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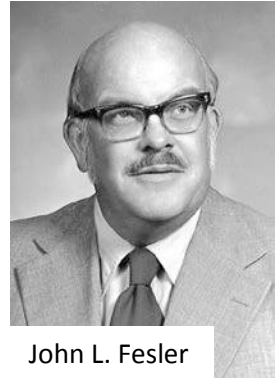
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The Life & Times Of John Lampert Fesler Family

Time
spent with
family
is worth every
Second

The Life & Times of John Lampert Fesler

My father, John King Fesler, was a terrific attorney who was a graduate of the University of Minnesota. He was the son of a judge, my granddad (Bert Fesler) who ended up being a judge even though he never attended law school. In those days, those things were possible. It is hard to believe he was a District Court judge, having never gone to law school.



John L. Fesler

My granddad was lucky because he went to the University of Indiana along with his brother my great uncle who was in law school. But my granddad was in ichthyology. And the reason he was in ichthyology was because Leland Stanford was a brilliant teacher and very charismatic. He sucked the students in like there was no tomorrow and his specialty was the study of fish. And every summer he would travel all over the United States, he'd start in Washington DC and end up in the south, way out to the west coast or up in Duluth. And that went on for 3 to 5 years while he was completing his schooling.



John K. Fesler

And when granddad was working one of the last jobs that they gave him he was assigned a boat with two people. He was



Bert Fesler

working for the census bureau for fish and fish life on the North shore of Lake Superior. The job entailed the hiring of a 16-foot rowboat in Duluth along with 2 helpers. Rowing such a boat was a big job, it was before they had motors. They begin in Duluth and row up the coast and they would stop at every place there was a fisherman and ask what they were catching, what size... And the notes that I have indicate they stopped by every fisherman from Duluth up to Isle Royal. Almost all of them were Norwegians, or Icelanders. Granddad didn't speak the language....not that I know of but he might have known a little. One day they set out to go up the shore line from Grand Marais. They rowed for 4 hours until noon and they were still in front of

Grand Marais. Granddad said they gave up rowing in the afternoon and just stayed in Grand Marais.

It was amazing that granddad having studied fish and fishing and not ever studying anything to be a lawyer got to be a judge. You don't normally get to become a judge without studying the law. But in the old days, I guess they did. Now, when he visited his brother, he would talk about and study the law a little. But he never had a formal education in the law.

It was amazing also that Granddad having never really studied the law and becoming a judge and none of his decisions were ever overturned, or rarely overturned. He really

was a self-taught lawyer and judge. And he also did a good job as a prosecutor, as a District Attorney, which is probably why he ended up becoming a judge.



Duluth Lift Bridge

Somewhere along the line sometime after he got to be a judge, one of the best things that he ever did was one night when one of the oar ships came in, they had 3 black guys that were accused of raping a woman. And they had them stashed in the jail until they could figure out who did the dirty deed and a mob formed and they raced down to the courthouse to lynch them and I think there were 3 judges; my granddad and two other guys went down there to try to stop it.

But they couldn't. The mob took them out of the jail and hung them from the light poles and there they swung. About a month or two or three afterwards they found they were not guilty. I saw the article once. And I don't know where it disappeared to but it's a colorful story and it shows you he was such a colorful guy. Before becoming a judge he ran for and was elected to Assistant District Attorney and later District Attorney.



Duluth

I think most of the time he got appointed with a new administration. As they would go from Republican to Democrat. When his party won he'd get swept into power. Once he got the job he was the guy and then he'd run for re-election and sometimes he'd get elected and sometimes the other guy would be elected so then he'd lose his position.

Granddad was involved in politics almost all of his life. Well, other than when he was teaching school in Kansas. Bert was a life-long Democrat so when he and my dad would get in the car, my dad was a Republican and Bert was a Democrat...And they would argue...about the niceties of both parties.



Oar Boat

This is my granddad with a hunting party as a young man, I think when he was still working for the city. And they'd go up to the North woods. And they shot 3 moose and 2-3 deer. I don't think they shot any wolves that I can remember. It snowed real heavy and they got snowed in to this little cabin. And the next day the snow was so heavy it was difficult to get out, because they couldn't open the doors or the windows. So they had to knock the roof off and climb out. They had to go down to where the ferry boat came from Duluth. The ferry had brought them up the North shore with their horses and supplies. They finally made it to the ferry boat. A day late and a dollar short. It's a colorful story. It just shows you the kind of upbringing that he had.

A collection of facts and tales of The North Shore Area of Lake Superior **TOFTE:** A collection of facts and tales of The North Shore Area of Lake Superior By Chris Tormondsen as told to Bill Westphal
1st printing 1958 - 500 copies printed by Hayward. Court Brief Printing Company Minneapolis, MN Foreword

Chris Tormondsen is a remarkable 80-year-old son of Norway. At the age of 14, he emigrated from his native land to Cook County, Minnesota, where he was one of the first few hundred settlers of Cook County, the most northerly county of the State of Minnesota along the North Shore of Lake Superior. For the next 66 years, he earned a living by fishing, hunting, and trapping, and as a Lumberjack. There are few, if any, who can match his recall of the early history of the shore Between Two Harbors and Grand Marais. This booklet represents his desire to share his experiences and recollections with others. Bill Westphal - June, 1968.

Chapter V - OFT TOLD TALES

One of the earliest hunting parties that I can recall came to the Cross River in the fall of 1906. It was arranged for a group of professional men from Duluth by Bert Fesler, who was then city attorney for Duluth. He later became a District Court Judge at Duluth and served on the bench for many years. Fesler had made arrangements with W. C. Smith to use the old logging camp around Dam #2 on the Cross River.

The party arrived after dark one night on the Steamer America from Duluth. Men and baggage were transferred to shore in row boats and with the surf running high they landed, not without difficulty, at the dock at Cross River. They spent that night at Smith's hotel, or rooming house, near the landing.

Early the next morning all the baggage, hunting gear, and supplies were loaded on a wagon for the trip to the hunting camp. Louis Dixon drove the team, Eli Smith went along to act as guide, and another was to do the cooking for the party. After the wagon left the landing, Fesler and his party of men started the 12-mile hike up the old tote road to Dam #2. It took them about six hours to make the trip, most of which was up grade.

In a week's hunt, they bagged three moose, the largest of which weighed about 1,000 pounds. As each moose was killed, they had to drag it to the nearest logging trail and someone would go back to camp to get George and the team and wagon. The horses were then used to pull about a half ton of moose up skids or planks onto the bed of the wagon. Back at camp the animal was field dressed, and prepared to be taken back to Duluth. During this week only three deer were shot. However, it should be remembered that the logging operations along the Cross River were stopped only the year previous. This is evidence of the fact that the great deer herds grew in the forest only after the second growth timber reached the point that it provided adequate feed for the deer.

As the week passed, preparations were made on Friday to break camp and return to the Cross River landing where the steamer would pick them up for the return trip to Duluth. As the men were packing their gear, it started snowing on Friday morning. It continued

to snow throughout the day and all through the night. When Fesler and the others awoke on Saturday morning, they discovered that they were trapped in the cabin.

The door couldn't be opened because of the weight of the wet and heavy snow against it. Finally they had to knock a hole in the roof of the cabin and crawl out. Then they saw that about 3.5 feet of snow had fallen, creating a beautiful but dangerous winter landscape. They spent some time clearing the snow from the roof for fear that it would collapse under the weight of the wet snow. The snow was shoveled away from the door so they could get a few of their belongings for the return trip.

Carrying little more than their rifles they started back down the tote road. The snow was so deep they had to take turns breaking trail. Each man would break trail for a while and then fall in at the rear of the column. Even the horses were led out, and in turn they were used to break a path. The snow was so deep the horses would plunge in up to their chests.

Neither man nor beast could break trail for more than 100 yards at a time. When night fell they had been on the trail for nine hours and had covered only five miles to Dam #4. They put up for the night in one of the cabins at the abandoned camp near the logging dam.

Luckily some trappers had been using the place as a line cabin and had left a small supply of flour, baking powder, sugar and coffee. They were so hungry after a long ordeal on the trail that everyone wolfed down the pancakes that the cook made from the trapper's food stock.

Early on Sunday morning they hit the trail once again, and found that the snow fall was less as they got closer to Lake Superior because at the lower elevations it had rained rather than snowed. Early afternoon, they reached the landing and rested until night when they caught the Steamer Bon Ami back to Duluth.

It was not until two weeks later after a short thaw that W. C. Smith, George and Ell were able to take the horses and a sleigh back up to Dam #2 to bring out the baggage and equipment that had been left behind.

Anyone who has lived or spent much time on the North Shore knows that a "Northeaster" can bring heavy snow like that experienced by Fesler and his friends at almost any time in the fall or late spring.



Naniboujou Lodge 1930

My dad was always on good terms with his sisters and with his brother and his mother. The judge and his wife separated. Fairly early in the process. I think it was shortly after Uncle Bill was born.

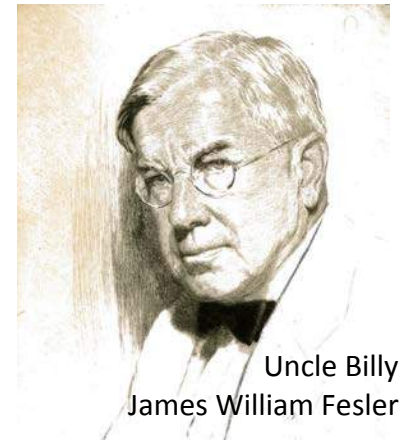
His name was James William Fesler. I don't know why we never called him Jim? A lot of people called him Jim but we always called him Uncle Billy. I don't know the reason. So anyway, his sisters were close but somewhere where along the way, they both went to Stanford and graduated from Stanford. They were the daughters of my grandfather. And my grandmother, she moved to Hollywood after they separated. She had a little house down there in a real nice part of town, but it was a very small little home in Hollywood, CA.

Grandfather never remarried, he committed himself to the law, and being as good a judge as he could be. The one thing that he always enjoyed was being a judge of the children's court. Nobody wanted the job. He thought he could counsel some of the young people. And try to get them on the right track rather than the wrong track.

And he had done enough camping and traveling around the United States with good mentors. People that showed him how to do things. In those days we'd travel up to the north shore, and then all the way to the end of the Gun Flint Trail, we'd stop at every other fish house. He knew all of them and he'd ask them questions of how things were and how it's going. He just wanted his family to be able to meet them because they were such wonderful fishermen. So we thought it was neat that we were meeting them and these guys would always have smoked fish and they would say try this. So it was a big time thing for us, other than the cigar smoke on the way up there.

I think a lot of the judges in Cook County and in the District Court, were really very strong men. 3 of them I know came from that court down to the Supreme Court here in St. Paul. I know another nice judge up there that was a wonderful man, he came down and was the head honcho in the Supreme Court. He was in charge of it. Another one that came down that you may have heard of or known is Judge Magney. Judge Magney and my granddad were really close, close buddies. Judge Magney loved Duluth and he loved the north shore. And he's got his own park up there, the Magney State Park. Many times we stopped at the Nanabijou Lodge. And these were guys who were sort of giants among men. They had so much integrity and commitment, and whatever they were doing, they wanted it to work. And if they're looking for information, they would get the information that they needed to make sensible decisions.

I think the 3 to 4 top judges in the court carried all the rest of them up there. They were a wonderful combination of Judges. My dad and my granddad never really had any outside interests to speak of. He stayed at the Spaulding Hotel, which is right on the



Main Street of Duluth. And you walk across the street and up two blocks and you're in the courthouse.

Granddad lived in a half a dozen different houses when he was working in town while he was still married and my dad was born out at Lester Park. That's where he had his pony. But he never used the pony to get into Duluth because it's a long way down the North shore. You walk it now and you'll be out of breath by the time you get to the brewery downtown.

But that was the Fesler's. You know they started in New England early in America. Three of them were in the Revolutionary War. And they all moved on and moved around to different places and I don't have any record of most of that. The relatives that we were relatively close to, that my dad and mom used to visit quite often, we'd stop by and say hello to them all the time. We were going to Duluth probably once every 2-3 months. And a lot of times we wouldn't go in the winter time when it was tough driving. And a lot of times my granddad used to come down and teach at the University of Minnesota. I don't know how he got a teaching job without having a degree in law but he taught.



Well, he had a diploma but it wasn't in law he had a degree in Ichthyology. But those like Judge Magney, his brother was a missionary in Africa, who used to come back home once in a while. Often times we'd see him. And many times the judge would go to see him over there in Africa.

I know there's hardly any part of the North country that my grandfather hasn't rode across or driven across or hiked across. Now he never drove. Neither one of my grandfather's drove. Which is sad because their sons always had a nice car, and sometimes a big car.

Granddad Fesler didn't drive so he didn't get to go unless we would come and take him. So then when we'd go, we'd hit all the resorts because he knew all the owners. Half the time he'd be thanking them for their vote and he would say I hope you vote for me next time. And they were thrilled that his son and grandkids showed up, and they would say you are going to enjoy the resort here. Grandfather would always say "I hope you are going to vote for me in the next election."

I always thought granddad never learned to drive because when he was born they didn't have any cars. Granddad never drove but his brother Billy did. Billy lived in Indianapolis, married his wife who was a Malmon. She was a daughter of the Malmon racing family who won about 5 out of the first 10-15 years of the Indy 500. They had the winning car. And we used to love to go down there and visit him. Uncle Billy didn't own a race car but he knew how to drive. I don't know who is the younger of the two of them. I don't think they were very far apart in age.

I'd go up to Duluth and visit him. And he would take me to anything that was interesting in the area. We almost always would go to the zoo. They had an elephant up there and I thought that was super because we didn't have one at Como Park. We'd almost always go to a baseball game. He loved baseball. We would go see the Duluth Dukes a semi pro/ amateur baseball team play. We went up to Duluth often and spend time with granddad. And we would almost always go across the lift bridge. And we would ride the bridge up and down.

Once in a while we would go on board an ore boat, although he didn't get involved in that very much because sometimes there was litigation against the oar companies. So we would more or less just got to look at things from the shore. I can recall riding up to Duluth with my dad. It took a lot longer in those days because there weren't any freeways. We used to go up there often. My grandfather knew everybody in Cook County. He worked as a lawyer in town so he was writing wills for people, and marrying them and all that kind of stuff. He would get a lot of official papers ready. He knew Cook County from Duluth all the way to the end of the Gun Flint Trail.

We would go up to Duluth and pick granddad up and drive to the Gun Flint Trail, we always had a big sedan car and Dave (my brother) and I would sit in the back by each window and my mom would sit in between us and those two guys were in the front seat and they were always smoking big cigars. The blue smoke would just roll in the back seat and we would try to open up our window a little bit and, of course, then it would whistle when you were driving along.

They'd be talking about everything; a lot of the time they talked politics and....and of course my granddad and my dad, knew everybody and everything about Duluth, being born and raised up there. My granddad knew how to raise my dad right because he wasn't too old before he got a pony. So as soon as my father thought I was old enough to have a pony I got a pony. And my brother did too. So having horses was part of our life when we were growing up and living on South Robert Street.

The following paper was written by all the judges in Duluth who got together and wrote this just after Judge Bert died. Most of this is about his professional career and his life as a politician:

H. G. GEARHART

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
First National Bank BLDG. Duluth MINNESOTA

Mrs. Ruth Fesler Lipman,
180 Stonewall Road,
Berkeley (5), California.

Dear Mrs. Lipman;

Upon my return from the Service at the Court House at which a Memorial to your Father, Judge Fesler, was presented and formally entered upon the records of the Court, I find awaiting me your telegram of this morning.

I enclose to you herewith a copy of the matter which I used, generally, for my guidance. I was decidedly limited as to time, otherwise I could have made considerably more of the subject, - for your Father's record was a most unique one and more should have been made of it than actually was.

Extending to you my best wishes, I remain

Very Sincerely Yours

January 7th 1948,

The following was presented at the meeting of the district judges in Duluth at the court house Jan 7, 1948 and formally entered upon the record of the court.

JUDGE BERT FESLER BIOGRAPHY

July 22, 1866

Born — Franklin, Indiana, son of Harriet Louise Fish and John Rousch Fesler, Lt. Col., 27th Indiana Volunteer Infantry in the Civil War. His ancestors fought in the Revolutionary War.

1884

Editor and proprietor "Evening Gazette", Franklin, Indiana.

1886-1887, 1889-1890

Teacher and later principal, Quincy School, Topeka, Kansas.

1889

Indiana University, A.B. (Ichthyology). Member of Phi Delta Theta and Phi Beta Kappa.

July 31, 1890 to August 15, 1890

Employed by the 11th U. S. Census, as Ichthyologist, to take the census of fishes for the North Shore of Lake Superior. In sixteen-foot rowboat, with two helpers, rowed from Duluth to Pigeon Point and around Isle Royale from McCargoe's Cove to Fisherman's Home.

1890-1891

Served under David Starr Jordan on U. S. Fish Commission surveys in Georgia, Colorado, Utah and New Mexico, where new species of fish (Sparidae) was discovered, several named after him. Later authored The Whale Fisheries in the U. S. 1880-1889, and became co-chief of U. S. Census Division of Fisheries.

October 1891 - May 1892

Stanford University (David Starr Jordan, President), Palo Alto, California. First Master of Encina Hall (men's dormitory) and Assistant Comptroller of University in its first year of existence.

1890-1892

Admitted to the bar in Indiana and Minnesota. While at Stanford University attended law classes at University of California Law School (Berkeley, California), and during his Washington, D.C. residence, attended law classes at Columbian (now George Washington) University. Also "read law" in the office of his brother, James W. Fesler, in Indianapolis, Indiana.

April 9, 1893-1904 and 1908-1910

Practiced law in Duluth.

March 28, 1894

Married Vinnie Leona King, daughter of Catherine (Foucht-Vogt) and William C. King of Upper Sandusky, Ohio, in Topeka, Kansas.

1904-1908 and 1910-1912

City Attorney, Duluth. During his first term, the Minnesota Point aerial bridge was completed. During his last term, a lawsuit over the seemingly conflicting rights of two competing railway companies to run tracks on the same street was carried to the Minnesota Supreme Court, where he successfully argued the case for the City. In the U. S. Supreme Court in late December, 1907, he successfully argued Duluth's position that the duty "to keep the viaduct over Lake Avenue in repair forever" was the sole responsibility of a railway company not the City.

March 14, 1913 - December 15, 1944

Appointed Judge of the District Court, Eleventh Judicial District of Minnesota, located in Duluth; elected, and reelected for 31 years until resignation. Also Judge of the Juvenile Court 1919-1944.

Member: Board of Governors of the St. Louis County Historical Society; presented papers at Tri-County Historical Assemblies on "The North Shore in 1890", "Back From The Shore", "The Arrowhead Country Before It Became Famous", and others.

Chairman: Americanization Committee of Duluth (1919-1944); Committee drafting constitution and by-laws of the Community Chest (1921); Duluth National Youth Week Committee (1934-1942); Duluth Peace Council (1935-1940); Director: Family Service of Duluth (1934-1944).

Non-resident lecturer (1918-1936) on legal ethics at the University of Minnesota Law School; Member: Minnesota Crime Commission (1926-1934), State Judicial Council (1937-1944), and Minnesota and Duluth Bar Associations. Member: Minnesota Historical Society, Minnesota Arrowhead Association, Family Welfare Society, Methodist Church, Elks Club; Duluth Charter Commission which drafted the 1913 Duluth Charter; Court of Honor of Boy Scouts of Duluth (1920-1930); Duluth Library Board (1927-1944); and Advisory Council of Mental Hygiene Clinic of Duluth Junior League (1938-1944).

Summer 1981

May it please the Court;
Members of the Bar and
Ladies and Gentlemen:

I do not know why I should have been chosen to present, upon this occasion, a Memorial to Judge Fesler except that, in age, I am nearer to the generation in which he lived and worked than are many of you here, that he and I were warm friends and that I ever had a vast admiration for him and for his mental attainments.

I do not wish this Memorial to Judge Fesler to be couched in extravagant language or to be a flowery recital of his unusual and decidedly exceptional qualities of which most of us know him to have been possessed. It would not appeal to him and I am incapable of the use of such language, so I will content myself, largely, with a resume of his life for the purposes of the record.

Judge Fesler traced the ancestry of the Fesler family back to the Revolutionary times, in which war three brothers fought, namely, John, Peter and William. One of them married a member of the Rousch family which originally came from the Palitinate country, of which Frankfort is the capital, in the middle to the latter part of the 18th century. From the union of John Rousch Fesler and Harriet Fish there was born, on July 22nd, 1866, the subject of this memorial, Bert Fesler.

John Rousch Fesler enlisted as a volunteer in the 27th Indiana Volunteer Infantry and was chosen Captain of a Company thereof, and was later promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel of the Regiment. He was wounded at the battle of Antietam and fought with honor at the Battle of Gettysburg. Prior to his enlistment in and for some time after his discharge from the Army, he was a live-stock dealer in Indiana and, upon his retirement from active business, he became Adjutant-General of the Grand Army of the Republic for the State of Indiana.

Bert Fesler was born at Franklin, Indiana, where he attended and graduated from the grade and High School.

Just prior to the fall of 1884 the Fesler family moved from Franklin to Indianapolis, Indiana, and from the fall of 1884 to the spring of 1886, Bert Fesler attended the University of Indiana at Bloomington Indiana, interrupting his collegiate work from the fall of 1886 to the spring of 1887 to teach school at Martinsville, Indiana. The fall of 1887 found him again at the University of Indiana from which institution he graduated in the spring of 1889. During the time he was attending the University of Indiana, Dr. David Starr Jordan was its President. Judge Fesler was a great admirer of Dr. Jordan, and, because of Dr. Jordan's prominence in, his own field, namely, ichthyology (the study of fish and fish life) Judge Fesler, in addition to the general education given in colleges at that time, majored in ichthyology and received his degree in that subject.

During his college life he became a member of the College Fraternity Phi Delta Theta, and graduated as one of the two highest men in his class.

In 1923, upon the institution of a chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, the honorary Greek letter society or fraternity, at the University of Indiana, he was awarded the much coveted Key because of his outstanding work while there.

The summer of 1889 he spent in Georgia, Colorado and Utah as a member of a fish survey group operating under the direction of Dr. Jordan, identifying and classifying fishes found in certain lakes and streams in those regions. In Colorado he found a species of fish not theretofore known to ichthyologists, and the species was named after him.

During the period from the fall of 1889 to the spring of 1890, he taught school in Topeka, Kansas, and while there met Vinnie Leona King whom he married on March 26th, 1894.

To them were born four children, namely; Ruth Fesler Lipman, now residing in California, Rachel Fesler Nyswander, now residing in Washington, D. C., and John K. Fesler, now residing in St. Paul, Minnesota, and Dr. James W. Fesler, now a professor of Political Economy at the University of North Carolina.

And, in mentioning his children and to throw an added light upon his character, it may be well to state that Judge Fesler saw to it that all four children went through the grade school, high school and through college; that one son, in addition to receiving an Academic degree at the University of Minnesota also secured there a Law degree; that the other son, in addition to being given an Academic degree at the University of Minnesota, received a Master's degree and the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Harvard University, and that all four children, as a part of their education, were given trips to and sometime in the European capitals.

In the summer of 1890 Judge Fesler became connected with the Bureau of Fisheries, of Washington, D. C., doing research work, conducting surveys in the field for the Fish Census Survey Committee and being engaged in office work in Washington itself. During such period he spent some little time in Boston, Massachusetts, and as far west as northern Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, his work in Minnesota being making a survey, for the Census Bureau, of the fish and fish life along the north shore of Lake Superior from Duluth on east around Isle Royale. This latter work entailed the hiring of a sixteen foot row boat in Duluth and, with two helpers, rowing such boat (for it was before the advent of the gasoline motor) to and around Isle Royale and back to Duluth, a trip involving not only considerable hardship but actual physical danger. The time he spent in his north shore work was fascinating to him and induced a further study of the shore and of the country back from the Lake, resulting in an intensive study of the surface conditions, the history and the folk lore of that area. Over a period of several years he made a number of talks and wrote numerous papers upon the subject at meetings of several Historical Societies, such as "The North Shore in 1890", "Back from the Shore", "The Arrowhead Country Before It Became Famous", etc., all of which are intensely interesting to an inhabitant of this country.

In the year 1891 Dr. Jordan had accepted the invitation of Senator and Mrs. Stanford to become the President of the University they were establishing at Palo Alto, California, in memory of their son, Leland Stanford, Jr., and Dr. Jordan asked Judge Fesler to come west to help him in the opening of the University in October 1891. The invitation was accepted, and Judge Fesler left immediately for Palo Alto, visiting, en-route, at Indianapolis and Topeka.

Upon reaching Stanford, he was appointed Master at Encina Hall, which was the men's dormitory, He remained at Stanford University until he left and returned to Indianapolis about May 1st, 1892.

During the time he was in Washington he roomed with a young man who was attending night law school. The Judge would frequently call for his room-mate before the room-mate's school was over and would go in and listen to the end of some lecture and, upon their later arrival at their room, they would discuss with each other some of the problems of which he had heard fragmentary portions. He thus became interested in the law as a study and a science.

When he later took up his work at Stanford University, he made weekly trips to the University of California at Berkeley, to take infrequent law lectures there. He never registered at or took a regular course in any law school, but, upon his return to Indianapolis in 1892, he read law in the office of an older brother then in practice in Indianapolis, for a matter of six months, and was there admitted to the bar.

At that time no especial legal knowledge or experience was necessary as a pre-requisite to admission to the Bar. Judge Fesler was never enrolled at any Law School and never attended any Law School excepting the occasional lectures he was able to get while in attendance upon his duties at Stanford University. If a candidate for admission to practice was of good moral character' he was, upon motion made before a Court, duly admitted.

At first he considered the thought of residing in Indianapolis, and of there practicing law but, in September 1892, decided he preferred the idea, as he said of getting into a strange city and of making a record that shall be my own", so he came to Duluth, where he had first visited while in the employ of the Fish Census Survey Committee, in the summer of 1890.

He found for himself a place in the office of A. N. McGindlay, an old time practitioner in Duluth, and read and studied law there for several months. He later, probably about 1901, formed a partnership, for the practice of law, with the late William O. Peeler under the firm name of Peeler & Fesler.

Soon after his arrival in Duluth in 1893, he became interested in politics, especially those of a local nature, always being on the side of the common people whom he always considered as the "under dog". He was appointed City Attorney, first, in 1904, and served as such for two terms and into the year 1908. He then practiced law alone

until 1910 when he was again made City Attorney, holding the office until 1912 and in 1913 was, by Governor Eberhard, appointed to the District Bench to succeed Judge Dibell who had been appointed to the Supreme Court. He took his seat as a District Judge on March 14th, 1913, was elected in 1914 and was elected for a term of six years at each succeeding election and resigned the office on December 1st, 1944, because of ill health.

He was always interested in work of a public nature and, early in his career, interested himself upon behalf of the public in the fight of the City against the old Duluth Gas & Water Company which resulted in the acquisition by the city of the private company's monopoly of the business of furnishing gas and water to the public.

Later, he was retained by and acted in behalf of the City of Virginia and several other communities upon the iron ranges in litigation of the same general nature. He was possibly the most active member of the Charter Commission which framed the City Charter under which we now operate our city.

In 1920, when Judge Ensign desired to be relieved of his duties as Judge of the Juvenile Court, Judge Fesler took over that work and continued it until his resignation on December 22nd, 1943, Many of us lawyers are inclined to look at the work of the Juvenile Judge as being such as to afford the Judge a relaxation from the arduous duties of a trial Judge.

But laymen, more familiar with the work of the Juvenile Judge, people whose children may have had to come in contact with such Court, place a much higher valuation upon such Court and the Judge administering its work and they realize the importance of such Court and the vast influence of the work of the Judge. And Judge Fesler took such an interest in each individual youngster who was brought before him, making their troubles his own troubles, investigating their home lives, their antecedents,, and the company kept by them, that, in his work in that department, he was an outstanding success. He was firm or conciliating, as he might think necessary, treating each single case as an individual problem.

It would be interesting to know, though we never shall, the vast amount of good he did in the treatment of the younger element. And, as the young boys grew into manhood, many of them were pleased to say that they knew Judge Fesler. He took, possibly, an equal interest in Americanization¹ work and, for several years, was head of the Americanization Committee.

Judge Fesler was a very human man, - a man of intense likings for some people and of strong dislikes of others. Of those whom he disliked, he had little to say, but, in his Court work, such likes and dislikes did not interfere in the least with his decision as to who was in the right and who in the wrong. I am sure that I never knew a Judge who could so completely divorce his personal feelings for or against a litigant or his attorney from his Court work.

He was much interested in the out-of-doors, and, years ago, he and several companions indulged in an annual deer hunt in which the Judge did little traveling to provide the camp with game, but he loved to be out with his intimates, to sit around the camp during the days, to take short walks out in the rush, and, when evening came, to sit around the camp fire and tell stories. And, thinking of stories, Judge Fesler had a wonderfully retentive memory for stories and was gifted with an ability to tell a story to its best advantage. Yet among all the stories I have ever heard him tell, I never heard him tell one which might be called "off color", or one which he could not tell in a company maintaining the most rigid rules of decorum.

Judge Fesler was truly a remarkable man. The sacrifices he must have made to give each one of his children the education both he and they desired are known to but a few of his intimates. His Americanization work and his work as Judge of the Juvenile Court are known to but a few more. But most of his acquaintances knew and think of him only as a Judge of the District Court. And his work upon the District Bench was remarkable. Think of him - one who had never attended law school excepting for the few lectures he took when in California, who "read law" in a law office probably less than one year and who probably never had a very extensive or lucrative practice, being placed upon the Bench and becoming the outstanding trial Judge which he was. He seemed to have an intuitive knowledge of what the law should be and was, and his judgment of facts, or upon the facts, appeared to be almost uncanny.

I do not know what a close examination of the Supreme Court reports might show, but I am sure that, upon a study of such reports, it would be found that, in his decisions upon questions of law he was, over a period of years, sustained by the Supreme Court in an extraordinary number of cases.

He was ever ready to undertake any work which might be assigned to him and never shirked any work he undertook. During his entire term of service he was the one Judge who was always available and could ever be found either here in his Court Room or his Chambers in this building, or about his living quarters.

His tall, spare figure has been and will be missed in his old Court Room and about the corridors of this building. But we lawyers will, even though he be with us no longer, continue to pay homage to him as an able and a just and upright Judge of this Court.



Duluth MN Courthouse

¹ Americanization – this was a program to send every foreign speaking person to school to learn English.

The Lampert Story

I was never too sure of my grandmother's age? She was a farm girl. I never heard where she met my Granddad. But the two brothers, as they kept adding these stores they got to be a pretty big pie and then they moved out of the town they started in, Sleepy Eye MN. And they moved their headquarters to two offices, they were in New Ulm and then they moved to Mankato. And



that's where my mom was born and I think that's where her brother was born in Mankato. And they had another sister that was born down there, and then Ruth was born, and then Mae was born in Mankato and Mom was the last sister. There were 4 girls and 1 boy. The boy lived until he drowned. His name was Horace. The two girls died before I really came along. One born died at age 2, I forget what disease it is. The other one got tuberculosis and she died at about age 20-21. At the tuberculosis farm on the other side of Minneapolis. Elsie and Mae were the 2 survivors. Mae never married, and Horace didn't either.



Jacob Lampert, Elsie Margaret Fesler, Margaret Lampert, David Fesler, John L. Fesler at Mount



Lumber Exchange Bldg.
NE corner of 5th Street and Hennepin Avenue
 Minneapolis Meditation Group meeting location from July 1933 to December 1938. Meditation meetings were held in rooms 433-34 and in Pioneer Hall on the ground floor.

But when they moved from Mankato...the best place for a company as big as theirs was really Minneapolis and they moved to the Lumber Exchange Building They were in there for at least 3 to 5 years and they loved it there because they could walk down the street to Sheik's Café.

And some of the brass that's on the Lumber Exchange Building today is the same brass that was on there when my granddad was there. It was a glorious building and very beautiful. It's had a lot of funny and crappy tenants over the years. And it's fallen on hard times but the brass plates look

as good as ever. Anyway, they moved up here and they tried that for a while and then they just said, there is too much commotion over here. We've got to get where we can just have our own office. We need to have parking for all of our help ...Because down there was limited parking. I don't know where they parked their cars. You know, it was busy downtown. Just like it is today. Or worse, and anyway, they finally moved to St. Paul but then they went into the Midway area so they went to Selby and Snelling, which is right on the streetcar line. And probably the biggest intersection between the two cities. Selby and Snelling was where they built their big office building. They're going to tear it down within a month so. Associated Bank owns the building now and is tearing it down....and building their new bank.

It looks like it's all done but they're working on the inside now. And I know Ester's having to clean out her account over there. And she's got an account there because that's where she used to work. And anyway, so they built this big office building. Well, it was a great building, I mean, it's all



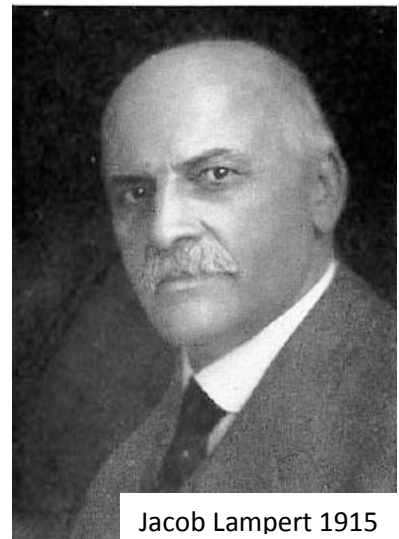
Liberty State Bank @ Selby and Snelling ~ 1940

brick when it was new. The only trouble was there was no elevator in it. Jesus, it was a long way from the basement to the top. Well, it's a 3-story building with a basement. But it's got high ceilings. Because they incorporated a bank into it. My granddad (Jacob Lampert) always liked banks. At one time or another he owned a financial interest in about as many banks as he did saw mills. Most of his saw mills burned down and most of his banks fell by the wayside...except the one in the Lampert office building.



Liberty State Bank @ Selby and Snelling 2008

So Jake and his brother were there and everything went great until about the Start of WWI. And both brothers were just like my brother and I, they each owned half the company. And finally Leonard Lampert, who ran the other company, he went to Jake and he said, Jake, I think we should split the company. He said, I want my son to be the president of the company. You want your son to be the president of the company. We can't do that.



Jacob Lampert 1915

The judges of Duluth coached them I think. Leonard says, "now I'll tell you what, I don't want the bank, you love banks...he said, the bank can be yours". He said you can keep the office building but I'm going to get the 3 lumber yards in St. Paul. Which were the yard on Marshall Avenue, the yard on West 7th Street, 2/3 of the way to Fort Snelling and then the big yard downtown. And at the same time, the big yard downtown, the manager (Art Lampland) went to the two brothers and said, guys, I know you're going to split up the company and I'm going to tell you something right now, I want to have my own lumber yard and I want you to sell me the downtown yard.

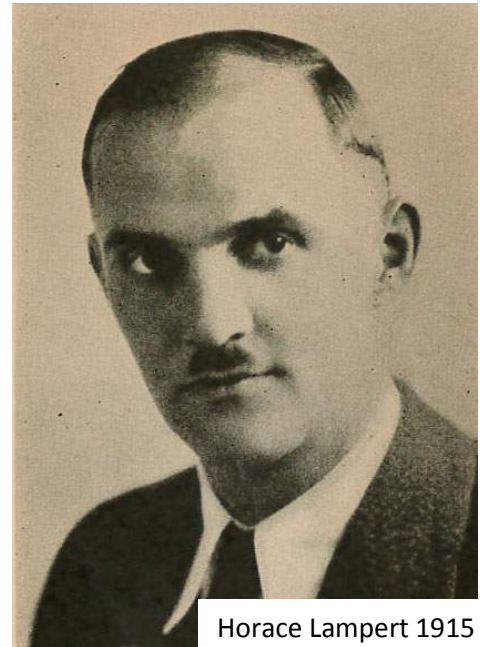
If you don't sell it to me, I'm going to still have a downtown yard and some of your employees will come to work for me. Lampert's was the dominant yard in downtown St. Paul. That lumber yard with Art as the manager of it had done terrific business. You've got to remember, in those days there were not too many cars and trucks around, it was all horses and wagons.

They said, well, we don't want to be in competition with you, we've got other places to have fun at, why should we ever try to beat up on our guy that did such a good job for us and made us so much money over the years. And St. Paul, as you know, during the period that he was there had grown by leaps and bounds.

And Leonard said we will move down the street and we'll build our office building on Grand Avenue and Snelling, it isn't even a mile away, about a half a mile. And that's what they did. And they were there for another 80 years.

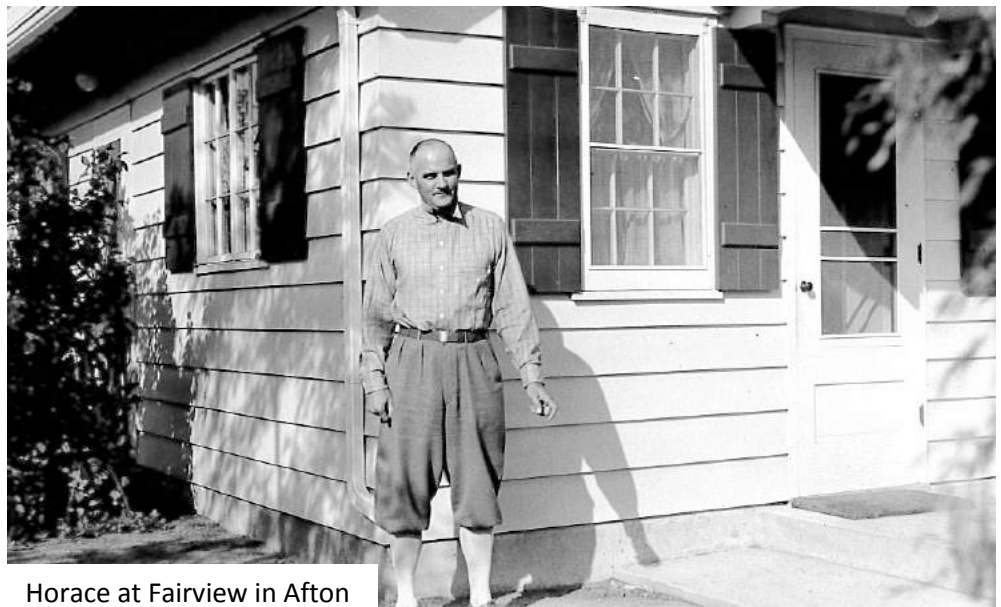
But we stayed on the corner of Selby and Snelling. My granddad retired, his son, Horace, got to be the president because Jake owned most of the stock. His family was feeding it to him as you could...according to the laws of the land and the other company was doing the same thing. Jake was good on the operations side of the business. And Horace his son was very good on the operational side.

Leonard had a good education and he was very good on the administrative side of business, but on the operational side that's where Jake (granddad) did his best work. Leonard was the guy that ran it. His son was Leonard also. And they became quite important for a variety of reasons; socially and business-wise. They had a daughter who married into the O'Shaunessey family. They built St. Thomas, and were pretty big potatoes in the oil business. That was their strength



Horace Lampert 1915

Leonard was no better or no worse than his father was on the administrative side. So eventually they hired two operational guys. And they gave one the northern division half of the yards that they owned. And he basically ran all those yards. And one got the southern yards. Everything to the south. And he got that 20 to 25 yards. So that's how that played out on their side.



Horace at Fairview in Afton

On our side, everything worked great until Horace Lampert died in a boating accident in Afton, on the St. Croix River.

Both brothers were cut from the same mold as I and my brother were cut from. The same way. They each owned half, so they've got to get along if they're going to be in business and be competitive and successful.. You've got competitors out there always trying to take your business away from you. So they had to be like this. But I can tell you this, they weren't alike because they didn't think alike.

Leonard was well-educated, more social, and good at administrative stuff.

Jake was much more operational since he didn't have an education. He got to the 4th grade. I think in Switzerland. I don't know if he ever went to school here. One was a nice guy, the other one was a horse's ass.

Jake was a nice guy. Leonard I never liked very well. He wasn't very sociable, but when the two brothers broke up, we never saw or talked to any of those relatives. And they never talked to any of our relatives. So we were as far apart as you could get. Even though they lived pretty close together. The two brothers, by that time, both lived on Summit Avenue. And Leonard lived about 3 doors away from Summit and Snelling. And Jake lived down on Fairview and Snelling. They never talked to each other. I think they had personalities that didn't match. And nobody on our side of the family ever tried to talk to them, whenever I'd bring it up, Mom would always say oh don't try that John. Don't do that.



The attached picture of Horace Lampert, in the white suit, and Harry Nye, formerly Athletic Director of the St. Paul Y.M.C.A., taken seated on Horace's boat headed north at the dock at his cottage on the St. Croix about a mile south of Afton (I believe in the spring because the far shore shows up the land more than it would later when the trees are in full bloom) was delivered to me by Howard Woolsey on July 13, he having made a trip up to Camp Widjiwagan with N. H. Skoglund, both as guests of the bank. This picture was found by Howard in the cabin at Widjiwagan the money for which was given by Horace in memory of Harry Nye who died shortly before Horace did.

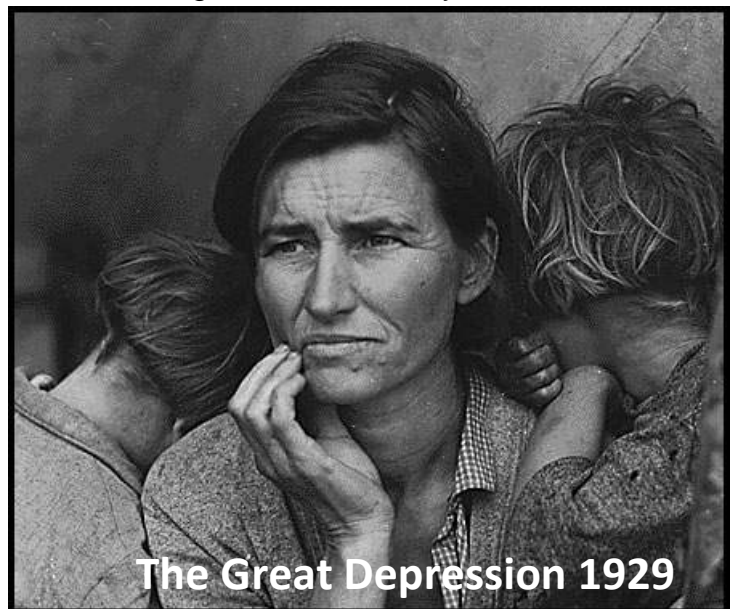
The two sides never talked, the family on the other side all got along with each other but they never got along with us. But we never let them get along with us. They operated in a different geographic area than we did so there wasn't any competition between us. The other family side drew the line for the split of the company from Duluth to Sioux Falls, IA. And we took everything south of the line and they took everything north. They continued on and we continued on. Somehow - they always felt somehow or other that they got the short end of the stick. When you see the bank going pretty good and the lumber business was not too good, then you start thinking maybe we got took.

When the Depression came, the bank wasn't going broke. But they were being very careful with business and we were repossessing houses like there was no tomorrow. All of the sudden the bank realized we don't have a real estate department And the bank didn't want to start one but Lampert's thought...well, what the hell, we'll step into it and take care of these homes that we've got. Many of the homes were not kept up and were falling apart.

Some people weren't taking care of business very well. They were not managing the business well.

They we're spending too much on some and not enough on others. They would send some good carpenters over there and take the cheapest carpenter and put him in there. Now, here's a house on Summit Avenue, send the absolute best carpenter you've got over there to fix this house up. So we ended up with over 100 pieces of property. And it's damn lucky we were there to do that, because we'd take them off the banks books, and keep the bank solvent.

And by hook or by crook, both companies survived but it was a very difficult period. When I came to work for the company as a bookkeeper at Lampert's we still had 3 or 4 of those



houses left and we ended up with only two apartment buildings and one was over on Marshall Avenue. It's still a nifty little apartment building. It isn't very big, i think it's only got 12 units in it.

As the same time that was happening, one of the big construction companies in town was building three apartments on Dale and Summit. These where the first apartment buildings that were ever built on Summit Avenue. There's three of them. Two are on Summit and the other one is right in back of it. Well, here we are and the construction company went broke. The owner went broke that was running the whole thing.



Summit Apartment Building

I don't recall who that was. So the construction company took the one closest to town. We took the one on the corner figuring that was the most profitable because we had the most money in there and the one behind went to a bank. The people that had a lot of money invested there all ended up with an apartment building.

They all still had to be finished. We kept that

apartment building for years and my dad always told us you can't sell that apartment building. Finally the depreciation ran out on it, and then you're losing money every year. But he still said no, you can't sell it, that's your mother's retirement money if things really get bad. So we guarded that property.

But it was a beautiful building. Had double floors. They're about 4 feet, so when you have to get a carpenter or a plumber or an electrician to go through there to fix the plumbing that's leaking or the wiring that goes in there, you're going to pay a pretty penny because anybody that goes in there is going to charge top dollar. You're going to be working on your back or on your side because you can't stand up. But if you've got a baby grand piano here and there's one down below you, you can't hear theirs and they can't hear yours. The only problem was like everything in those days, no garages. There's a few....I think there's a couple of 2-3 maybe enough for 5 units but hell, there's 25 units in the building.



Governor Mansion Summit Ave.

Summit Avenue was pretty hotsy totsy. Because that part of Summit had all been built up. The Cathedral and the University Club were there. Some great homes and churches all along the way. It was a great part of town, you had St. Thomas and Macalester. Very hotsy totsy.

The Fesler's weren't much in relation to the lumber and building material business because that's all Lampert's side of the family. But most of it took place in a fairly shallow amount of time because Jake only came over here when he was 5 or 6. By the time he was 15 or 20, he was working along the river in a saw mill, just like his brother had.

Jake's brother had an education so he was smarter and he became a salesman. He was out selling wood to all these lumber yards that were being opened up in different places, and trying to get them to buy from mill he represented, he covered a big territory. He traveled around and met all the lumber people.



Mississippi Saw Mill #4

Sooner or later you're going to find some guy who's 90 years old and would like to retire. Probably 50 and he has to retire at 55 because he can't stand the work anymore because it's heavy work in the lumber yard. All the nail kegs are 100 pounds. If you're really strong then you have to take two at a time.

Chapter

2

The Life & Times Of John Lampert Fesler Growing Up

We Love
We Share
We Play
We Laugh
We Fight
Family
We Live

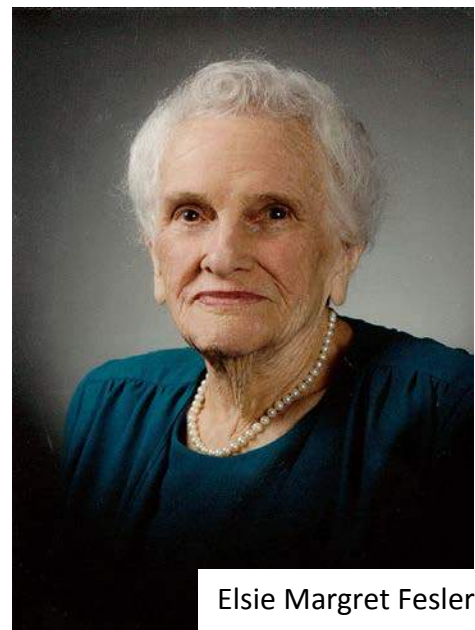
When dad and mom (John & Elsie) got married, he was still going to the University of Minnesota. She had graduated, but he was finishing up his law degree. And in order to make ends meet and everything, he was the caretaker of a little apartment building by Memorial Stadium at the University of Minnesota. This was not the current one, this was the old one before they built the new modern one.

I never heard how they met or got together. Elsie was a graduate and they met on campus. Dad belonged to Phi Delta Theta fraternity. I also belonged to Phi Delta Theta, my brother belonged to Phi Delta Theta. My great uncle and Bert Fesler belonged to Phi Delta Theta and me...maybe their father. I was a legacy member and it was a god send because I really met some good people there. It was a quality organization in those days.

Mom was so proud of herself because when she graduated she got a job right away. She worked for the St. Paul Public Library. I don't recall what she majored in, but I think she had some library training. She obviously had to be pretty good at penmanship, English and other stuff. She had to know how to work in the library and know how to handle people. I'm almost positive she worked in the children's department at the St. Paul Public Library. So over the years, she and my dad and my brother David and BJ, his wife, have contributed a lot of money to the St. Paul Library. We still make contributions to them.



John K. Fesler



Elsie Margret Fesler



John K, Elsie, John L.

And, of course, all of the sudden my mom was pregnant and all of the sudden I came along, the part she always used to tell me that "I was so cute, she said, we couldn't afford a bassinet and the apartment was so small that they would pull out the bottom drawer and just throw a pillow in there and that was my bed" (*I remember sleeping in a drawer at Fairview in the bedroom closet*). I had never heard of it before until she told me that.

Elsie always tried to support dad and the family, working in the library children's department is the best place to work, whether you're in the hospital or in the library. I was the first child born in the family and three years later came David.

The Birth of John Lampert Fesler November sixth, Nineteen Twenty Five

*To John Lampert Fesler
Jan. - 1926.*

THE BABY'S ALBUM

The Baby's Album is intended for a biographic record that will, if properly kept up, be not merely of present interest but a prize and a treasure in later days.



Take the Baby's picture often, at home: out-doors: when it plays: when it sleeps.

Take it when ever opportunity offers. Anyway: anyhow: anywhere: any time. And on the facing page make notes—of when and where, and any other details that may add interest to the picture and pleasantly refresh the memory later on.

Don't put the picture off because the Baby isn't wearing its best "bib and tucker". It isn't the "primping up" that may some day give a little tug at your heart.

The little face may look anyone of fifty ways—Creased with boisterous laughter: wide-eyed with infantile astonishment: dimpled with a gentle smile: puckered up with perplexity at the queer people and things that give a baby so much to wonder at: placid in slumber: impish with mischievous glee, or dazed with the startled amazement that comes from suddenly finding one's favorite doll is only stuffed with sawdust!

But there isn't one of them you'd wish to miss. There isn't one of them of which the memory may not, some day, seem more precious than the fabled treasures of Peru.

And though the Baby grows and presently loses its charming baby ways it but changes one charm for another. Whatever its age or mood every impression you preserve in these pages is a seed that will flower in dear and tender memories that may, otherwise, be forever lost to you.

St. Mary's Hospital
Minneapolis

Baby *Boy* *Dedee* Date *11-6-25*
Sex *male* Weight *7 pounds 5 1/2 ounces* Doctor *Salhaug*



Baby Album

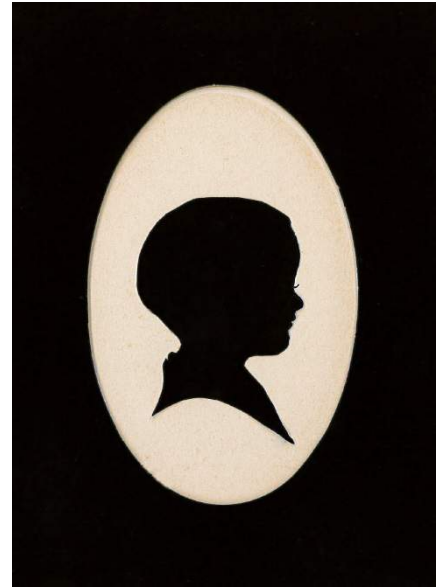
Mother's right thumb.



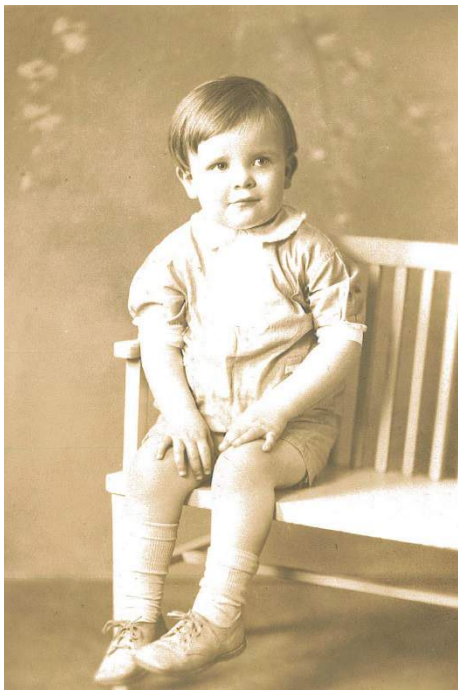
John L Fesler - Baby and youth Photos



In was common in the 1900's to do black and white silhouettes of children. Here is John's profile silhouette.



All photos were black and white so they used to pay to colorize them. Color was brushed in by an artist at a later date.



When I was born we were still living in the apartment building on campus. There were two beautiful little apartment buildings there. They stood about two stories high. They might have had 8 tenants in each one. Well of course, being right on the University campus was fabulous.

And then my dad, of course, was doing very well. My mom was going to her job. I think we all rode together in the car, I might have had a sitter or something for a short time. Then one day my mom became a stay-at-home mom. She had to quit the library. She couldn't keep on working and take care of the family too.



St. Paul Library



When my dad graduated from law school he went and he signed up with the government and he was an Assistant District Attorney for St. Paul. But he must have been a pretty smart lawyer because all of the sudden, he wasn't working for the city any more, he got hired by Frank B. Kellogg. And Kellogg was the absolute top, number one law firm in the Twin Cities. Kellogg had been an incredible Secretary of State for the United States.

Kellogg created, designed and help build one of the great peace pacts that have ever been written. Unfortunately it didn't take long before it fell apart because countries go whacko in a hurry. Unfortunately today's a typical example, it's really tough so you have to feel sorry for guys like Kerry that are over there. Trying to figure out how to make peace...what can you say that will break the ice? And Hillary, of course, went through the same thing.

Father was just a new kid on the block. The Kellogg firm had really super people. I mean, real integrity, and it was very, very ethical. In those days, of course, attorneys couldn't advertise or anything. Not all this foolishness that goes on today.

It helped that father was from Duluth, because all of a sudden one of their clients was United States Steel Company. United States Steel had been with them for a considerable number of years because after the Merits lost the iron ore to John D. Rockefeller, then United State Steel owned it and they had a cement plant up there and the steel plant and those were two customers that Kellogg had gave to my father. The

company gave him that because he knew the people and the area. And everyone knew his father was a judge in town. So we're all going to row in the same direction here boys.

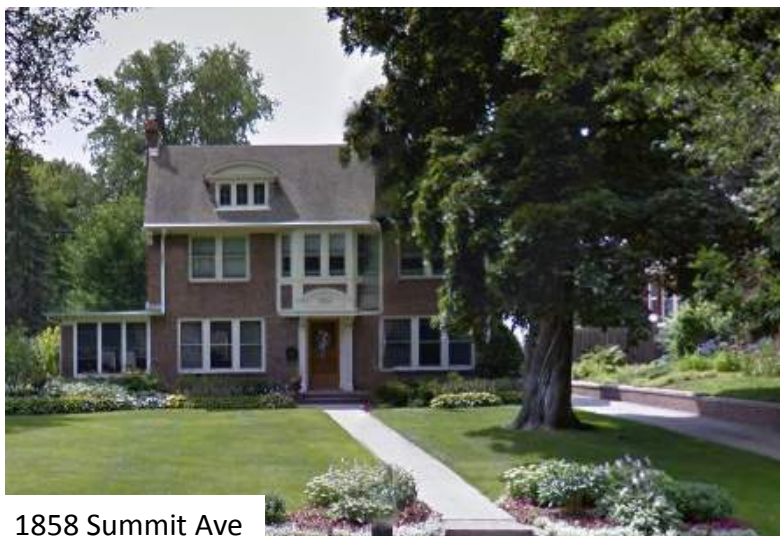
Most of his clients were north of the Twin Cities. But he had some good ones. He represented the big woolen mill over at Chippewa Falls. So he had a lot of super-duper quality customers and there's a certain number of guys, business owners, they would like to be with a law firm that's very ethical, very smart. And maybe they charge \$5 more than the next guy down the street but you're going to get better value in the end, and you're going to be happier because, none of your cases are going to be over-turned and all that kind of thing.

I don't remember exactly when he got out of the University but I would guess about 1926. So then he worked for the District Attorney's office in St. Paul for about 2-3 years. So that would be about 1929. And that's about the time he went to work for Kellogg. So my dad was working for the government and then all of the sudden he was working for Kellogg. It was a Godsend for him. And, of course, the Depression began in 1929 and people were just starting to jump out of the windows.

When dad joined Kellogg there were expectations of the family. Mother had social responsibilities and there were a lot of hotsy totsy parties. And the firm was building a terrific practice, because Kellogg was a well-liked and respected lawyer. They also had Weyerhaeuser as a client and they were very big. Kellogg had almost every big firm back then, if they could afford it. And they had sharp attorneys. They were good in a variety of different areas where they had expertise. There were only 2-3 fairly young guys there. The rest of them were older.



John K. Fesler



1858 Summit Ave

I don't remember very much as a baby other than the fact of we used to visit my Lampert grandparents a lot because neither one of them could drive. They lived at 1858 Summit Avenue, a great address, because that block is monstrously long. It runs from Fairview about 4 blocks down to Fry Street.

Well, one of the great things about the house is it's the only home on that whole block of oodles of houses that has a driveway that goes all the way through to the alley and the garage on the back end was not attached to the house. That was a big feature of the house because you could ride your bike right from the alley.

You couldn't do that anywhere in that whole block. If you were here and you wanted to get over to Summit Avenue, you had to ride two blocks that way and then go over and then come back and finally you were on the opposite side of where you were but there was no way to just ride your bike through somebody's lawn. Nobody would like that. So we got a lot of action going through there with, sometimes, cars, but usually it was pretty limited to bicycles and kids and stuff.

Right after my dad graduated from the University he started in the District Attorneys' office in St. Paul. And shortly after that, he bought a home with my mom on Saratoga Avenue, it was about 1-2 blocks South of Randolph. And we moved from the apartment in Minneapolis to the house in St. Paul. That's where I grew up and I only had one really good friend, that I can remember, but he and I had been buddies almost forever.



Randolph Heights School 1925

kindergarten at Randolph Heights. It was 2-3 blocks away so we had to hike our way to school. I suppose the first day my mom took me and then I'd just run home for lunch. We only went to school for half days in those days. So we had a lot of time to ride around on our tricycles or get into mischief all by ourselves.

Before you entered Kindergarten in the St. Paul public school you had to qualify and this is the Weight Report you had to complete.

The amazing thing about it is here's this kid and me and we both started school in

ST. PAUL PUBLIC SCHOOLS		H-8
Division of Hygiene		40M 3-21-29
WEIGHT REPORT		
Name <u>Frederick, John</u>		
For School year <u>1925</u> and <u>1926</u>		
School <u>Muller</u> Room No. <u>2</u> Grade <u>4 B</u>		
First Semester	Age	_____ yrs. _____ mo.
	Height	_____ inches
	You should weigh at least	_____ lbs.
	Above Average Weight	_____ lbs. _____ %
	Below Average Weight	_____ lbs. _____ %
	First Weighing	_____ lbs.
	Second "	_____ lbs.
	Third "	_____ lbs.
	Fourth "	_____ lbs.
	_____	_____ lbs.
Second Semester	Age	<u>5</u> yrs. <u>9</u> mo.
	Height	<u>42</u> inches
	You should weigh at least	<u>39</u> lbs.
	Above Average Weight	<u>4</u> lbs. <u>10</u> %
	Below Average Weight	_____ lbs. _____ %
	Fourth weighing	<u>43</u> lbs. <u>10</u> %
	Fifth "	_____ lbs.
Sixth "	_____ lbs.	
_____	_____ lbs.	
FINAL GAIN OR LOSS _____ lbs. _____ %		
(Difference between October and March weighing)		
Approximately 2% underweight to 20% overweight is considered normal.		
Does your child drink milk in school? _____		
(OVER)		

I lived there for about 4, maybe 5 years, just as a youngster and then my dad got hired by Kellogg. Frank B. Kellogg worked at the law firm Kellogg and Morgan (*the firm was later called Kellogg & Briggs and ended up being Briggs and Morgan*). In those days, his name was always first because he was such a skilled politician.

The only thing that I can remember about my early years is we always celebrated the holidays. Easter was a big day for us and we'd get so excited hunting for those goddamned eggs out there in the back yard.. Christmas was also a huge day. (*The first Christmas tree at Mount Joel was quite memorable. At that time, the tree was left undecorated until Christmas Eve when Santa would decorate it when he came. The living room ceiling was gabled and over two stories tall. The tree reached the peak. It was*



Mount Joel

huge. The first Christmas there I remember waking up and the tree was only decorated about five feet up from the floor. From then on we did the decorating as it was too much for Santa. My dad actually had instructions on how to decorate the tree typed up so it would be easier year to year). I just lived there and did kid things for 5 years with this young kid who lived right across the street from us.



Mount Joel Side Photo

He was the same age that I was. He ended up going to work for Northwest Airlines when Northwest Airlines was in St. Paul and finally he got shuffled off to Japan. Later on in his career he became the top official for Northwest Airlines in Japan. And he must have lived in Japan for at least 30 to 50 years, maybe he still does. We never stayed in touch with each other. He knew that I was with Liberty State Bank and he knew David was too. He knew David also since he was a baby. David kept better track of him than I did. But he had an account at the bank. He used to come back here, I don't know whether he had financial interests here or maybe he still owned the house up there after his folks died or retired. But anyway, he had an account with the Liberty State Bank so every time he'd come, he'd always talk to David and sometimes I'd get a chance to say hi to him.

When I was under 5 we didn't ride a bike then, because we were too little to. We just did a lot of kid stuff. Play a lot of games and stuff like that. Tag and kick the can and all that stuff. As a little kid, there was a lot of kids in the area that were bigger than the two of us

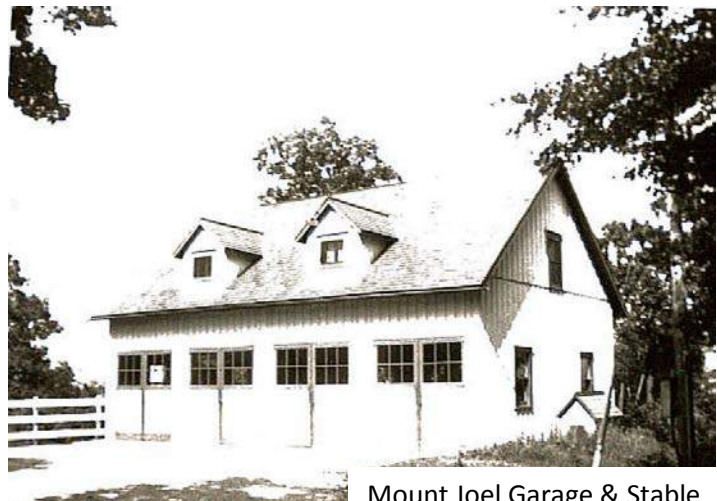
guys. So it was a good place to grow up. But about the time that I was about 5 or 5-1/2, my dad and mom decided to build a house in the country.

So they had not given up on my dad's dream, maybe my mom's too for that matter....but she usually went along with him. His dream was politics and to build a big house on top of a big hill. So in 1931 he went out on South Robert Street about 7 miles from where he worked at the First National Bank Building where their offices were and bought 20 acres and called it Mount Joel. JO for John, EL for Elsie.



It might have been an old farm although it had a monstrous hill and a lot of woods on it. So there were very few good farm fields for plowing it but it suited his need and so he started building this house and almost all the people that were somebody in St. Paul went to about 1 of three places; White Bear Lake, the Stillwater area along the river or the favorite spot was south of the city out by Sun Fish Lake.

So he builds his house on top of this monstrous hill. It was a very interesting house. He decided to design it himself, he wanted a big living room and he told the carpenter what he wanted. He must have had an architect or somebody draw the plan for it. But it was a huge...huge house. And it had a gable roof. With a monstrous fireplace at the end. And he loved to have fires so you could take cord wood, he wasn't going to cut up these little chunks that are 18-inches long. It was 4 feet wood that went into the fireplace. If the logs were too big around, he'd have to split them, which was good for exercise. We were kids then and too small to split the wood.



Mount Joel Garage & Stable



John Colorized

It was a lovely home, one of the nicer homes in town and it had this marvelous living room with this big fireplace and in back of the fireplace he had a wonderful kitchen, it was really neat, and in the back of the kitchen, was the only bathroom for the whole house.

And now the living room was almost 36 feet long, I mean, it was a long thing. There was a big alcove that was there but the bedrooms were very small, very tiny. By the time you got the dresser in and bunk beds for both my brother and I, and my folks, had bunk beds. And thier bedroom was no bigger than ours.

