

Grandpa Chats with Grandson: The Musical Journey of Dr. Arnold O. Lehmann

Summary of an Interview with Dr. Arnold O. Lehmann

By,

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On April 14, 1914, in a tiny little town on the rolling plains of Nebraska, a little boy was born to the Rev. Philipp and Eleanor Lehmann. They named him Arnold Otto Herman Lehmann, “born by Surprise,” as he often likes to quip. He also likes to joke, “They started World War I when I was born.” By God’s grace, this good-natured, hard-working young boy would grow up to have a life filled with many interesting experiences. All of these experiences, he will tell you, led him to a further appreciation of his loving Savior, and better enabled him to use his talents for the benefit of God’s kingdom. Dr. Lehmann’s greatest talent was found in his passion for music. For many years he faithfully served God’s church by using these musical abilities. He still continues to do so to this day. Because of the special impact that music has had on his life, this was the main emphasis of my interview with him. In the interview, he talks about his musical passion and training as a young man, and how that prepared him to serve, eventually, as the music professor at Northwestern Prep and College in Watertown, Wisconsin for nearly twenty years.

Already as a young boy, Arnold Lehmann’s love for and ability in music was sparked. His mother began to teach him to play the piano already at the age of 5 or 6, and Arnold continued to play piano as a pastime throughout his childhood years. Besides playing instrumental music, he also recalls sitting out on the porch and singing German folk songs with the family. Music was already beginning to shape his life. This would only be furthered at the age of twelve, when his father asked him to start playing the organ for Sunday services at church. All of these experiences would help mold him into the gifted church musician that he later became. Looking back, the Lord’s plan for Dr. Lehmann’s life is quite evident.

After living the early years of his life in small farming towns in Nebraska, the Lehmann family moved to Wisconsin because of Rev. Philipp Lehmann’s health. Dr. Lehmann points out

that this move was influential in his attending Northwestern Preparatory Department and College to study for the public ministry. His father, after receiving a call back into the ministry, would soon accept a new call to a congregation in Richwood, Wisconsin, with one of the specific purposes of his acceptance being that it would be easier for him to send his two sons, Arnold and Winfred, to Northwestern. It was not long after beginning his high school years that the Lord would once again give young Arnold the opportunity to broaden his musical abilities and increase his interest in it.

Although Dr. Lehmann reports that there was not much of a music program at Northwestern during his time as a student, there were still musical opportunities. Among the many regular classes that he took, such as Latin, mathematics, science, and other things, it seemed he already had a special knack for his music class. He mentions how, in studying harmony, he understood it quite well. Other students would come to him for help with their assignments for that class. Besides the music classes that he was able to take there, he had the opportunity to play the organ on a very regular basis in chapel worship—often multiple times a day. Within a few weeks of enrolling at Northwestern Prep, it already became known that Arnold was a piano and organ player. Through this, the Lord allowed him to expand the range of instruments that Arnold was able to play. Within his first month of schooling at Northwestern, men approached him on two separate occasions, asking him to learn to play other instruments. First, he was asked to learn to play clarinet for the band, and shortly thereafter, the cello for the orchestra. Continuing to look back, he recognizes how God was opening doors for him, preparing him to one day serve in the teaching ministry through music, rather than through the pastoral ministry which he planned to enter.

In 1936, in the months before his graduation from Northwestern College, Arnold began to give serious consideration to his plans for schooling in the fall. All along, he was fairly convinced that he wanted to enter the pastoral ministry. However, at this time, the Great Depression was preventing many pastoral candidates at the Seminary from getting calls. He began to consider his options. He realized that he enjoyed and had a certain gift for music, so he thought of possibly pursuing a degree in teaching music in the parochial schools. He looked into attending Dr. Martin Luther College in New Ulm, Minnesota. They sent him away telling him that two years of education there would not do him any good. He then looked into Valparaiso in Indiana, where he again found nothing suitable. They told him that he could spend three years of studies there to add music as part of his original bachelor's degree, but would really obtain no new degree. So, he again considered continuing his education at the Seminary. But then, he decided to try one more place—he would look into attending the University of Wisconsin. After convincing a faculty member of the university that he indeed possessed the necessary qualifications to study music at Wisconsin, Arnold enrolled himself in the school there that fall. The program of study he was taking would earn him first a Bachelor of Music, then a Master of Music, plus a teaching degree—exactly what he was looking for.

It was during his time as a student at the University of Wisconsin (1936-1940) that Arnold really began to have musical experiences that would shape his life. This was the first time in his life that he had had the chance to really focus on the classroom aspect of music. He had music education classes, a harmony class, a conducting class, and other classes which greatly increased his knowledge and appreciation of music. He says himself that it was the conducting class that he feels began to make the professor notice his potential. Whereas the

others in the class seemed to be more mechanical in their conducting, Dr. Lehmann says he simply had a natural feel for this.

Apart from his class experience, in fall of 1936 he began also to work in the band office and music library. In his second year of working there, the director of the band approached him to offer him a job as the assistant band director—a job which he maintained until 1939. Besides being assistant director of the main band, he also took on conducting duties for the pep bands, which played at boxing matches and basketball games.

One might think that those activities would be plenty to keep anyone busy. However, they apparently were not for him; he found other musical jobs to go along side of his conducting duties. Arnold had become active in church life at Calvary, the Lutheran chapel for university students. In his second semester as a student at Wisconsin, the chapel's pastor asked him if he would take over the position of the regular organist. Arnold accepted. Not long after that, he would add to his list of duties, starting up a mixed chorus at the chapel.

Upon completing his bachelor studies, Arnold took on yet one more job. He was offered a band director's position at Fall River High School. He accepted. However, due to the hours that it demanded, it led him eventually to give up his position with the university band. Nevertheless, Dr. Lehmann sees great blessing from the Lord in the fact that he was able to participate in various music programs in so many ways while he was a student in Madison. He experienced a broad variety of secular band music and a full dose of choral and organ music in the church.

Now, while all of this was going on in his days at Wisconsin, one other thing happened as an indirect result of his passion for music: Dr. Lehmann recalls fondly that he met the girl who would one day become his dear wife of sixty-three years. Her name was Esther Burhop.

Esther's father, Rev. William Burhop, was the president of Concordia College in Fort Wayne, Indiana. In what Dr. Lehmann considers an unlikely event, had it not been for the Lord's guiding hand, Rev. Burhop accepted a call to serve as pastor of Calvary Lutheran Chapel in 1937. It was on the very evening of the Burhop family's arrival in Madison that Arnold met Esther. Soon, because of her father's strict rules, Esther began to spend her Saturday evenings by simply going over to the chapel and listening to the organist practice for Sunday. That organist just so happened to be Arnold. With a glimmer in his eye, Dr. Lehmann recounts how their friendship began almost immediately. After he would finish practicing organ, Esther would hang around, and the two had an opportunity to talk and get to know each other. Their first official date, Dr. Lehmann humorously says, was a trip to the midnight Christmas Eve mass at the local Catholic church in Madison. They continued to grow closer and dated through the rest of Arnold's days as a student. They were married in October of 1941. Dr. Lehmann ponders all of this and marvels yet again at how the Lord opened doors for him through music—including placing before him the woman who is still the love of his life to this day, though already gone to heavenly glory.

Arnold graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1940 with his Masters in Music. His major was band conducting, and his minor was choral conducting. A new period of his life was beginning. Throughout the time he was a student there, he still had in mind that he would like to use his musical training and ability to become a parochial school teacher in the WELS. Arnold went to see if there were any calls available, but he was told that there were no vacancies for teachers at the particular time. "So, now what should I do with my life?" he asked himself. He did not want his talent and desire to go to waste. So Arnold went to the employment office for teachers, and wound up being offered a job teaching music at the public high school in

Colfax, Wisconsin. He accepted. Arnold held his job there for two years, gaining his first full-time teaching experience.

Then the Lord led him on an unexpected twist in the path of his life. World War II had started. Although he had been told previously that because of a broken bone that he suffered in his foot as a youth he would never be called to service in the military, the need for soldiers became so great that the Army was willing to overlook his foot problem. In 1942, less than a year after marrying Esther, Arnold was drafted by the Army and forced to leave home. He would return home, by God's gracious hand, in 1945.

