

REMEMBERING MY FATHER – CARL HUNEKE
A CALIFORNIA STAINED GLASS ARTIST
By Marge Huneke Blaine

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First published by Terramar 12-25-2001
ISBN-13: 978-0-9795035-1-1

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REMEMBERING MY FATHER – CARL HUNEKE A BIOGRAPHY

CHAPTER IV – 1930-1940

Carl began the long watch for the climb back to prosperity. For the first few days, he was pleased, watching anxiously, as daily minor triumphs pushed the stock market up a few points.

Even at the worst of times, Carl listened to optimistic views, which declared an upturn ahead. After the collapse of the stock values on the New York Stock Exchange the illusion of economic prosperity persisted and optimistic business predictions prevailed. In 1930, Dr. Irving Fisher, a leading economist of the time, stated confidently that, “for the immediate future, at least, the perspective is brilliant.” According to the prestigious Harvard Economic Society, “...manufacturing activity in 1930...is definitely on the road to recovery”.

After he bought back in, Carl watched his stocks carefully, waiting for a long term gain. As it turned out, he had bought at the *only* time the stocks ever climbed a few points. After that brief rise, they continued a slow but steady decline. Some days he wondered to himself just how low they would go. Eventually he would find out. **(Note IV-1)**

He tried to be optimistic and kept himself as busy as possible, in the midst of economic chaos. He painted the “Monk and the Maiden”, a whimsical oil showing a monk stealing a kiss and a hug from a young maiden in the wine cellar. There was still work to do at Church Art Glass. Mr. Lapotka, though shaken at recent events, vowed to continue as long as there was work. The orders for new work had stopped and some in progress had been cancelled. It was not long before Mr. Lapotka had to let one man go, then another. Carl worked diligently, but watched helplessly. Finally Carl was the only one left. Ed Lapotka said, “Carl, you are my most talented and diligent craftsman. As long as we have any work in this shop, you will stay.” But as the days and weeks unfolded, conditions worsened. Mr. Lapotka could hold out no longer. Carl was let go with the promise that he would be hired back when there was work again.

“Whatever the reasons for the Crash of 1929 were, the Great Depression established its own environment, and people had to survive any way they could. There may have been enough food to feed those in need, but the system that allowed distribution to work, was itself not working. Landlords were used to getting rent on time, but the growing number of unemployed ran out of money. They were soon evicted. In agricultural areas, banks began to foreclose on unpaid loans and acquired the land itself in foreclosure proceedings. Industry closed down without orders for their products, so management fired more employees. In April 1931, Henry Ford fired 75,000 workers, and there was no unemployment compensation then. People ran out of hope, housing and money. Very much the same sequence occurred in Europe, and depletion of investment capital reduced the buying power of the European consumer. The American export market weakened, and there was really not much European industry could export to acquire dollars. American industry needed help.

In the general frenzy of the Roaring Twenties, banks acquired bad habits. Management was often corrupt, made too many loans without security and promoted speculative enterprises. In 1929, they had to face the music, just like everyone else.”¹

It was against this background that Carl began to see more of Lee Tham Laurson. He was still renting a room with the Feldmans. Their young son, Carl, often came up to the third floor attic room, to watch Carl paint, as he whistled a happy tune. The easel stood near the window and he often let the boy draw on some old paper. Frequently he met Lee away from the Feldmans, since they did not really approve of her.

Carl’s spirit was broken. His \$40,000 in stock value had dwindled to almost nothing. He had lost his job and was unable to find work that he considered suitable. He still had some pride and refused to sweep streets or do janitorial work as some of the others did. He also refused to stand in line for food at the soup kitchens. He’d rather go hungry. Occasionally Mr. Lapotka called him to do small jobs, or he was asked to do temporary jobs out of the union hall.

During this time he did some work for the renowned stained glass artist from Boston, Charles J. Connick. Connick needed help installing the original stained glass windows at Grace Cathedral on Nob Hill and hired Carl from the Union Hall. After that Connick always called on Carl for assistance with any work he had in San Francisco. They forged a friendship that spanned a lifetime. Aside from these small jobs, Carl lived on virtually nothing making every effort to pay as much as he could for his room and board.

In contrast to Carl’s depressed demeanor, Lee Tham had a strong and determined will. She refused to let adversity get her down. Her parents bought the Pork Store and Sausage Factory at 1451 Haight Street, near Ashbury. Leopoldine and Gustav Tham owned a home at 1435 Newcomb Avenue in Butchertown. They drove to the Haight Ashbury every day and worked long hours at the store. Lee sometimes worked for them, but they couldn’t afford to pay her. She had a job washing clothes at a Chinese Laundry on Homer Street in Palo Alto. **(Note IV-2)** She was twenty-six years old and divorced twice, or so she said. Her young son Rudy, was being raised by her parents. He was a nice little boy and often worked in the Pork Store, helping Gus in the sausage factory in the back of the store.

Lee told Carl of her happy early years in Austria, followed by some very hard years with her mother, Leopoldine and her stepfather, Gustav, in America. Rudy was born when she was just sixteen and his father fled from the wrath of Leopoldine who wanted to raise the child herself. Lee fled from her mother’s anger too and disappeared. She moved as far away as Cleveland. She was resourceful and learned to fend for herself at various jobs. After three years she returned to San Francisco. Lee’s mother urged her to “marry someone who has some money, like Mike Laurson. I know that he has a pile of it and he’s not that young. Maybe you’ll have something from him. Stop hanging around with men who have nothing.” So Lee married him in December 1927, hoping to stop her mother’s nagging. She soon learned that Laurson, though a nice man, had nothing and was as poor as she and her parents. In addition, he had hoped that *she* had some money since her parents owned a home and a business. She didn’t

¹ An Abridged History of the United States; William M. Brinton Chapter V



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Above: Soup kitchen in San Francisco, 1932

Below: Lined up for food in San Francisco 1932. Both pictures at Rich and Clara Streets.

love him. In reality, she didn't even like him. So they parted. She said, "Look, I had nothing and you had nothing, so we part with no harm done. I want nothing from you and I have nothing for you." They shook hands and that was the end of it. Except for one thing. They were legally married; neither of them had the money to pay for a divorce. After they separated, Laurson, who was born in Russia, went home to Estonia to visit his parents.

Carl was fascinated with the stories she told about herself and her life. He had never met anyone like her. She never let the world put her down. She always had the courage to stand up to any challenge. He told her about Achim and his family and his life. He painted "Golden Harvest" to show her what the flat wheat fields looked like near his home. He painted "Still Moonrise" as a romantic sketch for her, but then didn't like it and put it away, unsigned. He loved her beautiful big smile and her flawless skin and when he hugged her to him, her buxom figure felt warm and comforting. Just the sound of her happy voice could make his heart sing. He was in love.

They enjoyed San Francisco and all it offered, together. Many who had prospered for years were in soup lines. The more you had the more you had to lose. The city seemed like a small town and you could expect to see someone you knew everywhere you went. For 5 cents you could go to the Sutro Baths, or take a "dingy", the little cable cars, up the steep hills at all hours of the day and night. For 20 cents at the Fox Theatre on Market Street you could see the news, a main feature, as well as a stage show all with organ accompaniment. Even though Prohibition was in effect, San Francisco was an "all night" town. Sally Stanford had a huge house on Russian Hill with the protection of the police. Everyone was making the best of bad times.

Carl went to the Courthouse in San Francisco on May 2, 1932 and was sworn in as a citizen of the United States. He had registered as soon as he arrived in Francisco seven years before, because he felt strongly that he wanted to participate fully in the rights and privileges of citizenship. He had no wish to remain affiliated with Germany, even though it was his homeland. Recent political events in Germany made him even surer that he never wanted to return there to live, regardless of the present difficulties in America. Lee was very proud of him. She confessed to him that though she was a citizen by virtue of naturalization, through her stepfather's citizenship, she had never received her own citizenship papers, because she had no birth certificate. She was very ashamed of this and he told her, "Lee, someday we'll go back to Austria together and get your birth certificate."

She loved being with an artist and admired his talent. Still she urged him to get a job doing something else, just until things got better. He refused. Her mother warned her not to get involved with "another one of those men with no money," but she paid no attention. And he ignored the warnings of his friends that she was "soiled merchandise – divorced twice with a child". He went with her to visit the boy, Rudy, at her parent's home on Newcomb Avenue in San Francisco. Rudy wouldn't talk to him and hid behind the door, scowling out at him once or twice. Lee's stepfather, Gus Tham, was a quiet, gentle man with a permanent, worried look on his face. But Lee's mother, Leopoldine, was a tyrant who spoiled Rudy. She commanded the

family without first thinking about the consequences. She was a difficult lady. Now he understood why Rudy's father, Mike Antonovich, had fled in terror after the boy was born.

In spite of disapproval, Carl and Lee rented a small upstairs flat at 350 Gough Street in San Francisco. **(Note IV-3)** Life was still grim, but they loved each other and felt they could deal with the world better together than alone. She continued to work for the Chinese family at the French Laundry in Palo Alto and he continued to work at Church Art Glass occasionally. In 1932, Carl painted a large oil of Heidelberg on the Rhine from a postcard. It was beautiful; they got a cheap frame and decorated the wall of their home. The two of them enjoyed many things together in San Francisco in spite of the Depression. They hiked in Marin County, went to Golden Gate Park and the Beach and enjoyed their friends.

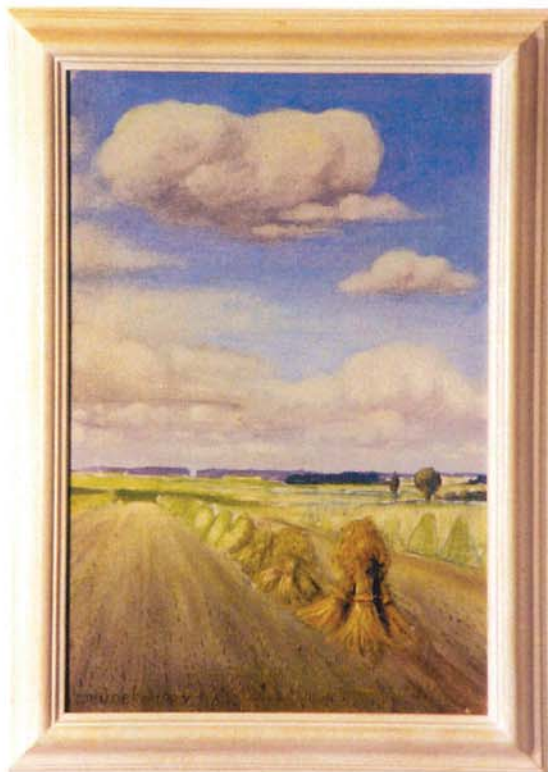
Early in 1933 Lee told Carl some news that scared them both. "Carlie, it's a bad time to tell you this, but I'm pregnant." She would have the baby around the end of November. The economy seemed to be getting worse, not better, so there was no way he could count on having his old job back. And once the baby was born, Lee would have to stay home. As the months passed, they tried not to worry. Lee said she would continue to work and Carl could stay home and take care of the baby. He was dubious, but finally decided it was the best choice. They moved to a cheaper flat at 522 Fell Street. **(Note IV-4)**

Carl insisted that Lee find Laurson so she could get a divorce and they could marry before the baby was born. Lee inquired everywhere, but Laurson had vanished. No one knew where he was. Finally she learned that he had left the country to return to his parents' home in Estonia. No one knew the address. Carl was very upset at this. It was important to him that he marry Lee before his child was born, but there was nothing he could do about it. Bigamy was against the law.

As November approached Lee felt large and clumsy. Still, she got up at five each morning to catch the train for her job at the laundry in Palo Alto, which started at seven. She got home by seven in the evening. For Carl, the long day was spent looking for a job or painting. He was planning a surprise for Lee when the baby was born. He could work on it only while she was away. He knew he couldn't afford to buy her even a bouquet of flowers, but he decided he could paint a bouquet of roses, which she would have forever.

He had kept all his stocks hoping they might be worth something again, but finally he gave up on them. They needed money to pay for the doctor. Dr. Hall had just moved to San Francisco from Illinois and didn't have too many patients, so he agreed to come to their flat to deliver the baby. They couldn't afford to have Lee go to a hospital. **(Note IV-5)**

On November 28th during the night Lee's pains began. By morning she was in hard labor and Carl ran to get the doctor. This was her second child, but the baby was breech and Lee's labor was harder and longer than expected. Finally Dr. Hall gave her some pain-killing medication and assisted the birth by using forceps on the baby's head. When he held up the wailing baby, he said, "Well, well, it looks like we have a little girl." He cleaned her off and Carl nestled close to Lee as she held the baby to her, examining every inch. "She has a huge red mark on her forehead. What's wrong with her?" Lee asked frantically. "Nothing, nothing, it's just a birth



Above Left: "He painted "Golden Harvest" to show her what the flat wheat fields looked like near his home".



Above Right: "He loved her beautiful big smile and her flawless skin and when he hugged her to him, her buxom figure felt warm and comforting." Picture taken on the porch of the Tourist House



Below left: Sutro Baths at the Beach, next to the Cliff House.

"They enjoyed San Francisco, and all it offered, together.....for five cents you could go to the Sutro Baths, or take a little 'dingy', the little cable cars up the steep hills all hours of the day and night."



Above: "Carl painted a large oil of Heidelberg on the Rhine from a postcard. It was beautiful; they got a cheap frame and decorated the wall of their home."

Below: "When they were alone and Lee had rested, Carl went to the closet where he had hidden the painting of the roses. He brought it out and put it next to her near the bed. 'I couldn't afford to buy you roses like I wanted to, so I painted these for you. I thought they might last a little longer this way.' They cried together and hugged each other."



mark, where I held her with the forceps. It will fade and go away in a few weeks. If a small scar remains, it will be under her hair on her forehead". "She looks very frail and small," said Lee. Dr. Hall smiled, "She weighs about seven pounds. She's a fine, healthy baby."

The baby had long dark curly hair, which fell over her face. Carl took a soft brush and lifted it back to show a high forehead just like his. She had a button of a nose, which she wrinkled as she squirmed getting ready to cry. He smiled as he studied her face. Her rosy lips were full and rounded, like his and his father's and Martha's. "How strange life is," he thought to himself. "This little one already carries a resemblance to me and to her family whom she doesn't even know, in another land."

Within the hour Gustav Tham arrived with Rudy. **(Note IV-6)** As eleven year old Rudy sat in a chair, they let him hold her. "Is she really my little sister?" "Yes, yes." "Will the red mark go away?" "Yes, of course, in a few weeks." "Will I be able to play with her?" "Yes, of course, when she is older." Then Gus went back to the Pork Store with Rudy. That evening when the store closed, he drove Leopoldine to see her new granddaughter. She took the baby in her arms and sat down with her and studied the little face. "What is her name?" she asked quietly. "Margaret Lee Huneke," answered Carl firmly. "She'll be my little Grelie," said Leopoldine. True to Austrian custom all names were shortened to a nickname. Margaret would be Margarethe, or Gretel, which was then shortened to Grelie. Carl didn't care. Her name was Margaret and that's what he would call her. "Who will take care of the baby?" said Leopoldine, hoping that she might raise one more child. "I will", answered Carl firmly. Leopoldine looked surprised. "How will you feed her?" "With a bottle," said Carl. "And who will earn a living?" she asked. "Lee will. She'll keep working at the Laundry in Palo Alto." Leopoldine raised her eyebrows and nodded slowly. Times were very hard and everyone did what must be done to survive.

When they were alone and Lee had rested, Carl went to the closet where he had hidden the painting of the roses. He brought it out and put it next to her near the bed. "I couldn't afford to buy you roses like I wanted to, so I painted these for you. I thought they might last a little longer this way." They cried together and hugged each other.

The next day Dr. Hall came back to check on Lee and the baby and to bring his bill. It was for \$50 as agreed, but he explained that he had to charge an additional \$25 for the use of the forceps because it was a difficult birth. Carl gave the Doctor cash since he needed the money as much as everyone else. The week before, Carl had sold all his stocks to pay for the baby's birth. His stocks, which had once been worth \$40,000, were sold for a little more than \$75. He laughed wryly to himself, "This \$75 will surely be a better investment than the stocks were."

Within a few days Lee felt well enough to go back to work. Their days settled into a routine. Carl took care of the baby and painted while she napped. Lee got up at five each morning and returned by seven in the evening. Her job was to sort the clothes for the washing machines, fold, iron and package them for the customers. At home, he cared for the baby, feeding and bathing her, then cleaning her again, since she spit up sour milk all the time. They tried to change her milk formula, so she would keep her food down. Finally they tried goat's milk, which had been recommended, although it was more expensive. It worked.

