

WALTER JOHN LEMKE



Letter to Bud and Carol

A letter written to his children,
Walter Hamp "Bud" Lemke and
Carol Elizabeth Lemke

by
Walter John Lemke

1934-1966

Forward and Update by
Carl W. Lemke 1994

INTRODUCTION

What follows is a letter from Walter John Lemke to his children, Walter Hamp (Bud) Lemke and Carol Elizabeth Lemke. Written over a period of 32 years, the letter is a brief autobiography of W.J. Lemke and also contains much early Hamp and Lemke family history.

The original, handwritten in W.J.'s precise hand, covers some 85 pages of a 7 by 10 inch composition notebook with a University of Arkansas Law School label on the cover.

I've added some appropriate family photographs. With one or two exceptions, all the photos were taken by W.J. himself or some other member of the family.

W.J. believed that Bud and Carol (13-year olds when he began the letter) might find the facts about their father's and mother's families interesting. I believe the letter will be of even greater interest to the grandchildren and great-grandchildren who never had an opportunity to know the people described in the letter.

Carl Walter Lemke
son of Walter H. (Bud) Lemke

Fayetteville, Ark.,
November 21, 1934

Dear Bud and Carol:-

Miss Sue Walker of Fayetteville, daughter of J.D. Walker, U.S. Senator from Arkansas and granddaughter of David Walker, Supreme Court judge and chairman of the Arkansas Secession Convention in 1861, recently permitted me to see the genealogy and some of the records of the Walker family, as well as read some letters of Judge David Walker which he wrote to his daughter when the war forced him to leave Fayetteville and he had little hope of ever bringing the family together again. These letters were in fact an autobiography of that eminent man. After 70 years they made mighty interesting reading and must have been doubly interesting to any member of the Walker family.

It occurred to me that a similar letter from your father to his son and daughter might interest you, especially if it contained facts about your mother's and your father's family, with which you, as a pair of 13-year old youngsters, are not familiar. So I am writing this letter in leisure hours and hope that eventually it will be brought up to date.

I am beginning my writing under the following conditions. Your mother is in the kitchen of 514 N. College Ave., in Fayetteville, stirring some mixture which she will probably bake into goodies for her ravenous family tomorrow. Carol is in the living room reading the comics in the daily papers. Bud is reclining on the davenport, engrossed in an airplane book and making occasional remarks about a Boy Scout hike that he plans to take Sunday. Your father is writing at the dining room table. Outside it is raining hard and the weather prophecy is cold wave before morning. Now that we have the setting, here are the facts. First the history of your mother's and your father's family.

Your mother's maiden name was Marie Elizabeth Hamp. She was born February 8, 1888, at Ironton, Ohio, where her father was stationed as a Methodist preacher, member of the Central German Conference.



Walter John Lemke about 1932



Rev. Franz Anton Hamp

Her father (your grandfather), the Rev. Franz Anton Hamp, was born in Germany, August 1, 1854. I never knew him, since he died three or four years before I met your mother. However, in later years I often heard your mother's people and other folks who knew him talk about his ministerial ability, his eloquence and fearlessness, his writing and many other accomplishments.

I think your grandfather Hamp came from a family of considerable wealth and position in Bavaria. There used to be a large photograph of his ancestral home hanging in your mother's home in Indianapolis. Your grandmother Hamp told me that there were quite a few of Grandfather Hamp's relatives living in Germany, a brother named Dr. Karl Hamp being a mathematician of great prominence and author of several textbooks in use in German universities. I may be wrong about mathematics being his field. It may have been Latin. An any rate Dr. Karl Hamp was a distinguished scholar in Germany in the old days when German scholarship meant a lot.

Your grandfather Hamp was given an excellent education and began his studies for the Roman Catholic priesthood. How far he progressed I do not know, nor if he ever was ordained. I do know from his writing, that he was a scholarly educated man. Later in life and after his conversion to Protestantism, he attacked the Roman Church and took a prominent part in the A.P.A activities, similar to the Klu Klux Klan of more recent times. In his anti-Catholic activities he made many enemies and suffered violence. On at least one occasion in Terre Haute, Indiana, so your grandmother told me, an attempt was made to discredit him by getting him to visit a notorious prostitute under the guise of making a pastoral call. The Rev. Hamp was shrewd enough to take a friend with him and the attempted frame-up failed. He was a particularly dangerous antagonist for the roman church because of his training for the priesthood and his inside knowledge of the church.

I don't know in what year Rev. Hamp emigrated to America nor where he first found sanctuary in a new country. He became a preacher in the Central German Conference of the M.E. Church in 1883 and for the remainder of his life occupied some of the most important pastors of that conference, as follows: Montague, Mich.; Lauerencaburg, Ind.; Ironton, Ohio; Race St. Church, Cincinnati, Ohio; Terre Haute, Ind.: and New Jersey St. Church (then called Zion Church), Indianapolis, Ind. He died at Indianapolis June 11, 1905, shortly after he had been compelled to quit preaching because of ill health.

In later years I knew many of the men who served in the ministry with Rev. Hamp, including such German Methodist dignitaries as Dr. Albert Jr. Nast, Dr. A.J. Bucher, Dr. John C. Marting and others. Without exception they spoke in high praise of your grandfather's ability and service. I recall that when your mother and I were married, Dr. Nast sent us a five-dollar check as a wedding gift, chiefly because of friendship and admiration for your mother's father.

The Rev. Hamp married Maria F. Kranick, your grandmother, and she was his helper in all the arduous duties that a Methodist preacher's wife is called on to perform. After I became acquainted with the Hamp family in 1910, your grandmother used to ask me to write letters to the Rev. Hamp's relatives in Illertissen, Bavaria, Germany, because I could write German well and she hated to write in German.

I recall seeing an old trunk or box in the attic of your mother's home at 3207 Baltimore Ave, Indianapolis which contained pastoral records of your grandfather written in his precise script, wreaths from his funeral, copies of the Indianapolis News and other newspapers containing lengthy and prominent obituaries and many other mementos of his life and death. I also recall the excellent library which he left, containing books on many subjects and testifying to his scholarship. I understand that these books, many of them quite valuable, were given to Butler University after your grandmother's death in 1931.



*Maria F. (Kranick) Hamp with
Grandchild Anton Hamp*

Your grandmother Hamp was born Oct. 3, 1854, in Wurtenburg, Germany. She came to American with her parents when she was two years old. She went to school in Brooklyn, New York, and became a teacher. She taught in New York and Michigan and for at least one year in Florida. Your Hamp grandparents had eight children, of which your mother was the fifth. The children were:-

Fred, born Apr. 1 1880
Edwin, July 28, 1882
Carl, Mar. 19, 1884
Robert, May 18, 1886
Marie, Feb. 8, 1888 at Ironton, Ohio
Henry, Feb. 23 1890
Albert, Jan. 16, 1892 (?)
Emma, Feb. 24, 1894 (?)

Your uncle Fred Hamp married Bertha Wold of Indianapolis and as long as we knew then lived at 3251 Baltimore Ave., Indianapolis, close to your grandmother's home. Fred and Bertha had four children: Frank, Ruth, Frederick and Juanita.

Your Uncle Carl married Thelma Custer of West Virginia. They had three children: Mary, Charles, and H.A. They lived in Lansing, Mich., where Bud and Carol with your mother and grandmother once visited them.

Your Uncle Edwin was in the candy business in Chicago for many years, but later returned to Indianapolis to live with and take care of his mother. He was never married. At present (1934) he is in the real estate business, in Indianapolis during the summers and in Miami Beach, Florida, during the winters. Edwin is probably your favorite uncle.

Your uncle Robert was a graduate of Butler University where he met Dorothy Kautz of Kokomo, Ind., whom he married. They have five children: Bobby, Marion, Arthur, Julianna, and David. Uncle Bob and his charming family live at Kokomo, Ind., where Bud and Carol have often visited them.

Your mother married your father, Walter J. Lemke whom she met at Baldwin-Wallace College, Berea, Ohio, the same town where you were later born. We were married in 1915 and our twins were born in 1921.



Edwin Hamp



Henry "Heiney" Hamp

Your Uncle Henry, called Heiney by the entire family, married Iva Mankin of West Virginia. Iva and Thelma, Carl's wife, were friends. Heiney was a salesman for tire companies for many years, working out of Detroit. He and Iva adopted two children, whose names or when nobody knows, named Mary Jean and Marjorie.

Albert and Carl had a successful dairy in Indianapolis for many years. I recall that they had more than 40 cows pastured on the Baltimore Avenue place when I first saw it. They also had a large dairy barn, pasteurizing plant, and several delivery wagons for their milk routes. The dairy was destroyed by fire and they never resumed the milk business. Incidentally, when Carl and Albert were first getting started in the milk business, your mother used to wash all the bottles by hand. Albert married Esther Boyd of Richmond, Ind., but they were later divorced. They had no children.

Emma attended Purdue University and later suffered a nervous breakdown, as the result of which she died in 1934.

With the care of eight children on her hands after the Rev. Hamp's death in 1905. your grandmother had her hands full. She was a lovable character, had hosts of friends. During the last years she liked nothing better than to work with her large flock of chickens and in her garden. Your mother was her helper and right-hand, and a dutiful daughter.

Your grandmother Hamp suffered from phlebitis, a foot ailment, gangrene setting in and her leg was amputated at the Methodist Hospital, but she died some weeks later on Sept. 27, 1931. Bud and Carol were in Indianapolis with their mother during the illness and death of Grandma Hamp. Rev. and Mrs. Hamp and Emma are buried in Crown Hill Cemetery, Indianapolis. Your grandmother Hamp had two brothers, Christopher K. and Jacob K. Kranick. They lived in Michigan. She also had some half brothers about whom I know nothing.

When I took my family to Indianapolis in 1923, Uncle Chris Kranick was living there on Baltimore Ave., with his sister, your grandma Hamp. Bud and Carol used to play with Chris but he was too old (nearly 70) and an old bachelor could hardly be expected to keep us with a pair of lusty two-year olds. My collection of Kodak pictures contains some of Uncle Chris holding Bud & Carol on his lap.

Now that I have given the essential facts in the Hamp family history. I'll go back over the years and pick out some of the interesting incidents about your mother's family.

The first time I ever saw your mother's family was during one summer vacation, either in 1911 or 1912. All the boys were home except Ed, who was working in Chicago.

