silence or the look on my face. Guess I need to just accept it.

Why is it that even though we are taught as a child it is wrong to lie, we still do it as adults? Golfers do it, fisherman always brag about the big one which got away and deer hunters, including my friend Ken Shibilski will look you in the eye and say "I saw the biggest buck I have ever seen today." People do that, I guess, to either build up their egos or prove they are better than the person they are telling that hyped-up story to. Women do it, too. "Oh, I lost 20 pounds last month" or "My grandchildren are the brightest kids and best behaved." That's a down right lie. They aren't any smarter or better behaved then the next.

The worst example is Bob Hermann, now deceased, a banker at Sentry Insurance, who looks me in the eye following my defeat for re-election to the State Assembly. His comment to me: "Bill, if I could have pulled the lever 50 times, I would have done it." I checked, he never even voted! That might have helped by 50, but I still would have been beat by 450 votes.

Why is it things happen in threes? Usually deaths of family or friends happen that way.

If you are playing cards, or discard an ace why is it you'll draw two more?

And if you bend down to pick up something you dropped you'll crack your head on the iron patio table, causing it to bleed and get stitches in the emergency room. You relax on the patio with a beer into which a hornet flies into the can and stings your throat, requiring a rush to the emergency room again.

Why is it that all your friends claim that their romance started as teenagers or in grade school and they are proud of the fact that there was never another love? I feel sorry for them because they will never know if they ever got the best deal. Nancy and I both know – most of the time.

And lastly, why is it we never have enough stuff? Having downsized our house in 1988 when we moved to Whiting, we knew we had too much stuff.

We now re-gift, trash excess stuff or take it to Goodwill. I try to give my neighbor, Mike Amundson, something once a week and seldom succeed. He says he has the same problem as me. Too much stuff. All these precious things we have accumulated over the years will go to the highest bidder at an estate auction someday.

And the question is, why didn't someone take it when it was freely offered to them? Why?

Changes 1938-2012

Lots of things can happen in 74 years. Some are pretty significant. Others are but part of life, but in both cases you need to accept them – at least some of them.

Since 1938, I've lived through World War II, The Korean conflict, The Vietnam war, the first Iraq Invasion, the second Iraq invasion and the war in Afghanistan. Throw in the Bay of Pigs invasion, Granada, Somalia and several other threats, and I've experienced war on almost a continued basis. We say we are a peace-loving country?

When I was six or seven, I saw my first plane, a propeller-driven B-29. Jet fighters didn't come into being until the Germans invented them during WWII. Today there are over 4,000 planes in the sky at their peak during any day. They are mostly jets. On top of that, we use rockets to go to the moon and have just retired the space shuttle.

In 1938, we didn't have electricity. Now it's everywhere, produced by coal, natural gas, solar, wind and water. Rechargeable batteries are everywhere, in our phones, clocks, toys and drills.

In 1938, telephone party lines were pretty common, so you could but weren't supposed to listen in on private conversations. Those are gone, and last year we lost over one million land phones to cell phones that take pictures, stores phone numbers and messages.

In the 1930s, half of the population was on farms. Today just 1½% of our 310 million people are farmers. Farmers in our area raised corn for silage and just occasionally got ripe corn. Today ripe corn is common with some soils producing 300 bushels to the acre. When I was a teenager, if cows gave 19,000 pounds of milk between calves you had a good herd. Today its over 100,000 pounds, and kids are taken to a farm to show them where milk comes from.

Schools were consolidated and normal schools, which produced teachers after two years, are gone. The one-room school is gone and replaced by schools with a thousand kids or more. To retain your teaching certificate, continual education is required, leading to a master's degree.

The big argument in high school was whether you should be allowed to use a Texas Instrument Calculator in Math class. Today, kids have computers both at home and in school, and you can't turn in a hand-written report.

We had special courses to learn to type. Typewriters are now antiques and two year olds learn to punch buttons on their personal computers.

We didn't do drugs as a teenager. There wasn't any unless you call beer a drug.

Today, kids make their own drugs or sniff something to get high. We sniffed gasoline fumes.

When growing up, you went to the movies for 25 cents. Today, a ticket costs \$10 or more and a box of popcorn three to four dollars. There were such things as movie stars – idols for most of us. They have been replaced by thousands of wannabes who often exist in a drug culture and often die from it. The Doris Days are long gone.

Today, a loaf of bread costs over \$3 if it's multigrain. When we grew up, it was made at home. A new car cost less than a \$1,000 when I was a kid. Now they are \$20,000 to \$50,000. The Packards, Studebakers, Hudsons and Pontiacs are now history. Car styles disappeared in the 60's. They now all look alike with Ford, GM and Chrysler our only US auto manufacturers. Toyota, Honda, Nissan, all foreign cars compete against the big three.

Divorce was rare in rural America when I was a kid. Now kids shuffle between parents who have parental rights on Friday nights. Kids think nothing of it, but the impacts on them haven't changed. There aren't as many kids, however. Most families have two. Families of 5-10 were more common when I grew up. Birth control was unheard of.

Clothes once were all cotton, then polyester. Once they were all made in America. Now the labels read made in Pakistan, Indonesia, Chili, Panama, India or dozens of other countries. We still raise cotton, but it is shipped to these countries to make clothes which are then sent to the U.S. for sale. Shoes are the same, mostly made in foreign countries.

There was no such thing as fast food when I was a kid. Then came McDonald's, Hardees and dozens of other franchise companies. Today, you leave home for work and have your first cup of coffee at Starbucks at \$2 or more a cup. A pound of coffee in our local store sells for \$5-\$8. Eggs are still 99 cents a dozen and a pound of butter \$1.50. People say they are too busy to cook.

Some things never change. We still snore, have heart attacks, fall in love, have sex, still love baseball and adore the Packers. Some of us still go to church, but the variety would fill a book. Politics means you're a Republican or Democrat but not necessarily because your parents were either.

And lastly we still die. But you won't necessarily wind up in the family cemetery since you might be living 2,000 miles from home and you may wind up like me being cremated and wind up on the fireplace mantel.

2014

I thought I was done adding to this autobiography but enough happened in 2014 that I added on a more chapter. Most of it is related to change.

The winter of 2013-2014 turned out to be one of the coldest on record with lots of snow. The whole world would increase by 1 degree over the last decade so non-believers in climate change are using those too contrast to support the argument that there is no change.

With all of the natural gas fields added by fracking the U.S. is now the leading supplier of natural gas and in 2015 will be the largest producer of oil which has fallen to \$55 a barrel on the world market and \$2.25 at the gas pump. Solar energy panels have really fallen in price which accelerating in installation causing a rate increase for electricity by our utilities. They are correct in asking but consumer groups fight it.

April was a big month for me as I was elected into the Wisconsin Conservation Hall of Fame. I join 76 others who have been inducted since 1985. Wisconsin has a long list of great conservationists like Aldo Leopold, John Muir, Gaylord Nelson and Wilmina Labudda so it's sort of humbling to be on the same stage. My presenters called me the "real deal".

The winter was long, the spring and summer fairly cold which caused all kinds of strain in the garden and with flowers. My Clematis never bloomed. Peppers were 5 feet tall and tomatoes had about 20 on each of the 32 plants. Slugs were a nuisance as was one rabbit that ate my broccoli plants. All 18 four times. In spite of that I had a good garden.

My bridge game was good and bad I was first in our couples group for 2014. In senior bridge I was a winner in 72% of our weekly meetings in 2013 but can't get over 45% this year.

Golfing was much the same way. I still am under 100 for 18 holes but totally inconsistent in my score which ran to 45 for 9 holes one week and 53 the next.

I shot about a dozen chipmunks and 5 rabbits in my year this year. Both are a nuisance. The rabbit in the garden and flower bed and chipmy in the bird feeders. A couple of grey squirrels died as well when they began to drain the bird feeder.