Then they noticed that she had a lump next to her eye, near the bridge of her nose, which was growing larger every day. Though they could ill afford another doctor bill, they took her to Dr. Hall, who massaged and probed the growth. He pronounced that she had a blocked tear duct and the growth would have to be surgically removed. That night they hovered over her, agonizing about where they would find the money for the surgery. During the night she sneezed several times, and in the morning they found that she had sneezed the mass out of her nose and it lay on the mattress next to her face. They decided that the doctor's probing that day had dislodged it. She smiled happily and they hugged each other and the baby with joy and relief. By now, she was several months old. On weekends they dressed her in her best clothes with her first pair of soft shoes. The three of them enjoyed Golden Gate Park or visited friends and family. **(Note IV-7)**

Soon she was sitting up. When the sun shone, Carl liked to seat her in her playpen on the porch overlooking the back yard while he painted. When she fussed, he gave her a "gooey", her pacifier, which would keep her quiet for a while. When that failed, his last resort was his beautiful pocket watch, which he had bought in better times. She called that a "gee-gaa" and loved to play with it, looking at the face, listening to the loud tick-tock and chewing on it to soothe her teething gums. Then she learned to throw it and it landed in the garden below. Carl jumped to his feet, gathered up the baby and ran down two flights of the rickety back stairs to the garden below. He searched frantically while the baby cooed enjoying the excitement and the excursion. He did find it eventually, but it never worked very well after that, so he seldom carried it, but kept it in a drawer. Wrist-watches were becoming popular, but he never wanted to wear one, because it bothered him when he painted. **(Note IV-8)**

When the baby cried, they put a "gooey" in her mouth. Once the "gooey" was an established habit, she cried to have her "gooey" all the time. Carl decided it was time to break the habit, so he cut holes in the "gooey" and the baby would scream again. Lee would buy a new "gooey" for her. Carl would quietly cut holes in it. Lee bought a whole box of "gooeys". The silent "gooey" battle went on for weeks between the parents, until the baby discovered that her thumb worked just as well and was much more reliable than her parents.

They moved to 633 Oak Street, a larger place for less money. **(Note IV-9)** Ernst came to visit the baby. Holding her close he said quietly, "I am your Uncle Ernst – yes, yes – I am your Uncle Ernst." He confided to Carl that he was also thinking of getting married, but he was very disappointed in the quality of potential brides in America. He wanted a nice frugal German girl, who knew how to cook proper north German food like he was used to. "Carl, you know what happened to our good friend, Werner Heintzen? He married Pepi, who was from southern Germany and cooked all that Bavarian food. It took him a long time to get used to it." Carl was happy that Ernst still had money left; he had lived frugally to save it. Though his Transamerica stocks had lost enormous value, he could afford to hold on to them. He planned to use his savings, travel a bit in America and then go home to Germany to find a wife. "I want to marry one of your sisters – I was thinking of Martha. What do you think, Carl?" "Ja, Ernst, whatever you want. Go home to Germany and talk it over with them. I'm sure you will work it out." He described for Carl the planned trip, which would take him to the Grand Canyon and some other sights in America before going home to get a wife. **(Note IV-10)**



Top: Left; Carl, Lee and Margaret, Golden Gate Park
Top: Right; Carl and Margaret, Duboce Park
Above: The first shoes and the "gee-gaa".
Below: Left: Ernst and Adele with Margaret, Children's
Playground, Golden Gate Park
Below: Right; Ernst and Margaret,



Carl continued to paint, but many of his paintings became wedding gifts for friends and family. Johanna had written that his brother Hans had married a woman named Gerda Braukhof, and they were living at Johanna's home temporarily until remodeling could be finished on the home he bought for them at 8 Goethe Strasse in Achim. Hans was working as a well borer in Hamburg, on the first tunnel under the Elbe River. Johanna wrote that a baby was already expected. She sounded angry about it. Once again, Carl was grateful that he was here, not there. He hated to be involved in the petty gossip of a small town. Carl painted a picture of Yosemite Valley for them as a wedding gift. On the back he wrote "Josemmeti- wie versprochen". He hoped that this beautiful scene might encourage Hans to immigrate here himself, but he knew that event was unlikely to happen, especially if a baby was coming. **(Note IV-11)**

One day Lee said, "Carl, I think Margaret should be baptized." "Why?" he asked. Carl, although baptized a Lutheran himself, was not particularly religious and saw no need to burden the child with religion. Lee put her foot down. "I want her to be baptized Catholic. I want her to go to Catholic schools. I want her to go to church on Sunday and make her First Holy Communion." Carl shrugged. Apparently it meant something to Lee. On June 9, 1935, Father McCabe baptized Margaret at Saint Agnes Church. Ma and Pa were there and Rudy, at age twelve, was proud to be the godfather for his little sister. Isabella Quigley, a lady from the neighborhood, was her godmother. **(Note IV-12)**

All their friends struggled just as they did. For the most part, jobs were unstable, so even if you had one today, that could all change by tomorrow. Unemployment was now at 25%, the highest it had ever been in the United States. Several of their friends had decided to buy grocery stores. They reasoned that the husband could run the business and the wife could help; there would always be food to eat; and at worst, they could always sleep on blankets, behind the counter. Ernst Rathjen, the Webkes, the Stellings, the Hillebrandts and Carl and Herta Feldman—all of them now had grocery stores in San Francisco, except the Feldman's, who were in Menlo Park. They seemed to be doing well. Prohibition had ended in January 1934, which added some prosperity. Lee reasoned that she already had experience working behind the counter at the Pork Store on Haight Street, and they could buy sausages from Gustav Tham's sausage factory. Carl was worried. "You know I don't like to talk to people. How can I meet customers and run a store?" Lee said, "I can do the talking for both of us". They started looking though he remained reticent about the whole idea.

But he was insistent that Lee find Laurson so she could get a divorce. Finally she found that he had returned from Estonia and was living in Palo Alto. She hired a lawyer to file the divorce papers and Laurson agreed that he would not contest the proceedings. She was granted an Interlocutory Decree on September 27, 1934 in Santa Clara County. One year later she would get a Final Decree of Divorce and then she and Carl could get married. Carl was grateful, though impatient for the time to pass. It had troubled him deeply that he and Lee were not married. **(Note IV-13)**

Ernst returned from Germany with a wife, Adele Huneke. Carl and Lee were to meet them at the ferry building when they arrived in San Francisco. The last Carl had heard, Ernst's wish was to marry Martha. They waited to hear what had happened. Carl, Lee and Margaret met

them. Adele was thrilled to see her little niece for the first time and hugged her close. She was interested in her new sister-in-law, Lee, who seemed very self confident and had a smiling face and plump figure. Adele told how they were married in a civil ceremony in Bremen, so she could get an exit visa. They returned to America by boat via the Panama Canal.

On the way home, they drove through the Mission District, because many of their German friends lived there. It looked very run-down during those poor times and Adele made it clear immediately, that this would not suit her at all. She remembered her mother's words well. "If you sell yourself for a herring, you'll be eaten as a herring." This fish would not live in the Mission District. They went home to Ernst's bachelor quarters at 400 Duboce Avenue until a suitable home could be found.

When they were alone, Carl asked Ernst, "What happened? I thought you went over there to marry Martha?" Ernst said, "Ja, when I got home, my mother told me I was 35 and I better get married soon. So I went to my cousin Kathe, your sister, and said that I was interested in marrying her youngest sister Martha. Before I knew it she was telling me that I didn't want to marry Martha, I wanted to marry Adele, since she wanted to go to America and had already been studying English. In order to be polite, I visited Adele at the back door of the home where she was working, and she gave me a sample of her cooking. Her cooking was very good; somehow, after that it was too late to change. Everyone congratulated me and before I knew anything else, we were betrothed. Did you have something to do with that Carl? That was not my original intention, you know. Somehow I feel that I was tricked and you had something to do with it." Carl looked amazed. "I don't know what you are talking about. How can I have anything to do with it? I'm here and they are there. Even *they* complain that I don't ever write them." "Well anyway," Ernst continued, "Adele quickly put together a trousseau and then we went on a trip together to Sweden to visit your sister Hanni before we got married to see how we would get along together. Hanni put us together in the same room in one bed." Carl asked "Did you...you know?" "Of course not. You know I'm too much of a gentleman to take advantage of that kind of situation. We returned home, got married and the rest you know. Here we are." Carl said once again, "You can be sure I had nothing to do with what went on in Achim, but I give you my sincere congratulations and best wishes." Ernst looked at him sharply under his heavy brows. Somehow he never quite believed him. **(Note IV-14)**

Some time later Carl finished a painting for Ernst and Adele, which was given as a wedding gift. It was a painting of home and he wrote on the back "To a happily married life – 1934 S.F. Cal U.S.A." It was delivered to their new home, a very nice apartment at 430 Steiner Street, a much better part of town than the Mission District. **(Note IV-15)**

Carl and Lee tried to see more of Rudy though he still lived with his grandparents whom he called Ma and Pa. Once, Carl's friend, Rudy Weederman, drove Rudy to their house to visit. Carl wanted to interact more with his stepson, so the three of them played around in the basement with a punching bag and a set of boxing gloves. Carl invited his stepson Rudy to come along to Yosemite and he agreed. Plans were made for the family to go to Yosemite later in the year. Mildred Allen, a friend they had met through the Sierra Club, went along to help with the children and the camping details. **(Note IV-16)**



Above: Carl painted a scene from home as a wedding gift for Carl's sister, Adele and her new husband, Ernest Gade. "To a happily married life. 1934 S.F. Cal."

Below: Carl painted an oil of Yosemite Valley for his brother Hans and his new wife Gerda. On the back he wrote "Josemeti-vie versprochen"- Yosemite-as spoken



It was a very long drive to Yosemite in those days and Lee drove a borrowed car. They arrived and went to Housekeeping Camp #17, which had lean-to shelters with canvas roof covers. There were metal beds and an outdoor cook-stove. They set up places to sleep and cooked the evening meal as usual. Rudy started to suck his thumb to go to sleep and Mildred, a very straight-forward woman, scolded him loudly for that. She told Lee that she should put iodine on his thumb to prevent any more thumb sucking which would deform his mouth. Carl and Lee nodded benignly but said, "Leave him be; leave the boy alone."

The next morning Rudy and Carl went on an eight hour hike to the top of Half Dome. They were up at dawn going to the trail base at Happy Isles. Before the sun warmed the shaded canyon, they climbed up the Mist Trail, next to Vernal Falls and continued on to Nevada Falls and Little Yosemite Valley. There the trail branched to the left and they followed it to the back side of Half Dome. As they climbed, the trail emerged from the forest and started to climb granite. Carl, in the lead, jumped back when he saw a rattlesnake coiled on a rock in the sun. He warned the others on the trail and told two nearby rangers about the snake. They came and killed it. It had six rattles on the end of its tail, indicating its age and someone took the rattles as a trophy. When Carl and Rudy came to the steepest part of the trail, almost vertical, they pulled themselves up the ropes, which were secured into the steep granite with stanchions. After a tough climb they stood at the top of Half Dome, tired but triumphant. They had reached the top together! They looked at the lovely valley spread out below them. It was a good moment for both of them. The hike down seemed easy and Rudy couldn't wait to tell his mother about the adventures of the day.

That evening, after dinner around the campfire, they all went to Camp Curry for the show and the Firefall. The crowd had already gathered and was very large by the time they arrived, even though it was not yet 7 p.m. The entertainment started at 8 p.m. and included a ranger talk about Yosemite Valley, its plants and animals and its geological formation. There was also singing and sometimes members of the audience would perform on a musical instrument. As 9 p.m. approached anticipation became almost unbearable. A "fire caller" asked the crowd for silence before the exchange of calls began. In the dead quiet, the fire caller at Camp Curry yelled in a loud voice "Hello Glacier!" In the silence the crowd could hear the faint response from the cliff: "Hello Camp Curry!" Rudy was astonished that the human voice could carry that far, to the top of that cliff over three thousand feet into the night sky. Then the fire caller yelled, "Let the Fire Fall!" They heard the final response. "The Fire is Falling!" At that point the red embers were pushed over the edge in a steady flow to produce the illusion of a waterfall of fire. While the embers fell, a vocalist at Camp Curry accompanied by piano or violin, sang *The Indian Love Call*. When the song and the Firefall were over, the crowd stood silently, faces upturned, for what seemed like minutes, until finally a few were bold enough to clap. They were joined by others around them, then those in the meadows, and then from all over the valley. For those moments of wonder, everyone, parents and wide-eyed children, forgot the Depression and daily hardship. They felt kinship with one another. To a man, they stood marveling at the grandeur of the incredibly tall cliffs, the quiet of the forests. This treasured time together, with family and friends gave them hope for the future. They left the next day, but the family trip to Yosemite was never forgotten. **(Note IV-17,18)**

Lee continued to work at the laundry. Carl continued to paint while taking care of Margaret. He painted a still life of "Roses, Apples and Grapes" as a wedding gift for Lee's friend Mildred and Carl Adler, who got married soon after the Yosemite trip. Then he painted another called "Basket of Pears, Apples and Grapes," which improved on an earlier still life. He kept up his dues with the Glazer's Union throughout the Depression, partly out of loyalty and partly because he got occasional jobs through the Union.

As Margaret got older, they went to the Tourist Club more often. Half the fun of going was getting there. First they took the ferry, then the train and finally the old Pipeline Trail. There they tried to have her walk as much as she could, but soon she would wail, "Carry me, carry mee-e-e-e." Carl would say, "Here, I'll take her. Throw her up on top of my knapsack." When he tired, someone else would say, "Give her to me, I'll carry her for a while." They'd continue up the trail until they reached the old Buttermilk House where they stopped for a cold glass of buttermilk, or beer for the men. Then, on to the Tourist Club trail, where they'd spend a pleasant afternoon, Carl with the men and Lee and Margaret, with the women and children.

The Tourist Club celebrated Easter with an egg hunt. Maifest was also special with dancing, singing and a special wine floated with fresh strawberries for the adults. For festivals there was always a band and Margaret begged "Daddy, dance with me." Carl stood her little feet on his big shoes and they moved around the dance platform. She learned the Rhinelander, the polka and the waltz. Kinderfest was held in summer on a large grass field. There was a tall pole with a wire frame "tree" on a pulley. Gifts were hung all over the wire frame and children of all ages climbed the slick pole to pluck the toys as the "tree" was pulled up or down, corresponding to the child's skills. Margaret's skills were non-existent, so Carl would abandon his chess game to help.

Once each summer they went to the Mountain Play near the top of Mount Tamalpais. Held in a large outdoor amphitheatre, the stage had a spectacular view of San Francisco Bay as its background. Everyone's favorite play was the legend of the Indian maiden, Tamalpa, for whom the mountain was named. At the end of the play, Tamalpa "appeared" for the last time, as if by magic, on a large rock, high above one side of the stage and gave her farewell speech, before "disappearing" in a puff of smoke. After the play, families gathered in the meadow for a picnic dinner and games. Everyone was still poor, but many days were filled with fun for the young family. At the end of the day they returned to San Francisco, sitting on the lowest deck of the ferry with friends, singing the old German songs from home. The ship's lower deck was aglow with the setting sun. They looked toward the Golden Gate, through the scaffold of the new bridge that was being built across the span. It would be called the Golden Gate Bridge.

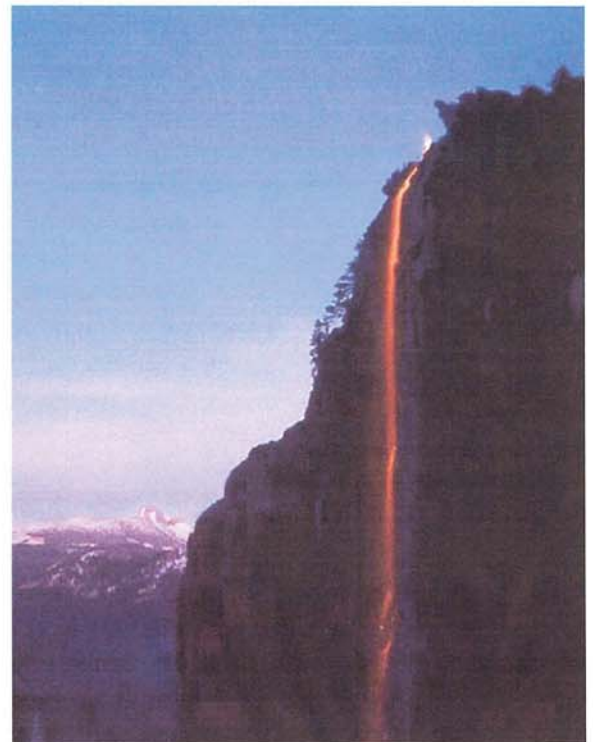
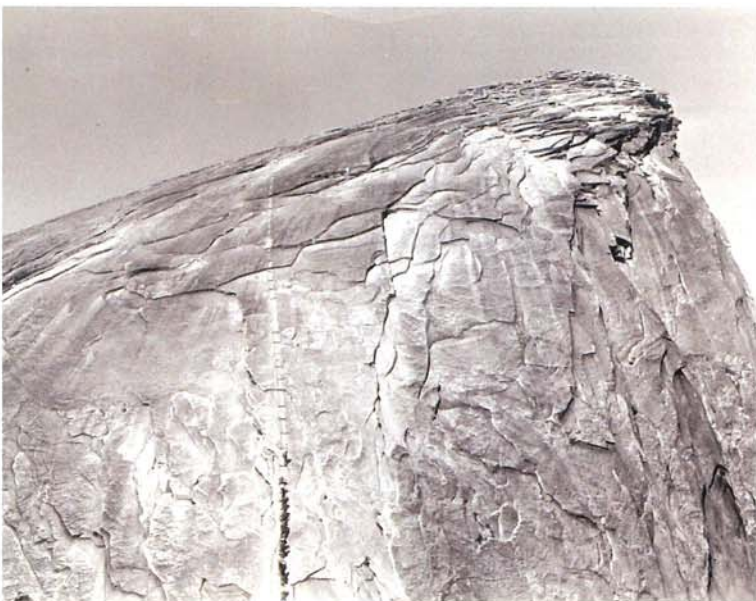
After a year, Lee assumed her divorce from Laurson was final and she and Carl were free to marry. On December 27, 1935, they went to Reno and were married before a Justice of the Peace. It was his best Christmas gift. They received a marriage certificate declaring the date, which bothered him very much, since his daughter was now two years old. As soon as they were home Carl took a blue pen from the drawer and changed the date to read December 27, 1932. He immediately regretted his action and showed Lee. It now looked as if he had tampered with the date. She agreed. It did. She persuaded him not to worry about it. They would get a blank copy someday and he could fill in any date that he wanted. He put it away in



Above, left: Rudy, Lee and Carl, holding Margaret in his arms at Yosemite's Housekeeping Camp 17.
Above, Center: Mirror Lake. Lee, probably Mildred Allen, Carl with Margaret on his shoulders and Rudy.
Above, right: Yosemite Falls from the Meadow. Rudy, Lee, Carl, with Margaret standing on front of him.