Dr. Lehmann has quite a number of fascinating stories and anecdotes about his years in the war. But, to keep with the focus of this paper, I will not go into detail on those.¹ However, I will say about his days in the war that the Lord's guiding hand is still evident to him as he looks back. Although it was a completely unexpected and difficult twist in his life, Dr. Lehmann recalls how his war experience caused him to appreciate even more his faith in Jesus. Besides becoming stronger in his faith while away at war, the Lord also provided him more opportunity to further his music appreciation. While stationed in Florence, Italy, Dr. Lehmann recalls how he attended an opera one afternoon. In the meantime, he had taken a liking to photography, and when he went to this opera, he asked afterwards if it would be alright for him to take some photos of the singers backstage. The man he talked to was not going to let him do this, but when he called upon the manager, the manager, who was also an American soldier, gave him permission. Arnold brought the photos back later to show the manager. The manager was so pleased that he gave him a pass for the best box seat in the house and invited him to come back regularly to enjoy the operas and take photos. Arnold was thrilled. There is no question that this

¹ Some of his war stories may be heard in the video interview. Many others may be found in his short, unpublished autobiography of his war days, entitled "My U.S. Army Story: November 1942 to November 1945."

experience increased his interest in music, as well as broadened his musical taste, and aided his conducting and teaching methods. Even through sending him unexpectedly into the middle of World War II, the Lord further prepared Arnold for eventually becoming the Lutheran music teacher that he had desired to be.

The time finally arrived in November of 1945 for Arnold to return home from the war. The question was again, "So, what do I do now?" He and wife Esther spent the remainder of 1945 mostly living with the Burhops in Madison, while Arnold tried to find a job. One day in December, Arnold's father-in-law, Rev. Burhop, received a letter from his daughter who lived in Fort Wayne. She said that the choir director of Concordia College and High School was leaving; there would be an open position there. Because of the nature of the position, the school did not extend calls, but rather accepted applications. A door was being opened for Arnold. Arnold immediately went to apply. He explains that due to the fact that the position opened in the middle of the school year, and due to the fact that there were a number of other requirements for being hired to this position, he was the only applicant. He was offered a contract by the school, and immediately began to teach in January of 1946. There he remained a teacher until June of 1950.

During the time that Arnold taught in Fort Wayne, he and wife Esther would return home to Wisconsin in the summers so that he could continue his music education through summer school courses. However, in early 1950, the Veterans Board issued a statement that all veterans who were continuing education needed to attend school twelve months out of the year. This put Arnold in a predicament. He wanted to pursue his doctor's degree, but could not do so while teaching at Concordia if he needed to be in school all year long. So, he explored his options. He found a school in Cleveland called Western Reserve, which ^{caught} called his attention more than others.

He applied and was accepted. Soon thereafter he informed the faculty of Concordia that he would be resigning his position at the end of the school year, in order to move to Cleveland and further pursue his studies.

After showing interest in attending Western Reserve, Arnold also found out about an opening for a high school choral director at the newly opened Cleveland Lutheran High School, of the Missouri Synod. This too was a hired position, rather than a called position. Arnold talked to the principle of the school, informing him of his plans to attend Western Reserve to pursue his doctorate, and the principle offered him the position. Arnold accepted the position. And so he began the 1950-51 school year as choral director and teacher of Latin at Cleveland Lutheran, while at the same time enrolling as a student at Western Reserve, seeking to gain his Doctorate in Musicology.

When asked what kinds of changes he brought about to the music program at Cleveland Lutheran High School, Dr. Lehmann immediately mentioned the strong choral program that he was able to begin. Having the great opportunity to draw from his doctoral studies, specifically, studying vocal training under an opera singer, Arnold took this knowledge to the classroom. He emphasized that one of the ways to sing better is simply to open the mouth wider. Applying his studies to his own teaching, the choir soon reached a skill level where local radio and television stations asked him to have his choir perform on air.

While deciding to move to Cleveland, one thing Dr. Lehmann mentions that he had in mind was to simply split his time between being a student, being a teacher, and being a family man. However, upon moving to the Cleveland area it did not take long before a pastor asked Arnold to be the head musician at his church. Arnold thought about this for a little while, deliberating the logistics of it. It would be difficult for his wife to handle two young boys, while

sitting through two church services and a Bible class every Sunday. But finally, realizing the family's need for him to have a well-paying job, he agreed to take on this extra responsibility. He had it in mind to step down from this position once he had paid off his house loan.

After about ten months of serving as organist and choir director of this congregation, Arnold had paid off most of his house loan. He and Esther thought it was finally time for him to be able to relax a little bit. However, no sooner could he step down from this position than another pastor from a nearby Slovak Lutheran congregation begged him to be the organist and choir director at his church. The organist that was currently there had a habit of telling the congregation each year that he was going to resign. Then, the congregation would offer him more money, and he would decide to stay. This time, the pastor wanted to assure this would not happen again, and so pleaded that Arnold would accept this job. One small obstacle for Arnold was that many of the services were in Slovak. He was reluctant, but did end up complying with the pastor's request. The two of them soon were able to work out a system, as well, that would aid Arnold's accompaniment of a service conducted in a language he did not understand. He kept this side job for about seven years.

Dr. Lehmann reports that after serving this Slovak congregation for a number of years, a parochial school was formed by it and two other area Lutheran congregations. Two teachers were called by the school, and again, Arnold thought that he would finally get a reprieve from his extra duties of playing organ and directing church choirs. Well, two months passed after these teachers arrived, and then one of the other congregations in this band of three that supported the school needed him to go and be their choir director and organist. He states that this was an easier job—the only thing that made it difficult was that the choir at this congregation would sing almost every week. He has very fond memories of this choir, as he

reflects that this was probably one of the best choirs he ever had the opportunity of directing. All of the singers were very good, and were even capable of mastering Bach oratorios.

Although these three separate church music positions that he held may have been more than Arnold was bargaining for, all the while, his hard work and experience were benefitting him greatly in preparing him to be a better-rounded musician. The Lord's plan for him was continuing.

Back, now briefly, to the matter of Arnold's doctoral studies. The whole time that he was located in the Cleveland area, he was doing the classroom part of his studies alongside his other jobs and family responsibilities. Going about it this way, it took him approximately ten years to complete the classroom portion. He feels that one of the main benefits that he derived from these studies was his ability to interpret music. He was able to study extensively organ, voice, and composition, as well as do all sorts of reading in the area of music history. His knowledge was growing vastly, and his passion and ability increased.

Upon completing satisfactorily the classroom portion of his doctoral studies, Arnold began to research possible themes for his thesis. He had read a book a number of years earlier by another music historian. The book was about church music in the United States. Noticing that there was not a single mention of music in the Lutheran church, Arnold decided to focus his studies on the history of music in the Synodical Conference. After that title was rejected by the board, he modified it slightly, but still was able to maintain the emphasis he sought to write about.

While researching his theme, he had the opportunity to do extensive research on liturgical music. He also had the daunting, yet rewarding task of traveling all over the country to find materials. He had to search in the Concordia Historical Institute in St. Louis, a number of

churches, and various seminaries. All of these studies finally paid off for him in January of 1967, when Arnold was awarded the title “Doctor of Musicology.”

This brings us now to the most prolific part of Dr. Lehmann’s career. After teaching at Cleveland Lutheran High School for twelve years, Dr. Lehmann received his first and only call into the public ministry. In 1962, Northwestern College and Preparatory School issued him a divine call to take over the music programs of both departments. He accepted this call, and moved the family to Watertown, Wisconsin. He would serve as professor of this institution for nearly twenty years, retiring from teaching in 1980.

During his time there, he brought a number of new ideas and innovations to the music program. Upon arrival, he immediately took over as director of each of the different musical organizations, which was not customary. He inherited what he referred to as a pretty good choir from the previous director, Prof. Oswald. He put a lot of effort into improving the band program. And, within the first couple of years that he was there, a strong music program was up and running. Dr. Lehmann talks in the interview about how he had the band start playing a broader selection of music, including more complicated pieces. They worked their way up to performing music similar in quality to that of the University of Wisconsin band, in Dr. Lehmann’s opinion. He started making pops concerts a regular event of the band and choir. He also remembers fondly how much Coach Leonard Umnus enjoyed having the marching band perform for the football games on the weekends. With the choir, Dr. Lehmann even began to bring in a wider range of sacred music—something to which he met at least a minor bit of opposition. Dr. Lehmann was bringing about changes. He recalls that some of the things to which he met the most opposition were the singing of more emotion-driven hymns and Southern gospel-style hymns, as well as the incorporations of brass instruments in church music. Even so,

Dr. Lehmann never seemed to let the criticism get the best of him. He continued to do what he thought was best for the music program and church music, and continued to broaden the musical tastes of others. During all this, Dr. Lehmann did quite a fair amount of arranging and composing music of his own. His years of study and experience were certainly paying off.