Right away in order to take care of us and keep an eye on us (my brother and I) my mom had to have a maid. Because otherwise she would have to haul us everyplace she went. There's a limit to what you could do but there's also a lot of things you'd do to get into mischief. So we hired a maid and then, of course, when they built the bunk beds there, there were three bunk beds, the maid slept in the middle.

I slept on top and my brother slept in the bottom because he was little, about 3-years old, I was 6 then. So we lived there happily and then every morning dad had to shovel coal. I don't think at the very beginning dad put in a stoker, which feeds the coal on a chain. So every morning we would have



John, Dave & Buster

hand shovel the coal. And lordy, that was a lot of work. And that's the reason he put the stoker in as quickly as he did. We went through one winter without it and by the next summer he knew we needed a stoker.

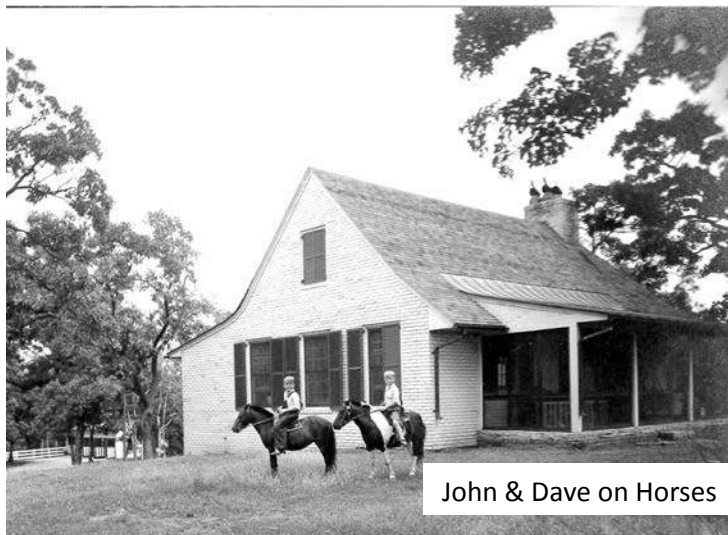
We stayed in the home until 1938 when they remodeled the house. Dad bought this place because it was a nice piece of property. He knew he could have horses there.



John & Dave Colorized

He had a horse for himself and a horse for my mother. Of course, they had to build a barn right away too. And shortly after that, I got a pony. And a year or two after I had my

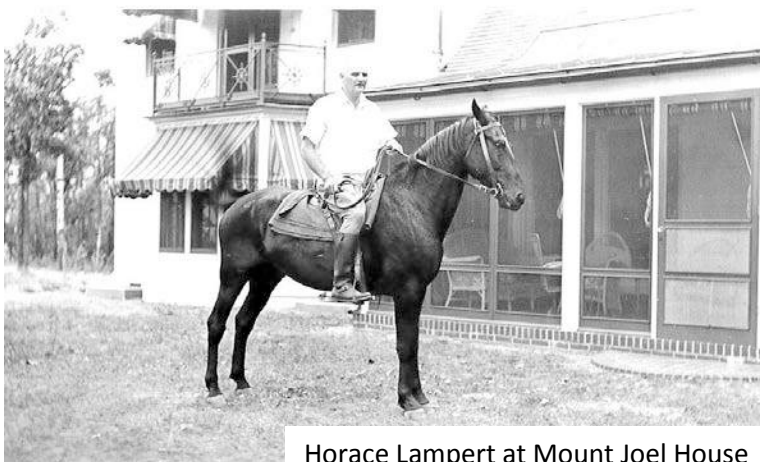
pony, then my brother got a pony so when he was about 6 or 7 years old, so he could ride it without falling off all the time.



My mom never took to horseback riding. My dad took to riding from the beginning and he was funny because he had a magnificent horse and I think the horse's name was King and boy, it was saddle bred and so he and we both enjoyed riding it. My mom never really liked it and she had a kind of a wild horse.

I remember the first time that my dad was trying to talk her into jumping on the horse. He had to break the horse because the horse had been ridden before but not very often. And boy, one day we were holding the horse down and when we let go, the horse tried to throw him off. And he started charging through the pasture. And he's going 85-miles an hour. My dad is hanging on for dear life. By the time they came back, he was still riding the horse.

Because he'd ridden a horse quite a bit on his own when he was a boy he had a pony and then when he was in the service, he used to ride quite a bit. Either a horse or a motorcycle. Finally he came back, but the horse was quite wild so the only riding that he got out of it mostly was having my uncle, Horace Lampert, ride him.



Horace would come out on Sunday mornings, especially in the summer time when the weather was nice and we would go out and ride through the countryside. We'd just be on roads. There were all kinds of gravel roads out there. Robert Street was about the only road that was paved. Everything else was dirt. When he bought my pony, I don't know where he went to get it but it was a beautiful pony. It was just the perfect size for me. It was smaller than the one that he bought for my brother and it could run faster and it had a nicer personality. If you got too foxy with my brother's pony, he'd like to bite you. But my pony would never do that, at least not to me. Her name was Queenie. I was so proud of that horse and then, of course, I had a beautiful western saddle. I wanted something to hang on to. I

was so enthralled with cowboys at that time, you know the cowboys and Indians were big things.

When the house got built during the summer of 1931, they were still working on some of the outbuildings. My dad knew he was going to have quite a few cars and he was looking around for a hired man to take care of the horses and mow the lawn and stuff like that. So he built an 8-car garage.

He had three cars. We had a lot of stuff in there, I mean, one stall was for tools. We had a lot of tools. Saws and axes and all that kind of stuff. Mother had a car. Dad had a car. Then we had a family car. My dad drove a coupe most of the time or a smaller car. My mom had a sedan. And then the sedan that we had for the family. That was bigger.

We knew we had to have something that would hold 6 people because both sets of the grandparents couldn't drive. So many times they'd want to see what Summit Avenue looked like. And unless somebody was going to take them in the car they weren't going to go. The Lampert's lived in St. Paul and the Fesler's were in Duluth. We'd always head up north to the North shore. So we needed the big car for both families. Most of the cars we had were pretty nice.

One of the tough things I had to do right away was start going to school, at the Rock Country School. I went to the country school for three years, I went for first, second and third grade. I started there as just a little kid. I suppose my mother or my dad or maybe the maid took me. I could have walked to school but I didn't know where the school was.



Country School Entire Student Body



John's One Room Country School

It was a one room School house, 11 students, 8 grades. I had already been to kindergarten in town. In town we had a lot of kids in our class. I supposed about 20 or something like that. And that was fun because we had a lot of kids to play with. Boy, recess was the best time when you're in kindergarten. And we'd only go for half a day and didn't have to lay down and take a nap either.

But now I'm going to the country school and I'm in the first grade. And low and behold there's a girl in the first grade. She was just starting school so she and I were the same age. But I was such a peon, you know, everybody showed up with overalls on except me. I was probably wearing knickers. I got Levis in a hurry. They'd never seen a kid in knickers because nobody in the country ever wore knickers. And you couldn't see it on television and you'd see it once in a while if you saw a movie.



John Pencil Sketch

The one room school was wonderful. I just absolutely loved it and it was so educational and I'll tell you why, there's no school that teaches you like a one-room school house. Especially in the bad times of the year because boy, when it's raining out or snowing out for 3-4 months, which it always seemed like that's how long it was, boy, by the time you got to school, right in the middle of the school is a stove. The teacher's sitting up here. She's half the time got her overcoat on because there was no heat and there was no insulation in this school house. So that one stove in the middle has to warm us and everything in the class.

Well, and then they had 8 rows of seats. Each and every year, you'd move up a row, so the last row has got the big kids and the first row has got the little kids. When you came to school, now you've got your mittens on, you've got your overshoes on. You've got a big Mackinaw jacket and you've got a scarf and a big hat. And all of that is wet with snow or has gotten snow in it if it was snowing that day and so by the time you get there, you have to gather around the stove to protect the little kids so they didn't lean into it, because the stove is red hot. There was a big steel shield around it. And every kid would lay his stuff out there on the shield. That was a colorful exercise all by itself. And the teacher had her stuff out there along with everybody else's too. We had to make sure nobody had their stuff on the top of the stove.



And so we were always so thankful that it would get halfway dry by noon because then if we'd go outside to go to the bathroom at the outhouse and it was nice to have a dry jacket and dry gloves. When I started at the school I was in the first grade. The school had 8 grades, but we didn't have kids in all the grades. We probably only had 5 grades. The first graders are taught the first hour. Well that's how it was, and if there is one time of the day that you're sharp, it is after you've gotten all your wet stuff off.

And got it hung up there and then you're sitting there and there's only two of you and you're trying to read fairly simple books, and the teacher is coaching you and helping you, why you learn pretty quick the lesson for the day.

Now, the second hour you're still sitting there, now they're teaching the second graders. While we would be trying to spell dog and cat, they were trying to spell something like horse with more letters in it. Well sooner or later, you'd catch on, my God, I know how to spell horse. No other first graders probably knew how to do that.



John (AKA Pudge) & Buster

Then as the teacher keeps on going through the classes with the other students, you're listening to what's going on. They're also studying at the same time. So as you move back through the grades and finally you get to the history lesson. Well you're going to learn something in the first grade about civics and science, which was big in the old days. So you'd learn something and then of course, I was there all day long.

<p>TO PARENTS OR GUARDIANS:</p> <p>In transferring this report it is the aim of the school to impart to parents or guardians information relative to the school interests of the pupil. It may be considered an index of that part of the pupil's school life herein designated.</p> <p>From the estimate made, not only of scholarship, but also of conduct, it is hoped that you will be enabled to judge whether or not good work is being done. If results seem unsatisfactory, endeavor to have the following conditions fulfilled by the pupil with the hope that school attainments may be enhanced:</p> <p>Attendance at school every day. Regular and uninterrupted study periods at home. The exclusion of all social engagements that might interfere with school duties.</p> <p>Teachers earnestly desire the improvement of the pupils and will be glad to confer with the parent or guardian concerning any point that may be suggested by this report. By mutual cooperation often much good can be done. The most convenient time for consultation with the principal or instructors is at 4 p. m. each school day. The parent or guardian is requested to examine this report carefully each month and to acknowledge its receipt by signing in space provided. Kindly return at once.</p> <p>(You owe it to your child to visit the school. You should find it a pleasure) <i>A Welcome Awaits You</i></p> <p>CERTIFICATE OF PROMOTION</p> <p>Date <u>May 4</u>, 19<u>34</u> I certify that <u>John Fesler</u> is eligible to Promotion to the <u>4th</u> Grade is retained in the _____ Grade <u>M. Price</u> Teacher.</p> <p>(BRING THIS CARD NEXT YEAR)</p>	<p>DAKOTA COUNTY SCHOOLS</p> <p><i>J. Harpen</i> County Superintendent</p> <p>TEACHER'S REPORT TO PARENTS</p> <p>Name <u>John Fesler</u> Age _____ Grade <u>3</u> Dist. No. <u>93</u> for the School Year 19<u>33</u> - 19<u>34</u> <u>Margaret Price</u> Teacher</p> <p>Parent or Guardian is requested to examine this report carefully, and to acknowledge its receipt by signing below. (Return to school.)</p> <p>SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN</p> <p>First Report <u>John K. Fesler</u> Second Report <u>John K. Fesler</u> Third Report <u>Mrs. J. K. Fesler</u> Fourth Report <u>John K. Fesler</u> Fifth Report <u>Mrs. J. K. Fesler</u> Sixth Report <u>Mrs. J. K. Fesler</u> Seventh Report <u>Mrs. J. K. Fesler</u> Eighth Report _____ Ninth Report _____</p> <p>Form W Graph—MILLER-DAVIS CO., MINNEAPOLIS (Revised 1929)</p>
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And then we all took a little lunch bucket and we'd usually sit outside as much as we could and about once a month we'd have a little picnic, everybody would bring something different and if I was there I would have brought deviled eggs. It was good and because everybody knew everybody, and everybody was in a farm right nearby, there was nobody came more than a mile away, and almost everybody was about a half a mile.

There was one family that was across the road from where the school was. So that was really helpful. But otherwise everybody else had quite a hike. The family across the street was about a half a mile. The good thing about it, it was all downhill. I had to go over a huge field that had a variety of things. At one time the guy had sheep grazing there. This was an old farmer from Holland or Belgium. One of those countries, and I'd walk right past his house. Sometimes I'd get a drink of water if it was a hot day from his stock tank with water in it for his cows and he had horses. I don't think any farmer had a tractor in those days. Farming was all done with horses.

We used to call them truck farmers. Most of them did

have a little truck because when they got their vegetables, you had to get in to the market to sell them. The season was pretty short unless you had apples or something like that and had a good place to stash them. It's completely different than it is today because there was no refrigerators. You had to have an ice or an ice house to keep things cold. We did get one of the first refrigerators that GE had ever invented. With the motor up on top of it. And that sucker really worked well. In town my Lampert grandparents had to wait for the ice man to come. As kids we would always run out to the street and stand by the ice truck to get chips to nibble or suck on. That was fun. A lot of times when it snowed real hard, we'd have to call a neighbor that lived next door to us. He had a boy who happened to be in the 8th grade, and he'd hitch up his horses and come over and pull our plow to the road.

Sometimes we plowed our own road by ourselves, but most of the time we'd get this kid to come over with a team of horses. In those days if you had a tractor, they couldn't get enough traction because the hill was so steep. And the horses were marginal but many times we would have the neighbor's horses plow the bottom of the driveway. He would come up from the bottom and we'd plow from the top of the hill down. I'd say maybe 1/4 of the people that came out to visit us couldn't make it to the top of the hill when we first moved out there. The driveway was the steepest driveway ever, and many times you'd have to get up a full head of steam or get a good running start to make it up to the top of the hill

Method of Grading: A—94 to 100, Inclusive B—88 to 93, Inclusive C—81 to 87, Inclusive D—75 to 80, Inclusive E—Failure, or below 75										
Grade (E) will not be honored by Promotion.										
ATTENDANCE DEPARTMENT STUDIES										
Six Weeks or Monthly										
	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	Year Ave.
Times Tardy	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Days Present	20	20	20	17	20	20	17	20	20	132 1/2
Penmanship	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
Spelling	B	84	86	94	45	94	95	96		92
Phonics										
Reading	B	B	B	B	B	F	D	G		B+
Grammar or Language	C+	B	B	B	B	B	B	B		B+
Arithmetic	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B		B
U. S. History										
Geography	C	C	B	B	B	B	B	B		B
El. Citizenship										
Hygiene & San. Physiol. & Health										
Drawing	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B		B
Music	C	C	C	C	C	C	C	C		C
Industrial Arts										
GENERAL HEALTH (Check Thus <input type="checkbox"/>)										
Appears Nervous at times										
Seems to have Difficulty in Seeing										
Hearing seems Somewhat Impaired										

CHARACTER									
Indicate degree of each trait by V.S.=Very Satisfactory A=Average U=Unsatisfactory									
TRAITS	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Respect for School Property	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.
Obedience	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.
Orderliness	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.
Promptness	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.
Courtesy	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.
Industry	G	G	G	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.
Persistence	G	G	G	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.
Cleanliness	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.
Attentiveness	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.	V.S.

Red Check Mark Above INTERVIEW WITH PARENT DESIRED

GRAPH For showing class and pupil averages in studies.
Red line indicates Class Average.
Dark line indicates Pupil's Average.

	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	Six Weeks or Monthly
A										94-100 Excellent
B										88-93 Very Good
C										81-87 Good
D										75-80 Poor Promotion in danger
E										Below 75 Failure

To the Teacher:
The above graph should be explained thoroughly to all pupils so they may realize it is a picture of their school work. This may be most readily accomplished by showing the diagram on a black-board, using red chalk for Class Average and blue for Pupil Average.



I don't think mom was unhappy with living in the country, although she was probably a little lonesome. Here she is out in the country and you're 7 miles from anybody and from town. Who are you going to talk to? If you look at people today, they want to talk and chit chat and everything. You watch women get together and they've got a lot to talk about. They like to talk about their children, what to fix for supper, how your parents are doing, how your brother's doing, how the lumber company's going, all that kind of stuff, about a thousand and one things, but when you're out there, you talk to the maid or the dog and that's the phone we had was a party line phone. You couldn't always use the phone because someone else was always on it. If somebody's house was burning down, you'd get on the phone and tell the other person to get off the phone, I've got to use the phone, and my house is burning down. We'd get those calls every once in a while. I think

there were about 7-8 people on our party line. So 9 times out of 10 nobody's able to use the phone to call anybody because one of the neighbors is on the phone.

Mom would always go to visit the grandparents almost daily. We would see them at Easter. They used to really look forward to the holidays. They were getting older, and they lasted through the 30's but they didn't last through the 40's. I think they both passed away before the 50's came.

I asked my mom one time, I said, "well, what did you do when you were young"? Well, she says, about the most exciting thing we did when she lived right over south of downtown Minneapolis here, we used to love to sit on the porch and wait for the fire engine. The firehouse was almost across the street or around the corner from them and every time there's a fire, of course, the kids would come running right out of the house to watch the fire truck. The fire truck was pulled by the horses and all the kids loved watching it running down the street. She said, once a week they'd have a practice run. She said, "we used to line up for those practice runs". And I said, "well that sounds like it must have been a lot of fun." Well, she says, that's about the most fun we had. She said, we went to school during the day and we learned stuff and once in a while

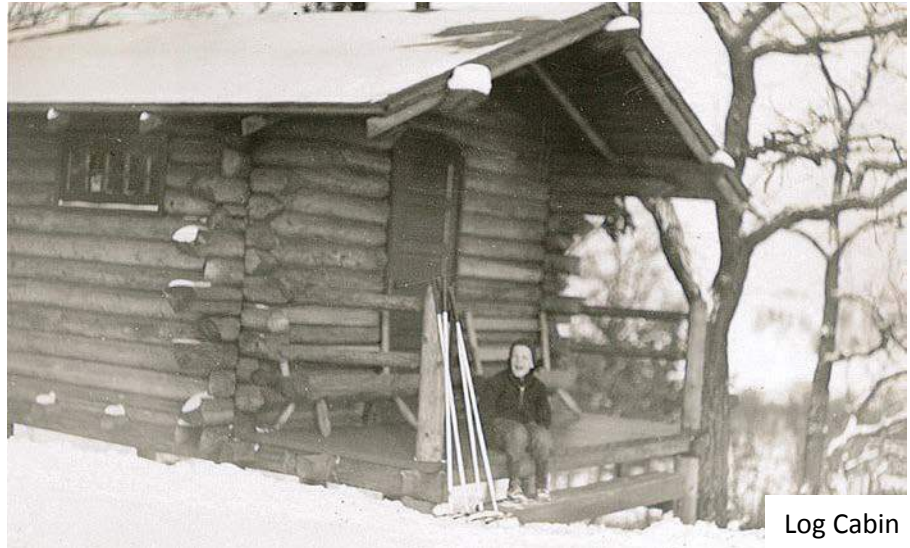


John, Dave & Buster

we'd get a chance to go swimming somewhere, maybe like at Loring Lake.

It was a good childhood for me, but we lived in a strange house. We had a barn, it had four stalls in it for each one of our horses. We knew we were going to have to get one for my brother. And it had room in it for a sleigh and a wagon and all that kind of stuff. We had a bobsled that we kept over in the garage. And then, of course, it wasn't too many years before we got a caretaker.

Dad bought a log cabin and it was a one room cabin with 2 beds, a small kitchen with a wood stove and a small breakfast nook for serving and eating meals.



Log Cabin

And in the beginning, the maid was also kind of an assistant cook and she would have to do all the dishes after our meals. We had a big living room but it had a dining alcove that's where we would eat and there was a sort of a table, about like this size in the kitchen. And we'd sit there and we'd eat too. The lady that was the maid and she would also look after my brother and me and take care of us if the folks were gone.



John - school police

She had her duties, but there wasn't that much she had to do. And once in a while her boyfriend would come out to see her and he was so proud he could make it up our hill with his motorcycle. And she's get a day off once in a while and go charging into town with him.

We didn't have to worry much about the depression because my dad was an attorney and he was working for Kellogg and Morgan (later became Briggs & Morgan). We always seemed to have enough to keep us going. He worked for them for quite a long time. One year he got an invitation to Kellogg's Christmas party. Which was like going to the King's Christmas party. He lived in a house on Summit which wasn't too far from the German House. And so we went to Mr. Kellogg's Christmas party and my dad took me along. And I got my knickers on. He bought me those when he took me to Chicago one time. My mom went with her mother to Florida one winter for a couple weeks, maybe a month, I don't know, and my

granddad, he always traveled buying lumber in the winter time so he'd head for California and he always stayed in Santa Cruz.

I don't know how he got around out there because he didn't drive. I don't know how many cabs they had out there in a town like that. Usually when you go to a lumber town you could count the number of cabs they had on one hand. Anyways, my dad took me to Chicago and we went to a play and it was one of those old minstrel shows.

With Topsy and the black face, you know, for the people. God we had a nice seat, it wasn't in the front row but it was a terrific seat and I just thought I'd gone to heaven. The train ride down there and the train ride back was wonderful. Union Depot here and in Chicago was magnificent. I would guess I was about 7 or maybe 8 then. I don't remember any place else where we went.

Well wait a second now, I'm almost sure that he would have taken me to the Planetarium because he always loved astronomy. And the Planetarium is easy to get to. And we stayed at the Palmer House Hotel. Today the name on the building is Conrad Hilton Hotel located right on Michigan Avenue.

His favorite hotel was the Palmer House in downtown Chicago which was right in the heart of the city. My dad used to love that damn place. I remember the first time after we went down there quite a bit, he'd go down there and check with the banker, usually in the winter time and once in a while he'd haul me along. This is long after I went with my knickers to see the stage show. And then we'd always visit the banker.



John and Dave on St Croix River in Afton MN



John L. Bear Hunting License at Age 6.

ORIGINAL This license void if changed or altered in any manner.

The Fish and Game belong to YOU—protect them.

W. D. STEWART,
Commissioner, Game and Fish, Old Capitol, St. Paul, Minn.

STATE OF MINNESOTA

1931 **RESIDENT - BEAR HUNTING LICENSE** NO. **27** \$2.00

Mr. John Lambert Lesler being first duly sworn deposes and says:
I am a resident of Saint Paul County of Ramsey State of Minnesota,
and have been such resident and citizen for the period of _____ years.
Sex male, Age 6, Height 3', Weight 50, Eyes Blue, Hair light
Issued at Duuth this 18th day of April 1931.
He is herewith permitted to hunt bear in accordance with the laws of Minnesota.
ALWAYS CARRY THIS LICENSE WITH YOU—DATE OF EXPIRATION, DECEMBER 31, 1931.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 18th day of April, 1931.

Licensee's Signature _____
522 South Saratoga ave
Licensee's Address _____

Agent's Signature W. H. Bouger
Agent's Address _____

Receipt of \$2.00 for this license is hereby acknowledged.

Finally we took my brother. I can remember when my dad and I were kidding my brother and said, boy, wait until you see the Palmer House and Jesus, his eyes were rolling like this. He couldn't believe it when he saw it and then we went to the Empire Room which was the elegant dining area. Over the years we had so many wonderful times in the Empire Room and the other room was called the Victorian Room. Almost as nice and just as elegant and that's where they used to serve breakfast and lunch.



When we got in there with my brother he saw the prices he couldn't believe it. We ordered a nice breakfast and he didn't even order a glass of orange juice because he thought it was too expensive.

Once my brother got to be of kindergarten age then the two of us would ride with my dad in the morning, where he would go to work at Briggs and Morgan. I and my brother Dave would ride with my dad and we would get out of his car and get on the street car and go out to my grandparents' house. We'd get off at Fairview and then we'd walk down the alley to my grandparents' house which is about 2 blocks down. Well, we did that through the 7th grade at Ramsey School and Mariah Sanford was the junior high for the 8th grade.



I learned two things there; one is the lady who taught English, I think her name was Mary Bodgett. God, that woman could walk on water. She had kids so excited about her class. Boy, when it came to penmanship and stuff like that, that was number one on her list. I am ashamed the way all of my grandchildren write. I shouldn't say all of them, some of them write beautifully and some of them not so good. I printed most of my life. And I still do. Every once in a while I'll send a letter to somebody and I'll write it in longhand and I have to write it very slowly because I don't go very fast. Anyway we would walk from my grandparents' home to Ramsey school

We'd go to my grandparents' house and we had breakfast at home but they would just be having breakfast at their house, so sometimes we eat a piece of toast with a little jam on it. And many times they would have fruit that we wouldn't have way out there in the country. And so we'd go to school with the police boys leading us through the street so we didn't get run over. It was about about the 5th or 6th grade I had to take tin shop so we had tin shop for one quarter (about 3 months).

And we were down there soldering and cutting tin and making stuff and if I do say so myself, I made the absolute best funnel. That anybody in the class did. I think I got an A on it. It was a big one. That damned thing was about 6" around. And it had a spout on it that was a foot long coming out of the bottom. And it was the perfect thing for our home out on the farm. My dad was so proud of that goddamned thing.

We used it to fill the tractor up with gas. And it worked great in the boat. It got lost in the shuffle somewhere. I'll bet you the thing is still working. I did such a perfect job of soldering and everything. A year or two later I had to take shop again and I went to the carpenter shop. Low and behold their carpenter shop was a guy by the name of Brindelson and he was a good shop teacher and taught you about wood and tools and stuff and we'd make those corner shelf you know, one of the first projects you made was a corner shelf.

And Jesus, we had to cut everything out with just a coping saw, you know, which is a hell of a lot of sawing. And then by the time you got done painting and everything else, you know, that was probably a month's work there but then we made other projects too. The thing that we lucked out in about the 9th grade that worked out that was so neat was I started going to camp. My folks heard somewhere about Camp Miller.



The first year my dad was telling my grandpa up in Duluth, oh, he says, you've got to send him up here, he says, and I'll take care of him and we'll send him to Camp Miller. He said, it's the best camp on Sturgeon Lake. It is about 50 miles south of Duluth.

It was a boys YMCA camp. It was mean and lean. A lot of kids who went there didn't have very many resources.

I went there the first year so I told the folks what I had done and everything and the only funny thing that I ever did up there was they had amateur night

Established in 1898, Camp Miller is the oldest Y Camp in the state of Minnesota and the 6th oldest in the United States. Camp Miller is known for its breathtaking beauty and extraordinary range of confidence-building, healthy youth activities. Throughout its 340 acres of lakefront and forests, kids explore nature and stretch their imaginations.

Camp Miller offers a wide variety of programming. Our tradition camp is designed for boys and girls ages 7-16. Age progression groups allows children to learn and experience camp at the skill level of their peers, while our specialty camps allow for older campers to expand their skills in a specific area, be it

Just arrived
in camp

safe
and
happy



Y4

Maybe a canoe. I just don't remember, but the year after that, I'm almost sure was in 1937' and 38', we went to Camp Lincoln. Camp Lincoln is probably the best camp in the State of Minnesota. It's

up at Lake Hubert. It's a private camp. Its high test and its quality from A to Z. And they have the best counselors in the state when I went there.

They have a boy's camp, Camp Lincoln. They have a girl's camp called Camp Lake Hubert. Both of my daughters went there and all of my sons went to Camp Lincoln.

and Jesus, somewhere along the way I had learned how to hum on a comb when you put the wax paper on it. Little kids learn that somewhere along the line. And so I thought I was pretty good at it so I put my name in and so they let me get up on that stage and by the time I got on stage I was dumb boy, I knew I was never going to do that for a living because I was out of my element and it was terrible. The whole camping experience was great.

Well every morning they would start up and everybody would take off all their clothes and they'd run out and jump in the lake. Well, that woke us up. Because the water seemed to be nippy most of the time. You'd play games and things like that. They did have boats and we'd learn how to row a boat.



All Aboard for Lake Hubert, Minnesota

Health—Happiness—and Safe Development Midst Minnesota's Pines and Lakes

TRAVEL INFORMATION

Counselors will chaperone groups from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas, Wichita and other cities en route to Minneapolis. It is requested that, in purchasing railroad transportation, the routing below be observed since this is the routing of the chaperoned groups. Miss Barron, Mr. Everett and Mr. Rogers will meet these trains in Minneapolis. Purchase round trip tickets to Minneapolis only. A special bus will be used from Minneapolis to Lake Hubert. Through Pullman service permitting everyone to arrive in Minneapolis by 9 A. M. will be used by the following roads:

CHAPERONED RAILROAD ROUTES

From—Lincoln, Omaha, Red Oak, Sioux City and Council Bluffs—
Use the Chicago Northwestern Railroad.

From—Dallas, Oklahoma City, Tulsa, Bartlesville, Muskogee, Okmulgee, Wichita,
Topeka, Kansas City, Des Moines—
Use the Rock Island or MKT Railroad.

From—Saint Louis, Keokuk, Burlington, Chicago, Winnetka, La Grange, Evanston,
Quincy—Use the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad.

From—Saint Joseph—Use the Chicago Great Western Railroad.

Camp Lincoln for Boys and Camp Lake Hubert for Girls. Special Northland Greyhound Bus. Leaves Minneapolis, 9:30 A. M., June 21. Arrives Lake Hubert, 2:30 P. M., June 21.

About June first all parents will receive further information about railroad time schedules, railroad tickets, shipment of trunks, medical examinations, candy rules, visiting periods, allowance at the camp bank, etc.

The Dayton Co. of Minneapolis, as our official outfitter, will carry a special camp equipment display at their store starting May 1st. Before May 1, parents will receive a list of the equipment necessary and optional. Equipment suggested is simple, inexpensive, useful before or after camp.

Camp life and activities can best be understood by seeing our Cine 16 mm. size motion pictures. Write early to Mr. Everett if you would like this film or our projector sent to your home for an evening's entertainment.

Address All Communications

R. F. Brownlee Cote is the managing director of The Lake Hubert Minnesota Camps. For literature, catalogs or general information about any of the camps or summer resorts write Mr. Cote at Lake Hubert, Minnesota (winter and summer office).

For special camp information write to:

R. F. Brownlee Cote Managing Director of Lake Hubert Minnesota Camps	4607 Edina Blvd., Minneapolis, Minn. (Phone, Walnut 6728)
Mrs. W. H. Rogers Director Camp Lake Hubert for Girls	490 West End Avenue, New York, New York
Charles J. Everett Director Camp Lincoln for Boys	5001 Chowen Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn. (Phone, Walnut 2792)
Miss Nora Barron Director Camp Lake Hubert Prep for Girls	5403 42nd Ave. N., Robbinsdale, Minn. (Phone, Hyland 3826)
Fred V. Rogers Director Camp Lincoln Prep for Boys	

CAMP OFFICE UNTIL JUNE 20, 808 E. FRANKLIN AVE., MINNEAPOLIS

Phone Geneva 3736



Badger Cabin



Camp Bulletin Board of Daily Events And Activities

List of necessary equipment and cost.

Quantity Wanted	ITEM	Quantity Needed	Price or Price	Total
2	Wool Blankets Single	3	\$4.00	\$5.00
2	Flannel Sheet			
3	Blankets (double) or Cotton Sheets	2		1.50
3	Pillow Cases	4	1.00	1.55
4	Bath Towels	3		.29
1	Laundry Bags	8	.29	.39
3	Pajamas (flannel preferable)	2	.59	.79
10	Socks, choice of about 10 pairs cotton, 2 pairs wool. White feet preferable	3		1.75
2	White Duck or Navy Trousers	12	.35 to 1.25	
3	Covert Shorts	2	1.75	2.00
2	Covert Longs	3		1.00
1	White Gym Pants	2		2.25
3	White Gym Shirts	3		.65
3	Covert Camp Shirts	4	.35	.50
2	White Shirts for Sunday	3		1.00
1	Slippers (bedroom or bath)	3		1.00
1	Leather Shoes with heels (for hiking)	1	1.00	2.85
1	Tennis Shoes	1	4.50	5.50
1	Camp Mirror	2	1.25	1.65
1	Bathing Trunks	1		.25
1	Poncho (45 x 72)	1	1.75	up 3.50
1	Sunbath Goggles—Glasses	1		.50
1	Choice of: Wool Shirt			4.50
1	Sweat Shirt			1.00
1	Suede Jacket		5.95	8.95
1	Flashlight (2 cell) complete	1	1.35	
1	Raincoat	1		3.50
1	Blanket Pins	6		.05
Total Amount of Order				

Camp Lincoln and Camp Lincoln Prep do not require an expensive special uniform as a part of their camp equipment. But because of the distinct advantage in uniformity of color, type, and quality of a camper's outfit, we ask parents to follow these suggestions:

1. Use whatever you possibly can of his present wardrobe. Substitute freely wherever present clothing will serve the purpose.

2. Make all new purchases from The Dayton Company as far as possible. These articles have been selected by us personally and are judged best from the point of view of style, service and price. The Dayton Company School and Camp Bureau will gladly give you full information and show you samples of camp equipment any time. The complete stock will be on display and ready for delivery starting May 1. Non-residents should send one of these lists to The Dayton Company early with the items you want plainly checked. Please designate whether you desire the articles sent to your residence or to Lake Hubert to be held there until camp opens.

Please give measurements as follows:

Collar size _____

Chest _____

Waist _____

Inseams for Long Pants _____

(Measure from 1" below crotch to the floor)

Hose size _____

Shoe size _____

Age clothing generally worn _____

Weight _____ Height _____

(These measurements to determine stock size only)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Remarks _____

Necessary Equipment

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| Bible or New Testament ✓ | Pillow ✓ |
| 12 handkerchiefs ✓ | Writing paper ✓ |
| Stamped, self-addressed envelopes ✓ | Pen and pencils ✓ |
| Comb and toilet articles ✓ | 2 books for Camp Library ✓ |

Optional Equipment

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Extra pair comfortable shoes ✓ | Extra every-day shirts |
| Baseball suit ✓ | Mess kit and canteen, \$2.25 each ✓ |
| Baseball and glove ✓ | Yachting cap, \$2 |
| Camera and extra films ✓ | Bathrobe, \$3 to \$5 ✓ |
| Scout knife ✓ | Duffle bag, \$4 |
| Football suit ✓ | Riding breeches ✓ |
| Hiking boots ✓ | Mesh shirt, \$1 |
| Fishing tackle ✓ | Tennis racket, \$3 up ✓ |
| Canoe paddle ✓ | Tennis balls, 35¢ each ✓ |
| Books and games ✓ | Wool shirt, Toilet Kit ✓ |
| Hand towels ✓ | Shooting coat |
| Extra pair Swim Trunks ✓ | Shooting glove |

Explaining Our Lake Hubert Camps

The Lake Hubert Minnesota Camps offer the camps listed below. This association of camps enables each individual camp to offer campers and parents features that could not possibly be available at a single camp. Graduated fees, based on a choice of activities, makes it possible for more and more families to send their children to one of our fine camps.

CAMP LINCOLN PREP FOR BOYS

Camp Lincoln Prep is a small separate camp located on the west shore of Lake Hubert at the extreme north end of our beautiful 400 acres. Here is a small community where younger boys have an opportunity to grow strong, develop a spirit of self-reliance and have fun without interference from older boys of the adolescent age. This camp has the very best buildings and equipment, and features a program of 39 activities without the more expensive and advanced activities of horseback riding, sailing and rifle practice. Fee \$150.00 for the five weeks' period.

CAMP LINCOLN FOR BOYS

Camp Lincoln occupies the southern part of our 400 acres a quarter of a mile from the Prep camp. Buildings, equipment and program are the same as the Preps but in addition, the program includes horseback riding, sailing and rifle practice. The men in charge of these activities are rated as experts in their respective activities. In staff, equipment and choice of activities, Camp Lincoln ranks as one of America's outstanding camps. The fee is \$187.50 for a five week period.

CAMP LAKE HUBERT PREP FOR GIRLS

Camp Lake Hubert Prep is located on the south shore of Lake Hubert, three miles around the lake from Camp Lincoln for Boys. The girls' camp grounds have 83 acres of beautiful pines, with more than a mile of lake front on both Lake Hubert and Bass Lake. The Prep Camp with its own separate lodge, dining hall, tennis courts, etc., is at the extreme west end of the camp property. Prep girls are busy and happy under the direction of a fine staff composed of adult, experienced teachers. Our Prep Camp has the highest standards and the lowest fees, offering 39 activities and games, without the advanced and more expensive activities of horseback riding, sailing and rifle practice. Fee \$162.50 per five week period.

CAMP LAKE HUBERT FOR GIRLS

Camp Lake Hubert is a separate camp located on the east part of our camp property. The girls in this camp enjoy riding, sailing and rifle practice plus the regular 39 activities included in the Prep program. The staff, buildings, equipment, and general program of Camp Lake Hubert give girls the best in camping. The fee for Camp Lake Hubert is \$200.00 for a five week period.

COUNSELOR TRAINING CAMPS

Camp Lincoln and Camp Lake Hubert offer separate Counselor Training Camps for boys and girls between the ages of 16 and 22. Boys and girls in these camps will enjoy camp activities, canoe trips, and talks by prominent men and women. Regular camp duties will be assigned to them. Those showing ability will be selected to assist staff members in actual counselor work. These camps are run on a no-profit basis and the low weekly fee makes it possible for many to take advantage of this fine training. The fee for the boys' Counselor Training Camp is \$125.00 per five weeks. For the girls' Counselor Training Camp the fee is \$150.00 per five weeks.

THE FULL SEASON IS TEN WEEKS. ENROLLMENTS FOR LESS THAN FIVE WEEKS WILL BE ACCOMMODATED DURING THE SECOND HALF OF THE SEASON

Well one of the first things I recall is when I went the first time, who in the world is in charge of the shop but Brindleson. But now we're not working on corner shelves and crappy stuff that I had to make for the home. Now we're making and building sailboats. So we're really excited.

And instead of learning how to row a boat, I'm learning how to water ski. And the quality of the counselors was great. Every year Bernie Bierman would always stop by there. The reason he's stop by is because half the people that were counselors were his football players.

I can't remember who was my counselor the first year but the second year we had about the best counselor you could ever get in America, There was just absolutely nobody better for a variety of reasons but it was Bud Wilkinson. And it happened to be the summer that Bud got married.



Bud Wilkinson



Bierman

He was an All American at the University of Minnesota.

Each counselor had 8 boys so it's very tightly controlled and everybody's doing something all the time. If you're tying knots, you're tying knots, you're not fiddling around. If you're learning how to play baseball, you're learning how to play baseball. If you're learning how to catch a football, you're learning how to do that and everyone would work with you with all these different projects.

We learned a lot about nature. You have to learn what all of the trees were and make up this scrapbook. And either a picture of it or the kind of bark that it had or the kind of the shape or its leaf and all that stuff.

Bernie was up at camp and he'd have at least 5-10 of his players. They played for him or maybe they were going to play for him. If Bernie put them up there and say the guy needs a little extra help and they had to pay him an extra, let's say \$500 for being the counselor, why, that was between them and the counselor. And



the fact that Bernie talked to them, that never got into the equation. He just knew that they needed a little help so they offered him a nice salary.

And when they all get together, they're all in the center and that's where the counselors slept. In the center room and in effect, there's three rooms; there's one here, one here and one up here. And the middle part where the stoves were. And the counselors were in there too.

Now the guy on top was an All American football player from Indiana. And the guy on the other side of us over in this bay here was the brother of Jay Ferro. Jay Ferro was the athletic director at Missouri University. And after he got done coaching football down there, he was the coach of the Green Bay Packers. He wasn't as good a football player as his brother was because he was coaching at Missouri and he was coaching at, eventually with the Packers for about 5 or 8 years. So those were our three mentors. We're walking around half the time going, oh boy, we've got the absolute best guy in the world.

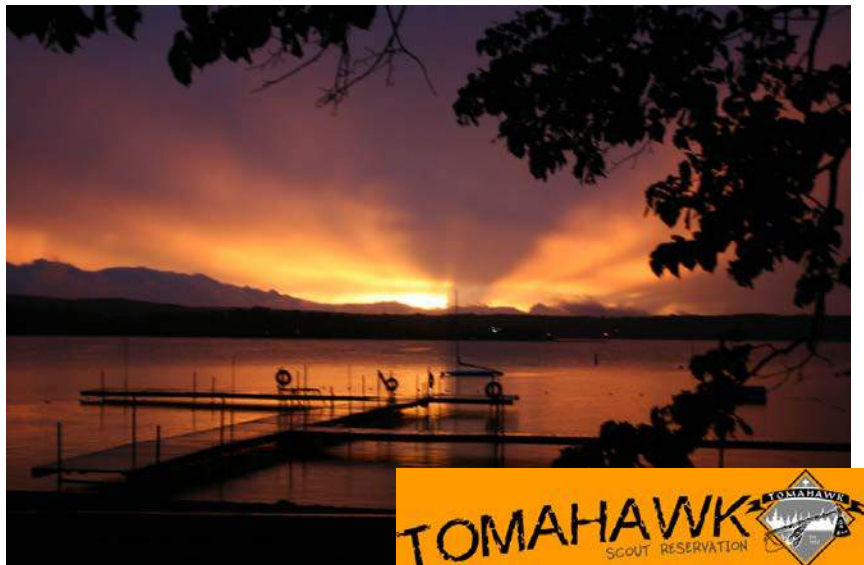
But anyway, the camp had more good programs going and if you read the history of that, they also owned Grandview Lodge. And they still do. They're running it, same people. The quality of the people through there was incredible. One year just the counselors at our camp was going to play baseball game in town against the championship team from the State of Minnesota or the previous year.

All of our guys were out there and everybody's lining up to do their thing and ...and I think our guys ended up winning that game. But there were a lot of good players on both sides and the other guys were just getting done with their season.

I learned about boating and I learning how to sail and I have loved sailing ever since then. I can tell you a lot of stories about sailing because

it ties in to the Boy Scouts. When I got to go to Tomahawk the big Scout camp over in Wisconsin up by Birchwood, none of the counselors could sail.

I took the boys out and taught them. And we would go out there on the windy days and just have a ton of fun and once or twice we sunk the boat. Tipped over the boat would be a better way to put it. And then we righted the boat. And I didn't lose any boys. That was the good part.



Haven't done much sailing since then. We had a canoe out at Fairview on the St. Croix River. The canoe had a sail with it. It isn't very good sailing. So we never did it much. Any time you get a chance to take a jump on a sailboat, why, I took advantage of it.

Dan is quite a sailor and he owned a beautiful sailboat and he gave us a ride one day. Ester and I went up to where he was living in Brainerd. When he came back to Lamperts to work he owned a boat with a friend of his on Lake Superior. It's very exciting up there with the Apostle Islands, you can't hardly go anyplace better. The only thing that's bad about it is if you fall overboard, you better be within swimming distance of the shore and you better be able to swim fast. Or have your life preserver on because the water is about 40 degrees.



I got along at school okay. We had some terrible teachers but we had a lot of good teachers too. Maybe they never got a chance to challenge us as much as they should have. You know, you've got 20-30 kids in the classroom, it's hard to do a good job with everyone. But life was a lot simpler then. About the only highlight that I can really remember is we had a play one day at school and I and a couple other guys put it on. We were playing Robin Hood. That was a cute deal, because we had a sack of grain and we were going to throw it around for some reason or other and so I got a chance to bring one from home.

One of the things that I like to brag about, but it doesn't mean anything when we were going into the 7th or 8th grade over at the Mariah Sanford public school. We would join one of the local football teams. The city had all these different leagues with different age groups. As soon as school was over instead of going to my grandparents' house like my brother would have to do, I'd go up and we'd practice football for a couple of hours.

Then I'd have to hike down to their house. Well so my buddy and I, we were hot on the football stuff. I think I played guard and he was an end. And we had a pretty good team. We won more games than we lost. And the proudest moment of all was we won the city championship for our age group. And we had a big dinner that they put on for us.

And we all went out to a Community Building, right on Snelling Avenue, it was about 10 blocks north of University. It's a public place tied in with a park or something and we all went down there and we had dinner and it was hot dogs and we thought we were big stuff. We got a little pin that said we were city champions

The tough part of it was that my grandparents, of course, just had to make sure they stayed out of our way because we always had that driveway that you could walk through and a huge backyard. A lot of people had stuff in their yard but this was mostly open. They did have 2-3 fruit trees out there.

And God, when the apples or plums were coming in, boy, everybody was over there helping themselves and that was big time stuff, and we'd play a lot of games. Almost every year we built a fort out of snow in the backyard. We'd have a gang of probably 5 or 10 or 15 kids out there all helping us. It was a wonderful way to have fun. The problem was we would have to go home.

Now dad was in the office downtown. Mother would come and visit with her folks. Or attend a function or social event. And then she'd swing past the folk's house to say "hi". See if the folks needed anything, how's everything going, how are the boys doing. Then when she returned it was time to go home and by the time we got home our nanny had the dinner started or ready to go and we'd get home and then dad would come home shortly afterwards. We usually got home before he did and that went on for year after year after year, and worked our fairly well.

When I was small and lived in the country my mom used to bring us to church. But mostly we never went to church. But as soon as I got to be about 8, and David was probably 5 mom started taking us to church more often.

I think sometimes she would go. My dad never really attended church much but he may have attended with her once in a while. But my mom would take us to the Unitarian Church in St. Paul and they had a minister that was an absolute human dynamo. He finally got to be the head of the whole church in the United States. And they had a wonderful Sunday school.



Unitarian Church St. Paul

You didn't get into reading a whole lot of the Bible or anything like that. It was more the fun part of the more positive part of religion. So that was it until I went to Shattuck where we went to school 5 days a week and to church 1 day a week in addition to twice a day on Sunday.

Chapter

3

The Life & Times Of John Lampert Fesler Shattuck

Family Rules

1. Put the other person first
2. Speak with *Love*
3. Tell the truth
4. Mind your manners
5. Make *the right* choice
6. BE 
7. GUARD your *Heart* 
8. Forgive Freely
9. Always do your best
-  10. Be Thankful



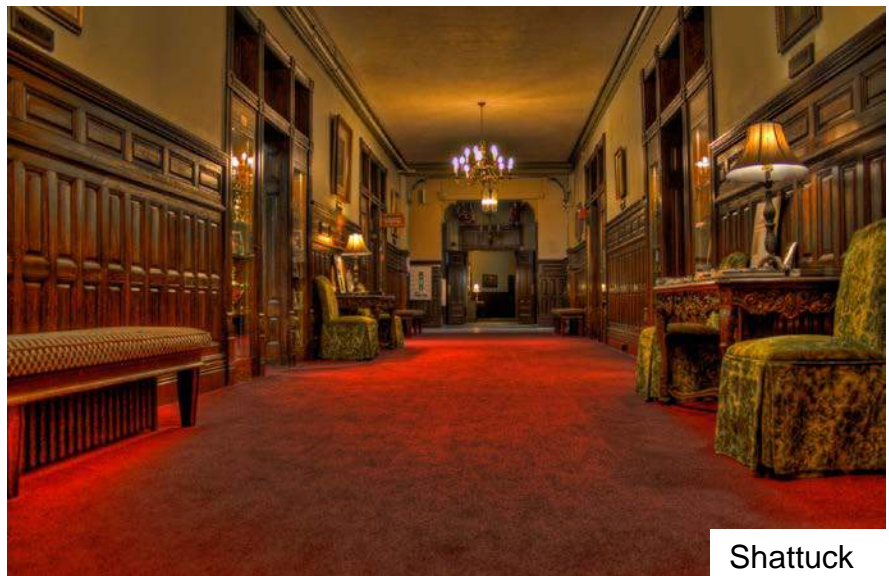
Shattuck Main Gate

I never found out how the folks ever found out about Shattuck but I think the main reason was because my Uncle Horace had gone there. He was there for 4 years, he never went to college. He must have figured that he knew enough to cope with life with his high school education. So he went there and had a good record at Shattuck. He was in one of the best fraternity's. Shattuck apparently has always had fraternities.

Every high schools got gangs where kids hang together. Well sometimes there is nothing like that but a lot of times there is. At Shattuck there is because you don't have your parents around. Well it was just another new experience. We had been used to camp and we had traveled a little bit. We'd gone to Chicago once or twice. And we went out to the Black Hills once or twice. Went out to Yosemite, Glacier Park, and Yellowstone. So we hit all of the place where people go.

Shattuck was a military prep school. When I went to Shattuck I didn't know anybody. There were very few kids from St. Paul but there were a lot of kids from Minneapolis. I didn't get very close to most of the kids until after a year or two. And then my best friends were there. Unfortunately, they were all killed in the war so that ended up being an unhappy memory or episode for me. But God, we sure had fun while we were able to.

The school was designed to be run on the same level as Eaton in England. And Shattuck is one of the oldest private high schools west of the Mississippi. When we started there it's for high school. Grades 9, 10, 11 and 12. When I started there, I was a freshman there. And we had all these subjects that you had to take and they believed in English all 4 years and a lot of literature in the English. You were



Shattuck

into Shakespeare with a vengeance. You always had to take language. I had to take Latin as a freshman and sophomore. And then you had a choice in the last two years, you could have German, French or Spanish and I took Spanish because I knew it was easier than the other two. Dave my brother took French.

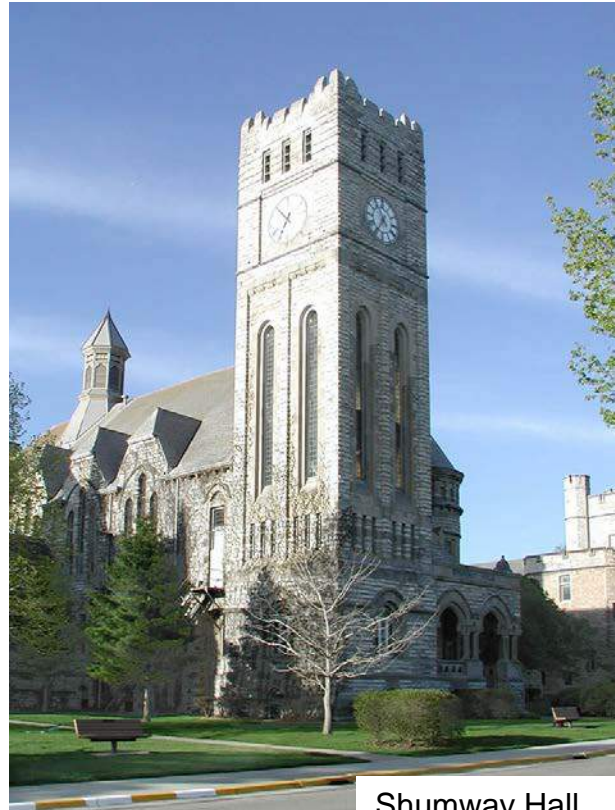
All your private clothes were put away. Now, all of their shirts had a double collar. So to get them on, as a freshman, was pushing water uphill. I used to watch my grandfather do the same thing. The judge in Duluth, that's just what he wore, because that's what he got used to. The shirt came up and you put the collar on and by the time you hooked the collar onto the shirt you had four layers of stuff to go through and they were always snug. You couldn't have these loose ones like everybody gets today. The collar, when they came back from the laundry, was a stiff as a board.

When I started in 1940, I was what they called a "new boy". Yeah. Every teacher and every senior at the school had soak pad. It was just a little pad. It had writing on it. If you did something bad like an unbuttoned button, you got one demerit. And they would write out on the pad, one demerit and they'd turn it in they'd keep a copy and they'd turn it in to the school so they would put it on your record.

When you started as a new student at Shattuck, you started with 100 points. And if you wanted to get rid of one of those points, you walked around in a circle or square for one hour with your rifle on your shoulder and at the end of the hour you got that demerit taken off your record.

So you started with 100 points. The rifle wasn't bad when you got older but when you were just a little kid like I was when I first went there, its 7-8 pounds on your shoulder. For an hour holding it. Or if you had 3-4 demerits, you'd try to get rid of all of them, you'd just keep walking around and around and around until you fell over.

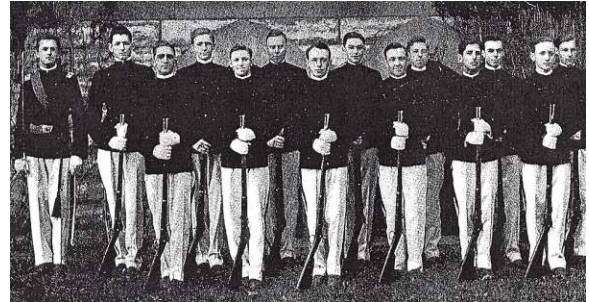
Well, nobody fell over. You'd get another demerit. As soon as you had 30-40 demerits, then you're tossed out of the school. I never got that high, when I got demerits I just kept walking. Now there's other things that are included. Not only your uniform had to be good, your room had to be good too.



Shumway Hall

When we started the day we'd be in the study hall and they'd have a 2-minute Episcopal Church service to start the ball rolling. Shattuck has one of the most beautiful chapels that you've ever seen. The chapel at Fort Snelling is almost identical. Shattuck has better looking stone because it's gray. The one at Fort Snelling is brown brick or brown stone. But it's beautiful. It has all the flags along the side so it's a very nice presentation of religion. On Sunday, the new boys (those there for the first year) had to be in the first row all year long. When you kneeled, you couldn't rest your butt on the seat. I learned when and how to kneel at Shattuck. At Shattuck each year you move back a row. The rows at Shattuck are sideways on the inside.

They would have inspections daily or weekly, depending on where they were. You could be in uniform and all lined up to report for breakfast or supper. All the buttons had to be buttoned. If you had a button that wasn't buttoned, you could get a demerit. It didn't mean that everybody gave you one just because you earned one, but if some guy didn't like you very well, you would sure get them in a hurry. Now this used to happen for the new boys. Now if your room, let's say they came in on a weekly inspection and ran their hand over a shelf or something and they found dust, one demerit.



So it learned you that when you had your dresser opened, everything was lined up neatly. There's no sloppy stuff. The t-shirts were here, the shorts were there, the handkerchiefs were there, the socks were there. Everything was neat and orderly and there was no school rule that made you put it the same way but you learned discipline right from day one.



Dave had a better school record than I did down there. They thought more highly of him than they did of me as a student or as a participant of the school. He's got a great record at Shattuck. He's smarter than I am for one thing so he got better grades in every grade he ever went to. If you put his IQ in a page and put mine next to it, his would be a bigger number than mine. That's a proven fact.

The one thing was that I was there for 4 years, he was there for 4 years but the last 2 years that I was there, I was able to give him a lot of help in getting started at Shattuck. And guide and teach him on what he needed to pay attention to.

And another thing that they had was you had to go to church every day and you go twice on Sunday. Morning and then at night. It was an Episcopal church and the service was started by one of the great bishops of the State of Minnesota, Seabury. The guy is one of the few people that led the charge to try to stop the Indians from massacring all the whites and the whites from turning around and killing them in southern Minnesota in New Ulm. On top of that, the church that he built in Faribault had a cathedral.

It's not a cathedral any more, it's just a church. The Cathedral's now in Minneapolis. But I was brought up in that environment with that philosophy. The school was always very strong in math and God. I hated algebra. Oh Jesus, and calculus, we didn't have to take calculus so I didn't take it. But Dave took it. As soon as he took that I knew he was smarter than I was.



At Shattuck you had to be busy or involved almost all day long. We got up at reveille around 6:00 or 6:30. The first thing you do, you had to get dressed. We had about half an hour to get dressed. We had to wear uniforms, they take your civilian clothes away from you. They put them in a sack and you could get it when you leave, for vacation or holidays.

So then we all fall in and line up outside on the parade ground. If it was raining or snowing out, we would be in the gymnasium. We'd all line up and then we'd do exercises. About 20 minutes of exercises. And then we would march to breakfast in lock step. They all come in to the dining hall tramping in there like a mighty herd, their colorful military flags with them.

So you knew it wasn't a basket weaving case, and we'd sit down and have breakfast. Every table had 10 kids at it. The teacher would sit at the end of the table and then the kids on the side and I think there were 2 at the end. So there was 4 on the side and 2 at the end. And the guys at the end of the table were called "new boys". They had all the same nomenclature that they use from England. They were peons. They would have to do chores and errands for the seniors. Similar to a pledge in a fraternity, only worse. Worse because first of all, it's all year long.

The senior would hand you his belt with that big brass buckle on it, okay, go ahead and polish that up. Jesus, you'd be down there rubbing, rubbing, rubbing...polishing it and

then you get it done and then it's "now do my shoes". And we wore puttees. Puttees are pieces of leather that are either buckle or snap and they wrap right around your thigh. So you've got your boots on down at your feet and your puttee sets on top of the boot and the top of the puttee holds the piece that comes down your leg from your knickers, like jodhpurs. We had a different uniform in the summer time and in the winter time.

We practiced marching almost every day. Once in a while, usually once a month or once every 6 weeks, we'd march in formation down to the church in town, so we helped fill that up for a service. Daily chapel was in the study hall. As soon as that was over, then some of the kids would go to class and you were either in your class or you were in study hall. There's no running around doing anything. So all the schooling was in the morning. And after lunch there was always an hour of military training. It was just enough training so that when you get drafted, you don't have to end up as a private. You can call yourself a corporal or a sergeant.

A lot of the kids aspired to be in the military. Some wanted to go to West Point or some other military college. One or two kids wanted to be an officer in the military. The kids came from quite a variety of states, obviously more probably from Minnesota than anywhere else, but we had a lot from Wisconsin and a lot of them were kids that didn't have much of an opportunity in the school where they were. Now in the afternoon everybody had to be in athletics.



If you were a good football player, you could make the football team, but if you weren't such a good football player, then they had teams that weren't quite as skillful or the kids weren't quite as big yet because the freshman are still little guys. You had a choice of about 3-5 sports, which were different in every season. The favorite ones, of course, that everybody wanted to be in was football in the fall and hockey in the winter and baseball in the spring.

In the winter, one of the sub sports was swimming and we had a lot of guys that loved swimming. And they were good swimmers or divers. We had a lot of kids that wanted to play basketball. I played basketball, I moved around quite a bit from one sport to another. I played football for I think 3-4 years.

I played hockey all 4 years in the winter time. I played basketball 1 year. I'd say hockey was my favorite sport, the one I enjoyed the most. You had a choice. In the spring you could play golf if you wanted to. I'm a terrible golfer. But I've had a lot of fun playing golf. I really like playing and I think it's a great game. It can be very frustrating. But once in a while providence shines on you and you end up being lucky but no. Shattuck is probably one of the few schools in Minnesota that had a golf course. Shattuck had a 9-hole golf course.



We'd go out all the time and play. I only owned about 3 clubs but that's all you needed. I had a putter and a 5-iron and some other iron 8 or 9. I just had irons, they were 'just pick me up clubs' that some kid had left when he went home or graduated. But sports were big. We also had an indoor track and outdoor track. In the spring and we had tennis, we had golf, and baseball. And then in the winter time we had hockey, basketball, swimming and indoor track.

And in the fall you had football, track, golf and tennis. Usually 4-5 sports and they had pretty decent teachers and coaches. The other thing that they had, that most schools never had, was a wonderful drama department. My bother Dave took drama, but I never did. So Shattuck was known as one of the really great dramatic venues and they taught it as an elective.

And those electives were things that kids really enjoyed. And we had a variety of different things that you could do that were electives but there was nothing better than this teacher who was our English teacher for the senior year and he loved the theater and he knew Shakespeare from A to Z. And he had some very, very good students to practice with. Nothing like what they got now. That whole section of the school is absolutely magnificent. It's just out of this world and they're getting ready to build a brand new theater.

I'll tell you how good the theater is now compared to when we were there. It is like the Vienna Boys Choir in quality and all those little kids are coming to America to put on a show out west somewhere. Somebody hired them out there to come out and do a show, either San Francisco or somewhere. They stayed at Shattuck one night and performed.

And stay for nothing and maybe put on a local show. And they called Shattuck. We'd be delighted to have them come because it ties into ...our students won't be here, they'll be on a vacation. I think it was Christmas. They were coming in for a Christmas show. Boy,

when they put that show on, everybody in town came to watch them. The students have first choice to go and then the town people are invited so it's usually a full house. So that's expanded. Anyway, when I went there, they didn't have anything like that but they had terrific plays and some of the guys that were quite a few of them went into theater.

Our favorite number 1 student that made it big is Marlon Brando. And Mar was there when I was there. He was a loose cannon from Kansas City. And he marched to a different drummer. I mean, everybody's head goes this way, Marlon's goes that way. I saw him one day and I just thought he was a typical kid you know. By then I think I was a grade ahead of him and low and behold, I saw him he was running track and he was doing the low hurdles. Jesus he was running down there and zip, he could split those legs of his up like that. He never slowed down a bit.



Marlon Brando

When he got to the end I said, holy God Mar, why the hell aren't you out for the track team? I says, have you ever figured out how fast you are? Oh, he says, I don't care how fast I ran, I just thought I'd give it a run and see if I could still jump over those things and that was the beginning of the end of his jumping over hurdles because he never did it again.

But I saw him one day and I tell you, as you watch a typical person, especially on the low hurdles, God those guys are able to spread their legs apart so fast and get them back together so that they were running full speed. If he'd have been on our track team he'd be better than most of the people I saw running hurdles. He got himself in trouble because he didn't follow the rules. He had as nice a set of drums as ever seen for a young boy. And boy could he play them.

Wow. It took up a good share of his room. He and his roommate, whoever the guy was, and one day he shows up and his hair is all colored. One day it was blonde another day it was green. And of course, the teachers aren't used to handling that at Shattuck because everybody kind of fits into the mold and if they don't, the mold is still there. And they have to get into the program or they're going to stick out like 'sore thumb'.

Marlon, he's got to march into the meal. You can't stop marching or pretty soon they'll put you in last, if you start screwing things up. Today if you're hairs a different color, who cares? In those days nobody did that. But he had a certain sensitivity to him and when you talked to him, he wasn't too fond of his folks, but oh did he love the theater. God, that teacher that we had, that was the drama coach, boy he knew how to get the best out of Marlon



Marlon got thrown out of Shattuck. I think he was there for 3 years and he finally got tossed out. He went right to New York. And it wasn't but a short time later he was doing 'off' Broadway stuff and all of the sudden he's doing On the Waterfront and all that kind of stuff and it propelled him to stardom.

He went from the bottom of the ladder to the top. A lot of guys would go out to California and go visit him. They'd say, I'm just going through town and though I'd say 'hi". He'd always welcome them over to his house. At Shattuck he knew that he had improved his skill. He was a very good drama student when he came there. When he left he was a better one.

I think I valued everything Shattuck taught me. The discipline they taught you was a good thing to learn. I always appreciated the amount of knowledge they imparted to me. And the fact of being involved with all those sports led me to love tennis, and love golf, I'm not any good at either one of them but I can hit the ball once in a while. And I've enjoyed football and baseball not quite as much but I always watch the golf tournaments, I always watch the tennis tournaments. I love the sailing. I never realized it was so difficult to be a sailor as a racer as when you go to New Zealand and watch what's going on down there and this sport has advanced way beyond the financial means and ability of the average sailing fan.

Well I can tell you many stories of Shattuck but you see, one of the problems with Shattuck is both my brother and myself have stayed active with the school for 50 years. We were just there this spring. And when you look at what they're doing now and what the discipline that we went through, why, it's night and day. But now in the United States the best hockey school in the United States is at Shattuck. For young boys. Shattuck has a lot of the great players go there. Like Zach Parise. His dad, JP, who played for the old St. Paul Saints and the Minnesota North Stars, he was the hockey coach at Shattuck for about 8-9 years. They have two hockey rinks and they play and practice all year long. Wayne Gretzky, the greatest hockey player that's ever lived? His son went to Shattuck. A lot of them only go for a year or two. And then they turn pro or move on to something better. Or go to a better school if there's a better school available.

They have an 18-hole golf course now so



Dave, John K., John L.

they're very strong in golf. The other sport that they're strong in is soccer. We never had soccer when I went there. It's one of the best soccer fields and young kids playing and many of the teams are number one in the country. At Shattuck they have the absolute best kids that are around. So it's changed the complexion of the school from when I was there.

They are very strong in the arts mostly because of my brother starting the "Lampert Fesler" program. After he sold the bank, he had more money than he knew what to do with so one year at Christmas vacation he invited the whole school up to the Guthrie to see the play "A Christmas Carol". Well, those kids got so enchanted by the play that the school has concentrated on the arts and David pushed that hard. In those days hardly any school had anything to do with the arts. Just a few. Now some of the artists that they've got down there at Shattuck are just world class.

And so that was the start and that four years of that military training and all of the running and exercises that we do because we took military class every day. We might practice marching. We might practice other commands that they've got, giving orders and things like that. We might run problems, run military problems out on the golf course. Over and over and over again, all over the place.

