

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

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## REMEMBERING MY FATHER – CARL HUNEKE A BIOGRAPHY

### CHAPTER VI – 1950-1960

Carl became a member of the Stained Glass Association of America in 1947 and Lee was eager for him to be an active member. She thought that it would publicize his beautiful windows and help him get more business. Carl disagreed. He was still shy about his German accent; moreover, he did not understand the world of “minutes, agendas, committees and task forces”, which seemed to exist in order to study and review esoteric problems. He had always belonged to the Glaziers Union and as a long time wage earner, understood the value that a union can have for an employee. Even so, he never became more than a dues paying member of the labor union. The Stained Glass Association’s objectives were unclear to him. So he read the newsletters and promotions for their meetings, but nothing more. Lee persisted. She was eager to travel more and thought that this was a good way to do so. When the Association’s newsletter announced a meeting at the Ahwahnee Hotel in Yosemite, in the summer of 1950, Lee decided this would be an excellent time to start attending.

Carl and Lee enjoyed the Ahwahnee Hotel once again, but now as part of a business conference. Carl was pleased to have Margaret along to temper Lee’s boasting of Carl’s talents and successes. He had judged, probably correctly, that this was not the right venue for bragging. In spite of his discomfort with that, the meetings and social interaction were beneficial to him and his interest had been piqued. He decided that he would continue to attend these meetings, especially if they were in nice locations.

The San Francisco Art Commission had an annual event at the Civic Auditorium. Carl was invited to participate and Rudy helped him set up a beautiful display of windows. At first, his booth was located at the back of the room, with no access to a light source. Carl located the foreman and discreetly placed some extra money in his pocket. Within an hour he had the best location and lighting in the whole room. Rudy grinned at him. “I guess it isn’t what you know, it’s who you know.”

When Lee wasn’t looking for a home, she looked for a studio to buy for Carl. His business continued to grow and he needed more room; more importantly, he needed a place where he could have a kiln at the same location. Carrying the glass back and forth to the storeroom in back of the grocery store had become a burden. Lee found a building to please Carl much more quickly than she’d been able to find a house. It was at 157 Fillmore Street, just two blocks from the existing shop. It was more spacious, permitted a large kiln, and best of all, had a flat upstairs that was rented to a very nice tenant. The deal was done quickly and he moved to his new studio with Lee’s promise that she would deal with the tenant.

As Judy grew older they celebrated Easter in Grandpa's special way. On Easter Sunday, after a breakfast of blueberry pancakes at home, they all went to Golden Gate Park to look for Easter eggs. Grandpa told Judy that he thought they might find some eggs on the path around the lake near the "Portals of the Past". As they walked, she looked intently in the near grasses and bushes, carrying her empty basket. Even in the warm Spring weather, Carl wore his overcoat. His deep pockets were full of See's Candies chocolate eggs covered in colored foil. As Judy searched in one spot, he'd drop some eggs in another and then guide her in the right direction to find them. She was so excited as she filled her basket with eggs, that she never noticed him nonchalantly strolling to other locations. As she found each cluster of chocolate eggs, she would shout, "Grandpa, Grandpa, I found some more! Grandpa, you know where all the best eggs are." By the end of the walk around the lake, her basket was overflowing with colorfully wrapped chocolate eggs. And that was how Carl first established his reputation for finding the best Easter eggs in Golden Gate Park. With each succeeding grandchild, he refined his technique, the location, or his source of eggs, but the end result was always the same. He always knew where the Easter Bunny left the best eggs.

After the bad experience with the Chrysler in Grand Canyon, Lee bought a Cadillac. She chose a large navy blue sedan. Carl was furious when he first saw the car. He thought it was much too ostentatious and refused to ride in it. Eventually he got used to it, but always preferred to drive his station wagon if he were doing anything connected with his work.

After the completion of the windows for St. Mary's of the Annunciation and Saint Vincent de Paul, the orders for windows continued to come in. In 1950 Carl got a job to make five major windows at the Baptist Seminary in Berkeley, followed by fifteen windows in St. Bernard's Church in Tracy and twenty-one windows in Saint Ambrose Church in Berkeley. Now that the war was over and the economy was improving steadily, there was increasing interest in stained glass windows in many churches in northern California. Mr. Lapotka had sold Church Art Glass Studio in 1945 and there were few others to fill the need.

Lee continued looking for a house. She showed Carl one on Broadway in Pacific Heights. It had a commanding view of the bay and the bridge and was \$50,000. The exterior had dark brown shingles. "I've never liked dark brown shingles. It looks too old fashioned; like the ones in Germany. I'd rather have a newer house. Besides this is too expensive." She showed him the home of her dreams, just off Marina Boulevard, directly on the park adjacent to the Palace of Fine Arts. It was \$37,000. The living room window looked out to the picturesque park and the dining room looked the other way to the Golden Gate Bridge. She thought this time that the views and a lower price would finally win him over. But he said, "This might be dangerous for Margaret to come home at night since it's next to the park. Besides, it's still too expensive."

Now there was tremendous growth in San Francisco. The population was 800,000, greater than it had ever been in the past. She went to a new neighborhood built by Sunstream Homes near Lake Merced. Until now, the sandy fields and foggy weather had

been perfect for growing lettuce and cabbage. She picked out a fully detached three bedroom, two bath house, with living room, dining room, and modern kitchen. It had a two car garage, each with its own separate door, plus a full basement behind on the ground level. In back of the house was a private back yard. The house would have hardwood floors, covered by wall-to-wall carpets, in colors of their choice. They could choose the bathroom and kitchen tile colors. It would even have a fireplace that could burn wood. **(NOTE VI-1)** There was no view except down the street toward a small shopping center which was being built. But the price was right - \$17,500. Finally, in spring of 1951, after all these years, Carl had no further argument.

During the months before the home was completed, they were asked to pick colors for everything inside the home- carpets, paint, tile. Draperies were selected and all new furniture would be bought. They had a back yard of their own, with a lawn and roses, a patio and garden furniture. They got new towels and sheets and bedspreads to match the colors in the bedrooms and bathrooms. Lee didn't want new pots and pans – she was used to cooking with her old ones – but she got new dishes and silverware, with white plastic handles that looked like bone. **(NOTE VI-2)** Carl didn't like those, so they continued using the old ones, saving the new ones for “special occasions”. They finally got rid of the big wooden radio that stood in a corner of the living room in the flat on Page Street and bought a television, like everyone else. They didn't think they'd ever look at it, but they felt they should keep up with the times. Soon they were avidly watching Jackie Gleason, Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, I Love Lucy and best of all, Mitch Miller, with his Sing-Along show. After all these years, they were excited to have a new home.

Margaret was now in her last year at Dominican High School. She had applied to Stanford University and was waiting to hear if she had been accepted. The news arrived just before they moved from 1319 Page Street to 1765 Eucalyptus Drive. Lee and Carl telephoned her at Dominican to tell her that she had been accepted. She was excited and they were happy for her. Carl said quietly to Lee, “She won't be able to enjoy her new bedroom very much.” And Lee nodded her head slowly, not looking at him, “Yes, it all took too long.”

In May they arrived at Dominican to attend Margaret's graduation. Sister Maurice took their hands saying, “I hope you're pleased with your daughter's education. We've been very happy to have her with us during these past four years.” Lee was effusive, but Carl nodded shyly and thanked Sister for caring for his daughter. Lee and Carl watched proudly as forty-seven girls walked two by two, carrying bouquets of flowers and wearing their best white uniforms for the last time. Carl thought to himself that she looked so grown up. He would have enjoyed spending more time with her, but those years were gone. Now she would go to Stanford. Was that really necessary? No one else's children were doing this. Most weren't even going to college. Lee insisted it was what they had dreamed about. Maybe so. He hoped so. After the ceremonies they brought all her things home. Nothing would be left this time to be stored over the summer. They would no longer go over the Golden Gate Bridge for Sunday visits at Dominican. Now, at least, Margaret was proud to invite her friends to their new home in Lakeshore Park for graduation parties. For that, he was very grateful.

That summer the three of them and Evelyn drove to Mexico City for the Stained Glass Association's Convention. Lee loved to drive and it would be an opportunity for her to try out her new Cadillac on the road. They left on June 10, 1951 at 6 a.m. By 8 a.m., before reaching Los Banos, they ran out of gas, but the mood of all four was so good that nothing could dampen their spirits. They were establishing a bond that they had not felt before. After lunch in Bakersfield, they crossed the Grapevine and headed east across the desert. They passed through Beaumont, Palm Springs, Las Cruces, and finally after two days, El Paso, Texas before crossing the border into Mexico.

They drove through deserts and impoverished towns, where they dared not get out of the car because the inhabitants looked desperately poor. They arrived at their "luxury resort" in Monterey that night and found the buildings and spacious grounds surrounded by adobe walls, with broken glass embedded in the tops of the wall. That night, after dinner, the four sat outside in the humid night air and enjoyed the entertainment. Then they understood why there was broken glass embedded in the tops of the wall surrounding them. Outside hundreds of curious Mexicans crowded around to watch the "rich ones" inside. It wasn't very comfortable. Carl didn't like it at all.

They continued driving through Mexico; the unfolding adventure strengthened the camaraderie between them. They left the humidity behind and passed through dry desert areas. Poor Indians inhabited the villages they passed. When they stopped at Churches, or other points of interest, little children swarmed around them begging, "Take me with you- America- America." They were appalled at the poverty and filth that they saw. Carl took the wheel to share in the driving for a while, but after he almost ran over a lamb which strayed from flocks of sheep on the roads, Lee decided to drive again. They arrived in Mexico City after three days and immediately decided to hire a driver and a car. Everyone drove with reckless abandon.

The Convention was at the Reforma Hotel and they participated in all the activities, which included dinners with American Ambassador O'Dwyer; bullfights; the pyramids; Taxco, the silver city; the floating gardens at Xochomilco, and the Association's final formal dinner. It was all wonderful and Carl made it clear that he enjoyed the four of them sharing this time together. Lee's assertive ways were tempered, by having the two girls with them and Carl enjoyed the company of his three females. But after a week in Mexico, they were all ready to go home.

They left at 4:30 a.m. to get a good start. It was their intent to make a run for the border, with only one more night in Mexico, but this was not to be. Heavy rain was falling and by late afternoon, the roads were awash. Lee was driving determinedly, with a destination some hours ahead when they came to a flooded bridge. A young boy stood in the road, waving them off. Six inches of water rushed over the bridge roadway. A high-wheeled bus just ahead, was lumbering across the bridge deliberately, but successfully. Lee looked, hesitated briefly, then said, "We're going – we're getting out of this place." She started out onto the bridge, the car swerved as the flood of water swept across the wheels, and Carl shouted, "No! Stop right now! We're not going through. You either stop

right now, or I'll get out and walk back with the two girls. If you go, you go alone." Lee looked at him, surprised, but she saw that he meant it. Slowly she backed up until they were off the bridge, and then turned back to town. They found the best place to stay in town, roof leaks and all. The next morning they were on their way. The rain had stopped, the bridge was clear and they headed for home with no further delays. For the rest of their lives, the Mexican adventure was a source of laughter and a reminder of their camaraderie.

For the remainder of the summer Margaret worked with Carl at the Studio. She painted simple pieces of glass, stenciled borders, loaded glass onto the kiln bed and removed the glass when it was cool. They usually brought lunch with them or went out. Some days Lee brought them a hot lunch. Carl drove in the morning, but in the afternoon, he always let Margaret drive his station wagon once they reached Sunset Boulevard. By the end of summer she was ready to get her drivers license.

One day Carl left the studio to go to the bank. He locked the door so Margaret would be safe in the studio. While she was "leafing" through sheets of completed, leaded stained glass windows, propped against one of the worktables, she became fascinated with the sheets deeper in the stack. The first three windows fell over and crashed against the table across the aisle. The soft lead bent at a right angle, breaking all the glass at the fold. When Carl returned, she cried, "Daddy, I've done something terrible. I've broken three windows, which were ready to be installed." Marge was very worried that he would be angry and, more important; it would be difficult to make the repairs. He asked, "Were any faces broken?" "No, I don't think so," she answered. "Well then, let's fix it right away." They picked up the sections and he showed her how they would make the repairs. No mention was ever made of the incident again.

Carl continued with his normal routine. He played chess two or three times a week. George Koltanowski was a favorite mentor, teacher and opponent and they became friends. George became one of the revered chess masters, well known throughout the United States. Carl began to win minor championships and enjoyed the diversion from home and from his work. He and Lee frequently met Herb Rosenbaum and his wife, Ilse, at various locations in California, where they could escape the San Francisco summer fog. They went to the Feather River Inn and the Hotel Californian in Fresno for a chess tournament. Other favorite companions for short trips were Elmer and Hilda Rupp. The four of them would take off when they could get away from business to go to the desert in the winter, or Lake Tahoe in the summer.

Carl and Lee often took Judy went with them to the Tourist Club or the Mountain Play on weekends. They took Judy and Gus to the Ice Follies. Judy always wished to be one of the children picked to go out on the ice, but it never happened. If the California Hall had a festival, they took them there. They'd take everyone to dinner at New Joe's on Broadway. They knew the owners by now and there was a huge booth at the back that was reserved for them. Carl would eat hamburger or steak and Lee would enjoy prime rib and spaghetti. All the children enjoyed the spaghetti. Life was full of work and fun.

New homes were being built around the corner from Lee and Carl's house on Lake Merced Boulevard. They would be large and overlooked Lake Merced. Rudy and Evelyn had outgrown their home, so they bought a new house at 416 Gellert Drive. By the time the new baby was born on January 27, they had just moved in to the lovely new home. The new baby boy was named Bradley Carl Tham, which pleased Carl. Evelyn was in the hospital for ten days, in order to recover from her Caesarian surgery. Little Gus was at Nona's, Evelyn's mother. Lee agreed to take care of Judy. Carl was delighted, because he always loved being with the children. But Lee was short tempered with Judy and it often fell to Carl to smooth things. He had breakfast with Judy each morning and then drove her to St. Stephen's School in the morning. He came home from work, as early as he could, to do things with her in the afternoon. Sometimes they'd drive to an ice cream store on Stanyon Street near Haight, or they'd go to the playground. Lee's impatience resulted in her finding a nanny, old Jo Stone's daughter-in-law, Naomi, to "live in" and help Evelyn with the household, while she recovered.

Carl smoked a cigar or two each day as a treat for himself. His favorite was Dutch Masters and he never used a humidor because he liked his cigars to dry out before he smoked them. Now that he could afford it, he bought them by the box, propped the lid open, and put them on top of the credenza in the dining room to dry. When he smoked, he took one out of the box, unwrapped the cellophane, and smelled along the length of the cigar with his eyes closed. As he smoked, he made a long white ash on the cigar for the amusement of Judy, Gus, and Brad. They would watch and wait until just the right moment, when it was so long it would stay no longer. Then one of them was permitted to knock the ash into the china ashtray, with a weighted velvet bag at the bottom. He saved all the red and gold paper cigar rings on the cigars for his grandchildren. They wore them carefully, to preserve the fragile paper as long as possible.

Sometimes Judy, Gus and Brad were taken to Carl's Studio to see what he was doing. As they poked their heads around the doorframe, they saw him in his brown khaki smock, sitting at a high stool, drawing on a large roll of paper. He'd throw his arms wide open to hug them, though he never kissed anyone on the mouth. They recognized the special scent of paper, lead, and paint of the Studio as he hugged them close. He pulled up some stools and gave them pencils and paper so they could draw.

In 1953, Carl started work at Saint Jarlath's Church in Oakland. Over the next ten years he would make eighty-eight windows for St. Jarlath. Those were followed by orders for nine windows at St. Joseph of Cupertino Church in Cupertino, fifty windows at Saint Anne's Chapel in Fresno, twenty-one windows at Holy Cross Church in Linden, fourteen windows at St. Rita's Church in Fairfax and thirteen windows, including two rose windows at Saint Mary of the Annunciation in Oakdale.

As if this were not enough activity for several years, the Stained Glass Association announced a trip and a convention in Chartres, France in summer 1953. Carl shook his head, wondering how he could fit all of this into his busy schedule. But he soon agreed to go, and Lee made the plans. They would join the Association in Chartres, and tour Paris and the surrounding area with the group. Then they would go to Lucerne, Switzerland



Top: Stained Glass Convention in Mexico City. Carl. Second row, left, with Margaret next to him. Lee, first row, right.

Center: Carl, playing chess at one of his tournaments.

Bottom: Century Stained Glass Studio business card.



Klondike 2-1143

Carl Huneke  
Designer and Craftsman

**CENTURY  
STAINED GLASS STUDIO**

CHURCH AND MEMORIAL WINDOWS

STAINED GLASS • FACETED GLASS

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## A LABOR OF LOVE

# Artist 'Paints' In Stained Glass

An ancient art which flourished centuries ago is still in flower at a little studio at the south end of Fillmore street.

It is the art of producing stained glass windows, an intricate and painstaking task but a labor of love to Carl Huneke, 55, of 1765 Eucalyptus drive, the studio proprietor.

On his business card, which features the Century Stained Glass Studio, 157 Fillmore street, Huneke lists himself in small letters at the upper right hand corner as "designer and craftsman."

But when you see his works, like the windows at the St. Vincent de Paul Church at Green and Steiner streets, you realize that modesty has prevailed in the self-classification, and he is more the artist than the artisan.

### APPRENTICE AT 12

It was his love of color that interested Huneke in the stained glass window art 43 years ago.

Because "no other craft deals in light as brilliant or as elemental," Huneke became an apprentice to a Bremen stained glass artist when he was 12.

He came to this country in 1925, bringing his knowledge of the art with him. Since he established himself in San Francisco, he has produced all 35 windows at the St. Vincent de Paul Church as well as windows in churches as far away as Stockton, Fresno and Grass Valley.

### DESIGNING HARDEST

It takes months to produce a window, even though methods have improved considerably since the art began flour-

ishing in the fourth century A. D.

Hardest obstacle to overcome is the design, the preliminary sketch in color that has to be approved by the window buyer.

"The difficult thing is to translate his ideas to paper," Huneke explained. "After he approves the design, I go to work."

"Going to work" means enlarging the small sketch and cutting it up into pieces like those of a jigsaw puzzle. These are the patterns for the bits of glass that eventually will be fitted together into the complete window.

Then, taking pieces of stained glass to match the color of the pattern fragment, Huneke forms the bit into the necessary shape with black paint. After this is done, he places the glass into a kiln, baking the paint into it.

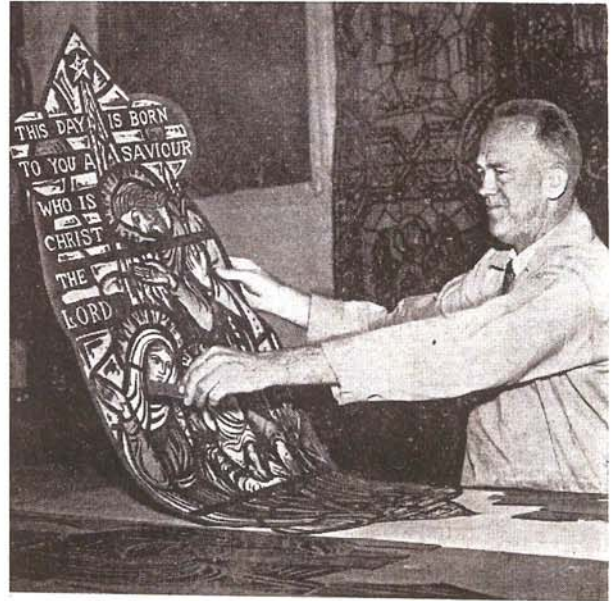
### "JIGSAW PUZZLE"

After the baking, Huneke's aide, William Steedman, 63, of 2307 Van Ness avenue, glazier and glass cutter, reforms the jigsaw puzzle into the complete window, holding the pieces in place with miniature lead I-beams.

It costs \$15 to \$40 a square foot, depending on the amount of detail, to produce a stained glass window, Huneke said.

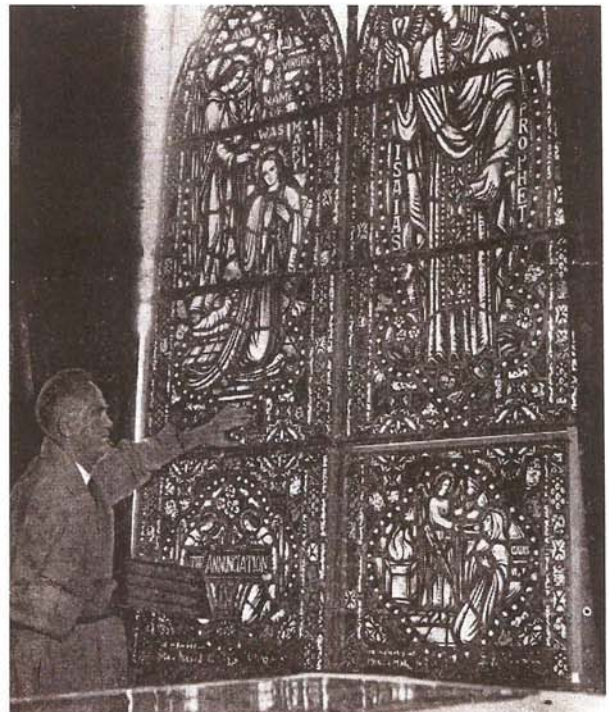
"It may seem hard and laborious work to you, but if you love it, as I do, the harder the task is, the better you like it," he said in true artist spirit.