Another one of the innovations that Dr. Lehmann made soon after arrival on the Northwestern campus was to institute a strong piano curriculum. He started out small. He recalled that when he was in Madison, there were piano teachers who were always looking for students. He decided to take a trip over to Madison, and see what he could work out. He found a teacher who was very interested, and she began to travel to the Watertown campus regularly to give piano lessons to the students there. Within a few years, the number of piano teachers who regularly helped grew to four. Professor Franklin Zabell was called, and became a major part of the piano training program.

In the classroom, Dr. Lehmann says that his main technique for teaching music appreciation was simply playing a lot of music in his classes. He says he was not so much one for lecturing, because one cannot teach music appreciation if the students are not given music to appreciate. The same thing, he said, applied with his art classes.

One more major event that Dr. Lehmann led as a professor at Northwestern was the annual choir tour. Every other year was a major tour, taking the choir to various parts of the country, while the years in between were for minor tours, taking a smaller group to sing at churches closer to home. Through these tours, he was able to share the gospel in song to many different congregations all over the United States. He has stories to tell about some of the experiences that he had on choir tours; however, I will not attempt to retell them. I will allow him to tell them himself through the video interview.

Dr. Lehmann's time at Northwestern was long and fruitful. He accomplished many things while serving there; but at the same time, will be the first to discount it from being his own work. He humbly sees the will and power of the Lord, not only in his period of time as music and Latin professor at Northwestern, but throughout the course of his entire life. He marvels at all the experiences to which the Lord led him—experiences that drove him in a course he never imagined when he was a student of Northwestern Prep and College in the early 1930s. The Lord has blessed Dr. Lehmann with great ability and great passion. Even in his retirement years, he has never been able to “escape” his life of church music. After retirement in 1980, he continued to serve on the Wisconsin Synod's Commission on Worship and the Christian Worship hymnal committee. He continued directing church choirs and playing organ regularly for Sunday worship. In the late 1990s, he and his wife Esther moved to Nixa, Missouri, where he assumed he would finally have a break from all that. Little did he know that he would soon be asked to be the regular organist for his new congregation. In 2005, after the passing of Esther, Dr. Lehmann moved back to Watertown, Wisconsin. Since then, he continues to humbly use his abilities as a blessing to God's church. At nearly 95 years old, one can travel down on a Sunday morning to Peace Lutheran Church in Janesville, Wisconsin; and once a month, there they will still see Dr. Lehmann sitting up on the organ bench, doing the thing he loves.

Apart from his life in music, he has many, many other stories to tell. But, for the purposes of this paper, these stories will have to suffice. It has been a privilege to grow up my entire life learning things from Dr. Lehmann; and it was a great privilege to be able to sit down with him in a one on one interview, and to hear the humility and trust in God of a man whom God has used for so many years as such a wonderful blessing to his church. To God alone be the glory.

ADDENDA:

Historical Anecdotes of Dr. Lehmann
(Excerpts of various e-mails)

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“Studies at Northwestern and Madison” (August 9, 2007)

I now will write about the reasons why the Lord completely changed my ideas of how I was going to spend my life in the work field. As a kid one often has dreams of what you would like to do. I remember that in my lower grade school years in Nebraska, my idea of a good job that I wanted to do was to become a road grader. In those days roads were either gravel or dirt.

Roadgraders were men who used road graders to keep the roads level, especially after a rain storm. Gravel and dirt would wash toward the ditches, and the roadgrader would use his machine to scrape the gravel or dirt back onto the roadway. At first the grader was pulled by heavy draft horses, later driven with motors. That thought disappeared when we moved to Wisconsin and into a small city. About junior high age I began to think about becoming a teacher or pastor, wavering between the two. This wavering lasted through high school years although in high school I did take the pastor's preparation course, which included 4 years of German, 4 years of Latin, 4 years of English, 2 years of Greek, 4 years of math, 4 years of history, 4 years of science, and 4 years of part-time music.

In college I continued the pastoral course adding to the language courses 2 years of Hebrew and 1 year of French. The hours were not as frequent as in the high school years, but compared more with a regular college schedule. By this time I was pretty well set on becoming a pastor.

About 2 or 4 months before graduation in 1936, I suddenly became aware of the seriousness of the financial condition of the country. I noted that the students who were studying to become pastors had not been getting calls into the ministry after graduation from the seminary. This became a concern, because if students who had graduated at least 5 years before my future graduation from the seminary did not get calls, what would it be like when I graduated. I then decided to become a teacher, with music as a major. During my prep and college years I played in the band, the orchestra, sang in the male chorus and mixed chorus and was chapel organist for a bit more than 5 years. My thought was to become a church musician, teaching in the parochial school and taking care of the music program. By the way, I was too light in college to be an athlete and participate in sports, weighing at the most 135 pounds. The Lord seemed to agree with this decision, which indicated to me that he did not want me to be a pastor.

My first attempt to find a school was our teachers' college in New Ulm, MN. Their response was that I had more education than they offered since I had 4 years of college and they only offered 2, so my application was not accepted. I then thought of Valparaiso University where my cousin was a student. I could come down and stay overnight in his room, which I did do. I had an interview with one of the music professors. But the offer was so bad that I simply left Valpo. I was to go there 3 years and all I would get was a change in the major of my B.A. degree from Northwestern College, from which I was soon to graduate. So the Lord again gave me a negative response when I thought of Valpo. Sorry Lois!

During the time I made application to New Ulm I wrote to several music conservatories as they were called then, but with my background, I was unable to fulfill their entrance requirements. So that was another negative from the Lord.

I left Valpo with the thought: “What's the use. I'll just go back to Watertown, graduate, go to the seminary and let the chips fall where they may.” I received another divine negative. On my way home I had to pass through Madison, so I thought, that just for the fun of it, I would go to the University of Wisconsin to see what they would say. Here I got a positive response from our Lord. Not only did he want me to study at Wisconsin but he wanted me to go there to meet my future wife - a tale which I will include with my music experiences.

I went to the registrar of the university and explained my story. However when he heard that I

had no music grades from high school or college, he virtually gave me a negative response. I then explained to him all my music studies in school and in private and he listened with a bit more interest. When I finally stated that I was about to graduate from Northwestern College in Watertown, his entire demeanor and actions were changed. A number of students of previous years had gone to Wisconsin to get advanced degrees especially in classical languages, and several had done so after high school to get degrees in forestry. These students made an excellent impression at the university with their scholarship and knowledge. The registrar's response was most favorable to my wanting to make application for entry. We worked it out that I would come as a student from a junior college, enter the music department as a junior, provided that I take a music course that summer that is required of music students in the sophomore year. That would be no problem. If I would do this, I could get a B. Music degree and a state teacher's license in 2 years. What better offer could I get? My application was accepted and I was to make arrangements to see my adviser, who was Prof. Dvorak, the band director at the university. I arranged the time with Prof. Dvorak and went to his office. Naturally, he wanted to see my credentials and my previous studies. When he noted that I had absolutely no music credits in my college transcript, he discouraged me from studying music and suggested that I go back home and continue studying theology. I took some time and explained to him all of my music studies from grade school through college, and then indicated that Northwestern expected the student to participate in its music programs but never for credit. He finally said - "Well. O. K. but you are on your own." I left his office knowing that I would be able to attend music classes, but with this thought in mind: "I'll show you!" I just want to insert here with details a bit later. About a year later, Prof. Dvorak asked me to be his assistant as a band director of one of the regimental bands of the R.O.T.C.

I went to summer school, made a terrific impression on my harmony teacher, and from then on was received as a good music student, for which I was happy.