And once the war started almost everybody knew they were going to go into the war. Because the majority of the kids were healthy. And came from relatively wealthy families. They were going to be in the Air Corps, the Marine Corps, the Navy, or the Army or something like that. Maybe Merchant Marine.



Reserve Officers' Training Corps



Shattuck School

Faribault, Minnesota

To all who shall see these presents, greeting:

Know ye, that reposing special trust and confidence in the fidelity and abilities of

JOHN LAMPERT FESLER

I do hereby appoint him

a Cadet CORPORAL in the Shattuck School Unit

of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps to rank as such from the SIXTH
day of JANUARY one thousand nine hundred and FORTY-TWO

He is therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of Cadet CORPORAL
by doing and performing all manner of things pertaining thereto. And he is to observe and follow
such orders and directions from time to time, as he shall receive from those officers set over him,
according to the rules and discipline of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps.

This WARRANT to continue during the pleasure of the Professor of Military Science and Tactics.

Given under my hand at Shattuck School

Faribault, Minnesota this SIXTH day of JANUARY

in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and FORTY-TWO

Official: Donald Henning
Donald Henning
Rector

N. D. Woodward
N. D. Woodward, Lt. Col., Inf.
Professor of Military Science and Tactics.

W. D., A. G. O. Form No. 132
December 1, 1938

GPO 2-10892



Dress uniform



Everyday uniform

John Lampert Fesler Commencement

School Song

I.

From the East and the West have we gathered,
 From the North and the South have we come;
 Where many have trodden before us
 These hills which are now our home;
 And many shall come in the future,
 To fill up our places a-new,
 For the sons of old Shattuck have ever
 Been loyal and steadfast and true.

Chorus

Then here's to the "Shad" of the present
 Then here's to the "Old Boy" as well—
 And here's to the "New Yap" the future may bring,
 To hear what the old chimes can tell.

II.

In the face of privation and danger,
 Rose the School midst the fair Western plains;
 Through discouragement, poverty, trouble,
 To success its way slowly it gains.
 The lives of brave men to it given
 Founded it firm and secure;
 Now, proudly above the green hillside,
 Its towers rise unshaken and sure.

Shattuck School

Commencement Exercises



Sunday, June 6th, 1943
 83rd Year

Commencement Day

Sunday, June 6th

7:45 a. m.

Holy Communion

Chapel of the Good Shepherd

Intercessory Prayers for all Old Shads in the Armed Forces

11:00 a. m.

Baccalaureate Service

"The Cathedral of Our Merciful Saviour"

Preacher: THE RIGHT REVEREND FRANK ARTHUR McELWAIN
 Bishop of Minnesota

2:00 p. m.

Graduation Exercises

Johnson Memorial Armory

INVOCATION

DIPLOMAS CONFERRED BY THE BISHOP OF MINNESOTA

INDUCTION OF THE GRADUATING CLASS INTO THE
 OLD SHADS ASSOCIATION

AWARD OF HONORS AND PRIZES BY THE HEADMASTER
 SCHOOL SONG AND NATIONAL ANTHEM

BENEDICTION

Choral Evensong

Chapel of the Good Shepherd

Dress Parade

The Senior Class

G. LOVELL ADAMS	Iowa
HARRY GEORGE BARNES, JR.	New York
LAWRENCE SHERWIN BERGER	Minnesota
DAVID E. BRONSON, JR.	Minnesota
DONALD F. CLAYDON, JR.	Minnesota
DAVID WOODWARD CLAYPOOL	Minnesota
LEONARD P. COLVIN	Wisconsin
HAROLD JOHN DANE, JR.	Iowa
FRANK T. EDWARDS	Minnesota
STANLEY VERNON ELLERTHORPE	Kansas
CHARLES J. ELLSWORTH	Colorado
DONALD ELLSWORTH	Colorado
PHILIP ANDREW ELLWEIN	South Dakota
JOHN LAMPERT FESLER	Minnesota
EDWARD HALSELL FITE, JR.	Oklahoma
JAMES MITCHELL FITE	Oklahoma
BRUCE GRAINGER FULLERTON	Nebraska
DANIEL JAMES GAINY	Minnesota
WILLIAM B. GIBBON	Iowa
LEWIS ROBBINS GILLETTE, JR.	Minnesota
BERTRAM WILLIAM HAINES	Minnesota
JOE BILL HALL	Oklahoma
HERBERT M. HANSON, JR.	Minnesota
CHARLES HOBART JOHNSON II	Wisconsin
GEORGE STEWART KING	North Dakota
WILLIAM F. KUMMER	Minnesota
ROBERT FRANK LICHTY	Iowa
ROBERT LOUIS LIPPERT	Oklahoma
JOHN A. MAGOUN	Iowa
ROBERT SUMNER MARS, JR.	Minnesota
THOMAS JAMES MERRITT	Minnesota
WILLIAM WEBSTER MILLER	Minnesota
ROBERT FISHER OGDEN	Iowa
ERNEST GAYHEART OVITZ, JR.	Wisconsin
JOHN STUART PAINE	Minnesota
ALBERT BIRLEN PENDLETON	Kansas
RICHARD LOUGEE READ	Minnesota
GEORGE C. RICHARDS	Minnesota
CHARLES WESLEY ROBERTS	South Dakota
LAURENCE FRANCIS ROONEY, JR.	Oklahoma
JAMES A. ROSS, JR.	Minnesota
ALDEN C. SCHLIEP	Minnesota
JAMES HERRICK SMITH	Iowa
JAMES D. THOMAS	Oklahoma
OLIVER KEMP WASHBURN	Minnesota
HARRY W. WEBSTER	Minnesota
LESLIE V. WILLIAMS	Oklahoma
MAX A. WISHEK, JR.	North Dakota
THOMAS W. WRIGHT	Iowa
DAVID LESEURE YEOMANS	Wisconsin

Shattuck Cadet Grade Reports

Adviser's Summary for Cadet Fesler
 Period I Average Grade 70
 Application (8 Poor; 12 Good; 20 Maximum) 12

Comments:— Could do 80 work at least in every subject. Has a good mind

G. R. Kingham
ADVISER'S SIGNATURE

Period I Adviser Kingham
 Cadet Fesler, J. Grade 90
 Subject Acc. Hist. Application (1 Negligent; 3 Satisfactory; 5 Diligent) 4

Comments:—

C. F. Stone
MASTER'S SIGNATURE

Period I Adviser Kingham
 Cadet Fesler Grade 70
 Subject Physics Application (1 Negligent; 3 Satisfactory; 5 Diligent) 3

Comments:— Has not done any extra credit problems. His attention in class is not beyond reproach, but he is not bright enough to do fairly good work

G. R. Kingham
MASTER'S SIGNATURE

Period 1 Adviser Kingham
 Cadet Fesler, J. Grade 60
 Subject Eng. 4 Application (1 Negligent; 3 Satisfactory; 5 Diligent) 2

Comments:— Not enough study. Class attention indifferent.

W. W. Moore
MASTER'S SIGNATURE

Period 1st Adviser Kingham
 Cadet Fesler Grade 60
 Subject Span II Application (1 Negligent; 3 Satisfactory; 5 Diligent) 3

Comm



John & Mom



John & Dave



John, Dad & Mom

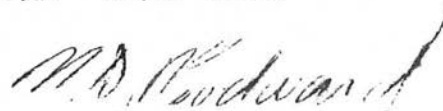
Shattuck Daily Time Sheet

HEADQUARTERS SHATTUCK CORPS OF CADETS
SHATTUCK SCHOOL

Faribault, Minnesota
September 8, 1941

The following List of Calls is published for the information and guidance of all concerned:

	SUN.	Mon. Thurs. Fri.	Tues.	Wed.	Sat.
First Call	7:40	6:30	6:30	7:40	6:30
Reveille Bell	7:52	6:42	6:42	7:52	6:42
Reveille	7:57	7:47	6:47	7:57	6:47
Assembly for Physical Training		6:50	6:50		6:50
Breakfast	8:00	7:00	7:00	8:00	7:00
Inspection	9:15	(10 minutes after breakfast)			
School Call		7:35	7:35		7:35
Assembly		7:40	7:40		7:40
Classes Begin		7:45	7:45		7:45
Church Call (On Hill)	10:50				
Assembly	10:55				
Mess Call (Lunch)	12:55	12:55	12:55	12:55	12:55
Assembly	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00
Answer Reports, Etc.		1:30	1:30	1:30	1:30
Drill Call		2:05	2:05	8:45AM	
Assembly		2:10	2:10	8:50AM	
Recall		3:10	3:10	9:50AM	
Athletics		3:30	3:30	10:30AM	
Sick Call	9:30	5:15	5:15	5:15PM	5:15
Recall from Athletics		5:40	5:40	12:30	
Church Call (Evensong)	4:20				
Assembly	4:25				
Dress Parade - First Call	5:10				
Assembly	5:15				
Retreat - First Call	5:35	5:50	5:50	5:50	5:50
Assembly	5:40	5:55	5:55	5:55	5:55
Supper - Followed by Chapel except on Sunday	5:45	6:00	6:00	6:00	6:00
Lecture in Auditorium	After supper on Sunday.				
School Call (Evening Study Hall)	7:25	7:10		7:10	7:25
Assembly	7:30	7:15		7:15	7:15
Recall	8:30	9:00		9:00	8:30
Entertainment-First Call			7:25		
Assembly			7:30		
Tattoo Inspection	8:40	9:10	9:10	9:10	8:40
Junior Taps	9:30	9:45	9:45	9:45	9:30
Senior Taps	10:45	10:45	10:45	10:45	10:45



N.D. Woodward
Lt. Col. Infantry
Commandant

Shattuck Demerit System

HEADQUARTERS SHATTUCK CORPS OF CADETS
 FARIBAULT, MINNESOTA
 SEPTEMBER 8, 1941

GENERAL ORDERS }
 NO. 4 }

The following is a list of offenses frequently violated by members of the batallion and the minimum punishment assigned for each offense. Any offenses inadvertently omitted from this list will be assigned appropriate punishment by the Commandant, after consultation with the Rector.

DEMERITS

	Privates	Non-Com.	Com-Officers
Absence from Duty	3	4	5
Absence from Formation	2	3	4
Abuse of Equipment	1	2	3
Addressing maids in or about School or attempting to give directions to employees	10	10	10
Abuse of privilege	According to Offense		
Button off or Unbuttoned	1	1	2
Careless handling of arms	2	2	2
Changing tables in dining room W.O.P.	3	4	5
Cheating	20	recommended for reduction	
Chewing gum or tobacco	1	1	2
Civilian clothing, matches, flash lights playing cards or gambling devices (confiscation)	5	5	5
Climbing on roofs		Dismissal	
Cutting or skipping class	5	5	5
Dirty or torn uniform	1	2	3
Disobedience (wilful)	10	20	20 reduction
Disobedience (failure to obey orders)	2	5	5
Disorderly Conduct	2	5	10
Doors locked while in room	5	5	5
Eating on Streets	1	2	3
Entering Guard Room W.O.P.	1	2	3
Entering Hospital thru mis-representation	5	5	5
Entrance or exit thru window	5	5	5
Failure to comply with regulations while in town	- revocation of town privilege		
Failure to salute	1	1	2
Failure to stand at attention (1st offense reprimand)	(1	1	2
Failure to secure own rifle	2	2	2
Failure to remove hats in presence of ladies	1	2	3
Falsehood	20	recommended for reduction	
Firearms in room	10	10	10
Failure to return gun properly	2	3	5
Hair (too long)	1	1	2
Hazing		dismissal	
Improper uniform	1	2	3

Demerit Continued

		According to offense		
		"	"	"
Insolence				
Insubordination				
Lack of military courtesy	1	2		3
Late	1	1		2
Late from permit	Double Soak			
Neglect of Duty	1	1		2
Neglect of Guard Duty	1	2		3
No Hat	1	1		2
No Shine	1	1		2
Off Bounds	5	10		10
Off Bounds in Faribault	10	10		10
Off Campus		to dismissal		
Off Floor W.O.P.	5	10		10
Out of Room W.O.P.	2	3		4
Opening Accounts W.O.P.	10	10		10
Possession of alcoholic liquors		Dismissal		
Profanity or obscenity	10	10		10
Riding in automobile or taxi W.O.P.	5	5		5
Sent from Class	5	5		10
Smoking or smoking materials in possession	20	20		20
Spitting on floor	1	2		3
Supplies to Dormitory	5	5		5
Taking food from dining room	1	2		3
Throwing anything from windows	5	5		5
Throwing paper wads	2	3		4
Unauthorized lights	1	2		3
Unauthorized shagging	5	5		5
Unchaperoned girls in dormitory	10	10		10
Untidy appearance at table (dirty hands etc.)	1	1		2
Visiting hospital W.O.P.	3	3		3
Visiting during Study Hall	3	3		3
Wearing hat in hall	1	1		2
Wilful disobedience	10	10	(recommended for red.)	
Wrong hat (someone else's name in hat)	3	4		5
(hat band cut out of hat)	5	5		5

N.D. Woodward

N.D. WOODWARD,
LT. COLONEL, INFANTRY,
COMMANDANT.

APPROVED:

Donald Henning
DONALD HENNING
RECTOR

John Fesler Shattuck Class



Dance Cards used to teach dancing – They would use the card and play dance BINGO – 5 in a row would win a prize, but you had to participate by doing the dance and getting your card punched.

2

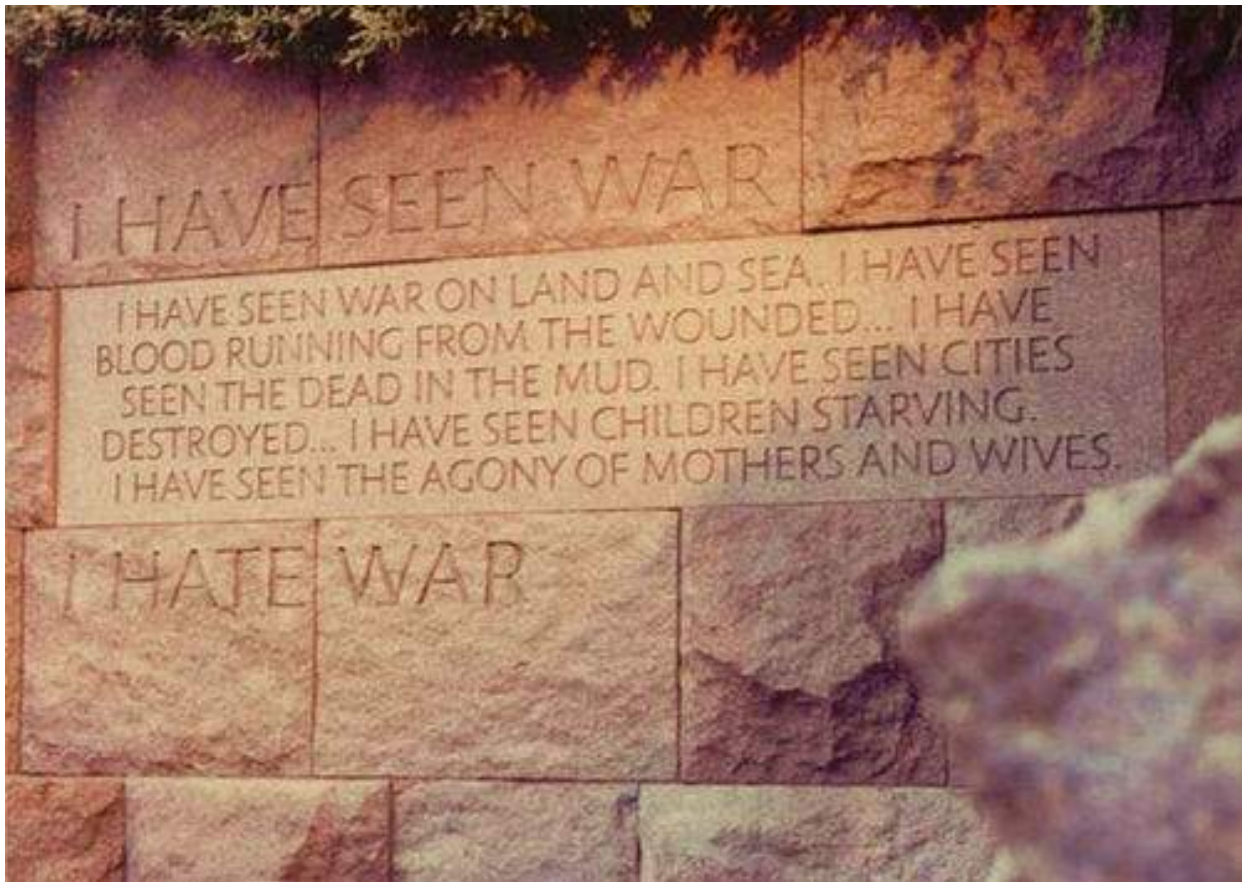
ARTHUR MURRAY  DANCE QUIZ

Tango	Big Apple	Bunny Hug	Cake Walk	Charleston
ga	Two Step	Lame Duck	Maxixe	Polka
Rye Waltz	Schottisch	Turkey Trot	Varsouvienne	Viennese Waltz
Hesitation Waltz	Booms-a-Daisy	Castle Walk	Toddle	Fox Trot
Lambeth Walk	Mazurka	Minuet	Rhumba	Shag

Chapter

4

The Life & Times Of John Lampert Fesler WWII



The Fesler's have been in military service since they started in New England in the 1700's. The Revolutionary War. They started with three and then they came through the next big war that they got involved with. I don't know about a lot of the ones in between. The next big one was in the Civil War. Those guys hit it with a vengeance. There was about 5-6 of them down there. Were relatively high rank and, of course, the wars were terrible. The battles were terrible. They would slaughter people by the tens of thousands.



Indianapolis Civil War memorial

And those communities, like when you get to Indianapolis and you look at the big fountain and Civil War monument to the battle and all of the thousands of native sons that have been killed, why, it just takes your breath away.

My dad was in WWI. Well everybody had to do their part. That was the theory. And obviously at Shattuck, why, that's all you thought about.

Maybe World War II was a little bit different than a lot of the wars that have been fought. Once Pearl Harbor happened, I would say that there was nobody at Shattuck that wasn't mad at the Japanese. Because we just felt that we had been betrayed and thousands of our citizens had been mowed down. And what little Army and Navy we had was almost out of commission.

I was at school when Pearl Harbor was attacked. We were shocked. I don't remember, what year was that they did that? I think it was 1941? It was a Sunday. I was down at one of the big dormitories. Not the one that I stayed in or lived in but I was down there visiting a friend or something. And we heard the story and everybody was coming out of their room of course. Oh we were in shock. And we just couldn't hardly wait until we got to ...where the history teacher was going to explain exactly what had happened.



Pearl Harbor Dec 7 1941

I can't remember. I don't think anything else happened that day but the next day or the next time that he talked. Everybody's read the newspaper by then. They've got all the details, the pictures and everything else. I was 15. You just kind of assumed that you would be joining up. So anyway, in 43', in the spring of 43', I was still at Shattuck. I went up with a bunch of other guys and we enrolled in the military at Fort Snelling. I was 17.

That summer I was too young to go so I worked away from home. I was at Ladysmith, Wisconsin, working. So I worked there until maybe October 1st. About November 10th. And I came home for about 2-3 weeks and then I got my notice and when I was going to be called up and I had to report to Fort Snelling. From there I jumped on the train and went down to Fort Benning.



Well, you just felt kind of proud of yourself. The only thing that happened at the whole thing...you know, you go through and get your complete physical. When the guy got all done, he said "why in the world are you signing up for the infantry"? I says, well, that's something that I know something about and that's where I'd like to be, because I knew that was more of an action position, than if you're the bookkeeper.

Well I thought that would be better where I would fit and it would tie in more with what I'd learned at Shattuck. The guy said, you are an absolute perfect specimen. He said, you've got 20/20 vision, you've got perfect hearing and your heart is perfect. Every part of your body is perfect, nothing is broken. And he said, there's a lot of other things you could go to where you'd learn something. I said, well, I want to be where the fighting is. I don't want to be installing telephones. He just suggested that maybe I wanted to reconsider.

He didn't offer me any alternatives. So maybe if I'd have thought about it a little while I might have chosen to take that route. But for me it was better because I felt I knew what I was doing there. Until I got down to Fort Benning.



I told everybody when I came back from the war that they had called me a perfect specimen when I enlisted. I was never a perfect specimen or even close to one. No one really cared anyway. My dad may have encouraged me to but my mom obviously didn't want me to, but you know, you don't pay any attention. I'm going to enlist and I can choose what I want to go into. I don't want to be drafted and then I don't have any choice.

I enlisted because it's what you did, especially if you were at Shattuck. Because you didn't have any home to hold you back. And by and large because it was an all-boys school, there weren't too many of the guys that were involved with women that was going to hold them back.

So I went to the Army infantry school at Fort Benning and I was there about 2 months. I joined the Army because I didn't know anything about the Navy. And I didn't know much about the Marine Corps. We didn't have an Air Corps. So it was one of those three you might say. If you want to be in the Air Corps, the Navy



had their Air Corps on their aircraft carriers and the Army didn't have anything at that time. Once they got started they built it up in a hurry.

We didn't really have any bombers and things like that but they were building them as fast as they could. All my training was in the Army. At Shattuck there were always three military guys there, so they're teaching you, training you, and coaching you all the time.

And I'd say all three of them, at least my senior year, they were really sharp guys. We'd be practicing attacking the ridge up at the top of the golf course. You had to run down and pretend you were firing your rifle. And then you had to move forward. And you had to maintain the distance from the person on the right or the person on the left.

As soon as you group up you're going to attract fire (you can find that out over there when the war was on, but we found out at Shattuck. When you put two people together, all the firing is going to be directed at you, everybody's shooting at the cluster. Because you can't miss. It's easier to see and shoot at. So you keep your distance.

If you can possibly do it, that's the way to do it. We would practice at Shattuck over and over again. And you have all these maneuvers for running around and doing different things. And different members of the squad had different assignments. They had

different sized rifles. Wait a second, at Shattuck we really didn't learn that. They did have it available but I didn't do much of it. What I...the little shooting that I had ever done before I got in the service, I did at camp.

I always went to rifle practice at camp. So I got to the infantry school. I didn't know it before I went there, but I was in over my head.

Well, all of the sudden you're there for 3 months for training and if they put the stamp of approval on you, you're a second lieutenant. Now you're responsible for 40 guys. I wasn't ready for that. I thought maybe a squad of 10 or 12 guys I could handle, but holy buckets, being in charge of 30-40. That might be a little bit beyond my capabilities.

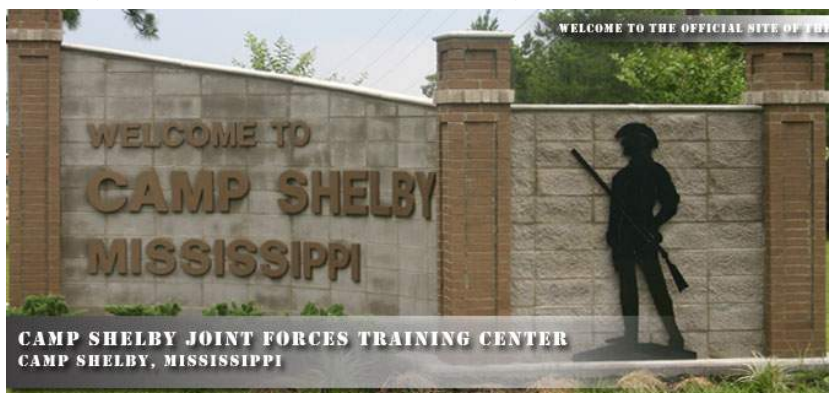


At Fort Benning, I'm just out of high school.

I don't remember exactly what took place. They had guys down there; you know, that would coach you and counsel you. And I think I told the guy, I says, I am not sure I'm ready. Well, he said, you better be ready. You're going to be in charge of 30-40 guys. You better know what the hell you're doing and be comfortable with the decisions you have to make. And I said, I don't know about asking guys to go out and perform a duty when you know they're going to get shot at and probably killed or maybe wounded. I just wasn't quite up to that level yet. A year later I could have done it because by then I'd be older and more experienced. I would have been exposed to a lot of things.

But a lot of the kids that were there they'd been in college for 2-3 years. This is some little time after Pearl Harbor. And they're sharp guys and they're a lot more mature than I was. The funny thing is the sharpest guys that were at Fort Benning when I was there were the blacks. The black guys that were studying to become officers.

The troops that they had a command over, which were basically black soldiers, were not very good at being an infantryman. They might be good at driving truck but they



just were not good at being an infantryman. These guys that were at Fort Benning, I mean, they were as much spit and polish as you could possibly find anywhere in the world. They were sharp dudes. They were smart guys. And a lot of them were tremendous athletes. I finally gave up Fort Benning and moved on to Camp Shelby Mississippi at Hattiesburg. Camp Shelby is still running today. It's a National Guard, Mississippi State Guard.

When I went to war, and while in various camps, I rarely attended church services. A lot of the time we would be out in the field so we couldn't. It wasn't very practical to have services. I would rarely go when a minister was going to stand up and talk and the only thing that I ever saw that surprised me was when the invasion of France took place, in WWII, there was a big thing at Camp Shelby and everybody was really excited because finally we were going to make the big jump into Europe and hopefully end this war so we could all go home and get on with our lives.

So our 1st Sergeant had the whole company fall out. I don't know what all the other companies did, but our whole company was there. I think there were about 4 platoons of guys, that's about 120 guys.

And he lines us all up and he's telling us the good news about the invasion "D-Day" and he said, "we're all going over to the minister where they have an outdoor area, and we're going to say a little prayer for the boys on the beaches that are trying to get ashore and are living and dying as fate tends to them and so we're going to go over and say a prayer and listen to the chaplain offer some words".

And you could hear the moans and the groans. So he said, "is there anybody that doesn't want to go"? If you are step forward. So there's a long line, we all thought, well, almost all of the guys I know, everybody in my hut 15-20 guys they were all going to go because they all came from religious families back home.



"So anybody who doesn't want to go, step forward". So all of the sudden they open up the line out of the 120 about 25 guys stepped forward. They were all in a line. Now, he says, "listen to this...we're not going over there to pray to Jesus or anything like that. We're over there to offer our condolences for those that are dying and our best wishes

for those that are winning the battles and we're just over there to support the troops and that's the very least we can do and anybody that isn't willing to do that shouldn't be a soldier and you'll be very sorry if you decide not to go". In the end we had 3 guys standing.

So he said, "okay, fair enough. We're all going to get saddled up at 9:00 AM and go over to where the chaplain is and you 3 guys go and get on your full field pack and bring your entrenching tool, which is that little shovel with a pick on the end of it". I think they got a meal but they started digging 6 x 6 x 6 garbage pits with that little shovel. They worked all day long and at 10:00 PM at night they could quit.

And I told the one guy the next day, because he was a pretty nice guy, I said, "Jesus, that was a bad thing to do or a dumb thing to do. "No", he says, I hate church. I says, "well.....I said, God, you could have gone over there and wished those guys your best". Well he says, "I did that myself, but I wasn't going to go where any chaplain is". I said, "geez, you took quite a penalty". He says, "well I didn't have to go to church". And I thought, well that's the nth degree. I've never seen anything like that since then or before then.

When you take a whole division, like our division used to have a parade once a month down at Camp Shelby. When you line 15,000 guys up, that's quite a few. The guy with the mortars is carrying the mortars and the guys with the rifles are carrying the rifles. They're all...depending on just how it lined up. There's always some auxiliary units that are joined too, for instance, all of the clerks have got to be lined up in some grouping. So do all of the radio technicians and communication technicians. A whole division is capable of doing an awful lot of activities so there



are other auxiliary groups that are tied into it. Then there's 50 guys in the band because you can't march without band music. So it just keeps getting bigger and bigger and bigger. Finally by the time you get the whole division, you've got a whole lot of people. Now, when they get over to Europe whether it's an armored division or an infantry division, why, the band guys have got to find some kind of a job to do. They can't be sitting there blowing the horn all the time. Unless the guy is so damned good that he gets hired by Glen Miller to join his orchestra.

I did not learn much at Camp Shelby. It wasn't anything like Benning. At Benning, we learned to drive every truck and tank that America had. We had to drive every truck from a jeep up to the big, not the super duper trucks that could carry a tank, but the ones that would be, like a 2-1/2 ton truck. That would be the work horse.

You had to get in a tank and know what you were doing. The worst part was when they taught you, now you're in a fox hole and the tank is going to run over you, see how you like that. And that was a valuable experience to learn how to survive that. It's a Boy Scout thing all over again. Be prepared.

At Benning, they had the finest teachers and trainers they could lay their hands on. And they were primed to go and had been doing a good job trying to catch up, but all of a sudden, we needed paratroopers, Fort Benning is a big paratroop base, and the 82nd Airborne and the 101st Airborne both came out of Fort Benning.



Two or three of my friends from Shattuck went through the Air Corps or the paratroop training. At Fort Benning and got to be a second Lieutenant. And I know one guy, the reason he succeeded, is he got sent to the west coast and they were going to be fighting in Japan but they didn't have any place to send him yet because we had to wait until we took a few islands. We were trying to make sure we could hold on to Hawaii. They eventually ended up in Japan. With him it worked out. With me it didn't work out.

And quite a few of the other guys from Shattuck that were the same age as I or in weren't quite up to the level that they had needed to be to get through there. One thing about going to Shattuck, when I got enlisted and got run through, all of a sudden instead of being a private, I was a Corporal. Just like that.

Well, and instead of getting \$65 a month, I got...probably got \$70. And \$4-5 doesn't seem like much, but when you're only getting \$70, it's a lot. And I could spend \$5 more than all the privates could. When I got to Camp Shelby he says, we haven't got any Corporals. And I said, well, gee, I hope you don't have to break me back to a private and he says, no, he says, we're going to make you a Sergeant. So there's another \$5.

Promoted to Sergeant. And we basically trained soldiers from the 69th Division. Doesn't mean anything to anybody other than if you can believe that silly division down there in Mississippi, was the first one to meet the Russians in Berlin.



We were training people. And they're coming through camp like we're giving them the 4-year Shattuck treatment in 3 months.

At Camp Shelby, you know, part of it is just surviving. We lived in shacks down there. They were what people would call a tar paper shack. We had 12 men in a bunk house. The bunk house; everybody had one cot and one footlocker. And I don't know how long it was or how wide, but it was just enough or if you'd line them all up in there and when they'd have inspection, a guy could stand in front of his footlocker. An officer could pass in front of him without bumping over the guy on the other side.

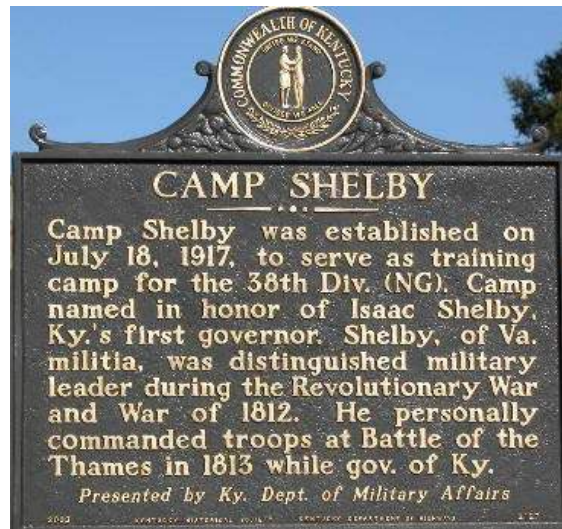
So there's a bed on each side. At the end where I was, there were two beds and then one by the headboard so they'd be...let's see 6, 7, 8, 9, 10...probably 10-12 feet wide. And then whatever length you'd need for all those guys. Oh we did such long marches down there.

March, march, march...I mean, we did enough 25-mile hikes to sink a battleship.

The one thing that got you was the heat and humidity. We didn't always carry our pack. But sometimes we did or needed to. It was often problem-solving, stuff like that. They'd give you a military problem. We had one week that we spent in the swamp over in Louisiana and following these compass headings. Every time you'd get ready to come out of the swamp, you'd take a new heading because you had moved enough distance through the swamp. And as you're trying to measure distance in a swamp, as you're wading along in the water and fighting off the snakes and stuff. It isn't much fun.

And the thing you think about, Jesus Christ, we're going to end up at some goddamn hell hole in the South Pacific somewhere and when we trained recruits, we didn't care where we were training them for and then it was training for us too. I had never had to sleep a whole week in a hammock before. Because I was used to sleeping in that cot of mine. I could take a nap every day after lunch. You'd lay down and you'd be dead tired. From the heat and the humidity. And then 1:00 it was jump up and start marching. We had to go 3 miles to where we did our exercises or did our rifle range. Lot of rifle range down at Camp Shelby. And you'd fire all kinds of different guns. Machine guns, Mortars, rifles, and automatic rifles.

And after that week in the swamp, I was so happy to get out of Louisiana, you can't believe it. That was the worst when we were out there. And sleeping like that. For a week. It was terrible. All we had to sleep in was a hammock. I don't know if there was mosquito netting or not. And of course, nobody had any spray. The spray hadn't been invented yet. There's a lot of bugs. Some that would jump on you too. A lot of times...poisonous snakes were a constant threat.



We didn't have any real protection. We had socks and boots. One day I was up at the Camp Shelby. A guy got bit by a snake and I had to cut him open. And then I had to suck the blood out and spit it out so it didn't poison me. Well, until the medic can get there and then he knows how to bandage him up and everything.



He lived, but this was a snake where in maybe in a minute or two, without help he would have been a goner. I only had one of those but I saw maybe 2-3 others where people got bit. And Mississippi's got a lot of snakes. And oh, and the river crossings, I hated them because they're swimming past you as you're in water up to your neck.

The best thing we ever did in our whole life down there is we got a whole bunch of guys that were in school up in New England and they shipped 500 of them down to Camp Shelby to train them in a hurry to send them over to Europe to fight the war.

Well, they came down there, goddamned guys in college, they're not doing their turn, so we're going to have a march tomorrow morning and do a river crossing and when I saw where it was going to be, we're going to cross the river and we're going to go up over a piece of ground and get down on the other side and we're going through a swamp with quicksand in the bottom of it and then come out on a road and so we get up at about 4:00 in the morning God, it's as dark as can be you know..

And these guys are beside themselves because and they're trying to carry all their equipment and they don't know what the hell they're doing. They were all walking with a full field pack and they've got their rifle and all the stuff on and then when you get to the water you've got the heavy stuff. The rifle is 8-9 pounds. The base plate for the mortar is probably 50 pounds. And then the gun itself, the barrel and then the tripod that holds the barrel up.

Anyway, we get there and we go across the river. It's enough to excite anybody because nobody'd seen snakes and stuff like that, and in the night, well, you always suspect the worst. And then we got over and we went in like that and when we got into that quicksand, those guys are throwing stuff away and as soon as you throw anything away, the Army charges you for it. When you turn in your rifle, you get a new one and when you don't turn it in, you pay for it. It isn't like it is today.

So when we got through there with that exercise and then we had to go back and try to help them find their stuff, where did you throw the base plate? And then we'd dive down and try to find it you know, or step on it. And when you're in the swamp, why, who knows where anything went.

When you get into quick sand you use a rope. You make sure you're holding on to a rope that somebody's got the other end. Someone on solid ground that can pull you out. And you want to make damn sure that the quicksand is only this deep so you might sink down 6 inches but you're not going to go down 12 inches or 12 feet.

We'd stick a stick into the quicksand and you can see it in a hurry how deep it was. There's different things you can try. Maybe hold a stick out and let somebody go in there and test it for you. It's about that crude but that's just about it.

Another thing that was unusual was the only entertainment you had was the PX. We used to have movies, I think we got one movie a week, so some movie they'd bring around and show you. That helped pass the time. Otherwise you went to the PX every night and when we would go, the gang of guys that I had, we always just order a case of beer. And we'd sit out there in the pub and would pound that down and then pull in another case and then finally we'd go home.



Army PX

And that's where we learned the trick. Sometimes we'd pull MP duty, Military Police, and you'd stand at the PX gate and nobody's going to carry a beer home. And so you'd see guys coming and it looks like he's got a beer...so when he's come by, you'd rap him on the tummy good and hard and if it was a beer more often than not, it would break. I never got caught because I never wanted to carry a beer home. I wanted to carry some home but I was smart enough to know I wasn't going to be able to carry it in my uniform. I might put it in my stocking and run it up my leg. That was cute. And then the only other fun we had was we could go to Hattiesburg. Hattiesburg was a pretty good town with....but it was loaded with soldiers from Camp Shelby's two divisions.

When we would take a vacation, a weekend, for 2-3 days, we would always go to a little town as far away from an MP as we could get. We had maybe, a half a dozen towns we would go to, many of them over in Louisiana. And we'd just have a good time over there. You could have all kinds of fun. And misbehave and... a military policeman wasn't going to arrest you. That was kind of the standard bill of fare.

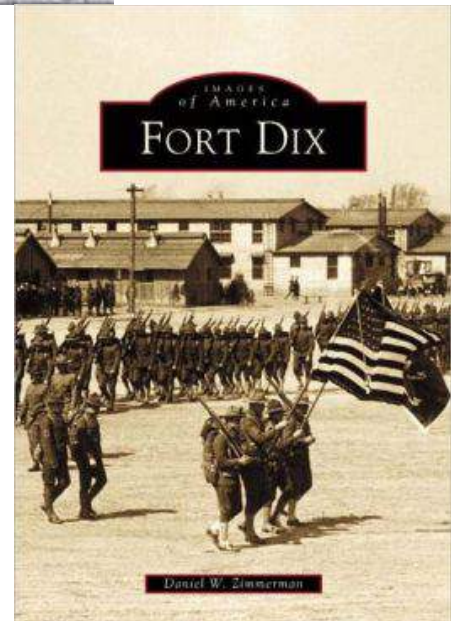
In Camp Shelby we trained soldiers for the 69th Infantry Division the camp was made up of the 65th and the 69th and we also had 100's of German prisoners of war. They must have captured a huge number of Rommel's troops over in the desert of Egypt and Libya and all those countries, Tunisia... and then we moved to Fort Dix in... I think it was about August. In the fall of 44'.



Camp Shelby Prisoners

I spent probably a month at Fort Dix NJ. We're waiting there for all the soldiers to come in from different forts or camps from around the country. They're pulling all the ships together to send overseas.

The exciting thing that happened there was the unloading of the ships is an interesting exercise. They've got that thing down with rope ladders you know. But it's like 50 rope ladders, all tied together. So the only thing they're teaching you is when you come down, you never put your hand on the rails. You put your hand on the side and as soon as you put your hand on the rail the guy on top of you will be stepping on your hand. So you go down and there's a huge tank of water at the bottom and so it was a wonderful exercise. I still remember doing it. You've got 50 guys, all coming down a ladder. And as you go down, as you go down a ladder, as I go down a ladder, you always hold on to the rungs. That was the way it was, and it was an interesting thing to learn. Especially if the ship was sinking. Do you want to dive into the water? Or jump feet first? Or do you want to climb down?



That was a big exercise there at Fort Dix. We always had to do it with all of our equipment on so you've got your bedroll over your top with your two blankets in it.

You've got your backpack on, you've got your rifle there and your shovel hanging down there and all kinds of...and your canteen and...by the time you add up all the weight of everything around your body you'd probably be up to probably anywhere from 30-50 pounds.



Fort Dix Barracks

We didn't have much in the way of entertainment, but we did go to the USO. But usually you'd have a guy, matter of fact, he slept right next to me at Camp Shelby, and he was with me when we were up to Fort Dix and his job was playing in a jazz band on 42nd Street. So he was a top quality Saxophone player. And he played with one of the great old timers in the business, Red Narvo. And Red Narvo, at the time that he was at the top of his game, had a nice combo and they played on 42nd Street and this guy knew 42nd street like the back of your hand.

That's what I remember about Fort Dix and the other thing was, whenever we would get a weekend off, why, we'd head over to New York City. And charge through the town and really have a good time over there. Showed us a wonderful time. The best guy that we had was a big...I think he was a Jewish guy, tall guy...and he worked for the Mafia, and he was a runner and he never told me what he ran but, he was a runner. And he knew New York City really well. And he had a lot of friends in important places that could move mountains to make things happen. For soldiers that were off on a good time. We got into Billy Roses, was the name of that club



Billy Roses Diamond Horseshoe

But anyway...yeah, with those two guys and then, you know, you'd always have the museums but we weren't into museums at that time. But just looking at all the stuff that was going on. And they always had a lot of free stuff for the soldiers. And you could travel around town, you know, you'd ride the bus or maybe it was free. You'd jump on the bus and go anywhere you wanted.

Chapter 5

The Life & Times Of John Lampert Fesler Going Overseas



I'd never been out of the country. I'd never been to Canada even. Getting on a ship to go overseas was a big deal. And we sailed in a huge armada out of New York City to Southampton, England. And then I trained in England for 2-3 months and then we sailed to France and I'm going to fill you in on some of the exciting things that happened there. But we went to La Harve France about November of 1944. Then we traveled in 40 x 8 box cars (WWI French 8 horses and 40 soldiers) by train to Liege Belgium, I spent Thanksgiving there with the 83rd infantry division. I got assigned to them when I got over there. I was wounded in the Hergen Forest during the Battle of the Bulge.

Well, it was a big thing to me, the sail to England. First of all, it was a big ship. We had over 100 ships in the convoy. You had destroyers in front of us we had a big aircraft carrier and we had other big naval vessels. We had a lot of ships. But ours was a huge ship. It was a sister ship of the Gripsholm, the great Swedish liner. I think it was called the Kungsholm...I thought

that was the name of it. And it's one of the big ships. The Gripsholm was one of the last ships to carry a lot of important people out of Sweden or Europe before the war came and Hitler took over France.



Convoy to Europe

Anyway, here we are on this ship and we've got thousands of guys on ship. All the officers were quartered in the private quarters and they'd have 2-3 in each room but they'd have a little room to move around in. The soldiers didn't have that.

By the time they went in and took over a ship the ceiling height was 8 foot and you would put a bunk in every 2 feet, throughout the whole ship. And so almost every walkway and everything else was loaded with as many beds as you could get in there because it would hold more people. So we had thousands in there and that was interesting. Our battalion was the guard battalion. Somebody has to patrol the ship and make sure that everybody's



Bunks on ship

behaving themselves. And that can be an exciting experience and now you're going through the North Atlantic and the daytime was bad enough. It was terrible weather. It was raining all the way. And very windy. Everybody got seasick. We had so many people on board that we could only have two meals a day.

They would start at 5:00 AM serving meals serve until 10:00. At 2:00 PM we'd start serving supper until 10:00 pm. And it just took that long to get through. We had over 10,000 people to feed.



Ship leaving New York

I was part of the guard unit and we had live ammunition and we had to patrol with our rifle. So if anybody was doing anything funny, you might take a shot across the

bow. Or you had something to back your word up with. I had 10,000 men, plus or minus and our battalion was the guard for the ship. We had three shifts. And then we had them posted all over the ship and you'd...as the sergeant of the guard, you'd have to walk around and check all the positions and make sure everybody was doing what they were supposed to be doing in a certain spot. I was acting as a sergeant of the guard.

And at the prow of the ship when we would go up there, you'd have to kind of creep up there and we had one guard that was his post right at the end of the prow and he's trying to guard the ship and hold on for dear life. And then the ship would come up as high as it can go and it's pointed to the sky and that's all you can see when you look around is the sky.

And you think, geez, where's the ship? Where's the water gone too? It was all stars....we went to heaven. And all of the sudden it would be up there and then you'd hear like this and....it would start shaking.

The last thing I heard shaking exactly that same was the shaking of the 35W Bridge when it went down. The day before. I was coming home. Yeah. And I knew what was wrong, but I didn't stop to tell them. Anyway, then the ship would start falling and then the ship would come down and all of the sudden it would go down in the water as deep as it could go and it would just move all that water out of the way as that big wave had gone by. And then you'd look around and all you could see was water.

You'd look out to the side, it was water left, right and in back of you was of course the ship, but ahead of you is a lot of water with the next big wave that's going to do the same thing the last one just did. And all of the sudden when it got all the way down to the bottom, it would do the same thing. It would shake like this and then it would start coming up.

And as it came up, we just told each other.....if it keeps on going down, it's going to be a long ride to the bottom of the well and if it keeps going straight up, we're going back the other way. So it was...it was an exhilarating ride. I've been on a lot of roller coasters and other rides in my life but nothing ever beat that. That was a gem. And you'd go to the back end, it was the same thing. And the next day after that one big day that was really bad, the...and you'd see the destroyers zooming past us doing different maneuvers and stuff.

Behind us was this aircraft carrier. It was a baby aircraft carrier. I don't know what they made it out of, but it was a little one but they had airplanes on there. You could fly them off there, but there weren't any planes moving. Just about the whole trip none of them moved at all because the weather was too bad and we had a lot of rain.



Baby Aircraft Carrier

When the aircraft carrier would go down a wave you could see the runway that was very long and you could see the tail feathers of the ramp, which would catch water and as the ship would start to tip down it would bring that water rushing down the deck and off into the sea. And then it would do the same thing as the carrier went up the next wave going the other way. It was exhilarating to watch. We'd stand there and watch it and thought oh Jesus, this is getting bad. But what can you do?

And they've got all these maneuvers that they're doing in the ocean, you know, trying to stay away from the other 100 ships, as they'd move positions. Sometimes the North Star was over here and sometimes the North Star is over there. So without a compass, we were never too sure where the hell we were, where we were going or what we were doing. My dad had taught me as much as he could teach me about astronomy and the stars. I didn't soak much of it in. Until years later when I took it at the University.

As we rode the waves up and down the boat would really shake at both ends and we would watch the baby aircraft carrier riding those waves up and down in the water. When we got to the Isle of Wight, which is off the South shore of England. We had a submarine attack of all things. And everybody on the ship, all 10,000

guys ran to the side where the submarine was supposed to be and all of a sudden the ship is going through the water riding level and then all of a sudden it's tilting. They came through on the loud speakers, yelling, screaming, everybody back to your posts.

We knew the sub had to be close because the destroyers were throwing depth bombs into the water. I don't think they spotted them, but they knew it was there or suspected it was there. We never saw the submarine.

So I don't know if they sunk the submarine or not, I never heard. I have no way of knowing and I guess basically could care less, but at least we didn't sink.



Depth charges dropped from a destroyer

The main salon dining room had 25 foot ceilings. It was just huge. It was a beautiful dining room. And it had beautiful woodwork. It had been a luxury cruise ship before it was converted as a transport. It was to die for to look at the carving and everything on it. And the Swiss are not the best shipbuilders in the world. The Swedes are not the best in the world compared with the Swiss. But they're very good wood carvers themselves.

Boy, they took that ship and changed everything. They drill right through the deck and put the pipes in there all the way down to the bottom and welded all the railings in them. They went 10 up and 10 down and put bunks everywhere. Now, when the guy at the top has to go to the bathroom it's tough. It's a lot of steps down. And a lot of steps back up again. When they get seasick, it's just absolutely terrible.

One day we had so many people get sick and they ate so little food that everybody was really starting to get worried about them. But boy, to get the place cleaned up after that, we didn't have enough mop buckets to clean everything up, you know, and it was just tough going.

And then you come up with your helmet which weighed about 3 pounds and use that as a washbasin when you get sick. You can throw up in there. But the bathrooms weren't big enough to hold everybody. So we just had to make do with what we could do. Anyway, it was a tough ride but we got through it and we landed at Southampton, at that port that's by Southampton (Portsmouth), and went up to that town. It's an old, old, town.

That's the first thing I found out. Because I took a walk through the cemetery, we were over to the church one day. And that's a town where King Arthur's Round Table was. So we thought knowing that story from our youth, why, we thought that

was pretty hotsy totsy and look at all that stuff they had over at that big museum. And then going through the cemetery there. Where they went back to 700, 800, 900. Never saw anything that old before.

One day I had to get on a truck and we had to go down with a bunch of guys. I think it was 20 miles away, and we had to bring back a truck full of bread. And got one of these 2-1/2 ton trucks. And we just throw the loaves in there....why, we felt like they were cannon balls, you know, and nothing is wrapped or anything. We took them up to the post and the cooks sliced them up and made them into toast. Fixed them for sandwiches or whatever, but that was an interesting ride.



2- ½ Ton Truck

The other thing that was interesting was on the weekends we'd get a shot once in a while to go to London. And that was big because I had never been in London before. And they had probably the biggest and the best USO and facilities at Piccadilly Square in London, England. They had hotels lined up where you could stay at them and you had real sleeping accommodations. You had entertainment; lot of entertainers would come in there and put on a little show.

A lot of pretty prominent people would wander through there. And we had a lot of free popcorn. No liquor that I can remember. If you wanted a beer or anything, you had to go out and buy your own. They had a big parade one day for a bunch of them that had survived the exit from Dunkirk over on the north side of France. The Germans almost captured all of the English soldiers there. They were very good soldiers. And boy, when I saw that guy, he was in a bar happened to be drinking next to me, he was the toughest looking guy I think I'd ever seen in my life. He'd come back from that. And he was telling war stories and boy, we were licking our chops thinking, oh boy, it'll be our turn pretty soon.

We knew we had to go to war, we were ready to go. We just have to get used to being afraid and suck it up. Well, it was fun to hear him talk and to watch the parade, I mean, they were so goddamned proud of what they had done. To save all those soldiers from getting captured. If that battle hadn't happen the way it did it would have been hideous. We were in Southampton for about 2 months. And waiting to get everything together. We took a lot of hikes. But we weren't working very hard. But we kept in shape.

It was funny when we sailed to England on the ship we had English cooks. On the about the second day, we goddamned near had an uprising. The English cooks were terrible. And so the English cooks told us, well, if you don't like it, do it

yourself. So we said, by God, we will. We had all of our chefs on the ship too and all of our chefs took over the kitchen. And the food went from terrible to pretty damned good overnight. And the English thought, well, hell, we cook just as good as you and they cooked the same damned stuff. I don't think they learned anything.

I know that our eggs went from you can't eat them to they're just not as good as American. They were reconstituted eggs. But Jesus, the cans of hash were twice as good. We had Spam too. It saved us during the war. I tell you. Loved it ever since. I've probably got a can out there in the kitchen. Once in a while I send my daughter some. She lives in Hawaii. I tell you, it's one of the few foods you could put it in a tin and open it up a year later and before you open the can, as long as the can is still solid, it's good, even if its 5 years later it's still edible.



Ship Galley

And if you fire up your stove and put it on the stove and lay a nice piece of cheese on top of it, it's so good you just can't stop eating it. When we left England from Southampton, we were supposed to fly to France. So we go over to the airport and here's this airport...and gee, we come and it's just a country scene and all of the sudden, hills are being moved and trees are being moved and fences are being moved and all of the sudden the hill or the mountain side opened up and there's oodles of airplanes in there.

And here's an airport and they're going to wheel these babies out there. They were C47's all going over to I suppose to Paris or someplace close by because the Allies owned Paris at that time. All the planes were in a huge cave. Maybe it's all artificial, I don't know.



C 47

You couldn't tell from the air or the land they had all those planes there. It just looked like a huge hill. You'd never guess it was a hanger. When the Nazi's came over with their bombers they wouldn't bomb it. They wouldn't know there was anything there. So we thought that was pretty cool by golly, those guys really know what they're doing.

But anyway, it was so bad and it was raining and it was terrible weather and finally they said, well, we're not going to be able to fly. We've got to get you guys over there because we need more troops. So we're going to have to take you on the boat. So we all get onto trucks and head down to the dock. I don't remember exactly what dock it was. It wasn't the same one that we landed in and I don't know where we were. We get down there and we got into little boats.

And they said we're going to go out there on these little boats and then the little boat has got a ramp and they're going to lower that ramp. The ramp is what keeps the water from coming into the boat. We're going to lower that down and then you're going to run from this ramp and the big LST that we're going to be going on, the landing ship which is kind of a square thing just like this room here. It's got a big flange on the front of it. And that's a ramp and it falls down. And we're going to line those up and you're just going to walk over to the boat. We thought, oh boy that will be exciting.



LST Troop Transport

We were using the boats that didn't get sunk when the Germans were bombing them on D-Day. So we get out there and the wind is blowing and the waves are coming and the boat is bobbing up and down and back and forth, and both boats are out of sync and they couldn't get them lined up right.

And finally the lieutenant in charge of the whole thing he picks someone - it's always a poor guy that is pretty low on the totem pole, who draws the short straw for the crappiest job in the world. Some lieutenant is standing there and I mean, everything is pitch black. You cannot see your hand in front of your face. And he says, okay, now, what we're going to do is we're going to line these boat up as best we can but we're sorry we cannot line them up perfectly. It is going to be helter skelter and we're going to line up and you've got to run and jump off of your ramp onto the other ramp.

And the lieutenant is going to have a little flashlight there. And he's going to squirt it every once in a while and when that squirt comes, you take a peek and see where he's putting that light and where everything is so you can gauge your steps as you're going out there.

Now, the ramps are moving like up and down and back and forth. And the bigger one is moving a little bit but not quite as bad as the little one was. We got out there and now you're in full uniform with your rifle on your shoulder and your canteen and all that other stuff. And you're running and bang, bang, bang, every time you hear a bang two guys were supposed to be jumping. We finally moved them all off. Once we got on, I suppose in the little boat we were 12-20 guys. Those big ones are going to hold 500 by the time we get them all in there.

And the bang, bang, bang, bang, bang.....well now we're in the big boat but it's just a square box, just like this room here. And with the boat bobbing and rolling in the waves, somebody's getting seasick. And they're a lot of guys throwing up. It was not a very nice night but finally we got it loaded and finally we're sailing. Every boat that came in was doing the same thing and I don't know if anybody landed in the water but if they did, that's where they are today, right at the bottom. There was nothing and no way to save them.

Anyway, we finally got over to France and to me that was quite an adventure because when the ramp dropped and we're wading ashore at LeHarve, I thought wow, this is really something I'm in France. France is so beautiful, I mean, I'm sure it's a gorgeous town. I'd love to go back and look at it today but when we landed, 5 blocks inland, there isn't a building standing.

When they leveled it before they landed on D-Day, there was no Germans hiding in a building because there were no buildings left. And we landed, then we got on



shore, and we all lit up a cigarette and waited for a while. Kind of get together and get lined up and figure out what we're going to do.

And then we see these Frenchmen and here's a block...a whole block of demolished apartment buildings and hotels and businesses and everything and here's a farmer, I mean, a local guy out there he's got a little wheelbarrow and he's piling up these bricks that are out of this building and he's maybe cleaning a little bit of cement off them so he can line them up a little bit better, otherwise he's just putting junk on top of your wheelbarrow and hauling junk around, so he's trying to clean these up so he can line up his bricks so they look like something and he's probably got 50 bricks in there and he's going like this, you know, with his little hammer and I'm thinking, holy Jesus, the guy's got 10 lifetimes of work ahead of him. He needs a steam shovel to plow it all into the water and make a new harbor or new beach or something.



But anyway, we felt so sorry for him. The second stop is halfway up the hill. We're going to a castle on top of the hill and by the time we got halfway up, we stop for a break, a smoke break. When we got done with our smoke break and flipped our cigarettes, the Frenchmen came out of the woodwork, running for those cigarette butts that are still smoking and they'd get a couple puffs. Because most of them probably hadn't had a smoke for maybe a year or two or three. Since Hitler took over their town or their country.

We kept on marching up to the castle and here's the castle with a big moat around it and it's huge, monstrous, and there's a big ramp going into it or bridge with super structure. A little super structure but it was more like big stuff to help lift the ramp back up against the castle.



Chateau Fort Le Havre

Well it's down and so we're all marching in there. One on the right side and one on the left side and all of the sudden the trucks came and the trucks got to come down through the middle. Ahead of me 2-3 people the truck got too close to one side or the other side and all of the sudden, he pushed 4, 5, 6 guys off. Into the moat and when you hear those thuds you think, oh Jesus they fell in the moat and there were rocks in the moat.

We're yelling at the truck drivers...who are all black guys. They didn't realize they were pushing them off the bridge. So anyway, everybody was extra cautious as they moved in. Because they weren't going to let the truck go before we got there.

That story stuck with me. And then that night, you'd hear gunfire all the time and I asked somebody there and said, well, what in the hell is that? "Oh, there's still Germans around here that haven't given up yet. They're still holding up until they get killed". The next day we all marched out of there and went over to the railroad station and got on 40 and 8 train cars. The famous cars from WWI. They were designed to hold 40 soldiers and 8 horses in each car. When we got on there instead of holding 40 and 8, they held 50 men. No horses. We didn't have any.

Again, we've got 1,000's guys on this train, 50 in each one of these cars and we're, must be 100 cars long. God, there was a lot of cars. One lieutenant in charge of the whole thing. And we get out there in the middle of nowhere and the engineer, of course, he's a Frenchman I guess, or an American person, he knows what he's doing but nobody else does and we've got just a bunch of guys and nobody knows anybody. And we're sailing along heading for the front and all of the sudden, we get strafed.

And so the lieutenant orders everybody out of the train so we all scurry out and he says, well, you might as well bed down for the night, he says, we're in pretty good shape. He said, we'll get you over to Belgium tomorrow. But my God, we got guys spread out through a whole mile of the countryside. All the soldiers just slept in the snow or the rain or whatever the weather was. It was snow when I was there. You've got your blanket and everything else and you'd just stay as warm as you could.



World War II Troop Train in France

Nobody stayed on the train. There wasn't enough room for everybody to lay down in there. You think about the planes coming back and strafing you, so of course, you want to get a little bit away from the railroad track. And you'd look for a haystack or anything to crawl into. And I had 2-3 other guys crawled in a little bit of a ditch in a place, that's where we're we spent the night and the next day we get to Liege, Belgium.

Anyway, then we finally got to Belgium in the winter of 1944. I'm going to tell you some of the funny things that happened to me. Now we've got to join the fight so we join the 83rd Infantry Division. Everybody got sent to a different division.

We went to the Hurtgen Forest (*the single longest battle the U.S. Army has ever fought*) it's a terrible, terrible forest. We lost more troops and the Germans lost more troops. It was terrible. We lost between 50-100 thousand troops on both sides. We're trying to take the town of Aachen and that was the first German town and the Germans were not going to let anybody have their own town. So we would take the town and shoot the hell out of them. The next day they'd make a big counter attack.



Hurtgen Forest

With tanks and artillery and everything else and we'd finally have to leave town because it was too devastating and out we'd go and the next time our general would say, we're not going to allow them to do that to us, we're going to take it again. So we'd take it again.

I'd been through almost the same thing at Fort Benning, attacking a fortified position. And I can remember at Fort Benning when I was running the advanced team out there, we were supposed to run through there and then when I'd wave the handkerchief, they'd start firing down the street only they were firing with real bullets so that you wanted to make sure that you were not out there where your arm was going to get hit. You could almost watch the tracer bullets going past.

And I thought, wow, those guys are really on the stick out there. And of course, there's always a stray bullet so you never know when something bad could happen when you weren't expecting it. But I'd learned the lesson on how to fight in Aachen down at Fort Benning. I think we took it three times and they took it three times and I think almost both sides just walked away from it in the end because we weren't getting anywhere.

And while the Germans were taking the town they were also getting all of their tanks and infantry lined up for a huge push through our dense forest, which was the Battle of the Bulge. So.....I'm going to tell you just some funny things that happened in Belgium. We were in a farm house and we were all sleeping in there. And we got a new guy show up and right away, what do you give him? He had his rifle but we needed somebody to be the automatic rifle guy. The automatic rifle weighed (instead of weighing 10 pounds like a rifle), it weighed 20 pounds.



He didn't want to carry it and we said listen, this is the gun to have you know, this thing, the bullets come out zoom, zoom, zoom, you know, you've got a lot better chance of killing somebody or getting somebody the hell out of your way with a gun that keeps shooting. Well

geez, he says, what if it stops? Oh that's nothing just push forward on the rod, pull it back and fire three shots and he says, just perfect. So the guy that's showing him is sitting in the chair there next to him showing him. Then he says, here, try this, so he's sitting there and he's trying it and you pull it back and you go forward and you go zip. Well when he pulled the trigger, there were bullets in the gun and they're going through the roof. The floor of the attic where the bedroom is where the farmer was sleeping upstairs. And right into the roof and we raced up the stairway or ladder, I forgot that he had been there and we had to apologize.

Showing the new guy how to use the rifle and he accidentally pulled the trigger. There will be no more pulling the triggers in here. And the guy was so impressed with it, he says, I'd love to be the AR man. So he carried it.

The next morning at the same farm house, the only thing I can remember when I had to brush my teeth in ice cold water out in the stock tank that the cows are drinking out of. And the water was so damned cold I thought, Jesus, my teeth are going to freeze right out of my mouth.

The only other funny thing that happened on a different day in a different place, was the 155mm canon was the biggest one that the United States had, it might have been bigger than anything the Germans had the only thing is when you fired it, you wanted to be sure you had the earplugs in your ears. And you want to be damn sure you weren't standing underneath it or anything like that because you might not have any hearing. But one day, we got this thing and it was all set up and its way back from the front so you don't have to worry about anybody rushing in there and capture you because you're so far from where the fighting is. You're



155mm Artillery Cannon

way back, but you can throw a shell out there for 12-15 miles if you wanted to. It was just terribly powerful and the biggest one we had. One day here's this big thing, we're looking at this installation. They had three of them on a hillside and they're all mounted. And they are firing these shells into some towns in Belgium where the Germans were. As we were getting ready to move up to the front, we all jump in a truck and we are winding around this road and the road went like this and then it went like that and just as we got underneath the big gun, they'd pull the trigger on that baby and for two days I couldn't hear anything. I thought I was going to go deaf. And that was a shocker.

While I'm talking about other things that happened exciting in Belgium, I helped capture 2-3 Germans in American uniforms. Who we decided to torture after the Malmedy Massacre. One of the big massacres of WWII was at the town of Malmedy. The Germans captured an awful lot of American soldiers. I think about 140 in Belgium, during the Battle of the Bulge, near the town of Malmedy. . And they were going to take them to a prisoner of war camp. But then the guy in charge of it (SS officer *Joachim Peiper*) thought ah hell, take them out of here and we'll kill them all. So they unloaded the trucks and they lined them all up and then they had trucks come up and they thought the trucks were going to take them somewhere

but they all had a machine gun in there and zoop. So they killed about 100 to 120 (*Actual number was 86. Officially, Peiper's command was found responsible for the deaths of 362 Allied POW's*), maybe 5-10 ran away and they couldn't catch them. Maybe 10 of them were wounded and didn't die and so after that massacre, the

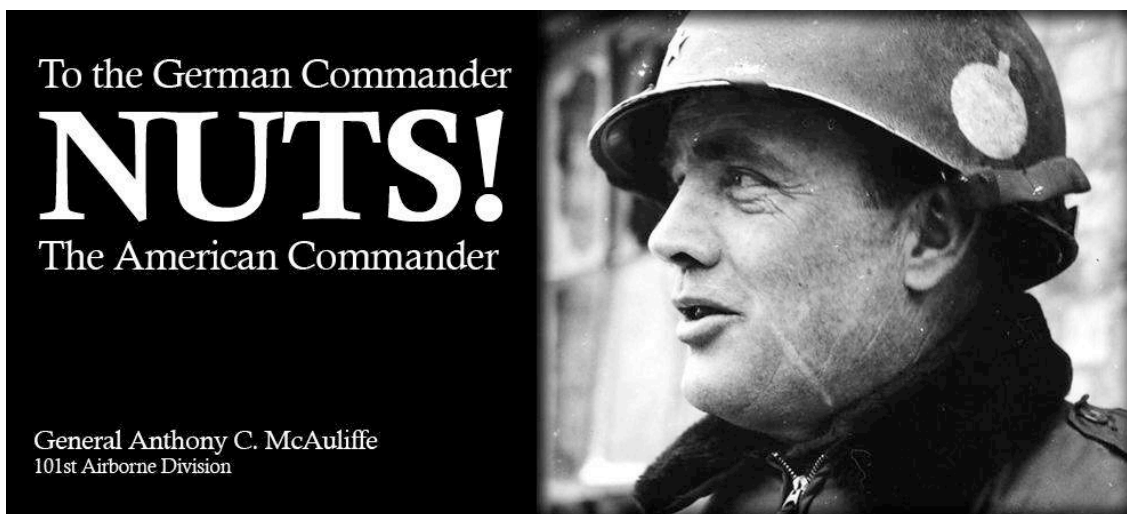
The **Malmedy massacre** (1944) refers specifically to a war crime in which 86 American prisoners of war were murdered by their German captors near Malmedy, Belgium, during World War II. The massacre was committed on December 17, 1944, at Baugez crossroads, by members of *Kampfgruppe Peiper* (part of the 1st SS Panzer Division), a German combat unit, during the Battle of the Bulge.

whole war changed. Then we knew that you didn't give the enemy any quarter. If you had to kill them, you had to kill them. It was too bad but, that's just the way it went.