We had our first frost the week of October 11th which is about normal.

Tim married a high school classmate and is lives in Las Vegas...

Kimberly moved to the Chicago area with her husband who is an executive with Hub Transportation Company. Her son Robert is in his first year at a Technical College. Her youngest daughter works for Delta Airlines while enrolled at the Community College. Her oldest daughter has a brain tumor and will have that removed in California this year.

We had Christmas at our house rather than at Kimberly's place as we did for years simply because of driving distance for her kids. That's a major shift. I put my 86 acres up for sale at \$4,000 an acre and at this writing haven't sold it. Lots of woodlots are being sold in the \$3,000 - \$5,000 range and mine is not over priced.

I'm serving on the Wisconsin DNR Deer Management Assistance Program Advisory Committee which is running a brand new deer management program with local input. That's a first.

I'm serving my 3rd term on the Whiting Village Board and will not seek re-election in 2016. 18 years in public office is enough particularly when you are 78 years old.

I dropped my charter membership in the Wisconsin Woodland Owners Association when their board abolished the \$97,000 federal Forest Service grant I was running half way through the three year project. I'm putting that energy towards a \$250,000 grant to the Golden Sands RC&D Council to implement forest management and deer management using the DMAP.

Lastly, I like to read biographies of our great leaders. I finished Teddy Roosevelt's and have finished Winston Churchill's biography some 800 pages long. Both were very interesting leaders. Teddy at the turn of the century and Churchill during the 1920-1940's. I also read a book on Lenin, Stalin and Hitler, they were mean SOB's'.

A Love Story

Wisconsinites know that glaciers 10,000 years ago covered all but 19 of our 72 counties creating a number of features like the Great Lakes. In the process they left other smaller features like drumlins and eskers. Eskers are composed of very fine mineral soil and are the result of cracks in the glacier which deposited them as rivers of sand on the landscape.

My story begins in Shawano County on a piece of property in Navarino Township that had an esker that snaked through the 86 acres in the form of a horseshoe. The property was purchased in the 30's by John and Helen Horvath who tried to eck out a living by farming part of it and another 80 south of it.

World War II caused a split in the marriage with my mother Helen receiving the property and child support amounting to \$125 per month. That's documented in the property abstract. She sold the property which changed hands four times before I bought it back.

Mom died in 1978 and asked that her ashes be scattered on the highest point of the glacial esker. The five of us kids all agreed and it was done on a warm Sunday afternoon.

Years later our father who had settled in Ventura California with a second wife, died at the age of 83.

We received notice of his passing and were informed of his wish to have his ashes scattered with our mother. We all assumed he recognized his mistake and tried to correct it with his last wish. We carried out his wish.

Now how is that for a love story with a happy ending that survived WWII, the Korean and Vietnam wars.

The Last Word

When I started to write this autobiography in 2010, I really didn't know where to start or end. Secondly, some things like food and ski jumping transcended various stages of my life so I created special little snippets, which I've inserted throughout the document. I've done it my way!

I've asked sister Joanne and Aunt Mary to verify some facts, particularly dealing with births, deaths, names and occasionally events.

The other person who would verify my facts was my wife, Nancy. Nothing slips by her, and if I misstated something from 1960 on, she corrected it. Wives, as all males know, remember everything, including birthdays and everything you ever did wrong almost to the day you took the missteps.

Saying this, Nancy has put all of this on the computer and printed out countless versions for my review. She corrected most of my spelling errors and won some of the battles on sentence structure, even though I'm the English major. So I have to give her the most credit for this journey. Bill Berry did the final editing.

It's now complete in 2014 during my 76th birthday, at least for now. I'm still active, serving a third term on the Whiting Village Board gardening, raising flowers, golfing and playing bridge and still hunting. So perhaps there is another chapter to write.

As they say, however, clouds are gathering in the west.

Appendix

“At the end of each of our lives there is a summing up by those we leave behind. Carlo D’Este author the Warlord – The life of Winston Churchill.”
I beat them to it – Bill Horvath 1938 -



Certificate of Baptism

This Certifies
that

William John

Child of

John Horvath

and his Wife

Helen Lindela Horvath

Born at

Mannings Wis

was by me

Baptized

in the Name of the Father, and of the Son,
and of the Holy Ghost.

On the Third day of July

In the year of our Lord 1938

Sponsors: Kathleen Kraft Mannings

Nelson, Maudlin Nelson, Emil Hanson

Carl E. Blom

Pastor

He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved

Mark 16:16.