Below, left: "The next morning Rudy and Carl went on an eight hour hike to the top of Half Dome."
Climbers ascend the granite on a "ladder" with ropes to assist.

Below, right: "Let the fire fall. At that point the embers were pushed over the edge in a steady flow to produce the illusion of a waterfall of fire."





Top, left: "He painted a still life of 'Roses, Apples and Grapes' as a wedding gift for Lee's friend, Mildred and Carl Adler, who got married soon after the Yosemite trip."

Top, right: "Then he painted another... which improved on an earlier still life."

Below: Carl and Margaret at the S.F. Beach on a hot day. Windmill in the background.

Below, right: "The Tourist Club celebrated Easter with an Egg Hunt". Margaret with her bunnies.

Below, left: " Margaret begged... 'Daddy come dance with me' ...Carl would abandon his chess game."



the back of a drawer, hoping nobody would see it until he made it right. But at least he and Lee were now legally married.

Rudy came with them as often as he could, since Ma and Pa worked long hours at the Pork Store. In the winter they went to Norden in the High Sierra, where the Tourist House had a winter cabin. They played in the deep snow and did some skiing on the old wooden slats that everyone used for skis. The old house was snug, and they all slept in dormitory style rooms. They brought their own food and cooked it in the kitchen, along with the other families who were there. Passing over Donner Summit they were amazed at the depth of the snow. It must have been like that when the Donner Party was stranded so many years before. Carl told about them because their story moved him greatly. **(Note IV-20)**

That year he did an oil painting of pioneers coming over the Sierra with their wagons and animals. They were crossing the great inland valley of California. He painted it with great feeling, as a newcomer to California, still hoping to find prosperity that had, so far, eluded him. There was still little work in the stained glass business.

Carl and Lee continued to look for a grocery store. Finally they found one. It was at 1295 Page Street, on the corner of Page and Lyon Streets in the lower part of the Haight Ashbury district in San Francisco. It was a fairly large neighborhood grocery store. There were no supermarkets then. Fred Von Issendorf and his brother ran the store for many years, but they were tired of it and wanted to sell the business. They were willing to sell to Carl, the German immigrant and his wife, who spoke good English, because they had heard that other Germans had done well in grocery stores in San Francisco. They did not want them to fail and give them the store back, so they struck a deal. The Huneke's would pay a few hundred dollars and give the Von Issendorfs a note, promising to pay off the rest of the loan in monthly installments for three years. Carl and Lee would both work hard, but Carl would run the store, and Lee would help him. That was the understanding they had with the Von Issendorfs. If things went well and customers came in to buy groceries, they would have a profit for themselves, after paying their bills and what they owed the Von Issendorfs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt had been sworn in as President on March 4, 1933, and though Carl and Lee had little belief in the promises of politicians, things did seem to be a little better. By 1936, they dared to have hope. They named the store Huneke's Grocery. **(Note IV-21)**

Soon they moved into a third floor flat at 1216 Page Street, one block away from the store. The rent for the flat was only \$20 per month. It had two bedrooms, plus a dining room, living room and kitchen. They fixed the dining room as a bedroom for Margaret and rented out one of the bedrooms to their bachelor friend, Rudy Weederrman. At first they took Margaret to the store with them, but then Lee found a widow lady named Grace Juth, who lived two doors away from the store, to take care of her during the day. **(Note IV-22)** The first day they opened the store they took in \$18. The next day it was \$20, the day after that \$30. From then on the income continued to increase each day. They decided to keep the store open seven days a week, fourteen hours a day, to give the best service possible to their customers and, of course, to make money. Carl disliked talking to customers, since his German accent seemed to displease them. Everyone liked Lee, with her easy-going, carefree manner. One woman said to Lee "What's the matter with him? He doesn't speak English very well. He has a German

accent.” Carl overheard and was embarrassed. But Lee said to him later, “I should have told that woman, ‘If *you* didn’t speak English, you’d have to bark like a dog, because you don’t know any better’. No, no, Carlie, don’t worry, I didn’t say that to her. “

Edward Lapotka contacted Carl about two months after they had opened Huneke’s Grocery. “Carl, I’ve just gotten some orders for new windows in a church in Stockton, and some other work here in San Francisco. I need you to come back to work”. Carl told Lee and they had to decide what to do. They made an arrangement that might work. Carl would open the store at seven in the morning. Lee would take care of Margaret, then bring her to Mrs. Juth at eight and relieve Carl so he could walk the one mile to Church Art Glass Studio. He would leave there at five in the afternoon, walk back to the store, pick up Margaret, relieve Lee, so she could go home and cook dinner for Carl and Margaret and their boarder, Rudy Weederman. Then she would go back to the store and relieve Carl, who would go home with Margaret, feed her, do dishes, bathe her and put her to bed. Then he would relieve Lee and close the store at nine at night. They agreed. It could be done.

The new schedule began. Everyone worked – and worked hard. Open the store; bring in the milk and bread deliveries, fill the shelves, wait on customers, order the produce, order sausage meat and lunchmeat, pay the bills, wait on customers, bag the sugar, flour and coffee, mark the cans with prices, dust the shelves, sweep the floors, wait on customers and always, always, every night, count the money. By the time Fred Von Issendorf noticed that Carl was not there very much any more, Lee had worked out a good system for running the store. Fred said in exasperation, “But a woman can’t run a grocery store!” “I know, but I’m doing it anyway,” she answered. Fred threw up his hands in disgust, but decided to wait and see what would happen. He certainly didn’t want to take the store back.

Soon, she was so busy with all the new customers who started coming to Huneke’s Grocery, that she had to find someone to help her. One of her customers was an immigrant from Canada. The lady had a teen-aged brother, Leonard O’Leary, who wanted a job after he finished school each afternoon and on Saturdays. He seemed like a nice kid, red hair, pale skin and a quiet smile. She hired him. He was a great help and Lee taught him to do everything. In addition they started a grocery delivery service, which Leonard took care of completely.

Mrs. Juth had been taking care of Margaret in her home, but now she said her arthritis was too painful and she would not be able to do that any more. Lee searched frantically for someone. She found Jo Stone, an elderly pensioner, who lived at the Crane Hotel on Powell Street in San Francisco. She was willing to come to the house every day and stay overnight, several nights a week. She was *not* willing to give up her room downtown however, since she needed to “be in the bright lights, at least a couple of nights each week”. They made an agreement and things went well for a while. **(Note IV-23)**

In the meantime Carl was working hard for Mr. Lapotka. Several jobs had come in and there seemed to be no end of work in sight. Mr. Lapotka still jealously guarded knowledge of the process of stained glass window production in his shop. Each worker was limited to doing only one part of the process. Carl was now doing all of the design work for him. Carl was



Above: "That year he did an oil painting of pioneers coming over the Sierra with their wagons and animals. They were crossing the great inland valley of California. He painted it with great feeling, as a newcomer to California, still hoping to find prosperity that had, so far, eluded him. There was still little work in the stained glass business."

Below, left: "They became owners of a grocery store. They named it Huneke's Grocery."
Below, right: "At first they took Margaret to the store with them."



beginning to entertain the idea of having his own shop someday. He talked about it with Lee. True to her assertive ways, she said, "Of course you can do that. I can keep running the grocery store and you can have your own business too." The first thing he had to do was see how Mr. Lapotka's shop operated from beginning to end.

One day after work when all the other employees had left, he approached Ed Lapotka. "I have an idea for you, Mr. Lapotka. I would like to work at all the different stations in the process of making the stained glass windows, not just the designs." "Now Carl, you know that no one is allowed to do that," he started to say, but Carl continued as if he had not heard. "When you pay me my wages each week, I will return part of my pay back to you. Of course, this will be an arrangement just between you and me. No one else will know." Mr. Lapotka was not a terribly greedy man, but this was very tempting. The long years of the Depression had left everyone impoverished, with a desire to move ahead as quickly as possible. And also, he had been thinking of retirement. Maybe Carl would buy the business from him. He quickly agreed, but he kept the secret even from his wife. "This must be a secret between the two of us. Remember that now." Carl smiled and nodded agreement.

The Pork Store on Haight Street was doing well too, though both Ma and Pa worked long hours, standing on the cold, hard tile floors waiting on customers. Frequent trips to the ice storage box left Leopoldine chilled with cold feet and fingers. Gus' hands were in salted water much of the day as he proficiently linked the sausages by hand as they came out of the grinding machines. Lee's customers loved the beautiful fresh sausage from the Pork Store. Many said the frankfurters, mortadella, liverwurst, and bologna were the best in San Francisco. Rudy was now thirteen. After school he took the streetcar to the Pork Store to help them behind the counter and in the sausage factory behind the store. Carl and Lee gave him a beautiful new bicycle for his birthday. He was thrilled to own it, but there was little time to ride it.

Lee had to find a dependable place where Margaret could go every day. The local Catholic school was Saint Agnes at 755 Ashbury Street, but they didn't accept children in kindergarten until they were four years and nine months old. Margaret was only three years and nine months, but Lee took her to the school and begged them to take her. Times were bad for everyone, and the school needed money, so they agreed to take her on one condition. She would have to stay in kindergarten for two years and she would have to stay close to Sister La Sallette the first year, because she was too young to be alone with the other children on the playground. Lee readily agreed; her daughter would be safe with the sisters.

Carl's sister, Martha, came to San Francisco to visit in 1937. She got a job as a housemaid for a couple who lived in the Brocklebank Apartments on the top of Nob Hill. She was expected to take care of their home and cook, which she was accustomed to doing. They seemed pleased with her until an unfortunate incident happened on Thanksgiving Day. They had invited guests for Thanksgiving Dinner and asked Martha to prepare a turkey with all the trimmings. She was embarrassed to admit to them that she had never even seen such an animal before, much less cook it. She assumed it would come from the butcher, ready to cook. She would put it in the oven in a roasting pan, until it was brown, serve it with potatoes and vegetables, along with a fine cake she would bake and that would be that. The turkey

arrived, looking large and imposing. She plucked the few pin feathers remaining, on the otherwise clean skin, rubbed it with butter and put it in the oven to roast for several hours.

The table was set beautifully with china, crystal and linens. The guests arrived and enjoyed a glass of sherry together in front of the fire, before sitting down at the beautiful table. Martha served some soup for the first course, which everyone enjoyed. Then she carried the beautifully browned turkey to the host and set it before him on the table. He carved into it and a putrid odor filled the room as the steamed entrails and guts of the turkey spilled out onto the platter. Martha had neglected to clean out the insides. Needless to say, dinner was ruined, the guests left hungry and her employers were furious.

Martha burst into the door at Carl and Lee's house. She was sobbing so hard it was hard to find out what had happened. When they did, Carl burst out laughing. "Marti, stop crying. I'm sure they will forgive you, once they calm down." They did, but Carl always teased her about her first encounter with a turkey.

During Martha's visit, the whole family enjoyed many outings. After six months they decided they could close the grocery store on Sunday afternoons, so they could enjoy some time together. They went to the Tourist Club, Golden Gate Park, the Band Shell in the Park, Muir Woods, the de Young Museum, the Japanese Tea Garden and all the other places to visit in San Francisco. On Christmas Eve each year many of the German friends got together to celebrate with good food and singing, with Santa Claus and gifts for the children. On New Year's Eve, they welcomed in the New Year with food, wine and song.

Martha and Adele loved their little niece Margaret. They took her with them on many outings, when Lee and Carl had to work. "Tante Dita, Tante Martha, take me with you," was her plaintive cry each time she saw them. All too soon, Martha went home to Germany with promises to return with her mother, Johanna, who longed to see Carl and Adele and meet her little granddaughter Margaret .

Sometimes in the evenings, or on the weekends, Carl, Lee and Margaret would spend long hours filling shelves and cleaning the store. Carl would set Margaret on the cement floor on a little stool, with a case of canned milk and a black grease pencil. The first numbers he taught her to write were 5¢ on the top of each can of milk. Then he showed her how to place each can, just so, stacked on top of each other on the shelf, with the picture of the cow facing the customer. Lee worked hard at the store, and eagerly counted the money in the cash register at the end of each day and kept her accounting records. They were making money, but not enough to justify the long hours and hard work they both did.

Carl relieved her each evening for a few hours and still opened in the morning. One night, when they were alone in the store, Lee said. "Carl, I don't know what to do. This is too hard. We work and work and even though the customers are coming in and we take in money, we never have enough left over. We're not getting ahead, no matter how hard we work." Carl grinned at her and said, "Come here, honey. I have something to show you." Lee walked to him slowly, wondering what he was up to. He reached under the counter, pulled some rags out of a hole and took out a metal box. He opened it; inside was a thousand dollars. "I've

been taking a little bit out of the cash register each day, without you even noticing, and now we have accumulated all of this already." Lee was furious. "How could you do this? Here I've been working and worrying, not knowing what to do? I thought someone was stealing money from us." After that, Carl promised never to do it again and Lee promised to count more carefully and to start depositing money in a bank regularly. In no time the bank account grew and grew and they both knew that they were doing very well.

Lee was not happy with the third floor flat at 1216 Page and told Carl that she would like to buy a home. He said "No, that's impossible. We need to live close to the store so Margaret can be near us. And I don't know how to drive a car, so we must be someplace where I can walk to work every day." So they didn't buy a home. Instead, they moved to 1319 Page Street, one half block away from the store. Now they lived on the second floor, with an automatic heater, which was miraculous! It ignited the boiler in the basement, by pushing a button on the second floor. The flat had hardwood floors instead of the old splintered pine floors. The kitchen sink had white hexagonal tile on part of the drain board instead of wood. There was a separate room just for the toilet, with the large claw-foot bathtub and pedestal wash basin enthroned alone in another room. Carl and Lee had their own bedroom at the back of the house and Margaret's was next to theirs. There was an extra room at the front of the house next to the living room for Rudy Weederman to rent. The Huneke's had definitely come up in the world.

In 1939, Martha returned from Germany with her mother, Johanna. Johanna was full of joy to see her son, Carl, again and to meet her little granddaughter, Margaret. She and Lee got along well and she was happy to be in America. She lived with her daughter, Adele and her son-in-law, Ernst. Martha, once again, worked as a housemaid. Adele, though happy to see her mother, had established her own household in a well-regulated, very frugal way. Johanna, an old lady by now, liked to indulge herself with the luxury of butter, spread generously on bread and plenty of sugar in her coffee. After a few weeks, open warfare erupted between the two over Johanna's extravagant habits. Johanna fled the apartment without coat or hat and ran a mile to the grocery store on Page Street. There she sobbed her story to her daughter-in-law, Lee, as she sat on a high stool in the back room of the store. "Ja, Lee, it is true. It is true. One mother can take care of nine children, but nine children can't take care of one mother. I don't want to go back there. And I don't want to go home. I don't know what to do."

By the time the unsuspecting Carl walked up Page Street that evening, whistling a happy tune, Lee had it all figured out. Johanna would stay with them, sharing a room with Margaret for now. They would pick up her clothes tomorrow. Then Lee would find a nice German speaking companion for her, so they could live together and enjoy each other's company. Johanna had stopped sobbing by now, though her eyes were still red and her hands shook. Carl rolled his eyes and shook his head at the events of the day. He was happy to have left petty bickering behind in Germany. Now it had followed him here. Thank God Lee took care of it. **(NOTE IV-24)**

Johanna spent several happy weeks with them, sharing a bedroom with Margaret. Each day after school she taught her granddaughter how to crochet and knit, and each day they would look at picture books together. Margaret learned German from her and called her Oma in the

German way. Oma learned English from Margaret. She taught Lee how to make bread pudding for Carl, like she did at home. Lee kept her well supplied with butter and sugar. Before too long, Lee found a German lady named Mrs. Walz, who lived in a spacious flat, two blocks away from the store. She was happy to rent a room to Johanna, for she appreciated both the money and the companionship. The two old ladies soon became good friends and they both traveled all over California with Lee and Carl.

Lee had bought an old car by now and on weekends they went to all the places of interest in San Francisco and then in California. Sometimes Rudy Weederman would go with them, or he would drive them on a trip in his car. They visited Yosemite, Mount Lassen and Mount Shasta, Oregon Caves, Crater Lake, Lake Tahoe and Monterey. The 1939-1940 World's Fair was at Treasure Island, in the middle of San Francisco Bay. It was called the Golden Gate Exposition. It was a man-made island, filled with mud, dredged from the Bay and it was attached to Yerba Buena Island, the mid point anchor of the new Bay Bridge. The Exposition was their destination for many weeks of its anticipated one-year stay. It was so successful, that it was extended for another year. By 1939, everyone felt the worst was behind them. People were going back to work, newcomers were pouring into San Francisco from all over the country and suburbs were building up all over the bay area.

