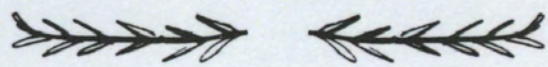




*MY STORY*  
*WILLIAM JOHN KRAUSE II*



The following are my answers to a series of 52 questions prompted by StoryWorth, Inc. The questions and answers were organized into a digital format in the order that they were received and are presented here. StoryWorth, Inc. provides a platform that enables family members to share stories and preserves them for family members and future generations. Storyworth sends each participant in its program a weekly email with a question about his or her life; allows the user to reply to each question or develop one of their choice; and then saves each answer in a collection of replies. This platform provides an easy way to record family stories, thus preserving family histories.

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# What were your favorite toys as a child?

The first “toy” I ever had that springs to mind, was a pedal car my dad [Johnny Krause] made for me in celebration of my fourth birthday. At that time, 1946, our family lived in Napa, California. Dad was a master machinist and welder. He crafted the pedal vehicle from scrap metal in his spare time when he worked at Mare Island, California, during World War II. I enjoyed toys that demanded some type of physical activity - such as scooters initially, and as I grew older, bicycles of various types. Soon after moving to Fort Peck, Montana, my parents bought me my first bicycle, a Schwinn. It had one gear. This bike gave me an extraordinary amount of freedom and I could and did travel for miles along the Missouri River road and across the Fort Peck Dam next to Fort Peck Lake. I ran errands and rode with my friends as we traveled the Fort Peck community just having fun riding around and talking. We liked to bike along “Big Shot Row,” around the Fort Peck Hotel and Administration Building, and downtown near the Fort Peck Theater. If I had any money, I would usually stop in at the drug store and get a candy bar. My favorite was the Pay Day candy bar because of its large size and it was covered with peanuts. It cost five cents. On longer rides, we biked to Wheeler, a small shantytown to the northwest on highway 24, and looked at the old Buckhorn Club that had such a bad reputation. To jazz up our bikes my friends and I attached playing cards to the bike frame held in place by close pins. The cards were oriented in such a way that the spokes of the bicycle wheel hit them as the wheel turned creating noise. We thought our bicycles sounded like motorcycles when we got up to speed. Everyone had their bikes equipped with playing cards. Our parents discouraged us from biking to Wheeler but we just had to go a few times and see what all the fuss was about. On other long excursions we would take another road to Nashua, Montana, but rarely got that far. On occasion we would have races to the Fort Peck Park located down by the Missouri River beneath the dam by taking a very steep long river road, particularly if a new kid arrived in town. We had to test him out. I had one major accident on my Schwinn. My friends and I were riding behind Big Shot Row when this happened. This particular road was paved and laid out in the shape of an oval with another road joining it at the opposite end. As we were riding down the adjoining road to race around the oval, I started showing off for my friends. “Look! No hands,” I yelled, as we sped along the road. Then I went one better, “I will ride with no hands with my eyes closed and looking backwards so all can see.” What I didn’t see [why, I cannot explain as I have 20/20 vision] was a large grader or road maintainer, a piece of heavy equipment used to level or smooth roads, parked at the beginning of the oval. At full speed I ran right into the two back wheels, knocking myself unconscious, and bending the front wheel of my bike. My friends had a good laugh after I came too, examined my bike, and then helped me home to face disciplinary action from my parents for ruining my bicycle.

When I lived in Fort Peck, during the summer, my friends and I also spent a few afternoons at the swimming pool. It was a complete pool with two springboards of different heights and a stationary high diving platform. At this point in my life I don’t know if I really knew how to swim or not, but could navigate the pool with ease. My friends and I would bike to the pool after lunch, spend part of the afternoon to cool off and then bike home or be off on some other adventure. For whatever reason, we never swam in the river or the lake even though these were very clean, clear waters. Perhaps it was too cold or our parents discouraged it in fear that we would drown. I truly enjoyed the freedom of being able to get from one location to another quickly, riding with friends, and just having the exhilarating feeling of wind in my face as we sped down hills and around winding curves.

At this time, when I was about ten years of age, playing marbles was the rage. Other than playing baseball during the summer, playing marbles was a major pastime, one that required gamesmanship. We played three marble games. PITS. In this version of marbles, a small deep pit was dug into the ground and everyone who agreed to play put a marble into the pit. A distance from the pit was decided and a line drawn. Each player would stand behind this line and throw another marble and try to get it into the pit. If successful one could claim all the marbles in the pit.

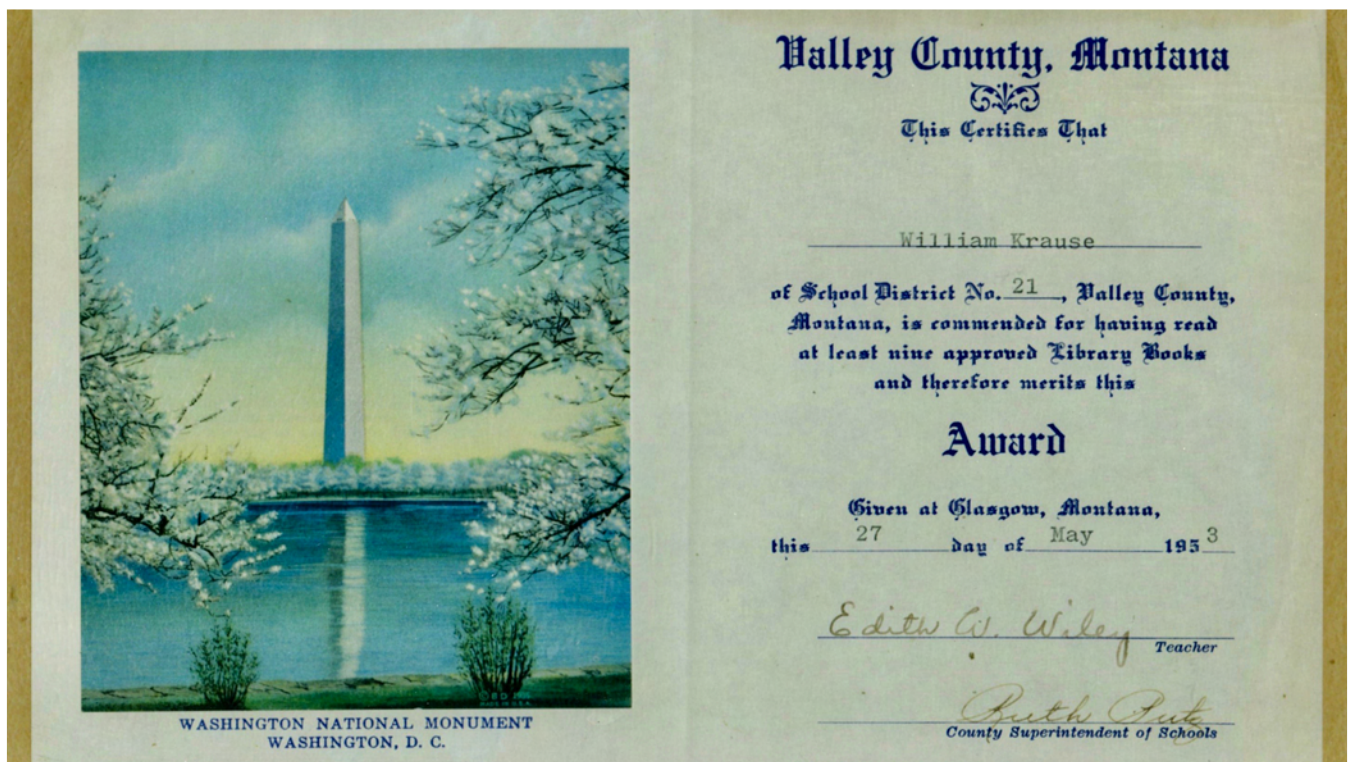
If two players were successful, a playoff was held to determine who got all the marbles. CHASIES. In this version, after deciding who would go first, one contestant would toss his marble ahead of his opponent. The shooter would then try to hit this marble with his. If successful one could claim the opponent's marble. If the distance thrown was less than a giant step, the shooter had the option of calling "bombsies" and would drop the marble straight down from face level. This is more difficult than you might think. RINGS. This game of marbles was a game of skill. A large circle was drawn and a line drawn through the center. Players lagged to see whose shooter came nearest the line. Whoever won the lag shot went first, then the next closest, and so on. Prior to shooting each player threw 5 marbles into the ring. The first shooter would then knuckle down [his knuckle not quite reaching the ground before shooting the marble with his thumb]. If the shooter knocked a marble out of the ring it was his. If successful, the shooter was entitled to another try and kept going until unsuccessful. When this occurred the next shooter had his opportunity. Over time I acquired two 5 pound coffee cans of marbles. I was particularly fond of the "cat-eye marble" and had a collection. Obviously, we were serious and played for keeps. Even tournaments were arranged at local, state, and even national levels. Which reminds me, one national tournament, I cannot remember the year, was won by A GIRL.



# What were your favorite books as a child?

Although I am not sure, I do not believe I started reading until after entering the first grade at elementary school in Fort Peck, Montana. My first recollection of reading is the DICK & JANE SERIES and of course their dog, spot. These books are the only memory I have with regard to reading during the very early period of my life. I do not recall if my parents ever sat down and read to me as a young child. When I was about 10 or 11 years of age, I do remember reading books at school such as: CALL OF THE WILD by Jack London; TREASURE ISLAND by Robert Louis Stevenson; and ROBINSON CRUSOE by Daniel Defoe. I also enjoyed reading a variety of books on nature and natural history. I was not an avid reader, but was encouraged to read a few books, and as result, was awarded a certificate by School District 21 of Valley County, Montana, while a student at Fort Peck. The certificate was for reading at least 9 approved library books during the fourth grade. My fourth grade teacher was Mrs. Edith Wiley and the superintendent of schools at that time was Ruth Putz. Mrs. Putz lived to be over 101 years of age. I was also awarded two certificates for poetry by the Valley County School District: one in 1950 and the other in 1953. However, I cannot remember writing prose or what ideas were expressed.

Our family moved to Pickstown, South Dakota, in 1954, where I entered the Pickstown School System of Charles Mix County. This was another well-equipped government school. The book that I remember most, with regard to reading at this time, was FORBIDDEN PLANET by Philip MacDonald published in 1956. This book was a life changing experience! I was hooked on science fiction forevermore. It so stimulated my imagination that I could not get enough on this topic. I became a fan of Isaac Asimov. He was an America writer and professor of Biochemistry at Boston University. Asimov was best known for his science fiction works such as: I, ROBOT; GALACTIC EMPIRE; and the FOUNDATION SERIES. These and similar works led to a lifetime love of science fiction. Perhaps, because of this early introduction, later in life, I became a "treckie" and watched all of the Star Trek Series, Star Wars Series, Battle Star Galactica Series, and the Series of Dr. Who. Because the Pickstown School Library had the vast majority of NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC volumes at that time, I have read most, if not all, of the published issues. I continue to read NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC to this day.





**Valley County Schools**  
**Poetry Award**  
 This Certifies That  
*Bill Krause*  
 a pupil of the Valley County Public Schools merits this  
**Primary Poetry Award**  
 having met the approved basic poetry requirements.  
 Given at Glasgow, Montana, this *26th* day of *May* 19*30*  
*Paul P. P.*  
 County Superintendent  
53—HAMMOND & STEPHENS CO., FREMONT, NEBR.



**Valley County Schools**  
**Poetry Award**  
 This Certifies That  
 William Krause  
 a pupil of the Valley County Public Schools merits this  
**Poetry Award**  
 having met the approved basic poetry requirements.  
 Given at Glasgow, Montana, this 27 day of May 1933  
*Paul P. P.*  
 County Superintendent  
53—HAMMOND & STEPHENS CO., FREMONT, NEBR.

# Where did you go on vacations as a child?

Our family vacations consisted primarily of camping trips and trips to visit relatives. We were tent campers and also used the tent camping method to travel long distances to reach Minnesota or several destinations on the west coast of the United States. This was not an unusual mode of travel for this time, as after World War II, most families enjoyed traveling around the United States and Canada camping and just enjoying life. Plus, this method of travel was relatively inexpensive. When traveling across country, we camped overnight at roadside stops that had a picnic table or even in gravel pits, or areas used for road maintenance. If we made it to a small town, state or national park, this was even better because we could use facilities such as showers. We were not alone in traveling this way as many other families were doing the same and it was safe to do so. Believe it or not, one could leave his or her camping equipment either out on the ground in front of a tent or atop a table and no one would bother it. We often took a day trips while staying at a state or city park to just drive around and explore the area we were visiting. Theft, locking car doors and all the threats of today just didn't happen and all campers shared a sense of camaraderie and safety. At night, campers who were complete strangers, often stopped by to talk, shared their names, where they were from, where they were going, and why. How things have changed and ALL for the WORST! Dad modified the back seat of our new, black, 1951 Chevy, building a platform that was level with the seat. This enabled my brothers and I ample space to lie down and sleep or play games while traveling if we were bored. Food [snacks, water, and a thermos of coffee] was stored under the platform. At this time seat belts and/or children seats did not exist. All of our camping gear that included a large tent, sleeping bags, cooler, and suitcases with clothes were loaded on a rack made by my father to fit on top of the car. We slept in sleeping bags on the ground inside the tent, but later put our sleeping bags on air mattresses for greater comfort. My mother cooked all our meals on a Coleman gas stove fueled by white gasoline. We rarely had a wood campfire, as we did not want to smell like smoke when traveling. On each trip, long or short, dad always packed our fishing equipment, just in case it was needed. We usually left for vacation by the first of May as dad loved to turn on the radio while driving and in particular to listen to the Indianapolis 500. Camping was always a cold experience in the mountains and more often than not, ice would form in the basin of wash water we left out overnight. We always stayed, if at all possible, next to a stream or lake so dad could take "a few casts" after setting up camp. We often had fish for supper. I have great memories of times camping through the Bad Lands of both North and South Dakota, the Black Hills of South Dakota, the Big Horn Mountains of Wyoming, Grand Tetons National Park, Glacier and Yellowstone National Parks, Craters of Moon National Park in Idaho, several areas in the states of Washington, and Oregon, as well as Yosemite National Park and areas near the named giant redwood trees [Sequoias] of California. I was particularly intrigued by all the different forms of wildlife that lived in these areas such as bears, moose, and elk. Indeed, I saw my first wild grizzly bear as we traveled along the Going to the Sun Highway in Glacier National Park.

Shortly after we moved to Pickstown, South Dakota, dad decided to get the family off the ground so camping would be a more enjoyable experience, particularly during cold and inclement weather. He designed and built a pop-up camping trailer using an old car frame as the base. This was long before commercial campers were available. Dad and I spent all summer building it in our garage. My role was primarily handing dad materials and tools. The camper consisted of a wooden floor and wood sides about three feet high. It had two wooden lids the width of the camper that folded over one another. When unfolded outward one went left the other right, away from the box of the camper. Aluminum conduit pipes supported the lids. These reached to the ground and were fitted with adjustable bases [jacks] so the lids could be leveled when the camper was parked on uneven terrain. A full sized tent covered the entire unfolded trailer, again supported by aluminum piping.



Each side lid supported two people with their sleeping bags inside the tent. The floor also could be used as a sleeping area. When traveling, the lids folded over the box of the trailer and the hollow interior was used to carry our suitcases, sleeping bags, and camping equipment. A permanent secondary box was anchored at the front near the trailer hitch that housed a Coleman stove, lantern, white gas containers, and tools. We used this camping trailer for holiday camping as well as for traveling when on family vacations. We never used hotels or motels when traveling on vacations or when going to visit relatives located in different states. An interesting incidence that happened involved my youngest brother, Kelly, which took place on a family camping trip to Glacier Park, Montana, using this camping trailer. Kelly was always the first to rise in the morning and get out of the camper. Early one morning I heard him crying under the camping trailer near the axel. I got up and went outside to see what was wrong and bring him back into the camper if need be. As I stepped out and down from the camping trailer I came face to face with a large black bear that had Kelly cornered under the trailer between the wheels. Without much thought, I charged and whacked the bear on the head with a cast iron frying pan that I grabbed from a table. The bear bolted from the campsite and went up a tree with me in hot pursuit. Later, my father took a movie, with his 8 mm camera, of the bear still in the tree.

My dad was an avid fisherman from boyhood and throughout his lifetime regardless of where he lived or where he traveled. He fished throughout the year. The following are two fishing stories about my father that I would like to share with you when we traveled to Minnesota. Once, when visiting his mother and other Krause family members during the winter at their rural home in Friberg Township near Fergus Falls, Minnesota, dad took me ice spearfishing for northern pike (*Esox lucius*). We went to a nearby lake and walked out for a long way pulling a sled to transport our gear. Dad shoveled snow off from a huge area of ice and then chopped a relatively large hole near the center of the shoveled area. A large tarp was then placed around the hole that we crawled under. He then used a fish decoy [a painted perch] on a heavy line that he lowered down into the water. He operated it by hand much like a jig moving the decoy up and down. After a few minutes he said: "theirs one!" I couldn't see anything, much to my dismay! He, however, continued to operate the decoy jigging it closer and closer to the surface. Then all of a sudden dad rose up and plunged the 5-pronged fish spear down into the hole and all hell broke loose as he threw off the tarp. He had speared a large northern [about the 20 pound class] and was struggling to get it up through the hole in the ice. Finally, by reaching his hand and arm down through the hole, he was able get his fingers along the inner surface of the gill cover to avoid the mass of sharp teeth and pulled the pike onto the surface of the ice. He had speared it about a foot behind the head. Now I could finally see it. Water had boiled up through the hole making the surrounding ice very slippery in addition to getting both of us wet. The spear was anchored so firmly in the fish's back that dad had to put his foot on the fish to pull the spear out. The instant that dad pulled the spear out from the fish, his foot slipped and pushed the fish away. It slid across the ice and back into the hole. It escaped! "Why in the hell didn't you grab it!" he yelled. I just sat there on my knees unable to move. We were wet, cold, and now skunked. Dad cussed all the way back to his mother's house.

The Otter Tail River ran just behind his mother's house, one that my grandfather built in 1926. One summer, when arriving for a two week visit after traveling all the way from South Dakota, the first thing dad did before greeting anyone or even unpacking the car was to grab his rod and reel, and then sprint to the Otter Tail River [it was so much fun to watch dad]. He caught a grass pickerel (*Esox americanus*) on his very first cast. He returned to the car with his catch grinning from ear to ear.

Mother and brother, Dennis, by the tent we used for traveling and camping. Date: 1951.  
Image snatched from 8 mm movie film.



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Dad pouring a cup of coffee by the pop-up camping trailer he designed and built in 1955.  
Image snatched from 8 mm movie film.

# What was your first big trip?

During the spring of 1969 I was invited to take a position as Lecturer in the Department of Anatomy at Monash University in Clayton, Victoria, Australia. We remained in Australia for two years and it was a trip of a lifetime. The day following being awarded a Doctorate from the University of Missouri, my parents and brothers helped me pack dad's trailer that he pulled down with him driving from South Dakota. My wife Winifred, son Phillip, and I planned to live with my parents in Pickstown, South Dakota, for the next month or until mid-July when we were scheduled to fly from Sioux Falls, South Dakota, and begin our long journey to Australia. I was sick during the drive to South Dakota and the first few days after our arrival. I guess the stress of finishing the dissertation, graduation, moving, and waiting for our visas to be approved by the Australian consulate was just too much for my system to handle and made me vulnerable to a virus of some kind. Because of the time element, I was to begin work at Monash University at the end of July, we decided to leave a bit early and spend some time with Winifred's brother, Fred Nunes, and his family, in Redwood City, California. Winifred was anxious for me to meet members of her California family and introduce them to our son, Phillip. After a two-week visit in California, we flew to Los Angeles and then began our long 17-hour flight on Pan American Airlines from Los Angeles to Melbourne, Australia. We stopped in Honolulu, Hawaii; Pago Pago of American Samoa; Auckland, New Zealand; Sydney, Australia; and then on to our final destination. Winifred and I were allowed 40 pounds each for checked luggage, but were allowed nothing for Phillip, although we paid for his ticket. As a result, Winifred used safety pins to anchor about 20 cloth diapers into the lining of my overcoat that I carried on. The disposable diapers of today had yet to be invented. I also carried on a small stroller. Several events occurred on the trip to Australia in 1969 that stand out in my memory. The first of these was when we landed at the airport in Pago Pago of American Samoa to refuel. When the pilot announced we were landing, I looked out the window. The runway below looked like the deck of an aircraft carrier floating in the Pacific Ocean at the end of a small island with water on either side. We landed and the only building passengers could visit was a thatched building that sold tourists trinkets and soft drinks. It was hardly worth getting off the plane for, but we did so, just to stretch our legs and walk around. Both Winifred and I were exhausted on the long trip from Auckland to Sydney and fortunately for us the plane was nearly empty. We finally got some sleep as the stewardesses took care of our 7-month old son, Phillip. Finally, the pilot announced that we were descending and approaching Melbourne. I looked out the window and remarked to Winifred, "Look at all the sand covering those hills and mountains. Look how white it is. What an incredible sight." Little did I realize we were crossing the Snowy Mountains of Australia and the "white" I was seeing was SNOW and not sand. Furthermore, even though we left California in mid-July during summer, here in the southern hemisphere and in Australia, it was winter.

We landed in Melbourne, Australia, in July and were greeted at the airport by Barbara Schofield, the wife of the Departmental Chairman. After exchanging pleasantries she drove us to a series of flats rented to visiting faculty by Monash University. During the drive from the Melbourne Airport to Melbourne, I was both shocked and disappointed as to what I saw from the car window. Kentucky fried chicken, Pizza Hut, and Ford dealerships could be seen scattered along the route of this major highway. Fortunately, these establishments disappeared after we reached Melbourne and crossed to the east side of the city. The destination was Clayton, Victoria; a small community located just a short distance from Monash University. I could walk back and forth to the university from the first flat we lived in. Our first address was Flat 6, 24 Wright Street, Clayton, Victoria, Australia.

The apartments on Wright Street bordered a large open pasture at this time, complete with grazing dairy cattle. Ours was a two-bedroom flat located on the second floor. Mrs. Schofield had a key and opened the flat for us and showed Winifred and I where things were and how to operate different yet familiar household appliances associated with the flat. In addition, Mrs. Schofield had purchased a large box of groceries that was waiting for us on the kitchen table. Professor Grahame Schofield could not meet with us as planned as he had been called in on university business. Barbara handled everything and got us settled in the flat. July was near the beginning of the "winter semester" at Monash and the university was about to begin a new session. After Barbara left us, we unpacked our meager belongings and set up housekeeping in this flat. Winifred unpacked the box of groceries and for supper we decided to cook some of the sausages provided as the meat course. These were long, pale white links of something – we didn't know exactly what - or how to prepare them. They were quite unlike any sausages we were familiar with or had even seen before, for that matter. We tried frying them initially, but they looked so white and unappetizing as they did not brown, so we then boiled them. Finally, we ended up broiling them in the oven. This was our first introduction to Aussie "Bangers or Snags", a sausage made of a mutton/pork and cereal mix used primarily on the "Aussie Barbie." We also had scrambled eggs and toast to get us through the first day. The three of us were quite tired after the long flight and in addition the apartment was cold without central heating. Only a small built-in electric heater, consisting of a single bar, located in the living room, was available to heat the entire apartment. So, in addition to being tired from the long journey, we were cold and could not seem to warm up. The bedrooms were without heating of any kind. We fell asleep and fortunately for us, Phillip did so as well. Very early the next morning, just before dawn, both Winifred and I awoke to a sound passing by the flats. It was a loud, echoing sound going "clop, clop, clop." I jumped out of bed and pulled back the curtains to our bedroom window that faced Wright Street next to the apartment complex. Down the center of the street were two large horses pulling a wagon loaded with glass bottles of fresh milk and cream. Two deliverymen ran back and forth from the milk wagon making deliveries to houses on either side of the street. They picked up empty bottles previously placed in a basket near the front entrance of the residences and then replaced them with filled bottles of milk or cream. Just how many they delivered was determined by the order of the occupant. The horses were not "driven" they just trotted at their own pace down the center of the street. They seemed to know the route and the pace to go - perhaps because of several years of experience. As it turned out, we lived fairly close to a dairy in spite of being located at the edge of the suburb of Melbourne, called Clayton. Monash was new university founded in 1958 on the very edge of this community. Later that morning, as we huddled in the kitchen using the oven to try to keep warm or at least generate some heat for the apartment, we noticed school children walking to school. They all wore school uniforms. The boys wore shorts with blazers and the girl's wore skirts. They were without coats or sweaters and as we looked around saw numerous roses in full bloom as well as palm trees in the distance. Why were WE so cold we wondered? Both of us had to put on a sweater and/or jacket inside the flat just to be comfortable. The apartment always felt cold regardless of the time of day. In addition to the cold, it was damp because we were so close to the coast. In fact, so cold and damp that Winifred had to iron Phillip's diapers in order to get them dry. Winifred complained that her hands were so cold she believed she was beginning to develop arthritis.

The first Monday after our arrival I made an appointment to meet with the financial officer at Monash University. I met with him to request an advance on my salary. Normally, salary was paid to employees at the end of each month for time completed. They allowed, because I had just arrived from overseas, one quarter of my monthly salary be transferred into a bank account that I set up that week. Believe it or not Winifred, Phillip, and I had traveled to Australia to begin a new life in this country with a total of \$370 worth of travelers checks. This was our entire savings. Looking back, I cannot believe we made such a bold move.

Furthermore, I had nearly lost these savings. During our stay in California I had hidden the checks in the toe of my shoe for safekeeping. After a time I had forgotten where I put them. We decided to continue on with our journey, although stressed, because I thought I had lost them. As we were about to leave for the airport and when I put on my dress shoes, I discovered where I had hidden them – in the toe of my dress shoes.

We were not the only ones living in the Wright Apartment Complex that thought it was a cold, forbidding place. A couple from Edinburgh, Scotland, lived in the flat next to us. Their names were Jill and Tom Lambert. Tom was an anesthesiologist who also worked at and was employed by Monash University. We became good friends, shared a few meals together, and played Mahjong or card games on some evenings. Two humorous incidents clearly stand out in my mind with regard to my friend and colleague, Dr. Tom Lambert. The first incident was that he began wearing a tee shirt when he took a bath. This was Tom's answer to the cold nature of these apartments. After all, for crying out loud, if he was cold it had to be cold, as he was from Scotland! We all had a great laugh as Jill told us about Tom's new behavior and his attempt to keep warm. The second incident happened when we were playing Mahjong one evening. On this particular evening we had coffee and Drambuie just to warm up a bit. Tom inadvertently bumped his glass during the game and the liquor spilled out onto the tabletop. Winifred got up to get a dishrag to wipe up the spill, but before she could do so, Tom being a good Scotsman exclaimed, "I am not letting this good liquor go to waste," and with that licked the liquor off the table top with his tongue. He reminded me of an ant eater consuming termites or ants as his tongue lashed out back and forth. I should perhaps explain one other thing about Australian beverages at this time. Beer and wine in Australia were very inexpensive. Because Australia's wine industry was just beginning at this time, a law was passed to classify wine as a food, and thereby was exempt from a liquor tax as was beer. However, spirits and liquors were heavily taxed and therefore very expensive. Tom did not want to waste a drop of the Drambuie.

Winifred and I loved to walk to downtown Clayton and go grocery shopping every Saturday morning. Everything was very different from our experiences in the United States. At this time supermarkets did not exist in Clayton. Instead, there were a series of specialty shops. For example, there were several green grocers for vegetables, bakeshops with a fantastic variety of breads and baked goods, meat shops, fish shops, and so forth. Several shops of each type were located along the main road in downtown Clayton and competition between shops was keen. Most were owned and operated by Italian, Greek, or Chinese families. Indeed, one could walk around downtown Clayton and not hear English as the spoken language of the crowd, but yet all could speak English when doing business. We loved to spend the entire Saturday morning shopping. We soon learned that all the shops closed at 12:00 noon sharp and remained closed until Monday morning of the following week. We also made another important discovery. If we waited until just before closing on Saturday, one could get meat for almost nothing as all meat was fresh and not frozen. The shop owners at the meat markets were attempting to get rid of what they had left to sell. For example, if we waited until just before closing and had looked around at the various meat markets for what was available, we could get an entire half of lamb for just two or three dollars. We loved all the fresh vegetables, fruits, and breads. Winifred also learned which cuts of meat to buy. Many were so different from what we were familiar with in the United States. Most beef was grass fed and the cheapest meat of course was lamb. Turkey was rare and astronomic in price, but Winifred did buy a very small one to celebrate our first Thanksgiving in Australia. During the first month we were in Victoria, we discovered an "ice cream truck" named Mr. Whippy. The picture on the side of the truck showed an ice cream cone that was filled with soft serve similar to a cone served at Dairy Queen in America. We ordered three cones. Phillip would not eat his and the concoction was so bad that Winifred and I simply threw ours away. I kept Phillip's in case he wanted it again. The so-called ice cream sat near our kitchen sink for three days without melting or changing shape. In contrast, a bar of soap at the same location seemed to just melt away. This was our first introduction and last purchase from Mr. Whippy.

Winifred also began experimenting with different ways to prepare lamb, meat we were totally unfamiliar with. This quickly changed, as Winifred became friends with another married couple living in the Wright Street Apartments. Their given names were Vigy and Margaret. Unfortunately I cannot recall their surname but it was a long Indian name. Vigy was of Indian extraction and from Malaysia and his wife, Margaret, was from Australia. It was this couple who introduced us to curries. In a short time I preferred a good curry to most other dishes. Two stories stand out in my mind with regard to dining with this couple. Just after we met, Winifred and I were invited to a curry dinner at their flat and were introduced to several of their friends and family. During the course of the meal I was both surprised and delighted at the spicy flavor of the curry dishes served and impressed by the “heat” generated by some of the spices in these dishes. I commented on how spicy some dishes were, so hot in fact that I could barely eat some of them. Then I noticed Vigy’s son in a highchair at the time with a large bowl of lamb curry that I considered quite hot with spice. He was using a large spoon. The spoon appeared to be the size of a shovel in comparison to this little guy, who was feeding his face as fast as he could shovel it in. Both Winifred and I were amazed and we both decided Phillip was no longer going to be pampered with a bland diet of baby food. He was going to eat what we ate and he did. The other incident I recall with regard to this couple was the time we went out together to have an evening meal. We always let them decide on where to go, as they knew the location of the best Indian restaurants in and around Melbourne. By this time I loved Indian cuisine and it was by far my favorite. One evening, after we had chosen a restaurant in which a variety of dishes were served, Vigy and I engaged in an eating contest to determine which one of us could tolerate the spiciest dish. There we sat, sweat pouring down our faces, consuming curry dishes. A cucumber/sour cream salad condiment helped reduce the heat of the spice, as water was not effective. In this instance, I won, but there was a price to pay, as I found out the next few days. It was at this time that I was introduced to a beverage that soon became a favorite of mine, sparkling hard cider. Winifred and Margaret became good friends as they stayed at the apartments looking after the children. Winifred discovered that one of Vigy’s secrets in making an outstanding curry was having the correct mixture of spices and the amount. Vigy’s mother sent him boxes of curry she mixed herself after years of experience from Malaysia on a monthly basis. He shared some of these homemade curry spices with us. This made all the difference in the preparation of a quality curry dish.

Once we knew where and what to do in Clayton after a few weeks time, Winifred and Phillip would walk to downtown just to get out of the cold flat and do some shopping midweek. The lifestyle was to buy grocery items each day for the evening meal. One of my favorite meals Winifred cooked for me was a stir-fry in which green beans and some other ingredients were cooked with tiny herrings about the size of a minnow. The little fish were cooked whole in this dish. Winifred also substituted tiny shrimp for the herring in this dish. It was fantastic. Winifred enjoyed going to the shops and visiting with the various shop owners particularly during weekdays. When shopping on her own, while I was at the university, Winifred was somewhat shocked to discover that when she entered a shop, the shopkeepers would often pick up Phillip and carry him around and play with him while she did her shopping in their store. Indeed, later that year, when going into the city of Melbourne, numerous prams [baby buggies] that contained babies could be seen parked on the sidewalks at the front of the shops. They just left the children outside the stores in their prams! At that time there was absolutely no fear of a kidnapping or of someone harming a child. We were both amazed at this and after a few months were doing the same.

The other thing that impressed me during our initial visits to downtown Clayton were the wine and beer shops. They had labels from almost everywhere but promoted Australian wine. This was the first time I witnessed wine being sold in a box. Years later, this type of packaging for wines would eventually show up in the United States. Liquor was also sold but was too expensive for most to buy, because of the state liquor tax. It was shortly after I bought a car and began to drive around the community that I made another amazing discovery about Australia – the drive through liquor stores! Each consisted of building near the center with six lanes on either side of this central structure. One would drive in, with cash in hand, and young men would take your money and order, run to the building and have your order filled, run back and put the order in your car.

The transaction took just minutes to complete and you kept your car slowly rolling forward as there was a steady flow of traffic both ahead and behind as one drove through. Most customers knew exactly what and the quantity needed. This was a smoothly run operation. It was a quick and efficient operation, but fellow customers grew angry if someone was holding up the line. Imagine a gas station with multiple pumps but in this case booze was sold rather than petroleum. Fridays after work, lines would back up and slow traffic on major roadways as the Aussie's prepared for the weekend.

As Winifred settled in and took over the household duties and shopping, I walked back and forth to work at the Anatomy Department of Monash University. I was assigned an office on the second floor of the department near a corridor that joined Anatomy to the Zoology Department. The Department of Anatomy was a large department and occupied two floors. My office was spacious in comparison to what I had at Missouri. I was even given a Leitz Microscope fitted with a new camera to use. This was quite a change. I had used a similar setup at Missouri, but in that case, the setup had to be shared by the entire department and time scheduled for use. Everything I needed was provided and was first-class.

My first immediate commitment was to help with the instruction of medical students as classes began during the week after my arrival. I was prepared to do some lecturing to these students but this did not happen at this time in my career. What occurred at Monash was that only the senior faculty lectured formally and all laboratories and tutor sessions were handled by a group of nine lecturers, which included me. Each of us was assigned fifteen students that we met with for three hours, three times a week. These were true tutor sessions and considered individual topics in depth. The same topics were being presented simultaneously in lecture and in assigned laboratories. For example, if the heart was the topic of study, the tutor group would consider its gross anatomy, histological structure, ultrastructure, embryology and developmental anomalies, and continued to discuss all facets of heart structure as it related to its function until the subject matter was exhausted. During these sessions students were encouraged to present any questions they had to the group to increase an understanding of the topic. I provided direction to the discussions and leadership to the group with regard to keeping the discussions on target. Thus, most of the education was handled in a typical European tutor style format. How thankful I was to have been thoroughly trained in all the sub-disciplines of the Anatomical Sciences. If not, it would have been impossible for anyone to just get prepared beforehand and effectively lead the tutor sessions. One actually had to know what they were doing and talking about, as these students were on top of things and pushing the knowledge envelope as far as they could. All were type A personalities and wanted to learn as much as they could in preparation for a career in medicine. Examinations in this European system of education also were a new experience for me. They had one examination – the final. The final examination for each semester took an academic week to complete and consisted of a thorough written examination and a laboratory examination for each of the sub-disciplines [gross anatomy, histology/ultrastructure, embryology, neuroanatomy]. These examinations were then evaluated and the Friday of the following week students took a viva voce examination. This was an oral examination in which the student was to answer the questions posed in such a way as to demonstrate sufficient knowledge of the subject matter - to pass the examination and course. The exams included questions asked by all faculty members wishing to participate and included those of an OUTSIDE EXAMINER. For each viva voce examination an outside examiner was required, a person from outside the University, to take part in the evaluation of students. This examiner was usually a senior faculty member in good standing from a similar department. The first viva voce examiner I met during my initial participation in this type of examination format was from Malaysia. The viva voce examination was set up around the perimeter of a very large room, in this case, the dissection theater. Around the edge of this room several stations were set up and each station had a single chair facing the station manned by three or four faculty.

If the station was for Gross Anatomy, for example, a body would be positioned at this station and the student questioned and asked to demonstrate a variety of structures. Because of my interests and expertise, I helped oversee a Histology station. Just prior to the each students arrival, the faculty at each station went over the student's written and laboratory examinations. After a brief discussion of the student's test scores, the student was invited over and took a seat. If the student scored high on the previous exams, the faculty started with much more difficult questions and tried to push the student to the limits of his or her knowledge of a topic and determine if they really did have a mastery of the subject matter or just tested well in a written format. If the student had not scored as well as the majority of the class, the faculty started them off with less difficult questions, and then slowly increased the degree of difficult to get a good evaluation of what the student really did know and if he/she just tested poorly on written exams. At my particular station I had the students find and demonstrate different cells and tissues under the microscope. It was during the first viva voce examination I participated in that a rather unusual event happened. The entire faculty was waiting in anticipation for one particular student. This student checked in on the first day of class and had not been seen since in either lecture, any of the laboratories, nor had he shown up for the tutor sessions. Yet, he had scored the highest on all examinations. Had he cheated somehow? We were waiting for him to take his viva voce examination. The entire faculty, including myself, took out best shot at this student who turned out to be brilliant. We started off by asking him the most difficult of questions and at the limit of my knowledge and he yet he handled all with ease. He was just an exceptional student and evidently didn't need any help from the faculty. He would go on to graduate as number one in his class.

One other important event happened in late July [July 20, 1969] when I was just beginning to teach at Monash University. The Apollo 11 moon landing! All classes were suspended and students were assembled in a large lecture theater to actually watch the moon landing - live - on a large screen. I and most other faculty were present as well. When the landing actually occurred, a loud cheer and applause went up from the student body. It was so very interesting to be in a foreign country and witness the response of those in another country to this historic event. For a brief moment, we were all one, sharing in this achievement - human beings on the moon for the first time.

Another feature of Monash and the Department of Anatomy, in particular, deserves special comment. Wine and beer were sold on campus. Every Friday afternoon at 5:00 the Department of Anatomy held a social hour in the departmental library. At this time, we were encouraged to get to know one another better, and discuss events that happened during the week or to bring up and discuss specific questions or concerns. One faculty member, by the name of Alan Bond, was appointed as the social secretary for this meeting during my time at Monash University. When I walked in for the first time I was shocked at what I saw. There on a huge table in the middle of the room sat about twenty bottles of wine, sherry, and of course a keg or two of beer. A variety of cheeses, sausages, crackers, and breads also were served. "Well," I thought to myself. "This is the type of Departmental Meeting I could get used to." The Friday get-togethers usually lasted for about two hours but as time went on and I became accustomed to the event, after about an hour I would usually leave and head for home. My colleague, Dr. Alan Bond, also needs special comment. During the first year of my appointment at Monash University, Alan met with the chairman and announced that he was giving up his salary but did want to retain his appointment within the department. In this way he could focus on his research and not have a time commitment to either teaching or committee work with one exception. He would like to be retained as the social secretary - the one in charge of the Friday afternoon social meeting. The chair agreed to Alan's terms. It was only a year later that I found out that it was Alan who paid for all the drink and food provided at this meeting.



Alan was a member of the very wealthy Bond family. One afternoon I was invited to his home in Melbourne. His house had been written up in some modern trends housing magazine and he wanted me to see it. What I remember most about this mansion was that it had a retractable roof. This was a completely revolutionary idea for the late 1960s and long before similar roofs covering football stadiums became commonplace in the United States. Later that year, Alan gave us the keys to a Bond family getaway located along the coast on the Morington Peninsula. He wanted Winifred, Phillip, and me to spend some time there and experience what life was like on an "Aussie Station" although this was far from being an active, typical station. We had to pump our own water and bring it into the house. What I remember most about this adventure was the old stove. It was very much like the old cooking wood stove my grandmother used in the late 1940s, when I was a young boy and stayed at the ranch in Montana. This stove had a large copper boiler attached to the back that had to be filled with water. Coiled copper tubing was arranged along the back of the stove. When the wood stove was working and water released from the reservoir at the back of the stove into the tubing, the water was heated. Thus, one had very hot water for cooking, making tea, or washing dishes. I was thankful that I had spent much of my youth at the Montana ranch, as I knew how to operate most of the appliances associated with this old sheep station. The other memory that comes to mind when we visited the Bond estate, was that after we walked just a few hundred yards, we arrived at a nearby beach and ocean front. The first thing Phillip did [he was a toddler at the time] was wade out into the ocean, sit down and began splashing. He thoroughly enjoyed himself engaging in this new experience. We had this entire beach to ourselves for a week.

The faculty and staff of the Department of Anatomy didn't quite know what to make of me, the young upstart from America. They operated at a rather casual pace, whereas, I was very aggressive, wanting to get things done as quickly as possible and worked longer hours than others without taking any breaks. I became good friends with all the technical staff, as on many occasions, I would work with them side by side processing the abundance of tissue that I collected. I actually worked shoulder to shoulder with them cutting and stained histologic sections for my research. This act amazed all of them because most faculty just gave them materials to work up and, as a rule, never spent any time actually working or talking with the techs in the laboratory. I was the lone exception and we exchanged ways of doing things learning from one another. After a few months, several of the staff invited me to go with them to see some Australian Rules football games or "footy" as they called it. We would arrive at a large oval and enjoyed watching the games between Hawthorn and St. Kilda. I was surprised that the stadium lacked seats and instead the fans had stands and stood. Each stand had a large metal pipe to stand behind and lean on. Beer flowed during the game and during my first game I had my first "Aussie meat pie." It was served hot, with or without sauce, was filled with gravy, vegetables and chunks of lamb. I could eat them but only piping hot. They were held by hand when eating them and the gravy ran down one's arm and dripped off at the elbow. I enjoyed these outings and seemed to fit right in as I enjoyed sporting events. Eventually, I attended a game at the famous MCG [Melbourne Cricket Ground], which is an Australian sports stadium located in Yarra Park of Melbourne. It was the tenth largest stadium in the world, and the largest in Australia and the Southern Hemisphere at this time.

The other sporting event that Winifred and I were introduced to after our arrival in Australia, was the MELBOURNE CUP. The Melbourne Cup is one of Australia's most prestigious thoroughbred horse races and is conducted at the Victoria Racing Club on the Flemington Racecourse in Melbourne. The race is held on the first Tuesday afternoon in November. It has an atmosphere much like the Kentucky Derby; but in Australia, at the time of the race, everyone nationwide stops to listen. Even traffic slows or stops as people listen to the outcome. When downtown shopping the noise of shoppers temporarily stops until after the race is run. Even Winifred and I got caught up in the spirit of things and wagered a few quid.

Soon after my arrival I made an effort to meet people both inside and outside the department searching for those who would be willing to help me collect and study as many native Australian mammals as possible. Initially, what I planned to do was compare Brunner's glands of the Australian marsupials with those I had just studied and published on in the North American opossum. When I met with and talked to the faculty that made up the Anatomy Department at Monash, I was surprised to learn that not one of them was or had an interest in working with the native animals. They were all working with rats, rabbits, guinea pigs, and chicks. I now knew, to get my project off the ground, I was going to have to make contacts outside the department. One of the first contacts I made was with Professor James W. Warren. Jim was a fellow American who was just appointed Professor and Head of the Department of Zoology at Monash in 1968. He brought his passion for evolutionary biology to Monash and would establish Monash as the first University in Australia to actively do research on vertebrate paleontology of Australian forms. He was in the process of recruiting a few comparative zoologists to work with him in this research effort. Thus, we shared some common interests. He told me that they had collected about 30 different marsupial species, the carcasses of which were frozen and stored in a large walk-in freezer. Because I was interested in gut material and agreed not to damage skeletal structure, he told me to examine the entire collection and take what tissue samples I wanted. This was an amazing, immediate opportunity for me to examine several native species and get my research program going. I was able to examine 55 different marsupial species native to the Australasian area, which surprised just about everyone. In the meantime, I wrote to the director of what is equivalent to the Department of Wildlife and Fisheries in the United States and asked for their help in collecting native animals. They immediately agreed to help me and linked me to other scientists in Victoria and across Australia who agreed to send me tissues I needed for my studies. Soon I drew the attention of other faculty in Department of Anatomy at Monash with regard to my work with native Australian species. For some reason, they had not considered this and were content to work with rats and mice, perhaps as a matter of convenience. Non-the-less I began working closely with two senior faculty at Monash: Dr. Ivan Alexander and Dr. Grahame Carmichael. They took me under their wing, so to speak, and protected me from all the political intrigue and carry on that takes place in any academic department.

Dr. Ivan Alexander, was my mad Russian protector, who loved to debate and relished going head-to-head with the chair and/or other administrative figures. It was Ivan Alexander that stimulated my future interest in the use of the scanning electron microscope in solving difficult biological questions. We often talked until late in the day when he explained to me exactly what he was doing and why.

During my first year, I was invited by the Senior Research Officer, J. K. Dempster, and staff of the Victoria Wildlife Division to go with them to collect a number of different kangaroos and wallabies. They were interested in getting blood and tissue samples from some of these animals as they were monitoring these populations [mobs] for factors interfering with their reproduction. Scientists for the State Wildlife Division wanted to know what was causing this phenomenon and why? When on the first expedition with the Wildlife Division, we chased large grey kangaroos through the forest using Toyota Land Cruisers. When terrain became inaccessible, the occupants of the vehicle, which included me, chased the kangaroos on foot like a relay team in track and field. We kept a specific kangaroo constantly on the move until it became exhausted, then grabbed it by the tail and flipped it on its side. We held it down until the others arrived. How thankful I was that I was in good shape and could keep up with the others that formed the team of runners. Most of these animals were examined and then released back into the wild. Some were killed after taking a blood sample and the tissues and organs removed for additional studies. On another expedition to collect smaller species of kangaroos and wallabies we used a completely different technique. In this case we herded the animals through the forest. A large group of us spread out and then began running while blowing whistles and herded the animals toward catch nets strung out in the forest between trees. We blew whistles, shouted and waved our arms as we ran after them and forced the mob into the nets.

When I saw one hit the net and it was trying to escape, I grabbed it by the tail, flipped it over, sat on it, and then pined its head down by holding its neck. I felt like the famous biologist, Marlin Perkins, from the St. Louis Zoo and of Mutual of Omaha fame. During this capture I was shocked by something else. Previously, catching larger kangaroos was much like catching live deer. One just had to avoid being kicked by the powerful hind legs, which were both powerful and dangerous. I always positioned myself to avoid being kicked. In this case, being mindful of the hind legs and positioning myself out of their reach, the kangaroo I was holding down growled at me just like a dog and snapped and tried to bite me. I was shocked at such behavior coming from what I considered a gentle herbivore.

During my first year at Monash I also had an opportunity to collect tissues from the two monotremes [the egg laying mammals], the duck billed platypus and echidna. Indeed, not long after my arrival and because of my enthusiasm to get things done, I was invited to present a paper on some of my initial research findings to the Australian Conference on Electron Microscopy in Canberra, Australian Capital Territory, Australia. The paper I delivered was on Brunner's glands of the echidna and was presented in the Australian National Academy Building in early 1970. It was a fantastic building and I was excited just to have been invited to deliver a paper to this prestigious group. Although I was primarily interested in the gastrointestinal tracts of these egg-laying mammals, I also worked closely with another member of the department, Grahame Carmichael, on another project with regard to the monotremes. Grahame and I were fascinated that both species supported an ankle spur linked by a duct to a venom gland in their hind legs. Thus, we began a study of these glands and worked closely with one another during my entire time at Monash. Dr. Carmichael was an excellent histologist and a histochemist. Working closely with him, he elevated my technical skills on the histochemistry of cells and tissues to a new level of expertise that would serve me well in all my future studies. Grahame and I went on several adventures with staff from the Victoria Wildlife Department to catch the platypus for our study purposes. The adventure we had together I remember most, was during our first expedition into the bush. We went into the northeast region of Victoria and camped along a small stream that had a small lake associated with it. The first night, after setting up tents and getting the campsite in order, staff of the Wildlife Division went hiking around a large pasture looking for mushrooms as it was in the damp of spring. They came back with a washtub filled with large white mushrooms that looked like large puffballs to me. They immediately began to clean these and then fried them for supper. They wanted us to share in this bounty but I declined, as did Grahame. Both of us didn't want to risk it, as we knew absolutely nothing about wild Australian mushrooms. That evening we fell asleep in our sleeping bags only to be awoken by a herd of wild range cattle that wandered through our camp. Unfortunately, one of the staff had brought a little bulldog with him that was running around barking and creating all kinds of commotion. One of the cattle butted him and knocked the dog down. The dog then made a beeline for our tent and hid under MY sleeping bag. Fortunately, the herd did not pursue the dog and eventually wandered on out of camp. The dog spent the rest of the night shaking next to me. Early the next morning we set out gill nets, normally used to catch fish. We stretched the nets across the place where the stream left the small lake. We hung nylon stockings filled with crushed liver at various intervals along the net and then waited. If we noticed movement of the net we immediately waded out and raised the net in fear that if a platypus was caught it would drown if not attended to immediately. That weekend we caught five platypuses for our studies. We also caught several red fins, a fish very much like a large perch, but one with bright red fins; and several, extremely large, freshwater lobsters. Grahame and I were allowed to keep the fish to take home and eat, however, the wildlife staff took the freshwater lobsters saying it would be illegal for us to take them home. Yea, Right! They took them home to eat, as they were not returned to the water.

At Monash, when examining the echidnas for the first time, I wore welding gauntlets to protect my hands from their sharp quills. Without thinking about it, I continued to wear the welding gauntlets when we next examined the platypuses. This was very fortunate for me.

I was holding a large male for the examination when all of sudden it grabbed me with its forepaws, raised both hind legs in spread eagle fashion and drove the spurs located near the ankle of each hind foot into and through the leather of the welding gauntlet covering my right hand and forearm. Fortunately, neither spur pierced the skin of my forearm. What an unexpected experience! I had no idea the gentle appearing, furry little platypus could be so aggressive. The venom released by the spur-venom gland complex of these animals is toxic and although human deaths have not been reported, envenomation has been reported to kill dogs. Human envenomation results in excruciating pain, so intense that the victim may be incapacitated. Edema develops rapidly around the wound and generally spreads within the affected limb. The pain can develop into a long-lasting hyperalgesia that may persist for days or even months.

Grahame Carmichael and I completed our studies on the venom glands of the platypus and echidna just prior to my departure from Monash University and we presented our findings to the Anatomical Society of Australia and New Zealand. Believe it or not these two studies, presented only as abstracts, were the only authoritative studies published on the morphology/histochemistry of these glands and would be the studies most often referenced for the next 30 years. Having this in mind the following is the most incredible story that happened to me with regard to these studies. After my return to the University of Missouri in 1971, I was in constant contact with Dr. Carmichael and pleaded with him to publish these studies in their complete form, as they would form the definitive work on this subject. The years passed, Dr. Carmichael died suddenly, and my research interests changed to different subjects. Then, years later, because of space shortages and reallocation of space at the University of Missouri, a large, dusty, old box was delivered to my office in the Department of Anatomy at the University of Missouri during the summer of 2009. This box, that was lost in storage for nearly 40 years, contained all the materials of the monotreme study, a partially written manuscript, and all those materials I had long accused Dr. Carmichael of having and not completing for publication. I had them all this time together with other materials I collected whilst in Australia. They had been lost when I moved from Monash and were held in storage at the University of Missouri until this time. I immediately went to work and completed this work, dedicating the study to my dear friend and colleague, Dr. Grahame Carmichael. The completed study was published in 2010 [CELLS TISSUES ORGANS 191: 336-354].

During my tenure at Monash, I was also very fortunate as I was able to meet with one of Australia's most prestigious authorities on the echidna, Mervyn Griffiths. He held an appointment with the Division of Wildlife Research, CSIRO, in Canberra, Australia. We had several enlightening conversations about the echidna and he provided several live echidnas for my research including some pouch-young, nursing echidnas, which were very rare specimens at the time.

As time went on, Winifred was becoming more and more unhappy with the cold, forbidding Wright Street Apartment. She learned of a second group of apartments provided by Monash University that were located closer to downtown Clayton and according to residents living in this apartment complex, were much warmer but more expensive to rent. We decided to move to our second address, which was 221 Clayton Road, Flat 1, Clayton, Victoria. Winifred was much happier at this apartment as it was much cheerier with a small yard and playground for children, and of course was much warmer. The next-door couple at this residence was an older American couple we grew quite fond of. They were Professor Mciver and his wife, Marg. Professor Mciver was from the University of Chicago and spent six months in the Economics Department at the University of Chicago and then six months teaching economics at Monash University. I don't know how he arranged joint appointments between the two schools, which he had done for years, but I was very envious and would have loved to do the same. Mrs. Mciver would look after Phillip on occasion, so Winifred could go shopping on her own in downtown Clayton.

It was just before we moved to our second apartment at 221 Clayton Road that I was able to purchase a car. It was a large old Holden, a car made in Australia by the Holden Company, a subsidiary of General Motors. I purchased this car from Dr. David DeKretsa who had a Bachelor of Medicine Degree and was just finishing his Doctoral thesis in the Department of Anatomy at Monash University to receive a Doctor of Medicine Degree or MD.

That is correct. To become an MD in Australia, one had to write and defend a thesis just as for the PhD Degree. He had accepted a position as Senior Fellow of Endocrinology at the University of Washington in Seattle just after our arrival. David's primary interest was in infertility and andrology. The Holden I purchased from David was a large older car but one built like a tank and was perfect for our purposes to get around and visit different areas of southeast Australia. I felt that I needed a solid car around me as I was now going to have to drive on the opposite side of the road, the left side, and would have to learn how maneuver roundabouts particularly if we visited some of the areas close to or in Melbourne. Some of the roundabouts were six or seven lanes deep. In addition, this was my first experience in using three lane roads. Just before I bought David's car, I decided that I had better get an Australian Driver's Permit. I studied the Australian Road Manual for a week prior to attempting the examination. They had a category called an International Drivers Permit so I decided to go after that driving permit. I took public transportation into Melbourne, found the licensing bureau, and took the written part of the exam. I passed this segment without any problem. Now I had to take an actual driving test. "This should be very interesting," I thought to myself. "Me, sitting behind the steering wheel, driving in the city of Melbourne and trying to navigate on the left side of the road." With a great deal of apprehension I entered a room and was met by a police officer in uniform. He took me to another large room that had a huge table at the center with a model of the city of Melbourne and surrounding area built on top. Then I used a small model car to "drive" around the model of the city as I followed the Police officer's directions. That is correct! I passed my practical driving test by pushing a small, model car, indoors. I was relieved and passed this simple exam without any major problem.

During our stay at Monash, I drove the Holden over much of Victoria. On several occasions we drove to Philip Island to see the penguins and koala bears, the Snowy Mountains, the Healsville Sanctuary which housed most of the native animals, north up to the Elden Weir, and west past Geelong along the coast. We also drove across New South Wales to Canberra, Australian Capital Territory, and once went as far as Sydney. In addition, we often drove to several beaches that bordered Port Phillip Bay located just a few miles to the south. Several beaches of white sand lined the 160-mile coastline of this protected bay that was a very popular swimming destination. We spent much of our time on weekends just driving around and exploring Victoria. One of our favorite destinations at this time was driving to the Dandenong Ranges National Park and Ferntree Gully. We went there to ride on a popular heritage steam train that ran through the southern parts of the Dandenongs. Phillip loved to go on this ride even though quite young. I should also point out that when we were in Australia at this time, the first train crossed Australia from east to west coast all the way on the same gauge of track. Prior to this time, one had to change trains when crossing Australia because the gauge of train track in different states differed from one another. When driving through the Dandenongs we would stop at Olinda Falls and go through Sherbrooke Forest to visit Sherbrooke Falls. The place I enjoyed visiting the most was Ferntree Gully. We would hike through this region of the forest in the morning looking for the exotic, superb lyrebird [*Menura novaehollandiae*], which nested in this area. The superb lyrebird is a pheasant-sized bird that weighs about two pounds. What is unique about this rare songbird is that the male has an elaborate tail in the shape of a lyre. During courtship displays the male inverts the tail over his head, fanning the feathers to form a silvery white canopy. The lyrebirds' breed in the depth of winter so on cool weekends at this time, the three of us would go in search of this fantastic bird. The superb lyrebird has an extraordinary ability to accurately mimic a variety of unusual sounds such as workmen using a chainsaw, electronic games, or the high whistle of a train. The female nests on the forest floor and builds a huge domed nest of twigs and leaf litter. We would hike quietly up Ferntree Gully looking for nests and listening for this bird. We finally got to see the male in action and I was able to photograph it dancing with an 8mm camera. I purchased this camera from a friend in South Dakota just before we left for Australia. We loved doing this as a family and the drive between Clayton and the Dandenongs was a pleasant one through abundant orchards of cherries, apples, and other fruits as well as dairy farms.

On one summer trip we stopped to get ice cream at a dairy. Winifred and I both got ice cream sundaes and bought Phillip a large cone as we thought he could handle it better when eating. He threw a fit and would not quit fussing until we gave him one of the ice cream sundaes. Naturally, as he tired to eat it with a spoon, he got more of it on himself and in the car than he did in his mouth.

I got along with the faculty and staff at Monash and the people of Australia quite well. I loved these people and their attitude on just about everything. Even when visiting the cities of Melbourne and Sydney all were very friendly and helpful to me. Against the advise of Winifred and other fellow Americans, I would often wear a shirt or sweatshirt with an American flag printed on the front. Seeing this, whenever I asked for directions or was trying to find something, the citizens of this country always seemed to go out of their way to help me to the best of their abilities. I cannot recall a single incident in which this was not the case.

We spent our first Christmas with Dr. Barrie Oaks and his wife. They had a young son about the same age as Phillip. Barrie's family owned beachfront property at Brighton beach and we joined them to celebrate Christmas Day. We planted our Christmas tree in a sand dune and spent a warm Christmas day at the beach having a picnic. What a change from what we were accustomed to in America. Winifred and I spent many of our summer weekends, if not at the beach, on the Yara River and the park system near Melbourne. We went on several picnics with other friends and just relaxed and watched and/or listened to cricket matches. Toward the end of our stay, I was even beginning to enjoy this sport.

As time went on, a house for faculty owned by Monash University became available to rent. How Winifred became aware of the availability of this house I don't know. We moved from the apartment complex on Clayton Road to this rental house located at 16 Beddoe Avenue, in Clayton, as soon as it became available. It was situated just two blocks from Monash University and was just a few minutes walk away. This residence was a three-bedroom house with a living room and kitchen. Doors separated the bedrooms, kitchen, and living room. It had an unattached garage for the car, a large front porch, and a large backyard limited by a tall wooden fence. It was perfect to let Phillip run around in and play, and not have to continually worry about him wandering off or getting into traffic on the roadway. A large Granny Smith apple tree was in center of the back yard. This particular old house also had an indoor toilet in contrast to our neighbor whose toilet was located away from the house about 20 yards away from the main residence. It was like an outhouse, but had a flush toilet that was connected to a sewer line. It was just one located away from the house and connected to it by a little paved pathway. At least WE had an indoor toilet, so to speak. When using our facility I could look down at the floor and see grass and bare earth where our attached little building had separated from the house proper. The bath was located in a separate room.

When getting up in the morning, whoever it was, would dash to the kitchen and turn on the oven and then close the doors isolating the kitchen from the remainder of the house. Once it warmed up, all of us would dash into the warm kitchen, as the remainder of the house was cold as it was without central heating as was the case for both flats we rented. In addition, vents that opened to the outside were located in the corners of all rooms, to allow fresh air into the house from the outside. A tiny fireplace with a door that closed heated the living room. Small briquettes of charcoal similar to those used in the United States for a barbecue grill were used for heating. Our fireplace held about three or four briquettes. It was this little briquette fireplace that brings to mind two experiences that happened when we lived in this old house. The first of these had to do with mice. I would sit in an old easy chair late at night, after Phillip was put to bed, and would prepare for class held the next day. Winifred and I often would have a bowl of popcorn at this time and just relax. Then I noticed a mouse that came out from a small hole next to the fireplace. I threw a kernel of popcorn, which it took and ate. This went on night after night, me feeding our pet resident mouse. Then an outbreak of some disease was reported, with mice being a possible carrier. Because Phillip was a toddler at this time, we decided to get rid of this mouse.