Home 1938-1947

2 weeks old



Helen, John & Baby Bill 2 weeks

Billy 2 years



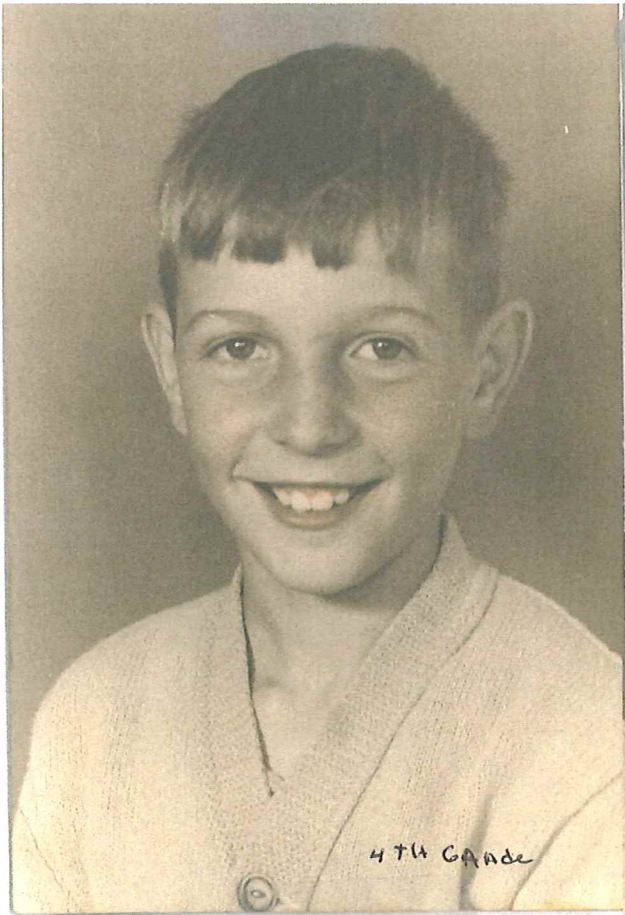
Billy 10 years



1948



1949



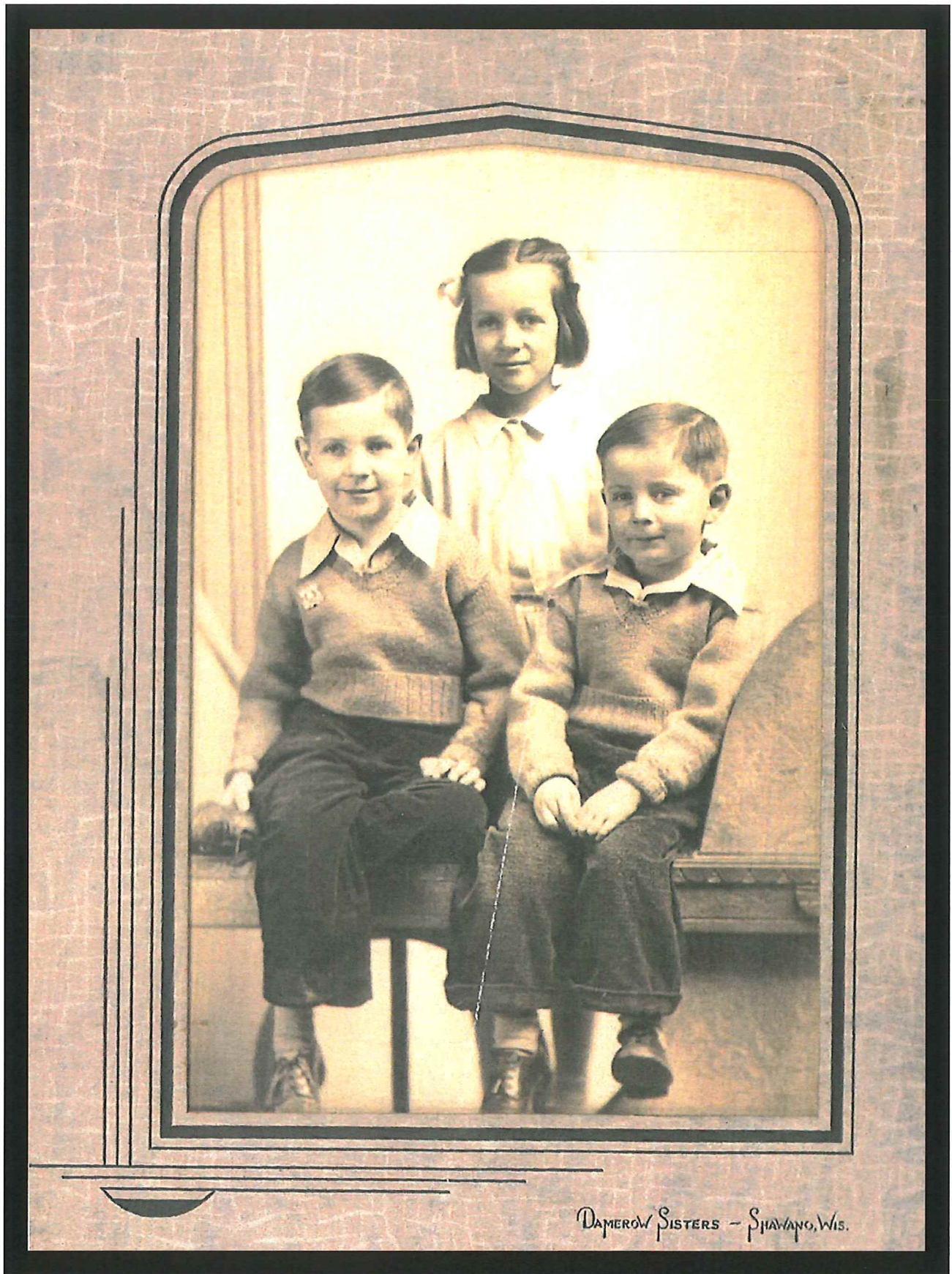
4th Grade



5th Grade



8th Grade



Bill, Joanne, Donald - 1944



Helen Horvath - 1942



John Horvath - 1942

No. 41a.

STATE OF WISCONSIN: IN
CIRCUIT COURT: SHAWANO
COUNTY.

: JUDGMENT.

:

: Dated November 4, 1946.

: Filed November 13, 1946.

Helen Horvath, Plaintiff

: Vol. 8 Judgments page 172.

:

vs

:

John Horvath, Defendant

:

:

The above entitled action having come on to be tried before the Court without a jury, WINTER & KOEHLER appearing as attorneys for the plaintiff and there being no appearance by the defendant, and Ken Traeger appearing as divorce counsel for Shawano County, and the Court having made and filed his Findings of Fact and Conclusions of Law wherein judgment is ordered as hereinafter adjudged;

Now, Therefore, on Motion of WINTER & KOEHLER, Attorneys, for Plaintiff,

IT IS ORDERED AND ADJUDGED:

That the bonds of matrimony subsisting between the plaintiff Helen Horvath and John Horvath be and the same are hereby wholly dissolved and the plaintiff have an absolute divorce therefrom, such judgment so far as it effects the status of the parties not to be effective until the expiration of one year from the date of granting same except that it shall immediately bar the parties from cohabitation together and in case either party dies within said period such judgment shall be deemed to have entirely severed the marriage relationship immediately before such death.

That the care and custody of the minor children of the parties hereto, named Joanne Horvath, William Horvath, Donald Horvath and the twins born on September 17, 1946, named ----- Horvath and ----- Horvath, be and hereby is awarded to the plaintiff, with right in the defendant to visit his said children at all reasonable times.

That the defendant be required to pay the sum of Fifty (\$50.00) Dollars per month as alimony and Seventy-Five (\$75.00) Dollars per month as support money for the children until the further order of this Court, such payments to be made on the 1st day of each month to the Clerk of Circuit Court at Shawano, Wisconsin, beginning December 1, 1946.

By the Court: Joe McCarthy, Judge.

Approved: Ken Traeger, Divorce Counsel.

* * * * *

WISCONSIN STATE COLLEGE -- Stevens Point

Your application for admission and Certificate of Recommendation have been received and examined. You may enroll in this college. If you change your plans and decide not to come, notify me, please.

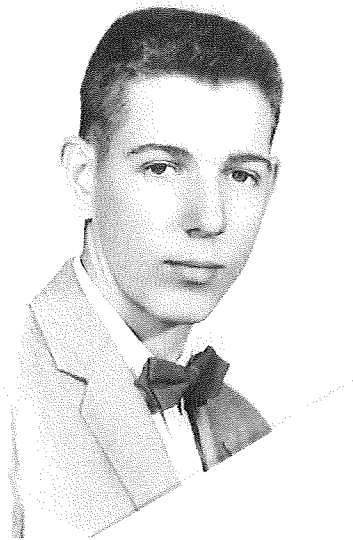
Please present this card when you register.

Incidental fee \$50.00 a semester.
Activity fee ~~\$12.50~~ 20.00 a semester.