Lee and Carl took Margaret to see a new film called "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs". It was the first full-length cartoon, created by a man named Walt Disney. Margaret loved it so much they took her to see it several times. Carl was charmed by the wonderful art work, combined with the songs, that he learned to sing along with Margaret. He especially loved "Whistle While You Work", because that is exactly what he liked to do while he worked. The two of them learned all the words to the songs and sang, as they did the dishes together after dinner.

By now Rudy was sixteen and had his own car, so he visited more often. He still worked at the Pork Store every day with Ma and Pa. Their business was doing better too, but somehow they never seemed to have enough profit for all their hard work. One day Lee got a telephone call at the store from Pa. "Poldie, you have to come quick. Rudy's been in a car accident and the police say he's at the hospital." He was alive, but had shattered the bones in his ankle and had other bruises and minor injuries. He was at Saint Joseph Hospital for a week. Ma said, "I can't take care of him. I have to work at the Pork Store and our house is too far away". Lee said "He'll stay with us. He can call me when he needs something and I can run home from the store." So Rudy came home to 1319 Page Street. He was put in the dining room with a large bed. His leg, huge with a white plaster cast, was propped up in front of him. Many friends arrived as the doorbell rang all day and into the night. Margaret would go to the top of the stairs, call 'who is it?', then determine it was one of Rudy's friends. She would buzz the door open and leave. The friends would enter cautiously, but unescorted, and come up the stairs to find Rudy, enthroned in the dining room. **(Note IV-25)**

Lee noticed one, in particular, because she was a girl. Her name was Evelyn Prini and she came a long way on the streetcar to visit Rudy. It was clear, that she was more than a casual friend. She was his girl friend. She called Lee 'Mrs. Huneke', but Carl said, "My name is Carl," so she always called him that. She was a shy girl, with a sweet smile. She lived with



Above: "On Christmas Eve each year many of the German friends got together to celebrate with good food and singing, with Santa Claus and gifts for the children. On New Year's Eve, they welcomed in the New Year with food, wine and song."

Front row; Kathe (unknown last name), Carmen holding Margaret, Martha Huneke, Adele Huneke Gade, Shirley Gelhar, Rudy Weederman. Back row, Kitty and Hans Gelhar, unknown woman, Carl and Lee and Ernst Gade.

Below, left: Oma (Johanna) with Margaret.

Below, right: Carl, Johanna, Lee and Margaret in Golden Gate Park at the Rhododendron Grove on Easter Sunday.





“Lee had bought an old car by now and on weekends they went to all the places of interest in San Francisco and then in California. Sometimes Rudy Weederman would go with them, or he would drive them on a trip in his car. They visited Yosemite, Mount Lassen and Mount Shasta, Oregon Caves, Crater Lake, Lake Tahoe and Monterey.”

Above; left and below; left and right: Carl, Johanna, Mrs. Walz and Rudy Weederman in the High Sierra.





Top:
"By now Rudy was sixteen and had his own car, so he visited more often. He still worked at the Pork Store every day with Ma and Pa. Their business was doing better too, but somehow they never seemed to have enough profit for all their hard work."

Below:
Margaret, on a rented pony in front of the grocery store at 1295 Page Street.

her Italian immigrant parents at 629 Brussels Street in the Bayview District. She and Rudy had met in Portola Junior High School when they were just thirteen years old. At night, when they were alone, Lee muttered to Carl "I don't like this. He's too young to be running around with a girl friend." But Carl said quietly, "Let the boy be. Let him be. There's not too much you can do about it. His grandparents are raising him and he's made it clear, he likes it that way."

The store continued to prosper. Carl and Lee talked at night when they were alone. Lee said, "There's no use just renting the store. We should try to buy the whole building if Von Issendorf will sell it to us. There are two eight room flats above the store and they bring in a good rent." Carl was afraid to buy real estate. After his experience in the stock market he was happy to be making money again and he preferred to have money just pile up in the bank – preferably a large pile. Lee was insistent. One night she said to him, "Well, I talked to Von Issendorf today and it's all settled. They'll sell us the whole building for \$9,000. We'll give him \$3,000 in cash and pay him \$100 a month plus interest for the next five years and then it will be all paid for." Carl looked at her, amazed. "I told you I didn't want to buy real estate." "I know. I did it anyway." They didn't speak for a week. But when it was time to sign the papers, his name was on the promissory note, along with hers. **(NOTE IV-26)**

Adele was very excited that she was finally going to have a baby. A healthy boy was born on December 9, 1940, and Ernst was proud to have a son of his own. He brought Adele and Warren home from the Hospital to a one bedroom apartment, in an eight unit apartment building he bought, at 1930 Fulton Street. He thought that he would like to own real estate too and that Adele could help manage it.

By now Margaret was in the second grade at St. Agnes School. The school offered weekly private piano lessons for seven dollars a month. This was something that Lee always wanted to do, so Margaret started piano lessons. But there was no piano at home. That Christmas Eve, family and friends were gathered at their house. Santa Claus was to arrive, but before he came, they all sang the old songs around the Christmas tree. There was a commotion at the door and Santa bustled up the stairs. He appeared to carry a piano on his back. Carl hurried Margaret out of the way and took her through the dining room into the living room and miraculously, there stood a beautiful new piano. Her eyes were wide as Santa Claus boomed "Merry Christmas...Merry Christmas." After he left, Margaret said, "Daddy, that had to be the real Santa Claus. No one else could have carried that piano up the stairs on his back." He said, "Ja, you're right. It had to be the real Santa Claus." **(NOTE IV-27)**

REMEMBERING MY FATHER – CARL HUNEKE A BIOGRAPHY

CHAPTER V – 1940-1950

In Germany the political news was ominous. In 1932 the Nazi Party became the largest party in the German Reichstag, although they did not have a majority. Adolf Hitler was their leader. In 1938, he invaded Austria and moved into Czechoslovakia. In 1939, Hitler signed a non-aggression pact with Stalin of Russia. By 1940, he had invaded Denmark, Norway and Holland. That same year, the United States started the Selective Service Act, requiring military service of its young men. And in November of that year, Franklin Delano Roosevelt was elected to a third term of office as President of the United States. In spite of minor recessions the economy seemed to be improving.

Martha had reviewed prospective German suitors in America for two years and found them all lacking as good husband material. They were too old, too young, too poor, or too ugly or simply, had come from the wrong part of Germany. She looked at each with arched eyebrows, listened to him for a while, and then turned her pert nose in the air with a disdainful toss of her head and walked away. Some men would approach Carl. "Have I done something to offend Martha. I really like her. Do you think I have a chance with her? Can you put in a good word for me?" And Carl would fold his arms hugging himself, rock on his heels, smile a little and say, "I don't know. You'll have to talk to her yourself." Looking for something better that was farther away, she started to correspond with Heinz Lohmann, a widower she had met a few years earlier in Achim. He had a daughter he was raising alone. His letters were charming, and she fell in love with them.

By now it was Spring 1941. War was escalating in Europe and Fritz Wiedermann, the German Consul in San Francisco, advised Martha and Johanna to return home quickly. Since German U-boats were sinking passenger ships in the Atlantic, he urged them to return home via Asia. Ernst made arrangements for them to cross the Pacific, enter Manchuria and travel on the Trans-Siberian Railroad across Russia to their home in Germany. If there was war in Germany, they would be safe in the little village of Achim. Plans were made quickly, tickets were purchased, and friends gathered for final parties and farewells. Oma hugged her little Margaret and her grandson, Warren, perhaps for the last time. She held Carl close and kissed her daughter-in-law, Lee, whom she had come to love. They collected their small treasures from America to take home to Germany and boarded the ship at the San Francisco waterfront. The huge ship moved away from the dock into the Bay, passed under the majestic Golden Gate Bridge and headed to Japan. Nothing was heard from them until July 1941, when Martha wrote the following from Harbin, Manchuria:

"We have been here since June 24. If we had realized there would be a German-Russian war, we would have stayed in America. We arrived ten days too late. Our group of twenty-five

travelers was taken prisoner in Manchuria. We can be happy that we are here. We hope to continue on to Germany in a few months.”

After they left, life returned to more normal activities, but all kept a watchful eye on world news, waiting for word that Johanna and Martha had arrived home safely. Lee decided that they should have a family pet. A dog. Carl said, “Why do we need a dog? We never had a dog at home.” Lee said, “I always had a dog and I think it would be good for Margaret to have a dog.” Carl thought that he might enjoy taking a dog for a walk, so he said no more. A few days later, he came home to find that the dog had arrived. It was enthroned in the back room behind the kitchen in a nice wooden bed with a pillow. A food bowl and a water bowl stood next to the bed. It didn't really look like a dog that he recognized. It had a pushed in nose, long hair, very short legs and a curled tail with long hair. He said, “What is this? This can't be a dog. I can't take this out for a walk on a leash.” Lee said disdainfully, “This is a very highly pedigreed dog. It is a Pekinese with very distinguished papers. His name is Sun-Yet-Lee, but we will call him Sunny.” Carl shook his head doubtfully, but moved cautiously toward the dog to pet him on the head. When Carl was a foot away, Sunny snarled, bared his teeth, barked and lunged ferociously at him, daring him to come any closer. Sunny had established, on first contact, that this back room, bed and bowls, were his exclusive domain. Lee ignored the dog's ominous threats and taught Margaret to do the same.

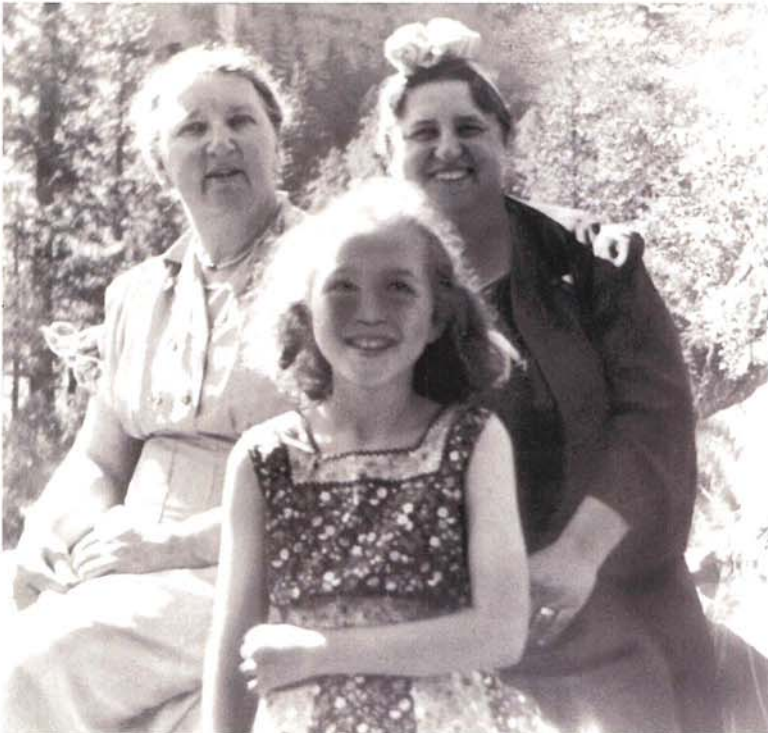
Each afternoon Carl would come home and say “Margaret, let's take Sunny for a walk in the Park.” Margaret knew this was the signal for her to get the dog since Carl would not approach the dog in the back room. This ferocious animal made a joke of the word ‘pet’. Margaret went to the refrigerator, got a piece of food, and walked to the back room. The dog snarled and barked as she approached and held the bait above his head with her left hand. As he lunged, barking and snarling to bite her, she grabbed him by the scruff of the neck with her right hand. Then she carried him to the kitchen, squirming and gagging, where he became “tame” again. At that point Carl put the leash on him and everyone would get ready to go to Buena Vista Park for a nice walk. It was a strange routine. Carl and the dog never more than tolerated each other.

Margaret was astonished to come home from school one day to find a huge doll house standing in the entry hall at the top of the stairs. It was about three feet square and three feet tall with a peaked shingle roof. It stood on a platform table. Inside, each of ten rooms had polished hardwood floors and wiring for small electric lights. The fireplace in the living room had a small electric light to make it look real. The banisters to the staircase had brass railings and the windows were all paned with glass. The front had broad stairs and a porch, with large pillars like an old plantation house in the South. It was altogether a work of art. Margaret looked at it with her mouth open. “Who is it for?” Carl and Lee both smiled. “It's for you. Someone in the neighborhood lost his job in the Depression and he couldn't afford to pay us his grocery bill. We agreed to take this instead.” The huge elaborate dollhouse became part of the Huneke house.

Lee still wanted a house...something better than the rented flat on Page Street. New flats were being built in University Terrace, near the University of San Francisco. That location would add another mile to Carl's walk to work, or he would have to learn to drive. He

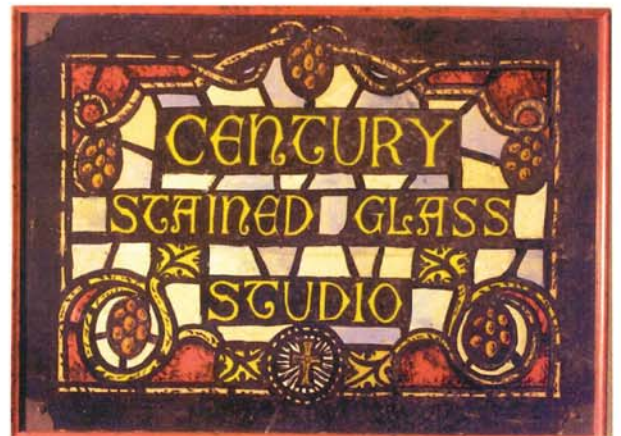


Above left: Farthest left, Jo Stone, Margaret's nanny; third from left, Bette Heide; Margaret, Johanna and Martha. On the dock in San Francisco; leaving for Germany via Japan.
 Above right: Johanna and Martha



Below, left: Ma, Lee and Margaret at Mirror Lake in Yosemite, shortly before Ma died at age 57.

Below: "He named it 'Century Stained Glass Studio' and quickly created a sign on paper, which he hung in the window. Someday, when he had more time, he would replace it with one made in stained glass."



kept saying, "No, honey, I don't want to move. This flat is perfect. I can walk to work, you're close to the store and Margaret can walk to St. Agnes School. She can even walk past the Pork Store on her way home from school each day. I don't want to move and I don't want to learn to drive. We don't need a new house. It's too expensive anyway." Lee continued to look however, and soon picked out the flats at 40-42 Annapolis Terrace. The family looked at them frequently while they were being built, though Carl insisted he would never move there. When the flats were completed, Lee and Carl battled. Then there was silence for a week. Finally he signed the papers and his name was on the deed, but that was as far as he would go. He refused to move and there was nothing she could do about it. She leased the two new flats to other people, who loved them, and Lee and Carl continued living in the old rented flat at 1319 Page Street.

Life continued routinely. Each evening Carl would walk home from work and relieve Lee at the store. She hurried home and cooked dinner. Then Carl would pick up Margaret, and they would have dinner together with Rudy Weederman, who boarded with them. Catholics were not permitted to eat meat on Friday, but sometimes Lee forgot and cooked meat instead of fish on Friday. Margaret wailed, "But Daddy, we can't eat meat. It's Friday." Carl, whose Lutheran background did not include such restrictions, puzzled only for a moment about dealing with his young, Catholic-educated child. He solemnly raised his hand in a mock blessing over the offending meat on her plate and declared, "Thou art fish". He and Rudy started to eat with gusto, as she cocked her head to one side and said dubiously, "Are you sure?" Both men nodded sagely, mouths full of dinner and she finally started to eat.

After dinner, most evenings, Carl and Margaret would do the dishes together. He would teach her the German songs and she would sing along with him. When she was older and learned songs in school, she taught him new songs in English. After dinner and the dishes, she would pretend to teach her dolls and teddy bears. She dressed up as a sister, with a bathrobe to the floor, a sweater buttoned around her head as a veil and rosary beads on her belt. Her favorite teacher had been Sister Mary La Sallette for two years in kindergarten and Rudy Weedermann teased her by calling her Sister Mary Wet-the-Bed. This always resulted in screams of outrage over his disrespect. She also played with paper dolls or her dollhouse. Sometimes they would listen to the large wooden radio in the living room. They laughed at Jack Benny, Amos and Andy and sometimes even One Man's Family, the first soap opera, which was set in the Seacliff District in San Francisco. Then Margaret would get ready for bed and Carl went back to the store to relieve Lee.

Eventually they bought a brand new car. Soon after they got it, they went to the Golden Gate Theatre on the corner of Taylor and Golden Gate at Market. They parked their car in the garage a few doors away. They saw vaudeville acts and listened to the great Wurlitzer organ boom its sounds throughout the vast theatre. A newsreel and a movie followed this, all for less than a dollar a person. When they returned to the garage a few hours later, everything was gone. The whole building had burned to the ground with all the automobiles in it. Eventually insurance provided Lee with the money for a new automobile, but she long remembered the loss of her first new car.

On weekends they continued to go to the Tourist Club; sometimes they brought Sunny along. By then, Werner and Pepi Heintzen had a little girl named Trudy, she and Margaret would play

there together. Hans and Kitty Gelhar had a daughter named Shirley, but she was older and the Gelharts didn't go to the Tourist Club very often. Now they drove the automobile over the Golden Gate Bridge to a parking lot at the top of a steep trail above the Tourist House. They brought all of their own food, but Margaret was usually allowed to buy a Hershey's 5¢ chocolate candy bar, with five evenly spaced almonds, from the bartender who doubled as a snack dispenser. They enjoyed all the festivals, but Carl was wary of any political discussions with other members. He felt strongly about being an American citizen and felt no allegiance to Germany. Eventually, he dropped his formal membership over this issue, though he always continued to be a financial supporter of the Club with its grounds and buildings in their beautiful natural setting.

