CHAPTER SEVEN

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

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

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

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

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

-38-
two, I got ringer after ringer but finally he got over being scared of me and beat me. Then Bub told him I hadn't played very much and that it was pure luck that I got those ringers. He felt better about things after that.

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

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

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

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

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

"Where are you going?" she asked him.
"I'm not going to ride with you any more" he said "Good Bye" and took off.

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

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

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

I think Grace was just as scared.

Grace and I often went to Appleton to spend a week end with my parents, and one time Bill Rickers, a friend of mine arranged to spend an evening at a cottage his folks owned on Lake Winnebago. Bill had a date with a girl who went to Lawrence College at Appleton and I had Grace. We danced to records and Bill brought some Apple Jack which we drank. I had quite a bit to drink of the Apple Jack. It was a good thing Bill had his car and I had mine for when we got to the main road one of my new balloon tires was flat. As I didn't have a spare tire I got the spare tube and the pump out but then I started laughing and I couldn't get any-
thing done. Bill said he had to get his girl back to her dorm before closing time so he took off and said he would come back to help me. Grace kept getting madder by the minute and the more she shouted the more I laughed—I had a real laughing jag on, I just couldn't help myself. Bill got back from Appleton (we were on the edge of Neenah) and he pumped up the tire and we got home finally O.K.

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

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

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

Later we had a winter dance at the fraternity house. We were having a good time dancing when some of us noticed a peculiar smell like unwashed feet. Several windows were opened but it
didn't help much. Finally it got too cold so we had to close some windows but we couldn't stand the odor so we had to call the dance off. Later we discovered that some plumbers (engineering students) had gotten in the house and planted some crystals around the lower part of the house and the heat had activated the crystals giving off an awful stench.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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