I bought a mousetrap and late one night baited the trap with kernel of popcorn. Both Winifred and I held our breath and braced ourselves as we watched the mouse come out of its hole, approach the trap and then standing on the trap, remove the popcorn without setting the trap off. After that experience I re-baited the trap and this time tied the popcorn to the trap set/release mechanism. Because of the late hour we went to bed. Just as we were about to fall asleep we heard a loud - Snap! "Got him," I said, as we fell asleep. The next morning I removed the dead mouse from the house and after breakfast went to work. The very next evening, as we were sitting in the living room, another mouse appeared from the same hole as the previous mouse. "We have another one," Winifred said. "Get the trap." It turned out that we did not have a single pet mouse as we thought, but a family of mice. I ended up trapping seven mice from the little hole next to the fireplace.

The other incidence with regard to the fireplace involved my helpful wife, Winifred. Every two weeks or so the ash from the fireplace would have to be removed with a small shovel and placed in a metal bucket. I would usually empty the bucket the following day on a compost pile behind the garage next to the tall wooden fence. One day Winifred emptied the ash bucket on the same day I cleaned the fireplace not realizing live coals were within the ash. As a result, a section of fence burned down resulting in a large hole in the fence. Fortunately, it did not burn in the opposite direction and destroy the garage in which the car was parked at the time.

When we lived at this house, Winifred and other couples that we knew, joined a traveling gourmet group. Restaurants from Melbourne and some of the surrounding suburbs sold books of coupons promoting their businesses. As a result, we would go out to supper for an evening somewhere every two or three weeks. We experienced a variety of different ethnic cuisines from all over the area that included but were not limited to Japanese, Italian, Greek, Middle Eastern, Indian, and French. In addition to Indian, one of my favorites places to go for a meal was the Bouillabaisse Restaurant located in small suburb of Melbourne. The Bouillabaisse dish had to be ordered a day in advance of the evening one planned to dine. Let me describe this fanatic dish [feast] that we were served. We always ordered the Bouillabaisse when visiting this restaurant and the minimum order was for four people. We usually had a group of six or eight. The Bouillabaisse Restaurant was a - bring your own booze - type of restaurant that had a small corking fee for wine. After serving a simple but large salad and bread, the main course was served. It was not simply a bowl of fish soup as is the case of most places today. The soup dish came in a huge cauldron containing a rich broth filled with fish of different types, oysters, clams, mussels, prawns, scallops, and copped up spiny lobster. The cauldron came surrounded with platters of the same ingredients [fish, oysters, clams, mussels, prawns, and scallops] on the side. In addition, each platter had a large lobster as its centerpiece. We ate and ate, the dish was almost impossible for us to finish but we tried. It was not uncommon for us to begin eating around 7:00 and still be around the table nibbling until 10:00 that evening. I have to rank this place as number one of my dining experiences anywhere I have been around the globe.

It was in downtown Melbourne, Australia, that I was introduced to a wonderful dessert called a PAVLOVA. This dessert is a popular dish and an important part of the national cuisine of both Australia and New Zealand. It is a meringue-based dessert named after the Russian ballerina, Anna Pavlova, who danced in Australia during the 1920s. The Pavlova is a meringue cake with a crisp crust and soft, light inside, usually filled with whipped cream, and topped with a variety of fresh fruit. Winifred had heard about this dessert and we found a small place that specialized in serving this unique dessert in downtown Melbourne. It was fantastic and we both loved it. Before we left Australia, Winifred mastered the art of making the Pavlova, which we still have on special occasions to this day.

During one of our first trips by rail into the city of Melbourne, which was much easier and quicker than by automobile, I had a chance to stop and see “Cholé” as we left Victoria Station. The Young and Jackson Hotel at the corner of Flinders Street and Swanston Street was well known for the nude painting “Cholé” painted by French artist Jules Joseph Lefebvre in 1875. The painting hung over a bar in this particular hotel, a bar that was off limits to women! Therefore, I went in to view this masterpiece, but Winifred could not.

After our move to the house at 16 Beddoe Avenue, Winifred seemed more relaxed and comfortable in spite of being cold. She had met an older lady from the neighborhood that we would hire as a babysitter. She was babysitter in whom we had a great deal of confidence. Her name was Mrs. Diebble. Phillip loved Mrs. Diebble and when she arrived to babysit he would literally push us out the door as we went out to dinner. Winifred and I often wondered what went on with regard to these two.

For the entire stay at Monash University [from 1969- until 1971] it was a cool and wet cycle in southeast Australia. So much so we always seemed to be cold and damp. Winifred and I both missed the conveniences we took for granted in the United States and in particular central heating. Only a limited few, recently built houses had central heating in Victoria at this time. In addition, I began to consider the future with regard to promotion to a higher rank and salary in the Australian University system. Opportunities at a higher level seemed to be extremely limited by both political/social status as well as the school attended when one was educated. Winifred and I talked about this and agreed if I heard of an opportunity for a faculty appointment in the United States, to give it serious consideration. Then, out of the blue, I received an airmail letter from Professor C. R. Leeson who invited me back to help rebuild the Department of Anatomy at University of Missouri, as many of the elderly faculty were about to retire. We now had the opportunity, if we wanted it. The only negative we could think of was, this was the same institution that granted me my highest degree and sometimes it is unwise to return too soon and work with one’s mentor. Winifred was tired of being cold and missed family and friends. After about a week, I sent a return letter saying I was interested in the position if it was still available and that my application would be sent in the next week’s mail. The application was accepted almost immediately.

Prior to our departure I had developed a very keen interest in the native aboriginal people of Australia and their art. I was visiting an art dealer’s shop one weekend looking at various types of art, but did not find anything that really interested me. It was all just too modern. I explained to the dealer that I was searching for authentic bark paintings that I had read about with regard to different tribes in Arnhem Land expressing their myths of origin and legends. Winifred had bought some modern native artwork previously when we were driving through the Dandenong Ranges. I complained that the only native bark paintings I had seen available for sale were those using a recent dot format. I was looking for much older, traditional artwork. The art dealer said he was flying up to Arnhem Land, perhaps for the last time, to collect native artwork for his gallery. Because of his age, he said it was to be his last trip. When he returned I purchased six traditional bark paintings representing different aboriginal groups.

In late December of 1970, after the close of classes at Monash University for the summer break, we sold the Holden and most of our belongings. The Anatomy Department and friends we had made in Clayton gave us a going away party and gifts to remember our trip to Australia. Afterwards, we packed what items we considered essential for our return trip and then shipped them in several boxes by surface freight back to the United States. In addition to the departmental address at the University of Missouri on the label of the box itself, Winifred also filled out a card and label that had my parent’s home address that she placed inside each box shipped. Our better clothes I packed into two large suitcases and used the clothes to insulate and protect the aboriginal bark paintings from damage. The two suitcases were checked in on the flight with us. I carried a hard covered attaché case as a carry-on luggage item that just met the dimensions of carry-on luggage. I hand carried most of the biological materials that I had collected in Australia with me as carry-on luggage. Transport of such materials in this manner would be impossible today. Prior to departure, we were driven to the airport by Barrie Oaks and his wife and boarded an airplane destined for Sydney and then on to Hawaii, USA, in late December of 1970.

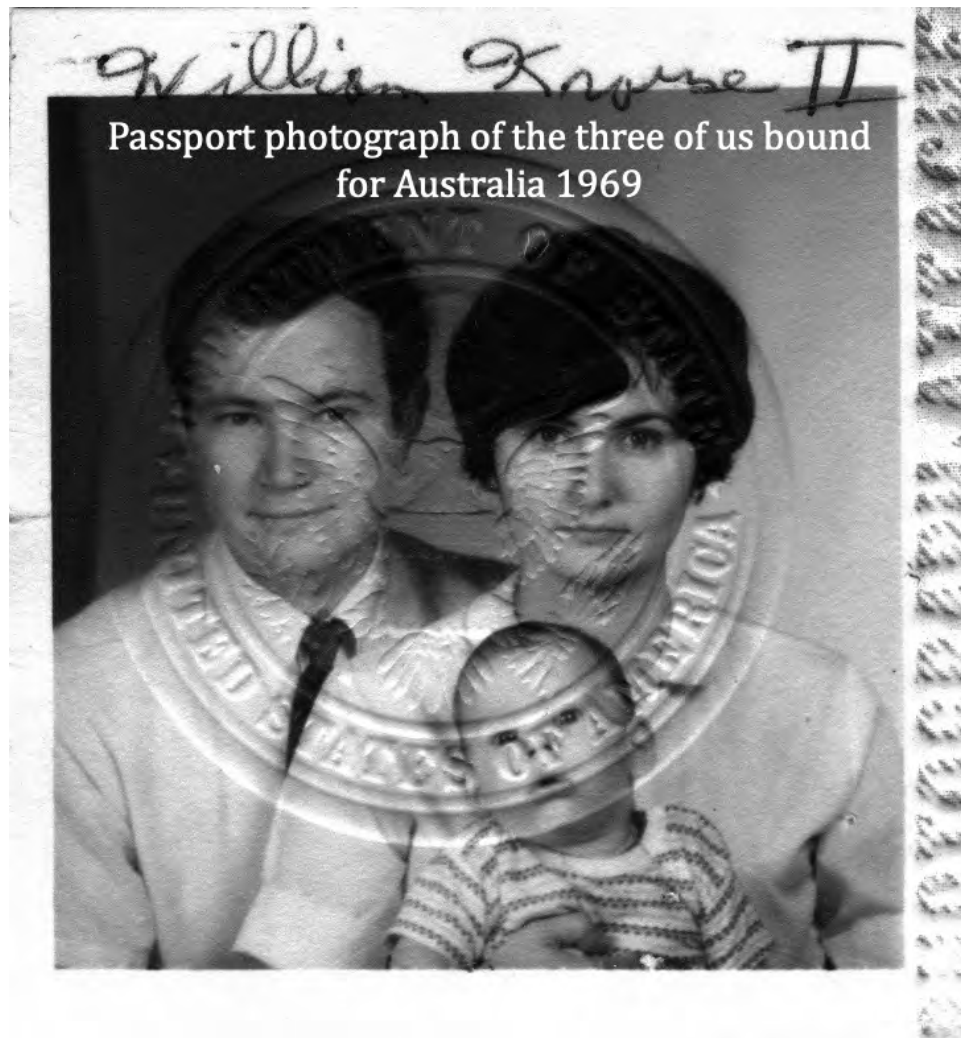


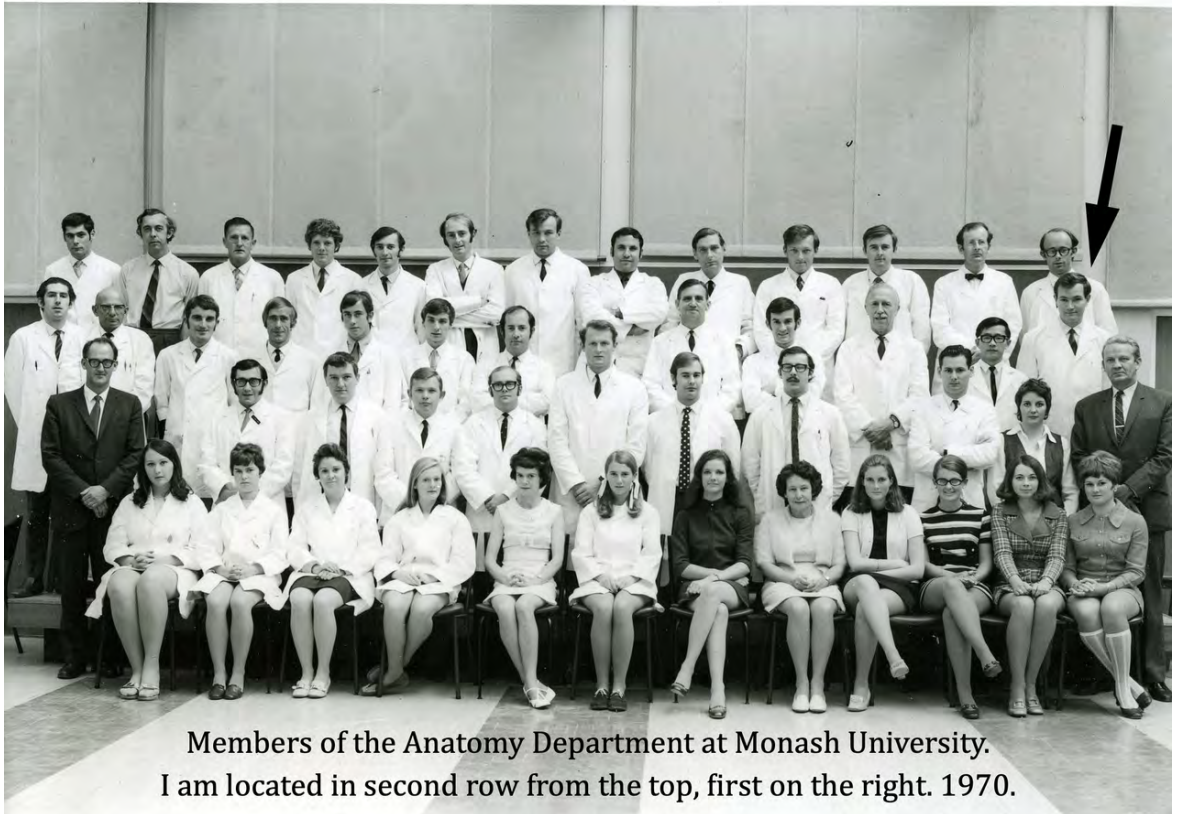
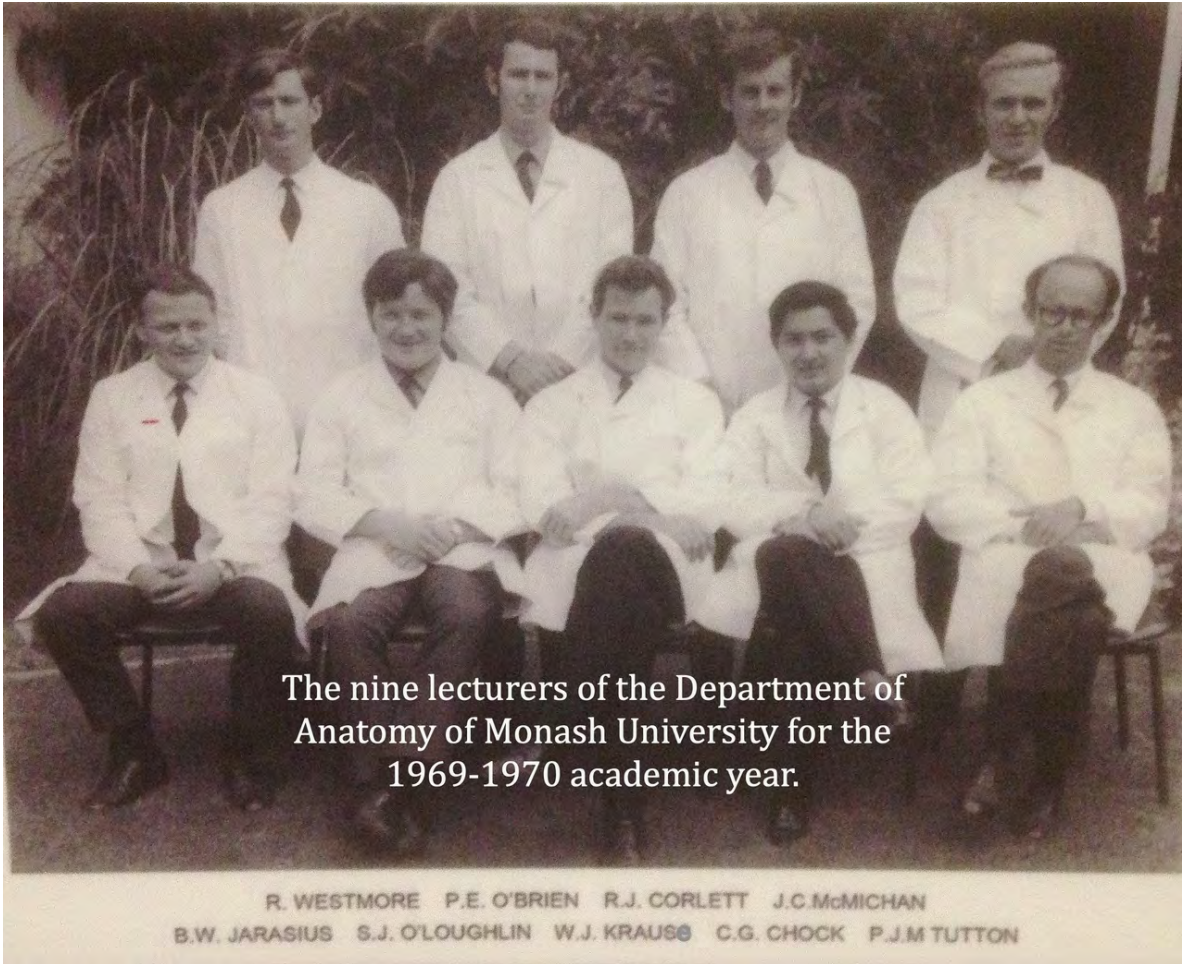
After changing planes in Sydney we traveled nonstop to Honolulu, Hawaii, and stayed for a week at the Reef Hotel located on Waikiki Beach. The Reef Hotel was an older structure; a two-story hotel located amongst developing high-rise structures, but was located about 100 yards from Waikiki Beach. The night of our arrival we were very tired and with an ocean breeze blowing through our windows fell asleep almost immediately. We spent the first two days just relaxing at the Reef and going to the beach. Winifred had been looking forward to some beach time. The very next morning she slipped into a skimpy white bikini, purchased in Australia, and walked with Phillip along the beach at Waikiki. In the meantime, I walked around the beach doing a bit of photography with my 8mm movie camera. Later that day, I rented a car so we could drive around and explore the island of Oahu. On the first day trip we took, we drove around the southern portion of the island. We began by taking Kahala Avenue and driving around Diamond Head and then going on state highway 72. The next day we drove through the Hanauma Bay Nature Preserve and then continued on to Sea Life Park Hawaii and then on to Waimanalo Beach. I then took state highway 83 around the circumference of Oahu staying close to Pacific Ocean and making as many stops as possible just exploring and seeing the sites. We spent one afternoon at Sea Life Park as Phillip was being a pill and would not stop crying unless I let him ride on my shoulders, which I did. This kept him quiet while I photographed different shows put on for tourists visiting the park. The following day we took the same route but went on to spend an afternoon at the Polynesian Culture Center. We continued our tour of the island by taking state highway 93 along the coast and highway 99, which cuts, through the center of Oahu. On this excursion we visited a pineapple farm and had our first fresh pineapple. Prior to this time fresh pineapple outside of Hawaii was an expensive, rare treat and in the Midwest of the United States marketed primarily as sliced or diced pineapple in a tin can. The next stop I remember taking was a visit to the World War II Memorial [World War II Valor in the Pacific] at Pearl Harbor. After resting up and exploring a bit more of Oahu, we boarded a plane and headed for Los Angeles, California. After arriving in the California, we then boarded a plane for South Dakota. My parents met us at the Sioux Falls airport and then drove us back to Pickstown, South Dakota, where we spent a week or two waiting for belongings shipped from Australia. We packed our personal items temporarily stored at my parent's house and prepared for our move to Columbia, Missouri. I was to begin my faculty appointment as an assistant professor at the University of Missouri in January during the second [winter] semester of 1971.

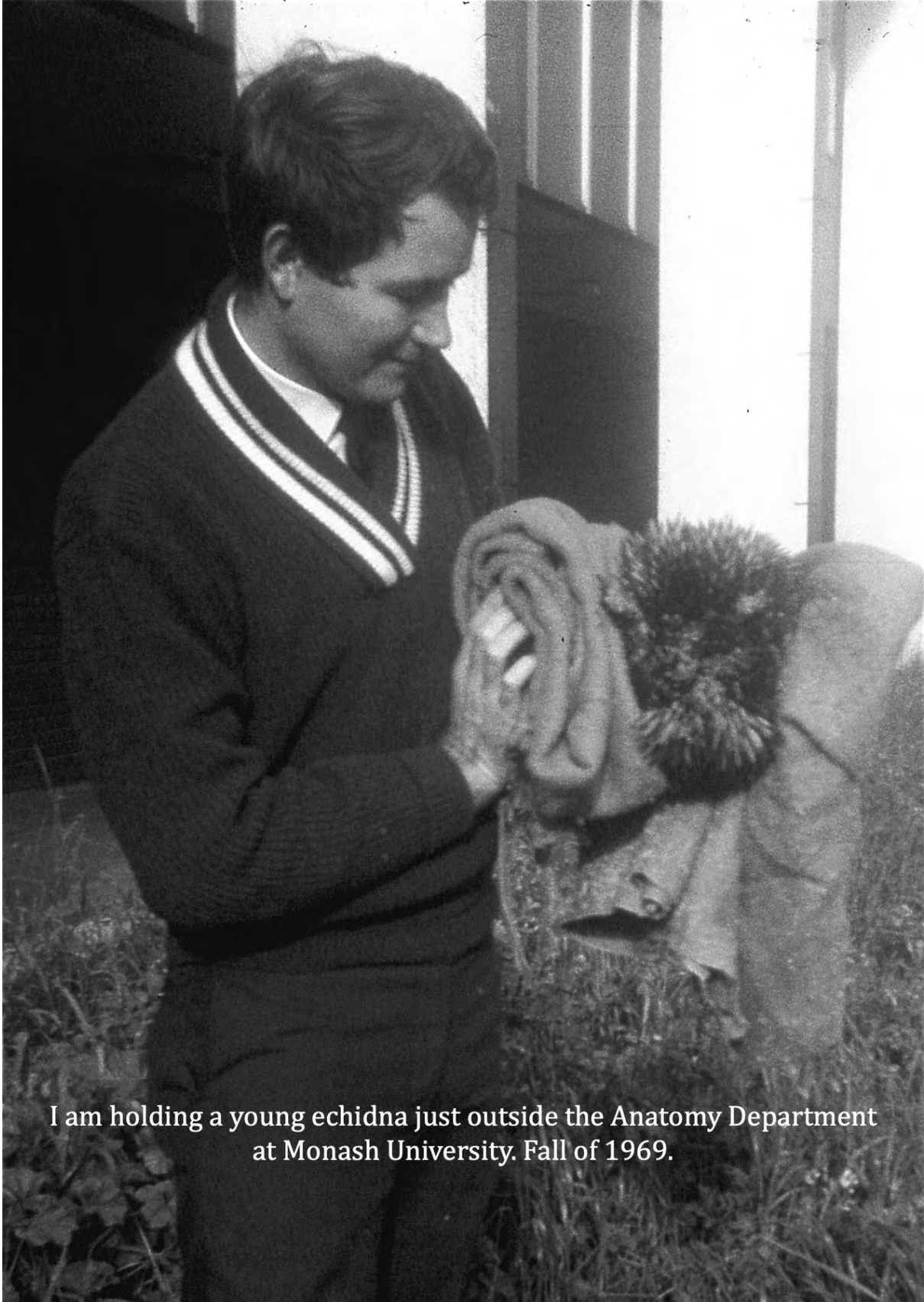
Prior to leaving for Australia, Dad and I had been writing back and forth with regard to the purchase of an automobile that I would need on my return to the United States. My little red Falcon was sold and after shopping around dad purchased a new, blue two-door 1971 Mercury Comet on my behalf. The cost to me was about \$2000 at this time. It was a great little car, one that had plenty of get up and go, and fitted our needs perfectly. Some of the boxes we shipped from Australia finally arrived at Pickstown prior to our departure for Missouri. Others did not arrive until after we left for Missouri. Most of the books and several other items we sent from Australia were mailed directly to the University of Missouri in Columbia, Missouri. Most of these boxes were waiting for us when we arrived in Columbia, Missouri.

Finally, we had our little car packed to capacity and in addition, had a rack that dad made for the top of the car to transport additional items. Fully loaded, we headed for Missouri on a bright, crisp winter's day. When we arrived in Columbia, Professor C. R. Leeson met us and welcomed us to Missouri. He had rented a house for us at 105 El Cortez Drive located in a little subdivision know as Rockbridge in the southern portion of Columbia, Missouri. After we arrived at our new residence, I helped Winifred set up housekeeping. I then went on the University of Missouri to check into my assigned office space [M327] on the third floor of the Medical School Building. After a time, I located the freight we shipped to the University of Missouri from Monash University. I transported the household items to our new address and unpacked the materials needed for work in my office space. The latter were primarily books, slides, and other scientific materials collected while in Australia.

However, I did transport several of the biological specimens I collected for future study as carry-on luggage so they would not be lost in transit. This fear was not unfounded, as several of the boxes we shipped DID NOT arrive as scheduled. We finally unpacked all the materials that did arrive but wondered what could have happened to the three or four boxes that we did ship but failed to arrive with the others. One of these contained all the biological specimens needed to complete an ongoing study on the crural glands of the echidna and those for the femoral glands of the platypus, a partially written manuscript, and several salivary gland specimens I collected for Professor Leeson. As it turned out, this precious box did arrive as scheduled but was misplaced and lost in storage at the University of Missouri. Here it would remain from 1971 through 2009 until someone recognized my name and had the University deliver it to my office. The other three boxes sent, thought to be lost, arrived in black bags at my parents address in South Dakota. The boxes including the outer labels were completely destroyed. The only reason we received what was left of our shipped items was that Winifred had filled out and placed a large card with my parents address inside each box we shipped from Australia. Fortunately, these were found and our goods forwarded on to my parents address. Most were clothes and cloth materials but some items, such as our favorite coffee pot, a metal dripolator, was crushed beyond repair. We believe that these boxes were caught in a conveyer belt when freight was being unloaded from a ship and ripped to shreds. Most of these materials were in such bad shape that we just threw them away. Our INCREDIBLE ADVENTURE down-under WAS OVER.







I am holding a young echidna just outside the Anatomy Department  
at Monash University. Fall of 1969.

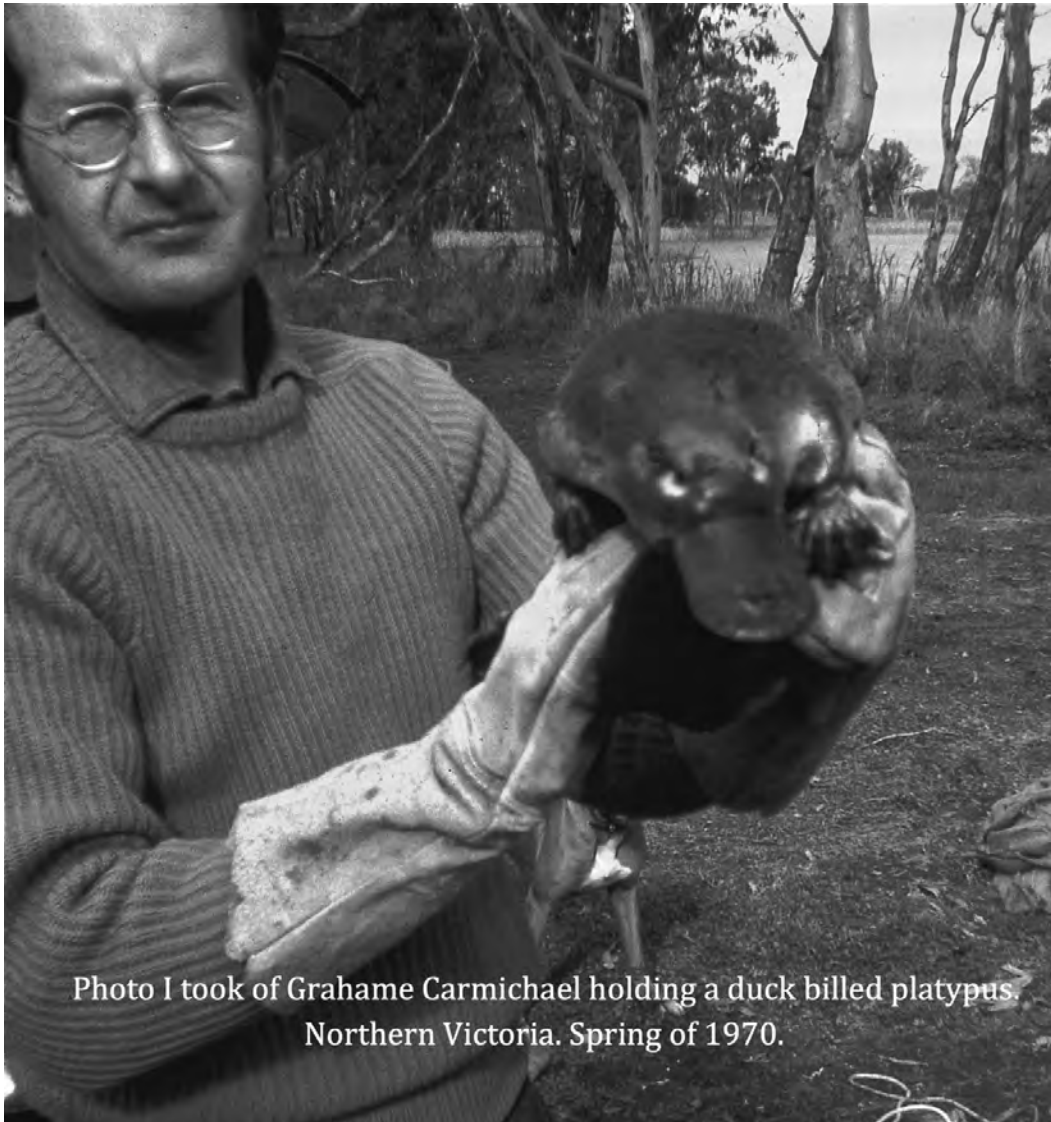
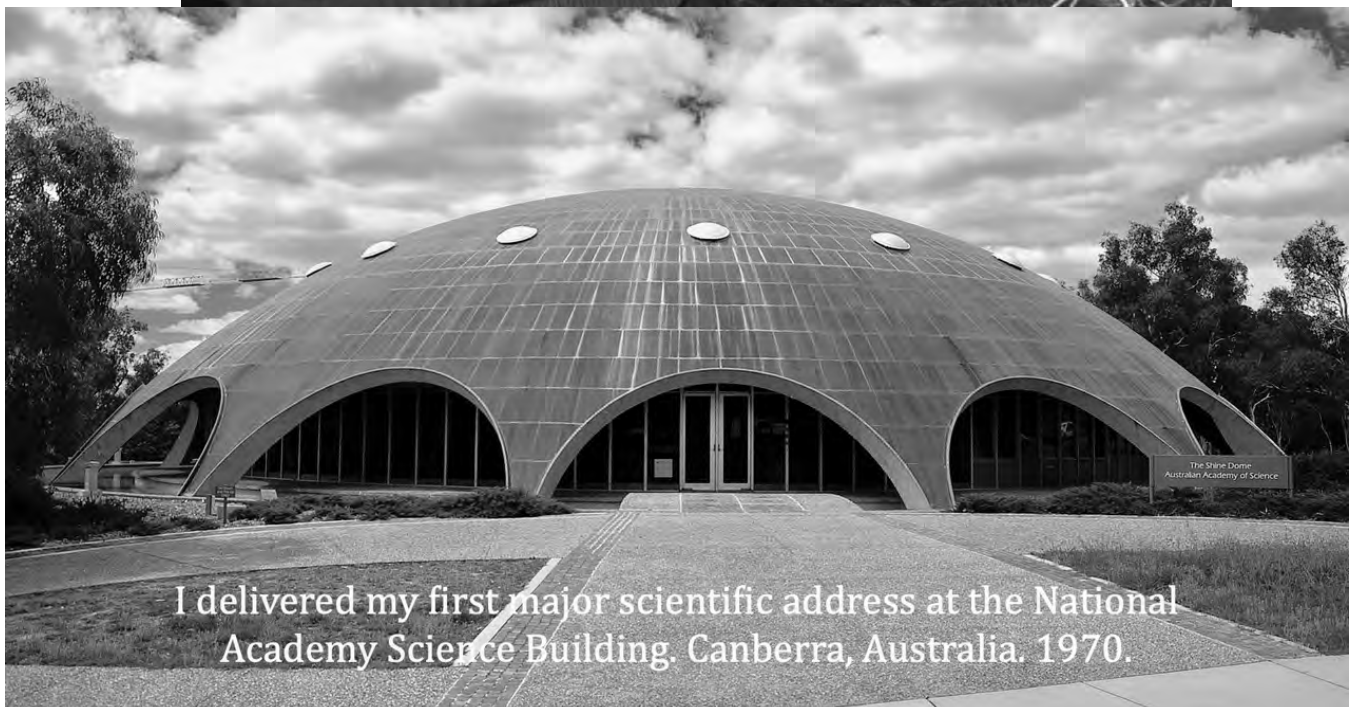


Photo I took of Grahame Carmichael holding a duck billed platypus.  
Northern Victoria. Spring of 1970.



I delivered my first major scientific address at the National  
Academy Science Building. Canberra, Australia. 1970.

# What was your first boss/mentor like?

Prior to graduation with a Bachelors of Arts Degree [cum laude] in Biology from Augustana College, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, in 1964, I received word from the University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa, that I was accepted into their graduate program. The Department of Anatomy at Iowa offered me a full ride fellowship through the Health Education Welfare [HEW] program and I accepted. Following a year of course work, I began a basic research program that summer. The chairman of the department, Professor Walter R. Ingram, knew I was interested in obtaining a Masters Degree in Anatomy prior to doing work at the Doctoral level. At this time, a Masters Degree was well thought of and not a terminal degree as it is often considered today. I had very little, if any, actual research experience and needed someone to oversee a research project that would result in a Master's Thesis. A thesis was required for a Master's Degree in Anatomy, one that would result in publishable material. The results of such a study would have to be accepted for publication prior to conferring the degree. Early in the spring semester of 1965, Professor Ingram introduced me to Professor Charles Roland Leeson. Professor Leeson was the Histologist in the Department of Anatomy and I had taken Medical Histology under his direction during the first year of the medical curriculum. He was very British and did his undergraduate work at St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, and then received his Medical Degree [MD] from King's College Medical School, in London. He was a veteran, like so many of my professors, and served four years in the Royal Air Force. At first Professor Leeson was reluctant to supervise my thesis program because he was busy writing a Textbook of Histology with his twin brother, Tom Leeson, MD, who was Chairman in the Department of Anatomy, School of Medicine, at the University of Alberta, in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. Finally, he reluctantly agreed and then asked me what I would like to do for a thesis project. I didn't have a clue and had to confess that I hadn't given it much thought. He mentioned that he was currently involved in an electron microscopic study on Brunner's Glands in the rat with his brother, Tom, and that as far as he knew no one had studied the development of these glands. He suggested that I investigate this aspect of Brunner's glands as a possible project. I thought about his proposal and could find few, if any, studies on the development of Brunner's glands in the literature. After scouring the literature on this subject for several weeks, I submitted a protocol for a research project on the development of Brunner's glands for approval. He then agreed to be both my graduate advisor and thesis supervisor. The following week, the graduate committee of the Anatomy Department approved this research proposal. I received a Master's Degree in Anatomy from the University of Iowa during the spring of 1966.

Professor Leeson left the Department of Anatomy during the summer of 1966 to take the Chair of Anatomy at the University of Missouri. He graciously invited me to go with him but I declined because I was entering my third year of graduate work at Iowa. Professor Ingram retired as Departmental Head and Chairman at Iowa but remained in the Department of Anatomy to help teach Neuroscience. It was a time of upheaval and change, and several other faculty members left the department for other destinations.

Dr. William O. Rieke, M.D., was appointed as Professor and Chair of the Department of Anatomy at the University of Iowa following Professor Ingram retirement. He was from the University of Washington and his primary interest was working with lymphocytes [a form of white blood cell involved with the immune system]. I met with him late that summer to discuss my Doctoral program prior to beginning the fall semester. This meeting did not go well for me. It became clear to me that aside from individuals working in the field of Neuroscience, which was the major strength of the department with an international reputation, everyone else in the department was expected to be involved in some aspect of lymphocyte research under his direct supervision. He alone would assign research topics for graduate students. I had my own research interests and wanted to pursue a career in gastrointestinal biology. Just after the New Year [1967] I knew I had to make a decision with regard to continuing my graduate studies at the University of Iowa. "What a turn of events," I thought to myself. Here I am, in my third year of graduate work, very well known throughout the campus and working with faculty from four different departments, and not being allowed to follow my own research interests. Finally, I sat down and wrote a hand-written letter to my old mentor,

Professor C. R. Leeson, MD, PhD, who was now Chairman and Head in the Department of Anatomy in the School of Medicine at the University of Missouri. I told him my situation and if a slot opened in the graduate program at the University of Missouri, I would like transfer to Missouri even though it would mean taking additional course work to meet their requirements. I continued with my teaching, course work, and research at Iowa as the semester rolled along. At long last, during March or April of 1967, I received a letter back from Professor Leeson stating that he found an NDEA Fellowship that I could have - if I was still interested in transferring to the University of Missouri. I immediately replied, that "Yes, I would like to transfer to Missouri and to please hold the NDEA Fellowship for me." I put things in motion to transfer after the close of the spring semester at Iowa. Late that spring I drove down to Columbia to enroll in the summer session at the University of Missouri and to get all the paper work in order. I also requested a unit in married student housing. At this time I introduced Professor Leeson to my now fiancé, Miss Winifred Clark. I believe he was surprised that I had a significant other, as I had not mentioned Winifred to him prior to this time. We planned to be married prior to beginning our studies at Missouri. Winifred and I began coursework at the University of Missouri in Columbia, Missouri, during the summer session of 1967.

I wanted to pursue an investigation of Brunner's glands in the North American Opossum [a study I actually began at Iowa] for my thesis project and Professor Leeson tentatively agreed to this proposal. With a limited budget and the opossum being a very expensive animal to purchase through official channels and animals dealers, I decided to catch opossums from the native population. I knew the Missouri Department Conservation had an excellent reputation and was involved with education at the University of Missouri. The graduate committee approved this proposal in the fall of 1967 and I finished a dissertation on this topic and took a Doctorate in Anatomy from the University of Missouri in the spring of 1969.

During that spring, prior to graduation, Professor Leeson introduced me to Grahame Schofield, Professor and Chairman of the Department of Anatomy at Monash University, Clayton, Victoria, Australia. Professor Leeson advised me to take a position [Lecturer] in this department that had been offered. Such an opportunity would expand and improve my teaching abilities, by participating in a European style educational system, one that emphasizes a tutorial/mentor relationship. As I considered this option, I also thought about my own research interests. I could do a comparative morphological/histochemical investigation of Brunner's glands in Australia's native marsupials and monotremes. This would be an important step for future studies, as Brunner's glands occur only in mammals and are not found in birds, reptiles, amphibians, or fish. With these considerations in mind, I decided to leave the American University System and travel down-under to Australia. This position turned out to provide a life changing experience for me, both personally and professionally. My teaching abilities were enhanced to a new level, one that I had never dreamed of achieving. The research efforts resulted in several basic, important observations that set the stage for future work and established me as an authority on Brunner's glands. Only years later did I realize that it was Professor Leeson who had planned this experience to greatly enhance my professional development.

In late November of 1970, after two academic years at Monash, I received an airmail letter from Professor Leeson informing me that an approved, funded Assistant Professor position was available in the Anatomy Department at Missouri. He wanted me to come back to Missouri and help him rebuild the Department of Anatomy. His goal was to develop a new approach in the presentation of the Anatomy to medical students so they could more quickly achieve a better understanding of human anatomy and biology. The plan was to integrate the sub-disciplines of the anatomical sciences [gross anatomy, histology/ultrastructure, cell biology, embryology, neuroscience] into a single student presentation entitled: "Medical Morphology." This integrated presentation was a modification of the European style of education and I was perfectly prepared to help develop a program using this approach. I jumped at the chance to participate in this endeavor, and immediately applied for the position advertised.

When we arrived in Columbia, Professor Leeson met us and welcomed us back to Missouri. He had rented a house for us at 105 El Cortez Drive located in the little subdivision known as Rockbridge, in the southern portion of Columbia. In January of 1971 I checked into my assigned office space [M327] on the third floor of the Medical Sciences Building at the University of Missouri to begin work.

During my first years as a faculty member at the University of Missouri, I also concentrated on working with the vast collection of material I collected while in Australia. It was such a substantial collection, consisting primarily of marsupial and monotreme tissues, that I enlisted Professor Leeson to help just work through this collection of rare tissues. I often wondered, when at Monash, why Australian scientists had not examined tissues from these exotic, important mammals. Throughout our time together, both as a student and as a colleague, Professor Leeson and I worked well with one another and had an excellent professional and personal relationship. We co-authored 25 scientific papers presented in referred journals as well as several reports delivered at professional meetings.

After rebuilding the Department of Anatomy at Missouri, Professor Leeson was invited to rebuild the Anatomy program at the University of Illinois, in Champlain/Urbana. He left Missouri in the late 1970s and asked me to go with him and help. Although I was tempted to go with him [I did make site visit and was offered a position], I declined to go as I had established an excellent working relationship with members of the Gastroenterology Department at Missouri. I was in the midst of studies examining the effects of drugs and gastrointestinal hormones on human tissues and I wanted to continue on with these studies. This was where I wanted to be professionally, with regard to my own research program.

Charles Roland Leeson was born in Halifax, Yorkshire, England, on January 26, 1926, and died in Venice, Florida, on May 12, 2006. During his four years of service in the Royal Air Force, he practiced aviation medicine and general surgery. After resigning his commission, Dr. Leeson decided on a career in academic medicine and began teaching in the Department of Anatomy and Histology at the University of South Wales, Monmouthshire, Cardiff, England. Prior to coming to the United States, he taught at Dalhousie University, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada, and then taught at Universities of Iowa, Missouri, and Illinois. He retired from the University of Illinois, Champlain/Urbana in 1990. During retirement, Dr. Leeson served as a visiting Professor at Ross University, Dominica, and St. George's University, Grenada, West Indies. In addition to a nightly glass of sherry and fishing, he had a life-long love of climbing and walking, and in particular enjoyed walking in England's Lake District. He was instrumental in my professional development and success and is deeply missed.



Professor Leeson and myself photographed after I received a Doctorate [PhD degree] from the University of Missouri. June 3, 1969.



# What were your grandparents like?

I never knew either grandfather as they both passed away long before I was born. In contrast, I knew both grandmothers quite well. However, I do know something about my grandfathers through family stories and photographs. I was most familiar with my mother's side of the family as I grew up near them in Montana. I did know, but less well, family members on my father's side as we traveled back and forth to Minnesota for short visits. On occasion, members of my dad's family would visit our home in Fort Peck and the Montana homestead to visit grandma Nelson. Grandma Bertha Krause usually came by train to Glasgow from Fergus Falls, Minnesota, and would stay with us in Fort Peck.

My paternal grandfather's name was Arthur Krause and he was born in Friberg Township of Ottertail County, Minnesota, on October 9, 1881. He was the son of Adolph R. and Augusta W. (Richter) Krause. Both great grandparents were immigrants from Germany. Arthur Krause died on April 21, 1927, and was just 45 years of age at the time of his death. During his lifetime he was considered one of the prominent and successful young farmers in Otter Tail County, Minnesota. Arthur managed the family farm and ran a blacksmith shop. The Arthur Krause blacksmith shop was well known throughout Ottertail County for quality work and in particular the ability to repair damaged plows and plow points. According to family oral history, farmers bringing damaged plows for repair were request to bring a dime with them. This coin was forged and worked in with other metal during the repair. What effect this addition had on the metal product is unknown, however, the patrons using the Krause repair shop believed it made a difference. This service was essential for the farmers working the rocky fields of the Friberg area of Minnesota. In 1925 the Otter Tail Power Company built a dam and power station on the stretch of the Otter Tail River just below the Arthur Krause farm. Construction of this dam flooded much of the original homestead reducing the Krause family farm to only nine acres of cleared land and twelve acres of wooded pasture. However, the family was compensated for their loss and Arthur and his eldest sons built a handsome two-story gray stone house about two miles away the following year. It was complete with electricity and running water. They also built a concrete-block blacksmith shop fully equipped with lathes, a forge, welding outfits, and other machines and tools to fully equip a modern blacksmith shop and garage. Arthur became a part time blacksmith and auto repairman, however, farming continued to provide a significant source of income. Arthur acted as the school treasurer at Fergus Falls for nine years and was the vice-president of the Farmers Telephone Company. The latter was organized on December 14, 1911. The company's lines extended to the corporate limits of Fergus Falls, where they connected with the other lines and the local exchange.

Arthur Krause married my paternal grandmother, Bertha Peters, on December 9, 1903, at the German Immanuel Lutheran Church of Friberg Township. They became the parents of six children one of which was my father, William John Krause [Johnny]. Bertha Peters was born on March 28, 1884, in Elizabeth Township, Minnesota. She possessed a charming nature and had a kindly, homey philosophy. Her home was always open to her many friends and her good deeds were well known throughout the community. She loved to have the neighborhood ladies to her house to play canasta when she lived in Fergus Falls. She was devoted to her children and enjoyed playing cards with her grandchildren (pinochle in particular). We often played cards with her when she visited. What I remember most about Grandma Krause was her skill at crocheting. She made all sorts of things such as tablecloths and doilies that she would give to family and friends. During one visit to Fort Peck, grandma stayed in my room, which had a window that opened into a screened-in porch near the front of the house. One evening, as we were getting ready to go to bed, I went out on the porch and pressed my nose and lips against the window and whispered in a low voice: "Hi Grandma." Terrified grandma Krause shrieked and ran out of the room. I received a whooping for my bizarre attempt at humor. Grandmother, Bertha (Peters) Krause, died on December 12, 1956, in Sacramento, California.

My maternal grandfather, Nils Chris Nelson, was born on July 11, 1873, in New York City, and was the son of Martin and Anna Christina [Sorenson] Nelson. Both his parents were immigrants from Denmark. My maternal grandmother, Mary Elizabeth Johannesson, was born a few miles east of Säffle in the Province of Värmland, Sweden, on May 28, 1878. She was the daughter of Nils Oster and Maria Mathilda [Zetterberg] Johannesson. Grandmother Mary Elizabeth immigrated with her parents to the United States of America on September 11, 1890, at the age of fourteen. Chris Nelson and Mary Elizabeth met in Minnesota and were married on October 12, 1895, in Audubon, Minnesota. Initially, my maternal grandparents, Chris and Mary Elizabeth Nelson, lived on a farm near Detroit Lakes, Minnesota. They sold this farm in 1911 and left Minnesota to homestead and settle near Buggy Creek in Valley County, Montana. Here, they raised wheat and livestock consisting of cattle, horses, pigs and chickens. On October 29, 1927, my grandfather, Chris Nelson, passed away as a result of congestive heart failure at this homestead. Despite numerous hardships, my grandmother, Mary Elizabeth Nelson, stayed on at this homestead and raised their large family of 12 children. To survive they sold eggs, butter, cream, and milk marketed in Glasgow, Montana, as well as raise what wheat crops that the family could. All the children pitched in to help run the homestead. Although I never knew my maternal grandfather, I heard several stories about him from his children and their descendants. My cousin, Donny Nelson, liked to recall a story with regard to grandfather, Chris Nelson, and his first experience with a model-T Ford in the early 1920's. This automobile was driven across the prairie to the homestead by one of his older sons, Victor. According to this family story, Chris started the Model-T using a hand crank, and then began driving it about the homestead. When he finished trying it out and driving this "new contraption" about the ranch, he returned to the house on the homestead but didn't know how to stop or shut the automobile off. Chris drove around and around the house not knowing what to do. He was overheard yelling at the Model - T --- Whooya! Whooya! Whooya! - As he would do if stopping a team of horses. Finally, in an act of desperation, Chris stopped the car by driving it into the edge of the house on the homestead killing the engine. My aunt Lorraine remembered my grandfather as a very kind, gentle man who enjoyed smoke a pipe when reading to his children whilst rocking them in a large, old rocking chair. He was known to have had beautiful penmanship/hand writing skills that several of his descendants described as a fancy European style, with numerous swirls.

Much of my summer free time, about five to six weeks each year, was spent at the Buggy Creek Homestead of my maternal grandmother, Mary Nelson. This homestead is located in Valley County, Montana, just a few miles north of a small village known as Tampico. Some of the first clear memories I have of going to visit grandma Nelson were just traveling from Glasgow on Highway 2 to the homestead in the late 1940s. It seemed to take forever, but was in fact only a few miles. On one occasion during the fall, the highway patrol stopped traffic in both directions on Highway 2 to allow a vast herd of pronghorn antelope to cross. Where they were traveling is unknown, but it felt at the time that we were stopped for the longest time. I was never to witness a similar event ever again, although scattered antelope groups frequented the area. The early Buggy Creek Homestead was without plumbing or electricity. Lighting at night was with kerosene lanterns; they had a wood stove to cook with, and a heater in the living room that burned wood and/or coal. To use the toilet one had to use an outhouse located at some distance from the house. This little building was hot in the summer and cold in the winter. The smell was unpleasant. Just prior to the arrival of electricity into this region of Montana, my uncle Max, who just returned from the US Army after World War II, put a wind charger on the roof of grandma's house. The wind charger looked like airplane propeller connected to a small box both of which sat at the apex of small steel derrick. The derrick was about ten feet high and anchored the wind charger to the roof. When the wind blew, as it always did, the propeller would spin around and generate a small amount of electricity. Just enough electricity to power grandma's radio. With the expansion of the Rural Electric Administration (REA), electricity finally reached the homestead and as a result eliminated many daily chores and made life so much easier. The house now had running water pumped up from a well with an electric motor, an electric stove, other electric appliances, and an indoor toilet and shower. Gone were the days of sitting in a small tub of water filled by hand to take a bath and thunder mugs, which were used during the cold, long winter nights. The latter were kept under the bed, had a lid, and had to be emptied each morning, if used.

Despite its small size, Grandma Nelson's residence was the "official meeting place" of most family gatherings used to celebrate Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's Day. All family members, including extended family, were invited and how all fit into that small house, that I revisited in recent years, escapes all understanding. Aunts, uncles, cousins, and friends crowded in and sat around several tables that were set up to enjoy an extensive holiday meal, to which everyone contributed. The holiday meal was followed by an evening of card playing and story telling. People rotated between tables just visiting and playing cards until the wee hours of the morning. If we children wanted to get from one area of the house to the other, we would crawl on the floor between the legs of the tables, chairs, and adults. During these holidays, if snow was on the ground, one of my uncles or older cousins would start up a tractor and pull the children riding on sleds and toboggans around in a nearby pasture. Everyone encouraged the driver with shouts of "Go Faster! Go faster!" which he did, although it was a bit dangerous. We would have hot chocolate and sugar cookies when we returned. I believe we were taken on these rides to get us all out of the way, so our parents could relax, have some quiet time, and just talk among themselves. These were great times and very fond memories for me.

Farming at the homestead was done using the strip farming method. This was a method used in arid farming to help accumulate moisture and prevent soil erosion. Fallow and planted areas were organized into long parallel, narrow strips oriented to the prevailing winds, in order to minimize the loss of soil from the bare fields. The planted strip helped prevent erosion by having the roots of the intervening crops of adjacent strips hold the soil and prevent it from being blown away. Alfalfa was planted and rotated into the planting cycle of the tilled areas not only to prevent wind erosion but also to replenish the soil with nitrogen. Wheat crops are notorious for using up all the nitrogen in the soil. One of the first chores I can remember doing with my uncles and cousins on the tilled land was "picking rocks." Large, round rocks of different colors and shapes would come to the surface and be in the soil of the tilled areas each year. A horse would pull a huge wooden sled down the center of each strip and all of us would spread out across the strip looking for large rocks that would be picked up by hand and placed on the sled. The rocks were then dumped along the fence line that surrounded the perimeter of the field or section. Over time, both a ring of rocks piled high and a barbed wire fence limited each section of tilled land.

When I stayed at the homestead without my parents, it was expected that I pitch in and help with chores. I loved doing this. Grandma Nelson and my uncles treated me more like an adult than a little kid and I loved the sense of responsibility of having my assigned duties. Initially, I unlocked the chicken coop each morning to let the chickens out and then fed and watered them. This chicken coop was unusual in that it was built into the ground, made of stone, and had a roof that was just a few feet above ground. The design of this structure enabled the chickens to survive the cold Montana winter months. One descended down several steps after opening a door that closed parallel with and was part of the roof. The coop contained several roosts and numerous nest boxes that I searched each day whilst gathering eggs. After opening the chicken coop, I had a bucket of wheat and/or cracked corn that I would spread around on the ground outside the coop as I called "chick, chick, chick"! The chickens would come boiling out of the coop and then begin pecking away. I then filled the water containers so they could have water. After feeding them, I picked eggs each morning. This involved picking up newly laid eggs from the nest boxes and putting them in a basket I carried. Occasionally a hen would be sitting in the box and was not outside feeding. I would have to carefully run my hand under her and feel around to see if I could find any eggs on which she might be sitting. This was my first morning chore. I would then help slop the hogs. A slop bucket was a bucket that grandma Nelson used to collect potato peels and all other kinds of scraps and vegetable matter that was to be thrown away. When the bucket was full, I would then take it outside near the barn to the pig pen and empty the bucket's contents into a trough for the pigs to eat. I also helped water the pigs and other livestock. The other chore that I enjoyed doing was turning the hand crank of an old, black milk separator in the shed for my grandmother. After milking, which was done by hand each morning and evening, the milk was strained through cheesecloth prior to being poured into the separator. I was strong for my age and had great endurance. I believe grandma Nelson appreciated me doing this for her as we separated the cream from milk. The cream was stored in large jars and crocks and kept cool. The majority of the cream was sold; the remainder was turned into butter. Whole milk was also stored in milk cans picked up by a truck and sent to the creamery in Glasgow.

As I grew older, I assumed more responsibility and was allowed to go with my uncles to the fields and operate a binder. A binder is a machine pulled by a tractor that was used to cut wheat or oats. The stalk and head of the plant once cut fell onto a large moving canvas belt that directed the cut material to a binding apparatus that used twine to tie the wheat plants into bundles. Each bundle once formed, fell on a carrying device. Once the carrying device had nine bundles on it, I would push a foot lever that placed the bundles on the ground as we proceeded down the field. These bundles would then have be “shocked” by standing the bundles of wheat plants upright in the shape of a pyramid to protect the heads that contained the kennels of grain. Eight bundles leaned together with another for a cap - formed a shock.

One of the fondest memories I have of the homestead was at harvest time, a time when four meals a day were served. This was a major community event and effort, made by everyone, and why my parents and I were at the homestead at this time: to join in and help. Neighbors and relatives would all gather at one farm to help with threshing. After the threshing was done on one farm, the threshing machine and everyone would then move on to the next farm. Thus, the threshing machine moved from farm to farm during harvest time until all the wheat was harvested. At this time all the wives of those involved with threshing, would bring food of every description and four large meals would be served each day until the harvest was over. The wife and daughters of the specific homestead, where the threshing took place, were in charge of organizing the others during these feasts. The neighbors all contributed a considerable number and variety of dishes to each of the meals. A competition seemed to have developed between the women folk with regard to whose place had the best quality and variety of food. Some homesteads were known for their meats, other their desserts. To me, it was all fantastic, and I would eat until I had my fill. Having four meals a day during harvest time was like a dream of sorts, one I looked forward to each year.

Prior to getting electricity at the ranch, water was hauled to the residence in barrels filled at a nearby sweet water well. This well was well known throughout the Buggy Creek area and neighbors often came by to fill barrels for drinking water. Grandma Nelson always had a large metal bucket with a lid and metal dipper that sat on a small table located near the entrance of the residence. Anyone could dip a drink of cold water whenever they chose; and nothing was as cold or tasted better than water from that bucket. Next to the drinking area was another small table with a washbasin. The washbasin was used to “wash up” when coming in from outside after doing chores. A soap dish with a bar of soap was located next to the basin and a clean washcloth and towel always were hung by a hook on the side of the table. A large mirror surrounded by several hooks to hang hats and caps hung on the wall over the washbasin area.

Another fond memory I have of the old homestead residence was a shed built at the entrance to the house itself. This structure functioned as a “mud room” where coats and work boots could be taken off and hung up. Just outside the door to the shed was a boot scrapper. This was a large metal bar with a sharp edge used to scrape mud/manure off boots prior to entering the shed. For whatever reason, I loved using this scraper - maybe because it made me feel more like an adult.

My grandmother was a fantastic cook and was known throughout the Buggy Creek Community for her baking of breads, cookies, and especially her cinnamon rolls. She always had these items on hand and it seemed to me that she was baking on a daily basis. A large pot of coffee was always brewing on the old wood stove. It was boiled coffee in which ground coffee was added directly to boiling water. Grandma always added three or four empty eggshells to this coffee to make a milder and a less bitter brew. It was my grandmother, Mary Nelson, called with affection as Mrs. N.C. by her daughters, that first introduced me to drinking coffee. Coffee was always served in a cup with a saucer. Serving coffee in mugs was unheard of and would have been considered a crude jester in those days. Serving coffee was a welcome break from the daily labor-intensive chores and was a time to be enjoyed with family and friends. According to my grandmother, there were only two ways to drink coffee. Directly from a cup and blowing on it, as this was boiled coffee coming directly off the top of the wood stove; or it was acceptable to pour coffee into the saucer and sip it from the saucer as it cooled. Grandma Nelson never added milk or sugar to her coffee. However, she always placed a hard cube of sugar under her tongue when she had her coffee. I learned to do the same. Grandma’s pies! Did I mention her fruit pies? The crusts of all her pies were made with lard rather than the shortenings of today and a flakey, more delicate pie shell has yet to be made. Grandma always kept a large lard can, covered with a metal lid, on a shelf near the right hand of the stove.

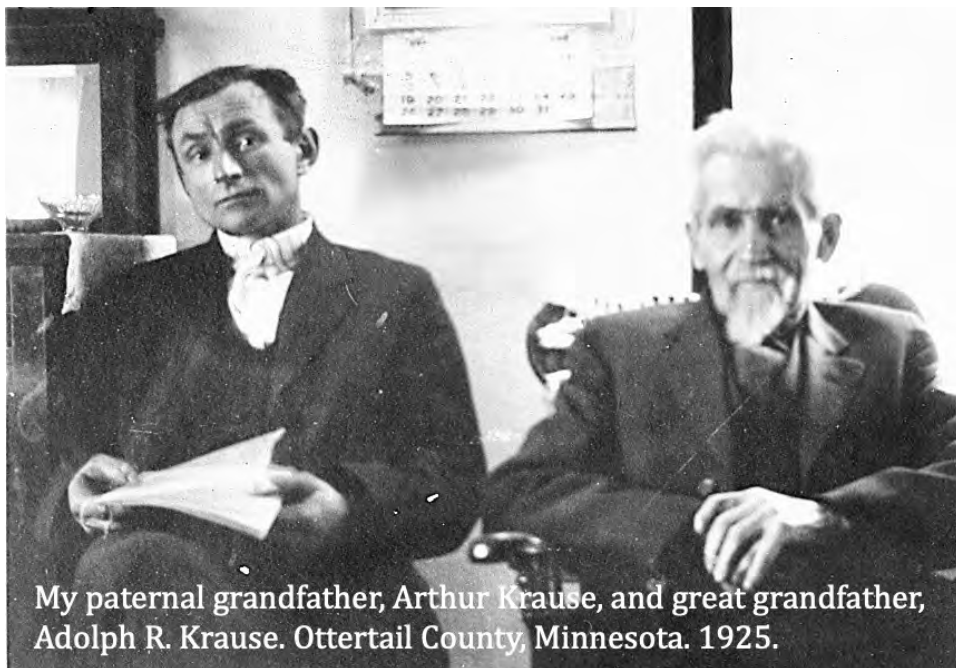
The other special treat she would make for me at breakfast was fried toast with a fried egg. What she did was cut a piece of home made bread extra thick, butter it on both sides with freshly churned butter, and then fry it on the griddle of the old wood stove. This was “Texas Toast” before restaurateurs even thought of it! She always fried the egg in bacon fat and it was fantastic. Grandma Nelson also maintained a large vegetable garden across from but near the house. In a good year she raised most if not all the vegetables the family ate. She stored items in abundance like carrots, turnips, potatoes, and canned items in the root cellar beneath the house.