Lee was always concerned about Margaret's pale complexion. Margaret skin was less fair than her father's, and never turned red in the sun. Lee kept looking for a place "in the country" where they could all go to get some sun. She found a house in the hills on Vista Drive above Emerald Lake in Redwood City. A number of vacation cottages were clustered on streets near the Lake, which had been developed for recreational swimming. The house was on a large, steep lot, with terraces cut into the hill. There were fishponds, fountains, and areas for lawn swings. The house had a dark living room, with a brown enamel gas stove, a functional kitchen with an ice box. There was a huge enclosed porch, where they spent most of their time when they were indoors. The house even had a name...it was called "Toyonolla", after the many native toyon trees in the area. This time, Carl didn't resist Lee's intentions to buy it because he enjoyed the sun and knew he wouldn't be dealing with tenants.

Lee was tired of spending most of her life working and was determined to spend more time away from the store. She intended to enjoy Toyonolla. She tried to spend more time at home and sometimes even made bread pudding for Carl "the way mother made it". Sometimes it was almost as good, especially if she planned ahead and used very stale bread. She hired more help in the store, but only Leonard O'Leary was totally trustworthy. He was now reaching the end of his high school years and feared that he might have to serve in the army if America entered the war.

Conditions in Europe were growing worse, but Roosevelt's policy continued to be one of neutrality. Japan had become an ally of Germany and on Sunday, December 7, 1941, Japanese airplanes bombed Pearl Harbor in Honolulu. In an overwhelming attack they crippled a large part of America's Naval fleet. That was the last straw. President Roosevelt declared that the United States would join the war against Germany and Japan. World War II had begun.

Carl and Lee still waited to hear from Martha and Johanna, not knowing if they made it back home to Germany. Finally they found out what had happened. They were in Manchuria, ready to board the Trans-Siberia Express, when Hitler invaded Russia. Japan had occupied Manchuria in 1931. As German citizens they were "guests" of the Japanese government and were treated relatively well. They spent all of World War II in Tsingtao, China, also occupied by Japan. Carl and Lee reasoned that they were probably as safe there, as anyplace else in the world.



Above, left: Margaret in front of the de Young Museum, where she and Carl went on rainy Sundays.

Above, right: Carl, Lee and Margaret, hiking.

Below, left: Margaret, Trudy Heintzen and Carl at the Tourist Club.

Below, right: Carl and Margaret with the dog, Sunny at the Tourist Club. (Girl unknown).



San Francisco mobilized immediately for the war effort. The City feared that it was next to be attacked. The day after Pearl Harbor there were guards at the Presidio. The first blackout was that very first night. Every home had to have blackout curtains and use few lights. A net was placed down into the water, under the Golden Gate Bridge, to entrap any ship or submarine that might try to enter the bay. Anyone with binoculars was expected to be on watch for any activity on the ocean or the bay. Soon gas, meat, sugar, and butter were rationed. Shoes and most goods were in short supply, or nonexistent. Silk stockings were unavailable, since the silk came from Asia. Women either wore heavy cotton stockings to cover their legs or applied a brown lotion to bare legs.

The Selective Service was now fully activated and all able-bodied men were drafted into the military. Rudy Weederman knew he would have to go eventually and Leonard O'Leary would be eligible as soon as he finished high school. Rudy, too, would have to go as soon as his high school years were ended. Gas stations would sell gas only if you had enough gas coupons. Grocery stores were required to collect red, green or blue stamps from each customer before selling meat, sugar or butter. The storeowners accounted for the stamps by pasting them in books, which they had to present before they were allowed to buy goods to sell in their stores. Now Sundays were spent sitting around the dining room table, pasting thousands of stamps into books.

America needed ships fast. Henry Kaiser's shipyard in Richmond could build them. In three years more than five hundred Liberty ships were built there. They set a record by building a single ship in five days. Thousands of laborers came pouring in to San Francisco. They had dreams of better jobs and better opportunities. They swamped quiet neighborhoods that were sparsely occupied before. They changed the City and it would never be the same again.

Lee had to rent a garage for her car, two blocks away from the flat. Frequently she had Leonard put the car in the garage for her. Sometimes she asked him to fill the car with gas before he put it away. That was her request one warm evening in May. There had been a heat wave and the night air was balmy. Leonard couldn't resist taking the new car for a drive with his good friend, James McCracken. They drove through the Park, out to the beach, then turned left, out the Great Highway. Soon they were driving down Skyline Boulevard, when thick fog enveloped the car. Leonard pulled over because he couldn't see the side of the road. The two boys sat on the running board of the car, laughing and trying to decide what to do next. Suddenly the car began to slide slowly and they jumped up, just in time to see it slide over the edge of the road and down a steep embankment. Leonard was terrified. How could he tell Mrs. Huneke, his employer, that her car was destroyed?

The next day Lee waited in vain for Leonard to show up at the store. He never came. She finally went across the street to his sister's house, where he lived, and he told her his sad story. They went out to the site of the accident and spotted the shiny metal at the bottom of a steep ravine. Lee and Carl forgave Leonard long before he forgave himself. Years later, the redhead's face would turn beet red and he would hang his head in shame whenever the incident was mentioned. **(NOTE V-1)**

They continued to go to Toyonolla during the war years, but because of the gas shortage, they had to limit their trips. They got there by driving down El Camino Real from San Francisco to

Redwood City. They turned west on Brewster, up to the hills and Emerald Lake. Ma began to spend more time there, staying for some weeks with Margaret and Larry Prini, Evelyn's brother. Margaret took swimming lessons and learned to swim there. On the weekends everyone else would join them. Rudy and Evelyn came down with their friends, Vula Pantoleone, Charlie "Dodo" Ratto, Ralph "Red" Turner and Annie Fraticelli. Carl and Lee would come down with Pa and they would all enjoy the sun and swimming in the Lake.

Part of the property was overrun with poison oak. Lee decided that everyone would work together to dig it out. This became the weekend project. Everyone dug, clawed and ripped at the noxious weed as they sweated in the hot sun. Within a few days, they all had poison oak rashes. But Carl's case was so severe that he required medication and could not go to work for several days. As much as they all enjoyed Toyonolla, the "Battle of the Poison Oak" ultimately diminished their love of the place. As for Carl, he never again lifted a hand to help maintain the grounds and bided his time until they could eventually sell it.

Leonard O'Leary was sure he would be called soon to go into the Army, so he decided instead to enlist in the Navy. He made his plans and told Carl and Lee when he would be leaving. They were sad, but relieved, that he would be in the Navy, where they thought he would be safer. The night before he left they hosted a party for his family and theirs at the Mural Room at the Saint Francis Hotel. They had a fine dinner with dancing afterward. The best part was a floorshow featuring Hilo Hattie, a young Hawaiian school teacher, who had become well-known for her Hawaiian singing and dancing, as well as her comedic antics, while her dance troupe did the hula. The audience howled as she sang and danced a crazy version of "The Cockeyed Mayor of Kalakakai". She finished with her signature number, "When Hilo Hattie Does the Hilo Hop." Afterward she came to their table, signed a menu for Margaret and hugged her before she kissed Leonard, proudly wearing his Navy uniform. Later she became famous in Hawaii for her line of clothing. It was a wonderful evening and at the end, they all wished Leonard well and kissed him goodbye. He left for the war the next morning.

Soon it was Rudy Tham's turn. He didn't want to go in the Army or the Navy. He, as well as Ma, thought they were both too dangerous. Ma kept telling him "I'd rather have a live coward, than a dead hero". So he joined the Merchant Marine, theoretically a safer place to be, since the ships carried only supplies and did no fighting. Once again, Carl and Lee offered a farewell party, but Rudy, a tough kid at that time in his life, said "Nah - I'd rather spend the time with my friends". Then he was gone too. He had many near misses during the war. Apparently the enemy thought it was just as important to destroy ships carrying supplies, as it was to sink ships carrying troops and ammunition.

Rudy Weederman decided to wait since he was older and might not be called, but eventually he was. Before he left for the Army, they had yet another farewell party with all the German friends they had come to know over the years.

Life went on during the war as they continued to wait for news...Johanna, Martha, Leonard, Rudy Tham and Rudy Weederman. Margaret walked home from St. Agnes School each day.



Above, Left: Ma, Pa, Rudy and Lee with Margaret and Sunny on one of the terraces at "Toyonolla".
Above, Right: Ma and Pa on a terrace near the front porch at "Toyonolla".

Below, Left: Margaret in front, Vula, left; Carl, Evelyn, her brother, Larry Prini and a friend of Ev's are on the beach at Emerald Lake.

Below, Right: Rudy Weederman on a ladder, pruning poison oak at "Toyonolla". Margaret, waving at the left; Lee at the right.



Her route took her down Ashbury Street, then Haight Street for one block, where she would stop at the Pork Store to visit with Ma and Pa. Sometimes she watched Pa in the sausage factory in the back. Sometimes she tried to help Ma behind the counter. Usually she drew pictures on the butcher paper that Ma would give her. The shop next door was owned by a Japanese couple who sold silk brocade fabrics for draperies and upholstery. The beautiful fabrics were always in the store windows, so Margaret would stop to look at them. One day the store was locked, with official looking signs on the glass door. All the windows and the glass door were papered so you couldn't see inside. "Ma, Where did they go? Why are all the windows papered?" "Hush! Don't ask questions. Just mind your own business."

After a while she'd leave the Pork Store and walk to Huneke's Grocery, where she'd sit on a high stool in the back room at Lee's big roll-top desk. Sometimes Lee would have her weigh and bag sugar from the large heavy-lidded bin. Sometimes she added tinfoil to the large salvage ball, which grew larger each week. Often she would sit and do her homework. She told Lee about the Japanese couple's shop, now closed, with paper in all the windows. "Mother, where did the Japanese people go? Why is their shop closed?" "Don't ask so many questions. It's better not to ask about some things." The Germans who spoke with an accent, couldn't hide where they came from either. Many people were rude and called them ugly names during these war times. Carl, who never liked to speak publicly anyway, became even quieter than before.

One day when Carl opened the store at seven in the morning a strange thing happened. Each morning the Homestead Bakery driver was supposed leave fifteen loaves of bread outside the front door in a large basket, but many days there were only fourteen loaves of bread. Carl talked to the driver about this and they both thought they had a bread thief on their hands. Several days later Carl arrived just in time to see a huge rat come out of the sewer, grab a loaf and drag it back to the sewer with him. They called the city to inspect the basement and they found piles of bread wrappers and rats' nests. They cleaned them all out and closed the holes to the basement. From then on there were always fifteen loaves of bread. **(NOTE V-2)**

Carl was working on windows for St. Mary's of the Annunciation Church in Stockton. Monsignor McGough, the pastor, was a difficult man. He had already fired Cummings Studio, after they had completed a couple of windows. Then he argued with Mr. Lapotka about two windows that Church Art Glass created for the church. Monsignor McGough was angry because he had specified blue windows, but one of the windows was green when the light shone through it. One day at the Church, Monsignor McGough took Carl aside. "I like your work very much, Carl. Would you consider leaving Lapotka? I'd like you personally to do the rest of the windows for my church. What do you say to that?" Carl said that he would think about it and let him know. That night he told Lee. She was immediately enthusiastic. "Of course you can do this, Carl. You're a much better artist than any of the rest of them. Monsignor McGough is smart to see that. I'll keep working in the store so we don't need to worry about money." Carl nodded, "I'm going to need someone to work with me. It's a very large church and I can't do it alone." They talked for hours that night and by morning he was ready to ask his co-worker, Harry Leonhardt, if he would like to be his partner. Harry was ecstatic. He had wanted to leave Lapotka and didn't know how he could to do it.

They told Mr. Lapotka, who took the news calmly. "Lots of luck to both of you, if you have to work with that difficult man." Carl rented a small shop at 357 Fillmore near Haight. A contract was drafted in November 1942 to "make and install a window called the Coronation Window, in conformity with a sketch, to be ready to install in three months time at the new church in Stockton". He immediately started the design work for Monsignor McGough. He bought glass, lead, paper, tables, glasscutters and most important, started building a kiln.

The first Friday after they started Harry Leonhardt realized that, as a partner he wouldn't get a paycheck. He would be sharing in the expenses and the profits, whenever they came. He hung his head and said to Carl, "I really want to be your partner, but I can't afford to be without a paycheck. I have a wife. I just can't do it." Carl talked to Lee that night and they agreed that with her working in the grocery store, they could afford to pay a weekly salary to Harry and Carl would not have a partner. Now, Carl was in business for himself. He talked with Lee about a name for the new business. He wanted it to be an American name, but still represent old-world traditions. And he mused to himself, "...and maybe...it will go on after me." He named it "Century Stained Glass Studio" and quickly created a sign on paper, which he hung in the window. Someday, when he had more time, he would replace it with one made in stained glass. **(NOTE V-3)**

As the weeks rolled by, the designs were developed under the dogmatic supervision of Monsignor McGough. He would have been impossible to work with if not for a charming young Dominican sister who was Principal of the parish grammar school. She usually accompanied Monsignor McGough to the Studio, and was gracious and diplomatic in making suggestions that seemed to work. She made it possible for the imperious Monsignor and the humble immigrant artist to co-exist. Her name was Sister Maurice Powers O.P.

At home, evenings were spent in the spacious entry hall, at the top of the stairs. The dollhouse was pushed out of the way and an enlarging machine was pushed into its place. It projected small drawings or pictures onto the wall, where Carl penciled the enlarged images, on to large sheets of paper, which would be incorporated into the cartoons for the new windows.

Soon the design for the first window was completed and approved. Production began immediately with Carl painting and Harry cutting and leading glass for hours each day. Carl had to hire more men from the union hall to help him. The Monsignor seemed eager to push ahead and complete all the windows in his church, now that he had found the right artist.

Carl still had time to spend with Margaret, who was growing up. Several times each week, he came home in time to do something with her. When she got a two-wheeled bicycle, he got one too. They would ride down to the Panhandle Park, then go west to Golden Gate Park until dusk when it was time to turn back. As they improved together, they explored farther. Sometimes they went out to the Children's Playground, sometimes as far as Stow Lake, once as far as the Polo Field. One day, when they had almost reached home, Carl was hit by an errant automobile and thrown off his bicycle. He had minor injuries, his pants were torn and the bicycle was ruined. But the worst was Lee's wrath. "How could you put yourself and our child in such danger? You could have been killed! And her too!" They both hung their heads and listened in humiliation, thinking that they should have disposed of the bicycle and torn

pants and not said a word. Eventually she calmed down and the rides resumed, with a new bicycle and with great care.

One day Carl came home to find Margaret in tears. She had been working at the dining room table with a pen and blue ink in a bottle, drawing on a large sheet of paper. "Daddy, I did something terrible and I don't know what to do about it. I accidentally splashed some ink on Mother's new Easter hat, that was sitting on the table." Carl looked at the expensive new chartreuse felt hat with a small veil. It had four prominent dots of blue ink splashed on the front brim. There was no way to remove them, so he decided to camouflage them. "Daddy, what are you doing?" Margaret asked, horrified. With a flourish Carl drew on the hat in blue ink. Soon each circle of blue ink became the center of an artistic flower with entwined stems and leaves.

By the time Lee came home from the store, the brim was completely adorned with flowers and leaves with the original dots now only a minor part of the final creation. She hurried to the kitchen to prepare dinner, but stopped short at the dining room table. "Who did this to my hat?" she asked angrily. "I did. I think it looks very nice, don't you?" Lee looked at Carl sharply as if he had lost his mind, but he folded his arms across his chest, rocked on his heels and smiled at her. She shook her head, determined to get to the bottom of this later. Margaret was very quiet for the next couple of days, until finally she whispered to him, "Daddy, what did she say?" "Nothing," he said with a light-hearted shrug and a grin. "She says she'll wear it anyway." To her credit she did. When people asked about the unusual design, she smiled and said, "Yes, my husband made it for me." Then she smiled at him archly.

Lee believed that Margaret should learn to do everything. She already rode bicycles with her father; she roller-skated; she took dance lessons and piano lessons. Maybe she should learn how to ice skate. So she took ice skating lessons at Sutro Rink out at the beach. Soon Carl joined her and they each bought shoe skates, so they could skate better. Pretty soon they took a streetcar out to Sutro Rink, where they practiced once a week. Eventually they confided to each other, "We're not very good." The ice skating languished, but at least they each knew how to do it.

Lee decided that Margaret should take horseback riding lessons, so she enrolled her in lessons every Saturday at the Riding Stables on Stanyon Street, the entrance to the Park. She encouraged Carl to join her, but he put his foot down. "No, I still remember those few months in the army cavalry unit. I am not going to ride a horse. Anything else I will try, but I will not ride a horse."

The war years were passing. They worried about Rudy, Leonard and Rudy Weederman, but occasional letters gave them hope that everyone would come home safely. Sometimes they heard from Johanna and Martha, in China, who were surviving the war in the best way they could. Gus and Leopoldine Tham were tired. The Pork Store was very hard work, they had difficulty finding anyone to help them. There was never enough profit for all their effort. In addition, they were both in failing health. They looked for and found a buyer.