We don't know where the Germans came from. But they could speak English better than we could. But we tricked them when they didn't know the nickname of one of the baseball teams. They wanted to get information from them and they wouldn't give it. I was a little bit of a chicken so I didn't get involved in it, but they tortured them to have them tell them what they wanted to know. I know they started the matches underneath the fingernails and that will kind of wake them up you know, if you ever had that happen to you, why, it's not a fun exercise and it's the downside of the war you know.

I helped with 2-3 other people to capture them. And sat in on the questioning. But when they started to torture them, I was letting somebody else do the heavy lifting. To find out the information that we needed to know.

The other thing that happened at almost the same time, just maybe a night or two later, a whole armored division drove through our position to help alleviate the pressure on the 101st Airborne at Bastogne. They were the only division that was in a position to try to help hold the Germans back and they tried to get them all to surrender and they gave them an ultimatum, either they were going to surrender or they were going to kill everybody in the place. The general (General Anthony McAuliffe) that was in charge of the division, wrote back the famous answer "nuts".



This was the American division that was coming from the north. I had never seen a whole American division of armor before. Tanks are in an armored division. I can't tell you how many but they never stopped coming. Each tank holds 3-4 guys. It would take an hour to go past us. It was like a parade. They were trying to alleviate the pressure that the Germans were putting on the 101st Airborne. They didn't get there before Patton got there from the south. So they were kind of a pincer movement. One group was coming from the south. And another group was coming from the north. Patton got there before them.

So they were in a pocket. With the German Army on all sides of them. And the guy says, well, we're going to kill you all, you might as well give up otherwise we're going to kill you all. But the 101st Airborne had some of the toughest soldiers in the military. Same as the 82nd. They were just a cut above the average guy that



General Patton

you're scooping up off the street and putting a uniform on you know. And the Germans say what's your answer.....and General Anthony McAuliffe reply's to them was "nuts".

I mentioned I captured my first prisoner of war. Well, we captured 2-3 Nazi's that were German soldiers but they had American uniforms. We weren't too sure how they got the uniforms. We were scared because there were so many of them around there. So many of them showed up in different units. We assumed they took a uniform off of a dead soldier. We thought they were going to cause mischief. Do whatever they could to disrupt communications between different units and stuff.

It's hard to identify how they got caught/tripped up. Maybe they didn't act as much like an American as an American acts. And of course when they show up and nobody knows them and it's our division and they wouldn't know as much about our division as they should. So if you'd ask them about different officers or units. Say, where the 155th now is, or where's the 101st? We begin to suspect but we still didn't know for sure. Until we got them in there and we tortured them.

And then we found out they were Germans, and of course, normally they'd get shot right away. Maybe they were after they got done interrogating them. I don't know what happen to them. We never had anything to do with that. After the Malmedy massacre, all the beautiful ideals of the Geneva Convention of warfare and the things that were outlawed were put on the back burner. So away we went.

Now, just to show that it can work in different ways, this is the next episode which is just a day or two later after this. Our lieutenant that we had was just an absolutely terrific soldier. God he was a good kid. And he was sharp as a tack. I don't even know where he came from, somewhere in Ohio I guess, and he'd been in the war for a long time. He had been in Europe, I think he came in just shortly after D-Day and so I was really happy that we had him as the shepherd of our little flock of guys. I used to tag along with him a lot of times because he could tell right away that I had military experience greater than the average guy did. Because of Shattuck and 4 years of doing problems and running maneuvers and stuff like that. I was no longer a sergeant, I had been demoted for misbehaving. I didn't follow the rules in a few places so they demoted me. Anyway, by the time I got to him, I was like an acting sergeant. I think our sergeant had been killed or wounded, one or the other, anyway, so one night he and I were checking



out some stuff and we got stopped by a couple of soldiers and they asked us for the password. When you're in a big forest and your all spread out, it's tough to keep everybody up to snuff when you've got a division of, let's say, 12,000 guys there and they're all scattered hither and yon you know. Well, we had a little walkie talkie that you could communicate with. If it worked. It wasn't always reliable. Otherwise, it's pretty tough to communicate and you'd have to go with runners and things like that.

Anyway, he and I are out checking something out; I don't recall what it was. Anyway, we gave them the right password. The password could be anything. The password could be George tonight. Tomorrow night it could be Selma. It changed a lot and more often after we caught German soldiers in American uniforms. Then you want to change that password much oftener than otherwise you would. You wouldn't dare go 3-4 days and keep the same password.



We had the right one. And this dumb soldier, he shot the lieutenant standing right next to me. Killed him deader than a doornail. I looked at him and asked him why and he said you gave the wrong password. And so, of course, I asked him what password is the right password? Then he told me, but he gave me the password from the night before.

American soldiers are not going to kill just anybody but you sure don't want some German sneaking up on you and killing you. He didn't shoot me because he wasn't positive that he was right and there was a lot of yelling going on. It was a real shocker for me. I don't think I ever stood that close to a guy and had him blown away right alongside of me. Now if he'd been a bum or a bad guy or a prisoner of war or something, I wouldn't have worried about it very much. But I always shed a tear every time I think about it.

And there was just absolutely nothing I could do so I went back to my unit and they said, where's the lieutenant? Well, he got killed. Some yahoo didn't have the right password. A lieutenant stands here and he's got to send his platoon, which is 3 squads of guys. 35 guys out 50-100 yards from there. So they're all spread out. Some over here, some over there. Now the password changes, somebody comes and tells you or tells you on the radio. Well, last night the password was George, tonight it's Amy. Now he's got to tell everybody. But everybody isn't standing around to tell them.

Spread the word around so everybody knows what they're doing. So very easy to miss someone. It's very difficult to make sure everyone knows the right password. Nobody knows where all 50 people are. It was shocking, here's a guy that's fought in so many battles over such a long period and he gets blown away by an American soldier. It was just terrible. But what can you do? I mean all you can do is move on. I guess that's all you can do.



That's the way we used to do it. Anyway, on another night our captain wanted 20 guys to go and take a road junction so that was about a mile away and so we charged off as sort of a combat team and we only had one (we didn't have any officers), non-commissioned officer and I was helping him out too because again, I was not a sergeant with the stripes on my arm but I knew what was going on. And could understand the tactical reasoning that was going into what was going on.

So we went in and got it under control and the only bad thing was the wounded Germans who were moaning and groaning because we went to the road junction and we snuck up on them and then started shooting them and killing them all but you never can kill them all quick enough.

I don't know how many men there were, probably 10 to 15 Germans. And the ones that weren't killed are moaning and groaning with their wounds and in order to keep them quieted down or shut up, so that we wouldn't be betrayed again, we bayoneted them all.

About the same time I had to go back and report that we had captured the road junction. When I was on the front line, I rarely saw more than 4-5 soldiers at one time. In a forest and even in some of the meadows we'd go across and so forth. If this guy was running, 2-3 guys running across the field, they'd lay down and crawl and be in a different spot and then jumped up and then another 3-4 would go. So you rarely saw a lot of soldiers all at one time or in one place.

Any time the Germans saw a group of soldiers the fire would just start coming in. And they would have a good chance of killing at least 2-3 of them. So I got to go back to the rear area. I learned to stay real low. And when they're shooting at you just like in the machine gun course when you crawl under the barb wire while

they're shooting the machine gun, and hopefully they miss you. But the rounds are going over your head.

Why, you know, there's quite a racket going on with all the shooting, maybe 20 guns shooting over all these barbed wire entanglements and you're crawling along in the mud to sneak out or crawl out the other end. I crawled as little as I could because crawling through the snow is not fun.

Anyway, so I had to go back and tell the captain what we had taken over the road junction. And we got rid of the Germans and everything was honkey dory, but the part that always amazed me was when we were on the front lines, like I say, if you ever saw more than 5 soldiers it was very unusual.

So I got back and told the captain that we had it and he says oh that's good, that's great. Well he says, you better get back up to your unit. Which was the right thing to do or to tell me. So I was getting ready to go back but when I got one of the first



shocks I got in the war. I was in the front line, there was nobody there. Normally you might know where 5 guys were and the rest of them might be. They're supposed to be down there where I was, but whether they're there or hiding behind a tree, who would ever know.

When you got back to where the captain was, you thought you were back in a tent in a village. All of the sudden you can see 100's of people. They're all where they can't get shot. Which is a fun place to be when there's a war going on. And I could not believe it...all the cooks were back there cooking their meals. All the radio men were back there doing their signal work. All of the artillery people with the big heavy guns were back in there. They had a whole field hospital set up there with guys coming in that were wounded; both German and American. But just the sheer numbers really got to me.

So...anyway... I went from the road junction back to where all the people were behind the lines. Probably a mile or two back. And that's the part that shocked me

because when my dad was in the war, WWI, they had all these trenches and Jesus, when they'd come roaring out of those trenches to make a charge or something, why, they'd get chopped down and chewed down left and right. Just terribly, and they had all these trenches and when you'd look in the trench, every movie you ever saw from Hollywood, why, there's 20 guys standing down there.



Well, you want to keep moving. And all you had to do was watch the Germans or the Americans with guys like Patton. And they'd move so quickly with those tanks and could cover such huge distances. With an infantry group you would have to march and you're lucky if you could do it without people shooting at you. When somebody's shooting at you, you'd be lucky to go a block or two sometimes in a day.

With a tank you're swooping around a city. Boy, you might get knocked out by somebody, by a shell or something, but if they don't hit you, why, boy, all of the sudden you're in behind them in on their backside. Then you could really do damage.

I got back to the temporary command post and I was shocked. All the correspondents were back there. All the gasoline dumps were there. And all the supplies for the army. The only thing he says to me is how are you doing in ammunition. I says, well, I'm running a little low. He says, grab some bandoliers and take that along with you. It was a funny thing, as a soldier I always worried, almost the first battle that I was in that I would run out of ammunition and I thought that there couldn't be anything worse than having no ammunition and the Germans are shooting at me and I don't have anything to shoot at them.

So I go over to the ammunition and I would carry what they call bandoliers. They were sort of a necklace with clips of ammunition and I'd carry at least 2-3 of those wrapped around my neck. It bent you over with so much weight. But that didn't hurt because you were bent over lower to the ground. It was just part of the job.

I went around and I was getting my ammunition and our cook was there and he was cooking supper. Well, he says, where the hell are you guys? He says, Jesus,

I've got a damned nice pork chop dinner here to eat. And he said, "where are the rest of our guys"? He says, "you're supposed to be back here". "No", I says, we're out there guarding that damn road junction. Well, he says, "good", he says, you're here. He says, "pick up your bandoliers then stop by here and I'll put all the pork chops in a box for you to haul up there with the guys". And I says, "I don't want to be hauling them up there", I says, "God. The last 100-200 yards", I says, "it's all open country and I says, the Germans are on one side of it and we're on the other side" and I says, "you've got to run across that thing". I said, "I don't want to get shot with the pork chops falling on top of me" I said, God, he said, "Jesus, what the hell am I going to do with them" he says. "Your guys can use a meal", he says, "they're not going to have a dinner tonight or anything". He says, "take these up. Don't be so damned cheap". So you know, he just kept beating me up so finally I says, okay. So I took them with me.

Since we hadn't eaten since breakfast. I loaded myself down with ammunition and a big box of 50-100 pork chops on my shoulder. I had a hard run back to the front to where my buddies were. Dodging bullet fire along the way. And running with my load and my overshoes on, you know, when you have overshoes on you can't run as fast. And dodging bullets, but I made it. That pork chop story has always stuck with me and I still remember how funny that was.



And we had to dig them out, we had to pass the box down and everybody took 2. One of the reasons I really liked the lieutenant that got shot right next to me is, I don't know if it was once a week or once a month, he'd get a bottle of liquor, full bottle of liquor and when he got his, he lined the whole platoon up, probably 25 guys, and he took a swig and passed it down.

He said, don't anybody take more than one swig because it's got to get to the end of the line and everybody should have a drop. If you don't want any, that's good. So I thought, boy, any officer that will do that is my kind of a guy.

Then the Germans moved in to kill all of us just like we had killed all of them. One posted himself right in back of the men and shot down the line where our troops were moaning and groaning because they were all in kind of a ragged line behind trees and things like that. The Germans when they come in, they were killing our guys just like we had killed their guys.

Because when I was laying in the woods, they had some tracing bullets, which are lighted up, so when they're coming and they started way on the other end of the line and they were coming around down to my end.....and those bullets kept getting closer, I thought, boy, I'd better roll over.....I'd better roll over and lay down because this looks like kind of a bad thing. When I rolled over and threw my leg up like this to lay onto my tummy, I got my leg just like that and the bullet came in and hit the femur and went right down the femur. When the leg dropped to the ground I thought, oh my God, my leg is broken and so I can't run away or regroup or anything and I really was just anchored to right wherever you are. So now we have to hope for the best. Well, finally one soldier came and I thought he's got me. I didn't even peek. He must have been able to see that there was nobody beyond where I was. I'm just lying there flat and I mean, my eyes were closed and everything. You do what you have to. You just have to do what you can do to live another day. He moved on. So he turned around and he's going down the line where all this moaning and groaning of our guys is at the same time that his buddies are in there doing the same thing so. I'm still there, I'm okay. I just went to sleep or passed out, I don't remember which. Anyway, I woke up in the morning and all of the sudden, we've got an aerial blizzard going on.



They must have checked one or two of them and saw somebody was alive so they'd bayonet them. Before he got to me, I took out a hand grenade and pulled the pin on it so the hand grenade has got a pin that goes through it that locks it up. Once you pull a pin, there's a lever on the back of the hand grenade that once that flies up, then you count to 5 and it goes boom.

Maybe I put my hand under the snow or something like that, so I might get lucky and if I release the grenade and kill him, but he never hit me so I struggled in the dark forever to get the pin out of my mouth and finally get it back into the grenade. I got it back in there. Well, there was a dud once in a while but....

After everybody was killed, why, then they moved on. They were in charge of the road section. I played dead and everybody else played dead or was dead. If there was moaning and groaning going on, they would shoot you.

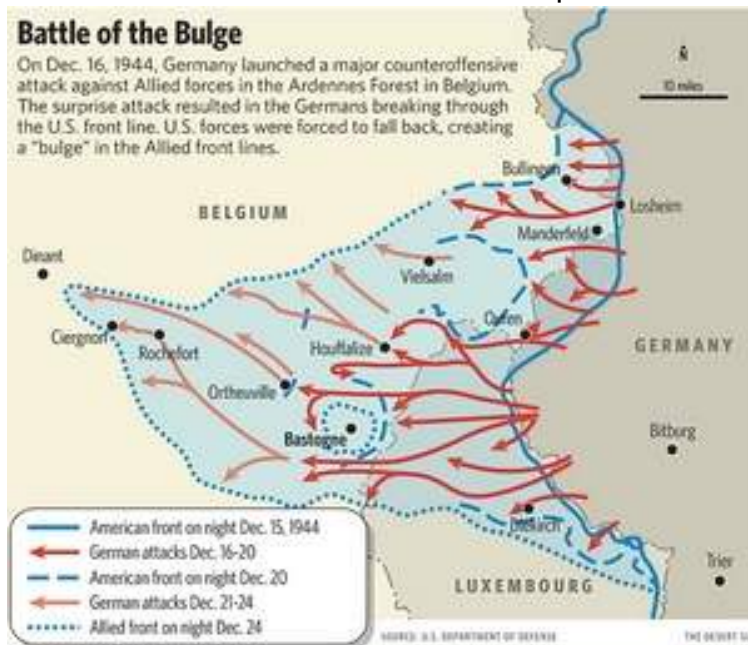
I mean, our troops are throwing shells into the road junction and the Germans are doing the same thing and all of a sudden, one of those German shells came roaring overhead. Germans had all different kinds of shell they'd fire. Some wouldn't explode until they hit the ground. Others would come over and as soon as

they hit a tree, they'd explode up in the air throwing shrapnel, more or less, down. And the theory was that if you're in a bunker or something and you knew they were shooting one kind of a shell, you were better off standing up rather than lying down. Other times you were better off lying down.

I was lying down all night long. I woke up but low and behold, all of the sudden I'm lying there on the ground and all of the sudden a piece of shrapnel came down there and went right through my shoe and into my foot so now I've got a bad left foot. So that didn't feel so good either. So finally in the afternoon the American troops were making a big push through there to take over that road junction and to keep on moving beyond and a 4-man stretcher team took me out.



When I saw the American soldiers were running around, why they thought everybody was dead, of course. I was yelling for them as much as I could. The only problem is when they took me out, why they were still dodging bullets with the bullets across this big field we had to go across and one poor guy that was carrying me on the backend of the stretcher he got shot in the leg or in his body and all of the sudden he just dropped and of course, the poor guy carrying the stretcher fell to the ground, we all fell to the ground and the rest of them were hitting the ground so that we all wouldn't get killed by the guy that was doing the shooting. But the guys picked up the stretcher and we made another rush to the back to the allies' camp. So anyway, I got back to where I had picked up the pork chops the day before that. I was taken to the field hospital.



Chapter

6

The Life & Times Of John Lampert Fessler Convalescence



Once I got to the field hospital I was pretty much out of it so I don't know what happened. The bullet just pulverized my femur bone, because it went right down the middle it just pulverized the bone and so when I finally got to England and the doctor could take a look at it with good x- rays, it was just mush on the 6 inches of the thigh. They'd take your boot off so they could see what the wound was on your foot, whether your foot was worthwhile operating on it. Look at your leg and put it in a sling or splint of some kind.

You've got the femur bone, it's a solid bone in your leg. But once the 6 to 8 inches in the middle is pulverized now you've got these two raw ends with all this mush in middle. You don't want them to come together because then you can cause all kinds of damage. So they get it and strap it into a box, similar to a cast.

I got back and we went through that hospital and then we were moved to Paris, France. I don't recall whether it was by truck or by ambulance or by train. So now we finally got out of France.



I ended up in an English hospital. It's in the south end in western England but we had all American doctors and all American nurses.

It's a 20-bed ward and all of the soldiers had similar rooms so you have a lot of guys with the same thing. Only a few with broken femurs, but the kid lying next to me had a piece of metal fly through and split his heel and so he couldn't walk any better than I could.

I think I was there from about January 15, 16 or 17, 1945 something like that. I was there in England until the spring, when I sailed back to America. Not too much happened in the hospital. I was lucky that my doctor was a young guy and he was called Dr. Lieutenant Lucky he was from the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, MN.

I knew he was proud and I asked him, I says, why would a sharp young doctor like you from Mayo ever waste his time in this kind of a project? You'd be better off at Mayo and saving some farmer from an accident. Oh, he says, "that would be nothing". He says, "my specialty is broken bones and this is right up my alley", he says, "I've got 20-30 patients here and I'm working with all of them. He said, I get more opportunity to practice my medicine on you guys than I ever would at Mayo".

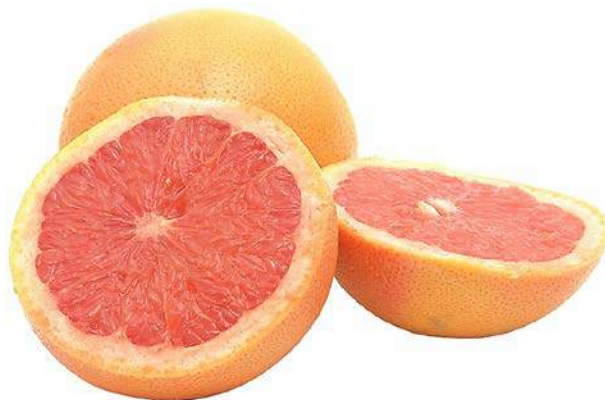
They haul them in here left and right. Bringing them in and shipping them back to the states. The only entertainment we had was at night you could listen to the



radio. And we'd usually get an update on how the war was going. We were always excited because we were winning. Well, we thought we were winning. When you get to the front lines, somebody wins and somebody loses. And usually by the time it's all over, there's one guy who's dead and the other is alive and you might say you won but maybe the memory of it lingers on and it takes a long time to get over it.

I've got a good friend of mine, he lives up in Duluth, and he killed a lot of Germans. And it haunts him terribly. And we're talking 60 years since the war ended. I told him to just let it go, but he said I can't. He says, "I killed 27 and every night I'm dreaming about them and he it's driving me nuts". But what can you do? You have to live with what you live with.

The only thing that I did that was different or unusual or different from all the other soldiers was I used to trade a lot of my cigarettes. Lot of guys loved to smoke. And I enjoyed smoking too but I loved grapefruit and they would bring in grapefruit from wherever the army could find them and they weren't very good grapefruit. They were not big. And very hard, but they were grapefruit and I love grapefruit. So I would trade my cigarettes for grapefruit.



And God, I had about 5 guys that were willing to trade. They didn't like grapefruit and of course, we didn't have a good spoon to eat it. Today, I've got 2 sizes, one for oranges and one for grapefruit. And then for my grapefruit, I've got a bigger one and a smaller one.

So in the spring I sailed back to America. I came back on a hospital ship. Which was very exciting to me. I'd never seen one before. And we took off and headed south right away, practically down to Spain and went around on the south side, as I recall it, of the Canary Islands. Matter of fact, I looked on the map last night. God, maybe that is the place, the islands we went south of, because you're just about opposite Rock of Gibraltar in the Atlantic Ocean.

The hospital ship was all lit up like a Christmas tree. It was all white with a big red cross on it. And it had a ton of people on it might have been 500 people. They had

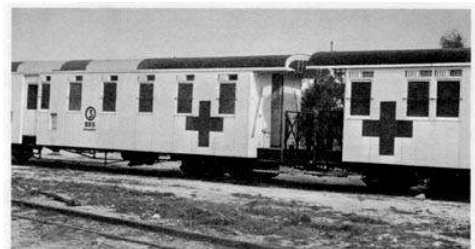
a lot of nurses and a few doctors. They didn't do any operating on the ship. Anyone who was in bad shape or close enough to death, why, they weren't going to bring them back. They were going to keep them in the hospital in England until they could get well enough to travel home. The ship went far south to get out of the normal lanes that the submarines had been attacking. The ship was all white. We got back to America on this hospital ship by traveling south of the Canary Islands. Traveling the seas in a hospital ship is supposed to be safe, but you never know when some captain of a submarine might want to take one last shot for old times' sake.



We landed in the USA at Charleston, South Carolina. There was a big reception when we got there. I mean, there were a lot of people. Standing there cheering us back and sort of a thumbs up type of a thing. I think a lot of them were going to the local colleges and all these young girls are out there wishing us well. So then we went back and got onto a hospital train. They had hospital trains back then and we had the highest priority you could get in America on a train. So once the train started moving, it never stopped. We were going to Vancouver, Washington, which is right across the river from Portland, Oregon. They claimed that was the closest hospital for me to St. Paul, Minnesota. That's how the government thinks. I thought they would have put me in a hospital in Iowa. Maybe that one was filled. I don't know. See, there were not as many wounded people coming in from the war in the Pacific as there were coming in from the Atlantic side.

And they were putting a big push to get Germany out of the war and to beat the Russians to Berlin. That got to be a lot of wounded soldiers coming in from the east and practically none from out west in the Philippines area.

So anyway, on the ride to Vancouver we stopped in St. Paul and I had a 2-hour stop while they changed crews and took on more fuel or whatever it is that they used in the train. While the train was sitting there and I was dying to get out and make a call but of course, I'm on stretcher and I couldn't walk. I came out of England on a stretcher and I checked into the hospital out in Vancouver still on a stretcher. The hospital train never stopped or slowed down for anything. Every intersection of every train in America was off to the side. The hospital train was full of injured soldiers, and most of them needed to be operated on.



Now at that time, I couldn't leave until my leg was pretty well set. I sat there for days with a weight on it to stretch it out. So I would sit in a stretcher or in bed, and I had a pin in my knee here and then they had weights on the end there to pull the leg apart as far as they could.

And my right leg is 5/8 of an inch shorter than this leg. So that caused nothing but problems. The doctor did the best he could to stretch it as much as he could. The only thing is when I was sitting in England, and my leg is like that 3, 4, 5 days would go by and he'd come in and he'd feel it and say how's everything going in there? I said, it just feels like mush. Well, he says, it is basically.

After a week or two it would start to set up a little bit and then all those little pieces in there would start to line up. Now he'd already operated and put as many pieces of bone as close together as he could. So now he's feeling in there and as they're healing and welding one another, then he wouldn't like the way they were lining up and he'd break the joint here. Just with his hands.

It was tender but it didn't really hurt. The only thing is he'd always say, maybe there are pieces that weren't lined up as well as they could have gotten lined up. I couldn't jump up and walk around.

So now I'm in Portland, Oregon, or Vancouver. It's actually just a suburb of Portland. It's across the river from Portland. There's a town on both sides of the river. The Columbia River was the dividing line between Washington and Oregon.

So it was a good hospital and very good doctors. I don't recall any of them that worked with me there. In our ward, we had another 20-22 guys in there, but they were almost all of them ambulatory. I could hobble around pretty good. Some might use a cane, some might use a wheelchair and some could get around.



I know the guy next to me was thrilled when he was there. He was with the 10th Mountain Division and was deployed down in Italy. He got shot really bad and finally ended up in the bed next to me in the hospital in Vancouver. He had been a

vice president in a clothing company in Portland. But this guy was thrilled. He was married and when his wife came, boy she was so thrilled to have him home in one piece. He wasn't ambulatory so she said, that doesn't make any difference.

"I'm getting him to the Olympic Hotel in Portland, you're going to have the best weekend he's ever had in his whole life." I don't remember how he got out to their car, but when he got to the hotel, they didn't have anything to get him in with so they came out with a chair and they got him in a chair and they had two bellhops carry him up and over to the elevator and take him up to their room. So he came back with a smile on his face and happy to renew his wife's acquaintance and the best thing from my standpoint, he came back with a full case of beer. And he had that right under his bunk and we would get one beer every night with our supper. But once in a while he'd sneak another one out. So that was a kind of a fun time.

Now the nice thing about the hospital people was they would get the citizens in Portland to come up to the hospital and sign up for 1-2 veterans to join them for the weekend because they were going up to their cabin.

There are thousands of cabins in Northern Minnesota, but there are even more in the Portland area. And the scenery is much prettier. There have been people building cabins in the woods forever up there and half of them live there because they like the view. When you get where you could look down over a river or a town. Why, half the citizens in Portland are on the side of a hill.



All the cabins in Vancouver are all very colorful. So that was really fun on the weekends. Those 2-3 passes that we'd get to go to a cabin with a wonderful family. It was a great deal. And we'd always meet nice people. Never cost us a dime. So it was a big thing.

And the army maintained a swimming area at a lake and you could rent the boats over there, go around the lake and stuff. They had two sergeants that had the best job in the whole army, I don't care what rank you were or anything else, they had a speedboat and their only job was to sail around the lake and make sure that everybody was having a good time and nobody was drowning.

And there was this one place with a big speedboat, boy, it was a beauty. Just to die for. By now I could walk so one of my first visitors was my dad. He came out there on business and to visit. He's buying and calling on lumber suppliers out there. And he swung past the hospital and he was shocked at how nice our kitchen was. In England, the wards didn't have any kitchens.

In America, they had a kitchen at the end of it. And that kitchen was usually stocked so if you wanted a peanut butter sandwich in the middle of the day or a fried egg sandwich, you could go in there and make yourself one. My dad just did a flip. He says, that wasn't a fair deal to have that, and that's the reason his taxes were so high.

I'd got 1-2 leaves for a whole month furlough.....and I'd come back to the Twin Cities. One night I had been out drinking, about 90% of the time that's what you're doing. I don't know why, trying to forget all the bad things that happened in the war. I remember one of the funniest things that ever happened is my car broke down so I had to go back home and I was limping with the brace that the government had given me. It tied into my heel and it came up and rested on my rump and it kind of swiveled in the knee. When you sat down, you had to unhook it so that your leg would sit normally. And then when you stood up and wanted to walk, you'd have to make it stiff. But the leg was always stiff.

And so I'm hobbling along on my leg after my car broke down. I was in St. Paul misbehaving. I had to walk home and at that time we lived 7 miles south of the First National Bank Building in St. Paul. So I'm out in West St. Paul and I finally got stopped by a squad car. I almost always wore my uniform. I didn't have any clothes other than my uniform. At home I had civilian clothes but I always wore my uniform. Anyway, the squad car stopped and asked me what the hell I was doing and where was I going? I told them and they said, hell, you can't make it. I said, well, I'm going to give it a try. So they said, hell, jump in, we'll give you a ride. They ran me out there, which I was very appreciative of. A lot of people did nice things.

When I got home you could walk up and down Wabasha Avenue in St. Paul and you'd never buy a drink in the bar. Everybody wanted to buy you a drink. It was even more fun in Chicago when they'd want to buy you a drink because, well, they had better drinks I guess, better bartenders. I had a buddy that ...down there...I'm going to tell you about him in a second.



I didn't do anything exciting in the hospital in Vancouver. I really couldn't get around that well and never did all that much. I got into Portland very seldom. It was just too hard to walk. And I didn't want to dink around with a wheelchair. And so most of the time I'd stay right there.

When somebody would come along to take you for the weekend, why, you have to go down to the entrance, but for almost a half an hour one day I played checkers with a good checker player. I was always a pretty good checker player myself.

At least I thought it was pretty good. I played checkers with the great Hollywood actor Joseph Cotton. God, he was a fun guy. He was there cheering everybody on you know. Maybe the government was paying him. I don't know.

One of the movies I loved most about him is one with Edward G. Robinson. The movie was *The Stranger*. It was where he pretends he's a Nazi he's infiltrated to America...his wife is Loretta Young. And oh she's such a good actress. And they had to get married and so he settles into a little town in New England and all of the sudden, Edward G. Robinson comes whooping out of Washington as a CIA agent. And he thinks he's a war criminal and sets about trying to prove it.



Joseph Cotton

His phobia is clocks and there's a clock tower in town and boy, when the hour strikes, the knight charges out of the castle on his horse with a big spear and half of this fight takes place in the finale up in the top of the watch tower and in the end, why, he comes out just about the time the clock is going to strike. And the knight's coming around and he spears him with the sword and carries him right into the backend of the clock tower.

It's on television every once in a while. I watch it every time it comes. And believe it or not, it's so cute to me while he whittles away his time, he's planning different things but he likes to go to the general store where he's always playing checkers with the owner. And the owner thinks he's pretty good. And all of the sudden this guy has to make a run so he goes jump, jump, jump.....you know. I played with Joseph for about a half an hour one day. When he came he always played checkers. He didn't come all the time only very rarely.

There were lots of actors and entertainers, who worked with the USO and signed

up to go and cheer up the troops. There were a lot of soldiers with traumas from all that they had been through. While it was really nice, if he plays checkers with me, why, it's nothing because it's just one person. If he'd have just walked through that whole ward and say, hey...keep doing good, keep doing good... you're looking great today, you'd cheer up 20 people. And you could shake hands with them if you wanted to.

Anyway, after Vancouver we had to go up to Fort Lewis, Washington. And we had a train load of people ready to go to the next hospital over in Battle Creek, Michigan. I was at Fort Lewis for about a week, the only thing that was exciting about it was an unusual thing. They had a ton of prisoners of war up there and they were all wounded veterans and on the mend.

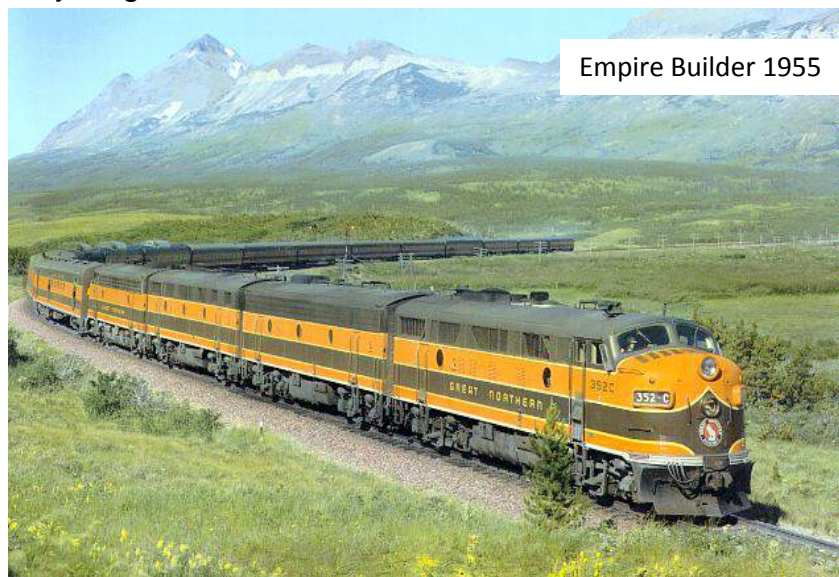
There was a lot of barbed wire between us and them. Their recreational yard was all fenced with barbed wire on the top. And they had towers with guard towers. All night long the light would swing back and forth to make sure that nobody was trying to escape.

The only funny thing that happened is the Italians and the Japs used to hang together pretty good, but both of them hated the Germans and the Germans hated the Japs and Italians. And one day they got into a fight. We all rushed to see what all the banging was and what was going on. The only thing that we could see was about 10-15 big MP's come running down the hallway with a big billy club in their hand. And they started whacking the misbehavers.

And the quell was put down in a hurry but it sure caused a problem and some of the MP's must have swung too hard because they had prisoners who had new broken bones that didn't have them before. So anyway, that was kind of the end of that and I had never seen or been that close to a guard tower type prison with the barbed wire on top of it and everything.

So the next hospital was the move to Battle Creek, Michigan. I rode on the train. But I just had a plain ordinary ticket. I came back on the Empire Builder. There were only two trains that go out there, the Empire Builder or the Northern Pacific.

Battle Creek, is halfway between Chicago and Detroit. Each weekend we



would alternate. First one weekend we'd go to Detroit, the next weekend we'd go to Chicago. Because in Battle Creek it was pretty quiet and it was loaded with wounded soldiers and they had a lot of guys in there that had terrific wounds. You'd see these guys come with the wheelchair brigade and God, they wouldn't have any arms or legs, you know.

And when those were tough ones to see, looking at those guys, is not going to cheer you up very much and we felt sorry enough for ourselves let alone looking at those and all you could do was try to cheer them up. And a lot of them were in pretty tough shape mentally and emotionally and physically. And they had to learn to cope with their new circumstances. They didn't have the stuff back then that they've got now.

We loved going to Chicago. When we would get on the train in Chicago, 90% of the time we would end up in the baggage car because there was no room to sit down in any of the cars. Nobody could travel by car because you couldn't get enough gas in the war years.

With the war still on gas was rationed and you couldn't get very much. There were buses running but sometimes the buses had trouble getting gas too. The bus companies also didn't have that big of a fleet. The train was the only viable way to get between Detroit and Chicago. We'd be in there with a dab of baggage, maybe a half a dozen suitcases would be in there. We would just go in there and sit on somebody's duffle bag.



I don't remember what kind of tickets we had, whether the government was paying for it or we were. I think we might have had a coupon or something.

We loved to go to Chicago the most because it was a much better town than Detroit. Detroit was an armpit compared to Chicago. But Chicago was where my English bed partner was. That was his home. And he had been assigned to Clinton, Iowa. That's where the hospital was that he went to. When the weekends would come, he'd come home to Chicago.

When the weekend would come for me, I would jump on the train to Chicago and meet him for fun and games and we'd go out and do the town. 90% of the time you'd go into a bar or something, some of the people were buying. The same as when you'd go to St. Paul. But the guy was an Irishman, as Irish as Irish can go. He taught me all about the Irish and why they're the best people in the world.

But his dad was an Irish cop in Chicago. This guy was the handsomest kid you ever saw in your life. And he had this terrible heel from the gunshot wound that they were trying to get him doctored up. He was over in France, or Belgium, or Germany, I don't remember exactly.

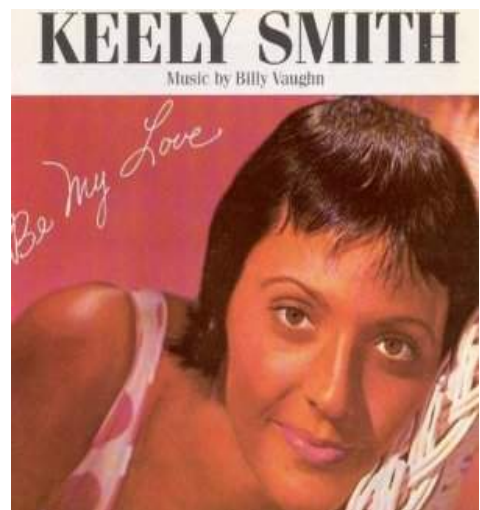
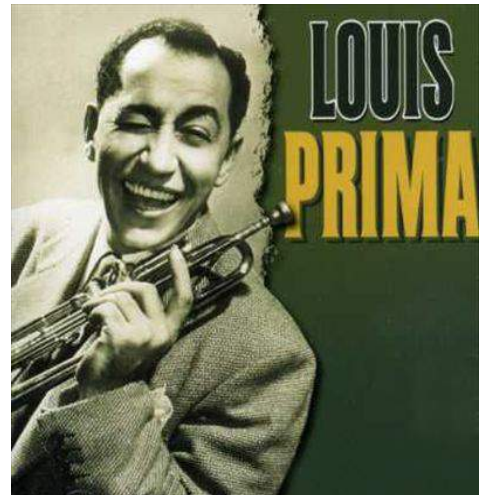
But when I got back and we went to Charleston, he got on the train and I headed to Vancouver and if he was on the same train I never saw him, because we never moved around. There was no place to move around, he might have got off in Clinton, Iowa, and I got off in Vancouver, Washington.

We would meet each other in Chicago. He had 4 beautiful sisters. And the youngest one was a real beauty. God she was sharp. She was so much sharper than I was; I was just like a hillbilly to her. Because she knew a lot and had done a lot that I had never done up to that point.

The oldest sister had formed a dance troupe and in those days. A lot of the big bands in those days that would perform would have a dance troupe to go with them. It's sort of like Lawrence Welk. If you watch Lawrence Welk enough, he's got a lot of entertainers that help him put on his whole show.

Sometimes it would be maybe only 1-2 girls. Most of them couldn't sing. But they had beautiful costumes. And they knew how to dance. Anyway we did the town together and just had a wonderful time. He was such a wonderful guy. Over the years I've lost track of him. But I often wonder about him

I'd often stay at his house. They'd have a davenport or something that I could jump on. They formed this dance troupe to compliment some of the big bands that played out of Chicago. So one weekend they had a big gig up in Milwaukee and low and behold, all 4 of them were up there working and they all had, a couple little rooms, so they said, well you guys come



on up. We'll pull in some bunk beds and you guys can bunk for nothing. So it won't cost you anything and maybe you could eat with the band. They were backing up Louie Prima, and his wife Keely Smith

I think he was Irish or he might have been Italian, I'm not sure. Anyway, Louie and Keely Smith were great entertainers. Boy, it was fun to watch them. And we were up there in Milwaukee and we went to both shows that he did that night. And the people in the community were thrilled and we were thrilled.

As a soldier in WWII we got treated pretty great. Those who fought in the Vietnam War got treated absolutely terrible; citizens should be ashamed of themselves. The soldiers didn't like war; a lot of people don't like war. But someone had to fight. But those soldiers got robbed and gipped out of everything.

That was the fun time at Battle Creek. We had to exercise. They always insisted that you could go swimming, you could play basketball and you can do all the sports or all the hobbies or all of the project type things. And we had the opportunity to do lots different things. They had every type class you could think of. What the hell do guys sign up for? The hell with all that crap like sewing and that kind of stuff. You look at the list and say geez, basketball, I can't play basketball with this bad leg and I can't swim very well. I had swam good enough at camp and could swim good enough not to drown. But not in their tank where you're just going to keep doing laps all day long.

So anyway, I and almost everybody else I knew that were buddies of mine, we all signed up for motorcycle riding. We all get in this big truck and drove to the track and I saw about 50 motorcycles in a row. We were so excited we couldn't stand it. And we're just thinking, oh boy, let me on that thing after I find out how to stop it. I had never ridden one before. But guys that had ridden them before, of course, they were in 7th heaven. They thought they were going to heaven.

All of the sudden over the loud speaker comes, "no people with leg wounds can ride the motorcycle". So we grabbed our beer and got back in the truck and drove on back to the hospital and so I signed up the second time for hooking rugs. Not sure why I signed up for that, maybe it was a nice old lady that was the teacher.

I'll tell you what, I made a nice rug for my room at home. It was just 3' x 5' replica of my military patch and so I made it in the colors of our division which was division 69, the 6 wrapped around the 9. I did a great job and kept for many years.

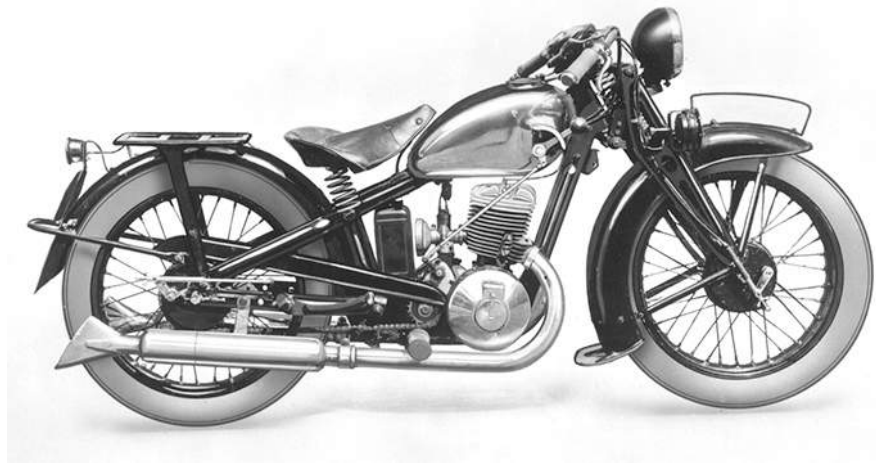


I took it home and after I got married I took it with me and I had it at our house, but finally it got lost in the shuffle or disappeared. We used it for a rug for the back doorstep or something like that. And it's gone now.

It was a beauty and the woman that was teaching me how to do it, she said, oh you are a good hooker. The only bad thing about those kind of people, as soon as you get done, they said, "well boy, oh boy, you started off so beautifully, now look at all the designs you could do for the next one."

She would say "that's really good, I'll help you on any of the details on the next one. Or if you have a question or anything else come see me. She said you're so skilled at making rugs and how proud you look." That's the first and last rug I ever made. It was the end of my hooking days.

I tried riding a motorcycle a couple of times but I was always a little bit leery of this leg. The bikes are pretty heavy. Especially if you get to the bigger ones, so I just never got into that. And, of course, with the price of them, for maybe 15 years, I couldn't have afforded one.



So when I got home I was kind of a mess to tell you the truth. I was kind of mad at my folks and I was mad with society. The fact that I came back and all my friends, my three best friends had all been killed in the war. My best friends from Shattuck. We palled around and were the best of friends. We had a fraternity of the three of us and about 40 other kids at Shattuck. But my three best friends had all been killed and so I was just pretty disillusioned.

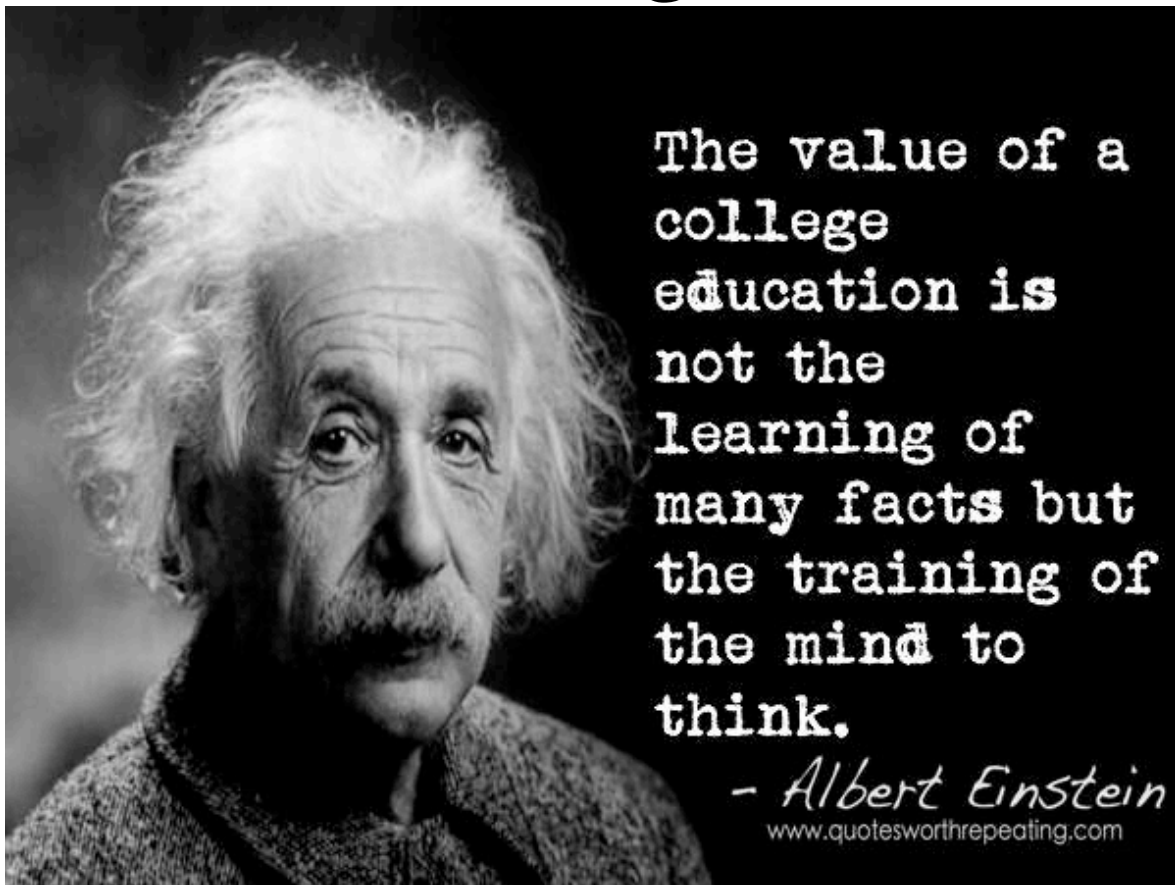
I quit going to church and I really couldn't handle anything very well. The doctors always want to put a fancy name on everything, today they call it PTSD. I'm just not in that mode and I don't believe in PTSD. But you've got to call it something so that's it. The only trouble is that when you get as old as I am, you can't remember all the initials for all the stuff they want to tell you. So it falls by the wayside.

My parents had an idea of what I should be doing, but it wasn't in tune with me. I don't even remember what they wanted me to do, but it wasn't what I wanted. I just know that we didn't have a good, warm relationship. That was kind of a tough time.

Chapter

7

The Life & Times Of John Lampert Fesler College



I went to the University of Minnesota in 1946 right after the war. The first thing my dad told me, well he says, you'll be looking to or invited to join a fraternity when you're over there and he said, the one that the family has always joined is Phi Delta Theta. Well, I didn't know one from another and I didn't know anything about the Greek system or anything like that. Although at Shattuck there were associations of boys, of grouping of kids that really got together.



When I went to the University of Minnesota and during that time I got straightened out with my folks and with myself. My best buddy that I used to have the most fun with at the U of M he helped me more than he knew that he did. He was a guy that had spent 5-6 years in a submarine in the Pacific. And he wasn't in any better shape than I was mentally. But we stumbled along and both graduated.



PHI DELTA THETA
Become the greatest version of yourself

The other thing that happened that really helped was we joined a wonderful fraternity. Phi Delta Theta. And the next thing after that was getting ready for marriage. And the next thing is I'm starting my business career at Lamperts.

And of course, you're always trying to get your kid to be elected the president of the senior class or, you know, different responsible positions that offer opportunities. Well, we ran into the same thing at the University and, of course, my dad had been a Phi Delt here and his brother had been a Phi Delt and his uncle and I don't know, maybe his father was a Phi Delt in Indianapolis, so anyways, when I went to the U I decided to join the Phi Deltas.

Most of my friends from the University were Phi Delt's. Phi Delta had a very shaky building with numerous problems they had for a very long time. We started out in a fraternity house on University Avenue right across from the stadium. It was right next door to the SAE house, and I think that's still there.

Anyway, during the war, there were not enough people to fill them up. So we took it over for the Phi Deltas. We had about 5 guys. The rest of them were all in the war. But boy, when they started coming back, then, of course, we started recruiting like crazy.

At the time, we were living in somebody else's fraternity house. It happened to belong to, I forget the name of it, but it was right across from the football stadium on University Avenue.

It was a nifty location but we only had a few members then, maybe 5-10. And in the pledge class, because we didn't have many kids there, we only got 3 pledges. There were other fraternities that had more kids back from the war or didn't have as many kids that had to go to war.

Phi Delta Theta Mission & Values

As brothers of Phi Delta Theta we strive to become the greatest versions of ourselves. With the help of our brothers, alumni, and peers we are able to expand our understanding of academics, friendship, and brotherhood. Our chapter also prides itself on providing members excellent leadership opportunities within the chapter, along with the opportunity to attend some of the best leadership conferences each year held by our national headquarters.

But most of the veterans, I think, were a little bit apprehensive about joining a fraternity. I think the fraternity, for younger boys, is pretty exciting. Once you've been in the war, why, it wasn't quite as exciting. Young boys do a lot of strange things and silly things or stupid things and we did that with the Phi Deltas too. When we had younger kids in there, then it was a whole different program but in the beginning, anyway, we had 3 pledges. One of them was in the building material business, not as a lumber yard, but he was with manufacturer. He worked there for his whole lifetime. The other guy ended up being a Foreign Service officer and he served different posts all over the world for the State Department. So we just had those 3 but boy, I was amazed at how disciplined the guys were in the house.

We had a wonderful president. He really knew his stuff, I mean, he was a sharp dude. Most of the guys were not veterans and had never gone into the service or gone to war for one reason or another. Either they had a physical disability or the guy couldn't see very good or all kinds of different reasons. But anyway, and I really knew nothing about the Greek system. But my dad pushed me to join and as a legacy kid, I got in.

I'll tell you what was so good about the fraternity is first of all, we'd have supper but then it was study hour and from 7:00 until 9:00 or 9:30, there was no talking. Everyone was just reading and studying and working on their problems and stuff like that. Then it was time to go for a cup of coffee or glass of milk or whatever they did before they went to bed.

When I joined Phi Delta we had three pledges, I and two other guys; one went into the Foreign Service with the State Department and the other one sold lockers and building products in the Twin Cities with a different company than Lamperts. And then myself I used to work for Lamperts. I had started working when I was 15, just in the summer time, you know, because during the fall and winter I was in school.

My biggest job when I was a pledge was at 9:00 after study, we would go around the fraternity house as a pledge and ask what they wanted to eat and we had to haul off to White Castle. We'd take orders and some of these football players eat a lot, you know. Guys would order a dozen of them.



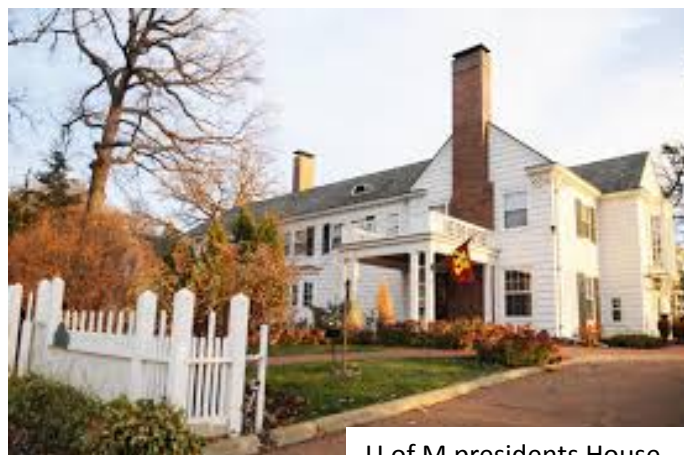
And ask them what they wanted, how many White Castles they wanted. And we'd make a list and everything and I had a car. The other guys lived at the house they didn't need or have a car. I think one guy lived somewhere else in town, but I lived way out in the country. So we would take my car and go and get everything the guys at Phi Delta wanted.

So we'd go over to the shop and there's all these kids coming in there, you know, 'I'll take 2', 'I'll take 1', when we were all done it was always over 100 White Castles. And then we'd come back with so many and then we'd have to remember, who got what you know. We then put them in different sacks and stuff. And we only had 3 guys to do all the work. That was a tough job because that was ongoing and almost every night. Once in a while I suppose we'd have a meeting or something or might have a class so the other 2 guys would have to go.

But we had a party, we always had just about the best parties on campus. According to all the sororities we had the best parties. Why, nobody was putting better ones out there than we were.

Most of the fraternities just had their fraternity house. We had to leave the fraternity house because so many of those other guys came back from the war. It had been someone else's house before we took it over and they wanted their house back. So now we had to find one to live in and we bought an old house and remodeled it. It was right cross from the president's house.

In those days, President James Morrill lived over on the west end of the campus. It was over where all the sororities were. So from our standpoint, why, it was a big asset because half our guys were going with sorority girls. So you only had to walk a block instead of a mile to see your girlfriend.



U of M presidents House

And we did a terrific job of converting this old house and we ended up with a carriage house which we turned into a party house. And we had a downstairs in it that we used and then the upstairs was for dancing and having the bulk of the party. Well, we did more things to make that really sharp.

And then the last thing I was going to mention that we were big on, was homecoming. We always had the absolute best decorations in front of the fraternity house, and I think all the 3 years I was there we came in 1st one year, we came in 3rd another year and we were about 5th or 6th another year.



U of M Northrup Auditorium

We sometimes lost because we didn't have the right slogan. I'll give you an example, one year we had a big Indian and we won first prize, so we were so proud of ourselves, so next year we have to make it just as good and the key slogan for the homecoming game was "beat Purdue!"

So we we're going to do something great. Some of our guys were going with girls that were over at the Art School in Minneapolis where they do all kinds of creative stuff and they have all kinds of different ideas.

So somebody came up with the idea, why don't we have a merry go round and we'll have the horses be Purdue players and the riders on the horse can be Minnesota players. And they're whipping them with a whip and we'll win another prize. So that part was great.

Well, getting the merry go round and getting it to operate was a monumental job. We needed a lot of lumber. And we had to go up to Washington Avenue North and go to the auto reclaiming places and we got an axle wheel and we sunk that in the ground. We had to dig a hole in our front yard. And put that thing in the ground and then the wheel was the top part that would spin was out of the ground. And then we tied the whole merry go round on to that. Of course we had the poles out there. Then we needed a canvas top and we got that and put it on there. And then we got this thing going and it looked great.

The one thing we did wrong, we put Whip Purdue so they took points off because instead of using Beat Purdue we said Whip Purdue and they said we didn't use the right word. So they took a few points off. So somebody else won. So, that's what shot us out of the saddle. The other thing that shot us out of the saddle was we could not get that thing hooked up right. We had guys working on it, we had a

motor, but instead of going around frontwards, it was going backwards. And we couldn't change that and the sign that we used instead of "beat Purdue" used whip Purdue, "we had our sign say" we've got them going backwards. Oh that was so much fun and we thought we were going to win! And the judges came around and said, I hate to tell you, you guys aren't going to win because you've got a different theme than beat Purdue, but to tell you the truth, you've got the best homecoming decoration that we've got at the University this year and we're sorry we can't give you first prize again. So we were proud as peacocks but we were still mad that we couldn't get the damn thing. So we thought, what the hell, we won last year.

But basically just for one quarter. You're only a pledge for 1 quarter. And the toughest job we ever had to do was when we're going to have a party and all the breweries were not making beer then that you could buy certain places and you could go around town to find beer. The fraternity guys are telling you, go out and get a pony of beer you know a barrel. You couldn't even buy kegs; they were nowhere to be found because of the war. And most breweries were not geared up to make beer because of the war. Most were making something else for the government, I don't know what but it wasn't beer. There was no liquor store because the war was over and everybody was excited and especially with all the people coming back and everything, the bars were selling liquor like crazy and they were having a hard time staying in stock. Three of us would go into some of those bars on 7 Corners and we'd walk out with 6 bottles of beer for our party.



Pony Keg

And we knew how much we had to have so we just had to keep going and going and going. I think we had one little pony was the only one we could get. We pretty near had to get down on our knees to take that away from a guy. It might have been in a liquor store or something. You know, they can't refuse to sell you but in a bar it's different. Anyway, that's the end of that story.

I attended the U of M business school and that was very good. The fraternity required us to study for an hour, every night. From when supper was over and maybe have a cigarette or something, then it was time to study for everybody. You could hear a pin drop in that whole fraternity house during study time.

We had a wonderful buddy of mine that happened to be from Chicago, and he married a St. Paul girl believe it or not, in the building material business. Her dad ran a millwork house, and he was our finance guy. He collected the money. He didn't keep the books but he collected the money. When a guy didn't pay up, boy, he could shake them and turn them upside down and get the money out in a hurry. And that helped because fraternities, if you don't have somebody collecting, that's eventually what sank the Phi Deltas on the campus. They're just making a comeback now. I don't know whether it will work or not. I haven't been to any of the meetings. They always call me and invite me to go. But I haven't been to any of the meetings.



Bernie Bierman

In the fraternity during college everyone had to be included in everything. You just couldn't sit there and do nothing. You were expected to go to classes and pay attention. You had to really be into the campus activities and be a part of whatever the hell was going on at the University. It starts always with football because that's the most important sport and my God, Bernie Bierman was still the coach over there.

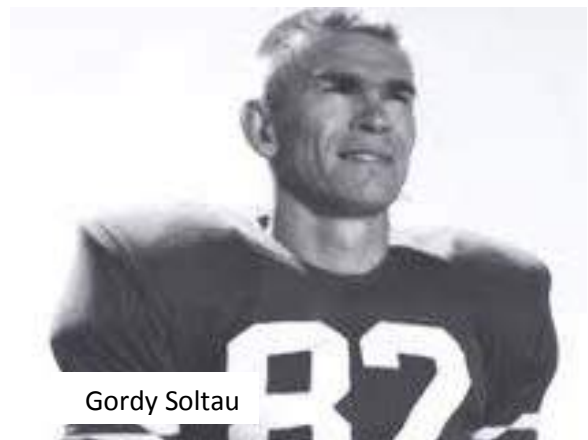
And they had all these national championships that they had won. And Bernie had just won the big game, I think the score was 41 to 40, just about the time that the war started. And then, of course, he lost his whole team during the war. So now he had to rebuild it. And of course, Bernie was getting so old that that worked against him, but he started right off with a lot of good players and he was bringing them in from all over. Our Fraternity had many of our top athletes at the school, we always had 10-15 guys from the football team. The best room in the fraternity had was 4 guys living there. One guy is Bud Grant. Later he became the great football coach for the Vikings and Winnipeg Blue Bombers. Bud was a great athlete. One of the best the University ever had. He was on the football team for 4 years, he was on the basketball team for 4 years and on the baseball team for 4 years. Bud was one of the guys in that room.



Bud Grant

The other guy was from Duluth and his name was Jack Owens. And Jack was a great athlete in high school and his dad was the Sheriff in Duluth for a long time. Jack went into banking. He ran the 1st National Bank in Duluth for quite a long time and then some other banks up there.

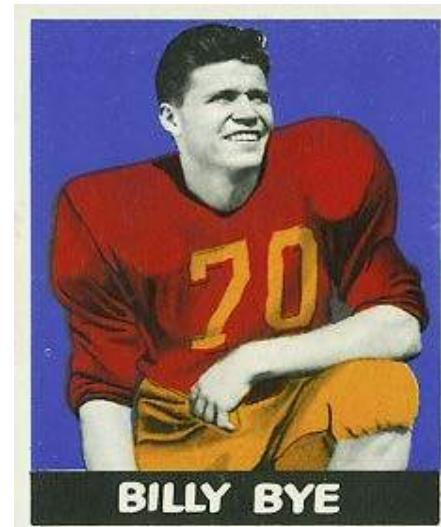
Another guy was Gordy Soltau. Gordy and his brother both went to the U. I'm not positive where they were from but Gordy was probably a 3-year guy with the University and he played



Gordy Soltau

with the San Francisco 49ers. And he was their kicker for about 10 years. So he was getting those big paychecks and he was in San Francisco and who's he working for but a big lumber company Diamond Match.

The 4th one in the room was Billy Bye. Billy's dad was the superintendent of schools in Anoka and Billy was a great halfback in high school and he came to the University of Minnesota. He was our starting halfback and made 2nd team in the Big 10 so he was a very good running back.



And we had another 5-6 guys that were all starters. Now, Gordy was a tremendous hockey player. He played hockey for the University of Minnesota for 3 years. On top of that, he called me one day, it was a Saturday or a Sunday and he said, what are you doing today? I said, "I'm not doing anything". He says, "do you have you got your skis in the car? And I said, no I don't think I do". Well, he says, why don't we go out to Battle Creek over in St. Paul, he says, I'd like to try ski jumping today. I had a car and he didn't have a car. So I says, "okay, I'll go with you". Well, we get over to the ski jump and it's snowing and that ski jump, if you've ever been on that, I don't imagine you've been up to the top.

Gordy says, come up, he says, you can carry my poles up and I'll carry my skis up and geez, you park the car and there's a lot of steps and they all have snow on them and of course, we both have overshoes on. And I don't know what he had on but he must have had his ski boots on, that's all I can think of, anyway, up to the top we go and the wind is blowing and the tower is weaving back and forth, and I said, geez, I hope it doesn't blow over. Oh no, he says, it won't blow over.

I suppose we were probably 60-70 feet off the ground. But from the top of the ski jump to where you could land at the end of the ski jump that's another 100 feet down. So these guys were coming down the slide and jumping, the best ones I saw were in the 200 feet, and most of those guys were from Norway when I was a kid over there watching them. Anyways, so I watched Gordy go down and I'm thinking, oh my 'God in hell' I wouldn't try that in 100 years.

He was a ski jumper from Duluth. But he gets to the bottom and then, of course, I'm standing up there freezing to death



Battle Creek Ski Jump

and he's got to climb back up. Well, I tell you, with your shoes on, and it's so slippery and snowy and nobody's cleaning up anything and the stairways were all loaded with snow, it took him a long time to get back up to the top. Well, he said, I'm just going to make one more run. He says, that was fun but he says, it is a little bit dangerous. The wind is blowing and I'm all worn out from climbing up there.

So anyway, he took one last jump and down he went and then I had to come down the damn thing and that was almost as hard as going up. Because of all the snow and ice and the wind was blowing and making the tower sway.

And then we drove back to the fraternity house, he thanked me profusely for that. And Gordy and I were friends forever and ever. Every time he'd come to town he always shows up and we would get together. Jack Owens died last year (2013) and Gordy came back from California and Bud came down from Dresser MN.



So that was the 4 guys in that room. And they were really a talented bunch of young men. And when Gordy quit the University of Minnesota hockey team, then he came and joined our fraternity team. Well, he was a whiz banger.

And we played for the University championship with the SAE's and we were over in that rink on Franklin and the River in a snow storm And SAE's had a great kid from St. Paul Central who played for the University and then he dropped out, I don't know what reason, but he was what, in those days, we used to call deaf and dumb. He couldn't talk but he could grunt, you know, but he was a tremendous football player. And he was a great hockey player too but he had dropped out of the hockey team. He was still playing football, he graduated playing football but he wasn't on the hockey team at the time that we played, you couldn't put athletic team members on your team. Unfortunately we lost by 1-2 points.

I always played defense. I and a buddy of mine were defense because we couldn't skate fast enough to keep up with those other guys. I mean, they'd go around that rink and if you put them on the rink with the guys that are playing for the Wild now, why, you'd think they were skating with their overshoes on.

And then another year, we played for the baseball championship. I don't think I played baseball that year. We had boxing one year, believe it or not. The boxers have to be in the same category, heavyweight boxing. Bud Grant and Gordy both won their divisions at the U. One of them would be the best in the University and the other guy would be the 2nd. They had to fight each other. And we were wondering who's going to win. Because they were both about the same size and they were really tough guys. Well, just

before they were supposed to fight they said, "oh we can't do that, we're roommates so okay, well you guys can both be champion".