When I was old enough to go with the menfolk and help work in the fields, Grandma would either pack a lunch for us to be eaten at noontime or if we were working close enough to the residence, someone would drive the lunch she had prepared out to us in the field. We would have a picnic of sorts, on a blanket, spread on the ground. Grandma’s house was always the central hub of activity in the Buggy Creek Community and believe it or not someone, family or friends, always seemed to be there by mid-day for lunch. These lunches were more than a light lunch but heavy meals with meat, potatoes, a cooked vegetable, and of course served with homemade bread and butter. The lunch meals were created for men engaged in heavy physical labor, which was the norm for everyone in those days. How I wish each of you could have experienced one of her lunches or any of the other meals prepared by my grandmother.

The mailman, a neighbor by the name of Ben Borson, delivered the mail to ranches and farms of the Buggy Creek area. On his route to deliver mail he would always stop by the grandma’s house to deliver mail and have a cup of coffee. Grandma didn’t have a mailbox. He was the major source of information and gossip as he visited with everyone on his mail route. This was how information was spread throughout the Buggy Creek Community prior to the arrival of the telephone in this area. Grandma Nelson’s home was always open to youths and adults that would pop in at any time of the day. She always greeted them with a pot of coffee in hand and offered special baked treats to be served with the coffee that she always seemed to have on hand. The following ritual always took place. After greeting her guests and exchanging a few pleasantries, they were invited to sit down at the kitchen table and the coffee and baked goods served. The days’ events or the reason for the visit was then discussed. It seemed to me that someone outside the family visited grandma on a daily basis. Grandma never left the homestead and continued to cook for her two bachelor sons [Max and Pete Nelson] who ran the ranch until her death. My maternal grandmother, Mary Elizabeth [Johannesson] Nelson, passed away at the Buggy Creek Homestead on September 4, 1973, at 97 years of age. Two other events occurred that I remember about my grandmother. Firstly, she contracted mumps at 92 years of age. She was thought to be one of the oldest recorded individuals in Valley County, Montana, to be infected by this virus. Secondly, my grandmother refused to sign up for the Social Security Act when it came into being. She told her children, who were trying to convince her to sign up and they would do the paper work for her, that she didn’t need the governments help before and did not need it now or in the future. She could take care of herself as she had always done, and besides - there were others who had a much greater need for this type of assistance than her.



A wedding photograph of my paternal grandparents, Arthur Adolph Krause and Bertha (Peters) Krause, taken on December 9, 1903, in Fergus Falls, Minnesota.



My paternal grandfather, Arthur Krause, and great grandfather, Adolph R. Krause. Ottertail County, Minnesota. 1925.

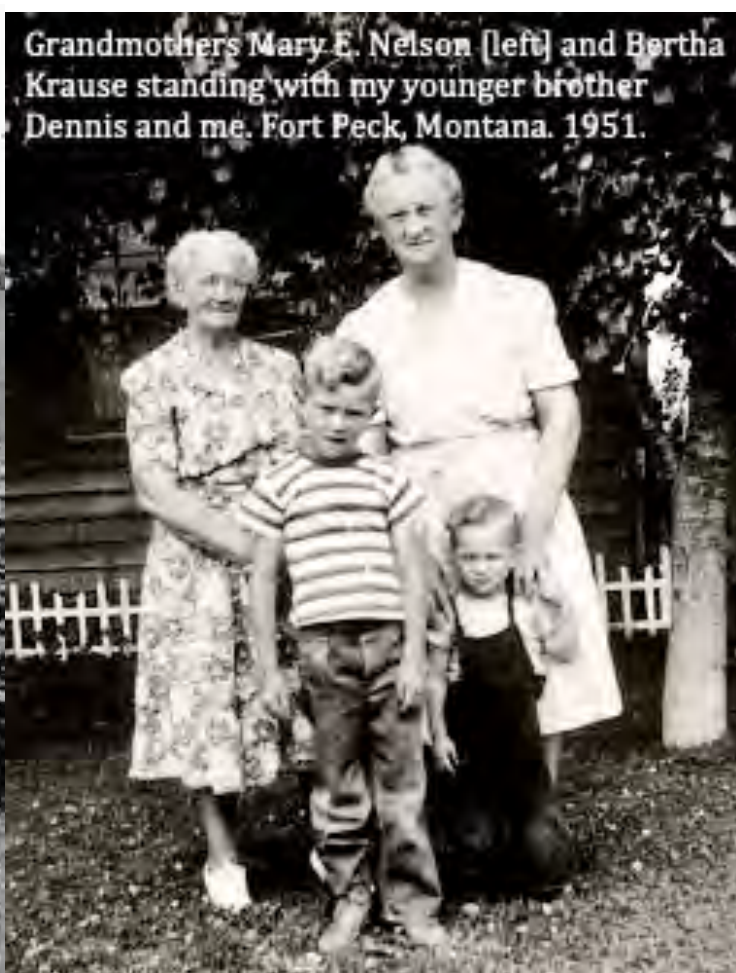


My maternal grandparents Nels Chris Nelson and Mary Elizabeth Nelson on their wedding day. Detroit Lakes, Minnesota. 1895.

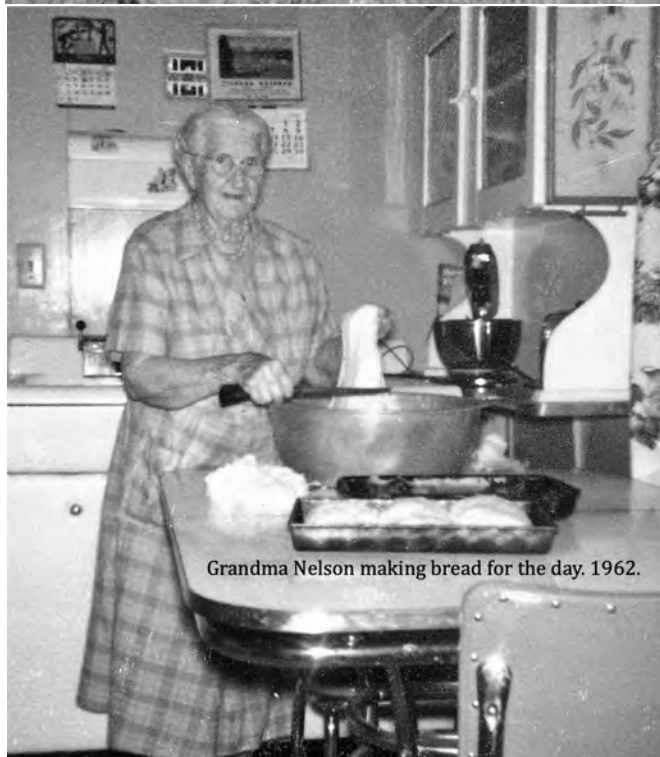
My paternal grandmother,  
Bertha (Peters) Krause  
Friberg Township, Minnesota. 1938.



Grandmothers Mary E. Nelson [left] and Bertha  
Krause standing with my younger brother  
Dennis and me. Fort Peck, Montana. 1951.



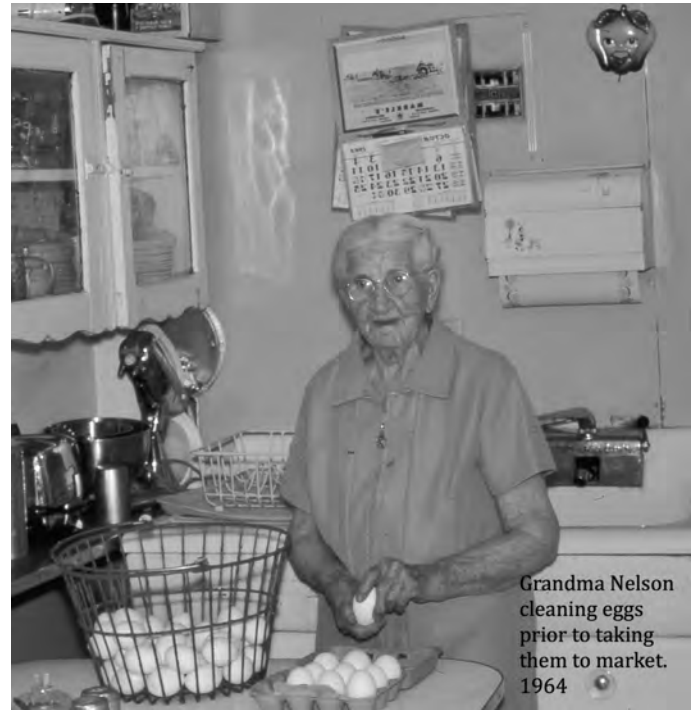
Grandma Nelson making bread for the day. 1962.



Grandma Nelson baking bread. 1962







## Are you still friends with any of your classmates from grade school?

I began the first grade in 1948 at Fort Peck School of the Valley County School System in Montana. I attended grades one through four at this school. It was a government run school established for the children of individuals who worked and maintained the Fort Peck Dam and powerhouse. Parents that lived in Fort Peck were employees of the Corps of Engineers. The Fort Peck School educated students from grades one through grade eight. High school aged students from Fort Peck attended Glasgow High School located a few miles away in Glasgow, Montana. I still remember the names of all my teachers at Fort Peck. My first grade teacher was Mrs. Gardner. She was a short, dark haired, middle-aged woman who wore very thick glasses. Mrs. Bliven, was my second grade teacher; Mrs. Johnson, my third grade teacher; and Mrs. Edith Wiley was my fourth grade teacher. My closest friends were David House, Kenneth Bondy, Donny Burns, and Gerald "Bucky" Archambeault. Bucky lived on a small ranch just outside the city limits and during good weather would often ride a Shetland pony to school. The only girl I chummed around with was Karen Karcher. We all rode bikes together, played together, and went to school together.

When I attended school at Fort Peck two major events [pranks] remain clear in my mind. The first of these involved Edward Blackhawk. He was my friend from the neighboring Fort Peck Indian Reservation and attended school briefly. He had a glass eye. Edward was in another classroom and we usually met on the playground at recess and after school. Edward could remove the artificial eye from his eye-socket and show it to his friends. I was completely fascinated when he did so and urged him to do it as often as possible. One time when showing it to me, a group of giggling little girls just had to come over and see what we were doing. He showed them his eye as he held it between his finger and thumb and then proceeded to chase them around the playground as they shrieked and ran as fast they could. "The eye in going to get you!" I yelled. I thought this was the greatest event I had ever witnessed and how grand it was to be just part of this spectacle. Edward and I spent the rest of the remaining morning recess and lunchtime in the back corner of a classroom writing 100 times: "we will not chase and scare others on the playground."

The other prank was one I inadvertently pulled on my parents. After school, one of my classmates and best friend, Karen Karcher, dared me to go down into a very deep cut created by erosion near our neighborhood. This cut was about 20 feet deep and near one end the roots of trees were exposed. The other end drained into a dry stream bed and the incline was less steep. One could just slide down and enter this deep ravine. The dare was to climb down, go to the other end, and then climb out using the tree roots like ropes to scale the steep ravine or cliff. The bottom of the ravine at this end held a deep pool of water. This particular ravine was on the edge of the Fort Peck community and near a walking path my father took to work when he worked at the machine shop near the Fort Peck maintenance area. I made my way up the ravine to the deep pool, near the tree roots, and began to climb. Karen peered over the edge of the cliff egging me on. Half way up the roots broke and I slipped downward and ended up in the pool of water and mud. I sank down into this slurry up to my belt line. "Damn! How am I going explain this to my parents," I thought. As these events were happening, Karen spotted my father walking up the path coming home from work. "Help! Help!" Karen called out, adding that "some kid" had accidentally fallen into the wash. "Can you help him?" she cried. "Oh Karen, you clever, clever girl," I thought to myself. You just may have saved me from severe disciplinary measures. Dad pulled me out, Karen disappeared from the scene, and a family legend began. According to the story my mother loved to tell was that - as dad walked home someone yelled: "Help! Help! Some kid has fallen into the wash and is drowning." Dad rushed over to investigate only to discover it was his own son, Bill. He pulled me out saving my life. I escaped disciplinary action, thanks to Karen's quick thinking, and kept quiet about what really happened. I never told my parents the truth of the matter during their lifetimes as the story grew. This was only one of several predicaments Karen got me into, but I liked her anyway.

I began the fifth grade during the fall of 1954 in Pickstown, South Dakota. The Pickstown School was a much larger building as compared to the school building in Fort Peck and consisted of two stories. The grade school [grades one through eight] was confined to the second floor. Pickstown High School was located on the first floor. Like Fort Peck, Pickstown was a government town and the Pickstown School was a government owned school, built and run by the Corps of Engineers. It was built primarily to educate the children of employees associated with building and running Fort Randall Dam. However, during initial dam formation, when a roadway was established crossing the Missouri River, linking east and west sides of the river, the school became more inclusive. Children of families that bordered the Missouri River on the west side were allowed to attend Pickstown School if they desired to do so. One of my classmates in this group, Jan Cassidy, before dam construction, rode a horse back and forth to a single room country school. Also, students from beyond the city limits on the east side, who wished to do so, could attend, but had to provide their own transportation if they wanted to attend this school. School bussing did not exist at this time. These students also had to pack and bring their own lunch, as, at this time, Pickstown School did not offer a school lunch program. Resident students, such as myself, simply ran home for lunch and then returned back to school for the afternoon session. Country students that lived outside of Pickstown were allowed to drive to school at a very young age. They were given a special license to drive back and forth to school provided they were 14 to 15 years of age and could pass a practical driving exam. The resident students were very envious of this group of students because they could drive much earlier than the rest of us. Jan Cassidy, my classmate from west river country, had a reputation of drag racing against older boys across the face of the dam. How we all envied her. As a result of having a small student body, students knew one another quite well. Because of the small size, each student was encouraged to participate in all extracurricular activities offered: sports, choir, debate, and drama.

The population of Pickstown fluctuated for the next few years, then dropped dramatically following completion of the dam's construction. Several buildings in Pickstown were then sold to various South Dakota schools and colleges and moved. The Pickstown Hospital was purchased by the Sunshine Bible Academy and moved to Springfield, South Dakota. Many of the residences and the General Pick Hotel were just torn down and removed. Eventually, the only remaining buildings were the Fire Station/Police Department, the Church, the Pickstown School, and residences for maintenance personnel that operating the powerhouse at Fort Randall Dam.

The Pickstown School closed in 1968 and then was torn down. Thus, Pickstown did not become an abandoned “ghost town” as it would have if privately owned. Because it was a government town any unused structure was simply sold, removed, or torn down. Pickstown’s population continued to dwindle and, long after I left this community, stabilized at about 170 individuals in the year 2000. It is no longer a government town but an incorporated community. Now Pickstown functions as a retirement community, and is a resort destination for camping, boating, fishing, and hunting, but does continue to house the majority of personnel operating the powerhouse at Fort Randall Dam.

As each school year passed when I attended school in Pickstown, class size in grade school diminished and continued to do so through my senior year in high school when only nine of us remained. Those of us that remained knew one another well. Interestingly, the boys I went to school with, participated in extracurricular activities with, and was closest to; after graduation, left Pickstown and we have had little if any contact with one another ever again. The lone exception was years later, when older upper classmen who graduated from Pickstown High School, organized “whole school reunions” in 1980. Then many of us did return to Pickstown for a weekend to meet with one another once again. These reunions are held every 5 or 6 years and continue until the current date. This group of graduates also developed a Pickstown Museum, a facility that documented the founding of Pickstown, the development of Fort Randall Dam, and the history of this small area including the school. Interesting, the girls in my grade school classes, regularly attend these reunions, and I now feel much closer to these students than before. The majority of boys I chummed around with failed to attend and I have lost contact with them.

The grade schools I attended need further explanation, as they were unique, located in government towns. For example, prior to the decision to create a dam near historic Fort Randall in 1946, neither Pickstown nor a town by another name existed at this location. For the dam and powerhouse to be built at this site, a town was needed to house the workers and maintenance personnel. Initially, the Corps of Engineers attempted to negotiate with nearby towns, such as Lake Andes, to house personnel and thereby expand existing communities. These communities refused to allow construction workers to live in their communities and often referred to us as “trailer trash.” They wanted nothing to do with expanding their communities to house the influx of personnel. Because of this refusal, a site was chosen by the Corps of Engineers to build Pickstown, on a few barren hills within the Missouri Breaks on the Yankton Sioux Indian Reservation that overlooked the Missouri River. It was located near the dam construction site. Pickstown was built on the east side of the Missouri River directly opposite old, historic Fort Randall. Thus, Pickstown was a government built town that sprung-up on the Dakota prairie in just two or three years. Pickstown was named after Lieutenant General Lewis A. Pick, one of the architects of the Pick-Sloan Plan, a plan to create a series of dams on the Missouri River primarily for flood control. The powerhouse also provided for the generation of a considerable amount of electricity for South Dakota and surrounding states. Pickstown was built solely to provide housing and support for residents associated with the construction and operation of Fort Randall Dam and powerhouse. Fort Peck, Montana, also was a government town, built near the site of dam construction where none had existed before, and was organized for the same purpose. Families at both locations were of similar social and economic status. Each family unit had to have at least one member employed by the Corps of Engineers to qualify for housing. Generally, all fathers had a job working at the dam, and mothers stayed at home raising and taking care of families.

When our family first arrived in Pickstown I was eager to make new friends and it was easy for me to do so as all the other kids were in the same situation; newcomers to the area whose parents worked on some phase of dam construction or at the power house. Families were arriving and leaving as various phases of dam construction were completed or maintenance work initiated. As a result, with the rapid rate of personnel turnover, friendships were established quickly, and most of the children got along quite well. No matter who you were or what your father did on this project, you were accepted. Unfortunately, opportunities for future employment for graduating students in either community did not exist. Once one graduated from high school, all students that attended either school, then moved away and disappeared into the fabric of American culture elsewhere. Future employment and opportunity simply did not exist in these temporary communities.

S. Carey E. Archambeault J. Carson D. House S. DuBeau K. Bondy L. Galgerud B. Burchell

V. Hveith J. Burner Miss Koetitz Mrs. Bliven Mr. Voldal J. Kapphan D. Burns

D. Hedalen K. Karcher 1949 1950 B. Fry S. Skolrud

D. House M. Wittlong B. Krause M. Young D. Kuebler A. Olson H. Peterson B. Thomas

**FORT PECK SCHOOL**

### Pickstown School. 1953.



### Seventh grade class. Pickstown School. 1955.



My seventh grade class. Pickstown, South Dakota. 1955. Back row left to right: Diane Keiffer, Curtis Berger, Ray Trotter, Norma Todd, Alice Matthews, Marcia Marshall, Janet Cassidy, Keith Sheer, John Fero, Nola Farmer. Middle row left to right: Reta Ing, Susanne Colvin, Barbara Rust, Judi Harvey, Pat Ward, Jim Gilreath, Jim Reeves, me, Bill Hasenzahl, David Nickolsen, Mr. Fred Gossman. Front row left to right: Ed Taylor, Bob Taylor, Ronnie Busch, Gary Fiala, George Kraft, Ritche Carlson, Bill Brokaw, Steve Marchant, Jim Kirwan, James Rabideaux.

### Eighth grade class. Pickstown School. 1956.



My eighth grade class. Pickstown, South Dakota. 1956. Back row left to right: John Fero, Keith Shear, Ed Taylor, Jim Kirwan, Gary Fiala. Middle row left to right: Mr. Gossman, Bob Taylor, David Nicholsen, Jim Reeves, me, Ray Trotter. Front row left to right: Nola Farmer, Marcia Marshall, Ella Holzworth, Pat Ward, Judi Harvey, Janet Cassidy.

## Did you participate in extracurricular activities at school?

When I attended grade school [grades 1 – through 4] at Fort Peck, Montana, I participated in four school Christmas programs and was a member of the band. Selection to participate in certain roles of the Christmas programs was competitive. Each program was performed on stage at the famous Fort Peck Theater. The programs always drew a sellout crowd at this theater, drawing people from miles away. The Christmas programs were known for their costumes and spectacular sets. During the fourth grade I was chosen to be the Master of Ceremonies for this large event by Mrs. Murphy, Superintendent of the Fort Peck School. As Master of Ceremonies, I introduced each class during the Christmas program as well as provided initial and concluding remarks. I was blessed with an excellent memory and after numerous rehearsals knew most of the lines recited by other students during the program as well as my own. I still remember my brother Dennis's part when he was in the first grade. It was: "My shiny sled so shiny and red that Santa brought to me, I glide over hills and take big spills, but it fills my heart with glee." Dad painted the sled he used a bright red color. The Fort Peck Theater seated 1600 people and during its heyday was a hot spot to watch the time's most popular movies and plays and was in operation seven days a week. This rustic theater was made from stained, rough-hewn timbers, and is now listed on the National Register of Historic Buildings as is the Fort Peck Hotel with its 70 rooms and the Administration Building constructed in the same manner. The Fort Peck Theater continues to provide a venue for various theater groups to perform to this day. It was also during the fourth grade that I tried out and was selected to play an instrument in the Fort Peck marching band. I played the tuba in the marching band. I was never a very good musician and believe that I was chosen primarily because I was the only one big and strong enough to carry this instrument while the band was marching.

Another popular event offered in the late 1940s by the Fort Peck School System, that students participated in, was May Day Celebrations. May 1st or May Day was a major holiday for us. May Day began in the early morning by leaving candy or a treat of some kind in a little May Basket on the doorstep of someone you liked. You knocked on the door of the house in which they lived and then ran away to hide and witness the response of the recipient. The recipient tried to guess whom it was that left the May Basket. Later in the day, at the Fort Peck School [classes were canceled], May Day celebrations included events such as track and field, May Pole dancing, and picnicking with the entire community. I participated in several sprint races, the high jump, and the broad jump. On one occasion, unfortunately I cannot recall the year; President Harry S. Truman was in attendance and gave a speech to the community.

When I attended Pickstown School in South Dakota, I participated in sports such as football [8 man football], basketball, and track & field [lettered in all three]; drama [was a thespian], choir [lettered], and worked on the Transit [the student newspaper]. Mrs. Doris Forest, one of my favorite teachers, was the choir director and drama teacher during my entire time at the Pickstown School. In choir, I sang in both the Boy's choir and Mixed choir. Choirs representing Pickstown School had an excellent reputation and won several state competitions. Because I was a staff member on our student newspaper [the Transit] I was allowed to use a well-equipped dark room at school and learned how to develop film and print photographs at an early age. I did most of the photographic work for our student newspaper. Later, this would prove to be an important skill for me to have at both graduate school and in my chosen career. I loved working in the darkroom - developing film and printing back and white photographs to get them, "just right". It was both new and exciting.

There are a number of things that deserve mention when it comes to participation in athletics in the late 1950s in South Dakota. Programs at that time were organized so differently from what happens in athletic programs of today. Expectations were lower. Participation in sport and sportsmanship were the primary concerns and goals of the athletic programs. Buses were not used by Pickstown School to get from one community to another during athletic events. Instead, a caravan of six or seven cars was used, driven by teachers and interested parents, to transport athletes.

In the case of football, the football fields were extremely rough. Some were little more than a portion of a graded cornfield worked so the field was somewhat flat. It wasn't unusual to have cornhusks blowing across the field or to see corncobs sticking up on the field of play. When wet, the football fields were a muddy quagmire. Pickstown School didn't have a football team for my freshman or sophomore years; however, they did have successful teams earlier in the school's history. Football was temporarily discontinued because of so few students. We were just able to form an 8-man football team my junior year. We barely had enough interested students to form a team and recruited students from all four years of high school as well as a few eighth grade students that had their parent's permission. Indeed, we had so few students to make up a team that the following often took place. At halftime it was not unusual for one of my teammates to play in the pep band at halftime dressed in his football uniform. My younger brother, Dennis, played the sousaphone at halftime when he played football. Two personal experiences stand out in my mind with regard to my experience in playing football [I played end on offense and a defensive back on defense]. Firstly, on the very first play of our first game, I scored a touchdown. The play was a designed jump pass with a lateral. The pass was to be thrown to me and after catching it; I was supposed to lateral it on to another player. However, I noticed that I was all alone and uncovered when I caught the ball. I simply took off running down the field and scored. Secondly, just prior to my senior season, the South Dakota Athletic Association proposed a rule that all football helmets must be equipped with a facemask consisting of a single bar. Students on our team together with students on football teams from surrounding schools protested this rule and we all decided to boycott playing football. We complained bitterly, arguing that the single bar blocked our vision and we "Couldn't see a thing". Our efforts were in vain, and in the end, all of us decided to play.

The most unusual thing with regard to Basketball, when I played for Pickstown School, was that the Basketball courts of several surrounding schools were located on a stage that doubled for theater performances. At these sites we were at a decided disadvantage as we were used to playing on a regulation size basketball court. The courts on stage were not only much smaller, but also a bit dangerous, as one could run off the edge of the stage. The surface of the stage/basketball court was about three feet above the floor where the audience would be seated. A very unusual event happened during a home Basketball game of my junior year. It was a late December basketball game in the Pickstown High School auditorium. The Pickstown Engineers and their opponents were ready to play a game as scheduled at 7:00 PM. The game was delayed for over an hour because the referees, who were traveling from Nebraska on the other side of the Missouri River, failed to arrive and officiate the basketball game. Eventually, two referees were recruited from nearby Lake Andes and the game was played. Following the game, as the team was getting dressed in the locker room, one of our classmates burst into the room and shouted: "The ducks are down!" This announcement conveyed a very specific meaning to everyone in the room. In the late fall and early winter over a half a million ducks and geese rested on the water of Fort Randall Reservoir during their migration each year. These waterfowl would fly to surrounding fields to feed and then fly back and forth over the Fort Randall Dam to the Missouri River downstream to gravel on sandbars. The birds would then fly back over the dam to rest in safety on the large body of water that formed the reservoir. The waterfowl used Francis Case Lake as a natural refuge and resting place during their migration until the lake froze over. On occasion, a very strong wind that lasted for several days would whistle down the Missouri River Valley. The wind was strong enough to blow over semitrailer trucks and trailers pulled by vehicles crossing the dam on US Highways 18 and 281. During these periods of high wind, vehicles would be re-routed on a special road located at the base of the dam so they could cross the river valley without being blown over. The waterfowl that graveled downstream would try to fly back to the safety of the reservoir but because of the sustained high winds could not fly over the top of the dam. They would continually try to follow their normal flight pattern but would exhaust themselves or hit electric power lines below the dam. As a result, when injured or too exhausted to fly, the ducks would just sit down on the ground and one could simply pick them up by hand. On hearing the news the team got dressed as quickly as possible, piled into the cars of fellow students that could drive, and headed for the downriver side of the dam. We began wringing the necks of many green heads [drake mallards] as we could, putting them initially in the trunks of the cars and then filled the back seats up to the windows. I was able to get 20 green heads for my family. While engaged in this activity, we came across the basketball officials; the ones who were to officiate our game, still dressed in their zebra uniforms, also filling their vehicles with ducks and geese. Their vehicles were completely filled! Evidently, these officials preferred "duck picking" to officiating high school basketball games.

Early in my junior year I was fortunate enough to be selected to represent Pickstown High School at Boy's State by the American Legion. Boy State was considered to be one of the most respected educational programs for government instruction for high school students. At Boy's State each nominee became part of a community for local, county, and state government through the campaign and the election process. I was elected county coroner for our group. The year that I represented Pickstown High School, Boy's State was held at Northern State University in Aberdeen, South Dakota. My parents drove me to Mitchell, South Dakota, where I boarded a bus that took me to Aberdeen. I met several individuals that I would meet once again at Augustana College. The only memorable event that happened to me during this experience was on the way back by bus. All of the sudden the bus driver stopped the bus and came back and started yelling at me for playing with the exit door and threatened to throw me off. Evidently, an emergency light flashed on his panel when he was driving. I was sitting in the exit row for more legroom but in the aisle seat. Surrounding passengers came to my defense stating quite clearly and forcefully that I never touched the door. We traveled on without further incident. I was required to give an oral report to the American Legion when I returned to Pickstown, which I did.

During our senior year, Pickstown students interested in science were encouraged to develop a science project as an extracurricular activity for submission in a statewide competition. An abstract describing the project was sent along with a teacher's comments to the University of South Dakota, in Vermillion, South Dakota. The University then selected projects for a statewide competition held on a Saturday called Science Day. The faculty at the University of South Dakota then judged the projects. Although my project entitled, "Vertebrate and Invertebrate Skeletal Structure as it Relates to Strategies in Evolution," was selected for the competition at the University, a blizzard occurred the night before we were scheduled to leave. As a result, I was snowed in at Pickstown and did not get to attend Science Day at the University of South Dakota.

**Fort Peck Theater. 2000.**



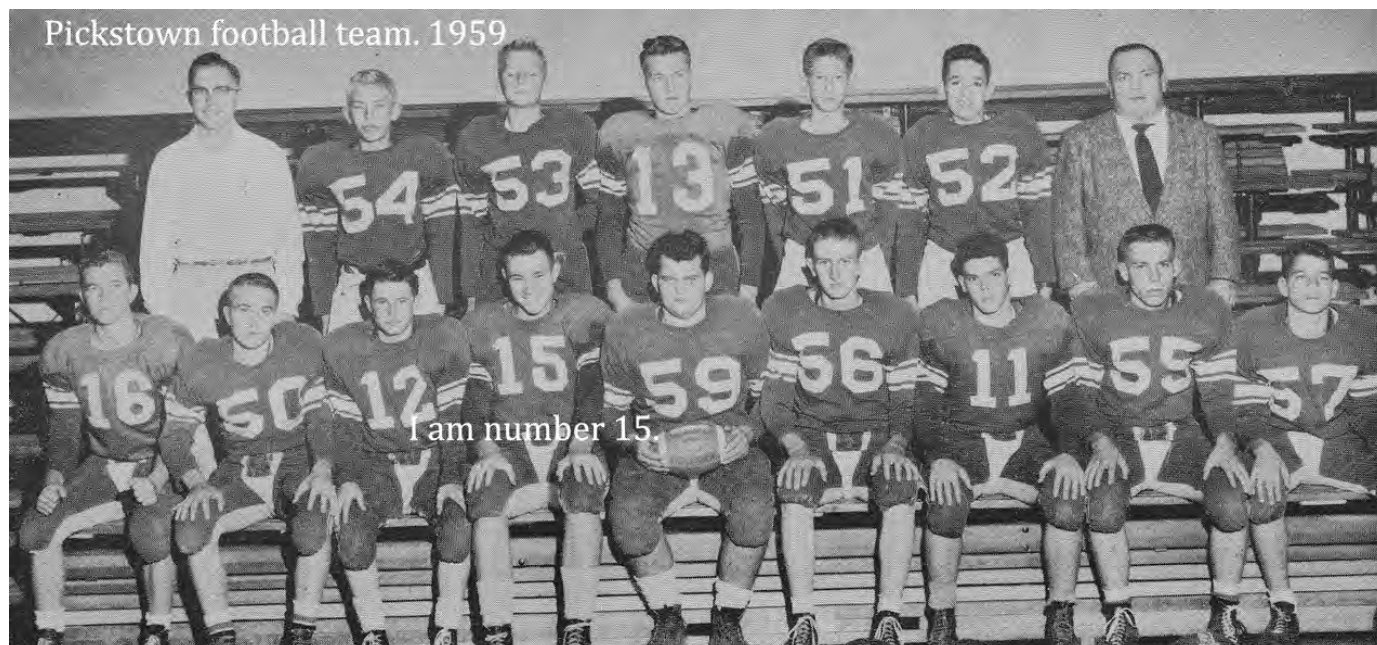


## Mixed choir. 1958.

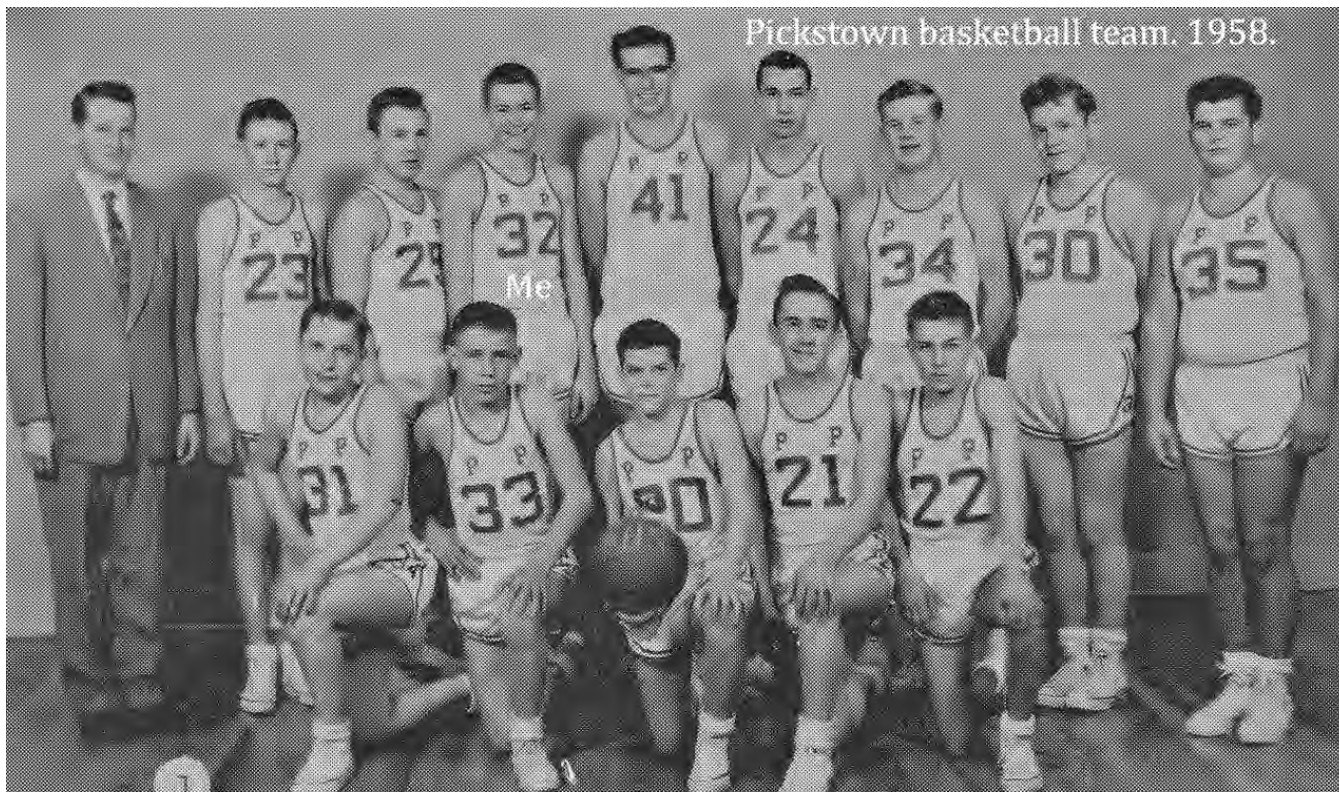


Mixed Chorus - 1959. **Top row:** Dave Chavis, Bob Keener, Larry Clocker, Bill Krause, Jim Kirwan, Leo Roeder, Phil Kirwan, **Second row:** Mrs. Forest, Karol Kirwan, Susan Kirwan, Judi Harvey, Jack Soulek, Harold Roeder, Don Chavis, Janet Cassidy, Joann Shields, Dorothy Trotter. **Third row:** Karen Ketelsen, Vickie Wagner, Bob Hegler, Dennis Fiala, Marsha Renquist, and Kay Jacoby. (Photograph from and courtesy of the Pickstown and Fort Randall Museum Foundation).

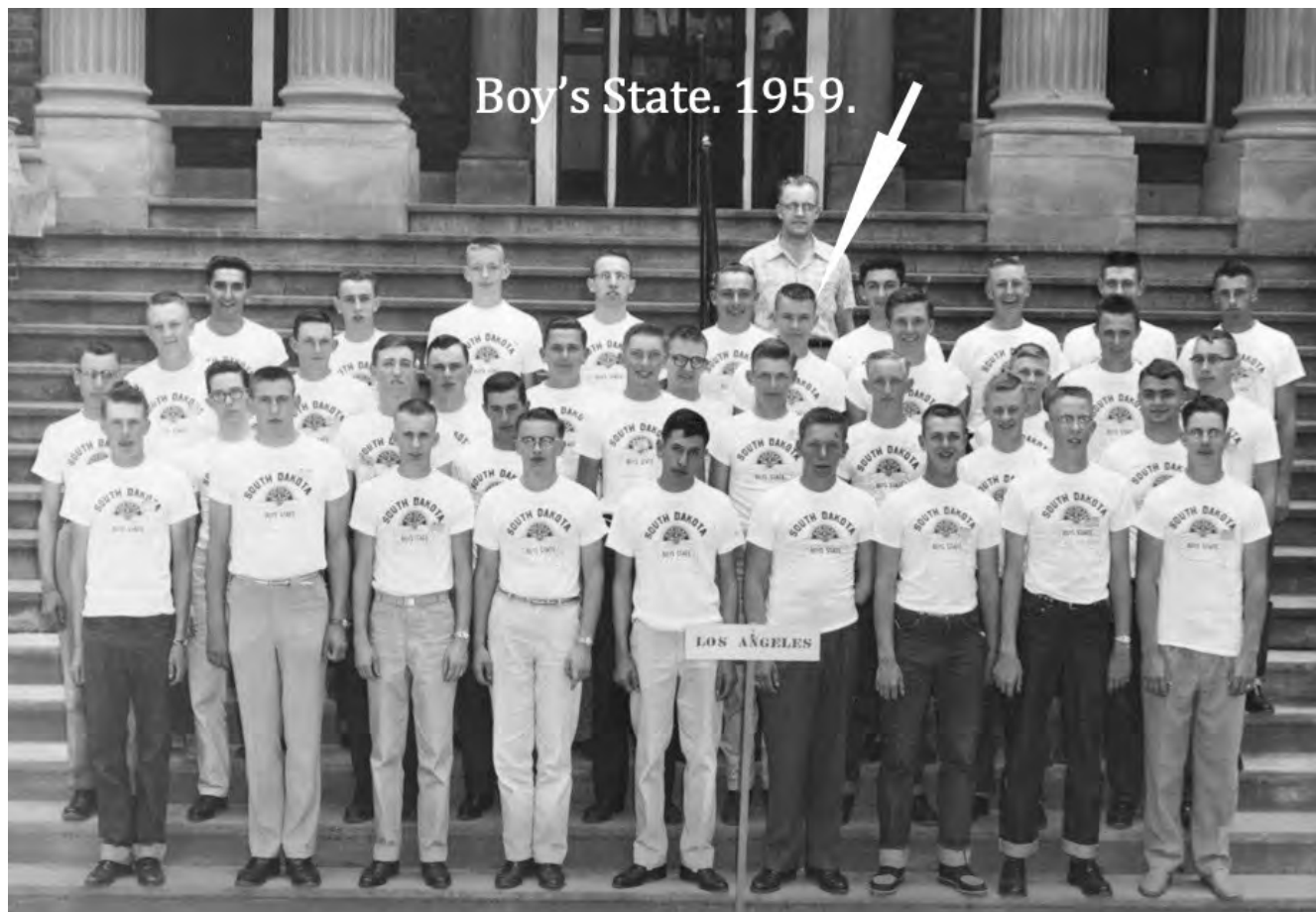
## Pickstown football team. 1959



The Pickstown Football Team during my senior year [1959 - 1960]. **Standing:** Harry Roeder (Student manager), Dennis Lihs, Tom Probart, Bob Keener, Phillip Kirwan, Kenneth Robinson, and Coach Williamson. **Seated:** Elwood Boelter, Gene Boelter, Ray Lange, Bill Krause (15), Dave Chavis, Jim Kirwan, Don Chavis, Jack Soulek, and Fred Shaw. **Note:** because of our school's small size we played 8 man football. During half time at home games several of my teammates left our team meetings, picked up their musical instruments, and played in the school band during the half time performance. They wore their football uniforms as they did not have enough time to change. (Photograph from and courtesy of the Pickstown and Fort Randall Museum Foundation).



The Pickstown Basketball Team during my junior year [1958-1959]. **Standing:** Coach Reynolds, Jim Kirwan, Delwin Lihs, Bill Krause [32], Jim Livingston, Ray Connot, Normon Olson, Bob Keener, and Dave Chavis. **Kneeling:** Harold Roeder, Jack Soulek, Don Chavis, Leo Roeder, and Gary Fiala. (Photograph from and courtesy of the Pickstown and Fort Randall Museum Foundation).



## Did you participate in scouting?

I was very active in scouting. I began when I was six years old as a Cub Scout in Fort Peck, Montana. It was my mother that stimulated my interest in scouting and made sure I was active in Cub Scouts. She acted as a den mother for Pack 75 each year when we were in Fort Peck. She also acted as a den mother for my two brothers when we moved to South Dakota. This, I believe, was because she was an active member of the Tampico 4-H Cub when she was growing up and wanted me to have a similar experience. Fort Peck did not have a 4-H Club and Scouting was a good alternative. She guided me through Wolf, Bear, and Lion Badges along with several rows of arrow points under each badge. When I was in the fourth grade at school [1953], I achieved the rank of Webelos, the highest rank in Cub Scouting. I loved going to the Blue and Gold Banquets, held once a year, when all the packs of cub scouts got together in celebration of scouting. These were large potluck suppers with every dish and desert imaginable. The celebrations were held at the Fort Peck Recreation Center.

In Pickstown, South Dakota, I became a Boy Scout joining Troop 33 of the Sioux Council Southern District. I worked my way through the scouting ranks of: Scout, Tenderfoot, Second Class, First Class, Star, Life, and received the rank of Eagle Scout in 1959. In 1957 the older scouts making up Troop 33 joined a branch of Boy Scouts called Explorer Scouts. At that time, those of us forming the older group had a choice. We could either join the Explorer group or the Seabees. We chose the Explorer route. I was initiated into and became a member of the Order of the Arrow following a weekend ritual held in Newton Hills located near Sioux Falls, South Dakota, in 1958. It was easy for me to work through the merit badges and other requirements, as this was part of my lifestyle. It was a rare occurrence if I had not already done many of the requirements several times over. I did, however, enjoy the camaraderie of numerous camping trips with my friends. My only complaint was that I seemed to be held back by the paper work involved. After graduation from Pickstown High School, I attended Augustana College in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. During the next four summers, I returned to Pickstown to work for the Corps of Engineers to earn enough money to pay for tuition and other costs, as I worked my way through college. During these summers I acted as an Assistant Scoutmaster and helped the youths of Pickstown with their Scouting requirements, camping, and hiking skills. What made scouting at Pickstown so exciting was that almost all the official scouting ceremonies took place outdoors around a huge bonfire in Randall Park. This setting was next to the Missouri River with historic Fort Randall in the background. Troop 33 was well known throughout the State of South Dakota, and beyond, for its accomplishments and the number of Eagle Scouts. Our troop was active in all scouting activities and jamborees winning many prestigious awards. Troop 33 was unique in that Troop 33 had its own band. Our band played at the annual South Dakota Scout Jamboree held at the Corn Palace in Mitchell, South Dakota, as well as some other major Jamborees held elsewhere. Some of my fondest memories were on campouts in Randall Park after I first joined Troop 33. John Ferro was my favorite tent mate when camping. During winter campouts, following lights out, we would often light a small container of canned heat [a petroleum jelly product] and then sat around the small flame to share a box of Cheez-Its and a bottle of Ginger Ale. John was an amazing tree climber and one day, on spring campout, I remarked that I wished that we could catch a young squirrel and have it for a pet. We spotted one and as it scampered up a tree; so did John in hot pursuit. The squirrel entered a hole near the top of the tree and John reached in grabbed it by the nape of the neck, pulled it out, and in a single motion tossed the squirrel down to me. "Here you go Bill," he yelled, as he tossed it down in my direction. "What the hell!" I exclaimed, dropping the squirrel and allowing it to escape. "Didn't you like that one?" he said with a grin. "Want me to catch you another one?" "I need a cage and a net," I answered and then added, "So I don't get bit." "It would be only a little bite," he laughed.

I developed a new campsite as part of my eagle project. It was located near the Whetstone Creek Area on small peninsula extending out into Lake Francis Case. The small camp consisted of two sites on which to pitch tents, a stone fire pit and grate, a garbage pit, and a small swimming beach. The campsites were dug out, leveled, and railroad ties supported a wood chip filling to make the tenting area level, softer, and orientated to drain off rainwater. This campsite was one of the first located on Lake Francis Case "up river" from Pickstown and was an initial effort to make the entire lake region a recreation area. Since these very early days, Francis Case Lake has become a major tourist destination site for boaters, campers, and fisherman from surrounding states. My little camp was part of the beginning of this development.

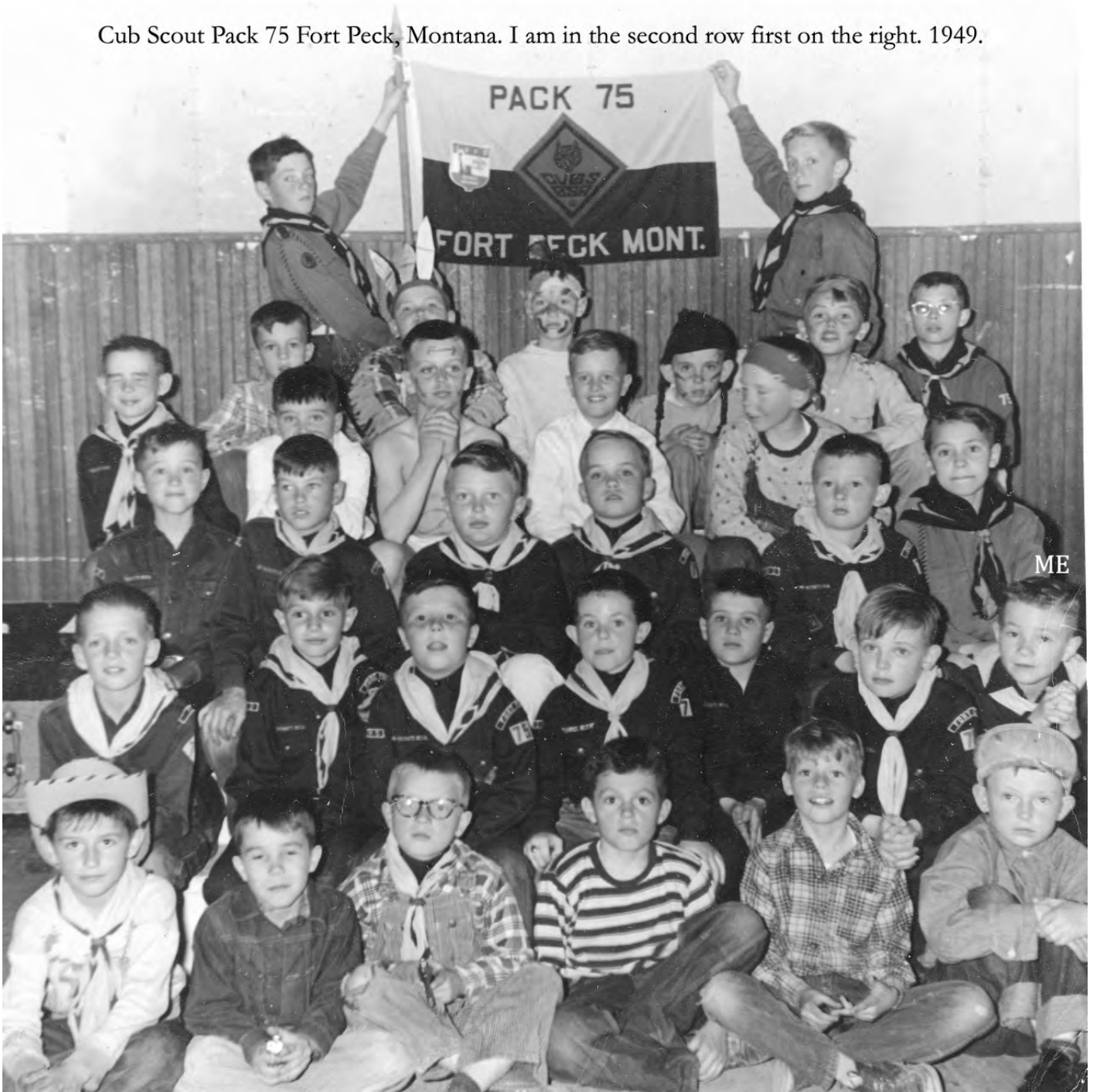
My Board of Review Examination was a harrowing experience. Three board members of Sioux Council (Southern District) came from Mitchell, South Dakota, to conduct our oral examination. The Board of Review, at this time, functioned in the following way. The three board members asked us questions about scouting, patriotism, citizenship, and finished by asking specific questions with regard to the plan, execution, and purpose of the eagle project. After they finished asking their questions, scout leaders from Troop 33 were allowed to ask questions. When they finished asking their questions, the floor was opened up to all who were in attendance. About 40 people were at the Board of Review Examination, including my parents. I was waiting for a question from my father but thankfully he didn't ask one. The Board of Review Examination lasted for about three hours. Three Eagle Scout candidates: Dave Chavis, Don Chavis, and myself, were examined at this time. I was exhausted and completely drained at the end of this process and wasn't really sure if I would be recognized as an Eagle Scout or not. Fortunately all three of us passed this ordeal and became Eagle Scouts. We were all recognized as Eagle Scouts at a Court of Honor Awards Ceremony held outdoors in Randall Park near Historic Fort Randall on the banks Missouri River.

The other scouting event that sticks out in my mind was a canoe trip on Francis Case Lake we took with a group of Seabees from Sioux Falls. I was an Explorer Scout at that time. We paddled to the Peace Creek Area about six miles up the lake from Pickstown. We spent a day camping at Peace Creek and cleaning up this remote recreation area. The Seabees had some type of rations to eat that they warmed up. We, on the other hand, had trolled some lines behind our canoes and put out setlines for fish soon after our arrival. We had a meal of fried fish and potatoes with a side of baked beans with diced up hot dogs. I brought two long Dutch ovens for us to use and later, over the coals of the fire, made pineapple upside down cakes from a Bisquick Mix. I drizzled a sugar icing on the two cakes to add a little extra. Both exceeded expectations so we shared them with the Seabees. When cleaning up we overheard part of a conversation of our new colleagues that ended with "those god damn river rats from Pickstown seem to know everything." We just looked at one another and smiled - mission accomplished.

Another fond memory I have occurred during a camping trip when I acted as an Assistant Scout Master. My brother, Dennis, and his friends were making their way through the scouting ranks and I often split the gear that I was to carry between my brother and his friends. I just hiked along with a large Swiss Knife on my belt that contained a fork, spoon, and knife. Bob Keener, a friend two years my junior, also was usually on these outings and couldn't understand how once we reached our destination that all my gear magically appeared. I usually had a collapsible rod & reel with me and fished while the others set up camp. "How are you going to eat?" Bob asked. "You just can't go around mooching off everyone else, that wouldn't be fair." I just smiled in the knowledge that Dennis and others had packed my gear as part of their training. He never did figure out where my food was coming from and had the firm belief I was living off others. I never told him the real story.

It seems that I have always been very interested in Biology, particularly animals, from insects to mammals. I watched them, studied them, and learned as much about their habits and behaviors as I could. Perhaps this is why I was a keen hunter. Depending on the season, time of day, and weather conditions, I could predict exactly where each species would be. I can remember impressing one of my scouting friend's relatives from back east, Indiana I believe, who were visiting Pickstown and wanted to photograph mule deer. They knew of me through Boy Scouts. I guided them up river through the Missouri Breaks on the west side of the Francis Case Lake. We spotted a small herd of mulies, but unfortunately, they saw us before we saw them. We watched them trot over a ridge ahead of us near the shoreline. "Now we will never get a good photograph of them!" the visitors said, remorsefully. "Don't worry," I said, "but we must be quick. Let's go!" I lead them on a path perpendicular to the direction of the deer ahead of us, and up a little saddle at the top of ridge slightly behind us. There was an outcropping of rock and a few cedar trees at this location. I told the party to sit down, hide themselves, and not to move but have their cameras ready. In just minutes after our arrival, the entire herd passed by, single file at a distance of about 15 yards. The last deer was a large buck with beautiful facial markings that stopped atop the ridge, as is their habit, looked over his shoulder in our direction but was focused on where we should have been if following the herd. The group was ecstatic not only with their photographs but also because they got see mule deer in the wild, up close and personal. I knew the habit of this species circling around behind something trailing them and with the lake blocking one side predicted where they should come by if we were patient. It worked.

Cub Scout Pack 75 Fort Peck, Montana. I am in the second row first on the right. 1949.

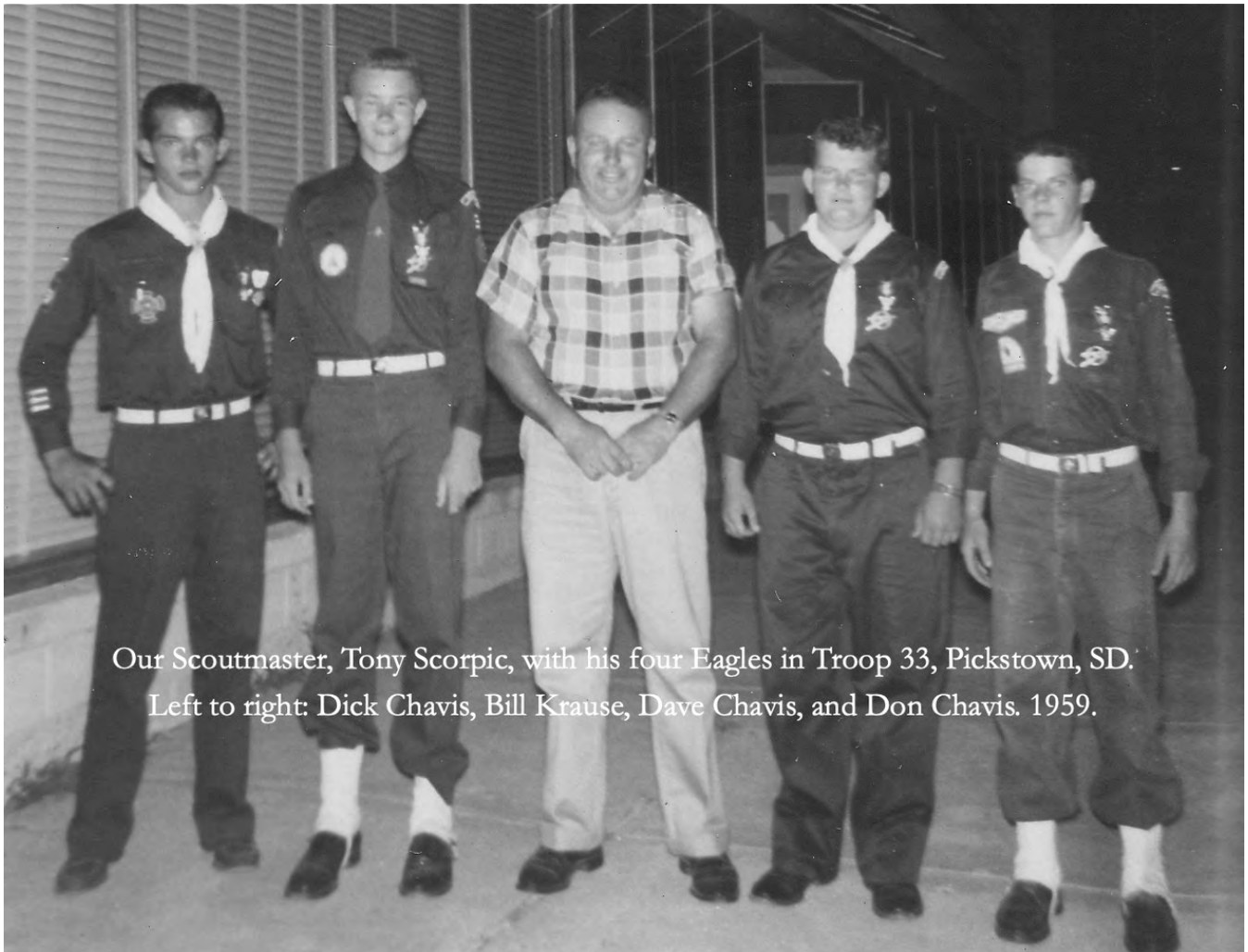


My mother pinning the Eagle on me. Court of Honor Awards Ceremony.  
Randall Park, near Historic Fort Randall. 1959



I am standing next to Dave Chavis after receiving the Eagle  
during the Court of Honor Awards Ceremony held in  
Randall Park. 1959.





Our Scoutmaster, Tony Scorpic, with his four Eagles in Troop 33, Pickstown, SD.  
Left to right: Dick Chavis, Bill Krause, Dave Chavis, and Don Chavis. 1959.

## What was your mother like?

My mother's maiden name was Hazel Ruby Nelson. She was born on August 28, 1918, near Tampico, Montana, and was the daughter of Nels Chris Nelson and Mary Elizabeth Johannesson. Her parents were homesteaders to the Buggy Creek region of Montana and arrived in this area by train in 1911. She attended Buggy Creek Grade School of Valley County for eight years and then graduated from the Glasgow High School located in Glasgow, Montana, in 1936. Hazel was a long time member of the Tampico 4-H Club. During high school Hazel stayed in Glasgow because of the distance to travel and winter weather at that time. She boarded at the Wedums Apartment located above their store on Front Street. After graduation from high school she worked at the F. A. Buttery Company in the Ready to Wear Department in Glasgow, Montana, and then was promoted to Manager of the Ready to Wear Department at Fort Peck, Montana, about 20 miles away. At this time she was a Member of Rebecca's Lodge.

My parents were well known in the Glasgow and Tampico communities. Much of their socializing prior to and just after their marriage was done at the community hall located in Tampico, Montana. The village of Tampico was a railroad stop that consisted of a post office, store, garage, school, and a community center. The latter was the site of numerous dances and a meeting place for the community on any number of social occasions. A memory of one these occasions, my mother enjoyed reminiscing about, occurred prior to her marriage. Hazel and her sister, Lorraine, would bring a jar of wine to enjoy at dances held at this location. Someone else knew about the wine and would drink half the jar before they returned to the car during intermission. In a rash move they spiked the next jar they brought to the Tampico Community Center with ex-lax to punish the perpetrator.

My mother was an optimist and firmly believed that any obstacle could be overcome by hard work and determination. Hazel loved picnics, camping, the West, its music, and all things western, especially relating to Montana and the Big Sky Country. She was a true daughter of the Montana Hi-Line and loved going to rodeos. Hazel attended numerous rodeos at Glasgow and Wolfpoint, Montana; Belle Fourche and Fairfax, South Dakota; and O'Neil, Nebraska, just to name a few. When my parents and I returned to Glasgow, Montana, following the end of World War II, my parents took me to a large rodeo to celebrate the 4th of July. I believe it was in or near Glasgow, but it could have been in another nearby community. For this occasion my mother really duded me up. Naturally, I wore cowboy boots, a cowboy hat, a large colorful scarf, a western shirt with pearl buttons, and of course new blue jeans. During this particular rodeo, a photographer from Life Magazine was present covering the event and wanted to take my picture to be featured in this magazine. She had selected me because of my colorful western outfit. Would I cooperate? No! I screamed my head off or hid my face each time the camera was pointed in my direction. This, I am ashamed to admit, would be the first of many disappointments my parents would have to endure raising their eldest son.