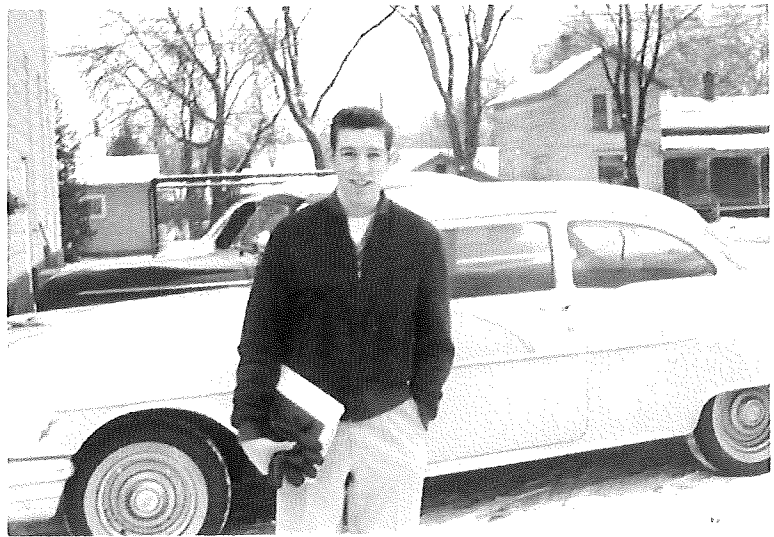
Registration Sept. 10, 1956


Dean

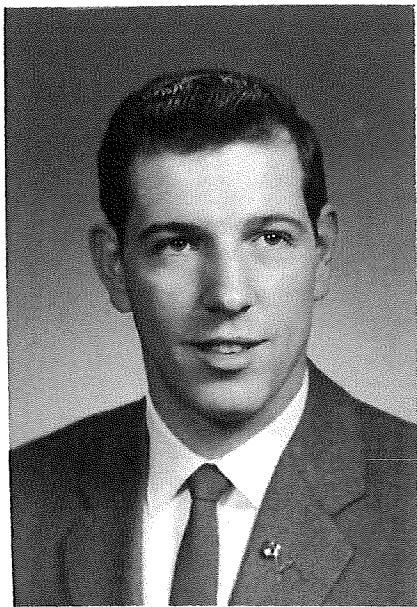
Bin College Entry



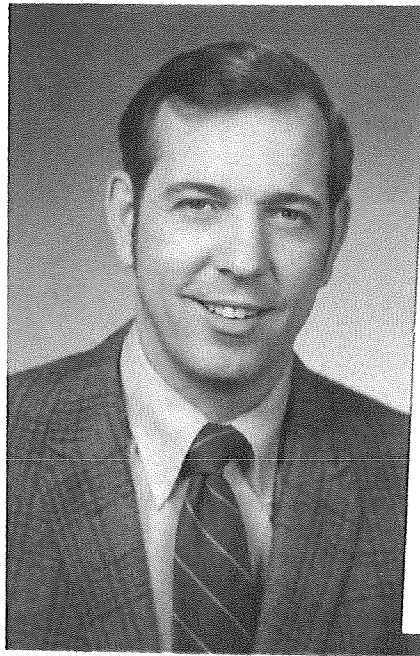
High School Senior



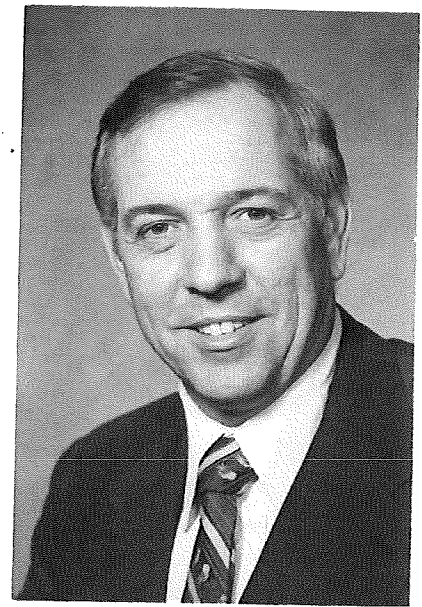
1956 College Freshman



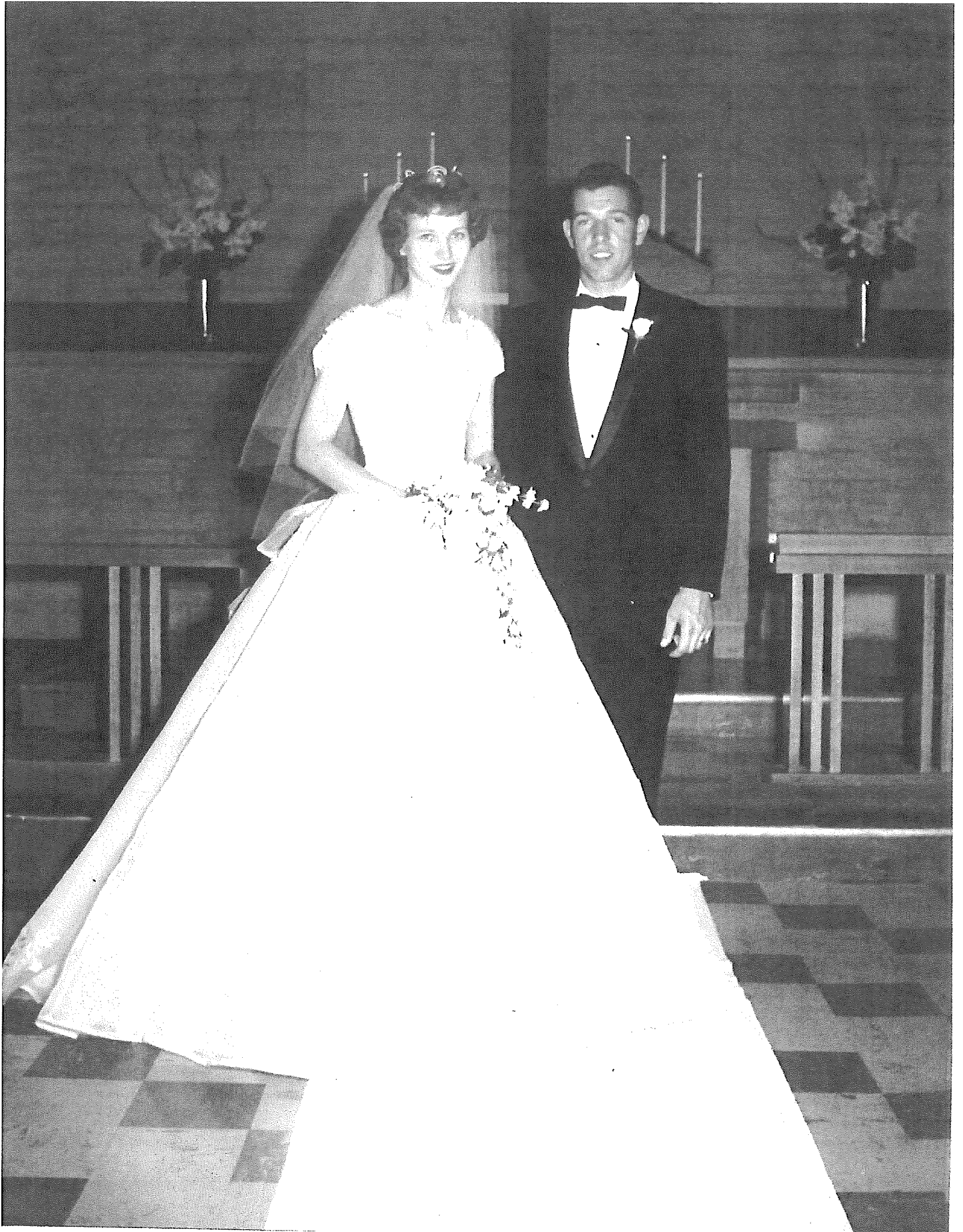
UW Graduate 1962



1980



1990



Nancy and Bill Marriage 1961



Bill, Jim, Joanne, Helen, Judy, Donald Horvath



Bill - 1985



Bkill Ski Jumping at Navarino Hills

SKI JUMPING — SECOND Class C

8:30 P. M. — Thursday, Feb. 22, 1951

Navarino Winter Sports Club . . . Navarino, Wisconsin



Certificate of Completion

William J. Horvath

is recognized for successfully completing the Woodland Leadership Institute curriculum and for an enduring commitment to provide leadership at the local, regional and statewide levels on issues affecting the sustainability and stewardship of Wisconsin's forests.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "John G. DuPlissis".

John G. DuPlissis
Forestry Outreach Programs Manager
University of Wisconsin Stevens Point

August 25th, 2007

Date



Horvath retires, but not for long

- 2002

Conservationist leaves his mark on city, Midwest

By TRUDY STEWART
Journal staff

For the first time in 55 years, Bill Horvath was unemployed. The jobless situation didn't last long though, even though he is officially retired now Horvath, 64, already has fielded a couple of offers from conservation and environmental groups that want to tap into his expertise gained during 30 years as director of the National Association of Conservation Districts' North-Central Regional Division in Stevens Point.

"The NACD also wants me to come back and sign a contract to handle forestry on a part-time basis," said Horvath. "And I'm going to do it."

Retirement won't end his long commitment to conservation and the community. His achievements include the Conservation Hall of Fame at Pfiffner Pioneer Park and CenterPoint MarketPlace. He promoted issues related to water quality, soils and forestry during his terms on the Common Council from 1974 to 1983 and in the Wisconsin Assembly in the mid-1980s.

As NACD regional director, Horvath worked with soil and water conservation districts in eight Midwest states on legislation, programs and activities to advance wise use of natural resources.

The impact of Horvath's work on environmental issues may not be fully realized for some years, said Dan Trainer, retired dean of the College of Natural Resources at the University of Wisconsin-Stevens Point.

Trainer and Horvath served together on a number of commissions and committees through the years. A graduate of UW-SP in 1961, Horvath also was an adviser to many students and gave a host of guest lectures.