They were a great gang and we had a lot of fun. Of course I was carefully scrutinized by my future brothers-in-law which was quite embarrassing at first. However, your mother was greatly beloved by her brothers and they showed their love by many little kindness' and courtesies to her. When I came to Indianapolis, Marie and Carl were at the station to meet me and we drove the four miles out to Baltimore Ave. in an old-fashioned buggy pulled by Charlie, an old-fashioned horse. When I left at the end



The Hamp home on Baltimore Ave.

of a two or three day stay, Carl drove me to my train at 2:30 a.m. I can still hear the rhythmical beating of Charlie's hoofs as we drove down Massachusetts Avenue at that unearthly hour.

Rev. Hamp was a real musician and had given all the boys some musical training. Some of our happiest hours there when the family was all together were spent in playing an singing. There were two violins, a trombone, a cornet, guitar and mandolin. Fred was the pianist and was also pipe organist at one of the big Indianapolis churches. Ed was an excellent violinist. Carl played the horns. All the boys had excellent voices. Carl and Ed were fine tenor singers and Bob and Heinie had excellent baritone voices and they knew their music, even the most difficult selections. All of them sang in large church choirs and Edwin, Carl, Bob and Heinie were paid soloists. Bob and Ed also directed large church choirs, Ed being director of the choir in a Florida church when it was attended on Sunday by President and Mrs. Hoover. At first the Hamps had one piano but for ten years there were two pianos in the parlor. After the boys began marrying, the musical evenings became infrequent but the Hamp family was decidedly a musical one.



Musical Hamp brothers

Your mother also took piano lessons and could play well but after her marriage she rarely touched the piano. She also had a sweet soprano singing voice.



Bob Hamp's Underslung American Racer

After the boys began to prosper, they began buying automobiles. The earliest car I remember was an underslung American racer that Bob bought. Bob had several cars in the early days, as did Heinie and Carl. The first auto I ever drove was Carl's first Ford, one of the kind that had to be cranked by hand and had a foot pedal instead of the present hand gear shift. I was alone in the car when the engine stalled at Indianapolis' busiest street intersection - Washington and Meridian.

A policeman helped me crank it while traffic waited. Among the other early cars the Hamps had were a Red, Studebaker, Willys-Knight, Marmon, Stewart truck, Essex and others. There must have been half a dozen Fords. Fred had an early Ford which he ran for 20 years. One summer Fred and I and Ben Sattler drove in this Ford to Kentucky where we spent several days exploring caves.

Right & Below: W.J. Lemke, Ben Sattler, and Fred Hamp on the trip to Mammoth Cave, Kentucky.



In addition to the musical evenings I also go a lot of enjoyment at the Hamp home out of the evening sessions when the boys would tell of their childhood days, the pranks they played, how they drank the communion wine in their father's church, how the rode bicycles in church, their adventures in the church belfry, etc. In all their pranks they included your mother. With six such

brothers it is easy to understand that your mother must have been quite a tomboy.

We also played a lot of games in that big house on Baltimore Ave. Your grandmother did not allow playing cards, but we played crokinole, Parcheesi, checkers, etc. Also, we pitched horseshoes outdoors. These games always resulted in a lot of arguments, because Carl and Heinie were quite clever in trying to outsmart their brothers.

Your grandma Hamp had a large garden and an orchard with cherries, peaches and berries. I often helped pick the cherries. She also had several hundred chickens and the Hamp chicken dinners are still among my fondest memories.

Speaking of chickens dinners reminds me that all six of your Hamp uncles had an aversion to taking the heads off chickens, so that disagreeable duty was forced on me whenever I was there. I had never decapitated a chicken in my life until I visited your mother's home, but I had to do it because the boys begged off. For many years Grandma Hamp had an old darky named William as handy-man around the place. He was still living, a picturesque story-telling old darky, when mother and I took our babies to Indianapolis but he died when your were about three or four years old.

The Hamps also had a lot of pet dogs. The earliest one I can remember, and your mother's favorite, was Queenie, a whit bull terrier. Later there was Duke, a black collie, and Pete, a grand cur who lived to a ripe old age. When Heinie was on the road as a traveling salesman, he would buy any good-looking dog he saw and bring him home for his mother to take care of. I remember a beautiful Boston bull terrier, a little Scottie, and especially an enormous wolf-hound named Jerry. When Jerry stood up with his paws on my shoulders, he was a good two feet taller than I. Grandma Hamp complained about this huge dog because he ate several pounds of meat for each meal. He finally sickened and died in spite of your mother's constant nursing.



"Pete"

The last of the many dogs at the Hamp place on Baltimore Ave. was Rags, the little fox terrier that you loved so well and who came to Arkansas to make his home with you after your grandmother's death. Rags was a general favorite and was Albert's special pet. I can remember when Uncle Chris used to shuck corn in the field behind the big dairy barn, he would always have Rags with him chasing field mice. Rags was a great ratter and killed hundreds of rats around the corn crib and chicken houses.

On Baltimore Ave. in those days lived some people whom you may remember. On the corner of 34th St. lived the Windhorsts, four old maid sisters and their bachelor brother Henry, who was later killed in an automobile accident.

Nearer Grandma's lived the Reichards and with them old Mr. Goth, a great friend of the Hamps. he was said to have a Civil War bullet in his head. Down near 30th St. lived Dr. Vance, the veterinarian who doctored the cows in the Hamp airy. Across 30th St. lived Mrs. Christianson, a great friend of your mothers and a charming Danish lady until her husband went to France during the World War, forgot her, and she divorced him. On Nicholas St. lived a curious old colored woman named Auntie Stiltz who worked for your grandmother and whom you may remember.

Your mother, when I first met her and for some years afterwards, was interested in china painting, took lessons, and produced some excellent things. We still have the beautiful punch set she painted, as well as many bowls, vases plates, etc. When we moved from Ohio to Indiana to Missouri to Wisconsin to Indiana to Arkansas I would always pack the china myself. I had a special box made for the punch bowl and cups and in all those movings we had only one punch cup broken.

When I first went to Baltimore Ave. we spent much time at Fred and Bertha's place. However, Bertha gradually got soured on life and her home was never congenial. After Bob's first baby was born and while Bob and Dorothy lived on 34th St., your mother and I would stay there occasionally while Bob and Dorothy were out for the evening. Before we were married, your mother and I also had many pleasant visits with her friends in Indianapolis, especially Carrie and Bats Grah.

However, the closest friendship your mother ever formed came later after our marriage. It was with Lillian Hiller, at whose home we stayed during our visit in 1934 and with whose children, Rembrandt Jr., Wilbur and Caroline, you played so much.

In later years Ed moved from Chicago to Indianapolis and bought two grand places for outings, one on the Millersville Road where there was boating and swimming in the creek and the other, a handsome piece of woodland on Sherman Drive. We had many picnics at these places, some of which your children must remember.

I don't know how old your mother was when the family moved away from Ironton, Ohio, your Mother's birthplace, I don't think she remembered much about Ironton but she did recall many things that happened when her father was stationed in Terre Haute and Cincinnati. In fact 20 years or more after leaving those cities she still had good friends there, including the Bingels at Cincinnati, at whose home you visited.

While your grandfather was pastor in Indianapolis, the Hamp youngsters had some wonderful times. The family lived in the parsonage behind the church on New Jersey St., not far from downtown Indianapolis. Your mother attended Public School No. 1 on N. New Jersey St. and later the Benjamin Harrison School about 8 blocks from her home.



Walter J. Lemke and Marie Hamp in 1911

After the death of the father the family moved out northeast to Cornell Ave. and then out on this big country place on Baltimore Ave., which your Grandma Hamp bought with her insurance money after her husband's death. The children were young, your mother being 17 when her father died. On Baltimore Ave. there was hunting for the boys, horseback riding, a tree house in a larger tree in the pasture.

Your first visit to Indianapolis was in the summer of 1923 when we left Berea, where we had lived three years and where you were born, and moved to Wausau, Wis. I remember the frightened babies your mother and I carried on the bus from Berea to Cleveland and then on the train from Cleveland to Indianapolis. After you were older you often visited at Grandma Hamp's and you lived there an entire year 1927-1928 while I was attending Northwestern University.

There are many other things I could tell about your mother's family but I'll have to hurry on. When Grandma Hamp was alive and all her children were home, it was a wonderful place to be. I have never known a happier, more congenial family. Later on, as the boys married and moved away, this happy family circle was broken up and reunions were few and far between. After I married your mother, I was always known and introduced in Indianapolis as Mame Hamp's husband. I should have told you earlier that your mother was called "Mame" by all her relatives and friends. However, from the day I met her, I called her "Marie".

On your mother's side you are descended from the Hamps and Kranicks. Both of your grandparents on your mother's side were born in Germany. On your father's side you are descended from the Lemkes and Blocks. Both of your grandparents on your father's side were also born in Germany.

My father (your Grandfather) was born in Rossow, Pommerania, Germany, Aug. 9, 1862, the eleventh and youngest child of Friederick Lemke and his wife (born Wilhelmina Bartelt). My grandmother Lemke (your great-grandmother) was a small sickly woman, very gentle, who died at the age of 54 when my father was only 9 years old. My father often told me about his mother. His memories of her were those of a 9 year-old and tears came into his eyes as he told of her unfailing kindness and gentleness. His memories of his father were much clearer. He spoke of his as a tall strong man of enormous physical strength, domineering, stern, a patriarch who ruled his family with a rule of iron. Friederick Lemke, my grandfather, died in 1890 at the age of 81. He never came to America, consequently I never knew either of my grandparents on my father's side. My grandparents on my mother's side emigrated to America and I have vivid recollections of both of them. But to get back to the lemke line.

Friederick and Wilhelmina Lemke were the parents of eleven children, two of whom died in infancy and about whom my father had no recollections. The nine who grew to manhood and womanhood, were as follows in the order of their birth:

1. Ernestine (married Dahlke)
2. Daniel
3. Wilhelmina (married Krueger)
4. August
5. Johanna (married Cramer)
6. Henrietta (married Brechler)
7. Augusta (married Gerndt)
8. Herman
9. Carl (My father and your grandfather)

Mrs. Dahlke lived in Wausaw, Wis., when I was a boy and I must have known her but do not remember her. Daniel, as the eldest son, inherited his father's estate (or "Hof" as it was called in Germany). He lived and died in Germany, was harsh and arrogant, and did not even give his brother Carl (my father) a friendly welcome when my dad went back to Germany on a visit in 1903. Mrs. Krueger was my favorite aunt. She and her husband lived on N. Third St., in Wausau and as a youngster I spent many happy hours there. She was also my dad's favorite sister. One of her sons was Carl Krueger, who learned the photographer's trade with my dad and afterward had a studio of his own in Rhinelander, Wis. It was to visit him that my mother took me on my first railroad trip when I was 7 or 8 years old.

August Lemke was some sort of a preacher in Wausau, Wis. My dad belonged to his church, a German Apostolic Church in a little frame building at the corner of Scott and Sixth St. in Wausau. I never had much love for this uncle as I thought him too stern and self-righteous. However, he was good to my dad and helped him get started in business.