My mother was extremely proud of her Swedish heritage and often remarked that her mother, Mary Elizabeth (Johannesson) Nelson, said she had "royal blood" flowing in her veins. Hazel enjoyed playing poker with friends and her grandchildren. When asked how she became such a good poker player she told her grandchildren that she and her youngest sister, Lorraine, played poker to see who was to do dishes that evening. Dishwashing was a major chore in those days, as the dishwashers of today did not exist. To wash dishes, one had a basin of soap water to wash, another basin of hot water to rinse, and an area to stack them until they were toweled dry.

Hazel loved parties, potlucks at church, and those held within the school system. I have several fond memories of her when we lived in Pickstown but two stand out. The first of these was how she loved to bake cakes. Mother made a cake for every occasion: birthdays, holidays, any type of celebration in her mind was worthy of a cake. In addition to a cake for each birthday, she would always ask the birthday person, what they wanted for dinner on this special day. She made this day a very special one and would always make every effort to fulfill the request. She did this until and sometime after all three of her sons left home or if one of us returned home for a birthday visit. My favorite birthday meal was "Taverns" known today as "Sloppy Joes" loaded with sliced bread & butter pickles and served with lots of potato chips. Mother always made an angel food cake from scratch for me, as it was my favorite dessert. Secondly, when we were younger, during some long stretches of cold Dakota weather, she would get out an oil fryer and make homemade potato chips or fry some cake donuts made from scratch. I was always amazed how she could take a knife and cut potatoes paper thin to make the potato chips. After frying, she would dump them onto papers covering the kitchen table, spread them out, and salt the recently fried chips. We would eat them immediately, piping hot. These were fantastic, so much better than those out of a commercial bag. The chips really hit the spot and raised our spirits during those long winter days. This was at a time before TV, computers, iPhones, and electronic games. Reading, listening to the radio, board and card games were the major forms of entertainment during winter days when it was too cold to venture outside for any length of time. She also enjoyed dressing up in costume if the occasion called for it.



During her sons early years she took them swimming in the summer and sledding in the winter. She would always be the first one to dive into the water or go down a hill on a sled. Later in life, she amazed the wives of her sons, when, as they debated whether or not a steep hill was too dangerous to sled down; she was already on her way down. Hazel was asked on one of these cold outings, what was the coldest temperature she had experienced? She answered that it was minus 60 degrees Fahrenheit and, because it was so cold, the car would not start so she had to walk to work. She enjoyed winter weather but did like to sit in the sun during the early spring. Once when neighbors went to Arizona for the winter months she remarked to us, "Why would anyone want to go to Arizona in winter and leave South Dakota?" It was my mother who first suggested to our family that we hike up and see the face of Crazy Horse on Crazy Horse Mountain. In later years, she always led the way on this hike. Also, she is one of the few who have climbed to the summit of Bear Butte. She did so with her sons and grandchildren.

Whenever her son's would gather fruits from the wild (wild grapes, chokecherries, bull berries, sand cherries) she would always find time to put them up as jams or jellies. On one occasion, I brought home so many wild grapes that it took both her and my dad working all day to put up 20 quarts of grape juice. One of Hazel's favorite wild game meals to prepare and eat was pheasant. She would encourage her son's and husband to bring home as many as possible. My mother, for as long as I can remember, loved pheasant for the table. In South Dakota, with its abundance of pheasants, she was in heaven. Long before I had my driver's license, mom would pick me up after school and we would road-hunt between Pickstown and Wagner or Lake Andes. She would bring my little single shot 410 shotgun and a few shotgun shells. She would drive along the road until we spotted a rooster and then let me out to walk a road ditch, slew, or fence line to flush the pheasant and then shoot it. The 410 I used had such an immediate wide pattern that I rarely missed. We would get our three birds in about an hour on each outing. On one occasion, she could find only three shells for me to use when she picked me up from school. I remember her saying: "You make these shots count, Bill," as we drove away from school. I did and we came home with our three birds. In addition to vegetables my parents raised in gardens, the meat source we lived on was fish, venison, ducks, geese, and pheasants. It was a rare treat to have pork or beef. Looking back, we were eating like gourmets, but I did not realize it at the time.

Even though my mother did not have the opportunity to raise a daughter, she was the perfect mother to raise three boys. She seemed to accept, or at least tolerate, many of our shenanigans and even joined in on some of our adventures. We were always bringing home some injured animal to care for prior to releasing it. However, two specific incidents come to mind that did not involve injured animals that tested my mother's metal. I discovered, when exploring the Missouri River bottom with friends that Prairie Rattlesnakes denned within the chalk rock cliffs next to the river. During very early spring, around April, these snakes would emerge from their dens and sun themselves on small chalk shelves and crevices of the cliff wall facing the sun. My friends and I would scale these cliffs and capture as many snakes as possible. Dad made a large terrarium for us to house captured rattlesnakes. The snakes were kept in the basement of our house until late May or June. We then transported them either to the local bait shop or, if we had enough snakes, would take some of them to an observation point for tourists to view. The snakes were used as live displays to show fisherman and tourists what to look for when hiking and camping in the area. It was hoped that this demonstration would prevent visitors to the area from getting bitten. All would gather around with great excitement at feeding time when a wild mouse was released into the cage. They wanted to witness a rattlesnake strike. The snakes were released in the fall.

Great horned owls also nested in this area on small shallow ledges along the cliff face. My brother, Dennis, and I would often find owl chicks at the base of the cliff and bring them home. The owls were released just prior to the beginning of the school year and all seem to adapt to the wild quite easily. They would perch around the house for a few weeks as we taught them how to hunt, fed them less and less, and finally they would go off on their own into the wild. During this time an incident happened that caused our mother to discourage us from ever bringing them home and raising them again.

What happened was this. The Corps of Engineers employed a meter man who came around to read the electric meters for the Corps two or three times a year. He would walk his route through the residential housing reading all the meters in our town. We all knew him and we knew he was very afraid of birds or anything covered with feathers. Why? I have no idea. On one occasion, we never knew when he would show up, he was going through the neighborhood reading the meters. At our residence the meter was in the basement next to the base of the stairs. My brother and I were away from the house at the time and, unknown to the meter man, our nearly full-grown owl was in the basement roosting on a perch we built for it. The meter man opened the back door and went down the basement stairs to read the meter. Before he could leave however, the owl flew down, landed at his feet blocking his path, clicking its beak and shaking its wings begging to be fed. The meter man “freaked out!” Dropped his metal clipboard, jumped over the owl, ran quickly up the stairs and THROUGH the screen door at the back of the house taking it off its hinges. He refused to go in our basement ever again and my mother had to take all the future readings for him. Surprisingly, the meter man did not seem to mind the rattlesnakes housed in our basement from time to time prior to this incident. However, they were in a large terrarium. Our owl raising days were over.

Mother seemed to be cooking and baking items most days of the week. She made several types of bread, pies, cakes, and other deserts that were created for future use and frozen. These could be taken from the freezer at a minutes notice and warmed for guests that popped in unannounced or unexpectedly. Several types of casseroles, stews, soups, or Swedish meatballs in gravy were also made ahead of time and frozen for unannounced relatives or friends that visited the house and were invited for supper. Mother always seemed to have something on hand and available at short notice. I believe she learned this from her mother: to always be prepared and have something on hand to serve guests whether it was for just a cup of coffee or a full meal. For those that knew my mother the following ritual would always take place: after the guest was greeted at the door, a pot coffee would be turned on (after all, it had to be fresh for her guests) and cookies and cake served during which time an invitation to lunch/dinner would be extended.

For Christmas Eve and New Year Day she treated us to home made divinity [a candy] and popcorn balls. We always opened presents on Christmas eve. Turkey was the meal of choice served at both Thanksgiving and Christmas Day as a special treat. Just before Christmas she decorated the picture window of our living room and the Christmas tree with blue or turquoise lights. She loved the color blue.

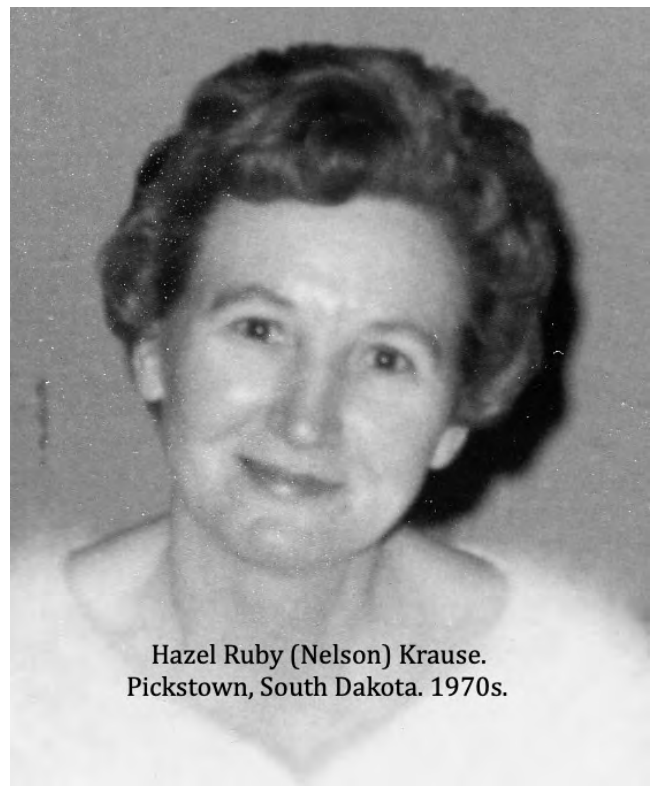
During her time in Pickstown, Hazel was a member of the Lake Andes, South Dakota Eastern Star. She was active in Cub and Boy Scouts seeing all three sons achieve the rank of Eagle Scout of which she was very proud. She was an active Den Mother for her three sons both in Fort Peck, Montana, and in Pickstown, South Dakota. While at both locations Hazel taught Sunday School, Bible School, held offices in the PTA, served on the Pickstown School Board, served on the Election Board, and was the Manager of the Lake Andes Central School Breakfast and Lunch Program at Pickstown for 7 years.

In 1977 my parents retired to Belle Fourche, South Dakota, and built their retirement home within sight of the Black Hills. Hazel also was active in the Belle Fourche community and worked at the Belle Fourche Health Care Center as a Nurse's Assistance for 13 years before retiring again in 1989. When in Belle Fourche, Hazel further served the community by being a member of the Grand Jury. Both my parents were members of the St. James Lutheran Church in Belle Fourche, South Dakota. After retirement Hazel became more interested in fishing as a pass time and enjoyed fishing with dad for trout in the Black hills and for walleye at Orman dam. Both continued to enjoy camping, traveling, and especially visiting with relatives and friends. When their boys left home, my parents purchased a hard shell camper that could be mounted in the bed of a pickup truck so they could continue their travels and visits to family and friends. A trip my mother often reminisced about was their trip to Alaska in 1987 when they drove the Great Alaskan Highway camping and fishing along the way. Jim and Lorraine (Nelson) Bain (Hazels' sister and brother-in-law) accompanied them on this adventure in another camper. One of their most remarkable travels was to Australia, a trip they made to visit their son, Bill, who was on sabbatical leave to the University of Western Australia, Perth, Australia in 1991. Here, they were able to explore the southwestern area of Australia, see wild kangaroos and emus, and view the Southern and Indian Oceans.

Hazel was extremely close to her mother, brothers and sisters, as well as other members of her immediate family. She had a deep interest in her family's history and kept a black book (known to us as the death book) of obituaries of family and friends. She also developed nearly 20 photo albums that held pictures of family that she began soon after her marriage and continued until 2000. This valuable collection of family materials formed the core of a book tracing the Krause family after they emigrated from Germany to the United States. It also provided information on the Johannesson and Nelson families when they emigrated from Sweden and Denmark. In the mid-1980s dad projected silent 8mm films he took onto a screen and recorded these projections with a camcorder, while Hazel narrated these events. She identified people and places from the 1950s so her sons and their descendants would have a visual and audio record of events and people. Hazel remarked during the making of these recordings that they had lived a lifestyle of self-sufficiency sustained by hunting, fishing and gardening. Such a life style had disappeared and would not be seen again. My parents always had very large vegetable gardens when we lived in both Fort Peck and Pickstown. They grew green beans, tomatoes, peppers, carrots, potatoes, beets, parsnips, kohlrabi, cabbage, lettuce, cucumbers, onions and radishes. Mother canned as many vegetables as possible in Ball Jars using a pressure cooker. Indeed, in addition to the previously mentioned activities, dad cut the hair of all three of his sons until they left home to attend college. He also had shoe repair equipment and could half sole shoes and boots. When my parents retired to Belle Fourche, South Dakota, they continued to follow a life style of self-sufficiency. They had a large garden, froze and/or canned what they grew, and continued to add fish to their diet by fishing. They purchased other items they needed in bulk from modern superstores. My parents finished basement in Belle Fourche reminded one of a small grocery store due to all canned and boxed items it contained. For commercially canned goods, dad developed dispenser units that allowed the oldest canned item to be used first. My parents continued this lifestyle throughout their lifetimes. My mother truly loved her children, grandchildren, great grandchildren, and family, and wanted to see and visit with them as often as possible.



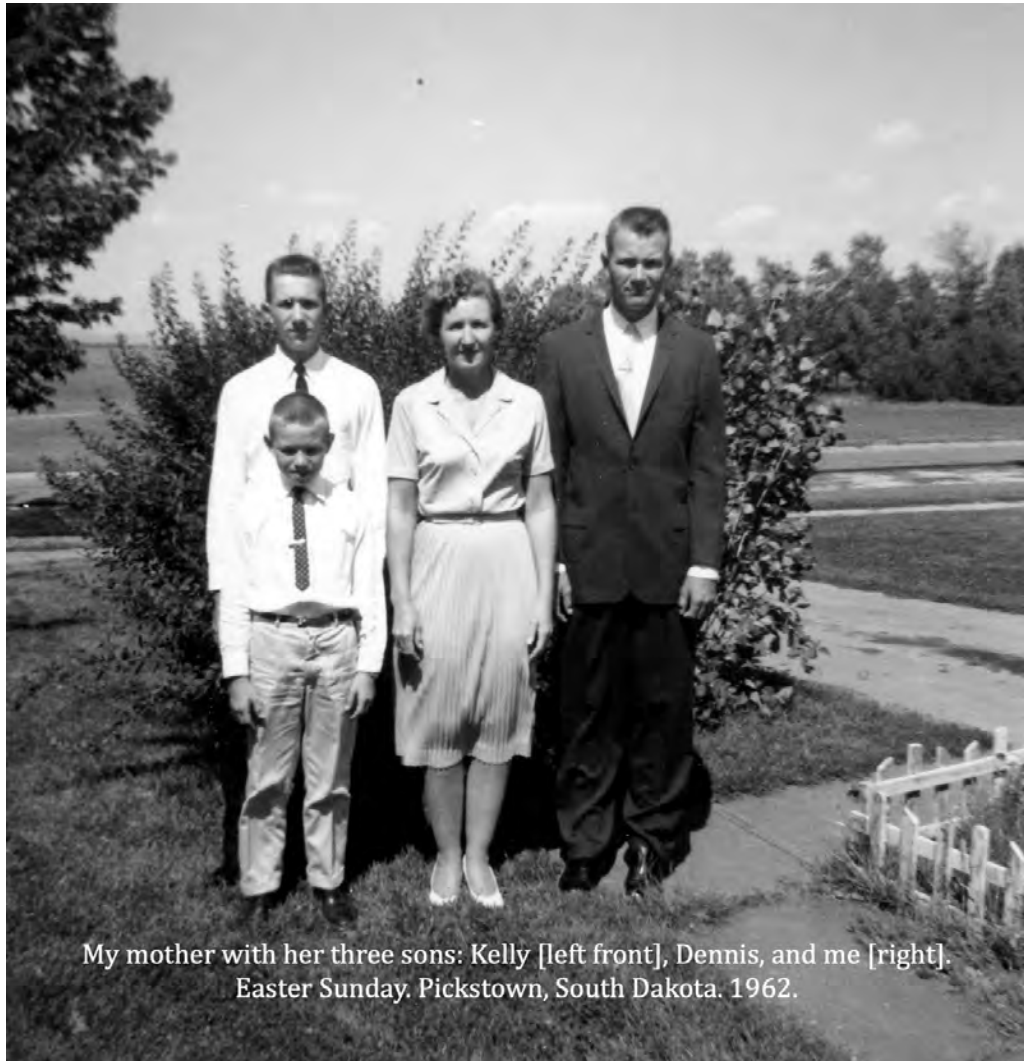
Hazel Ruby Nelson. Glasgow, Montana.  
1936



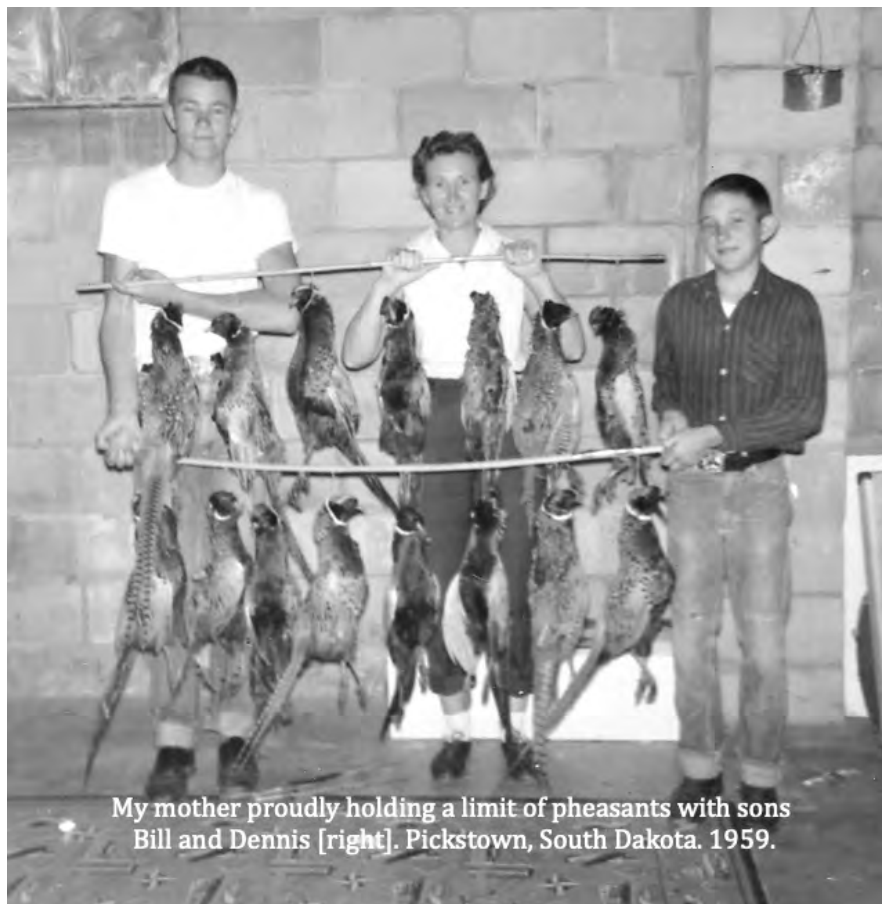
Hazel Ruby (Nelson) Krause.  
Pickstown, South Dakota. 1970s.



Rebecca Lodge, Glasgow, Montana. Mother is second right in front row. 1940.



My mother with her three sons: Kelly [left front], Dennis, and me [right].  
Easter Sunday. Pickstown, South Dakota. 1962.



My mother proudly holding a limit of pheasants with sons Bill and Dennis [right]. Pickstown, South Dakota. 1959.



Hazel's three scouts.  
Kelly [Cub Scout], me [Explorer Scout], Dennis [Boy Scout].  
Pickstown, South Dakota. 1960.



Hazel holding her birthday cake  
made by neighbor Betty Triska.  
Pickstown , South Dakota.  
August 28, 1962.



My parents celebrating their 30<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary.  
Pickstown, South Dakota. January 21, 1964.

## What was your father like?

My father was William John Krause (Johnny) born June 17, 1915, in Ottertail County, Minnesota, and was the son of Arthur Adolph and Bertha (Peters) Krause. He was educated and graduated from the Duenow School (District 66) of Ottertail County, and was confirmed in the German Immanuel Lutheran Church of Friberg with the class of 1928. After his father's death, Johnny left the Fergus Falls area at a young age and traveled to Glasgow, Montana, in 1934. There, he worked for his uncle, Otto Franz Krause, at the Westland Oil Company. William John Krause married Hazel Ruby Nelson of Tampico, Montana, on January 21, 1939, at the First Lutheran Church in Glasgow, Montana.

With the out-break of World War II in 1942, Johnny moved his family to Napa, California, where he worked at Mare Island in support of the war effort. Johnny worked in the shipyard where he completed machinist training and welding schools. We lived at 458 Wilson Street, Napa, California, from 1942 to 1945, which remains today much the same as it did in 1942. Our family returned to Glasgow, Montana, in 1946, and then dad went to work for the Corps of Engineers at Fort Peck, Montana. He was a Machinist, and later transferring to the powerhouse after completing an operation and maintenance program. We lived in Fort Peck, Montana, from 1946 to 1953. In 1953 dad transferred to the power house at Fort Randall Dam located near Pickstown, South Dakota, and continued to work for the Corps of Engineers. He worked for Corps of Engineers in Pickstown, South Dakota, for 24 years. Although the family lived at three different residences whilst in Pickstown, our primary address was 511 Missouri Drive. At Fort Randall he assumed duties as hydro-mechanic foreman until his retirement from the Corps of Engineers in 1976. Dad took the option of early retirement from the Corps. During his career with the Corps of Engineers, he received numerous citations and awards. In 1977 my parents moved in Belle Fourche, South Dakota, and built their retirement home. Dad then took a job with the American Colloid Company, a bentonite mining company, located just a few miles from Belle Fourche, South Dakota. He worked as a machinist repairing mining and hauling equipment.

While in Pickstown, South Dakota, my parents continued to raise their three sons: William J. Krause II (Bill), Dennis Lyle Krause, and Kelvin Keith Krause (Kelly) all born in Glasgow, Montana. Dad served on the Pickstown School Board, was a Red Cross First Aid Instructor, a Boy Scout Counselor, and a Member of the Masonic Lodge in Lake Andes, South Dakota. He was active in Cub and Boy Scouts seeing all three sons achieve the rank of Eagle Scout. Johnny was a caring, loving father to all three of his sons, and was very active in their lives. As soon as his sons were of age, he took each, or all of them, on numerous camping, fishing, or hunting adventures. He stressed hard work, self-reliance, honesty, and a responsibility for ones actions. Both my dad and mother stressed the importance of education and encouraged each son to follow their own pathway in life. My parents were able to witness their eldest son [me] obtain a Doctorate of Philosophy in Anatomy from the University of Missouri and their middle son [Dennis] receive Bachelor of Science & Masters degrees in Electrical Engineering for the School of Mines & Technology in Rapid City, South Dakota. Their youngest son, Kelly, went on to obtain a Doctor of Dental Surgery Degree (DDS) from the University of Nebraska. Kelly joined the United States Air Force in 1983 as a dentist and rose to the rank of Colonel in 2006. Following retirement to Rapid City, Kelly then went back to school to take a Bachelor of Science Degree in Geology from the School of Mines & Technology in Rapid City, South Dakota. Both our parents were extremely proud of their son's accomplishments.

Dad enjoyed fishing and hunting (white-tailed deer, pheasants, ducks & geese), camping, traveling, and gardening. He was a master craftsman and could build or repair anything. Dad designed and crafted a variety of things - from a camping trailer to various tools and complex games. He also hand-made several goose and duck decoys to hunt with, but his true passion was fishing. He enjoyed fishing throughout his lifetime beginning as a small child growing up in Minnesota. My father took me fishing with him as soon as I could walk.

As a result, we became very close and had numerous adventures together. In Fort Peck, we fished beneath the dam in the swift, clear tailrace waters from the powerhouse for sauger and walleye but often picked up a variety of other game fish including trout. The fishing in South Dakota was superior to my experiences in Montana. In 1955 my dad bought a 12-foot aluminum StarCraft boat. It was sent by rail to Lake Andes, South Dakota, where we drove to pick it up. We hauled it back to Pickstown with a trailer that dad borrowed from a neighbor. In less than a week, dad made a device so that we could transport the boat on top of our 1951 Chevrolet. This mechanism consisted of large pipe fitted to a trailer hitch and at the other end was a bar fitted with clamps and ties. The back of the boat was raised up and clamped in. The bow was then picked up and pivoted around to the front of the car as it was raised to sit on an overhead carrier on top of the car. The bow was then tied down to the front bumper. Dad could do this all by himself, but it was much easier when I helped so he liked taking me along on each outing. Having a boat made all the surrounding water available for fishing. We fished the Missouri River, from the dam to a few miles down river, as well as the lake above. As the lake continued to fill after Fort Randall Dam formation, it was alive with a variety of fish. In addition to sauger and walleye, white [striped] bass, crappie, large mouth bass, and northern pike were in abundance. We took a variety of these species trolling the reservoir waters. Because of the abundance of food and cover available as the water filled the old Missouri River bottom, not only did fish flourish, they grew to a large size. Northern Pike were great ones to catch and most were in the 15 to 20 pound class. Dad was a master at flaying fish, and removing the Y-bones, making pike great table fare. We usually didn't fish for crappie but made an exception when we discovered black crappie that were spawning one spring. We were trolling with minnows and jigs for walleyes when we entered a bay. I noticed tails and dorsal fins sticking up out of the water within the prairie grasses about a foot from the shore in the rising water of the lake. We changed our gear using only a hook with a shiner minnow hooked through the lips. We would cast to the shoreline almost touching land and then slowly retrieve the hook and minnow. Bang! Strike after strike. In just a few minutes we had a dozen crappies and then decided to quite catching them. These were unusual in both size and color. They were colored almost all black and each was the size of a dinner plate weighing in excess of two pounds each. The other fish that was extremely fun to catch during the summer was the white or stripped bass. These fish ran in large schools and at times could be found running at the surface chasing minnows. Although we didn't fish for this species specifically, on occasion, when trolling for walleyes on the lake, we would see whirling water and minnows leaping out of the water at a distance. Experience taught us that this was a school of white bass feeding at the surface. We would immediately change gear and race to the sighting as soon as possible. We put on crappie-like rigs with multiple hooks anchored by a white jig at the bottom. We would bait with minnows and then cast into the swirling water and retrieve our rigs as fast as we could keeping them close to the surface. Catching two or three white bass at a time was common with each cast until the school went deep and disappeared. For a fisherman, I cannot think of a more exciting experience. What great fun dad and I had when this occurred! Dad usually gave most of the white bass and crappies caught to neighbors, as we preferred to eat sauger and walleye. After heavy rains from passing thunderstorms, if they occurred during the weekend, we would load the boat and head immediately to the river. Our residence was located only a few hundred yards from the river and the dam itself. We would put in below the dam and go to where storm drains from town emptied into the river. As the rainwater gushed into the river we would cast into the flowing torrent with floating lures called Lazy Ikes. Large flathead catfish would be attracted to this fast moving water emptying into the river and come to feed. Flatheads, unlike other species of catfish, usually feed on live things and would hit artificial lures. Dad would keep these for eating, as they are the best eating of the catfish family. Other than ice fishing and a few unusual circumstances, dad relied primarily on casting and trolling with lures and other artificial baits. Even fishing through the ice during winter he preferred an artificial jig.

Next to fishing, dad's other passion was photography. Ever since I can remember dad had some type of camera. Not only to take pictures of family but also wildlife and a variety of other events that drew his interest, in particular recent events. Dad was an adventurer, and wanted to see and record a variety of things.



In the early 1950s, he purchased an 8 mm movie camera, and began recording family, friends, as well as other adventures. Because he could now capture motion, dad concentrated his efforts on making home movies rather than taking still photographs. Mother continued to keep the stills he did take, in a series of photo albums for us to look at. At this time, unlike today, dad was the only one of our immediate family to have a movie camera. He photographed the most important family events such as birthdays, holidays [Christmas, Thanksgiving, Fourth of July, rodeos], adventures we had on our camping trips and vacations, family get-togethers and reunions, school programs; events important for our family. Dad also captured different phases of construction at the Fort Peck Dam as well as construction events at Fort Randall Dam and Powerhouse in South Dakota. As he was a student of nature, he captured numerous species of wildlife on 8mm movie film. Dad had almost as much fun showing these films to family and friends as he did taking them. Projecting the films he took was a major production. He had to set up a projector and then a projection screen at the other end of a room. We were all amazed to see our images moving around silently on the screen. The response of my relatives was very interesting to watch when dad projected some of these films during the holidays at the Buggy Creek Homestead. Some would just sit in their chairs, dumbfounded. Others would cover their faces and laugh shaking their heads. For all of us, this was the first time we saw ourselves projected on a screen and moving around. It was a time long before television in this area. "What in the world will they think up next?" we all thought to ourselves. Dad also had an early editing device that allowed him to cut, splice, and put several of the short 8 mm films together in a single large spool. Later in life, dad moved on to purchase a camcorder and other cameras.

An avid gardener, Johnny maintained large gardens and berry patches (strawberries & raspberries) throughout his lifetime. My parents canned and froze what they grew and together with dad's hunting and fishing skills rarely needed to shop for groceries other than basic staples. While in Pickstown, dad (who was a master machinist) machined a hunting rifle for me from a World War I 306 Springfield carbine and carved the stock as well. This very accurate gun continues to be used to this day by one of his grandsons.

Dad also loved playing card games. One of his most endearing characteristics at this time was his remarkable laugh. For example, if he was able to make a good play during a card game on one of his grandchildren, he would slap his card on the table and begin to laugh. It was a hard laugh. His mouth would be agape, chest heaving, tears rolling down his cheeks, but with no sound emanating from his lips. During this hearty, but unusual laugh, a small vein would protrude from his forehead, and then finally the sound of laughter would come.

An interesting event happened with regard to dad and his gardening, we often laughed about. It is now a beloved family story. When cleaning up the garden in the fall at Pickstown, South Dakota, he was throwing old, large zucchinis [about the size of a baseball bat] across a road that ran behind the garden. A local constable named Auggie Kruger patrolled this road, on occasion, behind the residences. As dad was ridding the garden of large zucchinis, he was so intent on his task that he didn't notice the patrol car coming down the road. He hit the constables' vehicle broadside, putting a large dent in the front door. Auggie and dad discussed the situation as what to do next. Auggie said he was obligated to write a citation due to the damage to the patrol car. Dad convinced him to wait just a moment, disappeared into our basement, and returned with a large bathroom plunger. He was able to slam it into the door and pull out the dent created by the errant zucchini. A citation was not issued.

Another interesting story about dad was when he broke his leg while ice fishing alone at Orman Dam near Belle Fourche, South Dakota. This accident happened when he was in his mid- 70s. As Johnny caught his last fish to limit out in walleyes, he turned to retrieve it as the fish flopped around the hole in the ice. As one foot slipped on the wet ice near the hole, the other boot was frozen in place to the ice and as a result of the fall, snapped the two bones in his lower leg just above the ankle. He had taken a little red sled (that belonged to his son Dennis) with him to transport gear. Fortunately, he was able to load the fish, gear, and himself onto the sled and slide back to shore and his pickup truck. Did he rush to the hospital to seek medical attention? NO! He went home, cleaned his fish, and then sought medical attention.

Dad and mom continued to be avid campers and travelers throughout their lifetimes and were able to travel to and visit most States in the United States. They took additional trips to Canada, Alaska, and Australia.

Initially they camped by tent, with their three sons, visiting Glacier Park, Yellowstone Park, Grand Tetons, the Black Hills, the Badlands of North and South Dakota, Minnesota, and the Northwestern region of the United States. When their children left home they purchased a camper that could be mounted in the bed of a pickup truck so they could continue their travels and to visit family and friends, but still have all the comforts of home. A trip they often reminisced about was their trip to Alaska in 1987, when they drove the Great Alaskan Highway, and camped and fished along the way. The longest adventure they took when traveling away from home, was to Western Australia, to visit me when I was on sabbatical to the University of Western Australia.



Conformation of William John Krause (Johnny)  
age 12. Ottertail County, Minnesota. April 1, 1928.



Dad with his camera near the Fort Peck Dam, Montana. 1936.

William John Krause and Hazel Ruby Nelson  
near Tampico, Montana. 1937.



Wedding photograph of Johnny and Hazel.  
Glasgow, Montana. January 21, 1939.

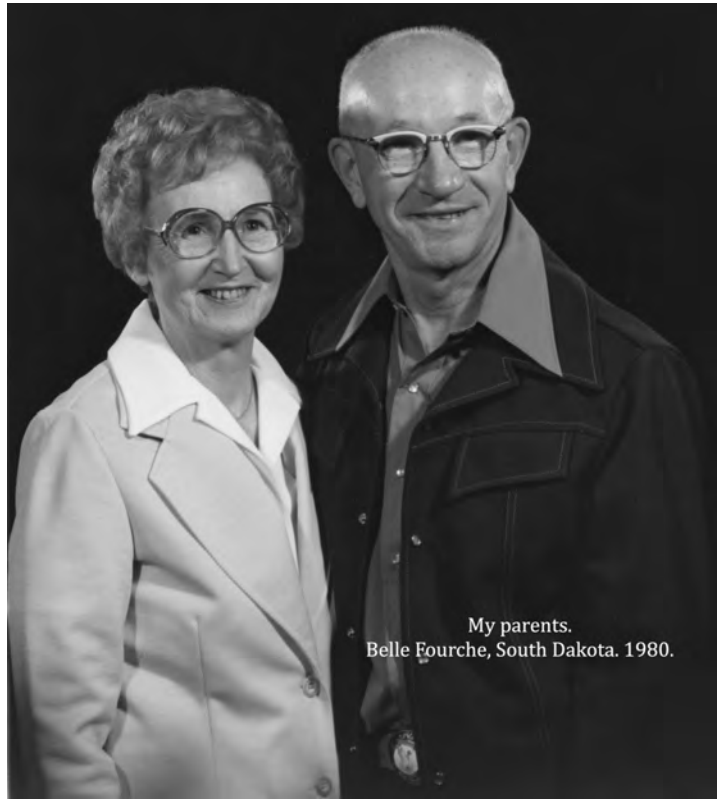


Family photograph.  
Lake Andes, South Dakota. 1963.





Large walleyes caught in the Missouri River.  
Pickstown, South Dakota. 1968.



My parents.  
Belle Fourche, South Dakota. 1980.



Dad. Cape Leeuwin, West Australia.  
1991.

## **What differences have you witness with regard to immigration?**

Because of where I grew up, in Montana and South Dakota, isolated somewhat and behind the times technologically, I have been privileged to witness not only dramatic physical and technological change but also sociological change with regard to the outlook of the citizens who make up this region the United States of America. My great grandparents were new arrivals to the United States from Europe. My paternal great grandfather's name was Adolph Reinhold Krauße [1845-1922], immigrated to this country from Pölzig, Saxony (Germany) in 1860, alone, and at just fourteen years of age. He came to start a new life for himself. My maternal grandmother's name was Mary Elizabeth Johannesson [1876-1973], born in the province of Värmland, Sweden, emigrated with her parents and a sister from Säffle, Sweden, to near Detroit Lakes, Minnesota in 1890, also at fourteen years of age. Both families had to overcome language and cultural difficulties but were absolutely determined to do so. They strove to become American Citizens and assimilate into American Society. Simply put, they desired to become Americans above all else and were willing to learn a new language and change their cultural identities to fit in and become part of the fabric of a society they recognized as being American. I became a "Good American" my grandmother, Mary Nelson, was always fond of reminding me. This outlook is in dramatic contrast to immigrants of today. Recent immigrants rather than adapting and wanting to become incorporated into American society; instead strive to retain their own language and cultural identities. Most refuse to assimilate in an effort to fundamentally transform America into the society they abandoned.

## **What was one of your most memorable adventures?**

When I on the faculty at the University of Missouri in the early 1980s, two well-known Polish scientists, Dr. Andrej Tarnawski and Dr. Jersey Stachura, from Kraków, Poland, joined our research team. This team focused primarily on studying the effects of gastrointestinal hormones on parietal cell ultrastructure as well as factors and mechanisms behind the formation of gastro-duodenal ulcers and their prevention in human subjects. I continued to work with this scientific team into the early 1990s. I was the electron microscopist for the group, and fairly well established in my career. Both Drs. Tarnawski and Stachura urged me to travel to Poland and present my findings to the Polish National Academy of Science in Kraków. However, I was reluctant to do so, as it meant traveling behind the iron curtain during the "cold war." Finally, after much discussion, I agreed to make an oral presentation and was officially invited by the Polish National Academy of Science in August of 1983. However, my adventure to Poland began even before my flight overseas. When making preparations to travel overseas, I was given numerous audiotapes, photographs, letters, and other personal items, from Polish individuals living in Missouri, to take with me and deliver to relatives in Kraków. I didn't realize it at the time, what a big deal my invitation was, but everyone of Polish heritage seemed to know about my trip.

I agreed to take these items with me and deliver them to Dr. Tarnawski's mother who lived in an apartment in Kraków. She would then deliver the items to the rightful recipients. I had enough of these "extra items" to fill a separate suitcase which I did. Another suitcase was filled with my personal items and gifts for Jerzy's family. I packed some large bags of M&Ms candy for his children and a few bags of coffee for Jerzy and his wife [candies and coffee were items in short supply at the time of my visit]. As I prepared to leave, Dr. Stachura sent me a letter and other documents that he told me to present to Polish immigration officials as soon as I arrived in Kraków. Little did I know at the time, the importance of this documentation. I traveled by car from Columbia to St. Louis and then took an overnight flight to London. After nearly missing my Lufthansa flight from London to Germany, I landed in Frankfurt, Germany, and then boarded a Russian Aeroflot airline for Warsaw, Poland. After spending a few hours in the Warsaw airport, I boarded a smaller Aeroflot plane for Kraków scheduled to land that evening. The landing at the Kraków Airport was quite an experience to say the least. When the plane landed it was as if the pilot stuck the wing of the plane in the earth and made a sharp, hairpin turn with a rapid decent. We were down in a matter of minutes. I have never experienced such a sharp turn and rapid descent in all of my adventures flying. After we landed, the pilot got off first and stood near the nose of the airplane. The passengers were told to stay on board. As I sat in my window seat, I witnessed the following: An official came running out of airport gate and ran up to the pilot standing next to the plane and began yelling at him and waving his arms. The pilot yelled back and a heated confrontation ensued. I don't know if this was for the dangerous landing of the plane or what it was about. As this was going on, 20-armed soldiers dressed in gray uniforms and carrying submachine guns surrounded the plane on both sides. "What the hell is going on here?" I thought to myself. After about 15 minutes we were allowed to leave the airplane and enter the Kraków Airport, all the time being surrounded by armed soldiers. These were very young soldiers. My guess was that they ranged in age from 16 to about 20 years old. With this introduction to Kraków, I now began to wonder about the immigration officials at the airport. "What about all those materials I was carrying from the United States to relatives in Kraków?" I never looked inside any of these packages, as they were personal and private correspondences. "What am I going to do if someone was sending contraband of some kind and was using me as a mule? Here I am alone, behind the iron curtain, and surrounded by armed soldiers and police." Finally, after waiting in line for a time, it was my turn to go through customs. I handed the official the documentation that Dr. Stachura sent to me along with the invitation that I received from the National Academy of Science. "What is the purpose of your visit?" was the sharp question asked. I simply said, "I was invited to speak at the Polish Academy of Science." Much to my surprise the official said, "Come with me please." With that I picked up my luggage, passed around my fellow passengers, all who had their luggage opened and was being searched, and followed him through a side door and into the main lobby of the airport. "Enjoy your visit," he said, and left me standing there as he closed the door. As I walked down a corridor I recognized Dr. Stachura who was waiting for me. "Wow! Was I glad to see a familiar face!" "Have a good trip?" Jerzy asked politely. "Any problem at customs?" "None," I replied. "Good," he said, and then a wide smile crossed his face. I don't know what was in the official documents that I was carrying, as they were in Polish, but I found out years later that top officials in the Communist Party had signed them. Jerzy had pulled some strings for me to make my trip to Poland as smooth as possible and avoid customs. "Whew," I thought to myself. "With all the stuff I was carrying for others – that could have been a real problem if my luggage would have been searched." As we drove into the old, medieval part of Kraków, Jerzy said, "let me take you to dinner before we arrive at the hotel in which you will be staying. You will be staying in Old Town - the old part of Kraków- so you can explore this part of the city that dates back to the 7th century and lies on the Vistula River." He took me to a small café and we had supper. One of the dishes I ordered was Borscht because although I had heard about this Eastern European soup, I had never tried it. After all, if I was going to sample it, this was the place to do it. The other thing that I remember about my first meal in Poland was that I was asked what I would like to drink. Without thinking I simply responded that I would just like a coke. "We don't serve coke here," was the response, "but we do have Pepsi." "Fine," I said. With that, the smartly dressed waiter returned and poured a bottle of Pepsi into a small glass. Imagine a waiter pouring an expensive glass of wine. That is what it was like. After this experience, I was going to order wine, as it turned out to be a lot cheaper than cola products.

After we had supper, Jerzy dropped me off at the old but newly remodeled hotel in which I was staying. Although my room had a toilet, I shared a bathtub with others on my floor. It was located in a separate room down the hall from my room. Early the next morning, I left to explore the castle wall of the 14th-century Wawel Castle that rises above the medieval Old Town of Kraków. Before I could leave my hotel, however, I had to pick up my passport at the front desk. I was asked to surrender it when I first arrived. I believe this was a way of keeping track of foreigners visiting an eastern block country. I did not like doing this but did surrender my passport after being assured I would get it back anytime I left the hotel. As I walked around, just exploring and looking at things, three things struck me. First, young soldiers dressed in gray uniforms and carrying machine guns seemed to be everywhere and manned each street corner. Second, horse-drawn carts were everywhere hauling large burlap sacs filled with coal. Third, I witnessed long lines of people standing outside a bakery and a shoe store. On closer inspection, as I passed other stores and peered through the windows, I noticed that most of the shelves were empty. Later that morning I returned to the hotel to meet Jerzy. He drove me throughout Old Kraków and gave me a personal tour explaining things and its history as we traveled along. I asked him about the long lines of people standing outside the stores that I witnessed. "Oh," he said. "A new shipment of shoes has just arrived and people are waiting for these items to be put on the shelves before the store opens for business. The same was true for the bakery. Once the bread is put on the shelves and doors opened, people rush in, make their purchases, and the store is emptied of whatever it is selling in just a few hours. Shortages are a way of life here." Jerzy went to say, "The city of Kraków dated back to the year 965 and was a major commercial center during medieval times. Kraków traditionally has been one of the leading centers of Polish academic, cultural, and artistic life."

Later that week, Jerzy and his family took me to a summer mountain cabin he owned in the mountains. On the way to this retreat, we passed some type of memorial in the distance. "What is that?" I asked. "The Auschwitz-Birkenau concentration camp memorial," they answered. Then nothing more was said about the memorial. We then drove past Nowa Huta and a highly polluted industrial district before arriving at the fantastic Arca Pana Church built in the shape of a Noah's Ark. They also showed me where Pope John Paul II [Karol Józef Wojtyła] spoke, and then talked about where he lived and what he did as a young man in Kraków prior to and during World War II. Late that day we finally reached our destination in the foothills of the mountains. Their summer cabin was located near a small, clear running river. After supper, I presented the gifts of coffee and chocolate to Jerzy and his wife and then gave stuffed animals and candy to his children that I brought from Missouri. I gave a Missouri tiger to his son and an opossum puppet with pouch young to his daughter. Later that evening Jerzy asked if I would like his help in exchanging United States currency to the Polish Zloty. In this way I could avoid going to the state bank to exchange currencies. In addition, Jerzy implied he could get a much better exchange rate for me if he did so by going through the "black market." I gave Jerzy about 150 United States dollars and later that evening Jerzy disappeared for about an hour. He then returned with a huge bundle of Polish currency that he presented to me with a huge grin on his face. "Wow!" I said. "What am I going to do with all this cash?" "You will need it for shopping at Rynek when we return to Kraków," he reminded me. The sheer volume of Polish notes was so large that I had to subdivide them into four or five bundles. I kept one in my wallet, another bundle in a money belt I was wearing under my clothes, and hid the remainder in my luggage. For some reason, I didn't consider the fact that the exchange of United States currency on the black market might be illegal, and this act might result in potential problems for me when I returned to the United States. I was also faced with another problem. Yes, I had all this cash, but by in large, there was nothing to buy, aside for tourist items and jewelry. Plus the fact, when I was escorted to various events and places, the people guiding me usually insisted on picking up the tab. This concern came to a head when it was time for me to leave Poland. Jerzy and his wife drove me to the Kraków airport. When we were standing in the airport lobby, waiting for me to board my airplane for Warsaw, I noticed custom agents confiscating Polish currency as passengers checked in and got their boarding passes. "What is going on?" I asked Jerzy. "The Polish Government only allows a certain amount of currency to leave the country," Jerzy said, in a very casual manner. "Jesus Christ!" I thought to myself. "

“I have got to get rid of some of this cash! I still have a large roll of bills in my pocket and I can barely fold my wallet.” With that, prior to approaching and getting in line, I pulled the roll of bills out of my pocket and gave it to Jerzy. I then opened my wallet and, except for a few bills that I thought I might need in Warsaw, and gave the remainder of the Polish currency to Jerzy’s wife, saying with a smile on my face, “Here, this is for you. Buy something nice.” I had already forgotten that most of the stores in Kraków had empty shelves. With that done, I got in line and finally reached the customs counter to be checked in so I could board my plane. As I presented my plane ticket and passport, the customs official asked me, “Do you have any Polish currency to declare?” “Yes,” I responded. “I have a few bills in my wallet.” “Let me see them,” the official responded. With that I open my wallet and presented the Polish currency I was still carrying. “This is over the limit,” the official said, and took several of the bills and left me with just a few. Then he asked, “May I see your receipt from the bank where you exchanged American dollars for the Polish currency that you are carrying?” For once in my life I was able to think on my feet. “Oh,” I mumbled, “I do not have one. I must have lost it somewhere during my stay in Poland or when I was packing my luggage.” “Sure you did,” he responded, with a twinkle in his eye and a small smile on his face. “Sure you did.” Then, he took the cash that was over the limit, put it in an envelope, had me sign the envelope, and stated, “Whenever you return to Poland this money has your name on it and it will be returned to you.” With that, I thanked him and went on my way to board the airplane. How thankful I was to have encountered a customs official with a sense of humor, but was well aware of my illegal activity in using the black market. Evidently, I was not the only one doing so; plus the fact, he was perhaps one of many individuals revolting against the communist state in his own way.

After we returned from the mountain retreat, Jerzy and his wife took me to Rynek, Kraków’s main market square. Originally built in 1257, this central square has changed little in the years that have followed. Measuring about 200 meters square, Rynek ranks as one of the largest medieval squares in Europe, and is surrounded by shops and elegant townhouses. I bought Winifred some jewelry, Baltic Amber, at this market as a remembrance of this trip. I also bought some tourist items for myself to remember the trip to Poland.

That evening Jerzy took me to meet Andrej’s mother at her apartment. The outside of this apartment complex was dark and foreboding. After going up a few flights of stairs, we walked down a dark corridor and came to a large, gray steel door. “What the hell is this place,” I wondered. “It is very depressing.” The door opened and we were invited inside. Inside it was bright and cheerful and wonderfully decorated. It was a fairly large apartment with several large rooms. Once inside, I met Andrej’s mother and soon discovered the apartment was filled with people who came to meet me. It turned out to be a large party held in my honor. Jerzy had advised me to bring the suitcase of items I was carrying from Missouri, and I gave it to them at this time. After visiting and exchanging pleasantries, we had a formal sit-down supper. Everything one could think was on the table – pork, beef, chicken – and all the accompaniments. “Where did they get all this food I wondered?” as I had witnessed the shortages in stores first hand. I sampled a few items during the conversation at the table. Then Andrej’s mother got up and started loading up my plate. “You must eat,” she said. The others all agreed saying, “eat, eat,” in unison. I began to eat a little more and noticed most were just watching me eat. I finished what was on my plate but declined to eat any more. I accepted their most gracious generosity and hospitality the best I could. I knew of the extreme shortages but did not want to insult their hospitality by not eating. After dessert, coffee, and more conversation, we expressed our thanks to Andrej’s mother and the group assembled for my welcome. Jerzy then drove me back to my hotel.

Prior to my presentation at the Academy of Science, I was taken on a tour of the Wieliczka Salt Mine, an ancient salt mine located near the town of Wieliczka in southern Poland. This mine began mining table salt in the thirteenth century. It is located about 1000 feet underground and is about 178 miles long. This mine produced salt until 1996 but then ceased operations due to low salt prices and flooding. Within the mine itself is the Salt-Works Museum that is open to the public. This mine is one of Poland’s official National Historic Monuments and is often referred to as “The Underground Salt Cathedral of Poland.” The mine’s attractions consist of an underground lake, dozens of statues and four large chapels carved from the rock salt by miners over the centuries. It was very impressive and worth a trip to Poland just to see it.



While on this tour I fell behind the group I was traveling with, as I was caught up in the overall beauty of the carved structures. At this time one of the miners/tour guides, who could speak English, whispered to me that a Korean Airline had been shot down by the Russian Military. “Damn it!” I thought to myself. “What am I going to do now? Here I am trapped behind the iron curtain, a foreigner, and I don’t speak the language.” Fortunately, I was alone without any “chaperones” that I knew of, and had time to think through this potentially dangerous situation. I decided to play dumb and keep this information to myself and just see what happened. I watched TV that evening, but because of the language barrier, could not understand exactly what was being said. Interestingly, not a single soul at the academy, any of the guest speakers, or my Polish contacts said a word to me about this incident. With regard to the television broadcasts in Kraków: It seemed to me that they continually broadcast newsreels on World War II especially battles between the Russians and Germans. It was only after I returned to the United States that I learned that Soviet jet fighters had intercepted Korean Airlines (KAL) flight 007, a Korean Airlines passenger flight, on September 1, 1983. It was on the last leg of a flight from New York City to Seoul, South Korea. This plane had a stopover in Anchorage, Alaska. Evidently, it strayed into Russian airspace and was shot down, killing all 269 passengers and crew.

My keynote address to the Polish National Academy of Science entitled: “Rapid Ultrastructural Changes in Stimulated Human Parietal Cells” was delivered on September 2, 1983. It was presented without any problems and well received. Later that evening I was awarded a medal by the Polish National Academy of Science for the most outstanding foreign presentation.

The next day I was taken on a day long tour of various museums and introduced to more Polish culture and history that I found interesting. The day ended with a visit to Jagiellonian University, the oldest university in Poland [founded in 1364] and the second oldest university in Central Europe. I visited the Collegium Maius, which is Jagiellonian University oldest building and contains a treasure trove of artifacts centered on astronomy and Nicolas Copernicus who studied here from 1491 to 1495. The exhibit also included medieval scientific instruments, globes, paintings, collectibles, and furniture. Of particular interest to me was the Jagiellonian globe, made in France and dated to around 1510. It is considered to be one of the oldest existing globes to show the Americas.

After about ten days, my stay in Poland was concluded, and I packed my belongings and the gifts that I was given for the return trip. I left Kraków for Warsaw and then boarded a plane for Frankfurt and the west side of the Iron Curtain. My plane was late getting into Frankfurt and I rushed to the side of the terminal where my plane was scheduled to take off from for New York City. I could see it parked outside and docked at the terminal. I rushed to the counter and presented my ticket and passport. Too late! They would not allow me to board the plane. A heated argument ensued, as I couldn’t understand why, as the plane was still docked, they just couldn’t just open the door and let me board. Since the door to the plane was closed they wouldn’t open it to let me board. In the meantime the plane just sat there for about another 20 minutes. “This is God Damn ridiculous!” I yelled at those behind the counter. “I was held up in Customs. Now you are forcing me to miss connections because you have a policy that once the door is closed it cannot be opened again until it reaches its destination. This is absolute bullshit! Not only will I miss this flight but my connecting flight on to St Louis and Columbia, Missouri, as well.” I must have presented a very angry demeanor as a woman behind the desk said, “Calm down sir, I can get you on the next flight and have you in New York to meet your connection to St. Louis in plenty of time.” “Sure you can,” I responded in a mocking tone. “What about my luggage and customs?” In about 30 minutes I boarded another plane for New York City and arrived in time to make a connection to St. Louis. I looked for my luggage in New York but could not find it. One of the luggage handlers suggested that it might have been put on another flight to St. Louis that left just earlier. Because my flight was already boarding passengers, I decided to catch this plane and just forget about my luggage. I arrived in St. Louis on time but discovered my luggage had yet to arrive or was lost. After filling out a lost luggage report, I was picked up by Winifred and two friends at the airport for the drive back to Columbia. My lost luggage turned out to be a fortunate circumstance as the women had gone shopping in St. Louis prior to my arrival and little space was available for my luggage if it had arrived with me. After about a week, the St. Louis Airport called and said that they had found my luggage and that it would be delivered to our home address. Much to my surprise I completely avoided customs and paying duty on the amber jewelry and the other gifts I purchased. Thus, my adventure to Poland ended on a happy note.



Me about to be introduced at the  
Polish National Academy of Science.  
Kraków, Poland. 1983.

## What jobs did you have during high school?

Long before I entered high school I did all sorts of things to earn money. I don't remember ever receiving an allowance from my parents. Cleaning my room, mowing the grass, and doing other chores around the house were just expected as one's responsibility and being part of our family. Even in Fort Peck, Montana, when I was quite young, if I wanted money for candy or a soda, it was up to me to get it. I knew at an early age that I could get spending money by picking up and selling bottles or by selling flowers in the spring. In those days, I also depended heavily on money from all my aunts and uncles, received during holidays or for my birthday. This I saved and tried to make last as long as possible. If I wanted to go to a movie or a similar event, my parents usually just gave me the money. I am referring to money for extras at an event. Initially, I made money by selling wild crocuses, a small purple flower that appeared in abundance during the spring on surrounding Montana hills. The ladies that lived on "Big Shot Row" were always my best customers. Another way I made money was collecting bottles by walking the ditches along the two highways that entered Fort Peck. The most lucrative road was the one that passed through Wheeler, Montana, a boomtown that flourished along Highway 24 during the construction days of the Fort Peck Dam. It was located about two miles from and just outside our village. Wheeler had a notorious reputation in its day. It had about 20 bars including the infamous "Buckhorn Club."

Because it was located just off government property, liquor flowed and was sold to construction workers building the dam. I would take a burlap potato sac and walk to Wheeler in the ditch on one side of the road and then walk the other side back to Fort Peck. The bottles I collected were washed and re-used. I received 2 cents for a short-necked beer bottle, 4 cents for a long-necked beer bottle, 4 cents for a coke or pop bottle, and of course the highly prized milk bottle, which was worth 10 cents. I would always make a few dollars doing this about once a month.

When my father transferred to work at Fort Randall, located near Pickstown, South Dakota, I got a paper route shortly after my arrival and delivered papers for the "Omaha World Herald". Because my customers were widely dispersed, I needed a bicycle to complete my route in a reasonable amount of time. I didn't mind the weather extremes or the obligation to get the paper to the customer's door on time. I was required to place the newspaper inside the storm door of each residence. What I disliked most about this job was going door to door once a month to collect money for the paper delivery service.

Not long after my arrival in South Dakota, dad and I also seined minnows for fishing. We had a spot down river just beyond where the river road terminated next to large patch willows called the Willows Area by locals. The other was off the face of the dam next to the intake towers. Both places yielded an abundance of Emerald Shiner minnows. We would always have 3 or 4-dozen minnows in a bucket submerged somewhere in the running water of the Missouri River for fishing. They were available at a minutes notice. It wasn't long after our arrival that people began to talk about all the fish that dad would give away. This attracted the attention of the owner of the Red & White Bait Shop in Pickstown. The owner was always quizzing me as to what was biting and where; so he could pass this information on to his customers, primarily fisherman from out of town. He soon discovered, despite my age, that I knew how to seine minnows and where to get them locally. Previously, he had been sending a minnow truck to Minnesota and Iowa to purchase fathead minnows to sell at his bait shop. I made a deal with the owner to provide as many gallons of Emerald Shiner minnows as possible for a price, during the summer and early fall days. Because I was too young to drive a minnow truck, which was equipped with tanks and aerators, he sent someone older to seine with me. I needed another person at the opposite end of the 30-foot seine to do the job anyway. I instructed everyone involved how to care for this particular minnow, as they were very sensitive to changes in water quality and temperature. They would die quickly if not cared for properly. Minnow sales at the bait shop soared as fisherman preferred these minnows. Most knew that these native shiner minnows were the natural food for walleyes and sauger in this area. This particular minnow ensured a fishermen's success. For the next few summers I made pocket money seining and selling shiner minnows. My younger brother, Dennis, helped me on several occasions. When Dennis was a little older, he worked at the Red and White Bait Shop. He became a well-known fishing guide even though quite young. Everyone wanted "the kid" to take them out. As for me, although I did guide for a bit, I didn't have the patience or the time.

I got my first "real job" setting pins at a bowling alley located in the Pickstown Recreation Center about 1955. In addition to having bowling alley, the Rec Center had a restaurant, a bar, and a pool hall. I was 13 years of age at this time. How I got this job may be of interest. I met a couple of other kids I knew from school and we decided to go into the Rec Center. It was mid-afternoon during a summer weekend. A few people were bowling and some older high school kids were sitting around a table talking and/or playing pool. We each bought a coke and were just looking around when a high school guy came in and started yelling at us. "What are you kids doing in here?" he yelled. "Get the hell out of here!" and with that slapped the coke out of my hands, which landed on the floor. "Who and the hell is this guy?" I asked my friends, but no one knew. He then grabbed me. Perhaps because I was larger than my friends, as I was big for my age, he pushed me towards the door. Without thinking of any consequences, I doubled up my fist and wheeled around throwing a punch with all my might. My overhand blow struck him on the bridge of the nose and between the eyes. Because he was off balance my blow knocked him off his feet and he tumbled to the floor. "What did you do that for you little shit?" he yelled, with a stunned look on his face. "Look what you've done, I got a bloody nose and it won't stop bleeding. You will get yours!" he said, as he stumbled out the front door. Everyone was silent for a moment, then one of my friends whispered, "way to go Bill, let's get out of here!" But before we could make a step toward the door one of the other high school guys got up and slapped me across the back of the head saying, "you're all right kid, come with me."

He introduced me to a grinning owner who was standing behind the counter where the bowling shoes were handed out. "Would you like a job setting pins?" he asked. "I don't know," I said. "I've never done that before." "Don't worry," another high school kid said, "I will show you. You just have to be quick and pay attention. All you need to have is a social security number and you can start." That night, with my parent's permission, I began setting pins. I didn't realize it at the time but I had punched the high school bully in the nose and gotten away with it. This news spread like wild fire through both the junior high and high school and I was granted the status of some type of hero - everyone knew who I was. I cannot remember how much I was paid per line setting pins but it seemed like a fortune. My job consisted of sitting on a bench over a shallow pit behind the pins and when the pins from the first ball were knocked over, pick them up and put them into a rack with a corresponding number located above the alley. I then picked up the ball and send it back. After the second ball came, I would pick up the ball first and send it back by placing it in an elevated trough and giving it a push. I would load any pins knocked over and then grab the large horizontal handle of the mechanical pinsetter and press it down as hard as I could. This motion lowered the pin setting device and the next line of pins was set for the bowlers. As my speed at doing this increased and I became more skilled, I was able to set double or even triple at times, moving between pits. One had to keep their legs and feet extended when the ball hit the pins to stop them from flying up and hitting you in the face. I liked setting pins for the women's league the most, as they would always leave a tip for their pinsetter. I sat pins every Friday and Saturday night and on occasion during a weeknight for league bowling, if needed. I set pins until the bowling alley closed and was torn down as the population of Pickstown began to decline.