Huneke at present is working on windows for two churches, one in Oakland and the other in San Mateo.



### AN ANCIENT ART FLOURISHES HERE

In his studio at 157 Fillmore street, Carl Huneke carefully measures a "life-sized" sketch of a projected stained-glass church window. When the sketch is completed it will be cut into pieces like a jigsaw puzzle and each piece will be carefully matched with colored glass. Huneke, who is 55, has been practicing this art since the age of 12. He came to the United States in 1925.



**COLORFUL WINDOW**—Huneke inspects a recently completed window. Each takes months to finish, costs from \$15 to \$40 a foot. Huneke is working on orders from churches in Oakland and San Mateo.—Call-Bulletin Photos

The San Francisco Call-Bulletin ran a feature article on Carl.

alone, to enjoy a part of Europe that had not been heavily bombed, during World War II. Since the war ended in 1945 most countries were recovering slowly from the destruction. Finally, they would go to Germany to visit Carl's family and stop in London on the way home.

Lee reminded Carl of his promise to her. "Do you remember Carlie? You told me long ago that someday we would go to Austria together to get my birth certificate. I still want to do that. Will you go with me to Vienna where I was born, and then to the village where I grew up?" Carl was truly concerned. The war was over, and Germany had been defeated, but the "Cold War" was raging. At the end of World War II, Russia claimed many countries, including half of Germany. Austria, like Germany, was divided into four zones. Vienna, like Berlin, was deep in the Soviet Zone of occupation. The city was also divided into four occupation zones, just like Berlin, but the Central First District was under four-power authority, memorialized by the picture of four MP's in a jeep. Even though Carl was a naturalized American citizen, he spoke English with a German accent. He feared that some mistake would occur if he went to Austria and Communist authorities would detain him. Lee argued, "But Carl, you're an American citizen. You'll have your American passport. They have no reason to detain you." "I know. But I'm still afraid. You can go and speak English like a real American and you'll never be stopped. But if I open my mouth, with my German accent, they'll automatically hold me for questioning." They argued about it. He understood why she wanted to go to Austria, but he could not agree to go with her. He would stay in West Germany. She would travel alone to Austria to try to get her birth papers.

Margaret was now in her second year at Stanford University. Her first year had gone well and Carl enjoyed meeting the friends she brought home for Thanksgiving and other holidays. Lee seemed to think Marge had a boyfriend, but Carl was not too concerned about that. He thought it was a natural thing that they might expect. But now, Margaret's grades were not as good as her first year. She told them at Christmas time, "Daddy and Mother, I got some bad grades this quarter and I hope I can make them up in the months ahead." Lee was frantic. She told Carl, "I think the reason for her bad grades is this boy she's with all the time. I've been checking up on her. I think his name is Terry. We have to do something about this." But Carl shrugged her off. He was busy. Many jobs had to progress before they traveled to Europe. He was not inclined to interfere with his daughter's life. Then there were more bad grades and Lee was infuriated. She demanded that Carl join her in speaking to someone at the University, but he refused.

Later, she reported to Carl that she met with Marge and Elva Brown, the Dean of Women. Miss Brown seemed to think that it was perfectly all right for Marge to have a Stanford boyfriend. In fact, she said that she was particularly pleased when young Stanford women and men enjoyed each other's company and eventually married. Carl chuckled softly to himself, humming a little tune. He thought Miss Brown sounded like a very sensible woman. Lee reported that Miss Brown would now supervise Margaret—rather Marge's study habits closely.

Marge brought Terry Blaine, her friend from Stanford, home to meet Carl and Lee, Rudy and Ev and their children. Carl and Lee talked of their plans to travel to France and Germany in the summer. They expected Marge to go with them. She said she wanted to go and would work on her schedule for the next year. Soon after, she told them that she could not go to Europe with them. A prerequisite course required for her major, speech therapy, was only given in the summer. If she missed that course, she would not be able to graduate with her class in 1955. Carl was deeply disappointed although he understood and said nothing to Marge. He had enjoyed their time together in Mexico. He felt that "the girls" made trips with the Stained Glass Association go more smoothly and Lee acted less assertively with them along.

In June, Carl and Lee left for Europe. This was Carl's first trip home in more than twenty-five years and it was an emotional journey. The propeller plane's long trip included several stops before landing in Paris, France. The Stained Glass Association had tours, evening dinners and other entertainment planned for the group. They saw the Eiffel Tower, the Notre Dame Cathedral, and the Palace of Versailles. One evening the entire group enjoyed the Folies Bergere, with beautiful women and men, performing semi-nude. At the end of their Paris visit, the group traveled to Chartres, fifty-five miles away.

It was a clear day and they could see the cathedral at Chartres in the distance. The bright sounds of the cathedral bells, that have marked the hours for hundreds of years, spilled across the vast tawny grain fields of La Beauce, from which the cathedral rises, cliff-like, visible from afar. To Carl the immense exterior, with its buttresses and towers, was but an introduction to the magnificence awaiting him inside. He had learned to love the windows through Charles Connick, his mentor in Boston. They were even more magnificent than he had imagined. The stories captured in the windows were interesting, but to Carl, it was the overall effect that enchanted him. He sat there looking up and then walked around again and again, at different hours of the day capturing the essence that made the whole so perfect. He did not often pray, but he thanked God for sparing this place during the war.

The entire group shared a last banquet together at Chartres. He was relieved that the meetings were over, because Lee had been relentlessly assertive during the entire Convention. He felt that she bragged and showed off too much and he found it very embarrassing. It dismayed him greatly. He promised himself that he would never attend another Stained Glass Association Convention.

Leaving France they traveled to Lucerne, Switzerland, where they relaxed at a beautiful hotel overlooking the Lake. Here Lee satisfied her cravings to buy beautiful things. They had enough money and Lee felt if you couldn't buy it, you couldn't enjoy it. She had already bought perfumes in Paris. Next was a Rolex wristwatch with diamonds for herself. It would go well with the full-length wild mink fur coat she had bought last winter. She indulged herself with wooden music boxes, carved wood pieces, and lace table linen.

These were not to Carl's taste, but he thought to himself, "She worked right along with me and has helped earn everything we have. She has the right to buy what she wants. We

can certainly afford it.” But when she bought huge lace tablecloths, napkins and doilies, with service for eighteen, he reached the end of his patience. “Who is going to use all of this? We don’t eat like this?” She lifted her chin and stared at him airily. “You never know. Marge might get married someday and she will probably need all of this.” He folded his arms across his chest, shook his head in amazement and whistled a tune, as he paced aimlessly, waiting for her to finish.

They left for Achim bei Bremen, his boyhood home. He had last seen it more than twenty-five years before. They went directly to Johanna’s home at #13 Feld Strasse. His mother had aged, but was still healthy. He had last seen her when she left San Francisco just before the war. She held him in her arms as if she couldn’t let go. Then she looked at him closely and held his face in her hands. “Carlie, Carlie, I didn’t know if I would see you again.” Martha had aged too, but was still an attractive woman. She welcomed Carl and Lee warmly and introduced them to her husband, Heinz Lohmann and her son, Carl’s namesake, Karl Heinz. He was six years old, both shy and belligerent, and refused to greet them. Heinz however, was a jovial, friendly man.

After visiting for a while, Carl and Lee climbed into their rented car and drove to Carl’s brother’s house where they would stay, since the habitable part of Johanna’s house was too small. Carl was overcome with both joy and sadness as they drove through the streets of Achim. It was changed, though there had been little destruction during the war. Some of the shops looked prosperous, but many were still dark and empty.

They arrived at Hans and Gerda’s home at #8 Goethe Strasse. Hans hurried out the door to meet Carl. They had not seen each other since the day Carl left in 1924. Since then they had each lived through inflation, depression, war, had married and now had grown children. They embraced and then looked at each other and laughed. Their faces looked so much alike. Gerda hurried to join them and their two sons, Horst, 19, and Hans Gerhart, 16, came out to the car too. They all walked into the house and soon were having a good time together. Gerda had prepared a good German meal, which everyone enjoyed and the evening was spent in remembering happy years in the past.

Carl and Lee rented a Volkswagon, while they were in Germany. They could have rented an Opel, which would have been more comfortable, but Carl made it clear after Lee’s arrogant behavior at the Stained Glass Convention, that Achim was *his* home and he did not want to show off with a luxurious car. Lee had difficulty fitting her large bosom behind the wheel of the Volkswagon, even with the seat moved all the way back, but she made it work. They went out to dinner or to visit relatives often and Lee would squeeze herself in behind the wheel. Carl would get in beside her, Gerda and the two boys would pile in the back and Hans would lead them on his motorcycle.

Carl and Hans walked the streets of Achim together for many hours, remembering and laughing over the things they shared in their childhood. They told each other what had happened since then. They walked to the cemetery and hung their heads as they visited

the grave of their father, Johann. They thought of their brother, Heinrich, killed in World War I and buried at the battlefield in Lille, France, and Sophie too, long gone with her infant son.

Carl visited Uncle Mös who was now in his eighties. He was still bright and alert and greeted him warmly. "And so, my boy, how did it go in America?" Carl sat with the old man and told him of the years, the good and the bad. And at the end of the day, they embraced and said good-bye. Carl knew he would not see him again.

Carl and Lee drove into Bremen together to find the stained glass shop where he apprenticed, and Fritz Bauermann, the master stained glass artist. Many things had changed. Bremen had been bombed heavily and the old building, if it were there, was not recognizable. He spoke to some who knew Fritz, but they did not know what had become of him. He saw many scenes from his youth and enjoyed the new vitality of the city, now rebuilding after the war.

They drove to Hamburg to visit his older sister Anna, and her husband Heinrich. They were recovering from the hardships of the war and greeted Carl and Lee warmly. Their children Kathe, and her husband, August Brandt, and Annaliese and her husband Willie Linné were delightful people and they all had good times together. Heinrich Henke III and his wife Karla had presented them with their first grandchild, Hannelore, born the year before.

They visited Hanni in Göteborg, Sweden. It was the first time Carl had met her husband, Gustav and their son Gunnar. Their son was strange, but he expressed an interest in seeing America. Carl tried to avoid the issue, but it was brought up several times and Lee refused to let it pass. After they left Sweden, Carl said to Lee, "I don't want you to make plans to bring that boy to America. Not even for a visit." But Lee said, "I think it would be good for him to get away from home and from Hanni. I think that's what's wrong with him." Carl scowled and shook his head. "I said no, Lee. No. And that's final."

Before they left Achim, they spoke with Johanna and Martha to determine what repairs and rebuilding would be needed to make 13 Feld Strasse habitable, and income producing. It was agreed that Carl and Lee would send \$3,000 after they returned home. This would cover needed repairs, a new kitchen and another bathroom. In addition they would create a rental unit, which would provide an income for Johanna and Martha, for the rest of their lives. Johanna said goodbye tearfully to Carl. This time, she feared, it would be the last time. She would never see him again.

They left Achim and drove to Munich. Carl stayed there while Lee drove across the border to Austria to search for her birth certificate. Carl enjoyed Munich while Lee was gone, but worried constantly about her safe return. When she returned two days later, she was triumphant, but subdued. "Well, Carlie I have no birth certificate in my hand, but I found the priest, who remembers my mother bringing me to him as an infant. He said he will find some papers for me, but it will take time...and of course, ...money. So I gave him plenty of money and my address and I hope that I will hear from him someday." They



Above: Carl and Lee's passport pictures

Right: Carl and Lee visit with Carl's brother Hans, left and Gerda, right.



Below: Johanna with five of her children: Anna, Hans, Martha, Kathe and Carl.

Right: Carl and Lee bring along pictures from home. Margaret with Honey Boy and Carl with his grandchildren in Golden Gate Park at Easter.



both laughed and Carl hugged her with relief now that she had returned safely. "I hope so, honey, since it's something you've wanted for so long."

They stopped in London for two days on their way home and enjoyed it so much that they promised each other they would return someday for a longer stay.

When they arrived home, they shared the news from Germany with everyone and Lee showed all the beautiful gifts she had brought home. Then Carl busied himself immediately, completing many stained glass windows that he had committed to make. After assuring herself that the apartments were rented and in order, Lee began to look into bringing Gunnar to San Francisco.

Two weeks later she told Carl, "Well, it's all arranged. Gunnar will be arriving from Sweden September 19. Carl said, "What are you talking about? I told you that I absolutely did not want him to come here to visit. He is not coming here to visit. It will do no good for anyone. Not for him. Not for us. That's final. He's not coming." Marge was at home for the last weeks of summer vacation before returning to Stanford. Terry came to visit from Bakersfield, where he was working for the summer as an engineer in the oil fields. Lee had begun to accept him, though she still warned Marge daily that it was essential to complete her studies at Stanford and graduate. Marge's grades had improved dramatically and she was well on the road to her bachelor's degree in Speech Therapy on time, with her class, in June 1955.

Gunnar arrived on September 19, 1953. It was immediately apparent that he was very eccentric and would have a hard time fitting into anyone's normal way of life. He was twenty-five years old, unattractive, with a lean build and drooping shoulders. He had pimply, oily skin, and lank greasy blond hair. He was not used to our mild climate and he sweated profusely. He smelled very bad because he never showered. After several days Lee told him to take a shower and he said he didn't know how, because his mother always bathed him. Lee gave him some quick lessons in showering and after that, she stood guard outside the bathroom and timed the water running. Carl insisted that he was only running the water and not getting wet, because the towels were bone dry and Gunnar still smelled.

Terry brought Marge home from Stanford to visit Gunnar a few days after his arrival from Sweden. It was a warm autumn day and they went for a ride to the beach in Terry's coupe. Gunnar draped his arm limply, but heavily, around Marge's shoulder in the car, making it clear that he was to be Marge's companion and escort. Terry quickly set him straight, telling him that he and Marge were planning to be married. Gunnar seemed surprised at this information. Marge returned to school, and didn't come home more often than was absolutely necessary.

Carl took the opportunity to work long hours to complete the backlog of windows. Lee insisted that he take Gunnar to the shop to help him. But after Gunnar broke a completed window, Carl adamantly refused to bring him to the shop again. Carl did not want to spend any more time with Gunnar, than was absolutely necessary. He told Lee privately,

many times, "You brought this on yourself. I told you I didn't want him to come here. No good will come of this". She prevailed on Carl's sister Adele to convince Ernest to bring Gunnar to the print shop, where Ernest worked. Finally Ernest grudgingly agreed. That day, Gunnar dropped a whole tray of completed typeset, which took hours to pick up and reset. Ernest growled to Lee, "No more. Not even one day. No!"

Honey Boy would never bite anyone, instead he stayed far away from Gunnar. Gunnar liked to sit in Carl's favorite chair to watch television. As he did so, he shuffled his feet constantly on the carpet in front of the chair until he wore a hole through the carpet. Most evenings, having Gunnar with her all day exhausted Lee, so she sent Carl, Honey Boy and Gunnar around the corner to Ev and Rudy's house for dinner.

Carl and Lee took Gunnar on trips throughout California, but it was not with the same kind of enthusiasm that they usually had for visitors. In desperation, Lee turned to Rudy for help. Rudy, having heard about Gunnar, was unable to find him a job. But to satisfy Lee, he took him "out on the town with the guys" They went to see Tempest Storm, a stripper in an Oakland nightclub. Gunnar loved it and found many other occasions to see the show alone. After six months he left San Francisco on a bus for New York and finally left the country on March 24, 1954. Everyone breathed a sigh of relief upon learning he had returned safely to Sweden.

Carl had dinner with his grandchildren most evenings, because Lee was usually too tired to cook dinner. He would bring Honey Boy and sometimes he'd go for a walk with Judy and Gus before dinner. Most of the time they went to the Circle at the end of Sunset Boulevard by Lake Merced. Occasionally they walked across the footbridge to the golf course, to a special spot where they could look back across the Lake to their house. One evening as they stood there, waving to their mother, a huge Weimeraner dog jumped out from behind the trees, bit Honey Boy on the nape of his neck and shook him viciously. They were all very frightened, but finally chased the dog away. Carl never walked there again, and for the rest of his life, when he walked the dog, he had a short broom handle stuck up the sleeve of his overcoat.

Ev fixed Carl's vegetables just the way he liked and he always told them that they would have good eyesight if they ate all their vegetables. Gussie was the only one who followed his suggestions and always thought it was very unfair that he was the only one who had poor vision. Carl loved being with the kids and after dinner they played games, or worked on homework assignments before Carl went home with Honey Boy. He was there every day to listen to the children's daily adventures and problems at school.

In June 1954, Terry graduated from Stanford and went into the Navy. That summer, Marge stayed home and worked in an office, rather than Carl's studio. She and Carl enjoyed time together on weekends and had dinner with Evelyn and the children some weekday evenings. Marge returned to Stanford for her last year, Terry was assigned to Treasure Island for a six-week school with the Navy. The Navy had no housing, so he stayed with Carl and Lee. Although he was seldom there, they got to know each other better. Soon after, Marge and Terry told Carl and Lee that they would be married after



Marge graduated and Terry's ship returned from the Orient. "Why don't you wait until he's out of the Navy?" Lee asked hopefully. "You could stay here, at home, and work and save money". Carl folded his arms across his chest, rocked on his heels and smiled. Marge said quietly that the wedding date would be Sunday, September 11, 1955. Terry had given her a diamond engagement ring.

In June 1955, Marge finished her studies at Stanford and graduated in Frost Amphitheatre. Carl was very proud, in his quiet unassuming way. He never liked to wear a suit when he was younger, but as he got older, he softened a little, occasionally wearing a suit and tie to please Lee. On that warm day in Palo Alto he wore a suit without even being asked. Marge told him quietly how much she appreciated never having to work for her tuition or spending money, like so many others had to do. He brushed the thanks off lightly, but put his arm around her shoulders.

Only four tickets were available for each student, so Carl, Lee, Rudy and Evelyn attended the Graduation. Afterward, they all went out to dinner. The event that Lee had longed for now passed almost without notice. Lee and Carl gave Marge a beautiful white gold bracelet watch from Shreve's. Lee told her shyly, "And I got an even better present for myself. I finally have my own birth certificate. It arrived from Vienna just a few days ago." Carl smiled and nodded as she told how she got the paper she had wanted for so long.

During the summer Marge did clinical practice in speech therapy at San Francisco State College, just a mile from the house. Sometimes she drove her sporty yellow Mercury, with a black top, down to Carl's studio to help with his jobs. She always did his typing for him when she was home.

The three of them worked on wedding plans all summer. Marge expected Lee to take a great interest in the plans, but she was surprised when Carl insisted on being involved in every aspect of the planning. He was very disappointed that the ceremony would be in Saint Ann Chapel in Palo Alto, which was the Newman Center for Stanford students. Marge and Terry had gone to church together there for four years. The "stained glass windows" in the church were nothing more than modernistic oil paintings on glass. They were garish and uncivilized in Carl's opinion. Though Marge agreed, she insisted on this church because Father John Tierney was the charming priest she and Terry knew well. The reception afterward could be held in the garden of the Kathleen Norris home next to the chapel. Carl was especially interested in the wedding reception, which would be held after the ceremony. He thought the location was wonderful. Though he was personally disappointed at the thought of walking his daughter down the aisle of a church with ugly windows, he never said another word about it.

At the suggestion of Father Tierney the three of them met with Continental Caterers in Menlo Park. Carl expressed definite opinions about the food and drink for the reception. He'd retreated on the Church with the garish windows. On the reception he was adamant. "I want lots of food. Good food. Real food. Not those little crackers with a dab of some junk on it. I'm happy to pay for champagne, if that's what you want, but I want plenty of good German beer." Marge agreed, though she doubted that anyone would

drink beer. "I'm happy for you to have a white wedding cake, but I also want good cakes and some platters of fruit."

He also insisted on going to the City of Paris department store to see the wedding dress that Marge and Lee had picked out. He liked the dress and wanted to see everything- the veil, the gloves, shoes- all the details. It was as if he had missed all of this in his own life and didn't want to miss a single detail of it now. He had learned that it all passed so quickly- too quickly- and when it was over, you could never return.

Terry wanted to wear his navy blue suit, not a rented tuxedo, so that's what everyone had to wear. Carl said quietly, "Well, I guess I always did want a navy blue suit," though brown had always been his color of choice. "Blue suits are for funerals," he'd said in the past, "and weddings," he now added.

The guest list was set, the invitations were written and sent, and gifts started arriving. Carl didn't want to miss anything. He wanted to be there as each gift was opened and he enjoyed all of Lee's comments. Terry had been involved in selecting china, silver, crystal and other items. Carl wanted to see everything. He was happy for these new ways and thought to himself, "Maybe someday they'll want me to do a painting for them, but not now."

The plans moved forward relentlessly; Marge's last days at home were passing too quickly. Guests, friends, rehearsals, and endless details whirled around all of them. Carl got through it all in a daze, thinking later that he'd walked his daughter down the aisle with hardly a thought about the marriage or ceremony, but only how embarrassed he was about those ugly windows.