I will add here my costs for study at the University. I know that Josh got a shock when I told him. My tuition was \$18.50 -- repeat \$18.50. My single room 2 blocks from the music building was \$9.00 per month the first semester. Remember, I stated that my brother came the second semester, Then it was \$5.00 a month (3 of us rented a 3 bedroom room for \$15.00 a month). I spent about \$5.00 on books and I had cooking privileges in my room, so food costs for the year were not great with hamburger or liver at 7 cents per pound.

My first summer school and part of my first semester were a bit tough financially. I could expect no help from home because 2 sisters still needed help. In the first summer I went to the university's employment office every day to see if there was a part time job available. For about 3 weeks there was nothing, or so they said. When it was noticed that I was persistent in coming for work I finally got a couple of small jobs which paid about 50 cents each. Then I got a job washing windows for a professor. It took me 2 days with working only about 2 hours a day because of classes. When I finished, the professor's wife who paid me said that she wanted me back to do some work inside. She said - you are the first window washer that cleaned every corner of each window, and I have another job for you. When I finished that job, the professor called me in and asked me to come back for a job for him. He was a chemistry professor and made his own cleaning and waxing solutions for the tile floors in his house, of which there were several rooms. He said you are a careful worker and I can trust you. This finally gave me a couple of dollars.

When I came back in the fall things were a bit better but not much. First of all, I had canvassed an area near the university for piano students, offering to give them lessons in their home for 50

cents. I did get about 10 students, with the mothers admitting that they hoped the kids would be interested in learning the piano. Most of the kids dropped out in a month or so and by Thanksgiving all had dropped. The mothers said it was no use. However I did make enough during that time to pay living expenses. Then another break came for me. About one month after school started the pastor of Calvary Lutheran University Church and the organist had a bad disagreement and he released her. The pastor knew from summer school conversations that I played the organ, so he asked me to become the church organist. That paid me 2:50 a week for a service, and \$10.00 a month was a lot of money. That 10 and 15 from the band library gave me \$25.00 a month plus the income for a couple of months from lessons - which easily took care of my living costs.

The Lord wasn't finished as yet with his changing of my plans for my life's work. The omniscient God knew that some day I would be working for him in his kingdom and along with getting me to study music at Wisconsin he had another motive.

During the first semester of the 1936-37 school year, the pastor of the Student Lutheran Church accepted a position as philosophy professor at Valparaiso University. He left soon after Christmas. That fall the synodical board of Calvary Lutheran Student Church sent the call to Prof. Wm. C. Burhop, president of Concordia College, Ft. Wayne Indiana, to be pastor of the student church. Why would a president of a college accept a call to a church in the Midwest? Well he did. He was to come about February 1, to start the second semester. Car trouble moved that to February 2. The Calvary Lutheran University Church was located on the main street from the university to the state capitol. Attached to the chapel was the parsonage. Also, the chapel had a student lounge, open daily. The student council of the church decided that someone should be in the building at all times to watch over activities that may take place. Since I lived in a rooming house and did not have required meal hours, I was asked to take care of the place from about 5 p.m. to closing, or unless someone else came to close the place. The Burhop family was to arrive in early afternoon from Chicago. Church officers were waiting to meet and greet them. However supper or dinner time arrived and all had to leave and I came on at 5. At 6:30, in the dark, the Burhop family arrived. I met them - consisting of the pastor, his wife, son and daughter. The daughter caught my attention immediately, but that was it for a short time. I mentioned that I was organist at this church. I always practiced the organ Saturday evenings because I never received the hymns before that time. Pastor Burhop was a distinguished Englishman, his mother having come from England, but his father was a German Lutheran school teacher. The pastor was quite strict with his daughter and would not let her go to school social functions because most of them would end up with dancing, and dancing was a sin - a common belief of most serious Lutherans of that period. Hence Saturday nights the pastor's daughter, Esther, would be home. She heard the organ and would come into the chapel and listen. Afterwards we would sit in the lounge and talk, plus listen to the radio, of which there were not too many available in university areas. The chapel had a nice basement in which there was a ping pong table and soon we got to play a lot of ping pong, in which she was very good. As most of you know, over the years our relationship developed, ending in marriage in 1941. As I think back In February 1937 --- The Lord caused the daughter of an eastern college president and the son of a Midwestern country preacher to become acquainted and eventually become husband and wife. The Lord said loud and firm "NOs" to my plans of wanting to be a pastor, of wanting to go to certain schools and of wanting to work in the secular field, and to Mom for wanting to be an administrative secretary for her father and for wanting to be a pastor's wife. And why - The Lord knew that from our union there would come 3 workers for his kingdom here on earth, and that these 3 would be very successful with His help

in spreading the gospel of salvation, which comes alone by grace through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. I would also add that we were as compatible a couple as ever could be - never having quarreled, never having spoken a harsh word to each other, never having lost respect for each other. We almost always did things together. If one of us wanted to do something, the other one would usually go along. During all of these years of educational preparation I never worried about tomorrow. There were times when I went to sleep with only a nickel or less in my pocket. The Lord has promised always to take care of his own - he did not promise to give you more than you need. I think I can safely say that I have never worried about anything. St. Paul wrote to the Philippians (4:6) Be careful for nothing (or NIV Do not be anxious about anything.) It saves you a lot of sleepless nights.

Things gradually improved financially for me. In the summer of 1937 I got a job as bar boy in a very private high class club. I earned enough in a half year to pay all my costs, buy a new clarinet, purchase some needed clothes and eat a bit better.

In the fall of 1937 Prof. Dvorak called me into his office and asked me to become the director of the Second Regimental Band. In addition I was to also direct the pep band of 75 pieces for the basketball games and boxing matches. Although the pay was only \$15.00 a month, the experience was worth dozens of times that much.

I received my bachelor's degree in 1938. Soon after that a friend of mine received his master's degree and got a job as band director at Oklahoma University. For 2 years he had been a part-time band director at a nearby small high school. Of course he had to give that up and he asked me if I would not like to get that job. I agreed to go with him to the school board. I was hired and for two years was band director there and I also started a girl's chorus. For this I received \$65.00 a month for 10 months. Since the school was 35 miles from Madison, I needed a car. I bought a 3 years old Ford sedan from the teacher, who was about to marry my friend, for \$350.00. That was my first year in graduate school. My income was good. This year I was really doing quite well - \$65.00 from the high school; \$15.00 from the university; \$10.00 from organ playing. In my last year I dropped the directing of the university band. My job at the high school was demanding more time and I just could not handle all of the university requirements of military band rehearsals, and the 2 pep bands. I also wanted to spend more time with Mom.

The above part of my history involves only the thought of why I did not become a pastor. I could go into detail about other parts of my historical experiences, but maybe that is of no interest to most of you. In so many things in my life the old adage that "Man proposes, God disposes" is so evident. If you start thinking seriously of your life, does this little adage also not fit!!

“Band Days and Wife Esther” (August 18, 2007)

As band director of bygone years, many a night was spent in setting up the instructions for the half-time shows. At the University in Madison we had to outline the movements for 225 men in the marching band. Notice I said men. Prior to WWII there were no girls in the band because of the 3 bands at the school, 2 were involved with the ROTC. Today there would be no complete bands without the female players. Most of the woodwinds today are girls; you see very few boys and men playing them, even in the professional orchestras.

One summer the university band director went to the Swiss holiday festival in New Glarus where he saw the Swiss national champion give a display of Swiss flag swinging. This so impressed the director that he decided that he was going to have a few university students learn the art and use that at the football games. He contacted the champion, asked him if he would train several students in this art, to which the champion agreed. When our director asked him when he could do that, the answer was- tomorrow, because on Tuesday I am flying back to Switzerland. Now what! There were no students around, since this was in the middle of August. The band director thought a bit, and arranged with the champion to come to Madison on Monday and train someone to do that. Guess who was ordered to appear early Monday morning at the band office: I and the other assistant band conductor. When we got there about 8 we were informed that we were to learn all the techniques of Swiss flag swinging by afternoon, when the champion had to go back to New Glarus. Well - we learned a lot - not only was swinging involved, but also throwing. The Swiss flag is not like the flags that the bands use today. The band director decided that we would have 10 flag swingers, one representing each Big Ten University. The major portion of the training fell on my shoulders because the other band director had a job which interfered with the times for teaching the recruits. We were successful, according to the crowds. In addition, the captain of the ten swingers and I gave exhibitions of flag swinging at the basketball games. The one maneuver that got the biggest applause was when we would wrap the flag around the pole, throw it up very high in the field house and watch it come fluttering slowly down. The band director, his wife and I spent hours before school started to make the complete flags. We had to solve many problems because we had absolutely no plans, and the hardest part was to develop a flag that one could swing as well as throw. I made a long account quite short. There was an awful lot more to the whole process than I just mentioned.