In addition to setting pins at the bowling alley, a local farmer would hire Pickstown High School kids in the fall to pick up ears of corn. We worked as gleaners. This was at a time when older versions of corn pickers were used to pick two or four rows of corn at a time. These machines were very inefficient and a large number of ears of corn remained in the field lying on the ground. It was cost effective for the farmer to pay students a few dollars on weekends and evenings to help pick up ears of corn left in the fields by the mechanical pickers. There would usually be ten of us, five on each side of a large farm wagon pulled by the farmer sitting on a tractor. He would slowly drive along as each of us walked 2 or 3 cornrows picking up ears of dried corn. We would then throw the ears of corn into the large wagon as we walking along. The older guys were assigned rows furthest from the wagon. Each time we did this, the farmer would get at least two and sometime three wagons full of unshelled corn. I also helped pick up square hay bales when I was bit older and helped stack them. You had to be strong to do this and it was very hard work.

By the end of my junior year in high school [1959] my parents insisted that I get a full time job for the summer. Somehow my parents knew the Connot family, who owned a farm/ranch on the west side of the Missouri River. Their property straddled the border between South Dakota and Nebraska. I knew their son, Ray Connot, from school, as we were teammates in track & field and basketball, and represented Pickstown High School. An agreement was made between our parents and it was announced to me that I would spend most of the summer working as a farmhand for this family. I was to make five dollars a day, plus room and board. How our parents met and put this deal together is still a mystery to me. I didn't even know they knew one another. Shortly after the last week of school my parents drove me out to the Connot farm and dropped me off with a suitcase full of clothes. During the first week, I realized that all the farming skills I learned in Montana at my grandmother's ranch, when I was quite young, were really paying off. I knew how to do most chores the Connot's were going to teach me. I spent most of my time cutting alfalfa and putting up hay. I also tilled a number of fields for the crops they grew. I knew how to drive tractors and operate farm equipment, clean barns and chicken coops, and then furnish them with and lay down new bedding. After the Connot's were confident with my skill set, they went on a two-week vacation and left me in charge of the farm. I took care of everything, from milking and other daily chores, to larger farm operations out in the fields. During this summer I had several great experiences, and Ray and I became good friends. During late spring I helped the Connot family harvest mulberries. They had several large trees around the residence. All members of the family were involved. We would hold bed sheets under a tree while Mr. Connot took a long pole with a hook at one end and shook individual branches. The ripe mulberries would fall onto the sheets and were collected. The harvested berries were then squeezed for their juice. Mrs. Connot made jellies, jam, and wine from this mulberry juice.

Ray and I shared a room upstairs at the farmhouse. One evening when we were going to sleep, Ray asked me, "Bill have you every had any wine?" "No," I replied, "except for wine given during the sacraments at church." "Want to try some," he asked? "OK," I said, "where is it?" Ray opened a closet door and there were several large crocks stoppered with corks. A few empty glass Ball jars, used for canning, also were in the closet stored on a shelf. Ray poured out a quart jar of mulberry wine, took a sip, and passed it on to me. We talked and talked until the jar was empty and then fell asleep. The next morning was rough for both of us. We both overslept and had to be woken up by his sister. I had a headache and felt dehydrated. I didn't eat much breakfast or feel that well as we went out to work for the day. I felt bad all day. I don't know if Ray's parents knew what we had done or not, but I suspect they did. Another painful lesson learned. On some Saturday afternoons, when their parents went shopping in O'Neill, Nebraska, Ray, his sister, and I would slip away from the farm and go swimming at the beach back at Fort Randall.

Late one summer day, Ray and I were cutting grass on the edge Missouri breaks. We had just finished cutting some slew grass in a bottom and then moved up to cut grass for hay on the hillsides. Slew grass was not used for fodder but to cap the haystacks, as it would shed water. We were both using side mounted sickle bar mowers on our tractors and as we mowed the hillsides I noticed the uphill rear wheel of my tractor was coming off the ground. "Ray!" I called out, as I drove up behind him, "my rear wheel is lifting up! I think the incline may be too steep to mow here," I said. "Don't worry," Ray responded, "I do this all the time." After that, whenever I saw my back wheel come up, I sat on the wheel well cover and tried to force it back to the ground using my body weight. That worked most of the time but I slowed down and became more cautious. As we were about to finish I glanced ahead to witness Ray's tractor tipping over as he leapt to safety. It rolled over twice bending the sickle bar around the tractor front. Fortunately, the tractor landed upright and we were able to restart it and drive it back to the residence. Ray had a hard time explaining this accident to his father but I think he got off easy as no one was injured.

The most enjoyable week during my experience working at the Connot Farm was just before I returned home. We rode horses for about week through the Missouri Breaks rounding up cattle that were then herded to fenced rangeland up on a bench near the residence. The breaks were so steep and rugged that the only way to find and drive cattle back toward the residence was on horseback. I loved doing this! We packed a lunch and were gone all day, each day. I had a great horse, a large pinto, and after the first day we trusted one another completely. Most of the time I just gave her the lead and she did all the work. I was merely along for the ride.

The first summer after I graduated from Pickstown High School, I was fortunate enough to be employed by the Corps of Engineers at Fort Randall Dam. Somehow my dad arranged all of this. I worked at the powerhouse as part of the maintenance and janitorial service. I learned how to wash, wax, and polish floors on a large scale under the direction of a supervisor, named Billy Forest. The primary floor was the generator floor that was covered by tile. It was several hundred feet long and quite wide. By the time I finished doing this large floor, I would then start at the opposite end to repeat and do it all over again. This process lasted all summer long. Every once in a while I was assigned to do the tourist viewing area. The rest of the crew worked on the administrative offices.

# What was your first year of college like?

After graduation from Pickstown High School, I made the decision to attend Augustana College during the late summer of 1960. This was not an easy decision for me. My graduation class numbered only 8 individuals including myself, and the question that always kept creeping into my mind was, would I be competitive at the University level with other students graduating from much larger schools? My uncle, Herbert Krause, assured me that I would be successful, if I did my best. "After all," he reminded me, "Pickstown High School despite its small size was rather a unique school in South Dakota." Pickstown High School was a school financed totally by the federal government. It was a government school. The high school was very well furnished and hired some of the best instructors available. Also, the school was the heart of the small community of Pickstown, and the parents and teachers were in constant, personal communication with one another. Because of the small size of the student body at this school, I had easy access to each instructor. Indeed, if a teacher was of the opinion that a student was falling behind in any subject, they would seek out the student and provide individual tutoring during study hall periods to ensure everyone was on top of their game with regard to course work. If one blew off the instructors' attempt to help, the parents would be called, and no student at school during this time wanted that encounter. Plus, I had taken coursework that included 4 years of Mathematics, Science, and English. The other comfort I had was that three upper class-men, who graduated from Pickstown High School, were attending Augustana College and doing quite well. Still, I was not quite sure of myself and how I would be able to compete at the University level. Perhaps this doubt was because I was denied admission to my first choice, the United States Air Force Academy, earlier that year.

I did not own or have a car at this time in my life, so during early September of that year, I packed my suitcase and my parents drove me to Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Augustana College was a small, liberal arts Lutheran School located in South Dakota's largest city. My parents drove around a bit, did some shopping, made a brief tour of the city, and then went on to Augustana College. I was dropped off at the entrance to Solberg Hall, the dormitory that I was assigned to on the campus of Augustana. My parents then said goodbye and returned to Pickstown late that afternoon.

I had been tentatively accepted by Augustana College, so when I arrived, I knew which dorm I was to stay in as well as the assigned dorm room number. I checked in at the front desk. The dorm manager at the desk asked if I had any large trunks or guns I would like to check into storage. "No," I said, "All that I have is this small suitcase plus a radio and the suitcase can fit under my bed in the dorm room." I didn't realize it at the time, but several students from nearby communities had brought their shotguns for the opening day of pheasant season, a major event in South Dakota. I discovered this just after my parents left, but decided not to send for my shotgun, because I didn't have a means to store or cook any pheasants that I shot. According to the literature I read about housing in this dorm, cooking was strictly prohibited. My room was located on the third floor. I was assigned to share the small dorm room with two other students. The room consisted of a single bed, a bunk bed, and two built in study desks, each with a chair. Because I was the first to arrive, I claimed the single bed as my own, unpacked, and put my small suitcase beneath my bed as a sign of ownership. Florescent lighting illuminated the desks and bookshelves located directly above each study area. Three of us shared a single, large closet located next to the door at the entrance. A single window was located directly opposite the door in the outside wall. The room did not have air conditioning so during the warm days of fall the screened window was opened to let in fresh air and to keep the room cool at night.

Fortunately, one of my roommates brought a fan that we placed in the window to circulate the air. The dorm rooms were built around a large, central, rectangular area in which multiple toilets and two large common showers were located. Each end of this interior facility contained about 10 sinks with overhead lighting. These areas were for shaving, washing, and brushing teeth. At the ends of each dorm floor were large, glassed-in-rooms designated as study areas that contained several tables, chairs, and a sofa. The lounge areas also were used for smoking. Initially, due to overcrowding the first month or so, two or three students used these areas as temporary dorm rooms. However, shortly after the term started, students either dropped out of school or chose off campus housing. Then these rooms became available for their designated purpose.

Later, the next afternoon, all students were required to attend an orientation program to talk about the school and what the expectations were of being a student at Augustana College. These sessions were held at or near the Morrison Commons building. Following the lengthy orientation, a social was held outdoors near the center of the campus that lasted for the remainder of the day. During this session each freshman was given a green beanie to wear that had a large gold A on the front. We were supposed to wear these caps on campus during the first semester so upperclassmen could help us find classrooms and adjust to campus life. However, in reality, it was in fact a type of initiation rite. I ditched my beanie after the first week at Augustana. If an upperclassman spotted you wearing this beanie, one was supposed to do what they asked you to do. For example: carry their books to class, pick up trash on campus if they spotted any, or carry a cafeteria tray for them at mealtime. I resented being told by some of the upperclassman to either do something stupid or wait on them in some fashion. Finally, I just took my cap off and stuffed it into my front pants pocket. I went unnoticed for a few days when a group of upperclassman approached me and said, "Hey, aren't you a freshman? Why aren't you wearing your cap?" With the sternest face I could muster and looking them straight in the eye, without wavering, I shouted back at the entire group, "and just who in the hell are you!" They were shocked at my crude language! After all, this was a Lutheran School; a religious based Liberal Arts College. After a brief silence somebody mumbled, "sorry, we thought you were someone else." We then went our separate ways. I never wore the beanie again and blended in with the sea of upperclassmen.

The cafeteria in the Morrison Commons was closed for supper on Sundays and students were on their own for the evening meal. The dorms at this time, at least at Augustana College, did not have dining rooms and did not allow food preparation in the dorm rooms. Most students on the Augustana campus ate at a cafeteria located on the second floor in the Morrison Commons during the remainder of the week. We were required to purchase booklets of food coupons that contained removable color tabs, which were worth different amounts. These were torn out with each purchase during the semester. Cash purchases were usually not accepted from students. The first floor of Morrison Commons also housed all the mailboxes of the student body, plus a bookstore, a gift shop, a recreation area with a small bowling alley, Ping-Pong tables, two billiard tables, a large lounge area with a piano, and the Huddle. The Huddle was retail-dining facility located on the main level of the Morrison Commons. It was open until midnight every day of the week, when classes were in session, and specialized in short order, grab-and-go-items, coffee, and soft drinks.

Following the orientation Saturday, students were given a handbook with the degrees offered. Under each degree offering listed, were the required and suggested courses to qualify for that degree as well as the credit hours given for a particular course. I decided to go after a Bachelor of Science Degree in Biology. I chose Biology as my major because I believed that I knew something about this topic, and of the courses offered, seemed the most interesting. Monday morning of the following week, I signed up for the courses suggested in the handbook. I signed up for 17 hours of course work for my first semester. The actual course work began on Wednesday of that week. Monday morning we were all required to take a rudimentary physical examination as well as fill out a series forms as to what vaccinations we had been given. If the vaccination schedule that I brought with me from home was not up to date, then I would have been required to take the appropriate shots.

Fortunately, my vaccination record was up to date. If one refused to update the vaccination schedule and get the recommended shots, he or she was asked to leave and escorted off campus. One was simply denied admission to continue on at Augustana College. As I proceeded through the line, going from room to room in military fashion, I continued to fill out medical forms. One section of the forms we were to fill out had to do with sexually transmitted diseases. One of my future classmates standing next to me started asking me questions about this section and what some of the terms meant. "Is this guy for real?" I thought to myself. "Jesus, and I thought I was naive." "Wait just a minute," I thought. "This guy is just putting me on. Why not return the favor?" So I told him, "Just check all the boxes. They are all referring to different types of colds and flu one had in the past during childhood and not to worry about it. Why don't you just fill out the forms, quit holding up the line, and quit asking a bunch of stupid questions?" When he reached the desk, he was just ahead of me; this student was taken out of the line and escorted to another special room. Fortunately, I didn't see him again that day. The remainder of this day and the next was devoted to taking a series of proficiency examinations in English and Mathematics. Later, I found out, if a student didn't score at a specific predetermined level, they were required to take remedial classes before they could gain admittance to the regular classes offered at Augustana for credit. Fortunately, I passed these entrance exams, though there was some doubt in my mind about this when I finished taking them. How thankful I was that I did not take the easy path when I attended Pickstown High School. I had four years of mathematics [Algebra 1 & 2, geometry, and trigonometry], four years of science [Science, Biology, Chemistry, Physics] and four years of English. One of my roommates was not as fortunate and had to do remedial English. The student body referred to this course as "Bonehead English." Students taking remedial work were looked down upon and if one was doing remedial work tried to keep it quite. I told my roommate I would keep the information about him confidential and for him not to worry about me embarrassing him. After all, it was by the grace of God that I passed. It could have been me doing remedial work.

On the first day of actual classes, I was surprised to see how many students were in each class. In most classes there were about 30 students in each section; however, in my General Biology class there were over 50 individuals in my particular section. Professor Delwin Rogers was in charge of my section. He was a botanist/ecologist and his major interest was in plants. "How is this going to work out?" I thought to myself. "I really don't give a damn about plants." After about a month of coursework, we had our first series of examinations. I felt confident after the first round of examinations in all my coursework. Almost all the questions asked were short essay in format and some, particularly those in world literature, required "Blue Books." These were little booklets with a blue cover, hence their name, that contained about forty pages of lined paper to write on with a pencil or pen [cursive – long hand]. Some faculty handed them out with their exams whereas others required the students to purchase their own and bring them to the examination. The following week all the examination scores were posted on a bulletin board outside the door of the main office for each department. They were ranked with the best score first and the lowest score last followed by each student's name. What a shock! I started off by reading from the top downward and learned never to do that again. In the first round I was near the bottom of the class in each subject in the D and C categories. "What did I do wrong?" I wondered. I prepared just as I did in high school. The actual examinations were handed back during the next scheduled class period and then were gone over on a point-by-point basis at the beginning of the class. As I soon learned, in material that I thought I knew, my knowledge was extremely superficial and none of the answers I gave for each question asked, provided enough depth or true understanding of the subject. I had to justify my answers and provide an argument that could be supported by facts. It was time for me to get serious and change my approach to studying for each class. I decided the only way I was going to survive, was to study as intensely as I could, seven days a week. I was going to devote the vast majority of my time at Augustana to the courses I was taking and eliminate extracurricular activities. The only exception I made was to attend a few home football and basketball games or a concert or two. On rare occasion, and if late at night, I did listen to away games of my radio. Football games and basketball games were held off campus at Howard Wood Field on the opposite [north] side of Sioux Falls near the airport.



Several buses would transport those students interested in attending to and from the games. No ticket was involved and transportation was at no cost to the students. What I remember most vividly about the football games was that prior to the first game it was strongly suggested that each freshman purchase an “Ole Horn” and take it with them to the game. After all, we were the “Augustana Vikings.” I bought mine for ten dollars at the gift shop in the Morrison Commons. When I arrived for the first football game, almost every student in attendance had their Ole Horn and started blowing them at kick off and during the game. What a din these horns made! The sound made was very much like that heard during horn blowing at recent World Cup Soccer matches. In addition, the cheerleaders had three 20-foot alpine horns they blew. They appeared exactly like the Swiss Alpine horns used in the Robitussin commercials to advertise cough medicine. In front of the student body, and usually loaded with a few cheerleaders, was the replica of a Viking ship but on wheels. The Viking ship was present for all home games and used in parades downtown.

During the first basketball game I attended to watch the Augustana Vikings play, I wore a nice shirt and slacks to the game. When I arrived at the auditorium to sit with the student body, I was shocked to see that the vast majority of the guys were wearing sports jackets and ties. “Wow! What a difference between spectators at high school games that I was familiar with, and those attending the college game,” I thought to myself. “I really am at college.”

Every afternoon during the week, a 45-minute chapel service was held, from 11:00- 12:00, in a gym next to the Morrison Commons. These were short church services given by Pastor Richard Peterson who served as the campus pastor. Chapel was not required, but most of us showed up at least a couple times a month. This was a way for Pastor Pete, as he was known, to keep in contact with the student body and converse with anyone on campus having difficulties with campus life. On rare occasion, I did go to Sunday church services, held at Campus Lutheran Church, as it was near the dorm I was housed in. As time went on, I attended less and less and instead listened to Lutheran Vespers on the radio; a late Sunday night broadcast from Minneapolis, Minnesota. I enjoyed their selection of church music.

It was just after the first series of exams that my two roommates dropped out of school. I cannot remember their names. A shuffle of room assignments then occurred with people being moved in and out so that ultimately there were only two individuals per room. A week or so prior to next series of exams, student groups taking the same course, got together to quiz one another. Each asked the most difficult questions possible, and made sure that anyone answering the posed question could back up his/her answer with facts and justify the answer. These were great sessions for me and I soon began to understand how to answer questions, justify answers, and back them up with solid facts. Because of these group sessions and because each professor went back over completed exams in class, I was finally learning how to prepare at the University level. Never again would I, or any of my classmates, read the posted grades from the top to the bottom. We all read from the bottom upward, being terrified of finding our name posted at the bottom with the lowest scores. It was about this time in conversations with other students, primarily transfer students, that I learned Augustana held their students to a much higher standard, with greater expectations, than did the state schools in South Dakota. Augustana was a private, liberal arts, Lutheran school with sister schools such as St. Olaf, Gustavus Adolphus, and Concordia. It finally dawned on me, that at Augustana one wasn't simply given a degree at the end of a course of study, as was the case for a high school diploma. I was going to have earn a degree by not only finishing course work at a high level but also by passing both entrance exams [which I was fortunate to get by on the first round] and exit examinations. The latter measured proficiency in English and Mathematics, as well as competency in other subjects. I now knew for sure, but had realized earlier, that it was going to take all the dedication to study I could muster just to stay in this prestigious school. In addition, I was concerned about Augustana's grading policy. One received 3 points of credit for an A, 2 points for a B, and 1 point for a C. No points were awarded for the D or F designation. One needed a total grade point averaging 1 [C] in course work to graduate.

Unlike university courses today, all the science courses I took [biology, chemistry, physics] had a lecture and an integrated laboratory subcomponent. Both of these contributed to a total presentation of the subject and the laboratory formed the practical application for a specific course. The laboratory and lecture subcomponents were not offered as separate, unrelated entities, as is often the case in most current Universities of today.

Instead, both lecture and lab were presented as an integrated whole. The Professor giving a course provided all lectures and laboratory exercises. As a result, faculty and students got to know one another quite well. Languages, in my case German, were handled in the same manner with a laboratory component to practice speaking the foreign language.

When not in class, either lecture or laboratory, my second home was at the Mikkelsen Library. My experience spending much of my time studying in the Mikkelsen Library deserves special comment. During my time at Augustana [1960-1964] as soon as the library opened, students would often stake out a specific study desk they liked either due to lighting, view, or isolation, and leave their books and/or study materials for the day at this location. After or before classwork of the day, one would return to this desk to study between classes. In my four years at Augustana, I never had any of my materials taken or stolen nor did any other student that I can recall have a problem. What a change from what occurs today, particularly at most state universities. Signs are posted everywhere never to leave personal items unattended. Theft is a major problem affecting student bodies of today. This was unheard of in the early 1960s at Augustana College. Some of our books and study materials remained unattended for days at a time.

I should also note that a two-hour "gym course" was required during the first two years at Augustana College. This meant buying a uniform and being an active participant in some form of exercise program. I cannot remember the exact format, but I do remember, for me at least, that this consisted of a semester each for track & field, basketball, golf, and volleyball. Each sport had written exams concerned with the rules and/or some other basic questions. During the basketball segment, which I took during the first semester, the varsity basketball coach, Ole Odney, approached me about playing basketball for the freshman team. Guys on my dorm floor, who were on the freshman basketball team, also were encouraging me to try out for the team. I did consider this option for a time, but after receiving my initial exam scores, decided against this opportunity and was determined to devote all my time solely to the study of my course work. The other incentive in taking this path was, I was paying my way through school, and I wanted to get my monies worth. As a result, I never missed a class or assigned laboratory during my entire four years at Augustana College. Sometime later, when I was an upperclassman, and when I wanted complete solitude and quiet, I would leave the library setting and study in a storage room in the Biology Department that housed mounted biological specimens. This was a great, quiet, place without interruption, and I could enter exams razor sharp.

Most of my social interactions took place on the third floor of the dorm and was in the form of study groups and bull sessions. I rarely went downtown on Saturday evenings or to various events held near the actual falls in Sioux Falls. On occasion, I had lunch or supper with my uncle, Professor Herbert Krause, at the cafeteria in Morrison Commons. These meetings were not planned. We would just spot one another in this large open room and would sit down and eat together. Herb did get me off campus a few times. I went with him to a few lectures and presentations put on by the National Audubon Society. We also attended a few concerts or operas together. In retrospect, this may have been done to get me off campus. By the end of the first semester I had developed the reputation of either being in the library or somewhere in the Biology Department and would never leave the campus. Perhaps other faculty members believed that I might have been pushing to hard and advised Herb get me off campus if possible.

The only breaks I had during my four years of college were when I would to return to Pickstown for Thanksgiving, Christmas/New years, and Spring Break. School started in September and ended at the end of May. We resumed classes of each New Year during the first week in January. I car-pooled with several other students from my region of South Dakota to get back and forth between Pickstown and Augustana College.

Prior to Thanksgiving of the first year, I noticed other students on my dorm floor had popcorn poppers. I could smell the aroma of freshly popped popcorn wafting down the hallway. On several occasions individuals sharing the same floor would invite me in to have some and just talk. By this time the designated lounge/study areas at the ends of the hall were taken over by guys playing cards or just bull sessions. They always seemed to have a popcorn popper going.

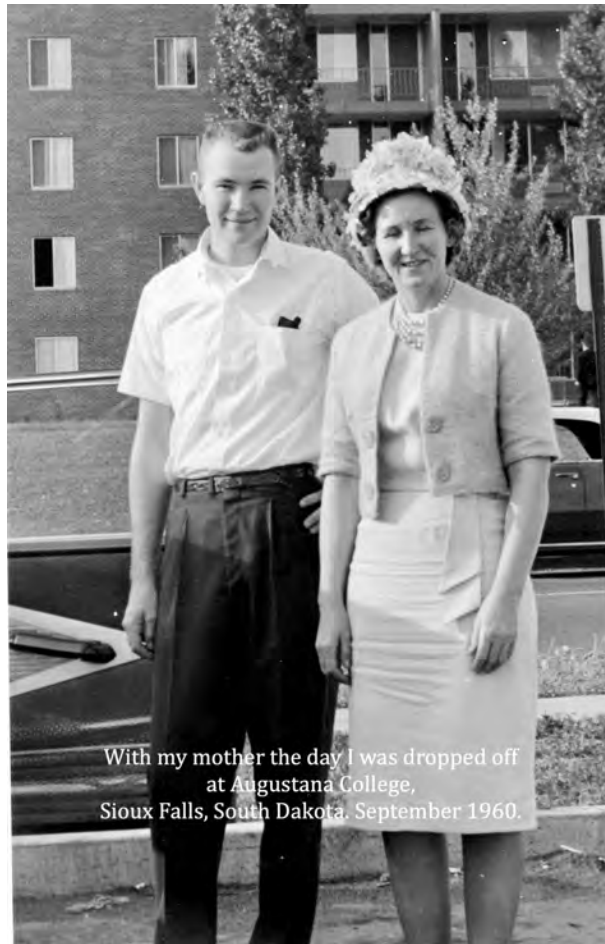
This gave me an idea for the Sunday supper meal when most food venues on campus were closed. I brought an electric popcorn popper back with me to Augustana from home after Thanksgiving. It was a large bowl type popper with a lid and was heated by a built-in electric filament. However, on my return, I rarely used it to pop popcorn. Instead I used it to heat up tomato soup I mixed in my room. Thus, each Sunday evening I had a can of tomato soup and saltine crackers for my supper. I stopped going off campus for supper after my first Thanksgiving at Augustana. This was great, as I saved a considerable amount of money, plus I didn't have to walk off campus in the evenings during cold weather months.

I have several fond memories of the faculty and students associated with this school. Because of Augustanas' small size, most students knew one another quite well. I developed the reputation of being a wildlife buff and others often wondered what next would show up in my dorm room on a weekend following a holiday or break. During spring break, the faculty in the Biology Department wanted me to bring back some prairie rattlesnakes from Pickstown. I cannot recall the reason they wanted them. I had told them stories about how I could catch rattlesnakes and that they were in abundance and easy to find. I caught five for their purposes as well as a huge bull snake that measured about five feet in length. I put these into burlap bags and brought them back with me to Augustana College just after spring break. Unfortunately, the Biology Department locked its doors over the break period. As a result, I just shoved the snakes in the burlap bags under my bed until the department's doors were unlocked. My roommate returned later that evening. We talked about what we did during spring break and I showed him my catch. He was amazed but said he didn't like snakes and was a bit concerned that they might escape. I assured him they could not escape and showed him how I double tied the bags. Word about the snakes spread among the guys on our floor and because of all this interest, I released a few on the floor for them to see. I was surprised that some of my fellow students had never seen a live rattlesnake before and wanted not only to see one, but also hear one rattle or buzz. As I was demonstrating the snakes, the dorm floor representative [Chuck] came in and asked what was going on, as a crowd had gathered in my room with a number of students standing in the hallway peering into my room. "What is going on here," he asked. "What is all the excitement about?" He then pushed his way into the center of the room only to find himself surrounded by three rattlesnakes. "Jesus Christ!" he exclaimed, and leapt up in a single bound on top of one of the study desks. I didn't realize it at the time, but he also had a fear of snakes. He wanted me to get rid of them or at least get them out of the dorm and off his floor. After considerable discussion, I convinced him that, because the Biology Department was locked, but the faculty wanted them, the snakes could stay in my room. He demanded they be placed in our closet and the door kept closed. I agreed. Early Monday morning I delivered the rattlesnakes to the Biology Department. I also demonstrated the large bull snake I just happened to catch. After the faculty examined the bull snake, I was told just to release it somewhere. As a result, later that day, I took the bull snake back to my room in a bag and left it under my bed. I was going to find someone with a car to give me a ride out of town so I could release it. I couldn't find anyone so I kept it under my bed in the dorm room that day. My roommate found out about this snake and we and a few other students decided to have a little fun with our dorm floor representative. This upperclassman always left his door open so students on our floor could come in and talk to him if they had any problems or concerns about dorm life, or even problems on campus. Late that afternoon I removed the bull snake from its bag and let it coil around my hand and forearm. I crept into his room and placed the coiled snake inside the pillow lying on his bed. I carefully placed the snake inside the pillowcase but under the pillow and put the pillow back on the bed so the snake was on the underside. A small crowd of guys gathered in the room opposite his room and waited to see what would happen. I returned to my room down the hall to read. After a while HE returned to his room and flopped down on the bed and rested his head on the pillow, just staring at the ceiling of his room thinking about the events of the day. After a considerable time, as I was told by guys who witnessed the event, the snake ever so slowly emerged from the pillow. The snake poked it's head out and then coiled back around and came face to face with Chuck. Nothing happen for a while, the snake and Chuck just seemed to look at one another, each in disbelief. Finally, Chuck leapt off his bed and ran out of his room. "Krause, you little bastard! I know it was you that put this snake in my room," he yelled as he ran down the hallway. "Come and get this snake and remove it from the dorm before I have both of you thrown out!"

I tried to explain that I didn't know how the snake had gotten into his room. I said, "I was going to release it, but needed a car to get it out of town before doing so." I embellished the story by saying, "the snake must have sought out the heat in the pillow he was resting on and that was the reason why it was there. It was an accident and that the snake simply escaped from my room," I lied. The guys, watching all the commotion, confirmed my story and that I was in my room the entire time, studying. I don't think Chuck believed any of our bullshit. After giving me a severe reprimand and me agreeing not to bring snakes into my room ever again, he decided to drop the matter.

One professor, who taught me during the first year, presented his exams in a most unusual manner. I believe this happened in either in a Psychology course or a course in Philosophy that I took the second semester. The enrollment, in whatever class it was, numbered about 20 students. For the first examination the Professor brought a balloon into class and tossed it on his desk at the front of the classroom. "Do you have your Blue Books?" he asked. Everyone nodded in the affirmative. "Here it is," he said. "Figure it out." With that, the Professor then turned around and left the room and did not return until the end of the examination period. Finally, after a few minutes of not knowing what to do, one enterprising student approached the desk and looked at the balloon and noticed something was written [typed] on it. We couldn't read what it said so another student blew the balloon up and tied it off so it would not deflate. There on side of the inflated balloon were three questions that each of us copied down. We then answered the essay questions posed in our Blue Books. For each examination in this particular course the scenario was always the same. The exam was presented to the students of this class in some unusual way. One exam that I remember was written so one had to see the exam in the reflection of a mirror to be read. Another was presented in a large block of ice on a tray with several ice picks so we, the students, had to chip it out in order to get and read the examination. As we now knew what to expect, our class designated a student to read the questions, as they were gathered during these most unusual presentations. We figured out how to most efficiently use our time by working together and gather exam questions, as we had only an hour's time to complete them.

Two events also stand out in my mind with regard to basic qualitative and quantitative chemistry courses I took during the first year. During the laboratory component of the course, I was filling out my laboratory notebook using pen and ink. The chemistry professor insisted that I use a pencil. "Why?" I wanted to know. He simply picked up my notebook, took a handful of water, and threw the water on my last entry. I watched in disbelief as the ink ran and my entries disappeared. Nothing further needed to be said. The other incident happened when each of us in the class was to determine the amount of silver contained within a dime. We simply dissolved the dime, eliminated the foreign substances, and weighed the silver that remained, to determine the exact weight/amount in each 10-cent piece. I was so disappointed with the amount of silver I isolated during the analysis that the Professor noticed me mopping around the lab feeling sorry for myself. Finally, he came over, looked at my results and smiled. "You know Mr. Krause," he said, as he put his hand around my shoulder, "you may be closer to the truth than you realize." I could not believe the minute amount of silver is this particular coin and the amount that I isolated was dead on.



## Did you pull any all-nighters in college?

My daily routine at college was as follows: I would get up and get ready for the day at 7:00 AM and, if I did not have an 8:00 AM class, would go immediately to the Mikkelsen Library to study. Classwork was usually done by 4:30 PM and I would return to my dorm room to see what was going on with my roommate and the guys on our floor. After talking about the day's events and just relaxing, we would go to supper and then I would immediately head back to the library to go over class materials presented that day. I would re-write my class notes and have my textbook open so I could incorporate additional information into my notes. I used the information presented in class as my point of focus, and would expand this material by taking information from the textbooks and incorporating it into my comprehensive notes. Somehow, the act of reorganizing and rewriting my notes plus adding and writing down information from the assigned textbooks, cemented these facts and concepts in my mind. I would often join other students in study groups after the library closed at 10:00 PM in the evening. This was my lifestyle all through college. I was driven by the fear of failure and nothing, and I mean nothing, was going to stand in my way of achieving my goal of passing all my course work at the highest level possible. I was an admitted over achiever and was prepared to take my final examinations at any time during the last week of actual classwork.

The first and last “all-nighter” I experienced happened during the comprehensive final exam in a Physics course that I took at the end of my third year when attending Augustana College. This was my last final of the semester. At the time, I was staying in Bergsaker Hall. Late in the evening someone pulled the fire alarm as a prank. We were all forced to evacuate the dorm and not allowed to return until late the next morning. I believe the act of not letting us back into our dorm rooms, after the false alarm to sleep, was a ploy by the administration to punish students; as no one would come forth to say who pulled the alarm. I had my final Physics examination early that morning, and because of the evacuation, had not slept for over 24 hours. I should add, that I never studied beyond midnight for any course and always got a good night sleep to be fresh for each exam. My grade in Physics was mediocre up to this point, and I needed a high score on the final to pull the grade up to the A level. How was I going to perform as I was without sleep for so long? I went and took the final examination in Physics that morning. I could not believe what happened! All the formulae used to solve various problems just seemed to pop into my head. In addition, I was able to combine and derive formulae to address more difficult problems. I was on fire! I posted the highest score I ever received in this Physics class. I completely destroyed the curve and ended up in getting an A for this course. It was an unbelievable experience.

## What jobs did you have during college?

During the summer, after my first year at Augustana College, I returned home to Pickstown to work for the Corps of Engineers. I was assigned to a maintenance crew that serviced the Fort Randall Dam area. I spent this summer roofing all the resident houses in Pickstown and helped tar flat roofs of some of the large maintenance buildings. All the residences and other buildings in Pickstown, South Dakota, at that time, were government property. This was a hot summer job and, because of the heat, we started work at 6:00 AM and worked until about 3:00 PM. When tarring some of the flat roofed maintenance buildings, we had to work until the job was completed.

Following the second year at Augustana, I returned home again to work for the Corps with a crew that cut grass and weeds on federal land, maintained roads, and did other odd jobs to keep the government project area clean and in good operating order. A memorable accident happened when I was cutting grass and weeds along a roadway with this crew. We used hand driven sickle-bar gas mowers. The crew consisted of individuals such as myself, college students, working summer jobs. The weeds we were cutting were exceptionally thick and heavy. As a result, the bars of the mowers were constantly being plugged. This circumstance often resulted in killing the engines of these gas driven mowers. We were all cautioned, “If the sickle-bar mower becomes plugged, turn off the mower prior to pulling weeds and grass from the mower’s blade.” The individual mowing just ahead of me [we followed one another, each cutting a swath behind the other] had his blade plug so I had to stop and wait for him to free it of debris. It was a hot day and instead of turning the mower off, he just began pulling grass and weeds from the bar. “Don’t do that!” I yelled. Too late! He jumped back holding his hand and began to run, but returned to shut off his mover. He then ran toward the transportation van where our supervisor was working. The poor guy had severed the end of his index finger. As the supervisor wrapped up his hand, they yelled at me to see if I could find the severed digit, while he was driven to town to get help. I found the fingertip, carefully picked it up, and wrapped it in my handkerchief and then went to a pickup truck used to haul ice water and spare parts. After I packed the finger in ice, one of the older workers drove it to town. The injured party and his fingertip were rushed to the hospital in nearby Wagner, South Dakota. Too much time had elapsed to reattach the fingertip and as a result the worker lost the end of his finger. He returned to work about two weeks later and proudly showed all of us his stub. We named this guy “stub” but I cannot recall his given name.

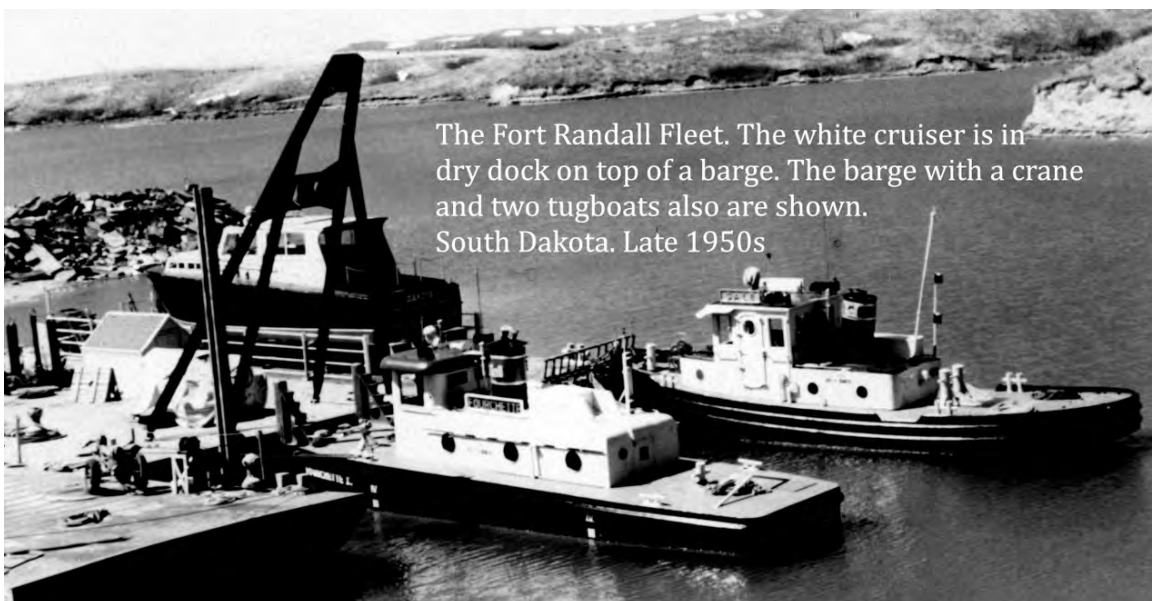
The following two summers I also worked for the Corps of Engineers in Pickstown, and was assigned to work with Mr. Milo Brown. He operated a fleet of tugboats and four barges on Lake Francis Case. I worked as a deck hand and this job was a great experience. One of the boats was a large white cruiser that I believe was called the Sacagawea. It had an enclosed cabin with a seating capacity for about 20. On occasion, we took this boat to Chamberlain, South Dakota, at the opposite end of Francis Case Lake, 120 miles up river. During these trips, we transported scientists working with the Smithsonian or the Corps of Engineers, or even members of the Audubon Society. I worked with one crew from the Corps that was sounding the depth of the reservoir. They determined that Lake Francis Case was silting in much quicker than had been predicted by the Corps, particularly at the end of the reservoir nearer Chamberlain. Whether or not this has continued to occur at the same rate today is unknown.

The scientists working with the Smithsonian were interested in looking for fossils and ancient Indian sites exposed by the erosion of land along the shoreline of the lake. We cruised the shoreline stopping to get samples and mapping where various finds were located. I enjoyed talking with all of them, as they explained what they were doing and why. Perhaps the most interesting were the individuals from the Audubon Society. They were trying to determine the number of birds killed during migration down the Missouri River portion of the mid-western flyway. The number of birds killed by bridges over the river, highline wires, and radio/microwave/television towers and cables was astonishing. I found it hard to believe that flying into these obstacles killed so many little songbirds. However, they showed me the convincing data. I knew from my own experience, that a large number of ducks and geese also perished as a result of these obstacles. I cannot imagine the number of small birds killed today, by all the wind turbines erected in the mid-western flyway. These wind farms are strategically located within the prevailing wind pattern areas across the country directly in the pathway these small birds use during each fall migration. The Wildlife Society reports that at least 600,000 songbirds are killed annually in addition to numerous bats and eagles. It is estimated that about 3 million birds will be killed annually by the year 2030 in the United States. Wind turbines at the Altamont Wind Resource Area alone, are responsible for the deaths of more than 200 Golden Eagles annually. Indeed, the carnage has been so bad that the U.S Government has issued 30-year permits to allow the legal killing of both Bald and Golden Eagles by wind farms. Interestingly, both the Sierra Club and the Audubon Society have remained strangely quiet with regard to this issue. I believe that, if the numbers were actually published, the public outcry would be such as to make Rachel Carson's book entitled, "SILENT SPRING", so powerful in years past, read like a children's fairy tale.

During my time working as a deck hand, we pushed or towed two or three large barges with a small tugboat to transport equipment around the lake to where it was needed. I also learned how to operate a small crane mounted on one of the barges. The job I did not enjoy doing while working as a deck hand was searching for drown victims in the reservoir. The bodies would sink temporarily and, if not hung up on something, would float to the surface after bloating in a few days. More often than not, the bodies would get hung up in submerged barbed wire fences or trees. These structures were in place prior to the flooding of the Missouri River Valley above the dam, as Lake Francis Case formed. Our crew would be called on to aid in the search along with the sheriff and/or Coast Guard. I would operate the crane being towed on the barge behind the tugboat. My job was to lower a large, steel I-beam and drag the submerged area in an attempt to knock the body loose from whatever was holding it. When this occurred, I hoped I wasn't with the group that made the recovery. The sight and smell was horrible and I did everything possible not to get involved with the retrieval. I stayed with the crane if possible. When not out on the water during the second year, I spent most of my time painting the barges inside and out.

My last summer job in Pickstown was working for a construction company. This company was subcontracted by the Corps of Engineers to do a job in the switchyard next to the Fort Randall Power House. I acted as the foreman for this crew and supervised eight construction workers. Our job was to line the base of this area with newly crushed rock and to drill holes in concrete structures so new power lines could be run throughout the facility. I did most of the jackhammer work.

The toughest part of this job was I had to terminate two workers. One was just too old and didn't have the strength to keep up. He would just push crushed rock around without really accomplishing anything. The other was just lazy and did very little assigned work. As we were under contract to finish the job in just two months, I had to let them go. After consultation with the boss of the project, and talking with the remaining crew, I decided not to hire anyone else with the understanding that if we finished the job on time, the crew would split the money that would have been paid to the other two workers. We finished the job on time. During my summers working for the Corps of Engineers in Pickstown, I made just enough money to pay for my entire education at Augustana College. A major reason I could do this was I didn't have to pay for room and board. I lived at home in Pickstown during the summer months with my parents and brothers. Thus, I could save all the money earned and did not have to work while actually attending Augustana College. The last summer job at Fort Randall, the construction job, was in 1964, just prior to my doing graduate work at the University of Iowa.





# What was your least favorite subject in college?

My least favorite subject in college was German. I struggled with this language for two years. In spite of this, one of the most fascinating faculty members that I was associated with during my four years at Augustana College was Professor Gerhard Martin Heinrich Schmutterer. He did his best to teach me German. Initially, I took two semesters of Geography under his direction and then two years of German. He had the typical no-nonsense German approach when he was in class. One could hear a pin drop as he lectured. However, he told each class exactly what was expected and what they would be tested over. It was up to the student to master the material presented. The only difficulty was the volume of subject matter covered. One had to keep up, day by day, and do some real work. It would have been impossible to pass any of his courses if waiting until the last minute to prepare for examinations. I loved this approach, as students who studied the most were rewarded for their efforts. I took World Geography from him initially and then went on to take Economic Geography under his direction. It was during the latter course that I decided to switch from working for a Bachelors of Science Degree in Biology to a Bachelors of Arts Degree in Biology. Fellow classmates had convinced me that the Bachelors of Arts Degree was the more prestigious degree and would be worth more following graduation. However, this meant taking two years of a foreign language, in my case German. After making the decision to switch, I wondered if I had done the right thing. I struggled both years I was enrolled in German. As a result of my difficulties with this language, semester after semester, I had several one-on-one consultations with Professor Schmutterer. We came to know one another quite well. During my conversations with him, I learned of some fascinating details of what happened during World War II that I was not aware of. Professor Schmutterer was born on July 24, 1919, in Sattelberg, Papua-New Guinea, to German Lutheran missionary parents. His family moved back to Germany in 1927. He was drafted into the National Labor Service and then served in the German Luftwaffe between 1939 and 1945. He made a dramatic escape from Russia by flying across the Baltic Sea to northern Germany on the last day of the war in Europe, and was taken prisoner by British forces. After the war he studied at the Universities of Munich and Erlangen and in 1948 was an exchange student at Augustana College in Sioux Falls, where he earned a Bachelors of Arts degree. He then returned to Germany and took a Ph.D. from Erlangen University. In the fall of 1953 Dr. Schmutterer returned and joined the faculty of Augustana College.

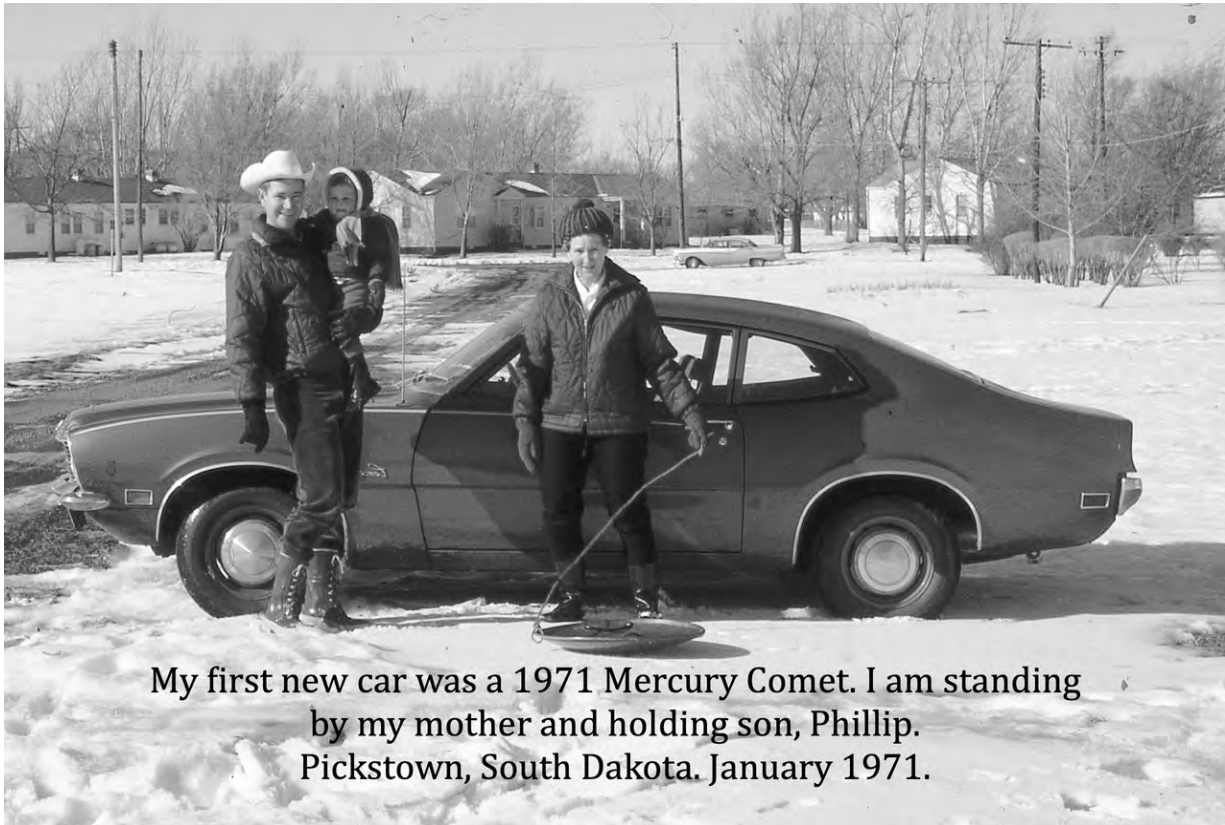
During our conversations he told me stories, two of which stick in my mind, with regard to some humanity that did occur during World War II. The first of these had to do with a young man from Minnesota whose airplane was shot down somewhere over Germany. He was taken prisoner by German forces early in the war. Somehow the German's knew a lot about him; that he was a Minnesota farm boy in his late teens, and much more. After a time, due to the shortage of able-bodied men in Germany not in service, and because he had farming skills; he was given the option of either remaining in a prisoner of war camp or working as a farmhand deep in Germany. He had to sign a document stating he would not try to escape. He took the option of working as a farm laborer for the remainder of the war. He was assigned to a farm family that consisted of an aged husband and wife who did not have any children of their own. Thus, he spent the remainder of the war farming with this older couple. They became very close over time. After the war this young man returned to Minnesota and continued to farm. He eventually acquired his own farm. However, he kept in touch with this older couple over the years. Sometime in the late 1950's this Minnesota farmer received notification that the older couple willed him their farm. Whatever happened with regard to this case I don't know, but the Minnesota Farmer did go back to Germany to visit them after the war. Professor Schmutterer went on to inform me that some areas of Minnesota and South Dakota also used German prisoners of war as farm laborers during World War II due to manpower shortages. Some of these young men declined to go back to Germany after the war and remained in the United States. Some were taken in by American families as farm hands, married here, and later became United States citizens. I had the deepest respect and admiration for Professor Schmutterer. I regretted being such a pathetic student of German. In this case, it was the student, not the instruction that was the problem.

## When did you purchase your first new car?

I did not own a car in high school or college. However, I knew how to drive and had a driver's license. If I needed a car, I would borrow my father's old, black 1951 Chevy. It was a secondary family vehicle that was usually parked outside behind our house next to a garden. The family car was garaged. I used the old Chevy to get around the small community of Pickstown, South Dakota, during high school. More often than not, I didn't drive, but used a bicycle or walked. When I attended Augustana College my parents drove me there each fall and then drove to Sioux Falls to get my belongings and me at the close of that academic year. During my entire four years as a student at Augustana College I did not own or drive a car. I car-pooled with several other students from my region of South Dakota to get back and forth between Pickstown and Augustana College during holidays. There would usually be five or six of us, each of which contributed gas money to the driver. The only problem we ever encountered going between Sioux Falls and Pickstown, was during the Christmas/New Year break. We traveled on State Highway 18. Located about a third of the way from Sioux Falls to Pickstown was a tiny village called Turkey Ridge. On top of a ridge, near this village, was a farm with a large red barn built about 50 feet from highway. A large snowdrift would often form behind this barn closing Highway 18 to traffic. During one winter, due to continuous winds, a snowdrift that measured about 20 feet high closed this road for over a month. Therefore, if it snowed and there was a wind during a break, one of us would always call the Highway Patrol and ask if State Highway 18 was open to traffic at Turkey Ridge.

My parents also drove and dropped me off for my first year of graduate work at the University of Iowa, in Iowa City, Iowa. This was the first trip we made to Iowa City, Iowa. Up until this time I did not have a car of my own. Travel home from the University Iowa during Thanksgiving, Christmas/New Year breaks, and for a week or so during the summer was by bus. I would take a bus from Iowa City to Des Moines, Iowa, change buses, and then go on to Sioux City, Iowa. My parents would drive from Pickstown to pick me up at the bus station in Sioux City, Iowa. When I returned home for a short visit during the spring break of 1966, dad had a surprise for me. He had purchased a used, red 1960 Ford Falcon and rebuilt its transmission and engine over the winter months. He gave it to me to use. Thus, I had a car that I proudly drove back to Iowa City during the spring of 1966. When I returned to the University of Iowa I was now faced with another problem. Where do I park this new acquisition? I discovered that assigned parking spaces for students were in short supply. I was fortunate and found a very narrow lot in which to park located next to the Iowa River on the west side of campus, near the Quadrangle, where I stayed. I parked the Falcon at this location and really didn't use it much while going to school. Later that summer I used the Falcon to transport my girlfriend, Winifred Clark, and her roommate at this time, Anita Cruz, to nearby Lake McBride for picnics and swimming. Dad sold the Falcon in 1969 when I accepted a faculty position at Monash University in Victoria, Australia.

While in Australia I was able to purchase a used car. It was a large, old Holden, a car made in Australia by the Holden Company, which is a subsidiary of General Motors. I purchased this car from Dr. David DeKretsa who was just finishing his Doctoral thesis in the Department of Anatomy at Monash University. The used Holden I purchased was perfect for our purposes to get around and visit different areas of southeast Australia. Prior to leaving Australia and returning to the United States, dad and I wrote back and forth with regard to my purchase of a new automobile. After shopping around a bit, dad purchased a blue, two-door 1971 Mercury Comet on my behalf. The cost to me was about \$2000 at this time. It was a great little car, one that had plenty of get up and go, and fitted our needs perfectly. This was MY FIRST NEW CAR!



My first new car was a 1971 Mercury Comet. I am standing by my mother and holding son, Phillip. Pickstown, South Dakota. January 1971.

## Do you have a favorite poem? What is it?

My favorite poem is a death poem or saying attributed to Chief Tecumseh [1768-1813], a leader of the Shawnee Nation. I chose this poem because it best expresses my philosophy on life and how one should live life. Tecumseh was born in 1768 in Ohio and fought against United States forces prior to and during the War of 1812. Tecumseh was killed on October 5, 1813, during the Battle of Thames in Ontario, Canada. The following are Chief Tecumseh words, a creed that I tried to follow as I lived my life. "So live your life that the fear of death can never enter your heart. Trouble no one about their religion; respect others in their view, and demand that they respect yours. Love your life, perfect your life, and beautify all things in your life. Seek to make your life long and its purpose in service of your people. Prepare a noble death song for the day when you go over the great divide. Always give a word or a sign of salute when meeting or passing a friend, even a stranger, when in a lonely place. Show respect to all people and grovel to none. When you arise in the morning give thanks for the food and for the joy of living. If you see no reason for giving thanks, the fault lies only in yourself. Abuse no one and no thing, for abuse turns wise ones to fools and robs the spirit of its vision. When it comes your time to die, be not like those whose hearts are filled with fear of death, so that when their time comes they weep and pray for a little more time to live their lives over again in a different way. Sing your death song and die like a hero going home."

## What chore did you dislike growing up?

It may be of interest that growing up in Montana during the late 1940s I cannot recall going to a grocery store although they did exist. My parents had a very large garden and grew vegetables and berries. Mother used a pressure cooker and preserved many of the items grown in glass Ball jars for use during the winter months. Potatoes and carrots were packed in sand and stored in a root cellar. For meat we depended primarily on the fish and game dad harvested. In addition, an arrangement was worked out between my uncles, who ranched and farmed west of Glasgow, and my parents for domestic meat products such as chicken, turkey, pork, and beef. Fall was the primary time to process meat and I was expected to do my share of work at this time. One of my tasks during the domestic meat harvest was to help wet pick about 20 to 25 chickens. I hated this job! One of my uncles would hold a chicken by its legs and the ends of its wings in a single grip with one hand and place the chicken's head and neck on a chopping block [a wood stump with a flat upper surface]; and with the other hand, take an ax, and wham! Cut the chicken's head off with a single stroke. He then held the chicken tightly in his grip until it bled out and died. If released too soon after removing its head, the chicken would bounce around the farmyard like a Ping-Pong ball. Once all the chickens were killed, they were dunked into a bucket of boiling water and the wet feathers removed by picking and rubbing. After wet picking, each chicken carcass was quickly rotated over an open flame, a process called singeing, to remove any very fine hair-like feathers that remained prior to gutting. I cannot express in words how much I hated this picking job, in particular the smell. To this day, I find the aroma of boiled chicken or chicken and dumplings, repulsive. Killing chickens in the fall was a major event, with each family unit taking about two-dozen chickens. This was done to dramatically reduce the flock so those that remained could survive the winter months in a chicken coup. Only the egg laying chickens were spared. A less dramatic spring harvest also occurred, on a need basis, when young chickens were taken as "spring fryers." A few turkeys also were harvested in the fall, as they were the meat of choice for both Thanksgiving and Christmas.

How the turkeys were butchered was quite different from chickens. After it was caught, the turkey's feet and wings were bound with a cord and a large weight with a hook at one end attached to the lower beak. The turkey was then hung upside down. One of my uncles would use a long narrow very sharp knife that he extended up through mouth of the bird and into its throat. He would cut the internal jugular vein from the inside. Blood would gush out and the turkey would exsanguinate. Then the turkey was picked and processed like the chickens. Once the harvest was complete, the processed birds were taken to walk-in meat locker and frozen. Such lockers are rarely seen today. Lockers were fairly large, single story buildings that had a freezing unit at its core. The interior was subdivided into numerous individual spaces by heavy wire cages that could be locked. Each walk in cage contained several large shelves and pull out drawers that could be locked as well. We rented a huge cage with numerous shelves and drawers. Each package of meat was wrapped in heavy, white freezer paper and labeled as to the contents plus name and date. At this point in time, at least in the region where we lived, a home freezer was unheard of. Our house was equipped with a small Westinghouse refrigerator that had only a very small freezer compartment. This compartment had enough space for a tray of ice cubes or at most, the capacity for one or two small packages.

Pork also was harvested in the fall to reduce herd size for the upcoming winter months and the cost of maintaining them at this time. Harvesting pork was not quite as bad as the chicken harvest. One or at most two pigs would be selected on a weekend, shot in the head, its hind feet tied, and then raised by a series of pulleys or a block and tackle unit under a tripod made from large wooden poles. As soon as the pig was elevated upside-down, its throat was cut and the carcass bled out. In the meantime, a 55-gallon steel barrel of boiling water heated by a wood fire was prepared, and the entire pig dunked and immersed in boiling water.

The carcass was then hoisted out and placed on a large wooden sled. After it cooled a bit, my job and that of my cousins, was to remove all the hair. We did this by scrapping the skin using dull table knives. Hair removal also was a repulsive job. When we finished removing the hair, the pig was hoisted up again, washed, and gutted. Care was taken to save the liver and heart. The carcass was then cut up. The hams and bacon [sow belly] were taken and cured. As this was going on, as much of the excess fat as possible was removed from the carcass, and placed in a huge, black, cast iron cauldron heated over an open wood fire and slowly cooked. In this way, lard was rendered from the fat and placed in special lard cans. Lard was used as shortening during this era. Beef was handled in a completely different manner. The steers selected, were put in a livestock trailer, and driven to the community slaughterhouse. In my day, each small community had its own slaughterhouse usually operated by one or two families. Many slaughterhouses were associated with the large lockers I described earlier. My parents would usually purchase a half of beef from one of my uncles for a good price. Dad processed, cut up, and packaged our own big game animals.

## **What was one of your greatest disappointments growing up?**

The last two years in high school I dreamed about becoming an air force pilot. Perhaps this was due to my involvement in the Civil Air Patrol or all the stories I heard from my aunt, Lorraine (Nelson) Bain, my mother's youngest sister. Lorraine was a WASP during World War II, flew a variety of military aircraft, and eventually was awarded the Congressional Gold Medal on March 10, 2010.

During my junior year at Pickstown High School I joined the Civil Air Patrol. This was a time at the height of the Cold War and the United States was extremely concerned that the Soviet Union would fly long range bombers low over Canada and down the Missouri River Valley beneath radar detection. I was given a huge manual on aircraft to study. It was easy for me to complete this course and examinations because I was interested in all types of airplanes as well as flying. The United States Air Force continually flew a variety of military aircraft low, down the river valley to test their radar system as well as the Civil Air Patrol. If a plane could not be identified, I was to immediately call headquarters located in Omaha, Nebraska. I was given a special code, so the call would be put through immediately to a control center. I still remember my code. It was: "Golf Papa Two Zero Red."

Somehow, I cannot remember how it all began or the application process, but I applied for admission to the United States Air Force Academy in pursuit of my dream. I was nominated for the Air Force Academy by then United States Congressman, George McGovern, from nearby Avon, South Dakota. The second semester of my senior year, dad drove me to Ellsworth Air Force Base, a SAC base, located near Rapid City, South Dakota. At the base I was given further testing: both academic and physical. Finally, the group of candidates was reduced to about 12 guys. After another round of testing, we were dismissed and taken on tours of the missile defense system in the surrounding area. The first facility toured was a surface to air missile defense system that relied on the Nike Zeus missile. We were allowed to examine the missile interior and surprised to learn just how primitive the warhead was. It consisted of clear plastic tubs about the size of a garbage can, one above the other, packed with steel ball bearings about an inch in diameter. An explosive charge was located in the bottom center of each container. The next site we visited was located nearer the South Dakota Badlands and was an intercontinental ballistic missile facility. This site was very impressive. The two that I visited were at least three stories deep underground and quite spacious. The command facility of one had living quarters and stored survival materials. I was a finalist for the Air Force Academy, but eventually cut, and not invited to be one of those selected from South Dakota. I was devastated when informed of the decision. "What do I do now?" I wondered, as I did not have a contingency plan.