However, the reception afterward was everything he hoped for. The food was good – and plentiful. The weather was warm. Everyone sipped the champagne politely, but they *loved* the beer. He grinned at Marge as he toasted her with a glass of beer. He slipped Terry an envelope with \$1,000 in it to be sure they didn't run out of money. And then it was over. They were gone. Little Judy and Gus had been in the wedding and he still had them nearby to visit. Marge and her husband, Terry, would live in San Diego, while his ship was stationed there.

Before driving south to San Diego, two days later they came back to say goodbye and to thank Lee and Carl for the wonderful wedding. Carl and Lee stood in the window and waved, until the yellow and black Mercury coupe turned the corner. "Well, that's that", he said as he hugged Lee, and brushed the back of his hand across his eyes.

At Thanksgiving, two months later, Carl and Lee drove to San Diego with a load of wedding gifts and other things that the young couple needed. Terry had the duty on Thanksgiving Day, so they were all invited to take a little boat out to the U.S.S Shields, anchored in San Diego bay, for Thanksgiving dinner. It was different from anything they had done before and they all loved it. The next day, when Terry was "off duty", they all



Above: Left, Margaret with Carl and Hartnell Blaine.

Above, Right, Margaret with Carl and her bridesmaids, Pat Harrison, left; Patricia Suhr, center and Joan Blaine, right.

Below: Left, "The reception was everything he hoped for. The food was good-and plentiful."

Below, right: "They did all the things that tourists do in Tijuana and then started back to San Diego."



drove to Tijuana, across the border into Mexico for the day. They did all the things that tourists do and then started back to San Diego. Carl was worried because he did not have his passport with him and did not like being outside the United States without it. But they crossed the border back into the United States uneventfully. That night Terry barbecued T-bone steaks, basted in beer, on their new barbecue. They had no backyard, or even a patio, so they set it up on the sidewalk outside their apartment. Carl loved it all and thought to himself that maybe this wouldn't be so bad. They would see her less often, but when they did, it would be wonderful.

They corresponded with Horst Huneke, Carl's nephew, about coming to San Francisco. When Carl was in Germany, he asked Horst if he were interested in becoming a stained glass artist and Horst said yes. They arranged for a flight with Scandinavian Air and Horst arrived at San Francisco at two in the morning on July 21, 1956. Horst was nearly six feet tall, weighed 130 pounds and had blue eyes and sandy brown hair. They put him to bed for a couple of hours and woke him to drive with them to Joan Blaine's wedding in Tulare, five hours south. Horst wore a heavy wool suit and sweated profusely in the heat of the valley. Marge came from San Diego and met her cousin for the first time. After the wedding and reception, they spent the night in Fresno because there were no suitable motels in Tulare. Marge was pregnant and everyone shared the joyful anticipation of a new baby due in October.

They left Fresno the next day to take Horst to the Ahwahnee Hotel in Yosemite, where they enjoyed the splendor of the valley as well as the beautiful Hotel. Horst stood on the terrace with them that night and thought he had never seen anything as inspiring as the Firefall. They continued over Tioga Road and stopped at Parsons Lodge at Soda Springs. They sipped the cold soda water bubbling from the ground. Carl told Horst how he had always loved this beautiful place. He said, "Maybe someday we will hike these trails together." Horst agreed with everything Carl said. So far, everything was even better than he had dreamed.

They continued up the back side of the Sierra to Reno. Carl suggested, "Let's go to a gambling casino." Horst said, "I don't gamble." Carl said, "I know; I don't either, but this is an experience you don't want to miss." So he showed Horst how to play blackjack. Soon they had a small pile of silver dollars. Then Carl said, "That's enough. You can lose it just as fast too."

On the way home they stopped in Oakdale to look at the eleven windows and two rose windows, that Carl had installed after 1953. He wanted Horst to see the kind of work that he would be doing and to be proud of the end result. They were back in San Francisco, that evening and Carl said, "Mein junge (my boy)- tomorrow we will go to work". He told Horst he would be paid \$5.00 and hour. Minimum wage was 65 cents an hour at that time and Horst was very happy. He thought his uncle was being very fair with him. During the time that he was learning to make stained glass windows, he was also studying for his driver's license examination. His English improved daily, as well as his skills in making stained glass. He had a social security number now. Carl taught Horst about cutting the patterns on the colored glass and leading the pieces together with

solder. But he was most eager to have the boy begin to draw so that he could design windows since that was the heart of the business. Without artistic skills, Horst would never be more than a skilled glazer.

Horst dreaded this moment because he knew from the first days in the studio, that he had no artistic talent. But more important, he did not even want to learn to design. He could not find the words to tell Carl. After three weeks of working with Carl every day, and saying nothing, he approached Lee and told her, "I can't do this. I can't paint and I can't draw. I'm good with my head and my hands, but I'm not good as an artist. I can not do this." Lee looked at him, speechless. She said firmly, "Don't tell that to Carl." "I can't be a phony and pretend that I want to learn this. I'm not going to do this," argued Horst.

It took Lee a number of days to find the right words and the right time to tell Carl. They all sat in the living room watching Lawrence Welk on black and white TV. Then Horst made himself scarce. "Honey, I have to tell you something. Horst does not want to work at the studio. He feels he has no artistic skills and he doesn't want to go there any more." Carl looked at Lee, amazed, as if he had not heard correctly. She repeated her explanation. He shook his head. "No, that can't be true. He's doing fine. This is all just new for him. He hasn't said anything to me." But Lee insisted that Carl face the truth. Once he understood, he exploded in anger, left the house with his station wagon and did not return for several hours.

When he returned, he was humming and nodding his head happily. "I know how to fix all of this, mein junge. Your only problem is that you've never learned art. There is a wonderful school in Paris and we're going to send you there to Art School. You will learn and when you come back, we'll continue with the training at Century Stained Glass Studio." Horst stood his ground and stared at him stubbornly, "No, I'm not going back over there. I came from there to here and I'm not going back."

Now Carl and Lee were both furious with him. There were a couple of days of angry talk and then there was silence. Eventually they got used to the idea and Carl continued his work, knowing that Horst would not join him. They talked about it alone and decided that it was best after all, not to have Horst work with Carl. Soon Lee found Horst a job as the Parts Manager at Pardee Motors, a Volkswagon dealership in Palo Alto. He took the bus and then the train there every morning and returned in the evening. It cost forty cents round trip each day. He wasn't paid \$5.00 an hour any more, but he didn't have to do art work. He saved his money and Lee showed him how to get a loan so he could buy his own Volkswagon.

On October 27, 1956, Carl and Lee got a phone call from Terry in San Diego. Their baby had been born that morning at 5:15 and his name was Timothy Michael Blaine. Carl and Lee couldn't wait to see him and welcomed the good news that Terry, Marge and Timmy would be moving back to Vallejo with the ship, two weeks before Christmas. Carl and Lee were overjoyed. This was a wonderful Christmas gift.

Since Marge had graduated from Stanford and married, Lee had been busy looking for another piece of real estate. She still remembered "Tiny" Small's advice "location...location...location." She had trouble finding anything she could afford in the Marina District. But Cow Hollow was just a few blocks away and it was almost as good. She found eight large Victorian flats at 1919-1933 Greenwich Street for \$55,000. The buildings had some good qualities, although they were very old and in poor condition. But she had a good, though expensive, contractor, Mr. Coudin. The buildings rode through the 1906 earthquake on their old brick foundations. Most important, they were on a beautiful large lot. Once again, Lee told Carl what they were going to do. And once again, Carl said no. They argued bitterly. And then there was silence for a week or two. The papers were signed November 14, 1956. By Thanksgiving everything was peaceful at Ev and Rudy's house. Everyone waited for Marge and Terry's arrival before Christmas.

The days passed, with phone calls back and forth each day, and finally the little family arrived in the yellow and black Mercury coupe, now crammed with the baby's belongings. They walked into the house with Timmy and Carl took the baby in his arms. He looked into the little face and smiled as he saw the full Huneke lips, wispy blonde hair and gray eyes, already turning brown.

They stayed with Carl and Lee for a few days, waiting for their Navy housing in Vallejo. Carl held Timmy and soon learned that he spit up sour milk regularly, just like Margaret had done. Each time he held Timmy, he got spit on and he always took it with good grace. He was so happy to have his daughter and her family with them, that nothing could mar his pleasure.

On Christmas Eve they all shared the evening at Rudy and Evelyn's home. The presents were bountiful, but there was no time for singing, and Carl missed that. Carl enjoyed seeing his grandchildren open and enjoy their presents, and this Christmas was no exception. Evelyn gave the infant, Timmy, a Christmas tree ornament, a silver bird, with the date 1956 and his name on it. It was the beginning of an annual tradition, which lasted all his childhood. Carl held the baby for a while, as he watched his cousins, Judy, Gus and Brad exuberantly prance around the living room. Carl smiled quietly to himself as he remembered the excitement in Achim, when all the children were first allowed into the room, to see the splendid tree on Christmas day. This was different, but children's excitement at Christmas seemed to be the same all over the world.

After Christmas, Horst joined the Air Force for four years, because he didn't want to be drafted into the Army. He left soon after the first of the year and went to basic training. He telephoned collect to Lee and Carl at Lombard 4-2951, as often as he could. Lee would tell him what was going on with all the family and the friends he had come to know. Then Carl would get on the phone. "You only have three years, nine months left, mein junge. You can do it. You can do it." And Horst would say miserably, "I want to run away from here. I want to come home". And Carl would answer firmly, "No, you don't do that. You decided to go into the Air Force and you stay and finish it". But Carl smiled to himself, with some satisfaction, that the boy was struggling with the harsh realities of life.

Carl and Lee enjoyed the frequent visits with Marge, Terry and the baby while they were living in Vallejo. Timmy grew bigger and soon was smiling at his Grandpa and Grandma, though still spitting sour milk at the same time. Even Honey Boy enjoyed sitting up and watching him, when the baby was in the house. All too soon, Marge, Terry and Timmy returned to San Diego. Since Terry would leave the Navy in June, he was in the final stages of selecting a job. Lee and Carl said nothing, but hoped they would be nearby. They reasoned to themselves that surely two Stanford graduates would not want to move too far away.

Soon they had the news. Marge, Terry and Timmy would move to Richland, Washington, after Terry finished his obligations with the Navy. He would work for General Electric at the Hanford Atomic Energy Plant in the southeast desert of the state of Washington. They were sad but resigned. They had sent Marge to Dominican to get the best education, and then to Stanford, where she met her young husband. It was only natural that she would follow wherever he had a job. But, somehow, it didn't seem fair. She would be far away from home.

All too soon, in June, the three arrived in San Francisco with Timmy, packed in the back seat of their little car. They stayed for a couple of nights, but then they were off to Washington to find a new home and make a new life. Carl held Timmy thinking, "I might not see you again for a long time, little one".

Carl and Lee insisted that Marge, Terry and Timmy visit Ernest, before they left. When they did, they were charmed at his reception of the new baby. Timmy was on a blanket on the living room floor and Ernest got down on his hands, knees and elbows in front of him. "I'm your Uncle Ernest, little one. Yes, yes, I'm your Uncle Ernest." The two proceeded to communicate for twenty minutes, without including anyone else in their world.

Carl received sad news from home. Johanna his mother, had died peacefully in her sleep. She was ninety-one and had lived a full life. He was grateful for his visit a few years earlier, when he had enjoyed being with her. He was happy she had lived comfortably during the last years of her life, in the new house that had been built behind her original house, which was rented out. And he was grateful to Martha for being the daughter who stayed with her mother throughout her life. Uncle Mös and his wife were dead now too. All of the old ones were gone and Carl was now the "older generation".

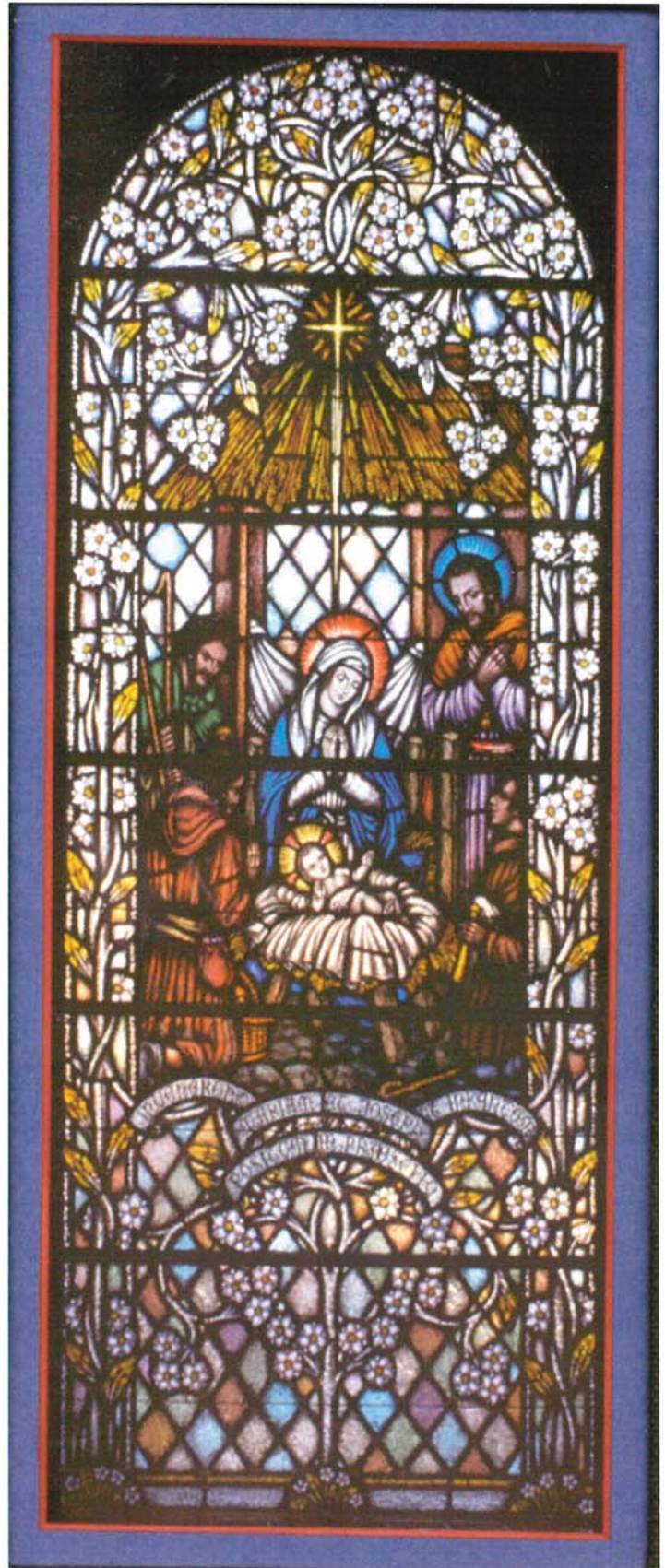
The jobs continued to come in though there was now more competition. He did eighteen windows at Santa Maria Church in Orinda, one new window in Saint Mary's Cathedral in San Francisco and other windows in churches throughout the area. He was commissioned to create ten major windows in the chapel at Santa Catalina School in Monterey. The donor, Mrs. Marcia Hart, who lived in Atherton, insisted that the windows be made according to a design from Europe. Carl managed to persuade her to allow him to make some modifications, which softened the original design. He was also commissioned to create twenty-nine windows at the Carmelite Monastery of Christo Rey in San Francisco. Those windows were all in black and white, as stipulated by the



Above: Carl with Judy, Gus and Brad

Below: Carl with Timmy

Right: The Nativity window for Santa Catalina School in Monterey.





cloistered Carmelites. This was part of the sacrifice of the nuns, who deprived themselves of even that pleasure. But Carl had the last laugh. Though the windows were black and white, lovely soft hues of blue or rose colors could be seen in the “white” glass, when the sun shone brightly through them, or when sunset cast its glow. Carl thought to himself, “If there is a God, I don’t think he intended for them to be deprived of color, so He has given them some.”

At the same time Carl became more and more interested in a new technique called faceted glass. It was particularly amenable to modern architecture and Carl was eager to try it. He bought many colors of the heavy inch thick glass, which came in small slabs. He started designing and cutting the glass and discovered a water-cooled diamond saw was needed for precision cuts. Further, if you set the glass in a cement matrix, the window could crack. He experimented with epoxy, finally devising techniques and materials that resulted in stronger, but lighter windows. He was anxious to display this new art form and made many samples. Finally Saint Stephen Church, his own parish, on Eucalyptus Drive, contracted with him to create twenty-two major faceted glass windows and all the other windows in the church. At last he would have a chance to show the techniques he had developed. **(NOTE VI-3)**

Since his business had flourished and Lee’s real estate investments had increased in complexity, the IRS frequently came to the studio to audit their financial records. The first time, Carl was nervous, though he felt confident his records and tax returns were accurate. Lee brought a hot lunch to the Studio for all of them. The IRS auditors enjoyed Lee’s lunch and usually extended their visit, coming back for several days. Carl did not enjoy their company for such a long time. So the next year, when they came for an audit, he hid all the stools, except the one he was sitting on. He sat at his stool, whistling a little tune for himself. They stood at the tables all day, while they audited his records. Their visits were short from then on.

Carl and Lee received news from Richland, Washington. Marge was going to have another baby in the spring, around Easter time. Timmy would be only seventeen months old. Maybe Marge would have as many children as Johanna. Carl smiled to himself, thinking of the fun a large family could be. They were going to buy a house and wanted Carl and Lee to come and visit them when the new baby was born.

Lee told Carl about a building she found on Russian Hill, at the corner of Union and Hyde Streets. “Carl, listen to me! This is a wonderful building. It has a grocery store and two small stores on the first floor and ten apartments above. It’s a charming old Victorian building. But, most important, the lot is zoned “unlimited height” which means that someday, if the building gets too old, or has to be torn down, you can build a skyscraper on it. And if you do, it will have a magnificent view of the Golden Gate Bridge. And best of all, the cable car runs right in front of the building. Everyone is beginning to think the cable cars are a wonderful thing in San Francisco!” She was excited. She knew this time he would agree. But Carl, who remained silent, looked at her as if she had lost her mind. “Lee, you just bought that big pile of firewood on Greenwich Street a year ago and you can’t pay the taxes for that. You keep running to me for money. Now you want to buy

another old pile of wood that could burn down any time. No. I don't want to hear any more. Not another word."

Lee was determined to have this building, but she didn't have enough money for the down payment. She phoned Marge and Terry about it. "I need \$5,000 from you for the down payment." Marge and Terry had saved some money and agreed to send as much as they had. In November 1957, the papers were sent to Washington to be signed and then presented to Carl. He shook his head and growled at Lee, "When will you give up with these buildings?"

Just before Easter, on April 2, 1958, Marge had her second son. He was born on Hartnell Blaine's birthday, so he was named Gregory Hartnell Blaine. He was a happy baby and Marge didn't need any help, so Carl and Lee decided to come to Richland for his Baptism. At the last minute, Carl's work schedule was complicated with new orders and no men to help him with the windows. So Lee took Nona Prini along to visit the six week old baby. They went to his Baptism and enjoyed their time together. When she got back, she said, "Honey, you have to come with me next time. Their little Gregory is so cute. His black hair stands straight up –like a Cherokee Indian. He doesn't look like a Huneke. The little family is so darling and their house is very cute." They had planned to make a trip with Elmer and Hilda, their good friends, and decided to go to Richland with them soon.

One day, they got a call from a young man named Franz Amandi. He had met Horst in the Air Force and now he was stationed in Sacramento, California. Lee and Carl invited Franz to the house. He was a very nice young man from Wiesbaden, Germany. He had a great interest in art and enjoyed talking with Carl about stained glass, the new faceted glass and even his oil paintings. Carl confided to Franz that he wanted to paint again, but this time he wanted to try acrylics instead of oils. Franz was interested in all of these ideas. Lee loved hearing the two of them talk about art. She told Franz, "Sometimes I call him my Männlemaler – my painter of little men." Then she'd tease, "I think he looks a little bit like Honey Boy, don't you?" Carl would shake his head in mock disgust. Then they would laugh together. Once Carl took Franz to the Studio and they became engrossed in discussing techniques of leaded glass, as well as the new faceted glass.

Carl continued to create windows to satisfy a steady flow of orders, both faceted and leaded. Each day he would walk Honey Boy to the park. He wore a hat and overcoat, with a broomstick up his sleeve. On the way home he walked in front of Ev and Rudy's house and Honey Boy insistently pulled him up the front steps. The dog barked and Ev let them in. Then Honey Boy pulled Carl to the sink and "spoke" to Ev, until she gave him his bowl of water. It was a nightly ritual.

Rudy was now successful and very busy as a Teamsters Union leader. Sometimes he'd stop by the Studio on Fillmore Street and visit Carl. Sometimes he'd say, "Carl, don't tell Mother, but I need to borrow forty dollars." Carl would reach into a can under the window of the Studio, in a black hole, where he kept a stash of money. Rudy, who didn't really need the money, would laugh at him. "You better not tell Mother that you're hiding money away". They'd both laugh, thinking about the old story from the grocery store days.

Mayor Alioto appointed Rudy a Fire Commissioner. It was a great honor. Ed Cook, from the Marine Cooks and Stewards, gave a luncheon for Rudy at the Apostleship of the Sea. Carl was there and insisted on paying because he wanted to be sure that Rudy would not be accused of taking improper gifts from anyone.