Mrs. Cramer I never knew. She lived and died in Germany.

Mrs. Brechler lived in Wausau but although I knew her, I do not remember her.

Mrs. Gerndt and her husband lived on Scott St. in Wausau. They were good people although we youngsters never got to know them well. They had at least four children, my cousins, of whom I recall Herman who was quite a bit older than I. He was in the Spanish-American War and later became a newspaper reporter. In fact, he was a reporter on the *Wausau Daily Herald* in 1906 when I became high school reporter for that paper at a salary of \$7 per week. Another interesting fact about Herman is that he married the object of my puppy-love devotion when I was still a youngster in short pants. After the death of my Aunt Augusta (Mrs. Gerndt), Uncle Gerndt became more closely attached to my dad and spent many hours with him at the studio.

Herman Lemke lived at the corner of Jefferson and Seventh St. in Wausau. I never knew him or his wife very well, although I can recall some of his children. It will thus be seen that all on my father's brothers and sisters who left the old country, settled in Wausau, Wis., and lived within two blocks of each other, with the exception of Aunt Brechler who lived on the West Side, across the Wisconsin River, where my mother's people also lived.

My lack of knowledge of my aunts and uncles on my father's side is due to the fact that we did not associate with them to any great extent, never visited at their homes nor they at ours.

Of the eleven children born to Friederick and Wilhelmina Lemke, only my father survives today (1934).

Now to tell you something about my father. His life would make an interesting book, especially how he had a hard youth, overcame obstacles, and achieved success in spite of discouragement's.

As I have already stated, my father (your grandfather) Carl Lemke, was born Aug. 9, 1862, in Rossow, near Breitenfelde, Prussia. At the age of 5 he was put out as shepherd boy for his father's flock of sheep and a year or two later tended sheep for other people. For several months each year he was allowed to go to school until he was 14 years old when his father curtly told him "Mach dein Leben allein" ("earn your living yourself").

As a 15 year-old boy, small and not very strong, he was apprenticed to a tailor for 23 weeks. He was forced to work evenings and Sundays, received no pay and meager food. His sister Wilhelmina (afterwards Mrs. Krueger) saw his plight, secured the help of a minister or the village burgermeister, I have forgotten which, and got him released from the tailor's slavery. His sister then got him a job as photographer with Kamrath in the city of Massow. He worked for Kamrath four years as an apprentice and a half-year as a full-fledged photographer. This was in the days of wet plates and albumen paper. Kamrath was a good photographer and like a father to his young apprentice. My father formed a life-long friendship with the Kamaraths, and kept up a correspondence after the elder Kamrath's death with the daughter Gertrude, who was also a photographer.



Carl Lemke

The wanderlust caught my dad after the pleasant years in Massow and, as was the custom in all trades in Germany in those years, took to the open road. His companion on the "Wandershaft" was a tinsmith named Sander. They would walk from town to town, work a while at their trade and move on. They had many exciting adventures, slept in barns or haystacks, went hungry often, were chased by dogs. Dad finally found an opening at Luneburg with an expert photographer named Lüber. Lüber taught dad all the tricks of photography and enabled him to go on to the big city of Stettin and get a job there.

Meanwhile, his brothers, Herman and August, emigrated to America in 1871 as young men. They liked it in the USA and sent back glowing reports of the new land and its opportunities. In 1884 August returned to Germany on a visit and when he went back to America, my father went with him.

Dad landed in New York and made the long trip to Wisconsin, reaching Wausau with \$5 and an indomitable ambition and will to succeed as his only possessions.

As he drove up Jefferson St. in Wausau from the old Northwestern Station, he passed the brick building at 508 that was later to be his studio and my birthplace and he wondered if he would ever own so fine a building. Fifty years later he told me about this vagrant thought.

Three days after he arrived he got a job with Goff, Wausau's leading photographer on Washington St. near Third. Goff was a Frenchman by birth and dad a German who did not know a word of English, so for some time they were unable to understand one another.

The winter of 1884 was a panicky one and as a result of the depression, dad lost his job with Goff. There was little possibility of getting another job and dad wanted to go back to the old country. However, his brother August told him he could board around with his brothers and sisters. In addition August loaned my father \$450 with which to buy photographic equipment and start I business. He also built a frame house next to his own which my dad was to use for a studio. This was on Jefferson St. between Sixth and Seventh. A year or two later dad had done so well that he was able to buy the 2-story brick building at 508 Jefferson which he had admired on the day of his arrival in Wausau. He paid \$2,000 on this building and immediately built an addition and had everything paid for in another year., It was in this brick studio that I and my brothers and sisters were born. Dad occupied this studio until 1922 when the entire block was condemned by the city for school purposes and dad built the modern studio at the corner of Fifth and Jefferson, at that time considered by photographers and traveling salesmen for photographic concerns as the finest studio in Wisconsin.



Carl Lemke in Wausau

My father was an artist and an excellent photographer. In the 28 years that I have been away from Wausau I have seen many studios and met hundreds of photographers but have net few who were dad's equal in all-around photographic ability. He was a through workman and still is. He had expert knowledge of lenses, cameras, composition and lighting. In the darkroom I have never known his superior in developing, intensifying, reducing and all the other operations of that department. In retouching he was a master. None of the slip-shod retouching of modern photographers but every job a thorough one. He was especially good on copying and other difficult work. In fact, he did most of the copying jobs and other difficult work for his competitors in Wausau for 40 years. He was as cranky as an old maid about having the strength and temperature of all solutions just right and constantly experimented with new methods. He had all sorts of photographic inventions to his credit.

On the second Sunday after my father's arrival in Wausau in 1884 he became acquainted with Unricka Block who was to become his wife and my mother. She was visiting at the home of Herman Lemke that Sunday afternoon, having called to see Herman's wife who was her second cousin. My father was spending the day with his brother Herman, fell in love with the visitor, and married her on the following 27th of June.

My mother (your grandmother) was born Aug. 11, 1866, the daughter of Ferdinand and Louisa Block. The latter's maiden name was Schultz and they lived in Breitenfelde, Germany. My mother still remembers her grandparents, especially her Grandfather Schultz who died of the cholera on the same day as his brother and sister. She recalls that

her grandfather (your great-great-grandfather) wore a fine suit of white wool, homespun, in the morning. Hale and hearty in the morning, he was buried with his brother and sister that night.



Ferdinand and Louisa (Schultz) Block

I remember my mother's parents well, as they had emigrated to America in 1882 and were living in Wausau when I was a youngster. My Grandfather Block was a big husky six-footer. He had been a Prussian soldier in the War of 1866 against Austria and my mother was born in Breitenfelde while her father was serving in the army. When Ferdinand Block returned from the Austrian War, his daughter Ulricka (my mother) was already one year old. Grandpa Block was a cuirassier in the German army and won many medals for bravery on the battlefield. I remember when he died at Wausau, I was only a boy. I looked at him as he lay in his coffin and saw the row of medals on his breast and with which he was buried. When we were boys in Wausau, we liked to have Grandpa Block come over to our house after his day's work at the sawmill was finished. He usually carried a heavy sack of sawdust from the mill which my father used for bedding the family horse. We would ask Grandpa Block to carry in stove-wood for us because he could carry enough stove-wood in one armful to fill the family wood-box. He liked his beer and always stopped at one or more saloons on his way home. His brother in Germany was a Hauptman in the army and a famous painter in Berlin. Ferdinand and Louisa (Schultz) Block of Breitenfelde had three children, all of whom are still living (in Wausau 1934).

These children in order of birth were:

1. William
2. August
3. Ulricka (who became my mother and your Grandmother)

Uncle William Block lived on 8th Ave. in Wausau, just a block from his parents, when I was a boy. We often visited at Uncle William's, especially when his first wife was still living. She was my favorite Aunt, Tante Tine, and she was very fond of me. After he death Uncle William married again but his second wife was different and we never went back there. Uncle William and his wife had several children, my cousins, of whom I remember Ann, William & Reinhold. William married a Lemke girl from another Lemke family in Wausau. Reinhold died shortly after the World War as the result of an illness contracted in the service.



Ulricka Block

Uncle August Block lived on Third Ave., Wausau, had an estimable wife, My Aunt Mary, and a number of children, five or six, of whom I only remember the eldest and the only boy, Herman, about my own age. He afterwards graduated from Lawrence College and was in business in Minneapolis. I liked my Uncle August and Aunt Mary real Well. He worked in the flour mill for 25 years or more and lost several fingers in the mill machinery.

My grandfather and grandmother Block and both my uncles Block lived on the West Side of the Wisconsin River, a section of town that was looked down upon by people living on the more effete East Side. it was a walk of a mile and a half, across two bridges and up the long West Side hill, to get to my grandparents' house but we went there often.

From the foregoing notes about my father's and mother's near relatives, you can see that I didn't know much about them, Although I had at least eight cousins on my mother's side and probably as many as 35 cousins on my father's side, I recall the names of only five or six. We never really got acquainted with them, although a number of them went to grade and high school with me. My mother had social ambitions, was better educated than her brothers and brothers-in-law, and my father was more prosperous in business than any of his relatives. We lived in a better section of town and simply did not have the opportunity, or the inclination, to mix with our many relatives.

Ulricka (my mother) was the youngest child of Ferdinand and Louisa Block. As the only girl she was a great favorite of her brothers. My mother came to America in 1882 with her father and mother. She had an aunt by the name of Grosskreutz (whom I knew as a boy) living in a little village in the then virgin forest of western Marathon County, Wisconsin. Mrs. Grosskreutz wrote such glowing accounts of America to her relatives in Germany that she induced my mother's parents to emigrate. My mother was then 18 years old.

Arriving in Wausau, the Block family rode the 20 or 30 miles to Town Wien in a wagon. My mother found life there unbearable and three days later she walked from Town Wien through the woods to Rib Falls and on to Wausau. At that time wild animals were plentiful in the Wisconsin woods. I can remember as a boy driving to Town Wien with my parents and seeing lots of deer, foxes, and an occasional bear or wolf.



Carl and Ulricka Lemke

When she arrived in Wausau after her long hike, my mother immediately got a job as cook at the Winkley House, at that time Wausau's leading hotel. Her wages were \$1.25 per week and she began work each morning at 4 a.m. She was and is an excellent cook. While working at the Winkley house, she lived with her parents on West Side hill. Her father and her two brothers, William and August, worked in the lumber mill for 50 cents a day. Each noon Grandma Block would pack their dinners in tin pails and carry them to the mill. She did that for over 20 years.