We had a lot of our members were on the student bodies. In the fraternity we had our own choir and we were in the choir championship but we only came in 3rd, but the guys that won deserved it. I was in the choir and the guys in my row told me not to sing loud. You didn't want to screw up all the good guys in the front. We sang with gusto.

I could read music because I had taken musical lessons when I was little. Anyway, we had a good leader and we had a few guys that just weren't that good as singers. And we weren't as good as the other team. But we did good to come in 3rd. We competed against about 50 choirs.

At this time we had about 60 or 65 kids in the fraternity and almost everybody was in the choir. And we sang that famous song from Yale – 'The Whiffenproof Song' 'To The Tables Down At Mory's' (1909)

The Yale Whiffenpoofs



To the tables down at Morey's,
to the place where Louie dwells,
to the dear old Temple Bar we love so well . . .
Sing the Whiffenpoofs assembled
with their glasses raised on high
and the magic of their singing casts it's spell . . .

Yes, the magic of their singing
of the songs we love so well
"Shall I wasting" and "Mavourneen" and the rest.
We will serenade our Louie
while life and voice shall last,
then we'll pass and be forgotten with the rest . . .

We're poor little lambs
who have lost our way,
Baa Baa Baa,
We're little black sheep
who have gone astray
Baa Baa Baa.

Gentlemen songsters off on a spree
doomed from here to eternity,
Lord, have mercy on such as we,
Baa Baa Baa.

In Class at the U. We got a colorful introduction because I and a buddy of mine (George Lundegaard, and I were pals for 50-60 years.) who was starting and we were trying to take courses together so that we'd be there at the same time and then his mother was the head of the kitchen over at the high school over there and so She'd drive to work and then he could use her car.

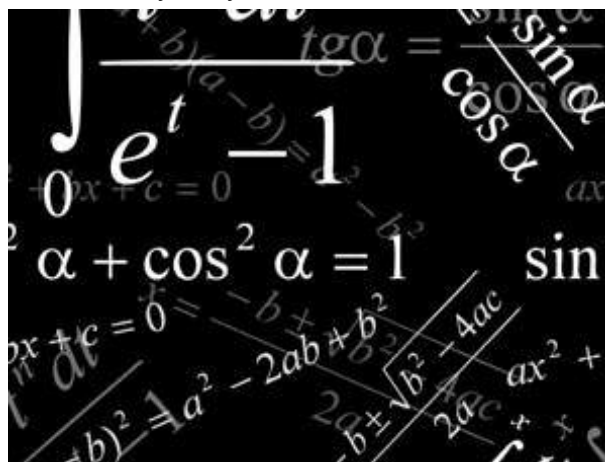
The business school was terrific because I didn't know anything about what they were talking about. I had worked in the lumber yards so I knew what that was all about. But lifting a sack of cement is just brute strength. And then you have to put it in a cart or put it in the back of somebody's car. We also had to pile lots of lumber and keeping all those piles straight and everything, so it looked presentable, was all hand work. And a lot of the



Pillsbury Hall – U of M

stores that I worked in didn't even have a truck. If you didn't have a truck before the war started, why once the war started you couldn't find a truck to buy. Because there wasn't much around. My dad had the same car through the whole war. Just a little business coupe.

I had little exposure to business and not at the sophisticated level that they were going to teach you. I needed an elective to begin with because I was short of one math requirement. And so I went to algebra class. I lasted about 15 minutes in the algebra class. The teacher came in and he said, now, everybody remembers this from high school, and of course, there was a lot of guys who had just graduated from high school last spring and they don't have to go in the service or anything because the wars over. And the teacher asks "what is the square root of 1 equal to, and everybody yelled 1". And I looked at my buddy and he looked at me and I said, geez, I don't remember that. And so we thought, we could be in over our head. Well in 15 minutes we knew we were over our head. Because they were going 85 miles an hour.



We knew algebra was not for us, but they had a course called permutations, combinations and the laws of probability. And we thought boy that ought that to be a good course. The next time we go to Vegas, why, we'll know what the hell we're doing. So we go and sign up. We go to class and lights go out and we're sitting there in the dark thinking we're going to get out of class. But the teacher says, well that's no problem we'll continue the course outside under the tree. So we all marched outside. We could sit in the grass or stand up and listen to him dissertate about what he was going to teach us. So then we knew that he was kind of a no nonsense guy but a pretty darned good teacher, really terrific, and this was a very challenging course. We both just loved the course.

The course taught us logic and probability. Things like if there's two doors in a house, what are the odds of a person coming in any one door? That's easy it's 50/50. But when you have two doors in a house and 3 people come in the door and you have to determine what are the chances they'll all come in the same door? Now that is really challenging.

And we found it very interesting to get into the laws of probability. The combination numbers were interesting and we got right into gambling right away. Everybody's playing a dice game and the teacher would teach you, there's only two double 6's on the dice so what are the odds you're going to shake double 6s? Well, there's only 36 combination numbers. So you can only hit 12 two ways. 6 and 6, so it's 1 in 36. That was a great course. Those lessons have served me well in business over and over and over again. Statistics was a required subject. You didn't have to worry about what to take because they had a whole bunch of required subjects.



So I had, 2-3 money banking courses, 1-2 transportation courses, and a lot of sequence events where you'd do this course and then you'd step up to a higher level. We had Salesmanship, economics and unions and all kinds of subjects, anything dealing with business. Buying and selling and manufacturing. And while I learned a lot there were a lot of things that you knew but you weren't always able to apply them necessarily in the lumber yard. In the lumber yard if you can't handle numbers, you're lost.

Right off the bat in the lumber yard, when you're putting almost anything together, you've got all these different sizes and with lumber, a 2 x 4 is not 2 inches thick and 4 inches wide, it's 3.5 inches wide and 1.5 inches thick. So when you have to add 2 of those together. Now, how thick a post have you got? It's not a 4 x 4 it's 3.5 x 3.5.

In the lumber business you're into fractions with a vengeance. And you have to add them in your head. And sometimes you get into millwork, they go in 32 seconds of an inch. I've got these rulers that are 3-sided and you have a different scale on each side. 90% of the floor plans that you look at in a house are on the 1/4 in scale and that's on one of the sides of the ruler. But when you get to the millwork detail, it's probably on a 1/2 in scale, and that's on the ruler on another side. Lumber was also calculated by the board foot so in order to do all the calculations you had to be very good with numbers and know your fractions

Width in Inches	Length in Feet					
	6'	8'	10'	12'	14'	16'
	Board Feet					
2"	1.0	1.33	1.67	2.0	2.33	2.67
3"	1.5	2.0	2.5	3.0	3.5	4.0
4"	2.0	2.67	3.33	4.0	4.67	5.33
6"	3.0	4.0	5.0	6.0	7.0	8.0
8"	4.0	5.33	6.67	8.0	9.33	10.67
10"	5.0	6.67	8.33	10.0	11.67	13.33
12"	6.0	8.0	10.0	12.0	14.0	16.0

Almost everybody in our fraternity were taking English. We were always working on recruiting at the fraternity. Once we got into the new house and we put on our dog and pony act for the new kids to tell them what a good place we were and we had all these big football players prancing around, and everybody knew that Bud Grant was going to be there, all the girls would get excited because he was about as handsome as you could get.

And most of the guys at the other fraternities were Mr. Ugly, no question about it. But then we would tell them about all of our great looking guys. We had scrapbooks and you could see them and we went all the way back into the 30's. Half of the football players were members of our fraternity. And we had great pictures of them. We'd show our pictures of some of our parties and they'd think, wow, and then we'd show them our party room.

In Most of the other the fraternities, the living room is where the dance floor is. At our place, though, we don't dink around with having a party in the living room. We had a very nice living room and we could have a party in it, but we don't use it for that. We dance out here in the special house that we've got. And then we'd take them out there and show it to them.

Across from our house out in South Robert Street there were two signs that somebody had erected and they drove my dad nuts. He hated both of those signs. The sign was made of tin and was a Musketeer and Old Style Lager which was a very popular beer and he had his sword it was all hand painted and it was about 7-8 feet high. And they had it mounted on two posts out there. So I'm telling this buddy of mine, my dad hates those signs, if we cut that sign down some night, there's no farm houses around there, the only one that would ever hear it would be my dad.



We take that sign and throw it in the backend of my station wagon and we'll take it over to where some of these girls paint, we'll block out this, leave all the rest of the coloring on there and it had some kind of paint or reflectors that would shine when the cars came by. Wherever those letters were, we'd put in our lettering.

He said, that's the best idea you've ever come up with. So we went and borrowed a saw from my dad because neither one of us had a saw that big. We just went to the garage and grabbed a saw; there are oodles of them out there. And zip, zip, zip and down came the sign. We put it in the car and that was the end of that.

Now, the other little sign was nothing, so we chopped that one down too and then we thought, well, we don't want to leave it laying here because they might think, geez, the only guy that could have cut this down is the guy that lives across the road here.



We'll just take it and drop it off in some ditch along the way, so away we go. And we hook it on to the back of the car and we got the sign down with the metal part on the bottom and we start off and the sparks started flying off of that metal sign and it's only about 5 feet long but I mean, there's a pile of sparks in back of the car that look like something was on

fire or the car had a cyst on it, and all of the sudden, boy, with that attracting police, why, we've got to get rid of it. So he crawled back there and cut the rope and it slid off into the ditch and that was the end of that one.



And we zoomed around and brought the other sign back to his house, and once we had it in town we had it repainted. Then we brought it to the fraternity and put it up. When you walked up the steps to our party room, here's this beautiful sign only it says Phi Delta Theta with a buccaneer and his sword. And all the girls were so impressed. We never did tell my father who took down the signs or anything about that evening. We just figured that if we keep that quiet, and that's the end of it. We normally weren't very destructive but that's one thing that was a good treat.

Oh the other thing that the fraternity had that was not unusual because every fraternity or sorority had them, but we had maybe the best or one of the best files of previous exams of every course that was at the University of Minnesota. And you always wanted to look at those. We'd study them. If you were going to be in statistics you'd always want to know what type of questions they ask. Most of the business school...the guy that ran it, always designed his tests so that the smartest kid in the class couldn't quite get done.



Coffman Union

I don't think we had any 4-hour tests but they were all over 2 hours, boy, those business school finals were something. Business was the biggest class, I think, at the University. When we had our final exam we had to put it in Northrup Auditorium or Coffman Memorial Union. And everybody had to sit one seat away from anyone else.



Northrup Auditorium

We took up the whole auditorium. All the downstairs and all the upstairs. The teachers were walking up and down the aisle making sure there's no cheating going on. We figured that we had over 1,000 students in there. The thing would hold about 2500. In the average class, there would be 30 boys and 2 girls.

Now, when you took the auxiliary courses, the ones that my dad told me to take. Then you'd get into Literature and Philosophy, the gals were in there with a vengeance.

And I only had one problem all the time I ever went to the U. I made one of the dumbest mistakes. I was in some course and there was about 2/3 girls and 1/3 boys, a typical class where girls love that class and I'm sitting next to this real sharp blond lady and she was a good, really a nice looking lady. I don't know what the subject of the course was but we're talking about maybe religion or Jewish people specifically. And for some reason, I said to her "you know, it's really amazing that you never see a Jewish blonde?"

She looked at me like I was an idiot, and said, well, I'm Jewish. And I said, oh, my apologies. I said, I didn't think Jewish people could be blonde because all the ones I've ever seen or ever known were brunette. She said, no, there are a lot of blondes. So I said oh...well....I learned something. I felt like a do-do.

Chapter

8

The Life & Times Of John Lampert Fesler Marriage



When I came back from the war, I just could not get in with religion. So I didn't go to church at all. Maybe I went once in a blue moon, but the girl that I was going with that I eventually married, JoAnn, she had gone to St. Mary's. St. Mary's was the girl's school in Fairbault which was a companion school to Shattuck. She was a sharp gal down there and the president of their senior class and she was, I wouldn't say very religious but quite religious. And had a nice feel for it so we would go together.

JoAnn was Episcopalian. She knew that I'd been to church a few times in Shattuck. So anyway, we went to church and finally she found this nice Episcopal minister and we attended church there and got married there. The reason that she was Episcopal was because her family and forefathers, who were Wolcott's (which in England is a big name), were all Episcopal. She was a direct descendent if you go back far enough, to those big government officials in England and she was very active in the Wolcott Society after I divorced her.

So we went to this minister and we got married and soon as we started having children. After the kids came we didn't go to church very often. But we would go occasionally. As soon as the kids got to be old enough to go to Sunday school then we had to go. And all of our neighbors were going to.

When I lived with her, she was busy taking care of our children and there wasn't much extra change. The Catholics almost had to always go and basically everybody in the neighborhood went. Well, not everybody went but a lot of the people from our



neighborhood did, and we had a terrific minister named Bob Waltersdorf who married a daughter of Sieger Refrigeration, which is one of the big industrial companies in St. Paul.

And boy, he eventually got me turned around. Mostly by coaching and, of course, giving me a lot of lessons. He would say, you can't blame Jesus or God on the fact that your friends got killed. He helped me a lot and really got me straightened out.

I went to church through all 3 marriages to the Episcopal Church until just a short time ago. I finally listened to my youngest son who told me that, you know dad, half the wars and problems of the world are caused by religion. And he said, if you lay off some of that stuff, you'd be better off. And I finally agreed with him. So I don't attend church at all.

Of course I still have faith and I still believe in God. I'll put it this way, I'm not sure Jesus was who they thought he might be 250-300 years after he died. I've watched enough lawyers enhance the story and so now I don't believe any lawyer. Whatever they tells you, might be true, or it might be as false as false can be. I think over time the same thing happened to the church. And I just kind of lost faith in them.

JoAnn and I dated at the end of 1946 until we got married. I married JoAnn McLaughlin December 10, 1947 in a little church over by Lake of the Isles. It was a pretty hotsy-totsy church. I married Joann when I was 22 and we were the same age. We got divorced on February 3, 1960. We had 5 sons, Richard, Timothy, Daniel, Terry, and Jeffery all with the given middle name of Lampert.



St. Mary's

We met at Shattuck School, JoAnn was attending St. Mary's which was the sister school to Shattuck. Shattuck was all boys and St. Mary's was all girls. The two schools were completely segregated back then. The girls and the boys never really got together other than for dances. Shattuck pushed hard to have dances so the guys wouldn't be all clumsy around girls.

We did not get together very much at Shattuck and St. Mary's. I knew who she was and I thought she was a nice gal. I probably danced with her once or twice but so did a lot of other guys and being the senior class president of her school, she ended up dating both me and another guy who was a wonderful guy at Shattuck and very talented and he dated her too but he moved away when he got out of school, to San Francisco.

That created a bit of a problem for their getting together and so forth. He was just starting off out there and his dad was a physician in Browns Valley, Minnesota, and he didn't want to end up there so he had a counselor at the University who coached him on where to go. He had been in the paratroopers in California. He was about the same age that I was and his training in the paratroopers was at Fort Benning.

I still have all the letters I sent my mom. I think she saved them all. They were all pretty short because they were censored, they were maybe 5-10 lines long. Fairly short.

Anyway, when JoAnn was 14, she went to St. Mary's. She had a sister older than she was by about 2-3 years and her sister was going to Carleton College. I don't remember what year it happened, but their mother and dad had been divorced and she had a younger sister named Teddy and the younger sister's was a really a pretty gal. Teddy, their mother, lived with an uncle on Minnehaha Parkway.

And low and behold one night when the girls, JoAnn and Mary Lou were at school, both their mom and their young sister and I think their uncle, died in a fire. So they were all burned up. So the girls were homeless. And their dad lived in Milwaukee so that wasn't going to work, so both of them finished up graduating, JoAnn graduated from St. Mary's high school and her sister graduated from Carlton in whatever she was taking there. They lived in a home over on Abbott Avenue at about 50th Street in



Minneapolis. And when I would date her and we'd go out or do the town, why, I'd have to drive over there to pick her up. They lived there for a short time, maybe a year or two.

She and her sister rented a little cabin out on the grounds of a dog kennel just off of 394 and this guy was a terrific Jewish guy (Jack Sinykin) who had been a jeweler at one time in his life but now he was raising German shepherd dogs. He introduced German shepherd dogs to guiding for blind people. The company was called the Master Eye Foundation. There were many people that got those dogs. JoAnn was helping to raise those dogs over there

JoAnn wasn't able to go to college, and I didn't have enough money to pay for her to go to college. And she didn't have anybody to pay for her to go to college. Her dad, I don't think, could. Because he had remarried and he had a fairly menial job.

Anyway we had 5 sons in 7 years. Believe it or not, the same doctor that delivered me delivered my first son. The only other thing that's exciting that happened during that time was we continued to go to Messiah Episcopal Church on Ford Parkway and just off one block off of Snelling until I got divorced. She continued to go there with the boys because the boys were still young even after we divorced. It was a big job to raise 5 boys in those days. Because, they're so close in age it's a 12-hour job every day.



Messiah Episcopal Church

Then on top of everything else Dan got polio for 3-4 months. It was luck for me he lived, we thought he was going to die for a while.

We didn't do much traveling and with so many little kids we didn't have time for much of anything. And I just had a beginners job at Lamperts when i started there. We got to move into a house over on Montreal and Snelling. And it's right across the street from the high school now. But in those days it was just a golf course there. It was a great location because it was right on Snelling Avenue and that's the same place where I worked. So it was just fairly typical of the 1950's family living in Highland Park.

Back then I was on the road a lot. And JoAnn was tied down with all the kids. The house is in the Highland area, a short distance from the old Ford Plant. I visited it recently and doesn't look too much different. And the bushes that I planted in the front of it are still the same ones there. Trees are a little bigger...1-2 trees. That was a very nice house and so we had our hands filled with those kids.

Highland had a lot of stuff in it. In the beginning they didn't have a swimming pool but later they put one in. They had the golf course, and they had tennis. We had a pretty nice house there and we lived there until about the time of the 4th boy came along. Then we moved on to the best house we ever lived in on Montrose Lane. Montrose is one of the really beautiful streets in St. Paul and I bought it from a guy who was one of the senior VP's of 3M named Cecil March.

Well, Cecil was a great guy and he had about 3-4 divisions that were under his wing. The only thing I remember when I was there was his wife asked me to sit down on their davenport and she said, now, I want you to know John that you're sitting on a \$200K davenport. I said I didn't realize it was that expensive. I'd rather sit in the \$100 chair to tell you the truth. And she said, well, I'll tell you, she said, when we moved in here, we didn't have a lot of furniture and we were just getting started like you guys are and she said, Cecil wanted his bonus money from 3M and I wanted a davenport and, she said, I won the argument because we didn't have a davenport and we needed one in this living room.

And it's a house that had been added on to maybe once or twice or three times before even they got there and we didn't do much but oh, the people that bought it after me, they really fixed it up. So anyway, she said, Cecil was right, we should have taken the stock. They didn't take the 3M stock but they had a beautiful davenport.

So that's kind of the end of the story with that. Then when we got divorced I moved up to the Hamline Hotel and I lived there for a while. Then I rented an apartment over on Lexington and Randolph. Right across the street from where Trader Joe's is today.

Montcalm Estates is right in back of it. My brother and his wife lived there. We've had other friends that have lived there. It's a beautiful place. But mine is the less expensive apartment right in front. There's about 4 buildings in the



Randolph Apartments

complex. And I had a nice 2-bedroom place there so it was great for me and when the boys would come over, I'd jump on the davenport and they'd sleep in the bedroom and each 2 boys would have their own bedroom.

I was sitting in the office at Lamperts one day and the guy comes in and hands me the ticket (divorce papers) and says, she's in and you're out. So it was a long divorce. A long time to get finalized but it finally did. With all the money I was paying her plus attorneys and everything else, I wasn't doing too much dating or chasing around then. And we were still struggling a little bit to get going at Lamperts as well as in my personal life.

I met Anne shortly after that and she was working up on Selby and Snelling. She was a dental assistant. I married her in 1961. Her maiden name was Anna Erickson. She had been married previously and she had two daughters, Colleen and Kim. And we were married by a Justice of the Peace on University and Snelling Avenue. Took about 3 minutes.

Anne lived in Cottage Grove. She worked on that corner of Snelling and Selby. She was a dental assistant. And she worked for Dr. Rochford and his wife. They were one of the few dentists in the State of Minnesota, where the husband and the wife were both dentists and both graduates of the University of Minnesota. They were very good dentists.

I didn't go to them. I had a dentist that I'd had since I was a kid. Still going to the same dental firm today. I'm not sure where the first time was that I saw her. I know she had dated guys around area.

When we first met she was not working there but I don't recall where she worked or how we met. She got that job when we moved in together. She moved out of Cottage Grove and lived on 1700 or 1800 Dayton Ave. She was renting the upstairs. What a job that was moving her in there. We weren't lined up to get married yet. I just can't remember how it all came together. But anyway, we rented a house at 1393 Ashland Avenue.

It was a very nice house and we fixed it up pretty nice and the girl's shared a room. It was a 2-bedroom house so we had our bedroom and they had their bedroom. And we rolled along and I would guess it was almost 25 years

So Anne started attending all the company functions and stuff like that and we finally bought a home in South Minneapolis at 4717 Folwell Drive. It's about 6 blocks to the north of Minnehaha Falls. It was an interesting deal, it was a brand new house and it was built by a good builder and all of the streets in that area are named after University presidents. And it's interesting because first of all, the Sister Kenny place was right down the street there. The old lady that owned the property lived in Duluth. My dad knew her.



And he knew she was getting old. My dad was a great booster of the University and he was very close to the president and 2-3 guys that ran the University with the president so he was always on the lookout for people to put the oar in the water and give it a pull to help the University. So he talked to the old lady one time up in Duluth when he was visiting his dad and asked her if she ever thought about selling it.

Well she says, "I haven't really" but, she said, "one of these days I might do that". Well, he said, if you ever do, he said, I'd sure appreciate a call and he gave her his card. And

he said, you know, it might be beneficial for you to consider selling it to the University of Minnesota. Oh, she said, if it went to the University I would really be excited. Well, he said, let me talk to the president over there and we'll see what we can line up and, he said, you'd get full value for it so he said, have you ever had an appraisal or anything? I don't know whether she told him yes or no, but anyway, he's the kind of a guy that would have said, well, I'd be happy to have it appraised for you and that's the reason that you don't ever want to believe an attorney because my dad's appraiser would be a lot less than her appraiser. Just like when you get divorced. The husband's attorney says the estate is worth nothing and the woman's is worth everything or vice versa.

So anyway, all of the sudden the University of Minnesota owned it. So they took one of the great builders in South Minneapolis...I know his name and I can't.....because it's called his addition.....but anyway, they had laid it out and they had some ideas of what they wanted to have in there and they wanted very nice homes in there and they wanted all the streets to be named after presidents of the University of Minnesota.

Coffman Street is there, he was president in 1920. Dr. Morrill isn't there because he was the president and he wouldn't put his own name there when they had all these other famous guys from 100 years ago. They've got 6 of the presidents there. Folwell is the street that I was on, he was president in 1879. It is a very nice area. We looked in St. Paul first but there was no place you could build a new house in the areas that I knew very well. We looked real hard in Highland but it was a little richer than I could afford.

We had a lot that we had lined up and I had a floor plan all laid out for it. So it would have been a great home but it didn't work out. And by the time I ended up getting divorced and everything, now I was with Anne. We couldn't look at something like that so we started looking in town here and we could find used homes that were available, a lot of them. Anne saw a house that she really liked in back of Town and Country, just off of Otis. Boy that was a lovely home. And then she said, oh God, she said, we'll have to hire a maid to clean that damn thing. It was huge and we only had 4 people. We had a champagne appetite and a beer income. We ended up buying over in Minneapolis because this was brand new and it wasn't going to take anything to move into it.

We had a den and we had a nice fireplace, we had a bedroom for each girl. We had a 2-car garage and that's where we moved in. We weren't there very long and all of the sudden the girls have to go to school and so they went to public school there at Hiawatha for about 2 years, 3 years. Low and behold, Breck School had moved over to the River Road just a few blocks away.

And I knew the people at Breck real well because they're a boy's school and they compete against Shattuck a lot of times. And I knew Cannon Henderson. He was never made a priest but he



was always one step below that for whatever reason. I don't know that much about the church. Anyway, it didn't make any difference. He moved into the end of our block.

So he was right there and low and behold, one day he said, well you should think about sending your oldest daughter over here. She's right in the age group that we're going to take in. Breck started in the 8th grade. She started with the first girl's class in Breck School. Today the girls probably outnumber the boys. They never were into the military like Shattuck was.

It was a great educational opportunity. I was always proud of what they were doing up on Como Avenue and it was close to Lampert office. I knew Cannon Henderson from the old days and I said, well, boy that sounds like a terrific deal. Yeah, he said, take a look at it and see. I said, how much does it cost and everything else and we thought, boy, that will be terrific because it's only 2 blocks away. So that's where Colleen went. And everything went great.



Breck chapel

Pretty soon though it was time for Kim to be that age. She'd gone through the public schools up until that point. So Kim was going to enter Breck School. Kim was in 3rd grade at the time and Cannon says, bring her over and we'll test her. Breck was expanding and they brought in students from grade 1 right on up. Kim came and she took the tests and everything having just passed I think it was the 3rd grade and he says, well, she didn't test out very well John.

He said, we can't take her and boy I went home and I talked to Anne and I said, "Jesus, we've got to do something". She said, "well I don't know what to do," so finally I saw Cannon in his yard one day and I went over and I talked to him and I said, "you know, you cannot not take Kim because I can't have one daughter going there and the other daughter going somewhere else. I says, she's going to wake up with an inferiority complex."

Yeah, he says, that could be a problem. I says, well, why can't you do anything? He says, let me look at it again, he says, I don't want to take her in if she can't handle the work because she'll flunk out. And I said, well, that's true. I said, "well take a look at it if you would. It would be a great service to me and it would take a lot of pressure off of our home life".

Of course, Kim thought she was going to go to Breck School too. We never told her that she didn't make it. And she still doesn't know until this day. So Cannon said, "I'll tell you what, he said, she is not 3rd grade material but if she takes the 2nd grade over again,

she can catch up with the rest of the kids and hopefully go through the rest of the school. He said, we're willing to do that. And that might work". Well Jesus, it saved our bacon and our daughter's bacon because she went in there and was a wonderful class leader. And Colleen was too. They were both really sharp gals. And very popular with the boys. And so we had a lot of colorful guys hanging around the house.

Colleen, when she was going to public school there, had a little boyfriend and the guy was in the band and he played the trumpet. I went over and listened to a concert one night. He was blowing the trumpet and he hit a wrong note once in a while and he'd blow 50 notes in there absolutely perfect. It was so good I just wanted to hug him. He was such a neat little guy. And then he'd hit a sour note. He'd take his head and shake his trumpet then he'd put it right back and pick right up where he left off. He was so cute. And the youngest one, Kim, she had a boyfriend over there too at school but finally she picked up with a guy at school who had mega, mega dollars. And she fell in love with him and they started going together and when he'd come by he'd have cars, he was a car guy and his dad and family owned Krueger Grocery Stores. I think they're headquartered in Ohio. I know they had a 22 bedroom house in Hyannisport right next to the Kennedys.

So when my daughter would come back from trips to New England and even to Ohio, why, she was on a different wavelength than I was. But they always got their own bedroom. Everybody had a good time and he came up to the house one time. He had kind of a speedster, I bet the car was 30 feet long and the front end looked like a dart. And it did roar. And oh, she was so excited to jump in that thing. I'd think, oh my God, better put the seatbelt on I says you're going to take off the first time he goes around a corner.

The last 6 years that I was with Ann she started getting negative. I don't know why. She was depressed with me I guess. I don't know what brought it on. It could have been me, I was doing a lot of traveling at that time. And by then I had gotten to be just about the head of Lamperts. We always went to St. John's church in St. Paul. At the Episcopal church Ester and I got married. I was still going there after I'd met Ester.

My Dad had retired and my brother was the president. He was really running the bank and I had one more share of stock in Lamperts than he did. And he had one more share of stock in Liberty Bank.



Chapter

9

The Life & Times Of John Lampert Fesler Lamperts





David, John, & Elsie

Both Dave and I worked at the bank and Lamperts. We each had 50 years in there. I've often marveled and I've never asked my granddad, how he talked my father into giving up the law practice he loved and come to work at the company. I always thought maybe granddad told dad banking was fun and he'd do well at it and he would do good at the lumber company. And when your kids grown up Dave could have the bank and John could have the lumber company. And maybe that's what did it. I don't know. We're never going to find out.

My dad was the worst one in the world for anyone bringing a proposal to. Having dealt with him for so long, you'd cover everything and touch all the bases. When you thought you had everything iron clad you'd go see him. And he would always say what if this happens? I've got that taken care of. What if that happens? Well, I've got that taken care of too. Well, what if this happens? And then I'd have to tell him, I didn't check that. It's not going to happen. Well, but it might happen. Now, a lot of times it might happen. I suppose it must be a trick he learned becoming an attorney. Every god damned attorney in America. When they get a client, the first thing they do is say the guy is innocent. No matter even if he



John K. Fesler

killed his wife, maybe she was nagging him, I mean, there's always extenuating circumstances. We can't blame him because he put the knife in her throat. I have gotten to the point where if an attorney is talking on behalf of any customer, or anyone, I don't believe either one of them. They're the same guy that says, well, this might have happened. That might have happened. Well that was a wonderful thing to have in the law business. When you're running a lumber yard that is terrible.

We are dealing with people that don't have college educations. And most of our customers don't have college educations. Otherwise they wouldn't be swinging a hammer. Or they wouldn't be doing electrical work or they wouldn't be doing plumbing or landscaping or building garages or all variety of things that you get involved with. And if you followed my dad's theory, you would talk yourself out of any lumber yard you were ever going to buy. And you'd look at a lot of places and I learned a lot just from talking to my granddad, but I never learned anything from talking to my dad other than when you get in negotiating on the price and everything, he taught me a lot there because he could play that lawyers game where you follow where the pea is under these three cups. And he'd fool you every time you'd never end up buying a lumber yard.

One of the things that was difficult about being in the lumber business and running Lampert's for so many years was I never wanted to be the president, just so I could say I was the president I had one more share of stock in Lampert's than David did. But he had one more of Liberty Bank than I did. So he was destined to be the president of the bank and I was destined to be the president of Lampert's.

But I wasn't. I was the general manager at Lampert's. Executive VP and general manager. And he was the president and he's the guy that had to argue with all of the insurance companies, with the banks, and accountants, and a few other things like our pension plan and all that kind of stuff.



Hanson & Lampert Co - Mankato

He only looked after those three departments. But where you did things, where you worked and the part that most people that are in the business, what they love is the operation side, and that was my area. And his is the garbage area. We've always called it that.

Well, you run into the same thing at the bank because every time you make a loan to anybody, you have the lessons you learned, from our dad, or from listening to your brother because he was more like a lawyer than I ever was. But sometimes his heart would get in the way of common sense. And I can tell you enough stories to fill up three books. On some of his good decisions at the bank and particularly about the house out on the St. Croix River. It's a gem of a story.

But we learned some very valuable lessons in a hard way. As soon as my dad left the business, we had a kind of a blow up. My brother and I were in tune because we each owned part of the bank. Part of the lumber company. But my dad, we weren't getting along well with him so finally we both quit Lampert's. So then David was working at and running the bank.

I was helping out a little bit at the bank with a few odds and ends and was living off my dividend and trying to behave myself.

My dad had borrowed from the Continental Illinois Bank, it's a federal bank in Chicago for ever and for all



Fairview House on the St. Croix

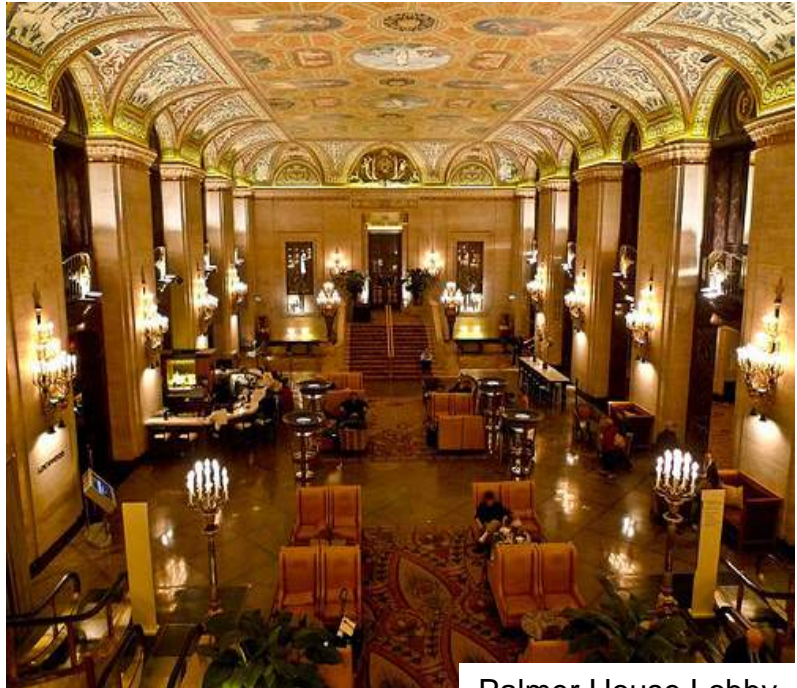
the line yards, from North Dakota, Montana, South Dakota, Iowa, Wisconsin, Missouri, everywhere, they all were borrowing money from Continental Bank.

His favorite hotel was the Palmer House in downtown Chicago which was right in the heart of the city. My dad used to love that damn place. I remember the first time after we went down there quite a bit, he'd go down there and check for the banker, usually in the winter time and once in a while he'd haul me along. This is long after I went with my knickers to see the stage show. And then we'd always visit the banker.

Finally we took my brother. I can remember when my dad and I were kidding my brother and said, boy, wait until you see the Palmer House and Jesus, his eyes were rolling like this. He couldn't believe it when he saw it and then we went to the Empire Room which was the elegant dining area. Over the years we had so many wonderful times in the Empire Room and the other one was called the Victorian Room. Almost as nice and just as elegant and that's where they used to serve breakfast and lunch.

When we got in there with my brother saw the prices he couldn't believe it. We ordered a nice breakfast and he didn't order a glass of orange juice because he thought it was too expensive.

These trips were the beginning of a good bonding experience. We made a lot of trips with dad because he was working for Lamperts. We went to Chicago for 25 years and I was working for Lamperts 15 of those years. So many times we'd go to the same meeting or conventions together.



Palmer House Lobby

And you'd have to get into the feel for the meeting. The big one that we had and we still have, Dan is still going to them, and it's a group of lumbermen. Other businessmen from all over the United States would come who ran chains or multiple lumber yards with multiple locations and usually they're the top or the very close to the top dealer in their respective areas of the country.

It started by the guy who ran the only trade journal or magazine for our industry. He wanted to get all the dealers together in Chicago. He wanted to get everyone in the industry to come and he would be the head of the meeting.

For the next 6 months he visited dealers around the country and invite them to join him. And we were fortunate that he came to Lamperts. I think my dad knew the guy pretty good which helped, so he'd come here rather than somebody else's company. Once we're in, nobody else could get in from this area. Even though many of them over the years tried to get in. United Building Centers was down in Winona. They couldn't get in, they only allowed one company from each region.

The closest dealer to us was Robertson. They headquartered out of Minneapolis but their main yards were in western Minnesota and in North Dakota. The other dealers were from all over the United States. Then, over the years, different companies would hear of us, what we were doing and so they'd want to join from outside.



So for many years, we had ...we had three members from Australia, one from Honolulu, and they're still members. Dan stops in and sees them whenever he goes to Honolulu and the dealer that used to run it after the guy in Chicago retired was from Phoenix he was an ex-president of the National Association and which Dan has also been.



And they tend to know all the good dealers around the country. If you have a choice of dealers, you want the strongest one you can get to represent you. We had one company from England and we had one company from New Zealand. The company from England, boy those are big chains. And then Denmark, the president of that company was Danish but he was married to an American wife so they used to travel here quite often.

So a lot of these guys have got their ears and eyes open, you know, and they pay pretty close attention to what's going on in the world and they don't want to reinvent the wheel so you go to who invented the wheel and then say, "well, that sounds like a pretty good idea. I'm going to try that when I get back home and see if it works".

You learn one valuable lesson belonging to that group. First of all, if you've got 5 stores and you get a good idea, you don't put the good idea in all of the stores, you put the good idea in the store of the guy who dreamed it up or who thinks he can do the best with it and let him try it and see how it works. Always run a pilot before you roll it out everywhere.

Two famous companies that didn't do that, Lampert Lumber Company, after they got bought out by the idiots from California, who knew nothing about and couldn't run a lumber yard. They had previously been running a department store. And they did terrible with the department stores and then they did even worse when they ran the lumber company.

Not only did they go broke, but the bank that was loaning them money, went broke too. The owners pulled enough money out of Lamperts to cover all of their personal debts, Security Pacific in San Francisco was the financing bank for Lampert Lumber Company when they went broke. These guys came in and said well, there's nothing good here, this is a terrible business that Lamperts is in. Now they were one of the best chains that were around. They had all their stores located in different cities and markets that we operate in.

But they were beautifully run. They had wonderful general managers running these different divisions of theirs and all of the sudden; this guy comes in and says the business is lousy. You cannot make any money selling roofing, which is very competitive and 2 x 4's which is very competitive.

And we never liked the coal business anyway. And that isn't much of a business anymore and cement is too heavy and ...the way to make money is to buy like little cork boards that you glue on the wall and then the housekeeper can pin stuff on that. And what they wanted to be was a mini Home Depot or Menards.



You probably don't know the difference between Home Depot, and Menards, and Lowes. The three companies are in the same business selling the same customer. But they do business completely differently. You can't even imagine the difference and each one thinks they're doing it right and the other guy is doing it wrong. Now, Lowes was in our group for a long time so we've known them for years.

The lessons we've learned from them is monumental. Well anyway, they came in and they tried to do that. Where do they put their first store? They had a beautiful store up in Grand Rapids, Minnesota. They put the store up there and they're patting themselves on the back of how terrific they are and they've got all this stuff that's going to sell and it's all bric-a-brac crap.

And who the hell decided to build a store down the street but Target. Jesus, when they opened up. And the guy who was our original mentor from Chicago, he was coming back from Chicago because he was going to look at their new lumber yard because they were saying, oh, this is the best thing and this is the new lumber yard. And they knew that this guy in Chicago knew it was the greatest thing and he wrote the Building Supply News magazine.

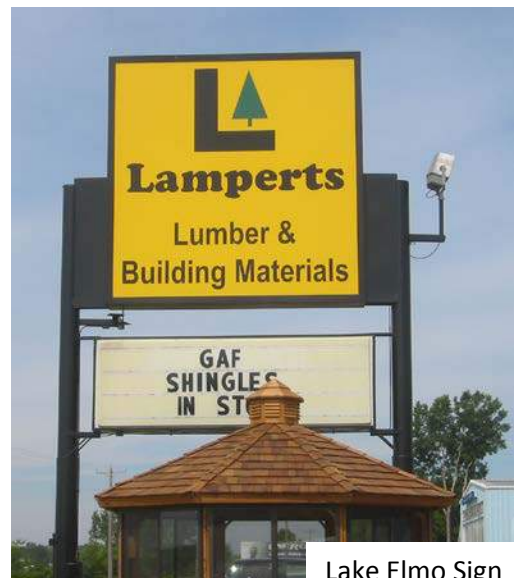
He was the editor, he knew that Lampert Lumber Company was a great lumber company, even though they weren't in the line yard group. He came to look and they said, well what do you think of Lampert Lumbers new store? Jesus, John, he says, I hope they're wrong because if they're right, why, all you guys are going broke. I says, oh it's that much different? Oh, he says, if they can make it, it'll be a miracle.

So anyway, I took him out to supper and after a couple of drinks then he started telling me how crappy it was. We ended up having a lovely dinner. But it didn't take the new owners long and they took all the building materials out of all their stores.

Their big yard was on the edge of St. Paul in Lake Elmo. They couldn't even haul wood for one house because they had gotten rid of all the wood and put in bric-a-brac. And then they did the same thing down in Worthington they had so few materials they couldn't even deliver one garage out of the store

They got the ex-lumber yard manager from one of their big stores and they put him in charge of three big warehouses in the Midway area and they hauled all the lumber and building material stuff into there to try to get rid of it.

They started to turn over all their stores to this new format. And they decided that they wanted to be in appliances. They hauled in hundreds of refrigerators and stoves and all in these different colors, you know, green and whatever into their new retrofit facilities. In most the communities they didn't have the name recognition, the image or the muscle to be competitive



Lake Elmo Sign

That's the lesson. Well, it was a lesson for them because after they brought everything in here, we went over to see what we could buy. And we knew this guy real good. He was a good friend of ours but he was a competitor of ours forever. We used to battle him on every job. They'd have their bids in there and we'd have our bids in.

Sometimes we'd get the bid because we were hauling it all out of Bayport yard, which was our lumber yard there. And they're hauling it out of lake Elmo which was now our yard because we bought it from them. And we bought as many yards as we could from them. Well how long is it going to take you to go broke? These department store guys bought the business and tried to convert all the lumber yards to a new fancy format and within three years they were gone.

As they were going bankrupt we were able to buy two of their stores, Lake Elmo and Worthington. We couldn't afford any more. United Building Centers, which is Weyerhaeuser, they could afford all they wanted, they bought about 20 of them. And the rest of them, a few of the managers bought theirs and then they sold the rest of them. But you know, Lamperts went broke, the bank that was funding them went broke.

Another company today that has some of the same problems is

Target. When they went to Canada instead of putting one store up there and seeing what they could do, and try one to get the lay of the land and listen to what the people are telling you. They didn't just put up one store, they said we're going to go big. We're going to put up hundreds of stores...

Well, it didn't work and puts the whole company at risk. Now they have someone new heading the company. Read your paper this morning and it tells you who the new guy is that's going to run Target. And one of his first jobs is to try to figure out



Lake Elmo Ariel View



Worthington Yard

how in the world we are ever going to make the Canadian stores break even. That cost them a ton of money and the stockholders were not happy.

When we had a yard in Montgomery, Minnesota, the guy told us ahead of time, you'd better get a Czechoslovakian guy in there to run it or you're never going to survive. So we got a Czech guy who ended up being a wonderful manager for us. Sometimes you learn a double lesson.

Everybody wants to handle whatever the customer wants. This guy wants to handle nothing but Weyerhaeuser 4 square lumber, and every 2 x 4 in his yard and every plank and everything else, Weyerhaeuser always prints on the good stuff their name on the end of the 2 x 4. And so that was the kind of stuff he was selling. But he's selling to Czech people.

And he knew them better and they weren't going to buy the cheap crap because he was telling them, well, the cheap stuff's okay but God, you're going to build this barn and it's the only one you're ever going to build, why don't you build it right with good stuff? And the carpenters will love you for it because you're putting the best into it and they're going to do their absolute best work when they build them for you.

Whatever it takes to make the sale that was the theory. And I learned that lesson early on when I started in the lumber and a guy was telling me how the hell they got a job and I couldn't believe it and he said, well, you've got to do whatever you've got to do to make the sale.



Ridgeland WI Yard

Ridgeland WI Yard

Because they had more line yard business than Carter could shake a pill at and we'd go down there and have such a lovely time at the bank and my dad would take us down there time and again and there was always, hi John, "how are you, let's go and have a cocktail here" and everything was just hunky dory. After Dave and I got in the business we were the big honchos for Lampert's and we borrowed the money. We would go down there to borrow from the bank that we had borrowed from for the last 30 years. We got to Chicago and we go over to the bank for our meeting with them and they said, we don't know whether you guys are going to be able to run it successfully.

I say, “well geez, we’ve been there for a long time and we know something about running it we think. Well, we’re not as excited about the line yards as we used to be and you know, you dealt before with the old bankers and I know that the guy that loaned you money from that was in charge of farms, he knew North and South Dakota and Minnesota like the back of his hand. But he said, “he doesn’t work here anymore and some of us young guys are in here now and we don’t think we’ll probably make a loan to you guys for the amount of money that you want”.



So we were crying in our beer and we thought we were going to be welcomed with open arms. We were talking about exciting things we were going to do and they just put the stopper on it in a hurry. We needed the money in a hurry. We go down there and we couldn’t get it.

Well, Dave says, “I think it’s time to swing into action. Don’t worry, I’ll find the money.” I ask him if he has enough friends in the banking business. “Yeah”, he says, “I know some guys pretty good. I’m sure some of the guys that have been dying to get our account for years. We’ll go to them”. So he went over to Norwest Bank.



And the only mistake that David ever made when he borrowed money, from the banks and banker department. Which is sort of like the sales department and they’re not too highly thought of by the guys in the bank because most of the time, that’s where any new president comes from, because those guys are out there being a hale fellow well met. And buying drinks for everybody and he knows every damn banker in the area and how everything is going and he’s part of the sales department.

And the guy who’s running the computers, he’s nothing. And the guy who’s in charge of the clerks in the bank here and the bookkeepers, that’s nothing. But it’s the most important part of the bank, when things get tough. Dave goes to all of his friends and they say “we’d love to loan you money, we’ll set it up for you, don’t worry about it”.

So we get our money and it’s all flowing 6 to 10 years go by and all of the sudden we get a down year and the bankers are jumping off the band wagon. And all of a sudden the ‘banks and banker’ are not handling our account. The flunkies at the bottom of the ladder are handling our account and they’ve been mad at the ‘banks and banker department’ or the sales department for the last 50 years and now’s

our chance to get even. We'll show those sons of bitches where to go and how to run a bank. And boy, did they take it out on the customers. They just beat us up terribly.

Then we learned another valuable lesson that my dad knew long before that. Because we all laughed, if he was still around, it would have never happened. But he wouldn't have never made the progress that we made either. One of the problems with running a business, as you probably know from all the people you talk to, if you do well and you don't reinvest in the business, the help gets discouraged because they know it's never going to be bigger.

And half the people that we can get to run a little lumber yard in a town with 300 people in it is the guy says "I'll come and run this dang lumber yard for you but if I do a good job, you have to offer me a bigger place." Well, "geez, maybe you'll like the little town." I know I'll like the little town. I get along with people, that are no problems, but my wife wants to be where there's a dentist for the kids. It's hard to argue with that. We don't want to be driving 25 miles to get to a goddamned dentist or the doctor.

Or she's going to get pregnant again and we've got to have a doctor and we don't even have a hospital in this town. Well, there isn't one in the next town either. We've got to get someplace where there is one because I don't want to have her having a baby in the corn field or something. So that's one of the problems you run into.

And one of the great problems with the lumber business, it never paid very good money. And so the people, for the most part, were until fairly recent years, were pretty poorly paid in relation to other people.

But Dave and I did a survey about, oh probably 25 years ago, where we called in Stanton Associates and they analyzed and evaluated all the jobs because we weren't sure whether we were paying people what we should be paying them.



So they came in and analyzed the salary for everybody in the company from the top all the way down. And of all the years that I've worked for Lampert's, I'd never set my own salary. It was always set by our accountant. If I went and told them I would like to have a new car (I was never into new cars) or I need an extra \$10k he'd always say no, don't do that. And most of the time you have to look at where the company is in business. And you have to act accordingly.

You can't be like my Uncle Horace, I worked at Ladysmith, Wisconsin, one summer. Got one of the great educations of my life there. He worked there when he was a kid. A new kid on the block. Same manager. And he shows up with his car. He had a yellow, I think it was called a Phantom or something like, it was a big sedan. A window that went up between the chauffeur and the people in the back seat and part of the top would come down and it was bright yellow. Well, Jesus, in Ladysmith!



1935 Yellow Phantom

Horace's car, He's the only one that had enough money to buy that kind of a car. He bought it more or less to show off. It was a mistake. Everyone said, that's the nicest goddamned car that's been in town for the last 10 years. But it was way out of place. So you have to look at the community that you're in and act accordingly. You need to behave yourself accordingly because in many towns you could do one thing but you can't do something else. And it's helpful if you find out what the hell you can do and what you can't do.

Well, I've always been kind of a big believer in that. A lot of people are not that way. They want to show off right away and blow their horn. I guess just maybe because of my granddad, I never believed in that. One thing about grandpa Lampert, I was kidding a guy up at the Liberty Bank one day, I said, "geez, here you are an old man", God he might have been 70 and he's still running this window washing company, but God they were about the best in town. I said, "God almighty", I forget what his name is, we'll just say it's George, "George, why in the hell are you still running with Liberty here"? "This is crazy". I said, he was just doing the banks windows, so he wasn't doing the rest of the whole building, well he says, John, I'll tell you, he says, "I got caught in the big Depression and he said, I was going under and I ran into your granddad Lampert in the parking lot".

"And I don't think he was president of the bank but he owned the bank. I told him my sad story" and he said, "well don't give up the ship, maybe we can do something". He said, "you've been a wonderful window washer and we'd just like to help you out so let me see what I can do. How much do you need"? "I told him what it was and then he got me the money". "I survived and I promised him when I made my payment and got caught up, I'm going to wash your windows till the day I die".

Well, it sort of ties together, we've always had trouble at Lampert's, we've always had trouble with the credit department because we never had somebody that was

super-duper good at collecting credit. Most of them just pound on your tom-tom and tip you upside down and shake you. And whatever falls out is theirs.

And then they go and get some more and that's a poor way to do a credit business, especially with a contractor who ...you better get his business for next year or he's going to be working with another lumber yard and you won't have anybody.

So we finally got a credit manager, Art Russell. You wouldn't know Art from a hole in the wall but Art came into our credit department when we bought Sussel and we finally had to sell Sussel because we were going broke. And we sold it to Art and he knew how to run it and make money at it. We didn't.



Art Russell

Other than we signed some bad contracts that the guys that I had running Sussel led us into and they didn't realize they were betting the company piggy bank against disaster and once the banks get on your back they'll ride you until you either drop or you merciful survive somehow. But Art had a way of going with a customer, a contractor, and he had the nicest manner. Just a young guy. He just died here not too long ago. 2-3 years ago, but oh he was a good credit collector. And he could squeeze blood right out of a turnip. And he'd get the contractor and hopefully his wife in there and he'd say, well now, we've got a bit of a problem. He says, this is the problem. This is the possible solutions that we can think of.

We want you to stay in business. We want you to be our customer so we are not going to beat up on you any worse than we have to, but sooner or later, we need to get paid. And have you got a brother or a friend or this or that. He had an ability to tell them that "hey, we're good people, you're our customer and we're going to take care of you as best we possibly can. You made a bad decision on this house, you bid it too low or this or that or whatever it was, but we're not going to tip you upside down and shake you".

"But we need a little help here and have you got a brother or sister or mother or father or somebody that can ease the pain and we can wiggle a tiny bit but, you know, you're into it about as deep as we want you to get. And we don't want you to be so deep that you're going to sink. And if you do sink, and go back into business under another name, we want you to be our customer."

He had an ability to pass that type of information on. When he told me what the hell he was doing I said, "Geez, I hope it works because it would be an awful nice

way of stopping some bad situations". Well, he took and improved our collections, which were never bad. When we compare ours with anybody else's, why we were always near the top but he took it down to 1/3 of that. We operate still follow pretty much that same today with the same Philosophy.

Another thing you run into with the building business is anybody that puts any merchandise or labor into a project can file a mechanics lien against that building and those mechanics lien can come back to haunt you. Some guys are very clever and can find ways to duplicate or manipulate the lien process in strange ways. Basically they're stealing from you. So running a good credit department is very critical to the overall success of the company.



David owned half of Lamperts and I owned half of Lamperts. And we've got all this insurance protecting Lamperts from the tax collector. If my brother were to die, all of the sudden all of these huge taxes are due. And we always tried to have enough insurance to pay that tax bill. You know, there's been a lot of screaming in the public about taking the farms away from the old farmers that have built it for 50 years and hoping their kids are going to be a farmer. And they'd like to be a farmer but they can't afford the taxes. So the son has to buy the farm from the father. And the farmer has to eat off of the same loaf of bread that the kid is trying to eat off of. And it is really tough because the value of the farm has gone through the roof. With the price of land and the cost of the equipment always rising up.

Well, I'll tell you the part that's a little bit scary is you know, different people, and maybe they're right, that's what they're blaming things on. Too many wealthy people own a place but they don't do enough to help it develop and grow.

In Europe, and unfortunately, that's the same philosophy that Obama has. I read the other day his theory of how we should break up these companies that have been in families for generations. Too much power at the top.

And I agree with him 100% that with all that power at the top, too many of those people have got greed in their heart. And they're not contributing the way they should. It's like they're trying to make it big, instead of trying to do what needs to be done, they're trying to make their company bigger or buy out another company. This race to be a billionaire is insane.

Well, too many of the people coming out of the business schools say there is no top that is too much. It's the same thing that at least England learned that if the King has got it all, why, it's time to kill the King.

And most of our employees, even today for Dan and everything, with far more employees than what we ever had at Lamperts when I worked there. They're basically a family you know, these are guys that you brought along and most of the time you go out into a little yard like Turtle Lake, Wisconsin. I don't think Turtle Lake hardly ever had more than two employees. Well when you've got two, how does one guy take a vacation? All kinds of people have to show up to help out. And what do you do when a carload of coal comes in and you've got to unload it



Dan Fesler North Branch

A carload of cement come in, well, we don't buy hardly much coal or cement in that quantity anymore. But in the old days we sure did. Today, why, you know, you've got to have a lift truck there and you have to know how to run it and run it properly.

So there are a lot of problems that they need to solve, but a lot of problems that I never got exposed to so I don't know anything about it.

All our stores were trying to grow and help the community grow and develop. And most of our managers, are just like the guy at Amery always used to tell people (even while he was sick with a heart problem), he would say, all I've got to do is just take care of all the people in town and if I get 5-6 new homes every year, I'm in perfect shape.

He said, "I've got 2,000 people in Amery I suppose. There are 2 lakes outside of town and they've got 200 cabins around them. The



Amery

cabins hold at least 1,000 people with children and everything. But they're so close to town, and the cabin always needs fixing. And everybody, no matter how nice their house is, if they have a little bit of extra money, the woman says, why don't we paint the house? Gallon of paint costs, in the old days \$5, now it's probably \$25. But every 20 years or 30 years, you know, you really need a new roof because everything is leaking so we've got to put a roof on. But still owning your own home, your own castle, is a pretty important thing".

To provide the American dream to all of them that are coming from Europe or no matter where they're coming from in the world. They all want the same thing. Their own castle. We don't do very much to improve the biggest castles. They get the fancy suppliers. I learned that lesson the hard way.

At the end of Summit Avenue where the St. Paul University Club is down the street about 2 houses was the Dobeckman house. Dr. Dobeckman was one of the better surgeons in town. And his wife was part of the James J. Hill House tribe. So obviously the doctor wasn't making that kind of money but she was making very good money. And even though she was a girl, she didn't have to work for the railroad, she'd just collect her dividends. Or sell a few shares of stock once in a while.



St. Paul University Club

Thousands of people in St. Paul that have been tied into the Weyerhausers who have been spending their fortunes relentlessly by huge numbers of people. Anyway, the house, my dad was the attorney for Dr. Dobeckman. Dad was building his house out in the country.

And here he's keeping track of this client's house and God, all the brick had to come in from someplace in France or Belgium or some damned country way over in the middle of Europe, and then when they brought some over as a sample, the seawater got on the brick and discolored it from the shade that they wanted.

So they had to oil the bricks before they shipped them to keep the color the same. Then when they shipped the brick and the seawater got on them it couldn't penetrate the brick. The oil kept the seawater off of them. And when they got here they washed the bricks in whatever the cleansing agent was. And built the house. And it's still there today.

Every time I go right past it, I think about those goddamned bricks. And how my dad was going nuts with the costs involved. Because he didn't have that kind of money

I've got a ton of brick stories I could tell you and we had a salesman that was selling for Ochs, which is one of the few brick companies that's left, but in the old days, there were a lot of brick companies.

We saw him make a presentation one night. The town council was trying to select which bricks to use and purchase. So several brick companies bring in their expert.

And each guy brings in a pile of samples of their bricks. Pretty soon there are a bunch of piles of brick piled up. The Ochs representative gets to make his 5 minute pitch. He comes in and he swings his arm, swish, hitting all the bricks causing them to tumble off the table, and fall on the ground. They're all banded together just to hold them together. And as they hit the ground they all break up. And he said, "now, ladies and gentlemen, you don't want any of these old fashioned, crappy old bricks that are made from these companies that don't know how to mold bricks like we do. Here is the gem in the ocean". And he puts his pile up there. And he got the job. Well, we thought, boy, that guy is one hell of a salesman.



Chapter

10

The Life & Times Of John Lampert Fesler

Union

Together **F**orever
forever lasting legacy

ALWAYS Th **A**nk you

SHARE
be patient with each other

DREA**M** **BIG**

always say **I** love you *♥♥*

THANKFUL **L**OVE
DEEPLY

BE MEMORIES

HAPPY **Y** BE PROUD
OF
YOURSELF

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This is the end of the family life with John Fesler. And this is the area where I was or the age that I was married to Ester Lewis and myself, we started dating in 1985 in March and we got married in November of 1989 so it's almost a 5-year period.

Ester is a Danish-born banker. She has three sons living in the Minneapolis/St. Paul area. We moved to our condo before we were married and we dated for 5 years before we got married. Ester is always enthusiastic and starts the day positively oriented. She has terrific friends and she's very worldly. That means she likes to travel. And she know what she's looking at when she gets there and how to talk the people. Most Americans don't know how to talk to a European.

And if you don't believe that, just ask...ask any European what they think about Americans and in the old days, they'd always tell you about the blow hards from Texas. And they're an embarrassment to all Americans.

But we do not do a good job and you never do a good job with poor people in the world by telling them that you're richer than they are, you're better than they are, you're stronger than they are, you're smarter than they are. And unfortunately, if you're arguing that same thing with somebody from one of the Baltic countries, especially somebody from Denmark, you're not smarter than they are. You can't believe how shocked I was when I went to the Netherlands and the little boys on the street could speak English better than we could.

And when you go to Denmark, it always happens. I don't care how good my English is, theirs is better. Everybody speaks English up to about age 60-70. Their English is better than mine. When you get to an 80-90 year old person or 100 years old, they might not know English quite as well as those kids do.

Ester is very comfortable in all the shops too. We've had a lot of meetings and made a lot of friends on our travels. We've been to 5 rotary international meetings. Those alone are very interesting. The 100th year of rotary was in Chicago and they had a monstrous number of people there. They had their own parade and everything else. So that was a big time.



We had a huge time in Canada at Calgary. When we went and they re-enacted the 'Calgary Stampede'. Well I suppose some of the Rotarians had some of the positions, but boy, the Mounties put on a great show for us. Oh God. And the horse races with the covered wagons and stuff, that was a great show.



Calgary

I had never seen it before and then we wandered over to Banff for one day. Wandered around different things. So that was a great adventure. I hadn't been back to Calgary for probably 50-60 years. Long time.

Another place we went was Scotland. We ate haggis but we only took a bite, a tiny bite and by tiny it was very tiny. Didn't like it at all so I didn't eat any more, Ester didn't eat any more, but we had a marvelous time. We were in a dine around, quite a few organizations do that for travelers. We've had them here in Minneapolis for foreign people. We've had guests from Denmark, 4, 5, 6 guests, and then have a nice dinner for them and they get a chance to see apartment living and not that they don't have that over there but it's just a wonderful deal to visit closely with pretty smart people that you can find out what's going on in the country you know.

It's more the idea of visiting with someone who lives there and they open up their home and they tell the guest, you know, we are going to take 6 or 4 people and so you go to their home for dinner. It's a great opportunity and you learn more about that whole country, by being in someone's home instead of always eating at a hotel

You learn a lot about them, what they're proudest of and what they're maybe a little bit ashamed of or not as excited about. I'd never been in Scotland before. Well, I shouldn't say I've never been there. I set my feet on the ground there once while going to Paris, but I had never really been to or visited Scotland.



Scotland

We had a headwind all the way and we had to stop and the pilot came on and it was very unusual because the pilot was a good friend of mine from Edina. And we always

called him the 'Red Baron'. And when I found out that he was flying our airplane I gave the note to the cabin attendant. I said, here, take this note up and give it to the captain. She says, you're not going to rob the plane are you? No, no, this is a personal note, I said, just between me and him. If you want to read it, why go ahead. There's nothing bad in there. But all I did was say come back to seat 21B and I'll buy you a cocktail. When he found out it was me, I think he looked up the manifest, he rushed back there and he bought me a drink and he says, I can't drink when I'm on duty. Anyway, with the headwind all the way, we had to put down in Scotland.

I was so impressed because when he set his Northwest Airlines plane down, who in the world shows up at the front door. Nobody can leave the plane, they had to gas it and then we were going to take off again. He comes on the line and says, well here's the problem folks, we ran out of gas so we had to stop in Scotland. We're not going to let you off the plane, we're going to take on gas and then, he said, I'm heading for France where we're going to get off and he said, I'm going to get as much gas as I can get in the airplane and then I'm just going to fly around in circles until we can land, because the core on top of Paris is just forever.



So we did that, but aboard the ship, he brings a bagpiper. And the guy traveled up and down aisles of the plane blowing his horn and it was so neat. I told him when we got off the airplane in Paris, I says, by God, you're a damn good guy Red Baron. You're a first class guy. It was a nice deal.

But when Ester and I were there, it was very...most of the shows that we saw, they had kind of raining poor weather there but boy, they pulled it off as good as they could in the rain and it was just a wonderful experience. We got a chance to go over to Edinburgh and take a look at that great town and do a little shopping over there.

That was a very interesting time. The other most exciting thing that happened in Scotland before we got there, I always tried to pre-plan the trip to wherever we were going with Rotary because otherwise you might be 40 miles away from anywhere. In Calgary, we were at a motel 10 miles out of town.

And there wasn't any way I could maneuver it right because I don't know enough people in high places. But the one thing I was smart at when we went to Scotland, I looked to see the different Rotarians in town that were advertising about anything and lo and behold, here's a guy that used to work in Excelsior MN. He's got a travel agency there. He has been promoting Scotland for 30 years and has an in with this hotel, which was the headquarters hotel.

I raced over there to talk to him and we got a room in that hotel. So when we got there, we knew all the major activities were going to go on in this hotel.

Dinners and banquets and some you could invite yourself to and some you couldn't get into if you paid anybody. Anyway, the funniest thing that happened, when we came down to take a look around after we got squared into our room and got ready for dinner, Ester says, you know, "I think I'm going to have a glass of scotch. She said, we're right here in Scotland."

This is a good place to drink it. So we went up to the bar and I think I ordered a gin and tonic and Ester said, well I think I'd like a glass of scotch and the guy says, what kind did you want? And she didn't have a clue of what any brands and back on the wall as high as the eye can see, there was about 150 bottles. And he said, we have all of those.



I don't drink scotch as a general rule. But I thought, well, in Scotland you should try the real scotch right? So he picked out something that he suggested. We had to let the bartender make a recommendation. He did a nice job and we thanked him. We just had a wonderful time. We did some night clubbing there and it was a nice visit to Scotland. We were only there for 5 days. We made the most of it and then we scooted on over to Denmark. I can't even remember what we tied in with it. Something.

When Ester was working at the Liberty Bank, she was an officer and I took all of my family and personal banking problems to her. Tim Macky was the president of Liberty State Bank. Tim is a St. Thomas graduate. One day I was in the bank and Tim and I were talking over by his office and he asked me what in the world I was doing in the dating scene and entertainment scene and what I was doing for excitement around town.

Macky asked me what I was doing in my spare time outside of Lamperts. It's funny he'd asked me that because one of the things after I got divorced the second time, things kind of went blah, as far as my social life goes. So I said to Macky "I've got to get involved in something" so I joined two organizations. Once I had those under my wing, why, then I thought well, I don't want to overdo it.

The first one I joined was the Minneapolis Garden Club. Now, we had one of the absolutely best garden clubs in town. This was an all men's club. I'm glad you weren't at our meeting when somebody said, we've got a lot of women that want to come in our



club. That created quite an uproar. There were 120 men in the club. Most of them could carry dirt on both shoulders. Anybody you saw on television doing anything with flowers or plantings, they belonged to the club. All the way from Larry Bachman all the way down to the last guy on the totem pole. And they're all smart guys and almost all of them knew a lot about flowers. So it was fun.

We'd have sales from time to time. Every once in a while a guy would show up with something that nobody had ever seen before. We had a shrub rose one time. It was such a good deal I bought two of them. I gave one to my neighbor and I kept one and after two years that thing looked like it had been growing in my backyard for about 20 years. It was a shrub rose and it was a beauty. The guy had brought back 100 of them from Toronto. And he said, they'll grow in our climate. So that was a fun deal.