Finally Carl and Lee visited Richland with Hilda and Elmer. The weather was very warm and they all enjoyed playing in the large backyard. Lee told Marge and Terry about the building on Russian Hill in San Francisco, that they owned together. The two little boys were so excited to have their Grandma and Grandpa visit, along with a second pair of "grandparents" to play with. Each night Terry barbecued outside. The two little boys watched intently as the men sat looking at the chessboard. Each evening as it cooled, they all went for long walks. When they had to leave, everyone hugged and cried. Marge and Terry promised to come home to visit for Thanksgiving. It was getting harder each year to be apart.



Carl, Brad Tham, Timmy, Greg and Hartnell Blaine at Carl and Lee's house during a visit to San Francisco.

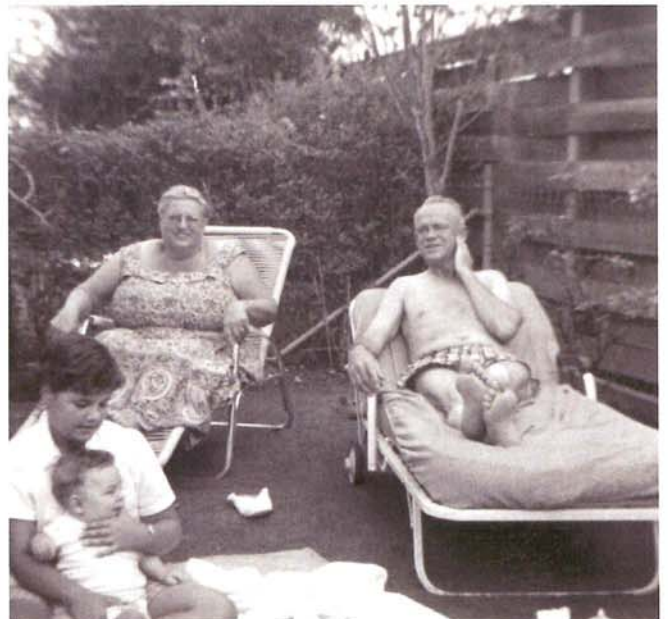
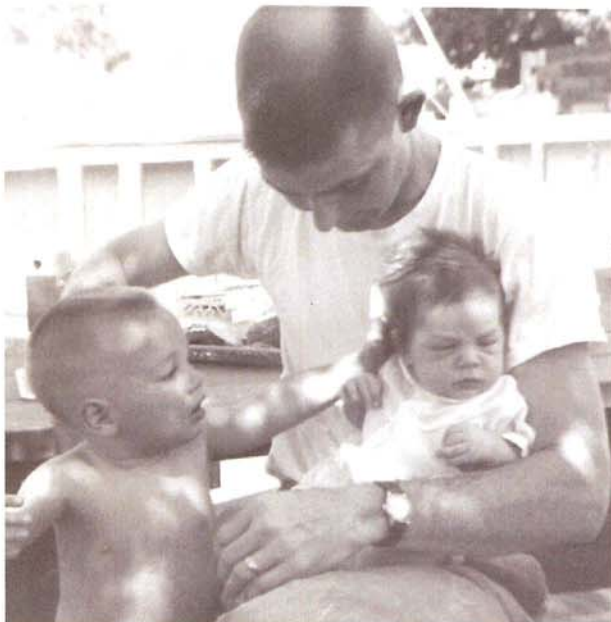


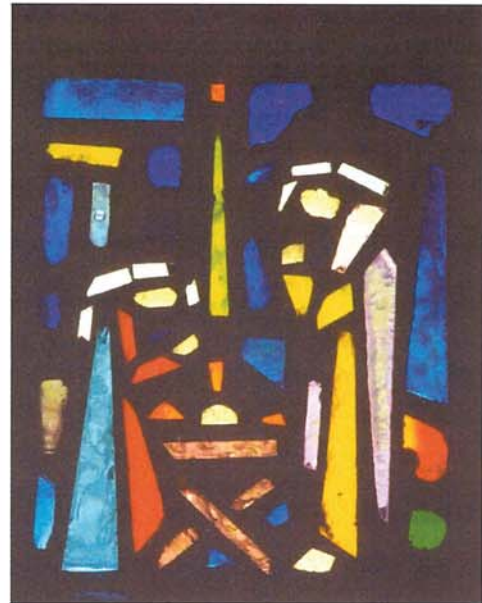
Top, left and right. Timmy says "Good-bye" to Grandma and Grandpa before leaving for Richland, Washington.

Left: The building at the corner of Union and Hyde-1960 Hyde Street in San Francisco.

Below, left: Greg is born in April 2, 1958.

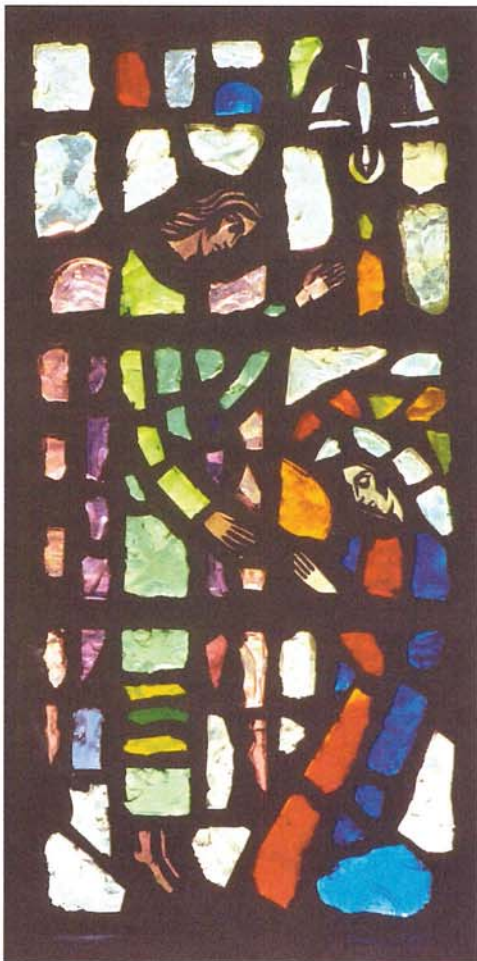
Below, right: Judy with Greg, visiting Grandma and Grandpa in San Francisco.





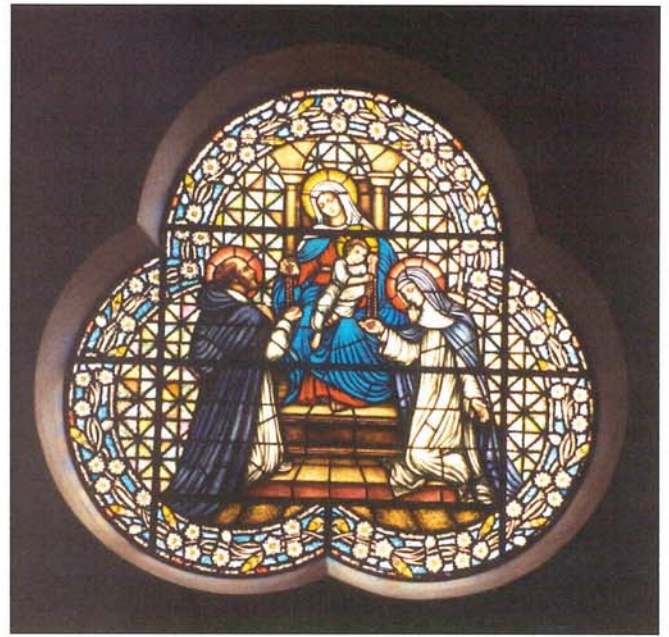
Above: Early samples of faceted glass set in concrete.  
Left: Madonna at the Crucifixion. Right: The Nativity scene.

Below: Samples of faceted glass in epoxy. Left: The Annunciation. Right: Madonna and Child





'The Wedding Feast at Cana' is four panels of faceted glass created by Carl to demonstrate his latest technique, using inch thick glass with an epoxy matrix between the pieces of glass. Created around 1960.



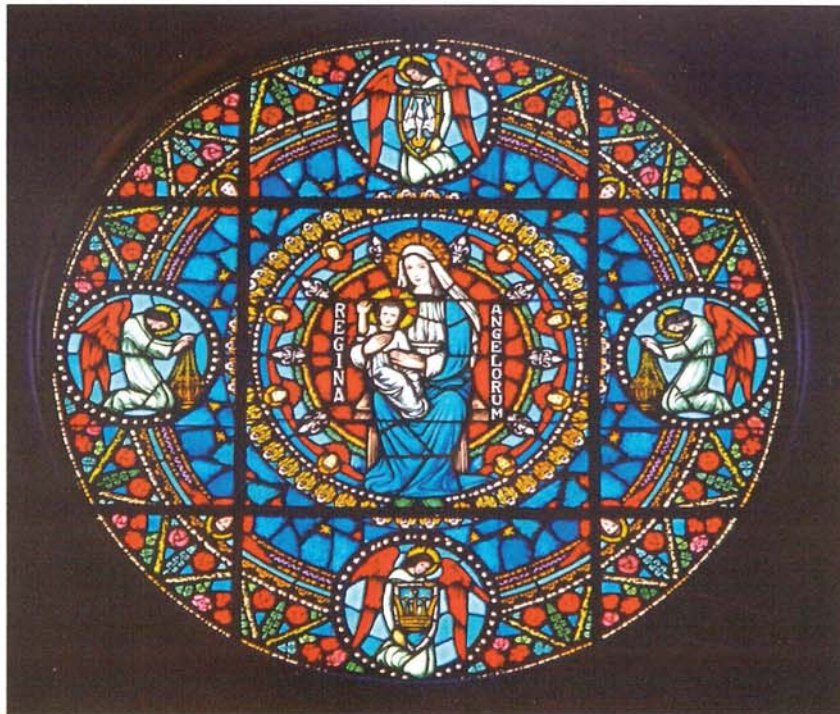
Top, Left: Saint Anne's Chapel, Fresno, California 1953

Top, Right: Santa Catalina School, Monterey, California 1955-1958

Lower, Left: Saint Rita Church, Fairfax, California 1953-1965.

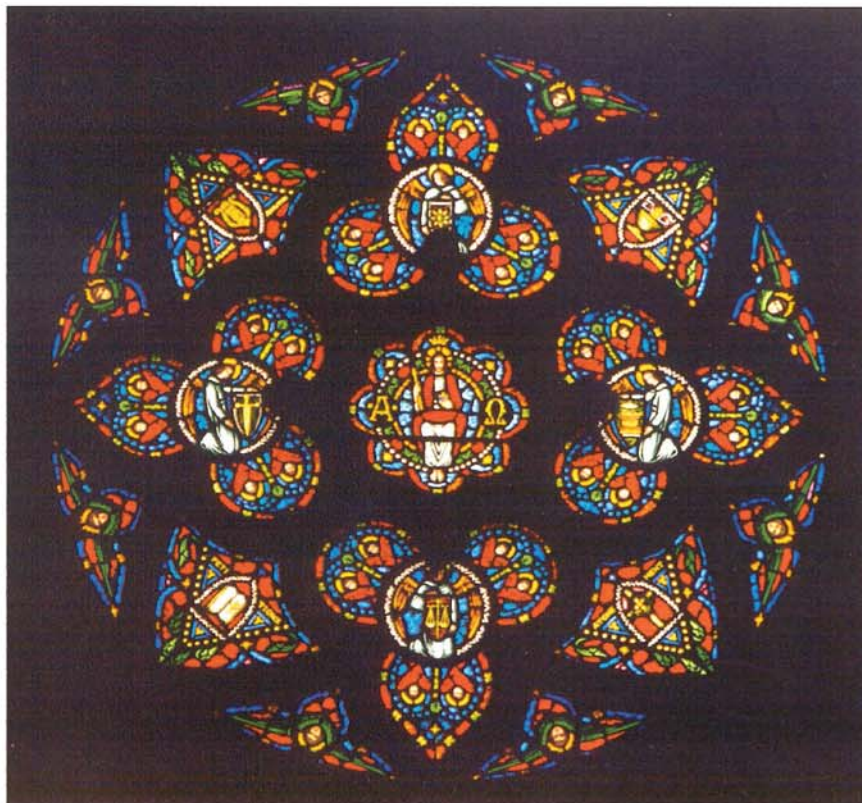
Lower, Right: Christo Rey Carmelite Monastery, San Francisco, CA 1956-1958



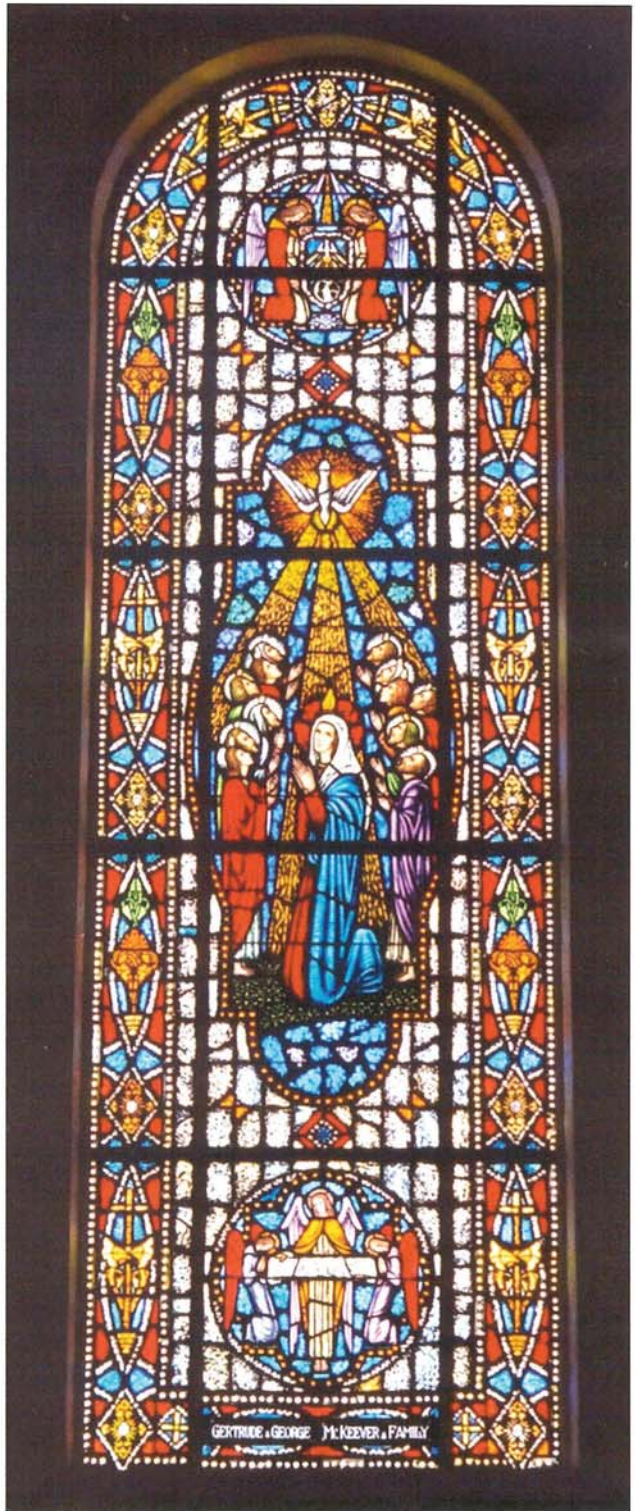
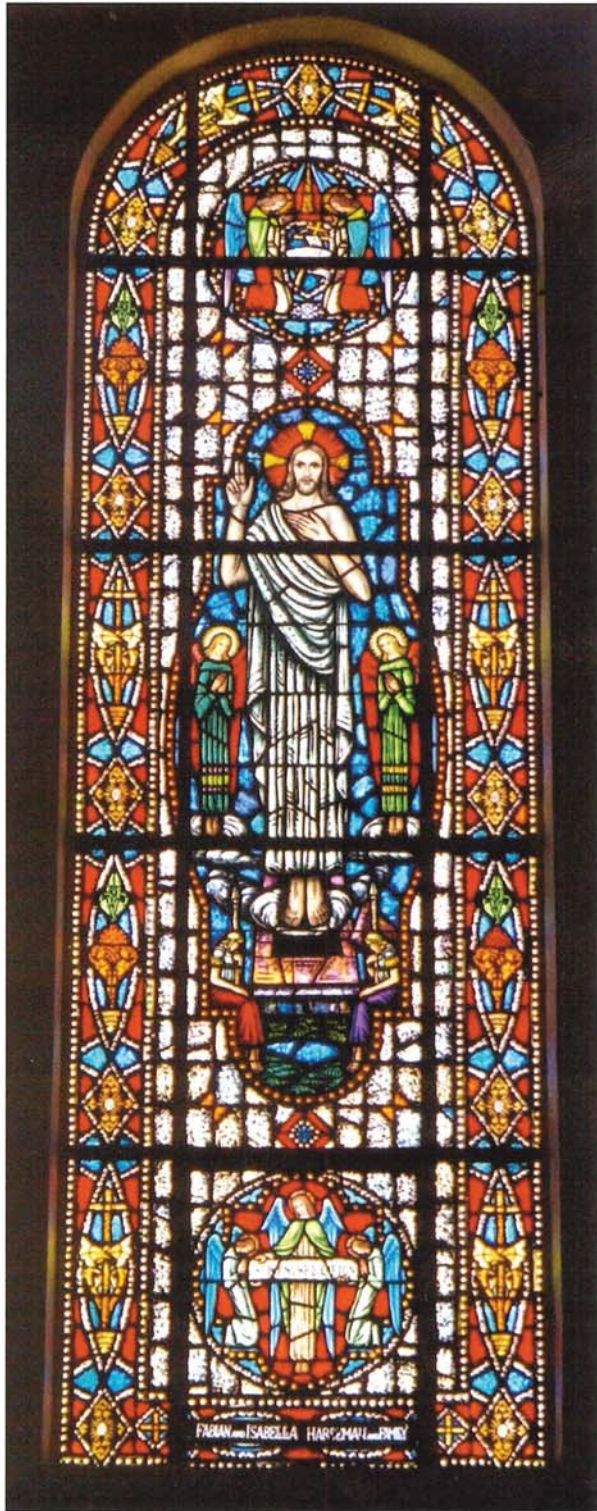


Above: Our Lady of Angels. Burlingame, California. 1952

Below: Saint Jarlath, Oakland. 1953-1964.







Our Lady of Angels. Burlingame, California 1952

## REMEMBERING MY FATHER – CARL HUNEKE A BIOGRAPHY

### PART VII – 1960-1972

Before the fifties automobiles were not a big part of San Francisco. First there were no bridges, and then there was the Great Depression, followed by World War II. By 1960, however, everyone had a love affair with the automobile. Oakland was the Detroit of the west. "Cruising" became part of the mating dance of youth and Bayshore Freeway was completed. Ferries were closing, and trains began to go. Everyone was moving to the suburbs. Kennedy was elected president, and Fidel Castro was creating problems.

Like everyone else, Lee was in love with her automobile. She bought a new navy blue Cadillac every two years, but she never mentioned it to Carl who disapproved of new, ostentatious cars. He pretended not to notice until the car was a few months old. He would always 'find out' when he did the taxes each January and it fueled their annual arguments.

They enjoyed going for rides, especially during the foggy San Francisco summers. One day Lee heard that Carmen, Carl's old friend from his early days in this country, was living in Sacramento. They had not seen her for years although they talked occasionally on the telephone. She had never married and Lee teased Carl, "She never could find anyone else that she loved as much as you." He would blush and shake his head at her, grinning to himself.

It was a hot summer day, but the Cadillac was cool and comfortable. It took them a long time to find Carmen's house, even with directions. Finally they found it on the banks of the American River, near Sacramento. It was not much more than a run-down shack. The dirt front yard had several chickens running around and there was a half-hearted attempt at a garden. They climbed the rickety wooden steps to the front porch, where they sat on stools to visit with Carmen. She looked thin now; her deep dimples had turned to lines. Her luminous brown eyes seemed even larger than he remembered because the rest of her face was gaunt. She told them she was happy; she would spend the rest of her days there, next to the river. She was dying of cancer and had only a few months to live.

Though Carl preferred to leave, Carmen insisted they stay for dinner. She caught an unlucky chicken and chopped off its head with one whack of her axe. It ran around, headless, for several minutes. When it finally died, she plucked the feathers, cleaned it and started to cook dinner. At that point, Carl insisted that they leave. It was hot; he wasn't feeling too well after watching the chicken die. He didn't want to spend any more time there. So they said their farewells, knowing they would not see Carmen again. As they drove away Carl asked, "Why did we go there?" Lee answered, with a sideways smile, "I thought we should see your old girlfriend again. Just think, you could have been living there, if you had married her instead of me." Carl raised his eyebrows, nodded his head

and grinned at her. "Ah yes, how lucky I am that I married you, honey." They chuckled together, but their teasing was tempered by sadness over Carmen's impending death.