Lee felt the same way. She was tired of working so hard in the grocery store. Carl's business was going well. Others, who had heard about and seen his beautiful windows expressed

interest. He received inquiries from some of the most prestigious churches in the area. Lee found a buyer for Huneke's Grocery. Carl was nervous over these events. "What if I don't get any more jobs? What will we live on?" "You're doing well now, Carlie. I know you will get new jobs. You will be very successful." "No, honey. I don't like this. I think you should stay in the grocery store for a few more years."

Lee listened to him, but continued with her plans. The final payment for the Page and Lyon building, including the two flats and the grocery store was made in February 1944. The building had cost them \$9,000 and was now owned free and clear. Huneke's Grocery business was sold to Lloyd and Lone Wilkerson in May 1944 for \$5,000, of which \$1,500 was "good will" and \$3,500 was for grocery stock on hand. Carl reluctantly signed the papers. It was renamed Page-Lyon Grocery. Lee agreed to help them learn the business and work with them a while, so she was not yet free of the store.

But she had other ideas and now she had the time to pursue them. While Margaret was at school and Carl was at work, she started looking at real estate. For a long time, she had thought that this was the best way to make money in San Francisco. She listened to what realtors told her and soon learned some basic lessons from a very tall, lean man at Traner-Small Company at 2141 Lombard Street in the Marina District. His name was Conrad Small, but everyone called him "Tiny". He'd lean back in his squeaking swivel chair and drawl, "Huneke, there's only three things you need to know about buying real estate: location...location...location". And she'd say, "Lots of our German friends are buying apartments in the Mission District. They say you can get a lot more for your money there." And he'd drawl back at her, "Yep. They can. But in the long run, what counts is location ...location...location. Remember, Huneke, you take care of your property when you're young and it will take care of you when you're old." Lee loved it all. She listened and looked and learned. There was a building for sale for \$90,000 at 3445-3455 Pierce Street in the Marina District. It had thirty apartments, with low rents, all under rent control. But surely, someday, the war would be over and rent control would end. Then she could raise the rents, fix the building, and eventually the rents would provide a good income. All she had to do was convince Carl and find enough money for a down payment.

She talked to Gus and Leopoldine about her plans. Gus Tham said, "Poldi, we've worked hard all these years in the Pork Store and now all we have to show for it is \$14,000, for our whole lives' work. Take it; it's yours. We have faith in you. You will do better with it than we did." She took the money and hugged them, "Someday we'll all have something of real value. I promise you we're going to make it when we buy this apartment building." Pa put his arm around Ma as they stood in the window of their house in the Bayview district, watching her drive away. He shook his head slowly. "Maybe she'll make it. Maybe she will."

Carl was so busy with the Stockton windows that he hardly had time to think. All day the production work was progressing at the shop. There were now three men working, in addition to himself. If this kept up, they would have to find a larger place. Every day and late into the night the kiln in the storage room, at the Page and Lyon building was kept going to fire the paint permanently onto each piece of glass for the finished windows. Gus helped him

transport glass from shop to kiln room each day. The kiln had been installed at the Page-Lyon building, in a back storeroom, with an outside entrance. While the kiln was baking the glass, Carl sketched designs using the enlarging machine at the top of the stairs, each night at home.

Lee told him she needed to talk to him about something important. "We're going to buy an apartment building in the Marina District. We're going to sell the flats on University Terrace, use our savings, use some money from my parents and get a loan." Carl looked at her as if she had lost her mind. "What are you talking about? We don't want an apartment building. I don't like to talk to people. I don't like to fix things. Are you crazy?" She explained all she had learned in her inquiries about real estate and told him that this was the way for all of them to succeed. Soon the war would be over and she could raise the rents. Then the rents would be high enough to pay someone to fix the apartments. Then she could raise the rents some more and she would never have to come to him for money. And someday, when they were old, they could live on the rents because the apartments would always keep going up in value. By now Carl was furious and ended the discussion. "I am not signing any papers. That's that. I don't want to hear any more about it." For a week Lee argued passionately, but Carl was adamant. Finally there was silence in the house. Two weeks later, under protest, he signed the papers at the title company. He told Lee bitterly, "I want you to know I am totally opposed to this. We were doing so well, but you weren't satisfied. You had to have more. Well, I lost the first fortune in the stock market crash of 1929, so I guess I'll let you lose the next fortune in real estate." So the deal was done.

Lee took Ma and Pa to the apartment building she had bought on November 3, 1944. They stood in front of the building courtyard, looking up at the sign, "Marina Court Apartments". Ma and Pa were so proud. "Now I know we will really have something some day. Poldi, I know this was a good thing to do." **(NOTE V-4)**

Rudy told them he wanted to marry Evelyn Prini. They said he was too young. He said he was twenty-one. They said why didn't he wait until he got settled and had a job and a place to live. But he had already made up his mind. On November 6, 1944, Rudy and Evelyn Prini were married in All Hallows Church in Butchertown. She wore a dark suit, very high heels and a small hat with a veil over her eyes, which was the style for many of the wartime weddings. He wore a blue suit with a flower in his lapel. Ma didn't feel well, but came clumping down the aisle in the fur coat that Lee had just bought her. She was late, as usual, and the wedding almost started without her. Carl, Lee and Margaret were there, as well as the Prini family and some of the young couple's friends. Afterward everyone celebrated at a gathering at Evelyn's parents home at 629 Brussels Street. Rudy and Evelyn went on a short honeymoon and came back to live at Ma and Pa's house, in Rudy's old room, until they found an apartment. Under rent control, it was hard to find a place to live.

One month later Pa called with tears in his voice. "Poldi, we had to take Ma to the Hospital. I don't know what's wrong." She slipped into a coma very quickly from kidney failure and never recovered. She died on December 16, 1944. Lee grieved that her mother would not be there to see them become successful. Pa didn't know how to live without her. He had heart pains all the time and was afraid he would die too. Rudy was inconsolable. Ma was the mother he always knew. She had spoiled him terribly. It was a huge loss in his life. They mourned Ma

greatly as they laid her to rest. Lee soon organized things and it was decided that Ma and Pa's house would be sold and Pa would come to live with them at 1319 Page Street. The front bedroom of the flat was empty since Rudy Weederman was away in the Army. Pa would move in there. There was a one-bedroom apartment coming up at Marina Court Apartments. Rudy and Evelyn would live there.

The Wilkersons, who had bought the grocery business, were having problems. Lloyd was unhappy in the business and his wife wasn't willing to work with him as much as he had expected. One night she went to the store to find out why he had not come home after the store closed for the night. She went in the back room and found him dead, hanging by the neck from a rope tied over the rafter. She was hysterical and ran to Carl and Lee, who comforted her. They knew right away that she would be selling the business. Within a few months she sold the business to Vic D'Aquisto, who had been in the grocery business before and knew what to expect. Lee and Carl hoped that this time it was sold permanently.

In April Rudy and Evelyn told everyone that a baby was on the way. At the same time, dignitaries came from all over the world to San Francisco to form the United Nations. They met at the Opera House for six weeks with President Truman presiding at the end. During that same time Germany surrendered unconditionally in Europe. There were rumors of some kind of "secret weapon" that America planned to use, but no one knew what it was. Then on July 16 the first test atomic bomb was exploded in Alamogordo, New Mexico, followed by atomic bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki in Japan on August 6 and 9, 1945. On September 2, Japan formally surrendered, thus ending World War II. On September 21, 1945, Rudy and Evelyn had a baby girl. They named her Judith Lee. Carl and Lee were grandparents.

At last they received another letter from Martha. It was from Tsingtao, China, dated September 19, 1945. "We are still sitting and waiting here. We would like to be home for mother's eightieth birthday, but apparently nothing will come of that. Up until now things have gone well for us, but we have received little money. We have already sold everything we could turn into money. We hope this will be our last summer here since it is very hot. During the winter we moved to a nice place closer to the city. We are directly on the sea and have hills and forest all around us". Johanna added her words of love and thanks for the time in America. Carl and Lee were relieved that they were well and hoped they could soon return home to Germany now that the war was over. **(NOTE V-5)**

Rudy tried to find a job that he liked. On Divisadero near Page he saw a laundry business that was for sale. He talked to Lee and Carl and soon they had agreed to buy the business for him. By the time the sale had closed escrow, he had conjured a scenario where he would be the "laundry king" of San Francisco, washing all linens for the whole city. Rudy, Evelyn and Lee started working at the laundry April 1, 1946. Little Judy was behind the counter for only one day when everyone decided she shouldn't be around other people's dirty clothes. After two weeks they knew that they did not want to wash other people's dirty clothes either. By May 7, 1946, they had sold the laundry business.

Carl continued installing one window after another at the St. Mary's of the Annunciation. Eventually there were seventeen major windows. He submitted a proposal for the windows at Saint Vincent de Paul Church. It was in San Francisco's prestigious Pacific Heights neighborhood, and it had more than forty windows. That work extended over a period of several years. Trinity Lutheran Church in Palo Alto followed soon after with eight windows and a rose window. Saint Charles Borromeo Church at 743 South Van Ness Avenue in San Francisco contracted with him to install thirty windows starting in 1946. All of this and more out of the little rented shop at 374 Fillmore Street and the storeroom with the kiln, in back of the grocery store. He was an established stained glass artist.

Finally Martha and Johanna arrived back in Germany safely, at the war's end. Martha brought a beautiful carved camphor chest home with her. **(NOTE V-6)** They found their home in disrepair, but still standing. Martha married Heinz Lohmann, the widower she had corresponded with so faithfully. She became pregnant at age forty with her first child. Heinz, who was a member of the Nazi Party during the war, was now ineligible for government employment. The family was hard pressed, so Carl and Lee sent \$50 each month, the maximum allowed by the government.

Gus Tham was happy living with Carl and Lee. His days were full of activity. He had no worries about money because he knew Lee would take care of him and he could see prosperity all around him. Each day he drove to Marina Court Apartments and inspected the building from top to bottom. He swept the stairs, collected newspapers from the landings and picked up papers that had blown into the garden courtyard. He was so proud that his family owned this beautiful building. He stopped to see Judy and Evelyn at their apartment every morning. He'd hold out his hands to Judy, with a piece of candy clenched in one fist, and say, "Which one?" Then he would return to Carl's studio to transport a load of glass to the kiln at Page and Lyon storage room and reverse the process when the glass was cool. He often said to Lee, "I've never been so happy in my whole life."

San Francisco changed with its wartime influx of all kinds of new people from all over the country. Many veterans who had passed through on their way to war wanted to return to San Francisco after they got out of the service. Thousands settled, bought cars, filled universities and built homes, parks, and schools in and around San Francisco. The suburbs became cities. Rudy and Evelyn were happy living in their one-bedroom apartment at Marina Court with their new baby.

The City had come back to life after the end of the war. Night life flourished and Lee liked going to some of the night clubs. She persuaded Carl to go with her and one of his favorites was the Sinaloa Café. They served excellent Mexican food and offered a wonderful floorshow. He liked the enchiladas, but he really enjoyed the hot Mexican dancers in their bright colored costumes. He was a good sport when he was occasionally pulled from his chair, to share in a dance with one of the performers. Sometimes they would go on to the Bocce Ball Club, where Italian opera was sung from a small stage, by opera singers who were "at leisure". Bimbo's 365 Club was at 365 Market Street. Their claim to fame was "the girl in the fishbowl" which stood, well-lit, above the bar. The real girl was in a tank in the basement, swimming underwater nude, while viewed through a special periscope. Her image was projected

live, in miniature, to the fishbowl at the bar three floors above. Sometimes the bar was ringed with admirers. The Bal Tabourin on Columbus, was too large and glamorous for their evenings out. Most times Margaret would go with them, now that she was growing up.

When Margaret was in the eighth grade at Saint Agnes School, her class was assigned a special project. They had to write about the California Missions and create a book to turn in to Sister Mary Felicitas. "Daddy, can you paint pictures of the Missions?" "Yes, but first we have to have some pictures of the Missions." So they bought a book, which had a picture of each one. Margaret bought a scrapbook and Carl starting painting a watercolor of each of the twenty-one California Missions, one to a page. While he was sketching and painting, she wrote about each Mission and then typed the words on the completed pages. When all the Missions were completed, Margaret was thrilled. He asked "Would you like to have two more pictures of beautiful California scenes at the end of the book?" She did, so two more scenes were added: the Golden Gate Bridge and Yosemite. All of this was done at the same time he was in full production of stained glass windows for Saint Vincent de Paul Church in San Francisco.

Meanwhile, Lee was frequently depressed. If she did not have enough to keep her busy, she spent many hours a day in bed. As she had promised, she never went to Carl if she needed money to fix the apartments. If there was no money, she couldn't fix apartments, so there was nothing to do and she was bored. She was also sick and tired of living in the rented flat on Page Street. Everyone was buying homes and the Haight Ashbury neighborhood they lived in had deteriorated during the war years. She went someplace with the car most days, frequently looking for a house to buy. However everything she showed Carl was "too expensive, too old or too far for him to walk to his shop". He still refused to learn how to drive, though he was now forty-eight years old. Lee decided that she was "going through the change" though she was only forty years old. This presumably excused her bad temper, headaches, overweight and vitriolic tongue. She'd decided that Margaret was getting "fresh mouthed" and vented her unhappiness with long rambling, angry speeches at both her and Carl.

Carl's reaction was to work long hours and then find other activities to keep him busy several nights a week. He joined the San Francisco Chess Club where people of varying skill levels played chess every night of the week. He met many people, but two became lifelong friends. One was Elmer Edward Rupp, whose German wife Hilda was from Munich. Elmer and his wife owned "Edward's Beauty Salon" in San Francisco and they had no children. The other friend was Herb Rosenbaum, whose wife, Ilse, worked at "Edward's". The three men enjoyed chess, but the pleasure was enhanced when the three of them played Skät, the raucous card game of Carl's youth. He usually limited himself to one or two nights a week, but if Lee was particularly difficult, he played chess or Skät as often as he could.

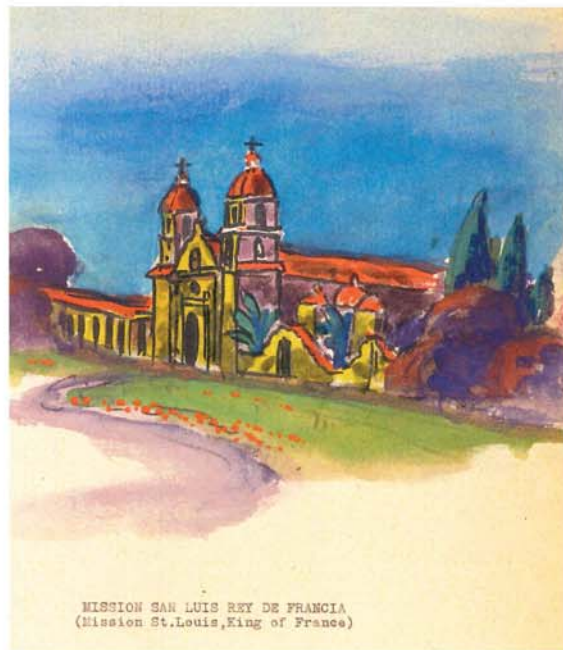
He always made time for Margaret, especially when Lee yelled at her for hours. They walked to the Haight Theatre most Friday nights for many years. He allowed her to sit with her friends during the movie while he sat several rows away, watching, but out of sight. Afterward Carl and Margaret would stop at the donut shop down the street, to buy glazed donuts. Nothing tasted as good as those donuts, eaten warm, right from the bag, as they slowly walked home together on Haight Street after the movie.



Top: Marina Court Apartments-3445-3455 Pierce Street in San Francisco around 1944.

Below, left: Gus Tham, in front of his car, on Page Street, across from the grocery store.

Below, right: "Carl painted a water color of each of the twenty-one missions, one to a page."



Sometimes on Sundays, if it were raining, Carl and Margaret went to museums together. He would study the old masters so carefully that she would ask, "Why are you looking so closely, Daddy? What are you looking at?" He'd explain, "I'm trying to see how the artist made his brush strokes and what kind of brush he used to apply the paint. I'm trying to see what combinations of paint create that wonderful final color." Margaret watched and listened, not understanding very much. But the important thing was that they were away from the house together, no one was yelling at either of them, and it was peaceful and quiet.

Lee was supposed to save money from the real estate income for property taxes. But she never did. So every December and April she had to ask Carl for the money. He would be furious. "The property should make enough money to pay its own taxes!", he'd argue. "But I had too many repairs and bills", she'd say. The arguments would continue, until he finally relented and she could pay the property taxes, sometimes only hours before the deadline. Then she continued to spend money on the building, until the next property tax installment. This semi-annual battle was not pleasant to witness.

But the worst times were in January and February each year. At that time, Lee gathered all the records for the real estate and personal expenses and Carl gathered all the records for his business. Then they prepared their income tax papers. Carl was always shocked at the amount of money Lee spent fixing Marina Court. When they reached the end of the reckoning, Carl would tell her how much they owed for taxes from real estate income. She would tell him that she didn't have any money left in her checkbook to pay income taxes. She said he would have to pay the taxes. Then the battle began and continued for weeks. The tax papers and bills were recalculated and reviewed with recriminations on each side. Sometimes the arguments erupted in angry words, but after the final numbers had been determined, there was stony silence. The silence, though uncomfortable, was better than the alternative. Each year, these were unpleasant weeks for Margaret and Gus who had to listen to it. Even Rudy and Evelyn knew better than to visit during January and February.