The other one I joined was a movie club and they used to meet once a month and the main reason I joined was because I love Laurel and Hardy. And they were going to have their international convention in St. Paul in 2 years.



They had other parties too but I never got involved with them. It was mostly a movie club and a beautiful dinner. We used to meet at "Little Jax" restaurant in Minneapolis. It was a great club if you enjoyed Laurel and Hardy movies. Half the guys and gals and they're coming in from everywhere in the state.

When we'd have our monthly party, you might find people from Duluth, from up in the North Shore, from down in the Rochester area, it was the only club in the State of Minnesota and if you liked Laurel and Hardy, why, that's where you went.

Anyway I told Macky I was doing nothing because I wasn't. I wasn't dating anybody, I wasn't squiring any ladies around or anything. Tim says to me, "boy he says, if I was in your shoes, I'd sure be happy to be in your shoes, if I were you the first thing I would ever do would be to walk across the bank and ask Ester for a date".

And I said, "well I can't because she's married" and Tim replied, "she was but she ain't any more". I had been dealing with Ester at the bank as my bank officer. She could solve all the problems we had, you know, if you were having trouble with the bookkeeping department, she'd fix it. If you were having trouble with that she'd fix it. And then my kids had accounts at the bank also.

Ester was actually in installment lending but she could cross over. So for probably 3 or 4 years before that, maybe longer, she took care of all my stuff. But Ester wasn't married any more, she had gotten divorced a while ago and so I says, well, I can't believe that. I says, I just talked to her. I can't believe she wouldn't tell me that. Well, he says, she's

not advertising that. I said, well I'll be damned, I didn't even know that, so I marched right over to her and I did exactly what he said.

I walked right across the bank floor and I went over to Ester and I say "Tim tells me that you're not married". Oh that's right, she said, I got divorced about 4 or 5 months ago, whatever it was, and so it didn't take me long very long talking to her then I asked her for a date, for either dinner and dancing somewhere around town. And she said, "well, she says, I'll think about that a little bit".

Esters comments in BLUE and ITALIZED – Johns Comments in Black

I was very surprised. Yeah I was surprised because we've always had sort of a very professional relationship. As we did with all of the fellows in the bank including Macky, but yeah, so I was surprised and I thought, hmm, I'd better think about that a little bit.

I wasn't working in the bank, but she knew that I had a financial interest in the bank. *He was an owner. And it's hard to say no to an owner, but you also had to think twice. You know...that could have been a complication. If we would not have matched in personality it would never have worked.*

My brother, Dave even though he sold the bank still lived in the building. *He was upstairs on the second floor when Macky was president. Tim didn't have the money to buy the bank so it was sold to 8 investors. And Dave gave 30% to the employees. And these other 8 guys bought the other 70%.*

First employee owned bank in Minnesota. *It was basically retirement money for me.* Well, the banks are lucky because...matter of fact, that's one of the reasons we kept the Lampert employees away from the bank employees because when they would get their bonus at the end, like when Ester was working, she was getting her bonus for being an officer and what kind of a job she was doing, but at the same time, she might have had her IRA going or retirement other program. And on the side, she had this stock in the bank, maybe only a few shares, but it was increasing in value every year. So everybody was happy.



And it was a really good time for banks. When you're in business there's good days and bad days. *So before long I think actually John started off asking me to have a cup of coffee. I think it was later that week we decided not have a cup of coffee but we changed it to a dinner. So I said, yeah, that's okay and so that's what we did.*

Usually in a bank setting there's a lot of gossip and scuttlebutt. But we had never heard anything about us. It's amazing. Anyways, she lived in Cottage Grove and that was a long, long way away. *Used to take me a ½ hour to get work.*

I was living near Minnehaha Falls by the old Breck School. And then it was a long way back to Minneapolis where we had to go out for dinner over by the megamall. We went to the French hotel Sofitel. The Sofitel was owned by the French. The name of the restaurant was Sorrell's.

The Carlton Celebrity Room and Dinner Theater was very close to the Sofitel. If you watch Fargo the movie, when he's got the prostitute with him they're sitting and chatting inside the Carlton Celebrity Room .It's funny to Ester and I because we'd been to the Carlton. And I never ran into too many people like that there.

So we kept up our dating for 5 years. *I would say that after the second date that we had, I thought we both really committed to each other. In the way that John said, you know, I don't feel like dating anyone else. If it is okay with you, I would like to invite you out again. And I had also been invited out by other people. And so I commented back and I said, "no, let's have another date and see what happens". Well he knew that I was real and I knew that he was not a man to dabble. So we kind of knew each other and the backgrounds and so on, so we didn't have to go through this finding out, you know, what it's all about.*



It's the same thing that I said earlier, Ester's always enthusiastic. The last wife that left town before she entered my life was not a happy camper. Wasn't really fun to be with. And she didn't have very many friends and the friends that she did have, she kind of beat up on so it was tough.

Ester always starts out each day positive, even though I didn't start out any of the days with her, but she was always enthusiastic, and ever since we've been married she's been that way. She's positively oriented.

I mean, when she jumps out of bed and charges out of the bedroom in the morning, she's positively oriented and there isn't a negative thought in her mind. Until she turns on the radio and then her radio station tells her how bad Obama is. It always amazes me that she can still keep a smile on her face while she's thinking such negative thoughts about her president. But see, I'm from the old school. We always said the Pledge of Allegiance when you got to school and I still would like to see the students do that. Did you ever watch, or go to when new citizens are being sworn in. How proud they are to raise their hand in favor of the country that they're going to join.

Hopefully be a decent citizen of. And it's very impressive and I think it's a good thing for students to pledge their allegiance each day to. I wouldn't care what country you pledge in, wherever you're living, that's the one.

When I became a citizen, we did talk about that. I think that for me the way I felt about John was that it was not threatening at all and there wasn't a lot of demands, you know, it was just a courtship really. We would go out for dinner, we would dance and eventually we would take a trip together but neither of us were anxious to jump into another marriage. And so I think we...and then John was entertaining me with stories and funny episodes of this and that and the other and then gradually we started traveling and then after he met my family in Denmark, he sort of knew a little bit more about where I come from.

And why I'm feeling the way I do and then they all wanted to adopt him. And then the same with my Danish community here. So John fit in right away and I met John's friends and we all got along really well.

One of the funny things about my life is that I got along very well with all of the wives that I was married to, three wives now. I got along with them wonderfully with all of their families. Better than I got along with the wife, with the exception of Ester. A lot of her family have passed away but boy they are just super, super people.

The first trip I took with John, was Chicago.

But we had a chance to go to Chicago. I wasn't doing any business down there. I guess we were just going to spend a weekend there. We flew down there.

Anyway we went to Chicago.

We stayed at a place that Murray Krig put together. And it was like a mini suite. And you were so surprised that he had put that together for us. And it was a smaller hotel right in the heart of the Chicago loop. But it was very elegant.



Chicago Skyline

Ester was really apprehensive about going. She just wasn't sure it was the right thing to do but she finally agreed to go and so we went and we had a wonderful time.

Two good things happened to us; the first night, I'm not sure where we went but we did something exciting. I had 2-3 different places I wanted her to go but the other one we went to was the Candle Light Theater. Out by the old airport. I don't think we'd hardly ever been together in a theater that I remember. At least not very often, and when we

got there, I'd never been in this theater before but I was really impressed and low and behold, we see Evita.

We were just enchanted, I mean, we were talking about it on the cab ride all the way back to the hotel. So then we spent the weekend there. I guess we worked the museums in town. So we were there and I think we just turned around and came home and that was the end of it.

Yeah, because I was still working so my time off was very limited.

We took our time dating and getting to know each other. Neither of us was in a hurry to get married again. It wasn't a whiz bang thing.

We finally traveled to Denmark and I got to meet her family. We'd had a lumber meeting over there. The people in Denmark that have the big chain store in Denmark belonged to our line yard group.

We had about 8 foreign countries over the history of the line yard group. We had quite a few in the beginning and different guys that hyped it so we could get guys in from distant places. So that was very interesting. And a completely different country and different customs and everything you know.

When we went to Denmark we started off in Copenhagen and then we basically traveled all around Denmark because family members lived in different parts of the area. So we went to Oberstar and Frielan and we went to Arhus and then we came down the peninsula Devlin, and ended up in my home town, and I had a brother in law living there. My sister had passed away and so we visited with him and we were treated to dinner. We had a really a good time.

We've never had a bad trip anywhere with John, period. We really are perfect traveling companions.

You know, sometime things falls apart but we've never had, not that I recall, we've had a cross word. We've had some scary experiences, but nothing from a danger standpoint. It's just, you know, you land here and then you race across the airport to get on the plane to go to the next town. *Sometimes I have to step in and be the diplomatic.* You can't help but get frustrated in an airport. *Counter between John and whoever is the obstacle. To get him on an airplane or getting a ticket.* Usually the guy you're beating up is the one who didn't do it. It's somebody else. I think the saddest thing we

Copenhagen



ever had was, we were going on a nice trip and we're standing in the airport watching out plane take off, we had missed it.

And I think it was the day we were supposed to fly from here to St. Louis, *To Rome right John? And it was because of the pilot strike so we didn't get on the plane here to catch the one in Chicago to go to Rome.* And getting back to New York to take off for wherever we were going we missed our plane

But we were standing in the airport watching it taxi and take off but we weren't on it. Pretty depressing. But you've got to remember now, whether it's at home here or in a hotel in the middle of nowhere, When Ester jumps out of bed in the morning she's positive. The fact we missed the airplane is well, that's too bad. We would have liked to have been on it but we didn't make it. We're going to have a good time today anyway.

We're going to catch up with the group and she doesn't push the panic button as quickly as I do. It keeps things at a level or a lower scale, plus we almost never get arguing with each other in the airport.

You know, I can be yelling at you telling you that this is rotten or that's terrible or this is. And Ester will say, well, what my husband meant to say was *And could you please consider this....*

He's very sorry that you couldn't get us on the airplane that just left and we know it isn't your fault but can you put us up overnight in your hotel here and then can we get on the next plane that's leaving tomorrow morning?

And all of the sudden, the clerk is talking to Ester instead of to me.



I can sit on the bench and fume. *So we make a good team. On the other side, John gets things done, you know. John usually takes care of planning the trips.* Well, in the old days I used to because I would know what we were doing or where we were going, most of them were business trips.

We've both been members of Rotary and I'm still a member of Rotary of the St. Paul Club. You have to know who's going on what trip and what the itinerary is and the timing. Most of the time the company would pick up, historically the company would buy at least for the president of the company, a first class ticket to wherever. I would always buy a coach ticket and then Ester and I would ride for the same price as what I'd get reimbursed for the ticket in coach. Now, if I want to sit there and suffer for 2 hours to save a lot of money off of her ticket, the company didn't care. Go there however you want to.

And I think we often added an extra 4-5 days onto the trip. You could go in the area and see a little bit more. Because it wasn't too long before I would go and we could spend time together but then Ester'd have to come racing back to go to work then. Once she stopped working, why then we didn't have that problem anymore and if I wanted to take an extra day or two, well, I just don't show up for work. I called my brother and told him I'm going to be gone for another day or two.

I retired from the bank a little over 2 years after John and I got married. So John and I married in 89' and I took the early retirement in 91'. And at that time, we thought it was not real good for our marriage if John went on all these trips and I was working.

Every year we'd go to all of the state conventions. And as you'll see when I get into that part of Lamperts, it's very important to go to the conventions and be seen. Talk intelligently with the different people.

Make some friendships and tell everybody that we've got a lot of yards but we wouldn't mind having one more nice one like yours. And the guy would always say, well, I'm not thinking of selling but I might someday and I'll be happy to call you. And sometimes you'd run into the assistant manager and he was looking for a new position because he knew he never could be the boss. And he would want to run a lumber yard. And we would say, well, we have a yard coming up. We've got a couple of guys that are not cutting it and we've got to move them. You never knew what benefit you could get to the company. When you're talking to suppliers, it's always fun to talk to somebody that doesn't sell what you're selling.



If we're selling let's say GAF shingles, it's nice to talk to the guy from CertainTeed and say, well, why are your shingles any better than GAF? And half the time they'd tell you, "Ours are good and theirs are terrible". I'd say, "well, we handle theirs", the guy says, "I don't care, they're still lousy. But if you want to handle them, that's your business. But ours are better. We give better service, we do this or that".

Well, you have to kind of weigh that in your mind you know. Everybody always tells you their product is better than the other guys. But, just the fact that you're there listening to the salesman a guy comes up and tells you, "boy, you know, this is a lumber yard you ought to have".

You never know what's going to come up. I've got stories of people that just walk in and said, we want to give you our lumber yards. All you have to do is pay us for our equipment, our trucks and our inventory, but you get the lumber yard, the land, and the buildings free. We bought 3 yards that way.

Lamperts has been John's whole life. What it takes for us to have a good marriage is for me to just not act or behave like I did for the first two wives. We're still married, so that's different. I'm smarter than I was before. I honestly can't tell you why this marriage is so much better but it's been a nice 25 years.

I also think that it helped John and I that our children were grown up. So neither one of us had to adjust to children in the home you know. And sometimes you can then run into problems with you know, I might have a certain style in correcting my boys, maybe John had a different style and one is not right and one is wrong, but it's different. The fact is we didn't have to worry about any of that, we just had to concentrate on each other.

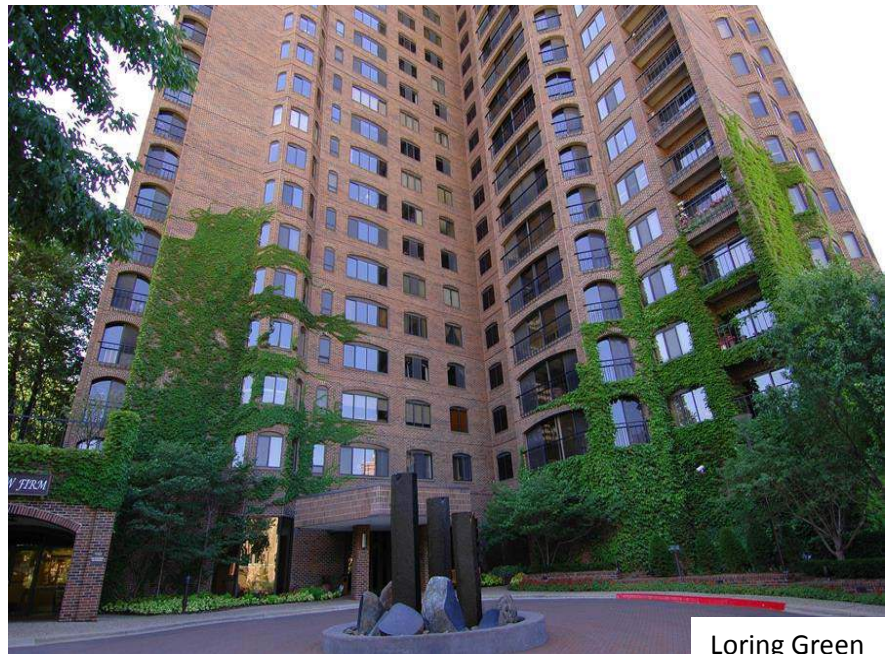
And sometimes I'm wondering if we were too much so we forgot about the children. They were all married or, my youngest son wasn't married then but then we really concentrated on the grandchildren. And on each other of course yeah. But we really only had to concentrate on each other.

And you know, we've only lived at Loring Green since we've been together. So that's been a plus. *I remember George telling me when we got engaged, he said, you know, of course, you are getting John's best years. George was John's best friend. He said, you are getting John's best years.*

I don't know what he was talking about, that's the first time I've heard that. *Well I can only assume that he meant that John*

had reached a certain stage in his life when he didn't have to worry so much and there were not other outside influences and so we could really enjoy each other's company, which is what we have done.

Yeah, and we had pretty good people running the company so it wasn't quite as demanding as it was earlier. *You were 64 and I was 50. Right, so we are 14 years apart.* I retired from Lamperts about 2002? *Well, I think John retired in stages.* I had the best retirement of all. *And so he took his time or rather just set his own time.*



Loring Green

Probably started with working the 10-hour days. So then I cut back to 8 hours a day. *Then you were off Fridays.* Well, you could take an hour or two off the beginning of the day or at the end of the day, whatever you wanted to do. Then the next thing is *I think when you were 70, right, you went to like 3 days a week.* Yeah. Before that I don't remember all the steps. I would if I'd have thought long enough, but the next thing that I did was eliminate Friday so that gave you Monday thru Thursday. So it was a 4-day week. And that gave me nice weekends. So you could do a lot of things that otherwise you couldn't do. And then I got down to, I think the next thing is like Ester's talking, I didn't work Tuesdays and Thursdays and then I didn't work Monday, Wednesday and Friday and I worked Tuesdays and Thursdays.

I was able to indoctrinate my son, Dan into running the company and answering questions when he'd have questions on how to do something, and 90% of what he learned how to do was his own ingenuity. And his ability, he basically knew right from wrong and what to do and what not to do.

And with his training as a minister and his training at Lamperts and his college education, and he had all the different jobs that he's had with pretty responsible positions, he's covered the water front. Well, when he was married to his first wife, they became enamored with the Latter Day Saints Church.

Mormon Church, that's the guys, and I never had much use for them but they're awfully good people but the only thing I ever knew about the Mormon. I'll tell you how much I learned in the lumber business about the Mormon Church. We're on a trip and we're in El Paso, Texas, and we're doing the town with a salesman who sold building materials and so he was interested in talking to me and I just told him I sold 2 x 4's up in Minnesota.



Salt Lake City Sky Line

I said, well, where's your territory? He says, well, I cover Utah and Salt Lake City and the surrounding area. He said, it's one of the best towns in the world to go to and I said, gee, I don't know why. Why would that be such a good town? Well he said, you know, they're Mormons out there and he said, they've got a lot of funny customs and we can't

laugh at their funny customs but, he said, there's a ton of frustrated wives out there and he said, it's just a made to order for a salesman like me.

He says, "we just mow them down and he says, it's the nicest place to visit in the world". So I said, "well, that sounds like a lot better program than what I've got where I am". I said, "that's an unusual approach to the job" and he says, "well he says, I work hard selling my product, once in a while you have to go out". He wasn't married so I don't blame him. But anyway, I never had heard that before from anybody but after watching enough Mormon pictures, why, I could believe it easily. But anyway Dan got into the hierarchy. And all of the sudden he ends up as a bishop and God, he's doing weddings and funerals. And all that kind of stuff.

And I almost fell over because "oh yeah", he says, "I've done a few". He was never very much out working it like on the street like a minister would, you know, but just as sort of a sideline. Maybe he'd get a free piece of cake at the wedding or something like that for all I know.

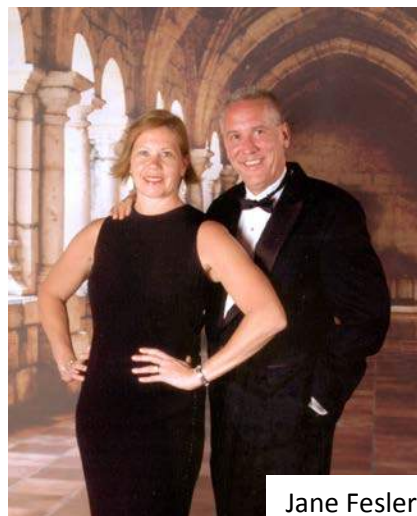
After he divorced that lady, he went and married another one. *And Rose was Jewish.* Rose was Jewish. So he supported that for a while, he dropped out of the Mormon scene. Don't put a label on him because I don't know if it would be accurate. I know he was exposed to it because she was very religious. She was a lady that Ester and I don't care for too much. But she's a pretty sharp gal and one of my other sons, one of Dan's brothers said I think that she just took him for his money, and won the battle. So he learned what the Jewish people were like from her.

And then he married Jane that he's with now and she's, I think, Lutheran, and so that's the church that they attend. And of course, he started as an Episcopalian. Well, a little bit. We didn't push it very hard. But we did take the kids to Sunday school. But it didn't mean anything to them. So he's certainly been exposed to three major religions. All he's got left to go is Buddhism or Hindu. Well the only thing....he's not done with religion. And I've often been going to ask him how that's changed his life.

That's bad news because we had a kind of a bad period with Dan. I had invited him back to the company and then he came back and then I had to let him go to take care of some personnel problems so then he had to go out and find another job all over again. Move to a different town and everything.



Rose Fesler



Jane Fesler

Family business can be hard especially if you've got girls and boys. Because in some businesses, they fit together like a glove but in many businesses and the building material business it's 98% guys. And 2% gals and the girls almost always doing the bookkeeping in the office or more of a detailed job, maybe taking care of the hardware in the office. They're good at that, but they're not going to go out there and lift 2 x 4's around.

I think at one time or another all 7 of my children worked at the company. They all put in at least one day's work. I had one son (Terry) he lasted a day and a half. Then I let him go. He was working in the office. He thought his way was better than Lampert's way and, that's all. We said, we're not going to argue with you. You won't have a job tomorrow morning.

He was in the plight of all young people, he should have sat down with a planner and tell them what the hell they'd like to do and get tested. So what the hell can you do or do you have the mentality to handle or accept or learn. Terry was more of an art type guy. And Terry was a terrific piano player. If he could have been trained other than teaching himself how to play a piano and how to orchestrate things and everything, he would have been a humdinger.



Now, other ones worked out at the yards for 1 to 2 years and then maybe come in the office for a while and two of them I ended up firing for drug addiction. So you get a lot of gamut's. The girls were going on to school and they weren't all that excited about it. And one of them, my youngest daughter who lives in town here, she found a better job paying a lot more money than she was working for us, working for one of the wholesalers.

So you know, and you never know and obviously you don't try to beat up on your own kids. Try to give them as much help as you can but by the same token, everybody in the office has got their eye on them because they are all figuring out how much stuff are they going to not have to do that I had to do.

Almost all of my kids knew that if they didn't work as hard as I did when I had to go through the thing, why, they were going to be in deep doo-doo. *And also when it comes to your relationship with the people you work with right? You have to sort of carry your own weight. And in order to earn the respect from the people that you work with and if*

you come across as I can get away with this because of my dad. Because I'm family, it's not a good situation. And it creates discord among employees.

Yeah, you can get the cart out of balance right off the bat. *I think both John and David were very strong in letting the children know what they had tolive up to the job. Yeah, tow the line.*

I know my brother was with all of his girls at the bank. I don't know that they all worked there but I know 1-2 did. Sometimes it depends on the ages too of the children. But anyway, all 7 of mine got one paycheck from Lamperts.

Well, every time that I hired somebody, I said, you know, we think you can do the job, you're smart enough to do the work so we don't think that's going to be a problem you just have to learn how we do it and then do it. So you just have to prove that you can make that transition from doing it the way you used to do it to the way we need to have it done. So that's one job. You've also got a second job. You've got to get along with all these other employees.



I said, "I'm going to just hire you and you're on probation. Now, if you get along with all of them, we just work as a team around here, the whole thing gets out of sync if you can't get along with them or you don't like them or whatever, then we're not going to keep you, no matter how good of work you do, if you can't get along. Because I can't fire all of them to just hire you. I said, but I can let you go and just keep them because I've been getting along pretty good with them. Keep that in mind for the first 2-3 months that you're on probation.

And when you get done you get a raise and you'll have proven that you can do the work and you get along with at least some of the people around here, at least you've got somebody to have lunch with". But that's kind of the way we work at Lamperts. The bank, I'm sure, was different.

Well after we got married, I didn't expect anything to change. I certainly didn't expect any special treatment after John and I married and I didn't get it either. Well no, Macky was running the bank, and that was an extra load for Ester that she had to put up with, because he'd be kidding her all the time about, you stayed out too late last night or something like that you know. And maybe not so much that, but so he's the one that was our matchmaker.

And when we see him today at different events, he always says I'm so happy to see you're still smiling. After all these years. And he kind of pats himself on the back. Saying, you know, yeah, it was his idea.

The only thing he tells us almost every time we see him, especially when we used to go to the theater, he dropped out of the Orpheum Theater and we have too, but we used to see him down there, he had seats in front of us. He'd see us and say, God, I can still see you guys aren't having any fun are you?

Well it was for a long time until I couldn't get around and handle the business of the theater. And so I don't go any more. But Ester tries to go. As much as she can from time to time if she can find somebody to go with her. *We gave up all of our season tickets except for the opera. So I kept the season tickets for Minnesota Opera. Yeah, it's a great company and we're very proud of them.*

The Minnesota
OPERA

Great job. And Dale has done a good job of running the musical part of it and between Kevin Smith and him, they just made a really great company out of almost nothing when he started. Today Kevin runs the Minnesota Orchestra.



But we really like all kinds of theater right John? Like for instance, when we go to Key West, they have two playhouses...and we nearly always go to at least one of them. That we, when we are there and it's all, it's actually primarily actors who have played other places and they are settling there.

I think there's a lot of people from New England and New York, you know, when the snows flying, why they leave town. Well, it's a great place because it's a wonderful place to live. *They're really talented, I mean, the Little Red Theater or Little Red House, whatever it's called.* Yeah, they do a nice job there. I don't travel any more. *We did travel up until John had his back injured*

We would spend, you know, maybe half of December in Key West, Florida. And then we would go generally on a cruise for New Year's Eve. And then we would spend a month in Mexico. But that has changed now that John broke his back and started having problems.

I hurt my back tipping over. Once was in that chair. These old chairs tip very easy. *When John leans over I said...oh no, John, don't lean over.* I almost tipped over the other day. It wasn't when you were in there. There's only 4 legs on it. If you were to buy one today, they can't sell those. The new chairs have 5 legs and you can't tip over any more. And when I fell over here, I fell right on this threshold here. I was leaning over to

pick up a piece of paper from the floor. And I just rolled out of the chair and I tipped right over on to that thing and when I hit...boom....I broke a couple bones.

Then the other one was even funnier. We were having such a nice lunch out at a Mexican restaurant at the edge of town. We were so excited because we were going over to Verizon to get our cell phones. New cell phones, so we thought, well, we might as well stop in here to get a bite to eat and Ester says, "well we haven't ever eaten here so let's try this".

Never been in the place before. We get this nice table right by the window and we're sitting there. We have a lovely dinner and everything is great and Ester says, well, I'm going to run to the ladies room before we go to Verizon so I'm going to go to the bathroom here and you can pay the bill and then when we come out we'll just grab the car and drive across the street. Verizon is just across the street from where the Mexican restaurant is. So I was standing up. And I was putting my coat on. There was a table that was higher, like about this high, and you sat on a little stool. Sort of like our kitchen. But they didn't have wheels on it, they had pads on the bottom... *So they could slide on the wooden floor.*

I started to lose my balance a little bit. And I was leaning on the chair. And they had the floor so clean and it was so new because the restaurant was very new and the chair started moving. So I'm following it racing into this little corner. I had maybe 10 feet at the most. And I couldn't keep up with that chair that was just sliding right across the floor.

And I think you were struggling with one arm in the coat and the other one was tangled so you couldn't really balance with your arms. Yeah, I only had one hand I think on the chair. And so I toppled over. Well, of course, everybody runs over to see if they can help me get back up again, you know, but I struggled to get up myself. I'm okay, so I stood up and right away knew something wasn't right. Ester comes out and she says, what are you doing? And I said, well, I'm hurting dearly at the moment because, I said, I tipped over. *There were like 5 people around you and you were still on the floor then. So I knew something had happened.*

Oh before I jumped up. Well, I didn't jump up very fast. Anyway, I said, you better go across the street and get the car and come over and pick me up and we'd better go home and I've got to lay down. So I came home and I laid down and then the next day or two I went over to the doctors. He took an x-ray and I'd broken more bones. But in a different spot. *Well, now John has problem with the bones and so he broke two vertebrae the first time. In the lower back and the second time.* It was just like the



tailbone, you know, I popped two of them there. And then the other one I broke two right in the middle of my back. *Little bit higher*

Then we went and I wasn't too happy with the first solution and the second one was really painful and boy, if I wouldn't have had Ester with me, I would probably still be at the hospital or at the morgue, one of the two.

I can walk around here and I can lift a few things. I can lift that cart in and out of the car. And all that kind of stuff, but if you sit long enough in one spot or a chair that isn't too comfortable. I've got to watch it pretty carefully so we've kind of dropped out of going to the theater. *We pick and choose where we go. And looking at is it easy to get into. Like at the Women's Club, we have an elevator up to the dining room and so certain places we have given up on and other places we still go.*

We don't go to the Guthrie any more, we don't go to Orpheum or the State. We don't go to the Ordway. We were a big booster of the Ordway. *They have elevators and ramps but it's even hard to get down the aisle to your seat. And John doesn't feel comfortable doing that.*

You know, everyone thinks you're showing off or something. That isn't my thing,

I don't feel comfortable. Another thing too, if you have to go to the bathroom it's very difficult. Might have a wee bit of a difficulty, like last night, we go to this recital which is about a 3-hour deal. With a little dinner in there. We were at the College Club.

He still is a strong man who has to...

Next to the Governor's house there. They had a great, great show last night. Oh we were so thrilled we were there.

Well anyway, we get done and Ester says well I'm going to use the restroom before we go back and I said, okay great and so we go to find them and she said I think the men's are right here too....well the men's weren't right there. The ladies were there on the ground floor and they've got 2-3 places you can go but the men's are up on the second floor. And there is no elevator in the house. So I just kind of gritted my teeth and wait for Ester to get done and come out and we were going to get our car from the valet.

And then we drove home and then I could go to the bathroom. I have to kind of time those things *so anyway, that explains why we have not been traveling as of late.*



Guthrie Theater

Chapter

11

The Life & Times Of John Lampert Fesler
Ester

family
A LINK TO THE PAST &
A BRIDGE TO OUR FUTURE



I was born in 1939 on Als Island in Denmark. At that time there was tension between Germany and Denmark. Obviously I was too little to really know what was going on but when you are a child, certainly when I got to be 4-5, you pick up on your family's tension and attitude. Germany invaded Denmark on April 9, 1940.

And so I would say that my earliest memory of what was going on was one night I was picked up in my sleep with a blanket thrown over me and someone carried me on their arm and we went down to the basement. It was the best thing we had for a bomb shelter.

And I don't remember and I don't know if it was my mom or my older brother. I don't think it was my dad because he was part of the home guard. It's not the same as the reserves but it's similar to the National Guard. He was too old to be in the military. But he was part of that. So he was not home much, he was often gone in the evenings. And I have been told later that he wasn't home that evening so it was either my mom or my older, or one of my older siblings.



I don't remember being scared. I really wasn't allowed to go out and play in the street. Not until the war ended. And so if I had to play with any friends, I was either walked to their house or they would walk to my house and we would visit back and forth, but always inside the houses.

During the day my siblings would take me for walks so I was outside quite a bit but not really playing and running free. I was the youngest child of 5. I don't believe any of my family was involved in the war much. I know that one time my dad was picked up and he was gone for 3 days while he was held by the Nazis. He came back unharmed.

The whole history is very vague and if there was any one in the family working with the resistance, there wasn't going to be any talk about it. There was a really big resistance movement in Denmark.

Today, I am the last surviving member of the family, all my siblings have passed away. I remember one thing - When the war ended, you know, like on April 4th, or May 4th, on April 9th we were occupied in 1940 and on May 4th, we sort of knew that things were happening and it was towards the end and I remember that I saw the German soldiers walking and they were like slumped over.

And they walked across the bridge from our island and then down south and there was no formation or no trucks to take them. But they kind of moved out. And then on May 5th all of Denmark was celebrating.

And I don't know, I don't think the Americans were part of it but the British soldiers came rolling in across our island and through our city and all of the towns people were out celebrating.

We were waving our flags and I was dressed up in a red and white outfit and my brothers had asked me, told me, taught me one English phrase "have you any gum?" And we didn't have any chewing gum so I didn't know what gum because I had never had any. Basically I knew it was something you chewed but I had never tasted it and the British soldiers were throwing candy from their trucks. And I was yelling at them "Have you any gum".



We lived in the harbor area near the beach. And the bands were playing and marching their way from the beach up towards the main street and the castle. They marched from the harbor area up a rather steep hill to get up to the main street. Main Street was where the bridge was that connected our island to the peninsula.

So we were out in the crowds walking down our street where we lived and walking up towards Main Street. But on the way up, my mother had me by the hand and I saw hair lying in the street. I would say look at that, and look at that, and she said, yeah, never mind and I said, well, it's hair.

Yeah. It was blonde hair and brown hair lying in the street and she said never mind, don't pay attention. Well later I learned that the few Danish girls who had been friendly with the German soldiers had their hair cut off and they had been shaved to shame them.

Our island was never really bombed during the war. But one time the allies were going to bomb the bridge and take it out to keep the Germans from going back. It was towards the end of the war but the bombs fell on each side of the bridge so the bridge wasn't harmed.

A lot of people always ask me, "did you starve during the war". We never starved. Denmark is pretty self-sufficient, I mean, we produce everything. Our land is very fertile. So we had a lot of meat. Not beef because most of the cows were dairy cows so we had a lot of dairy. Cheese and milk and cream and butter and all of that and then we had a lot of pork and we grew a lot of things so we had easy access to berries like cherries and lots of apples and pears. The only thing we didn't have was any of the exotic food. You know, because they couldn't be imported.

And then towards the end of the war, of course the allies had put an embargo on Denmark because they didn't want the German soldiers to get a hold of any of those items so towards the end of the war, we ran out of things that had to be imported like sugar and coffee. And tobacco for those people who smoke. Oil for the heat. Gasoline. Coal.

We were rationed during the war, but the supplies were very little. Actually you couldn't really survive on it you know. I do remember that my mother said your dad gets all coffee and I think for the whole family that was a quarter pound per month. And then, of course, you had all of the imitations, you know, of coffee.

None of us kept any diaries of those times. I think that the day to day life was such that it wasn't in the cards. And there was also fear that it would fall in the wrong hands.

I grew up with seeing lots of Nazi's and they were always marching through town. The Nazi were very intimidating. And then we had to have dark shades in front of the windows in case of a bombing. And there was a curfew. No street lights. So everybody had to be home by a certain time. And there were some incidences but none that were directly related to my family. There were a lot of questions about what my brothers did, but it was more just being boys and fooling around, at least I think so.

Well, I think personally for me the war years were a positive experience because our family was so close. I often like how close we were. A lot of people grow up different. You know how you talk to your girlfriends and family members and you sometimes detect jealousies with sisters and brothers. We never had a jealousy between any of the 5 of us. Never.



And one of the best memories maybe is that my mother would organize, every evening my mother would organize the next day and she says now, Otto you are going here and Mia, you are doing this and Rudy and in the end, it was always...well what about Ester?

And I can remember all of my siblings jumping up and saying, I will take Ester with me. Isn't that a wonderful thing? They wanted me. So I grew up really being really wanted. And I was very little and I would say okay I'll go with Mia today, my sister. And the next time I would say, oh I think I'll go with Paul. It was really lovely and I was always treated as being special.

My son said, “did you grow up thinking you were a princess”? Perhaps I did. I think it makes you really strong. And you will believe in yourself. And that’s why I always think the war didn’t really harm me at all. I think it was maybe a positive for me.

Some of my family saw negative things. I was not in school yet, of course my oldest brother, Otto, and then my sister, Mia, they had gone through most of high school. But the two in the middle there, the two younger ones, Paul and Rudy, they suffered in their education. There was one thing that affected the two siblings closest to me, which was Paulie and Rudy. Because when we became occupied, the German government sent a lot of refugees up and they stayed and lived in our hometown and so the schools were taken over and made into dormitories basically.

For the German refugees who had been bombed out at Flensport and Kial and Hamburg and they had no home and no food and they came to Denmark and they lived in our schools. School wasn’t suspended, and these two siblings had to go to school half a day. And there might even have been three sections and they went to school in a police building.



The police department and so they didn’t go as many hours as they really were required to. And so there was additional homework and they did suffer a little bit because of their reduced education. They both still turned out fine but I think they could have accomplished more in life because they certainly were as clever and smart.

During the war, my oldest brother moved to Copenhagen with a job. And so in Copenhagen things were much worse than in my hometown and he had friends who were mistreated and abused and beaten and that sort of thing.

And we sometimes think or wonder what part he had in the war if any, but we just don’t know and he would never really talk about it. So we don’t know. At one time one of my other brothers said Otto did some work but it’s not written down anywhere. So we don’t know much about that. And then later he joined the Danish military after the war. I think that initially my mother wanted to have an “h” in my name. And when I was a child, I spelled my name with an “h”. And then when I had to immigrate to America, we had to pick out the old forms. Birth certificates and whatever and there it had been spelled without an “h”. And then I had a choice of either going through the paperwork of correcting it or just leaving it.

Later on I looked it up and, of course, Ester is a name from the bible, Queen Ester, and apparently if you spell it with an “h”, it’s a Hebrew spelling. And without an “h”, it’s Syrian.

When I was young I joined the Merchant Marines. And one reason is my grandfather was a sea captain on my father’s side and at that time when he was running his company, he had about 4-5 traders, boats that he would sail in the northern part of Europe and maybe down into the Mediterranean a few times but a lot in the Baltic and across to England and down the western coast of Europe and down into the Mediterranean and then my dad also wanted to follow in his footsteps.

But because of the wars that came about, my dad never really got a captains license. But he sailed a lot with his father usually on a commercial basis. Grandfather was in the shipping business.

So he had a small fleet with about 5 boats at the most at any given time. I grew up on a small island. It was called Als. Its in the most southern part of Denmark very near the German border. And so it’s actually on the Baltic side. So and we are very close to the Flensport Bay. I grew up on an island. The island did have a bridge to the mainland. But going east, there were ferry boats to the other islands so you had to take that before you got to Copenhagen.



Als Island

When I was in school I got involved in Competitive ballroom dancing which was a really fun time in my life. I was a really busy girl. I did gymnastics, ballroom dancing and the girl guard. When the war ended, I feel or it has been said, that the government was concerned about what would happen to all of us young kids so they made dancing schools and after school classes in gymnastics available at a very low cost.

So I would say that all of my friends were in all of it. I made a lot of friends in those organizations. I was very active and so it was natural that as we moved from an 8-year old and up to the older classes, I would say between 16 and 19 that we gradually got into the ballroom dancing. Up until then, we had basically taken classes and learned all the various type of dance that you could do together. Not individual dances, but couple dancing, I danced with the same young man.

And we were never romantically involved. We always just zeroed in on the dancing. Having said that, the competitive dancing wasn’t as successful. We won ribbons and that sort of thing but it was on a smaller scale but very much fun.

We had done so many different types of dancing up until that point, but I really like the Latin dances and that's the ones I knew the least about and being a Nordic person, it was not easy to do the Latin dances. So I kind of zeroed in on that but I always wanted to do better in that than I did because it was new and exciting but I would say that we probably did best in the waltz'.

We had exposure to many but the first one we learned was a tango and then we went into the rumba and the cha-cha and so that was fun.

In the beginning I really wanted to spend my life on the ocean and I was pretty strong through my high school years in the sciences and so at that time, school children and pupils got a lot of help from their teachers and in taking the next step what do you want to do and so the principal of the school contacted me. He called me into his office one day and I was a little scared and timid and he said, I understand that you have a desire to spend your life on the water. And I said yes, I definitely do because of my grandfather and my father. I was about 16.



MAERSK

And he said, well, I have an application here and I would really like to have you fill it out and by this time next year you will turn 17, and you will know whether you have been accepted at the school. At that time it was called AP Moeller Shipping Company. Today it is called Maersk. AP Moeller had a son that was named Maersk. And then later on in the years when he inherited the company and took over, he changed the company name to Maersk. But it was AP Moeller back then. Maersk is a Danish company and has the biggest fleet in the world now.

AP Moeller had a school on the island of Funen (AKA FYN) which is where Hans Christian Andersen was born. And that's the island in between the Duden and Seeland. In Danish its Fyn but in English it's called Funen, and the city where they have the school was Svendborg.

So after a while and I got to be 17 and we had filled out this application and sent it in. I got called in again to the principal's office and he said here is your acceptance letter to the AP Moeller Merchant Marine School. And I was so excited I almost fainted.

So I had this letter and back in those days we were bicycling back and forth to school and I biked home and I jumped in and showed it to my dad and he read it and he said, well congratulations, but you cannot go. And I said, well, wait a minute, why not? And he said no, no, he said, there are a number of different reasons why I don't want you to go and I won't give my approval basically and I said, well I would like to hear that.

And he said, first of all, you are a woman and you are not very big and you don't know how the sailors behave and how they treat women and you would be in extreme danger at different times throughout a sailing trip. And I was so cocky I said, no dad, because they have to listen to me when I'm done with this school I'll be an officer.

So they have to do what I tell them to do and he said, “well, yeah realistically it may not be that way”. And then he said, secondly, and that’s probably more important, was that the Korean War was going on in the early 50’s. And all of the ships sailed to the east and my father was concerned about me being caught in the crossfire.

I loved my dad and we had always had a really wonderful relationship and I was mulling over whether I should defy him and go anyway and I just couldn’t do it. My mother never weighed in on the discussion.

I never talked with my mother about this. And I didn’t ask my siblings either. I asked the principal and I said, this is the reason that I cannot accept the acceptance letter and I told him how my dad felt and he said, well it’s certainly up to you what you decide. He said by the time you enter the school you’ll be of age and can do what you want.

And he said, it’s strictly up to you, nobody can tell you what to do. And so I chose not to do it. No, but I’ve sometimes wondered what my life would have been like. At one time I thought I’ll write like a story, like you come to a crossroads, which way do you go And if you go this way, this is what happens; if you go that way, this is what happens. And you can’t go backwards.

It was a crossroads in my life at that time. So then a week later I got called in again. He said there’s a wonderful position at the local bank and I want you to go down and apply for that. And he said do you have anything against working in a bank? He said it’s not going to be as exciting as sailing and I said, no, I said, you know, I like working with numbers and I like math and so that was sort of the second choice.

I had initially taken a job in Germany. Taking care of a little American boy. His parents were both with the Air Force, American Air Force, and after 6 months, they were going back to the U.S.A. and they actually wanted me to come along and continue taking care of this little boy. He was so cute but wild. And at that time, I said no, I really have to work on my banking career.



So I applied for a job with the American Express. At the headquarters in Frankfurt. And in order to get that job, I had to get a work permit. So I went to the government office to apply for that work permit and when I was there, I ran into two Danish girls who were also in there applying for a work permit.

And so we made friends and we decided to meet again like you do when you meet in a foreign country and we didn’t live close by each other but eventually we met and maybe 3 months or so down the line this one friend, her name was Doris, she said, well, I am dating this young American and would you like to double date? And that’s how I met my first husband Larry.

Larry was in the American military. There were all these young soldiers, young American soldiers stationed in Germany. He was my age, almost to the day. And he was there under the Kennedy years.

And at one point, due to the Berlin Wall, Kennedy extended all of the soldier's service by one year. So he ended up staying a year longer. And it was during that year or the year before that we married and then our baby was born. Over time we had three children born all three boys.

The oldest one is Larry and he's the one who was born in Germany and got baptized in Denmark. Then his younger brother Michael is only 11 months younger than he is and he was born in Missouri. And then I waited 8 years and then my youngest son was born and his name is Scott and he was born in 71', so Larry was born in 62', Michael in 63' and then Scott in 71'.

When it was time to go home after Larry was discharged from the military, we settled to begin with in Missouri. Which is where he was born, raised and his home was. In a little place called Festus and Crystal City. And it's about 50 miles south of St. Louis. It is basically farm country. Larry was from a family from a small town.

At that time, we really wanted him to go back to school because he didn't have a trade although he had military experience. So he applied for the University of Missouri, which is in Columbia, Missouri. He was accepted there and he started off studying chemistry and after two years he changed the major and went into accounting and CPA work.

And during that time, I worked for a bank in Columbia. I was off for about two years after we moved from Festus to Columbia. But as soon as we got to Columbia, I really wanted to get back to work in my banking. And I needed a job to help my husband through college, although he was in the GI Bill.

And when he graduated from there, he then got a job with the IRS. He was there until he retired, an IRS agent or auditor. So I was so fortunate. I got a job with Columbia National Bank and I quickly worked my way up through the ranks and again there I had a personal interview with the president.

In talking with the president we talked about my work in Denmark. One of the things that we talked about was that in Denmark, we have not used any of the modern posting machines. Because we had done everything by hand. So he said, well, what's your experience in the bookkeeping area and I told him, well, I figured out the interest by hand and wrote it up quarterly.

Then he said, do you think you can learn how to do the posting because we have to start you off in bookkeeping rather than on the main floor just so that you can learn the American system. And I said, that would be okay and he said are you fast? And I said, no, but I'm very accurate so I never have to do anything over. And so he said, oh okay, well let's go for it. So I got the job and was there from 1966 to 1971.

I was and I feel I was really well received and I don't think I was too pushy but I would always volunteer for any jobs that had to be done and that could lead me to another story. I think it was meaningful in my life.

There was a woman, she was a little older than me, maybe 10 years older and she worked in the posting or bank auditing and she had a lot of power. The bank was brand new. It was only 6 years old. When I started working for them and she was one of the people who were there opening the bank to begin with. And the president that I spoke with, the vice president and one other fellow, and then after that, they hired other females also. Primarily in bookkeeping and as tellers.

But this woman, her name was Barbara, she kind of more or less took me under her wing and I was very much impressed with her and so whenever I had a chance and she needed help, I would jump in and help her. And so I learned a lot of extra things about balancing, not the bank statements of their clients, but bank statements from other bank that we did work with and during that time also, I had decided to apply for American citizenship.

Because I knew that I was going to live in America because I had two boys at that time. So I asked her to be my character witness. And she said, well of course, I'll be proud to do that so she came with me to Kansas City where I went to court to become a citizen and she proclaimed in front of the judge that I was a good character and would make an outstanding U.S. citizen and, as you probably know, you have to take a test. Primarily on the government and how it works and how the legislature works. So that all went really fine.

But the next year I kept working with her and learning more and more but one day she was called away because her 5-year old boy had had an accident and it was like at 3:00 in the afternoon and then when the bank closed at 4:00 I called my husband and said, I'm going to be home late because I'm going to help finish Barbara's work for the day and so I was posting away on this, in those days we had those big huge machines and I was doing everything according to the way it should be done and I couldn't balance it. It was a matter of balancing the debits and the credits and I was off \$500 and I called my husband and said, I'm going to be home late because I can't balance and I can't leave until it's done and he said, leave it and go do it tomorrow. I said, it's against my rules. I cannot do that.

So I stayed and I worked at it and finally the president comes by and he says, what's happening? And I said, well I don't know. I said, I cannot balance these ledgers. They're \$500 off so he sat down with me, the president of the bank. And we called off the numbers and checked them off individually. Took us over an hour. Well by that time it was like 7:00 or 8:00.

And we were still working and I said, is it possible that the calculator or the machine could throw a number? Sometimes in those days it could happen. So we used a different machine, no, finally we called in the vice president who had gone home already and he used to be an examiner and had gotten a job recently with our bank and was not very likeable. Nobody liked him. But we called him in and he went over it and he said, this looks really fishy.

Let's call in the FBI. And we did and we worked all night. And we discovered along with the FBI that Barbara was committing grand fraud. And finally at one point they said, you should go home because we have discovered that Barbara has been embezzling

And here she was my good friend. And she had stood up for me when I became a citizen. And the FBI arrested her. And I never saw her again, she did time in prison and I never visited her. There were a number of reasons. I think that I was in shock really. I was so torn between everything. It was my fault that they discovered it because if I had not insisted on staying, she would have come back the next day.

And covered it because what they discovered is that she had two sets of books and every time she went on vacation or she had a scheduled time off, she would bring out the right set of books but that day because her son was hurt she rushed off. And then I feel it was because I was so stubborn I wouldn't let go.

I never in my mind thought that she had done anything wrong. I did think that it was a faulty machine. Well I knew there was something not right. When the vice president who was a bank examiner came and he said, it goes much deeper than that. She had been taking money from almost day 1. But the problem, or the unusual thing was that we were a state bank so we were audited, not only by the state bank examiners but by the federal bank examiners and by the local. So she was smart, and avoided detection.

She had explained to the FBI and then later there was a big meeting at the bank where the FBI came in and told us what had happened and so it started off with her husband was off \$50 and they didn't want to be overdrawn because a bank employee can never be overdrawn. And so she adjusted her bank books to borrow \$50. And then the next month the same thing happened. And it was a little more each time and so gradually over, I think she had embezzled over a 5-year period.

I was so torn, she was my mentor. It was because of me that it was discovered and she was my good friend and I really didn't know, she never wrote me and I didn't write her. Since I had, in a way, discovered this, she ended up in jail and I don't know what happen to her 5-year old boy. It's heartbreaking. You know it's always been sort of in the back of my mind. But yet I have never made an attempt to visit with her and look her up. I tried to put a letter together and I really couldn't format it. Ultimately it made me even stronger in wanting to continue.

And so it was one of the saddest situations that I had ever been part of. But other than that, I loved working at Columbia National Bank. Well, because I really thought, well, it's so unusual that this can happen and I'm wondering if that could have happened in Denmark. And I thought that our Danish banking system was stronger and more disciplined.

And then 3 months later, we actually moved to Minnesota with a job change. And when my husband and I and our family moved here, I stayed home for two years to be with the youngest, Scott, and so I didn't start back into banking until 74'. I was very happy working at banks and so I really wanted to continue.

And then I worked from Liberty from 1974 to 1991. I really felt that maybe I could make a difference.

When we came to America I would say that the first two years, everything was fun and exciting and was new, it was part of my overall adventure spirit. And then eventually when we settled in, I really learned that Missouri was not a good place for me. First of all it was inland and I was used to being on the sea, and there was no water around anywhere

It was not a good thing. And then I had a little bit of...coming from Denmark, you know, how religion is in Denmark. It's there but it's always in the background and in Missouri, everybody was very, very strong Catholic or very, very strong southern Baptist. And so I found myself often in the middle of walking this fine line of going this way or going that way. We were happy enough. It was harder when we lived in Festus but in Columbia we were so busy with our family and work and studies. But I was really happy when we moved to Minnesota.

The Danish National church is Lutheran. And when we moved to Minnesota many of the people where Lutheran. There were also lots of Johnson's Jensen's and Hansen's. Minnesota is very Scandinavian.

It felt good coming to Minnesota from a Lutheran point of view, I still had issues because I would start visiting one church or another or another and the first question they always asked me, well, what kind of a Lutheran are you? You know, what synod.

I didn't really know, I was so young, I didn't know about the different synods. And I said, well, I'm the Martin Luther kind of Lutheran. I think that satisfied everyone. And they said, well, you can certainly come and listen and then gradually I learned about all the synods, the LCA, Wisconsin, and Missouri synod. And so that was another journey. We didn't really get too involved in Missouri. The Missouri synod is very, very straight. I didn't feel all that comfortable in Missouri, and yet that's the one that we ended up in attending here in Minnesota.

It sounds really strange but when I visited that particular church, I didn't really so much look at what synod they belonged to and I should have but they had a young pastor. At that time he was only like 32 or 35 and I thought, gee, my teenage boys will really be able to identify with him. And they did. And so when they went to confirmation class, they would go out and play football for half an hour and then get back to their lessons.

And so that was good. We still really like him. None of us still attend that church in, the original home church in Missouri, Missouri synod and that was actually in St. Paul Park and we lived in Cottage Grove.

Our church was not overly strict. Our pastor would have a beer and a glass of wine. So you could certainly do that. You could smoke although none of us did. I mean, there were people in the church who smoked when we had our coffee get togethers and whatever.

But they were strict in the sense that they wanted to live by the scripture. And in the Missouri synod's opinion, a lot of modern churches changed to satisfy the parishioners of the people. So if

this becomes popular, the church would accept it as okay. So the stricter church didn't fit in with our life.

Larry was transferred by the IRS to Minnesota. When he got done and he got his degree at Columbia, at the University of Missouri, he had applied for jobs several places so one of them that wanted to hire him was the IRS and at that time, we got three choices of where to go. And it was so fun because one of them was Phoenix, Arizona.

And in the mid-60's, late 60's, they were looking for professional people and I thought, there is no water again. No ocean, so why would I go from Missouri to Arizona? And the other one was International Falls, MN. And then the last one was St. Paul.

I have always lived in cities, sometimes small towns, but I really wanted St. Paul. So we ended up in St. Paul. We both liked the idea of St. Paul. We were married in 1962 and we were divorced in December 84'. So we were married for 22 years. It was a very good long marriage.

We ended up getting divorce because it's the typical thing where I think that I changed more than he did. I had more to change more and when we became empty nesters, well we still had Scott at home but when the two older boys left, we realized that we had sort of been like this and then we had gone like that. And in the end we really didn't have a lot in common. So it wasn't like a big something or another. We just grew apart. Right.

And then we lived sort of knowing that it would end up in divorce and for a while we kept thinking, oh, we want to stay together until Scott gets older but then that didn't work out so. Scott was 14 then when we divorces.

We waited a while because of the kids, but I discovered that the children know anyway. Larry remained in the Twin Cities. And actually, he married very quickly after our divorce and he married a lady who had no children and so they still live in the cities, although I have just been told that he's now moving to Colorado. He retired early.

Today my children all have wonderful jobs. Larry works for the Federal Government and for many, many years he was the calendar clerk for the Chief Justice James Rosenbaum. And Larry had gone through a divorce some years ago, many years by now, so he met his future wife in the office of judge Rosenbaum.

So when Larry and this new love of his life decided to marry, they really couldn't both work for Judge Rosenbaum in the same office. So between the two of them, she was his office manager and then Larry moved to a different department right at the main courthouse.

Michael is a really, really fun individual. Larry they're all just wonderful but sometimes with the younger child, you know, he always has to keep up with the older brother so gets a little more competitive and going out for things, so he was in sports throughout all of his years. He started hockey when he was 8 and then he played soccer. He loved airplanes and so when he was in the military, he was hoping to get into flying. He was in the Army but he wanted to be on the Air Force. But his eyesight was not good enough. And back then, you know, they didn't have the

corrective surgery and lenses and whatever. So he still wanted to work around airplanes so he became a mechanic. So now he's an airplane mechanic with Sun Country Airlines.

Scott, being the youngest, he almost grew up like an only child. Being that his brothers were 8 and 9 years older than he and so he was really into music and he played different instruments and at one time I thought he really wanted to go that route but maybe he felt it was too competitive and he really wanted to do it as just a hobby type of thing so after his military service, he went to school to learn about computers.

And now he works for an insurance company in St. Paul, the Securian. They do a lot of preparing the forms and documents that both the attorneys and the insurance adjusters use. So he does a lot of his work at night.

Now I am a grandmother and a great grandmother. Larry, my oldest one has a daughter and a son and the daughter is the oldest and Michael has 3 children; two daughters and a son and then my youngest son, Scott, has two boys. Larry's daughter, who's the oldest, she is married and has 3 children.

The daughter looks identical to her. And two little boys who look very much alike, 4 years, 5 years apart. So it's a full life. One of my granddaughters, Michael's middle child, got a job in California. So she lives out there. And Rachel lived in Denmark for four years since she got her master's degree in Denmark. That's also Michael's daughter. They have all been away to other states for the university and school.

And I have been so fortunate because my health has been outstanding and I've been able to do all the things that I really wanted to do with them including going to the water slides with them and teaching them how to swim. Just really doing a lot of fun things. I have really had fun doing that.

All of my sons went into the military, I think their father had a lot of influence on them, and their grandfather had also been in the military. My brothers were all in the service also. It's a tradition. And we've always felt, especially in Denmark, that it's good to give, you know, a few years to the military and I also personally think it helps shape you. It gives you a lot of discipline and it teaches you a little bit of leadership. A lot of leadership maybe.

And I think they all had really good experiences in the military. Larry, the oldest, was a Marine. And so he rubs that in all the time to the other two who were Army. They were always competitive.

And then I met John in March of 1985 so shortly after I was divorced actually and I'll let John tell you that story of how we got together. And then we dated for 5 years and neither one of us were excited about jumping into another marriage. John had had two marriages and I had one.

And it was really 5 wonderful years. From I think the first date if not it was the second date, we were eating dinner at a restaurant and we were dancing and he said to me, you know, I really feel that I don't want to date anyone else. And I said, okay, well, that's fine with me.

So we had a lot to talk about. We both were very social. We went out a lot. We went to the theater. We went to musicals, to the opera and when Scott became 18 and graduated from high school, he joined the military and at that point, we were sort of in limbo.

Should I keep the house. I had a big house in Cottage Grove. I had a big 4-bedroom house and then John had a big house and I think it ended up in being a marriage of convenience because John said I tell you, he said, all this....he's such a gentleman right?

So he would insist on coming to Cottage Grove, pick me up and we had a date. We would always drive into either St. Paul or Minneapolis. Or out on the strip. Then he would drive me home to Cottage Grove. Then he would go back to where he lived in Minneapolis. He was on Folwell Drive, which is a couple of blocks off the river. He lived very close to Minnehaha Academy.

It was a lot of driving. But during the 5 years whenever he would come, he would usually have like a box of chocolate, a bouquet of flowers. And so it was really a 5-year courtship. But then we decided that marriage was the next step and we knew each other pretty well after 5 years. We just had to figure out a few things. Where to live and what to do and all of that. When we met I was 45. And so I was 50 when we got married or when we got engaged and John was 64

And you know, we also didn't have to go through that period bringing up step-children and there's nothing wrong with that but it can be difficult. But the children were all grown up. They were well on their way and so we did decide when we got married we wanted either a 2-bedroom house or when we looked here we wanted a 2-bedroom. So Scott had a bedroom here. While he was in the military. And then in the meantime, he had been engaged to his girlfriend and they married so he never really lived with us. He stayed here when he was home on vacation. Scott and I had a long talk about it and, of course, I had been, at that time, alone with Scott for 5 years after my divorce.

His birthday is in January so we talked and I said how do you feel about it and he said, no, that's fine. Dad is married and he said, someday I'll be gone and then what about you? And he said it's perfectly fine and he said, I like John and so he was fine with that and the two older boys were too.

And John is sort of a man's man. You know, and he talked to the boys as a man talks to another man. And so there was never any talking down to the kids. We didn't do anything together with the kids because they were kind of all on their own path. Maybe we were so absorbed by each other we just didn't think about having them joining us. Now in hindsight, I wonder why we didn't include them more. But they were busy and we were busy.

But as soon as we married. We started traveling with the grandchildren. Almost right away. We had different weekends when my married children would get babysitters and they would come

over for a weekend and stay in our guest rooms downstairs. And we normally would have theater tickets one night, either to a musical or we would go out and eat and have breakfast here and they would go home on Sunday morning. So for them it was a way of maybe getting to know John better.

And then eventually we started traveling with the grandkids when they were like as young as 2 and 3 and 4. John and I had great chemistry and we had a lot of things in common. We both enjoyed musicals, theater and opera. I like Opera a little better than he does. And then I have a nephew in Denmark who is an opera singer and sings with the Royal Danish Opera. And his mother, my sister, was a beautiful singer but again, you know, remember the war years.

She never got a formal musical education but she could sing opera that she taught herself. She taught herself listening to the 78 turntable records. She sang the aria from the Merry Widow to perfection. It's a cute story because our neighbors asked my dad, what station were you listening to. And he said, oh, that was Mia singing. I don't have much of a voice and I never studied music.

I still love opera. It's very hard to choose a favorite because every opera touches you in one way or other. So when you go to an opera, sometimes I feel like jumping up and dancing. And then other times I'm just literally crying and other times I feel like I should sing along and of course, I can't sing. But the light-hearted operas like the Barber of Seville is fun. I like Die Fledermaus, the music is beautiful. I really listen to that over and over, both in Denmark and Germany. I like a lot of Mozart's operas. The Magic Flute is unbelievable.

I love Puccini too. So John and I had a lot in common and we danced up a storm. He always said I can't dance but he danced anyway. We went on a lot of cruises over the years. We always danced on those. And we always went sightseeing in the different ports. John and I were always interested in the different cultures we encountered

The two of us have great chemistry and we have lots of love. You have to like the individual. And you really have to admire them for their stand in life and what they stand for. And I think that really is important and then I was a little blah but John is entertaining. So he would keep me entertained any time we would go out. He would shine.

He really does tell great stories. By now I have heard a lot of them but I'm still interested. And sometimes I can prompt him, I say, well what about that story because I've heard them all. But I love them.

I think you have to like the person and what I like the most is I think the way I can tell that he values me. I feel that he really wants me in his life and I'm not just there. So I think I like that and because sometimes with a partner, you don't really ...well if you're married you know you were the number one but I think he really values me. That's a feeling I have anyway.

What I have known about John is that he, I feel that he saw this, well certainly he has been very involved with business and he has never taken more out of the business than what he felt that he needed to live on so during the really tough times he didn't have much.

His primary objective was to carry on the business and there was a time when he had very, very little pay. Actually when we started dating he didn't have much. His objective was to keep as many employees working as possible. And to keep the business going. It was a tough time when the economy tanked in the Carter years. Inflation ran wild and Interest rates ran crazy and ran up to 20+%. And so that affected their contractors. No one was buying lumber. It affected all the plumbers, all the electricians and it was a really, really tough time.

So there's almost nothing that I can say that I don't like about John. John really is my hero. He served in the war and fought in the Battle of Bulge. But so often he wouldn't talk about the service and I would say, well, you know that you are my hero because if it wasn't for the American military, we simply would not have survived. We would be...all of Europe would be under Nazi regime and/or Russian.....we were allies of the Russians...

John was serving in '43' when he got wounded. He had been trained in Mississippi, shipped over to England in a convoy, then transported by boat to France, then took a train to Belgium where the big battle was.

Well, first of all, I think that we tend to think of them as heroes. And they do not. They said the real heroes are those who died there and they left behind. And so they don't want to come across as if they are bragging. They're very...that generation is very modest about their accomplishments.

And only when I reinforce to John what kind of an effect it had on everyone in Europe that Americans joined in with the British and the French, the allied, then I said, you have to be proud of it and I know that you suffered but just think, you are the one who had a chance to come back and he said, well why, I didn't really deserve it. I haven't done anything.

And I said, you did a lot because for one thing, think about all the families, all the people that you have given jobs to. If it wasn't for you running Lamperts and keeping it running, all these people who work for you wouldn't have been able to buy a house, have a car, send a child to school...and I said, even during the tough, tough years when you had almost no pay during the Carter years. Remember that.....kind of similar to what we had in 08'. I said, you just hung in there and so you...you should be proud that you were one of those that came back. And contributed to life.

You know what is really fun because as part of my Leadership St. Paul Program, I took a class about birth order and I was so happy. I come running home to John, we were married at that time. And I came running home and I said, look John, I took this test on birth order. And one of the tests show that the oldest male in the family and the youngest female make a perfect couple in marriage.

Except I would throw a kink into that whole scenario because I have the tendencies of an only child. Because I'm more than 5 years behind my sibling next to me so I said, if anything is

wrong in our marriage, I take responsibility for that. By the book we should be perfect. I was the last one, number 5.

For one thing, I admired all of my siblings. My brothers and my sister. And I really kind of wanted to go in their footsteps. And I also learned that we never competed. Because they treated me like the youngest child. And they protected me, if you will. They always popped up and said, I'll take Ester.

I think that one time I had gone swimming. We had a beach like right around the corner from where I lived and I was out there with Paul and Rudy and Otto and Mia were working so we were swimming during the summer and a young boy, quite a bit older than me, he comes around and when he comes up to me, he swings his wet swimsuit right across my face. And like a girl I sat down on the beach and wahhh.

So Paul and Rudy came and found out what it was and I said, well he hit me with his swimming suit and they said why? And I don't know, I really don't, maybe I did something wrong that I didn't think I had done anything so then they said, you stay here, we'll take care of it. And so they had a lot of friends, we always had groups, you know and I was part of a big group also later on.

But so they got their friends together and they had a serious talk with this young man. They didn't touch him. I was told later as a grown up. But there might have been threats involved. Because the next day when I walked to school, I saw him on the opposite side. Well he was on the same side as me, and he saw me and he walked across the street.

My brothers were never mean but I'm sure they had told him you do that again and ... But who knows.

I was like an only child. I had the tendencies of an only child. I think you learn leadership skills because you need them, I think I just had leadership skills. I don't know how you learn it. I made a lot of choices that were maybe counter to what a lot of girls would choose.

Yeah, right. I had an aunt, my mother's sister, and she never married and then my mother had a brother who was in the concentration camp and he was married. But every summer they would bring me to Copenhagen and so I spent a lot of time with those two people, but my aunt, my muster.....in Denmark your mother's sister is your muster.

So and my father's sister is a **Muster**. And an aunt is someone who's been married into your family. So **Muster** is the sister that never married.