Franz Amandi called them. "I've been discharged from the Air Force and I'll be working for Crocker-Anglo Bank in San Francisco." Often Franz came to the house on Saturdays after Carl spent half a day at the Studio. They enjoyed black bread and thinly sliced salami with a glass of beer. They talked of art, German friends, real estate and anything else that was current and interesting. Sometimes Franz would meet Carl at the Studio on Saturday. One day Carl said to him, "I'll be quitting my business and closing the studio one of these days. The only ones working for me now are Bill Steinmiller and Sylvester Trobeck. They are both in their eighties. They are ready to retire any time I want to quit. Would you be interested in carrying on my business?" Franz was amazed at the offer. He really had to give it some thought. He thought of how happy Carl was. Carl really "whistled while he worked". What he did filled him with joy. He came to work without a tie. Obviously, the business did well. Franz said to Carl, "I have to give this some thought. I will tell you soon." Carl and Lee had already talked about it and waited to hear what Franz would say. A few weeks later, Franz told them both, "I got 'kalte füsse'- cold feet. I want to do this, but I'm afraid to give up my banking career, which seems so promising now". Carl and Lee understood.

Lee continued her intrigue with real estate. Every morning she read the real estate ads, from one end to the other. Every day, month after month, she saw the same advertisement: "Stores For Sale – 1909-1913-1915 Union Street". She knew they were in the right location, between Pacific Heights and the Marina District. But something had to be wrong with them. They never sold. They were listed week after week. Finally she called "Tiny" Small. "Tiny, I want you to find out about these stores. Why won't anyone buy them? What's wrong with them?" He drawled, "Huneke, let me look into it." He reported back that Union Street itself was run-down and the stores had a shoe repair shop in one and a massage parlor in the other. The third space, which had been divided off, was empty. However, they were all on month-to-month leases, paying a total of \$250 rent per month. Lee said to Tiny, "What kind of business would do well there?" "Well, you know, Huneke, I don't know. It should be a good neighborhood, but it's never done very well. Everyone goes to Chestnut Street in the Marina." Lee listened, but she had a feeling about this. She thought that the Page-Lyon neighborhood might lose value and was looking for a neighborhood that was going to improve. She thought this might be it. "Tiny, I want to buy that building, but I don't have any money. I'll have to sell the flats and store at Page and Lyon. Find out how much the Union Street stores cost and see if I can do it."

So "Tiny" Small put together a deal. The Union Street stores cost \$35,000. The Page-Lyon building, two flats and a store, would sell to Never Wong, for \$32,500. Mr. Wong owned the grocery store business, and was happy to buy the building. There was only one detail that had to be worked out. Lee had to convince Carl.

She moved ahead. "Carlie, I found a building on Union Street. They call the neighborhood Cow Hollow. It's a wonderful location between Pacific Heights and the Marina and it should be very good someday." So far, he stayed calm. At least there were no tenants to deal

with. She went on, "One store is empty, one is a shoe repair shop and one is a massage parlor, but they can all be asked to move because they have no long term leases." Carl asked cautiously, "Who would move in there?" "I don't know yet, but I think the neighborhood is improving and we'll find good tenants." "And where will you find the money to buy it?" he asked quietly, not knowing what she would say. She explained that they would sell the Page-Lyon building to Never Wong, and all she would need was an additional \$2,500 cash to close the deal. Then he exploded worse than ever before. He shouted that Page-Lyon was a known entity, in an established neighborhood, with an excellent lessee and good tenants in the flats. Of course, Wong wanted the building for \$32,500. He knew a good deal when he saw one. And of course, she could get the Union Street stores for \$35,000. They were worthless. He said she had done some foolish things in the past, but this time she had gone too far. He had signed in the past, but this time he would not. He had finally gotten used to Page-Lyon. It was a good building and he would not allow her to make a foolish mistake. Period. The end. No more discussion. Lee proceeded with her plans, but Carl remained adamant.

The final papers had to be signed by May 1, 1961. That gave Lee and "Tiny" one month to plan their strategy for the stores. "Tiny" asked, "Are you sure he'll sign?" "Of course he will. Don't worry about it." Immediately they started looking for a single tenant for the whole building. Large spaces were in demand. In 1960, the Winter Olympics were held in Squaw Valley near Lake Tahoe. Skiing became the new fad and all the young people with money were buying equipment. Don Cappa approached "Tiny" Small about renting the space. Don had no previous retail experience. He was an engineer with Shell Oil, but he was burned out on his job. He loved skiing and wanted to start a business that would profit from the new craze – winter sports. He would market his ideas: ski packages, including tours, equipment, rentals and sales. And just in case business was slow to start, he would sub-lease some space to a liquor store. The lease would be for \$350 per month for three years, starting in September, with a three-year option, at a price to be agreed upon. Lee agreed. She contacted her general contractor, Mr. Coudin to do the necessary work starting immediately after close of escrow. The existing tenants were given notice to move. Carl and Lee had not spoken for several weeks, but they were both so busy, he with stained glass windows and she with "the deal", that neither of them noticed. When it came time to sign, he did so, just to get the nuisance of it out of the way.

Early in May, Carl and Lee were roused in the middle of the night by a hysterical phone call from Adele. She had just discovered Ernest dead in his bed. Later, she learned it was a heart attack. Warren was studying at the University of Vienna in Austria. Adele was alone and frightened. They went over immediately, to help calm her and to make arrangements. Carl and Ernest had not seen each other for many years, but Adele had always kept in touch with Lee and Carl. More than once, Ernest had enjoyed being with Marge's young boys, Timmy and Greg, when they were in San Francisco visiting. Soon the funeral arrangements were made, Warren came home and Ernest was laid to rest.

After the funeral Lee and Mr. Coudin plunged in to complete the structural work at the Union Street building before Don Cappa started his interior decorating in the store. In the back of the shops, there was a garden with a huge avocado tree, which bore delicious fruit.

These were harvested and distributed to everyone in the nearby stores. Soon Mr. Coudin finished his work and Don Cappa started the changes that would create a landmark on Union Street. The exterior of the store had an alpine theme. The large window displays had good lighting so that the merchandise was visible day and night. He named it "Marina Sea and Ski". He announced a Grand Opening for September 1961. He would haul in truckloads of snow and dump it in the middle of Union Street. The kids would sled down the hill. They could build snowmen and throw snowballs. He promoted it well. Newspapers wrote about it. Herb Caen gave it a big spread. By the night of the event, it was the biggest thing that ever happened on Union Street.

At the time of the Grand Opening, Marge, Terry, Timmy and Greg were staying with Carl and Lee. Terry had been offered a wonderful job as an engineer at Ampex Corporation in Redwood City. They would be leaving Richland to move back to the Bay Area before Thanksgiving. Carl and Lee were jubilant; their arguments about this new building were forgotten.

They all went to Union Street that night. It was an event made for television, and Don Cappa played up to it. Klieg lights made the street bright as day. Every newspaper had photographers there. They heard the happy shouts of San Francisco children, playing in the snow. Now they were sledding, making a snowman and throwing snowballs. Rudy, Evelyn and two of their three children, Gus, 12 and Brad, 7, were there, along with Marge, Terry, Timmy, nearly 5, and Greg, 3 ½. Judy, 16, was away at school, at Dominican. The children tumbled about in the snow with all the others. Carl played with them and they all laughed, throwing snowballs and sledding down the hill. Loudspeakers played the new song, "I Left My Heart In San Francisco" and Marge cried, grateful that they were moving home from Richland, Washington.

Following the opening, they went to their favorite restaurant, New Joe's in North Beach. They all were upbeat about the new building and thought the Marina Sea and Ski store just might be the right idea, at the right time. Carl tried to relax about the new real estate investment they had made. He still thought Page-Lyon was a better building, and less of a risk. Maybe this new building would work out after all. Better than anything else, he loved having his grandchildren all together in one place. The dinner became a celebration.

Within a year, it was clear that the mass exodus to the suburbs, following the war, did not include minorities, who were now trapped in the city. The Haight-Ashbury became a target for those who were under-employed, or on the fringes of society. Rather quickly, the fabric of that neighborhood, where the Page-Lyon grocery was located, deteriorated. At the same time Union Street improved, store by store, to become the upscale neighborhood shopping area for Pacific Heights, Cow Hollow and the Marina, three of the wealthiest neighborhoods in San Francisco. This time Lee had succeeded beyond even her own expectations.

Within a few weeks Marge and Terry moved back. They stayed with Lee and Carl, while they looked for and bought a house in Menlo Park. Timmy's fifth birthday was celebrated a few days late, with all his Tham cousins at Grandma and Grandpa's house. Thanksgiving was celebrated at Ev and Rudy's house, with the whole family together for the first time in

years. Everyone teased because Marge and Terry brought bologna for Timmy, since he didn't like turkey. Carl had long ago stopped worrying about his grandchildren's eating habits. He was happy to turn that responsibility over to their parents. All he had to do was love them and enjoy them. They were all invited to Menlo Park, for dinner on Christmas Day.

Marge and Terry moved into the home they bought "in the country", at 1141 Westfield Drive in Menlo Park. Hartnell and Margaret Blaine came from Tulare to share Christmas with them for the first time. Carl and Lee were there many times before Christmas, helping to decorate the Christmas tree, make carrot puddings and prepare the house for the holidays. The house was bursting with activity, confusion and noise, especially as Christmas Eve approached. That night for the first time in their lives, the little boys were allowed to stay up and see Santa Claus, in person. It was the beginning of a new tradition in their home, echoing Marge's childhood Christmases. After supper, Marge played all the old Christmas songs on the piano, and Carl sang joyfully. The little boys were surprised at this, but soon learned to join in. They sang "Jingle Bells", and "Oh Come All Ye Faithful", but at the end Carl and Margaret sang "O Tannenbaum" and "Stille nacht, heilige nacht", in German.

Suddenly there was noise on the back patio and Timmy and Greg ran to the window to see what was happening. "Santa's here!" they shrieked joyfully as they scurried back to Carl and Lee. Santa came into the living room with a huge sack on his back. The boys were awestruck as he pulled out one present after another. He had something for everyone, that first Christmas in Menlo Park. When the sack was almost empty, Santa held up a finger and said to the boys, "Sh—h-h-h. Be very quiet now. Sit quietly by the fireplace." He reached carefully into his bag and lifted out a Beagle puppy, with long, soft ears and a sweet face. Santa placed him in their arms, where he curled up and went to sleep. "His name is Sir Nikadik, but you can call him Nicky." The boys were in awe of Santa's gift. Both grandfathers smiled, but shook their heads sagely, knowing that this was an unwise addition to the family.

Carl and Lee drove home that evening. When they were alone at home, they hugged each other, agreeing that this was a wonderful Christmas. Finally their daughter and her family were home again. The whole family would be together for Christmas dinner.

The Tham clan arrived at the house on Westfield Drive for the first time on Christmas Day to share a day of celebration. There was bedlam in the house, as the children played noisily. Carl said to Marge quietly, "This is probably too much confusion in the house for you." She said with tears in her eyes, "Daddy, I've spent five years away from all of you. I love all this confusion and noise. We've spent too many Christmases, quiet and alone, in Richland."

During the week, or on Saturdays, Carl would often enjoy time with Rudy and Evelyn and their family. Judy was away at Dominican, with Sister Maurice, just as Marge had been. Carl always came over when he knew Judy was home to visit. During Christmas vacation, she planned to go to a formal dance. Grandma had bought the dress for her, but was too

tired to come over to their house the night of the dance. But Grandpa wouldn't miss it for anything. He came over as soon as he knew she was dressed, so he could be there to see her go off on her first date. Afterward, he stayed to enjoy some time with Gus and Brad. He understood better than any of them, how fast the years passed. Once it was over, you could never go back again.

Carl and Lee established a happy routine. Every Wednesday afternoon and Sunday, they would drive down Skyline Blvd., then Canada Road, to Sand Hill Road into Menlo Park. Lee was at the wheel of her new navy-blue Cadillac, with Carl happily sitting next to her. Sometimes Saturday was added, especially if the weather was nice. Most Sundays, they would have dinner in Menlo Park, with everyone joining in the cooking. Lee had discovered Draeger's, a grocery store in Menlo Park, which she thought was even better than Petrini's, her market in Lakeside in the city. Frequently she "loaded up" groceries and meat, with Marge while all "the boys" played games at home. Soon a freezer was purchased so there would always be plenty of food for visitors, as well as for the family.

The young family had not had much opportunity to go out to dinner when they lived in Richland, since there were few restaurants. Going out to dinner was always a treat for Timmy and Greg. Their favorite was The Hippo in Menlo Park, and in San Francisco. Everyone loved the frivolous purple and pink aprons on the hippos, which were painted all over the walls. They enjoyed the Hippo-burgers. Sometimes, they ate fried bananas.

When the weather was nice, they learned to play croquet in the backyard. They took the new puppy, Nicky, for walks on his leash; rather Nicky pulled them on walks in the Allied Arts area near San Francisquito Creek. Carl would laugh, "We're not walking the dog; he's walking us."

One Sunday in February it snowed in the Bay Area. They built snowmen and threw snowballs and Nicky, the puppy, tumbled about, until he looked like one big snowball. Carl often brought his chessboard. He tried to teach the little boys to play chess, but usually, they enjoyed checkers or their other games together. He worked on chess problems alone when he had no opponent. Elmer Rupp, his favorite chess partner, had moved to Palm Springs with his wife Hilda, to buy an apartment building. Herb Rosenbaum, who lived in San Carlos, sometimes came over to play chess with him.

These were Carl's happiest years. He loved his work and was fascinated with a new technique, faceted glass windows. He loved all his grandchildren and now had the leisure and opportunity to spend time with them regularly. He and Lee had few worries about money. She refinanced the Union Hyde building and paid off all the other mortgages, so they were virtually debt free. Finally, there was plenty of income and she never again asked him for money to pay the taxes. If a tenant called the house when he was home alone, he simply hung up.

One day the phone rang while Carl was home alone. He answered, prepared to hang up if it were a tenant. It was Horst calling from Pennsylvania, where he was still stationed with the Air Force. Because of Castro's uprisings in Cuba the year before, scheduled releases



“Hartnell and Margaret Blaine came from Tulare to share Christmas with them for the first time. Carl and Lee were there many times before Christmas, helping to decorate the Christmas tree, make carrot puddings and prepare the house for all the holiday guests. The house was bursting with activity, confusion and noise, especially as Christmas Eve approached. That night for the first time in their lives, the little boys were allowed to stay up and see Santa Claus , in person.”





after four years in the Air Force were extended for an indefinite time. Horst had now served for four years, nine months. "Uncle Carl, I've fallen in love with a farmer's daughter back here and I'm going to get married. But, say nothing to Aunt Lee – 'Sag nichts' – I don't want her to know, because I don't want her coming back to Pennsylvania for the wedding." Carl said promptly, "You're not old enough." He answered, "I'm twenty-eight years old." Carl said, "Why don't you come home first and visit?" "No. I've told her parents. I've told her. I'm getting married. But I'm not staying in Pennsylvania. As soon as I get my citizenship papers, I'm out of here. I'll bring Vonnie and her two year old little girl, Wendi, to California with me." When Lee got home, Carl shared the news with her. They talked to Marge and Terry and they all agreed that Horst, and his ready-made family, would stay with Marge and Terry in Menlo Park.

On February 20, 1962, everyone was glued to the television, watching John Glenn's space flight. He circled the Earth three times, observing everything from a dust storm in Africa to Australian cities lit up at night for him. Everyone was thrilled at the event and he returned to Earth a national hero. At the same time, Horst was traveling across the country in the old Volkswagon with his new wife, Vonnie, and her daughter, Wendi. They arrived in San Francisco at Lee and Carl's house at 1765 Eucalyptus Drive, and were greeted warmly at the front stairs. Lee came down the stairs first, with Carl close behind. "So this is little Wendi," Carl said, pronouncing it "Vendi", as he hugged the little girl. She was petite, with dark, curly long hair and blue eyes. They all went in and sat down and Lee got right to the heart of things. "What are you going to do, Horst?" "I'm going to get a job." "Well, I should hope so," she snapped indignantly. By now, through observation and by asking, she learned that Vonnie was pregnant and expecting a second child in July. Soon Carl and Lee told Horst and Vonnie that they were going to Marge and Terry's house in Menlo Park. Carl and Lee drove the Cadillac and the young family followed in the loaded Volkswagon.

The greeting in Menlo Park was just as warm and all the children were happy to have new friends. Beds were made ready for them all, dinner was set and the first of many happy meals together was shared. Plans were made to look for a place to live the next day. At the same time Horst would look for a job. "It's better not to pay rent. We'll look for a house to buy," Lee explained, with Carl in complete agreement. "But we have no money to buy a house. We're going to rent and save our money for now," explained Vonnie. Lee said "We'll worry about the money after we find the house." Horst had a resume and started looking for a job the next morning. Marge, Vonnie, and the children, went searching for a place to live. By evening everyone had good news. Horst was offered a job with Vidar, a new company, at \$525 per month. He would be employee number thirteen. Vonnie and Marge found a darling little corner house at 695 Arnold Way, in the Willows area of Menlo Park, for \$16,850. It had three bedrooms, one bath, a garage and a nice patio and backyard. It was perfect for their small family.

Once the essentials were taken care of, they settled down to a month of having fun living together, before they could move into their home. Vonnie asked her father to loan them \$1,000 for a down payment, but he thought it was unwise to buy a house and said no. Lee and Carl loaned them the money, and before too long, Mr. Hugo changed his mind and sent Vonnie the money. Spring was around the corner and a croquet game was often in

session at Marge and Terry's house. The lanai in the back yard served as a playroom for the children and a suntrap for Carl, when he visited. It was his greatest joy to sit in the sun and listen to the games and imaginative play of Timmy, Greg and Wendi.

Vonnie enjoyed singing as much as Carl did and she also played the piano. Anytime Carl and Lee visited, which was several times a week, singing around the piano after dinner was the evening's entertainment. Marge bought the Mitch Miller sing-a-long music and they all learned the words to the songs. They sang their hearts out to "Side By Side", "Alabama Bound", "If You Knew Susie" and Carl's favorite from the old Depression days, "Yes, We Have No Bananas". At the end of every evening, they'd sing "Wagon Wheels, Wagon Wheels, Carry Me, Carry Me Ho-o-o-ome."

Everyone helped Vonnie and Horst settle into their home. Lee went grocery shopping at Draeger's so their home was well stocked with food. She helped them with furniture and soon they were ready to have the family at their home too. Warren was at Stanford University studying for his doctorate by then, so he was a frequent visitor, along with the Thams and their children. Carl was full of joy with the constant round of family fun, with all the grandchildren.

At Easter, Carl took all his grandchildren to Golden Gate Park. The older ones wondered if he still knew where to find the Easter Bunny's chocolate eggs. He did. The younger ones were serious as they searched in the tall grass. Then the shouts began, "Grandpa, I found one. I found a beautiful one." His large overcoat was equipped with big pockets. Walking around the lake, near the "Portals of the Past", they found as many colorfully wrapped chocolate eggs as ever. The older children liked to come along with Grandpa, and helped keep it special for the younger ones.

In July 1962, Vonnie and Horst had a baby boy whom they named Marcus Johann Huneke. Timmy had already started school at St. Raymond's. Soon Greg would go to kindergarten and Wendi would start kindergarten at the same time in her neighborhood. In the fall Marge told everyone that she and Terry were expecting a baby in March. Lee and Carl were overjoyed. Once again they would enjoy a new grandchild, and this time they would be there for the birth.

Carl continued to work. By 1962, there were several other churches ordering windows, but still the leaded type. He finished windows at St. John the Baptist Church in King City, St. Sebastian the Martyr in Greenbrae, St. John the Baptist in Healdsburg, Calvary Presbyterian in Oakland, Escalon Presbyterian in Escalon and twenty sanctuary windows at First Presbyterian Church in Salinas. He had experimented with faceted glass because he believed it was very suitable to the more modern architectural styles.

Carl started work on the faceted glass windows for St. Stephen Church, just a few blocks from his home. This was his first full church in faceted glass, and his mind was challenged daily with the intricacies of the new materials. He willed himself to give the faces expression, though he had to struggle with the material to do so. The epoxy mix he used was proving to be strong, yet flexible enough not to crack. He learned daily how to hit the

edges of the inch thick glass just so, with a small hammer, to create the facets in each piece. He developed a technique for shading each piece, by the way he chipped out the facet. As he designed and completed the windows, he could see that each was more splendid than the one before. These were some of the best days of his life.

Now that his faceted glass work could be seen, other orders started to come in for the new style windows. St. Leander's Church in San Leandro ordered sixteen faceted windows in 1966. He embarked on this project with great joy because he felt that this new form of art had great potential and was particularly adaptable to modern structures.

Carl enjoyed his chess games with Herb Rosenbaum. Sometimes Herb came to San Francisco; sometimes Carl went to his home in San Carlos. Once Herb said, "Carl, I own an apartment building in Menlo Park with a partner. This Sunday I have to sit there to show an apartment for rent. Would you come there and join me. We can sit in the courtyard in the sun while I wait to see if any prospective tenants come to rent." Carl said yes- "As long as I don't have to talk to tenants."

He met Herb at a building called The Alameda Apartments at 3455-65-85 Alameda de las Pulgas, between Ashton and Oakley Streets, in Menlo Park. Carl looked around as he sat in the courtyard with Herb. "I thought you only invested in stocks?" Herb answered, "Yes, but I bought this with a partner from a Mr. Tuck for \$207,000. He bragged that he managed to get the building approved; a few years later they wouldn't have approved it. I've heard rumors that they're going to widen the Alameda, so I think I should sell it." Carl certainly agreed with that, since he thought dealing with tenants was the worst thing he could imagine.