From my early recollections and from the old photographs of my mother. I recall that she was a beautiful woman in her youth. She was an excellent seamstress and always dressed fashionably. She had a wide reputation as an excellent housekeeper and cook. I have already related how she met my father and became Mrs. Carl Lemke. They were married by a Rev. Erck and for years her bridal veil hung in a heavy gilt frame in our home.

Carl and Ulricka (Block) Lemke had the following children:

1. Alfred E., born July 24, 1889
2. Walter John, born Jan. 16, 1891
3. Meta Erna, born June 13, 1893
4. Carl, born Apr. 27, 1894
5. Erna Meta, born Jan. 5, 1896

Alfred, my older brother, died in 1904 when we were both freshmen in high school. He was not very strong physically and died of appendicitis, in the days when appendicitis operations were not as common and as successful as they are today. We were all in the room when Alfred died and his death made a deep impression on me. I recall that my mother took it terribly hard. The high school students attended the funeral and Alfred was buried in Pine Grove cemetery at Wausau and a granite monument put over his grave. That is 30 years ago but my mother still cares for Alfred's Grave as faithfully as she did immediately after his death.

Meta graduated from Baldwin-Wallace College, Berea, Ohio, and taught school one year in the Methodist Orphanage at Warrenton, Mo., the same year that I became athletic coach there. Meta then returned to Wausau and married Oscar Eggelbrecht, who was born and raised across the alley from our old home. Oscar and Meta have a daughter Jean, familiarly called "Mutzie". You know them well, for during this past summer (1934) you spent a week or two at their cottage on Crescent Lake, Wisconsin. Jean, of course, is your cousin.

Carl Lemke Jr., married Arlie Dannenberg right after Carl returned to Wausau after having served two years in France with the A.E.F. Your mother and I were present at the wedding. Carl and Arlie have a daughter who is one year younger than your. You know Doris well. Carl is now in the photographic business with his father at Wausau.

Erna spent two years at Baldwin-Wallace College and took her degree from Lawrence College at Appleton, Wis. She married Edward B. Baur with whom she became acquainted at college in Berea, Ohio. They live in Toledo and have no children. Your Aunt Erna and Uncle Ed were with us at Crescent Lake and Wausau this past summer (1934).

Now that you have the background of your mother's and father's family, I'll proceed to tell your what I remember of my own boyhood and later on bring this account up to date.



W.J. and Alfred with their mother Ulricka

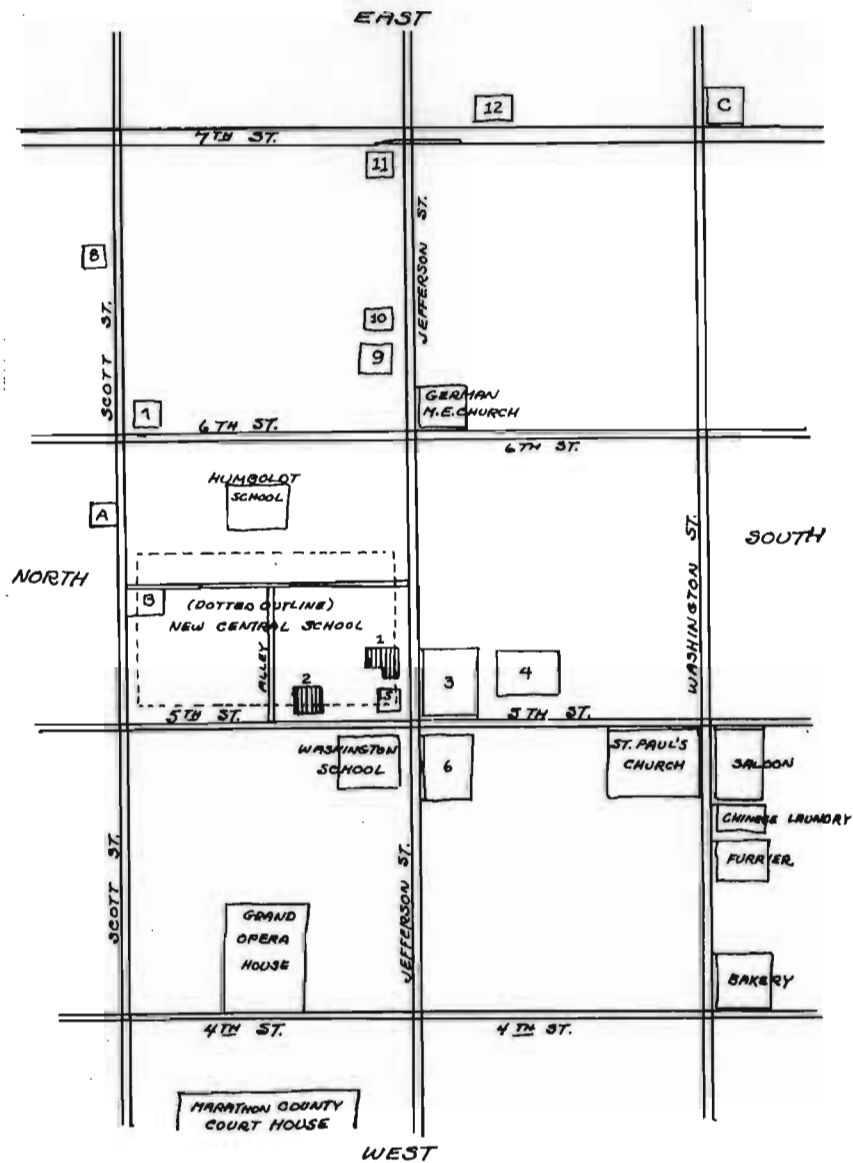
My earliest recollections date back to the age of 4. I was four years old when I entered the first grade of the old Humboldt School which stood where Wausau's handsome Central School now stands. In other words, Bud and Carol had their first schooling (kindergarten) in the Central School which was built on the site of the Humboldt School where I first went to school 30 years earlier.

I remember distinctly the September morning in 1895 when I was dressed up and sent to school. The school was only a half block from where we lived at 508 Jefferson, the old brick studio. I was only four years old and became frightened when I saw all the children on the playground. I cried and ran home. My mother then went with me and I managed to survive that first day. There was no kindergarten or primary grade in those days. Nor was there such a thing as junior high school.

I do not remember the name of my teachers in the first and second grades. In the third grade, however, Miss Karen Apdahl was my teacher and we were overjoyed when she continued as our teacher in the fourth grade. She was the oldest of three sisters who lived with their mother across the street from my father's property at the corner of Fifth and Jefferson Sts. Since this neighborhood is so important in my story, I have drawn a sketch of it on the next page. The Apdahls had formerly conducted a rooming and boarding house and I can remember the large sign across the front- "Scandinavian House". I think they were Norwegian. Karen Apdahl was my public school teacher two years. Leonharda Apdahl gave me my first piano lessons. Anna Apdahl had a marvelous voice and she could be heard singing all day long. None of the sisters ever married. They always made a molasses candy at Christmas time and brought us children each a cornucopia full. They had a brother Euiar who was in the army over 30 years but came back to Wausau to live after the death of his mother and sister Karen. He was a favorite of my father's.



The Apdahl Ladies



1. Lemke Studio (my father's second studio and my birthplace), 508 Jefferson St.
2. Our home after we became too large a family to live upstairs over the studio.
3. New Lemke Studio, built 1923, where I worked from 1924 to 1927.
4. New Lemke home after Central School was built on site of our earlier home. 1923.
5. House belonging to my father where the Johnsons lived and later Meta and Oscar lived.
6. Apdahl's home (Scandinavian House)
7. My Uncle August Lemke's Apostolic Church.

8. Home of Uncle and Aunt Gerndt
9. Home of Uncle August Lemke and my father's first home when he came from Germany.
10. My Father's first Studio.
11. Home of Uncle Herman Lemke
12. House that your Uncle Oscar built and wehre you lived 1923 to 1927, or part of that time.
- A. Bopf's first store.
- B. Bopf's second store.
- C. Bopf's third store.
(Bopf's is where our family bought their groceries.)

Now to get back to my childhood. From the first to the sixth grade inclusive I was in the Humboldt School. The Humboldt had a bell which called us to school and as our home was in the same block we had no trouble hearing the bell. The only grade school teacher that I had that I remember in addition to miss Apdahl was Miss Carr in the sixth grade. I recall coming to school one morning when I was in her room and finding all the children at the windows talking in subdued tones. I learned that the butcher (Sell) (meat market proprietor) across the street from the school, and from whom my mother bought all her meat, had hanged himself during the night. It was the closest we children had ever been to suicide.

When I reached the seventh grade, I was transferred to the Washington School which was directly across the street from our home at 405 Fifth St. My seventh grade teacher was the first man teacher I had - a Mr. Farrell. Incidentally, my brothers and sisters all went to the Humboldt and Washington schools and had the same teachers, with one or two exceptions, that I had.



Wausau High School in 1907

When I finished the seventh grade in 1903, it was necessary to go to the high school which was located a mile from our house and necessitated a brisk walk at noon to get home for dinner. I liked high school very much. I took the commercial course under Miss Wheeler and was one of the best shorthand and typewriting students. Some of the other high school teachers that I had were Miss Dickey in algebra, Principal C.C. Parlin in history, Mr. Briggs in geometry, Miss Lathrop and Miss Carpenter in English, Miss Daisy Rogers in elocution, Mr. Hauser in Gym, Miss Zellhoefer in German. I didn't study much in high school because everything came too easy for me and I got excellent grades without studying.

When I was a junior, I got my first newspaper job - high school reporter for the *Wausau Daily Herald* at \$7.00 per week. This job made it possible for me to be excused in the afternoons as my copy had to be in by 2:30 p.m. Dick Powers owned the Daily Herald. He afterwards sold out and the Herald was merged with the *Wausau Daily Record* to form the *Wausau Daily Record-Herald*, which is still Wausau's only daily newspaper.

On the Daily Herald were a number of fine newspaper men. The city editor was Grover Sexton, a go-getter who encouraged me and taught me plenty about the newspaper business. The two best reporters were my cousin, Herman Gerndt, and Ed Fitzgerald, who afterwards published the *Wausau Sun* on the West Side. The Herald was published in the basement of the Weinkauf building, corner of Third and Jackson Sts. Many a happy hour I spent there and many a thrill when I accompanied Fitzgerald or Gerndt on stories or saw my stuff in print.



High School Student Walter J. Lemke

When I was high school reporter for the Daily Herald, Sol Heineman (now owner of one of Wausau's largest department stores) was high school reporter for the *Wausau Weekly Pilot*, and Mark Scholfield, now a big life insurance man, was high school reporter for the *Wausau Daily Record*. I recall that there was a keen rivalry between us.