"There are a few visionary people who want to leave some vestige for future generations, and Bill is one of them."

A teacher first planted the seed in Horvath that grew into a career in conservation. "Mrs. Tomaschek said, 'Bill, you ought to go to school in Stevens Point,' which was then the Central State Teachers College, and she gave me a catalog," Horvath said.

He was 13 then, and already had been earning his own way for four years.

"I left home at 9 years old," said Horvath, whose mother had been raising five children on her own. "A farmer down the road took me in, and I made a dollar a week."

It was the toughest decision of his life to pick up his satchel and walk out the door, he said. He worked on that farm near Clintonville until he graduated from high school.

In 1956, he arrived in Stevens Point. He signed up for majors in English, conservation and biology. He worked through school at Weber Tackle and other places.

Right after he graduated in 1961, he took the warden's exam. There were 140 applicants for one job.

"I didn't get it; I was dejected," Horvath said. "One of my professors, Paul Yarnbert, said, 'Good. Now I can send you to graduate school.'"

Horvath and his bride, Nancy, moved to the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, where he finished his studies in nine months. The couple have two children and four grandchildren.

He worked for the Pennsylvania Soil and Water Conservation Commission, then the Maryland State Conservation Board before accepting a Wisconsin State Soil and Water Conservation Board position that was tenured with UW-Madison. He had been there five years and just been granted tenure when the National Association of Conservation Districts began opening a series of regional offices and asked him to be director of the Midwest area.

"I said no, but they kept bugging me," Horvath said. "Finally I said, 'OK, if I can have my office in Stevens Point.' They said, 'Where's Stevens Point?'"

The organization has hired his replacement, and she plans to open an office in Indiana, he said. Horvath cleaned out his desk last week and for the final time closed the doors of the NACD regional office at 1052 Main St.

"I had a lot of interesting things happen to me," Horvath said. "I look on it as a privilege."

"He really has done a lot for the community, for the state and for the college," Trainer said. "His big asset is knowing how to get things done. ... Normally no one person can make things happen, but he's the exception with the Conservation Hall of Fame."

Horvath credits Trainer with the idea. They were working together on the Riverfront Commission when Trainer commented that the Pfiffner Building would be a good place to put a Conservation Hall of Fame.

The idea percolated awhile, then Horvath got some area residents together to form a

foundation in 1983. The first inductees were Aldo Leopold and John Muir in 1985. Hall of Fame exhibits are part of the Schmeckle Reserve Visitor Center at UW-SP.

"Dan has got me in a lot of work over the years with his ideas," Horvath said.

Horvath takes the greatest sense of achievement from his work with Trainer and other members of the Riverfront Commission. Other projects have brought satisfaction, too, such as the building of CenterPoint MarketPlace. He also takes pride in getting one of the toughest groundwater protection bills in the nation passed while he served in the state Legislature as well as deer hunting legislation and another bill eliminating liability for owners of unplatted rural property.

"But if I leave anything as a legacy, it probably is Pfiffner Pioneer Park," said Horvath, who was elected to the City Council in 1974 and served 10 years. He was active on the financial and personnel committees.

The change in the riverfront from the 1970s, with its collection of old buildings, is substantial, he said.

"At that time, there was not necessarily a whole lot of thought of what it meant for the future," said Ken Shibilski, village of Plover president and a longtime friend of Horvath.



Bill's ART

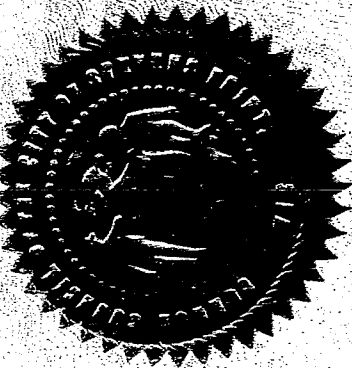
Certificate of Appreciation

In recognition of the service rendered to the City of Stevens Point by you.

.....
WILLIAM J. HORVATH

as the TWELFTH WARD ALDERMAN

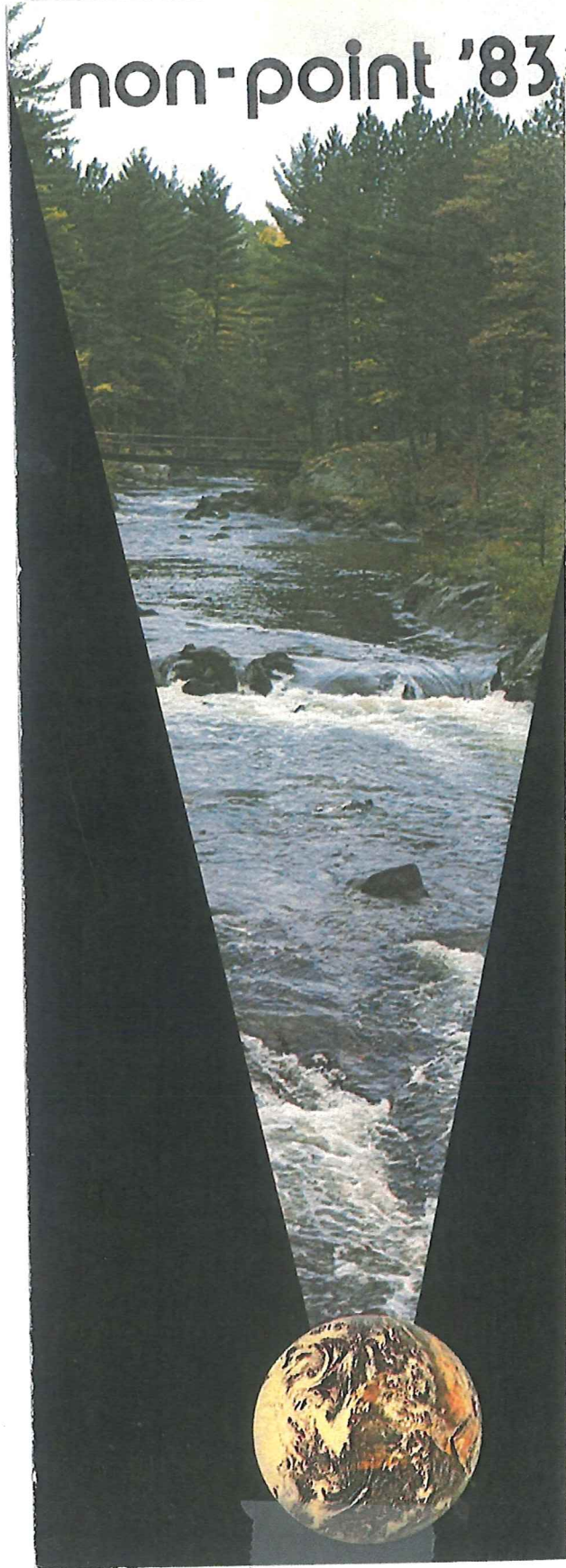
On behalf of the citizens of the City of Stevens Point this Certificate of Appreciation
is gratefully presented to you.



CITY OF STEVENS POINT

Richard A. Johnson
MAYOR

non-point '83



Your land, my land
Our water

As a follow-up to the film "NON-POINT '83", released by the NACD in 1977, "Your Land, My Land, OUR WATER" takes an up-to-date look at the continuing efforts of individuals, agencies and governments to reach the 1983 water quality goals set forth in Public Law 92-500.

16 mm. Color Film, 30 min.

Horvath receives UWSP alumnus award

William Horvath, Stevens Point, recently was named a Distinguished Alumnus of the University of Wisconsin-Stevens Point by the UWSP Alumni Board of Directors.

Horvath, a 1962 graduate of UWSP, is a forestry specialist for the National Association of Conservation Districts. For more than 60 years, the NACD has served nearly 3,000 local conservation districts, which include one district for each county nationwide. The districts educate landowners, organizations and governments about issues that affect soil, water, forests, wildlife and other resources. The national organization helps develop conservation



William Horvath

policies, influences lawmakers and provides services to districts.