They talked about stock investments and how it was during the Depression. Carl told Herb about his early successes and his terrible losses. "Since then, I've always told Lee that I'll let her lose the next fortune in real estate. Although, just between you and me, I do have a couple of stocks, that I've put away in a safe place." Herb laughed and said, "Yes, I remember the Depression well. In 1937 I got a job in a greenhouse in Salinas. I earned \$25 per month. When I got the paycheck, they took two cents out of my check. I asked what the two cents was for and they said it was for social security. I said I don't need it and they said you're going to get it whether you want it or not. It's compulsory. Carl, that was the beginning of social security. I said to them, what good is it and they said, you'll get a pension when you're sixty-five. I said, 'Will there be enough money when I'm sixty-five?' They said 'Certainly. Only two out of ten of you are going to make it.'" The two laughed together as they reminisced about the "bad old days" when the struggles were so hard and the outcome so uncertain.

Some time later, Carl was with Herb again and asked, "Did you ever sell that apartment building, The Alameda Apartments?" Herb laughed, "Yes, we sold them for \$237,000 – we made a little money, nothing too much. But the rents were low – the one bedrooms under \$100 a month and the two bedrooms about \$125. At least I don't have to worry any

more about The Alameda being widened. I have my money in the stock market and sleep peacefully at night while I make a nice steady return on my investment.”

Winter passed with joyful days. All the holidays were shared with families together. The grandchildren, of all ages, enjoyed their grandfather as much as he enjoyed them. As Easter approached, Marge prepared for the new baby. On Sunday morning, March 24, 1963, Terry called Lee and Carl and said “You’d better come down to take care of the boys. I’ll be taking Marge to Stanford Hospital when you arrive.” They left San Francisco and arrived in Menlo Park within the hour. By then Marge and Terry were ready to leave for Stanford Hospital. Lee and Carl stayed with the boys, waiting for the phone to ring, playing croquet as they always did. When at last the call came, Terry told them that the baby was a little girl, healthy and beautiful. Her name would be Constance Lee and they would call her Connie. An hour later he came home to be with the boys and Carl and Lee drove to Stanford Hospital. They went to Marge’s room and she got up to walk with them to the nursery window, to see the baby. On the way, she explained, “She’s not very pretty, so don’t be surprised when you see her. Her hair is long and black and sticks straight up like Greg’s did.” They stood before the glass. She was beautiful. The nurses had brushed her hair into a large soft curl on top of her head and secured it with a pink ribbon. Black eyelashes rested on her beautiful white skin. She was small and round and they stood there, enchanted. They said, “She’s the most beautiful baby we’ve ever seen.” Marge looked and thought to herself, “I think they may be right.”

From then on, life was even more charmed. They came to Menlo Park several times a week, not to miss a moment of time with the family. Both little boys were at Saint Raymond’s School and Carl and Lee shared in all of the activities. A lovely plaid baby carriage was purchased so they could all take long walks around the Allied Arts area near San Francisquito creek.

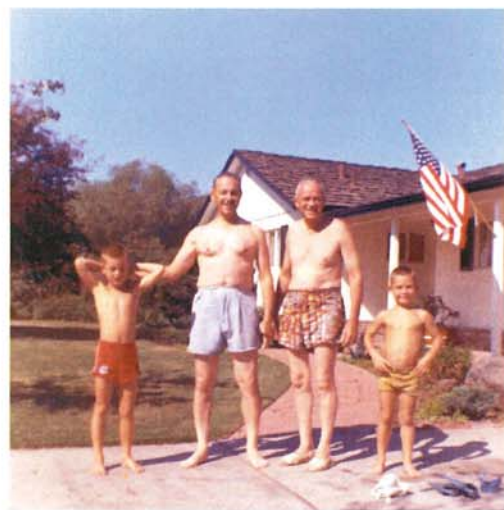
In spring, 1964, Honey Boy died. He had been a wonderful dog, sharing their lives for fifteen years. Though aging, he had been active every day and never failed to jump up when Carl appeared with his coat, hat and stick up his sleeve for their daily walk. He was buried in a pet cemetery, with a special marker because they loved him very much. This time Carl did not argue about getting a new dog. He was used to having a dog by now. He didn’t even argue about getting another Pekinese. He was used to that too, but he was never quite prepared for Chang, who waddled, close to the ground, with very small steps. He was not unfriendly, but he never seemed totally alert, as if he were not quite awake. Carl often stood looking at him, shaking his head, as if he were a puzzle. But Chang didn’t bite grandchildren and he liked going for a walk each day. Carl decided there was not much more that he could ask of a dog.

The Marina Sea and Ski store was now the most successful business on Union Street. Don Cappa, the storeowner, renewed his lease for another three years, with a sixty per cent increase in rent. Carl now agreed with Lee that it was a good investment. On the other hand the Page-Lyon store was in the Haight -Ashbury neighborhood, which was becoming a haven for hippies and dropouts from all over the world. Never Wong’s grocery business continued to be successful, but now with less desirable customers. Carl nodded



“At Easter, Carl took all his grandchildren to Golden Gate Park. The older ones wondered if he still knew where to find the Easter Bunny’s chocolate eggs. He did. The younger ones were serious as they searched in the tall grass. Then the shouts began, ‘Grandpa, I found one. I found a beautiful one.’ His large overcoat was equipped with big pockets. Walking around the lake, near the ‘Portals of the Past,’ they found as many colorfully wrapped chocolate eggs as ever had been found in the past.”

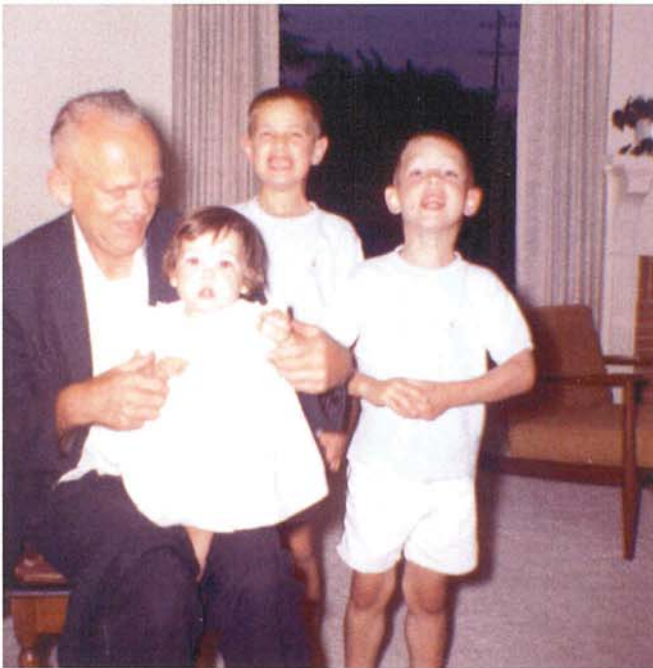
Below, right: Greg, Elmer Rupp, Carl and Tim in front of the house on Westfield Drive.





Above, left: Judy shows Grandpa her dress for her first dance.

Above, right and Below left and right: "They came to Menlo Park several times a week so as not to miss a moment of time with the little family." Carl with Tim, Greg and Connie.



his head at Lee and said, "How did you know this was going to happen?" She said, "I didn't. Who could predict this? I just had a feeling inside that something was going wrong. Maybe this time Never Wong was wrong." They laughed wryly at the word joke, but wished Mr. Wong well.

Carl received word from Germany that his brother Hans had died in December 1964. He was grateful for the wonderful visit they had shared and sorry that Hans and his wife, Gerda had never come to America. "Let's invite Gerda and Hans Gerhart now", said Lee. Carl's nephew, Hans Gerhart and Carl's sister-in-law, Gerda arrived in time for Christmas. Gerda stayed with her son, Horst and his family and Hans Gerhart stayed with Carl and Lee. They enjoyed all the holiday celebrations together. On Christmas Eve, at Marge and Terry's house, Carl sang the old German songs joyfully with Hans Gerhart. Carl and Lee traveled with them to their favorite places in California, Palm Springs and the Sierra. They stopped in Disneyland and then enjoyed some shows and gambling in Las Vegas. The boy reminded Carl very much of his brother Hans. It comforted Carl to be with him. Gerda and Lee enjoyed each other and discussed the possibility of remodeling Gerda's home in Achim. By the time she left, Carl and Lee had agreed to loan her enough money to have work done to create a second apartment, so she could rent it out for income.

Lee and Carl enjoyed taking everyone out to dinner frequently. They liked Chinese food, once they tried Ming's Chinese Restaurant on Embarcadero Road in Palo Alto. Carl always harbored suspicions about the origins of Chinese food and would never eat it until he discovered Ming's with the family. He came to the conclusion that the source of all food at Ming's was above suspicion. They all particularly enjoyed shredded chicken salad, Ming's special beef, parchment chicken, sweet and sour pork, snow peas with water chestnuts, cashew chicken and pork fried rice. After several years of eating at this very popular restaurant, they read an article in the Palo Alto Times. Health inspectors found cat carcasses in the garbage enclosures behind Ming's. Carl declared he would never eat there again. After several months the rest of the family persuaded him to return to Ming's for dinner. They all agreed that the cat carcass story was undoubtedly a despicable attempt to diminish the popularity of the excellent restaurant. They all ordered their favorite dishes and ate with relish. Carl ate rice and snow peas but merely moved the rest of the food around his plate, never putting a bite in his mouth. Though they returned again from time to time, it was never the same and he never again put a single bite of Ming's meat in his mouth.

Carl and Lee had fallen in love with Marge and Terry's home on Westfield Drive. It had a lovely back yard with roses, and a large lanai with sliding doors that opened wide to capture the afternoon sun. For San Franciscans this was heaven. But in May 1965, Marge and Terry moved to a new home in Sharon Heights, which they had built. Carl and Lee, though they liked the new home and shared in all the angst of building it, felt that it would never be as nice as their first house. But they came to love the new house and its beautiful back yard, which was soon as charming as the first. In addition, it had a much enlarged croquet court.

Though Carl was still busy, there was a new type of “stained glass artist” thriving in garages and basement rooms in every neighborhood, but especially in the Haight-Ashbury and North Beach. The Hippies, who were now a visible reality, claimed all art forms as fair game. They used substitute, but inferior materials, such as foil, instead of lead for the windows. They painted clear glass, without baking it for permanency, to create psychedelic designs. The era of churches in need of many stained glass windows designed by a few skilled stained glass artists was over. Carl said to Lee, “I’m glad now that neither Franz nor Horst came into the stained glass business with me. It is very different now from the way it was in the years when I started out. It would be very hard for them with the kind of competition there is today.”

Carl welcomed the opportunity to create faceted glass windows for the family’s homes. For Marge and Terry’s new home he made a pair of exquisite windows, a minstrel singer and a dancing girl. Because of the small children at the home, he filed all the edges of the lower glass pieces, so they could not hurt little fingers. Rudy’s office was graced with a wonderful rendition of the Teamster’s symbols. A beautiful peacock window was made for the upper stairwell window in Rudy and Ev’s home.

He experienced a renewed interest in painting. The new materials, acrylics, had advantages over oils, and he wanted to try them. They dried more quickly than oils, and they could be applied thickly to create different effects. Also the artist could use not only brushes, but palette knives, scrapers and almost any kind of tool to apply the paint. Carl and Lee traveled to the desert near Palm Springs many times to visit their friends, Elmer and Hilda. Carl loved the winter colors in the desert, when the verbena and other desert flowers bloomed. He found several post cards he liked and used them as models for his first acrylic painting of the desert sand, flowers and mountains. He experimented with several techniques as practice for a painting for Marge and Terry’s new home. It would be of Yosemite Valley, a reminder of that place they all enjoyed so much together.

Carl kept “improving” the painting from time to time. One evening, Marge and Terry had invited Sister Marietta from Dominican, along with two other classmates and their husbands for dinner. Shortly before the guests arrived, Carl and Lee arrived. He had his full set of acrylics and removed the painting from the wall and put it on the kitchen table, next to all the serving dishes, as he touched up various places to perfect the painting. The guests arrived and soon everyone was in the kitchen watching him. Eventually the painting was hung up still wet, and dinner was served. The picture has presided over the dining room since that day.

The years progressed, changes occurred in everyone’s life. Warren stayed with them for several weeks, while he recovered from serum hepatitis, since Adele was away. Gus graduated from Prescott College in Arizona. Carl and Lee were proud to go with Ev and Rudy to attend the ceremony. Rudy Weederman, their old friend from the past, died in 1965. Franz Amandi came to say goodbye to his good friends. He had decided that his career would be better served if he returned to Germany with his wife and young son. They had enjoyed living in the Marina Court Apartments during their time in America and always





“Winter passed with joyful days. All the holidays were shared with families together. The grandchildren, of all ages, enjoyed their grandfather as much as he enjoyed them.”





Above: He found several post cards he liked and used them as models for his first acrylic painting of the desert sand, flowers and mountains. He experimented with several techniques as practice for a painting of Yosemite Valley

Below: The painting of Yosemite Valley was a composite of several photos in some books he bought about Yosemite.



remained friends with Carl and Lee. Vonnie's mother visited and Carl and Lee took her to see all the sights. She was "taken" with Carl and enjoyed his company greatly. They took her to the top of Mount Tamalpais to view the city from afar. Aunt Adele entertained her at home. Vonnie's sisters arrived, one by one, with their husbands, and Lee and Carl enjoyed introducing them to California. Horst and Vonnie's second son, Karl John, was born in April 1966. They moved to a larger and nicer home in Sunnyvale. San Francisco was changing too. All the adults went to one of the new "topless" bars in North Beach. Carl blushed as the beautiful girl, with no clothing above her waist, leaned over to serve his drink. He grinned, but said nothing.

All the years were filled with the sounds of the whack of a croquet mallet on the ball in the backyard, along with the shouts and screams, laughter and tears over the croquet game. Grandpa became the ultimate instructor on how to play croquet, on the very edge of honesty, or dishonesty. They'd shout, "Grandpa, it isn't fair to roll the ball around the wicket, you have to hit it, even if it takes two shots". He'd look up innocently, "I did hit it. But it only took one shot." The little boys became older boys, learning all the ways to "chisel"- just a little bit – and learning it very well from their Grandpa. Connie learned to play croquet with the best of them, but never with quite the chicanery of the boys and Grandpa.

Grandma became mellower. It was as if all of life's struggles had ended in fulfillment. She loved going to Draeger's with Marge and buying all the food for her old favorite dishes, which they would cook together. Sometimes it was beef rouladen with noodles and gravy. Other times she made breaded veal cutlets, reminding Tim that, when he was a little boy, he called them meat cookies, and was thus persuaded to eat them. They'd buy a huge corned beef and boil it with cabbage and potatoes for Saint Patrick's Day, because that was "a special day for Terry, who is Irish." But when Lee bought smoked tongue and boiled it, all the children drew the line. "No, Grandma, I can't eat that. That's disgusting. It has little bumps on it, like my own tongue." Once she cooked pigs knuckles with sauerkraut for several hours, the wonderful aroma wafting through the house. Carl, Lee and Marge loved it, Terry tolerated it, but the children refused, saying it smelled bad. The leftovers from their plates were placed on the floor for Nicky, the ravenous beagle, who ate everything he could find or steal in one or two gulps. Everyone laughed uproariously, when he sniffed at it cautiously, looked up at them with a hangdog expression and walked away dejectedly. "See, we told you it smelled bad," they all shouted gleefully. "Even Nicky won't eat it; that's how bad it is."

In the summer Grandma made fruit dumplings to show the children an Austrian summer treat. First Carl, Terry and the boys gathered apricots and plums, from the trees in the backyard. Then she made a thick, dumpling dough out of boiled white potatoes, which she pushed through a "ricer". The dough was rolled out, either with the heel of her hand, or a rolling pin, and circles were cut out of the rolled dough. Each circle was stuffed with a whole, unpitted apricot, or plum and boiled in a large pot of water on the stove. First, each dumpling sank to the bottom of the pot, but as it cooked, it rose to the top of the bubbling water, inviting her to take it out. She removed each one with a slotted spoon and placed it in a large frying pan, where bread-crumbs, sugar and cinnamon, had been sautéed in butter. The wet dumplings were rolled in the mixture until they were well coated and placed

on a plate to cool. Everyone stood around sniffing with appreciation until the dumplings were cool enough to eat.

Marge baked apple pies in the fall when the Gravenstein apples had just ripened. Carl loved these pies, warm from the oven. Unfortunately the season was short, and the fruit was only available for a few weeks each year at the end of summer. Soon they had an apple pie production going each August and September. The whole family participated in peeling and slicing apples, mixing and kneading dough and then rolling it out with just the right degree of thinness. The extra pies were all put in the freezer, for enjoyment throughout the winter. But the first pies were baked fresh, as “the boys” all played croquet, waiting for their first delicious samples, from the oven.

One day, Lee went to Draeger’s with Marge. While they were picking out fresh vegetables, a woman approached. “Aren’t you Lee? Do you remember me? I used to work at the Chinese Laundry with you in Palo Alto more than thirty years ago. What ever happened to you? Didn’t you marry that guy who was an artist? How did it all turn out?” Lee remembered those hard times so long ago. They hugged each other. Lee told her that everything had turned out very well. The artist had succeeded. The baby had grown up, and she introduced Marge. Now there were grandchildren and great happiness. The woman told of her own successes. At home, Lee shared the incident with Carl. This prompted some anecdotes that they told Marge, Terry and the children. They laughed and shed some tears too, about those hard times so long ago. “Remember, children,” they told Tim, Greg and Connie, “it isn’t bad to be poor when you’re young. But It’s not much fun to be poor when you’re old. The most important thing for you to do, is get a good education, work hard, and don’t live too extravagantly when you’re young.” Lee added, “Buy real estate in the best location and remember, if you take care of your real estate when you’re young it will take care of you, when you’re old.” They grinned at each other and Carl didn’t disagree with any of it.

One Sunday afternoon, Carl and Lee arrived at the house. Marge and Terry were in the kitchen and the children were outside. Lee said, “Well, my second husband died last week.” Marge looked puzzled. “Mother, *Daddy* is your second husband.” “No, he’s my third husband. I was married to another man, before him and after Rudy’s father.” Carl grinned sheepishly, shaking his head from side to side, “Yes, it’s all true, all true.” Lee had been visiting a friend in the hospital when she saw Michael Laurson, her second husband, in another bed. He was sick and dying. They chatted for a while. They had not seen each other, in all those years, since they parted. Soon after, she read in the paper that he had died. “Mother, what if something had happened to you and he showed up telling me he used to be married to you? I’d probably have hit him.” “Well, I didn’t and he didn’t, so don’t worry about it any more.”

Each year, after Ernest’s death, Adele fixed a “Green Kale Dinner” at her home, in spring and invited her brother Carl, Lee, Marge, Terry and all the children. It was a wonderful event, which went beyond the delicious dinner. She took great pleasure in preparing the large bunches of fresh kale with beautiful cuts of smoked pork, rather than the humble meats of her childhood. The table was set with heavy cream-colored linens and elegant



Top, Left and Right: Looking for Easter eggs at the Portals of the Past in Golden Gate Park. Left, Tim with Grandpa. Right, Connie, Wendi and Mark.

Left: Carl and Lee go to Hawaii.

Below: Carl and Lee in the Meadow after the Mountain Play with Connie, Mark, Wendi, Tim and Greg.



tableware, spring flowers as a centerpiece, and candles. Before dinner the adults would have a glass of sherry in the tastefully furnished living room. There was a small fire in the fireplace. Sometimes Adele, Marge, or Connie, would play the piano. They were all dressed in their best to befit the occasion. Adele would talk about the old days in Achim, when they all, as children, looked forward to the fresh green kale, with a humble piece of smoked meat, in a huge pot, in the spring. It was the symbolic end of winter. Now this annual ritual was symbolic too. It said she had succeeded. She had a grown son, well educated and successful. She had a lovely home, well furnished, a piano she knew how to play and she could buy whatever luxury she wished. Carl, irrepressible as always, wondered to himself, if he quietly called her "F-f-f-idele", she would still scream so delightfully, as she did when she was a child. He thought his grandsons, Tim and Greg, would love the commotion, but Lee had warned him to behave and treat his sister with respect. And so he did.

Carl and Lee missed no opportunity to show off their grandchildren. They all went on many outings together. Carl taught them the "family yodel" as they walked the trails to the Tourist House on Maifest and Kinderfest. The dance platform bounced with the rhythm of the dancers. Connie begged, "Grandpa, dance with me," and he danced around the floor with her small feet on his shoes. The Mountain Play was still a favorite with the whole family, including Horst, Vonnie and their children and Rudy, Evelyn and their children. They particularly enjoyed the play, Tamalpa, which was reprised from time to time. Grandma brought a picnic supper from Herman's Delicatessen on Geary Street, and after the play in the amphitheatre, all went to the meadow where they sat on blankets to enjoy good food and good company.

Many happy vacations were spent together, especially in Yosemite and the high country. They'd walk to Parsons Lodge and nearby Soda Springs. "I hiked here all the time when I first came to this country as a young man," he'd tell them. "Come, have a sip of the cold soda water bubbling from the ground." He'd cup his hand to hold the water and sip a bit as they watched and then tried to imitate him. "It tastes funny, Grandpa," they'd complain. "It's good for you. It has minerals in it from the earth. It'll make you strong and put hair on your teeth." They all made faces and laughed. Carl raised his hand in a salute to the snow-capped peaks; quietly he toasted, "To the Sierra."