**Congress of the United States**  
**House of Representatives**  
**Washington, D. C.**

January 23, 1960

Mr. Bill Krause  
Box 723  
Pickstown, South Dakota

Dear Bill:

I am pleased to inform you that I have recently designated you as one of my eleven nominees to compete for entrance into the Air Force Academy.

As you know, under the competitive method of selection, the Air Force officials will determine the best-qualified candidate for appointment, based on the entrance examinations. You will doubtless hear from the Academy officials within the next few weeks relative to registration and examination schedules.

It is a genuine pleasure to make this opportunity available to you in recognition of your splendid record as a student. I wish you every success in the competition.

Very sincerely yours,

*George McGovern*  
George McGovern

GM/d

cc: Mr. R. C. Williamson  
Pickstown, S. D.

**UNITED STATES AIR FORCE ACADEMY**  
**OFFICE OF THE REGISTRAR**  
**COLORADO**

15 Feb 1960

- A. NOMINATING CATEGORY  
Rep McGovern - S. D. - 01 - Comp
- B. LOCATION OF EXAMINING CENTER  
Ellsworth AFB Rapid City, S. C.
- C. EXAMINATION DATE 7 Mar 1960

Mr. William Krause - 4863  
Box 723  
Pickstown, S. D.

Dear Mr. Krause:

Your name has been officially recorded as a candidate under the source(s) indicated in Item "A" above for admission to the United States Air Force Academy's next class.

This letter will serve as authorization for testing at an Air Force Base and must be presented for identification upon arrival at the base indicated.

Complete instructions to all candidates are included in the attached pamphlet. You are advised to read these instructions thoroughly and follow them carefully.

Inform this office immediately of any change in your address during the period from this date until the end of June. It is extremely important that official mail concerning your status as a candidate reach you without delay. A "Change of Address" card is attached for your convenience.

In order for you to receive final consideration for appointment as a Cadet in the United States Air Force Academy, you must comply with all instructions and take all required tests. Should you decide to discontinue your candidacy, please notify this office immediately.

Please accept my personal best wishes for your success as an Academy candidate.

Sincerely,

*William F. Long*

WILLIAM F. LONG  
Lt. Colonel, USAF  
Director of Admissions

- 9 Aitchs  
1. Instruction Pamphlet  
2. Catalog  
3. USAFA Form 0-369  
4. Secondary School Record Form  
5. Instructor's Statement Forms (3 or 4 cys)  
6. CEEB Bulletin of Information  
7. USAFA Vouchers for CEEB tests  
8. Change of Address Card  
9. List of Liaison Officers

# What event would you change that influenced your career?

During the last year at Augustana College, it finally dawned on me - What was I going to do next? After all, a Degree in Biology resulted in very few immediate job opportunities. I wasn't exactly sure what but knew I wanted to do something in Science and/or Medicine. This realization meant I had to continue on with my schooling and at the same time find a way to finance my education. As time went on, I applied to four different schools in the hope of being accepted by at least one. I applied to the Medical School at the University of South Dakota, in Vermillion, South Dakota; the Veterinary School at Michigan State University, and for graduate studies in Marine Biology and Biological Oceanography at the University of Southern California. As a result, I spent considerable time, money, and energy my senior year preparing and taking the Medical College Admission Test [MCAT] and the Graduate Record Examination [GRE] to qualify for admission at these schools. One weekend, when in the Biology Department, I noticed a flyer posted on the bulletin board from the Department of Anatomy at the University of Iowa announcing fellowships for graduate studies. Attached to this flyer were a series of tear off postcards that one could fill out and apply for graduate work. On a lark, I tore one off, filled it out, borrowed a stamp from the office in the Biology Department, and mailed it off. Then I forgot all about this application. As my final semester at Augustana came to a close, the results of all my applications started to come in. I was accepted by the Medical School at the University of South Dakota along with some of my Augustana classmates. The following week the Veterinary School at Michigan State University accepted me. I was really feeling good about myself until I received word from the graduate program in Marine Biology and Biological Oceanography at the University of Southern California. My application was denied. I was very disappointed and depressed at this point, as this was the one program I really wanted. In retrospect, if had applied to a Marine Biology program in schools at Louisiana or Florida, my life may have followed an entirely different pathway.

After moping around and feeling sorry for myself, I received word from the University of Iowa, in Iowa City, that I was accepted into their graduate program. The Department of Anatomy at Iowa was offering me a full ride fellowship through the Health Education Welfare [HEW] program. However, I had to accept this offer, if I wanted it, within the next two weeks. Now what was I going to do? I had three good offers on the table. I knew that going to either Medical School or Veterinary School was going to very expensive. How would I even begin to pay for this opportunity? As I begin to worry more and more about finances, the opportunity to go to the University of Iowa became more attractive. The other question I kept asking myself was, "Do I want to treat sick and dying people for the rest of my life or do I want to study a variety medical/ biological problems of my own choosing and have the time and freedom to do so?" I talked over this situation with my uncle, Professor Herbert Krause, and he assured me that the University of Iowa was good school. After all, he taught at the University of Iowa and had a degree for this school. Ultimately, I chose Iowa over the other schools and sent the University of Iowa a wire simply stating: "I accept the HEW Anatomy Fellowship offered with humility and deepest gratitude." Later in life [about age 55] I wished I had chosen to go to medical school. Not so much to solely treat patients per se, but to be involved in medical research at a major medical center involved with patient care.

At Iowa, the entering graduate students of the Department of Anatomy were placed in the first year curriculum of the Medical School and took the same coursework as medical students. Each student in the graduate program was required to maintain a minimum of a B grade in all coursework if he/she wanted to remain in the Graduate School program. By the end of my first year I was successful in completing all my coursework. How students were notified with regard to their performance in the first year of Medical School may be of interest. Major exam scores were not posted. Instead, students that failed, were notified directly by a letter sealed in a green envelope that was scotch taped to the student's locker door or office door. Very early, but during class [students knew the day when grades would be to released] a secretary taped these green envelopes on student locker doors.

The lockers were located along a hallway just opposite my office door. When class ended the students ran down and then peaked around the corner from an adjacent hallway praying not see a letter taped to his/her locker door. This letter was a summons to failing students from the Medical School Dean to discuss their future in the Medical School program. Later in the year, this led to several practical jokes in our class. All official grades for both medical and graduate students would be received in the mail two or three weeks following the end of the semester.

Perhaps it was because of my association working with a number of Professors in the Medical School or my grades in the first year of the medical curriculum that I came to the attention of Dr. Robert C. Hardin, M.D., Dean of the Medical School, at the University of Iowa. Prior to our first meeting, I received the formal “green letter” taped to my office door asking me to come to his office. I really didn’t know who he was at this time despite being at Iowa for over a year. I asked fellow students and some of the departmental faculty who he was and asked, “Why does the Medical School Dean want to see me?” After all, I wasn’t an official medical student. All agreed that my being called down to the Dean’s office in the Medical School was not good. They all wanted to know, “What in the hell did you do Krause? Or what have you gotten yourself involved with now?” I worried about this meeting for the two days prior to the appointment. “Was I going to be kicked out of school or why would the Dean want to meet with me?” At long last, Monday afternoon rolled around and a secretary took me into Dean Hardin’s office and introduced us. “Mr. Krause,” Dean Hardin said. “I have had my eye on you for some time and you seem to be good student who works well with others.” “Thanks,” I mumbled, not knowing what else to say. “Have you ever considered applying to Medical School at Iowa?” he asked. “No,” I responded. But quickly added, “I was accepted by the Medical School at the University of South Dakota but at the last minute changed my mind and decided to go to Graduate School.” “Mr. Krause,” he said. “Each year we accept a few students from the two year school in South Dakota, here, at the University of Iowa. Why not think this over and send an application in to us?” “I don’t know,” I responded. “I am not sure I want to go through the application process again and besides, I am busy with all my obligations in the Graduate School. In addition, I don’t think I can afford to go to Medical School. The tuition and fees are way beyond what I can afford.” “Well you think about it,” Dean Hardin responded. “You can worry about the cost of going to Medical School later.” “Easy for him to say,” I thought to myself. “I tell you what Mr. Krause,” he went on. “As Dean of the School of Medicine, I have the prerogative of filling five slots in each incoming class. What if I made one of these available to you? However, you still have to fill out an application and apply.” “I don’t know about all of this,” I answered. “Let me think about it for while.” “You do that,” he responded and with that said, we shook hands and I left. Thereafter, anytime we would meet in a hallway or on the West Campus somewhere he would always ask, “Krause, have you sent in your application yet? You know you should consider doing an M.D./PhD. combination for your career. That way you can both practice medicine and be involved in research projects. Now, don’t let me down.” At this point in my life, I was somewhat of an idealist. It would have been unthinkable for me to take a spot of someone else who was willing to dedicate a lifetime to the treatment of the sick and injured. In hindsight, HOW I WISH I WOULD HAVE FOLLOWED Dean Hardin advice and pursued the M.D./PhD. combination degree at Iowa. The addition of the medical degree would have not only allowed me to practice medicine focusing primarily on the most complex medical problems but also allowed me to pursue new approaches and therapies with regard to patient care.



# Have you experienced severe storms?

Growing up on the high plains of Montana and South Dakota, experiencing severe thunderstorms was a common occurrence. The lightning associated with these storms was fantastic to watch. However, a number of incidences happened while visiting my grandmother's Montana ranch that instilled in me a deep respect for the awesome power of lightning. The first of these occurred when I witnessed a lightning bolt strike an old white horse that belonged to my uncle. The horse was hit in the head and killed instantly as it stood on a nearby hillside. My uncles and I drove out to examine the body after the storm. The head of the horse was exploded open. It was a terrible sight. After another severe Montana thunderstorm, my uncle, Pete Nelson, and I drove around to check on livestock. When driving near a neighboring ranch, we discovered three cows lying next to one another that were killed by lightning. Evidently, what happened was, the cows had pushed their heads between the stands of a barbed wire fence as they fed on grass in an opposite pasture. When the lightning bolt hit the steel fence posts that held the wires in place, an electrical discharge passed down the wire fence electrocuting the cattle. Perhaps one of the most bizarre events, with regard to lightning, happened when I was helping harvest oats on the Montana ranch. Uncle Pete was on and driving the tractor that was used to pull a binder. I was on and operating the binder. A very small rain cloud [one could see the entire perimeter] appeared that had some lightning associated with it, but very little rain. We decided to keep working and finish the field we were harvesting. As this small cloud passed overhead a lightning bolt struck near us, and a ball of green lightning formed at the point of the strike. The ball lightning bounced across the field and then bounced between the tractor and binder. Needless to say we immediately got off the farm equipment and took an early lunch in the safety of the old Chevy pickup.

The other vivid memories I have, with regard to severe thunderstorms, was when we lived in Pickstown, South Dakota. Usually during the evening hours of spring, severe thunderstorms would move through the area. The family would often gather together on the front porch to sit in lawn chairs and watch nature's fantastic light show of lightning strikes. We would watch the thunderstorms come across the prairie; enter the Missouri river valley prior to passing by and/or over the house. The lightning displays were absolutely fantastic to watch and just witness the awesome power in many storms. After experiencing a series of short duration thunderstorms, I learned something about the myths of lightning strikes. I was told that lightning bolts always hit the highest point in an area, but learned that nothing could be further from the truth. One Saturday morning our family traveled to nearby Lake Andes to get groceries and do some other shopping. On the way I witnessed a direct lightning strike on a telephone pole located in a valley at the lowest place along the roadway. The pole was splintered but still standing as we drove by. On the way back to Pickstown another small storm rumbled through the area and the very same pole, at the very lowest point along the entire roadway, was struck again and this time burst into flame. It was burning as we drove by.

Another memorable thunderstorm occurred when Winifred and I visited my parents in Belle Fourche, South Dakota. This was a late evening storm and one of the first experienced by our children. A lightning bolt struck a nearby utility pole about 50 feet from my parent's house. As the blinding flash and instantaneous crack of thunder occurred, that momentarily stunned everyone, the children ran immediately to their grandmother for safety rather than anyone else. As this happened, all the garage doors in the neighborhood opened, the result of the sudden discharge of electricity.

While in South Dakota I also had a few close calls with regard to tornados associated with thunderstorms. On occasion, during daylight hours, we would watch a tornado cross the prairie as the funnel extended from the thunderstorm. If this happened early enough in the day, we would drive to and examine the pathway the tornado took.

I remember on several occasions straw picked up from nearby fields by a tornado would be driven into standing telephone poles at right angles. It was during one of these spring thunderstorms that a very small storm approached our residence in Pickstown at mid-day on a Saturday. It was a "hot" cloud generating several lightning bolts. This small cloud dropped four funnels. Fortunately, three passed in back of the house and one in front of the house. This was such an amazing sight that my brother, Dennis, and I grabbed our cameras and ran outside to get some photographs of this memorable event. Our mother was frantic and screamed at both of us to seek shelter in the basement of the house. On rare occasion, twice I believe, tornados that passed not far from our house went on into Francis Case Reservoir and formed waterspouts. They then "died" or "fell apart" as they came back on land dumping the contained water. I remember diving to the site of one waterspout, where it came back on land, to look for fish that may have been pulled up with the water and then dropped; but never found any.

During winter month's blizzards were commonplace in both Montana and South Dakota, and often closed roads for a time. On occasion, temperatures would drop to minus 40 degrees Fahrenheit. Our family was accustomed to such weather extremes and only the foolhardy would put themselves in danger.



Two tornados that passed in front of our house. Pickstown, South Dakota. 1959.

## Did you have a pet growing up?

The only domestic pet I had growing up was a dog named Laddie. Laddie was a male, black and white English Shepard mix. He was a great family dog but an outside dog. He slept outside in a doghouse that was built for him. Although Laddie had no formal training as a hunting dog, he was a good pheasant dog and stayed close, just in front of me when hunting. He didn't retrieve birds that were shot, but instead, pined pheasants down and held them with his front paws. He would hold them down until I arrived whether the birds were dead or alive. Laddie was a great asset when hunting in thick slews or other heavy cover. On occasion, he would go on point. Two events stand out in my mind with regard to pheasant hunting with Laddie. He would usually sit on the back seat of the car and look out the window for pheasants along with the rest of us. If he heard the phrase "there's one!" he was ready to go. Once as we slowly drove along an old country road, we spotted a pheasant running down the road ditch just ahead of us. As we sped up and approached the pheasant, Laddie also saw him and leapt out of the open window before we could stop the car. In the meantime the pheasant rather than fly, tried to run into a nearby cornfield, but was held up temporarily by a woven wire fence. Too late! Laddie had him and held him down until I arrived. One pheasant taken without firing a shot! A similar incident happened years later, as I was driving down a country road. A pheasant came sailing across the road in front of us, evidently flushed by other hunters. It hit a single wire telephone line and tumbled out of the sky to the ground. As the pheasant came down, once again Laddie was out the window and pined the bird before it could run.

In addition to Laddie, I had a number of "wildlife pets" when growing up. In fact, although quite young, I was an active wildlife rehabilitator. Being raised in a largely rural community, I was continually receiving a variety of injured animals to nurse back to health, prior to releasing them. These "wildlife pets" included generations of: magpies, owls, raccoons, prairie dogs, rattlesnakes, a fox, and at times fish [small blue gills and bass kept in an aquarium in the living room of our house]. Cages were built to house them, but they were not just caged. Each day the critters would be taken out, fed, and played with to exercise them. The red fox, actually found by my boyhood friend, John Cover, became a free roamer. After it was well enough to be released, the cage door was just left open and the fox came and went as it pleased. When we were outside it would always show up and just follow us around. I was impressed with just how quick this little animal was - no one could catch or even touch him unless he wanted to be caught. He was so much quicker and agile than any dog in the neighborhood.

The following are just a few experiences I had with wildlife during their rehabilitation. A friend gave me a young raccoon soon after our arrival in South Dakota. Its mother and siblings had been killed on the road leading to Lake Andes. I convinced my parents that I should keep this raccoon, as I did not have a domestic pet of my own at this time. Dad built an enclosed outdoor pen for the raccoon with the understanding that I had the sole responsibility of caring for it. I named the raccoon Lima-Jane and I had her for about two years. This raccoon would come when called and follow me around the yard and neighborhood much like a dog. Lima-Jane developed a very strong attachment to my youngest brother, Kelly, who just a toddler at the time. It followed Kelly everywhere and preferred to be with my little brother. When Kelly left our yard he could always be located by first finding the raccoon. Lima-Jane grew quite large by the second year and was very protective of my brother. This became a problem because if my brother would start crying or if a neighbor dog approached Kelly, the raccoon would attack. All the neighborhood kids had great respect for this raccoon and always kept an eye open as to where it was. I had a problem as well, because if I had to bring my brother home for lunch or supper and if he did not want to come home, the only way to handle Kelly was to physically pick him up and carry him. Kelly would arch his back and scream at the top of his lungs. This upset Lima-Jane and unless I was the one doing the pickup, she would attack. Even in my case, the raccoon would circle around me, growling, as I carried Kelly to our house. We were quite a sight to behold!

This very protective behavior ultimately led to the raccoon's death as she fought with a large golden retriever and was injured so severely that she had to be put down. Not long after the raccoon's death, when walking to school, I noticed a massive magpie nest on the Missouri breaks just across from our house. American magpie nests are huge structures and almost equivalent in size to that of an eagle measuring about 4 feet in height. Unlike an eagle nest, however, the nest of the magpie is within the center of the structure. I saw two adult magpies calling and flying back and forth to a nest that had fallen to the ground. The tree holding their nest had been blown over by a strong wind the day before. A feral cat was killing the fledglings so I ran down the hillside, chased the cat off, and looked inside. I rescued the remaining chick and took it home. I put the magpie into Lima-Jane's pen, and fed it canned dog food presented on a stick. This magpie seemed to imprint on me despite being a fledgling. That fall I released it, as school was about to begin. The magpie did not leave, came back to our neighborhood, and roosted on the roof of our house following its release. Anytime someone would leave or arrive at our house, the magpie would fly down and hop around the yard, calling and shaking its wings begging for food. The magpie was self-sufficient and would disappear for weeks at a time. However, it would return from time to time and stayed around the house for about two years. Like Lima-Jane, the first raccoon I raised, the magpie also had a sad end. It was hit and killed by a car speeding through the neighborhood.

On occasion I rehabilitated and released soft-shelled turtles. This species of turtle is very thin, like a dinner plate, with a long neck and has a soft, leathery outer shell. The leatherback is extremely fast both on land and in the water. Because this type of turtle is such a great swimmer they can catch and feed on minnows. Soft-shelled turtles were often seen in the fast, clear tailrace waters coming out from beneath the powerhouse of the dam. One day, a fisherman using live shiner minnows fishing for walleyes, caught a huge soft-shelled turtle about 15 inches in diameter. What a beauty! He just cut the line and threw the turtle up on the bank. That is where I found it, on the bank tangled in fishing line with the hook embedded in its throat. I took it home to put the turtle in our basement water tank. I removed the hook and over the next few days fed the turtle minnows as it recuperated. After it recovered I contacted my friends and classmates from school about putting together a turtle race. All the kids had some type of turtle at home in those days. However, they had no idea of the speed of this particular species. The race was held and this was the easiest money I ever made. I never told anyone when or where I got my champion racer, just secretly released it back into the river following the races.

My rehabilitation of a Black crowned-night heron got me into a bit of trouble. I found this beautiful bird lying under some bushes located beneath huge electric transmission towers/lines that were positioned across the road about 100 yards in front of our house. This tall bird has a black crown and back with a white body and fascinating bright red eyes. Two or three long white plumes extend from the back of the head giving this bird a majestic look. I put the injured bird into a tall cardboard box and carried it home for everyone to see. This most unusual, exotic appearing bird fascinated all. My brother, Dennis, wanted to take the heron to school for show and tell and I agreed. I helped him carry the box containing the heron to his classroom and left the box near his teacher's desk. This is what happened next: Mrs. Roper, the third grade teacher, opened the box for all the class to see. The heron then leapt up out of the box and landed on the edge of the teacher's desk. As Mrs. Roper reached to secure the heron and return the bird to its box, the heron lashed out with its long beak slashing her index finger. She let out a shriek, as blood streamed from her finger. Fortunately, Dennis sprang into action, grabbed the box and herded the heron into a corner and then placed the box upside down over the heron. During this time, the heron was fighting each maneuver with its powerful beak and by flapping its wings. The re-capture was a success, the box was right sided and the lid flaps taped shut. As this was happening the principal came rushing into the room and bandaged Mrs. Roper's hand and restored calm to the classroom. I was summoned to the principal's office and instructed to take the heron home at noon during the lunch hour and release it. This I did, but with a bit of reluctance, as I believed the heron was injured. Much to my surprise the heron flew away when released. It had recovered from whatever made it reluctant to fly when I originally picked it up. Mrs. Roper ended up going to our local doctor and received five stitches in her finger. After this incident I was instructed to meet with the principal prior to bringing any other show and tell items to the school.

Perhaps the most unusual “wildlife pet” I had for a time was a pronghorn antelope when I was about 10 years old. This adventure began on a trip to an open federal grazing range, located about 15 miles north of Tampico, Montana. My father and uncle Pete accompanied me. I was dropped off to play by myself on the open range, as I often did, while dad and Pete drove around checking on cattle. Sometimes these trips took two or three hours. I was exploring some small streams in search of young mallard ducklings. I would often find and catch them; but released them after I finished playing with them. Then a most unusual event occurred! As I was walking alone across the open prairie, someone or something shoved me from behind knocking me down. “What the hell is this?” I thought to myself. As I spun around to identify and confront my attacker -much to my surprise - there stood a young buck antelope or pronghorn. He continued to follow me around with an occasional butt so I began to play with this magnificent creature of the open plains. We chased each other around and ran across the prairie for about an hour. When my father and uncle Pete returned to pick me up, they too were astonished. Even more amazing was the fact that the antelope followed us back to the ranch despite several attempts by uncle Pete to lose him and leave him in this area. He was just too fast. When we arrived back at the homestead he continued to follow me around and stayed. Dad went home and returned the next day with an 8 mm movie camera that he had just purchased to record this unusual event. After a few days the pronghorn was examined by a veterinarian for injury, as it was thought that he might have been shot or wounded in some way that would explain his unusual behavior. He was healthy and showed no signs of injury or disease. I begged everyone to let me keep him as a pet but after a few weeks I realized this would not work, as I would be returning to Fort Peck to start school. The antelope stayed on at the homestead for some time but because of concern for its safety during hunting season, wildlife officials were contacted and the pronghorn eventually relocated to a national wildlife refuge.



My dog, Laddie, lying next to an owl chick.  
Pickstown, South Dakota. 1957.



Me standing with a young buck  
pronghorn on the open range 15 miles  
north of Tampico, Montana. 1952.

## **Did you ever have a fair or carnival come to town when you were a child?**

The community where I grew up, Pickstown, South Dakota, was too small to host a carnival or fair plus the fact it was a government town located on the Yankton Sioux Indian Reservation. As a result, private businesses did not exist in Pickstown that would promote and support such an enterprise. However, most South Dakota counties did have county fairs, usually held in the fall and organized around agriculture. On occasion, a somewhat similar event was held just beyond the city limits of Pickstown. One quite evening in August or September during our second year in Pickstown, we heard the beat of Indian drums while sitting in the backyard having supper on a picnic table that dad built. The beat of drums seemed to go on all night. Dad inquired as to what was going on just outside of town in the direction of Lake Andes and was told we were hearing a Lakota Powwow or Wacipi. Powwows are Lakota social events that can last for several days. Indian families meet, camp, visit, and reconnect as tribal nations at a predetermined outdoor location. The powwow's featured drumming, dancing, and singing. In the case of the Fort Randall Powwow, it featured dance competitions and had several categories for both men and women divided into different age groups. Dad inquired if visitors were welcome and was told that we should go and watch, which we did the next evening. The people assembled, participants and visitors, around a large, open circle with the central area reserved for dancing. The dancers were extremely colorful, decorated with elaborate feathers and beadwork. The powwow singers and drummers, also dressed in various regalia, were off to one side and provided rhythm and song for dancing. Food also was served that included Indian tacos and fry bread among other things. An incident I clearly remember was the tribal police making a sweep through the surrounding crowd looking for alcohol and, if found, was simply dumped on the ground in front of everyone.

## **How did you get to school as a child?**

During my attendance at schools in Fort Peck, Montana, and Pickstown, South Dakota, I walked to school each morning at 8:00 AM. After school, at 4:30 PM, I walked home. At noon I ran home for lunch and then returned to school by 1:00 PM. My mother was always at home and had lunch waiting for me. Because mother had lunch prepared prior to my arrival, I would return to school and play with my friends for a few minutes prior to the beginning of the afternoon school session. Busing and school lunch programs did not exist when I attended grade school and high school.

# What was your most important accomplishment?

I would consider my most important accomplishment the development of educational materials. About 10 years into my career I planned to develop a Histology textbook designed specifically for students. Available textbooks at that time were large, comprehensive, and expensive books. These comprehensive textbooks attempted to cover everything associated with a specific discipline as well as impress one's peers. Authors were often paid by the number of pages written. The textbook I planned to write, would not be a "basic" or "introductory level" textbook, but one that would contain the same information found in larger comprehensive textbooks. However, I planned to eliminate all historical considerations, the speculative aspects of recent histological research, and the "chatty garrulity's" always found in larger textbooks. The second major change I planned to make was with regard to format. I would organize the subject matter within each chapter into small learning units, each of which would be introduced by a list of key words for that unit. The key words would be designed to introduce the terminology and would be emphasized in the text by boldface type. The key words in boldface type would also serve as a summary of the topic and provide a means for rapid review. Where useful, the textual material would be reinforced by simple line drawings. Although function would be discussed as it related to structure within each learning unit, the two would be reviewed again in functional summaries placed at the end of each chapter. My lecture notes would serve as the basis for the planned text and would be presented in the same way as my oral lectures. These emphasized THE THREE Ts: "Tell them what you are going to tell them; Tell them; and Tell them what you told them." The third major departure from the format of traditional Histology textbooks would be with regard to illustrative material. Rather than randomly scattering photographs throughout the text to illustrate one or two points of description, the photographs would be organized and presented at the end of each chapter. This arrangement would use the illustrations to provide a third, systematic, and complete pictorial review of material already covered in narrative form. It would also integrate light, scanning, and electron microscopic images into a comprehensive presentation of histological structure. After all, Histology is a visual science. During the planning of my textbook I was guided by three major considerations – that most curricula place considerable constraints on time of the student, that function and form are inextricably related, and that the learning process essentially is a matter of repetition and reinforcement. I also wanted to design a textbook that could be used by medical students, not only to successfully complete a Histology course, but also be of use when reviewing for national and state board examinations. By using the format I designed, students could do a complete review of the subject in just one or two days and be on the top of their game. One just had to page through the textbook, look at the key words in bold print, and if the key word was not recognized, stop and quickly review the associated written text before moving on. My primary goal was to design a textbook for student use and not my peers, and one that functioned in understanding the discipline and not a shelved reference textbook. When I finished the plan and outline, I enlisted the help of Professor Harry Cutts of the Anatomy Department to help me put it together. I had previously co-authored several scientific papers with Harry and knew we could work with one another without difficulty. Our first textbook entitled: "CONCISE TEXTBOOK OF HISTOLOGY" was published by Williams & Wilkins, Baltimore/London in 1981 and was only 429 pages in length. Because of popularity it was reprinted in 1982, and again 1983. In addition to English, the textbook was published in two foreign languages: Spanish and Japanese. We wrote a second edition under the same title, also published by the Williams & Wilkins in 1986. Professor Cutts and I were then urged to expand this original textbook to include "Clinical Correlations" and "Examination Questions" prior to being published by the Little, Brown and Company of Boston, Massachusetts in 1994. This textbook was entitled: "ESSENTIALS OF HISTOLOGY –TEXT/ATLAS/ REVIEW."

After Dr. Cutts retired, I continued to work with and modified this textbook published as: “ESSENTIALS OF HUMAN HISTOLOGY” in 1996, again published by the Little, Brown and Company. A third edition entitled: “KRAUSE’S ESSENTIAL HUMAN HISTOLOGY FOR MEDICAL STUDENTS” appeared in 2005 and was published by Universal Publishers, Boca Raton, Florida. Little did I realize at the time the impact this concise textbook would have on the publishing industry and textbooks of the future. Although it is not stated anywhere, following the textbooks’ initial publication, a large number of textbooks in a wide variety of disciplines, adapted the format I developed. The creation of textbooks for student use, designed for students to master a subject, and not the extremely large reference textbooks of the past, appeared everywhere. Although reference textbooks did provide a wealth of information, they were difficult for students to use and sort out just what was most important in understanding the discipline under study in a short amount of time. The large reference textbooks do have their place but must be considered as to what they are - reference texts.

The primary discipline I was responsible for teaching during most of my career was Histology. In addition to medical students, I taught undergraduates, graduate students, dental students, nursing students, and medical technologists. The primary difficulty, regardless of the type of student taught other than emphasis, was the Histology Laboratory. At the beginning of my career, the laboratory subcomponent was presented in a single room setting. One could have eye contact with the entire class and answer all questions as students examined cells/tissues under the microscope. However, with regard to medical student teaching, this became a major challenge as the student body was subdivided into study groups of eight students; and each group was assigned to their own room and/or laboratory space. Therefore, one had to rotate between rooms and spend only a limited amount of time with each group as they examined histological slides and other preparations under the microscope. Eye contact with the entire class was no longer an option to address student questions. Each laboratory session was scheduled for a three-hour period twice a week. To aid student understanding at this time, I created a collection of 35mm transparencies that consisted of light microscopic, scanning and electron microscopic images that could be projected onto a screen in each laboratory space. The transparencies were accompanied by a workbook/syllabus. This work was entitled: “THE MICRO-ANATOMY OF MAN SERIES” published in 1979 by S.T.E.M. Laboratories, Inc., Kansas City, Missouri. Although these study aids did help, they did not fulfill the need for my students or those elsewhere, in dealing with the laboratory setting and the student’s practical knowledge of Histology. That is, the actual examination and interpretation [reading] of histological preparations. This was an essential skill for students going on into the second year of medical school and beyond to truly understand Pathology. I finally realized that no one had actually taken the time to write down the method one uses to examine and interpret what is being observed under the microscope. Historically, this methodology was passed on in an oral tradition from teacher to student over time [usually a one or two year time period] similar to a master/apprentice type of relationship. Indeed, there is a skill or an art to reading and interpreting Histological/Pathological slide preparations that is acquired over time by just doing it. Because of this necessity, I wrote a small manual in 2000 that was published in 2001 by the Parthenon Publishing Group, New York/London, entitled: “THE ART OF EXAMINING AND INTERPRETING HISTOLOGICAL PREPARATIONS: A STUDENT HANDBOOK.” A second edition was published in 2004 by Universal Publishers, Boca Raton, Florida, entitled: “THE ART OF EXAMINING AND INTERPRETING HISTOLOGICAL PREPARATIONS. A LABORATORY MANUAL AND STUDY GUIDE FOR HISTOLOGY”. This brief manual helped considerably with the student’s practical understanding of Histology both at the University of Missouri and elsewhere.

As years passed, less and less course time was provided for students to have a proper laboratory experience in Histology and expectations of student performance also declined. I felt a continued need to make the Histology laboratory presentation more efficient and precise and meet the students’ expectations for a practical understanding of this discipline. Fortunately, I was able to acquire funds to purchase two large multi headed microscopes for use in the Medical Histology course.



These were used in addition to individual student microscopes. With the multi headed microscopes I was able to work with small student groups [a room or a laboratory group at a time] so that 8 students plus myself could examine Histology slides under the microscope together, as I explained things and pointed out various cells and organizations of tissues and organs. The group sessions became so popular that many evenings and weekends were devoted to these student sessions. This went on for a number of years, as I planned to purchase equipment needed to move the visual science of Histology into the digital age. The plan was to digitize the best and most important slides from the student loan collection and present these images to the student body in an electronic format. Much to my surprise and delight, the new Chairman and Head for the Department of Pathology and Anatomical Sciences at this time, Dr. Douglas Anthony, M.D., Ph.D., supported and encouraged me to follow through with my proposal. Initially, I placed a small video camera into the eyepiece of a microscope and recorded the images in real time as I narrated and described what was being viewed in the microscope. An electronic pointer within the system allowed me to point out and describe specific cells and regions of tissue. The video/audio program was recorded in iMovie on a Macintosh computer prior to being transformed into a DVD for student use. I made 24 tutorials for Medical Histology, each about 60 minutes in length, which could be played on each student's personal computer or on the laboratory computer in each of the student's group modules. Winifred was instrumental in helping me transform the material I recorded onto the student DVDs.

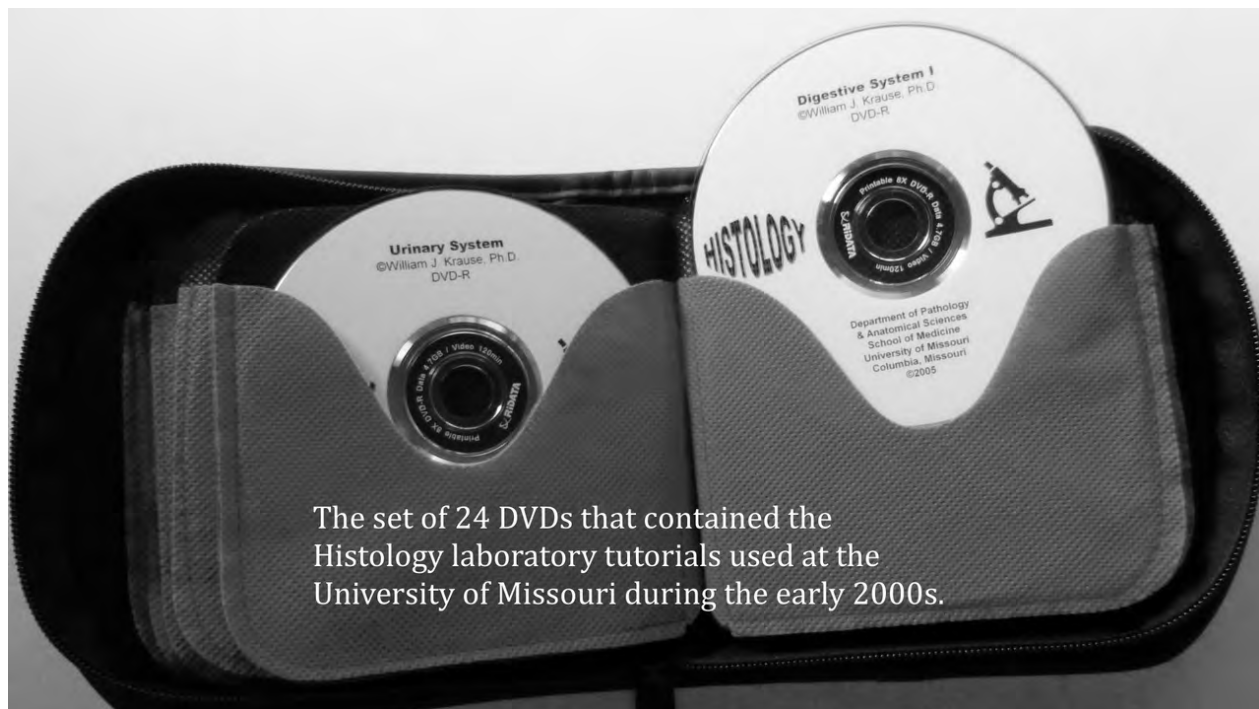
During the next few years I was able to create enough DVDs that contained the student tutorials so that each student had an individual set of 24 for their own use. The tutorials proved to be an extremely valuable resource for the student body. The first-year students used them heavily and the second-year students used them to review for national board examinations. Exams scores improved dramatically, but more importantly, so did the students' ability to exam and interpret histology/pathological specimens. The downside to the DVDs was that with so much use and careless abuse, most had to be replaced every other year. The set of 24 tutorials was used in conjunction with **THE ART OF EXAMINING AND INTERPRETING HISTOLOGIC PREPARATIONS. A LABORATORY MANUAL AND STUDY GUIDE FOR HISTOLOGY** and as a result most of my worry about students having a practical or working understanding of Histology was solved for the moment. If students wanted to learn in an independent setting, the materials were available and pointed out to them detail. The ball was now in the students' court; if they really wanted to learn, all was at their fingertips. During this time the "internet" was being developed and larger servers were slowly becoming available on the University of Missouri campus.

Following conversations with the head librarian at the J. Otto Lottes Medical Library, Diane Johnson, about moving the educational materials on line, she advised, "Why don't you go with the 500 pound gorilla in the room – Google?" "That is a great idea," I responded. During the spring and summer of 2005, Winifred, who had the computer expertise, not only loaded all 24 tutorials online with Google but also set up a personal website for me. Now students could view the tutorials using all types of devices that were rapidly becoming available. Loading the tutorials on Google Video also had a surprising, unintended consequence for me. Students from all over the globe were finding and using the tutorials. In a very short time I had over a half a million views of my materials. Then, after a few years, Google Video transferred the video section of their site to YouTube and because each tutorial was an hour or more in length, the tutorials were dropped from being available on YouTube. As these events took place both the School of Medicine and the University of Missouri itself had at long last developed an interest in digital education. As a result, the tutorials and other digital materials I had developed were put on two different servers at the University of Missouri campus. The discipline of Histology had now entered the digital age and I was leading the charge. By 2010 the Department of Pathology, again under the leadership of Dr. Anthony, purchased instrumentation referred to as the Aperio System. This instrumentation combined computer and light microscope technologies, had the capacity to digitize Histological and Pathological slides, and to store them in a digital format. I used this system to digitize ALL the histological preparations that the 24 tutorials were originally taken from. In other words, the actual histological specimens [slides] and microscopes were no longer necessary for an introduction into Histology.

The same specimens, from which the tutorials were made, could now be viewed and examined directly via computer. The images of the digitized slides were not just static images, but images that could be moved around to different areas of the specimen and examined at different magnifications. Viewing the images via computer using this system was just like looking down and operating a microscope! What I had developed, long before most other schools, was a VIRTUAL SLIDE BOX, which could be viewed by computer at a distance using the Aperio System.

As these events unfolded, one of my students, Travis Birkhead, was unhappy with the time involved in either downloading or the video streaming of my original Histology tutorials that were placed on line using University of Missouri servers. He and members of the student body wanted to use the tutorials prior to utilizing the digitized specimens in the virtual slide box. I granted him permission to load all of my tutorials back onto the YouTube server via his website, which he did, and now these materials can be found again by going back on the Internet. Today most Histology is taught in a digital format using various sources and web microscopes. Looking back, it is hard to believe that I was one of the pioneers in this effort, driven out of necessity and concern for student learning.

It should be understood that my educational philosophy was to promote education without boundaries, i.e., anyone anywhere should have access to the thoughts and ideas of any professor and that these concepts should not be limited to a select few under a professor/class or at a specific University. Likewise, I championed the concept that the costs for educational materials should be kept at a bare minimum or be provided at no cost to the student if possible. As a result, I placed the majority of my educational materials on line as e-books so they could be affordable to anyone interested and several are available as free downloads or by video streaming. With the advent of computer technology and the development of the Internet, Winifred, was instrumental in helping me reach these goals.



The set of 24 DVDs that contained the Histology laboratory tutorials used at the University of Missouri during the early 2000s.

# What was your wedding like?

I married Miss Winifred Alice Clark at Winifred's home church, Westminster United Presbyterian Church, in Des Moines, Iowa, on Saturday June 10, 1967. My parents, brothers Kelly and Dennis, and Aunt Lorraine (Nelson) Bain and her family came to represent my side of the family. All Winifred's friends, stepbrothers and stepsisters were in attendance as were her mother, Laura, and stepfather, Walter Roberts. Late that evening, the day prior to our wedding, severe thunderstorms rolled through Des Moines and warning sirens of a tornado on the ground were sounded. Dennis and I were staying with Winifred's parents and wondered when we should go to seek shelter in the basement of their home if the tornado hit our location. In the meantime, Winifred - who was staying with her stepsister - Carol, gathered her wedding dress and did spend most of that night in the basement of her sister's house. The next day, our wedding day, was bright, clear, and fresh. Winifred's stepsister, Mrs. Carol (Roberts) Thompson, was the matron of honor and my brother, Dennis, was the best man. My youngest brother, Kelly, served as an usher. Following the wedding ceremony, a reception was held in the basement of the church. That afternoon, a large barbecue was hosted by Winifred's parents at their home for the wedding party and all our guests. Later in the evening, Winifred and I packed our suitcases and drove as far as Pella, Iowa, to spend our first night together before going on to Columbia, Missouri. We both were to begin classes the following Monday, the beginning of the summer session at the University of Missouri, in Columbia, Missouri.

During our first month together, our honeymoon period, Winifred and I devoted our time to going to class, and in the evenings, catching and establishing an opossum colony. Late at night [about midnight] Winifred would drive the red Falcon and I would sit on the passenger side of the car with a dip net [used for fishing] and a burlap bag. We would drive along country roads until we came across an opossum on the roadway caught in the headlights of the car. Winifred would stop and I would jump out of the car, catch the opossum in the net, and then put it in a burlap bag so it wouldn't injure itself. We would usually catch two or three each night and soon had a colony of opossums. I planned to use the opossum as a biomedical model in a research protocol that would result in my dissertation [Doctoral thesis]. I maintained the temporary opossum colony at the Charles Green Conservation Area south of Columbia. We decided, prior to our marriage, to get my research program going as quickly as possible and began our course work before we took our "official honeymoon." We continued on with our course work at the University of Missouri through the summer of 1967.

Finally, later that August, after stopping in Des Moines and Pickstown for short visits with our parents, we finally took our honeymoon trip and vacationed in the Black Hills of South Dakota. As we had a very limited budget, we decided on a camping trip. Our primary site for camping was at Lake Pactola, a central location within the Black Hills. We used this area as a home base and traveled outward from this location to visit Mount Rushmore, Custer State Park, the Needles Highway, and the Crazy Horse Memorial. In the evenings we attended performances (melodramas) at the Black Hills Playhouse in Rockerville. On our return trip back to Missouri, we stopped again to go through the South Dakota Badlands and visited Wall Drug.





Me standing with my best man, Dennis L. Krause.



Winifred photographed with her matron of honor, Mrs. Carol (Roberts) Thompson.



Winifred and I photographed with her parents, Mrs. Laura (Clark) Roberts and Walter Roberts.



Winifred and I photographed with my parents, Mrs. Hazel (Nelson) Krause and William J. (Johnny) Krause.

## How did you meet your wife?

Just after New Years day in 1965, I hopped on a bus in Sioux City, Iowa, and went on to Des Moines where I had to change to a bus bound for Iowa City. I was on way back to the University of Iowa after the Christmas/New Year Day holiday. When the bus arrived in Des Moines, I changed buses as usual when traveling back and forth to visit my parents. Then, all of a sudden, the bus driver appeared and declared that all University of Iowa students bound for Iowa City to get off this bus, as it was over booked due to the holidays. The driver informed us that we would be taken to Iowa City on a special bus designated only for students. After a considerable amount of complaining, I got off the bus, as did the other students making this journey. We had our luggage unloaded and were forced to stand outside and wait for the special student bus bound for Iowa City. We were afraid to go inside despite the cold in fear of missing this connection, which was the last bus scheduled to leave for Iowa City. As we were waiting and as complaints continued to mount, I noticed a young woman off to the side sitting on her suitcase. She had raven black hair with a dark complexion and was just sitting there, bored and staring off into space. As her coat was open I noticed she was wearing a black sweater, a plaid skirt, high black stockings and small black shoes. This young woman had an exotic look about her and I thought that she might have been a foreign exchange student.

I said hello and asked her if she was a student at the University of Iowa and had been kicked off the original bus bound for Iowa City with the rest of us. “Yes,” she said. “I am cold and I hope they get their act together because by the time we get to Iowa City the dorms will start locking their doors and I don’t want to be that late. Its just to much of a hassle to deal with.” I was surprised to learn that the dorms for women begin locking their doors at midnight and that if a female student arrived late, they would have to ring a bell to gain entrance. In addition, they would have to explain and justify why they were out later than midnight. When our bus finally arrived, I helped load her luggage into the luggage compartment on the underside of the bus. As I boarded the bus I noticed that no one was sitting next to her so I sat down and we traveled on to Iowa City together. She said her name was Winifred Clark. During our conversation I discovered that she lived in Johnston, Iowa, and was a junior undergraduate at the University of Iowa majoring in English. She went on to tell me that this was her first year at the University of Iowa and that she had taken her first two years at San Mateo Junior College in San Mateo, California. While going to school in San Mateo, she lived with her aunt in Redwood City, California. Most of her family was originally from California, but now her parents lived in Johnston, Iowa, just northwest of Des Moines. I said, “I am a graduate student finishing my Master’s Degree in Anatomy, in the School of Medicine.” As our conversation went on, I asked her if she was interested in basketball and said that I was a fan of Iowa Hawkeye Basketball team. She said she liked basketball as well, so I asked her if she would like to attend a game with me that week against Northwestern. She said she would like to go and that I could pick her up at Currier Hall the evening of the basketball game. This was our first date. The price of admission for each basketball game was a dollar plus one had to present a student identification card. I walked over the bridge to the East Campus to pick her up and then we walked back to the west side, as all the athletic facilities were located in the West Campus. It was a great walk with several gardens and shrubs along the way, particularly on the west side. The walkway was filled with other students headed in the same direction. During the game, it was a close, exciting, back and forth contest; the Iowa center made a bonehead play. Winifred jumped up out of her seat and screamed “God damn you Breedlove [the Iowa center], pay attention to what you are doing!” while beating on the back of a guy seated in front of us. I just smiled as she apologized to this party but thought to myself, “I need to get to know this Winifred Clark a bit better.” We continued to see one another after that, going to visit various University art galleries, dance productions, music recitals, plays at the University Theater, and for walks along the Iowa River.

I found out that she was a huge Bob Dylan fan, the noted poet and folk singer of our day, who captured the spirit of the youth movement in the 1960s. However, his singing ability was lacking, at least in my opinion. I tried to impress Winifred by saying that I had actually seen a Bob Dylan perform at a coffee house in the Minneapolis/St Paul, Minnesota area in 1960, during my high school senior skip day. I remembered it was located in a seedy area of town and that after each song or the reading of a poem, the relatively small audience snapped their fingers rather than applauded with their hands. I also told her that I was at the Iowa Memorial Union Building during a “Soapbox Sound Off” when Steve Smith burned his draft card on October 26, 1965, in protest of the Vietnam War. At that time students were concerned about the selective service and being monitored by the FBI. After we first met, Winifred and I attended all home basketball and football games together. With regard to football: one only had to present a student ID for admission and seating preference at this time was for the students. We got the best seats on or near the fifty-yard line. Winifred and I also began studying together at the main University of Iowa Library. On occasion, after studying, we would drop in at the Hamburg Inn, a well know student hangout in downtown Iowa City. They made the most delicious hamburgers. So much so that another Hamburg Inn was built. Thus, Iowa City had a Hamburg Inn I [the original] and Hamburg Inn II located a few streets over and on the south side of downtown Iowa City. However, Hamburg Inn I was our place of choice.

As time went on and I got to know Winifred better, she told me that she was the daughter of Alvin Gerald Clark and that her mother’s maiden name was Laura Nunes. During World War II her mother had joined the war effort with the promise that she would be stationed somewhere in California so she could be near her family.

Soon after her enlistment in the Army in 1943, her mother was immediately transferred and stationed in Fort Des Moines, Iowa, for the remainder of the war. This was how her parents came to be in Iowa. Winifred was the first baby born to a member of the Woman's Army Corps (WACs) in a United States Army Hospital and to commemorate this event they chose the name, Winifred Alice Clark, the initials of which would signify WAC.

At long last my coursework and thesis for a Masters Degree were completed and I was awarded a Master of Science Degree by the University of Iowa on June 10, 1966. My parents drove to Iowa City from Pickstown, South Dakota, for my graduation and they met Winifred Clark for the first time. We took my parents on a walking tour of the campus and a walk through "Old Capital" - the building on campus that dated back to when Iowa City was the state capital of Iowa. It was now used as a museum and administrative building. Old Capital is a major landmark on the University of Iowa campus. My parents returned to South Dakota the following Monday. I believe they were somewhat surprised that I had a girl friend, as I cannot remember mentioning Winifred to them before.

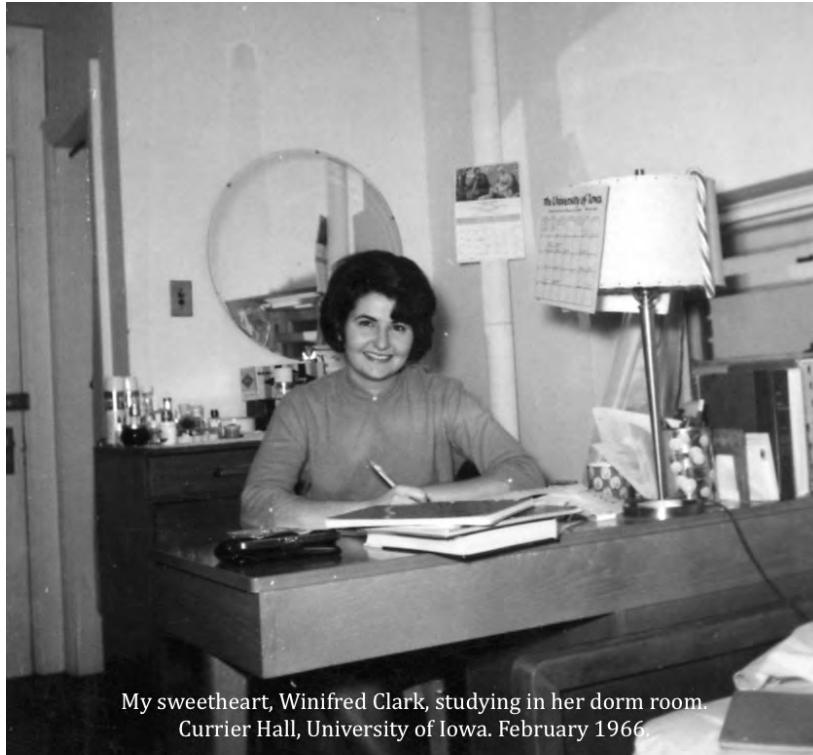
During late June of 1966 I took Winifred home with me to Pickstown, South Dakota, for the first time. We stopped briefly in Des Moines to visit her parents before traveling on to South Dakota. After arriving, we drove around the Pickstown area so I could show Winifred the sights and where I grew up. On our way down to look at the Missouri River below Fort Randall Dam, I spotted a Prairie Rattlesnake lying on the gravel roadway. I immediately stopped the car, jumped out and grabbed it. I walked back to the car to show Winifred and asked her if she would hold it while I drove back to the house so I could put it in a container of some kind. I was interested in looking at the microscopic structure of its venom glands. "No! I will not hold that snake!" she said emphatically. "Let me drive. You hold it." Later on that the week, I asked Winifred if she would like to go fishing for a few hours. Much to my surprise she said she would love to go. Once again she surprised me by catching several walleyes and white bass as well as a nice 15-pound northern the next day.

On another occasion dad, Winifred, and I went fishing for walleyes one evening near the intake towers located within the reservoir just above the dam. We were fishing with minnows rather than lures and each of us used two poles. As time went on Winifred said she was tired of holding her fishing rod so I told her to put it down and rest it on a rock but position it so she could see the rod tip bend in case of a bite. It would be OK if she did this and not to worry about it. After she set her rod down following my directions, her pole lurched forward; something big dragged the rod and reel into the water as we helplessly watched it disappear into the depths. Evidently, a huge northern had taken the bait and pulled the rod free of the anchoring rocks before any of us could react. Winifred never forgave me for that piece of advice, and said she had missed the fish of a lifetime because of me and "my great advice."

The day before we were to return to Iowa, the three of us decided to drive over the Missouri Breaks to Wagner, South Dakota, to shop at an old fashioned hardware store that had been at this location for years. I wanted Winifred to visit this old store, which sold just about everything one could imagine, and met the needs of an entire community. Because Wagner also served as the tribal headquarters for the Yankton Sioux Tribe in Charles Mix County, I advised her to be on the lookout for Lakota's in Wagner as they may be dressed in native regalia. Celebrations often took place at this time of year. I wanted her to see the colors and quality of beadwork in the traditional dress. As we reached the summit of the breaks bordering the Missouri River, I spotted a North American Badger loping across the prairie. "Stop the car!" I shouted too dad. "I need this badger for a study I am doing on Bruuner's glands." With that I leapt out of the car, before it stopped moving, and started harassing the badger by grabbing its hind feet. "I will drive back to the house and get a snake catcher and a box!" dad yelled, as he knew immediately what I wanted. I prevented the badger from digging in, for if he did, it would be impossible to get him out of his burrow. Dad and Winifred returned in just a few minutes. I put a loop of cord around its neck and then grabbed the badger behind the head as it growled and fought back. I then placed the badger in a cardboard box, closed the lid, and continually shook and moved the box around so it couldn't dig out with its large claws as I sat on the backseat of the car. Winifred watched all commotion with a startled look on her face.



Her eyes were as big as silver dollars. When we returned to Pickstown, I put the badger in a wooden animal box I had for transporting wild animals. Finally, we did get to the hardware store in Wagner, and Winifred was impressed with this old store and bought several items that she could not find elsewhere. Then, the three of us, Winifred, the badger and I, traveled back to the University of Iowa stopping in Des Moines on the way back to visit her parents. This was Winifred's introduction into my way of life and South Dakota. I was really impressed with how she handled every experience. "Winifred is someone who can keep up with me, meet each new challenge head on, and have my back so to speak", I thought to myself. "She just may be the one I have been looking for, someone I can depend on regardless of the circumstance."



My sweetheart, Winifred Clark, studying in her dorm room.  
Currier Hall, University of Iowa. February 1966.



Winifred Clark holding the 15-pound northern pike  
she caught while visiting Pickstown, South Dakota.  
June 1966.

## What's one of your favorite summertime meals?

Without doubt, my favorite summertime meal at lunch was a bacon lettuce tomato sandwich [BLT], with the whole wheat bread toasted. I preferred my sandwich to be served with a side of baked beans and a side of cottage cheese. Corn on the cob would be a welcome addition. However, during the winter months, I preferred tomato soup with a grilled cheese sandwich for lunch.

## What would you consider your motto?

A motto that best describes me is: DETERMINED - NEVER GIVE UP THE SHIP. Throughout most of my life, I have been given complete freedom to do largely what I wanted, in pursuit of my goals. My parents encouraged me to follow my dreams and if I encountered obstacles, my mother in particular, encouraged me to keep working toward that goal and be persistent. Mother firmly believed, pursuing ones dream and working hard towards it, would result in the goal being realized. This I did throughout high school, college, and graduate school. Strangely enough, I really didn't encounter much resistance in pursuit of my goals until I became a university faculty member. Here, I was told repeatedly and given numerous reasons why, the goals I wanted to pursue were either simply impossible to achieve or a waste of money and time. I ignored this advice and found a way, to do it or work around the system. For example, I dreamed for years of moving the visual discipline of Histology, a discipline that I was responsible for teaching, into a digital format. This was long before a digital presentation of material was encouraged at most universities or elsewhere. I was simply ahead of the curve and found a way, to just do it, through dogged determination.

## Movies you never get tired of watching.

I enjoy watching several types of movies and some I have watched time and time again. Those listed below have been viewed a number of times. CHICAGO, ALL THAT JAZZ, GREASE, JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR, MIDNIGHT IN PARIS, HAIR, FORBIDDEN PLANET [the original], STAR WARS [the series], THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL [the original], NORTH BY NORTHWEST, THE MALTESE FALCON, CHRISTMAS STORY, REAR WINDOW, JOHN CARTER, MEN IN BLACK, AVATAR, THE LAST SAMURAI, SHOGUN [TV Mini-Series], 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY, BATTLE-STAR GALACTICA, TOY STORY, RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK, INDEPENDENCE DAY, THE GODFATHER, ZORRO THE GAY BLADE, GHOSTBUSTERS, MATRIX, CASABLANCA, JAWS, and THE THING [the original]. THE THING I saw as a boy at the Fort Peck Theater in Montana and was my first horror movie to see. I still consider it the scariest science fiction horror film of all time.

## How far back can you trace your family ancestry?

My father was born in Otter Tail County near Fergus Falls, Minnesota, on June 17, 1915, and was the son of Arthur Adolph Krause [1881-1927] and Anna Maria Bertha [Peters] Krause [1884-1956]. Both of dad's parents were born in Otter Tail County near Fergus Falls, Minnesota. Arthur Krause owned a farm and also operated a blacksmith shop. Dad's grandfather, Adolph Reinhold Krauße [1845-1922] immigrated to America from Pölzig, Saxony (Germany) in 1860 at just 14 years of age. Adolph's parents were Georg Gottlieb Krauße [1809-1877], a master linen weaver, and Ernestine W. Rammmler [1812-????] both natives of Pölzig, Saxony. The Krauße families were long time inhabitants of the Pölzig, Saxony region, and records with regard to the Krauße family at this location extend as far back as the early 1700s. Adolph Krauße left from Bremen, Germany, on June 7, 1860; on a steam ship named the Georg and traveled to New Orleans, Louisiana. From here he took a paddle wheel steamboat up the Mississippi River to Belleville, Illinois. Adolph remained in St. Clair County, Illinois, for a time before he moved to St. Louis and worked as a shoemaker. Adolph then worked as a government teamer hauling freight to the Northwest United States prior to acquiring a homestead in Friberg Township, Ottertail County, Minnesota, on October 1, 1880. Sometime during the emigration to the United States, the family surname changed from Krauße to Krause dropping the double s. Adolph married Augusta Wilhelmina Richter [1859-1952] on November 12, 1880, in Friberg Township, Ottertail County, Minnesota. Augusta was born Wilhelmine Auguste Richter on Christmas Day, December 25, 1859, in Fürstenwalde, Saxony. Augusta emigrated with her mother, Friedericke Wilhelmina (Tränkner) Richter [1837-1916], brothers and sisters from Bremen, Germany, to Baltimore, Maryland, on the ship, Leipzig, on September 20, 1880. She was twenty years of age. Her father, Johann Gustav Richter [1824-1903], had immigrated to Minnesota and established a homestead two years earlier.

Arthur Adolf Krause [my grandfather] married Anna Maria Bertha Peters on December 9, 1903. Bertha Peters was the daughter of Joachim Friedrich Carl Peters [1842-1912] and Marie Knackendöffel [1859-1895] both natives of Germany. Carl Peters was born in Waren, Mecklenburg, Schwerin, Germany, and emigrated from Germany in 1866. His port of departure was Hamburg and on March 9, 1866, he traveled on the steamship, Gipsey Queen, to New York. Marie Knackendöffel (Marie Wilhelmine Sophie Dorothea Knackendöffel) was born in Wustrow, Hannover, Germany, and emigrated with her brother departing from Hamburg on the ship Herder on April 11, 1877, with the port of arrival being New York. Carl Peters and Marie Knackendöffel were married on January 28, 1878, in Red Wing, Minnesota. Marie was Carl Peter's second wife.