One day Carl came home from the Studio and told Lee, "Sister Maurice called me today. She is no longer at St, Mary's of the Annunciation in Stockton. She is now the Principal of a school in San Rafael called the Dominican Convent High School. She thought Margaret might want to go there." Lee was immediately interested. This school had a good reputation for being an exclusive "finishing school" for girls. And it was a boarding school. Lee would avoid any rebellious behavior by Margaret and it would get her out of the neighborhood, which continued to decline. "I hope you were friendly and told her we were very interested?" "Yes, I was friendly, but I told her we were not interested in sending Margaret to a boarding school." At this, Lee erupted furiously. She told Carl that they were very interested. She told him that it would be unfair to Margaret to deprive her of a wonderful opportunity to live in a beautiful setting, have the best education, be with other very nice girls her age, and especially, get out of the neighborhood. By the time she finished, he understood that they were very interested in this opportunity. In fact he began to think to himself, that it would be nice for Margaret to get away from Lee for a while, as well as live in a nice place, with sunshine, and at the same time get the best education available.

Lee called Sister Maurice for an appointment. They visited the school the next week. Carl went along with Lee and Margaret to see Dominican Convent High School. The beauty of the grounds and buildings, as well as Sister Maurice's charm impressed them. They saw classrooms, playfields, swimming pool, gymnasium, theatre, dormitories and dining room. By the end of the afternoon, Margaret was enrolled. She would start high school at Dominican in September 1947. Sister Maurice sent the 1946 yearbook home with Margaret and she read it avidly from that day until the day she started school.

Someone offered to buy "Toyonolla" so it was sold in June 1946. The money helped pay for the first tuition at Dominican and for the next property taxes. For once, Lee didn't have to ask Carl for the money.

Margaret's last months at home passed quickly. Carl understood that his only child might never again come home to live. How could it all have passed so quickly? They did many of the familiar things together, now with a greater sense of appreciation. They enjoyed bike riding, ice skating, movies and hiking. Judy was now old enough to come with them. They all enjoyed the festivals at the Tourist Club even more, through her eyes. What a joy it was to tell her about the Indian maiden, Tamalpa, for whom Mount Tamalpais was named, as they sat at the Mountain Play. Afterward Judy played in the meadow with them all, as they enjoyed a picnic supper.

September 1947 came all too quickly and Margaret went away to school. She would be allowed to come home only once every six weeks, but they could visit her on Sundays from 11 until 4. They soon learned that it wasn't enough time to do much of anything.

Carl continued to get more jobs and Lee continued looking for a house. Gus was not feeling well, but was happy to keep busy with the apartments and to help Carl transport glass for the kiln. At last Carl decided that before his fiftieth birthday, he would learn to drive a car. So he took driving lessons. Lee was becoming more difficult each day in her efforts to move away from the neighborhood, which was so convenient for him, and so distasteful to her. After several months, he finally had his driver's license. At last he was independent and could transport glass if Gus were not able to. If Lee insisted on moving, at least he was prepared to drive. He bought himself a large green station wagon with metal wood on the sides. He could now drive himself to visit churches or make deliveries. He was liberated.

He submitted an application for membership in the Stained Glass Association of America, even though he had never before been a "joiner". Lee encouraged him to do so, because she thought it would enhance his professional standing. He proudly responded to their inquiries about his work, submitting Saint Vincent de Paul Church in San Francisco, the S. Mary's of the Annunciation in Stockton and Trinity Lutheran Church in Palo Alto as references. Charles Connick from Boston, whom he had always admired, was a member of the Association, and Carl looked forward to seeing him again, at the conventions.

At Christmas Margaret came home for two weeks vacation. She had changed quite a bit. She wasn't so quiet any more, but she got along better with Lee. At Christmas she played with



Above Left: In the Meadow, after the Mountain Play. Back Row: Malcolm, left, a friend of Leonard O'Leary, at the right. Center, Leonard's sister, Carl and Leonard's brother-in-law. Front: Margaret and Emily August, her nanny-companion.

Above, right: Margaret and Carl on the way home from the Mountain Play.

Below: Evelyn, left; Rudy and Carl visit Margaret on a Sunday at Dominican High School.



Judy and helped make Christmas a special time for the little one. She made presents for everyone while she was at school. For Carl she had a special present. She had woven a scarf for him in weaving class. It was an intricate plaid pattern in the brown colors that he liked to wear. He was happy to receive it and told her so in his quiet, pleased way. He wore it every day under the collar of his overcoat, to show her how much he appreciated it. Now she played the piano and sang Christmas songs with him. With enthusiasm they taught the songs to Judy. Margaret was doing well in her studies and seemed happy to go back to school at the end of her holidays. After she left, he stroked the wool scarf. It had scratched his neck each time he wore it, but he had said nothing. He put it away in his drawer reminding himself to wear it again, the next time she came home. By the time Margaret came home for summer vacation, she had learned how to knit argyle socks with intricate patterns. Her birthday gift to him in June was a beautiful pair, in brown tones that she had knitted for him. Once again, he was touched greatly and assured her they were the right size and looked beautiful. She noticed that he wore them regularly all summer. The scores of tiny knots inside each sock hurt his feet, though he never told her. **(NOTE V-7)**

Summer passed and Margaret began her second year at Dominican. Carl continued getting new jobs. Lee continued looking for a house, while she used every dollar she could get her hands on to fix the apartments. Gus complained of heart pains, but continued on the rounds which gave him so much joy.

Carl would be fifty years old in June and began to feel his mortality. Leopoldine had died at fifty-seven and Gus, a few years older, was not in good health. Carl did not have Lee's hunger for buying real estate, but he thought, if he died, it would be unfair if anyone other than Lee got what they worked for together. So he wrote a will, just in case. **(NOTE V-8)**

April 26, 1948

San Francisco, Cal.

To whom it may concern!

I, Carl Huneke, of sound mind and health, desire to have my wife, Mrs. Lee Huneke, be the sole heir of all our belongings, as we have earned everything together.

Carl Huneke

April 26-1948

Margaret came home from school at the end of May 1948. The family had planned a trip to the Grand Canyon in June. Pa didn't feel well, so he would stay home and take care of Sunny, their dog. They also planned to go to Yosemite and hike, both in the Valley and in the high country.

Pa became much sicker. He was taken to the hospital with severe pains, just below his chest. He lingered in the hospital for three weeks before he died. Sadly, after his death, they discovered that his heart was healthy, but his stomach was riddled with holes from peritonitis which had been there for years. Many of their friends attended his funeral. For Lee, it was the end of an era. Ma only glimpsed success before she died, but at least Pa had a few good years.

They found his will, dated June 27, 1947 soon after he died:

“My Dear Poldi and Carl

....my thanks and appreciation for what you have both done in my declining years in making them happy and contented...Give Rudy my gold watch and chain and the Ducaten is for Margaret..”

And he went on to dispose of his few personal possessions, some gifts of money to his relatives and a request that his ashes be buried next to Ma.

Within a few weeks after Pa’s death, the dog Sunny died. His grouchy disposition had never changed as he aged; in fact, it became worse. Lee had him buried in a pet cemetery and immediately started looking for a new dog. Carl had given up protesting. By now, he was accustomed to having a dog to walk each day. Nevertheless he warned Lee and Margaret as they left on their search for a new dog, “This time, get a real dog.”

Lee wanted to get another Pekinese. Margaret wanted a puppy. They visited several breeders, but few dogs were available at this time of the year. Finally they found a Pekinese that was eight months old. He was pedigreed, but he did not have the long hair on his ears and chest that a true champion should have. The breeder explained that he would never be good as a show dog, but he had a very nice disposition.

They bought the dog and took him home to the flat at 1319 Page Street. When they got home, they took him up the front stairs and then the inner flight of stairs. Carl came out to see him. “What! You got another one that isn’t really a dog?” But he was wrong. This was a different kind of animal. He was lively and his body was made for running with abandon. He would race up the stairs inside the house, taking them three at a time, then turn around to laugh at them, as they ran up after him. He chased balls and even retrieved, when the mood struck him, always smiling and laughing. Carl walked him at least once a day all his life. They named him “Honey Boy”, because of his honey colored coat, in spite of Carl’s protests that this was a sissy name. Carl grew to love him and he even hugged and kissed him on occasion, but only when he thought no one was watching.

That summer the family went to Yosemite Valley. Evelyn Tham came along and she hiked the Mist Trail with Carl and Margaret to the top of Vernal Falls. The three of them climbed up the steep, slippery trail and hugged each other in triumph at the top of the waterfall. They stayed in the beautiful cottages in the forest at the Ahwahnee Hotel and enjoyed the luxury. They laughed about the “old days” when they stayed at Housekeeping Camp 17. They enjoyed a

formal dinner in the high-ceilinged dining room, looking out at the meadows and the high cliffs around them. After dinner, when it was dark, they stood on the terrace of the Ahwahnee and listened to the beautiful Indian Love Call being sung as the firefall cascaded slowly down from Glacier Point.

Later that summer Carl, Lee and Margaret drove to the Grand Canyon in a new Chrysler that Lee had just bought. On the way they were stranded outside Williams, Arizona, because the automatic transmission broke on the new car. This was an innovation in automobiles at that time and the repair was not easily accomplished. The breakdown occurred on a high butte, with red rocks all around. A fierce storm crashed thunder and lightning around them, as the Sunday afternoon waned to dusk. Since a woman could hitch a ride easier than a man, Margaret and Carl stayed with the car, while Lee hitched a ride on a truck to the town of Williams, to get help. Carl and Margaret had the Sunday newspaper in the car and entertained themselves by reading the Sunday funnies to each other. Several hours later they got to Williams with the new Chrysler ignominiously behind a tow truck. They found a motel and settled down for a few days.

The best restaurant in Williams was their destination for every meal. The Harvey House was memorable because all the waitresses wore Harvey Girl dresses. They were all in long, dark brown dresses, with huge puffed "leg o' mutton" sleeves. They all had trim waistlines, enhanced by white aprons and huge bows tied at the back. Most wore their long hair tied up and back from their faces, with huge Harvey House bows in their hair. Lee, Margaret and especially Carl, were charmed, not only by the look of the waitresses, but also by the food, which was as attractive as it was tasty. It took two days to get the automatic transmission fixed, and Lee vowed she would never get another Chrysler. She thought to herself, "The next time it will be a Cadillac", but she said nothing to Carl. She tried to fight only one battle at a time.

Eventually they left Williams, and continued to the Grand Canyon. Margaret wanted to take the mule trip down into the Canyon. Carl took a deep breath and agreed to go with her. That was particularly brave because he had promised himself long ago he would never again get near a horse. His experiences of being run over by a horse when he was a boy and then with Army horses were still frightening memories. Now he thought to himself, "I suppose I should have taken those riding lessons with her when I had the chance."

Lee stood nearby and watched. She said, "Why don't you go on the airplane ride over the Canyon with me?" He shook his head. "She can't go down there alone." The wrangler helped him on the mule and soon they were going down the steep trail, into the Grand Canyon. They looked down over the edge of a trail at precipices that would frighten the most daring. As they descended, the temperature rose, until it was about 130 degrees in the shade "but there is no shade." They rode the mules all the way to the Colorado River and marveled at the muddy color of the swift current. After lunch at the bottom, they climbed back on the mules and made their way back to the top of the Canyon just as the sun set. Lee laughed at them later, "I saw you winding down the switchback trail as I flew over the canyon in an airplane. You should have been with me. I bet it was much more comfortable." They grinned at each other, thinking, "But it wasn't as much fun."

When they returned home, Margaret started her second year at Dominican and Carl resumed work on his jobs. The stained glass windows at St. Mary's of the Annunciation were complete and were extraordinary works of art. The windows for St. Vincent de Paul were nearing completion and were being heralded as some of the finest examples of stained glass art.

With obvious pride, on September 30, 1949, Monsignor McGough wrote:

"TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Mr. Carl Huneke of the Century Stained Glass Studio has made all the windows for my new church.

We have been more than pleased with his work, approximately \$50,000 of art glass.

I have studied art glass windows in Europe and in America for over twenty-five years, and conscientiously believe that his work is not surpassed anywhere.

You can see the product of his superior craftsmanship in our church, St. Mary's of the Annunciation, corner of Van Buren and Rose Streets, here, or if more convenient you will find the same high class work in the exquisite windows of Saint Vincent de Paul Church in San Francisco.

The quality of glass, the intensity of color, the richness and delicacy of shading, and the perfect naturalness of the figures, who seem to speak to you from their high position, will call you back again and again to enjoy their entrancing beauty."

Outwardly, Carl smiled quietly at this praise, but inwardly, he was jubilant.

Lee continued with periods of depression. When her vitriol was overbearing, Carl would go to the chess club. He got his first traffic ticket while driving to a potential new job. He chose to go to traffic school rather than take a ticket in order to protect his unblemished record. He found that he enjoyed traffic school. It was entertaining, educational and gave him an opportunity to have a pleasant evening away from Lee's complaints. Always, after that, he chose traffic school with alacrity, rather than simply pay the fine for a traffic ticket.

By 1949, Vic D'Aquisto was disenchanted with the grocery business, so Rudy and Ev bought the business. But a short while after he had started working in the Page-Lyon Grocery, Rudy was offered a job with the Teamsters Union. This was something that he liked and he had hoped for the opportunity. Soon Lee was back in the grocery business, since Rudy was there only part time, and Evelyn had to take care of Judy. They hired Evelyn's brother, Larry Prini and his cousin, Corky Vezzelini to help. Carl sometimes took little Judy to the playground at the Panhandle, just a block from the store. Judy also "helped" him as he handled the glass in the kiln in the storeroom in back of the grocery store. Eventually Rudy and Ev sold the store again to a Chinese man who was named Never Wong. Carl and Lee laughed to each other about his unusual name and hoped he wasn't 'wrong' in buying the store. They didn't ever want to be in the grocery business again.

They were happy to learn that Rudy and Evelyn were expecting another baby. Now it was essential that the young family get a home as soon as possible. It was all right to have one baby in a one-bedroom apartment, but not two babies. Thousands of homes were being built in the sand dunes. They called it the Sunset District. G.I.'s could get very favorable loans, but Rudy wasn't eligible for the loan, because he didn't serve in the Army, Navy, Marines or Air Force, but in the Merchant Marine. So Rudy Weederman gave his Army priority to Rudy and Evelyn, and they started looking for a home. Soon they found one "in the avenues" like so many other young couples at that time. They moved to a "two bedroom plus" house on 38th Avenue near Vicente. Lawrence Gustav Tham was born May 17, 1949. He was named after Evelyn's brother Larry and after Pa, but they always called him Gus. That summer Margaret came home and was thrilled to help take care of two babies, Judy and now Gus.



Above, Left: Carl, Lee and Margaret at the Ahwahnee Hotel in Yosemite

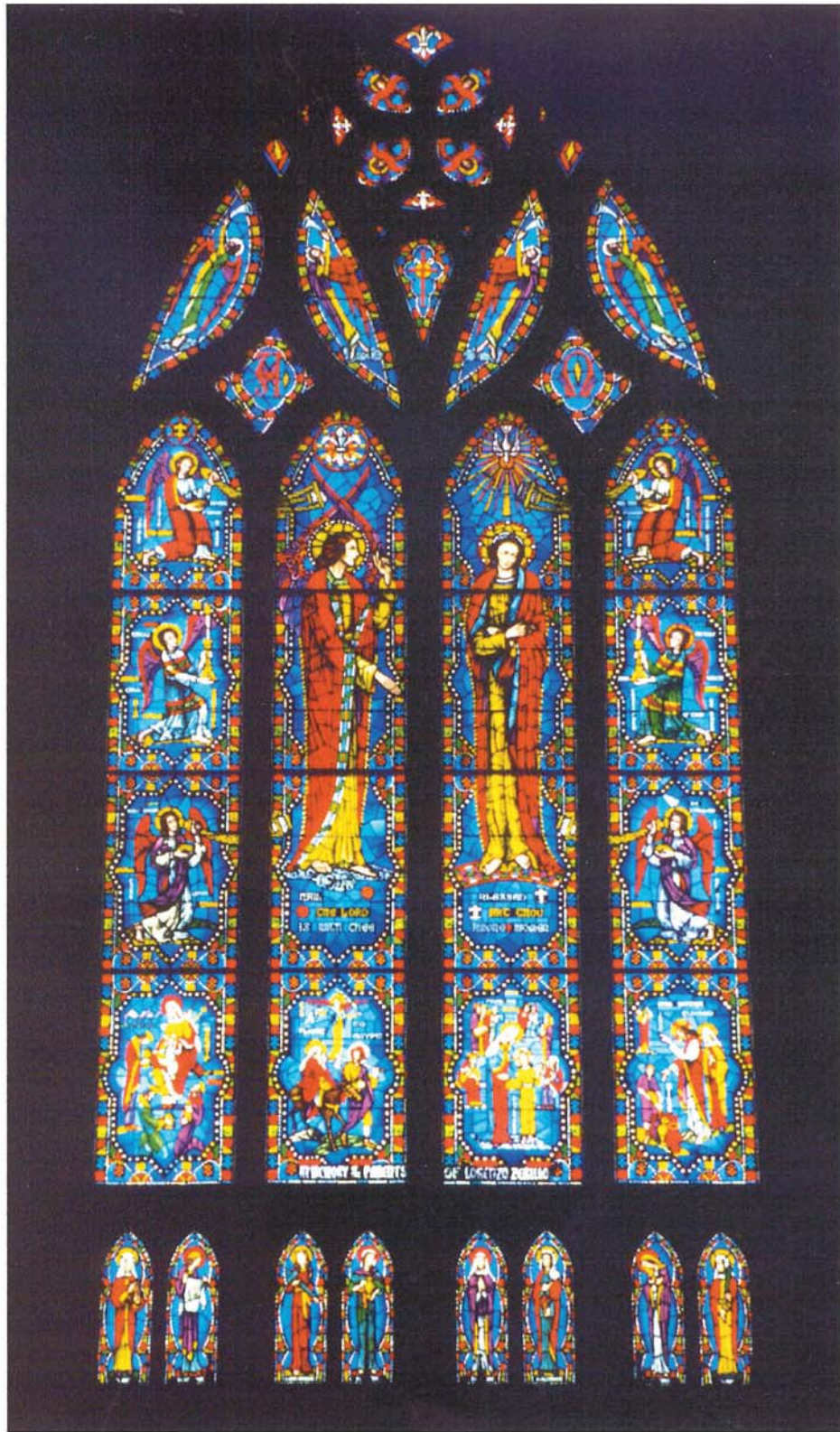
Above, Right: Carl, Margaret and Evelyn at the top of Vernal Falls in Yosemite.