They went to Miller Cascades at the Tuolumne Meadows Lodge. From there, he led them for a short walk on the John Muir Trail. They crossed the bridge over the Dana Fork of the Tuolumne River and followed the trail to the Twin Bridges. As they walked up the Lyell Fork, he remembered that day, so long ago, when he walked here alone. It was a joy to be here now with his grandchildren. He called to them with his yodel, and they answered him back, just as Margaret had so many years ago.

They stayed at the Ahwahnee Hotel, in the lovely cottages, in the forest, on the grounds of the Hotel. Terry, Carl, Tim and Greg played golf on the Hotel's nine-hole golf course, surrounded by the awesome towering granite cliffs. Connie knelt on the terrace to feed squirrels. Carl remembered Margaret doing that many years before when he took his own mother here, during her visit to the America. They enjoyed dinner in the beautiful dining

room. When it was dark they went outside to the terrace to watch the Firefall. They all stood hushed, faces upturned, to watch the lovely display, as they listened to a performer sing the 'Indian Love Call'. No one knew, in the summer of 1967, that it would end forever on January 25, 1968.

They had all watched the space adventures of America's astronauts with fascination. Carl shook his head and wondered if it were real. Tim, Greg and Connie excitedly assured him that it was because their Dad had worked on the instrumentation systems for the first manned space capsule, and one time people from NASA had called him at home to find out how to fix one of the components. He smiled and said, "Then it must be real." When Apollo 11 headed for the moon on July 20, 1969, everyone was glued to the television with awe. They watched as Neil Armstrong piloted the "Eagle" to a touchdown on the Moon. Six hours later, he took his famous "one giant leap for mankind". He and Buzz Aldrin spent two and one-half hours there photographing and collecting rocks. Everyone prayed for their safe return to the "Columbia" and finally, Earth. Later, Carl said, "Can you imagine what I have seen in one lifetime. When I was a boy in Achim, my brother Hans and I saw the first automobile drive down the street next to our house. We thought that was a miracle. And, now here I am watching a man walk on the moon."

One winter they went to Strawberry Lodge in Sonora for sledding and snow play. There were long toboggan runs, professionally groomed, and Grandpa took several turns with Tim, Greg and Connie. Even Grandma went down a sled run with them one time. During those years, all the hundreds of little things that children do were shared with Grandpa and Grandma, who came to Menlo Park for basketball games, tennis meets, swim meets, horse shows, barbecues, fireworks sales, birthdays and every kind of family celebration. These were the grandchildren's growing up years.

As Connie grew older, Tim and Greg delighted in teasing her. She rewarded them wonderfully by screaming, "Mo-o-o-o-m". They loved it. They teased by poking two rabbit ear fingers at her, saying "deet-deet". After being scolded repeatedly, the teasing was refined to just a small gesture, with two curved forefingers, and a silent, but mouthed, "deet-deet," which resulted in the same wonderful scream. Carl folded his arms, rocked on his heels and chuckled to himself as Marge scolded. He remembered, with delight, his and his brother Hans', pleasure at having only to say "F-f-f-f" to Adele to evoke screams from her.

Carl had finally received many orders for faceted glass windows. He did a total of twenty-two faceted glass windows at Saint Helen's in Fresno; ten at Saint Felicitas in San Leandro and three at the Holy Spirit Church in Fairfield. He was particularly pleased when he was asked to do six double and two single windows at Saint Ignatius College Preparatory Chapel, since his two grandsons, Gus and Brad, had attended that school. Sometimes Rudy or Joe Hurley would help him load or transport windows, especially the heavy faceted ones.

Carl and Lee visited Europe again. This time, they flew first class, so they would be more comfortable on the long flight. They rented a large luxurious car that would accommodate Lee and would have room for guests. Carl's mother, Johanna, and his brother, Hans, were



Above: Terry, Carl, Tim and Greg on the nine hole golf course at the Ahwahnee Hotel in Yosemite.



Left: Tim and Greg, sipping water at the Soda Springs in Tuolumne Meadows, Yosemite.

Below, Left: Carl, Terry, Tim and Greg at the top of Vernal Falls.



Below, Right: Greg, Marge, Tim, Carl and Lee in the meadow at the Ahwahnee Hotel in Yosemite.







Top, Left: Lee, Carl, Marge Terry, Tim, Greg and Connie at Glacier Point, Yosemite.

Top, Right: Carl, Tim and Greg at the Dana Fork of the Tuolumne River at Tuolumne Meadows.

Left: Carl and Lee at the Dana Fork.

Bottom, Left: Family at Parsons' Lodge at Tuolumne Meadows.

Bottom, Right: Family at Tuolumne Meadows Lodge.





Above, Left and Right: Sledding at Strawberry Lodge.

Left: Connie's birthday.

Left, Below: Connie's First Holy Communion.

Right, Below: Playing cards on a rainy afternoon.



dead, but he visited Martha and her family, as well as Gerda and Hans Gerhart, who was now married and had a family. They were happy to see the improvements that had been made, in Martha's home and Gerda's home.

They enjoyed a visit with Kathe and Anneliese in Hamburg, and then they went to Wiesbaden, where they spent some time. They visited with Franz Amandi and his wife and children. Carl enjoyed seeing faceted glass, as well as leaded glass, in all the places he visited. His mind was still active and engrossed with his work and he was constantly planning innovations and improvements. Once again, they ended their trip in London, but now they took the time to really enjoy it. They came to know the cathedrals, castles, theatres, shops and restaurants. They strolled in the parks and did not hurry to return home. Joe Hurley, Judy's fiancé, was staying at their home, taking care of Chang. All was in order at home and they could relax.

When they returned, they shared in the excitement of Judy's wedding. Before going to Europe, Carl and Lee had gone to Saks Fifth Avenue, on Grant Avenue, with her, to try on wedding dresses. Carl didn't want to miss anything and participated in everything. He sat proudly in Saint Stephen Church as Judy walked down the aisle on Rudy's arm under the light of the beautiful faceted glass windows he had created.

They finally took the time to discover Hawaii, where Carl fell in love with the warm soft waves washing over him. He discovered papayas and popovers, the specialty breakfast roll, at the Royal Hawaiian on Waikiki. Later, Marge had popovers for him often in Menlo Park. Then they went on to Maui, where they joined Agathe von Durman, an Austrian friend of Lee's, and forty year old, developmentally disabled, Martha Guggenheim, for whom Aggie was a caregiver. Martha was enchanted with Carl because he treated her with kindness and respect and he swam and played with her, in the surf. Martha was childlike, and Carl always did enjoy children. The four of them would go to dinner together, which was a relief for Agathe, who would otherwise be alone with Martha.

One Saturday, while Carl played in a chess tournament, he encountered young Carl Feldman, the son of his old friends, Carl and Herta Feldman, with whom he had lived so many years before. They enjoyed a visit and Carl was pleased to know that the oil paintings he had done for them, in his attic room in their home so many years ago, still hung in their home. He was happy to know they had prospered and were now retired, living in Palo Alto.

Terry had been a development engineer, with Ampex for seven years. Now he was offered an excellent job with Memorex, a new company in Santa Clara. Since Ampex had pressured him to move to Opelika, Alabama, he decided to switch to Memorex, with a better job and less chance of being transferred. The change was made and everything went well, for more than a year. But at the end of 1970, the electronics industry in the Bay Area was floundering. Early in 1971, just before Terry's fortieth birthday, his job at Memorex was terminated. He was laid off, along with thousands of other engineers at Memorex and all the other electronics companies. This was the beginning of a change in the corporate mentality of, not only the Bay Area, but the whole country. The era of

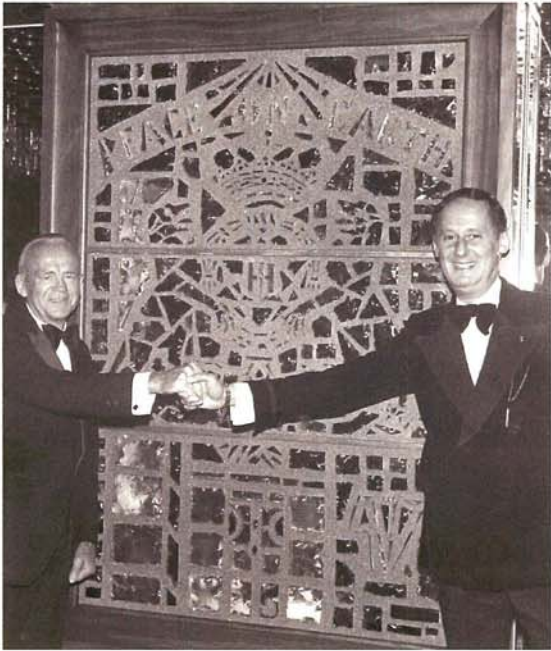
corporate loyalty was ending and it would not return. Employees were no longer compliant about doing whatever the company asked. And companies no longer had lifelong loyalty to their employees.

During this time of upheaval, Carl and Lee were supportive, sympathetic and watchful, but quiet. To themselves, they feared that Marge and Terry might move away again. They also had concern for Marge and Terry's economic security and self-esteem. They watched with amazement, and then respect, as Terry forged ahead, using this time to find a building in the Marina, at 2290 Francisco Street. He found a loan to buy it, and traded the less attractive, six unit building, he and Marge owned on Villa Terrace in San Mateo, for the building in the Marina. They remembered some of Lee's assertive actions in the past. "Maybe he'll make it work," they chuckled to each other. "The Marina building is beautiful. And if they buy it, they certainly won't move away again." They liked that idea. But they had both agreed, that they would not offer any money to help them buy this building. Marge and Terry would have to do it on their own.

At the same time, Terry looked for a new job in the Bay Area, but soon came to the conclusion that he should start his own business. Carl said, "With your background, you can do much better on your own, than coming into my business." A friend from Stanford, Tim Sandis, had suggested that Terry form a company to manage condominium associations. They were a new type of property ownership, and no one knew how to manage them. Terry did a business plan and he soon had his first account, Sand Hill Circle, a new association on Sand Hill Road. The new business was off to a promising start. By September, he had incorporated California Property Services.

Marge knew they would need some income while the business was getting started, so she tried to find a job. She would start work when the children went back to school in September. As a Stanford graduate, she thought she should be able to find something, though the job market was very bad at that time. She applied at Varian and they told her she was "underqualified". She tried to get a job as a checker at Safeway because they had good health insurance benefits. They told her she was "overqualified". She tried to go back to Social Work, but they told her she had lied on her application and they would prosecute her if she tried to get the job. She had said she was a social worker in San Diego for one year but it had been only eleven and one-half months. Finally, the only offer of employment she got was from Jim Massey, the owner of Massey Temporary Services. She would be his Sales Representative and find new clients for his company. She would work three days a week for a total of twenty hours. The pay was \$400 a month, but she'd be home for the children in the afternoons. She was appalled at the salary. It would only pay for the groceries.

Carl and Lee came down on Sunday afternoon for the usual family activities. Marge and Terry had kept them informed, as each new development occurred. They had been wonderful about listening, and being supportive, but not opening their checkbooks. They truly understood Terry and Marge's need to be independent and to get through this adversity on their own, as best they could. But Marge had a hard time telling her father about her unsuccessful search for a job that paid well. She told him about the job she had



Above: Carl and Lee with Henry Lewin, General Manager of Hilton Hotels, at the installation of the faceted glass window of Henry's family coat of arms, which was prominently displayed at the entrance to "Henry's Room at the Top" for many years.

Below: Carl and Lee's last formal pictures, taken for their passports on the last trip to Europe.



been offered. "Daddy, I've been trying to find a job all summer", she explained, before the tears came. "I'm so ashamed to tell you that, after all the wonderful education you gave me, I can't even find a job that would support our family. The best I can do is earn enough to pay for our groceries, but only if I budget carefully." He put his arm around her shoulders awkwardly and hugged her. "But, Marge, that sounds like a wonderful job. Don't you know?—Don't you really understand? This will be the making of you. Of *both* of you."

That summer, there were no vacations, no trips, only working, job searching, buying a building and starting a company. The croquet games and family dinners went on as usual. At the end of summer Lee and Carl finally said, "Now, you both listen. Make a modest budget to see how much you will need to live on. Figure out how much you will make from your new company, and how much from Marge's salary. You have owned the Union Hyde Apartments, as equal partners with us, for fourteen years and you have never taken any income from it. Now it's time for you to start taking something from that building, every month."

After everything was agreed, Carl and Lee said, "If we can't go on a vacation this year then let's have a wonderful dinner together at the finest restaurant in San Francisco, the Carnelian Room, at the top of the Bank of America building." The next Saturday, Marge, Terry, Tim, Greg and Connie were dressed in their best, when they met Lee and Carl at the Carnelian Room. The dinner, the surroundings and the view, were superb. The whole family felt as though they had been through a trial together, throughout the long summer. This evening was like a celebration at coming out of a dark tunnel, ready to face the challenges ahead. When the bill came at the end of dinner, Marge and Terry gaped at the amount. It was enough to pay for a whole week away on a vacation. Carl laughed, "How wonderful that we can do it, since we don't have the time to go on a vacation this year. We just did it all in one night."

For Thanksgiving Dinner in 1971 the whole family gathered in a private room at the Hilton Hotel. Henry Lewin, the general manager of the hotel, was Rudy's good friend. He had come to know Carl well when Carl created a beautiful faceted glass window for Henry, with the Hilton symbol and Henri's family coat of arms. It was prominently displayed for years at the entrance to "Henry's Room At The Top" at the Hilton Hotel. Henry personally arranged for a dinner that would please them all. Drinks were at the Vista Room on the 45<sup>th</sup> floor at four o'clock. The table was set with lovely flower centerpieces and red candles. Brad couldn't be there because he was in the hospital with a broken leg and Gus and Lynn were in Arizona. Warren Gade and Anna could only come for cocktails. But the rest of the family was there: Marge and Terry with their children; Rudy and Ev, with Joe Benjamin, a friend of Rudy, and Judy and Joe Hurley. Evelyn's mother, Mrs. Prini and her son, Larry and his family were also there. Lee invited their friends, Kitty and Richard Bachman and her daughter, Shirley, and Egon and Debbie Mahdahl. Lee and Carl presided proudly as the turkey was presented for carving. Wine glasses were raised in a Thanksgiving toast.

On February 22, 1972, Carl felt disoriented and Lee took him to a heart specialist, Doctor Denbow, who put him in the Hospital right away. He was diagnosed with a slight stroke. He stayed there until March 10, while he recovered. He enjoyed the sweet nurses, who

“babied” him, to his great delight. After he came home, Lee hired one of the nurses to take care of him. One of them would drive him to his studio most days, so he could open the mail, answer letters and continue some of his work activities. After a few weeks, he felt fully recovered although Lee still worried about him.

Horst had left his job at Vidar long before, cashed out his retirement stocks, sold both his homes and moved his family to a location where he could be in his own business. He told Carl it had always been his dream, since he was a boy, to be in his own business, so he could be home at night and have time to do his own things. The family ended up in San Diego, where Horst bought a Wienerschnitzel franchise. His daughter, Heidi, had been born November 20, 1971.

Carl and Lee wanted to see the baby and the new business. He felt completely recovered, so at spring vacation, Marge, Greg and Connie drove Carl and Lee to San Diego. Marge drove the Cadillac down Highway 101, with Greg and Connie sitting beside her in the front seat. Lee stroked Carl’s hand as they sat together in the back seat, as if enthroned. They enjoyed California, passing before them in springtime splendor. They shared jokes and laughter with their grandchildren during the drive. The familiar sights of San Diego welcomed them. They remembered that Thanksgiving on the ship when Marge and Terry were first married. This time they stayed at the Del Coronado, the beautiful old Victorian hotel on Coronado.

They visited Horst and Vonnie. Heidi looked like a Huneke and Lee and Carl smiled at the resemblance. They all went to the Wienerschnitzel and enjoyed hot dogs and agreed that they were delicious. But no matter how good they were, Carl still didn’t understand how you could really make money on something that only cost 18 cents. Vonnie and Lee went shopping to buy roses for the garden of the house they were renting. Carl and Horst stayed at home to take care of Heidi. “So, mein junge –you need to get a house for your family. How are you planning to do that?” Horst said they’d found a house they liked for \$41,000, but they wanted to pay less. Carl asked how they would pay for the house. “Easy. G. I. loan. And I have four or five thousand too.” Carl said he would leave him \$10,000. Sadly, Horst realized that Carl sensed his mortality.

After leaving San Diego, they traveled across the desert, heading toward Phoenix. Lee said she wanted to visit some people who had moved to Sun City, Arizona, one of the new retirement communities. It was really an excuse for them to take Marge, Connie and Greg on a spring vacation, while Terry worked hard at his new business and Tim attended Bellarmine High School. And they wanted to wander a bit, and see the world from the “throne” in the back seat of their Cadillac. The desert still had some bloom and Carl recalled that he had not done more acrylic paintings. He bought some postcards, saying that he would like to try painting again, now that he had more time. They stayed at The Biltmore, the famous old resort in Phoenix with charming bungalows scattered on spacious grounds.

The next day they drove out to Sun City, but a brief tour and a short visit with the friend quickly convinced them that they weren’t interested. San Francisco was still the best, and

they were ready to go home. They started for home, planning to spend the night at Morro Bay on the coast., As they approached the California coast, the fog got thicker until it enveloped the car. No one could see anything through the windows of the car because there was a complete fog whiteout. Marge held the car door open on the driver's side, so she could see the yellow line on the road. She inched the car forward foot by foot, until they found the access to the town and a hotel where they would stay for the night. Once they were safely inside having dinner, they laughed at their predicament. Lee and Carl laughed hard, remembering that foggy night so long ago, when Leonard O'Leary had driven their car off a ravine in a similar fog whiteout. The next morning the fog had lifted and they drove home in California sunshine.

Carl continued to feel better and went to his studio every day for one little job or another. He loved the routine of having and tending his own business. One day Lee said to him, "Why don't you ever come with me to see the buildings? They're so beautiful now. I wish you'd at least come with me, to see them." "You know how much I hate to talk to tenants," he growled. But she persuaded him anyway.

He sat in the passenger seat of the Cadillac, in his overcoat and hat, as she drove proudly from one building to the next. First, they parked in front of Marina Court Apartments at 3445 and 3455 Pierce Street. He smiled at the lovely garden courtyard with the beautiful camellias still in bloom. The building looked freshly painted and he thought, at least the building looked nice for all the money Lee spent on it. A few tenants walked in and out and smiled at Lee, but Carl just looked the other way. They drove by the building Terry and Marge had bought at 2290 Francisco Street and they both smiled proudly. "It's good for them to struggle. They'll make it some day. It's a beautiful building."

Lee drove up to 1919 – 1933 Greenwich Street, the eight Victorian flats. They looked stately, though Lee was in her "black" period, so they had been painted black. "Well, well, well", Carl said, with a mischievous grin at her. "I see these haven't burned down yet." Then they drove to 1909 Union Street, where Marina Sea and Ski was displaying their winter ski clothing specials. The store was an established location on Union Street. Carl and Lee both smiled, remembering that grand opening more than ten years before when TV cameras recorded the children's antics on the huge pile of snow in the middle of Union Street.

They drove up to Russian Hill to see the building they owned with Marge and Terry on the corner of Union and Hyde. They parked across the street, in front of Swenson's Ice Cream Store. Mr. Earl Swenson was out in front, sweeping the sidewalk. He came over to the car, "Nice to see you, Mrs. Huneke. The building is looking good. It's a nice neighborhood." "How's the ice cream business?" they asked. "It's slow in the winter but it'll pick up again soon," he smiled, and turned back to his sweeping.

They looked across the street at the Union-Hyde building. Lee got out of the car, to walk over to the stores, but Carl preferred to stay a safe distance from any potential encounter with a tenant. The Laundromat was quiet, but Gwendolyn and Harry Wong, the Russian



Hill Florists, were inside their shop making flower arrangements. Harry came out and gave Carl a little salute from across the street. Carl smiled and gave a little salute back.

Every Friday was a ritual. Sam Matsuoka had been cleaning Carl and Lee's house each week for many years. In recent years, it had become habit for Lee to cook an elaborate hot lunch, for the three of them. For this one day a week neither Carl nor Lee had to deal with the dirty dishes, pots, stove or kitchen. The lunches included abalone, scallops, filet of sole, steak, fried oysters, breaded veal cutlets, veal scaloppini, chicken cacciadore, and every other wonderful dish Lee had in her repertoire.

Brad would graduate from Saint Ignatius High School in June. Everyone had enjoyed the previous Thanksgiving dinner at the Hilton Hotel's Vista Room, except for Brad, who was in the hospital with a broken leg. They decided to have a family dinner at the Hilton for him. Carl was in good spirits and happy to have his grandchildren around him. Gus and Brad would both graduate from a school where his windows graced the chapel. He was proud of the work he had done. Since he started Century Stained Glass Studio forty years before, he had designed and created more than 1,200 stained glass and faceted glass windows in more than eighty churches in California.

Two weeks later, on June 4, 1972, Carl did not feel well and Lee took him to see Dr. Paul. They all agreed that he should go into Hahneman Hospital for a checkup, to be sure he was all right. He laughed and said, "With pleasure. I always enjoy those beautiful nurses." They kept him four days in intensive care because they felt he might have had a mild heart attack, but he seemed to respond well to medication and care. He went home on Saturday, June 10, with a nurse for one shift a day. Ann, one of the lovely nurses, came to the house each day for eight hours.