She worked. And I don't think she really thought of her job as a career. But she was the assistant to the owner of a grocery store. So kind of small scale but a responsible job. Well she was definitely a role model for me. And she would take me to the opera.

She would take me to the ballet. And we would spend a lot of time together. And with her, it was definitely yes and no. No, this is not what a little girl can do. No you are not allowed to do that

.so she was she wasn't necessarily traditional in her thinking. Much later in life when John met her and he complimented her on how young she was. By then she was 90 and very independent and she came to lunch and John met her and so I said to her, I said, well, John thinks you are so young looking and I said, "and you certainly are" and I said, "it must be because you never married and you didn't have children so you didn't have all of that problems that make you old".

She said, "Ester, that's true but I have known love. So we wonder if there was a man in her life. And maybe he was married. So she was not all that traditional".

She wanted me to join the merchant marines. And in later years also whenever different people had issues in the family, she would always say, well Ester is the one with the backbone. She was amazing.

She might have identified some with me and that may have led to many of the things we did. She was a big influence on me. She also really introduced me to more of a cultural lifestyle. And she was strong. And she also was outgoing and she was the oldest one in their family. And then my mother was the middle.

And I remember many times when we were out together with her, she would come and visit and my muster Nina, would strike up a conversation with another table at a restaurant or...

We would stand on a railroad platform waiting for a train and she would start talking to other people and my mother would always say, Nina, you shouldn't do that. She was very gregarious. And I was fortunate to know her and have her to help me.

I also learned that the 1st born puts down the rules and he has to have his way, but I think I found a nice way of giving him enough leeway but knowing when I have to stand my ground and say no. This is my way of doing it. I think you pick and choose carefully so you can't harp on everything that you run across. So we have learned to adjust to those little idiosyncrasy and they were minor. But still today I think that is kind of the pattern.

So I think I would have automatically said....oh yes, okay, okay, let's do that. But I think because that's where I throw in a little kink in the wheel. Of the perfect marriage. That I have this strength that...

My siblings died young. My sister came down with cancer and she died when she was only, must have been 47. They all remained in Denmark. Except one lived in Spain for a while. And then I had one brother who never married, Rudy. And Rudy had some issues that had come about when he was a young teenager and so he actually became an alcoholic and it was a great sadness to everybody. I lived over here when he died. He never recovered, he was in and out kind of. Back in those days there wasn't the help that you have today.

And even today, the insurance companies will pay just for a little while. John has learned from his children, 3 months and then you're out on your own again, so it is a tough issue. Well Paul....Otto lived the longest and was the oldest. He passed away in Denmark, However, he

lived in Germany for a long time. He was with the Danish Army. And he became a Colonel within the Army so he made a career out of the military.

And so he was sent to Germany right after the war, well, not right after, I think 47' or 48' or something like that, but he was...it might have been earlier than that but he was with the Allied and he...Norway and Denmark had an area in the northwestern part of Germany and that's where they were stationed as part of the Allied countries in Germany.

He was involved in the rebuilding of Germany. And when he retired from the Army, he moved back to Copenhagen and then like so many people do, he had a little job after that but it wasn't significant. I mean, just to keep him busy. His career was the military.

And Paul, he was kind of like one of my sons. He's sort of very outgoing. He was...he could sing also. Well all my siblings were musical. Except me. But Paul was really outgoing and he could dance up a storm. And he could sing. He and his wife did a lot of amateur theater in the little Town they lived in. So they had fun.

He ended up in buying a furniture store. He had started off becoming a furniture maker. And then his wife had parents who had a furniture store and they basically sold it to my brother, and so he ran it for a long long time. Very successful in a small town in Jevland. Right in the middle of Jevland. But then one time he and his wife visited Spain...well they visited Spain many times. And they both fell in love with it. They were in Cijus...little bit south of Barcelona....

Right on the water. Right on the ocean and my sister-in-law had a sister who lived in Spain and that was the reason for going down there quite a bit. You know, all the Scandinavians do. So they ended up in deciding to sell the furniture store and buy a hotel and restaurant in Cijus. And then ran it very successfully...I don't know how many years....I can probably figure it out but might have been as long as 10 years but at one point, my sister-in-law wanted to go home and he didn't.

And then she kept going home for longer and longer and then eventually they ended up in divorcing. My oldest brother, Otto, came first to America and Mia and Rudy never made it and then two years after Otto came, then Otto and Paul came together. And we had so much fun with them. It was harder when the children were little. But later on I would go see them once a year. And then John, when he came, he fell in love with Denmark also. And they all really admired him and loved him.

We used to go to Denmark regularly until John had the back problems. Any travel now is out of the question, it's just too tough for John to travel.

I really didn't give much thought to getting involved in the community and giving back when I lived in Denmark. But I think I sort of fell into it along the way. Because when our little family moved to Minnesota, I enrolled my two older boys in grade school and then we had the baby and then like a good mother, I called the school and I said, you know, my two boys would really like to join the Cub Scouts.

The secretary of the school said, oh I admire you for wanting your boys to be Cub Scouts and she said, the only problem is we don't have a Cub Scout mother. Nobody wants to do that. Nobody has volunteered and we don't have any signs of anyone signing up for that.

And she said to me, since you already have two boys, couldn't you handle another 3 or 4? I didn't have to think about it, I just said oh yeah, let's go. Because I probably already knew the boys from the boys playing with my kids. We had so much fun in the Cub Scouts.

So cub scouting and the PTA made great sense because my boys were in school. So I started volunteering and it became a part of my life. I participated in the League of Women's Voters, the cancer society, St Paul committee for the mayor, leadership St. Paul, Opera Guild, Woman's Club.

I have to say, one way that I really got involved was through the banking system and then through the League of Women Voters. I became an officer, a bank officer quickly. I moved up quickly through the ranks like within 2 years.

So and I was the first female officer and lender at Liberty State Bank. They had had what they call a....customer service officer that...it was not really considered an officer. When you get into lending and you become an officer of the bank that was a nice step. And then I learned early on that it's not enough to be just an officer and put in an 8:00 to 5:00. You have to be in the community and I did it very happily and gladly.

So then I was intrigued by the League of Women Voters because of the voting and the jobs they do to make sure people get out to vote. And so I was the conservative voice on that League of Women Voters. From the bank standpoint and also from my standpoint. And then I also became involved with the Community Council and the Community Council is a neighborhood political group. Snelling/Hamline Community Council, that's where the bank was located.

So we had a lot of evening meetings and we tackled really, really tough issues. The hardest one I think that I was involved with was the parking for O'Gara's Bar and Grill. And the neighbors were up in arms because all of the patrons of O'Gara would park in the street so we had a big issue with that.

I also had to be very diplomatic because I knew where we (the bank) stood, you know, the community, and I knew that the neighbors had a good reason for complaining and the neighbors were my customers. And yet, we couldn't go against O'Gara because they were a big customer. So we ended up really working hard on that.

What eventually happened was that the Community Council suggested that there was a bank parking permit given to people who lived in the neighborhood and there are a lot of apartments there so not everyone can have a parking permit. And then we also told O'Gara's that after the bank closes, your customers can use our bank lot. So from 6:00 and until O'Gara's closed, they could park there. And that's really when the residents needed the parking when they came home from work. So they could park on the street where they were supposed to park. So it worked out well.

When I worked at the bank, that whole corner had a very strong business association. And then for a while it lagged again and so it's sort of been up and down. Being involved in the community went with the job and I liked it actually. I really liked it.

One of the things that I started when I was with the Snelling/Hamline Community Council, we had all these community problems and issues and we settled this and that. We had another issue with a homeless shelter that wanted to move in and that was a difficult thing. But one evening we had a Community Council meeting and I was on the Board so it was a Board meeting and this woman and I, I said to her, wouldn't it be fun if we could do something that would be really fun instead of always having to solve all these difficult problems?

She said yeah, what should we do? And so I said, well, there had been some accidents with children on bicycles. So we said, well, how about if we have a little bicycle rodeo, bicycle safety program in our parking lot, which is what we did.

And we recruited Officer Friendly whom I knew because he was a bank customer. And he was truly an Officer Friendly. I don't think he ever arrested anyone. And so we also invited the Mayor. Different mayors at different times. But Tim Schiebel was one of them and George Latimer. Latimer was the St. Paul Mayor and is the mayor whose committee I was on.

Actually I was on 2-3 of his committee. He was a terrific mayor. And then even after I left the bank one of the ladies at the bank continued and it kept going until the bank was sold to First Federal. So it was no longer Liberty State Bank. And then they didn't want to continue that.

But I also had the Schwinn bike shop involved. They were also bank customers. It was Boehm's Bike Shop. Every year from day one, they would donate two children's bicycles. One for a girl and one for a boy. And then later on they donated and gave away, I don't know how many, but lot's of bicycle helmets.

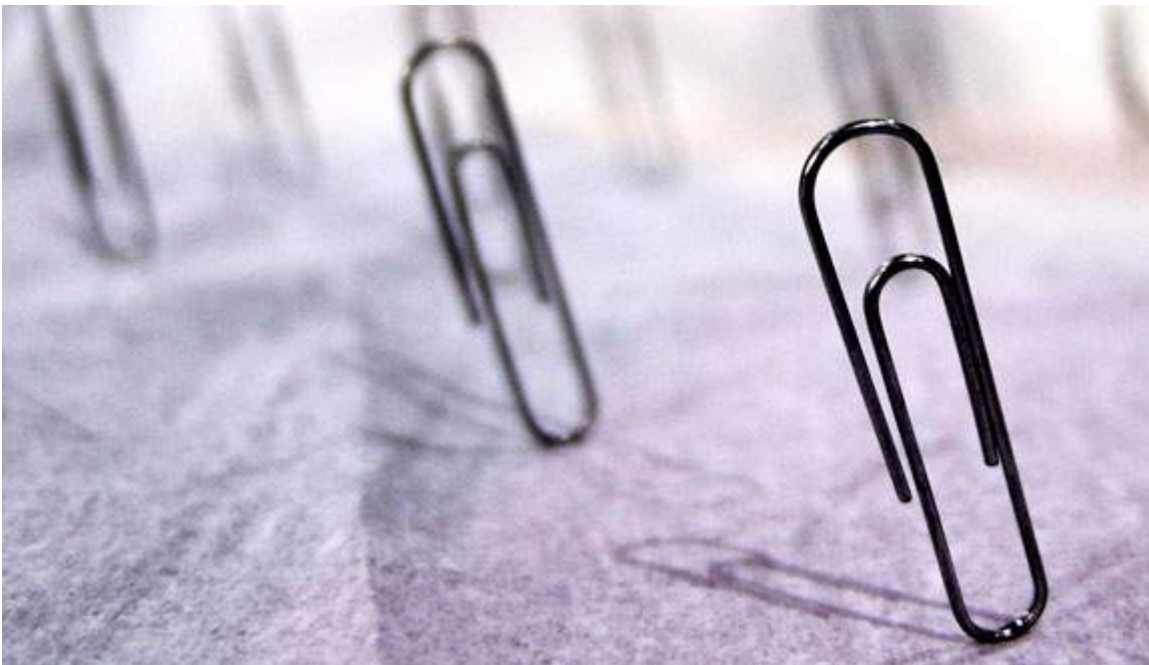
Well, there were really two businesses on Selby Avenue. And John knew Ed Boehm quite well. Ed was Jim's dad. Ed Boehm ran a heating company. Jim ran the bicycle shop. And I don't remember exactly how it worked but one of the companies were run by a son-in-law to Ed. One of Ed's daughters or Jim's sister was married to a terrific guy. Jim was the fair haired good looking guy. He had the look that every girl was interested in him and he never quite seemed to age, he had the type of look that would stay like that. Kind of like some of the actors that we know. They don't seem to age. They still have that boyish look.

But that's one of the things that our Community Council did so, besides solving problems, we started the bicycle safety program. And it was very successful.

Appendix

A

The Life & Times Of John Lampert Fesler



Time Line of John Lampert Fesler

Born	Nov 6, 1925 to John King Fesler & Elsie M. Lampert
Brother	David R Fesler born 9-21-1928
1925 – 1929	lived at U of M Saratoga Ave. St. Paul
1929	Kindergarten @ Randolph Heights in St. Paul
1930 – 1932	Age 6-8 one room Country School – 11 students (taught grades 1-8)
1933 – 1936	Age 9-11 Ramsey Grade School St. Paul
1936 - 1937	Age 12-13 Maria Sanford Junior High School St. Paul
1938 – 1941	Age 14-17 Shattuck School, Faribault, MN private school – one of the best
1939 – 1941	Age 15-17 Worked Lamperts Yards during summers
1943 – 1945	Age 19-21 Military, US Army Infantry Ft. Benning, Miss – Europe
1943	Spring – drove from Shattuck to enlist at Fort Snelling, MN
1943	Fall – sent to infantry school at Fort Benning, GA
1943	Winter Transferred to 69 th Infantry Division Camp Shelby, Hattiesburg, MS.
1944	Shipped to Fort Dix NJ – joined armada sailing from New York City to South Hampton England. Then sailed to Havre France. Then 1000 replacement troops took 40 & 8 box cars by train to liege Belgium. Spent thanksgiving in Liege. Joined 83 rd Infantry Division (Ohio). Fought with 83 rd in Hurceon Forest (one of WW2 toughest battles) Fought with 83 rd in Battle of Bulge (WAS WW2 toughest battles)
1945 Jan	Wounded – After the massacre of the 100+ American prisoners of war, war changed and bayonets came out – show no quarter to the enemy. On a combat patrol we killed all the Germans guarding a road junction. Then the Germans killed all of our combat team. I played dead and survived with a Broken Femur (thigh) and the next day I was wounded again by shrapnel hitting my left foot. Later that day our troops charged through and I was picked up and taken to a field hospital. Then moved to Paris and then flown to England. Next I was placed on a hospital ship brightly lit to Charleston SC. than a train to Portland Oregon for 3 months. Final discharge in Battle Creek Mich.
1946 – 1948	Age 21-24 U of M Business School Minneapolis MN
1948 – 2003	Age 24-79 worked Liberty State Bank and Lampert Yards Numerous seminars, short courses, training
2004	Age 79 fully retired
1947 Dec 10	Married JoAnn McGlaufflin (Born Dec 14 1925) Lived 3120 10 th Ave S Apartment for 1 year
1948 Nov 8	Born Richard Lampert Fesler – Deceased 1968 drug overdose Lived 1605 Montreal Ave St. Paul
1950 Apr 1	Born Timothy Lampert Fesler –
1951 Jul 8	Born Daniel Lampert Fesler – Lived 570 Montrose Lane St. Paul
1952 Nov 30	Born Terry Lampert Fesler – Deceased 2006?
1953 Aug 31	Born Jeffery Lampert Fesler
1960 Feb 3	Divorced JoAnn

1961 May 2 Married Anna Emerson
 Inherited 2 daughters:
 Colleen Emerson Jun 27-1954
 Kim Marie Emerson Oct 17-1958
 Lived at 1393 Ashland Ave. St. Paul (rental Property)

1964 Lived 4717 Folwell Drive Minneapolis MN

1976 May 20 Adopted Kim Marie

1986 Sept 23 Divorced Anna Emerson

1989 Nov 18 Married Ester A. Lewis
 Inherited 3 sons
 Larry Lewis Feb 2, 1962
 Mike Lewis Jan 8, 1963
 Scott Lewis Jan 8, 1971

1989 Nov 27 Lived 1201 Yale Place, Apt 1204, Minneapolis

For 50 years attended 4/5 state lumber conventions – 2/3 national conventions, 2/3 seminars, 3/4 conferences, visited 75+ lumber yards each year. All this exposed me to lifetime of education learning about new and changing products, changing building codes, new construction methods. Almost every product we sold had a good, better or best product or solution. All this kept me pretty well educated. Shattuck School gave me the best education opportunity in America. Most of the students were from wealthy or important parents who wanted their son to get exposed to the best.

The university of Minnesota business school was very good and knew Minnesota, our customs, agriculture, forestry (#1 in USA) and how to improve the rural areas and how to run top flight companies in the world arena.

Being invested with Liberty State Bank I got to learn banking from the inside out and combine the best of two companies with banking and lumber and often we were able to be on the inside looking out. As a banker and multi-location lumber yards I got to be a longtime member of the Federal Reserve Board advisory committee to help our local Fed Chief with our recommendations.

I served a double term as the president of our local lumber association.

Most of the time I preferred to stay in the background, but I can name 5/6 presidents of our national lumber association who I with the help of others got them to be president. I was on the nominating committee for almost 10 years and knew the system better than most who ran it.

Over the years I belonged to numerous organizations but have dropped out of most. Still active with Rotary of St. Paul, Dodd investment club, Danish American fellowship.

I have had many hobbies over the year, football, hockey, tennis, boating – were my favorites, but no more. I always loved swimming, but can't do that anymore. I love to play all board games.

Travel for business and pleasure were always #1 for me. But I can't really travel anymore. Shopping used to be fun for me too, but I can't do that anymore either.

John Fesler

Family Life 1946 – 2014

John Fesler & JoAnn McLaughlin 1946-1960

I attended Shattuck Academy & JoAnn attended St. Mary's, both in Faribault, MN. JoAnn started school there when she was 14, just as I was. Her sister, Mary Lou was attending Carleton College at the same time JoAnn was at St. Mary's. She was senior class president. Her mother and father were divorced and she, Mary Lou and their younger sister, Teddy, lived with their mother and their uncle, whose name was McLaughlin. They lived by Lake Harriet in Minneapolis. The day before JoAnn's graduation her mother, uncle and little sister died in a tragic house fire. Their father, whose last name was Bathrick, lived in Milwaukee. It was his side of the family that was direct descendants of Oliver Wolcott, Jr, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. JoAnn and I dated after I came back from the war towards the end of 1946 and we were married on December 10, 1947 and divorced on Feb. 3, 1960. We had 5 sons in the first 6 years. The same doctor that delivered me delivered my 1st born, Richard. Dan came down with polio for 3-6 months about 1958. That aside we were a fairly typical 1950's family living in Highland Park.

John Fesler & Anna Emerson 1961-1986

I married Ann on May 2, 1961 and we were divorced on September 23, 1986. We were married by a justice of the peace at University and Snelling Avenues. I inherited 2 daughters, Colleen and Kim. At first we lived in a rented home 3 blocks from the office (1565 Selby Ave). We then bought a home in South Minneapolis 6 blocks north of Minnehaha Falls. Both girls attended Breck School, two blocks from our home. Ann was a dental assistant for Dr. Rochford and his wife. They were the only married dentists in Minnesota at the time, both graduates of the University of Minnesota. They also owned Trollhaugen ski complex in Dresser, WI.

Ester Lewis & John Fesler

Ester and I started dating in March of 1985 and were married on November 18, 1989. Ester is a Danish born banker who has three grown sons. We moved to our condo at Loring Green before we actually got married. Ester is always so enthusiastic and starts each day positively orientated. She is a terrific friend and is very worldly. When Ester was working at Liberty State Bank, she was an officer, so I took all my family and banking problems to her. One day Tim Macke, who was the president of the bank, asked me who I was dating and what I was doing in my spare time outside of Lamperts. I told him "nothing". He said, "Boy if I were you the first thing I'd do would be to walk across the bank and ask Ester for a date". I said, "I can't because she's married". Tim Macke replied, "She isn't anymore". She had gotten divorced a while back. I marched across the

bank floor, questioned Ester and asked her for a date of dinner and dancing. She said "maybe". A few days later she said, "ok". She lived in Cottage Grove and it was a long way away from my house, along way back into Minneapolis and then back to her house and then a half hour back to Minneapolis. We kept that up for 5 years. We both did not want to make a mistake again and end up with another divorce. Finally, in the fall of 1989, we were married at St. Johns Episcopal Church. Our minister was Richard Lampert, a member of the Lampert family still living today in Flasch, Switzerland. We had a wonderful wedding in the side chapel at St. Johns and our reception was at the Town & Country Club.

I did not want to live in Cottage Grove and Ester did not want to live in my house so we looked around and moved to 1201 Yale Place in Minneapolis. Because of my extensive traveling Ester decided to leave her job at the bank so she join me in representing Lamperts and could travel with me. Her preset vacations at Liberty were usually set up in January and were way out of sync with my travels. We have now been perking along for 25 years at one of the most beautiful buildings in downtown Minneapolis. Half of the time I was working at Lamperts and the other half was spent in retirement.

VACATIONS

When I got divorced, I lost the opportunity to be much of an influence on my 5 boys. That job pretty much fell to their step-father, Ralph Menning and JoAnn, their mother. With only 2-3 Friday nights per month, 3-4 hours at a time and my three weeks' vacation, there wasn't enough time to help the boys grow and develop.

All of them went to Camp Lincoln up north and one summer school outing at Shattuck; but only Jeff ever attended, His first three years were outstanding and then drugs damaged him. At the same time, all his brothers, except Dan, got into drugs. Richard and Terry lost their lives to drugs and Tim suffered for 40 years. Neither I, nor Ralph, ever got the boys interested in the Boy Scouts; even though I was a Scoutmaster for three years. None of them had any interest in joining the military to serve their country. They lost the opportunity to learn the disciplines needed in life.



But I tried to keep a good relationship with all 5 boys, even as I remarried and inherited 2 beautiful daughters.

Our routines were fairly typical of family's in the 60s and 70s. All 7 children were not always available for all our trips or excursions.



Friday nights were often spent swimming at the St. Paul Athletic Club and then supper at nice restaurants, like the "Ryan Hotel. Or we would attend the wrestling matches to see Mad Dog Vachon, countless pizzas at Shakeys with a piano player, in Ripley's book", whose hand spread was 4" wider than mine. We attended the auto races and always hit the Minnesota State Fair at the end of summer.



Lots of day trips to Afton Alps skiing or sightseeing at Taylor's Falls & St. Croix Falls. There were 2 or 3 trip[s] to the Wisconsin Dells; Jay Cooke State Park, Duluth and the North Shore; Pipestone MN Pageant; golfing at Parkview Golf Course in West St. Paul. Everyone's favorite was to "Fairview" just south of Afton, MN for water skiing in summer to iceboat and skating in the winter. Dad, David or I used the cabin 52 weeks of the year for 1-7 days per week.

Most of our larger trips were for between 10-14 days. We had 2-3 trips to the Black Hills of South Dakota. There was Wall Drug, Evans Plunge, train rides, Deadwood, 2-3 caves, buffalo and the National High School Rodeo at Custer State Park, and of course the monuments. I couldn't kill the big moth but I sure jumped the car into a swamp. I played the bad guy and the boys were the posse, using pine cones as bullets. You couldn't get to Yellowstone without going through



St. Croix Falls Sink Hole

Pipestone and the Black Hills.



Wall Drug

Another trip through the hills was to Colorado and the Rocky Mountains from Cheyenne, WY to Pueblo, CO. This was 10 days of fun in Colorado Springs, The Broadmore, Air Force Academy, Pikes Peak, Denver, boulder, Estes Park and Fort Collins. Most exciting was the cop chasing us down Pike's Peak telling me I was overusing the brakes.

That leaves three trips I can remember. The Beaches of California. we stopped at Phoenix then on to San Diego and the harbors, navy vessels, the Zoo then on to L.A. and Disneyland, up to San Simion and back home through Yosemite Park.

Our Niagara Falls trip was special. We went up through Wisconsin to the Upper Peninsula of Michigan to Sault Ste. Marie, Canada. We had a nifty stop at Manistique, MI. When going through customs the Mounties let me keep 3-4 bottles of liquor into Canada after I almost cried and said I couldn't throw away the boy's Father's Day gifts. Next was the magnificent ferry boat ride from South Baymouth to Tobermary on down and around Lake Huron. Then Niagara Falls for three days of excitement, Ripley's Believe It or Not museum and then on home.

Another trip was to Ft Lauderdale, FL flying down and enjoying the sunny beaches & Miami.

While I'm not sure that is everything, but it is all the time and money I had to reconnect with those boys who were available for a vacation.

Employees who helped lead to Lampert Success

Where can I start to thank and tell you about 100's of employees. Lamperts before the WWI I split up had over 100 yards over the many years since 1887. With no trucks, phones, etc. Each yard was an entity unto itself. Even after I started at Lampert, the average yard got a monthly visit from our superintend and or division manager. Almost all yards got 1 to 2 visits from the G.O. supervisory personnel yearly.

Special problems brought our G.O. supervisory folks to help the manger cope with a problem. That's still true today, but the telephone, computers, transportation, etc. limit trips.

With a yard or store, each employee contributes to the success of their yard regardless of their job or title. Many of our stores have 5-10 employees and hopefully each contribute in their area of expertise. I've always said that 99 out of 100 employees earned their paycheck, and didn't have to back up from the pay table like so many in the military. Over Lamperts history we got as many good ideas from our mangers or staff as we got from our entire G.O.

Attending 10 to 20 conventions, exhibitions, shows meetings every year, we got to see a lot of new products, new buildings, new trucks, new equipment and new programs. The whole company needs to push forward year after year or the competition will pass you up.

Every president of Lamperts has had a very strong V.P. of operations. They each handled the nitty gritty of day to day activity at every store. Almost all of them knew construction from A to Z. Everyone had built at least one home themselves.

Up to 1966 Bill Lamp – When Bill told me that in the great depression (1932-1940) He went to all his yard and changed 100 watt bulbs to 60 watt bulbs to save money. I realized the resourcefulness to survive.

1966 – 1976 Robert Tewes - Aircraft navy fighter pilot. Wonderful construction background. Helped Lamperts grow to meet future Post WWII. Left us when he had an opportunity to run his own company.

1976- 1998 Pete Chown – Navy fighter pilot flew off aircraft carrier. Had a w wonderful construction background. Menards troubleshooter, helped Lamperts meet centennial years, started the Mexico contractor trips, Canada fly in fishing trip program for employees contactors, suppliers and vendors.

Ernie Julian became Lampert first president outside the family. I was the president for 1 year and knew Ernie could do a far better job than I ever could have. Ernie was a marine in WWII. Born in Grand Rapids, MN started in a local lumber yard unloading coal, cement, roofing lumber. He got a law degree which saved Lamperts a lot of money and helped countless employees. He eventually ran a small chain just outside the Twin Cities. He was responsible for mostly administrative things. As a president he almost

always made the right decisions. The only negative for me was before he became president he insisted I demote my son Dan so Pete Chown could return as his VP of Operations. To save Lamperts and try to recover I had to let Dan go. Pete had a lot more background and recognition in that job than Dan had. Ernie was the most resourceful person I've ever known.

Bob Ungerman came to us as a financial VP planner at just the right time and place. Within months he and Ernie had the banks at bay. An accountant tells you what happened yesterday. A financial planner tells you what's going to happen tomorrow. Bob solved that problem for the Banks, Lamperts and Ernie as president. After Ernie retired Bob became our second non family president. He did okay for a few years. But then he started to think he was a great lumberman. Even if he knows little of construction and lumber yard management. He bought a small chain from a guy who wanted to sell his yards to me for 20 years. He was a flim flam artist and he took Bob hook, line and sinker. We have none of those stores anymore. I knew we needed Dan to reconsider coming back to Lamperts. I told him I'd give him the same choice my dad gave me. Come back to Lamperts and you'll have your input to direct the company. Bob wouldn't accept that even though Dan was in line to be the majority owner. Bob sued us even though I'd given him a big share of our stock. So ended our friendship.

Dan Fesler was working in Baxter MN for a wonderful company with a lot of responsibility. But he agreed to return and accept ownership of Lamperts. After studying every Lampert yard and town, he had a lot of good ideas of how we could do it better. Bob thought his ideas were better than Dan's. A month later Bob was gone and Dan was putting great new employees in place. Within five years Lamperts had a new reputation, new policies, new equipment, new employees, new trucks, computers etc. and a bottom line far beyond anything I'd ever achieved. We had 250 to 300 employees, now Dan had up to 750. He became the president of the National Lumber and Building Materials Dealers Association. Added stores in North Dakota and South Dakota. Then the real estate and housing market collapsed cause by the banks. The 2006 depression which almost matched mine back in the Jimmy Carter years, which the banks and the government caused, interest rates to rise to 21%.

WE inherited Bob Egan from an exciting chain operating NW of the Twin Cities shortly after they organized. When Pete Chown retired Bob stepped in to help Dan meet the new challenges and the changes that were beginning to happen at Lamperts. Within 3 years he became president to free Dan up for the new Lamperts. Bob's ingenuity helped Lamperts survive the Real Estate Depression of 2006 - 2010.

Writing of John L. Fesler recollections And short History of Lamperts

After the last large conflict in the U.S. between the Indians and the settlers took place in southern Minnesota it took some years for the area to get back to normal. The north had changed from trapping to logging and the southern part of the state was wide open to farming. 80% of the new immigrants were farmers and Europe had long ago run out of land for new farmers. With few roads, no cars, no electricity, no phones and no towns the newly built railroads offered a perfect expansion opportunity for the country.

Since most of the developing states needed farm families, Europe provided them. The government's thinking was that by giving immigrants small farm acreages they could develop the countries resources quickly. Towns were to be built every 6-7 miles along the railroad tracks, which would allow the farmers to visit some town within a half day. That would allow each farmer to sell his goods, buy supplies and return home in one day. In Minnesota, with our great river systems and thousands of lakes the program worked, but in the southern 2/3 of the state, most of the Indian villages, being in the best locations, determined where a town would built.

This situation caused towns to spring up everywhere and one of the first things they needed was a lumberyard and a tavern. Almost every farmer needed a house, a barn, a milking parlor, a chicken coop, a pig pen, a water pump, etc. Few had or could afford all these buildings, but almost everyone wanted them. The towns also needed homes and businesses for bankers, veterinarians, carpenters, plumbers, general stores, farm equipment suppliers, doctors and most of all a church. It was an exciting time start building a new environment in a new country.

Lumber yards built along the rail lines were called "line yards". The Midwest had hundreds of these companies, most small, but some with over 100 yards. Minnesota was blessed with lots of water, forests, iron ore to make steel, flour mills and wonderful, productive farm land in the bottom 1/3 of the state. The Voyagers fur business, the lumber and saw mills, the flour mills, the iron ore mines and farming have provided the major industries for the last 200 years. The worlds largest privately held company and largest farm company, Cargill started with lumber yards and flour mills helping build the Midwest.

Europe had the problem of all civilizations: the family business, usually a farm or small business, went to the oldest son. The other children were left to find their way. Even if the oldest son hated the farm, he was first in line to inherit the family's treasure. While this practice was followed in America, it was unlike Europe since there were so many opportunities.

One such local company, Lampert Lumber Co., started the same way. Whole families moved here from Switzerland and settled in West Bend, WI and nearby New Glarus, "the most Swiss town in the USA ". Two of the brothers started working in the saw mills

along the Mississippi River and mills in Wisconsin. One who was a traveling salesman for the sawmill, saw what was happening all over the Midwest and got his brother to run a yard they had purchased in Sleepy Eye, MN in 1887. They kept buying and investing and by WWI they had over 100 yards in five states. Each had one son who the each thought should become the next president of the company. They were both right, but every business needs sales, product production or purchases, personal dept. (all operational) and accounting, credit, insurance, banking (all administrative). Each brother had one trait, but not the other. Their son's had the same trait as their dad. Their solution was to split the company in two and split the yards north and south of a line from Duluth to Sioux City, Iowa. Each company was a large "line yard" company with comparable stores in three states. One company got the main office which included a bank (Liberty State) and the other got three yards in St. Paul.

The two companies operated successfully for over 60 years, reducing in size as the road system and highway transportation system developed after WWII. One company was one by 1 family and the other by many relatives and outsiders who eventually decided to sell the company. The wealthy buyer ran that company into bankruptcy within 5 years becoming wealthier while the yards and 250+ employees looked to sell or employment. Running any business depends on commitment, resources, banking support, good employees and luck, while surviving wars, depressions, unions, droughts, customer bankruptcy and bad luck. Amen!

Employment

I started full time at Lamperts in the summer of 1948 working mostly in our real estate department. We owned the Liberty State Bank building, 2 apartments and 4-5 houses. We quickly sold the homes and being the youngest male in the G.O., I was the office flunky with a wide range of jobs.

My first fight with my dad was my salary. I told him all the Business School grads were getting \$200 per month or more and that's what I wanted. He said he felt I was worth \$125-150 a month because I did not know anything yet to make a contribution to Lamperts. We settled on \$200 per month.

After 3-1/2 years at business school, I got the best lumber education at the U of MN Lumber Short course in construction, blueprint reading and all major products in the average yard. Every key employee goes, or was sent to learn. The course is still taught over the last 50 years and Lamperts still sends students to the course every year. Most major companies have a similar course taught in-house.

In 1948 all our yards made money so I thought we were good and business was really fun. I forgot that after 6 years of war and with no construction or building, America was ready to retool.

Over the next 10 years I moved up in responsibilities, titles and stature. We made money every year and brought better managers and G.O. employees into the company. They had to be better because business was a lot tougher. Many towns had more

lumberyards than the construction business needed. The transition was always painful. Too many yards were chasing too few customers. Farms were consolidating and movement to larger communities with better facilities.

In about 1952, the editor of Building Supply News, the industry bible, created 3 national "roundtables" of dealers. Cash and carry dealers, huge yards usually in huge markets and smaller chains or "line yards". They were all chosen as top dealers who were not usually in direct competition with each other. The purpose is to learn new or different ways to do things and not try to reinvent the wheel. I was lucky to represent Lamperts from the 3rd meeting on and Dan still goes every year. We've had members from every state, Australia, New Zealand, England, Denmark, Sweden and Norway. It's always been educational. Their 2nd meeting was held in Lutsen, MN.

I've always believed in supporting each state lumber association. I served both Wisconsin and Minnesota as an officer. Their conventions enabled us to see new products, educational programs and the opportunity to visit with other dealers. It all worked to our favor time and again. We always asked our employees to attend the conventions and "talk up" the company.

We struggled for years to develop a "cabin" or "home" program. Over the 20+ years we kept trying with probably 3-4 different prebuilt programs. Many other competitors tried also. Many still continue. While we failed, usually we had successes too. At Chetek, we "prebuilt" milking parlors and shipped over 125-150 throughout Wisconsin at our yards. Wisconsin laws forced farmers to sell milk from Class "A" milk houses, instead of what they had. When we bought the Tomahawk, WI yard we inherited a unique yard. It was on a river, 2 roads, an airport and a rail line right through our main lumber shed. The manager/owner that sold to us was an engineer and he was prefabbing a wonderful "A" frame cabin. It had a deck, 3 large patio doors, bath and sold for \$19,995.00. We sold those for over 10 years our last try was with Wausau Homes which we just couldn't make work.

Our best effort was when we bought Sussel Garages about 1972. They built garages, houses and also did some remodeling. We had a huge plant on 7 acres on Como Avenue in St Paul and employed 75+ people. Within 3-4 years we were really humming. Our best year we had produced over 100 homes, hundreds of garages and many remodeling projects from 125 employees. Jimmy Carter was President and we went from very profitable to extremely unprofitable almost overnight... After 3 years of losses we closed Sussel and eventually sold it to 3 employees who restructured it. Sussel had been the #1 garage builder in the Twin Cities for over 20 years. The problem with prebuilt is you were taking business away from the contractor who was the lifeblood of the lumberyard.

David and I split the companies in 1979. I sold him my bank stock and he sold me his Lampert stock. By 1982 Lamperts was in a financial hole and Liberty was on a new high. It took 15 years for Lamperts got back to solid footing.

Core Values

We never believed too much in publishing "core values". Most companies (including Lamperts) now do. To me they sound good, but most companies don't practice them (ex: NYC banks) Hundreds of politicians and businesses pushed the eventual housing collapse of 2006-2010. When greed takes over, thousands of core values disappear.

My dad started me on core values when he became president of Liberty State Bank. I thought the bank was a great place to do deals. He reminded me of when there was a run on the bank and Lamperts had to help save the bank. In the 1930-1938 derision the bank inherited over 100 foreclosures and Lamperts again helped. He said the banks #1 job was to give the customer his money back, no matter what.

He also stressed hiring A-1 outside people to help the business. All the lawyers, accountants, insurance agents, engineers, etc. we hired were all tops in their field. Good people make good decisions easier. Their expertise and ethical practices bring good times to any company.

Ethical conduct was the only way we were to act. I don't think we ever beat up any customer, any employee or any supplier.

When businesses in the smaller communities don't behave ethically, they are doomed. In larger communities larger companies almost always have a far greater chance of being unethical.

I used to give a 2 hour "sermon on the mount" to new managers:

- 1st - you're king of your castle, as long as you have the keys, you're the boss
- 2nd - we've been around 100+ years and we didn't last by cheating anyone
- 3rd - the customer is #1. They pay your wages. Employees are #2. You are #3 and G.O. employees are #4. Their job is to help you.

We followed the Pence Bros. system. You're in charge of 5 things manager has control and responsibility of. The 6th is leverage and Lamperts is leveraged 50%. We own 1/2 the business and the bank owns the other 1/2.

I was never driven to increase the profitability of Lamperts so stock value goes up and I can collect more money. I can't eat any more T-bones steaks than I can afford now, so I'm all for improving our contractor relationships and leaving enough for Lamperts to move forward.

Key Decisions & Events

1. U of MN Short Course
2. "Line Yard" annual meetings-we learned new produces, policies and practices industry leaders from all over the world.
3. Attending and supporting all lumber associations and the U of MN.
4. We were one of the 1st Anderson Window Co. customers. They had 5-7 retail yards which they sold to us shortly before I started.

5. Two old brothers came in and offered to give me three yards if we'd pay for their inventory and equipment. We got St Croix Falls, Turtle Lake and Almena in about 1970.
6. We got Tomahawk, WI from talking to Weyerhaeuser salesman at a convention who was a brother of the manager.
7. The manager of Eagle River, WI contacted us and explained Wisconsin to us. The East 1/3 was rich, the west 1/3, where our yards were located, was poor and the middle 1/3 was swamp. He also owned a bar and liked drinking better than selling 2x4's. He had heard we bought Tomahawk.
8. Bob Berns contacted me at the Wisconsin Lumbermen's Convention and told me he had talked to the Tomahawk manager and he wanted to sell his 3 yards in Door County. I told him we couldn't as we were still paying for the yards in Eagle and Tomahawk. He said that's ok. I don't want to sell it today so I'll sell it to you next year. I said I don't know about the price and we don't have anyone to run 2 yards with sawmills and one on an island. He said you don't need a manager. I'll rub it for 10 years and make enough money to pay for the whole. My brother is an attorney and will run the big yard at Sturgeon Bay and the manager on the island wants to run that yard so you don't need anybody.
9. An old superintendent of the combined "old" Lampert Company (pre 1920) came and said he had 3 yards. He sold one to the manager, one to Lampert Lumber and he wanted to sell one to us because he had so much respect for Jake Lampert, my granddad. So, we bought Blue Earth, MN.
10. Just before I started we inherited Robbinsdale, Excelsior, Hopkins, Rosemount and Farmington which were Hennessy Lumber Company yards. We had financed them and they went broke so we took them over. Their boss was Harold Hennessy who became head of our purchasing department for 15-20 years.
11. The best deal we ever did we fell into. Two partners, Sprengler and Mackin owned two different companies, both very profitable, with exceptional managers. One was Builder's Supply which was wholesale distributor in Mason City, IA. The other was Lifetime Service Buildings which was a farm building company specializing in hog and chicken buildings. This was in conjunction with 7 lumberyards who were twice as profitable as our yards. They should have sold each company to the manager and everyone would have been happy. I knew Sprengler from the Iowa Lumbermen's Convention over 3-4 years. We bought the company, paid an earnest money down payment, signed the contracts and cashed out the Builders Supply bank account of our down payment so we bought the business for nothing. We never had to send them any money and Lifetime Services provided extra profit at 5-10 of our yards. We had a big hog building, most went for between \$60,000 - 80,000. Jimmy Carter then became President and Lifetime Services was hemorrhaging. We had 105+ buildings sold and lost 100+ contracts because the farmers couldn't pay the new interest rates. Our manager, Art Nixa, switched to a construction company that was very profitable. We built a fine handicapped apartment building at Fort Dodge and the huge Post Office at Sioux Falls. Builders Supply was going well and Jack Mackin, the manager, and I attended the distribution convention in Los Angeles. We attended a meeting on a Sunday but on by a guy I knew from other conventions. He wanted to set up a super national

distribution chain of different regional companies. We signed up and they chose us to represent about 100 miles around Mason City. Like our retail line yard group, they covered the whole U.S. Our first year we received a lot more than we paid to join. This went on for years helping our profit grow and getting us new products to distribute. After that guy retired Jack Mackin got elected president and ran it for 20+ years.

12. After Lampert Lumber went broke we bought two of their yards, Lake Elmo and Worthington. We would have had more, but Weyerhaeuser affiliates bought 15-20 yards. Deep pockets won again and we could only afford those two. We were helped by our friendship with their Lake Elmo yard manager.
13. One of the better things we did about 1979, was evaluating the salary and compensation for all G.O. employees. Fred Bruciani was our facilitator. Each job was evaluated and rated depending on duties and responsibilities. Several received raises and the over paid employees got smaller raises or bonuses.
14. Another key decision was to promote the Pence Bros. plan, or program. To improve profitability, two lumberyard guys promoted their program all over the U.S. All businesses have 6 variables; sales, inventory, expenses, collections, gross profit and leverage. Their program was based on holding all 6 items constant and then trying to slightly improve only 1 of the variables. As you went through their exercise, slightly improving each item the final R.O.I. was doubled or tripled.
15. One year we forced every yard to build a house and sell it. Yard managers tend to forget how hard it is to be a contractor. By forcing the program our managers learned about buying land, getting permits, style and design, dealing with 10-15 subcontractors, unions and final sale and guarantees. For many it was an eye opener.
16. In the early 1980's we realized we had to work much harder to merit contractor doing business with us. We started a premium program where contractors could earn points toward getting a big catalog of items. In conjunction with this we rated contractors volume with Lamperts and top winners were invited to an all expense trip to Mexico for one week with their spouse or girlfriend. These were high class trips of usually 50-100 people. We tried to convince contractors we were their partner in trying to sell homes and remodeling projects. We ran this program for over 25 years.
17. Our best decision in the 1990's, after Dan returned to Lamperts, was for him to visit every yard to evaluate as far as how does Lamperts rate with our competitors in the area and how do our employee's rate with our competitor's. After 2-3 days at each yard, he knew quality, volume, equipment, variety and strengths of us versus them. He also knew the crew far better. This exercise served him well and Lamperts better.
18. One of our biggest mistakes, which Dan has corrected, was to borrow all our money from 1-3 banks in the Twin Cities. We were not much of a local bank favorite. Any cash we had in their bank was gone in 1-2 days. All the yard banks were helping their town, area, local business people and contractors to help their community grow succeed and stay alive. They worked with our competitors more than us.
19. One of my best decisions was to join HWI (Hardware Wholesalers, Inc.). They allow us to have 50,000+ products within a week to sell.

Lampert Lumber Yards Towns

MN YARDS

Mahtowa
Barnum
Moose Lake
Sandstone
Pine City
North Branch
Cambridge
Bayport
Robbinsdale
Excelsior
Hopkins
Rosemount
Farmington
Northfield
Faribault
Le Center
Chester
Stewartville
Wells
Winnebago
Amboy
Mankato
Blue Earth

WI YARDS

Amery
Osceola
St. Croix Falls
Turtle Lake
Almena
Cameron
Dallas
Ridgeland
Chetek
Barron
Rice Lake
Cumberland
Shell Lake
Spooner
Radisson
Winter
Ladysmith
Mauston
Necedah
Adams
Tomahawk
Eagle River
Washington IS
Sister Bay
Sturgeon Bay
Algoma
Augusta

IA YARDS

Le Mars
Merrill
Sibley
Emmetsburg
West Bend
Kanawa
Webster City
Clarion
Charles City
Osage
Cedar Rapids
Iowa City
Galt
Mason City
Pella
Urbana

SD YARDS

Sioux Falls
Salem

ND YARD

Fargo

Appendix

B

The Life & Times Of John Lampert Fesler



Articles on Horace Lampert Drowning

DROWN IN ST. CROIX

H. H. Lampert And Guest Die

Lumber Company President and
Richard Kain Perish When Speed-
boat Capsizes Below Afton

Drowning of two St. Paul men in a night speedboat tragedy on the St. Croix river two miles below Afton was revealed Sunday morning when cushions and wreckage from their craft floated ashore.

Horace H. Lampert, 1858 Summit avenue, 44-year-old banker and lumber firm president, was pilot and owner of the ill-fated craft. He lost his life along with Richard J. Kain, 44, 1885 Portland avenue, who was a passenger in the boat.

The accident occurred about dusk Saturday as Lampert and Kain took the fast, 8-passenger runabout for a trial. They told Mrs. Kain and another woman they would return shortly, but darkness settled down and the two failed to come back.

The women went ahead with preparations for a late supper at Lampert's summer home, but after several hours they became alarmed and notified authorities. A search was started at dawn Sunday and revealed the wreckage.

Both men were expert swimmers, and members of their families feel they were injured when the boat sank. They asserted it may have capsized while making a fast turn or else struck a submerged log.

PLANE TO MAKE SEARCH

Search for their bodies was hampered by the fact that the exact location of the accident could not be determined. Rivermen from Prescott, Stillwater and Hudson, Wis., were co-operating with authorities in dragging the river.

More than twenty craft combed over water in the vicinity all-day Sunday but to no avail. Plans were announced to have an airplane fly over the section today.

Lampert was president of the Lampert Yards, Inc., the Liberty State bank and the Snelling Investment Co. He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Lampert, and two sisters, Mae E. Lampert and Mrs. John K. Fesler, all of St. Paul.

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PERSONALS



Horace H. Lampert, president of the Lampert Yards, Inc., and a companion, Richard J. Kain, both of St. Paul, were drowned late Sunday, June 26th, in the St. Croix river when Mr. Lampert's speedboat capsized. The bodies were not recovered for several days. Mr. Lampert was a most active member of the Northwestern Lumbermen's Association and the Northwestern Coal Dealers Association and his death comes as a great shock to the industry and his many friends.

Drowned



HORACE H. LAMPERT

Lampert Rites Today; Kain's Thursday

Six men who were close friends of Horace H. Lampert, 1858 Summit avenue, who with his friend, Richard J. Kain, 1885 Portland avenue, was drowned in the St. Croix river after a boat mishap Saturday evening, will be pallbearers at his funeral today.

They are James D. Rowland of Bayport; Allan W. Defiel and Arthur W. Lampland of St. Paul; Ervin Massey of Beaumont, Texas; Ed. Tourtellotte of Menasha, Wis. and Robert M. Stowers of Western Springs, Ill.

Services will be at 2 P. M. today in the Dampier-Baird mortuary, 288 West Kellogg boulevard by Rev. Frank H. Clutz, pastor of the Church of the Reformation.

BURIAL IN MANKATO

Immediately after the funeral the mourning party will drive to Mankato for the burial. Offices of Lampert Yards, Inc. and of the Liberty state bank will be closed this afternoon. Mr. Lampert was president of both organizations.

Funeral services for Mr. Kain will take place at 8:30 A. M. Thursday in his home and at 9 A. M. in St. Mark's church. Burial will be in Calvary cemetery.

Mr. Lampert was born in Mankato in 1894, the son of Jacob and Margaret Lampert. They survive him. When he was a boy his family moved to Minneapolis and in 1917 to St. Paul. He was educated in the public schools of St. Paul and Minneapolis and was a graduate of Shattuck Military academy at Faribault. Following his graduation from there, he entered the employ of the Lampert lumber company and his job took him to Henderson and Le Center, Minn., and Rice Lake, Wis.

INTERESTED IN Y. M. C. A.

In 1924 he headed Lampert Yards, Inc., and in 1925 he became president of the Liberty State bank. He was active in organization of lumber and fuel men and in the Masonic orders. A member of the Automobile and Athletic clubs, his greatest interest was the Y. M. C. A., an organization he helped considerably.

A Hard Blow for the Lamperts

Horace H. Lampert lost his life by accidental drowning in the St. Croix River on Saturday, June 26. He was born in Mankato, Minn., September 19th, 1894, the son of Jacob and Margaret Lampert.

Funeral services were held at Dampier-Baird Mortuary, St. Paul. The pallbearers were: James D. Rowland of Bayport, Minn.; Allen W. Defiel and Arthur W. Lampland of St. Paul; Ervin Massey of Beaumont, Texas; Ed Tourtellotte, Menasha, Wis.; Robert M. Stowers, Western Springs, Ill., all friends of many years' standing. Services were conducted by Rev. Frank H. Clutz of the Church of the Reformation, St. Paul, with interment at Mankato in the family lot.

While Mr. Lampert was a young boy, the family moved to Minneapolis and in 1917 to St. Paul. He was educated in the public schools of Minneapolis and graduated from Shattuck Academy at Faribault with honors, being a member of the Crack Military Squad.

On completion of his schooling, he commenced working for the Lampert Lumber Co. and its subsidiaries. He was at different times employed by these companies at Henderson and Le Center, Minn., and Rice Lake, Wis., and during one summer by the Leach-Lake Lumber Co. at Walker, Minn., where he worked in the sawmills. Later he worked for the Capital City Lumber Co., which was then owned by the Lampert family. He served during the World War at Camp Dodge, Iowa.

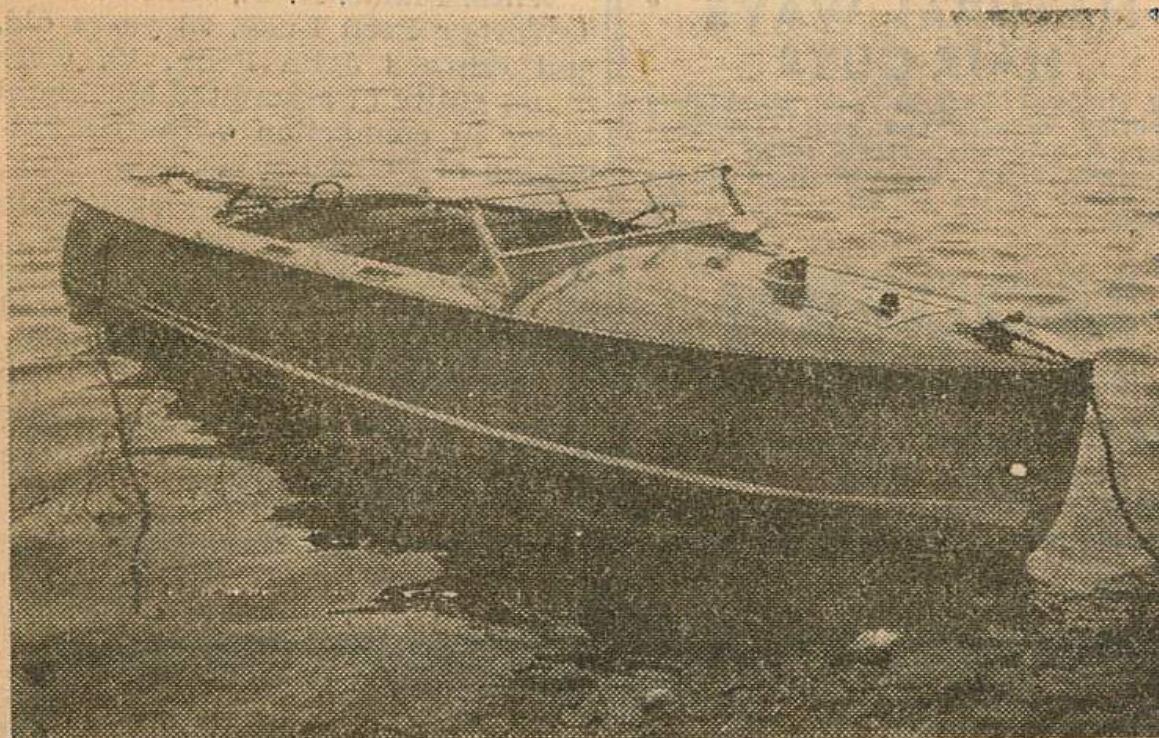
In 1924, on the formation of Jake Lampert Yards, Inc., now Lampert Yards, Inc., he became its vice-president, and in 1925 its president. He has been in active charge as president and general manager of that company since that time. He was also the president of J. E. Hennessy & Co. and Liberty State Bank, and the Snelling Investment Co., and was interested in many other activities. He was prominent in lumber and fuel circles and for a time served as a director of the Northwestern Retail Coal Dealers Association.

He was active in the Y. M. C. A. and took a great interest in that work. He recently donated a cottage in memory of H. F. Nye, late physical director of the Y. M. C. A., and provided memberships in the organization for many poor boys each year. He took a great interest in outdoor sports of all kinds.

Mr. Lampert was a member of Osman Temple Shrine, Minnesota Consistory of the Scottish Rite of Freemasonry; Twin City Order of Hoo-Hoo; Automobile Club of St. Paul; Midway Post No. 447 of the American Legion; Ancient Landmark Lodge No. 5 A. F. and A. M.; St. Paul Athletic Club; the Young Men's Christian Association; and Wildey Lodge No. 3 I. O. O. F.

On July 2, Mr. John K. Fesler, brother-in-law of Horace H. Lampert, was elected to succeed him as president of Lampert Yards, Inc., and also of J. E. Hennessy & Co. and the Liberty State Bank.

Body of Richard Kain Found in St. Croix



THE SPEEDBOAT THAT BROUGHT DEATH

The sunken speedboat in which two St. Paul men lost their lives Saturday night on the St. Croix river was brought to the surface Monday and the body of one of the victims, Richard J. Kain, was recovered nearby several hours later.

A possible cause for the tragedy was seen in the fact the craft's propeller and shaft were ripped out. Relatives expressed belief the runabout struck either a sandbar or log while traveling at high speed and capsized.

Meanwhile, a score of searchers plan to start at dawn today their search for the body of Horace H. Lampert, president of the Liberty

State bank and of Lampert Yards Inc., who was owner and pilot of the craft. The two men left Lampert's summer home, two miles below Afton, at dusk Saturday for a short trial run.

They failed to return and the next morning cushions and wreckage from their boat were found floating near the shore. Both men were expert swimmers, but are thought to have been injured when the boat tipped.

Funeral services for Mr. Kain have not been arranged. He was 44 years old and lived at 1885 Portland avenue. Until recently, he was manager of the Kain-Lampert Lumber Co. of Augusta, Wis.

Blast Hinted in Boat Mishap Likely Fatal to 2

Mon. June 27 1938

The bodies of two St. Paul men believed drowned in the St. Croix river Saturday night still were missing today as authorities investigated a theory that an explosion may have caused a speedboat tragedy that took their lives.

The missing men are Horace H. Lampert, 44 years old, 1858 Summit avenue, banker and lumber firm executive, and Richard J. Kain, 44, of 1885 Portland avenue, retired Wisconsin lumber company manager.

WRECKAGE FOUND

They failed to return to Mr. Lampert's St. Croix summer home Saturday night after they had gone for a ride in Mr. Lampert's boat.

Wreckage from the craft floated to shore Sunday morning about two miles below Afton.

The belief that an explosion may have caused the disaster was expressed because of the fact that wreckage from the boat came ashore and because both men were expert swimmers who could have been expected to save themselves if the craft simply sank.

A cottager reported that he heard a loud noise on the river Saturday night.

Finding of two life preservers and a life jacket from the ill-fated boat was reported today by Gerald Jacobson, 352 Bates avenue.

Jacobson found the equipment while fishing about 5:30 A. M. Sunday in the St. Croix below Afton and took the articles home with him. He turned them over to police after reading of the disappearance of the two men.

Mr. Lampert was president of the Liberty State bank, the Snelling Investment Co., and the Lampert Yards, Inc. Mr. Kain was the retired manager of the Kain-Lampert Lumber Co. of Augusta, Wis.

FUNERAL

Horace Howard Lampert was born September 19, 1894 in Mankato, Minnesota, the son of Jacob Lampert and Margerite Vogt Lampert. A few years later the Lampert family moved to Minneapolis where Horace attended grade school. For five years he was enrolled at the Shattuck military academy, graduating in 1914.

During the World War period he was in the service and on return to civil life became engaged in the lumber business. He served in various capacities in the following firms: Capitol City Lumber Co., Consumers Lumber Co., and the Lampert Yards Inc.

Mr. Lampert was a member of the Ev-Lutheran Church of the Reformation, having been received into membership on April 8th, 1917.

His earthly life came to its close in the tragic accident while boating on the St. Croix river on Saturday evening, June 25. The funeral service was conducted by Pastor Clutz in the Dampier-Baird chapel on Wednesday afternoon, June 29th, and burial was at Mankato, Minn. He leaves to mourn his passing his parents, two sisters Miss Mae E. Lampert and Mrs. Elsie Lampert Fesler, and a large company of friends.

"Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted."

Miscellaneous Photos



Mount Joel Barn and garage



Afton Chris Craft Boat



**Afton house at Fairview
Back door entrance**



Afton Chris Craft Boat at dock



1941 Ice Castle Winter Carnival



**Florance, Made/Cook and
Tuppence AKA Tippy**



Afton Mom, Dad & John



St. Croix Falls Mom Dave & John



Lampert Crest



Mae Lampert



Mae Lampert with Phantom Auto

Appendix

C

The Life & Times Of John Lampert Fesler



Memory Bowl



Dan Fesler invited family and friends to describe John with four words and to write a memory of John and share it. I collected these and presented them to him at a holiday party in 2012. I took the four words and counted them all and put them into a word cloud of words others used to describe John. I took each memory or thought and created cards (like a greeting card) a photo of John Fesler on the outside and the message printed on the inside.

Following is a recap of these messages:

I didn't know John very well but I always appreciated his honesty, willingness to help and his great sense of humor, he was a great story teller..... What little I did know I enjoyed very much...

Bill Tvedt Lamperts Sandstone

My memory goes back a ways to a manager's meeting, when Benchwarmer Bob was speaking....and he had a funny anecdote for John: "We know John in ON THE LEVEL....because the bubble is in the middle". Thank You. Karen Swanson

My thoughts of John "A Very Good Man". Tom Farnham

When asked to use 4 words to describe John. Cooper wrote, as you can see, Jane clearly likes your Father and was having a very hard time keeping it to only 4 words.

Loyal	Fun-loving
Caring	Generous

Fun-loving Joyous
Easy-going Positive
Uplifting Accepting
Family-Oriented I'm sure others are having the same problem.

He is always there for you when you need him and gives completely of himself. Cooper Blaxton

I wish I could meet him to have "something" to know him by... Jon Coty

Sorry, didn't get to know John very well. He was on his way out when we came aboard. Had very few conversations with him. Everyone I talked to said he was pretty straight forward and said what was on his mind. Sounds like somebody I would have liked to of gotten to know better! Dan Swinehart

Without a doubt when I think of John, I think of his great smile! Jerry Faletti

I have known John for a long time (not as much in recent years, he should come to the NLBMDA convention). John was one of the most respected building materials dealers in this country. He always had a smile on his face and a deep laugh that was contagious. He over married when he and Ester tied the knot. NLBMDA Misses having John and our generation being involved but so is life. I don't have any wild stories to tell but knowing him brought joy and pleasure to me. Thanks for the good times, Carl Tindell

JLF numerous Colorful Metaphors

"Piss up a rope"

The phrase describes a situation that cannot occur. The reference is to something that is futile so don't waste your time with it. It can also mean go away and do something stupid and don't bother me. It is rumored to have roots in Southeast Asia.

"That will show them where the Bear went through the buckwheat" A parallel of bull in a china shop indicating massive damage and/or the clear way. It can also mean to explain something to someone that is so obvious they don't need to be told. No one knows where it came from.

“He doesn’t know shit from Shinola” basically meaning stupid. Shinola was a shoe polish and you had to be pretty dumb to not know the difference. Originated from the barracks of WWII

“Barking up the wrong tree”

Making a mistake or a false assumption in something you are trying to achieve.

“Between a rock and hard place”

In difficulty, faced with a choice between two unsatisfactory options. Origin - This phrase originated in the USA in the early part of the 20th century. It is the American manifestation of a phrase that exists in several forms in other cultures.

“Close, but no cigar”

Fall just short of a successful outcome and get nothing for your efforts. Origin- The phrase, and its variant 'nice try, but no cigar', are of US origin and date from the mid-20th century. Fairground stalls gave out cigars as prizes.

“Going to hell in a handbasket”

Meaning to be 'going to hell in a handbasket' is to be rapidly deteriorating or on course for disaster. Origin - It isn't at all obvious why 'handbasket' was chosen as the preferred vehicle to convey people to hell. One theory on the origin of the phrase is that derives from the use of handbaskets in the guillotining method of capital punishment. The first version of 'in a handbasket' in print relates to a decapitated head. In Samuel Sewall's, 1714

“Jesus H. Christ” – Used often by John and no one knows why. It was just one of his expressions. Origins of the letter *H* in the expression *Jesus H. Christ* are obscure. It is possibly derived from the first three letters of the Greek name of Jesus is transliterated iota-eta-sigma: or JHC.

"You are pissing in the wind" - a common phrase for taking a futile unrealistic attitude or It's a way of saying not to antagonize someone.

"Holy O'Goldenrods" - never was sure if it was "old" or "o" before goldenrods. No internet reference to this great quote of JLF

"There are too many college graduates that can't even wind their watch."
Meaning they have lots of book smart but can't apply anything to real life situations. No idea where this one came from.

"Fair is fair" - it originally was "what is fair for me is fair for you" it is so old its origin has been lost.

Within a few months after I started working for Lamperts, John brought me some information he had received regarding a Human Resource Executive Program being offered through the U of M Carlson School of Management. He asked if I was interested in attending it. Although it was fairly expensive, he thought it would be a good class, and Lamperts would send me if I was interested. He was correct in that it was an excellent class, and very meaningful to me that Lamperts was willing to invest in me after I had been there such a short time. I still have the plaque in my office today – 12 years later.

John is an honest and caring person, and I believe that trickles down to Dan and how Lamperts is still being managed. They have created a great place to work! Barb Hojer HR manager - Lamperts, 1999 – 2009

During my days at the corporate office and having a nearby office, John would stop by on a Friday afternoon and would check in to see what my plans were for the weekend. He would be truly interested and often offer up some interesting places to see or things to do that he thought I would like. For someone who had many concerns and obligations apart from and including business, he acknowledged me often and that is how I know he cared! Please greet John and Esther from my wife, Dawn, and me with warmest regards. And we wish you and yours, Dan, a very happy Thanksgiving and upcoming Christmas and New Year Toby Yard – Yard Services

Grandpa the biggest thing I remember is coming up all those summers and hanging out on your back porch just running around the yard and having a great time. My dad and I would come over often to visit with you and I really enjoy those memories with you. You are and will always be a great man to me and we wish you many more happy years to come. Chris Fesler

The Moth Killer - On one of our more memoirist vacations we were headed for Yellow Stone playing games like, I See and others so old that I can't even remember when from out of nowhere a Moth decided to take flight towards the windshield and was dumb enough to fly in front of our father

who was driving the car. Well, our father didn't much care for that Moth getting in the way and took up a newspaper or magazine and proceeded to attempt to kill the flying Moth but in doing so his driving became erratic and the car left the road, but being of sound mind he floored the car and drove in and out of the ditch at an amazing speed without hitting anything or tipping us over and ended up back on the freeway headed in the same direction and I think everyone was so flabbergasted no one said anything other than at least he killed the Moth. Tim Fesler

The Roller - On the same trip at the camp site father told Ricky to take the frying pan from cooking dinner down to the lake and clean it with the sand and water. Well, Ricky took the pan from father and started down the hill towards the lake which was a good 100 yards or better but Ricky, as were we, was a little clumsy and tripped on a rock and it's like he tucked his head and decided to roll down the hill all the way to the lake and I can still see him rolling down the hill to this day. Those that saw all had a good 100 yard laugh. Oh and he did get that pan clean. Tim Fesler

I have many fond memories of your father, from our company meetings, Great Holidays Parties, Lunch with John and Pete at the local Italian eatery. My favorite memory is my weekly "Just stopped by to see how you are" meetings with John in my office. They were never very long but I always had his undivided attention, great listener, always followed up, he always had a way of making me feel confident and capable of overcoming the issues and concerns and achieving the correct solution. They pumped me up for another week of positive can do attitude! I miss those meetings and the encouragement. Cam Schaub – Lamperts MIS Department

For many years since I was a small girl. My father would take us to the car races. The circle track at the Minnesota State Fair is the 1st one I remember. We would always go with my Dad's best friend from College, George Lundergard and his girls. We would also go to Elko where I got in free. There was this sign if you were shorter than the sign you got in free. I was very young. During High School I dated a boy with an interest in car. Dad was really surprised when he got a new Cutlass for graduation and traded in for a muscle car a Camaro Z28. Dad was so mad because it made so much noise when he peeled away. He also purchased a drag rail car and raced. He and Dad talked a lot about racing and cars.