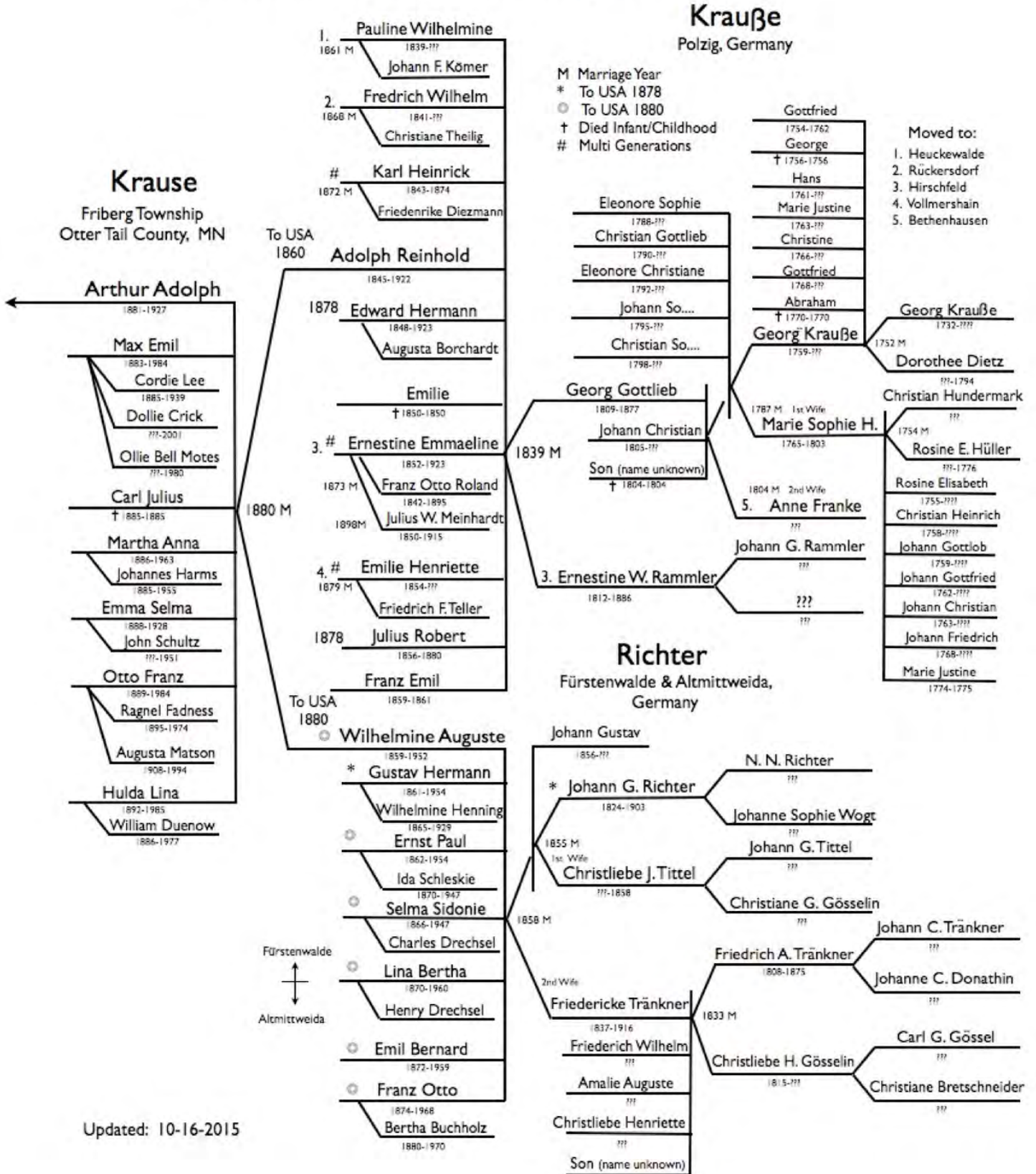
Dad, at the time of his father's death in 1927, was just 11 years of age. Johnny was educated and graduated from the Duenow School [District 66] of Otter Tail County in rural Minnesota, and was confirmed in the German Immanuel Lutheran Church of Friberg Township with the class of 1928. In 1934 he left home and traveled to work for his uncle, Otto Franz Krause, at the Westland Oil Company in Glasgow, Montana.

My mother was born Hazel Ruby Nelson on August 28, 1918, at the Buggy Creek Homestead near Tampico, Montana, and was the daughter of Nels Chris Nelson and Mary Elizabeth [Johannesson] Nelson. They were original homesteaders to the Hi-Line region of Montana west of Glasgow. Hazel was baptized and confirmed into the Lutheran Faith. She attended Buggy Creek Grade School in rural Valley County Montana for 8 years and graduated from Glasgow High School in 1936. Hazel was a long time member of the Tampico 4-H Club and after graduation from high school worked in the Ready to Wear Department of the F. A. Buttery Company in Glasgow, Montana. Later she was promoted to Manager of the Ready to Wear Department at Fort Peck, Montana, about 20 miles away.

Hazel's mother, Mary Elizabeth [Johannesson] Nelson [1876-1973], was born on May 28, 1876, in Värmland, Sweden, and was the daughter of Nils Oster Johannesson [1827-1907] and Maria Mathilda [Zetterberg] Johannesson [1833-1914] both natives of Sweden. The family lived periodically on two different small farms in western Sweden, a few miles east of Säffle in the Province of Värmland, approximately 225 miles from Stockholm. Her parents were farmers growing wheat in cleared forested areas and raised various farm animals that included hogs and dairy cattle. Mary Elizabeth was baptized near the By Church at the minister's farm and then was confirmed into the Lutheran faith at the Södra Ny Lutheran Church located near the family's farm. Mary's early education was attained in the small chapel of Huggenäs also located near her family's home. On September 11, 1890, at the age of fourteen years, Mary Elizabeth Johannesson together with her parents and a sister, Anna Katarina Johannesson, emigrated from Sweden to the United States to join her brothers and older sister who had emigrated earlier to live with her mother's sister, Carolina Wilhelmina [Zetterberg] Johnson Anderson, on her farm in Richwood Township, Minnesota. Mary Elizabeth Johannesson married Nels Chris Nelson on October 12, 1895, at the First Lutheran Church in Audubon, Minnesota.

Nels Chris Nelson [1873-1927] was born on July 11, 1873, in New York City and was the son of Morton Nielsen [1846-1882] and Anna Christina [Sorensen] Nielsen [1842-1928], both natives of Denmark. Nels Chris Nelson grew up and attended school in Detroit Lakes, Minnesota. After receiving his education he traveled to Hillsboro, North Dakota, which lies within the Red River Valley of eastern North Dakota, for work. He then returned to the Detroit Lakes area and bought a farm near Floyd Lake, Minnesota, in December of 1896, from his parents. In addition to the farm, Nels Chris Nelson operated a small butcher shop in Detroit Lakes, Minnesota. Chris and Mary Nelson sold their Minnesota farm on January 3, 1911, and left the Detroit Lakes area to settle on a prairie homestead consisting of 320 acres located in the Buggy Creek Community near Tampico, Montana. The family moved on the advise of Chris's younger brother, Maurice Nelson. At this time Maurice was working in Glasgow, Montana, as a superintendent for the Montana-North Dakota Grain Elevators, associated with the railroad. Maurice discovered a pure, soft water spring on a homestead site near Buggy Creek and persuaded Chris and Mary to move their family to this site and take this homestead. As a result of this move, they increased their land ownership from about 75 acres to 320 acres. The Buggy Creek Homestead was part of the Hi-Line, a geographic term that refers to that portion of the northwestern United States which lies between the mainline of the Great Northern Railway and U.S. Highway 2, and Canada. Generally, the term Hi-Line most commonly refers to northern most portion of Montana. Development of the Montana Hi-Line traces its origins back to Great Northern Railway. While a few settlers did homestead in this region of Montana prior to the arrival of the railroad, the Hi-Line region was virtually undeveloped until the arrival of the Great Northern Railroad. With the establishment of the Great Northern Railroad, thousands of farmers and ranchers were transported into this region by rail, attracted by land and the opportunity to homestead. The railroad then transported the beef and grain crops they raised out. The boom days of the Hi-Line region occurred during the early 1920's as settlers poured into this region to start their own farms. Among these homesteaders were my maternal grandparents who also arrived by rail together with their belongings, livestock, and farm equipment. They grew wheat, barley, and oats and also raised cattle. Chris and Mary Nelson were the parents of twelve children and Hazel Ruby Nelson was the second youngest of these children and a true daughter of the Hi-Line. My mother, Hazel Ruby Nelson, was very proud of being from this region of Montana and delighted in everything "western." My brother, Dennis Lyle Krause, created the following genealogical charts.

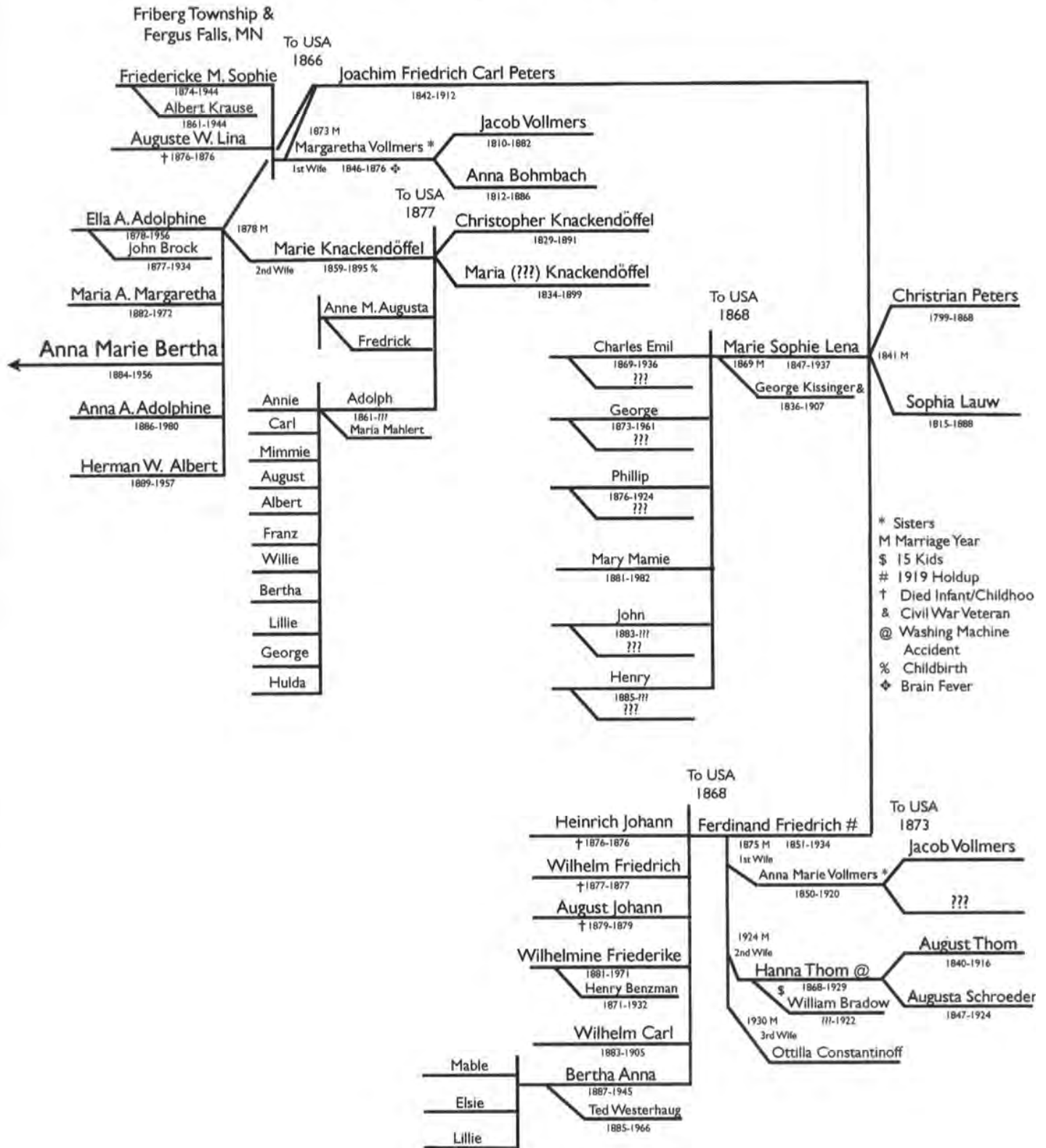
# Krause/Richter Family Branch



Updated: 10-16-2015

# Peters Family Branch

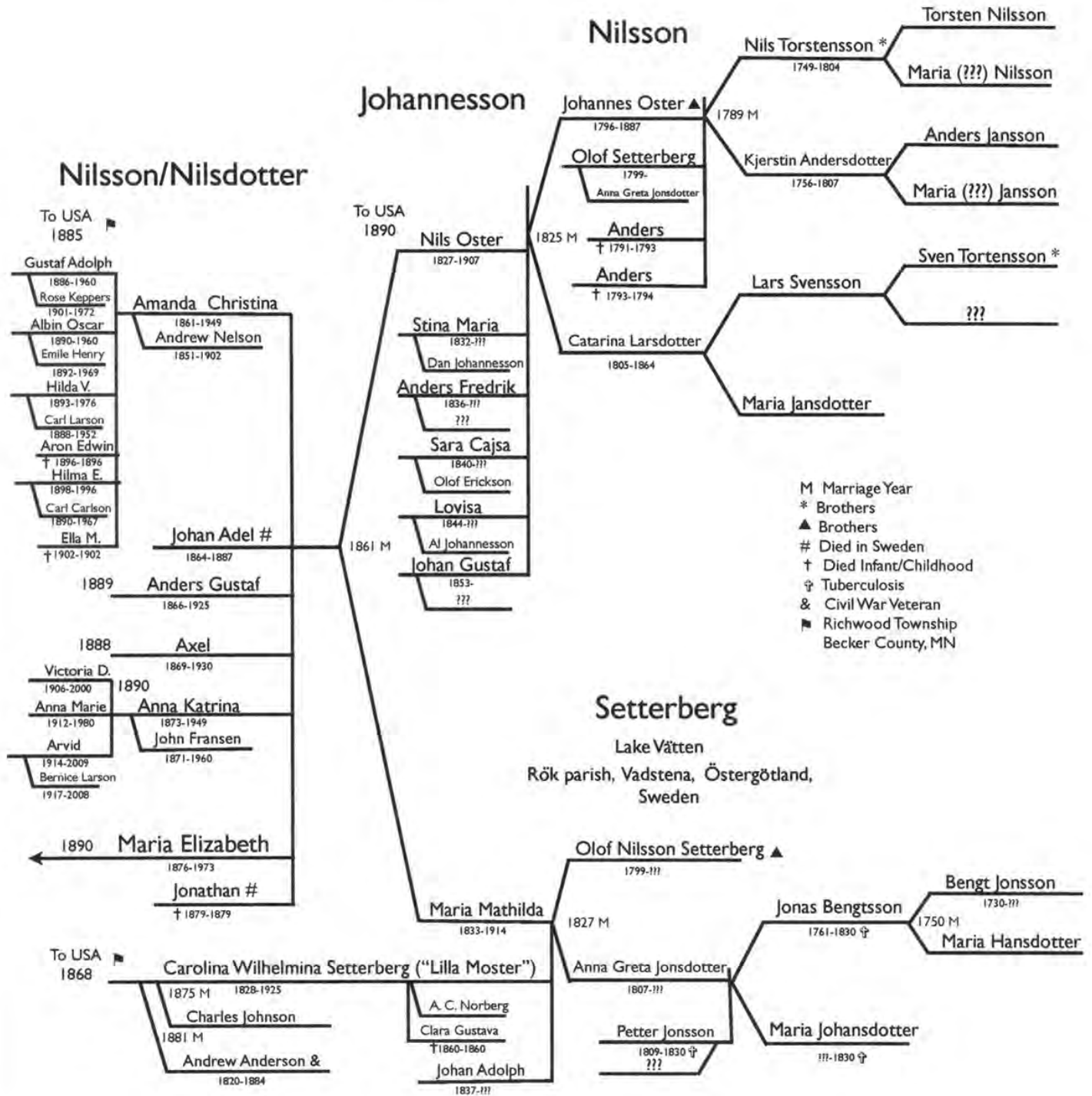
Waren, Mecklenburg-W. Pomerania, Germany



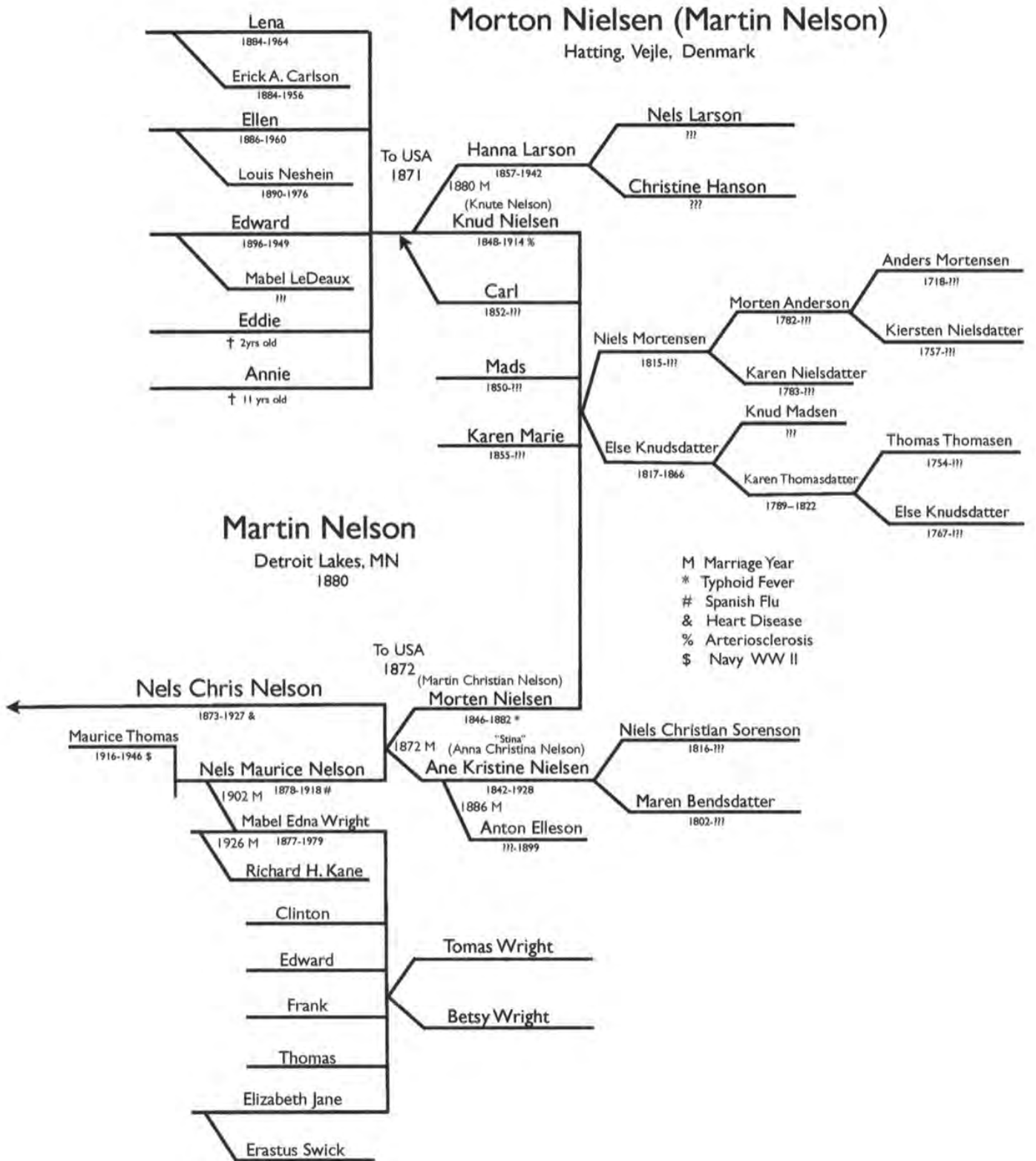
\* Sisters  
M Marriage Year  
\$ 15 Kids  
# 1919 Holdup  
† Died Infant/Childhood & Civil War Veteran  
@ Washing Machine Accident  
% Childbirth  
◆ Brain Fever

# Johannesson Family Branch

Lake Vänern  
Hüggenäs Parish, Säffle, Värmland,  
Sweden



# Nelson/Nielsen Family Branch







The family of Adolph R. Krause and Augusta W. (Richter) Krause photographed in Fergus Falls, Minnesota. Front row left to right are: Emma Selma Krause, Hulda Helene Krause, and Martha Anna Krause. Middle row: Adolph R. Krause and Augusta W. (Richter) Krause. Back row left to right: Arthur Adolph Krause [my grandfather], Max Emil Krause, Wilhelmina F. (Tränkner) Richter and Otto Franz Krause. 1898.



A photograph of my maternal grandmother's parents, Nils Oster Johannesson and Maria Mathilda (Zetterberg) Johannesson. Date: about 1900. Detroit Lakes, Minnesota.



A photograph of my maternal grandmother, Mary Elizabeth (Johannesson) Nelson, with three of her daughters on the day of Nels Christ Nelson's funeral, October 30, 1928, in Glasgow, Montana. My mother, Hazel Ruby Nelson, is standing at the left, Anne Mathilda Nelson, is standing at right in back, and Lorraine Marion Nelson is standing at the right in front.

## What is your favorite animal, and why?

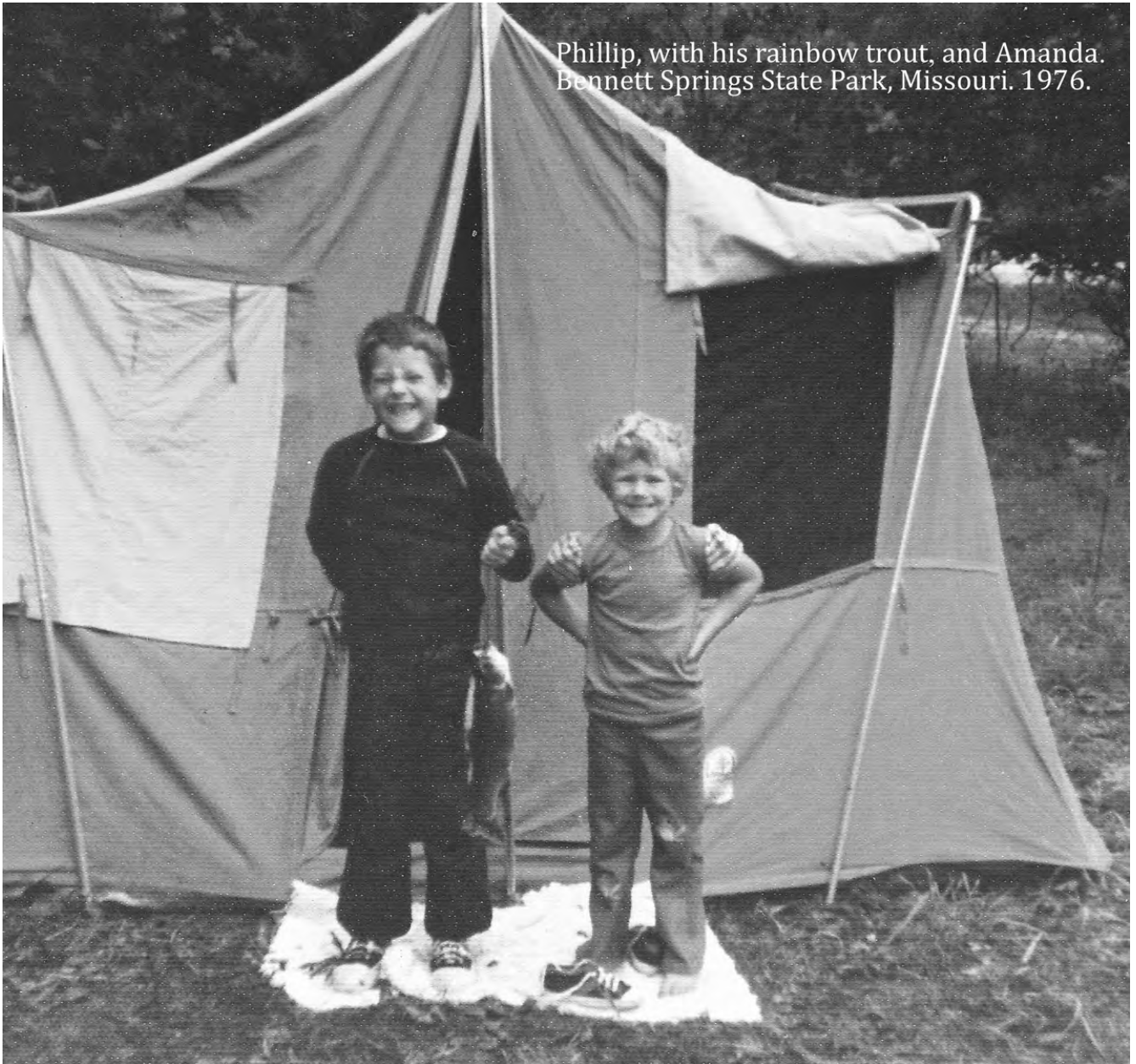
My favorite animal, by far, is the honey badger (*Mellivora capensis*). This small mammal is widely distributed in Africa, the Indian subcontinent, and southwest Asia. Honey badgers are notorious for their determination, toughness, and ferocity. They are known to fearlessly attack any kind of animal when threatened and will repel much larger predators such as lions. They are tireless in combat and can exhaust larger animals in a physical confrontation. Honey badgers have been documented to chase away young lions and take their kills. The aversion of most predators to preying on honey badgers is thought to be due to its markings: silver white on its dorsal surface, black on its ventral surface and sides.

The honey badger is a member of the weasel family, but has the least specialized diet of this group. Although carnivorous, they eat almost anything including insects, tortoises, lizards, rodents, snakes, birds, and eggs. Honey badgers also will feed on a variety of fruits, berries, roots, and bulbs. They hunt rodents by digging them out of their burrows with their large claws and strong forepaws, and can feed on tortoises because of their powerful jaws. They kill and eat a variety of snakes, even highly venomous ones, such as cobras. Honey badgers are immune to the venoms of snakes, scorpions, and insects. Honey badgers love honey and will seek out beehives to satisfy their sweet tooth, hence their name.

I greatly admire this little animal because of its tenacious behavior and dogged determination. In many respects, the honey badger's determined behavior, reminds me of my own personality.

## What is one of the worst trips you've ever taken? What went wrong?

Just after purchasing a new tent, sleeping bags, and other camping equipment in 1976, our young family took a camping trip to The Land-Between the Lakes, Kentucky. As we slowly drove into this area, we should have been more aware, as people were parked along and fishing in highway ditches. After arriving at Land-Between the Lakes, we set up camp on the highest, elevated campsite we could find, as showers were predicted to occur later that evening. After supper we went to bed and it began to rain. It rained and rained and rained, so much so, that our entire campsite was flooded and covered by several inches of water. We awoke floating on the air mattresses that supported our sleeping bags. Everything was soaked. The question at this time was: should we stay and dry out in Kentucky, or go home and dry out? We were within a day's drive from home. Finally, after waiting most of the morning in the car without breakfast for skies to clear, we decided to leave and go home. This was a good decision, as it turned out, because a cold front kept oscillating back and forth over the Land Between the Lakes. Storms associated with this front dropped a record amount of rainfall during the next ten days. We returned to Columbia. I took our wet camping gear and sleeping bags and hung them outside on a large clothes line in the backyard to dry. It was hot and sunny in Columbia. Because we were packed for a weeks camping trip, as soon as the sleeping bags and tent were dry, we headed for Bennett Springs State Park located near Lebanon, Missouri. We had a great time camping at this location; fishing for trout, swimming, and much to our surprise and delight, a blue-grass music festival was being held that week. We just relaxed, picnicked, and listened to the music being played.



Phillip, with his rainbow trout, and Amanda.  
Bennett Springs State Park, Missouri. 1976.

## What is the farthest you have ever traveled?

I was awarded a visiting professorship to the Department of Anatomy and Human Biology, University of Western Australia, Nedlands, Perth, Western Australia in 1991. This location is about as far as one can travel around the globe from Missouri, before coming back again. The appointment was awarded in response to an international competition for consideration to become Chairman and Head of this department. How this invitation came about and what it entailed is in itself an interesting story. Late one afternoon, I was browsing through recently published journals in the medical school library, when I picked up the latest issue of the journal, *SCIENCE*. After paging through this journal I looked through a segment entitled, “positions needed to be filled,” submitted by departments representing a variety of fields worldwide. I noticed an advertisement for a visiting professor to teach Anatomy and/or Histology in the Department of Anatomy and Human Biology at the University of Western Australia. This individual also would be given consideration to become Chairman and run this department. The advertisement had a detachable card to fill out and requested it be accompanied by a curriculum vita for those interested in applying. Because the Department of Anatomy at Missouri was in continuous turmoil, I decided to send off an application. Then, several months later, as I met with a group of students in my office, I received a long distance telephone call from Perth, Australia. It was Professor John McGeachie of the Department of Anatomy and Human Biology asking me if I was still interested in this position and that if I was, to begin to make final arrangements. I was dumbfounded and said I was still interested but would have to talk to my wife before making a final decision. Winifred agreed that we should go and so we did, from February through December of 1991.

The Department of Anatomy and Human Biology was a very large department and taught medical students and most undergraduates on this campus in a Human Biology program. After arriving, I inquired as to a faculty dress code, because at Monash University where I had been previously, a coat and tie were required. The only requirement at the University of Western Australia was: faculty members were required to “Wear Shoes.” While in this Department I taught several courses to different levels of medical students. I enjoyed working with each medical group as well as a small group of graduate students. When not in class with students, I was completing a research program on opossum eye development with Dr. Paul McMinamen. I guess, because I was so caught up in my own little world, I had forgotten that all the while I was at the University of Western Australia whether it was teaching, research, or giving a series of seminars on this campus, I was being evaluated for the chair. The program the University of Western Australia used for selecting a Chairman and Head for the Department of Anatomy and Human Biology was a novel one. They invited three candidates for the position to spend a year teaching and doing research. During this time they determined how each candidate interacted with faculty and staff, and then made an evaluation of each invited candidate. The best of the three candidates would be offered the job. A year or so, after returning to Missouri, I received several letters and phone calls inviting me back. The job was mine if I wanted it. After considerable soul searching, Winifred and I decided no matter how tempting this offer was, to stay in the United States to be closer to family and friends.

Unlike our previous experience in Australia, between 1969 and 1971 at the beginning of my career, on this trip we stayed at a home in Dalkeith, one of the wealthiest suburbs in Perth. On this occasion our daughter, Amanda, decided to take a leave of absence from Black Hills State University and travel with us. Prior to our arrival in Australia, Professor Wilson, a retired Professor within this department, had arranged for us to stay at the home of a Dr. Cullingford and his wife. Dr. Cullingford was a practicing anesthesiologist who would be gone for the year of our stay. He had always dreamed of driving around the perimeter of Australia and had arranged to practice in various clinics along the way as he slowly drove around and explored Australia.

He planned to be gone for an entire year. We met Dr. and Mrs. Cullingford a week after our arrival and they showed us their home. It was two-story house with the master bedroom located on the first floor. The upstairs had three bedrooms, showers and toilets, plus a kitchenette with a refrigerator and a small area for preparing food. Dr. Cullingford also had a small office within this residence to see patients. In addition, the house had a walk-in terrarium on the first floor and a saltwater swimming pool in the backyard. The house came with a gardener who maintained the yard of this property plus two housekeepers who maintained the terrarium and did the house work. The only responsibility I had was to maintain the saltwater pool. Even though we paid a monthly rate of \$1000 Australian to live at this location for a year, what we were doing, in fact, was house sitting for this couple. They wanted a couple they could trust to take care of their house for the year they were gone. It would have been impossible for us to afford such extravagant living on our own. This residence was within walking distance of the University of Western Australia and located a block from the Swan River. The Swan River ran from Fremantle at its mouth on the Indian Ocean, by the University of Western Australia, to the city of Perth, and beyond. Numerous parks and a walking path followed the shoreline of the Swan River and were within walking distance.

The only other duty we had was looking after their dog, a large Dalmatian named Dita. Every evening I would take Dita for a run or walk along the pathway that followed the Swan River. On the way to the river, as we left the Dalkeith neighborhood, we would take a path down a ravine within the surrounding escarpment to the river. A pair of wattlebirds nested somewhere along this pathway and would attack passersby and especially a dog entering their territory. I delighted in watching Dita dash down this path, the attack of the wattlebirds, and watch them swoop down and grab a beak-full of fur. On occasion, I too would be the subject of their wrath, as they would snatch some hair from my head. One evening Winifred decided to join us for a walk along the Swan River. As Dita ran ahead of us, she discovered a small, dead puffer fish that a fisherman had caught and left on the bank of the river. Dita immediately picked up and swallowed this small fish, which got caught in her throat. Before I could respond, Winifred grabbed the dog by the snout, forced its mouth open and shoved her hand and arm down Dita's throat. She grabbed the fish and pulled it out. "I am not going to pay for a Veterinarian's bill for this damn dog!" she said, as she threw the dead fish carcass into the river. Dita had the habit of being somewhat of a garbage hound.

During our stay in Dalkeith we had numerous visitors come and stay with us. We did, after all, have the ideal setup. Amanda traveled with us exploring much of the southwestern portion of West Australia including weekend trips to Rottnest Island and the Indian Ocean. After a few months she became bored with just being around the house and did not make many friends overseas. As a result, she decided to return to Missouri and go to work. After Amanda returned to the United States, the first individuals to visit us were Winifred's friends, Diana Thompson and Karen Snyder, from Columbia, Missouri. We drove them around the Perth area and to Fremantle looking at the different types of plants and bird life. Several different types of brightly colored parrots, cockatoos, and lorikeets were native to this area and found in abundance. The bird life particularly intrigued them. Winifred's cousin, June, and her husband, Don Fordham, followed these visitors. June and Don were finishing an adventure in which they rode the trans-Australian railroad across Australia. They were from Monterey, California, and what impressed them most of all was the quality of oranges they picked up in Adelaide and the large lemons that grew on a lemon tree in the backyard of the house we were taking care of. The next party to visit us was Sara and Dr. Leonard Forte, a colleague I was working with from the University of Missouri. Among the last visitors to stay with us were my parents, Hazel and John Krause, from Belle Fourche, South Dakota. We took my parents on several excursions, including Wave Rock, The Pinnacles, Fremantle, Rottnest Island, and around the city of Perth. Perhaps the most memorable trip for them was to the Margaret River area and the heart of wine country and then on Albany, Australia, and the Kerrie forests. We visited the southwest most portion of Western Australia and where the Southern and Indian Oceans meet. Albany was the last whaling port in Australia and closed its operation in 1960. On the way to Albany we passed through the lush forests around "Little Denmark" and stayed for a time in this area. This region, unlike most areas of Australia, may receive snow and has numerous cold, freshwater streams for trout fishing. On the way we saw several flocks of wild emus and dad was excited to take pictures of each one. He also spent time trying to photograph the Splendid Blue Wren, a beautiful little blue bird, native to this area.

While in Dalkeith, one of the favorite meals of my parents was “fish and chips” from a shop in Dalkeith near the campus of the university. It served the best fish & chips I have experienced worldwide, and my parents loved this experience as well.

Not long after my parents returned to the United States our son, Phillip, graduated from Missouri State University and then traveled to stay with us in Australia. After his arrival, Winifred arranged for him to take a voyage on a tall sailing ship called the Leeuwin, Australia’s largest oceangoing sail training ship. They sailed up the west coast of Australia. Phillip made several friends his own age, and in a week or two after returning from the Leeuwin adventure, was asked to join the Swanborne Surf/Life Saving Club on the Indian Ocean just north of Fremantle. After that, we saw him only infrequently, as he spent most of his days and nights at the surf club. He learned to surf, operate a paddleboard, and took part in training for various life saving techniques with his new “mates.” The lifesaving club was equipped with dining facilities, sleeping quarters, and weight rooms. Phil adapted to and fit right in to this lifestyle with Australian youth of his own age. We then began to wonder if he had enough money to be off on his own for such long periods of time. As he was on a foreign visa and passport, it was illegal for him to hold a job, go to school, or be on any government assistance program. Then, one evening, Winifred and I attended a large concert held in one of the Perth suburbs. Numerous attendants were present to direct traffic and help park cars. Who should we see working this event? Our son Phillip, who was directing traffic and parking cars with his new Australian buddies. Evidently, he was working and being paid, “under the table.”

While we lived in Western Australia, the Battleship Missouri [USS Missouri] docked in Fremantle prior to its voyage home following the war in the Middle East called: “Operation Desert Storm.” It was in port at Fremantle for about a month and during this time the public was allowed on deck to tour this ship. Both Winifred and I toured this historic battleship and met some of the American sailors in service to our country. The one thing that impressed me more than anything else about this famous ship was its size. For whatever reason, the size of this ship was much smaller than I imagined. The large livestock ships, bound for the Middle East, dwarfed the USS Missouri. Some of these large ships were 12 decks high and designed to transport live sheep.

As I fulfilled my duties at the University of Western Australia, Winifred made several friends who shared a common passion – quilting. She attended several of their meetings and was invited to a number of homes for lunch. Near the end of our stay, she was introduced to two Australian girls that had been awarded Rotary Club Scholarships to travel to and study in the United States for a year. The girls wanted to meet an American. They explained to Winifred that they were both interested in education and becoming teachers. They went on to say, “We are going to a little community in the middle of America – you probably have never heard of it. It is called Columbia, Missouri.” Winifred smiled and said that was where she was from and where the University of Missouri was located. After our return to Missouri the girls kept in touch with Winifred. The fall of next year, 1992, they sent word, “We are on our way.” They arrived a few days prior to the opening of dorms on campus and the beginning of classes at the university. We invited both of them to stay at our house until classes began and their dorm rooms became available, which they did. The girls kept in touch with us during the school year and came to visit and had supper with us on occasion. Among other trips, we took them to explore South Dakota during Spring Break.

On the return trip home from Perth, Winifred, Phillip and I met my brother, Dennis, and his wife, Sandie, in Queensland, Australia to begin a two-week holiday. We flew to Cairns and then traveling by bus on to Port Douglas, Queensland. We stayed at the Radisson Royal Palms Resort in Port Douglas and used this site as our home base. From this location we took day trips and toured the Daintree Rainforest, snorkeled on the Great Barrier Reef, and just explored this area of tropical Australia. The five of us then spent a day at Wetherby Station, one of the oldest cattle ranches in far northern Queensland. First settled about 1870, the original holding was over 1,000,000 acres and designated to raise sheep. Cattle prospered better than sheep so the ranch switched to raising cattle. However, cattle in this area were hampered by the presence of parasitic ticks.

Cattle from India, the Brahman, were discovered to be resistant to ticks. A breed known as the Drought Master was developed at the Wetherby Station and resulted from a cross between a Brahman and the English Shorthorn. This breed is usually red to honey in color, tolerates dry conditions better than most breeds, and is resistant to ticks. For lunch at the Wetherby Station, we were served steak [from the Drought Master] with two sides of vegetables and fresh Damper cooked over an open fire. We had beer to drink.

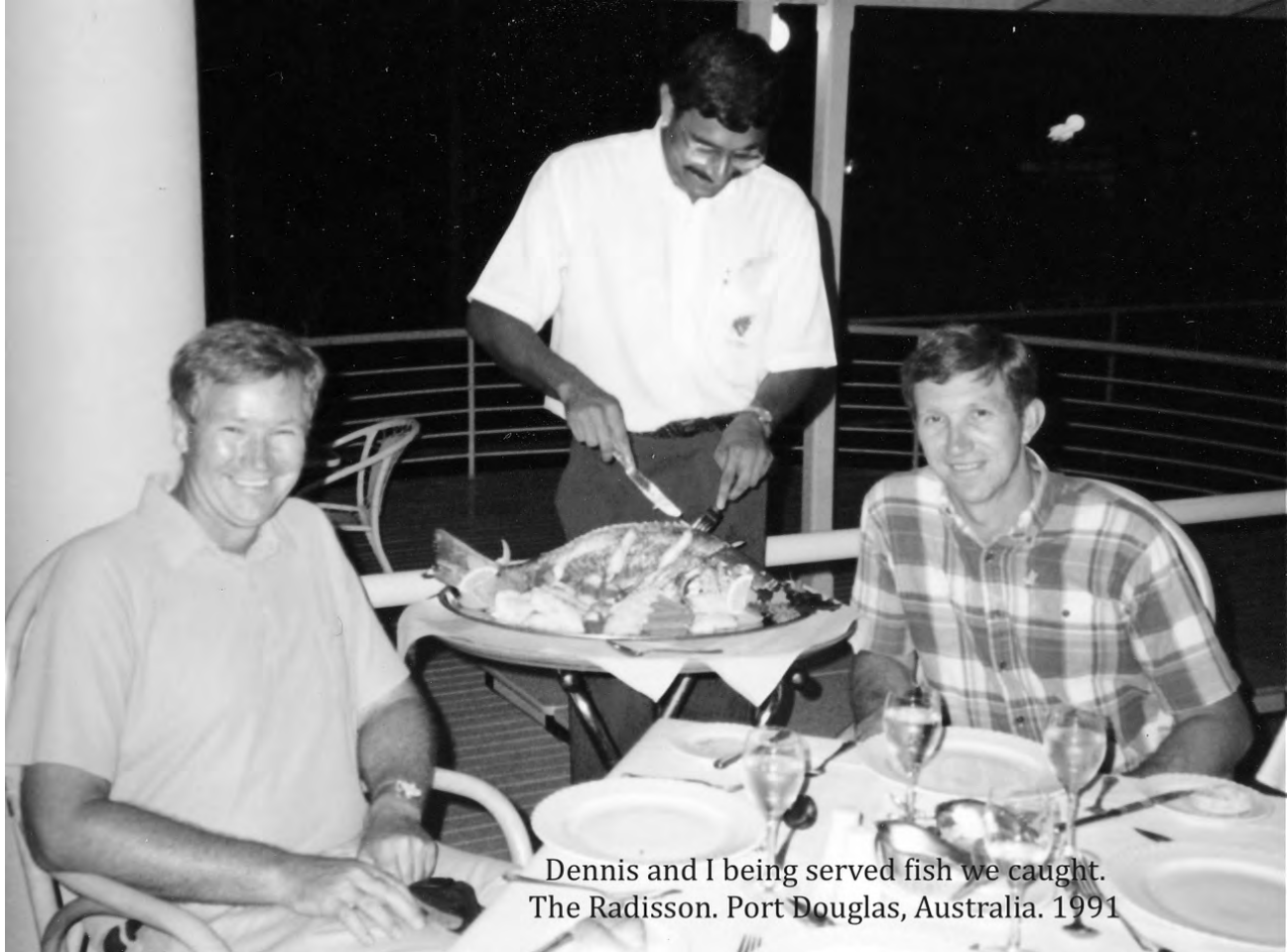
Phillip's girlfriend, Kelley McNamee, was scheduled to arrive from St. Louis, Missouri, at this time to join our group. Winifred traveled to Sydney to meet Kelley while the rest of us stayed an additional day in Port Douglas. At this time Phillip, Dennis, and I went on an overnight-charter fishing trip off the Great Barrier Reef. We caught a variety of different types of fish, two of which we had prepared for us at the Radisson in Port Douglas. It was a fantastic meal. We then traveled to Sydney to meet Winifred and Kelley, and explored Sydney for a few days prior to flying on to Melbourne. We stayed at the rustic Russell Hotel near downtown Sydney but within walking distance of the Sydney Opera House. We used Sydney's Monorail to travel around the city. Phil and Kelley spent one day at Bondi Beach, a world famous beach located near and named after that suburb of Sydney. We also visited the Circular Quay, The Rocks, The Royal Botanical Gardens, Harbor Bridge, and took a cruise around Sydney Harbor before taking a train to visit the Blue Mountains a few miles from Sydney.

From Sydney, the six of us flew to Melbourne and explored this city and revisited many of the places Winifred I frequented over 20 years earlier. Much had changed and very little was for the better. I made a quick train trip to Clayton and Monash University and once again was disappointed with what time/progress had done. We took a ferry across Port Phillip Bay to Geelong and had a seafood dinner prior to boarding an airplane for Christchurch, New Zealand, on Christmas Day. The plane had only a few passengers and, because it was Christmas Day, we were given two desserts with our main meal. When we arrived in Christchurch, we had difficulty finding a restaurant that was open on Christmas Day, but finally located a Chinese restaurant for supper. The next day we rented a mini-bus to drive and explore the South Island of New Zealand in relative comfort. Our primary goal was to explore the South Island and take a cruise through Milford Sound, which we did. We traveled south from Christchurch to Dunedin and then on to Te Anau. We picnicked and ate berries purchased from roadside fruit stands on the way. All of us were impressed with the thick sweet cream available to have with our berries. When in Dunedin we visited several botanical gardens and Larnach Castle. Larnach was a Gothic style castle built in 1871 by a wealthy banker named Larnach. The following day we took a boat across Lake Te Anau to see the glow-worm caves. These are 12,000 year-old caves carved into swirling shapes by a river that flows through them. Thousands of shimmering glowworms illuminate the walls of these caves and can be seen as one passes through them by using small boats. We arrived in Queenstown late on December 29, 1991, and stayed here until New Years Day. The day after we arrived Phillip and Kelley went whitewater rafting and Dennis and Winifred took a jet boat racing down the narrow rock cannon of the Shotover River. They had quite an adventure. When Dennis and Winifred were boarding the Shotover boat, a Japanese tour group joined them. Dennis urged Winifred to take a front seat next to the driver for the experience, which she did. The Japanese group tried to take their seats, acting through a translator, as none spoke English, or so they claimed. Dennis and Winifred held fast to their seating. As the boat sped down the cannon, turning and twisting, narrowly missing the rock walls, the Japanese gentleman who tried to take their seats screamed out in perfect English, "This diver is trying to kill us!" The following day Phillip went Bungee Jumping from the historic Kawarau Bridge over 143 feet high. He did another jump from a bridge further down the river. On New Year's eve all six of us hiked up a mountain overlooking Lake Wakatipu as we were told fireworks would be set off in celebration of New Year's Eve. We finally made it to the summit and sat down and waited in eager anticipation with other visitors to this area. Then the magic moment happened as three rockets exploded over the lake. "This is going to be fantastic with the reflection from the lake and the mountains in the background. What an experience this is going to be," I thought. Then nothing! That was it! – three rockets bursting in air. Disappointed, we walked down the mountain. However, our evening meal on New Years Eve was not a disappointment. Being in New Zealand, we ordered a Rack of Lamb for the entire table. We all agreed at the end of the meal, that this was the best rack of lamb we had ever been served and would be the standard by which we would judge all others in the future.

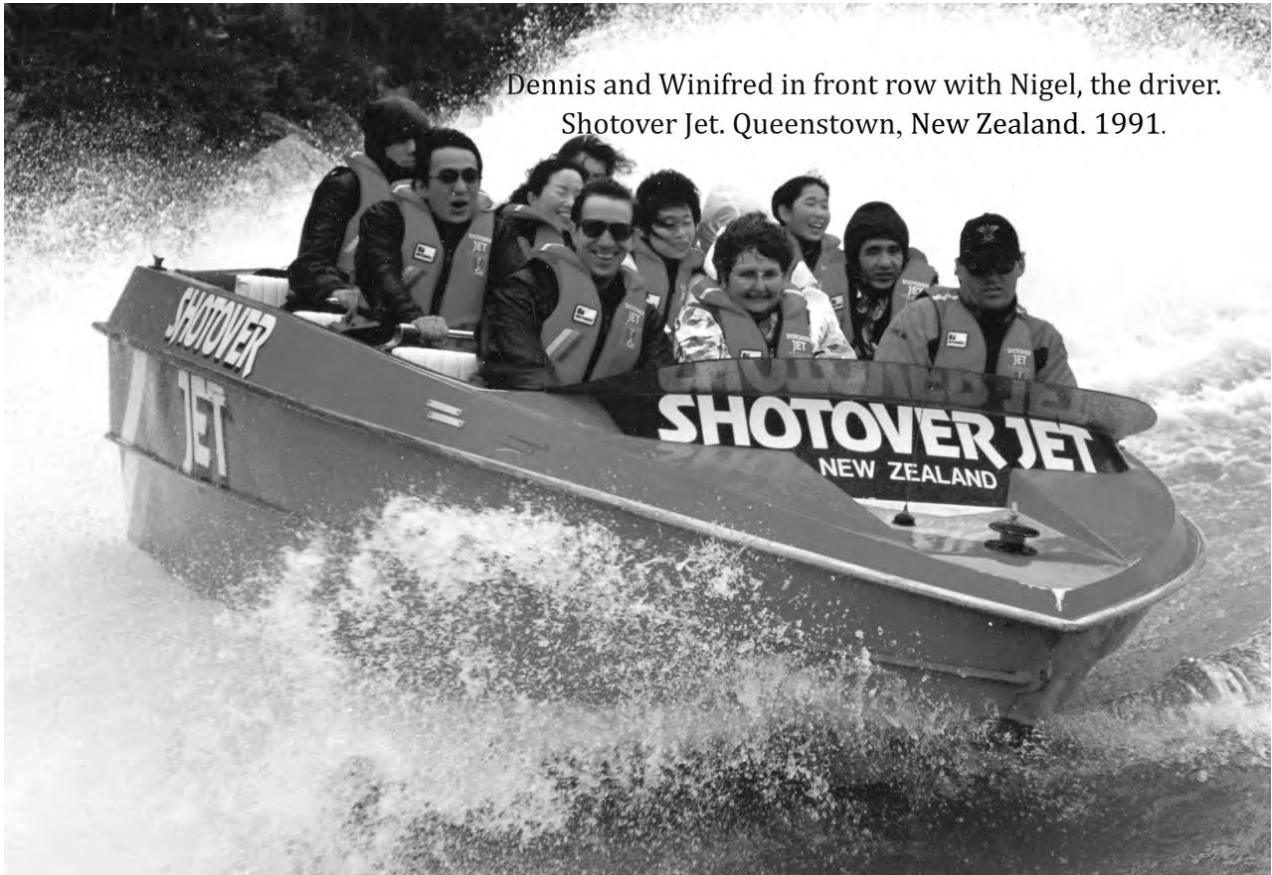


Following a very positive time in Queenstown, we drove on to Fiordland and Milford Sound. We took the cruise through Milford Sound on a beautiful yet foggy day. This adventure and its quiet beauty impressed all. The only sound heard during this cruise, despite a crowd being on board, was the low hum of the boat motor and the sound of numerous waterfalls. We then traveled back up the opposite side of the South Island to Mount Cook National Park and the surrounding glaciers before traveling back to Christchurch. The number of wild lupines growing in this scenic area amazed all of us. On the day we visited Mount Cook, the peak was clearly visible, a somewhat unusual event, in this country of the “Long White Cloud.”

After spending about a 10 days in this region of New Zealand, we boarded an airplane and headed back to Columbia, Missouri. However, our flight from New Zealand to the United States was not without incident. When checking my attaché case as carry on luggage to Los Angeles, the agent who put the case through a scanning device stopped me. Large, dark opaque circles, that could not be identified, were seen within my case. The Department of Anatomy and Human Biology at the University of Western Australia had given me putter coasters as a parting gift. The reason I was carrying the attaché case by hand was that it also contained scientific materials. During the previous trip back from Australia in 1971, several of my boxes were either severely damaged or lost in transit. As a result, it was worth the peace of mind for me to carry these valuable specimens by hand with me as carry-on luggage. When customs officials gathered around to view these strange objects, one official took the case and attempted to unlock and open it. “You can’t do that!” I exclaimed. With that comment, all the officials jumped back a few paces. Then I calmly added, “The case is locked and I have the key. Here, let me unlock it for you.” All breathed a sigh of relief and after the coasters were inspected I was allowed to board without further incidence. Because of being startled by the putter coasters, the customs officials didn’t seem at all interested in the biological specimens I was carrying, which could have been a problem. After a short stay in California, we traveled on to St. Louis, Missouri, without further incident.



Dennis and I being served fish we caught.  
The Radisson. Port Douglas, Australia. 1991



Dennis and Winifred in front row with Nigel, the driver.  
Shotover Jet. Queenstown, New Zealand. 1991.

## How is life different today compared to when you were a child?

The conditions and circumstances at the time of my coming of age during the late 1940s and 1950s are radically different from those of today. So much so that it seems to have been a completely different world as compared to today. This was a time long before the destructive influence of “Political Correctness,” the sense of “Entitlement”, and the mountains of federal, state, and local rules and regulations prevalent in American Society today. Today, governmental and societal systems are in place designed largely to protect us from ourselves - at the expense of personal freedoms. I experienced an ideal childhood growing up in complete freedom without fear of any kind. Perhaps this was due to the fact that my childhood was spent in the hinterlands of Montana and South Dakota and beyond the influence of “progress” as our country entered a more modern age following World War II. I grew up in areas that were behind other regions of our country with regard to modern conveniences, technology, and ideology. When and where I grew up, I experienced what could be described as a “Tom Sawyer Type of Life Style.”

I feel sorry for the children and youth of today. They have very little personal liberty and are closely monitored and controlled in all facets of their daily lives. During their educational experience, from elementary through university levels, individual voice and opinion are stymied. Dreaming is discouraged. Actual debate on a given topic, providing both sides of an argument, is rarely allowed. Instead, if not in line with a fostered majority opinion, minority voices are shouted down, made fun of, or the individual expressing them ridiculed in some manner. Interestingly, the entire educational system of United States changed markedly in my time. It now champions and spends considerable time and effort promoting ethnic diversity, yet at the same time, prohibits or argues against a diversity of ideas. The educational experience of today seems more devoted to social engineering at the expense of the actual education of students and their preparation for the future. Because of recent technological advances [hand held devices], children of today have diminished levels of interpersonal skills and difficulty with face-to-face conversation. Even when it comes to play, most children have lost the freedom to just go out and play, and interact with others of their own age. Today, play is highly organized and controlled to large extent by adults, according to their rules. As a consequence of this controlled, protected environment; many children of today tend to disregard accepting personal responsibility for their actions. Working diligently to realize a career choice, accepting responsibility, or working to improve one's self are ideals considered old fashioned. Is it little wonder that the concept of "socialism" is so attractive to the latest generation; even though most have only a limited understanding of its meaning and the deleterious effect it would have on their futures? Many youth of today actually believe - they have rights but rights with no obligations.

## **What awards have you received?**

During my career I received numerous teaching awards from the University of Missouri School of Medicine. Most notable of these were the: Golden Apple Award (2002, 2004), Jane Hickman Teacher of Year Award, 2002; Excellence in Teaching with Technology, 2004; Margaret Sullivan Teaching Award for Excellence in Medical Education, 2006; and the Most Outstanding Pre-Clinical Instructor in the School of Medicine for 2007. I was inducted into the Order of Socrates about 2003. However, one of my most treasured moments with regard to an expression of appreciation for my teaching efforts was from a first-year medical class in 2000 [Class of 2004]. This was a time in my life when I traveled back and forth to South Dakota prior to moving my parents into an assisted living facility. During one of my last lectures to this group of students, they recognized me and presented me with a gift certificate to the CC City Broiler Restaurant then located in downtown Columbia. I accepted their gesture with gratitude and thanks. This class wanted to demonstrate just how much they appreciated the effort and the time I devoted to them despite a very difficult period in my personal life.

With regard to research, I was recognized internationally for my work on the Ultrastructure of Human Parietal Cells; and presented with a medal by the Polish National Academy of Science in 1983. Beyond the sphere of academia, I also was recognized by the Sons of the American Revolution [SAR]. Winifred discovered she had several ancestors who fought during the Revolutionary War. I helped her document this ancestry and as a result, she became a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution [DAR] in 2016. Later, after considerable research, I completed either DAR or SAR applications for our two children, five grandchildren, as well as my son-in-law, Russ Fletcher. All are now either DAR or SAR members. Because of the effort put forth, and the fact that my ancestors arrived in the United States long after the Revolutionary War, I was nominated and became the FIRST FRIEND of the M. Graham Clark Chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution in Columbia, Missouri, on November 17, 2018.

## WILLIAM JOHN KRAUSE II, PhD

**O**n the long road to becoming a physician, anatomy professor William Krause, PhD, makes the first steps among the most rewarding and enjoyable for students at MU.

Krause's enthusiasm for education has benefited hundreds of students throughout his 31-career at the School of Medicine. He is in the classroom year-round, teaching all of the histology offered to medical students and providing anatomy courses to undergraduates. This year, Krause added to his hefty teaching load by accepting a leadership role in the School of Medicine's innovative problem-based learning curriculum.

Many weekends, Krause can be found on campus tutoring curious students. Together they peer down multi-headed microscopes while Krause uses his extensive knowledge and kind demeanor to explain the intricate details of tissue structure. In appreciation, medical students have presented Krause with numerous awards for excellence in education.

When Krause sees a need for teaching materials that do not exist, he creates them. He has written five textbooks on histology and produced a series of illustrations and videos for the classroom. He also has developed a Web site that offers hundreds of images and a self-test for students.

In addition to his work as an educator, Krause is an extremely productive researcher in gastric and duodenal cell biology. He has penned more than 160 articles for peer-reviewed journals and presented more than 150 papers to gatherings of scientists throughout the world.

For his many outstanding contributions to medical education at MU, Krause is the recipient of the 2002 Jane Hickman Teacher of the Year Award.



Jane Hickman Teacher of the Year Award. 2002.



Jane Hickman Teacher of the Year Award. 2002.

# UNIVERSITY *of* MISSOURI

SCHOOL OF MEDICINE

OFFICE OF THE DEAN - MEDICAL EDUCATION

## **Socrates, 470-399 BC**

Socrates was not the kind of teacher who gave lectures. His process, eponymously termed the Socratic method, was to ask his pupils many questions in order to draw out knowledge he was convinced they already had. He led them step by step on an arduous but rewarding journey of philosophical discovery. Socrates' students had to work just as intensely as he, and, under his continuous guidance, would derive the answers themselves. Describing his role, Socrates called himself a philosophical midwife who birthed new ideas in others.

May 14, 2008

William J. Krause, PhD  
Professor  
Pathology & Anatomical Sciences  
M312 Medical School

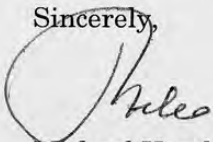
Dear Bill:

Several years ago, the Order of Socrates was created in order to recognize our best teachers and the individuals who have contributed to the success of our outstanding curriculum. Members were recognized with a Doc Truman pin that we designed specifically for members of the distinguished organization.

Regrettably, our pin has been imitated by other groups and has lost its original significance. Selection to the Order of Socrates is a great honor, one that warrants a unique identifier. Therefore, we are initiating the Order of Socrates II and members will receive a new pin incorporating the image of Socrates and the MU logo.

Your contribution to the education of the next generation of physicians is greatly appreciated, and it is my pleasure to present you with the Order of Socrates II pin.

Sincerely,



Michael Hosokawa  
Associate Dean and Professor

enclosure





Medal received from the Polish National Academy of Science.  
Kraków, Poland. 1983.