That week Greg graduated from Saint Raymond's School with highest honors. Though Carl couldn't attend the graduation, Lee and Aunt Adele were there. Afterward he told Greg on the phone how proud he was of him.

His seventy-fourth birthday would be on Monday, June nineteenth, the day after Father's Day. On Saturday Judy and Joe came over to bring a present and wish him happy birthday since they would be at a picnic the next day. The best present for him was the news that they were expecting a baby after the first of the year. He was thrilled and told them he couldn't wait to hold the new little one in his arms.

That night he and Lee sat and talked, reminiscing about the past. They had both accomplished so much but they agreed their greatest joy was in their children and grandchildren. Tim, 15 and Greg, 14, had been invited to Germany, for a summer visit with their Uncle Mike and Aunt Liz, who were living there on an assignment for IBM. As a Christmas gift Carl and Lee had given Tim and Greg some money to travel. Their flight left Monday for Rome, where they would meet Liz and go on to Sicily. Carl was thrilled that they would meet their German cousins in Hamburg and Aldingen, while they traveled with Warren and his wife, Anna and little son, Robert. He wanted them to see Achim, the little village he came from and his mother's home. Lee had talked to Franz Amandi on the



Above, Left: Christmas, 1971. Carl and Lee with Tim, Greg and Connie

Above, Right: Leaving for Europe.



Left: Dinner at the Hilton Hotel

Lower, Left: Visiting Horst at "Der Wienerschnitzel" in San Diego. Wendi, Carl, Connie, Lee and Greg.

Lower, Right: Lee, Vonnie, Horst and Carl.





Top, Left: Connie, Lee and Carl, Hotel Del Coronado, Spring, 1972.

Top, Right: Phoenix, Arizona desert, Spring 1972. Carl, Greg and Connie.

Left and Left, Below: Judy and Joe with Carl and Lee.

Bottom, Right: Lee and Carl. Happy times. 1971.



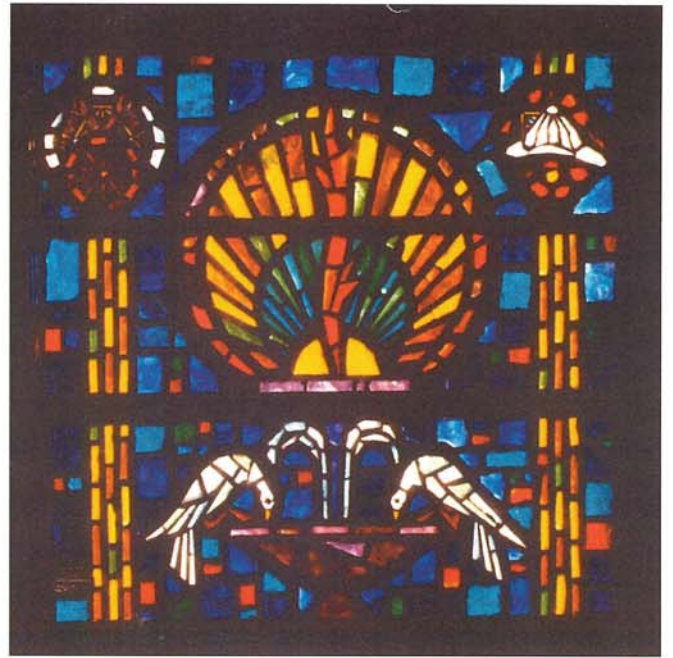
telephone, and he would meet the boys also. Terry and Marge were too busy to leave their business, but Carl was happy that the boys would at least see a little bit.

The next morning was a beautiful clear day, unusual for San Francisco in June. He got up, showered and shaved, then walked to the front window to look down the street. He was singing "Oh, what a beautiful m-o-r-n-ing. Oh, what a beautiful day," when he came into the kitchen to give Lee a hug and a kiss. She was fixing blueberry pancakes, one of his favorites, for breakfast. "Be sure you make extra for Ann too." His nurse would be arriving soon. Yesterday she had driven him to the Studio, where he opened the mail and straightened up a few things for an hour while she waited for him. She had been fascinated with the beautiful drawings and pictures and he explained some of the design and production process to her.

She arrived and after they all finished breakfast, Marge telephoned. They all wanted to say Happy Father's Day before they left Menlo Park to come to San Francisco to visit. "Are you all packed to leave tomorrow morning?" he asked the boys. "Almost, Grandpa. We're each trying to bring only one suitcase, so it's hard to do." "All right, drive carefully on the way up here. I'm going to take a little rest now, so I can enjoy seeing you in an hour." After they hung up, Lee said, "I'm going to walk Chang now, so I won't have to do it later when the kids are here. Goodbye, honey. I'll see you in twenty minutes." From the front window he watched and he waved as the Cadillac moved down the street, with Chang panting at the rear window.

"Come lie down on the couch now, Mr. Huneke," Ann said as she helped him. Carl told her about his grandchildren and how much he enjoyed being a part of their lives. "There were nine of us children growing up in Germany. Nine brothers and sisters and our mother was a widow. We were poor, but we had a lot of fun too." He told her about playing with his brother Hans, and about all of them working in the garden. They all had to do spring cleaning. In summer they gathered raspberries for Rote Grütze. He told about the Christmas tree behind the closed doors of the front room and how they all stood around the tree singing the old songs. He told her how he and Hans teased their little sisters. He started laughing, as he told her about it all. A great pain in his chest overcame him and he couldn't talk any more. He tried, but it hurt too much. Then, the pain passed and he was comfortable again, but he couldn't speak.

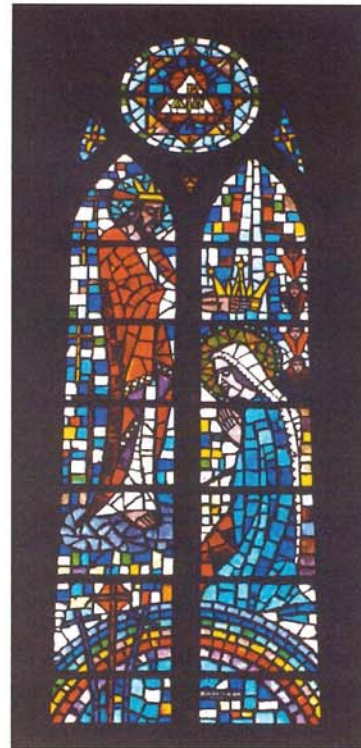
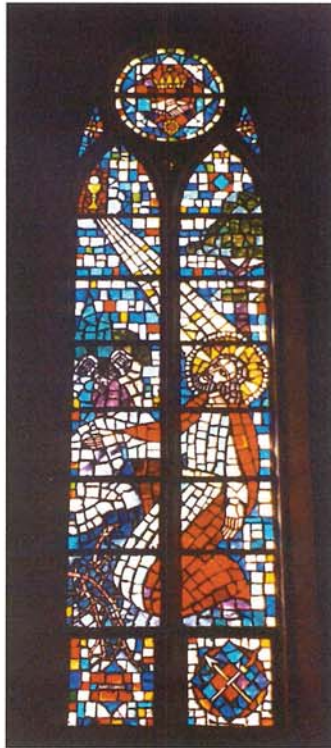
He imagined that he was on that train in Achim, so long ago, the day he left home. He looked out the window and everyone was there. Everyone he loved. They waved at him, as the train moved slowly, quietly, down the track. "Auf wieder sehen, Carl. Wieder sehen Carlie." And then all the others were there too. "Goodbye, honey; Goodbye, Daddy; 'Bye, Grandpa." The voices faded as the train moved away. And then he was gone.



Left and Center: Dancing Girl and Minstrel Singer, faceted glass framing Marge and Terry's residence entry.

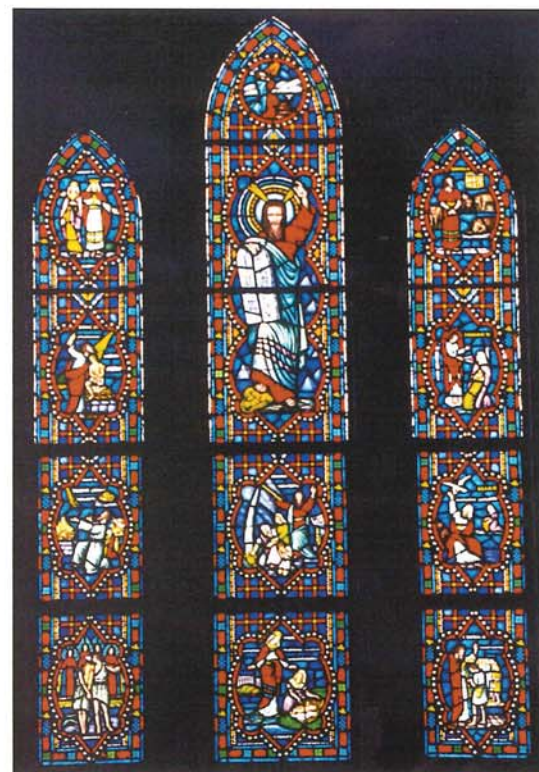
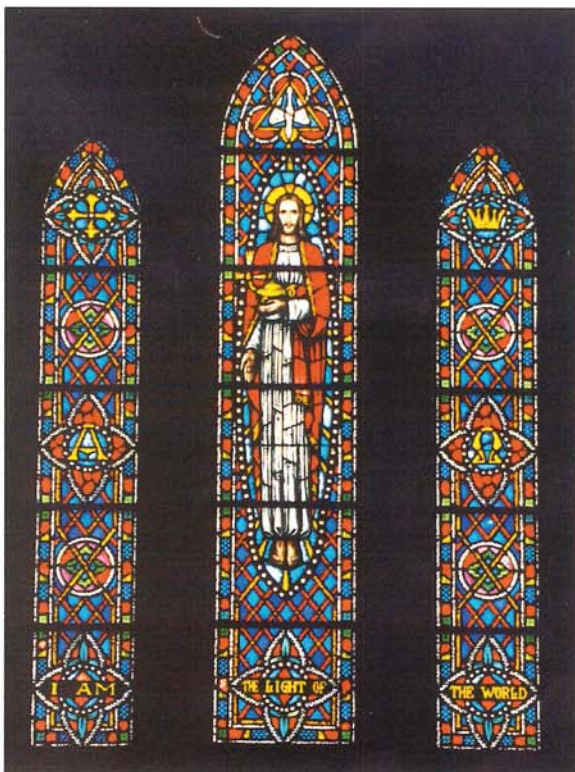
Right: Teamster's symbols for Rudy Tham's office.

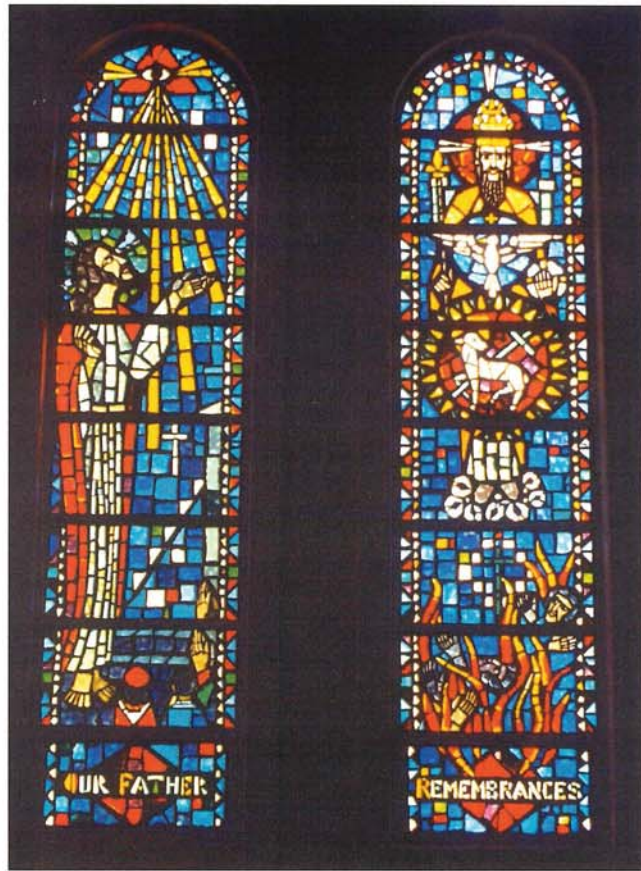
Right: Below: Peacock in faceted glass designed for Rudy and Evelyn Tham's home.



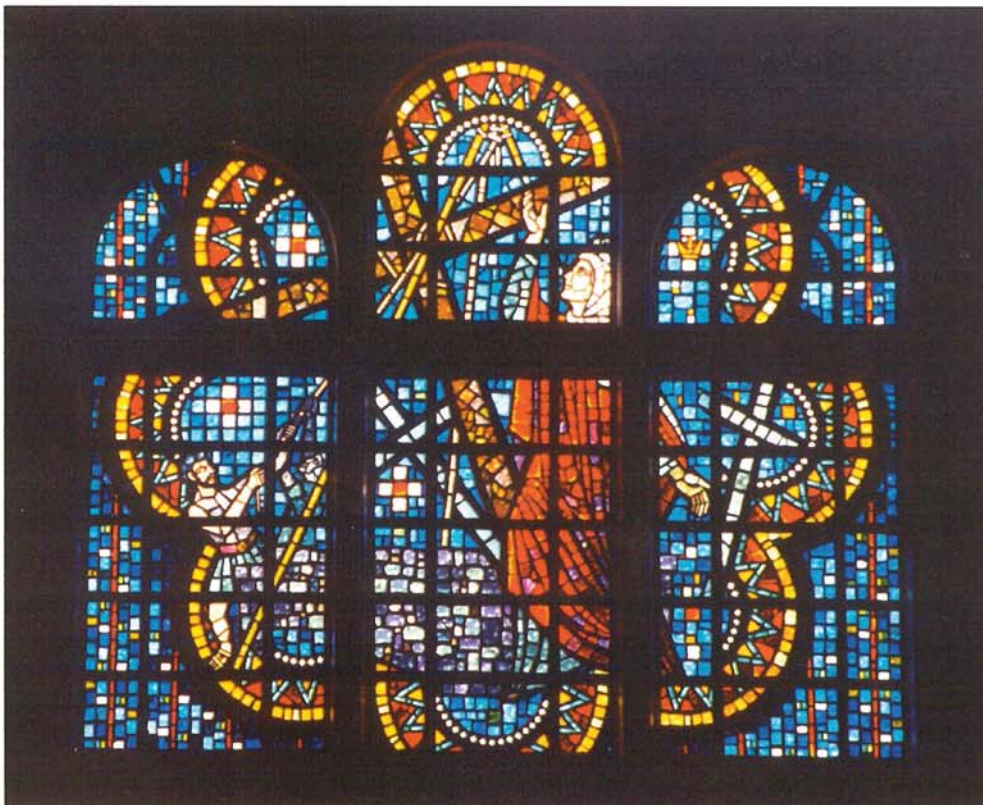
Top: Saint Leander's Church, San Leandro, California. 1966

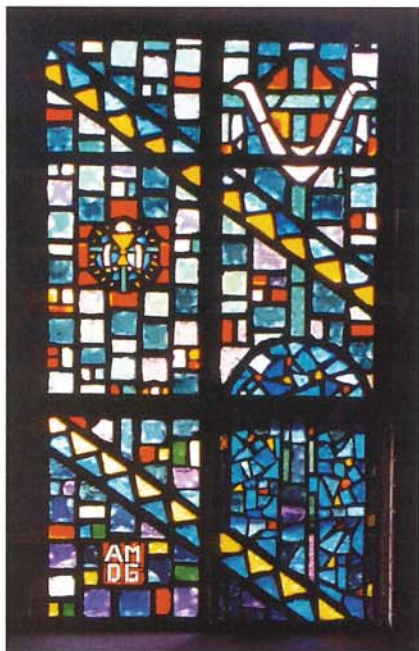
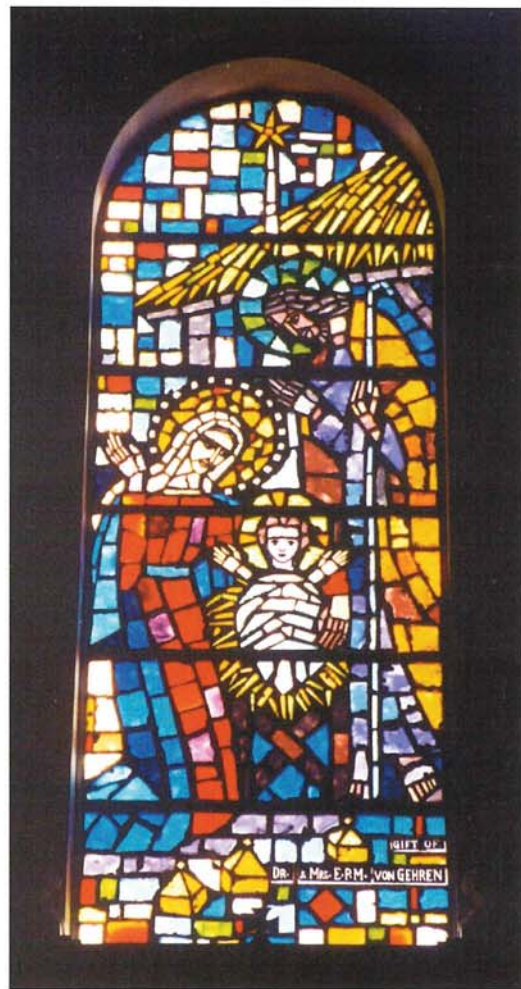
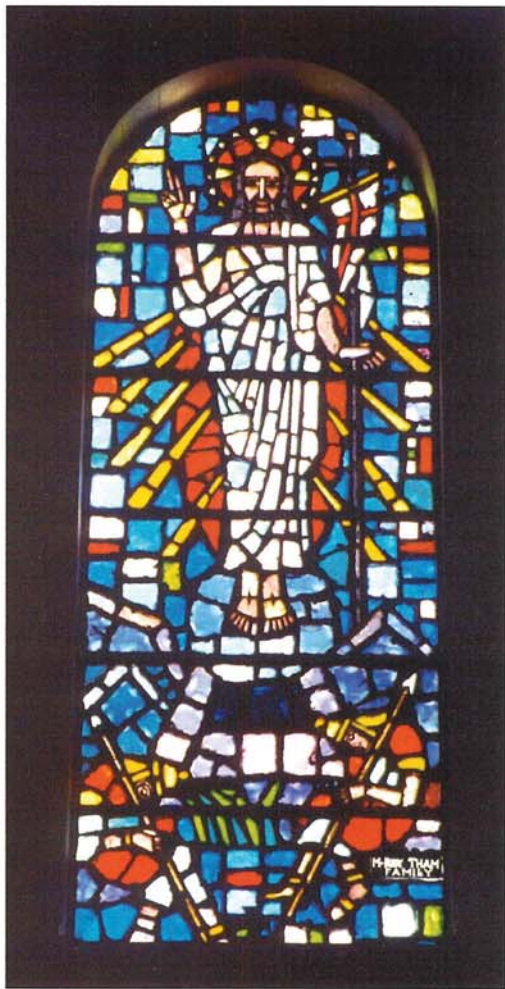
Bottom: First Presbyterian Church, Salinas, California. 1959-1961





Saint Helen's Church in Fresno, California. 1968



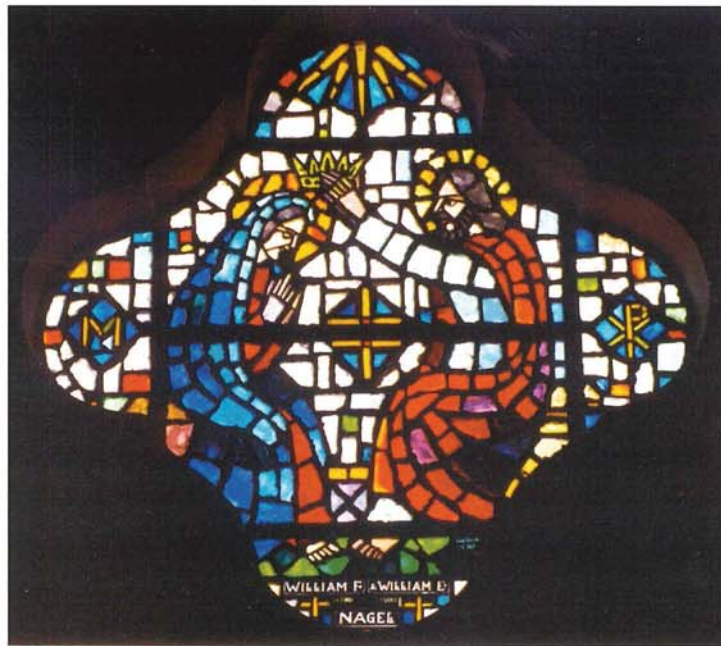


Above: Saint Stephen Church, San Francisco, California  
1963-1965.

Below: Saint Ignatius High School Jesuit Residence Chapel, San Francisco, California.  
1970.







Above: Saint Stephen Church, San Francisco, California 1963-1965

Below: Holy Spirit Church, Fremont. 1969