Getting back to pre-opening week of school. You probably remember how much work Mom had at that time. At Northwestern she was the lone secretary for a while, except for Florence who worked for the Bursar, so Mom didn't have to worry about the financial records.

Remember when and how she started in the secretarial work at Gethsemane in Lakewood. She had had quite a bit of practice beforehand. Before we were married he was secretary to Lincoln Life Insurance Agent in Madison. She was happy about that job because the home office was in Ft. Wayne and Aunt Ruth Siemon had worked there. Our marriage took her away from Madison to Colfax where she did not have to work. I was doing fairly well as the High School music teacher, having been hired for 10 months. Then things changed because of Pearl Harbor. The November after Pearl Harbor saw me in the Intelligence division of the Signal Corps. After basic training in Missouri I was sent to a camp near Washington, Mom was able to follow me there, and she got a job as a secretary in the Red Cross office in D, C. Seven months later I was sent to Europe so Mom went back to Madison. Here she became the secretary to the man in charge of all of the Normal Schools of the state. Today these schools all are a part of the University of Wisconsin. That job she held for about a year and a half. Because her sister's husband was in the service Mom received a strong request to go to St. Louis and live with her sister, Ruth and 2

daughters. While she was in St. Louis she, through Ruth, got a secretary job at Concordia Publishing House. During this time she became secretary to Dr. Wm. Beck when he was translating the Bible. This is one of her jobs that brought her great joy and satisfaction, and she liked to talk about that experience. That lasted about 6 months when Mom again moved back to Madison, this time because the war in Europe was over and I was to get a chance to go home, which occurred in August of 1945.

In January 1946 I began my position as music director at Concordia College in Ft. Wayne, IN. The temporary president of the college lost his secretary and a secretary-experienced Mom was right there. She became the administration secretary and continued as such when the temporary president was called to become the college president, a position which he accepted. That job lasted for 2 years when she resigned the position after our first son, Philipp, was born.

Two years later, I accepted the position as one of the music teachers at Cleveland Lutheran High School. The reasons are quite lengthy, but in brief, the chief ones were goof-ups by the U.S. Veterans Dept in connection with the G. I. Bill's portion on education, and one that I personally consider such, by the Missouri Synod and its education department. More of that some other time.

A few years after we arrived in Lakewood OH, our church was looking for a part-time secretary. It was a Slovak Lutheran Church, and I was organist and choir director, another interesting story. Mom's name was mentioned and she got the job. A couple years into the job, after our church became involved with the parochial school, our church decided to purchase a Volkswagen bus to pick up our students who went to the school, located about 3 blocks from our church. A driver was sought. Guess what. Mom became the bus driver to pick up the select children and to take them home after school. All worked fine because our 3 sons were in school and I was at the High School longer than they were at their school. So Mom was able to add bus-driver, in addition to secretary on her vita, or credentials.

In 1962 we packed up for the 4th time after the war to move to Watertown, where I was called to be music professor. About 4 years into that position, the College Board decided to get a part-time secretary for the president. As I mentioned, the bursar had a part-time secretary, and that was it. The president's wife would come in occasionally to type some letters. Otherwise there was no person to officially answer calls, take care of records, etc.

After the president announced the board's resolution in a faculty meeting, and after the meeting was adjourned, I stayed back. I told and explained to the president the experiences that Mom had for this field. After considering applicants, of which there were none, Mom got the job as part-time secretary. At first no hours were attached; she came when needed. That didn't last long. Definite hours were established, which also did not last too long when she was hired half-days. This too did not last long when it became a full-time job, but not as a full-time job. She had to record her hours daily since there was no punch-time clock available. It actually did not become a full-time job with the privileges thereto until after she left after 17 years on the job.

When mom started, she started, as I stated, as a part-time secretary subject to call when needed. When she retired we counted 7 secretaries who were doing the work that she started on day one. Mom met and new every college and high school student because she had to take care of all records. She was to be the administration secretary, but other professors came with work for her, work they used to do themselves, and still were supposed to do. The two who could have used her help, but never did were the athletic director, Coach Umnus and myself. Umnus did all of his correspondence, his scheduling, all of his necessary reporting, and all record keeping of games, etc. I wrote all correspondence in connection with chorus tours, and that was dozens and dozens

of letters; and I typed all programs and publicity stories of concerts and other music programs at the school. I would have it no other way, and I am sure that Coach Umnus felt the same.

Mom was also one of the best public relations persons the school had. I never heard of anyone complaining about bad treatment from her. She loved her job because she loved Her Lord who gave His life for the sins of the whole world, among whom was herself.

Mom was a very competent secretary. In her work she knew her shorthand as well as anyone.

And she used it - also on other occasions. After she died I found partial diaries -- to my disgust, in shorthand. I still have her shorthand book, but when I looked at it, I preferred to study Arabic to shorthand.

The above gives you one phase of Mom's life and character. I hope you appreciate her influence, which I terribly miss now. For me there will never be another one like her.

“The Organist” (August 25, 2007)

This got me to thinking about past organ positions. I was talking with our church secretary about that and came up with the following account.

None of my organ playing positions was the result of being called or hired for the position as being a part of what I was to do.

I started out as organist at age 12 in St. Mark's, Richwood. At the annual voters' meeting on Jan. 1 it was announced that the organist would be quitting, the reason escapes me now. After the meeting in late afternoon my dad came home to the parsonage and announced that I was elected organist for the church. I think I was too young to have any fears about the job. Ma had given me piano lessons beginning about age 4 or 5, until I took from a piano teacher when we moved to Richwood in 1926. A few weeks later my dad came home from his congregation in Hubbleton and told me that I was elected organist there also. Such was my start as a performing musician. The next was at Northwestern College. In my 3rd high school year, about 15 minutes before morning chapel for the preparatory department, one or two students came to my room and said that I would have to play the pipe organ for chapel that morning because the regular organist was too ill. That one floored me. I had from time to time played on the organ just to see what it was like to play with foot pedals, but I knew little about foot pedal use. I had no reason not to play so I virtually had to wing it. I still recall the hymn - “What a Friend We Have in Jesus”. Fortunately this hymn version had only about 3 different foot pedals to play. I may have played another service or two after that, but I started regular practice on the organ. I purchased an instruction book, and got to know what the pedals did. The next year I was full time organ for prep services. The following 2 years I played daily evening chapel services. The last two years I played morning chapel for the college chapel services.

After graduation in June 1936, I headed for the University of Wisconsin for summer school. That fall the organist and pastor at Calvary Lutheran University Church had a strong dispute and she was dismissed as organist. Since the pastor (Haentschel) knew I played organ, he asked me to become organist and I held that position for 4 years. In the next two years I played only a couple of times, and then came the army days. Here also I was asked to play, and the last 2 months I was in service I played the chapel organ at Fort Mc Coy.

After my army release, I became music director at Concordia College, Ft. Wayne IN. There was some chapel playing but there were others who played also. I wasn't in Ft. Wayne very long when I was approached to be organist and choir director at Redeemer Lutheran Church. Having just started a new position, I had little interest, but accepted. After more than a year I resigned the position for several reasons. Soon after this resignation I was approached by Concordia Lutheran Church to become its choir director and assistant organist. I was to play for services only in case of emergency. That wasn't too bad a position because I did not have to spend a lot of time practicing organ. I took that position.

A couple of years later we moved to Lakewood Ohio where I had enrolled at Western Reserve University in Cleveland for my doctorate degree, and to become choir director at the recently founded Cleveland Lutheran High School.

We moved in June and in August the pastor of the largest Lutheran Church came to me and asked, and begged, me to become its organist and choir director. Their teacher who filled this position had taken a call elsewhere and it would be physically impossible to replace him in the two weeks remaining before school was to start. I declined, indicating that I was starting a new job, of which I was not familiar, and that I was enrolled at the university and that driving about 10 miles to church for services and practices would probably be too much. But the pastor kept on

begging me and I finally accepted.