Below: Elmer Rupp, Lee, Evelyn, Margaret and Carl on the patio at The Ahwahnee Hotel in Yosemite.

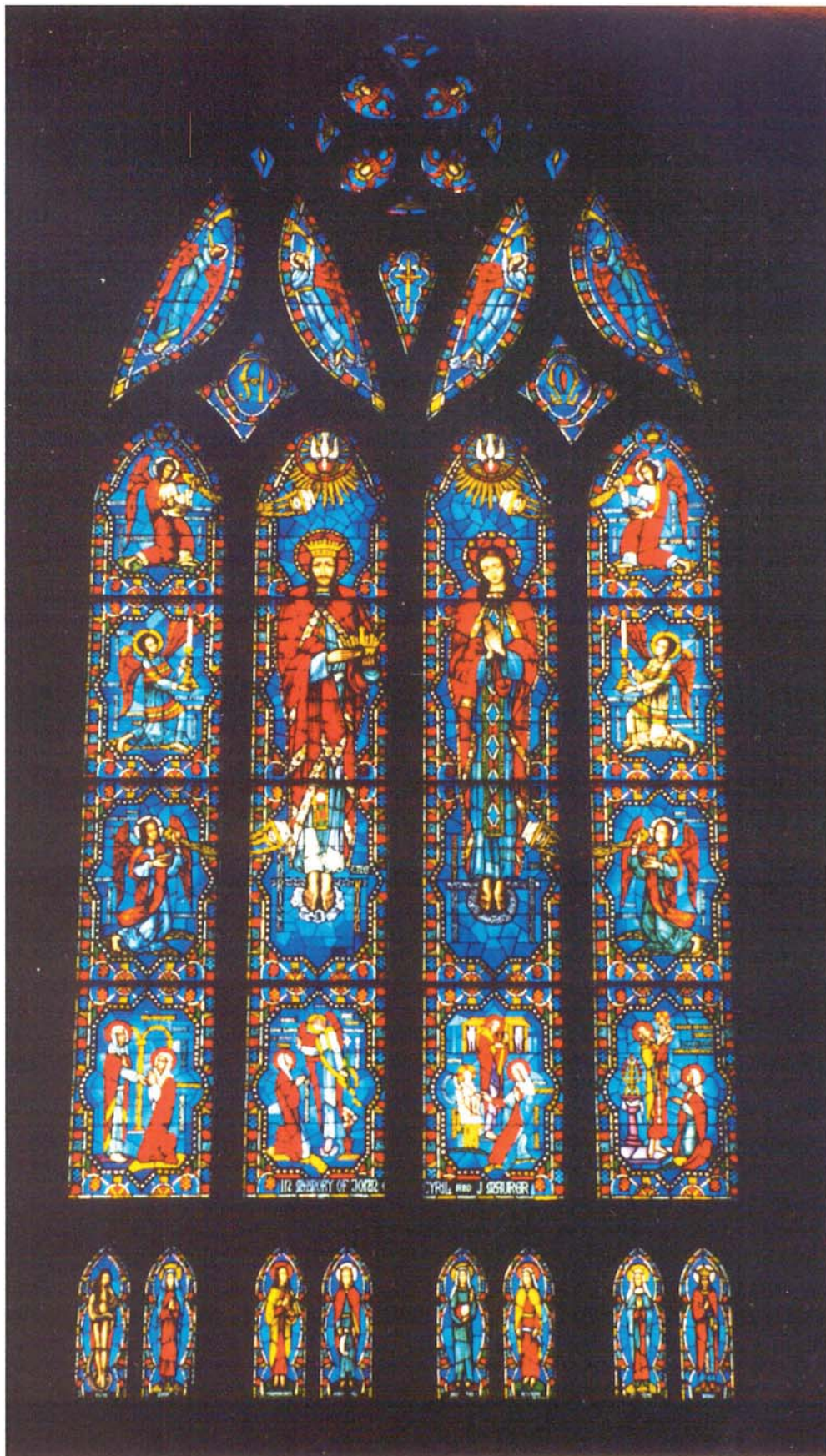




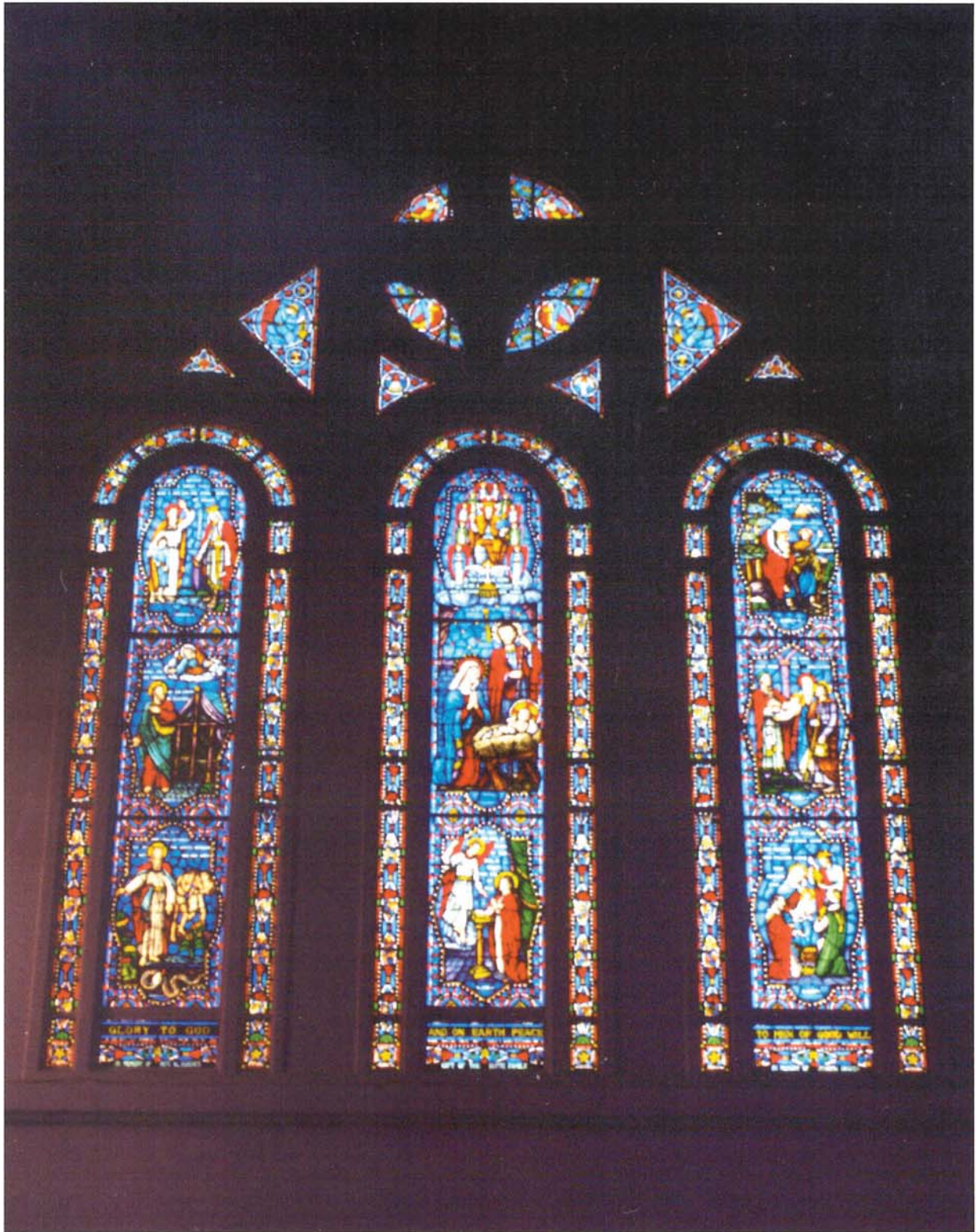
“The wrangler helped him on the mule and soon they were going down the steep trail, into the Grand Canyon. They looked down over the edge of a trail at precipices that would frighten the most daring. As they descended, the temperature rose, until it was about 130 degrees in the shade, ‘but there is no shade’. They rode the mules all the way to the Colorado River and marveled at the muddy color of the swift current. After lunch at the bottom, they climbed back on the mules and made their way back to the top of the Canyon, just as the sun set.” Carl, at the back; Margaret, fourth in line.



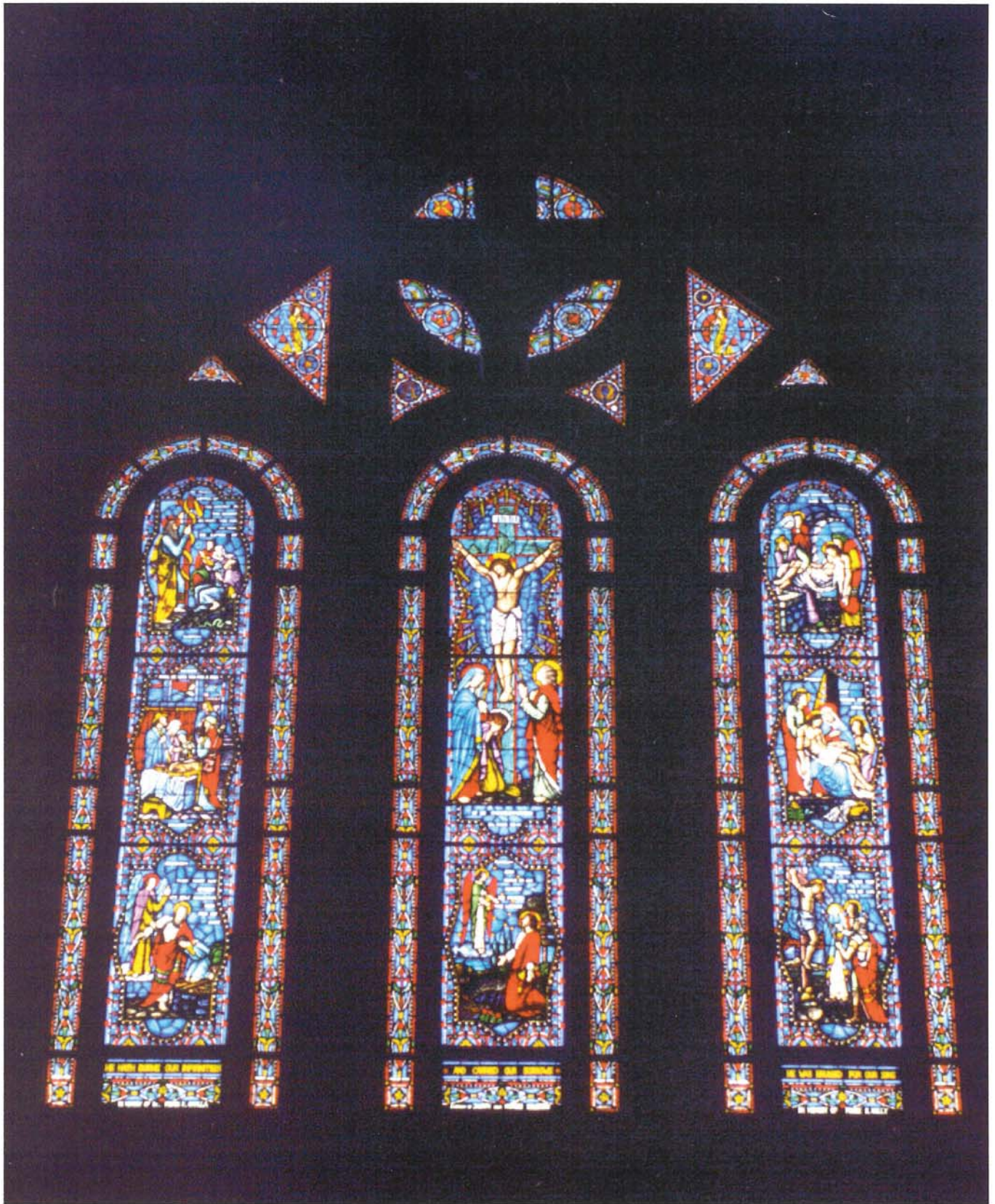
St. Mary's of the Annunciation, Stockton, California
The Annunciation Window



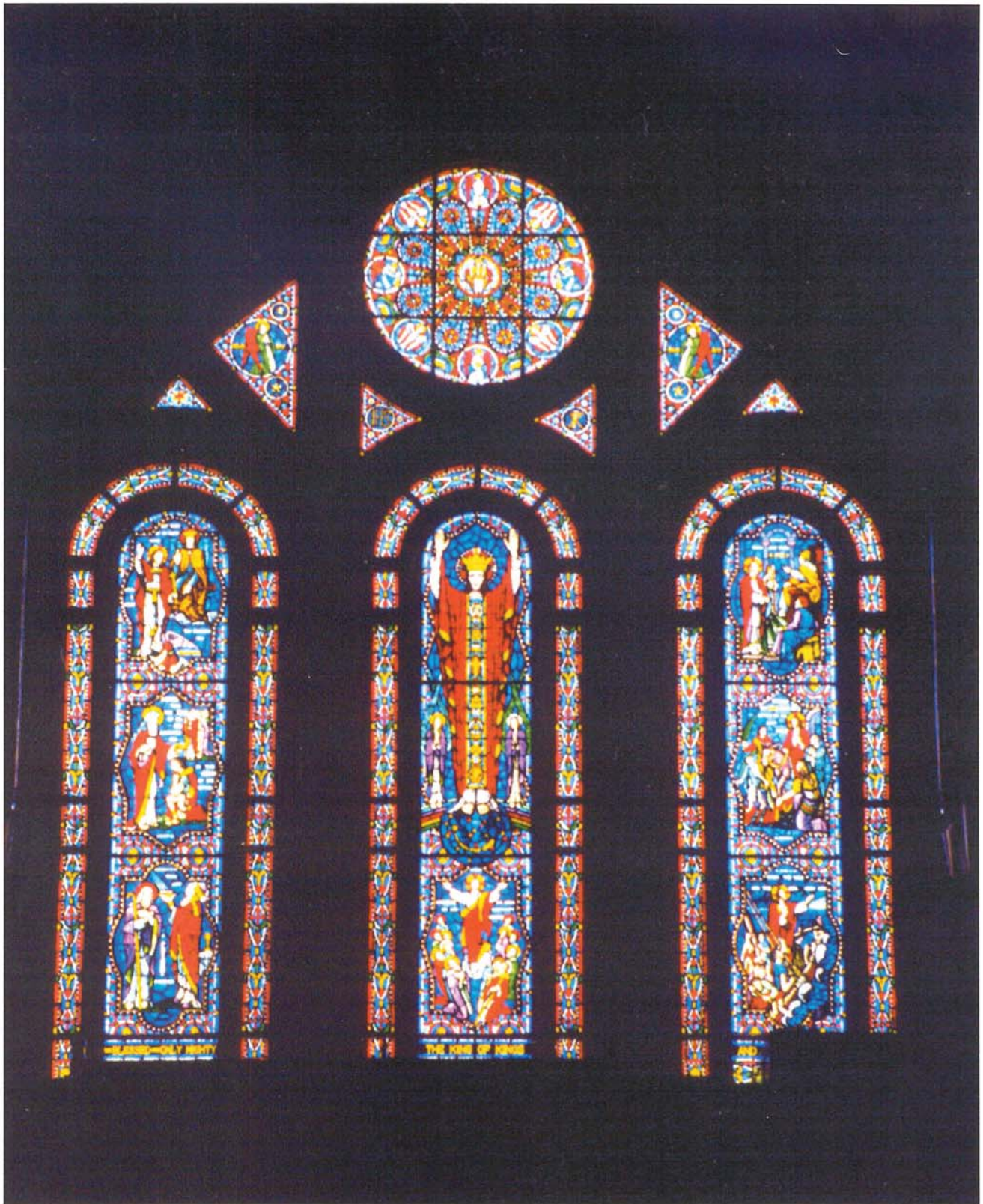
St. Mary's of the Annunciation, Stockton, California
The Coronation Window



Saint Vincent de Paul Church, San Francisco, California. Corner of Steiner and Green Streets
The Nativity



Saint Vincent de Paul Church, San Francisco, California. Corner of Steiner and Green Streets
The Crucifixion



Saint Vincent de Paul Church, San Francisco, California
Christ the King



Above: The Rose Window. Trinity Lutheran Church, Palo Alto, California
Below: Carl and Harry Leonhardt at Century Stained Glass Studio at 374 Fillmore.

“All of this and more, out of the little rented shop at 374 Fillmore Street and the storeroom with the kiln, in back of the grocery store. He was an established stained glass artist.”