I covered all high school football and basketball games for my paper. About 1906 I conceived the idea of naming an all-star Wisconsin Valley football team at the close of the season. This had never been done there before. I patterned it after Walter Camp of Yale who was picking the All-America teams for Collier's Weekly at that time. My seat in the high school assembly hall was directly across the aisle from that of Sol Heineman, one of my rival reporters. During my absence in class, Sol found my all-star football team in my desk and took it for his own paper, The Pilot. However, since the Pilot was a weekly, I was able to write up the team from memory and get it in the Herald before the pilot came out. This all-star team that I selected for the Herald was the first such team ever named in that part of the state and was widely reprinted by newspapers in various towns in the Wisconsin Valley.

I took many trips with the high school teams to other towns but was too young and too small to play. I was the youngest of the 80 graduates of Wausau High School in 1907. I also took part in other school activities, such as dramatics, in fact everything except dancing. My mother was very strict about dancing, the theater and playing cards. Later, she changed, when these became an accepted part of the social life.

Some time in 1906 or 07 Mark Scholfield and I published the first high school paper in Wausau High School. It was called the Wausau High School Growler. I was editor and Mark was business manager. We sold it for 5 cents a copy and made some money until it was stopped by the school authorities because of some personal comments it contained. In this first paper that I edited I used the gossip style that many years later was popularized by Walter Winchell.

Among the dramatic performances that I took part in were "Alice in Wonderland" and "Midsummer Night's Dream". The latter was our commencement play and I took the part of Bottom the Weaver. I remember our graduation. We had a large class - over 80. The auditorium was beautifully decorated with our class flower, the daisy, and our motto was on the curtain on the stage "Per Aspera ad Astria." I wore a new blue serge suit and a gorgeous new tie of many colors.

Before going on with my school career, I'll tell you a little more about our home life when we were children.

My memories of our home when we lived upstairs over the old studio at 508 Jefferson are not so clear. However, I remember when your Aunt Erna was born, especially the midwife. It was not the custom in those days of having doctors at childbirth. The same midwife, Mrs. Voight, helped bring all five of my mother's children into the world. I remember that Erna was baptized upstairs at 508. We were not allowed in the room but I peeked through the keyhole. Later I had to wheel Erna around in the baby buggy. The sidewalks in those days were all wooden boards, high off the ground, and I remember I tipped the baby buggy over one time and spilled Erna into the gutter.

One of our favorite sports as youngsters was to fish in the sidewalk cracks and many a coin and other article we found. Also, many a sliver we got in our bare feet from those sidewalks. The boards would rot or break and had to be replaced and that was always the occasion for a big treasure hunt under the sidewalks. When walking on board sidewalks, we tried not to step on the cracks, as that was supposed to bring bad luck.



508 Jefferson Street, Wausau, Wisconsin

I remember much sickness in our old upstairs home at 508. Alfred had most diseases of childhood although I managed to escape most of them. However, I had much trouble with my teeth and later with my eyes. I was about seven or eight years old when I had my first tooth pulled by a dentist named Riebe. Twenty-five years later I met Dr. Riebe again in a meeting in the Wausau Masonic lodge. My mother took me to the dentist and as a result of that extraction I acquired a life-long fear of dentists. He used no anesthetic, gas or Novocain in those days and his forceps were the old-fashioned kind that required a good hard pull by the dentist. It was awful!



W.J. Lemke at the display outside the Lemke Studio.

albumen paper that my father sensitized himself. Later the dull finish papers became popular. They were printed in the same way but the pictures were toned in gold or platinum toning baths. When I was 10 or 12 I had learned most of the photographic operations and helped with the studio work.

Off the reception room of the old studio was my father's retouching and finishing room. Then came our family dining room and kitchen, but as my dad's business increased our family lived upstairs entirely and the downstairs rooms were all used for photo purposes. When I was still in grade school my dad bought the house at 405 Fifth St., across the backyard from the Studio, and then we lived there.

My father's studio downstairs at 508 Jefferson was a fine place in its day. There was a showcase filled with photos out front and above the sidewalk a board sign "Lemke Studio". Lettered on the glass of the door was "Lemke Art Studio". Which reminds me that in his younger days my father was something of a painter in oils. When one entered the studio, he stepped into the reception room. Sliding doors were between this room and the camera room, or, as it was first called, the operating room. To the left was a small dressing room and off the camera room was the dark-room. From the rear of the camera room a small stairway led up to the printing room. All pictures in those early days were printed on sun-light paper. The printing room had two windows ten feet long with racks on which the printing frames were placed. If the sun was shining, it took only a few minutes to print the picture on glossy Solio paper or on the

Fayetteville, Ark.
September 12, 1942

Nearly eight years have passed since I began this family history. Since I wrote the words on the preceding pages, many things have happened in our family. I'll list the changes before resuming my account of childhood days.

My father Carl Lemke Sr. (your grandfather) died February 8, 1941. He had been seriously ill only three days. I went up to Wausau for the funeral. Details of this trip I hope to give on a later page. So now (1942) you have only one grandparent living - your Grandmother Lemke.

Your Aunt Meta and Uncle Oscar adopted a boy a few years ago named Alan, with whom you got acquainted on your trips to Wisconsin. So Jean now has a brother.

Our family moved from N. College Ave. in Fayetteville to 231 E. Diskson, where your mother and I are now living. Rags, the Indiana dog that I mentioned

earlier, died. We have two dogs now - Boots, a fox terrier, and Skippy, a black Scottie that Carol acquired in Hot Springs.



Walter H. "Bud" Lemke



Carol Lemke

Carol and Bud both graduated from Fayetteville high school. Carol finished three years in the University of Arkansas and last June (1942) married Sam Sheffield. Sam received his A.B. degree and a second lieutenant's commission in June. His home was in Mount Ida, Ark. Carol and Sam are now living in Fort Wayne, Ind., where Sam is stationed at Baer Field.

Bud had a year in the University. He got interested in Music, took lessons on clarinet and saxophone from Owen Mitchell, toured Minnesota, N. Dakota and Montana, and later Texas and Alabama with dance bands. He has just completed (Sept. 12, 1942) his CPT (Civilian Pilot Training) at Will Rogers Airport in Claremore, Okla., and is in the Air Corps Reserve awaiting further orders.

Your Hamp uncles (Fred, Ed, Bob, Heiny, Carl and Albert) are still living. Your Lemke aunts (Meta Eggebrecht in Wausau, Wis., and Erna Baur in Toledo, Ohio) and your uncle Carl Lemke Jr. in Wausau are in same location as I stated in 1934.



The Lemke Smokehouse

Now to resume my reminiscences of Wausau days. My mother was a grand housekeeper and a marvelous cook. Later when I went to college and came home for a visit and still later when I visited the old home town, she would make my favorite dishes - potato pancakes, scrambled eggs with bits of bacon, fish cooked in cream and seasoned with whole peppers, bay leaves, etc., lettuce covered with sour cream, dumplings, and many others. When I was a youngster, I was fond of buckwheat cakes, apple butter, roast goose and such culinary masterpieces.

We had a smoke-house in our yard where sausages hung for three weeks over smoldering hickory chips. When smoked, the sausages were hung in an upstairs spare bedroom and eaten all winter.

In her garden my mother had an asparagus bed, a row of currant bushes, a crabapple tree, a bed of parsley and chives (the chives were cut up in cottage cheese), cabbages, carrots and many other vegetables. My favorite garden vegetable was kohlrabi, which mother would slice, and cook seasoned with butter.

Her garden also had many varieties of flowers, all neatly arranged in beds and borders. I remember especially the beautiful roses and the borders of Mignonette.

When the Lemke children were small, we had a cow. The cow had to be drive out of town each morning to pasture and brought home at night - a distance of perhaps two miles. We had a horse - at first a sleek gelding and later a white mare that we children loved.

When automobiles came in, my father bought one of the early buicks which Meta learned to drive.

In the fall of 1907 I went away to college. My mother went with me as far as Chicago. She sewed my money (about \$100) into my undershirt and put me on the train for Cleveland. I was then 16 years old and had never been that far away from home.

The college I attended was Baldwin-Wallace College at Berea, Ohio, a suburb of Cleveland. The college was 13 miles from the Cleveland Public Square and 2 miles from the Cleveland city limits.

I think the reason I was sent to B-W was because my mother knew some of the teachers and had contributed several hundred dollars to the college, for which she received a scholarship. It was a Methodist school and my mother was and is a staunch Methodist. My sister Meta later attended B-W and received her A.B. degree. My brother Carl and sister Erna attended B-W two years.

I was just an average student at college. Everything came easy to me, especially languages. I took Latin, French, German and Spanish and made high grades in all of them. I took part in most college activities, especially athletics, publications and music.

I studied piano under Karl Riemus Clemeider and the pipe organ under his brother Albert, both of whom are renowned musicians. Albert R. is still one of the nation's great pipe organists and each year directs the famous Bach Festival at Berea. Incidentally, I played the prelude and postlude on the pipe organ in the college chapel at my graduation in 1911.

There was an electric line from Berea to Cleveland with cars every half hour. This gave us a chance to attend symphony concerts, shows baseball games and the like. I remember seeing my first grand opera in Cleveland. It was at the old Hippodrome on Euclid Ave., and the opera was Faust. I saw many baseball games at League Park on 66th St., when Nap Lajoie was manager of the Cleveland Naps.

I got into trouble with the faculty at B-W frequently. Smoking in the dormitory and keeping girls out after dates were called were the chief offenses. One time nine of us boys were expelled for hazing freshmen. My mother wrote to the faculty and I was reinstated a week or two later.

I had a 5x7 camera at college and took literally thousands of campus pictures. I fixed up a darkroom in the dormitory. One year I made and sold over \$800 worth of pictures.



College Student W.J. Lemke

Fayetteville, Ark.
April 28, 1954

It hardly seems possible that nearly 20 years have passed since I began writing these recollections for Bud's and Carol's benefit. How the years have flown! My last installment is dated Sept. 12, 1942. Time has speeded up enormously since 1942. The atomic age arrived. I was 43 years old when I began these reminiscences. Now I am 63, within 2 years from retirement. Mother and I have three grandchildren.

Before I pick up where I stopped 12 years ago, I should review the family changes. First, the deaths:

My mother (Bud & Carol's grandmother) died in Wausau, Wis., March 30 1943, at the age of 77. Her brother, William Block, also died in Wausau at an advanced age. He was the last of the Block and Lemke immigrants who came to America in the 1880's. So far as we know, neither Marie nor I have any uncles or aunts living. And we have no contact with any of our cousins, although there are a number of my cousins living in Wausau, Minneapolis, and elsewhere.