(As an aside - when I went to Lakewood to find a home for us after I accepted the high school position I was told by the real estate agent that It was virtually impossible to find any place for rent because we had a child and another on the way. He said my only recourse was to buy. I looked at several houses and the one that suited me best needed a \$2000.00 down payment. The GI Bill would help me with the monthly payments. Now where to get the \$2000? I had no equity. One could not acquire very much with the monthly army pay of about \$16.00 which increased during my 3 year stay to about \$32.00. I mentioned this to my brother-in-law and he said he had that amount in an account and would lend it to me. He did this in part because he was unable to serve in the military and this would be a way of feeling some service by helping out a former serviceman. So I got my house).

After a while I began to realize that The Lord was giving me an opportunity to take care of this loan very quickly by having the congregation ask me to be their music director. In Cleveland they paid the organist quite well. I was paid either \$125.00 or \$150.00 a month for this organ and choir position and in 10 or so months that nearly paid off the loan. I used some of my other income to pay it off in a year. Remember this was in 1950.

After one year I was happy to be free. Now I could concentrate completely on university and high school obligations. In December the pastor of Gethsemane Lutheran Church - a Slovak Lutheran Church) came and again begged me to take the choir and organ position in their church. He, (Pastor Stanko) had been a classmate of Mom's at Concordia in Ft. Wayne. I was quite strong in saying no, but he kept asking and told me why he wanted me to take the position. Apparently they had a public school teacher who knew Slovak well play and direct. For several years he would resign at Christmas time, but when the congregation offered him a raise in pay for the job, he would reconsider, which he did and then re-accepted the position. He knew, and the congregation knew that replacing him was virtually impossible because one of the services was in Slovak, and chanting was done in Slovak, so that if you didn't know the language, how could you accompany it on the organ.

The pastor had enough of that and he told me he was going to call this man's bluff this year. The church council agreed, provided he found a suitable replacement. To help them out I said OK, but I feared playing the Slovak service. The pastor said that we would work that out, which we did. I was told after a couple of services that I played the Slovak service better than many a Slovak organist. By slight vocal accents the pastor thus would let me know whether the chanting line was closing and whether to close up or down, and it worked well. After several months I began to know the repeated portions of the liturgy and did not need the accents.

I held that position for several years. During that time I worked hard to get our church involved in the parochial school conducted by a neighboring church. That happened and soon the neighboring church said that we had too many pupils and that we would have to supply a teacher. Fear of funds caused concern to the voters. I worked out a plan whereby we could pay the teacher a salary and not go into debt. In this plan the teacher would also be the church musician and what was now my salary for the position would go to him and I would resign the position. That worked out to the satisfaction of all, and we got our teacher.

Again I felt free of obligations on Sundays. It didn't take but a few weeks and a Lutheran Church in our area came with the request that I become their choir director and assistant organist. Again the request was fairly strong, so I accepted under the condition that I did not have to change church membership because my family was too involved in the church which we had been attending. That was agreed upon so I was back to work on Sundays.

In August 1962 we moved to Watertown where I accepted the position as music director at the former Northwestern College. I was now free from Sunday obligations, and organ duties. As stated, we moved in August. 3 weeks earlier I had had a colon cancer operation. As I may have written to some of you earlier = you all have a colon (:), I have a semicolon. We were unpacking, liking our big home very much. We had room to spare for our furniture, and had a special room for our grand piano. I was looking forward to new experiences in a pre-theological college. Near the end of the month the pastor came and asked - urged - me to be an organist at Trinity Lutheran Church. Their teacher who held that position accepted a call and again, as in Cleveland, it was much too late to try to get a replacement. In both cases a retired lady teacher was hired temporarily to teach in the school, but was not able to play the organ. I begged "NO" quite strongly, for reasons stated above. But I was told that there was no one who could take the job of organist and the one lady teacher who plays every other Sunday and conducts the choir does not want the job every Sunday. As in the past, I gave in and played the organ every other Sunday. The only difference with Trinity was that they do not pay their organist, not even for the music they have to buy. That lasted a year. After that I helped out playing at Trinity where we joined as members, often playing the evening services so that the teachers would not have that obligation after teaching all day.

Then came Christmas 1987. An earlier graduate from our teachers college in New Ulm, DMLC, was not assigned a call that spring. She came to Watertown to work at Bethesda and was offered the position as one of the organists and as choir director. Suddenly before Christmas she was called and accepted the call to a school in Milwaukee. That left St. Luke's without a choir director. One afternoon I received a call from Pastor Vomhof that he would like to see me and when would that be suitable. I had no idea what that was about so we set a time, I believe the next day. The same tale. St. Luke's needed a choir director and there was no one on their staff to take over. Would I please do so. Again I did not want the job, but when he said it would be only for the second semester, I agreed. I said I would also like to play the organ on the Sundays scheduled for the young lady who had left. This was OK. At the end of the semester, at the last choir rehearsal, I thanked the choir for suffering my direction and I wished them well for the next year. Soon thereafter I received notice that the choir had sent a petition to the church council to rehire me as choir director. After a bit of thought I accepted because the choir was a good group and we had fun at rehearsals. The members also were faithful to come to rehearsals and to appear when we sang for services. My philosophy has always been that a choir is there to sing for services and that's what my choirs will do. I felt that the minimum was twice a month. In Cleveland my Slovak choir sang every Sunday per month except one, at which the children sang and my second choir had the same practice. After 10 years at St. Luke's, I felt age creeping up on me and I suggested that a teacher be called who could handle the organ and choir duties. Soon after that we moved to Nixa MO. Our church in Springfield had 2 organists, one who would play only once a month. The regular organist was unmarried and wanted to visit her parents in Des Moines fairly often. I thus became an assistant organist and it turned out that I played for her at least once a month on the average. Several years ago the second organist moved away, so I was scheduled to play once a month, plus the Sundays when the regular organist wanted to take off. Moving back to Watertown relieved me of the obligation to play.

And now I restart with helping out in Janesville.

Each one of my organ jobs, most coming as urgent requests, brought about a change in our life cycle. In earlier years Mom and the kids had changes to make, which didn't seem to hurt them. It

also caused us to change membership a couple of times. I wonder what change the Lord has in mind with this new challenge.

“Opera Photos” (August 18, 2008)

I don't think I ever mentioned this that I sent back about 650 photos when I served in Italy in WWII. That isn't my story. This is. After we had captured Rome we had a couple weeks' rest period. This was mainly to get our troops ready to attack the next German line, which by the way was a very tough one and gave our unit some very close calls. On the way after we left Rome for Florence and area, as I stated, the fighting was fierce at times. As we moved along our little unit found and “captured” a German complete dark room. It had papers, developing materials, an enlarger, and photo printing machine, virtually everything except film that I could use. Our unit captain was also much interested in photography. He immediately grabbed all of the material, or had it grabbed, and put into his truck. Each unit commander had his own truck and driver. When we got to a period when there was a short rest, our captain had our carpenter (most units in Signal Corps had a carpenter because of need) build a room on the back of his truck where all the photo equipment was to be stored and used. There was also enough room for his personal belongings. He then let it be known that anyone wishing to use the dark room could do so. I knew little about photo processing but with a German booklet I quickly learned. Another soldier in our unit was also interested and knew all the procedures for developing film and making copies from the negatives. He told me quite a bit also. But he seldom used the room. I was constantly there. When I was transferred from England to Africa, the army air corps lost my bag in which I had my box camera and had taken photos which I sent home. On our way at some point I had gone to a photo shop and bought a German Roll-a-Cord camera. I wanted the better Roll-pa-Flex but the store did not have one, so I bought what he had. I sent requests home to Mom for film and she kept me supplied. With every package they sent me, there was film. Thus I have quite a good set of photos of the period after we captured Rome.