Horvath focuses on the conservation issues associated with America's public and private woodlands. In addition to working with conservation districts, he provides information to the USDA Forest Service, the Bureau of Land Management, the national and state forestry societies, agencies and organizations, UW-Extension and the forest products industry.

His service to UWSP includes director of the UWSP Alumni Association, including a term as president; director of the UWSP Foundation Board; UWSP Board of Visitors; and service to Schmeckle Reserve, including membership on the planning committee for the Wisconsin Conservation Hall of Fame.



Donald Last



William Horvath

State conservation group gives awards

A faculty member, alumnus and student from the University of Wisconsin-Stevens Point were honored by the state chapter of the Soil and Conservation Society of America during a recent annual meeting at Camp Upham Woods near Wisconsin Dells.

Donald Last, who has a joint appointment as a resource management specialist for UW-SP and as a soil and water specialist for UW-Extension, was installed as president of the 300-plus member organization.

William Horvath, a 1962 graduate who now serves as regional representative for the National Association of Conservation Districts, was a recipient of one of four awards. Horvath is headquartered in Stevens Point.

Mark Hauser, a UW-SP student from Almena, was one of four students at UW campuses given scholarships in recognition of academic work and activities related to soil conservation. He received \$100.

Last has held several different offices in the state chapter during his 15-year association with it. He was involved in compiling a list of conservation employers in the state for people

interested in career opportunities; selecting environmental/conservation resource materials for state teachers; drafting a chapter position statement on wetland use; and revising Wisconsin's trespass and recreational land user liability law.

He has written articles for professional journals, given testimony on soil conservation matters before committees of the Wisconsin Legislature, and served the past year on the national divisional committee on environmental education for the Soil Conservation Society.

Horvath was cited for exceptional leadership.

He served more than a year in the Wisconsin Assembly as a representative from the 71st District and was involved in promoting new legislation on ground water protection, hunting, and a landowner's trespass bill. He has served in an advisory capacity to the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources on soil conservation and hunter-landowner relations. He also has been principally involved in the creation of a new conservation hall of fame for the state, to be located at UW-SP.

Wednesday, November 16, 1983

Stevens Point (Wis.)



After Tuesday, it's Rep. Horvath

Bill Horvath of Stevens Point became Rep. Bill Horvath Tuesday.

Judge Fred Fleishauer swore Horvath into office as 71st District assemblyman in ceremonies at the Portage County Courthouse.

It culminated months of planning and campaigning by Horvath, who was the first of six candidates to announce an interest in the seat. The opening was created when Rep. David Helbach ran for and won the state Senate seat vacated by William Bablitch, now a Wisconsin Supreme Court justice.

The 45-year-old Horvath promised to follow the "activist tradition" pursued by Helbach and Bablitch.

State shared revenue, school and highway aids will get his support, Horvath said, because those programs help hold down property tax increases.

While he expects to participate in the debate during the Legislature's spring session on elimination of the state income tax surcharge, Horvath said he intends to be aggressive on the issue of ground water.

"Although the tax surcharge debate may dominate the spring floor period, I intend to get people moving on ground water protection just as soon as possible," he said. A Stevens Point alderman, Horvath will hold that office until his term expires next spring.

NEW ASSEMBLYMAN

William Horvath became 71st District assemblyman Tuesday afternoon when he was sworn into office by Por-

tage County Circuit Judge Fred Fleishauer. (Staff I
by Doug Wojcik)

National Association honors Horvath

Former alderman, legislator referred to Point as 'center of the universe'

By BILL BERRY

Special to The Gazette

Conservationists from around the country gave a local man a standing ovation at the recent annual meeting of the National Association of Conservation Districts (NACD).

Bill Horvath, Whiting, a longtime regional representative and policy director for NACD, was honored Wednesday, Feb. 12, at a banquet during the meeting in Orlando, Fla. The annual meeting is the largest gathering of private land conservationists in America. More than 1,500 people attended this year's meeting. They included representatives from many of America's 3,000 conservation districts and their conservation partners from state and national governmental and nongovernmental organizations.

"I've made literally thousands of friends all across the country through my work with conservation districts, and I cherish those friendships," Horvath said. The work was demanding, requiring him to travel frequently. He thanked his wife, Nancy, for "often serving as mother and father" to their two children, Tim and Kim, during those years.

Horvath recently retired from full-time work at NACD, although he continues to manage the association's forestry programs. He worked with NACD for more than 30 years. When he joined the organization, Horvath was given the opportunity to locate its North Central Region headquarters anywhere in the upper Midwest. He chose Stevens Point. In addition to being his

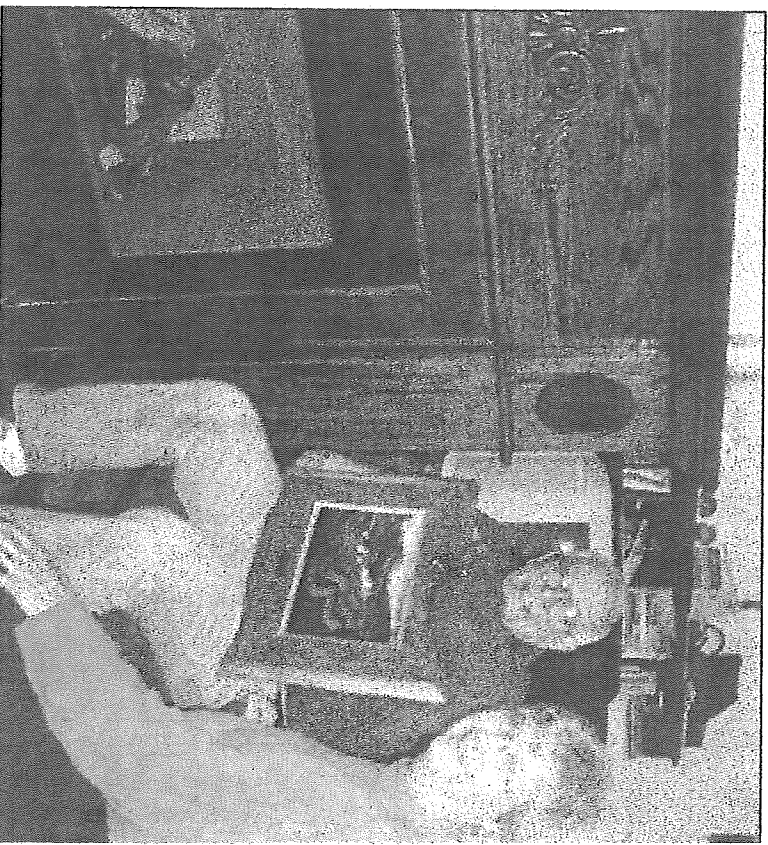
wife's hometown, it was home to the University of Wisconsin-Stevens Point, where he received his undergraduate degree in natural resources.

Ernie Shea, executive director of NACD, noted at the annual meeting that people from around the country often heard Horvath refer to Stevens Point as "the center of the universe."

In addition to being honored by NACD and its North Central Region, Horvath was recognized by the Natural Resources Conservation Service (NRCS) for his work. NRCS is the U.S. Department of Agriculture's conservation agency. Charles Whitmore, director of NRCS' Midwest Region, presented Horvath with a framed print of the Coon Valley, Wis., area. In the wake of the Dust Bowl era of the 1930s, Coon Valley was the nation's first erosion control pilot project.

Horvath was a national leader in development of nonpoint pollution control efforts, noted Lynn Sprague, a former colleague at NACD and now chief of district programs for the North Carolina Soil and Water Conservation Commission. Sprague was on hand for ceremonies honoring Horvath.