Ulricka (Block) Lemke

Marie's brother Ed, whom I mentioned earlier as your favorite uncle, died at Indianapolis in ????. Your mother was there when he died. He is buried in Crown Point Cemetery, Indianapolis, beside his father, F.A. Hamp; his mother, Mary Kranick Hamp; and his sister Emma. Ed was never married. He was well-off financially; left his sister Marie and his six brothers a substantial inheritance. Also, he left \$500 to each of his many nephews and nieces, including Bud and Carol.

My sister Erna lost her husband, Ed Baur, on Oct. 11, 1953. Ed, who was the husky athletic type, had gone to a Michigan lake on a fishing trip and died suddenly. I'll never forget the shock of Meta's phone call. She said "Ed Baur died, and Oscar and I are just leaving for Toledo." It didn't make sense. I had seen him last just 2 or 3 years before when we were all up in Wausau for a reunion at Meta's home and at the Eggebrechts' summer cottage on Crescent Lake.

The biggest changes in our own family were the addition of a daughter-in-law, Claudia, and the arrival of three grandchildren - Sharon Sheffield, and Carl Lemke ("Duffer") and W.J. Lemke II ("Skipper").



Sam, Carol and Sharon Sheffield

At the conclusion of my 1942 installment of these memoirs, Sam and Carol were living in Fort Wayne, Indiana, where Sam was stationed at Baer Field. On January 8, 1943, Sam called me from Fort Wayne to announce the arrival of Sharon Jane. The phone call announcing my first grandchild was a surprise. I knew it was going to happen, of course, but it still shocked me, because becoming a grandfather is a definite and important step forward in the race called Life.

Marie fell into the role of grandmother naturally enough. She went up to Fort Wayne and helped care for the new baby. Sam, who was a Major in the Air Corps, soon received his orders for overseas service. That meant that Carol and the baby would be with us until Sam returned. I'll never forget the evening that the Sheffield's arrived in Fayetteville, nor the thrill when Carol placed the baby in my arms - my first and only grandchild. I think I first suggested the name Sharon because it made an alliterative name, Sharon Sheffield. but I immediately called her Sherry, which in French would be Cherie, meaning "Dear One." She has always been that to me.

So, Sam went over to Europe and for three years Carol and Sherry were part of our family in Fayetteville. No one will ever know how much comfort that little girl was to me during the war years, and Carol, too.



Marie Lemke and Grandchild



W.J. Lemke and "Sherry"



Bud Lemke on Guam

So the war took Sam overseas and in a short time, Bud too was in the army. In my last installment I left him learning to fly in the CAP. After a round of a dozen air fields in the US, Bud went overseas to Guam and was on that island when the war ended.

After his return to the states, Bud was married to Lt. Claudia Liljegren USN in the chapel of the naval base at Corpus Christi, Texas. After their marriage, Bud and Claudia came to Fayetteville and Bud com-

pleted his work at the University. He received the first BS degree in Journalism ever granted by the University of Arkansas. I was mighty proud of Bud when he received his diploma at the '50 commencement and when I saw his name on the University's famous Senior Walk. It appears on the Senior Walk as "Bud Lemke though his name actually is Walter Hamp Lemke. I might digress here a minute to tell how he happened to have that name.



Bud Lemke and Claudia (Liljegren) Lemke in Corpus Christi

Fayetteville, Arkansas
July 1957

That was a 3-year interruption - not as long as some of the earlier ones. Picking up where I left off -

When Marie and I found ourselves the parents of twins, we received many suggestions for names. We chose Carl and Carol. However, Arlie (my brother Carl's wife) was pregnant and we decided that the name Carl belonged to Arlie and Carl. If a boy, he would be Carl Lemke 3rd. However, their baby turned out to be a girl - your cousin Doris. So instead of Carl, we named "Bud" Walter Hamp Lemke. If in later years he did not like the name Walter, we thought he might call himself W. Hamp Lemke, or simply Hamp Lemke. However, everybody called him Bud and that is the name he still uses, especially in his newspaper bylines.

He did name his sons Carl and W.J., so those two Lemke names are still alive.

Now to resume the reminiscences from before.

After he got his degree from the university of Arkansas, Bud went to work as a reporter on the Arkansas Democrat, Little Rock, Where he still is (1957). Bud and Claudia have recently bought a home at 7115 Baseline Road, where Duff and Skip have lots of room to grow up in.



Carl Walter Lemke "Duffer" and Walter John Lemke II "Skipper" with their Grandpa Lemke.

When Sam Sheffield, Carol's husband, returned from Europe at the end of World War II, he became Alumni Secretary of the University of Arkansas. He was not too happy in this position, so he returned to the Air Force. Consequently, the Sheffield's have lived in many places - most recently in Eugene, Oregon (4 years) and Los Angeles, California (1 year). They spent one year on Adak in the Aleutians and two years at Anchorage, Alaska.

Right now (July 1957) they are with us in Fayetteville, on their way from California to their new Station of Wright-Patterson Field, Dayton, Ohio. Sherri is 14 and last month graduated from Junior High School in Hermosa Beach, California. She was an honor graduate and was one of the winners of the school's "Achievement Award."

Before resuming my reminiscences of the "good old days", I'll bring you up-to-date on your uncles and aunts and cousins.

Your uncle Albert Hamp visited us in Fayetteville this spring. He had had a stroke and lost the vision of one eye. He came by plane and went back to Lansing, Michigan the same way.

Your uncle Bob Hamp and wife Dorothy have just flown to Europe and are spending a month there, (July 1957). Their home is in Kokomo, Indiana, and they have 5 children and 18 grandchildren!



The Sheffields and Lemkes about 1957

Your uncle Heiny spends his winters in Florida and his summers in Michigan. Your uncle Carl Hamp and wife Thelma live in Lansing, Michigan. Your uncle Fred and wife Bertha live in Indianapolis, Indiana.

On your father's (my) side, your aunt Meta and husband Oscar Eggebrecht live in Wausau, Wisconsin. Meta and Oscar returned recently from a trip to Germany. Your aunt Erna (Mrs. Ed Baur of Toledo) went with them. They visited your cousin, Jean Eggebrecht and Jean's husband (Lloyd Cotts) in Germany, where Lloyd had been stationed as an M.D. in the Army. Jean and Lloyd have just returned from overseas and now live in Wisconsin.

Your Aunt Erna (Mrs. Ed Baur) lives in Toledo, Ohio. She recently broke her wrist in a fall from a step-ladder and is making a slow recovery.

Your uncle Carl Lemke and wife Arlie live in Wausau, Wisconsin., where their daughter Doris (your cousin) also lives. Doris and her husband (Lyle Drew) have just become the parents of their third child.

Your mother and father (Marie and Walt) are living at 231 E. Dickson St., Fayetteville, Arkansas, and are presently entertaining Sam and Carol and Sherri. Marie (your mother) is an enthusiastic gardener and I (your father) am temporarily acting Chairman of the Journalism Department of the University of Arkansas, trying to find a successor to Professor. J.A. Thalheimer who has just resigned.

That brings us up-to-date, so I'll resume the memories.

Let's turn the clock back 45 years. It was in the fall of 1912 that I went to Enterprise, Kansas to teach in the Enterprise Normal Academy. Enterprise was a small town in Dickinson County, 6 miles from Abilene. The Academy was a Methodist school. There were some fine young people here and I got to know them well. I roomed with a 6-footer named Buchler who was older than I was. We lived in a 2-story frame house, in which some eight other students lived. We took our meals in the dining room of the girls dormitory across the street.

Besides teaching (chiefly Latin and German) I coached both the boys' and the girls' basketball teams. When we traveled to other towns to play, we usually went in 2-horse carriages. There were no paved roads in 1912 and few automobiles. For longer trips we took the train - either the Union Pacific which we caught at Detroit, Kansas, or the Rock Island, which was Enterprises only railroad.

Since we had no bath room in our house, I would ride the train each Saturday to Herrington, Kansas and take a bath at a Herrington barber shop. The charge was 25 cents.

Our frequent basketball trips were a lot of fun. I recall one game we played in the loft of a huge barn at Pearl, Kansas. There were no lights in the barn, so the fans removed the Delco lights from the running board of their cars. These were fastened to the cross-beams of the barn.

In most Kansas small towns in those old days there were dances every Saturday night, often combined with a basketball game. I remember one game at Bushton, Kansas. It was played in the only hall in town and the floor had been waxed for the dance that was to follow the basketball game. The floor was so slippery that my boys fell all over themselves during the first half of the game. I left the hall and went to the town's only drug store and bought some powdered resin. This I poured on the floor in one corner and my boys would come over to the corner and grind the resin into their shoes. We managed to win the game in the second half.



Coach Lemke



Coach Lemke and his 1912 ENA Basketball Team

Several of the boys who lived at Woodbine, Kans. asked me to spend a week-end at their homes, which I did. Everybody in Woodbine went to church on Sunday morning. The preacher announced that Prof. Lemke of Enterprise would speak to the young people at the evening service. Which is how I happened to preach the evening sermon. I used the story of David and Goliath and divided my talk into three parts, because I had heard that all preachers did that.

I'll relate one other Enterprise incident and then move on. On Easter Sunday 1913, I was aroused from an afternoon nap by whistles, bells and much noise. When I got outside, I learned that a "twister" was approaching. I rushed back into the house for my camera. The Academy students had all taken refuge in the basement of the main building and in a combination cyclone-fruit cellar behind the girls' dormitory. I headed for the latter. When I got here, I found it packed full of people. They were singing "Nearer my God to Thee." Several of us who couldn't get into the cellar gathered outside and watched an awe-inspiring sight. Two parallel funnels swept up the valley of the Smoky Hill River, just a quarter-mile from where we stood - on a hilltop. I didn't have sense enough to be scared.



The Enterprise, Kansas Tornado

I spent only one year at Enterprise, Kansas, then moved on to Central Wesleyan College at Warrenton, Missouri. Here I taught several classes and coached all sports, both boys and girls. C.W.C., as it was known, had five or six fine buildings. One was the Gym where we played our basketball games. It was one of the best gyms in Missouri in 1914, until the School of Mines at Rolla built a better one - which my C.W.C team helped dedicate, by beating the miners.

I coached the Central Wesleyan basketball team five years, having a winning season each year and winning the Missouri college championship in 1918. On the day after we won the last game that gave us the title, my entire team went to St. Louis and enlisted in a body in the US Navy for World War I.

I should mention that, in order to keep up with basketball developments, I attended summer coaching schools at the University of Wisconsin and Indiana University.

Warrenton was a live college town, about 50 miles from St. Louis. There were no pavements and few automobiles, but excellent service on the Wabash Railroad from Warrenton to St. Louis.