The camera and my photo developing offered me another great opportunity. In November 1944 our army had hoped to get to the Po River, because that would be the end of the Germans in Italy. At that time we were north of Florence. That was the time I was sent between the German and American front lines for Intelligence purposes. While there the fall rains came, and they were rains. They were so bad that we had to discontinue the attempt to move to the Po. That was the time too when I got rain soaked out in that field for 3 days before we were called back. Our little unit's captain decided to winter on a farm on a small mountain half way between Florence and Bologna. Since active fighting had ceased, we were put onto a type of program that lasted until the next April. Five of us were involved in the particular duty of our unit in cryptography. We had to have 24 hour coverage. I was the only one offering to take the 11p.m. to 7 a.m. shift. I did this purposely because I figured that I would have the day free to travel anywhere I wanted to go in the area that we had captured, and Florence was a prize. After I got off at 7 I would get breakfast and then sleep an hour or so. Then off to the highway below us and hitch a ride to places. The truck traffic was heavy because of supplies that had to go to the units scattered everywhere east to west across Italy in the area where we were stopped. It was no use going anywhere before 9 or 10 a.m. and everything closed down at 4 p.m. so I could get to my camp, rest a bit, eat the evening meal and sleep till about 10:30. I made frequent trips to Florence. On my first trip I went on a Sunday afternoon to hear the Florence Symphony Orchestra. Since Florence was a very active musical city, our army headquarters allowed the musical programs to begin right after the capture of the city. The next was to restore the opera company. I heard that an opera was to be presented on a certain day and I made sure to go. I purchased my ticket, and after the opera was over, I went to the stage door to get photos of the singers. An Italian was at the door and when I asked to be let back stage, he refused my request.

After 2 or 3 more requests and subsequent refusals, I told him to get the manager and director of the opera so that I could talk to him. He was an American in the army, I forgot he name of the special service, and had the well known name of Busch (Hans). He came and wanted to know what I wanted. After my explanation he asked if I took good photos. He said he had asked Italian photographers, and that they were horrible. I said I had a good camera and thought my photos were good. He let me go backstage but under the condition that I bring copies of the photos the next time I would come to an opera. I took photos of all the singers and conductor. I then made 8X10 photos of each in our dark room and I went to the next opera, after which I called for him again and showed him my photos. He was very pleased and happy that he had very good photos of his first production. Her then told me that I could go back stage after any opera that I attended and take whatever photos I wanted, only he would want to see them. He then gave me a pass to go to any opera that I wanted to see and hear, and the pass was for Box seat No.1. My companions in that box were any of the conductors that wanted to hear the performance. I saw 22 operas that season and often took photos. I went backstage after every opera and talked freely with the performers. They found out somehow that I was a band and choral conductor. In Italy all such are given the title of Il Maestro, and that was how I was known backstage. My happiest experience was to meet and become quite friendly with the top conductor of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York at that time- Tullio Serafin. I have several autographed photos that I took of him. He was in Florence during the war because he was caught being there when the war broke out and thus could not leave for New York. I have a fair collection of photos of the singers with autographs as well as programs with their notes and autographs. So a camera affected my life.

“Brother Winfred” (August 1, 2007)

It's interesting how he became a linguistic scholar. When we both finished our pretheological education at Northwestern College we faced a problem, namely, should we continue our study in theology or seek some other course of action. I decided to study music and some day I will write about that - how the Lord leads one in ways that seem illogical. Anyway, I entered the University of Wisconsin, Madison to study music. My brother decided that he would like to see some of the U.S. so he joined a group of younger people for the purpose of selling magazine subscriptions. They traveled all over the country. About December my mother was showing great concern about him and the way he was moving about. She sent him a letter in which she told him to come home and go to the University with me. We could share a room and she would pay his expenses. Now don't fall over!!

Our tuition was \$18.50; I had a room 2 blocks of campus for \$9.00 a month, where I had cooking privileges, and thus was able to live on less than 50 cents a day. Mom said she would help with the food by sending us some with our laundry each week. There were no Laundromats in those days. You either found some woman who took in washing, or you sent it home. The latter was very reasonable, so I, later we, sent laundry home.

My brother came home for the second semester. In my boarding house a large 3 bed room opened and I opted for it. I found a friend who was looking for a room and the 3 of us took over at a cost of \$5.00 each per month. We had cooking privileges. With hamburger costing usually 8 cents per pound; liver about the same; bread at 6 cents a loaf, we were able to do quite well. Of course we had no funds for outside activities so there was nothing left but to study. My brother took classes in the German department. After the semester was over my brother decided to go to Chicago and work in the steel mills - why, I do not know. He wanted to earn enough money so that when he went to the seminary he would not have to be concerned about funds. That summer a friend of ours, also a graduate of Northwestern had the same thoughts about continuing in theology. The problem was that we were in the Great Depression and there were absolutely non calls for the men graduating from the seminary. That occurred already a couple of years prior to our Northwestern graduation. So our friend decided to study German and he and I rented an apartment for \$35.00 a month. In the meantime I had landed a couple of jobs which I will relate in a later account of how I became a music teacher.

The University opened the fall of 1937 after Labor Day. About 2 weeks after opening, my roommate came home and said that one of the German professors asked if he knew anything about Winfred Lehmann. My friend told him, he knew nothing about him but that he himself was living with his brother. The professor then said, that he should tell me if my brother was interested in the \$600.00 fellowship waiting there for him. I called my brother in Chicago and told him about that. He said he would have to think about it first. The next day he called me and said he would come to Madison and accept the fellowship. As it happened, there was a room that had just opened next to the apartment that we were renting, so I spoke up for it, and thus we really had a 3 room apartment. I told my friend to ask the professor why he didn't inform us about the grant earlier. His answer - Oh I just forgot. Well my brother got back into the grind and worked hard, getting larger grants each year until he earned his PhD from the university. So that is how he started life with a PhD in German. From that he branched out into linguistics and became quite a scholar. That is the rest of the story!!

“A Ride in the Old Family Car” (September 25, 2007)

While I was driving back from Janesville I started thinking about all the times we drove somewhere in the 1920s and 30s in comparison with today. Let's review the trip to Stanton from Surprise before the 1920's. Ma would be sure that everything was sparkling clean and as shiny as possible, working on the car the day before. Pa would check all mechanical portions. If it was the first auto, it was a “touring car” model, which meant we had a roof over our heads and portable leather and isinglass curtains to put on in case of rain. Otherwise we drove in open air, and at 25 to 30 miles an hour on straight and level roads we had to tie down our hats or caps. At 15 miles per hour it wasn't bad. Our second Model T had real glass windows. Ma, of course, made curtains for the windows. The windows could be opened part-way. There wasn't room enough in the door to roll them down all the way. Our particular “sedan” had but two doors, a door at the center of the auto on each side. In fall, winter and early spring we had extra blankets to keep us warm. If the blankets were not used for warmth, they were folded and placed on the seats. I always liked that because the springs on the seats of these early cars were as resilient as the tines on a fork. The auto was ready. Tools in the tool box fastened to the running board on the driver's side, extra oil and possibly a tire pump for the 3 inch tires that we rode on, which felt as comfortable as riding in a lumber wagon, were put in place. An extra inner tube was placed usually inside the auto.

Now the other preparations. There were no fast food joints anywhere. Ma would get up in the morning and fry a chicken or two, covered with a delicious batter, in butter. These were home raised chickens and not Tyson's; their meat tasted like chicken meat. Potato salad made with mayonnaise, which Ma made from the yolk of the eggs that were left over from the Angel Food cake that served as dessert. Home made pickles, and some type of vegetable filled the larder. We usually made a little more than half the distance to Stanton, about 45 miles, in a couple of hours and we then stopped for our picnic dinner. Most towns along the way had nice parks with clean tables, but Ma still got her table cloth out before anything else was set on the table. That was livin'. I remember that we had utensils to keep things hot or cold, but I forgot what they consisted of. On our trips to Wisconsin, which would take 3 long days, there was a lot more food to take along. On those trips we stayed in tourist homes, - larger homes where the owners had 3 or more bedrooms and took in tourists for the night. These were the forerunners of the B&Bs that we now have, only the tourist homes did not serve breakfasts.