Horvath recalled working on nonpoint issues in the early 1970s, "when NACD wouldn't even talk to EPA (the Environmental Protection Agency). Farmers thought that EPA was going to put a policeman on every farm," he recalled. America's conservation districts have long worked with farmers, ranchers and other private landowners to protect natural resources. Horvath set out to educate and inform states in the North Central Region about conservation measures that can abate nonpoint pollution. He worked closely with EPA regional headquarters in Chicago, obtaining assistance for demonstration watershed projects, workshops for conservation districts, two feature films that he produced,



Bill Horvath holds a print of the Coon Valley, Wis., area, while he sits with his wife, Nancy, at their Whiting home. The print was presented to him by the USDA Natural Resources Conservation Service. (Portage County Gazette photo)

educational materials and other tools to help spread the word about the need to control nonpoint pollution. "We were the only NACD region to deal with nonpoint," Horvath said. "The nonpoint program nationally started from what we did in the Chicago office of EPA and the Midwest states."

Horvath has also been active in civic affairs at home. He was a Stevens Point alderman from 1974 to 1984 and chaired the Riverfront Design Committee, which worked to develop the city's riverfront park system. He also served for two years in Wisconsin Assembly, representing Stevens Point area in 1983 and 1984. He was one of the founders and still serves as executive secretary of the Wisconsin Conservation Hall of Fame and is chair of the Advisory Committee of the UW-SP College of Natural Resources.

Presidential Citation

This certificate is presented to

William Horvath

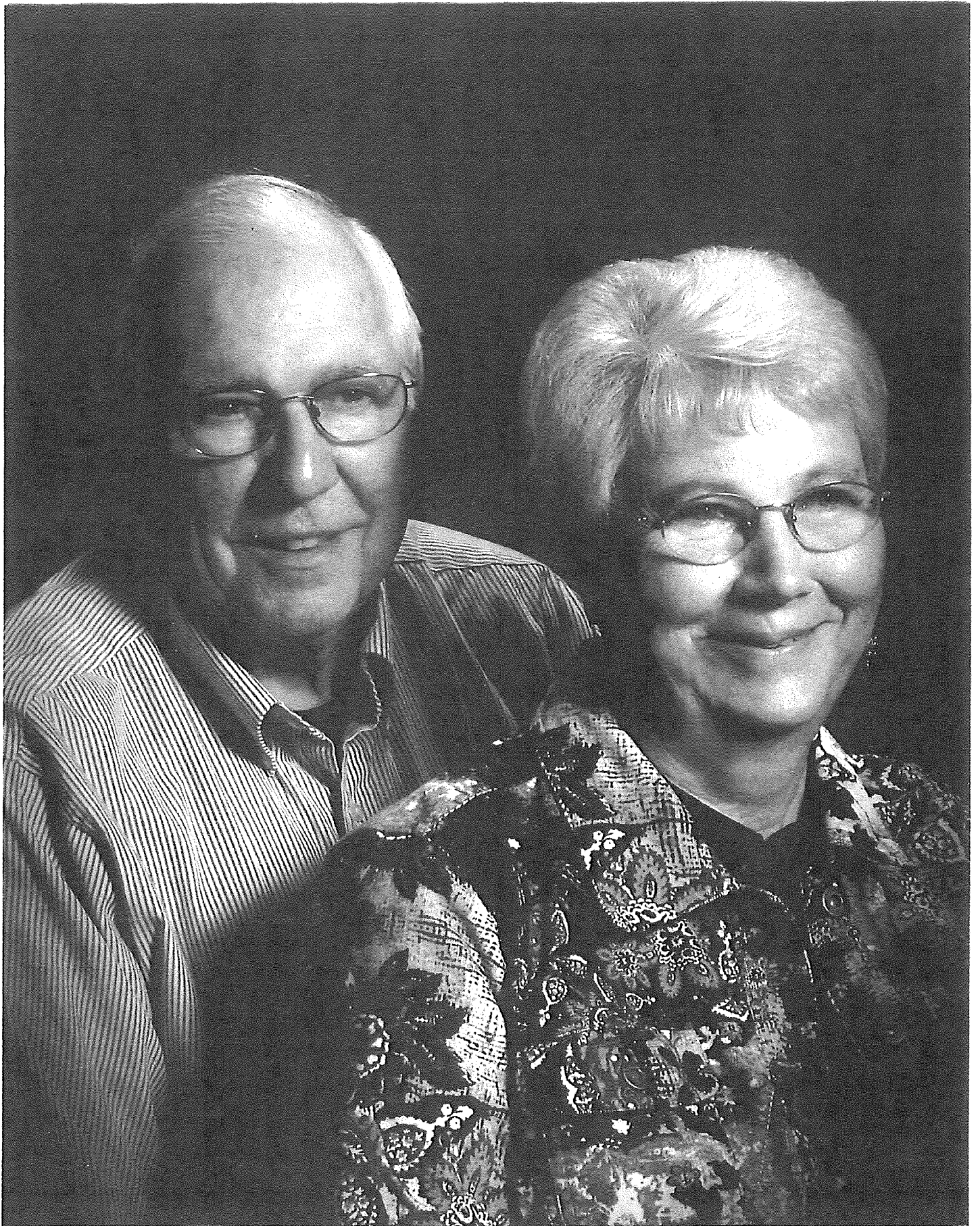
in recognition of efforts in the promotion of
IAAO goals and activities during

1996-1997

The International
Association of
Assessing Officers



Carol R. Kuel
PRESIDENT



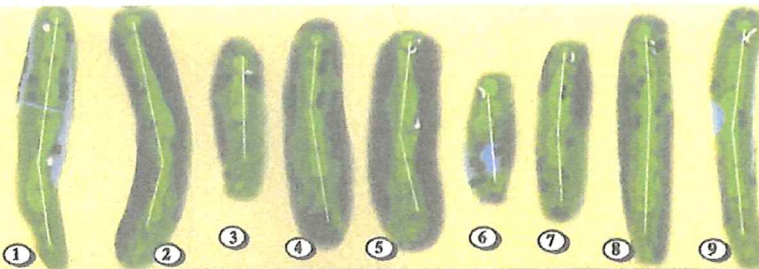
2012
Bill and Nancy

1980-2014

Couples Bridge

NAME	TOTAL POINTS	YEARS IN FIRST	YEARS IN SECOND	MONTHS IN 1ST	MONTHS IN LAST	TOTAL EARNINGS \$
Bill H	1,135,701	83-81-88-89-91-98 20-02-05-013-017(re)	90-91-92-93-06	47	19	\$ 758.00
Ken	1,089,501	90-96-97-01-07	80-94-95-98-03 012-013-014	27	23	543.00
Bill V	1,086,670	85-91-92-04	83-84-03	28	16	360.00
JEFF	1,041,480	92-08-09-010-011	81-98-02-07	27	33	444.50
NANCY	1,031,500	84-012	96	24	21	450.00
GARY	1,035,570	95-014(Fre)	010	26	20	292.00
PARICE	1,032,260	03	97-02	21	24	396.50
Alouise	1,010,760	86-82-86	85-88-94-09	19	26	308.00
SHARON	1,008,180	0	86-87-04	23	25	261.00
Betty	1,605,866	81-93	82	21	31	268.50
MARLEISE	996,490	0	01-08	13	29	184.00
SWAN	956,680	06	-011	20	26	201.50