The National Society  
of the  
Sons of the American Revolution®



*Friend of the Chapter*

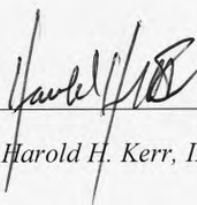
*William John Krause, II*

*“In recognition of support of the Mission and Ideals of the National Society,  
Sons of the American Revolution and for promoting Society Membership”*



M. Graham Clark Chapter

17 November 2018

  
\_\_\_\_\_  
Harold H. Kerr, II, President

# When did you retire? Why?

While at the University of Missouri I served as an assistant professor from 1971 to 1976, associate professor from 1976 to 1983, and as Professor of Anatomy from 1983 through 2015. In addition to my appointments at the University of Missouri, I also held an appointment as Lecturer, at Monash University, Victoria, Australia [1969-1971], and Visiting Professorships to The University of Western Australia, Perth, Australia [February - December 1991], The University of Southampton, United Kingdom [May - July 1992], and to St. George's University, Grenada, West Indies [April-1993; February-1998]. During my career at the University of Missouri School of Medicine, I served several years on the Admissions Committee, served as a Block Director for the Medical Curriculum, was a member of the National Board of Examiners, served as a member of the graduate and doctoral faculty for the University of Missouri, and reviewed project applications for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration [NASA]. By the early 1990s the Department of Anatomy merged with the Department of Pathology to form the Department of Pathology & Anatomical Sciences. I served as the Director of Graduate Studies for the Department of Pathology & Anatomical Sciences from 2003 through 2007. When I finished my 40th year of service, I thought about retirement, but was asked by the department to continue on with my teaching duties in the medical school for a few more years. I agreed to do so. During my time at the University of Missouri, I strove to do what was in the best interest of the students and to speak out on their behalf. The title, Professor Emeritus of Pathology & Anatomical Sciences, was conferred on me June 2, 2015, in recognition for outstanding service. I retired from the University of Missouri, Columbia, on July 1, 2015, after 44 years of service. Looking back over my career, I am somewhat surprised by the impact my association may have had on the University of Missouri School of Medicine. The medical school was organized as a two-year school in 1872, but did not become a four-year medical school until 1957. The School of Medicine moved to a new building associated with the Hospital and Clinics in 1960. I arrived to join the faculty in January of 1971. It is hard to believe that I taught at this school for 44 years of its 69-year history as a four-year medical school. I retired, because with the time remaining in my life, I wanted to pursue family genealogy as well as satisfy a desire to write short stories.

<b>COLLEGE OF ARTS &amp; SCIENCE</b> John E. Adams 34 Years of Service Carmen Chicone 38 Years of Service Rangira Bea Gallimore 25 Years of Service Wilma King 16 Years of Service Theodore Koditschek 26 Years of Service W. Thomas McKenney 48 Years of Service Lawrence Okamura 25 Years of Service Melvin Platt 24 Years of Service Ellie Ragland 26 Years of Service Kathleen Slane 32 Years of Service George P. Smith 40 Years of Service Frederick vom Saal 36 Years of Service	<b>COLLEGE OF EDUCATION</b> Norman Gysbers 52 Years of Service Joe Johnston 50 Years of Service M. Carol Maher 9 Years of Service Juanita Simmons 12 Years of Service  <b>COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING</b> Thomas Clevenger 42 Years of Service Mark Virkler 37 Years of Service  <b>COLLEGE OF HUMAN ENVIRONMENTAL SCIENCES</b> J. Wilson Watt 22 Years of Service  <b>SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM</b> Phillips Brooks 43 Years of Service  <b>SCHOOL OF LAW</b> Philip Peters 29 Years of Service	<b>MU LIBRARIES</b> June DeWeese 40 Years of Service  <b>SCHOOL OF MEDICINE</b> Susan Ailor 9 Years of Service Gordon Christensen 27 Years of Service Lanis Hicks 36 Years of Service William Krause 44 Years of Service John B. Marshall 27 Years of Service Jon Rupright 17 Years of Service Michael Sherman 5 Years of Service  <b>SINCLAIR SCHOOL OF NURSING</b> Debra Gayer 36 Years of Service Roxanne McDaniel 26 Years of Service Marilyn Rantz 23 Years of Service
<b>Those receiving Emeritus status. 2015.</b>		

EMERITI LUNCHEON  
 Tuesday, June 2, 2015 | 11:30 a.m.  
 Great Room, Reynolds Alumni Center

WELCOME

Dr. Garnett Stokes, MU Provost

SALAD

Butter Lettuce with Avocado,  
 Mandarin Oranges & Slivered Almonds,  
 Honey Flower Citrus Vinaigrette

ENTRÉE

Baked Lemon Sole  
 Steamed Broccoli  
 Oven-Roasted New Potatoes

DESSERT

Fresh Blackberry Tart

INTRODUCTIONS

Dr. Garnett Stokes

EMERITI RECOGNITION

Deans & Representatives  
*(details on back)*

CONCLUSION

Dr. Garnett Stokes



GREETINGS

Be it known that the University of Missouri  
 confers upon

*William F. Krause*

the title of

*Professor Emeritus  
 of Pathology & Anatomical Sciences*

in recognition of many years of outstanding  
 service to the University

*Presented this 2<sup>nd</sup> of June, 2015*

*Garnett S. Stokes*

Provost



*D. Brown*

Chancellor





Winifred and I following the Emeritus luncheon 2015.



A photograph of the Department of Anatomy and Neurobiology. 1982. Back row left to right: Dr. Richard Bois, Malcolm Wilson [morgue], Dr. John Decker, Dr. William Goodge, Dr. Gary Dunkerley, Dr. William Krause, Dr. Finley Gibbs, Dr. Barry D. Smith, and Dr. Harry Cutts. Bottom row Left to right: Dr. Milton Overholser, Dr. Edward Lawrence, Lana Jacobs [histology technician], Jane ????? [Secretary] Dr. David Scott [Chairman], Midge Lind [secretary], Debbie Sherman [research associate], and Dr. Herbert Brown.



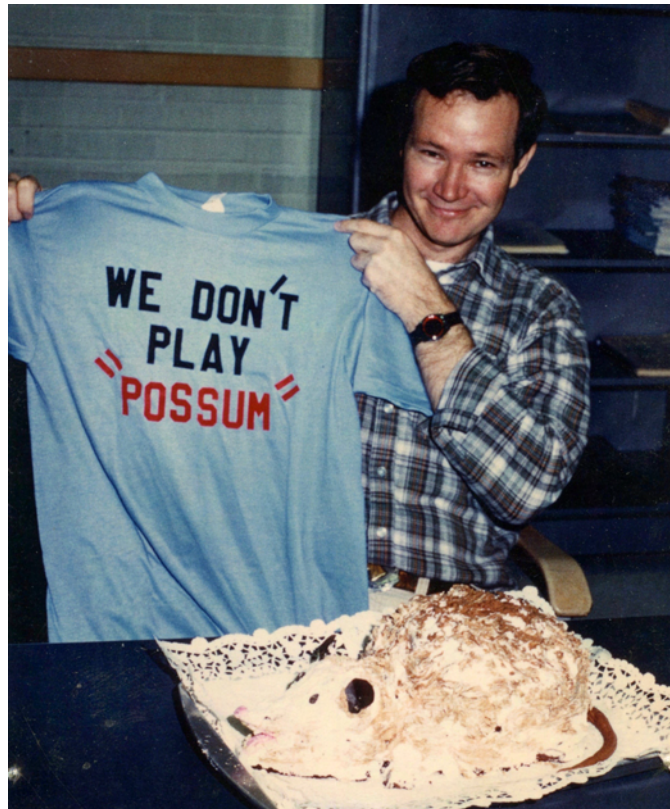
Department of Pathology and Anatomical Sciences. 1996. Back left to right: unknown, unknown, unknown unknown, me, Dr. Larry Peterborg, unknown, Dr. John Townsend [Chairman and Head], unknown, Dr. Jay Dix, Dr. John Bickel, Dr. Tim Loy, unknown. Front left to right: Dr. Tom Scanlon, Dr. Gary Dunkerley, unknown, Dr. Mitch Rosenholtz, Dr. Eddie Adelstein, Dr. Helmut Heibach, unknown, unknown, unknown, unknown, Dr. Kevin Rudeen, and Dr. Ellis Ingram.



Department of Pathology and Anatomical Sciences. 2007. Back left to right: unknown, me, unknown, Dr. Mitch Rosenholtz, Dr. Tim Loy, Dr. Douglas Anthony [Chairman and Head], Dr. Ellis Ingram, Dr. Michael Wang, Dr. Alberto Diaz Ariaz, and Dr. Ann Havey. Front left to right: Dr. Ranadhir Mitra, Dr. Shellaine Frazier, Dr. Marion Petrides, unknown, unknown, Dr. Magda Esebua, unknown, Dr. Linda Spollen, unknown.

# Did you ever have a surprise birthday party?

I have been blessed with a birthday cake to celebrate each of my birthdays. My mother insisted that she bake a cake in celebration of each of my birthdays as I was growing up. Likewise, following my marriage, Winifred baked me a cake to celebrate each birthday that followed. My choice and favorite cake was angel food cake. All my birthday celebrations were planned events. However, on one occasion, members of my research laboratory at the University of Missouri held a surprise party for me, combining my 39th birthday with one celebrating the acceptance of new funding to support an ongoing research program using the opossum as a biomedical model. Members of the Krause laboratory surprised me by holding it in my research lab. They presented me with a shirt labeled “We Don’t Play Possum” on the front and a cake in the shape of an opossum. Research associate, Debbie Sherman, made the opossum cake to celebrate both events. This cake was covered in a white frosting with that covering the body streaked in milk chocolate. The remainder of the possum cake was decorated as follows: The teeth were slivers of almonds, tip of nose a light half cherry, the eyes currents, and the ears shaved pieces of dark chocolate. The tail was rolled dark chocolate.



## **What was your favorite April Fool's joke?**

Late in 1970, I mailed a box of scientific specimens from Monash University in Australia to the University of Missouri. This box was filled with scientific materials and because it did not arrive at its destination, I believed it was lost in transit. Then, 40 years later, a large, dusty, old box was found in storage at the University of Missouri. Because the box was labeled with my name, it was delivered to my office in 2009. I immediately examined its contents and completed the studies on the rare specimens this box contained. Four manuscripts resulted entitled: “Morphological and histochemical observations on the crural gland spur apparatus of the echidna together with comparative observations on the femoral gland spur apparatus of the duckbilled platypus” published in *CELLS TISSUES ORGANS* 191: 336-354, 2010; “Microscopy of the Koala Mandibular (Submandibular) Glands” published in *ANATOMIA, HISTOLOGIA, EMBRYOLOGIA* 39: 503-508, 2010); “Microscopy of the Echidna Sublingual Glands” published in *ANATOMIA, HISTOLOGIA, EMBRYOLOGIA* 40: 345-351, 2011; and “Ultrastructure of the Platypus and Echidna Mandibular Glands” published in *ANATOMIA, HISTOLOGIA, EMBRYOLOGIA* 40: 352-359, 2011. These publications created quite a stir in the scientific community. All our friends and colleagues were talking about them. Because Winifred and I made previous trips to Australia [Victoria 1969 – 1971, West Australia 1991, and Tasmania 1994], she mentioned to her circle of friends that we might be invited back to Australia as these studies focused on Australia’s most iconic mammals. This rumor spread like wildfire, and soon everyone we knew, was inquiring as to when we were leaving for Australia. Later in the week, Winifred and I announced that it was an April Fool’s Joke. We had hoodwinked everyone, including our own children.

## **Do you have any keepsakes or heirlooms from your father?**

While he was alive, my father made several items for me that I treasure to this day. He was a master machinist and created the following items from metal especially for me: 306 hunting rifle, a weed digger, an ice bar [to chop a hole in ice - used in ice fishing], numerous games, as well as a host of tools. He also made several goose and duck decoys that I use to this day. Following his death, in addition to his fishing equipment and two boat motors, the primary keepsake I took to remember him by, was a 12-foot aluminum StarCraft boat dad purchased in 1955. This boat was sent by rail to Lake Andes, South Dakota, where we traveled together to pick it up. Fishing was my dad’s passion and he used this boat for 45 years. He introduced me to the art of fishing about 1949 and we often fished together during his lifetime. I wanted this boat as a remembrance of the great times we shared. I towed it from Belle Fourche, South Dakota, to Columbia, Missouri, where it continues to be used today.



The 12-foot aluminum StarCraft boat in front of my parent's home.  
Belle Fourche, South Dakota. 2005.

## Have you ever won anything?

During the summer of 1952, dad entered our names in a drawing for fishing equipment. The drawing was held at the Fort Peck Drug Store in Fort Peck, Montana. This equipment included a Shakespeare rod and reel, tackle box, line, hooks, sinkers, a large assortment of lures, knife, pliers, fish scaler, and a minnow bucket. My name was drawn!!! This was the first and last time my name would be drawn or picked for any type of raffle or lottery. Therefore, after 50 years of trying, I simply refuse to participate.



## What are your most treasured photographs?

Although I have several favorite photos gathered over my lifetime, four are treasured. The photograph that was used to announce her engagement is my favorite of Winifred. It was published in the Des Moines Register, Des Moines, Iowa, in 1967. The other photographs I treasure are: Winifred and I snowmobiling near Pickstown, South Dakota, during the winter of 1976; a family photograph with our two children, Phillip and Amanda, taken in 1986; and a photograph taken on our 50th wedding anniversary. The latter was taken at CCs City Broiler in Columbia, Missouri, on June 10, 2017. Originally, we planned to celebrate our 50th wedding anniversary in Pella, Iowa, where we spent our first night together fifty years ago. However, a few days before we planned to leave for Iowa, our little dog, Lucy, escaped from the house and would not come back when called. As a result, I chased after her and in doing so stepped in a hole severely spraining my ankle. We had to delay our 50th anniversary trip for about ten days.





## **What was a book that really made a difference for you as an adult?**

The book that influenced me most as an adult was “SHŌGUN”, a 1975 novel by James Cavell, which I read in the late 1970s. I admired the mental toughness and cunning of the Japanese Samurai portrayed in this fictional work and how they coped with life in feudal Japan. Having read this fictional account, I was able to better cope with university life and the political intrigue and quid pro quo commonplace at departmental, school, and university wide levels.

## **What is your best advice when it comes to work?**

The best advice I can provide when it comes to work is: “Love what you have chosen to do!” It is assumed those personal qualities such as honesty, trustworthiness, punctuality, dependability, and a sincere determination to see a job or task through to its completion, are qualities appreciated by all employers. My three rules of thumb to follow once hired for any type of employment and/or advancement are: 1. KNOW YOUR ROLE. Sit down with your employer and discuss what your exact role is, and what expectations do they have with regard to your performance. 2. ACCEPT YOUR ROLE. Have a great attitude and embrace your role. Prove yourself by performing whatever it is you are doing, to the best of your ability. Be grateful for your role and enthusiastically accept it. 3. MAXIMIZE YOUR ROLE. Go above and beyond expectations with regard to your performance and be a great teammate or team player. Help others in their roles even if they differ from your own.

## **What are some of your go-to family stories, ones you like telling over and over?**

When I was a sophomore in high school an incident took place that involved my youngest brother, Kelly, 10 years my junior, and his Red Ryder BB gun. It was his first year in school, kindergarten. I was a member of the Pickstown High School Track & Field Team and my teammates and I would run by the front of our house. The houses in this area of Pickstown were arranged single file around a mile and a half oval. The team ran around this oval a few times as a warm up prior too engaging in more serious individual training. During the spring of 1958 my teammates reported to school officials that they were being shot in the legs by someone using a BB gun but did not know who it could be.



This continued sporadically for over a month with everyone in town on the alert for the perpetrator. One afternoon my mother was looking out the picture window of our house as the team ran by and just happened to glance down between the house and a thick cedar hedge that grew just beneath the window. There she observed the feet of her son with the rest of him hidden beneath the cedar hedge. He had his BB gun and was taking careful aim at the legs of the passing track team. Is it any wonder that my little brother would become a dentist and a rather well known oral surgeon?

A rather humorous event happened during an annual rattlesnake harvest in early spring. Four of us went down to the chalk bluffs that border the Missouri River. All involved had done this exercise several times before. A friend, Bob Keener, was on top of the cliff and held the rope as I rappelled down and then swung back and forth across the cliff face. I would plant my feet and then push off and swing from place to place. "I don't know if I can hold you," Bob said, as his feet slid through the dirt atop the cliff. "I am sure you can," I replied, as Bob was a strong guy. Finally, he established firm footing and I began to swing back and forth looking for snakes. I spotted a large ball of rattlesnakes and began to work my way towards them. As I swung around a small protrusion I saw movement out of the corner of my eye. I quickly tuned my face while pulling my head back. Zing! A lone rattler stuck at my face. "Jesus Christ!" yelled Bob, "are you OK?" "I'm fine," I replied, "Just a damn stray." I pulled it loose with my snake hook and tossed it to the bottom of the cliff where my brother, Dennis, and friend, John Cover, were waiting to pick it up. They put the snake into a burlap bag. I then pulled down a whole group of snakes simultaneously, but not meaning to do so. All landed on and around the boots of John Cover as Dennis was busy putting another snake into a bag. What happened next was a sight to behold! John started "high stepping" and jumping around raising his feet as high as he could to avoid their strikes as he simultaneously tried to control them. He reminded me of a Flamingo Dancer only his steps were much higher. We teased John without mercy as he was forced to do the "rattlesnake jig." He avoided the strikes and fortunately did not allow any snakes to escape. We all had a good laugh about this event as we walking home with a few bags of rattlesnakes.

A prairie dog town was located just across the road from our house when we lived in Pickstown, South Dakota. A was less welcome visitor to this prairie dog town was the prairie rattlesnake. We would often see them crawling around the prairie dog town looking to prey on young prairie dogs. On occasion, they would cross the street and end up on our front lawn. This led to an embarrassing incident that involved me. Early one afternoon, as I left our residence, I stepped off the porch without looking only to be struck by a small prairie rattler in the lower leg. Fortunately, the fangs got caught in the cuff of the blue jeans I was wearing at the time, and did not penetrate the skin of my leg. I did the "rattlesnake jig" jumping around and shaking my leg to get the snake's fangs unhooked from my blue jeans. Unfortunately, my friend and neighbor, John Cover, was there to witness the event and had a great laugh as he watched me jump around trying to dislodge the snake. John would not let me forget this humorous event and because he could both sing and play the guitar, wrote a song about this incident he entitled: "Dance Willie Dance." Everyone teased me as the story spread that I had to do the jig.

Winifred and I were always impressed when my father took us fishing with him on "the rocks." The rocks area was located beneath the powerhouse of Fort Randall Dam and consisted of large boulders placed there to prevent erosion from the fast moving current. Dad bound quickly down these large rocks, jumping from one to another like a mountain goat, to the waters edge. He always had to be the first to the waters edge, regardless of where, and have the first cast.

An incidence of note happened with regard to my brother, Dennis, when we were fishing together off "the rocks." This was a hot spot for fishing and we, and other fishermen as well, would often catch a trash fish known as a mooneye or goldeye. This silvery herring-like fish is very boney and not good table fare. Rather than releasing them, in a vain attempt to keep their numbers down, they would be thrown up on the shore and between the large rocks. One evening, just after dark when leaving the fishing area, Dennis chanced upon a skunk feeding on these dead fish. The startled skunk sprayed Dennis. I had to put my head out the window while transporting Dennis back to our house in the trunk of the car. Dennis smelled like a skunk for days and tried in vain to save his clothes by first soaking them in tomato juice and then by burying them in the garden. After several attempts, Dennis failed to remove the smell, and finally gave up and threw his cloths away.

One afternoon in 1958 my parents, brothers, and I took a Sunday Drive around the North Point Area of Fort Randall Reservoir. As we slowly drove around looking at campers, fishermen, and various activities going on, we saw numerous striped gophers. Several just stood upright on their hind-legs as we drove by. Kelly piped up and said, "Bet I can throw a small stone and hit one of these gophers; that will make them move." An argument then ensued as to whether or not Kelly could throw a stone and hit one. Finally dad stopped the car and Kelly got out but could not find a stone. Instead he threw a small clod of dirt hitting a gopher squarely and killing it. After witnessing this event, all of us begin shouting at and scolding Kelly, "What did you do that for? And why did you do it?" None of us that witnessed this event thought it possible that he could hit one of these small creatures with a small clod of dirt, let alone kill it.

When our children were quite young, I would signal Phillip and Amanda that it was time to come home in the evening, by blowing an "Ole Horn." The latter was a Viking horn I kept from my college days at Augustana College. Until the neighbors became accustomed to the loud sound, many would stop doing whatever it was they were doing, run to the front of their houses, and look to see what and where this loud sound was coming from.

Our large backyard was home for a menagerie of wildlife and other animals. Squirrels, raccoons, woodchucks, deer, and opossums frequented it. During the breeding season for opossums, I would always set a few traps out in the backyard near the garden to capture a temporary breeding colony of opossums. I maintained the colony over the spring and summer months. Two rather unusual events happened with regard to animals in our backyard. It was not unusual for me to catch neighborhood dogs and cats in my traps from time to time. I would simply open the door and release these animals, which would then run home. One spring morning, I looked out from the second story window of our house into the backyard to see if I had any animals in my traps. These were set during the evening hours of the previous day. A large, male Dalmatian was in one of the traps. He completely filled the trap and patches of his fur stuck through the wire mesh forming the walls of the trap. How such a large dog could fit into such a small trap was absolutely amazing. Evidently, as the dog stuck his head and forepaws into the trap to lick the peanut butter bait, the door of the trap came down and hit him on the back. Rather than backing out, he continually moved forward until the door finally locked behind him. As I walked into the backyard I began to wonder, "How am I going to release this huge dog, particularly if he is aggressive?" As I got closer and closer I could hear him whine slightly. Evidently he had been in the trap all night. Then I saw the tip of his tail, the only part of his body that he could move. It was twitching. I cautiously approached the rear of trap while talking softly to him, opened the door, and coaxed him to back out, which he did. Once free, he joyfully bounded about the yard, leaping and twisting with an occasional bark. He ran about the yard and then headed to his home.

The other unusual animal that showed up in our backyard was a black bantam rooster. When I initially spotted him in the yard, I was so amazed that I grabbed my video camera and went outside to record this event. He crouched down in the grass and I lost sight of him. He completely disappeared in the front lawn. I began crisscrossing the lawn searching for him. When I finally got close to him, he leapt up and ran at full speed around the corner of our neighbor's house. After this first encounter, I began to look for him each day, and discovered he was living in my garden. During the evening hours he would fly up and roost in nearby trees. He was a young rooster when I first spotted him and as the summer progressed his long tail feathers and plumage came in. Evidently, someone in the neighborhood had received Easter Chicks to raise and he got away and was living on his own. He survived the following winter thanks to a kindly neighbor a few houses away that would leave the back door to an enclosed porch open and feed and water this bird. The following spring trouble in the neighborhood began with regard to this little rooster. Just at the gray of dawn he began to crow. People of the neighborhood were divided into two camps. Those that loved this little rooster and enjoyed his early morning serenade and those that hated this behavior and wanted him gone! It was about this time that we left the Edgewood neighborhood and moved to Bedford Walk in south Columbia. He was still alive at that time and had survived two years on his own in the Edgewood neighborhood.

The advantage of living at the Edgewood residence was that it was only a 20-minute walk to the University of Missouri campus. I walked for 29 years to and from the University of Missouri and became known to neighborhood children as the "Walking Man." More often than not during these walks in the spring and summer months I carried a burlap bag with a live opossum or two within. When walking on campus inquiries would often be made as to what was in the bag. The wriggling opossums would create even more curiosity. This often led to some very interesting conversations. The one I remember most vividly was when two coeds stopped me and asked what was in the bag. "What do you have moving about in that bag?" They asked. "Why, don't you know?" I responded. "I am quite famous on campus. I catch leprechauns and faculty at the medical school is studying them. We give them checkups and vaccinations before shipping them back to Ireland where they became extinct." "Really," they responded. "How wonderful. Can we see him?" "No," I responded, "The sunlight might blind the leprechaun as they are active only at night. Perhaps another time when it is not quite so bright." "Well that is wonderful thing you are doing," they said. "Who knew Missouri had a population of wild leprechauns." With that they went on their way.

Another noteworthy event happened while walking to campus during the wee hours of the morning. It was a Wednesday morning, garbage day for the neighborhood, so all the residents put their trash bags curb side to be picked up and hauled away. As I walked up Edgewood Avenue I heard a rustling of the garbage bags and believed a stray dog was tearing into someone's garbage that would then be scattered around the street. As I approached the scene, I picked up a small stick to throw at the dog and chase it off. As I peered over the bags of garbage, I came face to face with a small pot-bellied pig. Someone in the neighborhood had a little pig they let out early in the morning to toilet and get some exercise. The owners did this at the crack of dawn so no one could witness that they had a little pet pig, which was illegal to have in Columbia at this time.

When we first arrived in Columbia, Missouri, from Australia [1971], we fished ponds that were within bike riding distance of our house. Many of these were located where the Country Club of Missouri is located today. On one of these outings our son, Phillip, age four, was just learning to cast a lure. He had his fishing lure (a floating frog with a bib) tangled and it was covered in moss. Winifred went over to help him, untangled his line, and then began to wash the moss from the hooks of the lure by dragging it back and forth through the water in front of them. Bang!! Without warning the tip of fishing pole went into the water and Winifred pulled back reflexively. Out came an 8-pound large mouth bass that was now flopping around on the bank. It was so big that I could put my entire fist in its mouth. "You see Phillip," Winifred said. "That is how it's done!" With that Phillip took his fishing pole back and began casting in earnest.

I had the pleasure of taking my youngest grandson fishing and teaching him how to cast with a variety of different lures. He finally decided to use a sinking three hook Rapala Minnow. It was a clear November day and Jake caught several large mouth bass that he released. It was late in the afternoon and Jake said: "let me take just a few more casts before we quit." I continued to cast as well. Then Jake called over to me: "Grandpa my lure is snagged in some submerged brush and I don't want to lose my favorite lure. I thought I had a fish on, but it turned out to be a sang instead." "OK", I called back. "I will be right over." When I arrived I could see the line close to the shoreline and reached down beneath some small logs and grabbed the line and pulled the lure out along with a 10-pound channel catfish still hooked to the lure. "WOW!" Jake exclaimed. "It's a monster! Way to go grandpa." Jake did indeed have a fish on before it tangled his rig in the brush. Jake caught a great catfish using a lure. For me, I was thrilled just to have been there, when my grandson got his first "Big One."

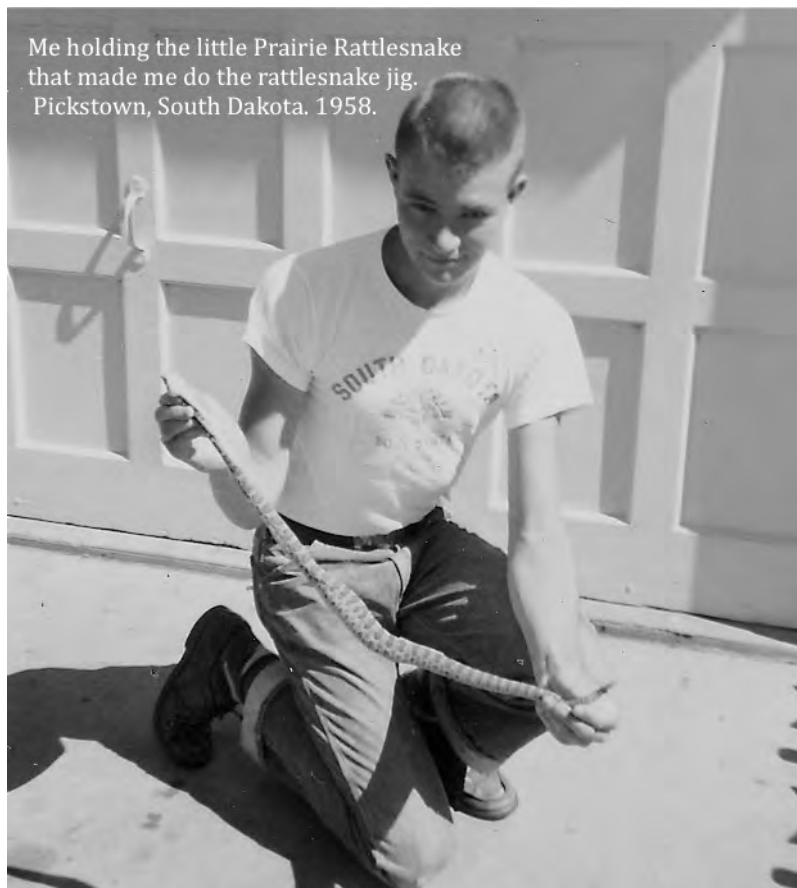
For the Christmas/New Years Holliday Winifred made date filled cookies, using a recipe from my mother. These were my favorites. One day I entered the kitchen when she was baking and noticed Winifred using a toothpick to carefully make a K on the top crust of each cookie. These small holes were essential for the release of steam from the date filling cooking inside. I asked what she was doing and she answered making a K for Krause atop each cookie. I casually said "mother just used the tines of a fork and quickly made a K with just three stabs of a fork." "Now you tell me!" she said.

One day our daughter, Amanda, came to us complaining about a loose tooth. Winifred told her to quit whining and for me to look at it. I did and because it was so loose, suggested that I simply reach into her mouth and pull it out using my fingers. Finally, she reluctantly agreed. Because the tooth was slippery, I placed a small piece of gauze over a tooth in the back of her mouth and pulled it out. Her gums bled so Amanda rushed upstairs to wash out her mouth with water. Almost immediately she came rushing down the stairs crying and yelling: “Dad, dad, you pulled the wrong tooth!”

When visiting my parents in South Dakota, my father would often give our son, Phillip, a haircut. Dad cut my hair and that of my two brothers all the way through high school. On one occasion, when Phillip examined his new haircut, he insisted his hair be cut very short on the top in back. He wanted a haircut that resembled grandpa’s bald spot.

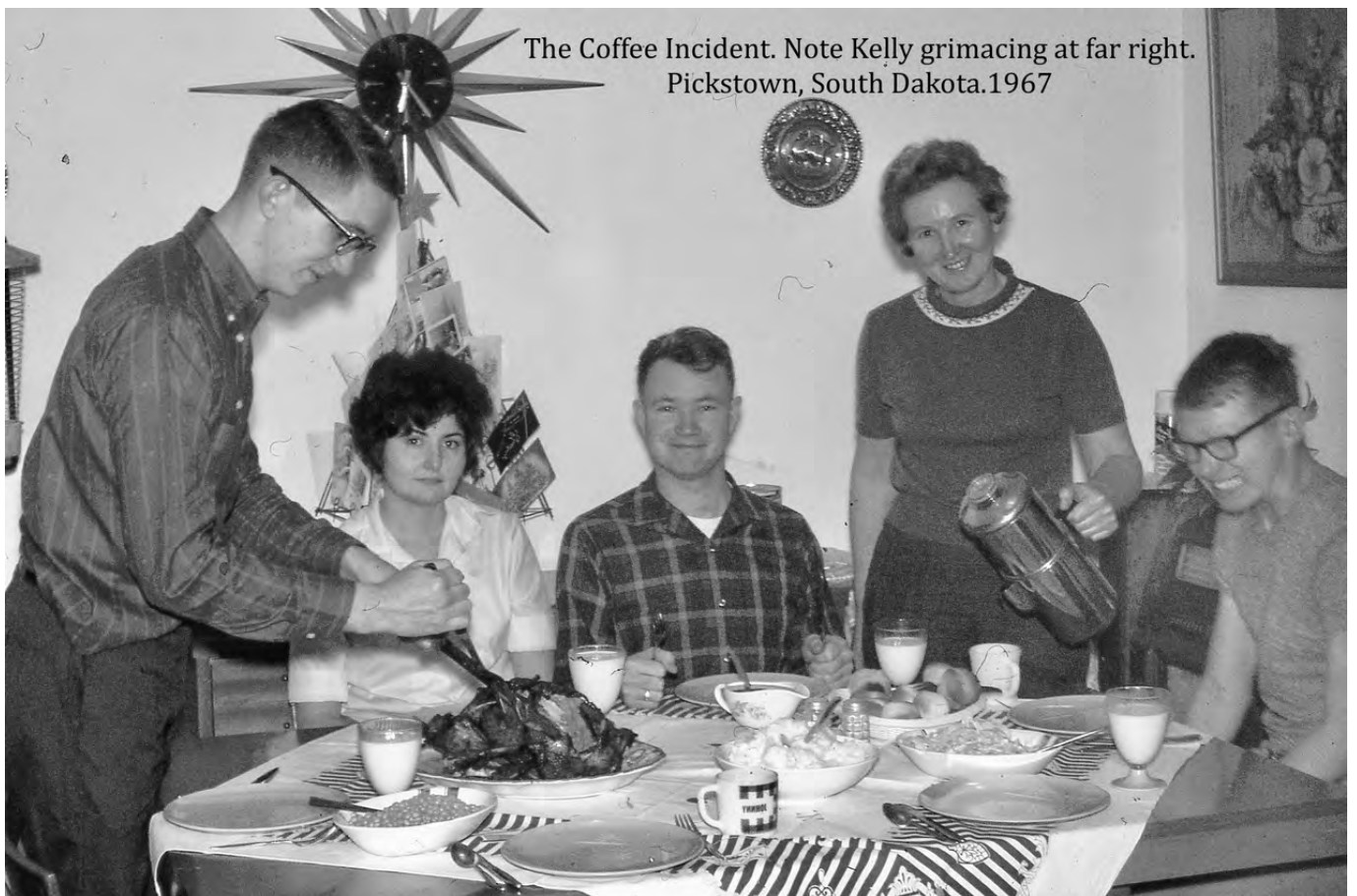
For their 50th Wedding Anniversary my brothers and I took our parents to the Grand Ole Opry. We took three cars for this road trip and dad and Phillip were traveling together in dad’s small, blue Honda Civic. We noticed several members of the Tennessee Highway Patrol carrying rifles along the roadway as we pulled off to refuel. As we were getting fuel, it was announced via a radio bulletin, that several convicts had escaped from a near by prison. After getting fuel dad decided to raise the hood of the car to the check oil, taking his time in doing so. “We don’t have time for this Grandpa! Quite fooling around!” Phil yelled, “Close the hood and let’s get the hell out of here!” which they did.

One of my favorite family stories is simply referred to as: “The Coffee Pouring Incident.” The story is based on a family photograph. Next to fishing, dad’s other passion was photography, and his effort to record important events on film. This incident happened during the first Christmas after our marriage, celebrated in Pickstown, South Dakota, with my parents and two brothers. Family tradition dictated that each major holiday be captured on film, usually during mealtime with everyone gathered around the table. In this instance my mother wanted a candid shot with her pouring the coffee. As dad took the photograph, my youngest brother, Kelly, moved slightly and dad shouted at him: “Quit Moving About! And Sit Still!” Little did dad realize that as mother was posing for the picture, she was pouring hot coffee on Kelly’s leg. The expression on Kelly’s face in the photograph captured, says it all.





Grandson, Jake, holding a 10 – pound channel catfish he caught casting a Rapala. Columbia, Missouri. 2014.



The Coffee Incident. Note Kelly grimacing at far right. Pickstown, South Dakota. 1967

## Did your children have pets?

Our two children, especially Amanda, had several pets growing up and both continue to have pets to this day. The first pet they had was Lady, a small Pomeranian-Toy Poodle mix. This acquisition began when a young neighborhood girl walked by our house carrying this small puppy. We asked to see it. Later that day, the girl informed us that she wasn't allowed to keep the puppy, as her father was allergic to dogs. Winifred talked to the girl's parents about this puppy, which was then given to our family. Not long afterwards, Amanda who was about two years of the age at the time, picked up Lady and sat down with her. She then proceeded to "pluck" Lady of her fur. Lady never forgave Amanda for this act and would show her teeth and growl every time Amanda picked her up.

The next pet Amanda had was a terrestrial Hermit Crab kept in a terrarium. This little crab was often found wandering around her bedroom on the 2nd floor of our Edgewood residence and on at least two occasions found its way downstairs to the living room. Amanda had this little crab for over two years, and then it mysteriously disappeared. The next in the sequence of pets was a hamster named Pickles. This little hamster also would escape its cage and at times be found anywhere in the house. He would usually be found with his cheek pouches packed with sunflower seeds. We often joked, "He packed to go." Little Pickles seemed to live forever and was ancient when he died at four years of age.

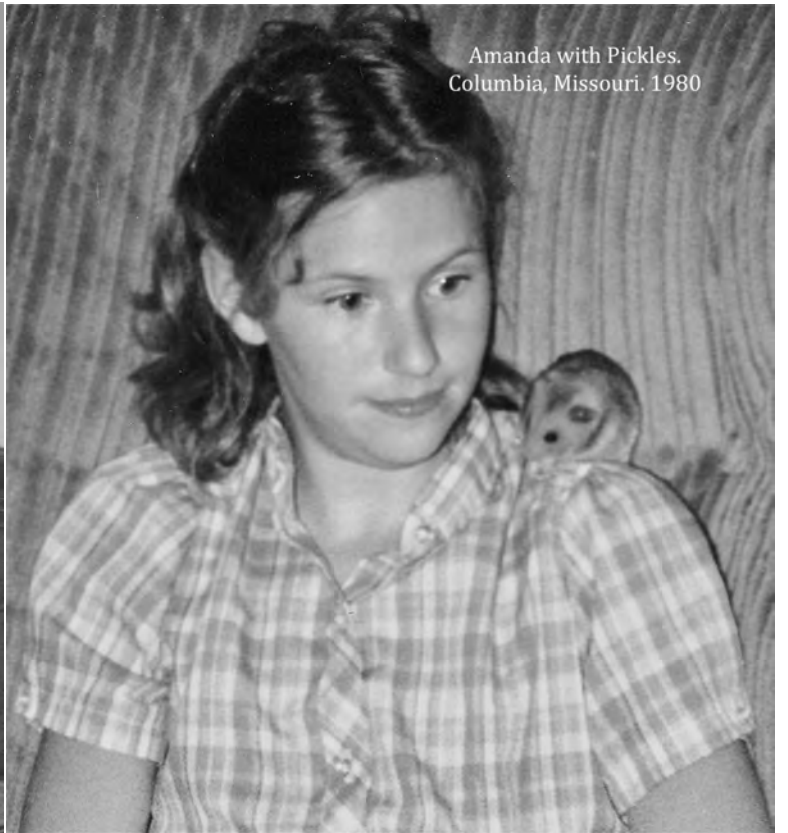
Soon after the death of Pickles, both Amanda and Phillip were given black kittens by a neighbor. Amanda's cat was called Charmal; and Phillip's cat was named Sparkle. Amanda, when she was younger, would often dress these cats in dolls' cloths. One day, Charmal disappeared. We searched and searched the house for Amanda's cat but could not find it anywhere. Then, about 3:00 AM, we heard a meowing coming from Amanda's room. We continued to search but still could not find it. Then I noticed claws extending through a small gap of a mostly closed clothes drawer. Evidently, Charmal had entered the drawer and hidden amongst Amanda's clothes and fell asleep. The drawer was closed and the cat remained trapped inside for the entire day. Initially both cats were inside cats, but after about two years were permitted to go outside and eventually, over time, became outside cats. The primary reason for transitioning them to the outdoors was Phillip, who developed an allergy to their fur. They were unusual in the fact that they rarely strayed beyond the boundary of our property. They stayed with us for about 8 years until I accepted a Visiting Professorship in 1991 and then they adopted a neighbor who fed them in our absence. Even after our return, they rarely visited us and preferred their new home.

When Amanda entered high school she saw an ad in a newspaper advertising two puppies to give away. The mother was a purebred Shitsu, the father was thought to be a terrier of some kind. The mother was believed to have been too old to have puppies, yet one day, two were born. Because of the markings on the one Amanda chose, she named this puppy Tazzy, after the Tasmanian Devil. Tazzy was an extraordinary dog in all respects: large vocabulary, knew yard boundaries and would not leave, could play hide and seek with a ball, and was just a remarkable dog. When let out or traveling given the command, "Go outside Tizzy," she would toilet immediately. She loved popcorn and if one sniffed around her, she would run upstairs and sit in the bathtub waiting for a bath. On one occasion, friends with small children came to visit, and tormented this poor dog. Tazzy disappeared. After our visitors left we eventually found her hiding and sitting in the upstairs bathtub. After all, it wasn't time for a bath, who would look for her there? Tazzy had a favorite perch in winter, on the backrest of my easy chair. She would lie at this location while I was reading. In summer, we wondered why it was always so hot in a new addition to the house. We discovered Tazzy liked to lie on the air conditioning vent and blocked the cool air from entering this room. This was her spot during summer.

The last pet Amanda had before leaving home was a clawed frog. A friend, following Amanda's automobile accident, gave her this frog and an aquarium of guppies. One by one the guppies disappeared. Then one day, I noticed the frogs bulging stomach with two fish inside. Soon, all the fish were gone, but we kept the frog. We changed its food source after realizing what happened.



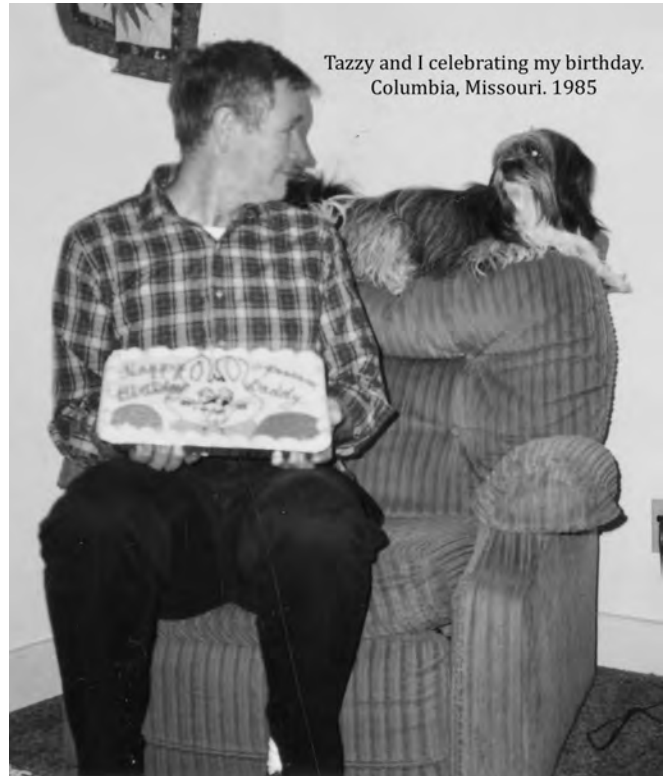
Amanda holding Lady.  
Pickstown, South Dakota  
1973



Amanda with Pickles.  
Columbia, Missouri. 1980



Phillip holding Sparkle.  
Amanda holding Charmal.  
Columbia, Missouri. 1976



Tazzy and I celebrating my birthday.  
Columbia, Missouri. 1985

## What is one of the best shows you've ever been to?

I have been to numerous live theater performances over the years including those at the University of Iowa, University of Missouri, Stephens College, the Lyceum Theater in the small community of Arrow Rock, Missouri, as well as productions by Theater Reaching Young People and Schools [TRPYS] in Columbia, Missouri. Our eldest granddaughter, Laura, was cast in several performances of TRPYS. I also attended performances by various professional theater groups that came to Columbia and were sponsored either by the University of Missouri or Stephens College. Of all the live performances that I have seen, one stands out above all others. It was Jerry Devine's AMEROUS FLEA performed by a theater group at the Lyceum Theater about 1972. The small village of Arrow Rock, located 43 miles from Columbia, is a designated National Historic Landmark and long recognized for its association with the Santa Fe Trail and the Westward Expansion of the United States. This site is the perfect location for the Lyceum Theater. The night of this particular performance, Winifred and I decided to make a night of it. We traveled to Arrow Rock and had supper in the back of The General Store operated by three elderly ladies known throughout the area for their home cooked meals. The seating was limited to about six tables. Likewise, the menu was limited featuring either ham or pan-fried chicken. Each was served family style with a variety of side dishes all made from scratch. I chose the pan-fried chicken offering and it was a fantastic meal. I had the bread pudding for desert, rather than a piece of one of the home made pies. The bread pudding was the best I have ever tasted. After supper we walked to the Lyceum Theater and watched the performance of the AMEROUS FLEA. It was a superb ending to a perfect evening!

## What hobbies did you enjoy as an adult?

The primary hobbies I enjoyed throughout my lifetime were gardening, fishing, and hunting. In 1973 we moved from 111 Alhambra in the Rock Bridge subdivision to an older house in central "old" Columbia. The address was 107 Edgewood Avenue. This older residence, built in 1929, was located on a large lot that measured 100 feet by 300 feet. I created a large vegetable garden [30 by 80 feet] in the back part of this lot soon after we arrived and grew a variety of vegetables. Initially, I tried to spade and create a garden plot by hand, but this was an almost insurmountable task. Then I noticed a little old man on a tractor with a plow in this neighborhood, plowing other garden plots. I flagged him down and for a fee of \$10.00 he turned over the sod and created my initial garden. He came by to plow my garden plot each spring for several years after our initial meeting, as I was now on his list. Soon after the first plowing, I bought a tiller and worked the soil into a fine texture before planting. I was able to plant and grow a variety of items that included: green beans, peas, sweet corn, onions, garlic, potatoes, tomatoes, cucumbers, melons, eggplant, peppers of various types, cabbage, cauliflower, lettuce, Brussels sprouts, and a variety of other things such as okra, on an experimental basis. I also developed a patch of strawberries and black raspberries as well as asparagus and rhubarb beds next to the garden plot.



I learned most of the gardening skills from my father and grandmothers, all of whom grew large vegetable gardens. For them, this was a necessity, as during the late 1940s and early 1950s, fresh produce and fruit were luxury items in most grocery stores in the Midwest [Dakotas, Montana, and Minnesota]. The majority of items sold at this time were dried, canned, or preserved in some way. Many of the items that they grew, were preserved in glass Bell Jars using a pressured cooker. Vegetables such as such as carrots, potatoes, onions and other root type produce, were packed loosely in sand in a cool root cellar or basement to prevent them from drying out and preserved these items fresh for as long as possible. Cucumbers and other items were pickled and fruits and berries if not canned, were dried or put up as jams or jellies.

Likewise, when we first arrived at our Edgewood address, Winifred put up [canned] quarts of tomatoes and green beans in Bell jars using a pressure cooker. She also put up several jars of pickles, chowchow, fruit, and made preserves, jams and jellies. After a few years, we were able to purchase a large freezer and then froze these items to preserve much of the produce we grew such as corn, green beans and tomatoes. We picked peaches and apples at nearby orchards to provide fresh fruit for our diet. We also froze these fruits to have later during the winter months.

More often than not, one particular crop planted would produce in abundance, whereas the other plantings, production would be only mediocre to fair. I always planted more seeds than needed as wild animals, such as groundhogs or deer, would frequent the garden and eat some of the plants. For example, deer would often eat two or three rows of green beans in an evening if not chased off. I never knew what animal would show up to raid my garden. However, one could count on raccoons getting into the sweet corn just as it reached its peak. As a result, I was forever vigilant. Winifred and I had a system when it came to cooking sweet corn. I grew a variety called “peaches and cream”, which lived up to its name. When sweet corn was on the menu for supper, Winifred would get a pot of water ready and as soon as it began to boil, would signal me to harvest a dozen ears of corn. I husked the corn in the garden immediately after picking, and then ran back to house and placed the ears into the boiling water for maximum freshness and flavor. Later in our lives, Winifred discovered that by placing two ears of corn in the microwave oven for about eight minutes, and then husking the ears, resulted in cooked sweet corn that was even better in preservation of flavor and freshness.

Once when checking my garden during the early morning hours, before I walked to work, I spotted a large black and white animal in the garden by looking out the back window of our house. “What is this?” I wondered, because black and white coloration on any animal, aside from a skunk, is unusual. I ran back to garden only to discover a huge black and white domestic rabbit. I walked over and just picked it up. It was a gentle creature. It happened to be a Saturday morning and two little girls were playing in an adjacent backyard. As I could not find the rabbit’s owner, I gave this rabbit to the girls much to their delight.

On one occasion, I over planted [seeded] green beans and this particular year, animals did not raid the garden. In this instance, I had so many green beans I didn’t know what to do with them. Fortunately, my parents were visiting from South Dakota and able to help. That morning, I announced to everyone that I was going out to the garden to pick a few green beans so they would be fresh for lunch. About an hour later I returned with two large black trash bags full of green beans from the first picking. No one could believe this harvest, including me. All of us snapped beans for the remainder of the day, which Winifred blanched and froze. From that point on, we ate what I picked and gave the remainder to our neighbors. When it came to cucumbers, yellow squash, zucchini and occasionally, tomatoes, we would put the vegetables into paper bags and leave them on the porches our neighbors whether they wanted them or not. However, I believe they were appreciative of us sharing the harvest with them.

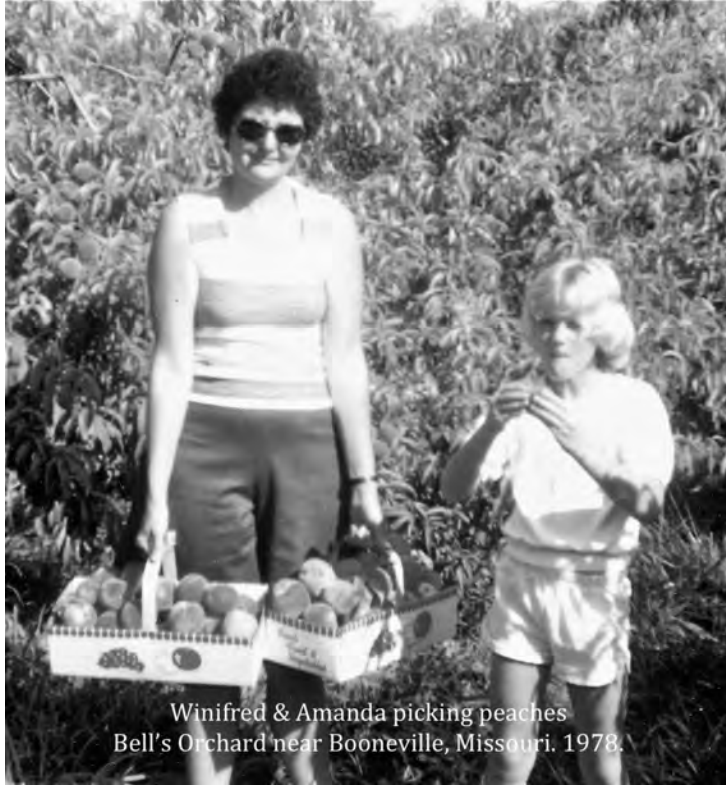
The ONE successful year I had with watermelon was when my aunt Lorraine (Nelson) Bain sent seeds to me from Texas. The seeds were for a watermelon variety called “Texas Gold.” These were the best watermelons I ever grew. I had much better luck growing cantaloupe when it came to melon family.

One year I had an unexpected bonus that grew in my garden. During the fall, I would usually add two or three truckloads of woodchips and horse manure to improve the garden soil. I would till this material into the garden soil in early spring. A friend had a large horse barn for a riding club and each year would sell the woodchips and horse manure piled up outside individual barns when they were cleaned. One year, during early spring, I looked out at the garden to discover it was covered with morel mushrooms that had sprung up after a rain and a warm evening. I harvested these mushrooms and after they were cleaned, Winifred sautéed them in butter. They were a great accompaniment to a ham dinner that was served to friends we invited to share in this unexpected abundance. I often went hunting for this particular mushroom in early spring [a sport in Missouri], but usually could only find five or six at any one time. I maintained the garden at the Edgewood residence for 29 years. When we moved to the Bedford Walk subdivision in south Columbia, a neighborhood covenant prohibited the development of vegetable gardens. However, I was able to continue to grow a few tomatoes, squash, and cucumbers hidden amongst the foliage of the flowers beds next to the house.

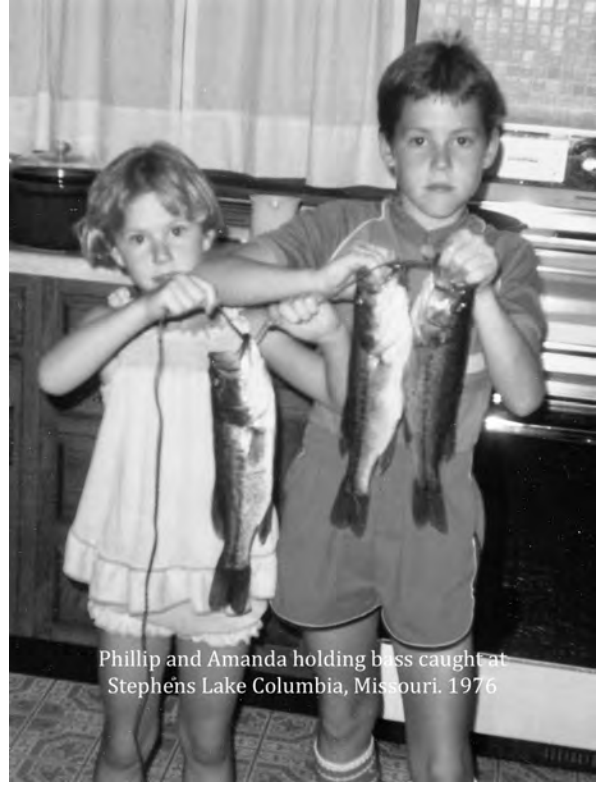
I continued to hunt and fish and supplemented our diet with fish, venison, quail, wild turkey, ducks, and geese. Once again these were skills I learned from my father who took me with him almost as soon as I could walk. As I grew up along the Missouri River in both Montana and South Dakota, I knew how to hunt and fish this river in Missouri, as it was only a few miles from Columbia. We also fished numerous ponds and small lakes in central Missouri throughout the year. We took Phillip and Amanda fishing with us, for both family outings and an opportunity to learn a new skill and hobby. Likewise, I attempted to get Phillip interested in hunting. However, as he was very actively involved in athletics year round, we really didn't hunt much together until after he graduated from high school. On one occasion, when we hunted together, Phillip was able to harvest a trophy white tail deer that weighed 275 pounds in 2002. This buck had an antler measurement of 172 3/8 and was registered on page 62 of FAIR CHASE FALL 2006, the official publication of the Boone and Crockett Club. Phillip used a 306 Springfield carbine made by his grandfather to harvest this and other deer. Phil continued on with this sport as an adult, but switched to a compound bow rather than a gun, and harvested a number of deer using this method. I should also add that I very much enjoyed these hobbies, as they were part of my lifestyle, both to relax and at the same time provided food for the table.



Winifred with a weekend harvest of tomatoes she is about to freeze.  
Edgewood House. Columbia, Missouri. 1995.



Winifred & Amanda picking peaches  
Bell's Orchard near Booneville, Missouri. 1978.



Phillip and Amanda holding bass caught at  
Stephens Lake Columbia, Missouri. 1976



Me holding granddaughter, Laura, next to sweet corn.  
107Edgewood, Columbia, Missouri. 1998



Phillip with trophy white tailed deer  
[antler measurement: 172 3/8]  
taken near Mendon, Missouri. Fall 2002.

16. 2002



A young buck Phillip took with the 306 Springfield  
carbine he is holding. Made by his grandfather, Johnny Krause.  
Yellow Creek, Mendon, Missouri, Fall 2005.



Patty pan squash harvested from plants grown in my  
flowerbed. New Market Place. Columbia, Missouri 2009.

## What was the longest project you worked on?

The longest projects I ever worked on were two scientific ones. Early on in my career, I became very interested in the development of organs and tissues and attempted to understand how and when certain cells appear in the body. When collecting tissues for my doctoral thesis at the University of Missouri, I became aware that the opossum is born in a very immature state after an extremely short gestation period. The opossum gestation period is only 12 1/2 days, the shortest of any mammal. Because of this fact, many of the opossum's organs develop after it is born, and when the young are within the pouch of the mother. "What a fantastic opportunity," I thought to myself. "I can study the development of ALL the organs in this animal, determine how they influence one another, and do so without having to perform intrauterine surgery." Indeed, even those few developmental stages that occur prior to birth can be grown in tissue culture until term. Early embryos can simply be flushed out of the mother [the opossum doesn't have a firm placental attachment between mother and young] and the entire developmental history examined in detail. These observations would lay the foundation for future studies on tissue and organ engineering I planned to do. I presented an outline of my proposed study on opossum development, why I was doing so, and what I hoped to accomplish, to the J. B. Reynolds Foundation of Kansas City, Missouri, for financial support. This foundation provided financial support for my research program for about 10 years. Surprisingly, during this time, J. B. Reynolds wrote personal checks directly to me. Because checks from the Reynolds Foundation were written directly to me, the University of Missouri accounting office was thrown into chaos and did not know how to handle these monies at this time. The University of Missouri set up a special account on my behalf, that it could monitor, and I could draw out funds when needed. As a result, all the financial support that I received from the J. B. Reynolds Foundation could be used ONLY for the purchase of equipment and materials of the project and not for University overhead costs or salary lines. All the money I received went directly to the project as stated in the initial application. The University of Missouri was not happy about this circumstance, but I was deeply pleased with the outcome. With these funds I was able to establish the only breeding colony of opossums in the United States or anywhere else for that matter. During the late 1970s and through the 1980s, I hosted a number of scientists from the Southwest Foundation [Texas], Davis California, New Jersey, Ohio, and a number of other schools from the east coast as well as several visitors from Australia. All wanted to know how I was able to establish and maintain an active breeding colony of this particular species.

I continued my studies on the developmental biology of the opossum for the majority of my career. Because about 60 of the 175 articles I authored or co-authored were concerned with the developmental biology of the opossum, I was asked to put together several major publications that summarized the most important finding using the opossum model. These were: "The Development of the Digestive System in the North American Opossum (*Didelphis virginiana*)" published in *ADVANCES IN ANATOMY, EMBRYOLOGY, AND CELL BIOLOGY* [1992] VOLUME 125, PAGES 1-148; "A Review of Histogenesis/Organogenesis in the Developing North American Opossum (*Didelphis virginiana*)" in *ADVANCES IN ANATOMY, EMBRYOLOGY, AND CELL BIOLOGY* [1998] Volume 143 (1) pages 1-143; and "A Review of Histogenesis/Organogenesis in the Developing North American Opossum (*Didelphis virginiana*)" in *ADVANCES IN ANATOMY, EMBRYOLOGY, AND CELL BIOLOGY* [1998] Volume 143 (2) pages 1-120; and *AN ATLAS OF OPOSSUM ORGANOGENESIS* published in 2007 by Universal Publishers, Boca Raton, Florida. Because my studies on Brunner's glands, like those on the developing opossum, were so widely scattered throughout the literature in a broad spectrum of different scientific disciplines and journals, I also was encouraged to put together a similar review on Brunner's glands.

This publication was entitled: “Brunner’s Glands: A Structural, Histochemical and Pathological Profile,” published in *PROGRESS IN HISTOCHEMISTRY AND CYTOCHEMISTRY* [2000], Volume 35, pages 255-367. As a result of these publications, I became the leading authority on the Biology of Brunner’s Glands and on the North American Opossum and its use as a model for biomedical research in the early 2000s. More importantly, however, was the use of the basic information I discovered in the advancing the frontiers of biology and medicine. Early in my career, as my studies entered the literature, I was urged to publish the extensive bibliography that I had developed on the opossum over the years. It contained all the references on the North American Opossum published in the literature prior to the year 2000. This bibliography was put together long before the digital age and was assembled by hand. Photocopies of these references were kept in about two-dozen large, three-hole binders. I hired my son, Phillip, one summer in the early 1980s, to begin to type the titles of these references and place them in various categories. In doing so, I hoped to organize the bibliography and at the same time help Phillip improve his keyboarding skills prior to entering high school. This reference list was added to annually, updated, digitized, and finally published and put on line in 2001 by the United States Department of Agriculture, Agricultural Research Service, National Agricultural Library, Animal Welfare Information Center, in Beltsville, Maryland. It was entitled: “INFORMATION RESOURCES ON THE NORTH AMERICAN OPOSSUM (DIDELPHIS VIRGINIANA). A BIBLIOGRAPHY ON ITS NATURAL HISTORY AND USE IN BIOMEDICAL RESEACH” published as AWIC Resource Series No. 9., National Agricultural Library, USDA, Beltsville, Maryland, pp. 146.” During this time period, Winifred and I also co-authored a small 71 page book for the general reader in 2004 entitled: “THE OPOSSUM: ITS AMAZING STORY” published by Walsworth Publishing, Marceline, Missouri. This work is now available gratis on line through Google as an eBook. I began the project on Brunner’s Glands in 1965 and the project on opossum development in 1967. I continued on with these studies until just prior to my retirement in 2015. Both topics continue to be of interest to me to this day.