We finally made Stanton. Sometimes we had problems if there was a rain storm in Stanton. The road from the highway to Grandpa's house was DIRT, and it was about a mile long. We would have to park our car at the entrance to his road and walk the rest of the way to the farm house. Fortunately there was a heavy grass like border alongside the road which kept us out of the mud. So we got into the farm house and Grandma had a big dinner waiting for us - probably chicken, although at times it may have been pork that had been canned. Grandpa raised a lot of hogs and would butcher one. Since there was no freezer the meat had to be either smoked, or canned. The journey itself was interesting for me. A variety of farm animals were in the fields. I would count the Schimmel (white horses) and after every 100 would make a wish. The first big attraction was near Columbus where we had to cross the Platte and the Loop Rivers. Each had a very long bridge because of the lowlands beside the rivers, and in rain storms the rivers would overflow onto the lowlands. The Platte Bridge was almost a quarter mile long. Soon thereafter we would come to a fairly high hill. The Model T with its luggage and passengers would not make the grade, so - we got out of the car, carried a few items and then Pa would ascend the hill by going in reverse. The term we used - we had to back up on the steeper hills. The passengers

had to walk. The auto seemingly had more power in going in reverse than in forward motion. The gas tank held 5 gallons, so when about 4 gallons were used up, we would stop and get a refill. There were no instruments on a dash board. To tell how much gasoline you had in the tank you would take a special measuring stick and put it into the tank. The tank was on the side or back and completely visible, with the tank cover in about the middle, and you would then be able to hold the measuring stick straight up. Getting free measuring sticks (about 12 inches long) was like getting free yard sticks from a lumber company. If there was a place where they gave them away, you took one, whether you needed it or not. I remember one time our auto stopped. Pa looked into the engine and saw that a wire had broken, or burned away. He got out his pliers, walked to the end of a fence where there was extra wire hanging, cut off a length, attached that where the broken wire had been, and off we went. Farmers did not object if you took a wire like that which was useless anyway.

So when our visit was over we turned around, went back the same way, only this time we could ride down the steep hill. In those days it took 2 days to make an 85 mile round trip by auto unless you really extended yourself.

Can you imagine yourself traveling by auto for three days without a radio, tape player or disc player; without being able to stop for a drink or a hamburger or taco, to have to go to a bathroom at a park, and sometimes it would be miles before you would come upon such a park, to stop for gas every 4 gallons, to be handy with tools so that you could repair any thing that went wrong, and finally to have to sit on car seats that were as comfortable as bleacher seats!!!! We had plenty of pillows in the car.

Thus the history lesson for the week.

“Easter at the Lehmann Parsonage”

According to the old German adage, Weisse Weihnachten, schwarze Ostern; schwarze Weihnachten weisse Ostern. That should make this year’s egg hunt pleasant. Years ago it was always a concern. Those of you who remember the Easter Parades will remember that the hopes for a clear Easter were in the minds of many a lady. I remember in the 20s and 30s when Easter was the day when the ladies had their new dresses, but especially new hats. Often more attention was given to the millinery than to the Easter message; I would say that it even at times outranked and outclassed the rabbit.

I remember either in the late 20s or very early 30s that the German adage proved itself. We had had a snowless Christmas. That winter was one of the few when snowfall was thin.

In fact, if I remember correctly, we had little snow by Easter. In fact there was no sight of snow on Saturday. One of the older Germans said on Friday and on Saturday that we would have snow on the ground on Easter. Most thought he was daydreaming. I remember going to bed Saturday night and figuring on a family egg hunt on Sunday before church. Sunday morning we awoke to about 3 inches of snow on the ground. Remember, in those days there was no sophisticated government weather service, so we received no information of a pending storm. All the old German had to do at church is look at the people and we all knew that he was thinking: didn’t I tell you! Our disappointment lay in the fact that we had no outside egg hunt.

Egg coloring was virtually a nonentity in the plains of Nebraska, where the small town grocery stores rarely handled such a luxury. My mother made colored eggs with onions, they were usually brown. But to make them interesting, a wax crayon was used to spell the name or words on the egg and the brown wax markings would leave those spots blank.

Of course one had problems with brown eggs which the buff Orpington hens would lay. We often had this kind of chicken because they were large and made a better chicken dinner than the Leghorns which were quite a bit smaller, but laid white eggs. If we didn’t have the buff Orpington we had the Plymouth Rock chickens which were gray and also large. Their eggs were more towards the white color. I don’t know how long ago I told this account.

In Nebraska we raised our own chickens. That meant of course that we had to have roosters, it also meant that we would have to set eggs for chicks, and the average for an egg to hatch is 3 weeks. Sometimes a hen could not wait until the egg setting was made, and she would find a secret spot, lay her eggs, maybe up to ten, and sit on them until they hatched. We would not know anything about such an activity until one morning a cluck would come forth, followed by her young family. Chicks, by the way, immediately eat by themselves without any training from the mother hen, so the mother hen was leading the chicks to a feed area. My story that I started - all of the farmers of our congregation were complaining that the eggs did not hatch very well; 1 egg out of 5 hatched. All the farmers had the same complaint.

Since my dad wanted about 100 chicks, he set 500 eggs. In three weeks, when we went to look at the hatch, he found that almost all 500 eggs had hatched. Now what! That would take a lot of feed, and we didn’t have space for that. Part of my dad’s salary was feed for 100 chickens and for one cow. When my dad told the farmers about his unlucky batch of chicks, they all had one of the biggest laughs of their careers. That the preacher should have almost a perfect hatch!! But my dad didn’t think it was funny, and he said, "How can I feed them?" I can’t afford feed for almost 500 chicks. The farmers had another good laugh and finally said - Don’t worry. We’ll give you all the feed you need. So we had dozens and dozens and dozens of chicks running around our property. Eventually they grew up. What now. Well my mother was a good cook, brought up on a Wisconsin farm, and was able to make a variety of ways to cook and serve

chicken which we had at least 5 times a week, until the number was down to the size my dad wanted.

At night the chickens were always in the chicken or hen house, and we closed the door. I remember late one afternoon in fall I was watching two coyotes trying to get into our neighbor's hen house. They were unsuccessful. We didn't have to worry about foxes, which were a problem in Wisconsin.

In Nebraska, and later in Richwood, my dad had to work out 4 sermons Maundy Thursday, Good Friday, Easter Sunday and Easter Monday. Among the services in those early years of my life which are not observed today were 2nd Christmas Day, 2nd Easter day and Pentecost Monday, The last named was a school holiday for Lutheran School kids.

Today over half the time, school days are over by Pentecost.

So you see - my activities for this time of the year were quite different from what my offspring experience today. I'll take my time, because things went more slowly and deliberately than today.

“Milk and Coffee Cake” (June 10, 2007)

Weather like this makes it hard to stay indoors and edit a few words that probable mean nothing to most of you. From grade school up through high school I used to write German letters to my grandma Lehmann living near Stanton NE. Grandma was a kindly farm mother and grandmother who wore 2 ankle length petticoats and an apron on most occasions, but no apron to church. We exchanged letters in the old German handwriting known as Fraktur, which very few can read today. In one of the letters in the late 1920s or early 1930s she mentioned that it was a bit hot but on that day she and my aunt picked, shelled and canned 89 pints of peas. Later in the summer she canned other vegetables, fruits and meats. My mother did the same but not such a high count because our garden wasn't that big. Now tell me one thing - why didn't we ever have a spoiled jar or food poisoning or e coli with those conditions. That brings me to another point -why can't we get pure unadulterated milk today. Some of you may remember how in winter after the milk man brought the milk and if it was very cold outside, the cream froze and popped straight up from the milk bottle. I miss those good old milk bottles. My mother, as well as many others, would cut off that frozen cream and use it for their coffee, and at times even save it up for whipped cream. By cutting off the cream we had about a 2% milk at a much cheaper cost than what we pay today to have milk boiled and treated so that we do not get sick. If God had wanted us to have different grades of milk he would have arranged the faucets on the cow to give us that variety. And that holds true for butter. Butter is a natural spread. Margarine is manufactured, and both have their share of fats, so I'll take what God made. One other item I miss and it's my fault. COFFEE CAKE. We had fresh coffee cake every Saturday. We could have several pieces that had only sugar on the top, but then came the crème de la crème - coffee cake with apples and heavy sugar on the top that beat any apple crisp that is made. Sometimes other fruit such as prunes or peaches were substituted, but a nice juicy apple could not be beat. One of these days I am going to try the good old coffee cake recipe. If I can make a fair Angel Food I should come close to a good coffee cake. What made coffee cake so appealing is that we had it fresh for Saturday supper and Sunday breakfast. Monday and Tuesday it was so-so but on Wednesday we were allowed to “stipp” the somewhat dried and stale coffee cake into our milk or especially hot cocoa. The older folks could do so with their coffee. The tradition of stipping should be returned, and not have it be an embarrassing action at the table. Too bad so many of you missed these good old customs.