I was president of the Epworth League in the very fine college church at Warrenton. I did all the photography for the college yearbook. I took part in town activities and joined the Masonic Lodge at Warrenton. I had worked up to Senior Deacon before I left

Warrenton and had the pleasure of helping initiate the president of the college, Dr. H.O. Kriege. later I became a Royal Arch Mason in the Berea, Ohio, Chapter, and still Later a Royal and Select Master in the Council at Wausau, Wis. I did not keep on with the work in masonry after coming to Arkansas - something I have always regretted.



During my second year at Central Wesleyan College, your mother and I got married. She came down to Warrenton, saw her future home, and went to Alton, Ill., and bought the furniture for our first home. We bought from the C.J. Jacoby Furniture Co. in Alton, because Mr. Jacoby was a trustee of C.W.C. and his son, C.J. Jr., was a star player on my basketball team.

*Walter J. and Marie
on their wedding day*

As you know, we were married in Indianapolis, Ind., by the Rev. Hiller, on Thanksgiving Day, 1915. A day or two after the ceremony, we came to Warrenton and set up house-keeping in a little house across from the college campus. Our house was heated with big coal stoves. We had no water in the house, but a pump on the back porch. And a privy in the back yard.



W.J. and Marie's first home in Warrenton

The evening of our return from our wedding in Indianapolis, the entire C.W.C. student body gave us a charivari. Your mother made a big hit with the several hundred boys and girls when she served them cookies and doughnuts and cider.

We had two happy years before the US entered World War I. I registered for the draft but was turned down on account of my poor eye-sight. However, on the second go-round, In October 1918, I was accepted for limited service and ordered to report on Nov. 11. Also, I was placed in charge of Warren County's draft contingent - some 80 men. However, the Armistice was signed on the day we were to leave. We were told to report downtown for the Armistice Day parade, but I did not go.



Marie Lemke in the Kitchen

In 1919 your mother and I left Warrenton, where we had spent some happy years, and returned to Indianapolis. I got a job with an insurance research service and later teamed up with a chap named Henneberger in publishing a monthly magazine called *The Collegiate World*. Our offices were in the Union Life Building. With each subscription to our magazine, we gave a book of reprints from college humor magazines. This book was called *College Humor*. I was editor of both *The Collegiate World* and *College Humor*. I drew my salary regularly for about a year, but I knew we were not making any money. There was a paper shortage in 1919-20 and on one occasion we had to borrow paper for our magazine from Ex-Governor Hanley of Indiana who was publishing a prohibition magazine.

So I resigned from the Collegiate World Publishing Co. My partner, Henneberger, then sold *The Collegiate World* and *College Humor* to the Rand-McNally Co. of Chicago, who, within a few years, built College Humor into one of the nations leading magazines.

I forgot to mention, while telling of Enterprise and Warrenton, that I worked on the newspapers in both those towns. The weekly in Enterprise, Kansas, was called *The Enterprise Push*. On occasion, I wrote most of the content - when the publisher was sleeping off a drunken jag at the town's livery stable.

Warrenton had an excellent weekly paper called *The Warrenton Banner*. The publisher was E.H. Winter who became Lt. Governor of Missouri and ran for Governor, but was defeated. He was a good newspaper man. His chief boast was that he knew every one of his 2,000 subscribers personally. His printing foreman and later editor was Henry Butleman, a close friend of mine. I probably spent as much time in the office of *The Warrenton Banner* as I did in the college building. I also edited *The C.W.C Star* one year. This was a combination alumni-student magazine.



Marie (Hamp) Lemke

In 1920 some of the alumni and faculty of my old college, Baldwin-Wallace at Berea, Ohio, asked me to return to B-W and help revive sports. So I became director of athletics at B-W and remained there three years. My salary was \$2,500 per year.

Mother and I moved to Berea in September 1920 and lived in a little house on the campus. A year later, on December 10, 1921 the Lemke twins were born and created quite a sensation in Berea. You, Carol and Bud, were the first twins born in Berea's new Community Hospital (a re-modeled residence at the corner of Front St. and Bagley Road). Also, you were the first twins delivered by Dr. Willard P. Bowser, who had been a classmate of your mother and father in college. You were born early on the morning of Dec. 10. That night the college basketball team, which I was coaching played its first game of the season. Between halves of the game, I walked out in the middle of the gym - you can guess how proud I was - and invited everybody to the college hang-out, (I think it was called the Sugar Bowl), after the game for refreshments. The next day I paid for over a hundred sundaes and sodas, two boxes of cigars and many sandwiches, etc.



The Lemke twins, Walther H. (Bud) and Carol



Marie and the Twins

I took my camera to the hospital and photographed you when you were 24 hours old. Your mother had some complications from the birth and had to remain at the hospital three weeks. When it came time to bring you home, the vice-president of the college, Dr. Grover, drove you home in his car.

You were small - Bud 6½ and Carol 4½ - so you slept at opposite ends of a crib. Carol was sickly - food didn't agree with her. But both of you gained weight and when spring came we were wheeling you around the campus and town in a twin baby carriage given us by Mr. and Mrs. Gaelte, who also had twins. Later, we passed the buggy on to another couple who had twins and couldn't afford a buggy. When you were about 2 years old, we bought a double stroller and when you outgrew that, we passed it on to someone else.

The Lemke twins attracted much attention and of course I took hundreds of photos of you. You have seen them. Your mother, of course, did the heavy work. The sight of some 80 diapers on a clothes-line behind the college building aroused much comment.



The new Lemke Studio under construction.

In June 1923 I resigned my position at the college and we went to Indianapolis and spent a few months at your Grandmother Hamp's home. Then we moved to my old home town of Wausau, Wisconsin. My father had built a new photo studio - one of the most modern in the state - and he wanted my brother Carl and me to help him run it.

We lived on Seventh St., in a duplex that Meta and Oscar had built. Both of you had various childhood diseases here. Your mother was never happy in Wausau. And there wasn't enough money in the studio to support three families. However, we remained there four years. I then decided if I was ever going to amount to anything, I would have to make a change. My father and brother were both expert photographers, loved the business, and didn't need me.



Carl Lemke Jr.

So, in the summer of 1927 I took my family to Indianapolis, left you with your Grandmother Hamp, while I returned to Chicago to enter Northwestern University in search of a master's degree in Journalism.

This was a tough year, probably the toughest in my whole life. I was in Chicago - I lived in Evanston - and you were in Indianapolis. I got down to see you three times during those nine months. It was tough financially, but I managed to get a job on the Metropolitan Section of the *Chicago Tribune*, sold book reviews and features, and clicked with a series on "America's Olympic Prospects", for which the Newspaper Enterprise Assn. of Cleveland, Ohio paid me \$500.



Bud and Carol with their Grandpa Lemke

I made excellent grades at Northwestern, both on the Evanston Campus and at the downtown Campus on Chicago Avenue and got my MS in Journalism degree in June 1928.

Early in June, I applied for the position of Associate Professor of Journalism and Director of the News Bureau at the University of Arkansas. The President, Dr. J.C. Futrall, wrote me that he would be in Chicago on a certain day to interview several candidates for teaching positions. I wired his secretary, Miss Etha Johnson, and asked her when Dr. Futrall would arrive in Chicago and where he would stay. She told me the arrival time of the train and that he would be at the Sherman Hotel. I was at the hotel an hour before he was due to arrive. I paid a bellhop a dollar to page "Dr. Futrall" every 15 minutes, which is

why he caught the Prexy when he entered the hotel. We sat in the lobby and talked for an hour. I liked him and he seemed favorably impressed with me. He said if I could get a recommendation from someone he knew, the job would be mine. So I wired Dr. A.B. Storms, president of Baldwin-Wallace College, whom Dr. Futrall had known when Storms was president of Iowa State College at Ames. The next morning, Dr. Futrall had a wire from Storms and I had the job at Arkansas - where I still am after 29 years. Dr. Futrall was killed in an auto wreck in 1939.

You were with your mother at Grandma Hamp's in Indianapolis. I called her on the phone and asked her if she would be willing to live in Arkansas. She said "I don't know where it is but I'll go with you."

I went down to Fayetteville in August 1928 and lived at the Washington Hotel while hunting a house. I finally rented a house at 521 College Avenue, next door to Harry Shulz, professor of voice at the University. It was a furnished house and I think we paid \$50 a month rent. My family came down from Indianapolis the first week of September.

We lived in this house two or three years, then moved across the street to 514 N. College, where our neighbors were the Giles. He was Professor of Geology at the University. We next moved (about 1936) to 231 E. Dickson, where we rented from a Mr. McMurray. When he decided to sell the house, we bought it, paying \$3,500. of which we were able to pay \$500 down. We did not get a clear title to our home until your Uncle Ed died and left a bequest of \$5000 to Marie, part of which we used to pay off what we owed on 231 E. Dickson.

We had a happy time while we lived on N. College. Your school (Washington) was just a block away. Col. Hartman and family lived on the street east of us. That was how you first met Audrey and Virginia.

We entertained University groups quite often - the journalism girls, the Press Club, and a group of my faculty friends. Your mother, then as now, liked to bake and cook and soon got a reputation as one of Fayetteville's finest cooks. Even today (1957) the alumni ask if mother still bakes "those Press Club beans."



The Lemke Home at 231 E. Dickson

I used to walk back and forth from College Avenue to the University campus - about a mile - coming home for lunch at noon. After 6 or 7 years of walking, I finally bought a car - a second-hand Chevrolet.

My office at the University was in Old Main, in the first room at the right of the front entrance. Also on the first floor of Old Main were the offices of President Futrall, Registrar F.L. Kerr, Business Manager T.C. Carlson, the Library (under Miss Julia Vault), and the Auditorium, where most public functions were held. My office was the university News Bureau.

In the Basement of Old Main were the Law School (under Dean J.S. Waterman), the Book Store (owned by my good friend, Charlie Stone), and the Armory, which also served as a hall for the student dances. The Armory is important in my story, because it became the Journalism Department in 1930.

When I came to the University in 1928, I taught only two classes - News Writing and News Editing. Most of my time was taken up by publicity duties. I wrote nearly all the publicity releases, including athletics but excepting agriculture.

In 1930 J.A. Thalheimer joined the faculty and he and I set up the Journalism Department. The first degrees in Journalism were awarded at the 1932 commencement. The Department grew rapidly until the outbreak of World War II. I was relieved of publicity duties in 1940 and we were well on our way to building a professional journalism school when the war came and took most of the men students. We had girl students and girl editors of the student publications. Because there were so few journalism students, I taught Gregg shorthand in the College of Business Administration. Thalheimer taught freshman English. When the army (chiefly Air Corps and Engineers) took over the campus in 1942, both Thalheimer and I - and most of the other professors - taught Army English classes.