Dad had always wanted to go to the Big Race, The Indy 500. He and George Lundeguard (his college best friend) dreamed about it. Then in the spring of 1981 he found a travel package for a same day trip to Indy with tickets, from a man in one of his Clubs. He bought tickets and asked if I wanted to go. I was no longer dating the racing guy so I said sure. I had to be at Dad's at 4 am. The minute I walked in the door he said "Want a nice Bloody Mary?" Now I did not drink anything but lite wine back then. I smelled it and said "Oh my God how much hot sauce is in here?" Dad loved his spice. Not I, but you cannot knock it until you try it so (Dad always said). So I babied it. We headed to the charter terminal at the airport loaded the plane and took off. I looked around the plane and said "What's up Dad there was only one other women on the plane?" Now it was a Sunday and I was carrying a purse and you could pack liquid back then. So I carried Beer from home for Dad and George. When we landed they announced the rules. We had to be back at the plane right away after the race. There are more than 100 planes arriving and trying to leave. We had a set take off time. If you missed you sat on the tarmac. There would be over 400K people arriving for the race. We were to go to the track by bus. It was a beautiful sunny day. We found our seats. They were right across from the pits in the grand stand. The people rose and sang the National Anthem. Jim Neighbors (Gomer Pile to me) sang. Then it was time for race we heard Gentlemen START YOUR ENGINES! The pace car lead them out and it was race time. I was amazed how small the car was. They just zoomed by with a high pitched sound. I was so amazed. It sure was different in person.

Now everyone was getting thirsty so I went to buy beer for the guys. When I returned Dad said "Where's the drinks". I said they did not sell and Beer or alcohol on Sundays. Not even race day. Of course Dad said "Now that is just crazy?" So I reminded him about the beer in my purse. He was not even upset to be drinking warm beer since no one else had any. One of the guys wanted to pay me \$5 for a beer. I said you will have to ask my Daddy. As the race continued we saw a fire in the pits but the fuel was clear? It is very dangerous. We left the race thinking Unser won but the next day 1st was awarded to Andretti. This is the only year this ever happened.

The 65th Indianapolis 500 was held at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway on Sunday, May 24, 1981. A hectic month of May was interrupted several times by rain. Bobby Unser took the checkered flag as the winner, with Mario Andretti second. The following morning, USAC officials ruled that Unser had passed cars illegally while exiting the pit area on lap 149, and

issued him a one-position penalty. The next morning, the official posted results, Unser finishing second, and declared Andretti the race winner. After a lengthy protest and appeals process, the penalty was rescinded, and Unser was reinstated the victory on October 9. Officially, it became Unser's third-career Indy 500 victory and his final win in Indy car competition. Unser stepped out of the car at the end of the season, and ultimately retired from driving. The race is widely considered one of the most controversial races in Indy history. Kim Von Ende

I remember: Camping around the West, Northwest, Southwest, Midwest, and Canada, with dad as the Tour Guide, giving us the cultural and historical information about every place we went. It was much better than history class and more detailed, interesting facts too. When it came to lunchtime, dad was the chef, preparing fried spam sandwiches, which I promptly fed to the local animals (bears, raccoons, etc.). I was so hungry by dinner time. Such a smart man, he knew how to keep all of us rambunctious kids occupied on the long drives. Dad would give us a penny, nickel or dime for specific animals spotted along the way. We had other car games too, but that animal-spotting game kept us really quiet. We sang along the way, when dad wasn't listening to country western. Dad would sing "Home On The Range" too. He took us to some of the most beautiful nature sites in the country, including Niagara Falls, Yosemite, Yellowstone, Redwoods, Arizona deserts & canyons, Pipestone, Pike's Peak, Custer State Park, Badlands, Mount Rushmore, Crazy Horse, Wall Drug, Montana's Little Big Horn, and the list goes on. One of the best gifts dad gave me was a summer in the Boundary Waters Canoe Area camping, where I learned plenty about survival, independence, confidence, and respect for nature. Colleen Wheeler

My fondest memory of Grandpa is taking me for a weekend for my birthday. He allowed me to bring a friend with, so I invited my friend Shannon. We went to the play Oklahoma at the Chanhassen. I had my first 'pink squirrel'. The play was followed by a stop at some jazz bar, where Grandpa and Ester proceeded to dance to some piano jazz player. Shannon and I were mesmerized by their dancing and our nonalcoholic 'pink squirrels.' (we thought we were being provided real drinks)...knowing Grandpa, perhaps we were? Jennifer Fesler

In the good old days – John would go to lunch where cocktails were served over a two - three hour period. He would come back to the office and after a short while he would be napping at his desk. So we would call Johns phone and when the ringing woke him up and he would answer the phone we would hang up. I don't think he ever knew it was us, he probably just figured he woke up too late to answer the phone. We were the original wake up call.

Every year the family would go on camping trips. One year we headed up to Canada and drove over to Niagara Falls. It was your birthday and Jeff and I had gone to Uncle Bens to get a special bottle of liquor. Of course you probably had 5 or 6 bottles of other liquors with us on the trip. When we got to the border they asked what we had to declare. You told them about the gift and they said they needed to confiscate it, you explained it was a gift for your birthday and after some discussion they decided to let you keep it. It was a good thing they never searched the vehicle and discover all the booze we had with us. Dan Fesler

On one of the last nominating committee fishing trips that John attended, he, Scott DeLong (Scottie, as John called him) and I shared a boat. Of course, John kept us entertained with his stories, though I am sure he was careful about some of the stories that he told so as not to offend me. It was a pleasant day but the fish were not biting after lunch. Having gotten comfortable in my seat at the bow of the boat, it wasn't long when I realized it was very quiet. Turning around I see John and Scottie with their poles held loosely in their hands, heads down, asleep. Wish I had taken a photo of that.

Paula, President, Northwestern Lumber, 5905 Golden Valley Rd., #110, Mpls, MN 55422

I did not know John very well but I do remember a few things he said at the "new manager's orientation meeting I took part in -in 1996.He had the first 1/2 hour or so at the beginning of the first day. He was describing how "we" have to follow certain rules at Lamperts. He described rules and the correct way of doing things as a fence. "If you make money for Lamperts you can climb the fence a little but you have to make a lot of money to actually jump over the fence". In other words he was willing to bend the rules a little as long as we were making money. He also made the comment that he could only eat so many steaks, so he wants all the Managers to make money also, so they could eat steak too. If nothing else I think he taught me loyalty

to a company that appreciates good employees. I looked at John as a pillar or foundation symbol of the company at that time. I think John has integrity, is humorous, honest and has real class. Dan - I hope this helps for the memory bowl and I think it is a great thing you are doing for your father.
Gary Frandle – Manager Wells, MN

Stopped at Bob Philips this past week. Age has caught up with Betty (full time nursing home) and Bob living at the house. He has dinner with her every day at the home. I asked him the question, what's your thought on John Fesler. The words were A Wonderful Man. Any other thoughts on a wonderful man? We shared a couple of unrelated stories. If he thought of some stories he would stop by in the next couple of days. Gary Volbrecht Augusta

My side of who John Fesler is. It takes me a while to get to know a person, I had a comfort level the first few times I got to meet him, unlike Dave Fesler or Bob Tews, who I tried to stay away from. I remember the first managers meeting I attended, we as a yard in 1991 made \$5,000 on the bottom line. I was so proud of myself and our crew, at the meeting; he made me feel proud of what we had accomplished. I look back at that number years later, and I think we did not do good at all. But he made us feel good. My other thoughts that best describe John; I loved his stories, a wonderful man, always put a positive spin on things, a great listener, and always treated people right. Gary Volbrecht Augusta

One story I recall was the Lampert 100 year anniversary. I thought that was a great idea, the trip to Acapulco we had a great year at the yard, and we had employees and carpenters that got to go on that trip from Augusta, John invited us to the top floor of the hotel. What a treat that was. I always looked forward to the manager meeting and a chance to visit with John one on one. Gary Volbrecht Augusta

When I think of John the words that come to mind are, Generous, Honest and Fair. Now I must tell you a story about why those three words come to my mind and why I have stayed at Lamperts for 38 years...

Back in 1974, when I started here, not joking, I had nothing, if you would have asked me for \$10.00; I would not have had it. To make a long story short, the company policy on a pregnancy was to give you \$600.00 cash as pregnancy was not covered under insurance. Sheri and I had a little girl

and I was sent a check for the \$600.00. Some complications set in, and we lost the child. Of course, when we had complications we had to use the insurance we had and the bills went into the thousands. Company policy was that I was supposed to return the \$600.00 because the insurance had taken over. Remember back then \$600.00 was probably like \$10000.00 today. I had already given the \$600.00 to the hospital and of course they were not going to give that back. So, the company set up payments for me to take out of my check until it was paid. That is until John and Dave found out what was going on. I got a letter from him and Dave that said "Paid in full". You haven't a clue what that meant to Sheri and I back then, it was like the whole world was lifted off my back, and we never forgot. Now do you see why you have had to put up with me for so long?? Thank You!! I hope he has a fabulous day!!!! Brad Miller – Manager Ridgeland

I remember going to the National Hardware Show in Chicago. We had worked pretty hard walking all day long and we went to the Hyatt for the opening reception. We were having a drink and I was feeling pretty hungry when the waiters brought out silver trays full of food. When they set the trays down and pulled off the covers inside was White Castle Hamburgers. 1st and only time I have ever seen these as appetizers, but they were very welcome and most wonderful. On that same evening we noticed a man who looked pretty haggard, his suit was dirty and old and it had a few holes in – he seemed to be a homeless/street guy that had obviously picked up the badge in some garbage can, or found it. But he was there with a duffle bag loading it up with food. We watched him and kind of laughed. Dan Fesler

How do you pick a favorite memory out of so many year's worth of thoughts and events. I first met John Fesler back in 1973. I remember thinking "How can I possibly call the owner of the company by his first name?" I grew up in an era of Mr. & Mrs. I think it took me months before I could actually address him as "John." But, John it was and the more I got to know him, the more I understood that he was a man that deserved respect, yet never demanded it. Pam Leier - Marketing

To John, everyone is equal. I remember his mechanic Jerry Lewis who made weekly visits to Lamperts to work on John's car. We always wondered why he just didn't buy a new one, but that was not John. Anyway...Jerry was not just a mechanic, he was John's friend. I still remember attending Jerry's funeral, along with John and several others, and thinking how proud I am to know John. He is a person who never

thought he was better than anyone because of his position in life. *Pam Leier*

I think of John each and every spring as I work in my yard. We would talk about gardens and flowers quite often. Years ago when John & Ester moved to their condo he came into my office one day and said "I have some things for you." We went outside and in the trunk of his car were several flower pots and garden tools he said that he could not take with him to his new home. I remembering thinking "That face pot is really odd!" but, I took it and put it in the trunk of my car. It has become my favorite flower pot. It has a prominent place on a table on my front landing and each year is planted with fiber optic grass that reminds me of hair growing out of the top of the faces. Okay, so hair is not something that reminds me of John, but the whimsy of pot it something that does. I for one am proud to say "I know John Fesler and he is a man of kindness, humor, and fun." *Pam Leier*

I recall so many good times growing up – wonderful times share. I remember going out almost every Friday night. Going to the St. Paul Athletic Club, playing in the gym and going swimming, once in a while bowling or pool. And so many times we went to movies on Friday nights. We ate at some very swell places. I recall going to old the drive in and the Sweetish (Vikings) smorgasbord and once a while to Charlie's, Sheiks, Lexington Inn, the Afton House, or the Blue Horse. And playing cards after dinner, or some other game. I still remember what a great game Jumpin was. We had many fine times in my youth.

I woke up with a big smile on my face and jumped out of bed as fast as I could. Today we were starting one of our annual family summer vacations. I think I was around eight years old. I threw on my clothes, brushed my teeth and did what I could with my head full of thick curly hair. My suitcase had been packed for days and I couldn't wait to get on the plane with Mom and Colleen to fly out east to see my grandparents. It was my 1st jet plane ride. We were going to meet up with Dad and the boys later on. It's going to be a great day.

Until the plane ride, I was always known for my nervous tummy. I was feeling ill when I asked Colleen to hand me the air sick bag. She thought I was lying. Well she was wrong. We had a connecting flight so the next time she threw the bag at me.

Dad rented a camper and he and the boys were on the road already to meet up with us at Niagara Falls. I remember my first site of the falls. It was

soooo big and deafening. Wow was there a lot of water everywhere. In order to really get a sense of the power of the falls and how much water goes over. There is a boat called the "Maid of Mist" that takes you very close to the base of the water fall itself. We had to dress up in these bright yellow ponchos to keep us somewhat dry, as there was a heavy mist everywhere. The water crashing into the river below was so loud we had to shout to talk to each other. It was so exciting and scary at the same time. The falls from inside the boat looked so close, you could almost touch it. After the most exciting boat ride of my life, (at 8 years old, I hadn't been on many big boats) we went to explore the tunnels and other areas around the falls. The tunnels were large and very long. As we were in the tunnels, my brothers Dan, Jeff, Terry, sister Colleen and I started to yell and play because there was a very noticeable echo. Terry would yell "Tee Hee", Tee Hee". There was also another "Tee Hee" coming from my Daddy. I can remember still today my Dad laughing and going "Tee Hee". I'm not sure if it came from watching all those Laurel and Hardy shows every Sunday morning or if it was dad just being dad. What fun it was to hear him laugh so. He still has that laugh today.

This vacation trip was the first time I remember all of us being together as a family. What a time we had, and the memories we'll never forget.

How Dad ever put up with taking 2 weeks off of work, driving all over and singing "Oh Home on the Range"? I can still hear Dad's part OHHH in his funny voice.

I guess that it why we got to go to camp Lake Hubert for a month every summer. Kim

I don't have any stories but three words that I think best describe John. Unique – because he could remember every employees name something that I wish I could do. Genuine—He was always truthful with you.

Respectful—he would always listen to what you had to say. Charlie Hult

What I remember most about John, is that he learned, and then remembered things about people as individuals. We all know so many people, it is hard to invest long term memory in all of them – but john did it anyway, recalling details of prior conversations and what was important in another person's life, even if those things did not impact him.

John Cares About People. John Andrews - BSA

We had fun with your Father on all our trips, but Jone said she remembers most the time we had the Olympics in Mexico. Everyone was participating and your father was the one with the most energy. As he was sitting in a chair, someone threw a ball at him and it accidentally knocked him over in his chair, he just rolled in a somersalt and came up smiling and cheering!!! What a guy! Cooper and Joan Blaxton

I recall being at the hospital after dad had a stroke. The doctor was explained the 2 methods they could use to help rectify dads problem. Both had some potential serious side effects and dad was hoping for a better prognosis. As the doctor asked him which method he wanted them to use, he replied: "Gee I am kind of dead in the water here." The doctor waged his finger at dad and said "we don't like to use the dead word around here".

Dan Fesler

Several attributes come to mind when I think of John. He was a great listener, and also one of the best conversationalists that I have ever met. I think John could have visited with a street person to the Queen of England and felt comfortable having the conversation. What a grand Gentlemen. Mike Haughian

John and I and our wives were at the Rotary International Convention in Singapore in 1999. It was a great to be with him and one of the memories we recalled from time to time was having a "Singapore Sling" at the famous Raffles hotel. Mostly we shared our opinion that the drink was not very impressive for all its historic reputation. Chuck Graham

John has been a long and faithful supporter of YMCA Camp St. Croix. John has shared his generosity throughout many years by providing building materials for numerous projects which have provided countless children and youth in our community experiences that will remain with them forever. Tom Brinsko CEO - YMCA

My four words that describe John: 'Great deal of Affection' That may sound a little odd, but when I think of John, I have a smile, and a 'great deal of affection'....he's one of those guys you just want to hug!

Karen Swanson

I didn't have the chance to get to know your dad well, but he has left a lasting impression. He always has a warm smile

And he is always a gentleman. He believer in Rotary ideals and has a well-developed sense of humor! Carol Bufton St. Paul Rotary.

The first Memory that comes to mind was when I worked at Deja Vu. It was at a time when the drinks were flowing and the women were as well, no pun intended. I was living a perfect life, that is for a young man working at a strip club, and everything was better than good. Grandpa and I were going to have lunch at Market BBQ off of Nicollet. He was a little more limber a decade or so ago, so we walked from his place up the street. On the way I saw some ladies walking and they captured my eye of course. Grandpa kept rambling on as I was diverted from his conversation. When I turned and said "Grandpa, look at those girls?" He turned and looked, and smiled while reaching his hand up and grabbing me around the back of the neck with his hand (which anyone who knows Grandpa is a normal thing for him to do) and he gave me a soft punch in the shoulder smiling. He kept laughing as we walked down the street, and I stopped him, making eye contact, and had to ask him "Grandpa, what age do you get to where you stop checking out girls?" He said, and I still quote him to this day "Brad, I'll let you know when I get there"..... *Brad Fesler*

One time in Las Vegas with Pete and John for the Home Builder show, I had the pleasure of walking with John and it amazed me the level of interest he took with all the vendors, particularly with the "new products", and his ability to see how important these are to our mix and continued growth as a company, in other words even at his "retiring years" Johns fervency was as strong as anyone in the company about its growth and successes. A true inspiration, plus it was impossible to not notice how many people in the industry had a reverence for the man, my gosh he knew everyone!

One time in a division mangers meeting we had a HR person that lets say, was not so HR minded, and we were discussing getting payroll late to the Sioux Falls Yard. It was not uncommon that they would get their checks on Monday or Tuesday of the following week when payroll was Friday, mainly because of the mail lag. As we were discussing this problem John had a troubled look on his face, looked at me and said, "Dave, are you telling me (us) that we are not paying our people as promised". "No John, we are

getting them paid, but it arrives late because of the mail lag". John said, and I quote, "then we are breaking our promise, and if I were the manager I would go to the cash register and may sure everyone got paid". I told John that it was hard to cover a payroll of several thousands of dollars out of our register, and the decision was made by John that we would overnight any yards payroll that had any chance of it not getting there on time, to the objection of HR saying it would cost too much and John was pretty adamant in his expectations. I thought that was outstanding, not that we would Fed Ex, but that John was so concerned that Lamperts honored their obligation, it did not matter how we did it, but it was going to be done., Dan, your father was a great man and I am honored to know him. ... *Dave Swanson*

I remember John L

What do I remember about John L. Fesler, or John L as he was called by most? I had many occasions to meet and talk with John during Mary Ann's 45 year association with Lamperts. What impressed me most about John L? First I think it was that he truly considered the Lampert enterprise a family. Second: He always treated people and his employees with politeness and respect. That politeness and respect returned to him two fold. I don't recall any employee speaking ill of John L. He also possesses a deep knowledge in the home improvement business and the long term success of Lamperts speaks of his management abilities.

To me, John L. was always friendly and courteous. From our first handshake. Like his father he had a firm, strong handshake. You can tell a lot about a man from his handshake. John L. nickname for me was "tiger", which he called me most everything we met. John L. will always be one of my unforgettable people. Every year Mary Ann and I anxiously look forward to his Christmas Card.

Dale Lamminen

Cars were not as solid and sound as they are today and they were always in need of tuning or fixing. Not being the type of guy to do the work himself John found a high quality mechanic. Jerry Lewis. Jerry was a head mechanic at the Ford Motor plant, and anytime they had something that needed fixing Jerry was the guy.

Not sure when they met or how, but Jerry was a regular fixture around John L. since his cars were always broken and in need of repair. John used to take great delight in introducing Jerry as "This is Jerry Lewis Esters Brother". Ester was pure Danish and Jerry was pure African American. It was always fun to watch the reaction on peoples face when he pulled this little prank.

Shortly after Grandpa's retirement, we were having an early lunch, and as you know Grandpa was always quick to offer advice and his opinion on what you should do or shouldn't do during these luncheons (and any other time for that matter). And being in college at the time, I had asked Grandpa, through all of his years of experience and wisdom what was the one of the most important things through these endeavors that he had learned throughout all the years.....he looked up...and proceeded to take a sip of his Bloody-Mary. He sat his glass down and with a chuckle said..... Well son there's a lot of things I've learned, but I have to say one of the best things that I've learned is that 10:30a.m. is a perfect time for a Bloody Mary.....now Grandpa has offered all of us advice, whether we wanted it or not.....some serious and some sarcastic...but of everything...this is my favorite and to this day, I have remembered this the most, and it still brings a smile to my face every time I think of this, and will always remember this exchange, and this will be one of the ways I remember Grandpa.

Sean Fesler

In the years that I knew John I always felt that I could trust John to be honest and sincere in business or as a boss and friend. I worked many shows with John and I don't ever remember a vendor or person that had anything but good to say about John. I do not believe that John ever met a stranger and if he did it would not be long before John would make their day.

We were on many contractor appreciation trips, manager meetings, regional meetings and many other trips and John has always been able to relate to the people in attendance.

On the humorous side a couple of stories come to mind. One night up in Canada John and I decided that we could solve all the wordily problems and as the night wore on we decided everything was solved and I decided to walk with John down the board walk to his cabin

which we navigated without incident so John went in and I went back to my cabin. I understand that when John went into the cabin he accidentally fell on the stove and then went out the back door and stepped off the porch, luckily it wasn't high and only a few bumps showed the next day...

Another humorous story John came into my office one day and somehow we got to talking about marriage and I told John that Arlene and I were going out to Vegas to celebrate our 35th anniversary and without missing a beat John said Damn Don I think if I layed my wives end to end I would have that many...

On the serious side John gave me great advice over the years which was appreciated. One piece of advice that John give me; He came into my office one afternoon and said I understand you are retiring and ask me a few questions, my dad lived to be 88 and my mom lived to be 93, John said with your longevity you should work until 75. One piece of advice I did not take from John and in hind sight I should have. I would hope that you and your staff relate to some of Lamperts employees to be both mentally and monetarily healthy before retiring. It can be a rude awaking after the fact. Thanks again for the opportunity to express my thoughts, please say Hello to John, Ester and all Lampert friends. Sincerely Don Bratton

It didn't take me long in May, 1972 when I first started at Lamperts to figure out what a great guy I was working for. I was barely 21 years old and had come from a world of working for Honeywell (for the previous 18 months while Lee was in the Army) on the east coast, where men were "men" and women were subservient and were supposed to know their place. So, I was surprised at how appreciative John always was, at even the little things I did for him. Heck, I'd be the one to bring him a cup of coffee, but sometimes he'd bring one to me first...wow! What boss did that in those days??? Your dad did...

One comes to mind back in my early days when Lamperts was paying out a cash maternity benefit for employees having babies. I don't recall the employee's name, but this prticular person was struggling financially, and it seems there may have been other problems. Anyway, John told me to prepare the letter and check, but to add some extra cash to help the

employee out a little more. John would do things like that every once in a while for just about anyone having some hard luck. He'd also keep a stash of cash in his billfold, as I'd be the one going to the bank and cashing checks and oh yeah, buying cigarettes for him. John loved buying other people drinks, especially at regional meetings, and other Lampert events. And when he'd come to work the next day (and he showed up no matter what), he might still be a little buzzed up and asleep by 10:00 a.m. with a magazine over his face, but he was there. Ha...it was my pleasure to just let him be and answer the phone and keep his door shut. Such memories...and what an H.R. nightmare he would be in these times... :-
) Linda Haffner

Speaking of H.R. nightmares, I remember when I think it was Joe LaMothe who wrote a Dress Code Circular draft which included some "new" guidelines. Of course your dad was the person to approve circulars in those days, and after I took it in for John to read through, he called me in, looked at me and laughed, and said, "What the hell is this?" I think there should be more "tube tops and short skirts" worn around here, not less. Whose idea was this? Send him in here, so I can straighten him out..." That was your dad...and can't you just see poor Joe sitting in your dad's office shaking and sweating, trying to justify that circular.

I'm not sure you should share this one, but I want you to know something really great that your dad did for me. I'll never forget his kindness and still can't believe he really helped Lee and me out so much. When our second child, Justin was to be born in 1979 (Jessica was 2 1/2 at the time), I told your dad I was going to have to quit and stay home because the daycare costs for two little ones would be too high to justify my continuing to work. I was pretty sad about it, but Lee and I had decided our budget was stretched and it wouldn't make economic sense for me to continue to work and pay daycare. Well, your dad thought about it for a while, and then offered to pay our daycare expenses for the kids until they were in school if I would stay working for him. Wow! Who would actually do that I thought? I never in my wildest dreams knew he thought that much of me. But that was your dad, and I've never forgotten his kindness. I'm so glad I stayed with Lamperts for the 34+ years I was there, and I hoped I made a difference. (And by the way, the daycare costs in those days totaled about \$2,000 or less for the whole year, so it's wasn't like it was a million dollars or anything...but that's your dad - he's very special!) All my best, Linda Haffner

John is my Friend, I know that he was my boss, but he is my friend and is to this day. John is Compassionate; He cares for his family, friends, and all his employees. John has great Integrity; He says what he means and means what he says. John is Loyal; He stands by those he cares about and the organizations that he is committed to. Especially Lamperts

I can think of many events, trips, work related problems, and good times that we shared. One in particular was his Hole in one that was accomplished in front of one of golf's greatest. We were playing in a tournament to benefit the U of Minnesota, at Chanhassen. We came to a par 3 hole, where Che Che Rodregas was demonstrating strokes. The tee was elevated and the green was clearly in view.

Che Che hit a ball that landed about 6 inches from the cup and told John that he didn't have to tee off, that he could play his ball. John insisted that he would rather play his own ball and proceeded to tee up.

He gave a mighty swing contacting the ball, which flew in the direction of the green, hitting short, but bouncing on and across and into the cup. Che Che commented that he could understand why John hadn't wanted to play his ball. Pete Chown

One of my first memories of John was back in the 90s when I first came to work for Lamperts. I filled in during lunch for the receptionist and John would walk past the front desk and in passing say, "Hi Ho"!

Now to most that isn't a big deal, but coming from the East Coast, those were fighting words! Referring to a woman as a "Ho" was one of the biggest insults you could give her. But after sharing my "concerns" with other employee's (April), I found out that this was nothing more than an endearing term that John used all the time. Tragedy was averted and my job was saved! It amazes me how one word can have such different meanings depending upon where you are from! Suzanne Bakke

Another memory of mine was at a Saint's Game. Lamperts was having an employee game night and it was my very first one! Again, this was in my early days of employment. My husband and I gathered at a picnic table to enjoy some BBQ burgers and brats and John was sitting at the same table as us. Now I had heard around the office of how beautiful his wife was, but I had never met her. So John is sitting across from me and has this woman sitting next to him. He didn't introduce us so I ass/u/me(d) this was his wife. I was thinking to myself, ya know, I'm sorry, but this is the homeliest

woman I have ever seen. Boy the folks at the office are real brown nosers, telling me how beautiful she was just because she's the boss's wife! Wow! Anyway, we enjoyed our dinner, took in the game and went home. The next day at work I mentioned to a few people (Pam, Karen A., April and Linda H.) about my experience the night before meeting John's wife and forgive me for saying this, but she was NOT the beautiful woman I'd heard so much about. I was very surprised when I met her. Those I was talking to looked confused and said that Ester was not at the game last night? So I proceeded to explain this person to them and all of a sudden there was a rumble of giggles and then full on laughter as the reality of who I THOUGHT was John's wife was realized. It turned out to be John's good friend Red, who also happens to be a large man! Sorry Red! But those are memories I will hold dear to my heart and John was at the center of them both. Suzanne Bakke

My memory of John is his visit to my office on Tuesday after the Rotary meetings. He would drop in, especially when I was new in the job, and talk about the business and thank me for my efforts. He was always interested in how things were going and was kind and encouraging. He would also tell me stories that gave me some history of Lamperts and how it has been successful over the years. John is a true gentleman. Kevin Tauer CFO

I first met your dad when he and Ester took a Danish open face sandwich class at the Danish center almost 20 years ago. I took a liking to both of them right away. A short time later I joined St Paul Rotary and was pleasantly surprised to see that he was a member there as well. Over the years through Rotary and the Danish community I have gotten to know your dad and have learned to appreciate him as a genuine and warm person who has had a positive impact on my life. I feel I am a better person because of knowing him and see him as a personal role model. I have said this many times, to many different people, but John Fesler is one of the truly "nice" guys that I've known. Without sounding corny, I think he exemplifies the true meaning of being a Rotarian. "Service above Self." I have no idea how generous he has been with his philanthropic dealings, but I'm sure it's been substantial. On a personal level he has always been there for me with concern and advice. I have never known another person who would take the time to cut out articles from the news that he thought I would benefit from and mail them to me. I can't tell you how much I appreciated getting those tid bits of information together with a personal little note.

On a social level he and Ester have been a joy to "party" with. They have also become good friends to my wife Vicki, and are an important part of our social circle.

I consider John to be a true friend and I miss seeing him at our weekly lunch meetings. I repeat....John Fesler is a truly great, warm, considerate, genuine, NICE, guy. Roger Nielsen and Vicki Gee-Treft
My memories of John Fesler that are most prominent.

I had started with Lamperts in the fall of 1992 and the following February I attended the joint Managers/Salesmen meeting at the Thunderbird in February of 1993 where I watched and met John Fesler. I was struck by the fact that he was one of the most up-beat and happy persons I had been associated with and he was the owner of the company I worked for. The next year 1994, again at the Thunderbird he sat at the table with me during the dinner and awards presentation. My associate from Eagle River told John that I had surpassed one million in sales my first full year and Johns response was incredible to me. He reached over and shook my hand, sincerely congratulated me and said," that was an incredible accomplishment"! Now I was a new employee with Lamperts and I felt like I was on top of the world. Later in the evening I was awarded a beautiful plaque and certificate for a ring but they paled to the way I felt when John reached over the table to shake my hand and congratulate me at dinner. That was a moment I will never forget and later that night I called my wife to tell her about it, I was proud to be a Lampert employee. Lorin Johnson Eagle River

When I think of words to describe Grandpa, I came up with the following. I know you only asked for four.....but four words to describe Grandpa is pretty difficult.....

- Humble
- Knowledgeable
- Brave
- Resolute
- Succinct
- Cultured
- Credible
- Likeable
- Diligent
- Entertaining

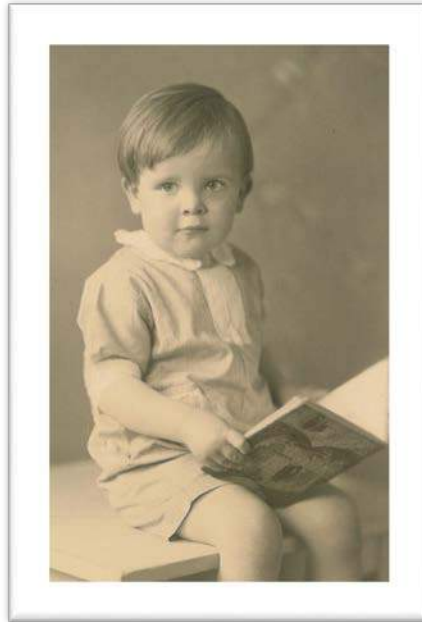
Appendix



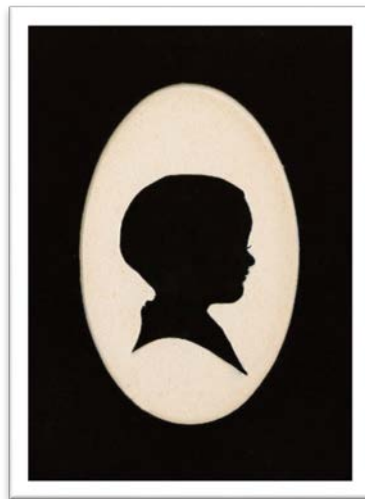
Photo Life Of John Lampert Fessler

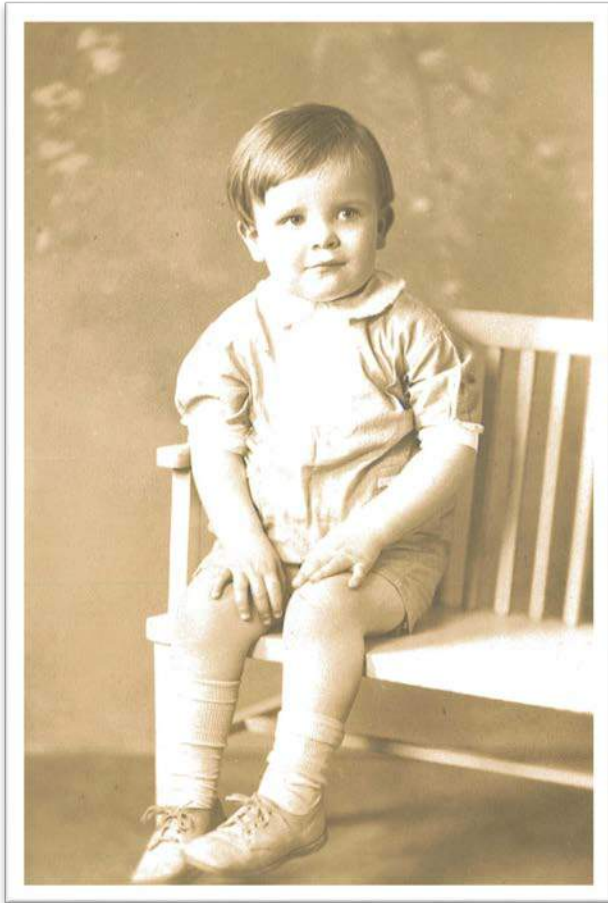


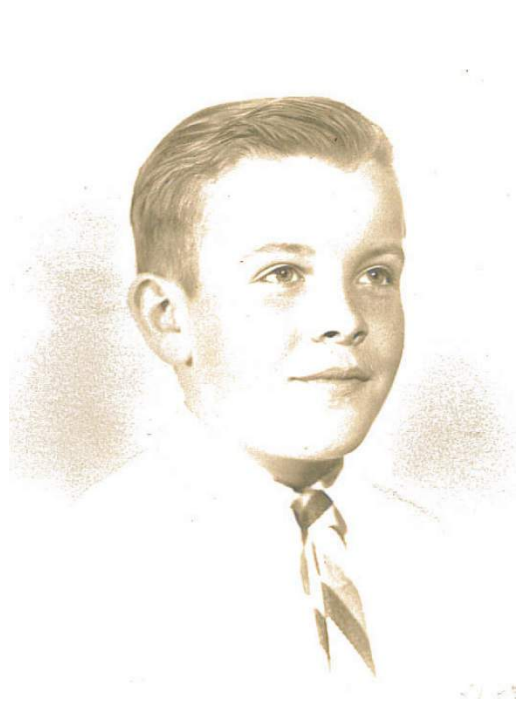
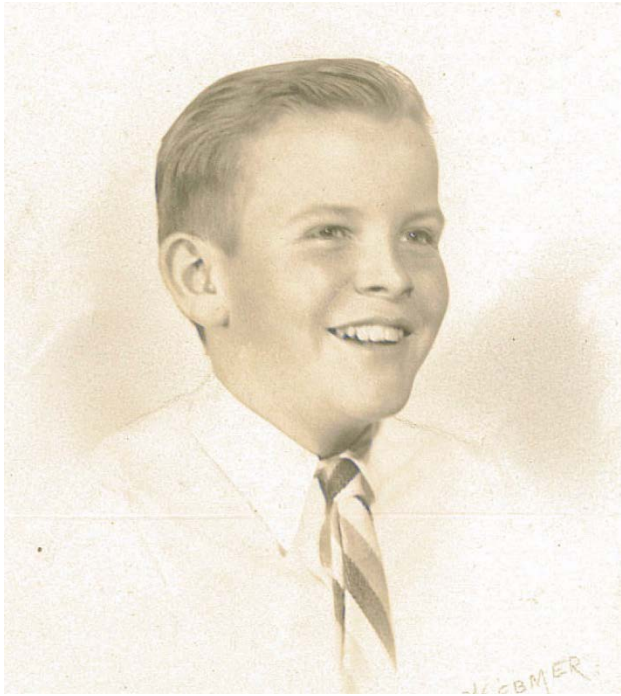
Photo Life of John L. Fesler



Mom, Dad, & Pudge







John & Brother David



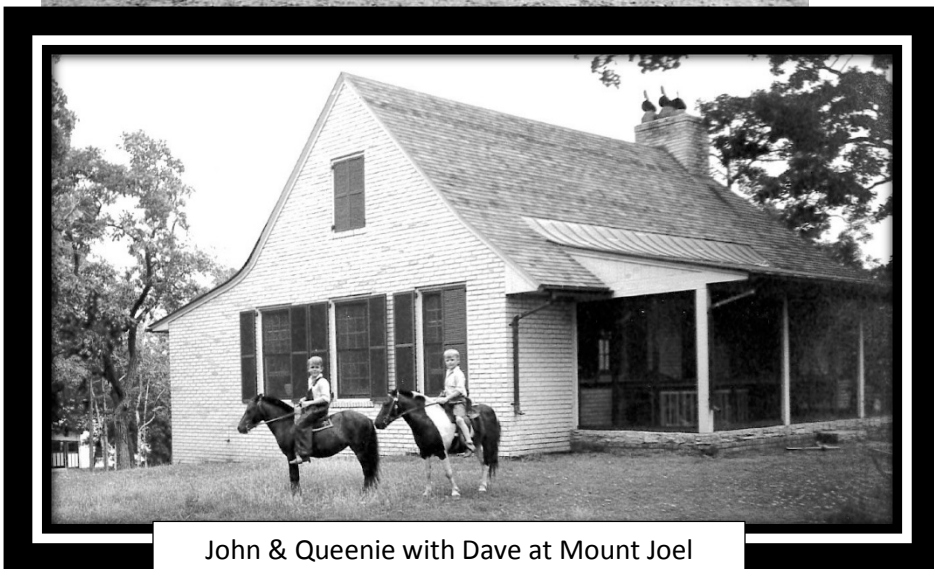
John & School Police



John & Brother David Horace Boat



John Country School



John & Queenie with Dave at Mount Joel





John Mom & Dad Afton



Horace Boat Afton



John (AKA Pudge), Mom,



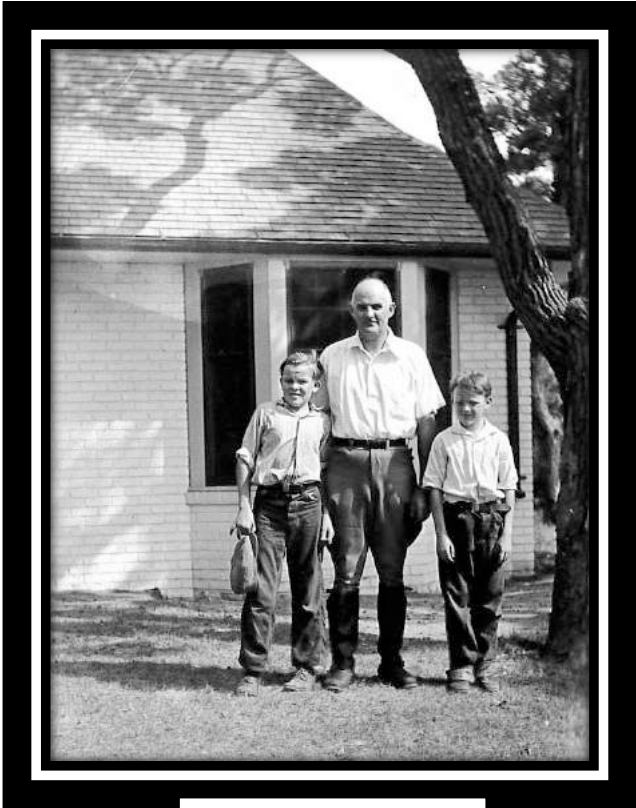
Pudge (AKA John) and Buster



Pudge, Dave and Buster Mount Joel



Mom, Dave, John, Lampert Grandparents Mount Joel



Horace, John, & Dave



John, & Dave Afton



John 1939 Shattuck



John 1939 Vacation



John 1943 Shattuck



John & Dave Shattuck



Shattuck Everyday Uniform



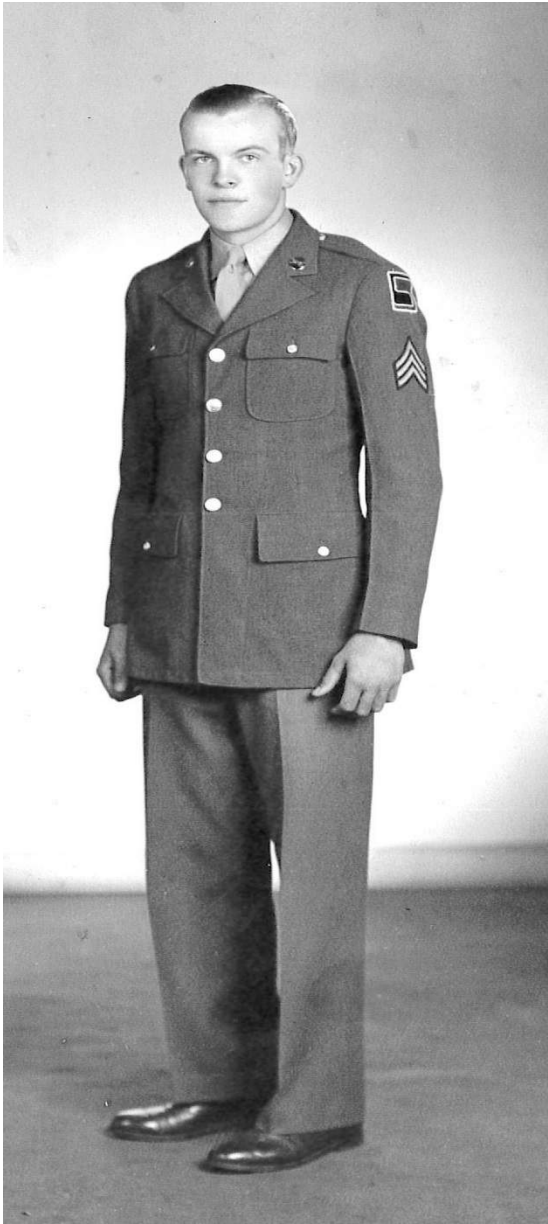
Shattuck Dress Uniform



Dave, Dad, John Shattuck



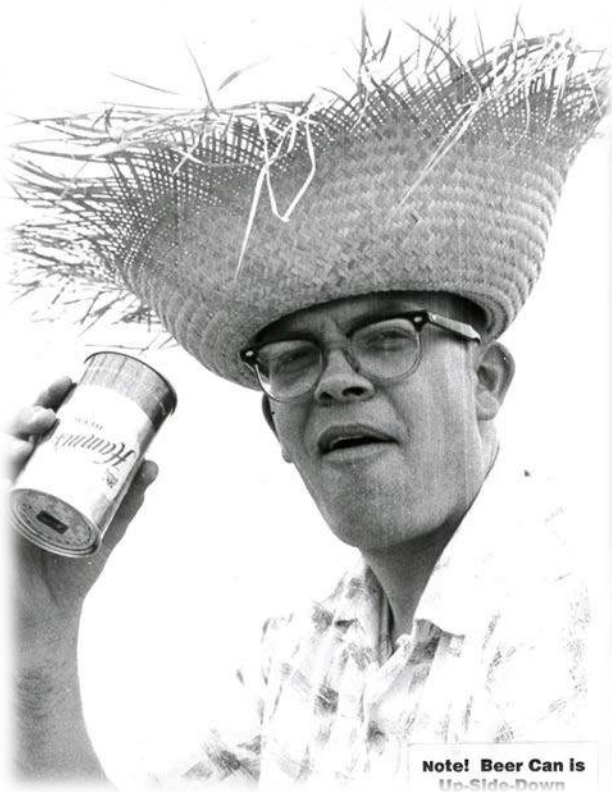
Mom & John Shattuck



Sergeant John Army

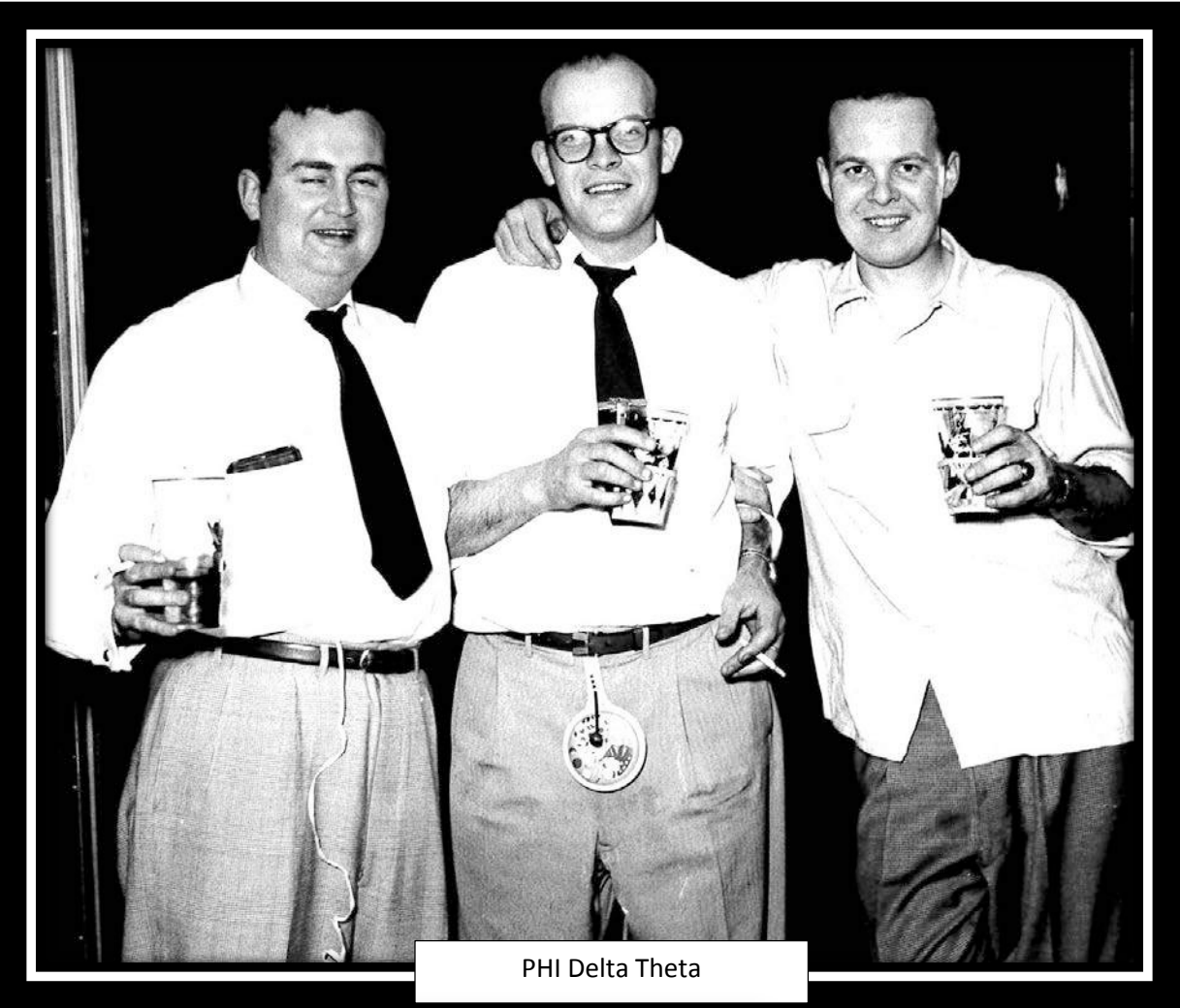






Note! Beer Can is
Up-Side-Down

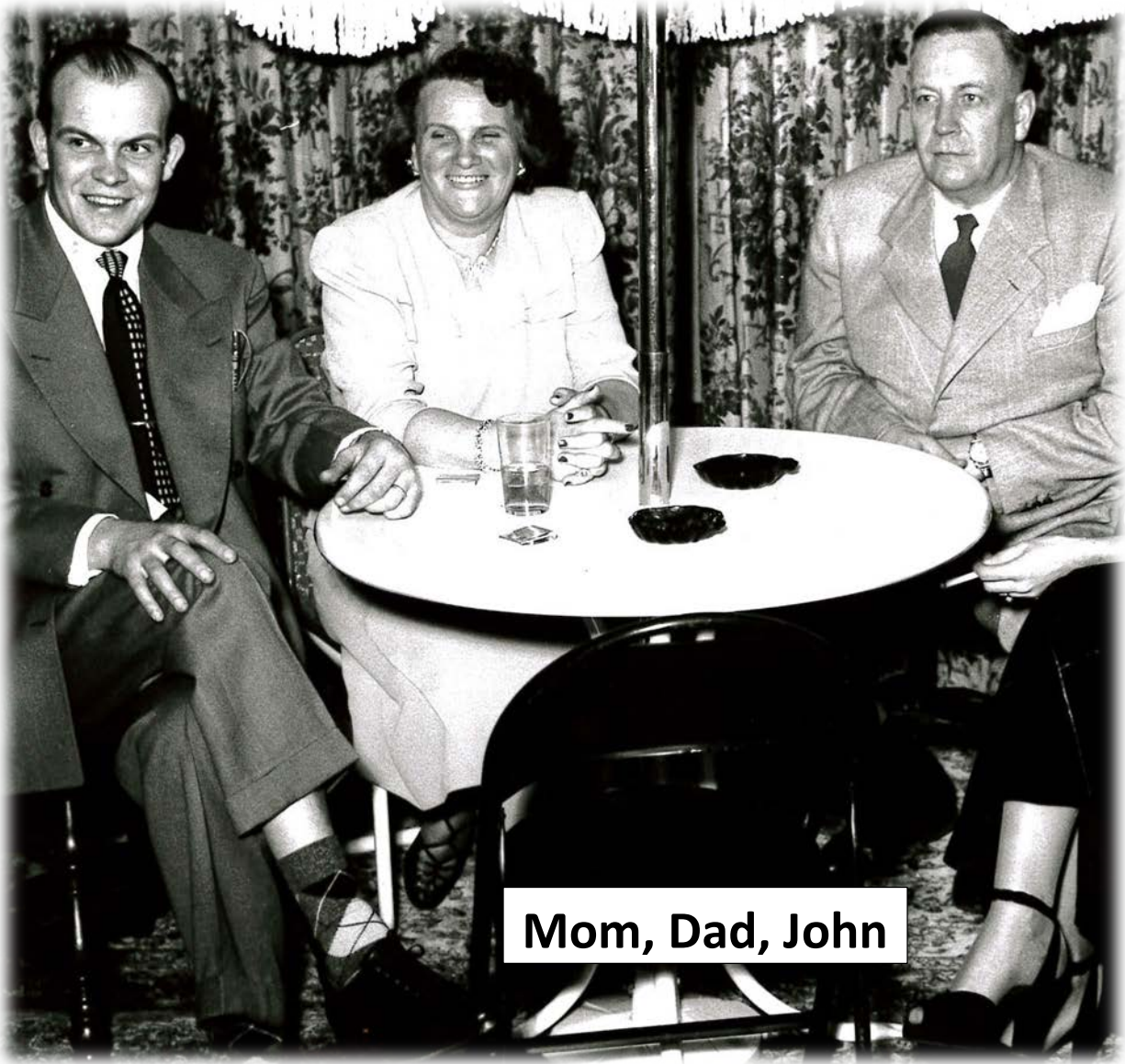




PHI Delta Theta



**Mom, Dad, John
Snow Plane
Afton**

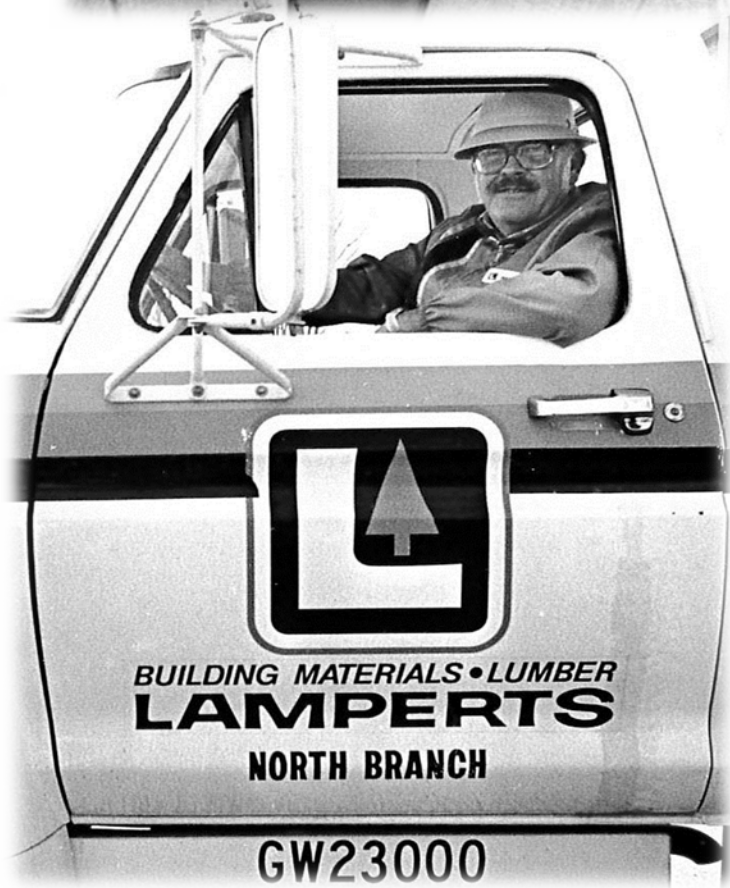


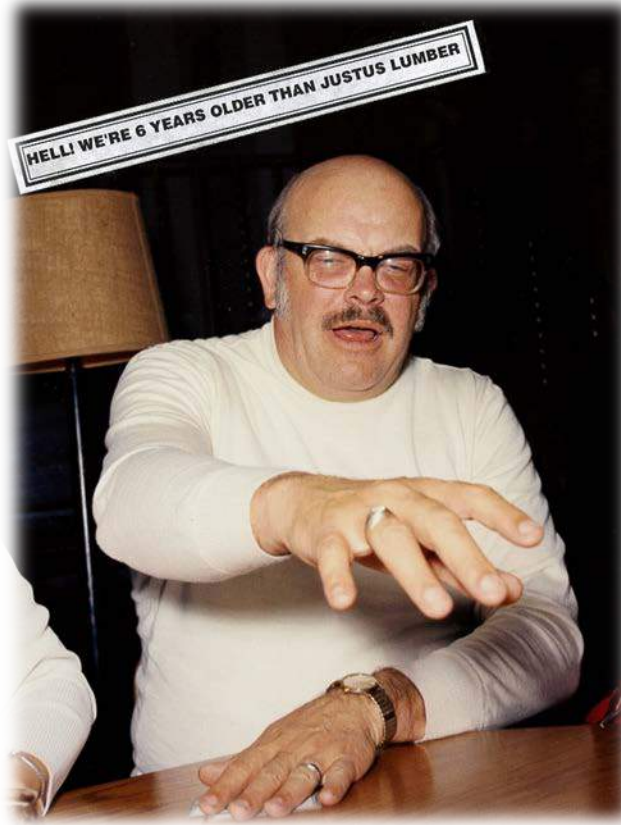
Mom, Dad, John



**49 MERCURY CONVERTIBLE
LAST NEW CAR JOHN PURCHASED**







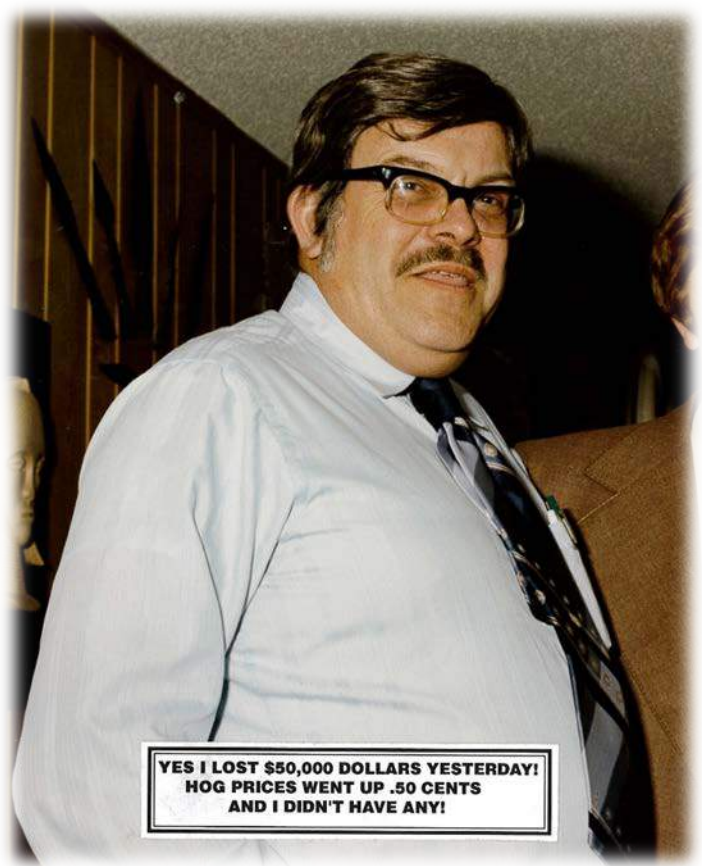
HELL! WE'RE 6 YEARS OLDER THAN JUSTUS LUMBER



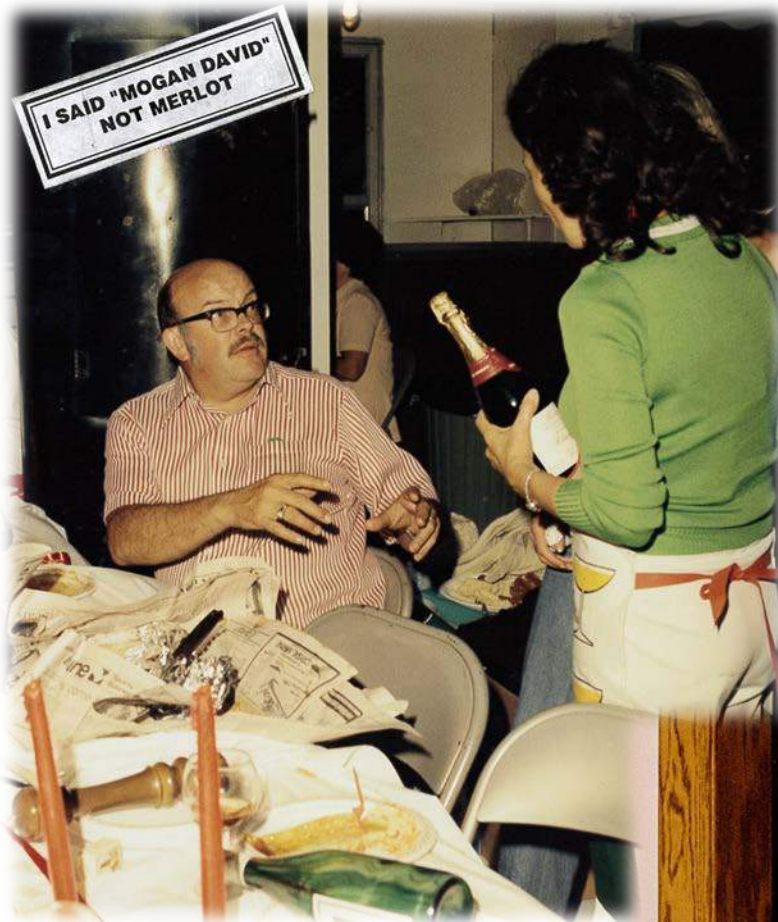
END BALDNESS IN ONE MINUTE
GROW YOUR OWN NATURAL HAIR
SIR FESLER'S HAIR INSTITUTE



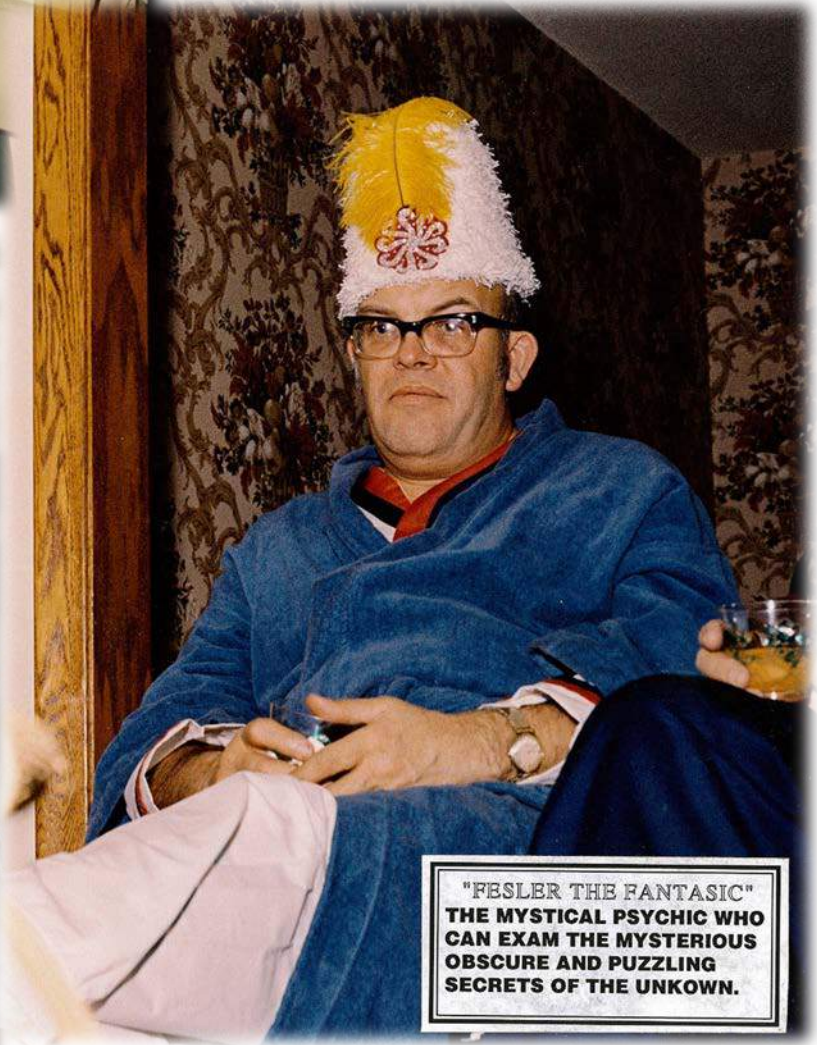
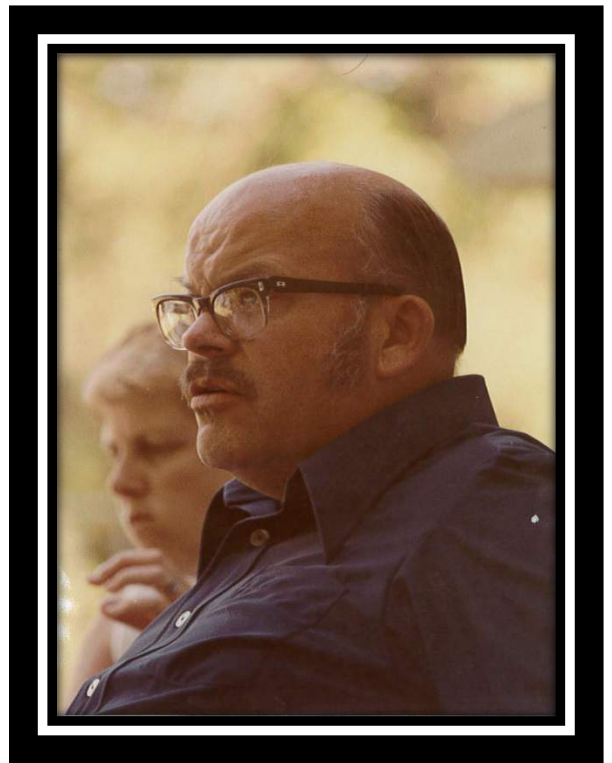
"Sons of the Desert"
Watermelon Seed
Spitting Contest.
JOHN FESLER
"FIRST PRIZE"



YES I LOST \$50,000 DOLLARS YESTERDAY!
HOG PRICES WENT UP .50 CENTS
AND I DIDN'T HAVE ANY!



**I SAID "MOGAN DAVID"
NOT MERLOT**



**"FESLER THE FANTASIC"
THE MYSTICAL PSYCHIC WHO
CAN EXAM THE MYSTERIOUS
OBSCURE AND PUZZLING
SECRETS OF THE UNKNOWN.**