705 West River Dr. W.
 Stevens Point, WI 54481
 Phone: (715) 344-9152
 www.golftheriver.com

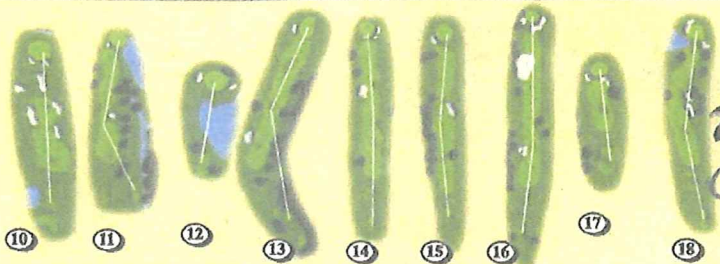


2013
 Aug 9
 Friday
 YARDAGE
 MARKERS
 100 - Red
 150 - White
 200 - Blue

HOLE	Rating /Slope	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	OUT
BLACK	71.3 / 125	492	554	236	412	393	169	362	425	536	3579
BLUE	70.5 / 123	484	533	227	398	384	161	356	417	522	3482
WHITE	68.3 / 118	468	454	176	376	362	153	300	348	508	3145
YELLOW	M: 65.7 / 112 W: 70.6 / 119	433	423	128	356	317	144	284	293	450	2828
MEN'S HANDICAP		9	11	15	7	5	27	17	13	3	1
Bea		5/2	7/3	4/2	5/2	4/1	4/2	4/2	4/0	5/1	42/15
Nancy		8/3	6/1	6/2	7/2	6/1	6/2	5/1	7/4	8/2	59/18
			14/4	20/6	27/8	33/9	39/11	44/12	51/16		
PAR		5	5	3	4	4	3	4	4	5	37
RED		406	411	121	344	308	136	234	284	403	2647
LADIES' HANDICAP		7	1	17	3	9	15	13	11	5	

DATE:
 SCORER:
 ATTEST:

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2013
 Aug 9
 Friday
 WISCONSIN
 RIVER
 GOLF CLUB

10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	IN	TOT	HDCP	NET
253	294	126	396	375	403	596	157	405	3005	6584		
240	284	119	387	365	391	584	150	392	2912	6394		
230	276	114	346	355	379	522	143	379	2744	5889		
214	275	107	317	318	339	471	136	325	2502	5330		
14	12	18	6	10	8	2	16	4				
4/1	5/2	4/2	5/2	5/2	6/1	6/1	2/1	4/3	4/3/15		Bea	
5/2	8/3	8/2	7/2	7/2	8/2	8/2	9/1	5/1	60/17		Nancy	
			28/9	35/11	42/13	51/15	65/16					
4	4	3	4	4	4	5	3	4	35	72		
199	230	101	278	307	314	421	129	298	2277	4924		
14	12	18	10	8	6	2	16	4				

Resume

NAME Bill Horvath 350 McDill Ave., Stevens Point WI 54481
Telephone: 715-341-4021 email: billhorvath@charter.net

BACKGROUND Born and raised on a dairy farm in Shawano County, WI

EDUCATION B.S. Conservation/English, University of Wisconsin-Stevens Point, 1961
M.S. Conservation, University of Michigan-Ann Arbor, 1963

PROFESSIONAL EXPERIENCE Field Representative, PA Soil and Water Conservation Commission, 1962-64
Executive Secretary, MD Soil Conservation Committee, 1964-67
Executive Secretary, WI Soil Conservation Board, 1967-72
Regional Representative, National Association of Conservation Districts, 1972-97
Director, NACD Policy Center, National Association of Conservation Districts, 1997-2001
Director, NACD North Central Programs, 2001-2002
NACD Forestry Specialist 2002-2006

COMMUNITY SERVICE Elected Alderman Stevens Point City Council, 1974-84
Served as Chair, Airport Committee, Personnel Committee, Capital Improvements, and Legislative Committees, and Special Committee to Reorganize Portage County Areawide Planning
Served as President of City Council
Served as Member, Board of Public Works; Community Development Authority; City Plan Commission; and Finance Committee
Served as Chair, City of Stevens Point Transportation Commission, 1980-84
Elected to State Assembly, 1983-84
Served on Environmental Resources; Primary & Secondary Education; Forest Productivity & Rural Development; and Small Business Committee
Appointed Whiting Village Board of Trustees – 2011 Reelected 2012 and 2014
Director, UW-SP Alumni Association, 1980-1991, President 1983-85
Director, UW-SP Foundation, 1983-85
Chair, Wisconsin DNR Hunter-Landowner Council, 1982-84
Member, Wisconsin DNR County Forestry Advisory Committee, 1978-1988
Chair, Stevens Point River Front Development Committee, 1981-84 & 1992
Executive Committee Member, Downtown Action Committee, 1979-84
Member, Stevens Point Sewer & Water Commission, 1986-87
Vice-Chair, Portage County Citizens Groundwater Advisory Council, 1984-85; Village of Whiting Representative, 1989-1992
Member, UW-SP Board of Visitors, 1987-2000
Member, Village of Whiting Plan Commission, 1988-94 Member, Chamber of Commerce Community enhancement Committee, 1991-95
Member, DNR Urban & Community Forest Council, 1991-94, Vice Chair 1993-94
Member, DOT Hwy 10 Study Committee, 1991-93
Founder, Executive Secretary and Past Steering Committee Chair, Wisconsin Conservation Hall of Fame, 1980-2005
Member, UW Board of Advocates, 1987-1997
Chair, UW-SP Schmeckle Reserve Committee, 1987
Member, UWSP College of Natural Resources Advisory Council, 1997-2005, Chair 2001-2003
Member, Steering Committee, Plover River Alliance, 1997-2000
Member External Review Panel, Sustainable Forestry Initiative, American Forest and Paper Association, 2001-2006
Charter Member, Wisconsin Woodland Owners Association, elected Board member 2002-2011
Appointed MFL Division Coordinator 2009-2014
Member Portage County RSVP Board 2010-2012
Chair, Wisconsin League of Conservation Voters Institute, 2003-2004
Member, Wisconsin Forestry Council 2003 -, 2011, Chair Woody Biomass Task Force
Member, NRCS Technical Committee – Sub Committee on Forestry 2005 – 2014
Member DNR, Deer Management Assistance Program Advisory Committee 2014

**PROFESSIONAL
AFFILIATIONS
PUBLICATIONS
HONORS, ETC**

Member, Soil Conservation Society of America, WI Chapter 1972 -
Wild Turkey Federation; Charter Member, Wisconsin
Member of Quality Deer Management Association
Member of National Wildlife Federation
Published series in Maryland Conservationist
Authored Newsletters in Pennsylvania, Maryland and Wisconsin
Authored Article in USDA 1969 Yearbook on Farm Ponds
Authored Publications for Wisconsin SC Board and NACD
Distinguished Service Award, Maryland Association of Forest Conservancy
Districts, 1967
UW Faculty Senate, 1970-72
Outstanding Service Award, Wisconsin SWCD's, 1972
Alumni of the Year, 1974; Environmentalist of the Year, 1985
UW-Stevens Point, College of Natural Resources
NACD Dedicated Service Award, 1978, 1992, 1997, 2003
Wisconsin Legislative Council – Special Recognition 2010-2011
Mayor's Community Service Award, 1984
SCSA Achievement Award, 1985
USFWS Partners in Wildlife Recognition Award, 1993
Wildlife Habitat Award, Shawano County, WI SWCD, and Region, 1996
Wisconsin DNR #1 Forest Stewardship Plan Designation, 1996
US Forest Service – Professional Service Award, 2002
WI Dept. of Agriculture – Bureau of Land & Water Resources – Special Recognition-2002
Indiana Assoc. of Conservation District Employees – Special Service – 2002
Illinois Association of Soil & Water Conservation Districts-Special Service Award, 2003
U of WI Stevens Point – Distinguished Service Award - 2003
Wisconsin Woodland Owners Association Distinguished Service Award - 2012
NACD Forest Resources Committee-Special Recognition for Service 2005
Elected to WI Conservation Hall of Fame - 2014
Organizer and part owner for 27 years of the J & H Game Farm, Inc. (A paid hunting and shooting
preserve in Shawano County and sporting clay operation) 1963-1990
Married 52 years (wife-Nancy)
Two children (Tim & Kim)

12-29-2014