The war gave me an opportunity to put my typewriter and mimeograph to use. I started a Newsletter to U of A students in the armed services. From a mailing list of 40, it soon jumped to 800. Carol was my faithful helper in running the mimeograph and mailing the letters. Many others helped, chiefly wives and sweethearts of the boys overseas. I never considered this war-time newsletter a great achievement, especially since the cost was borne by others, but the boys in the Service liked it. They were all home-sick.

So it was a surprise when the boys came home from the war in 1945 and presented me with a Plymouth car, a scrapbook of letters, and other gifts, and your mother with an orchid and jewelry. The presentation was made in Razorback Stadium between halves of the annual spring practice football game. Among those who participated in the presentation ceremony before 5,000 people, were Maurice "Footsie" Britt and Nathan Gordon, both winners of the Congressional Medal of Honor; Ben Laney, governor of Arkansas; Dr. A.M. Harding, president of the University; and others.



Working on the WWII Newsletter

Fayetteville
March 30, 1958

Eight months since I wrote last. Changes in the family since last summer are as follows:

Your uncle, Fred Hamp, died in Indianapolis on Dec. 26, 1957. Your mother went up there for the funeral. Carol, Sam and Sherry met mother in Indianapolis and after the funeral took her along to Dayton for a few days. That gave Marie an opportunity to see the new home that the Sheffields bought at New Germany - Trebein road, Fairborn, Ohio - a Dayton suburb.

Sam and Carol took good care of Marie and we are both grateful to them. She got to see her brothers Carl, Bob and Albert, who came to the funeral. Her brother Heinie was in Florida.

Fred's death was the only death of a relative during the past year. There was one addition to the clan - which came about thus:

During the summer of 1957 my sisters, Meta and Erna, and Meta's husband Oscar Eggebrecht, went to Germany to visit their daughter Jean and husband - Lloyd Cotts, who was an MD and an army captain stationed at Gmuünd, Germany. They had a wonderful trip and saw some members of the Kamrath family who had been so good to my father in his youth, who had come over from East Germany (Communist) to greet Meta and Erna "Lemke".

After their return to Wisconsin, Meta and Oscar planned a winter vacation in Florida. They went to Florida in January 1958 and spent two months. Then they came to Arkansas to visit us. They arrived in Fayetteville March 23 and we had a wonderful week with them.

Today (Sunday, March 30, 1958) Oscar, Meta, Marie and I attended the Palm Sunday service at our church (Central Methodist in Fayetteville). Right after church, the Eggebrechts left for their home in Wausau, Wisconsin.



Fred Hamp as a young man

While they were in Florida, they got word from their daughter Jean (your cousin) that Jean and Lloyd had adopted a baby girl named Jennifer. By the time Meta and Oscar got to Fayetteville, they had already received still photos, movies, and color slides of their new granddaughter. Jean and family live in Rice Lake, Wisconsin where Lloyd hung out his doctor's shingle after his return from army duty in Germany.

Just to refresh Carol's memory of today, the Sheffields were spending Palm Sunday with Erna in Toledo and we talked with all of you by phone this morning (March 30, 1958).

Bud's boys, Carl ("Duffer") and W.J. ("Skipper") have just gotten over the measles plus chicken pox. Marie and I drove down to Little Rock last fall to see their new home at 7115 Baseline Road. The last time we were down there, they were living out at Geyer Springs.

Carl, now 6 years old, is in his first year of school- at the Mabelvale School. W.J. will have to wait a year. Bud is still with the *Arkansas Democrat* and Claudia is working two days a week as nurse at the Veterans Hospital.

Fayetteville
August 17, 1966

That's eight years since my last installment and things have really changed.

El Paso, Texas
December 1, 1994

That's the last entry in W.J.'s letter to Bud and Carol. How's that for a cliff-hanger ending? I've often wondered what distracted my grandfather at that moment. It could have been any number of things. W.J. Lemke stayed involved in many activities following his retirement from the University of Arkansas in 1959, and had hoards of friends.

Walter J. Lemke died suddenly, on December 4, 1968, at his home in Fayetteville. The text from the obituary in the *Arkansas Democrat* follows this final update on the family.

Many things had happened between the 1958 entry in the letter and the entry begun in 1966. I'm sure that at the top of W.J.'s list would have been the birth of his forth and final grandchild, Stephen Sheffield born in 1959.

W.J.'s younger brother, Carl Lemke Jr., died in 1960.

Sharon Sheffield, W.J.'s first grandchild and the little girl who was such a comfort to W.J. during W.W.II, married James Zimmer in 1961. In a short while, Sharon and James produced W.J.'s and Marie's first great-grandchildren, Judith Lee Zimmer and James Zimmer.

Baldwin-Wallace College honored W.J. with an award of an honorary degree of doctor of letters in 1962.

Marie Lemke remained in the house at 231 E. Dickson for five years following the death of her husband. In 1973 she moved to Manhattan Beach, California to live with her daughter, Carol. Marie remained with Carol and Sam until her death in December 1978. Sam and Carol Sheffield now live in Tucson, Arizona.

My father, Walter H. (Bud) Lemke left his job at the Arkansas Democrat in the 70's and became Director of Public Relations for the Arkansas Republican Party and Editor of their paper the Arkansas Outlook. Bud Lemke died in December 1983. Claudia Lemke, Bud's wife and my mother lives in Little Rock, Arkansas.

Sharon (Sheffield) Zimmer lives in Arvada, Colorado today. Her children are grown and have families of their own. Judith Lee Zimmer married Michael Campbell in 1990. Jimmy Zimmer married LuAnn Leahy in 1992. Jimmy and LuAnn had a daughter (Kaitlyn Marie) in June of this year. Kaitlyn is W.J.'s great-great-grandchild.

Steve Sheffield married Deniel Nunes in 1983. They have two children, Wesley Elizabeth and Samuel.

My brother, Walter John (Skip) Lemke II, resides in Little Rock, Arkansas, is unmarried, and works on a golf course.

I (Carl W. "Duffer" Lemke) married Pamela Courtney in 1969. We have two children, Joseph Walter, age 8, and Jennifer Mae, age 6. I retired from the U.S. Army in 1989 and make my home in El Paso, Texas.

From the Arkansas Democrat, 4 December 1968

Walter John Lemke, 77, professor emeritus of journalism at the University of Arkansas and the beloved "Uncle Walt" to thousands of university students whether they studied journalism or not, died today at his home in Fayetteville.

He is survived by his widow, the former Miss Marie Hamp; one son, Walter H. "Bud" Lemke of the Arkansas Democrat staff; one daughter, Mrs. Sam Sheffield, who lives in California, four grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Lemke's influence extended far beyond the journalism classroom on the campus at Fayetteville. He left his creed of integrity, hard work, humor and vision not only with the students with whom he came in classroom contact but, through them and their careers in journalism, on countless readers of newspapers as those students joined staff of various news media across the nation.

Lemke was born Jan. 6, 1891, in Wausau, Wis., the son of Carl Lemke and Ulricka Block Lemke. He attended the University of Wisconsin and the University of Indiana. He received his A.B. degree in 1911 from Baldwin-Wallace College in Cleveland, Ohio, which 51 years later awarded him an honorary degree of Doctor of Letters.

Lemke earned his master of science degree in journalism from Northwestern University. After working on several midwest newspapers he came to the University of Arkansas in 1928 where his assignments were to head the UA news bureau, handling all university publicity including sports, and to establish a department of journalism.

He headed this department until his retirement in 1959, 31 years later.

One of his greatest joys was keeping up with the success of his former students who today are literally scattered around the world. Only last week Lemke had received letters from one who was in Saudi Arabia and from another who was in the Philippines.

During World War II his news letters to his former students became world-famous. He started the mimeographed letters as a medium for letting those in the armed services know what some of their former classmates were doing. Letters began to flow in to him, letters that had been written from air fields, ground battlefields, aboard ship and from submarines.

He and Mrs. Lemke mimeographed these letters and mailed them out. They were passed from hand to hand so that non-Arkansans began writing and asking to be added to the mailing list.

Lemke founded the Arkansas High School Press Association, editing its bulletin for 27 years, to encourage youth to enter journalism as a profession.

With the late Mrs. Roberta Fulbright of Fayetteville, mother of U.S. Sen. J. William Fulbright, Lemke founded the Arkansas Press Women, now an Affiliate of the Nation Federation of Press Women.

His interest in journalism was equaled by his interest in history. He helped revive the Arkansas Historical Society and was a past president of the organization. He founded the Washington County Historical Society and for

years published its quarterly bulletin, *The Flashback*. He did extensive research into the local history of counties and families in the northwestern area of the state and published numerous articles and brochures as a result of this research.

He was a founding member of the Arkansas Genealogical Society, a former member of the Prairie Grove Battlefield Commission and was an honorary member of the Creek Indian Nation.

Lemke was also a member of the American Association of Teachers in Journalism, Arkansas Press Association, Arkansas Education Association, Sigma Delta Chi and the Methodist Church.

A perpetual scholarship fund was established in his honor in 1962 by university alumni, his friends and associates. The Lemke Scholarships are awarded annually in memory of Lemke's service to the UA and the youth of the state.

The family has requested that in lieu of flowers, memorials be made to the W.J. Lemke Scholarship fund at the University of Arkansas, Fayetteville.

Dr. David Mullins, president of the University, said Wednesday:

"His life was one of dedication to his students, to his institution, to his profession for which he had such enthusiasm and high regard and to his adopted state which he came to love so much that he often said, 'I wouldn't live anywhere else.'"

"His death will be mourned by all in the University community as well as by his friends in Arkansas and throughout the world."

When Lemke retired from the UA in 1959, an entire edition of the UA newspaper, the *Arkansas Traveler*, was filled with tributes to him.

Among these was one from Maurice "Footsie" Britt, now lieutenant governor of Arkansas. Britt wrote, thanking Lemke for having achieved the presentation to Britt of the Congressional Medal of Honor in Razorback Stadium where Britt had played football.

Britt wrote that Lemke "accomplished almost the impossible" because up to that time no recipient had ever received the medal at a presentation in his home state.

Another was from Joe Thalheimer, a journalism professor with Lemke for many years. Thalheimer wrote:

"Uncle Walt has sometimes been called the Mr. Chips of the Journalism Department. That isn't too good a characterization of him."

"Mr. Chips' sympathy and understanding he does have, but there's also salt and iron and vinegar. There's a puckish humor and just a touch of irascibility which all add up to a beloved and unique entity-Uncle Walt Lemke."

Funeral will be by Nelson Funeral Home.